

Iyashikei 641

Chapter 641 Bliss is a Monster

“Didn’t you see these things when you came in the day?” The players were shocked when they saw the cupboard full of human heads. They looked so real.

“I was targeted by a ghost. I didn’t have the time to examine the room.” Lee Guo Er technically didn’t lie.

“Thousand Nights, bring a team to guard the corridor. Others, come in. Do not miss out on any clue.” F enjoyed a higher position than Qiang Wei. Even Inmate followed his orders.

The candles lit up the room and No. 11’s former life. The room maintained the décor from the last century. The place hadn’t been cleaned for a long time, so it felt like a time capsule. Stepping over the scattered pills, Han Fei moved away from the window. Fear almost consumed him. Standing beside the window, he had this feeling someone would push him from behind. ‘Why would I think of death whenever I stood beside the window? I could even see my dead body.’

Han Fei picked up the pills and wiped away the surface dust. He noticed they were similar to the medicine Doctor Fu prescribed him. ‘No. 11 has the same disease as I do? Or we have the same doctor?’

Different from the other players who wandered about aimlessly, Han Fei felt a twinge of familiar fear once he entered the room. He had not only been here, but he had also died here. Han Fei avoided the other players and walked towards the innermost bedroom. He opened the door and was greeted by the deep red bedroom. The owner appeared to be a student. There were unfinished test papers on the table. Various children's shoes lay on the ground.

“How come it looks like you know what you’re doing?” F had been observing everyone. He approached Han Fei. “Have you been here before?”

Han Fei shook his head before entering the bedroom. The room didn’t look strange at first glance but there were many details that were out of place. For example, the shoes were all different sizes. Some were male shoes and others female shoes. Clearly, they didn’t belong to the same person. The styles of the shoes were varied too. The owner appeared to have the habit of collecting shoes, especially those worn by others.

Han Fei picked up a random shoe. He noticed that all the shoes had something stuffed inside them. Some had sharp thumbtacks, others had glass shards, and all had medicinal pills.

“How can one even walk in these?”

“This deep red room appears to be some kind of symbolism that represents the owner’s state of mind.” F held the black blade and commented. “Missing person flyers posted all over the corridor, and one of them stated that a girl around five went missing around here. She was wearing a pair of pink flats at the time. They sound exactly like the shoe you’re holding.”

“So you mean... the owner kidnapped those kids?”

“Accurately speaking, I suspected it was the owner’s adopted parents who had been stealing those children.” F scanned the shoes. “The shoes represent legs, but they symbolize running and motion. So many shoes are trapped here, and they are stuffed with pills and sharp objects. Don’t you think they represent control and imprisonment?”

“I think you’re right.” Han Fei studied F. The mysterious F had a rational brain, a black blade, which could harm monsters and a group of loyal followers. He could very well be the first-ranked player. In contrast, Han Fei lost everything but a stack of old scripts and an ugly cat.

Han Fei walked to the study table. He looked through the test papers, and a chill enveloped him. The owner appeared to have serious mental problems. He would comprehend things from a highly depressive angle. Even the most uplifting literature would be oppressive in his eyes. However, Han Fei noticed from the test papers that the owner was also a genius because there were many tests that he scored full marks in.

“A dumb madman is not scary. The scariest individual is a highly intelligent madman.” F walked over. He was uncomfortably close to Han Fei. “Don’t you agree?” F’s eyes appeared to look through Han Fei’s mask. Han Fei felt that F was different from the other players. Han Fei ignored F and pulled out the drawer. A bag of balloons was inside the drawer, and each balloon had a picture printed on them. Han Fei took a balloon out and blew it up. He was shocked. The picture on the balloon was a human head. As Han Fei blew into it, the human head came alive. The expressive face looked at him.

“What are you doing?” Lee Guo Er and Worm walked over. Inmate followed behind them. They saw Han Fei blowing up a human head in the dark.

“The owner appeared to love his parents a lot. He had made their heads into models and balloons.” Han Fei looked at the balloon in his grasp. “Think about it. The owner locked up his room and stayed in bed alone, accompanied by the heads of all his parents. Perhaps he did that so that he wouldn’t be so lonely anymore.”

Other than F, all the players’ gazes changed. They were stunned.

“How did you even come up with that?” Lee Guo Er realized she had underestimated Han Fei.

“You’d look up and see your parents. I suppose that is a kind of accompaniment too.” Han Fei let go, and the giant balloon wheezed through the air. It sounded like a child crying. Han Fei picked up the bag of balloons and handed it to F. He didn’t want to hold them.

Han Fei opened the second drawer. It had a sharp fruit knife. The drawer was clean and empty but for the knife. This was strange inside a children’s bedroom.

“The first drawer has balloons painted with his parents’ faces. The second drawer has a sharp knife...” Han Fei opened the third drawer. It had a journal. Han Fei pulled it out and flipped through it.

“January 4th, I realize I like playing with kittens. Ever since my kitten died, I wished to have another, but there was no such chance.’

“February 7th. The neighbor’s cat would always come to visit. The kitten was very obedient. I planned to buy it from its owner.

“July 7th. Collected a lost pet cat. It was strong and obedient. It wouldn’t make noise at home. Training completed. Sold for 150.

“August 9th. Caught a stray cat at the theme park. It looked dirty at first but it was quite handsome after a bath. Unfortunately, it seemed to be mentally impaired. Sold for 95.

“November 11th. Adopted a Garfield Cat at the cattery. It was obedient and knew how to make nice to its owner. Most importantly, it was very clever. Honestly, I couldn’t bear to sell it. 2500, unsold.”

The journal had much info. When Han Fei reached the last page, his eyes narrowed.

“The owner adopted a cat on November 11 and didn’t have the heart to sell it?” No. 11 was adopted by his last family on November 11. From this angle, the cattery might not mean a real cattery but the orphanage. Following this train of thoughts, the cats mentioned in the journal were not cats but children!

The thin journal contained the deepest sin. Han Fei finished the book without realizing it. There were details he had missed in the script.

The back of the journal had children’s drawings and several sentences written in uneven handwriting.

“The gardener plucked the fresh flowers and hid them in his pocket. He brought the flowers out of the wall and dumped them beside the muddy street.

“The passing wild dog bit on the flowers and brought them into the dark alley.

“The door to the outside world closed. The fresh flowers were dropped in the dark. Some of them wilted, and others took root. A few turned back into seeds.

“The seeds called their parent’s names. They were planted in different pots and brought into different darkrooms.

“One day, the seed buried deep inside the pot grew. People were afraid after seeing it because the flower didn’t look like the people expected it to.”

The sentences meant nothing.

“The last parents who adopted No. 11 should be human traffickers. They were satisfied with No. 11, but something must have happened before they could sell him off.” Lee Guo Er entered the room and read the journal too. “They deserved to die.”

“I agree with you.” F took the journal from Han Fei and kept reading.

“No. 11 was adopted eleven times, but he was abandoned every time. What was wrong with him?” The human traffickers adopted No. 11. After that, No. 11 didn’t return to the orphanage. In a way, he was a good ‘ghost’.

Just as Han Fei thought that he heard F say, “The last adopted child is the reason this place is like this. He took revenge on the human traffickers but also harmed others. He is quite a morally ambiguous ghost.”

F didn’t have any prejudice against ghosts. He saw things fairly.

“Was the woman earlier the children’s mother? Since they human traffickers, why would they prepare medicine for No. 11?” Worm was confused.

“The medicine might not be useful. Some medicine is not meant to heal but to turn people obedient.” F kept the journal while Han Fei took the knife from the drawer. Holding the knife, Han Fei felt more at ease. He felt like the knife was an extension of his arm. ‘Slice, dice, finding the weakest spot... Why would I know these things as a scriptwriter?’ Han Fei silently put the knife away. He continued to search and finally stopped before the only dresser in the room.

The dresser contained many masks, arranged from smallest to biggest. Every mask had a bloody message. The smallest mask had only two words, Huang Cheng. That appeared to be No. 11’s first name. The smallest mask was also the cleanest.

The name, Huang Cheng, had been covered up on the second mask. The mask was filled with the written character, laughter. But the mask was a crying mask.

The third mask had more words. As the mask grew larger, the owner became crazier and more unhinged.

“These masks appear to represent his experience of being abandoned eleven times, from the initial hope for life to the final transformation to a monster.” Han Fei scanned all the masks. He had a question. ‘No matter how unlucky a child is, he won’t keep running into bad families... unless the orphanage purposely chose these horrible families for No. 11?’ Han Fei shivered. When the person responsible for kindness became rotten, then heaven would become hell.

Starting from the sixth mask, the words became quite illogical. The child had put on the mask. He would take on different personalities to appease his adopted parents. However, the real him grew into a poisonous plant inside a darkroom.

Words and colors covered the facial features of the masks. He lost his face.

Han Fei looked at the last time. It was a clown face with many colors. It had an exaggerated smile and a blue teardrop at the corner of the eye. Behind the mask was a sentence written in black.

“Bliss is a murderous monster, but I still reach for it. What about you?”

Chapter 642 Blade

The message behind the mask appeared to be left for Han Fei. It was a question that cut through time and space. ‘I guess my answer is yes.’ When Han Fei saw the question, he already had the answer. The more someone lacked something, the more they would yearn for it. Han Fei desperately wanted to hold onto bliss because he had never experienced it before.

“His face is still visible at first, but in the end, it became a clown covered in paint.” F turned to the 11th mask. “He just wanted to be a smiling clown. I pity the child’s experience, but I don’t approve of his action.”

“Perhaps he doesn’t need your pity and approval.” Han Fei said faintly. He saw F take the clown mask away and put it inside the backpack carried over by the players.

“Only children will look for bliss. Adults make their own bliss.” F said. “You look like a big child.”

“Me?” Han Fei didn’t retort. He had forgotten too many things, including his childhood. Han Fei walked to the bedroom window and looked out. The window faced Building One. He felt that there was something pulling him from that building.

‘I’d feel fear whenever I am close to the window, but I keep wishing to stand beside the window.’ A weak cat’s meow came from the backpack. Han Fei patted the kitten’s head. “You feel it too? Have we once lived in Building One? That should be where my family is. They have left me a light that will never go out. They will also prepare for me warm porridge and delicious meat. I should go there, but I am very afraid. I have no idea what I’m afraid of.” Ever since he lost his memory, Han Fei would often mumble incoherently. The kitten suddenly growled. Han Fei’s heart pounded. He slowly lifted his head. Outside a window, a head without any hair hung upside down!

The eye sockets were stuffed with pills. The woman’s thick arms reached for Han Fei.

“Be careful!” F and Lee Guo Er ran towards Han Fei, but they were too far away. The arm bulged with veins extended towards Han Fei. He didn’t expect this to happen. His brain was blank. His eyes reflected the woman’s face. Just as everyone thought Han Fei would be dragged out the window, his hand that held the knife moved. The blade shone in the dark. Two even cuts appeared on the woman’s arm.

No blood came out of the wound, but the woman appeared to be shocked. She slid down the pipe. Han Fei leaned against the window and looked out. He couldn’t find the woman. He saw the window open on the third floor.

“Are you alright?” Lee Guo Er ran to Han Fei. She gasped, “You know how to use a knife?”

“I... can’t remember.” Han Fei looked at his hands. After he chased the woman off, another voice echoed in his mind. He still couldn’t hear what it was saying, but he could sense that the voice was coming closer. ‘Why are there so many voices in my head?’ Han Fei was normally so dense and normal, but after that incident, Lee Guo Er and F didn’t dare to count him out anymore.

“No.11’s knife can hurt them, but...” Han Fei glanced at the black blade F was holding. He had a feeling that something was wrong with that blade. It felt like the blade and the hilt were forcibly joined together. “The blade feels like it’s mine.” Han Fei had no impression of F, but he wanted to obtain the blade F was holding. It was a strange feeling.

“You’re handy with a knife, and there aren’t that many knife users and even less those who have killed with a knife.” F put the black blade away. He put all the masks inside the dresser into his backpack and walked out of the bedroom.

“Hey, don’t anger F.” Worm reminded Han Fei, “He has really killed before, and it was more than once.”

Han Fei nodded. “Is that why the blade is black?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about. Just be careful.” Worm scratched his head. “Have I heard your voice before?” Everyone was wearing a white mask, and everyone’s memory appeared to be tempered with.

“I don’t know.” Han Fei ignored Worm. He looked down to study the knife. The sharp knife looked normal, but a word was carved around the hilt—Company.

“This blade is called Company? It was once No. 11’s company?”

Han Fei couldn’t get it, but Lee Guo Er thought it was normal. “When passion reaches a certain degree, and there is no suitable outlet, love will mix with hatred. One will do anything to make sure the beloved stays with one forever. I can understand that.”

“It looks like I’m not the only sick one in this work.” Han Fei commented, and Lee Guo Er rolled her eyes. The two walked out of the bedroom. When Han Fei left with the blade, the clouds above the neighborhood parted away. It was like a giant eye was slowly opening.

“The blade hidden in the bedroom is called Company. The mask says that bliss is a monster. This child’s worldview is similar to my nightmare.” Abandoned, again and again, treated like animals, fed lots of pills daily, the city in the child’s world had fully transformed. Perhaps this neighborhood was how No. 11 viewed the world. It was completely sealed off, and a giant eyeball filled with malice opened in the sky.

“The woman with the muscular limbs should be No. 11’s last adopted mother. Her eyes are stuffed with pills. It literally means that she only has the medicine in her eyes. She has been urging the children to eat their medicine. The eyeball in the sky should represent constant monitoring. No wonder where one

goes, one can't escape from its observation." The more Han Fei thought about it, the more he was curious about No. 11.

"Didn't you encounter the ghost earlier? What is it like? When you saw it, what was it doing?" The players felt anxious. They surrounded Lee Guo Er to ask her about ghosts.

"You can only see them under certain conditions." Lee Guo Er's voice came from under the mask. "Like when he was killing and when you are going to die."

Bang! A crash came from the corridor, and it was followed by a scream. All the players ran towards it.

"Don't panic!" F's reminder was slow. Thousand Nights and two players had already run upstairs.

"What happened?" Worm shouted.

"Scout has been taken away! It's that woman! She ran upstairs!"

"Don't chase after her blindly!" Lee Guo Er's warning was pointless. The players had already run off.

"Scout's hidden talent is enhanced senses. We can't lose him." F seemed to know every player's hidden talents. He had picked these players specifically, and everyone served a purpose. The player who ran ahead got in a fight. He was smashed back. His body slammed into the wall and rolled down the stairs.

"Seventh floor!" The physique of this batch of players was very good. Even after the fall, they only needed a short time to recover. He picked up his mask and put it back on. Curses and footsteps echoed in the corridor. Everyone stopped on the corridor between the sixth and seventh floors.

"Move!" F grabbed Worm and squeezed through the crowd. However, Scout and the woman were gone. "Where's Scout?"

"We can't get to them in time." Thousand Nights shook his head. He took out a cigarette from his pocket and lit it. "That thing moves faster than me. Are there really ghosts in this world?"

“Ghosts might not be necessarily faster than you.” F glanced at Han Fei from the corner of his eyes.

“Indeed. You’re faster than me.” Thousand Nights took a drag of the cigarette, and his previously lazy eyes glowed with excitement. “Didn’t you say your knife can kill ghosts? I’ll create a chance for you.” Thousand Nights walked past F and moved to the seventh floor. He was flamboyantly dressed, but he was really capable. At least, he had the confidence to face the unknown when the rest of the players were frozen by fear.

“You will go with him.” F shoved Worm. He knew Worm’s hidden talents too. He knew that the more danger Worm was in, the greater his potential. His other persona would awaken.

Han Fei saw this from the back of the group. A strange thought bubbled up in his mind, ‘In the past, I can see players’ abilities too. How did I lose it? These players are so strange. They are different from Lee Guo Er and me.’ Han Fei’s mind was muddled. He had to think very carefully about a simple question. Before he could get an answer, Thousand Nights and Worm had already opened the door on the seventh floor.

A giant cat doll fell from behind the door. The doll was about the size of a six-year-old. It had a human frame but was wrapped in cat skin.

“Is this supposed to be a cat?” Worm hid behind Thousand Nights. If he could crawl into the man’s shadow, he would.

“I really don’t understand why Qiang Wei and F value you so much when you’re such a coward.” Thousand Nights flicked his cigarette at the cat doll. He was about to walk into the room when the doll came alive. Like a cat, it used all limbs and crawled into the room.

“It was alive?” The players were shocked. Every living creature here was strange.

“The journal uses cats to represent children. The cats in the ghost’s comprehension might look like this.” Worm held Thousand Nights’ shirt. “This is a crazy neighborhood. Is everyone who lives here mad?”

Han Fei and F sneezed at the same time.

“There might be more than one monster. Watch my back.” Thousand Nights entered the door. The horrible stench assaulted him. He looked around but couldn’t find the source. He took another step forward. The cat doll poked its head out of the bedroom. It cowered on the ground.

“Are you afraid of me? You are afraid of a gentleman who has 8 points in charm?” Thousand Nights frowned when the intensity of the stench increased. He noticed the eyes of the cat doll looking up.

“The stench seems to come from the ceiling.” Thousand Nights raised his head. There was a man covered in fat stuck to the ceiling. His hands had morphed into needles. Tentacles that looked like bandages grew out of his back. He radiated a horrible smell. Brown liquid leaked out of his mouth.

“The fuck?” Thousand Nights was tall. His face was very close to the man. After the two shared a look, the tentacles pierced at Thousand Nights’ face like they were planning to pierce through his eyes.

“Move!” Thousand Nights reacted quickly. He shouted to warn his teammates. “It is on the ceiling!”

The man immediately dropped from the ceiling. Its needle-like fingers stabbed at Thousand Nights. Thousand Nights rolled away. “F! Do something!”

Before the monster could get up, F swung the knife at the monster’s neck. When he used the blade, Han Fei’s heart winced. He could hear crying from the black blade. More accurately, he could hear resistance from the hilt.

‘F uses the blade to kill, but I’m different...’ Han Fei was confused, ‘How can you kill without a blade and only a hilt?’ The black blade was very effective. A finger-wide wound appeared on the monster’s neck, and it wouldn’t heal. The monster, who was almost decapitated, rammed through the kitchen door and escaped through the open window. F appeared to be shocked by the effectiveness of the blade too. He narrowed his eyes. “We have a level playing field. I should be the one to reach 100 points first this time.”

“If you were slower, I would die already. That thing was so disgusting.” Thousand Nights climbed up from the ground. He searched in his pocket before taking out a comb to set his hair.

“The woman should be the adopted mother, and that man is the adopted father. The tentacles represent bondage, and the fingers represent forced injections.” F wiped down the black blade. There was no blood on it. The blade appeared to have consumed everything. “Mutated kindness is so scary. Humanity is hard to predict.”

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F was very satisfied with the black blade. He was purposely feeding the black blade so that it could become scarier. Whenever F used the blade, Han Fei could hear the cries from the hilt. He wanted to grab the blade, but he couldn't find a reason.

“The ghosts will only materialize when they want to kill. Someone has to be the bait.” Thousand Nights turned around to look at Lee Guo Er and Han Fei. “Don't say that we're bullying you. We know your little tricks. You are trying to use our power to shake off the ghost's haunting. We're all players, so I'll be frank. You're not going to get any rewards without contribution. One of you is going to follow me and be the bait.” Thousand Nights might look unreliable, but he was very clever. Ghosts might appear at any time. The person in front would be the first target.

Before Han Fei could speak, Lee Guo Er walked over, “I'll go with you.”

The players were surprised. They thought Han Fei would be the volunteer.

“Are you sure?” Thousand Nights' eyes moved away from Lee Guo Er to Han Fei. “You agree with this too?”

“Stop wasting time. We need to wrap this up as soon as possible. We have to leave before midnight.” Lee Guo Er looked through Han Fei's scripts. “The ghosts are weakest in the day but are harder to see. They will appear at night, but they will slowly recover their strength. They'll be scariest after midnight.”

“How do you know these things?”

“Does it matter?” Lee Guo Er walked up the stairs. She was more nervous than everyone. The ghost had targeted her. If they couldn't kill it, she wouldn't be able to rest easy.

“This is called a ghost-hunting game, but the actual gameplay is the complete opposite.” Worm silently moved to the back but was pulled forward by F. “Why are you singling me out? Other than sensing the presence of the supernatural, I have no other powers!” Worm complained.

“Your talent is more powerful and perfect than you think. I’m helping you reach your full potential.” F’s voice had no emotion. It was hard to refute.

“How do you know my talent?” Worm hesitated before he moved to follow behind Lee Guo Er. As time moved, the sky outside the window darkened. The neighborhood appeared to be colored in red. Strange noises appeared in the neighborhood. The buildings were home to strange things. More missing person flyers appeared on the wall. Other than that, dirt mixed with shredded paper money appeared on the steps too.

“I have a bad feeling.” Worm’s footsteps stopped. If people didn’t push him from behind, he wouldn’t move. “There should be more than one ghost above. I can sense their presence!” However, no one stopped. This was a group of elite players. They would hunt the ghosts that night. Compelled by F’s black blade and Thousand Nights’ urging, Worm eventually arrived at the 8th floor.

From this floor onwards, the building changed. The missing person flyers looked brand new. The children’s faces had not been gouged out. Instead, the pictures were from when they died. They looked scarier than before. Walking down the corridor, it felt like the dying children were staring at them. Other than the missing person flyers, there were theme park ads. The pictures with roller-coasters, ferris wheel formed a great contrast to the death visages. This was the only way the poor children could get close to the theme park.

“Ghost-hunting is a game at the theme park, and there are ads for the theme park here. Could this all be designed by the theme park?” Lee Guo Er frowned. “But why would they do something like this?”

No one answered Lee Guo Er. Thousand Nights who walked in front had already opened the door on the 8th floor.

The small room had no light. All the windows were boarded up. The room was a photography darkroom. Inside the room were various flower pots. Most of the pots were shattered. Some had dirt, and others had toys. Thousand Nights took down the pictures to study. All of them were of the flower pots.

“What’s so interesting about flower pots? They don’t even have any flowers in them.”

“Is it possible that the pots are not for growing flowers but children?” Han Fei slowly moved to the center of the group. The closer they were to the top floor, the harder his heart pounded.

“That’s right. The back of the journal has something about it. The pots represent the children’s prisons, and the flowers represent the children.” F agreed with Han Fei. He picked up the pots and realized many of them had names written underneath. “These pots are of varying sizes, but they have the same name. The pots are still here, but the things inside the pots are gone.”

Crying entered F’s ears as he explored deeper. He pushed open the innermost room. The crying became clearer.

“What’s this?”

There was a pot about the size of a water basin at the corner. Inside the pot sat a child who was impossibly fat. His skin appeared bleached, like he hadn’t seen the sun before. The fat child sat facing away from the players. His body was stuck inside the pot, and he was weeping. The boy’s shoulders trembled. Water flowed under his skin. His body wobbled.

F looked at the boy and then took out the blade. “Finally, we have one who can’t run away. I wonder how many points I’ll get from killing it.”

“Are you sure you want to do that?” Worm shrunk behind. “I mean, perhaps we can do this peacefully? After all, the kid doesn’t seem like he wants to attack us.”

“When he wants to attack us, it’ll be too late.” F’s gaze was cold. “Ghosts shouldn’t exist.”

The boy couldn’t move, so they didn’t need bait. F moved forward alone.

“Destruction of soul is your real salvation.” F raised the black blade. Endless people screamed inside the hilt, but they couldn’t stop F. The boy stuck inside the pot sensed the approaching danger. He tried to turn his head around. He had a face that was disproportionate to his body. His body kept growing, but

his face was still very young. The boy cried. His tears fell into the pot. The seeds of sadness and despair grew rapidly. Before the things could grow, the black blade was already on the boy's head.

The blades clashed. F's black blade was blocked by another blade. F's pupils narrowed as he glared at the man before him.

Han Fei, in a black suit and white smiling mask, stood before the pot. He used the blade called Company.

"Do you want to die?"

"You read the journal too. You knew that the pots are prisons for children who were kidnapped. Even if this child is a ghost, he is a kidnapped ghost." Han Fei silently put the knife away. "You can kill the couples, but I don't think you should kill the kid."

Han Fei and F had opposite ideals when it came to dealing with ghosts. One wanted to kill everything, and the other wanted to kill only those who deserved to be killed.

"Ghosts can be traded for points. You should know that." F's voice darkened. "Move."

"I led you here, so we should split the points. I'll give you the couple, and you'll give me this child." Han Fei didn't want to go into conflict, so he offered a compromise.

"You want to protect it, but it might not accept your kindness." F grinned wickedly as he retreated.

Han Fei instantly realized something. He jumped to the side. The tears that fell into the pot encouraged the growth of black briars. The briars were covered in poisonous spikes. The boy refused to let anyone get close to him. The briars were his protective shield.

"That's why counseling for kidnapped children is very important. If you don't have the courage to brave through their barrier, then don't make promises of saving them." F looked at Han Fei, who had fallen to the ground. "They have been kept in the darkness. They have turned into monsters. The glow of light will only blind them."

More briars grew out of the pot. However, they only circled around the boy. They didn't harm the players. F noticed this, and he refused to stop. This boy was his perfect experiment.

"Don't block my path." He ignored the boy's crying.

"It's understandable that children are afraid of the dark. The real tragedy is adults who are afraid of the light." After Han Fei realized the boy only knew self-defense, he stood between the boy and F again. "I forgot who said that, but it makes sense."

"Many people can't live their own lives because they listen to others too much." F gripped the black blade. After a short conflict, F turned and left the room. The players were in a danger zone. They couldn't have any internal conflict. F did this not because he agreed with Han Fei, and he was looking at the bigger picture. After F left, Han Fei put away his knife. He turned to study the fat kid.

Strangely enough, Han Fei felt very at ease facing this monster. "I'm sorry. I can't help you find your parents. What I can do now is to ensure that they won't hurt you anymore."

Han Fei didn't ask for much compensation. He planned to leave, but the boy trapped inside the pot was crying so badly. Han Fei didn't know how to comfort a child. He took out a balloon from his pocket. This was the only toy he had. He blew it out, and a human head balloon appeared. Seeing the human head, the boy cried harder. He was so afraid, and more briars grew.

"I'm sorry. I thought you'd like this." The flustered Han Fei quickly let the balloon go. The balloon touched the briars, and it popped. The boy's attention was grabbed by the popping balloon, and he stopped crying so hard.

"You have such a strange hobby." Most of the balloons were with F. After the boy stopped crying, Han Fei smiled underneath the mask. "If I can survive tonight, I'll pop all the balloons for you." It was unclear if the boy understood him or not, but when Han Fei went closer, the briars retreated.

"The kids seem to like me. Lee Guo Er and the woman at the park think I'm not bad too." Han Fei thought back to what Thousand Nights said, "The players appear to have a value called charm. The peacock-like man has 8 charm. Then, how high is my charm?" Han Fei felt like charm could be his weapon.

The group left the 8th floor and came to the 9th floor. There were more pots. The corridors and doors were covered in briars. At first, they could still barely move, but when they reached the point between the 9th and 10th floors, the corridor was blocked off by the black briars.

“These things grow from the children’s tears. Their pain and despair cultivate these things.” Han Fei explained patiently, but no one listened. F started to hack the briars with his knife. The black knife cut through monsters smoothly. However, it had a hard time cutting through the briars. The blade didn’t like to harm innocent things.

F eventually led all the players to the 10th floor. The missing person flyers were covered by theme park ads. Someone wrote on the ceiling in red—Welcome to my home! Welcome to my little theme park!

The handwriting was similar to the one behind the clown mask. No. 11 lost his mind completely on this floor.

“The 10th floor is always the most important floor.” Han Fei believed he remembered something. No. 11’s experience was some kind of hint. ‘I’ve met someone important on the 10th floor. He changed me. He gave me everything he lost.’

A light cut through his mind. Han Fei pressed his temples. He scanned all the players before focusing on F. ‘Could that person be on the 10th floor too? He has taken away everything I’ve forgotten?’

Chapter 644 Bliss

The children’s tears of despair dropped into the pots, and black briars grew out of the soil. The thorns protected the damaged children, shielding the last theme park in their hearts. Han Fei’s group came to the tenth floor. For both No. 11 and Han Fei, this was a very important place.

“Follow our plan. Everyone, take their places.” F used the black blade to cut through the vines. He grabbed Worm by his shoulder and used him as a shield. “Scout is missing. Without his talent, I can’t tell the location of the ghost for sure.” Worm tried to shrink back. He liked to self-mutilate, but he didn’t want to die.

“Don’t worry. Just follow the original plan.” F and Thousand Nights kicked down the briar-covered door. The tenth floor had mutated to a completely different state. The carpet was sewn with patches of cat skin. Most of the cats were still alive. They winked from time to time. The briars on the wall looked like centipedes. The foundation of the walls was littered with shattered pots. The walls were no longer cement but giant children.

This sinful room was chilly. The couple used children to earn their money to buy the house and now the children used their own method to support this house.

“Is this humanity in the ghost’s eyes?”

“Perhaps we’re really in hell. I haven’t even seen something like this even in my nightmare. This is madness.”

The four rooms on the 10th floor were connected together. The room was quiet and macabre.

“Go in.” F, Thousand Nights, and Worm entered the room on the left. They stepped on the cat skin rug. It felt like they had entered a swamp. He’d sink if they took the wrong step.

“Be careful. There’s another space under the cat's skin.”

“The children are cats. If you’re wrapped in the cat skin, you’ll be forever trapped in darkness.” F knew the deeper meaning of everything, but he didn’t share all of his knowledge. The three worked together to carve out a safe passage. The other players followed behind them. Everyone moved past the giant children. Of the whole tenth floor, only one bedroom was different from the other rooms.

The bedroom was covered in various colorful paintings. There was a giant painted window inside the dresser. Outside the window was an amazing view. The room was like a bubble under the sun. It was colorful and fragile. It was surreally beautiful. It was just like a children’s dream. Opening the dresser revealed a staircase that led upstairs. The stairs would lead to the rooftop and away from this depressing home.

“The bedroom in real life won’t have these things. So this room and the things we’re about to see might just be a wishful imagination of the ghost. They are illusions. Do not be tricked by them.” F became alerted. He was used to seeing things from different perspectives.

“Understood.” Thousand Nights touched the stairs. It was scattered with flower petals. They smelled heavenly, completely different from the horrible smell of medicine in the house. He pushed the petals away. A message was written on the steps—Even the most despairing person will have a theme park in his heart. Welcome to my small theme park, my secret garden. I hope you’ll like it here.

The players moved up the stairs. Only Han Fei stood beside the dresser. He stared at the window. Compared to the bedroom’s actual windows, he felt this painted window looked more real.

“The scenery outside is really beautiful. Unfortunately, no one can leave.” Han Fei saw the message on the stairs. His heart trembled, “Is there a theme park in my heart too? Are all my missing secrets there?”

Urged by the other players, Han Fei came to the rooftop. The air became cleaner. The smell of decay and disinfectant was gone. However, there was a faint scent of blood. No. 11’s building rooftop had been made into a theme park. The floor was filled with red flowers and toys. There were see-saws, swings, and slides. Who would have thought a place like this would be hidden at the top of an old building. Blood enveloped the neighborhood. All the buildings appeared to be covered in a layer of red mist. The small theme park was out of place here.

“They are over there!” Worm screamed while pointing at the corner. The monster couple placed Scout into a large grindstone. They appeared to be the gardener here. They planned to turn Scout into fertilizer.

“The gardener has stolen the flowers from the garden...” F narrowed his eyes. He shared a look with Thousand Nights. They charged at the monster couple from both sides. “The rest, be careful!”

Actually, F didn’t want to make his move so soon, but if he didn’t, Scout would be killed. The husband growled. He worked with his wife to tear at Scout’s body. The red grindstone moved. Scout’s fingers were about to be crushed.

“Move!” Thousand Nights exploded in speed. He appeared to have achieved the second occupational update. His stamina was higher than normal players. He didn’t hold back to save his teammate. Compared to Thousand Nights, F slowed down. He could sense the danger.

“The pair has more than enough time to kill Scout, but they didn’t. This is a trap. They are purposely luring us there.” Han Fei whispered. He believed F was thinking the same way. When Thousand Nights was beside the grindstone, children’s silvery laughter came from the rooftop’s carpet of flowers. The flowers bloomed. They looked like children’s faces. The red wind made the flowers dance. The flowers fluttered, and an enormous and ugly monster climbed out. Its heart was exposed on the outside. It was carved with 22 names. There were patches of injured wounds on its skin. They were written with prayers. The giant mouth dripped with horrible-smelling saliva. The monster’s face was too twisted to tell what it was. The sea of flowers was torn apart. The monster’s twenty-two arms reached out from below. Each arm held something. Some held toys, others pills.

“Retreat! Now!”

The monster was much bigger than the players anticipated. The twenty-two arms were covered in blood. It rampaged on the rooftop. Everything near it was torn apart.

“Isn’t this supposed to be a theme park? Why is there such a monster here?” Worm retreated with the other players. Han Fei, who was in the middle of the group, was dragged to the back by Lee Guo Er. They stopped close to the door.

“Is this the ghost we need to capture?”

Something didn’t feel right for Han Fei. His fear of death didn’t come from this monster. He was not afraid of this monster!

‘The real ghost hasn’t appeared yet!’ Just as he had that thought, an unfamiliar voice echoed in Han Fei’s eyes.

“It is not a ghost. It is the bliss wanted by the ghost.”

When the voice spoke, the fear within Han Fei reached its peak. He didn’t even dare to turn around.

“The bliss in my eyes is a monster that will kill without remorse, the love of my twenty-two parents. What about you? What does your bliss look like?”

Han Fei pressed his chest. He turned around when he almost couldn't breathe anymore.

A figure stood at the back of the group. He exposed half of his ruined face.

He covered his destroyed face with clown makeup. He wanted to use bright colors to distract from his facial disfigurement.

The human head balloons flew out of the entrance. The figure slowly spoke. “Mothers and Fathers are painted on the balloons. They are afraid. They don't dare to sleep too soundly at night, to stay at home alone, and show their backs to me.”

Chapter 645 Help

The scary clown stood behind the player, but the player didn't realize it at all. He was still focused on the giant monster. Only Han Fei could hear the clown's words. His voice echoed in Han Fei's heart. He could hear the clown's inner voice. Fear slammed into Han Fei like waves. He shouted at the player at the back of the group without hesitation, “Run! The ghost is behind you!”

As he shouted, Han Fei's body already charged towards the player. He did this subconsciously. Under the circumstance, he didn't consider his personal safety and made a choice.

“Very good. You've made your first choice.” The clown opened his mouth and approached the player. The teeth written with curses bit into the player's soft neck. “You want to save him, and he will die because of you.” The player still hadn't noticed anything. He was shocked by Han Fei's sudden scream. He turned back and saw nothing. He grumbled that Han Fei was crazy. Before he could say anything else, the spot where the clown bit him surfaced with black lines. The lines expanded until they became black capillaries!

The player felt the pain. When he turned back the second time, he saw the clown on his neck. He screamed, but it was too late. People could see ghosts when the ghosts wanted to kill and when the

humans were about to die. Either way, the player's ending was decided. After a small bite, the clown's lips curled upwards. He pushed the player to the ground.

"Ghost! There's a ghost behind us!" The fake white mask shattered into pieces. The player held his neck. He wiggled on the ground like a worm, but that appeared only to heighten his pain. All the players turned to look at the rooftop entrance, but they didn't see any ghosts, only their teammate struggling and screaming on the ground. "Short Hair, what's wrong with you?" Inmate walked towards him. "Don't go there. The ghost killed him! The ghost is right there!" Han Fei stared at the clown standing amidst the human head balloons. Of all the players, only he could see the ghost. When he hurried towards Perfect Life Hotel earlier, he felt someone grab his arm. He saw a pale arm from the corner of his eyes. At the time, he wondered why he could see ghosts.

"Because the ghosts want you to see them," The clown's voice echoed in Han Fei's heart again. "You must have forgotten about our transaction, but no matter, I believe you'll still make that choice because you are you."

The balloons floated away. Between the gaps, the clown's face was revealed. "Compared to them, I still have the greatest hope on you, so I bet everything on you." Mad laughter echoed. The clown's body was pulled long. He was acting very strangely, but no one but Han Fei could see it.

"Heaven's blessing, Ghost's Eyes, and Resurrection, you still have all the talents you gained from his memory. That means that he has hope in you too. I think I hope his wish. He wants you to kill him." The clown's smile widened until his mouth tore open. However, he didn't stop smiling.

"Who is it?" Han Fei asked his first question. The words popped out of his mouth. This answer was very important to him.

"I don't know whose body he is inhabiting and whose soul he'd use to kill you." The clown looked at Han Fei's arm. "You have been killed by him directly or indirectly for ninety-nine times already. This is the difference between you two. Of course, there's a possibility you're doing all these on purpose. But no matter, you only have one last choice left."

The player on the ground slowly died. He died a painful death. His skin was taken over by thick black capillaries. "You have chosen kindness. Perhaps more innocent people will die; you have chosen sin, perhaps more sinners will be revived." All the balloons floated away. A black clock appeared beside his feet. The clock face was the face of a child. The numbers were the ages of the child. The clock hands consisted of his memories and emotions.

“The clock records everything that happens every second in every day. Life is like a clock going in reverse. One side of the clock is satisfaction, and the other side is despair. The clock misses smile and happiness.”

The clown knelt on the clock. He stared at Han Fei. “To find your smile, you have to see your happiness. My happiness is right there. What about yours?” The laughing clown was like a madman. He rambled on. He laughed until a tear fell.

“Who are you talking too?” Lee Guo Er stuck close to Han Fei. She noticed Han Fei was not acting right. It was like he was sleep-walking. Han Fei didn’t answer. His eyes moved from the clown to the clock. The child on the clock face appeared to be himself. The handmade clock seemed to represent his life.

“Are you helping me? Why? How come I have no memory of the transaction you mentioned?” Whenever Han Fei had a thought, the clown’s voice would echo in his mind. The clown’s power was very scary. He was not a normal ghost.

“Before you died for the eleventh time, you completed my regret. You did something I couldn’t. You reserved your reward back then until now. Perhaps you have already known that you would die ninety-nine times then.” The clown doubled over from laughing. His face cracked, and the paint fell because he had said things he shouldn’t. His face became scarier. “I will hope the final winner, and I hope that person is you. Before this body that represents my childhood memory fully collapses, I’ll give you another present.”

His smile turned scary. The monster with twenty-two arms was triggered and started to attack the people around. “Try to kill everyone that might be him. You don’t have the chance to restart anymore.” The clown grinned, but his smile couldn’t bring warmth but only pain and despair.

“You’ve been smiling nonstop. Is it because you’re afraid that once you stop, the tears won’t stop falling?” Han Fei had no idea why he’d ask that. He was only voicing the thoughts in his mind.

The clown’s expression changed. The smile dwindled, “Is that a question for yourself?” The clock started to move. This appeared to really symbolize the starting of the game. The clown had completed the content of his transaction. His body and the clock exploded among the balloons. The deep anxiety Han Fei felt despair. He gained some death memories. He had been killed by the clown ten times. Shaking his head, Han Fei only remembered the pain of death and nothing else.

The intense pain caused him to suffer from paranoia. Once he thought of death, he'd be in extreme fear and anxiety.

"What's wrong with you?" Lee Guo Er was worried about Han Fei. Han Fei moved forward alone. The clown and the clock were buried by the sea of flowers. Only a piece of paper remained. It appeared to be torn from the cover of a script. It was a poem.

My dreams become transparent since I burned all my memory one night, and my steps become brisk since I threw away all my yesterdays.

Han Fei looked at the other end of the paper. There was his handwriting—without future, and without past, I should be able to see my real self, right?

Chapter 646 Bait

"Why is the cover like this? Had I voluntarily welcomed death to forget about the past? Why?" What could have a person experienced that he'd be mad enough to forget his past actively? Han Fei's heart pounded. This time, it was not because of fear but another emotion that he couldn't decrypt. "Someone wants to kill me, and he has already succeeded ninety-nine times, or I have cooperated with him and died ninety-nine times..." His mind only had some death memories left. Han Fei stood under the bloody night and scanned the other players.

"Who can that person be? Whose body does he inhabit? Is it one of the players, my parents, or my doctor?" The clown gave Han Fei a lot of important info. This appeared to be their deal. The clown's appearance confirmed something for Han Fei. He was not a scriptwriter. He was most likely the player who had gotten ninety-nine points.

Putting away the piece of paper, Han Fei's face darkened under the blood night. 'The clown killed someone without mercy. I felt like he had killed me many times too. He is not a good person, but he didn't seem like he was lying to me. What kind of choice do I need to make? Or what is the right choice?'

While Han Fei was pondering this, the other players panicked. A group of players surrounded the dead player, and they wanted to wake him. The stronger players focused on the monster called Bliss. The

more it was attacked, the crazier it got. The twenty-two arms represented strong determination to tear everyone into pieces to become fertilizers.

“F! Someone’s dead!”

“I can’t do this anymore! Retreat!”

“Let the people with special talent go first!”

The players shouted. F avoided the monster’s first wave of attack and said coolly, “No one is leaving! The ghost who killed Short Hair is in this building. If you run away in panic, you will be killed! Do you want to be the next Short Hair?” F didn’t order the players to stay. Instead, he gave them a valid reason.

“The ghost has already left. If you want to escape, this is your only chance.” Han Fei didn’t mean to go against F but the anxiety in his heart disappeared so that could only mean that the clown had left. However, if they stayed here, they might attract other ghosts. After all, who knew how many ghosts resided in this building.

The players didn’t react, but F’s gaze changed. He didn’t like opposing voices. If there were two voices in a group, progress would be halted. The other players had reservations about Han Fei’s words too. They didn’t know Han Fei, so why should they believe him? Furthermore, Short Hair’s body wasn’t even cold yet. The exit was right there but no one dared to leave.

“F, the presence of death there is dissipating.” Worm agreed with Han Fei, and he was pushed to the monster by F.

“How can you survive in this nightmarish world if you’re always a coward? Show us your other side. I will teach you to be a better version of yourself!” The last sentence caused Han Fei to frown.

“No. I really can’t do this!” Worm was most afraid of F. He had an innate F of fear. This was something he honed after approaching death several times. He knew that if F wanted to kill him, he wouldn’t have the chance to survive. Worm didn’t have the chance to evade. He was grabbed by the monster’s arm. He screamed for help, but no one wanted to face the monster. At the end of the day, this group gathered for profit. They could help each other but they wouldn’t risk their lives to help another.

The giant monster placed a lot of pressure on everyone. Even Thousand Nights with the highest stamina hesitated. He glanced at F as if trying to read his thoughts. F, in a black trench coat and white mask, stood closest to Worm and the monster. He didn't abandon Worm, but he didn't move to help Worm either. He really wanted to force out Worm's true potential. Perhaps he was not wrong, but many players thought he had gone overboard.

"Follow the original plan! Take your places! Don't waste this chance created by Worm!" F was too weak compared to the monster. He needed someone to distract the monster before he could attack the monster's weak point. Worm screamed for mercy. Many arms grabbed his body to tear him apart.

"Move!" F gave the order, but only half the players heeded it. The other half hid in the back. "If you don't follow my orders, we'll all die here! We have no other choice!" Cold order came from behind the mask. F was always like this. He was cool and aloof. He only asked for the best result. No one knew what he was thinking. However, one could hear his confidence from his words. Everything could be resolved by following his order. Thousand Nights, who was closest to F, made his move first. He led the players with special talents to attack the monster. They had practiced this before. Everyone had their role. They helped create an opening for F. But Worm was not that lucky. His bones cracked. A hand with the medicine bottle shoved the pills down his mouth.

"Help! F! Save me!" If he swallowed the pills, even if Worm survived, he would become a monster. He was so scared that his voice was shaking. F watched everything coldly. He hadn't found the opening, so he decided to wait.

The train of fate trundled forward. There was a split in the road. One rail had many people, and the other rail only had Worm. F was the train conductor. He turned to the rail that would kill Worm without hesitation.

"F! You lied to me!" The medicine approached. Worm saw the deadly pills inside. The pill had crying children's faces. The pills were made from their tears. They were covered in red fur.

Bliss' four arms grabbed Worm's four limbs. The fifth arm pressed the bottle against Worm's mouth. The red pills rolled down the bottle. Just as they were about to enter Worm's mouth, a knife flew by. It cut off the arm that held the bottle. Worm, who was crying, turned to look. Han Fei, in the white mask, weaved through the sea of flowers. He didn't use any words. He used actions to approach the monster slowly. Han Fei inspired the other players, and they started to advance too.

F was dissatisfied with Han Fei, but when he saw that Han Fei was willing to cooperate, the dissatisfaction disappeared. He didn't like Han Fei, but that was his personal feeling. He would use everything and everyone that could lead him to 100 points. No one could approach the monster, so only people with specific knives could damage the arm which held the medicine bottles. F's black blade could do the same thing, but he didn't do that. Worm would remember this.

The few players attracted around three arms. To Han Fei's surprise, the players had very good training and knew how to deal with Bliss. It was like they knew they would encounter this monster beforehand. They were different from Han Fei, who was evading based on his reaction and instinct. These people were moving according to specific steps. 'There is someone like the clown among the players. They already know the answer.'

F immediately appeared in Han Fei's mind. The player was too strange.

Han Fei moved through the battery. His goal was clear. He wanted to save Worm and take back his knife. F appeared to be the real owner of Perfect Life Hotel. He had gathered a group of players. Han Fei would gain nothing from countering F head-on, so he decided to do it little by little. The other thing was after hearing Worm's voice, he felt like he knew Worm and perhaps they were friends.

Han Fei's every step was a move on fate. He stepped between life and death as he miraculously avoided the monster's attack. He had practiced this many times, and everything was in muscle memory.

The closer Han Fei was, the more the monster panicked. Some of the arms reached for Han Fei. 'Why didn't it want me to approach it?' Han Fei remembered the words behind the clown mask. 'No. 11 knew that bliss is a monster, but he still chose to approach it. The children didn't have much to ask for. Even if they get injured, they will move towards bliss.'

Han Fei found the key. He glanced through the arms of the 11 pairs of adopted parents and focused on the monster's ugly face and the heart covered in prayers. 'That is No. 11's bliss. It is ugly and aggressive, but it is essentially the bliss of a child.'

Han Fei charged forward. F sensed something. He stopped hesitating and ran forward too. The arms were distracted. F was surprisingly fast. He was the ceiling for the players. He avoided the arms agilely and reached the monster's essence with Han Fei. They stood on either side. They both stared at the exposed heart.

However, their reactions were completely different. F plunged his knife at Bliss' heart while Han Fei reached out his arms to hug Bliss' heart.

“Stop!”

“Stop!”

Han Fei and F shouted. But neither of them slowed down. Just as they were about to touch the monster's heart, black briars grew out from the bushes near the monster. Interestingly enough, the vines didn't stop Han Fei. 'It's because I've saved that kid earlier!'

The choice in the past affected the current result. Han Fei's mind flashed with some memory. He reached Bliss' heart first.

F reacted quickly too. He was not like a normal human. Risking the injury, he chopped off the vines. Then, he stabbed at the heart in Han Fei's embrace. He planned to chop through Han Fei's fingers. Han Fei wanted to save his hands, but the only choice was to abandon the heart. He hesitated at the last moment. He didn't want to hand over this injured heart to F.

F's black blade touched Han Fei's fingers. The hilt of the black blade screamed loudly.

Chapter 647 Game Start

The black blade had killed so many. With each murder, its blade would become sharper. However, this blade drastically changed when it touched Han Fei. The scream from the hilt echoed through the blood night. The sound caused everyone's soul to tremble. The black blade paused above Han Fei's skin. The black mist was like a beast trapped by chains. One more millimeter, and it would cut through Han Fei's fingers and the heart, but it refused to move anymore.

F and Han Fei didn't expect this. They looked up and only saw each other's white masks. F had never felt something like this before. His blade was resisting him!

He felt the urge to kill. This blade was his only weapon to deal with ghosts. Anyone who wanted to steal the blade from him had to die. The aura from the black blade cut through Han Fei's skin. Fresh blood oozed out of Han Fei's fingertip and slid down the blade towards the hilt. 'There are many people calling my name in that blade. They want me to approach it!' The blood was like a key. However, F pulled his arm back before the blood could touch the hilt. Han Fei had no idea if his blood touched the hilt. Actually, F didn't intend to kill Han Fei at first, and if he did, the blood would have splattered on the blade already.

"Give me the heart!" F's voice was still cold. This was the last restraint he had. His hands that held the black blade tightened.

"I came to save your member, and you want to kill me?" After Han Fei removed the heart from Bliss, the monster slowed down. Black capillaries surfaced on its skin like it could explode at any moment.

"You were haunted. It was us who helped you. We'll each have half of the heart." F didn't want to compromise.

"If the heart is halved, can the person still survive?" Bliss' heart pounded in Han Fei's embrace. It was like red amber. It contained all the prayers and names. They were No. 11's simplest desire and memory.

The clown had given Han Fei the hint. He didn't intervene with Han Fei's actions. He was confident in Han Fei. He was willing to leave his blissful heart with Han Fei.

Bliss was surrounded by the players. The sea of flowers was trampled to explode the running roots underneath. Bliss grew on the building. It joined with the building that represented childhood.

"I'll say it one more time. Give me the heart."

"His heart is exposed on the outside, and anyone can pluck it out. His inner voice is clear as day. If you can stand at his perspective, perhaps you'll have a different answer." The heart Han Fei protected kept beating. The heartbeat started to match his own heartbeat. Then, something unexpected happened.

The names and prayers on Bliss' heart slowly disappear. The giant monster on the rooftop was dying too. The capillaries bulged, and the monster rampaged for one last time. Following a series of

explosions, the heart and the monster's body started to crack. F didn't need to do anything, and the heart shattered in Han Fei's embrace.

Han Fei's heart beat faster. The prayers and names on Bliss' heart were imprinted on Han Fei's heart. That was the real present the clown gave Han Fei. The giant monster collapsed. Han Fei stood before F. One had no weapon, and the other had a black blade. It looked like F had the upper hand, but both knew that the black blade couldn't harm Han Fei. If F attacked Han Fei, there was no telling who might win.

"You did it!" Thousand Nights saved Scout and ran over excitedly. He didn't think F and Han Fei could kill that scary monster. "That thing has to be a ghost, right? Quickly look at your invitation and see if you've gained more points!"

"F!" Worm, with a twisted wrist, crawled out from the dissipating monster. He charged at F angrily. He was almost killed by F. Seeing Worm, F brandished the black blade silently. Instantly, the fury on F's face disappeared.

"Reality proves that my choice is not wrong. Believe in me, and all of us will survive." F's voice was still calm.

"All of us can survive? Then, how did Short Hair die? Did you see his death in your future? Didn't you say that if we follow your plan, all of us will live?" Worm's trust in F had dropped to the bare minimum.

"Short Hair's death..." F and Han Fei looked at the dead player. F frowned. Han Fei also slowly understood why the clown needed to kill one player.

"In the future I saw, Short Hair didn't die. And he didn't exist in the future I saw." F pointed at Han Fei. "The future has changed. Since one person is added, one person has to be deleted."

"What are you talking about? You're blaming your teammate's death on us?" Lee Guo Er was the only person who helped Han Fei. "Seeing into the future? You really believe he has this crazy ability?" Lee Guo Er didn't believe it but to her surprise, the other players all trusted F.

“Are you people insane? Do you really think he can see into the future?” Lee Guo Er didn’t know what to say. “If he really has that power, he would have gained 100 points already. Why would he waste time with you?”

“I know it’s hard for you to comprehend, but he is really able to look into the future and predict most dangers and come up with the solution beforehand.” Thousand Nights and Inmate said, “F’s power has helped us a lot. Every one of us can be sacrificed but not F. He must leave here alive.” The players appeared brainwashed. As long as F left this place, all of them would receive salvation.

Lee Guo Er couldn’t understand these people. While both parties hadn’t turned on each other, she silently picked up Han Fei’s knife and returned it to him. Han Fei held Company and his heart pounded. The 22 names would change soon.

‘No. 11 was a child abandoned for 11 times. If someone could step through the 22 arms and save him from his adopted parents, then he would be able to find bliss. He found it now.’ Han Fei knew the clown’s history. He had helped the clown rectify his regret, and it was why the clown was willing to help Han Fei.

The giant monster was dead. Without the common enemy, the union cracked. F didn’t say anything, but the other players started to surround them.

“We tried to join you with sincerity. We offered you such a great clue, and this is how you repay us?” Lee Guo Er’s voice chilled. She reached her hand into her pocket.

“We’ve killed the dangerous monster, but my points haven’t increased,” F said. Thousand Nights checked his card. His points didn’t change either.

“And that is why you want to kill us?” Lee Guo Er didn’t panic. “If you kill us for this reason today, tomorrow, you’ll kill your teammate for the same reason.”

“F, let them go.” Worm resisted the fear and said. He felt a familiarity with Han Fei. Perhaps it was their mutual self-mutilation habits.

“There is indeed no reason to fight. Our goal is to gather all parties, collect 100 points and kill the theme park owner.” Thousand Nights didn’t want to have a conflict with Han Fei. He and Qiang Wei wanted to gather more players to rebel against the game master. The players retreated when they heard Thousand Nights.

Lee Guo Er didn’t dare to stay. She grabbed Han Fei and moved towards the door before the other party took back their words. Throughout this process, F said nothing, but his eyes were on Han Fei. His desire to kill grew. “He doesn’t exist in the future I see. For me, the most suitable solution is to kill him.” F’s fingers twirled, and a black card appeared in his palm. He angled the card, and a number surfaced—16. This meant that he had killed 16 people. “Has the game officially started?”

Time ticked by. The other buildings started to morph as they approached midnight.

“Let’s go. We won’t be able to leave this place after midnight.” F and the other players followed closely behind. Lee Guo Er and Han Fei charged ahead. Lee Guo Er moved very fast. She dragged Han Fei and zoomed out. “There’s still time to midnight. There’s no need to rush.”

“Just follow me.” Lee Guo Er didn’t turn around. They ran out of Building 11 and came to the alley between Building 11 and Building 1. “I want to see Building 1. No. 11’s bliss was hidden at Building 11. My bliss could be hidden at Building 1.” Han Fei walked towards Building 1, causing both the kitten and Lee Guo Er to scream in fear.

“We have more opportunities in the future. It’s about midnight already! All the ghosts will go on a rampage! It’s not the time for exploration!” Lee Guo Er dragged Han Fei into the alley. “You can only leave when you possess something from here. But if you take something from here, then you’ll be haunted by the ghost. This is an unsolvable problem.” Lee Guo Er frowned as she urged Han Fei to move forward. “In a minute, various voices will influence you. You might see other ghosts. This alley looks short but leaving will be very difficult, so...” Before Lee Guo Er finished, Han Fei had already led her out the other end of the alley.

After obtaining Bliss’ heart, Han Fei formed some kind of connection with this neighborhood. He was like an occupant here. No one stopped him from leaving. Once they stepped out, the night returned to normal. The streetlights glowed warmly.

“We’re out?” Lee Guo Er held Han Fei’s jacket, and she was stunned. “Are we in another illusion?”

“No. The clown ghost knows me.” Han Fei said confusedly.

“I think so too.” This time Lee Guo Er didn’t counter him. “The points from killing the monster appeared to come to me.” Lee Guo Er and Han Fei hurried to leave. During this process, Lee Guo Er took out her card. “After the monster died, I gained 11 points, so I have 16 points now! Do you know what that means?”

“Killing the monster won’t get you 11 points. Your points come from the fact that the clown ghost has disappeared voluntarily. He said he wanted to destroy his childhood memory, so he probably gave you the points from the death of his childhood body.” Han Fei might lose his memory, but he still had a very analytical mind.

“11 points. If those people found out, they would be so mad.” Lee Guo Er was very happy. She felt Han Fei look more handsome.

“But we can’t rely on them anymore. We need to gather more points on our own and solve all the games.” Han Fei had no idea what would happen if one got 100 points, but he knew that this time he couldn’t get 100 points but he would help Lee Guo Er. Looking at the woman beside her, Han Fei had a strange feeling like he had arranged for this encounter to happen.

“It’s hard to earn 100 points, but with your help, I have confidence.” Lee Guo Er put away the card. Her sweet smile dripped with danger.

“I’ll do my best to help you.” Han Fei promised.

“Why are you helping me? We’ve known each other for less than two days. You were imprisoned underground for one of them.” Lee Guo Er stretched and stared into Han Fei’s eyes. “Do you like that feeling? Is it possible that you don’t have paranoia but Stockholm Syndrome?”

“I don’t know.” Han Fei shook his head.

“You’re the most honest man I know.” Lee Guo Er remembered some unhappy past, so she changed the subject, “What is our next plan?”

“Go back to Perfect Life Hotel to find their other leader.” Han Fei said calmly.

Lee Guo Er was confused, “We’ve already fully angered them. Why are we still going to them?”

“To complain.” Han Fei’s eyes flashed with F’s shadow. “My game with him has officially started.”

Chapter 648

“When we wanted to join, the player called Qiang Wei denied us. Do you think he’ll believe you?” Lee Guo Er didn’t understand Han Fei. “They are a group, so they will look after their own.”

“Qiang Wei is very rational. He didn’t make his choice out of emotions but because of the biggest benefit. I don’t need him to help me. I only need to tell him the truth and have him make the decision.” Han Fei had a feeling that the players at Perfect Life Hotel were different. They weren’t locals and came from another world.

“I still think that’s very risky.” Lee Guo Er followed behind Han Fei. “But if you insist on going, we should depart now lest we are blocked by F.”

“We should call a taxi.” When Han Fei turned the corner, he noticed a black taxi coming from the distance. It looked like a driverless hearse, looking for its owner.

“Do you want to die?” Lee Guo Er rejected this idea. Even the ugly cat in Han Fei’s backpack meowed in protest.

“It’s too slow if we walk.” Han Fei held his chest. “But most importantly, I want to verify something.”

“What is it?”

“F has the ability to predict the future, and I appear to have the ability to predict death. Whenever death is close, I’ll be intensely nervous.” Han Fei walked to the street and waved. “However, I didn’t feel anything when I saw the black taxi. That means I won’t die. In that case, why can’t we use its service?”

Lee Guo Er didn't know what to say. "I thought that man was as crazy as they come, but I was wrong." The black taxi moved alone down the street. It stopped beside Han Fei. A strange 'Ka-thump' sound came from inside the black car. It made people feel uncomfortable.

"Get in the car!" Han Fei opened the car door. A horrible stench wafted out, but there was nothing that should give off that scent.

"Wait, you're serious about this?" Lee Guo Er resisted for a bit. But the ugly cat in Han Fei's backpack didn't have a choice. It was tossed into the taxi by Han Fei.

"Fine, I'll trust you again." Lee Guo Er entered the car and sat at the back. After Lee Guo Er got in, Han Fei opened the front passenger door. He wanted to have better communication with the driver.

"Go to Perfect Life Hotel, please. Please drive faster. We're running on a tight schedule." When Han Fei spoke, he paid attention to his physical condition. His heart was beating normally, and his brain didn't exude any fear. Compared to Han Fei, the driver appeared more anxious. He grabbed the steering wheel tightly. His index fingers trembled, and his face was bloodless.

"Perfect Life... Hotel..." The driver stammered weakly as if he could collapse at any moment. Lee Guo Er hugged Han Fei's backpack. She tried the door and realized it was locked. If she wanted to escape, she had to smash the window. The driver started the car without any more communication.

The black taxi moved through the night. This appeared to be the driver's first job. He grabbed the steering wheel tightly. His shirt was soaked with sweat. His gaze wandered. He glanced at the rearview mirror and then the electric clock.

"Sir, you better focus on the road." Han Fei had Company inside his sleeve. If the driver acted strangely, he would give him Company.

"Okay. Where are you going again?"

"Perfect Life Hotel. If you don't know the way, I can give you the directions." Han Fei already memorized the route when they went there for the first time. There was a map in his brain, and he was slowly filling it up.

“It’s alright. I know the way.” The driver looked abnormal, but he didn’t have any problems. At least his driving was fine. Han Fei looked out the windows. This was his first time exploring the city from this perspective. It felt like he had entered a horror movie. After turning two corners, the driver’s legs started to shake. He glanced at the clock. “Perfect Life Hotel. I know that place. You’re going there, right?”

“Yes.”

“Perfect Life Hotel, Perfect Life Hotel.” The driver kept repeating the location. When the light turned green, he stepped on the pedal and drove forward.

Lee Guo Er coughed twice and then handed her phone to Han Fei. “Someone is looking for you via messages. They’re asking if you’re coming home for dinner.”

Han Fei was confused, but he accepted the phone. He clicked open the messages, and the latest one was written by Lee Guo Er—The stench came from under the backseat. The edges of the seat have bloodstains. Someone has died here. Look at the video. The phone might not have a clear video.

Han Fei checked the video Lee Guo Er shot. She used the phone to record a video of the space under her seat to see what was underneath. After putting it on mute, Han Fei played the video calmly. The videos only lasted for a few seconds. The space under the backseat was completely dark. He couldn’t see anything clearly.

“The stench did come from under there.” Han Fei viewed the videos repeatedly, and he finally noticed something strange. There was a white blur right under where Lee Guo Er was seated.

“Why would I go home for dinner when I’m with you?” Han Fei turned around and said. When he returned the phone, his eyes moved under the seat.

A man’s head was shoved under the seat. His eyes were bulging, and his face was covered in blood.

“Tell her I have something to do later. I won’t be going back tonight and tell her to be careful of her safety.” Han Fei played the role of a womanizer perfectly.

Lee Guo Er got Han Fei's hints as she took back her phone. She placed her hands in her pockets. She looked calm, but she was already on high alert.

They took another turn. The driver's face was covered in sweat. It appeared like he had some problem with his heart. His head lowered, and he mumbled emotionlessly, "Go to Perfect Life Hotel. I know the way. Go to Perfect Life Hotel. There is a house there. The house is planted with many flowers. The children are laughing. I can see my child. Yes, I need to fetch him from school and bring him to the secret blue white garden with butterflies."

The clock on the dashboard showed that it was 11.58 pm. There were two minutes to midnight. The taxi started to become weird. The driver was still moving towards Perfect Life Hotel, but he started to mumble incoherently. "My son loves the sea. He and his friends were sent to a place where blue flowers grew. They had just been planted when there was a fire. When I arrived, my son was blooming in flames. His scream was like a blossoming black flower, taking root in my heart..."

Lee Guo Er noticed there was a newspaper stuck between the backseat cushion. The paper came with two grey pictures. A tuition center caught on fire. The article appended a picture of a child rolling in the flames before dying. The other picture was a crushed taxi. Both the driver and the passenger were in such a horrible state that their bodies were pixelated. Out of anxiety, Lee Guo Er took the paper out. When she saw the headlines, her heart pounded. "Taxi driver moonlighting as a serial killer because he believes it will bring his son back?"

"One certain taxi driver blamed his son's death on innocent passengers. He said he would kill the passengers as sacrifices to his son to revive him. He said there were many methods for resurrection, and he was using the least effective method.

"To complete this ritual, the man exhausted his savings to prepare nine ceremonies. He murdered eight targeted passengers and one innocent bystander."

Lee Guo Er's face was pale, and it was midnight.

The digit on the clock all became zero. The driver appeared to be awakened. His eyes widened, and he looked straight ahead. "Where am I going? Oh, yes. I'm going to Blue White Tuition Center to bring my son home!"

When the driver changed, Han Fei's brain was stimulated. The names on his heart turned red. The prayers of No. 11 echoed in his mind. Midnight was the time when the ghosts fully unleashed their power. Bliss' heart and the blade inside his sleeve came alive. The heart pounded, and blood flowed. Han Fei's capillaries expanded. He felt immense pain. The pain came from Bliss. Han Fei felt like there were 22 arms tearing into his brain to crush his mind. The clock chimed for midnight. It rang 12 times. A wound was torn through his mind. At that moment, he heard a very robotic yet familiar voice say, "Player 0..."

At that moment, Han Fei felt like he was struck by lightning. He held his beating heart, and his body trembled. Joy, pain, despair, and various emotions filled up his mind.

Midnight arrived, and it was the ghost's time. The driver radiated death. Han Fei beside him trembled uncontrollably. The two at the front had lost their minds. Lee Guo Er hugged the kitten. She was looking quite helpless.

"The clown has traded with me. The present he gave me is the tool for me to clear the missions." With immense determination, Han Fei slowly got used to the pain. He felt that all the blood had flowed back into his heart. His normal skin started to surface with faded patterns.

He opened his eyes, and tears leaked out. But at that moment, he could see things he couldn't before.

"I still can't remember the past, but the clown has torn open a hole in the black cloth that smothers my memory. I need to rely on myself to widen this hole, to regain my identity!"

Han Fei gained new info, Player 0.

'Numbers are very important. In the script, there are No. 11 and a No. 4. I now have the number, 0. Perhaps they are related?

'The numbers are the children's numbers at the orphanage. Am I once an orphan there too?

'No. 11 was abandoned 11 times and was sent to strange adopted parents by the orphanage. The orphanage appears to want to create monsters out of these children by torturing them.'

Han Fei analyzed much info from No. 11's experience.

'No. 11 built a small theme park on the rooftop of his building. There is a real theme park at the end of this city. Is that a hint?' Han Fei had a very scary instinct. After he found a clue, he would quickly analyze it.

'Could my parents be my adopted parents? Were they assigned to me by the orphanage?' Various possibilities crossed Han Fei's mind. He soon decided what to do next. 'I've collected No. 11's present. Tomorrow night, I need to get to No. 4. F can see the future, and he might go there too. So I need to be fast!'

Han Fei raised his head. He noticed the taxi was driving down an unfamiliar street. The driver appeared to have lost his mind as he drove towards a fixed destination.

Chapter 649 Enemies and Friends

"Stop him, Han Fei!" Lee Guo Er shouted to awaken Han Fei. The ghosts would explode in power at midnight. Furthermore, they were trapped inside a small space. Other than the ghost driver, her teammate was going out of control too.

Han Fei's body trembled. His eyes bulged, and his veins popped. He looked scarier than the driver. The driver looked deranged, but Han Fei looked like he had been possessed by some high-level demon.

The clock on the dashboard stopped. Time paused at 00.01 am. This time appeared to carry some special meaning. At that moment, the world would enter a time that belonged to the ghosts. Only those affected by ghosts would be brought into this extremely long moment in time.

"I need to go to Blue White Tuition Center. There is a sea of flowers there. I need to fetch my son!" The driver's hands appeared welded to the steering wheel. Lee Guo Er was worried that he might yank the whole wheel out. Through the rearview mirror, Lee Guo Er saw two crazed men. Distracted by them, she didn't even notice the changes happening to the car.

The light at the top of the roof flickered. Small moths started to gather around it. The moths had strange patterns. They were like ash and smoke rising from the fire.

The roof started to crack and strands of hair leaked through the gaps. The seats became sticky and wet. The passenger's body kept sinking. Lee Guo Er took out her modified stun gun. However, it was useless against the anomalies happening inside the car.

Lee Guo Er suddenly felt something touch her calves. It was like there was a rat scurrying inside the car. Lee Guo Er wasn't that afraid of rats. She kicked around. But when she lowered her head, she realized it was not a rat but a hand reaching out from underneath the backseat!

There was a broken 'man' crawling out!

Lee Guo Er turned up the stun gun. The device sparked as she stubbed it into the man's arm. A normal person would have fainted from this electrocution. However, the arm was not affected at all. It grabbed Lee Guo Er's calf. Lee Guo Er felt a giant pull. Her head knocked into the back of the front seat.

Lee Guo Er came eye to eye with the human head under the seat. The face was twisted. The eyes were filled with hatred and envy towards the living. He wanted to drag Lee Guo Er underneath the seat to accompany him.

"Han Fei! Kill them with your knife!" Lee Guo Er's stun gun was useless. Her only hope was Han Fei. Han Fei had started to regain his rationality. He took out Company. After the hole was torn open on the black cloth of memory, his fear of everything dwindled drastically. He stabbed the knife at the recording cam inside the car.

"Is it the time to care about the car cam?" The sound of bone-cracking came from Lee Guo Er's calf, and she screamed.

"I'm sorry. That was a professional habit." After Han Fei ruined the car cam, he smashed the driver's walkie-talkie before he placed the knife on the driver's neck. "Stop the car now!"

"I have to go and fetch my son. Something bad will happen if I'm late. I can't stop!" The driver turned to look at Han Fei. He was beginning to lose his human form. Han Fei knew it was pointless to converse. He

pressed down. The driver's neck bled. The driver was still alive even though he had lost his mind. He was more like a zombie, controlled by something. The driver's neck was about to be severed, but neither the driver nor Han Fei's expression changed. The driver completely ignored the pain. There was only madness in his eyes.

Han Fei was frightened by his own actions. It didn't feel like he would mind killing. To make things worse, he felt like he had done this often. When the knife cut through skin and blood oozed out, he felt a sense of familiarity.

Lee Guo Er's scream came from the backseat. The driver kept on accelerating like he was trying to crash into one of the buildings. At that moment, Han Fei's instinct kicked in again. The blade cut through the bone. He decided to keep the driver's soul as Company.

The blood splattered on the window. The driver's expression slowly returned to normal as life departed his body.

"I need to get to Blue White Tuition Center. My son is planted inside the blue-white secret garden. He is waiting for me among the flowers..." The driver mumbled. Han Fei took over the steering wheel and stepped on the brake. After he killed the driver, he heard that voice in his mind again, "Player 0..." He couldn't hear the rest. He had caught the rhythm in it. Whenever he did something or made a choice, the sound would appear. 'I've killed many things, but I do not feel guilty at all. Is it because I'm mentally twisted, or I only kill those who deserve to die?' Han Fei tightened his grip on the knife. 'That's right. My knife will only kill sinners.' The car hadn't stabilized. Han Fei opened the car lock and jumped out.

Lee Guo Er's only teammate abandoned her. Her heart fell to the abyss.

The blade smashed through the window. The black moths scattered, leaving behind ashy dust. Han Fei yanked the backdoor open. Without saying anything, he jumped at the human head hidden under the backseat. He cut through the pale arms.

"Hold my hands!" Han Fei reached out towards Lee Guo Er. Lee Guo Er was stunned. In her memory, there was someone like this who had abandoned everything to save her too. The two figures were so similar that they were overlapping. After Han Fei saved Lee Guo Er, he jumped into the car to deal with the ghost in the backseat.

“Be careful of the roof!” Lee Guo Er fell to the ground. She didn’t hesitate and stood up to help immediately. The two worked perfectly in tandem. The black hair fell. Human faces appeared on the roof. They appeared to be sucking the blood flowing out of the driver. While Han Fei dealt with the ghost in the backseat, Lee Guo Er used the chance to drag the driver’s body out.

Lee Guo Er’s idea was good, but she had problems with execution. The driver’s legs were stuck against the seat. The man appeared to have grown to join with the car.

“This is bad!” Lee Guo Er noticed blood vessels start to appear on the car’s surface. This hearse was changing. Lee Guo Er reached into her bag and took out a knife. She saw through the driver’s legs without hesitation. Her knife couldn’t harm ghosts, but it could easily dismember a dead body.

Before the threat of death, Han Fei and Lee Guo Er tried to aim for the highest score. Blood slid down the glass window. The sweet face looked gory and scary. Lee Guo Er used ten seconds to drag the driver out of the car. The small vessels that connected his legs to the taxi had been severed. The human faces at the rooftop screamed angrily but it was pointless.

Han Fei also managed to kill the human head after a long struggle. The taxi was slowly returning back to normal. Han Fei collapsed in the backseat and gasped for air. He looked at the many knife marks, and he shivered.

“Now is not the time to rest. We need to leave.” Lee Guo Er, covered in blood, stood up. She sounded even. She was more like a serial killer than Han Fei.

“Why should we leave? It’s not easy for us to get our own ride.” Han Fei patted the cushion. “A secondhand hearse.”

“You’re going to use this haunted vehicle?” Lee Guo Er frowned, “What if the ghosts return? It’s too dangerous!”

“No. 11 said that he was willing to help because I had completed one of his wishes. In other words, as long as we complete these ghosts’ regrets, they might help us.” Han Fei sat up. “I don’t know who our real enemy is. For the sake of security, we will treat all of them as enemies. We need to find a way to kill the theme park owner and the game masters.

“However, we can’t do that on our own. We need to borrow other people’s power.

“Most players won’t help us, so we have to turn our hope elsewhere.

“Since the theme park wants us to capture ghosts, then it means that they don’t like ghosts. Perhaps we can work together with the ghosts to take down the theme park.” Han Fei, in the black suit, sat at the back. He just killed a ghost. He exuded this indescribable presence.

Lee Guo Er stared at Han Fei and wiped the blood from her cheeks. She turned to the side and asked, “What is your exact plan? Can you communicate with ghosts?”

“We’ll take this slow. This hearse is a good start. We will start by getting to know the ghosts and then try to figure out how to help them.” Han Fei had no idea why but he felt like he was very experienced in this.

“It sounds crazy.” Lee Guo Er wanted to say no, but somehow, she said, “Fine, we’ll give it a try. The paper on the backseat has info about the driver.” Lee Guo Er turned to deal with the driver’s body. Han Fei examined the taxi. He memorized the details from the paper and then found a lot of notes and a phone left behind by the driver at the driver’s seat. The driver’s son died in a fire. Unable to accept the truth, the man went insane. The man’s phone contained many conversations about the supernatural and ghosts. He often shared urban legends too.

A few weeks ago, a stranger with a fully black profile picture added the driver as a friend. The stranger told the driver many methods of resurrection. From that moment onwards, the driver slowly became the devil’s puppet.

“This is the real killer. He has caused those passengers’ death.”

Han Fei clicked on the man’s profile. The name was a series of question marks, and the introduction was only a single sentence, Who are you?

It was like he could predict Han Fei would read this message.

“There’s no clue at all.” Han Fei stared at the black profile. It felt like he was looking into the darkness. No one knew what was there.

“The person probably has no idea the driver has been killed. I can disguise as the driver to communicate with him.” Han Fei looked through the record between the driver and the black profile. Han Fei found out the locations for the driver’s ritual. All the passengers’ bodies were hidden there.

“This is going to be a busy night.” Han Fei put away the phone and went to help Lee Guo Er.

“After we comfort the souls inside the car, we’ll have our own car.” Han Fei was very happy. Having a vehicle was very important in this crazy town.

“Can you not sound so happy when you are dealing with a dead body?” Lee Guo Er rolled her eyes. They worked together to clean up the dead body.

“We should go to Perfect Life Hotel to warn the other gamers. We’ll try to find medicines and tools. Then, we’ll come back.” They hopped into the car after dealing with everything.

“It feels weird driving this car.” Lee Guo Er shoved the driver’s legs under the passenger seat and drove into the night.

Chapter 650 Xiao Jia

“Sister Guo, did your point increase after killing the driver and the ghost under the backseat?” Han Fei sat at the back and cleaned the blood inside the car.

“I’ve only gained one extra point. I didn’t know how that happened. The definition of ‘capturing ghost’ is hard to define.” Lee Guo Er focused on driving. She drove very fast, like she was not afraid of crashing.

“So, it means we have 17 points now?”

“Yes. 100 points look so far away.” As the car rolled forward, the mist rolled out. The taxi started to surface with strange things again. However, with Han Fei inside the car, the changes didn’t go to the extreme.

“This car is a good thing. It can be a vehicle, and in the future, we can use it as a trap and prison.”

“You... have a powerful imagination.” The two chatted casually about terrifying things.

The electric clock started to move again. They reached Perfect Life Hotel at 00.45 am. “Stay in the car. We might need to escape at a moment’s notice.” Han Fei exited the car and entered the hotel alone.

The players were curious when they saw him alone. They didn’t make things difficult for him because they had received calls from the other players. Han Fei found Qiang Wei and shared with him his views and speculations on F. The most important thing was Han Fei felt like F was someone who had died a long time ago. He couldn’t verify it, and he only needed Qiang Wei to pay attention to it.

After the hole in his memory had been made, Han Fei found some of the players to be very familiar. They should be friends once upon a time.

Qiang Wei was shocked by Han Fei’s words. He trusted F implicitly. The trust was rooted in his soul. If Han Fei didn’t remind him, Qiang Wei wouldn’t have questioned why he trusted F that much.

“I’ll tell you another secret about me. I woke up a few days ago at the hospital. I realized I have amnesia. The doctor couldn’t find any problems. I have no head injury. The amnesia was inexplicable. It was like someone was trying to control my memory.” Han Fei’s hint was very clear. “I thought I was overthinking. However, once I found out F could look into the future, the ability to control one’s memory didn’t seem that impossible anymore.”

Qiang Wei was silent. He wouldn’t trust a stranger that easily, but he started to be alert around F.

“You’ve always been clear-minded and rational. You care about all the players here. I don’t need you to agree with me. I only hope that you can maintain your independent thinking and don’t be fooled by false memory and appearance.” Han Fei slowly retreated. “What you see might not be real. The blurry memory you have might be fake.”

“This is my private number.” Qiang Wei hesitated for a long time before exchanging contact info with Han Fei.

“You will not regret this.” Han Fei didn’t stop. He left immediately. He returned to the taxi. Lee Guo Er started the engine. “Where shall we go next?”

“Do you have any friends you can trust?” Han Fei took out the driver’s phone. “We need to get some tools to deal with dead bodies. We will have to use them often.”

“Do you think I look like someone with many friends?” Lee Guo Er glanced through the rearview mirror. There was still blood stuck on her face.

“A girl should mind their appearances.” Han Fei looked at Lee Guo Er. “At least clean the blood after killing someone.”

“I don’t see how these two are related.” Lee Guo Er thought for a long time before saying. “Actually, I do have a friend like that. He is very cowardly and wouldn’t volunteer his help. But if you threaten him with his life, he should help.”

“You know him well. It looks like you have a good relationship with him.”

The taxi drove down the deserted street to come to a newly-built neighborhood.

“His surname is Jia. He’s my former colleague. He has a normal working ability, but he knows how to present himself before the superior. He has once watered our leader’s fake plant for a week,” Lee Guo Er parked the car at the camera’s blind spot. She and Han Fei leaped over the wall to sneak into the neighborhood.

“He invited me when he moved here. That night, he was so drunk.” Lee Guo Er stood before the front door. She keyed in the password, and the door opened. The two avoided the cameras and climbed up to the 9th floor.

“This is it.” Lee Guo Er opened her bag to take out a smaller bag with makeup. She cleaned up her appearance and clicked on the doorbell. Han Fei cleverly went into the shadows to hide. Soon, the door opened, but there was still a grille. A balding man in pajama appeared at the door. “Xiao Guo? Why are you here?”

Lee Guo Er’s face was pale, like she was seriously ill. She opened her mouth weakly, but before she could say anything, she collapsed.

“Lee Guo Er? What’s wrong?” The 20 plus man hesitated before he opened the grille. “Even though I know you’re framed, it’s inappropriate for you to come to find me!” The man walked out of the room to help Lee Guo Er when his pupils trembled! There was another man standing there!

The man was in a black suit and a clown mask, and there was blood on his sleeves. He was a murderer!

“Brother, you look so familiar.” Before the balding man could scream, Han Fei ran over to grab his neck and cover his mouth. The man wanted to struggle, but his hands were pinned down by Lee Guo Er. Lee Guo Er looked so fragile earlier, but now she was as strong as a man.

“Don’t worry. We’ll never kill the innocent.” Han Fei’s gentle voice entered Xiao Jia’s ears. His face changed from hearing the word, kill.

After entering the house, Han Fei looked around. He felt peace. There was no premonition of death. “This place is safe. We can make it our temporary safehouse.”

“Wonderful.”

Han Fei and Lee Guo Er didn’t harm Xiao Jia. After the man calmed down, they started to reason with him. First, Lee Guo Er explained how she was framed. Someone wanted to frame her for the death of the millionaire, Du Zhu. She was now being pursued by the police and the mafia. Xiao Jia had heard about Lee Guo Er’s incident before. Now he confirmed she was framed.

After Lee Guo Er was done, Han Fei took out the taxi driver’s phone. It had evidence of the driver’s sins. He shared all the evidence with Xiao Jia. Xiao Jia shivered after hearing this horrid story. To his surprise, Han Fei wasn’t a serial killer but a hero who had killed a serial killer.

Looking at the two, Xiao Jia was confused. Based on their conversation, Lee Guo Er and Han Fei were innocent people, but Xiao Jia couldn't help but feel immense pressure from them.

"Okay, I'll help you." Xiao Jia sighed. The strong desire to live compelled him to make this choice. "What do you need from me?"

"We need medicines and tools to prevent dead bodies and evidence from being destroyed." Han Fei took out a piece of paper. "I've made a list."

Xiao Jia looked at the list, and his face was grey. "You're too professional."

"Thank you." Han Fei nodded. "We're only staying here temporarily. We won't disturb you for long. We'll remember your kindness forever."

"Don't mention it." Xiao Jia's eyes wandered between Lee Guo Er and Han Fei. "Lee Guo Er entered the company the same time as I did. We have been through a lot. She is one of my close friends. As for you... How come it feels like I've seen you before?"

"Seen me before?" Han Fei was curious too.

"I've made a dating game. At the end of the development, my house was haunted, and the ghost looked like you."

"I look like a ghost?" Han Fei scratched his chin. "I've appeared in the form of a ghost before? That is a very interesting clue. That might be one of the abilities!"

After gaining Xiao Jia's trust, Han Fei had him carry the necessary money and items before the three of them left. Han Fei and Lee Guo Er had to stay in the shadows, so they needed a frontman. When Xiao Jia carried his bag into the taxi, he started to regret it. The car filled with knife marks was very scary.

"The passengers were killed in this car?"

“Yes, there was a human head under your seat. It was covered in blood.” Han Fei consoled Xiao Jia, and they departed. It was Lee Guo Er who drove too. They bought and borrowed the necessary tools and then returned to the spot where they abandoned the driver’s body.

However, when they arrived, they noticed the body was gone. Instead, there were many large bite marks and scratch marks.

“Why are there large beasts in the city?”

“The city is different in the night and in the day.” Han Fei bent down to look. “The monster that ate the body should be more than three meters tall. The gap between its claws is huge. There is no animal fur, but there is a lot of black human hair.

“The driver’s death has been discovered. We need to hurry to the ritual location.”

The three got back into the car. Han Fei gave the direction.

“The ritual is at Blue White Tuition Center, the place where his son died. My script has mentioned that place before. Are you two sure about going there tonight?”