

Iyashikei 461

Chapter 461 Best Friend

Han Fei didn't anticipate the sudden call from the mall boss. He looked at the number on his phone. At that moment, the family in Room 19 was at the verge of madness. If the boss said something wrong on the phone, Han Fei would be torn into pieces.

'To accept or not to accept.' While Han Fei hesitated, a pale face saw the caller id on Han Fei's phone. The id and number had special meaning for the people inside the room. Just the sight of it caused all of them to mutate!

Black capillaries grew out of the bodies like roots. They expanded to cover the entire room. The sound of crying came from the 7 death portraits on the wooden table. Everyone in the picture cried bloody tears. They stared at Han Fei. Their bulging eyes filled with hatred. The previously empty room became 'crowded'. The rotten food was colored with fresh redness, the children dragged the black roots and raced around the house, the giant tv in the living room switched on to show a new year program.

In this celebratory background, bloody people sat around the table. This was their final reunion. The landlord's ring snapped and the crack grew bigger.

'The hatred of this family is too strong.' Han Fei knew he couldn't allow this to continue further. He pressed the accept button before all the 'people'. "Hello, how can I help?" Han Fei sounded tired.

"There's a problem at the shop, you need to come now." The boss sounded stern, this was the first time he used that tone. Normally the boss would hide behind a false mask of kindness and pretend to be approachable.

"Boss Gu?" Han Fei stood in the middle of the mutating room. Surging blood vessels moved under his feet and ghastly faces approached him, however he didn't show any trace of fear. "I'm in the middle of a delivery, I might not be able to return so soon."

"Fei Yang has disappeared and the shop is a mess. Did something happen yesterday night?" Boss Gu's voice was dark and scary. If it was just Fei Yang missing, the boss wouldn't be so mad, something important at the shop must be missing.

“Before dawn, Fei Yang came to switch shifts with me. At the time, there was a customer at the shop. He was all dressed in black and had a human head tattoo around his neck. He didn’t say anything when he was inside the shop but he stood in front of the altar.”

“Did he pull off the black cloth on the altar?!” The boss’ voice suddenly grew.

“No, but he did wish to purchase the altar and he said he had already discussed that with Fei Yang.” Han Fei was telling the truth. “What’s wrong, is there a problem with the altar?”

“The altar is still here but the thing inside has been stolen. The surveillance from the night before has been tampered with as well.” The boss’ voice darkened. “Did... you enter the storeroom yesterday night?”

“I did, twice. Mainly, it was to restock the inventory.” That was also the truth. When Han Fei arrived, most of the shelves in the shop were empty because Fei Yang didn’t dare to go underground to restock the items.

“Then did you see a basket filled with dumpling leaves in the storeroom? The basket contains a letter that my benefactor has given me.” Boss Gu had been trying to suppress his anger and asked Han Fei in a peaceful tone.

“A letter?” Han Fei said in a confused tone as he looked at the letter held by the ghost. His voice was befuddled like he had heard about this thing for the first time.

“Never mind.” As if afraid that he might expose more things, the boss stopped asking, “Come back to the mall soon, we’re understaffed.”

When the ‘people’ in the room heard the mall boss’ voice, they couldn’t even maintain their human shape anymore. The blood capillaries that grew out of the family bound them together to weave a blood cage. It trapped Han Fei inside it. The cage slowly decreased in size. The indescribable hatred was reaching the peak. “There is so much static on your end, why is it so noisy?” The boss said with impatience. Many annoying things had happened to him that day.

“Probably because my phone is too old.” Han Fei raised the phone and allowed the faces to get close to his phone. He hoped that the ghosts could travel through the phone line to kill the boss.

“Work for me and get a new phone after I give you the salary.” The boss didn’t have time to chat with Han Fei. He soon hung up. After the call ended, Han Fei placed the phone on the floor. “You heard it yourself. I took the letter back to you while risking my own life. I really want to help you.” Most danger could be turned into an opportunity.

Before Han Fei arrived, he didn’t expect the hatred of this family to be so scary. He was a player who had been through a lot. He was always on full alert, he would retreat once something didn’t feel right. However, he didn’t expect that things would change from normalcy to extreme danger in mere seconds. He barely had the time to react, much less run. However, Han Fei didn’t give up hope. Wang Pingan had been here yesterday night and he wasn’t injured. This meant that the ghosts in Room 19 didn’t harm Wang Pingan and even helped him get out of the neighbourhood safely. So this showed that the ghosts in Room 19 still had a shred of humanity.

Han Fei was already very careful. He had considered many things before he decided to visit this place in person, but even so he had found himself in extreme danger. The human-skin-like dumpling leaves and the letter triggered the ghosts and then hearing the mall boss’ voice was like adding fuel to the fire.

“The mall boss said you are his benefactor but he is now living in a big mansion with his children and grandchildren. He has a lot of real estate but you have ended up in this state. Are you satisfied with that? I even heard the man say that he planned to level this apartment building. He doesn’t even want you to have a home in death! Once this root is removed, how do you plan to be reunited with your family? Unable to reunite in life is a regret but unable to see your family after death is a torture. Even after death, you are a threat to him so he will not let you go.” Han Fei persuaded the family.

“The mall boss doesn’t have much time left so he needs something to help prolong his life. This is his craziest moment but also his most vulnerable moment. If we do not grab this opportunity, the tragedy will just repeat itself.” Han Fei utilized his Masterful Acting to its maximum. He pleaded inside the bloody cage. “Despair is a bottomless abyss. You believe you have already suffered the deepest pain but destiny will show you that if you don’t resist, even greater despair will be waiting for you!”

Han Fei took the chain covered in animal fur out of his inventory. He gripped the chain. His bloodshot eyes stared at the death portraits. “I am the mall boss’ target. I am the next person who will die in that shop but I have no other choice. My mother is waiting for me to gather money for her at the hospital. I can’t die like this, I will not submit that devil in a philanthropist’s disguise either! You have your family to protect, I have mine too!”

The roars were close to losing control, they produced tears and sweats soaked in despair. The fists that held the chain tightened, strangling the unfair fate!

Even when he was surrounded by ghosts, Han Fei stood up straight and didn't retreat even once. He knew he needed to protect the altar owner's mother. Behind the mother was the abyss, if he retreated, he would send the mother down into the abyss. A normal person might not understand this feeling but ghosts who could only reunite in death could empathize with him. They were all victims, they had the same family to protect and they had the same enemy.

There was knocking and the living room door suddenly opened. The old man whom Han Fei saw earlier appeared at the door. He held a black plastic bag and his muddled eyes turned to the bedroom. With a sigh, the old man walked towards the bedroom. As he approached, the capillaries on the ground and the blood stain on the wall disappeared.

"Give the letter to me." When the old man entered the bedroom, the chill in the room disappeared. All the monsters returned to their human shape. This old man was the real owner of Room 19. The pale fingers handed the letter to the old man. The old man held the letter and sank into silence. Room 19 returned to normal. The difference was there was an old man joining Han Fei in the room. "Your boss wrote this letter to me. When we were young, I treated him as my best friend. He left this place and even made a business for himself. We lost contact for more than a decade. One day, he suddenly returned to River Head and invited me to invest in a business with him.

"At first, the business was booming. He was very lucky. No matter what he did, he would be successful. I sold everything I had to invest in him and I did earn many back. Unfortunately at the time, I didn't know that every benefit that you gain from him would have to be repaid with interest eventually."

The old man stopped talking. He seemed to age at that moment. He sat down on the bed and looked at the death portraits arranged neatly on the table. "I treated him as my best friend but he only saw me as merchandise. After a few years of good business, suddenly things took a turn for the worse. He invited me to go drinking with him every day, he said he needed to borrow something from me but he never specified what.

"Not long after that, my eldest son who helped me with my business disappeared. My second son and youngest daughter came back to visit me during the dumpling festival and their two families died in a car accident.

“It was a day of celebration. I prepared a tableful of food. I waited until midnight and only received one after another bad news. My heart broke and I was hospitalized. I left all the business with my best friend. All my family had died. Other than the nurse, only my best friend came to visit me.

“He found me the best doctor and the best medicine but my body kept worsening. Living was a very tiring thing for me.

“Eventually I lost the concept of time. I spent my life in a blur. It was then that my best friend came to find me again. He said that he had a method that would enable me to reunite with my family but I had to pay a price. At the time, I was too muddled to reason with him. I bought what he was selling and borrowed him one last thing—my life.”

Chapter 462 Hair

The old man looked at the death portraits on the wooden table and his wrinkles folded together. “My wish was fulfilled but then I realized it was my best friend who killed my family.” Room 19 was filled with ghosts and spirits. When they were alive, they were busy with their own lives, but after death, they had all returned to this room due to their familial bond. “So how could I not hate him?”

Even after so long the hatred in the old man’s eyes never decreased, his best friend’s betrayal was his deepest resentment.

“Sir, if you want him to pay, now is the time!” Han Fei sat beside the old man with the delivery box. “The boss’ good luck is traded with a water well. The greater his luck, the more important the object he has traded with the well. When he runs into failure, he will sacrifice others. That is why he has no close family anymore.” Han Fei took out his phone. “Recently the employees at the 2nd hand shop have died one after another but the boss’ business didn’t turn for the better. The well cannot provide him with help anymore.”

“Someone as selfish as him will eventually end up dying alone.” The old man’s gaze slowly moved away from the death portraits to Han Fei. “I really want to help you but my family can’t leave this room.”

“Can’t leave this room?”

“That is the condition of the trade. When I had given up on all hope, he brought me to the mall. He said it was to show me the business that we have fought for together. In reality, he wanted me to see the altar. With the altar watching, I personally dropped my family portrait into the well. He said that it was the only way for my family’s souls to be together. But the price to pay is that they can’t ever leave this room. Once they do, their souls will be sucked into the well, and become the altar’s nutrients.”

The hatred of the old man’s family was very scary, but individually they were not scarier than 6th Finger’s son.

“Does that mean that if I fish your picture out from the well, your family can leave this room?” Han Fei remembered seeing a lot of pictures floating on the surface of the well. “I will risk my life to retrieve your family portrait so that you can have your freedom. But I hope that after that, you will come with me to seek revenge with the boss.”

The old man didn’t answer immediately. He studied Han Fei for a long time. “The dragon slayer will become the new dragon. I hope you will make a different choice than he did.” The statement appeared to contain deeper meaning. This memory world was made up of different choices.

“Does that mean you’ve agreed?” Han Fei picked up the delivery box and stood up. “I will try my best to return you the family portrait by tomorrow morning.” With his goal completed, Han Fei stood up and prepared to leave.

“Wait.” The old man raised the letter in his hand. “Aren’t you curious about what is written here?”

“I’m not but I know the mall boss values that letter a lot so it must contain something unfavorable to him. It’s too dangerous for me to carry it with me so the best solution is to return it to its original owner.” The envelope was severely rotten. The handwriting was blurry. Attempting to open it would destroy the letter.

“The letter contains your boss’ last shred of penitence. He mentioned a woman’s name to me in this letter. The woman is his ex-wife, her name is Xu Meng, she likes dresses. Your boss kept her favorite dress at home. But when I was led to the well, I saw that dress inside the well.” The old man’s face paled. His blood vessels were like chains running through his body.

“Xu Meng...” Han Fei had met a woman who was trying out dresses on the 3rd floor of the mall. She appeared to be the boss’ wife. “Understood, I would grab the dress together with the family portrait.”

“Not only her.” The old man raised his finger. “I noticed a wig in your box. Your boss’ younger brother had a wig like that. He was responsible for helping your boss organize various charity activities. In a few years, he managed to purchase a house at River Head without a bank loan.”

“The mall boss has a younger brother? But I’ve never seen him before.”

“Even his younger brother didn’t escape from his clutches. You should visit Zone 4 and Room No. 10.” The old man picked up a dumpling leaf. Looking at the bloody veins, the old man caressed it gently. “Take this with you, it might help you.”

“Thank you, I will go now.” Remembering everything the old man said, Han Fei departed. When he exited the building and felt the sun on him, Han Fei’s heart finally returned to normal. The family applied a lot of pressure on him. If not for the appearance of the old man, he would have died already. “It’s like walking on a tightrope, one careless step and I’d die.” Han Fei realized that if he failed as an actor, he could join the police and be an undercover officer.

Avoiding the cameras, Han Fei carried the delivery box and headed to Zone 4, Room No. 10. There were a lot of white flowers planted around this building. It was now winter and to Han Fei’s knowledge, no white flower would bloom in winter. The strangest thing was the flowers looked completely different in his two eyes. The white flowers in his right eye turned into swaying baby’s skulls in his left.

“These flowers are cursed.” When Han Fei reached the door, he noticed a middle-aged woman trimming the grass in the garden. “Auntie, can you open this door for me?” Han Fei stopped beside the middle-aged woman.

“I don’t live here. I came to water these plants because I noticed no one cares for them.” The auntie was very kind. Her voice was soft and mellifluous. “Did you get the wrong address? I remember this building is vacant.”

“Huh? That’s impossible.”

“The earliest owner of this building was a very young billionaire. He was very kind and had helped many children. He formed a charity foundation with his older brother. But he drowned on his 30th birthday. His older brother was heartbroken so he preserved this building as a memorial to his only family.” The middle-aged woman said with pity. “Sigh, many of the children he helped return here after they grew up. They brought many things to their benefactor but the man’s older brother refused to let them waste their money so he had them plant a flower around the building instead. Eventually this building becomes the most beautiful at River Head.” The middle-aged woman was chatty. She kept introducing Han Fei to the good things the building owner had done.

‘It is quite impressive that he managed to purchase the building with full price only after 3 years of doing charity.’ After the middle-aged woman left, Han Fei walked to the door. Huang Yin had sent Han Fei a skill book for lockpicking and Han Fei had been reading it whenever he had free time. Han Fei leaned down to check the type of lock but with a push, the door opened. The iron door wasn’t even locked. ‘The mall boss’ brother had been helping him with charity, I might find some clues here.’

From the outside, the building was the prettiest at River Head but inside the building, it was filled with wilted white petals and various trash. ‘The mall boss had the children plant the flowers here because he was scanning them for potential targets.’

Picking up a flower petal, Han Fei saw it as a flower petal in his right eye and a white moth in his left. ‘What an absurd world.’

Han Fei walked to Room No. 10. He raised his hand to knock when the door opened on its own. ‘There’s someone in?’ Han Fei hesitated whether to enter when a strange sound came from the living room.

He looked and a picture frame hanging in the living room fell to the ground. A yellowed photograph landed before Han Fei. Two men with wildly different personalities were featured in the photograph. The shorter one was the mall boss. The other man looked handsome but there was a patch of discolored skin on his face. It looked like he had a skin transplant. ‘He is Boss Gu’s younger brother?’

Taking out the wig, Han Fei pulled the door open and reached his upper body into the room. Inside the living room, a man’s pictures were strung all over the ceiling. He liked to look pretty but he was not satisfied with his face. In each of his pictures, his face was slightly different.

“Don’t just stand at the door, come on in.” A very tired voice came from the deep end of the room. The owner sounded like he was very sick.

“Sorry for disturbing you but I have a delivery for you.” Stepping on the dusty ground, Han Fei didn’t take too many steps when he saw a strand of black hair squeezed out from the door of the bedroom.

“Come here, I’m here.” The voice sounded strange, like the person was choking. The bedroom door slowly opened but it wasn't a person who walked out but a fountain of black hair. “Help me, I can’t breathe. Black hair pours out from my stomach, help me!” The black hair stuck to the wall and swept down the corridor like waves.

“I’m here for a delivery. Helping you with your hair problem will require extra payment.” The landlord’s ring didn’t react so Han Fei grew braver. He gripped the bladeless knife.

Sunlight burst inside the dim room and Han Fei stepped over the black hair to the bedroom door. With a cut, the gushing black ‘river’ was stopped. Han Fei swam against the current and grabbed the man who was drowning in the black hair. Using Soul Depth Touch, Han Fei sensed regret and pain from the man but not a shred of resentment.

“Even at this state, you don’t have hatred in your heart?”

The man was as powerful as a young Lingering Spirit and this gave Han Fei confidence. Finally he found one he could bully. Han Fei tried to drag the man to the living room but the man’s hair had grown to join with the bedroom. After severing them, they would soon regrow.

“Thank you, I already feel much better.” Whenever the man spoke, hair would come out. He was extremely thin but his stomach was large.

“You are the mall boss’ younger brother? You look so handsome in your younger pictures, what happened to you?”

“I...” The man looked listlessly at Han Fei. Then he asked Han Fei a question. “Is my brother dead?”

“You siblings sure care about each other.” Han Fei shook his head. “If he’s dead, I won’t be here.”

“He’s still alive? He has thrown his wife, children, best friend and only family into the well and someone like that is still alive?” The man lay in bed. His eyes winked out. There was a clear scar on his head, it looked like it was caused by fire.

Chapter 463 A New Beginning

“Bad guys will die but not necessarily before the good guys.” Han Fei used Rest in Peace to trim the hair that gushed out from the man’s mouth. “I noticed that you don’t have much resentment despite what your big brother has done to you. You only have regret and not hatred in your eyes.”

“He has given me a choice and I made the wrong one.” The man tried his best to shake his head. He turned to the boarded up windows. “It’s been so long since I have to speak that I can’t even remember how to talk anymore. It was like I was a young kid all over again. I was very shy and introverted. I looked like a girl and would be nervous around strangers. So I followed behind my brother, he was my complete opposite. He was proud and never took orders from others, he always had his own way of doing things.

“I view him as my role model and I did everything he said until one day, he was burning something at home and burned the whole house down. The thick smoke immediately filled up the house. I was locked in and I only knew how to cry. I was too stunned to do anything else. It was my big brother who knocked down the door to save me. He was the one who caused the fire but he was also the one who saved me even though I had been severely burned by the flame.

“After the fire, we had to move. It was then that my parent’s attitude towards my brother changed. They would scold and beat him for no reason. My brother was a stubborn person, some might say he was psychotically stubborn, he would never admit he was wrong. During one argument, he left home and never returned. My parents eventually caved and tried to find him but he was gone. After a few years, my parents heard that he had opened a small shop in the southern part of the country. They wanted to go see him but on the way there, they died in a car accident.

“It was at our parent’s funeral that I saw my brother again. He had changed a lot. His eyes were like a bottomless well and he was very fake. It was like he was wearing a mask that he couldn’t remove. My brother became a stranger to me.

“A few years later, he moved back to River Head. He was now a rich boss but he was still alone. He voluntarily sought me out. The passion that he showed frightened me.

“Lured by the money, I started to work for him and became his right hand man. Because of that, I got to know a lot of his secrets. My big brother trusted me unconditionally and told me everything. I thought that was because I was his family but later I found out it was because when he met me, he had already written my ending for me.

“After reuniting with my brother, I had a life that I didn’t even dare to imagine in the past. I had reputation, money and envy from others. I didn’t mind the changes happening to my big brother because I was slowly turning into someone like him.

“The years passed by and my brother's business started to face some problems. This happened without any warning, it was like all of a sudden he had exhausted all of his good luck. I remembered very clearly, that night, we were drinking at home when my big brother suddenly apologized to me. He said he was sorry for the fire which ruined my face and almost took my life. He wanted to give me a present to make up for it.

“He took away my phone, room key and wallet and placed them on the table. Then he told me that he was going to give me 2 choices. 1, leave River Head immediately without anything that I had earned through him; 2, listen to his deepest secret.

“I thought he was drunk so I chose the second choice. My brother told me his deepest secret. He led me to a water well and told me to look for my own picture inside the well. I looked inside it for a long time but I couldn’t find anything. I only saw my body slowly sinking. Yes, I saw another version of myself sinking. However, that version of myself didn’t have a wig and the scars on his head were all exposed.

“I started to feel fear and panic. When I was completely surrounded by darkness, my big brother fished me out from the water.” The man looked at the wig Han Fei was holding and revealed a sad smile. “I thought I was safe and just as I wanted to open my mouth to thank him, hair started to flow out from it. I looked at myself in fear. Turns out my real self had been dropped inside the well, the thing that my brother saved was the wig that he had once given to me as a present. My consciousness had lingered on it.

“My brother told the altar beside the well many things. He was begging the god inside to take me away and in exchange, he would put more things inside the well.

“Then I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes, I was back in this room. I was trapped inside this room and continued to enjoy everyone’s ‘envious’ gaze.”

Han Fei looked at the delivery box. He merely followed the landlord's ring and took out several items with the heaviest Yin energy from the storeroom. He didn't expect there would be human lives behind each of them. 'There is so much more merchandise in the storeroom, the boss is collecting them for a reason.' The 2nd hand shop was just a front, everything was in service of the altar.

Han Fei contemplated it seriously and he helped the man cut off his hair for the last time. "It is time to end this tragedy. I believe it was your big brother who killed your parents."

"Impossible!"

"Why is it impossible? You know your brother better than I do." Han Fei placed Rest in Peace on the man's neck. "In any case, I'm not here to listen to your stories. You know all of your brother's secrets, so you should know how to release him from the charm of the altar."

"Killing him is not going to solve any problem because the altar and the well are still there." The man shook his head with a sad smile.

"So you want me to destroy the altar?"

"You can destroy the altar at the mall but can you destroy the altars in human hearts? As long as someone believes throwing important 'things' into the well will get them a corresponding reward, the altar will exist forever." The man's eyes moved away from the wig and stared at Han Fei. "After my brother dies, there will be a next person to take his place."

"You mean I should kill everyone who knows about that legend?" Han Fei was very straightforward.

The man didn't reply. After some time he said, "Remember, the fact that you knew about the altar is not because my brother has chosen you to work for him but the altar senses that you two are similar people."

"In conclusion, the solution is to kill everyone who knows about the altar. After that, I'll decide what to do." Han Fei repeated.

“Or perhaps there is a less violent solution, like making sure that no one in this world continues to trust in the altar; make people believe that the altar doesn’t exist.” The man said slowly and he looked at Han Fei with pleas.

“Make people believe that the altar doesn’t exist?” Han Fei frowned. In this memory world, the only real thing was the altar. In other words, he was to deny the only truth in this fake world, but then that appeared to be the altar owner’s wish too.

‘I think I get it now. If one still hopes to be the altar owner, one will never be the altar’s new only. Only by getting everyone to forget about it can there be a new choice and a new beginning.’

Chapter 464 Sacrifices

‘No wonder the Ten Fingers have failed even after 10 years. Their aim is to take over the altar and they will never be able to do that.’ This memory world was left behind by the altar owner and his trace could be seen everywhere. Everything that happened here was his regret. The appearance of the altar had changed the owner’s life, it turned him into an Unmentionable; in other words, the tragedy happened to the altar owner because of the altar. To gain the owner’s approval, the only way was to rectify his regrets and becoming the altar owner was one of his biggest regrets.

“I think I know what to do now.” Han Fei grabbed the hilt tighter.

“You... better be careful.” The man felt like he had wasted his words on Han Fei. Han Fei was a very self-reliant person, he even saw a trace of the devil on Han Fei. “Killing is not going to solve any problem. If you have the chance, you can try to enter my brother’s room. There are two monsters trapped inside his house, a monster with mouths called Truth and a monster with eyes called Conscience.” As if Han Fei might become a monster scarier than his big brother, the man voluntarily exposed his brother’s weaknesses. After he uttered his brother’s secret, 10 times more hair gushed out from the man’s mouth. He had touched some kind of taboo.

“The two monsters are afraid of fire! Find them! Find out why my brother became like this, you need to stop yourself from walking his path or else you’d be bound by the altar and lose everything important in your life!” The black hair tore open the man’s mouth and drowned him. Han Fei tried to save the man but he almost got swallowed by the black hair. He barely escaped from the bedroom.

Looking at the pictures around the house, Han Fei picked up the frame on the ground. "Boss Gu's brother has also mentioned the monster called Truth, this verified the hint given to me by the tenant in Room 13. Looks like I need to go there to take a look." Han Fei gained valuable information from the man. He needed to find out how the mall boss slowly became deranged so that he could avoid doing the same thing when he inherited the altar.

A bad person who had a violent tendency could be educated and influenced to become a good person that fitted the general morality. An innocent moral good person could slowly spiral into sin. In Han Fei's era, there was a branch of psychology which studied this, it was called psycho-psychology. Han Fei happened to know this field because he believed he had been studied by experts in this field before.

Han Fei had encountered many bad people and even pure evil like Butterfly. These humans without conscience had something in their psychopath that triggered them.

After leaving the man's house, Han Fei rushed to River Head Building 1. As Han Fei walked through the neighbourhood streets, Han Fei noticed something. River Head building 1 to 9 formed a circle, it looked like a well. "There is a manmade lake in the middle of the neighbourhood, the water is siphoned from the river."

Han Fei took a detour to head to the lake. Before he even got near, he had a bad feeling, the lake represented misfortune and death. Han Fei had felt the same thing before on the night he sent Wang Pingan home. When he passed by the river, he was very afraid. It was like the slowly moving river would eventually swallow everything, including one's memory.

'The surrounding of the lake is covered with cameras, what are they watching? They're afraid that people might come fishing? Or afraid that people might steal from inside the lake?' Han Fei walked along the lakeside to reach Building 1. There were 2 teams of patrol here. The moment Han Fei got close, he was stopped. No one could get close to the mall boss' house without permission. One had to prepare an appointment to visit the mall boss. Han Fei didn't think it was wise to barge in so after some consideration, Han Fei turned to leave.

He would rescue the pictures from inside the well and save the old man's family before he made his next move. 'This world is already mutating, I need to gather more allies.'

Han Fei exited the gate and found Wang Pingan. The man wore Han Fei's jacket and was watching a fight between stray cats. "Brother, have you dropped off all the white rice?"

"I did. You were right, they are a family of good people." Han Fei swapped his jacket back with Wang Pingan. He placed the rucksack inside the delivery box and only kept the smaller items on himself. After he was done, he rode the bike and rushed towards the mall. When Han Fei was about to arrive at the mall, he returned the bike to Wang Pingan and told him to go home to rest while Han Fei rushed to Exit C.

Even in the morning, the mall was rather deserted. There were not many customers. Most of the shops were closed and the doors had signs that said, 'For Rent'.

"The boss' business is getting worse, no wonder he is so desperate." The borrowed fortune would eventually run out, after all, it didn't belong to him in the first place. When Han Fei entered the mall, his expression and presence changed. Even the injury on his leg worsened. He limped. The customers all evaded Han Fei, afraid that Han Fei might trip and fall on them.

"Why are you so late?!" Zhu Wei was angry when he saw Han Fei. "Did you know we were robbed yesterday night?" Han Fei was very familiar with people like Zhu Wei. Once they had a little power, they would shout at the people underneath them. His subordinates were tools for him to vent his anger.

"When I was at the shop yesterday, everything was fine." Han Fei didn't care about Zhu Wei. He didn't even look at the man as he walked forward.

"What kind of attitude is that?" Zhu Wei grabbed Han Fei. "Your superior told you to come immediately. Look at the time now!"

"If you don't let go, I'm going to call the police." Han Fei pointed at his injured leg. "You are the manager, not the boss, so don't use that tone with me."

"I need to watch my tone when I'm talking to you?" Zhu Wei was so angry that his flabby cheeks shook. However, he couldn't do anything to Han Fei because the 2nd hand shop was run by the mall boss and technically Zhu Wei had no right to manage its employees.

“Zhu Wei, the shop that I work at has already lost so many employees, how long do you think I will last?” Han Fei tapped Zhu Wei on his face. “I have nothing to lose now so you better watch yourself.”

It was just one night but Han Fei had become completely different. Yesterday night, he was lucky to survive the altar owner’s illusion. He knew yesterday was a big turning point for the altar owner. He experienced his father’s betrayal, endless torture and was dying. He started to actively embrace darkness.

Dragging his tired body, Han Fei walked past Zhu Wei and opened the 2nd hand shop door. Inside the shop, there were several large men, they were the mall boss’ bodyguards. ‘Just how many bad things he has done that he needs so many bodyguards?’

Once Han Fei entered the shop, several eyes landed on him. The bodyguards glared at him like he was something dangerous.

“All you do is to stand there?” Han Fei glanced at the merchandise on the ground and the tipped-over shelves. “Can’t you help clean up this place?” Han Fei wanted to say something more when a cough came from deep inside the shop. Han Fei turned to the cough and saw the boss standing beside the altar. The black cloth was on the ground and the altar was heavily damaged. The symbols inside the walls had all been wiped away and the altar doors were smashed. Boss Gu stood facing away from Han Fei. His focus was fully on the altar. Seeing the boss so vulnerable, Han Fei had the urge to take out Rest in Peace and gave his boss a quick release.

“Boss, did we suffer a lot of loss?” Hearing Han Fei’s voice, the man slowly turned around. He stared into Han Fei’s eyes and then asked, “Have you seen God before?”

Han Fei didn’t expect this question. He slowly shook his head.

“I haven’t seen God before either. However, I heard that once you have placed enough sacrifice on the sacrificial table, God will appear. People in the past liked to use animals like cows, pigs and goats to sacrifice to the Gods. I’ve tried them but I failed each time. Then I realized the most important thing is to have a sincere heart. As long as you are sincere, no matter the animals you put on the table, the Gods will hear our voices.” Boss Gu caressed the broken altar and appeared to mumble to himself.

Han Fei initially didn't notice the problems in the boss' words until he realized something. In the memory world, he had encountered several people and their names all had the Chinese characters of animals. It was like the boss was hinting that these people were all sacrifices. Once they were placed on the sacrificial table, God would appear.

"I treat my employees as family but who would have thought the normally harmless little lamb [sounds like Fei Yang in Chinese] would lead the wolf into the room." The mall boss didn't show any emotions and his tone was even but he exuded a very cold presence. It was true that the boss treated his employees like his family because his employees ended up in the same place as his family.

"I don't get it." Boss Gu slowly walked towards Han Fei. "Why do you think he needed to steal from the shop?"

Han Fei had a feeling there was a hidden meaning behind the boss' words. "Boss, what has Fei Yang stolen? From what I see, all the valuable items are still here."

"It doesn't matter what he stole. The important part is when he had that bad idea in his mind, he had already strayed from the good path." Boss Gu's phone rang. He answered it before Han Fei. "Boss, we've searched River Head, they are not here. They are probably in other parts of the city," The voice said through the phone. Boss Gu appeared to purposely let Han Fei hear this.

"I don't care about the method, find him before nighttime." Boss Gu gave the order and the man obliged. The two continued their conversation but Han Fei was unaffected. Ten Fingers wouldn't let Fei Yang go that easily unless he was already a dead body.

After hanging up, Boss Gu stared at Han Fei. Then he took out an envelope from his pocket. There was 5000 RMB inside. "Before I can hire a new employee, I need you to look after the shop. You can stay here and I will pay you double."

"Okay." Han Fei accepted the envelope. "Thank you boss."

"I should be thanking you for helping me at this time of need." Boss Gu and Han Fei smiled. "I will try my best to find a new replacement as soon as possible." Boss Gu said and prepared to leave. When he was at the door, he stopped. "Right, from today onwards, try not to go down to the storeroom at night."

“Okay.”

As the boss and his bodyguards walked away, Han Fei placed the money envelope under the counter. “I can’t spend this man’s money too carelessly.”

Han Fei started to clean up the shop. In the morning, there were no customers. There were passing mall goers who would point and whisper at the shop. Some said the shop was cursed and all the employees would have a bad end. With this rumor, no one dared to come into the shop. The other employees at the mall didn’t come to help Han Fei either. Han Fei worked alone like he was abandoned by the whole world.

He worked until dusk. As Han Fei lifted up the heavy shelf, suddenly the door opened. “This is such a coincidence. You work here?” A familiar voice said and a pair of hands grabbed the other side of the shelf. Han Fei lifted his head and saw Lin Lu in white fur coat enter the shop. She looked at Han Fei in surprise.

“Lin Lu?” Han Fei looked at the woman. She was pretty and lively. Her skin was as fair as the sun. Whenever she was around, the darkness would be chased away. “I’m surprised that I’d run into you at the mall. Speaking of, why were you taken hostage by those two gangsters earlier? Did you owe them money?” Lin Lu rambled nonstop. However, Han Fei didn’t find her annoying. If anything, he relaxed listening to her.

“They are my friends.”

“You are friends with those two gangsters?! Wow, that’s unexpected.” Lin Lu helped Han Fei clean up the shop and chatted with Han Fei. However, Han Fei was distracted. He kept glancing to the door because the bell that should chime whenever a customer entered or left the shop didn’t sound when Lin Lu walked into the shop earlier.

Sorry for the mix up. You can always contact me through Discord if there's any problem.

Chapter 465 What A Crowd

Some people say that love needs to be cultivated but Han Fei didn't anticipate the altar owner would cultivate a lover that didn't exist. When all the customers refused to come near the 2nd hand shop, Lin Lu appeared. She didn't care about the 'rumors' or the curse, she only cared about Han Fei. She was so perfect it was unreal.

"The shop only has 2nd hand items, why would the burglar target this place, have they lost their mind?" Lin Lu held the other end of the shelf and helped Han Fei right the shelf. "Your boss is also crazy for leaving you all alone to do all these jobs. He has earned so much but he doesn't care about his employees at all and people say he is a charitable man."

Lin Lu's appearance filled up the missing part of the altar owner's heart. Even though he was abandoned by the world, as long as Lin Lu was there, the altar owner could still eke out a living. "The boss might have his own difficulties." Han Fei focused on the cleaning and was cold towards Lin Lu.

"You are still defending him? You must be the best worker I've ever met. If I am starting a business in the future, I'll be sure to hire you." Lin Lu was very kind. She could sense Han Fei's low spirits so she kept cracking jokes, hoping to make Han Fei smile. However, Han Fei didn't respond to the jokes and his brows were deeply furrowed together. Based on what the mall boss said, Lin Lu might be another sacrifice because her Chinese Name sounded like an animal, a deer to be precise.

Han Fei didn't want to harm Lin Lu, he was never one to harm the innocent, he also didn't want to ruin the only goodness in the altar owner's life. 'There should be another way.' By 6 pm, Han Fei and Lin Lu finished cleaning up the shop. Han Fei stood at the counter to do the inventory. He removed the more heavily-damaged items while Lin Lu sat in the shop's 2nd hand lounge chair.

"The day is getting late, aren't you going home?" Han Fei glanced at Lin Lu. The girl didn't show any sign of leaving. "I remember you're a nurse at River Hospital, it's not easy being a nurse. You should go home to rest."

"River Private Hospital is closing soon. They still owe me half a year of salary. Speaking of, I'm pissed. The management gets their bonus every month but they can't afford the salary of intern nurses, clearly they are trying to bully us."

"Then will you go back to work?"

“Work? The only reason I’ll be going back is to see the place demolished.” Lin Lu leaned against the chair, she looked tired. After making the last inventory, Han Fei walked out from the counter and stopped beside Lin Lu.

“Are you going to chase me out?”

“Are you hungry? I’ll treat you to dinner.” Han Fei used the key to temporarily lock the shop. He led Lin Lu and walked through the mall. “There are many restaurants on the 5th floor but I suggest you go for the vegetarian options.” This was the first time Han Fei walked through the mall during normal working hours. For some reason, the other people kept throwing shocked glances at him and Lin Lu.

“How come it feels like people are staring at us?” Lin Lu followed behind Han Fei and whispered.

“They’re envious of me.” Han Fei took the elevator to the 5th floor. This place was completely different from when it was at midnight. The delicious smell of food wafted in the air. There were many customers milling about.

“Anything works for me. I’m on a diet and I’m not that hungry.” Lin Lu carried her purse. Wherever she went, she would grab people’s attention, the complete opposite of the altar owner.

“Then we’ll eat here then.” Han Fei’s standard for choosing the restaurant was not the menu but whether it had appeared in his illusion. Han Fei would never frequent any of the restaurants that operated like normal in the altar owner’s illusions, because he might be served human meat.

After the 2 entered the restaurant, they found a window seat and sat down facing each other. Han Fei hadn’t been in a relationship before so in this manner, he was similar to the altar owner. However, the difference was, Han Fei had predicted Lin Lu’s ending so no matter how great the altar owner’s reliance on Lin Lu was, Han Fei didn’t want to get too close to her.

They ordered a few dishes. While they waited for the food to be served, suddenly a chef came out from the kitchen. He looked around before heading to Han Fei’s table. The strangest thing was he sat down opposite Han Fei, beside Lin Lu like he couldn’t even see her.

“I’ve been a chef in this memory world for 10 years already. I’ve cooked using every single one of my patrons. I can remember their faces and identify their screams but I have not seen you before.” The chef removed his hat. He looked very polite and his skin was very pale like he was sick. He didn’t smell of oil and smoke, just from appearance, he didn’t look very much like a chef.

“Is this some kind of Halloween event?” Han Fei scanned the man’s neck. There were crying human skulls hidden underneath the chef outfit’s collar.

“You have very good acting but you can’t fool me.” The chef looked at Han Fei with a smile. “I can smell my partners on you, the intense smell of rot and resentment.”

Han Fei smiled and shrugged. He knew that the man only sensed the problem but he couldn’t confirm it or else with the personality of Ten Fingers, they wouldn’t sit down to chat with Han Fei. Picking up the tea cup, Han Fei didn’t even want to speak anymore, it was like conversing with the man would lower Han Fei’s IQ.

Lin Lu who was forced into the corner was helpless. She pointed at the chef and mouthed, ‘Is he crazy?’

“I’ll take your silence as an admission, you should be related to their disappearance.” The chef’s lips curled and he smiled darkly, “Enjoy this meal. And I hope you’d enjoy this night too.” Then the chef stood up and returned to the kitchen. After the chef left, Han Fei called the manager over and scolded him. Then he tried to get some info from the manager. The chef was new but his food was very delicious. Many customers got addicted to them. After knowing that, Han Fei naturally wouldn’t eat there anymore. He led Lin Lu away and out of the mall.

The streetlights had already come on, they found a roadside stall and had a delicious dinner. After they were done, Han Fei started to look at Lin Lu seriously.

“Have you had too much to drink? Why are you staring at me like that?”

“I’m afraid that you will disappear so I need to imprint you in my mind.” Han Fei wouldn’t leave the altar to Ten Fingers; if he couldn’t inherit the altar, he would destroy the altar. Regardless of the ending, this memory world would collapse and Lin Lu wouldn’t appear again. She was the altar owner’s manifestation of goodness in the world. Remembering her should be one of the altar owner’s desires.

“Why would I disappear?” Lin Lu’s face was flushed from the alcohol.

“You better stop drinking, I’ll walk you home.”

“No need! I can walk back on my own.” Lin Lu rejected Han Fei. She stood up and ran across the street like she was afraid Han Fei might find out where she lived. Han Fei tailed the girl but she soon disappeared among the crowd. “She still disappeared.” Lin Lu would only appear when the altar owner was feeling especially down. Han Fei hadn’t figured out the mechanism behind her appearance yet.

When Han Fei returned to the mall, most of the shops were already closed. As he pushed open the 2nd hand shop’s door, the system notification and the door chime sounded at the same time. “Notification for Player 0000! Your current hunger level is 0, your physical condition is bad and your mental condition is very low, your mood points is 45, are you going to start your work today?”

“Yes.” Standing at the door, Han Fei cracked his stiff knuckles. “What day is it already?”

Han Fei scanned the pictures of the employees of the month on the wall. They were all once living humans, but now they were either missing or lying at the hospital. Han Fei was the only one left. “Boss Gu hasn’t contacted me or come back to the shop, looks like things aren’t going so well on his side.”

Han Fei entered the shop and started to ponder the things that had happened recently. ‘Ten Fingers have entered the memory world many times already. They each have their own responsibility and have interacted with every person of this world. They have taken away Fei Yang, probably because they feel Fei Yang has a high chance of inheriting the altar.’ It was normal for Ten Fingers to think that because before Han Fei’s appearance, Fei Yang would be the last employee at the 2nd hand shop. ‘After Ten Fingers confirm that Fei Yang is not the person they are looking for, they will turn their full attention to me. Then I will face both pressure from Boss Gu and Ten Fingers.’

Han Fei stared at the paper on the counter and started to wonder how to remove the pictures from the wall. At around 10 pm, all the lights inside the mall were switched off and there were no more customers.

“It’s time.” The chance of Han Fei being discovered if he did this after midnight would be smaller but he didn’t dare to make that bet. The mall after midnight was too dangerous. Using the gloves, Han Fei

inspected all the cameras. Most of the cameras had been destroyed by Ten Finger and Fei Yang, but Boss Gu still hadn't had the chance to repair them. "At least they've helped me with that."

Han Fei blocked the door of the shop from inside and calculated the time. When someone shook the door, the door would chime. Han Fei had around 20 seconds to rush out from the storeroom. 'That is more than enough for me.'

After everything was ready, Han Fei grabbed the tools and entered the underground storeroom. Yesterday night, he had calculated the location and tonight he swore to get to the bottom of the well's secrets.

"This place is so cold." The storeroom was like a morgue. Yin energy pooled at the corners. Han Fei's left eye could see the truth so he didn't even open the lights as he moved to the deepest part of the storeroom. Moving the shelf, Han Fei used the tape to triangulate the location and then took out the axle and hammer to slowly make a gap. Han Fei worked very slowly to make as little sound as possible.

After he had made a small hole, Han Fei went back to the shop to drink some water and to show himself on camera. After a quick exercise, Han Fei returned to the shop and moved the saw and electric drill into the storeroom. 'Using these tools will be very noisy but before midnight, no ghost should appear. There are no people in the mall either so no one will hear me.' Han Fei grabbed the drill and started working. After drilling through the cement, Han Fei grabbed the hammer and slammed at the weak points.

After several swings, the wall had a crack about half a meter wide. The large piece of the broken wall fell into the well. The water splashed and a drop hit Han Fei's arm. At that moment, Han Fei felt like his soul was scorched. It was as if the thing that dropped on him was not water but liquid flame.

Pieces of the broken wall sunk into the well and soon disappeared. Han Fei realized that he could use the well as a trash can.

'The water surface is half a meter away from me, I can reach it with my hands.' Success was before his eyes but Han Fei didn't let his guard down. He wiped down all the tools and replaced them. Then he started to clean up. Using just 20 minutes, Han Fei had removed all the traces. Even if Boss Gu returned now, he wouldn't imagine Han Fei had used the tools inside the shop to gouge a hole underground.

'There's still some time until midnight.' Han Fei grabbed a book, brewed a pot of coffee and wandered around the mall. After making sure no one was coming to get him, Han Fei returned to the 2nd hand shop. Compared to before, there were no changes to the storeroom.

Moving the shelf again, Han Fei reached his upper body through the hole. Soon he saw the old man's family portrait on the surface of the water. Resisting the urge to go grab it, Han Fei found a candle from the shelf. He lit the candle and used the candle to approach the picture. When the flame approached the dark well, Han Fei saw the crowded human faces inside the well.

Chapter 466 Come Down with Me

Beside the gouged out wall, Han Fei held the candle and looked into the well. Many pictures floated on the surface of the murky water, human faces crowded underwater. The pair of eyes turned to the small flame. Their mouths opened and closed like fish. Han Fei's arms froze in mid-air, he could feel a very dangerous presence. If he was not careful, he'd be dragged directly into the well. The hand that held the candle slowly retracted. The human faces followed the flame. Just as the candle was about to move away from the water surface, something leaped out from the murky water!

The icy water splattered everywhere. Han Fei immediately let go and retreated. The candle fell into the water and the fire was extinguished immediately. Han Fei cautiously went back to the side of the well. A candle floated on the water surface but the human faces had all disappeared.

'The pictures are right before me but I can't take them.' Han Fei turned back to the storeroom to find some tools but as he turned around he realized the black cloth on the altar had slid to the ground. The altar was like a silent man standing on the other side of the shelf. The temperature in the storeroom had dropped to an unbearable level. The crack on the landlord's ring grew. 'When did the black cloth slide off? Is there another person here with me?'

Han Fei scanned the rows of shelves. The place was extremely quiet. Han Fei placed the hammer beside the altar in his pocket. When he tried to switch on the storeroom's lights, the light bulbs above flickered and then went out. 'It's about midnight, the place will get a lot more dangerous after midnight, I need to be fast.'

Last time Han Fei used a fishing line and the fishing line was dragged off. After that lesson, Han Fei chose a rope this time. He attached a hook to one end of the rope and tied the other end to the altar and the shelf. If the thing inside the well dragged the rope, it would drag the altar until the altar would get stuck at the hole. 'There should be no problem this time.'

Since the lights had gone out, Han Fei lit two more candles. One he placed outside the hole and the other he held in his hand. Han Fei took a deep breath and slowly approached the hole with the rope and candle.

The temperature was still dropping. Han Fei could feel the chill crawling up his feet like it was trying to freeze his heart. Han Fei slowly knelt down to study the murky water. He aimed the hook at the family portrait.

Adjusting his breath, Han Fei slowly nudged forward. After his arm reached through the hole, he tossed the lit candle to the left of the wall and then flung out the rope at the same time.

Flame danced above the water, lighting up the faces under the water. When the candle touched the water surface, Han Fei's hook also reached the picture. The human faces were all distracted by the flame. Using this opportunity, Han Fei pulled. Half of the family portrait was out of the water when a bloated arm reached out from the water to grab the rope!

Indescribable force pulled Han Fei towards the well. Han Fei's body tipped forward and he saw many human heads hanging on the rope. They bit on the rope. Their eyes filled with hatred. The shelf was dragged forward but the altar remained unmoved. The rope was pulled taut. The people inside the well wanted to pull the people outside the well into it!

The rope about the size of one's finger snapped in the middle!

The part with the picture fell into the well and disappeared; the part tied to the altar hung limply by the hole. It dangled downwards, about a few cm from the surface of the water.

'The well is filled with people who have been sacrificed. This well has collected all their hatred and resentment.' Perhaps at the start, the well was only a normal well but as more 'important things' were dropped inside the well, the well gained more power. It was the endless greed and sin within the human heart that created this monster.

Standing between the well and the altar, Han Fei's eyes moved. 'Could this be the way 'God' has been created?' With confusion, Han Fei turned to look at the black altar. With shock, he noticed that the altar's door had opened a gap and there appeared to be a pair of eyes looking at him!

A bad feeling rose within him. Han Fei picked up the black cloth to cover up the altar again but at that moment, the system notification came.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve triggered the random mission—Wishing Well.

“Wishing Well: According to legend, once you drop something important to you into this well, you will get a corresponding reward. However, the thing that you drop into the well can’t ever be redeemed, therefore, the well has gained another name, Regret.

“Mission Requirement: There are no second retries but you can do your best to fix your mistakes. To retrieve the items inside the well, you have to use yourself as an item to trade. Please retrieve any 3 things from the well before midnight.”

Han Fei’s eyes twitched when he heard the notification. ‘The system wants me to jump into the well?!’ Han Fei took out his phone to glance at the time. It was 11.50 pm, and there was only 10 minutes to midnight. The doors of the altar slowly widened as if the thing inside the altar would come out at midnight.

Opening the menu, Han Fei read the mission details again. ‘The system really wants me to jump into the well? Even the rope will be snapped into two. Once I’ve fallen into the well, is there a way for me to come back up?’ Earlier, Han Fei saw endless human heads biting the rope. If he was the one in the well, the human heads would be biting his body. ‘The system wants me to die?’

Shaking his head, Han Fei decided that he’d rather fail the mission than to jump into the well. ‘It’s too dangerous, I better think of something else.’

Time passed by. Han Fei tried many methods but he couldn’t get the picture. To make things worse, he noticed the water level inside the well was rising. It was as if the human heads inside the water wanted to climb out.

‘One last try, if this fails, I’ll have to leave.’ Han Fei glanced at the altar. Bad things happened every time he entered the underground storeroom after midnight. The first time, he was trapped inside the storeroom and the second time, he fell into the altar owner’s illusion.

Using a mountain-climbing rope and bungee-jumping lock, Han Fei affixed them to the altar. Just as he was about to drop the rope into the well, a knocking sound came from above. 'Someone is at the door? Is it the boss?'

Draping the black cloth over the altar, Han Fei quickly replaced everything. He ran towards the door and realized the door was locked!

"Damn it!" It wasn't midnight yet but an accident still occurred. The only exit to the storeroom was blocked off. 'What to do now?' Several ideas occurred in Han Fei's mind: run back to the shelves to pretend to arrange the merchandise; collapse on the ground and claim that he had been ambushed; or he could ambush the person who had come into the shop.

Footsteps came from above him. The person had entered the shop. Han Fei listened closely. After stopping for a while at the counter, the footsteps moved towards the underground storeroom. Holding his breath, Han Fei took out Rest in Peace but at that moment, there was that knocking sound again. Another person had entered the shop!

Han Fei could ambush one person but if there were two, he needed to be more careful.

"Are you sure an outsider has entered this world?" The footsteps stopped and the 2 people stood near the storeroom door and started to chat.

"We can't contact 7th and 8th Finger, and 6th Finger has suddenly disappeared. Yes, some of the memory fragments in this world are powerful enough to kill them, but they will definitely leave behind some messages before they die and not disappear like this."

"We've explored this world for almost a decade already but we haven't really understood it. I believe their disappearances don't have anything to do with the outsider. Maybe someone has triggered the crucial part of the memory..."

"5th Finger, I didn't call you here to argue with me." The icy voice said with impatience. Han Fei recognized the voice, it was the chef.

“The others have found Fei Yang and 10th Finger believes Fei Yang is the real sacrificial lamb. I’d advise you to follow the protocol, do not interrupt the altar lest you destroy the ritual.” The other person didn’t care about the chef’s warning and gave a warning of their own, “Remember what has happened outside. A new Unmentionable has appeared in the cryptic world. We don’t have the time to keep trying.”

“I will not touch the altar. I’m here to catch that patron. Compared to Fei Yang, I believe he is more likely the last sacrifice.” Then the door of the underground storeroom started to twist and the cold presence gushed everywhere.

BANG! The door was forced open.

“5th Finger, I will be kicked out by the altar world after I use my power. When that happens, I need you to send that person to 10th Finger. Even if he is not the last sacrifice, we need to find out why he has appeared inside the altar.” The chef walked down the ladders and entered the storeroom. The 4 human head tattoos on his neck came alive, they swam under his skin like black fish.

“There are so many people in this memory world, it’s normal if we haven’t seen all of them.” A dwarf followed behind the chef. He was dressed like a primary school student but he sounded so old.

“I’ve smelled various kinds of meat before, so I can tell you with certainty that the scent on that man is very special!” The chef scanned the rows of shelves. “Be careful, there’s a meat scent lingering in the air, he should still be here.”

“Even if we die here, our soul won’t be harmed. I don’t get why you are so worried.” The dwarf climbed down the ladder. The skin underneath his shirt was filled with human head tattoos. “I’m helping you because we’re quite good friends, but next time, before you start cooking, can you let me play with the ingredients first?”

“Shush.” The chef closed his eyes and his nose twitched as he picked out the scent in the air. He slowly turned around. He turned to the dwarf who was still on the ladder. “The smell comes from this place?” Opening his eyes, the chef saw a shadow standing behind the ladder. He wore a gnarly beast mask and held a bladeless blade.

“Be careful!” The warning came too late. Han Fei plunged the knife into the dwarf’s heart! The blinding light pierced through the dwarf’s body. His hands barely had the time to touch the tattoo on his skin and his body was split into half! The crack lips widened. The dwarf felt like his memory and soul were burning up. “He, he can harm us who are outside the memory...”

The dwarf fell from the ladder and he disintegrated before he hit the ground. The dwarf’s scream echoed in the storeroom but Han Fei and the chef ignored him. After the successful attack, Han Fei launched another one at the chef. Rest in Peace could injure Ten Fingers in the memory world, that was Han Fei’s trump card so he had to make sure no one knew that secret.

“I knew you’d be a problem!” The chef screamed. The human heads on his arm broke into blood droplets and yin energy gushed into his body. Han Fei already reacted very fast but he was still too late. Han Fei had predicted that the chef would come that night, but he didn’t expect the man would bring reinforcement.

“You were the one who killed 6th and 7th Finger, right?” The chef’s arms started to bleed. His skin rotted and he absorbed the Yin energy in the memory world.

“Why don’t you guess?” Han Fei retreated. He slid the paper doll silently behind one of the shelves.

“After capturing you, all the problems will be solved.” The presence of the chef was greater than a Lingering Spirit.

“I hear that you’ll be forced out from the memory world once you use power that doesn’t belong here. Let me calculate how much time you have left.” Han Fei’s beast mask could eclipse his presence and the power of his altar was to hide his presence as well. However, even so, the chef managed to pick up his scent. The chef’s power should have to do with the heightening of his 5 senses.

“Looks like you know quite a lot. To stop you from disrupting Ten Finger’s plan, I’ll have to kill you.” The chef stepped forward and materialized before Han Fei. “I will kill you here first and then destroy your soul in the cryptic world.”

The chef’s skin started to melt. Every inch of his muscle was covered in resentment. Standing there, Han Fei felt great pressure. Han Fei waved his knife but before the blade could touch the chef, the chef’s

flesh dissolved, it bound around Han Fei's body like a tentacle. "No matter how sharp your blade is, if it can't cut me, it's a piece of useless steel."

Han Fei's body was slammed on the ground. The power level between them was too wide. Han Fei was no match for the chef. After touching the human head tattoo, 10 Fingers could release their real power and that power would continue to grow until they were forced out from this world.

'I can't drag this out further.' Climbing up from the ground, Han Fei staggered deeper into the storeroom. Han Fei was picked up and slammed on the ground repeatedly. He became so weakened that he could barely stand.

"Such a curious soul and this is all you can do? I haven't even used all of my power yet." The chef grabbed Han Fei by his neck. He slammed Han Fei into the last row of the shelf. "You can't escape anymore." The chef pulled out a cleaver made from blood from his own flesh. "I will cut open your body and observe the color of your heart."

"Only animals will be interested in the color of the human heart." Han Fei's weak voice came from under the mask.

The angry chef grabbed Han Fei by his neck and crashed him into the shelf. Han Fei had lost any power to fight back. He was wounded everywhere and he could barely grab onto Rest in Peace. The chef cackled. He looked at Han Fei like he was admiring a wonderful piece of meat. "I've memorized your appearance. After leaving the memory world, you are going to die. You can't escape."

The cleaver formed from blood raised and the chef aimed at Han Fei's chest. At the last minute, Han Fei raised Rest in Peace to block but the chef was ready, he evaded the attack easily. "Even at death, you refuse to let that knife go? Fine, I'll just chop off your arm!"

The chef stopped hesitating. Just as his cleaver was about to fall on Han Fei, Han Fei suddenly kicked at the tipped-over shelf. The merchandise on the shelf fell forward, temporarily blocking the chef's sight. He was afraid that Han Fei might have other tricks so he continued his attack.

This time Han Fei didn't evade. He grabbed the chef by his arm and then leaned backwards!

“Isn’t there just a wall behind the shelf?” The black hole appeared before him. When the chef saw that, Han Fei had already dragged half of his body into the well. Water splashed everywhere and they burned like liquid flame.

Pain locked around his heart. Han Fei gritted his teeth. Using Soul-depth Touch, he held onto the chef. Midnight Butcher’s talent kicked in. Han Fei’s various attributes started to rise as his Life Points dipped to a dangerous level.

“Come down with me!”

The clock announcing the arrival of midnight chimed all through the mall. The chef couldn’t react in time and fell into the well with Han Fei.

Chapter 467

The chef was one of the 10 Fingers, he had been inside the memory world many times and was familiar with every inch of this underground storeroom. Therefore, it came as a surprise to him that there would be a hole where the wall was. As his body fell into the well, the chef looked at Han Fei in the beast mask and the uniform he was wearing. ‘As the employee here, why would you make such a big hole in your boss’ shop?’

When his arms touched the water, the chef realized something was wrong. No ‘humans’ could kill them in the memory world but it didn’t mean the altar couldn’t kill them. There were several taboo places in the memory world and the wishing well was one of them. The chef immediately abandoned half of his body and tried to escape but he was still too late. The flesh that dropped into the water was bitten by the floating human faces. Han Fei alone wouldn’t be able to stop the chef from escaping but there were endless resentful spirits in the well.

The ‘sacrifice’ inside the well bit at the chef like crazy, dragging every piece of the chef into the well. Noticing Han Fei who was pulling at him with the endless spirits, the chef turned red with anger. “Even if you die, you want to drag me down with you?”

The chef knew the consequence of falling into the well. He dissolved all the tattoos on his neck and used them to shield his heart. Retreat was impossible, the only chance now was to protect his core before the well soaked into his soul. The chef’s heart was the key for him to become a Pure Hatred. Everything else could be abandoned. As long as the heart was still present, he had a chance to be reborn in hatred.

While the chef was trying to save himself, Han Fei had started to make his wish. It was not easy dragging his most important enemy into the well, so he decided not to waste it. "I wish..." Han Fei just had that thought when he heard a voice in his right ear. "Do not wish for anything from him, once you make your first wish, you will never be free again! Even a free wish will have you bound forever! The price of the free wish is your everything!" Han Fei's right ear was the reward given to him by the altar owner. It contained the owner's memory. Since it had spoken, then Han Fei had to be careful.

The wishing well was bottomless like human desire. Once you fell into the hole, you would keep sinking. Han Fei lowered his head and he noticed there were swimming heads around his legs. The people who were pushed into the well turned into a fish-like monster. They bit on Han Fei's legs and clothes, dragging him madly deeper into the well.

The light from the mouth of the well blurred like a cloudy night. The human head fishes swam around Han Fei and the chef. But they were not even the scariest thing in the well.

'The system will not give me an unsolvable mission.' The water in the wishing well was condensed from resentment, it had gathered the most negative emotions of the human world. Everyone thrown into the well would be transformed by hatred before becoming a total monster. Compared to Han Fei who was surrounded in mist, the chef who radiated resentment was more popular with the monsters in the well. The tattoos on his body were triggered, the chef's power was increasing, he was waiting for the moment when he was pushed out from the memory world. He shielded his heart and waited for escape.

Han Fei grabbed the chef. He could guess the man's thoughts. If the chef left, then Han Fei would have done all these for nothing. Han Fei was so furious that he had forgotten he was inside the well because of his mission. Technically speaking, the chef was the innocent party, he was dragged into the well by Han Fei.

Pulling out Rest in Peace, Han Fei plunged it into the chef's leg. Weak light burst in the water, it scared off the human face fishes. This was a pleasant surprise for Han Fei. The 'people' who were trapped inside the well had joined with the resentment, they had gotten used to darkness so they were afraid of sudden light. The chef didn't expect aggression from Han Fei. He shook from anger but there was nothing he could do. There was limited space inside the well and that made evasion hard. The chef also had exhausted all of his energy to protect his heart. Wounds appeared on the chef's legs and stomach. He realized the wounds made by Rest in Peace were hard to heal.

More monsters surrounded the chef. The chef was feeling tired. They had been sinking for a long time already but the well appeared to be bottomless.

It was tiring to use the knife underwater. Plus Han Fei was already injured. He too had reached his limit. Death formed a noose and tightened around his neck.

Opening the menu, Han Fei used his last hope to look through his inventory. He had one more chance to take something out from his inventory but there was no item which could help with his situation. His skin was scorched by the water and his body felt like it had been dropped in a sea of fire. Pain came from all parts of his body. Han Fei's mind was suffused with negative emotions. Pain and despair heightened them. The trembling pupils scanned the menu quickly. There was a voice helping Han Fei and his eyes focused on one talent.

Spirit-farer!

Well water gushed into his right ear. Fire burned inside his ear, weakening the warning voice. At the same time, another voice echoed in Han Fei's left ear. "There is no other choice but to wish at the altar. Use an important person to trade for your life. When you are alive, you can save more people. One person's life to trade for many more people's survival, is there a better choice?" The voice drilled through Han Fei's left ear and echoed in his mind. The important people to Han Fei appeared in his mind. "Place your life and more people's lives on the scale. Each soul has their own value, this is your last chance."

The image in his memory clarified. Huang Yin dominated Han Fei's sight. "He is your best friend so he will understand your choice. Use the smallest leverage to gain the biggest reward, why are you still hesitating?"

The water was extremely cold but it also burned at one's soul like flames. It was too painful. The warning in the right ear had almost disappeared, the voice in the left ear echoed endlessly. Han Fei was too weak to hold onto the chef. His body sunk into darkness and his consciousness wavered. The water flowed into his right ear, soaked his left eye and pickled his internal organs. Memories that didn't belong to Han Fei appeared. A long time ago, another person had jumped into the well like Han Fei. That person was the altar owner. After escaping from the western city, he was fatally wounded, his only leverage was himself. After losing his humanity, he lost all hope for this world, he used his body to make his last wish.

The altar owner's memory overlapped with Han Fei's. Han Fei was like the altar owner back then. They jumped voluntarily into the well and sank into the darkness. Before death, they made their wish.

The altar owner in the memory fragment slowly opened his mouth; Han Fei used his last shred of consciousness to chase Huang Yin's shadow away. He would never use Huang Yin to trade for his own life. In the same despair, the memory of the altar owner opened his mouth and uttered his internal desire like many years ago. "I wish for the power to change everything!" The owner's memory fragment made another wish while Han Fei chose to protect Huang Yin.

After the altar owner made his wish, Han Fei's left eye, right ear and internal organ dissolved into the well water. At the same time, Han Fei could feel the gravity pulling him disappear. The memory that didn't belong to him dissipated as well. Han Fei's eyes widened as the thought flashed across his mind. 'When the altar owner was forced to jump into the well in real life, his left eye had been dug out, his right ear was pierced and his internal organs were harvested. Therefore, when he made his wish in real life, his body was missing these organs. After I entered the memory world and helped the altar owner rectify his regrets, he rewarded me with these broken body parts and now he is using these broken body parts to make another wish. From this moment on, the altar owner will lose his agency, all of his memory has been taken by the altar.'

Deep inside the well, Han Fei didn't sacrifice his best friend to make a wish to save himself, he once again made a different choice from the altar owner. The altar's random missions were slowly directing Han Fei for him to experience all of the altar owner's past and to rectify his regrets. The wishing well let Han Fei go. Han Fei swam upwards. When he passed by the chef, he took out Rest in Peace. Han Fei initially wouldn't escape so easily but the appearance of the chef had helped him shoulder most of the pressure.

Currently, there were about 10 fishes biting on the chef and endless pale arms reached out from the wall to grab at the chef. These things were originally meant for Han Fei. "Thank you for your help, I will help you rest in peace now." The blade stuck into the chef's chest. The chef who was detained by the monsters couldn't even evade and his chest was punctured. Resentment burst out from the heart and this excited the monsters even more. Han Fei didn't stay, he quickly swam upwards. Han Fei's eyes were on the rope dangling by the mouth of the well.

His body turned heavier as the monsters in the well realized what was happening. They started to swim towards Han Fei. The well water rocked as more terrifying things awakened. The talent of Midnight Butcher came in handy again. He swam faster as his Life Points dropped. With one last push, he broke through the surface. Before he grabbed the rope, Han Fei didn't forget to grab the floating items. The mission required Han Fei to leave with 3 items but Han Fei was not going to waste this chance. He grabbed the red dress and used the dress as a makeshift net to salvage most of the pictures and small items floating on the surface.

Han Fei gasped for air. But as he prepared to leave the well with the red dress, he felt incredibly weighted down. The pictures looked normal but they each weighed as heavy as a living person. They could float on the surface because the water was unique. The chef had already been consumed so the monsters charged at Han Fei.

“Quick, pull me up!” Han Fei held onto the rope. A paper doll appeared in the hole. She looked just like Xu Qin. When the dwarf and the chef came underground, Han Fei had already planned everything. He would kill one and then use the well to deal with the other. To fulfill this plan, he hid the paper doll among the shelves.

With the paper doll’s help, Han Fei escaped from the well with plenty of pictures. Without stopping, Han Fei replaced the shelf. Then he collapsed on the ground. His left eye and right ear had returned to normal but the strange power remained.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve completed the random mission—Wishing well.

“You jumped into the well before midnight and successfully took out 21 items, surpassing the mission requirement.

“You’ve rectified 60 percent of the altar owner’s regret! You’ve obtained a large amount of EXP, the right to use 21 items and a personality fragment of the original altar owner!

“Personality fragment: After an Unmentionable is vanquished, his memory has a small chance to leave behind a personality fragment. When the player’s soul melted with sufficient personality fragments, they might get the original altar owner’s broken personality or awaken a new personality.

“Warning! Each personality will affect your future! Good personality will increase your life, bad personality will ruin everything.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve reached level 18, gained 1 free attribute point!”

When the system notifications ended, Han Fei sighed in relief, “I’ve protected my friendship with Brother Huang.” Climbing up from the ground, Han Fei removed his drenched uniform. His uniform was

soaked in well water. The resentment and hatred lingered on it like needles as it pricked him. "The chill has infiltrated my body, I need to leave this place as soon as possible."

Han Fei glanced at the altar. The doors on the altar were open 2 fingers wide. It was blackness behind the doors and it made Han Fei feel uncomfortable. 'Is the thing inside coming out?' Covering the altar back under the black cloth, Han Fei dragged the red dress to the ladder. This time the door opened easily. Han Fei hugged the items and exited the storeroom. When the lights of the shop fell on him, Han Fei's heart fell back into place. He opened the menu and added the attribute point into stamina without hesitation. Thanks to the buff from Midnight Butcher, his stamina was now 30!

When his stamina reached 30, Han Fei received another system notification.

"Notification for Player 0000! Your stamina has reached 30, the level a normal person wouldn't reach without the influence of drugs! You've awakened a stamina-based talent!

"Choice 1: Super Strength

"Choice 2: Super Speed."

Han Fei chose Super Speed easily. He knew he couldn't be stronger than a Pure Hatred but he could outrun them. "One day, I'll be faster than all the ghosts."

With Super Speed and the patrol talent provided by Ziggurat's Guard, Han Fei's movement speed was incredibly high at night. Han Fei exited the shop and tried out his new talent. While he was adjusting to this talent, he almost crashed into the shop next door. "As expected, every 10 increase in attribute will be a categorical improvement."

Han Fei then turned to check the mission reward. He couldn't find the personality fragment in the inventory, it felt like the thing had entered his soul. The altar had retrieved the altar owner's broken left eye, right ear and internal organs but Han Fei could still use part of their powers, that probably had to do with the personality fragment.

"The plastic surgery hospital has ruined so many children to create a child with the perfect personality. In the cryptic world, after an Unmentionable perishes, there is a small chance for them to leave behind a

personality fragment. Is a perfect personality really that important?" Han Fei noticed that once he collected enough personality fragments, he could awaken his own personality. Han Fei wanted to see if his healing personality really did exist or not.

Han Fei returned to the shop to go through his other pile of rewards. The system only required him to retrieve 3 items but he had almost salvaged everything on the water surface. 'Now I have 21 new items.' The items were assorted, Han Fei didn't know what to do with most of them. He took out the old man's family portrait and the bright red dress.

"The sister on the third floor has been trying on dresses, this should be the one she is looking for." He found a bag to keep all the other stuff and left the shop with the red dress. His destination? The 3rd floor.

Chapter 468 New Hidden Profession?

Ever since Han Fei arrived at this mall, from 2 of the night guards, 1 went missing and the other died in unnatural circumstances; his colleagues were either injured or kidnapped; basically, anyone who interacted with him had gotten into some trouble. 'When I first arrived at the mall, I at least had a few friends I could communicate with, but after only a few days, I am the only one left. I can't tell if this means I'm lucky or they are unlucky.'

Stopping in the middle of the mall, Han Fei looked up. The banners dangled from above. There was no wind inside the mall but they fluttered in the dark. 'They fit in this world.'

Carrying the rucksack, Han Fei slowly ascended the floors using the escalator. As he climbed up, the temperature continued to drop like he had awakened the things in the dark. Han Fei himself didn't have that much 'charm', it was thanks to the pictures inside the rucksack. 'Looks like it's not pure coincidence that the boss has built the altar at the bottom of the mall, he wants to use the altar to suppress these people he has killed.'

When Han Fei stepped on the 3rd floor, he felt something change. All the mannequins in the shops turned towards him. It felt like there were endless eyes staring at him from the dark.

"A good actor will be the spotlight wherever he goes." Han Fei put on the uniform soaked in well water. Even though the water would bring him pain, it would also prevent the ghosts from getting close. Han

Fei headed towards the shop where he saw the woman. He was only halfway there when he encountered another person standing in the corridor opposite him. The person maintained the same speed as Han Fei. The person was hunched over and looked very strange. "I come in peace. I'm not going to create trouble for you so I hope you won't trouble me either."

When Han Fei walked past a shop, he saw in the mirror that other than himself, there was a walking red dress following behind him. In the dark corridor, a bright red dress was slowly following a man. Han Fei didn't feel the need to turn around. Many people had tailed him before and none of them had managed to go home safely.

"There are only mannequins in shop 1 and 2; Shop 3 is where Huang Li was found; Last time, the boss' ex-wife was trying out clothes in Shop 4." Han Fei only worked at the mall for a quick period but he had remembered the location of all the shops.

He entered the 4th boutique. A faint perfume lingered in the air. This boutique was the most high-end on the 3rd floor. Even after her death, the woman had a very high standard. This showed that she still had part of her living memory. What Han Fei needed to do now was to use the red dress in his hands to help that memory grow and expand.

After Han Fei entered the shop, the red dress behind him and the human figure on the other side of the corridor stopped. It was clear who the scariest presence on the 3rd floor was. Rustling noises came from inside the store with modern artistic décor. It didn't sound like someone changing clothes but more like someone scratching their skin. Han Fei turned to the sound and noticed every curtain of the dressing room was shaking like there was someone inside each dressing room.

"Compared to last time, this place is even creepier. Looks like the dead will get crazier as the time goes on." With the items hauled from the well as his talismans, Han Fei summoned his courage to enter the shop. Holding the rucksack tight, Han Fei turned to the giant mirror outside the dressing rooms. Night dripped down the mirror like ink, carrying intense anxiety with it.

Han Fei in the mirror became a blurry shadow, he couldn't even tell if the reflection was himself. 'After entering the memory world, I have not taken a serious look at a mirror. Whenever I pass the mirror, it feels like the reflection is not mine. When I want to see the face of the person in the mirror, the face feels so strange and unfamiliar.' Han Fei felt like he had forgotten something. 'Why do I mind mirrors that much?'

The longer one was inside the memory world, the easier one would be assimilated into it. However, Han Fei didn't feel like that had happened to him, he still had all of his memories. It felt like another person had helped him shoulder the curse of the altar world. His eyes stopped on the mirror. Han Fei walked towards it but when he got close, the mirror suddenly cracked. The crack looked like a scar and strangely enough, it started to bleed. Han Fei touched the blood and something came to him. 'Other than myself and Ten Fingers, there should be another outsider but how come I can't remember him?'

As the mirror cracked, Han Fei's reflection splintered. Just as the mirror was about to shatter, the reflection raised his finger. Han Fei didn't move but his reflection started to bleed as he tried to write something on the broken mirror. However, this had violated some kind of rules. When the finger touched the mirror surface, the mirror shattered completely. The glass shards burst like it was raining glass. The loud crack shattered the silence of the mall as well. Yin energy floated out from the corner and they frosted into a mist on the boutique's windows.

The curtains of the dressing rooms stopped moving. In this oppressive silence, a hand pulled back the curtain. The blood that flowed out from the wounds dyed the blue dress red. The black hair dropped down to her waist as if trying to cover up the open wound around the chest. The woman stepped on many clothes. The dresses were all exquisite but they were not the ones she wanted. The clothes stuck with her blood were cursed, they lay there like people she had cursed. In the blink of an eye, the woman materialized before Han Fei. Her head slowly lifted. The bones cracked and the pair of bloodshot eyes looked at Han Fei through the curtain of black hair.

"I've found your dress." Han Fei took out the red dress from his rucksack and showed it to the woman. "This is the dress most suitable for you and it represents the goodness the world has owed you."

When the red dress was pulled out from the rucksack, an indescribable presence expanded in the boutique. It swept through the 3rd floor before slamming into the ground. Pulling back the woman's hair, Han Fei saw a face twisted by hatred, it was scary and eerie but Han Fei didn't show any fear or disgust, only regret. "The person who pushed you down the water is now the most respectful boss at this place. He sits on dead people but he calls himself a philanthropist." Han Fei handed the red dress to the woman. "We should correct this inverted world. What is wrong, what is right, you are more familiar with that than I do."

When the red dress came close to the woman, a thread painted with strange symbols appeared at the bottom of the skirt. The thread pierced through the wound on the woman's chest and bound with her soul. If she didn't reclaim the red dress, the woman would be bound by the well and altar, never getting released. Everyone who had been pushed into the well had their souls priced and became owned by the altar. Only by entering the well and reclaiming their items that they could find freedom. However, even

so, they wouldn't completely escape the altar's influence. Once the transaction had been completed, it couldn't be changed unless someone would destroy the altar and restart everything.

The red dress was graceful and exquisite but it had well water on it. When Han Fei took out the dress, the woman and all the mutated clothes stopped moving. Water dripped to the ground. The woman moved her hands away from her chest wound to accept the dress from Han Fei.

The well water pierced into her skin like poisonous needles but she didn't mind. The pale arms which held the dress shook violently. Her face started to reveal a maddening smile. The blue dress she had on was washed away by blood. Han Fei turned his head away. Several seconds later, the landlord's ring gave a warning. When Han Fei turned back, a woman about 3 meters tall and had black hair pooling around her, stood before him in a strange red dress.

The deep red dress covered the wound around the woman's chest. The dress was specifically made for her. The bloodstain was embroidered on the dress and became a cruel decoration. The woman absorbed the Yin energy at the mall. Her skin and face started to return to normal and light returned to her bloodshot eyes. The 'people' of the memory world couldn't be delineated using the standard of the cryptic world. Han Fei could only draw a comparison from their mutated state. Using 6th Finger's child as an example, this woman before him was at least 10 times stronger than the child. Shouldering the pressure that oozed out from the woman, Han Fei waited for the woman to vent her anger. It was a good idea but he had underestimated the resentment collected by the woman and the Yin energy collected at the mall.

The windows shattered and Han Fei turned to look out the shop. Once he did, he broke out in cold sweat. Among the dark mall, many figures in bloody clothes walked out of the shop. They stood at the edge of each floor and looked down at the empty space in the middle of the ground floor. 'What are they doing?'

Soon Han Fei's question had an answer. The woman walked past him and stepped over the rails of the 3rd floor. The tall woman looked down at Han Fei, she had a cruel smile on her face. The red dress fluttered before the woman fell. Then what happened next shocked even Han Fei.

The figures that stood at the edge of each floor started to fall like leaves in fall. They jumped down one after another!

They fell soundlessly until there were only blossoms of blood flower on the ground. The woman stood amidst the sea of flowers and consumed the endless pain and hatred. The falling figures were like rain. The mall had been covered in clouds for too long, this blood rain was a release for all the souls.

“This is not good.” Han Fei only returned the dress to the woman. He believed he had done a small thing but it had led to this unpredictable result. The boss’ wife was the first person to die at this mall and was probably the first person thrown into the well. She had the deepest regret, she was the original sin, the start of all the despair.

‘The windows on the 3rd floor are all cracked, what excuse can I use tomorrow?’ Han Fei looked back down. He soon realized he was worried for no reason because the woman’s goal was not to destroy the mall but the altar underground!

Human figures fell like rain. Han Fei even saw the two night guards among them. Living humans now turned into drops of resentful rain. To Han Fei’s surprise, many people appeared to jump willingly, they had reached a consensus on this night. The blood flowers bloomed and the blood coalesced into roots. They bound around each other and weaved out a well in the center of the empty space on the first floor!

The woman in red stood beside the well. Once the rain stopped, she started to attack the ground of the mall madly. The bell at the top of the mall kept chiming. The shadow of an altar appeared at the bottom of the blood-red well. Han Fei had seen this image inside the altar owner’s illusion. However, different from the illusion, no one at the mall worshipped the altar but they all wanted to destroy the altar!

‘As scary as the illusion was, it was not real.’ What he saw now was real. Han Fei knew this was a rare chance so he took out Rest in Peace and slid down the escalator. The shadow of the altar had its doors half-open. The woman stood in the middle of the blood well and used her mutated body to slam against the altar.

“Let me help you.” Han Fei noticed that there were several weak points on the blood-red well. It was the former employees of the 2nd hand shop that basically built up the blood well, the drunkard who drowned, the old man who knelt before the altar, and the female employee whose limbs were bound by ropes. Han Fei rummaged through the rucksack and returned to them their pictures. The blood well became more real. The blood that leaked out from it felt like it was trying to drown out the mall. The bell at the top kept ringing. Angry howls came from underground.

"I assumed the altar can't be defeated but it looks like that is misdirection by the boss." The altar's shadow started to flicker. The doors opened and hands reached out like vines to grab at the woman. The two parties got into a standstill but as the blood well started to dry, the woman was slowly pulled towards the altar. She couldn't escape her fate and could only wail shrilly. 'It doesn't seem like I can be much help even if I stay here.' Han Fei retreated back into the 2nd hand shop. Then a wonderful idea entered his mind. 'Since all the dead are fighting the altar's shadow, then the real altar wouldn't have much energy to defend itself.' Han Fei knew this was dangerous but he had to give it a try. Opening the door, Han Fei didn't heed the boss' advice and entered the underground storeroom after midnight.

The storeroom which was as cold as the morgue had its temperature return to normal. Han Fei reached the deepest part of the storeroom holding Rest in Peace. He pulled back the black cloth covering the altar. 'Previously I would feel uncomfortable when I was near the altar but now I feel nothing.' A smile appeared on Han Fei's face. 'To destroy a god, one must destroy its altar so that no one will believe in its presence again.' Picking up the hammer, Han Fei did something the altar owner had been meaning to do.

"I do not believe in God or destiny; if everything is predestined, then allow me to shatter it!" The hammer was the other choice that only existed in the altar owner's memory. Han Fei raised this 'choice', carried the altar owner's endless regret, and slammed at the altar!

The wood splinters flew everywhere and blood leaked out. The altar was like a monster that had fed on human blood. Grabbing this chance, Han Fei continued to swing the hammer, the blood from the altar splattered all over him. The altar wanted to seduce Han Fei to make a trade but Han Fei wanted to destroy the altar. This was like the devil meets the demon, they each wanted something different. Screams echoed in his ears but Han Fei didn't stop. He knew this opportunity didn't come easy so he had to grab it!

The top of the altar was punctured and the time in the memory world appeared to pause for a second. Just as Han Fei was going to yank the roof right off, suddenly an indescribably horrible presence appeared. Without any hesitation, Han Fei retreated, he couldn't stay at the storeroom anymore. The floor shook and the well water poured out. Han Fei was quick to react. He moved fast and escaped from the storeroom before the energy returned to the altar.

At the same time, the door chimed. An old lady entered the shop holding an umbrella and a stinky rucksack. As usual, she headed towards the fake altar. "Granny! Your son is not inside the altar!"

A hole was made in the underground altar and it had caused a chain effect, no one could stay inside this 2nd hand shop anymore. There was no time to explain it to the old lady. Han Fei carried her and charged

out from the 2nd hand shop. The old lady was stunned as she was picked up by Han Fei. The wind rustled her hair. She wanted to say something but as she opened her mouth, cold air kept rushing into it. "Granny, I have your son's picture! You will be reunited soon!" Han Fei consoled the old lady as he rushed towards the woman in the red dress.

Han Fei had just destroyed the altar so temporarily there should be no one to suppress the ghosts at the mall. When he reached the center of the 1st floor, the battle was already over. The blood flowers on the ground wilted. Only the woman in the red dress and the 3 employees from the 2nd hand shop remained. They were extremely weak, part of the well was branded on their incomplete bodies. After paying a large price, they seemed to have escaped from the altar's control. "We need to leave this place!"

Han Fei took out a can from his inventory. He placed the 3 employees inside it and then he resisted the discomfort to approach the woman in the red dress. "I was the one who destroyed the altar, please trust me one more time, perhaps I can bring you real freedom." The woman was the most powerful presence at the mall, most of the dead at the mall had become a pattern on her dress, she had gathered everyone's hatred. Han Fei looked at the woman sincerely. When she heard the strange noises from underground, the woman stopped hesitating and entered the wishing can. Closing the lid, Han Fei raced out from the mall when the system notification came.

"Notification for Player 0000! You've gained the trust of 3 spirits after harming them, you've completed the prerequisite to unlock the hidden profession, Lapidarist! Would you initiate the next mission?"

"No!" Han Fei raced ahead and didn't even turn his head back. 'One Midnight Butcher is already crazy enough, who dares to touch this Lapidarist occupation?'

"Notification for Player 0000! Hidden profession, Lapidarist is extremely rare. After obtaining this career, your life will become more complete. It will expand your horizon, increase your experience, and you will unlock this personal ability, Lingering Spirits and Pure Hatreds of the opposite sex will be intensely more attracted to you. Would you initiate the next mission?"

"No! I'm in this state because I've trusted you too much!" Han Fei raced out of the mall like a shadow.

Pattering rain entered his ears. Han Fei looked up and the memory world started to pour as if a hole had opened in the sky. "It has always been sunny, why did it suddenly rain? Is it because I've shattered the roof of the altar?" Han Fei remembered Ten Fingers saying that destroying the altar would heavily

impact the memory world. "If the things in the memory world could be changed, does that mean certain predestined things will change as well?"

Carrying the old lady and hugging the wishing can, Han Fei looked at the rain-washed city and his mind started to turn. 'The mall is a mess and I have damaged the altar. There is no reason for me to stay here anymore. Why not use this opportunity to find out the mall boss and Ten Finger's weakness while they are investigating each other?' Everything in the memory world would mutate at night and become very dangerous but Han Fei had noticed something a long time.

The old lady and Wang Pingan can move through the night freely. The monsters wouldn't attack them.

"Granny, can you help me with another small favor?"

Chapter 469 Questions Questions

The old lady was carried out from the mall before she knew what happened. She held the rucksack and looked confused. "Granny, don't worry, you've saved my life so I won't harm you." After Han Fei was sure that the monsters in the altar didn't chase after them, he put the old lady down.

When the old lady's feet touched the ground, she turned and shuffled away quickly.

Han Fei placed his hands lightly on the old lady's shoulder. "Let me show you something. I've risked my life to grab this for you." The old lady shook her hands, she was not interested until Han Fei pulled out a death portrait from the rucksack. The old lady saw the picture from the corner of her eyes. When her eyes landed on the man in the picture, they couldn't move away anymore. The old lady's world became silent. She couldn't hear anything. Her muddled eyes fixated on the man in the picture. "My son, that's my son..."

"The boss mall has killed him and trapped him inside the altar that you worship daily. He has turned him into a lid to seal up the well." Han Fei told the old lady the truth. "Doing 1000 good deeds is only Boss Gu's lies. He is using you to collect good karma for himself."

“This is my son, he is already so big...” The old lady raised her hand to caress her son’s face. “The weather is cold but he doesn’t wear much. I’ve knitted many sweaters for him. Is it because they are too small for him?”

The old lady was aged, she had trouble communicating normally, much less when her emotions were so agitated.

“Granny, even after death, your son cannot find true freedom. To give him release, we have to destroy the altar.”

“You mean my son will return after the altar is destroyed?” The calloused hands held the picture as the old lady looked up at Han Fei. Han Fei’s lips opened but he didn’t say anything, he didn’t want to lie to the old lady. No one knew what would happen after the altar was destroyed, no one had done that before.

Since Han Fei didn’t answer, the old lady carried her son’s picture with both hands and turned towards the road. “I need to go home, I need to go home with my son.” Han Fei caught up to her with the umbrella. He walked beside her. The rain continued to pour but the old woman didn’t seem to notice it as she walked ahead with the picture. The memory world was extremely dangerous at night. After leaving the mall, Han Fei didn’t dare to wander so he stuck close to the old lady.

The heavy rain had dampened everything, even the mutated monsters didn’t appear. The old lady was physically weak, every few minutes, she needed to stop and rest. They continued at this pace until they reached a junction when the old lady suddenly raised her head to ask Han Fei. “Do you hear that?”

“The rain is too loud.” Han Fei had strong 5 senses but even so, he couldn’t hear anything.

“Someone is calling me...” The old lady suddenly became desperate. She hugged the portrait and looked around. Han Fei was confused. Everything looked normal to him. “Are you sure about that?” Han Fei turned to the old lady and when his eyes scanned the death portrait, he noticed the man on it had disappeared.

“Mom!” A voice came from the opposite side of the road. The old lady and Han Fei turned to look. The man in the picture leaned against the streetlight. He gasped for air as he waved at the old lady. “The rain

is too heavy, you need to go home and stay indoors. I will return home tomorrow!" The man's voice echoed in the rain. The old lady stood there motionless, staring at the opposite side of the road.

"I'm not cold at all! Don't worry about me, I will be back soon!" The man smiled. He waved one last time and turned from the streetlight to head into the darkness. Han Fei didn't anticipate this. After the man disappeared, he glanced at the death portrait again. The man had returned to the portrait but his expression was no longer that gloomy, there were water droplets on the picture.

"Granny, your son will return home soon, don't worry about him." Han Fei uttered. The old lady kept staring at the opposite side of the road, her eyes fixating on the streetlight.

"What's wrong?"

The old lady rubbed her eyes and wiped away the rain from her face. Then she pointed at the streetlight in the rain. "Is that the moon?"

Han Fei had no idea why the old lady would ask a question like that. Perhaps the old lady already knew the truth, her son was dead and she was only lying to herself. So when her son really appeared, she suspected she had imagined it.

"Granny, before my big brother returns, let me accompany you." Han Fei carried the old woman. "He will return after we destroy the altar." Everyone's fate was changing, no one knew what would happen tomorrow. Han Fei felt like he at least had to rectify the old lady's regret, something he should do after she had saved his life.

The old lady and the young man walked through the rain, sharing the same umbrella.

The whole city was mutating but strangely enough, no monster came after the old lady. Han Fei who carried the old lady felt at ease and his mood points remained high. They walked past big streets and small alleys. When they almost reached the old lady's home, Han Fei's phone rang. He accepted the call and an urgent voice said, "Lee Long and Lee Hu have disappeared! I think they are kidnapped, you better come to the western city so we can talk in person."

Han Fei thought the voice sounded familiar. Then he remembered the caller was Brother Snake.

"7th Finger has left an imprint on Lee Long, I plan to go look for him tomorrow. Looks like I'm still too late."

"You seem to know 7th Finger and his friends well." Brother Snake spoke quickly. "Ever since 7th and 8th Finger disappeared, strange things keep happening at the western city. Overnight, several merchants went missing, there is not even a dead body. I sent my people to look for clues and none of them returned."

"Don't act recklessly, you are no match for Ten Fingers."

"Ten Fingers? They do belong to a crazy murderous gang." Brother Snake hissed but his tone was laced with anxiety. As an acting master, Han Fei was familiar with Brother Snake's mental state. He probed, "If only Lee Long and Lee Hu had gone missing, you wouldn't call me to go to the western city in person. Has someone else gone missing?"

Brother Snake was silent before he admitted, "That's right, my only daughter is missing too. The group of murderers is now coming after me..." Then there was a scream and the sound of the cup being shattered. "Damn it, less than 3 people know about this safehouse, how did they find me?" Brother Snake sounded worried. He told Han Fei, "Of the people I know, only you know how to deal with these madmen. Help me deal with them and I will give you everything!"

"No problem, I will go to the western city now."

"I've already told my people to intercept you at the tea shop. I've lived enough but please, you have to save my daughter!" Footsteps approached and Brother Snake hung up.

"Ten Fingers is moving fast." When Han Fei heard the boss say that the sacrifices had to be animals, he knew this would happen to Brother Snake. He was one of the sacrifices.

"Lee Long (Dragon), Lee Hu (Tiger), Brother Snake, Fei Yang (Sheep)... Are Ten Fingers fighting for the sacrifices with Boss Gu?" Han Fei was reminded of another person. He tried to call Huang Li (Oriole) and to his surprise, the call went through. "Sister Huang, you're awake?" Han Fei said in shock but then Boss Gu's cold voice came, "Huang Li is still unconscious. I am discussing with the doctor how to save her."

“Thank you, boss.”

“The rain sounds so heavy on your side, are you at the shop?” Boss Gu’s voice changed.

“The signboard outside the mall fell from the rain so I’m trying to salvage it.”

“Just ignore that, return to the shop now. Has something happened at the shop?”

“Don’t worry, boss, everything is fine!” Han Fei promised.

“I still don’t feel that reassured. You better don’t leave the shop tonight. By the way, did you enter the underground storeroom?” Boss Gu added with uncertainty.

“No, but...”

“But what?”

“There are two strange customers at the mall tonight. They had human head tattoos on their bodies and they keep pacing before the shop. They don’t look like good people.” Han Fei reported to his boss.

“Human head tattoos again?!” Boss Gu sounded agitated. “Close shop now! You just stay inside the shop.”

“But the two haven’t left yet, shall I chase them out of the mall?”

“You are no match for them, just close the shop.” Boss Gu said firmly.

“Okay.” After hanging up, Han Fei carried the old lady to the western city, he didn’t return to the mall. The old lady patted Han Fei’s shoulder and looked at him with confusion.

“Granny, the boss only wants good news, this is a skill I’ve picked up from my other jobs. I’ve ruined several businesses because of it...”

They walked for a long time before they found a taxi. Afraid that the taxi driver might harm them, Han Fei placed the wishing can and the death portrait on the passenger seat, the pair of eyes looked at the man. The man drove like he was racing and arrived at the western city in record time. ‘Looks like the monsters will not mutate when I am with the old lady.’

They got down from the taxi and Han Fei carried the old lady through the deserted western city. He passed through the abandoned construction sites before arriving at the tea shop. Pushing open the door and the lights lit up. Several men in black rushed out. Han Fei had seen the leading man before, he was the waiter who served them last time.

“Don’t harm us, it was Brother Snake who called me here.” Han Fei raised his hands in surrender.

“We’re not going to harm you, we’re just...” The man didn’t expect Han Fei would carry an old lady to a gang lair in the middle of the night. “Anyway, Brother Snake has told us to listen to your orders unconditionally.”

“How many brothers do we still have?”

“30 are available but I’ll contact the other bases after dawn, we should be able to gather around 200 people.” The waiter took out his phone. “Also some retired members have agreed to help. They are scattered all over the city like the missing Lee Long and Lee Hu. Normally they help as informants but they will return to help during emergencies.”

“Okay, sounds like we have enough people.” Han Fei placed the old lady beside the heater and found her a blanket.

“We cannot contact Brother Snake already. He might have run into that group of people.” The waiter and the men were nervous, they were loyal to Brother Snake.

“There’s no point being nervous. I can tell you now that Brother Snake has been captured by those people, they know the location of the safe house.” Han Fei looked for pen and paper on the table.

“Fuck, then what are we still doing here? We need to go rescue him!”

“We’ll fight to the death with them! After all, it was Brother Snake who gave me my life!” The men roared but Han Fei shook his head. “You aren’t going to save Brother Snake like this, you’ll only harm him.”

Standing up, Han Fei walked to the male waiter, “Brother Snake told you to listen to my order because he knows I’m the only one who can save him. I know that group of crazy people well. Their real goal is not Brother Snake but Boss Gu from the mall.”

“Boss Gu?” The people looked at Han Fei with confusion. “What does this have to do with Boss Gu?”

“I’ll explain this to you in a simple manner. All the bad things that happened here are due to Boss Gu. The group of crazies is his people but because they couldn’t split up the money equally, there has been internal strife.”

“Internal strife?”

“But remember this, be it Boss Gu or the group of crazies, they will only kill Brother Snake at a preset time so we need to be prepared to deal with both parties.” Han Fei walked around the room to look for paper and pen. “The crazies will fight with Boss Gu so we will have them exhaust each other out first while we look for their weaknesses. The madmen are easier to deal with because everyone knows how crazy they are; the real problem is Boss Gu. As this city’s most famous philanthropist, everyone loves and respects him. They believe him unconditionally. If he says that we’re killers, then we would be treated as killers even though we didn’t do anything.”

“Then what should we do?” The waiter didn’t expect things to be so complicated.

“Have part of our people keep an eye on Ten Fingers but don’t get too close; the rest should go and reveal the truth about Boss Gu. He has forced his own wife’s death, consumed his friend’s wealth, and killed his own younger brother.” Han Fei had done a lot of research when he played the role of Spider so

he learned how to write a good story. "Here are the things the public will respond to. Just do what I say." Han Fei finally found pen and paper and wrote down Boss Gu's sins.

"That's all?" The waiter was ready to fight for his life. But now he put down the blade and picked up the script.

"Of course, not. We need evidence." Han Fei's goal was to destroy the altar and to destroy the altar, he had to bring down the altar's biggest benefactor, Boss Gu. When he was a famous philanthropist, everyone would believe him; but after he was exposed as a monster and killer, everyone would hate him.

"Before all the sacrifices are collected, Brother Snake will be kept alive. He is safe for now, so we will use this time to seek out the truth."

"Are you sure we can find evidence that Boss Gu has done these things? He is famed for his charity." The waiter shivered once he read Han Fei's script. He had no idea a human could be cruel.

"You don't need to worry about that, after all, the Truth itself has a mouth." Han Fei removed his soaked shirt. Triggered by the well water, the ghost tattoo on his body surfaced. It shocked all the gangsters present. They had not seen such a scary tattoo before! Why a normal employee would have such a tattoo?

Putting on the black coat which belonged to Brother Snake when he was young, Han Fei looked at his arm covered in a ghost tattoo and revealed a cold smile. "Come, we'll go to River Head tonight."

When he called Huang Li, Han Fei found out through accident that Boss Gu was at the hospital. He was probably worried that the last 'sacrifice' would be stolen by Ten Fingers so he stayed beside her. This gave Han Fei the perfect opening.

"River Head? But that is where the rich people live." The waiter was initially worried that Han Fei couldn't mix with them but now he was worried that Han Fei might go overboard.

"Don't ask that many questions, just follow my instructions." Han Fei hid Rest in Peace inside the coat. He stood beside the window. Outside, the darkness was thick.

“Okay,” The waiter lowered his head. Even Brother Snake didn’t feel as imposing as Han Fei when he was young. The waiter didn’t even dare to look right at Han Fei. “Why are you people still standing here? Go to prepare the car!”

The other men shuffled out. Then the waiter seemed to show regret. He stood alone beside Han Fei and he started to sweat.

“Are you that hot?”

“No.” The waiter wiped his forehead. He asked carefully, “We parted too hurriedly last time so I haven’t gotten your name.”

“Han Fei.”

“Good name.” After saying the praise, the waiter added another question, “Then what did you do for a living in the past? You don’t feel like a normal shop worker to me.”

“You have a lot of questions.” Han Fei turned around. The lightning flashed out the window. He stared at the waiter’s neck and told the man the uneasy truth. “Butcher, midnight butcher.”

Chapter 470 Conscience and Truth

A van drove through the rainy night. The waiter sat at the driver’s seat. He drove carefully while stealing glances at Han Fei. He had been a mafia member for at least a decade already but he had not encountered someone as unique as Han Fei. When he was in his shop uniform, he was polite and scholarly; but when he put on Brother Snake’s coat, he was vicious and imposing, especially that ghost tattoo. It looked scary.

“Focus on the road.” Han Fei knocked on the window with his eyes closed.

“Yes.” The waiter turned his eyes away but he still couldn’t control himself from looking at Han Fei. Several mafia members were in the chair. Other than the old lady in the passenger seat, everyone was

an infamous gangster. Fighting was an everyday thing, normally they would quarrel when they saw each other. But today, once Han Fei got into the van, everyone quieted down.

The atmosphere in the van was heavy and no one dared to speak. Han Fei enjoyed this silence. For a person with social anxiety, it was best if no one spoke. Half an hour later, the van arrived at River Head. They switched off the lights inside the van and slowly approached the residential area. River Head no longer appeared that clean in the night, instead, there was an indescribable strangeness about the place. It felt more like a cemetery than a residential area.

“Do you need us to come with you?”

The waiter offered but Han Fei rejected him. “Stay here and be prepared for any emergency. Do not wander too far from the old lady and don’t get out from the van either.”

Putting on a black raincoat, Han Fei carried the rucksack into River Head. In the morning, there were guards at the guardhouse but at night, the place was silent and dark. Han Fei moved forward and realized there were red eyeballs hidden inside all the cameras. Once something moved, the red eyeballs would lock onto it. “The design is quite unique.”

Using his superhuman memory, Han Fei pulled out the location of all the cameras in his mind. With the aid of the rain, he easily slipped into the neighborhood. “All the buildings appear to have their own lives. The underground pipe is the capillary joining them together.” Once Han Fei entered the neighborhood, the wishing can made a noise. The dead were growling, they couldn’t hold themselves back anymore. “Just hold on a bit more, I’ll give you the chance to unleash your resentment soon.”

The mall boss was still a well-loved philanthropist and he had the protection of the altar. However, not long after this, the entire city would see the boss for who he was. Then it would be time for the boss to pay his debt.

Han Fei just arrived at Building 9 when the entrance opened on its own like it was waiting for Han Fei. An old man squatted on the stairs. His face was frighteningly pale.

“Sir, I’ve found the things you wanted.” Han Fei didn’t feel fear, if anything, he was proud. He took out the rucksack from under his raincoat and took out the old man’s family portrait.

The old man was shocked. "One has to enter the well to take this picture. The well has collected endless hatred and resentment. Once one touches the water, one will be dragged into it. So how did you manage to do this?"

"It was indeed very dangerous." Han Fei thought of the chef. "I guess you could say I had help."

"Help?" The old man nodded. "I thought you were lying to me to escape from this place. I didn't expect you to come back."

"I will fulfill all the promises I made." Han Fei handed the picture to the old man but the latter didn't take it. "This picture is very important to my family. I need to thank you dearly." The old man signaled for Han Fei to follow him into Room 19. From the outside, there was the sound of cooking and laughing. But once one entered the room, there was only an old dining table and rotten food.

The old man led Han Fei into the bedroom. They stood beside the bed and before the 7 death portraits. As Han Fei entered the room, the eyes of the people in the portraits moved to stare at Han Fei. Han Fei stood beside a ghost before a row of death portraits at 2 am, it was surprisingly fitting,

"Grab the other end of the family portrait and then we will place it on the table." The old man gave Han Fei an encouraging look with his pupilless eyes.

"Okay." Han Fei followed the instructions. When Han Fei placed the picture on the table, all the death portraits started to leak colors and thick resentment gushed out from the corners of the room. The sound of screaming, bones breaking and blood dripping echoed in Han Fei's ears. He was experiencing the despair of the family who died in the car accident. The world was spinning and one couldn't control one's body but one was still the most concerned about the other family members inside the car.

The concern joined all the death portraits together. Slowly, arms reached out from the portraits and they grabbed the family portrait Han Fei brought. The screaming never stopped. The people inside the death portraits had to go through heavy pain to escape from the picture. Their bodies were torn apart again and again but no one let go.

"A family belongs together, that is our final wish." The old man placed his hand on the family portrait. The resentment of the whole family poured into the family portrait.

The people in the 7 death portraits disappeared, even the old man had disappeared. The temperature of the room was rising. Things were returning to normal. Han Fei lowered his head to look at the family portrait. The people in the picture were smiling happily. They appeared to wave at Han Fei. "Now I should be able to bring them out of this room."

Putting away the family portrait, Han Fei went to find Boss Gu's younger brother. However, after he entered the room, he noticed something was wrong. All the photographs had been destroyed and the bedroom had been cleared away. "You're too late, when the sun set yesterday, the Demon Gu came here already."

The old man appeared so suddenly that he frightened Han Fei. Han Fei almost pulled out Rest in Peace. "Sir, when you want to show up next time, can you please notify me? I'm afraid of accidentally harming you."

The old man nodded before he continued, "The boss' younger brother knew too many secrets and he had to die so that the boss could rest easy. Looks like the boss has run into some trouble recently to tie up all the loose ends, but you shouldn't pity the younger brother. He wasn't a good man either."

The old man's mind was clear and more importantly, he was very familiar with Boss Gu, they were once best friends.

"So what should we do next?"

"We'll go to his house. I'll lead the way." The old man was in a good mood because his family had found freedom. If only Han Fei was dead, then he'd take Han Fei in as his family too.

The rain poured and thunder boomed. Han Fei walked through the night, surrounded by mutating buildings. With the protection of the old man's family, no monster came to find trouble with Han Fei. They successfully moved from Zone 9 to Zone 1. Even though it was pouring, there was still patrol at Zone 1. In fact, there were double the usual amount of patrols.

"The guards are more than usual but what is the use?" Han Fei put on the Beast Mask. When he was about to carve his way in, the old man stopped him.

“Stop. Haven’t you noticed that the boss’ residence is like an enlarged altar?” The old man stopped Han Fei.

“Yes. The patrols are just for show. To enter your boss’ room, you have to first destroy the altar. This whole neighborhood is built to mimic the well and the altar. The lake at the center of the neighborhood is the water well and the residential buildings are the shelves. Building 1 at Zone 1 represents the altar.” The old man had lived here for a very long time and was familiar with Boss Gu’s dirty deeds.

“The man sure spared no expenses!”

“Human greed is bottomless. He is no longer satisfied with luck and money, he wants to be god.” The old man’s eyes focused on the building. “Now there are 2 ways for us to get into his room, the first is to destroy the altar itself, and the second is to disrupt the geography of this place, we...”

“We will go in from the roof!” Han Fei cut in. “I’ve knocked out a hole on the roof of the altar at the mall. So the roof should be our opening.” The old man was stunned. The altar which represented God had been punctured through with a hole?!

“Yes, I swung the hammer at it and the top caved in.”

Han Fei and the old man slowly approached the building. After taking down 2 patrols, Han Fei climbed along the wall and got onto the boss’ balcony. “He sure knows how to enjoy life. He has everything but has also lost everything.” Han Fei entered the room through the window without any problem. He sighed when he saw the lavish decoration of the room. “Isn’t he lonely staying at such a big place on his own?”

Following the tips given by the woman in Room 13, Han Fei kept moving downwards but he didn’t notice any problems.

“This shouldn’t be.” Han Fei came to the first floor and carefully evaded all the cameras. He looked around the house. “There are 2 altars at the 2nd hand shop, the real one is underground and the one inside the shop the boss built his own. Could the same logic be applied here? The house on the surface is just decoration and he actually lives underground.” Han Fei was good at putting himself in other people’s shoes. With the old man’s help, Han Fei finally found the hidden path that led underground. Pulling back the carpet and yanking up the board, the familiar ladder appeared before Han Fei. It felt like

he was back at the 2nd hand shop. "What a strange smell." Han Fei took out his phone for light and when he opened the flashlight, a pair of eyes flashed in the dark.

"Sir, did you see that?" Han Fei whispered but there was no answer. He turned around and noticed the old man had disappeared. He summoned his courage and climbed down the ladder. The underground basement was decorated as a small playground. There were many children's toys and unfinished snacks.

"Why would Boss Gu build a playground? He doesn't look like someone who would appreciate these things." As Han Fei moved deeper into the basement, the thicker the smell. Han Fei also heard some strange noises, it sounded like a person munching. The sound of mastication became clearer and clearer. After walking past the row of gaming consoles, Han Fei noticed a ball of shadow wiggling at the corner. The stench came from this thing.

"What is this?" Han Fei shone the flashlight at the corner. Han Fei saw a strange bloated man. He slumped on the ground like mud. His limbs were chained together and affixed to the wall. Meat and snacks littered around him. He stuck to the corner and continued to ingest food.

When the monster heard Han Fei's footsteps, he raised his head with difficulty. When Han Fei saw the man's face, he was shocked because the monster had Boss Gu's face!

"Don't kill him. His name is Conscience. He is Boss Gu's Conscience." The old man reappeared to press on Han Fei's arms.

"I didn't intend to kill him, I just feel safer holding a knife." Han Fei walked around the monster. "When we describe a bad person, we say he has a dirty conscience, I have no idea it's so literal in this case."

"As dirty as he is, we have to bring him with us." The old man tried to reach for the chains but the normal-looking chains had the altar's power and it almost injured the old man.

"Let me." Han Fei cut through the chains with Rest in Peace. Then he carried the boss' Conscience to the side. "How are we going to bring him with us?"

"Don't rush. This playground is not built for Conscience but another monster." The old man searched for a long time before he found a loosened brick in the ground. They pried the brick loose and in the dark

and cramped space, there was a child with no ears, eyes, or nose. He only had a mouth. The boy was as thin as stick. Curled up in darkness, he couldn't respond to external stimuli.

"Found it." The old man sighed. "This child is the Truth. He was once the boss' biological child."