

## Iyashikei 631

### Chapter 631 His Only Hope

Han Fei's image was reflected in the woman's eye. She took another step forward. Her hands raised but just as she was about to touch Han Fei's face, she pulled her fingers back. "Why are you here? Where's your family?"

Han Fei looked at the woman. He couldn't remember her. Every memory he had of her had been wiped away. He merely had a feeling she was different from the others because she didn't look at him with malice.

Han Fei shook his head and slowly calmed down. He hid his bloody arms behind him. "I have a very good memory, but I have amnesia. Other than my name, I can't remember anything."

"Amnesia?" The woman hesitated. Han Fei was like a piece of white paper. This encounter could be a new beginning.

"Yes. When I opened my eyes at the hospital, a woman called herself my mother. She brought me home. It did look like I had lived there, but the place is filled with ghosts, and they all want to kill me!" Han Fei became urgent, "I found an employment notice from this theme park inside a script. I felt like I should be here, but I couldn't remember why." Han Fei passed the notice to the woman. "There has to be a reason why I have to be here!"

The woman looked at the notice and then at Han Fei. In the end, she said uncertainly, "Is it possible that you have to come here to meet me?" Then, she shook her head because of how inappropriate that sounded. She handed the notice back to Han Fei.

"I don't know. I can't remember anymore." Han Fei looked at his bloody arms. "When I finished that game, a voice spoke in my mind. Then, some fragmented images appeared. There was a bloody arm. Then, I couldn't control myself from scarring my own arms. Playing games appear to be able to help me regain my memory."

Wiping away the blood, Han Fei counted the wounds calmly, "I don't have self-mutilation tendency. These scars are quite even. They look more like marks."

“Have you counted how many scars there are?”

“Ninety-nine scars. It’s a very special number, and it makes me very afraid.” Han Fei held his head. His eyes glowed with confirmation. “I have a feeling these scars represent bad things. With each new scar, I am closer to death.” Han Fei struggled to stand up and look into the woman’s eyes, “Through our communication and your reaction when you saw my face, I can confirm that you know me! Can you tell me what has happened to me?” Even without his memory, Han Fei still had superb observational skills.

“You...” The woman suddenly remembered many things. As Fu Tian and Fu Sheng’s mother and Fu Yi’s wife, she was a unique character in the city. After some hesitation, she said, “You are a righteous, kind, and loving person. You never surrender to fate and are not afraid of pain and despair. We have met once, but I believe you will be the world’s best father and husband.”

“Can you tell me...” Han Fei was deep in thought, “Something that I can understand?”

The melancholy in the woman’s eyes had disappeared by a lot. “I don’t know your real identity either, but you can trust me.”

“You said you’ve met me once. Where, what was I wearing? The more details you can provide me, the more I can remember.” Han Fei realized he didn’t feel afraid when he was around this woman.

“The dream was too blurry. I think you were a soul.” The woman said seriously. Sometimes, she couldn’t tell either. After all, the encounter that time was too unbelievable. As her hatred disappeared, she felt so much lighter.

“Soul?” Han Fei’s confidence in the woman was shaken, “Did you just come out of the hospital too?”

“We did meet at the hospital.”

“We were fellow patients?”

“Not really.”

The woman was about to go into details when a commotion came from the entrance. Guards and doctors walked through the crowd. They were looking for someone.

“We can’t stay here anymore. We need to leave first.” The woman wanted to help Han Fei, but Han Fei shook his head.

“It’s pointless. The cameras inside the theme park have no blind spots. They have arrived earlier. They were moving to block both entrances, so I can’t escape.” Han Fei was looking for an escape route, but he couldn’t find one, so he stopped here. Then, Han Fei turned to Fu Tian. “Take care of the stamp card. I’ll help you clear all the games.”

At first, Fu Tian looked down on Han Fei, but since Han Fei showed his superhuman memory, the boy admired him.

“Okay. I’ll share the mystery prize with you.” Fu Tian was young, and his happiness was shown on his face.

“Has anyone won the mystery prize before?” Han Fei was curious.

“I heard it’s a year-long free ticket to the park and invitation card. Visitors with the invitation can play more difficult games, and they will provide greater rewards.” Fu Tian was cleverer than his peers. He was very competitive too. He liked to challenge difficult stuff until he succeeded.

“You’d need to pay the park ticket to play the normal game, so the payment is money. You’d have to pay something to play the more difficult games too. It could be money or something else.” Han Fei’s mind immediately went that way. He wanted to play more games.

“I don’t know about that. I haven’t seen anyone who has the invitation before.” Fu Tian carefully put the card away.

“Where’s your home? Where can I find you if you’re captured?” As the guards and doctors approached, the woman quickly asked.

“After you leave the park’s front door, walk straight for 2000 meters, turn right at the junction, and you’ll see a decrepit neighborhood. I live at Apartment 4, 9th floor, Room 4904.” Han Fei uttered rapidly, “The place is haunted. Don’t come at night and don’t trust anyone.”

The doctors and guards rushed over and pressed Han Fei to the ground.

“Stay away from him! This man is very dangerous!” The park guards brought the woman and her son to the side. They watched helplessly as Han Fei was apprehended. Han Fei felt fearful. The feeling of being out of control gave him a lot of pain. His face was pressed to the cement floor. Han Fei, in the costume, struggled. But the more he struggled, the crazier he looked.

“Why would they allow a mental patient into the park?”

“I heard it’s someone else who bought him the ticket. Can she take responsibility if something happens?”

“Kick him out!”

Han Fei’s lips were torn from the friction. His body hadn’t recovered, so his resistance was futile.

“Why did you hurt yourself again?” The middle-aged man looked at Han Fei with concern. “Your illness has returned just after a day. It looks like we need to increase the dosage.”

Han Fei’s head was pressed to the ground. His eyes fell on the mother and son. ‘Perhaps the woman was right. I came here to meet her and her son.’

The man who called himself Han Fei’s father wanted to increase the dosage. Han Fei had no idea how much longer he’d be awake. His fate was in another person’s hands.

The woman saw how brutally the guards handled Han Fei. She saw how the world treated Han Fei. Her eyes were fixed on Han Fei, and her hands that gripped her bag tightened.

The whole world saw Han Fei as crazy, and she was the only one who could save him. Han Fei forgot the past. Without the burden of the past, it also meant that he could build a new future.

The woman's eyes turned complicated, but at the last moment, she bit her lips. "I will help you find your memory, even if it will make me lose you again."

## Chapter 632 Parents

The guards dragged Han Fei out of the doll costume, bound him on the stretcher with the straps, and hauled him into the ambulance. Throughout this process, the man with peppery hair didn't do anything. He was a very rational man. He knew sending Han Fei to the hospital was the only way to solve the problem. Therefore, he stood to the side and watched like the other visitors.

The doctors closed the ambulance door. Han Fei finally didn't have to suffer the gauntlet of strange gazes anymore, and he slowly calmed down. The doctors in the white coat started to bandage his arms. When they saw the scars on Han Fei's arms, they were shocked too.

"Doctor Han, your son's condition has worsened. There are so many scars here." The paramedic knew the father. The paramedic carefully helped Han Fei deal with the wounds to prevent them from being infected.

"This is my fault, this is all my fault..." The man who was called Doctor Han mumbled to himself. There appeared to be a bigger conspiracy at work. The ambulance soon arrived at the hospital closest to the theme park. Han Fei was sent to the fourth floor.

"Doctor Fu, the patient discharged from the hospital yesterday has acted up again. He escaped alone from home and slipped into the theme park around dawn." The doctor on the ambulance summarized the situation for Doctor Fu. As Han Fei's former main physician, he was very familiar with Han Fei's condition, "Did he hurt anyone this time?"

"No. The scars on his arms are all self-inflicted, and the wounds are definitely not deep. It's like he was doing this to experience pain." The doctor pointed at Han Fei's arm and said.

“Has he gained self-mutilation tendency? Is it caused by hallucination or something else?” Doctor Fu frowned. He had not encountered such a complicated patient before. After a moment of silence, Doctor Fu looked at the middle-aged man. “Doctor Han, what has your son experienced in the past? Did you hide anything from us?”

Doctor Han shook his head. “I’ve told you everything.”

“Are you sure?” Doctor Fu stared at Han Fei’s father. “Only severe trauma would cause amnesia and other psychological problems...”

“Are you suspecting me? I’m willing to do anything to save my son!” Doctor Han said firmly.

“That’s not what I meant.” Doctor Fu opened his arms. “Anyway, I won’t waste your time anymore. There are nameless bodies popping up around the city. The coroners should be quite busy.”

“I’ll leave after Han Fei’s mother is here.” Doctor Han said coolly. Half an hour later, the woman who brought Han Fei home appeared. She stayed to accompany Han Fei while Han Fei’s father left for work. The treatment continued until 1 pm. Han Fei still couldn’t remember anything. He couldn’t even remember his parents’ names.

“The medication must continue. Even though his actions are still hugely different from a normal person, he already knows how to control himself. At least he didn’t hurt any innocent people this time. That is already a good improvement.” Doctor Fu said a lot, but the summary was the medication must continue.

Hearing that her son’s condition had improved, the middle-aged woman nodded her thanks. She followed Doctor Fu deeper into the hospital to retrieve the new batch of medicine. Han Fei sat on the bed alone. He realized that he’d be extremely anxious when he was inside the hospital. This was a place of healing, but he felt intense danger. Han Fei looked like he was spacing out, but he was actually observing everyone that walked past him. The doctors and nurses would glance at him whenever they passed. Their gazes made Han Fei feel uncomfortable. They looked at him like he was a different species, something that was harmful to humans. Han Fei gripped his fists. He tried not to feel the fear and focused on arranging the info in his mind.

‘The middle-aged man with peppery hair calls himself my father. He is a coroner, but he appears to have hidden something from my main physician.’ Han Fei’s brows twisted together. He had no idea who was

really looking out for him. As an amnesiac, he felt like the whole world wanted him to die. Everyone was playing a game and what Han Fei needed to do was to survive until the end, while the entire world worked to kill him. Han Fei's scars started to bleed again. However, the physical pain was nothing to him. 'I seem to be used to pain. But based on the literature in my bedroom, I should be a scriptwriter or an actor.'

"Han Fei, it's time to go home." The middle-aged woman's voice came from the other end of the corridor. She was holding a pack of medicine. Seeing the medicine pills, Han Fei had the urge to escape again. The medicine was poison in his eyes, and he'd die from eating them.

"These medicines have some side effects. They are heavy on the body, so try to take them after a meal. Also, remember to increase the dosage." Doctor Fu handed the prescription note to the woman. He looked at Han Fei. "He has recovered a lot, so the treatment is effective."

This casual observation caused Han Fei to shiver. Doctor Fu's treatment might not be for Han Fei's benefit. Han Fei couldn't trust these people, but he was only given a bad choice or a worse choice. The woman was glad when she heard the report from Doctor Fu. She led Han Fei away from the hospital. Similar to the first day, the woman led Han Fei home. She had Han Fei sit on the couch while she went to cook in the kitchen. The woman cared about Han Fei a lot. However, Han Fei was very unfamiliar with this kind of care. In his memory, there was no such character that cared about him this much.

'Is she really my mom?' Han Fei had little to no memory of his parents. He tried his best to think, but his mind was blank. 'What is written on that missing page of the script? If my mother is not my mother, she would have destroyed the whole script if she saw the story, and she wouldn't just tear away one page...' Han Fei closed his hands together. 'Did I tear away the page myself? I hid the most important page somewhere else?' Han Fei was resistant to going home. Once he was home, he was reminded of what happened yesterday night. He knew this place was dangerous, but he had to come back because this place had traces of his life. He needed to regain his memory.

Soon, the middle-aged woman was ready with the meal. She placed two vegetarian dishes on the table.

"Another vegetarian meal?" Han Fei looked at the dishes, which were similar to yesterday's. This home was on an endless loop.

"They are your favorites." The middle-aged woman looked at Han Fei with heartache. "If you want to try some new flavors, I'll cook them tomorrow."

“My favorites are vegetarian dishes?” Han Fei placed the food in his mouth. The food was delicious, but he felt like the woman was lying. Compared to vegetables, he should like meat more. Gorging on meat, that was his joy. Han Fei finished the meals and stood up. He walked to his bedroom and closed the door. He hugged the trashcan and forced himself to vomit into the plastic bag. Doctor Fu had said that the medicines had to be taken after the meal, but the middle-aged woman didn’t say anything after the meal was over. So the medicine had probably been mixed into the food. Furthermore, the middle-aged woman entered the kitchen right after they arrived home. She went in with the pack of medicine, but when she came out, they were gone. ‘After I had her cooking last time, I felt drowsy and woke up at night. By then, the whole house was already filled with ghosts. There is a high chance the dishes are contaminated.’

Han Fei sealed up the plastic bag and hid it deep inside the dresser. Then, he recovered everything.

After twenty minutes later, the bedroom door opened. The woman removed her apron and tucked Han Fei into bed. She sat beside his bed for a long time. “We have no idea if this is correct or not. But certain mistakes can’t be stopped once they have been started. Perhaps this is a punishment for us that you’ve become like this.” Then, she stood up and left. Han Fei heard her making a call in the living room. “Won’t you arouse your suspicion staying that often in the basement? Do you need any tools? Okay, I’ll clean the first-floor basement.” The woman hung up. She rummaged through the living room and left.

“Perhaps I’m really an actor. I could act asleep so naturally.” Han Fei opened his eyes. He opened the dresser and dealt with his vomit. He then stood in the middle of the living room. Before the sky was dark, Han Fei didn’t feel that afraid standing there. He felt the strangeness begin after night fell.

“I should look for the things I left behind first.” Han Fei picked up the scripts on the table. He realized he might be a horror movie scriptwriter. All the scripts were about ghost stories. Concluding the incomplete and ruined ones, there were 99 scripts in total. Most of the scripts only had one sentence or words of inspiration. It was hard to connect them. Han Fei used his superhuman memory to memorize them.

“The sixth story—the rental tenant. The woman moved into the building in the month of July. Her stomach grew bigger and bigger.

“These stories happen all over the city. Most of them read like real events.” Han Fei turned to the other books. He looked through them one by one, trying to find if there was any note. When he picked up Salinger’s *The Heart of a Broken Story*, he noticed a bookmark. He turned to the page and noticed a sentence had been marked out. ‘There are some people who think love is sex and marriage and six



o'clock-kisses and children, and perhaps it is, Miss Lester. But do you know what I think? I think love is a touch and yet not a touch.'

"What is the meaning of that?" Han Fei tried his best to think, and a scene appeared in his mind. Just that morning, when that mother at the theme park saw his face, she approached him subconsciously to touch his face, but then she quickly pulled back. 'Hmm, maybe she is featured deeply in my story.' Han Fei shook his head.

Han Fei glanced at the time and mulled over the things his mother said on the phone. "Who was she talking with? Why did she need tools? And what is there to clean up at the first-floor basement?" After some hesitation, Han Fei decided to take a look. After all, he would leave this house sooner or later. He placed all the books and scripts inside his backpack and then left through the front door.

"I can suppress my fear before the night arrives. After it is dark, I'll be dominated by fear. I need to take advantage of this." Han Fei entered the stairwell and walked silently. Soon, he arrived on the first floor. With just a glance downwards, Han Fei broke out in goosebumps. Every cell in his body told him to stay put. Something terrifying was hidden in the basement. However, the stairs that led to the basement were very familiar like he had already taken this route many times before.

Han Fei entered the dark corridor of the first-floor basement. He was about to move forward when he heard footsteps. A strange smell assaulted his nostrils. A thought surface. 'That's formalin.'

He had no idea why he was so familiar with the smell of Formalin when he was supposed to be a scriptwriter or an actor.

Suppressing his fear, Han Fei moved down the corridor, following the shadow in front. He saw many blood stains and crazed messages written in red. Han Fei covered his mouth. Suddenly, the shadow stopped. Han Fei couldn't hear what the person on the other side of the phone was saying, but he could hear the shadow clearly, "The bodies are hard to deal with? I can't go there now. There are many bloodstains to clean... Okay, I understand."

The figure who was cleaning the bloodstains in the basement was the middle-aged woman who called herself Han Fei's mother.

After the middle-aged woman hung up, she walked ahead. She looked like she had an emergency. After the woman left, Han Fei walked down the corridor.

Someone had purchased the entire basement. The person should be crazy because they had written inexplicable and despairing words on the wall. The smell of Formalin in the air intensified and more blood appeared on the ground. This crime-scene-like basement gave Han Fei a strange familiarity.

'I'm a comedy actor. Why would I be familiar with the smell of Formalin and crime scenes?' Then, he remembered the stories he wrote. 'What kind of person am I?'

Han Fei carefully avoided the bloodstains. A normal person would be frightened in his position. However, as a mental patient, Han Fei didn't feel afraid when he saw the gore. If anything, he felt more at ease. He was very conflicted with his persona. The more he investigated, the more confused he became. 'I have no memory of my parents working in the basement... Doctor Fu mentioned the appearance of many nameless corpses around the city, and the man, who called himself my father, is an excellent coroner. Are my parents the crazed murderers? Did I lose my memory after seeing them in action? Or they have been feeding me drugs so that I lose my memory? I have been living with a pair of murderers. They can't be my parents!' Regardless, all of the possibilities were scary.

Han Fei didn't have a concept of parents in his heart at all. That unit didn't feature in his memory. Different thoughts appeared in his mind. Han Fei walked past the bloodstains and came to the last room in the basement. The door was locked, and blood was seeping through the bottom gap.

"The blood has coagulated. They flowed out of the door when the mother was cleaning the room. So the first crime scene should be inside this room." Han Fei mumbled to himself. "For blood which is lodged at the gap, one should use chemicals..." Han Fei was shocked by his thought. "Why would I know that?" He had lost his memory, but he still retained his instinct. But his instincts were very strange.

Han Fei covered his hand with his clothes and tried the door. The door was locked. 'I'm not going to come back to this scary home after I leave, so I need to clarify this before I go.' Han Fei looked around and found a thin iron wire. He twisted it into a suitable shape and jammed it into the lock. Han Fei just wanted to give it a try. However, his fingers worked on their own, and the lock sprung. Han Fei was in disbelief as he stared at the open door.

A wooden table was placed inside the darkroom. Various scripts and pens were scattered around the table. The table was soaked with blood. There were three shelves behind the table. The first was filled with books, the second was filled with various bottles of specimens, and the last was filled with murder weapons and medicines.

The walls were covered in blossoms of blood.

“Is this the devil’s room? The author worked on his writing while studying the dead bodies?” The scene had been severely damaged. The heavy scent of Formalin and a curious stench lingered in the air. Han Fei slowly moved forward, and he realized with a shock that his body had gotten used to the smell. Normal people might vomit when they were exposed to Formalin, but he only frowned. This meant that he was around Formalin often in the past!

Han Fei walked to the table and picked up the script left on the table.

“The sixth story—the rental tenant. The woman moved into the building in the month of July. Her stomach grew bigger and bigger. Her emotions also frayed. She became agitated and fought with people every night. However, I was curious. She lived alone on the sixth floor. Who was she arguing with?”

“The second time I saw her was one month later. She didn’t look too good. She refused to take the elevator. She used the stairs and grumbled endlessly, as she climbed the stairs with her big belly. She refused to interact with anyone. Everyone thought she was crazy so they slowly ignored her.

“The sound of the argument at night grew louder and louder. However, no one knew who she was arguing with. Some speculated she was arguing with the man who abandoned her on the phone, but I believed things were not that simple.

“The third time I saw her was the night before she died.

“That night, I went downstairs for a cigarette run. When I passed by the sixth floor, I heard a commotion from her house. I paused for a moment at the stairwell.

“The woman slowly crawled out of the room. Her face was thin, and her lips moved as she cursed. I couldn’t believe my eyes. Every part of her body was thin except for her bulging stomach.

“I knew then that the woman wasn’t pregnant, and it was not a human inside her womb.”

The complete script was on the table, but Han Fei had a feeling it was not over yet. He glanced at the blood around him. “How did he know it’s not a human inside her stomach?”

Han Fei put down the script, and his heart was chilled. He found the first part of the script in his room, and now the other part was on the wooden table. Didn’t that suggest that he was the owner of this Devil’s Room?

He was familiar with the smell of Formalin and dead bodies. He knew how to clean up crime scenes and lockpicking. When he saw the knives on the shelf, he wanted to grab them. They all pointed towards one thing. Han Fei had lost his memory, but he still retained his amazing observational skill. Cleaning up a crime scene was not something easy. A normal person would have a hard time doing it. However, when Han Fei saw the bloodstain, he immediately came up with a solution to obscure it. ‘I’m so familiar with it. Am I the serial killer?’ Han Fei stood there dazed. This was an impactful discovery. ‘But if I’m the serial killer, why is the couple cleaning the crime scene? Did they discover my crimes and have been using medicine to change me? My parents cleaned up my trails so that I would be given a chance to start again? If that’s true, then they really have my best interest in their hearts but...’ Han Fei gripped his hands. ‘If I’m the killer, I should be punished by the law. That is what I truly believe.’

Han Fei was heavily conflicted. He was like a blank canvas. He wanted to believe in the best version of himself.

Han Fei rolled up his sleeves and pushed the door that led to the inner room. He was very professional. He didn’t leave behind any footprint or handprint. He walked noiselessly too.

The stench was stronger in the inner room. Some costumes were left in this room.

The first costume was an orphanage uniform. It was very old, and it had been cut through many times. Han Fei looked through it, and a ball of paper fell out. It was a page from a script. The handwriting was blurry and hard to read. It was completely different from the other scripts. “Monday, 00.01, a child who escaped from the orphanage died from asphyxiation. I remember how purplish his face was when he died. He struggled until the end. He was like a bird whose wings were broken. I knew he couldn’t fly away from this world because someone had broken his wings.”

The script was bloody, like it was written at the crime scene. “The killer recorded everything after each kill?”

Han Fei looked at the second costume. It was an old doll costume. It was different from the one he wore. It was tighter. There was a ball hidden in the costume too. “On Tuesday night, a young man got off from nightshift. He just finished the theme park’s Ghost Night activity. He wanted to get off work, but he couldn’t take off his costume. He died from asphyxiation. I suspect he was very afraid when he was consumed by darkness. But I’m not afraid anymore.”

Han Fei put away the note and turned to the third costume. It was a clown costume. It was very colorful and came with a mask and a hat. The costume was a perfect fit for Han Fei. Han Fei wanted to look for the note but as he approached, the clown mask fell to the ground. It was quite a scary mask. The smile on the mask was uncanny. Han Fei found the note behind the mask. The handwriting was blood red.

“Sunday nights are very exciting. I like to walk the street alone so that everyone can see my smile. Then I’ll go collect their smiles. All along, I want to be someone who can heal all pain and despair, but I can’t even cure myself. Shush. Don’t look behind the mask. Guess, am I crying or laughing behind the mask?”

The last costume appeared it belonged to Han Fei. He had a feeling he had worn this costume and done many things in it.

‘The people who identify as my parents are too short or too tall for these costumes. So they can’t be the owner of this room.’ Han Fei held his forehead. ‘Am I really the serial killer?’

At that moment, Fu Tian’s mother’s words echoed in his mind. He was reminded of that incident when they met. “No!” Han Fei’s eyes changed. “At least in that woman’s eyes, I am someone who is kind, brave, and not afraid of challenging fate. She believes I’d be the world’s best husband and father. That is the highest praise in the world.”

The things in the room were a huge contrast to the things in the room. Han Fei felt torn apart like half of him was in the light and the other half in the dark.

“Which one is the real me?” Han Fei needed to define himself since he lost his memory. Was he the crazy murderer or an innocent man dragged into this madness?

“Who am I?”

## Chapter 634 Fear

Three costumes and each represented a human life. Based on the info on the notes, there was a victim for every day of the week. So the owner at least was responsible for seven deaths. “Is the scar on my arm the kill count? I’ve killed 99 people?”

His eyes moved from the scar to the ground. Han Fei looked at the clown mask. There was a strange feeling, like he was looking at his own face. The mask was like a mirror, reflecting his heart, or rather, it was showing him the real face of his heart.

The endless smile, the frozen smile, the maddening smile, and a drop of tear on the cheek. ‘Is this the real me?’ Compelled by something, Han Fei picked up the mask. “Killing clown? Laughing clown? Crying clown?” After some hesitation, Han Fei placed the clown mask in his backpack and prepared to leave. The stench in the inner room was very thick. The smell would seep into the clothing. It was why the father returned home smelling like this yesterday. ‘I can’t go back to that home anymore tonight.’

Han Fei didn’t want to have any more interaction with his ‘parents’. The couple treated Han Fei well, but he really had no memory related to his parents in his mind. The couple was like a pair of strangers to him. Han Fei was about to leave when he heard a strange sound from the inner room.

“There’s another dead body? No, possibly a dying victim.” For Han Fei, the best choice was to leave and mind his own business. Curiosity kills the cat. If there was really a victim inside the dresser, if he opened the dresser, the other party would see his face. Would he need to kill the person or let them go? Rationality told Han Fei that he should leave. Plus, the mother was coming back.

‘The possibility that I’m the killer aside, what would I do if I ask my heart? If I leave, the person will die. This is a human life.’ After a moment of silence, Han Fei walked over and looked through the gap of the dresser. It was too dark to see anything. ‘I’ll have to open it.’

Han Fei destroyed the lock. There was no dying victim but a dying black cat. The cat was very ugly. It was losing patches of fur on its coat. The strange thing was the cat had nine black lines around its heart. They looked like they were not painted but fully natural.

'Is this the owner's cat? Why is it tortured until this state?' Sensing Han Fei's approach, the cat meowed weakly. It had great hostility against humans.

"You're injured to this state. No wonder you hate people." Han Fei sighed. "You'll be killed if I leave you here. I'll try to help you." Han Fei picked up the cat and placed it in his backpack. "Time to go."

He walked towards the door. Before he reached it, he heard footsteps coming from outside. If he left now, he would walk right into the new arrival!

Han Fei reacted in less than a second. He scattered the costumes inside the inner room to create the impression that they had been rummaged through. Then, he hid behind the iron door. The footsteps approached. The person noticed something and started to run. "Someone has been here?!"

The middle-aged woman charged towards the room. She looked at the open door in shock. Her expression was filled with fear and madness. "Who is here?" She saw the scattered costumes in the inner room and rushed towards them. As she ran into the inner room, Han Fei slithered out from behind the iron door and left the room.

Han Fei didn't dare to stop. He ran away from Apartment 4 and escaped the neighborhood. "I can't be sure if I really do suffer from paranoia, but I know I'll see strange things after night falls. Therefore, I need to find a safe space before that."

A weak meow came from the backpack. It was dying. "I'll find you a pet doctor now." Han Fei knew the location of a pet store. When he first came back from the hospital, he had memorized all the buildings he passed. This was one of his 'habits'. 'Did I remember these locations to make my escape easier? Just what kind of life I have that I have such habits?'

There was still some time to nighttime. Han Fei suppressed his fear, lowered his head, and walked through the street. About half an hour later, Han Fei reached a pet store at the corner. Perhaps because the location was bad, the business was not so good. The empty store had little customers and little pets.

"Can you help me save this cat?" Han Fei opened his backpack and carried out the wounded cat. As he was about to place the cat down, a harsh-looking man ran over. "Don't place it here! This is a stray, right? Don't you know they carry all types of disease?"

"I'm sorry." Han Fei half knelt and carried the cat. "Can you save it?"

"Is there a reason to save it?" The man studied Han Fei. "I can save it, but the price will be high. You better think about it."

"Just save it." Han Fei had no money, so he didn't mind the owner asking for a high price.

"Good." The man's face changed. He smiled obsequiously as he picked up the cat. Suddenly, the cat wasn't so dirty anymore. "I used to be the most famous vet here. I opened this shop because my daughter loves small animals. You came to the right place this time." Two hours later, the man came back with the cat. He disinfected the wounds, cleaned them, and gave the cat a full examination.

"Your cat is fine. It's tortured and starved. That's why it's so weak." The man removed his gloves. "Thankfully, you were here early. If you were a few hours later, it would have gone to cat paradise already."

"Thank you."

"There's no need to be so polite. It's my job." The man smiled and then extended his hands to Han Fei. "I've conducted a full examination and used the best medicine. They cost 5200 RMB. I'll give you a 200 RMB discount. Just give me 5000 RMB."

"Okay, but I don't have that much money at the moment." Han Fei was telling the truth.

"Fuck. Are you trying to scam me? Do you think you can walk out of this door without paying?" The man's face darkened. He picked up a pole from behind the counter.

"I can place the cat with you and come back with the money."

"In your dreams! Who wants your lousy stray? Is it worth 50 RMB? Don't waste my time. Give me the money!" The man walked over to grab Han Fei's collar. "I've seen many people like you. If you don't have any money, don't try to be a hero. It'll only bring everyone trouble."



"I'll really pay you later." Han Fei had to find a safe place before dark. He needed to leave.

"You look so respectable. How can you do this?" The man dragged Han Fei's collar and then gripped his arm. "Give me the money now, or I'll call the police!"

"Call the police?" Han Fei's pupils shivered. He looked into the man's eyes. "Don't push me."

"What are you looking at?" The man wilted under Han Fei's gaze. He was about to shout further when he felt stickiness from his palm. He looked down and saw his hand that grabbed Han Fei's arm was covered in blood.

"Blood?" He took a step back. The man looked at Han Fei's arm. It was covered with scars.

"I think you better don't call the police. Furthermore, I hope that you'll forget ever seeing me." Han Fei's expression was pained. "There are 11 surveillance cameras on this street. I've avoided all of them. Your store is located at the corner, and normally people won't come here. If I do anything, I have more than enough time to clean up the crime scene. I also know your store's only camera is behind the cash register. I've always made sure I'm in its blind spot."

"Why... are you telling me these?"

"That pole of yours can't kill anyone, but I'm different. I can already see the different ways you can die. Really, I hate this feeling, but I can't control it." Han Fei grabbed the man who tried to retreat so that he wouldn't return to the cashier where the camera was. "Did you notice something?"

"What..." The man found he couldn't struggle at all.

"Ever since I entered the room, the animals stopped making any sound. Perhaps they had smelled something on me."

The man was really scared then. He felt something was wrong when Han Fei entered the shop, and he only made the connection now.

“Big brother, what are you talking about? You’re a saint for saving that cat.” The man forced a smile. “We’re all animal lovers. How can I not trust you? I was only joking early. It is only 700 RMB, and how about I give you two bags of cat food for free?”

“Give me your phone.” Han Fei saw the man’s hand reach towards the pocket, and he could guess the man’s thoughts.

“Okay, brother.” The man took out his phone with a crying face.

“Don’t call the police. I promise not to hurt you when I’m still rational.” Han Fei switched on the phone. When he noticed it didn’t have a lock, he pocketed it. “I’ll give you the phone and the 5000 RMB back. I hope you can trust me.”

“Actually, you can just take them away for free.” The man didn’t want to see Han Fei again. This was his first time encountering a customer like this.

“Are you scared of me?” Han Fei frowned. The doctor said he had paranoia, so he didn’t like the emotion of fear.

## Chapter 635 Meat

“I am always afraid of the dark, but the dark would still come despite my fear. Once you’ve contracted fear, you can’t shake it loose. Perhaps it is my weakness that fear has the chance to fester. I was not like this in the past. At least I wouldn’t hate the emotion of fear.” Han Fei pulled the pet store boss before him and shared the thoughts in his mind. The man was stunned. He had no idea what Han Fei was talking about. He could only keep on nodding his head.

“Don’t call the police. I owe you the medical bill. I borrow your phone. I will return them to you.” Han Fei was very polite. “If there’s any damage, I’ll compensate you accordingly.”

“They are yours. Consider them a gift among friends. I really think those who save strays are living saints. Everyone who does that will have a 20 percent discount.” The man wasn’t as harsh as before.

“Thank you.” Han Fei said sincerely. He let go and slowly retreated. The boss’ heart also slowly dropped down to his stomach.

“If possible, I wish to ask you another question.” Han Fei’s voice came from the door. It caused the boss to shudder.

“What is it?”

“What kind of person do you think I am?” Han Fei had forgotten about himself, so he wanted to use others’ eyes as his mirror.

“You have empathy, love, and...” The boss didn’t know what to say after that.

“Just tell the truth. Tell me your first impression of me.”

“At first, you look quite sunny. The kind who is easily bullied and not good with words, but after more interactions, I realize you’re a... very special person.” The boss was good at reading and dealing with people.

“Special?” Han Fei shook his head. “Thank you for the cat feed.” Han Fei placed the cat into his backpack and left the pet store. He switched off the boss’ phone and then ran down the other direction. “The phone can be traced. I can’t use it willy-nilly.” Han Fei slowly considered what to do next. “This whole world is hostile against me. Only that woman thinks I’m not bad. Unfortunately, I wasn’t that clear-headed this morning, and due to the time crunch, I didn’t get the chance to ask many questions.” Han Fei didn’t know the woman’s contact info. He had only given her an address. “If she really does care about me, she might come to find me. I can’t stray too far from the neighborhood. It’s good if I can find a vantage point that allows me to watch over the neighborhood.”

Han Fei picked the path that had no surveillance. At the end of the alley, he saw a fast food place. Normally, this place should have good business, but today the boss was quite unlucky because two groups of young men with wooden clubs sat inside the store. They were in a conflict. They should be the nearby ruffians.

Han Fei hadn't eaten for the whole day. His body was weak. If this continued, he would have collapsed. The fragrance of meat assaulted him. The smell of meat stew gripped him immediately.

'Meat?' Han Fei didn't understand why the smell of meat was so alluring to him. 'I've eaten two meals at home, and they're both vegetarians. My 'mother' said meat is not good for my health. They are monitoring my diet seriously.' Han Fei walked into the shop. He was a bit out of control because he hadn't had meat for a long time already.

The two gangs were at the height of their heated discussion when a man appeared at the door. They all turned to Han Fei. They thought Han Fei belonged to the other, so no one spoke. After losing his memory, Han Fei learned to follow his instinct. Actually, Han Fei's thought was simple. If the gangs got into fights, the meat might go to waste. In that case, he might as well eat them. If the gangs didn't fight, he could finish the meat and then escape. He'd come back to pay later. This was a chance to eat, so Han Fei wouldn't let it go.

Han Fei got the attention of the waiter hiding in the kitchen. He pointed at the large plate of stewed meat. "Bring that over." The waiter was confused, but he heeded Han Fei's orders.

The two gangs assumed Han Fei was the other party's reinforcement because what normal person would come in to order food at this moment. The delicious meat was placed before Han Fei. His suppressed instinct exploded. He grabbed the meat and bit heavily on it. The smell of meat spread through his lips. Han Fei's eyes narrowed. In his mind, he knew meat was very important to him. 'I think I just remembered something. I love the meat made by a specific someone!'

The last rationality was smothered by hunger. Han Fei's eating speed was frightening. It felt like he was a man who had been starved for days and was given access to a free meat buffet. The meat awakened the monster inside Han Fei. He wolfed and engulfed everything. He didn't stop. The two gangs looked at the bones that slowly piled up, and they licked their lips.

"Is the food here that delicious?" One of the leaders was dissatisfied. He slammed the table and roared. The other leader taunted him back. The verbal conflict soon became physical conflict. The two parties turned over the tables, grabbed the chairs, and clubs to start fighting.

Han Fei was too absorbed by the meat to intervene. He became more desperate in his consumption. The waiters and cooks in the kitchen were shaking in fear. The two gangs were already very terrifying, but there was now this strange man near the kitchen. They didn't dare to go out now.

'Consuming meat can help me forget pain and fear. I can get high from eating meat. This is a strange hobby!' Han Fei realized he had a very strong digestive system. His weak body was recovering. His mind also cleared. 'The killer of multiple cases, obsessed with meat, a glutton, and wrote down the crimes as stories and scripts. What kind of a scary person am I?' Holding the meat with both hands, Han Fei guarded them. "The doctor and my parents said I have paranoia. However, sitting here, where I could be dragged into the fight at any moment, I didn't feel any fear! I am not afraid of these people but certain specific things!" Han Fei combed through the memory he had, and a small detail popped up in his mind.

"When I was about to leave the hospital, I was afraid that the ceiling fan would fall, so I went hiding under the bed. It was dumb, but after I left that floor, I heard a sound from the fourth floor! It sounded like the fan falling!" Han Fei's eyes were bloodshot. "The things that I fear are the things that might really kill me! This is not paranoia but an ability to predict death!"

"I feel less weak now. There are two reasons. One is the meat, and the other is because I have vomited the woman's food." There had to be something wrong with the food. Han Fei found his 'parents' suspicious. "They want to control me or use their own method to 'cure' me. If I'm really a serial killer, then I can understand why. After all, I am dangerous."

Suddenly, Han Fei's table was turned over. A bald ruffian fell before Han Fei. All the meat was scattered to the ground. Han Fei's pupils were narrowed to a dot. Han Fei grabbed the ruffian. His bloodshot eyes were terrifying. Han Fei didn't do anything in the end. He walked into the kitchen. The cooks and waiters all retreated when they saw the gluttonous monster. They encountered a customer like Han Fei for the first time.

"Do you have more meat?"

"Yes." The cook quickly opened the pot lid. Han Fei didn't mind anything. He walked over and continued to feast.

The ruffian was furious that Han Fei didn't put him in his eyes. He climbed up and slowly approached Han Fei holding the club. Just as he was about to swing the club at Han Fei's head, Han Fei turned around with meat dangling on his lips. The ruffian saw the scariest gaze in the world. It was bloody and cruel. It was like the devil that had just climbed out of Hell.

Han Fei didn't say a thing, but the ruffian appeared to understand his meaning. If he went another step closer, the meat inside the pot wouldn't be pork but his.

"So it's an ally!" The ruffian turned around. He shouted loudly, but he stayed at the fringe. He was still coming down from the shock. The gangs fought until they moved to the street. Han Fei looked at the time. He believed the police was coming soon. He grabbed his backpack and left.

After the feast, he moved conspicuously faster. The body ruined by medicine was healing. After he left the alley, Han Fei heard the police siren. He immediately moved faster. He was guided by his body instinct. He was very good at playing hide-and-seek. He avoided the police perfectly. As the night fell, the fear in Han Fei's heart returned.

'Why is it like this every time at night? It feels like death is very close to me.'

Han Fei didn't dare to stay in the alley anymore. He looked around, but every building appeared to be haunted.

'Is there not a place where I can be safe and hide? This will be a tough night.'

## Chapter 636 Savior

The night was dark, and there was no one on the road. The flickering neon lights gave off a chilly glow. It was not yet midnight, but most of the shops were closed. 'This city is completely different in the day and at night. I've been to such a place before.' Han Fei stood in the shadows of the alley, carrying his backpack.

The end of the darkness was a theme park. The tall Ferris Wheel looked over everything. The individual booths strung with lights were like eyes in the dark. Compared to the cold city, the theme park appeared to have gathered all the light and joy. 'The theme park is operational at night?'

Han Fei remembered he found a doll costume in the basement. According to the note, the victim was once the theme park mascot actor. 'It feels like the theme park is the center of the city. All the other buildings exist because of it.'

The anxiety grew. Han Fei knew he couldn't stay at a place for too long. He left the alley and moved along the street. There was no pedestrian or vehicle on the road. The siren moved down the distance before disappearing completely. 'This city is too strange. I wonder if it's only in my eyes or everyone sees it like this.'

Han Fei walked for some time before he saw another person. She sat on the bench at the bus stop. She wore a pair of spectacles, carried a handbag, and was in a quintessential OL outfit. The woman didn't have too much makeup. She worked overtime, which was why she was out so late. She removed her high heels and massaged her calves. She looked down the dark streets like she had something on her mind.

Staring at the woman, Han Fei felt she looked familiar, but he couldn't place her. Han Fei didn't dare to take any risk. He prepared to leave when his heart jumped. He noticed there was another person hiding in the other alley not far away. Half of the man's face was hidden in the darkness. He was in a black suit and holding something. 'Is his target the woman waiting for the bus?'

Han Fei was reminded of what Doctor Fu said. There were many new nameless bodies popping up around the city. 'Should I go warn the girl?' Han Fei had no idea why his first thought was to help the woman. If he was a crazed murderer, why would his first thought be to help others when he saw someone in danger?

This confused Han Fei. 'Perhaps there's something wrong with my earlier assessment. The woman at the theme park might be telling the truth.' The more Han Fei thought about it, the more convinced he was that he didn't have a murderous streak. 'Is there a possibility that I'm not the killer but a scriptwriter writing about the killer? I was dragged into the crime and assumed my research target's identity after losing my memory?'

While Han Fei was thinking, the woman at the bus stop put her shoes back on. She knew that she had missed the last bus, so she planned to walk home. Once she moved, the man hidden in the shadow moved too. The woman didn't know that danger was approaching. However, she felt something was wrong because she suddenly picked up speed. At first, she walked along the larger streets. However, to reach home, she had to pass by a very narrow and deserted alley. She looked around for some time. She entered the alley after she ensured there was no danger. Her house was at the apartment situated at the end of the alley.

The alley was dim and creepy. No lights came from the buildings that lined the alley. All the windows were shut. The cameras were broken. Anything that happened here would be swallowed by the night.

Breathing out a cold breath, the woman tightened her grip on her bag and moved faster. The high heels clicked on the ground. She kept turning back, afraid that another person would suddenly appear. The night deepened. The woman could hear her heartbeat. When she turned back for the fourth time, the eyes behind her glasses trembled with fear!

Not far away from her, there was a man in a black suit, a mask and carrying a black suitcase who suddenly charged at her. The man was like a crocodile waiting underwater. When the prey was close, the disguise was shed to reveal the giant mouth. The woman's face was pale. She hurried and ran away. However, in her panic, she tripped and fell. It was too late to stand up. She saw the masked man rapidly approach. However, at that moment, a stone accurately shot the masked man on the back of his head. Blood poured immediately. The masked man stopped. He turned to look behind him. Han Fei stood at the mouth of the alley. He was commonly dressed. A cat poked its head out of his backpack. No one spoke. The situation was tense.

After a temporary pause, the masked man charged at Han Fei. Compared to the woman, Han Fei posed a bigger threat. The man was very fast. He had received special training. When he was close enough, he swung the black box at Han Fei!

The suitcase was like a magician's box. The lid opened, but there was nothing instead. Han Fei's nose twitched. He smelled something pungent, and then his eyes pained. 'What is inside the box?'

Before his eyes were forced to close, Han Fei saw the man take out a dagger from his suit. Han Fei knew this was dangerous, but it felt like needles had pricked his eyes. He couldn't open them at all. A weak cat's meow entered his ears. It was too late for Han Fei to escape now. He couldn't even see anything. If he fled without a plan, he would only expose his back to the murderer.

Han Fei held his breath and raised his arms. In the blink of an eye, the masked man was already before him. The sharp dagger plunged downward. Han Fei could hear it cut through the air. He resisted the pain and opened his eyes a slit. The knife was coming at his neck. At this moment, Han Fei's body reacted. He moved his head to the side and the dagger sliced by his cheek. The steel of the knife reflected Han Fei's face. He saw himself in it. His instinct awakened. Before the man could swing the knife again, Han Fei's arms bound around the man's arms like pythons. Since Han Fei couldn't see anything, he would rely on hand-to-hand combat.



Han Fei had no idea if he had any training, but every move that he employed was fatal. His goal was to kill the other in the shortest amount of time. This kind of technique required plenty of training and actual experience, but Han Fei had already mastered it.

The masked man didn't expect this to happen. The man, who was dressed so normally, managed to avoid his attack when he was blinded and launched the counter so effortlessly.

The situation had turned. The masked man had the first strike, but now the upper hand was with Han Fei.

Different from the masked man, Han Fei knew one thing. To escape from despair, one had to appreciate every single chance!

The fist fired off like a cannon and landed on the mask. Han Fei's punches were heavy, and he didn't stop. He would beat the man until he was unable to fight back. If he showed sympathy, the man would attack Han Fei again. The masked man was punched until he probably suffered from a concussion. He couldn't hold the knife anymore and collapsed to the ground.

Han Fei didn't dare to be too careless because he still couldn't open his eyes. He expertly snapped the man's wrist. Hearing the bones snap, Han Fei's heart moved. This sound awakened beautiful memories in his mind. 'I've done this before?'

Han Fei had to be efficient and quick because he still couldn't see. The masked man didn't even get a chance to say anything before he fainted. The white mask was shattered. Blood flowed through the gap. "What was inside your suitcase? Do you have the antidote?" Han Fei slapped the man's cheeks, but he got no response.

Resisting the pain from the eyes, Han Fei planned to leave. He didn't want to stop here.

"Hey! Wait!" The woman removed her heels and slowly moved towards Han Fei. "Thank you for saving me." The woman looked cute and sweet.

"You should go home now." Han Fei's eyes were in great pain. He wouldn't be able to survive the night like this.

“How about you come with me? I’ll help you deal with the eye injury. The poison might cause you to go blind.” The woman was worried about Han Fei. When Han Fei had to close his eyes again, she lifted her arm.

Then, a surge of current ran through Han Fei. He collapsed to the ground. The last thing he saw was the woman pulling out the cart she had hidden among the trash. “It looks like I’ll have to make two trips.”

Han Fei opened his eyes blurrily. He noticed his eyes weren’t so painful anymore. He wanted to get up, but he noticed he was shackled to the wall, and he was naked.

“You’re awake?” The woman sat beside him, holding her chin. Behind her was a mountain of man’s clothes.

Han Fei stared at the woman’s face. He felt like the woman was someone from his memory, but he couldn’t recall her name. It was this sense of familiarity that told him she wouldn’t hurt him.

“Tell me, where is the thing?” The woman removed her glasses to wipe the lens. “Most of the time, I don’t want to kill. I only want the theme park points.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but I feel you’re very familiar to me. We should know each other...” Han Fei stared at the woman. “Did you once love me?”

The woman paused. Her expression was interesting. “It looks like you really have a death wish.”

“I have amnesia. I can’t remember many things. However, I felt like we’d met the moment I laid eyes on you. It was why I chose to save you.” Han Fei was telling the truth. “I knew that you were only acting from the start. The way you tripped and fell was so unnatural. It could only trick an amateur actor.”

“Why did you come to save me then? You’re funny.” The woman put her glasses back on. She placed a few pills inside the glass.

“The doctor said I have paranoia, but I believe I could predict death. When you approached me, I didn’t feel fear. That is the second reason why I was willing to help you.” Han Fei’s hands were shackled, but strangely enough, he didn’t feel fear. If anything, he felt like he had unlocked some kind of strange achievement.

“Paranoia? Ability to tell death? Amnesia? Are you high?” The woman held the drugged water. She stared at Han Fei’s face. “Stop wasting time. If you refuse to tell me where the points are, then tell me what’s your last words.”

Han Fei still couldn’t remember anything. He shook his head and pleaded, “Don’t kill my cat, okay?”

“That’s all?”

“I really don’t remember anything. I only saved that cat today.”

“You do know that you almost beat a man to death, right? Compared to that, you care more about a cat?” The woman didn’t believe Han Fei. She placed the cup against his mouth. “Do you think I won’t kill me? Come on. Drink the drug. Let me see...”

Before she finished, Han Fei gulped down the water. He was thirsty. “Do you have more?”

The woman looked at Han Fei and the empty glass. “Interesting. I suspect you were just joking with me. But then again, why do I feel like I should keep you alive? I want to trap you and torture you every day.” The woman stood up to pour another glass of water. “Do you really not know about the theme park’s point? If you didn’t receive the invitation from the theme park, why would you have the clown mask in your backpack?”

“I can’t remember...” Han Fei finished the second cup. He looked at the woman’s face. “Can you tell me your name? Perhaps I can remember you then.”

“The name’s Lee Guo Er. I’m a fugitive.” The woman smiled. “Are you scared?”

Chapter 637 Death Game

“You’re a fugitive?” Han Fei didn’t sound surprised. He wanted to smile, but he couldn’t do it. “That’s such a coincidence. I’m wanted too.”

“How can you chat with me so freely when you’re tied up? Do you have some kind of strange kink?” Lee Guo Er took out a dagger and used the tip to poke Han Fei’s chin. “I can tell you clearly that I’ve not met you before. But since you were willing to save me, I won’t kill you. After I get enough theme park points, I’ll let you go.”

“What is this theme park point you talk about?” When Han Fei visited the theme park that day, he saw Fu Tian with the stamp card. However, that was a children’s toy. Why would adults fight to the death for it?

“In the past, I didn’t believe they exist either until...” Lee Guo Er sat down opposite Han Fei. “I worked in a gaming company. After experiencing some very painful stuff, I chose to quit. At the time, our department’s game exploded in popularity, and we got a lot of bonuses.

“However, money didn’t mean anything to me. At the time, my heart was hollow. That was why I wanted to try new things, to awaken my love for life. However, before I could change my lane, the police came to find me. They thought I was involved in the kidnapping and murder of an important person in the city.” The sweet smile on her face disappeared. “However, I have no impression of that at all. I was only a normal office worker. How would I be involved with a kidnapping? I explained myself, but the evidence piled up against me. I felt like someone was trying to do me in.”

Han Fei was confused. “How is that related to the theme park points?”

“At the time, no one came to my aid. I lost my most important thing, and then I was framed. My life was heading into despair. After the last interrogation, I had a mental breakdown. That night, I wanted to join him and leave this world. However, a strange man found me. He said if I participated in this game, I would be able to escape from despair and rectify all my regrets.” Lee Guo Er said seriously.

“How come your story sounds so familiar to me? It’s like I’ve been through it before.” Han Fei looked lost. “What does that strange man look like?”

“He was wearing a smiling face. He said he could see into the future, and he was there to help people in despair.” Lee Guo Er then glanced at Han Fei. “I didn’t take his words to heart. Like you, he sounded so crazy. But something happened to change my mind.”

“What happened?”

“He gave me a theme park invitation and a mask. After he left, I was followed by a crazy man. I didn’t know him, but the person insisted on killing me!” Lee Guo Er’s fingers caressed the knife. “I was already in the game, no matter I wanted to or not. If I don’t want to be killed, I have to kill.” “I still don’t get it.” Han Fei lost his memory, but Lee Guo Er’s words were like little sparks that lit up his mind.

“In short, we’ve all been submerged into a death game that we can’t leave. Only the most despairing individuals can join this game. The winning reward is something that will save us from despair.” Lee Guo Er’s eyes turned cold. “The gaming process is cruel and gory. You’ll get one point by killing each participant. That is the safest point to gain points.”

“Killing is the safest method? What other methods are there?”

“Capturing ghost.” Lee Guo Er’s face paled. She was pretty, but she looked terrifying at that moment. “I don’t know if there are ghosts in this world or not. Those who know the answer are already dead.”

“Ghosts?” Han Fei remembered the scripts in his room. The 99 scripts were like 99 real ghost stories. “Have others gained point through this method before?”

“Yes.” Lee Guo Er said confidently, “There is a point scoreboard beside all the theme park rides. Normally, they are used to record the scores of visitors, but at midnight, a random scoreboard at the theme park will list out the scores and numbers of all the participants. I’ve seen the scoreboard once. There were 32 participants, and the top 1 player had earned 99 points.”

“Is it possible that he has killed 99 players?”

“There are not so many participants, so he must have caught some ghosts!” Lee Guo Er leaned against the wall. “When you reach 100 points, you’ll get your wish granted. I wonder if he managed to get that final point.”

“The game is still ongoing, so he probably hasn’t.” Han Fei frowned. The number 99 was very special to him. He gouged out 99 scars on his arms. He wrote down 99 ghost stories, and now there was a scoreboard leader with 99 points. “Could I be the top 1 player?”

Lee Guo Er rolled her eyes. “Earlier, you suspect me of loving you, and now you think you are the top 1 player?”

“It’s just a guess.”

“Then, I guess you’re quite conceited.” Lee Guo Er didn’t mean to kill Han Fei. She placed his backpack on the table and shook everything out. The wounded kitten lay on the table. It meowed weakly.

“There’s really no invitation?” Lee Guo Er looked around, but she could only find that white smiling mask.

“Can you tell me what the invitation looks like? Perhaps I can remember something about it.” Han Fei didn’t feel threatened by Lee Guo Er. It was why he was so calm. He preferred to be trapped here than to go back ‘home’.

“The invitation is a black card. You’ll see different words if you view the card from different angles. The card has your player number too. You have to possess it to enter the theme park at night.” Lee Guo Er thought about it and added, “Only those with the invitation can participate in the ghost-catching game every night and join the Ghost Parade before dawn.”

“After killing someone, can you inherit their points after getting their cards?”

“The points can’t be transferred. Each card only represents one point.” Lee Guo Er wasn’t a murderous person. Most of the time, she only took away the other participants’ invitation. However, for some, that was worse than death.

“Such a crazy game.”

“The game doesn’t encourage people to murder each other. Instead, it encourages people to catch ghosts. However, humanity is always surprising. People will always take shortcuts.” Lee Guo Er yawned and flipped through Han Fei’s scripts. “Were you a scriptwriter?”

“Probably a scriptwriter and an actor.” Even though Han Fei was detained, his heart calmed down. This private jail brought him a sense of security. “Thank you for chatting with me.”

“You’re thanking me?” Lee Guo Er was surprised. “You do have this kind of kink, don’t you?”

“I can’t remember.” Han Fei shook his head. “I haven’t chatted with a person for a long time already. I don’t dare to approach people because I feel like they all want to kill me.” Han Fei lowered his head to study the scars on his arms. “I could only speak to myself in the past.”

“Stop rambling or I’d stab you.” Lee Guo Er studied Han Fei. “But there’s something special about you. It doesn’t appear like you’re acting.”

“I should have a blade too. A bladeless knife.”

“Right. What did I say about rambling?” Lee Guo Er sat back at the table. She was confused too. She was sure this was her first time meeting Han Fei, but she wasn’t averse to him. In fact, they felt like old friends. Lee Guo Er didn’t want to remember her bad past with her ‘friend’, so she focused on Han Fei’s scripts. In the dim underground jail, the man, the woman, and the cat passed a peaceful night.

The next morning, Han Fei smelled something good and blurrily opened his eyes.

“You have quite a nose.” Lee Guo Er sat down. “Is there something wrong with you? I have you trapped, but you slept so well the night before. You didn’t even react when I placed the knife against the neck. I feel so disrespected.”

“Ever since I woke up at the hospital, I haven’t had a good night's sleep. I was knocked out by drugs. I would feel anxiety when I was outside. I feel safe when I’m here.”

“I don’t even know what to say to that.” Lee Guo Er had her breakfast. Han Fei watched her.

“Wait. You want to eat my food too?” Lee Guo Er could feel Han Fei’s eyes on her. “Did you really treat this place as your home?”

“I have an inexplicable desire for meat. If you can provide me with meat, I will repay you with some info.” Han Fei volunteered his guesses. “The scripts probably are recordings of real events. Each script represents a ghost. If you want to gain points quickly, you should follow my scripts.”

“So that’s your goal. You want to lure me to these places to get me killed?” Lee Guo Er raised her brows. She looked cuter without her glasses.

“I just want to eat meat.” Han Fei said innocently.

After long contemplation, Lee Guo Er nodded. “Fine. I’ll trust you this once.” She stood up and left. Half an hour later, she returned with a plate of mutton. “Eat up. After you’re done, tell me the script with the easiest ghost to catch.” Han Fei’s stomach growled. Soon, the plate of mutton disappeared.

Lee Guo Er was shocked, looking at the empty plate. “That was my storage for a week. Is there a monster inside your stomach?”

“I think I prefer pork, especially pork heart.” Han Fei licked his lips. “Your meat lacks something. I remember my favorite meat contain something dangerous. Each bite is a teetering between heaven and hell.”

“I should just send you to a mental hospital. They will have better food.” Lee Guo Er was quite unhappy. She placed the scripts before Han Fei. “So, which one is the safest?”

“The scripts only tell you that ghosts exist. They also provide you with hints. That will lower the difficulty by a lot.”

“In other words, you don’t really know either?”

“I can’t remember.”



Lee Guo Er picked up the knife and then put it down again. "Fine. I'll trust you again." She hid the knife. She left on her own after memorizing one of the scripts.

"Be careful. Ghosts are different from people."

Han Fei sighed after Lee Guo Er left. She was so familiar, but he couldn't remember her. It was torturous.

"Meow..." The kitten had healed after a night of rest. It jumped out of the paper box Lee Guo Er prepared for it and came to Han Fei. It rubbed its head against Han Fei's leg. The nine black stripes on its body became clearer. It was like they tried to form some kind of pattern.

"Are you really my cat?" Han Fei looked at the cat. "It feels like you know me. But I can't remember you. Have I named you before?" Counting the stripes on the cat, the name suddenly came to Han Fei. "Little Eight? Is that your name?"

The cat was very happy hearing that name. It rolled on the ground.

"That's really your name? Why would I call a cat with nine stripes Little Eight?"

Chapter 638 Number Eleven

The wounded cat stuck close to Han Fei. This proved indirectly that Han Fei might really be the owner of that underground room. His memory was gone, but the pet still remembered Han Fei's scent.

"Unfortunately, cats can't speak, or you can tell me what happened." Han Fei ruffled the kitten's head. "If you're really a murderer's pet, then you must have grown up drinking human blood and eating human flesh. You wouldn't be so weak, ugly, and tiny."

As if to prove Han Fei wrong, the cat gnashed its teeth. Then, it collapsed against Han Fei's leg. The action had exhausted its full energy.

"You're ridiculously weak." Han Fei didn't hope to gain any more info from the cat, but it was good company. In Lee Guo Er's jail, Han Fei ate and slept. It was a relaxing 24 hours.

When it was almost dark, footsteps came from Han Fei's head. Soon, Lee Guo Er appeared. "Put on your clothes and come with me!" Lee Guo Er unlocked Han Fei's shackles and tossed the suit of the man from the night before to Han Fei. "Put on your mask. We need to leave before dark!"

"What happened?"

"The story in your script is real." Lee Guo Er stared at Han Fei in fear. She uttered, "I saw the ghost."

"Can you tell me what the ghost looks like?"

"It is still following me. So we don't have time to waste. We need to leave now!"

The shackles dropped to the floor. Han Fei put on the black suit, but he didn't want to wear the smiling mask. "Can I wear something like a hat instead?"

"Stop wasting time!" Lee Guo Er seemed to anticipate this. She peeled back a wooden board and took out the backpack hidden inside. "After we leave, do not respond when someone calls your name."

"Okay." Han Fei's new clothes allowed him to melt perfectly into the night. It was like the suit was tailor-made for him. Han Fei put the cat into his backpack.

"Look after your cat. If it makes any sound, I'll abandon it immediately." Lee Guo Er said coolly. But when she saw Han Fei in the suit and holding the mask, she was stunned. The man before her exuded this charming yet dangerous presence. "You're quite good-looking."

"Is it that why you've had a crush on me?"

"I really want to lock you up."

“Should I be honored?”

“I don’t know.” Lee Guo Er looked at Han Fei. She realized she was able to chat happily with a mental patient. Did that mean there was something wrong with her brain too?

Lee Guo Er crawled out of the underground prison. She waved at Han Fei, and they both returned to the surface. “This building used to belong to another participant. After he was killed, I’ve been staying here.” Lee Guo Er opened the front door and waved at Han Fei. “But we need to find a new hiding place before night falls.”

“If you’re being followed by a ghost, no matter where you go to hide, you’ll be found...” Han Fei’s memory seemed to loosen. A voice uttered in his mind.

“Are you sure?” Lee Guo Er panicked.

“I believe so.” Han Fei wasn’t sure what else did the voice said. He had a strange feeling. He believed he would be rewarded if he followed that voice. “Which script did you follow that you saw that ghost?”

“The 11th story, Number 11. This story happened in the area close to the theme park, so I chose it.”

Han Fei read through the story again.

“Number 11 is very cute. He has been adopted many times, but he is always sent back. Every family who has adopted him said that he is cute, obedient, and understanding. There is no negative review, but everyone has sent him back. The family who has adopted Number 11 will do anything to send Number 11 back to the orphanage.

“Number 11 slowly grows up. He has the most handsome face of all the orphans and the gentlest personality. He has the best result too.

“When the child was eleven, he was adopted for the 11th time. After that, there was no more news about him.

“Someone said the child was murdered by his adopted father. Others said the child was a monster who couldn’t grow old. People also said the child’s heart is rife with intense hatred and venom. He was a living ghost.

“To find out the truth, I visited his former home on 11th November.

“At that place, I understood something. The boundary between humans and ghosts is something very blurry. If you want to approach them, then you have to approach that dangerous boundary first.”

The story was long but also more detailed. It revealed a lot of info.

“Finding the boundary between humans and ghosts should be the key, but what is that boundary?” While Han Fei was contemplating, the window behind him suddenly cracked. The temperature in the room dropped. The crack widened. A face pressed against the window, trying to get in!

“Run! It is here!” Lee Guo Er pushed open the front door and dragged Han Fei out. During this process, Han Fei turned back to look. The window shattered, and the glass shards were scattered everywhere.

“Did you take something from it? Strange guests have moved into my house, but they would never leave it.” Han Fei was confused.

“I’m curious about your house’s Feng Shui, but now is not the time to talk about that.” Lee Guo Er took out two invitations from her pocket. “I didn’t enter the building. I sold the info to other participants. I have no idea what happened to those two dumbasses. But when I went in to retrieve their invitations, I was targeted.”

“What if you throw the invitations away?”

“I’ve tried. It’s pointless.”

The sky was darkening. When darkness consumed the city, things would become worse.

“Based on the scripts, we need to find the boundary between humans and ghosts to interact with them, to communicate or fight them.” Han Fei’s empty brain churned. “Do you know any other participants? We’ll release the news and bring them to that building. We’ll see what’s the difference between No. 11 and the normal humans.”

## Chapter 639 Home

“Most participants will not reveal their identities because it’s too dangerous. But there is a strange player in the city. His name is Qiang Wei, but many people call him No. 19.” Lee Guo Er was moved by Han Fei’s suggestion. She couldn’t deal with the ghost alone, so the best solution was to drag more people into it.

“Qiang Wei? That is another familiar name.” Han Fei maintained the same speed as Lee Guo Er as they moved through the shadows.

“Qiang Wei is an orphan and has a strange personality. He has once announced his identity in the game on television, hoping that all the participants will band together. Many people think he wouldn’t survive more than three hours, but the next night, he appeared on the television again. Many people gathered around him.”

“Many people?” Han Fei asked, “How did he gather so many participants?”

“Even though those people wore white masks, the majority of them were homemade. Only a very small portion was actual game participants, but this was already something amazing.” Lee Guo Er didn’t know how Qiang Wei did this. The participants wouldn’t trust each other for the sake of points, but Qiang Wei’s followers trusted him implicitly.

“That’s impressive.” Han Fei’s tone changed, “Does that mean we can lead the ghost to them?”

“Yes. Qiang Wei is the only player who has announced his real identity in this game. He has even organized a masquerade ball for players of this game to improve the players’ unity.” Lee Guo Er changed direction. She didn’t trust Qiang Wei and didn’t plan to interact with him, but she had no better choice.

“No. 19, Qiang Wei... No. 19...” Han Fei repeated the number and glanced at his script. He noticed something strange. “The eleventh story is called No. 11, and the 44th story is called No. 4. These two scripts are written with a red pen, and they are longer than others.” It was too dangerous for Han Fei to examine the connection between the two stories slowly.

“Han Fei...” He was thinking about the different problems when Han Fei heard a familiar voice calling him. He was about to turn around when he reminded Lee Guo Er’s warning. He couldn’t turn around!

Rushing down the alley, Han Fei resisted the urge not to turn around. This danger was like adrenaline. While it injected Han Fei with fear, it also made his blood pump. ‘I’ve done something similar in the past! Forcing myself not to look back appears to have awakened more of my instincts.’ Han Fei had lost his past, but his instinct was helping him piece everything back together.

‘I might have participated in similar games before. The player with 99 scores should be me. However, why would I lose my memories? Is the game a scam? Your memory will be stolen once you’ve gained 100 points?’ Han Fei felt like he was slowly approaching the truth. He had to play this game, but this time, he couldn’t be the first to cross the finish line. Han Fei glanced at Lee Guo Er. He needed to help someone become the new winner.

The barely discernible voice echoed. Han Fei found it quite soothing. He often heard strange noises in his mind. Han Fei sometimes felt like he was standing at a junction, and people called his name from all directions. Most of the paths led to death, and only one led to the unknown.

His arms started to pulse with pain again. The scars bled. Han Fei looked down and realized there was a black handprint on his arm. It was like someone had grabbed him. As he tried to follow the handprint and looked back, his body was pulled backward. He quickly looked ahead again. No matter what, he wouldn’t turn back anymore.

At 10.30 pm, Han Fei and Lee Guo Er arrived at a building near the city center. This place was far from the theme park. From the outside, it looked like a normal hotel. There was a large signboard above the door. The title was Perfect Life.

“Perfect Life? Are you sure this is the right place? This place looks like a sex hotel.” Han Fei stopped at the door and studied the roughly-made signboard.

“Put on your mask and make sure your cat doesn’t run around.” Lee Guo Er patted Han Fei’s shoulder. “Do not expose your amnesia. The stronger you are, the easier we can convince them. No one here likes to befriend the weak.” Then, Lee Guo Er put on her mask.

“All of your masks only have smiles and no teardrop...”

They entered the hotel and walked down a long corridor. At the end of the corridor was a bar brimming with flowers and alcohol.

“Three of you, please come with me.” The bartender smiled and led them to the second floor.

“Three?” Lee Guo Er tapped the bartender’s shoulder. “Don’t turn around. Tell me, what does the third look like?”

“He...” The bartender turned around subconsciously, but the third person had disappeared, “Where’s the man?”

“Come with us. Don’t come back out.” Lee Guo Er said directly.

“Okay.” The bartender was pressured. He didn’t dare to ask too many questions. He led them to the room at the end of the second-floor corridor. The door opened, and the music floated out. Instantly, about ten heads turned to the door.

“Welcome to our two new friends!” A very familiar voice said. The man was wearing a plaid shirt. He held a wine bottle and leaned on the couch. The man was the only person not wearing a mask. When he saw the new arrivals, he climbed up clumsily and staggered towards Lee Guo Er. “I’m the boss here. People call me Boss. If you don’t mind, you can call me that too.” Before Boss could get any closer, he was stopped by a long-haired man. “Put on your mask.”

The man didn’t give Boss any face. His voice was cold, but Han Fei found his voice familiar too.

“Qiang Wei, stop acting so aloof. Give up. We are not leaving this place.” Boss grumbled in a haze of inebriation. “I don’t even want the black box anymore. I’ll give you a new goal.”

“You’re drunk.” The long-haired man waved. “Worm, get Boss to his room.”

A short man with scars on his arms walked out of the corner. He was about to drag Boss away when he saw the scars on Han Fei’s arms.

“Can I see your arm?” Worm pushed Boss back to the couch. He walked towards Han Fei and pointed at his arms. “You have the same hobby as me.” Han Fei rolled up his sleeves. The many scars caused the people in the room to suck in a cold breath.

“I can’t believe I’d run into a kindred spirit here. We should be friends in the future.”

“Worm, bring Boss to his room.” Qiang Wei interrupted Worm. He stared at Han Fei with suspicion. “You should know our rules here, right?”

“I can provide you info about a ghost.” Lee Guo Er shared her experience from the night before. She also explained her current situation. She was targeted by a ghost, and it was coming here. After that, everyone turned to Worm. The white masks blocked their faces. Han Fei had no idea what they were doing. Worm returned after dropping Boss in his room. He looked at Lee Guo Er and found nothing. But when he approached Han Fei, he staggered backward while shivering. “He, he is a dead man!” Worm hid behind Qiang Wei. The others in the room tensed.

Han Fei didn’t feel uncomfortable being glared at by the many masks. He was confused too. Why didn’t he feel anything?

“I should warn you not to run your mouth.” Lee Guo Er took a step back. She was there to take about cooperation. She didn’t want to be prey.

“Qiang Wei, Worm, I really saw the ghost outside. They aren’t lying.” The bartender suddenly spoke. He pointed behind Han Fei. “When they entered the hotel, a man in patient’s outfit followed closely behind him with his head lowered. I was curious about their relationship at the time.”

“Perhaps he has been tailed by the ghost for too long.” Lee Guo Er explained. She knew she was the ghost’s primary target.



The room was silent. One minute later, Qiang Wei pulled Worm back and raised his hand. "We'll vote. Raise your hand if you don't think they should join us."

There were two females behind the bar. After they saw Qiang Wei raise his hand, they raised their hands too.

"We've been sacrificing our people, and we still don't understand what a ghost is. You forbade us from hunting other players. How much longer should we wait?" A bald man with a muscular body stood up. "I think they should join. We can use this chance to see what a ghost is."

"You have a point." The people around the bald man agreed.

"Thousand Nights, F, what do you think?" Qiang Wei frowned, and his voice lowered.

"I'm fine with anything. I surrender my vote." The man called Thousand Night was very high-profile. He looked like he was on vacation than in a death game.

Qiang Wei couldn't control Thousand Nights. He turned to the last person in the crowd. The man wore a black trench coat. He was imposing as he toyed with a black invitation card in his hands. "I don't mind them joining, but the premise is that they aren't lying." The man put away the card and stood up. The man wasn't tall, but once he stood up, everyone shut up. Even the music turned eerie. After finishing his wine, the man walked towards Han Fei and Lee Guo Er. "We should go to that building you mentioned now."

"Since the ghost is following them, we should lay the trap here." Qiang Wei was more cautious.

"We don't know anything about ghosts. Staying here will make us sitting ducks. Instead, we should try to understand the ghost's past and the reason it came into being. Only then, we have a chance to gather more points and send everyone out." The man turned to Qiang Wei. "The window of opportunity is closing. If we don't grab this, we'll regret it."

"Only three of us have the invitation card. Compared to the ghost's past, I'm more interested in your past." Qiang Wei put down his hands. Most people had agreed for Han Fei and Lee Guo Er to join.

“I’ll tell you that later but not now. I can only say that I know this game better than you do.” F stood beside Qiang Wei. “Who else wants to come with me? Please report to Qiang Wei.”

“I’ll come with you.” Qiang Wei sounded annoyed. Technically, he was the leader here.

“If both of us die, then everyone will really be stuck here, so one of us has to stay here where it is safe.” F then grabbed Worm. “He can come with me.” The players started to pack their stuff. 15 minutes later, seven players, including Worm and F, left Perfect Life with Lee Guo Er and Han Fei. Perhaps there were more of them, the ghost didn’t follow them, and Han Fei stopped hearing people calling his name.

“We need to finish exploration before midnight. I hear that ghosts will be scarier after midnight.” Lee Guo Er had finished her goal. She led the players to the spot marked in the script, Happiness Neighborhood Building 11. This was the location where No. 11 was seen last, the place where his last adopted parents stayed.

The closer Han Fei was to the apartment, the harder his heart skipped. It felt like he had once stayed here. ‘Will my real parents be here?’

The old apartment buildings were built close together. Each building had its number. They were going to Building 11, but Han Fei stopped at Building 1.

‘There’s a light here left open for me. That’s right. This is my real home!’

## Chapter 640 First Venture

Unlucky children were all living in this Happiness Neighborhood. Every building in the night sang their favorite song, lulling them to sleep. Han Fei stopped for a long time before Building One. His heart entered the dark building. ‘This should be my home, but why is every light turned off?’

Han Fei’s eyes scanned every room. Happiness Neighborhood Building One, those words were enough to cause waves in Han Fei’s mind.

“We need to move! We can’t stay here!” Worm approached Han Fei and reminded him. He had a good impression of Han Fei like they were friends.

“I...” Han Fei shook his head. He walked towards Building One but was held back by Worm. “Have you lost your mind?” Worm couldn’t understand Han Fei’s behavior. He was looking at the old apartment with longing.

“Be careful. Don’t stray from the team!” F uttered coldly. After leaving Perfect Life Hotel, he became very serious. He was alert towards everything. F made every decision after much contemplation. After he made a choice, he would complete it no matter the sacrifice. This kind of people was very scary.

Building Eleven was located in the deepest part of the neighborhood. The layout of the building here was very strange. Buildings one to ten were arranged like the wall of a well, surrounding Building Eleven in the middle. In other words, to reach Building Eleven, one had to pass through the narrow passages between the other buildings.

The alley looked normal from the outside. But when one was inside it, one would realize the alley appeared to be a bridge connecting the living and the dead. The city was shrouded in darkness, but the sky at the end of the alley was deep red in color. Walking down the alley, it felt like the buildings on the side would fall at any moment. Strange screams echoed in the air. It was like a warning from another self to stop moving. The strangest thing was the alley wasn’t that long, but once you looked back, the mouth of the alley appeared to have moved so far away.

“The entrance will move on its own. This is an endless path!” A thin woman took her hand out of her pocket. A small ghost was painted on her palm. She appeared to be a not-so-professional medium.

“Since we can’t turn back, we need to speed up.” F was very calm. His eyes were calculative.

“It wasn’t like this when I was here this morning. There were people playing chess in the alley, and children running around.” Lee Guo Er walked at the front. She was the most afraid. She could feel the change clearly. It was more than the change to one building, but the whole neighborhood had fallen into hell.

Han Fei looked up into the sky. The sky was dark red. The cloud layers were peeled open like a gaping wound.

“I believe that this place is haunted but are we able to capture the ghost?” A man who followed behind the bald Inmate asked. He was Inmate’s lackey. He looked tough, but he was very cowardly.

“If we don’t try anything, we’ll never succeed.” F scanned the man. “I hope that you understand that to accomplish certain things, sacrifices have to be made. The sacrifice might be you or me.”

“Stop arguing. Be quiet.” Lee Guo Er dragged Han Fei to her side. Other than Han Fei, she didn’t trust the rest. With a creak, the rusted door opened. All the participants entered Happiness Neighborhood.

‘This place is so different from how it is described in the script.’ Standing in the crowd, Han Fei’s paranoia acted up again. However, this time, it was more intense than the others. He could feel his heart jumping out of his chest.

“Do you not feel well?” The only female player asked. She had painted ghosts on both her palms. Her eyes under the mask danced nervously.

Han Fei didn’t answer. His eyes scanned the red banister, the yellowed wall, and the steps covered in small s. The fear grew, but he didn’t know why he was so afraid. He knew that he’d die if he stayed here long enough, but he didn’t know what would kill him. ‘There’s some problem with my death prediction ability.’

Lee Guo Er had already reached the second floor. The mask covered her face so no one could see her expression. However, everyone could sense her anxiety from her hesitating steps. She would consider a long time before making her move like the wrong step would cause her death. The players behind her took out flashlights and stun guns. They came well prepared. However, as they took out these things, Lee Guo Er stopped them. “Strong lights will attract the ghosts from the other buildings. Be careful.”

“Then, how do you expect us to proceed without lights? Candles?” Inmate grumbled and saw Lee Guo Er take out candles from her backpack.

“This is ridiculous.” Some of the players used candles, while others used flashlights on their phones. They slowly found their way to the fourth floor.

“Did you realize the problems with the s on the steps?” Thousand Nights at the back suddenly spoke. He was dressed flamboyantly, but his tone was very serious, “Other than normal ads like opening locks and cleaning pipes, there are a lot of missing people flyers. But all the children’s faces on those flyers are gone.”

“Is there a madman living here? They go around scratching off the faces of the flyers to ensure that the children wouldn’t be found?” Worm immediately grasped Thousand Nights’ meaning.

“Perhaps the missing children are right here.” Lee Guo Er stopped on the fifth floor. She looked at the room door left slightly ajar, and she was extremely nervous. “I saw the ghost here in the morning. Be careful because I don’t know what will happen next.” Lee Guo Er edged the door opened. The stench of disinfectant floated out. F dragged Worm to follow Lee Guo Er. The three were the first to enter the room.

Worm placed the lit candles in the corner of the living room. He was about to call the others in when he heard a munching sound. It sounded like the person had ground down their teeth from all the chomping. Worm turned to the sound and realized the bedroom door was open a gap. Half a face was looking at him.

“Bedroom! There’s someone inside the bedroom!” Worm pointed. Then, his world spun as a hand grabbed his ankles. “Help me!” His body flew towards the bedroom. Worm saw a bald human face. Her body was twisted with muscular limbs. She held a medicine bottle, and she wanted to shove the whole bottle into Worm’s mouth.

“Move out of the way!” F grabbed Worm’s collar. He used a black blade to cut at the woman behind the door. The bottle fell to the ground. The things inside weren’t pills but children’s teeth.

The woman was spooked. She used her thick limbs to climb on the pipes outside the window and escaped.

“What monster was that?” Worm fell to the ground. He stuttered. If F were one step later, he’d be eating those teeth already.

“No idea.” F shook his head and turned to Lee Guo Er, “Is she the ghost?”

“You can’t touch ghosts. So she should be something in between human and ghost.” Lee Guo Er wasn’t sure, “But that was my first time seeing something like that.” Everyone was nervous. At that moment, Han Fei walked towards F. His eyes were fixed on F’s black blade.

“What are you looking at?”

“The blade...” Han Fei thought the man’s blade looked very familiar, especially the hilt. His fingers tightened involuntarily like there was a connection between them.

F sensed this, and his gaze turned strange. However, he didn’t say anything and put the black blade away. “Don’t hunger after something that’s not yours.”

“Is that so?” Han Fei didn’t get into a conflict with F. He started to examine the house.

Various pills were scattered around the small house. There were many notes on the dining table, fridge, television, and so on. The notes contained time and warnings for taking pills.

Han Fei felt an echo in his heart seeing these things. He faced the same thing back in his strange home. The woman who identified as his mother brought a large bag of medicine back from the hospital and kept feeding him pills.

‘No. 11 has the same experience as I did. What does the number mean? If we’re the same kind of people, what is my number?’ Han Fei walked to the window and looked out. Building Eleven was surrounded by other buildings. The people who lived here were trapped inside a well. They couldn’t escape no matter how hard they struggled.

“Quick! Come and look at this!” Worm screamed. The players gathered towards him. The storeroom close to the bedroom was stuffed with many handmade human heads.

All the heads came in pairs, male and female. There were 22 heads in total.

“No. 11 has made human head models out of everyone who has adopted him?”

“No. 11 has turned everyone who has adopted him into dolls?”

Lee Guo Er and Han Fei looked at each other. They were shocked by the other’s first thought.