

Iyashikei 721

Chapter 721: Heart Hotel

721 Heart Hotel

“No wonder I didn’t receive any invitation. My name and soul have been taken by Mad Laughter...” The pain came from everywhere, but it was most intense on the face. Han Fei’s face felt like it was being burned by fire. He gritted his teeth. Mad Laughter had taken part of his memory, so Han Fei didn’t know about the real details of the trade. He struggled to stand up, but it was like his body wasn’t his. He crawled down a random direction for a few meters before he fainted.

The insane cackles slowly faded away. Han Fei was abandoned by the world. Mad Laughter took away Han Fei’s face, and he would live Han Fei’s life. People would see the new Han Fei, and they had no idea the real Han Fei was abandoned inside this black and dark room.

After some time, the feeling of burning receded slightly. He could hear the phone ringing. A faint glow of light appeared before his eyes. He raised his head to look, and a lingering spirit enveloped by kindness was kneeling before Han Fei holding the phone.

“Fu Sheng?” The Lingering Spirit was Fu Sheng, who was trapped by Dream inside the mirror. Han Fei had helped him leave the mirror, and he entered Rest in Peace. In the previous memory world, Han Fei changed Fu Sheng’s fate, but in the end, Fu Sheng still chose his old path. He left his kindness and memory at the plastic surgery hospital, and he went to the theme park alone.

The Lingering Spirit smiled when he saw Han Fei awaken. He passed the butcher’s knife and mask to Han Fei and then started to walk. The room in the middle of the maze was very large. It was like there was no horizon. Fu Sheng’s kindness was the only candlelight. He carried a weak light and led the way for Han Fei. Time lost its meaning. There was no direction. Han Fei silently followed Fu Sheng’s kindness, and they walked for a long time. Fu Sheng only stopped when the wounds on Han Fei’s face stopped bleeding and the feeling of pain weakened. He turned back to smile at Han Fei. His body dispersed in the darkness and was blown away by the despairing wind.

“Fu Sheng!” Han Fei reached out but grabbed nothing. He looked down the direction Fu Sheng had disappeared, and he saw weak light coming from there. “Is that the exit?” Han Fei moved toward it, and the light in his vision became clear. A few minutes later, he finally saw everything clearly.

In the endless darkness, there was an old and decrepit hotel. The light came from the hotel windows.

“Why is there such a building in the center of the maze? Why would Fu Sheng’s kindness lead me here?” Han Fei slowly moved towards the hotel. Other than the word ‘Heart’, the other words on the signboard had been eliminated by the passage of time. “Is this the secret at the center of the maze? A hotel called Heart?”

Han Fei hesitated when he was at the door of the hotel. He resisted the pain and put the smiling face back on. “I look too scary without the mask. I better put it on.”

Han Fei pushed the door open. At that moment, he felt like everything related to the black box within his body was rapidly fading. It was just a simple gesture of entering the door, but it had taken away all the ghost tattoos from his body. The feeling was very strange. It was like a person falling into the water, but when the body touched the water, the body and soul separated. The body floated on the surface but the soul sank to the bottom.

“I should be inside the black box, right?” There were many layers to the black box. Han Fei felt like he was inside one of its layers. He looked carefully into the hotel. This old building didn’t look like it was anything special. Beside the main door was the hotel’s lobby. At the corner of the lobby was a corridor that led to the backyard and a wooden staircase that led to the second floor. Everything looked normal, but the abnormalities were the travelers inside the hotel.

Many eyes turned to Han Fei as they heard the door open. Many people had already gathered there. Han Fei’s eyes scanned everyone, and his eyes finally settled on the couch in the lobby. A handsome man with his face was carefully taking care of the fainted woman on the couch. The handsome man was Mad Laughter. The unconscious woman was Lee Guo Er. Mad Laughter had taken everything away from Han Fei. He carried Lee Guo Er to the hotel. He wanted to fully replace Han Fei and obtain everything that once belonged to Han Fei. Feeling Han Fei’s gaze, Mad Laughter smiled politely as if this was their first meeting. Other than Mad Laughter, everyone was very serious. The atmosphere was heavy, like something scary just happened here not too long ago.

“You should find a place to sit first.” The man standing in the middle of the lobby told Han Fei. He wore a police officer’s uniform. He was tall and radiated justice.

Tied to the wooden chair next to the officer was a middle-aged man who was heavily injured. He wore bloody clothes. He only had one arm, and his face and neck were covered in bruises. “Heavy injuries and

one arm..." Han Fei was instantly reminded of something. However, he didn't say anything. He walked to the corner and sat down.

"There should be all the travelers." The officers looked at everyone. After a pause, he pulled off the cloth covering the dining table in the lobby. "In other words, the killer is among us."

The smell of blood rushed into the nostrils. The dining table had a male carcass. The back of the victim's head had been hollowed out, and the brain had been taken away. Next to the victim's head was a black box.

"How long have you been trapped here? Don't you know how chaotic the world outside is? The most immediate thing we have to do is to find the way to leave and not waste our time here anymore." The man who spoke appeared to be a visitor to the theme park. He accidentally found his way here and couldn't leave.

"Are you finding excuses for the killer?" The officer glared at the man. "Or do you prefer to stay with a murderer? Are you not afraid that they'd continue to kill and make you their next target?"

No one retorted. The officer nodded. "Everyone, I need you to tell me your name, occupation, what and where you have been yesterday night."

The hotel was silent. After a long time, the oldest elder coughed twice. His body was frail, and he couldn't sit there for long. "I'll be the first. I'm the owner of this hotel. I've been running this place, but I have a bad memory. I can't remember when I opened this place. I think it was before the theme park was established. I've been here ever since." He moved his body with difficulty. "Yesterday night, I was boiling hot water in the lobby. I didn't see anyone suspicious. I can't be the killer. Even if I want to kill, I don't have the energy."

A young man in a ghost mask quickly poured a glass of water and handed it to the boss. "Xiao Fu is the hotel's only server and he's my grandson. I plan to give the business to him in the future. He has no motive to kill." The boss protected the young waiter beside him very well. Han Fei's eyes focused on the server. He felt very similar to F.

The officer nodded and turned to the only conscious woman in the lobby. "Are you a visitor to the park too?"

The woman looked tired, but her eyes were firm. "I'm not. I entered the maze to find my son. His name is Fu Sheng and I have to bring him home."

Han Fei moved his eyes away when he heard the woman's voice. He was afraid he couldn't control his expression even with Masterful Acting. The only conscious woman in the lobby was his wife. She managed to reach this place without a map and hints.

"Don't make me urge you. Keep on going. No one is going to fool me." The officer didn't pressure the woman and turned to the next person.

"I'm the theme park's magician. I'm here to escape from the chaos outside." A handsome man sat beside the woman. His voice was rather feminine. He wore rings on every finger, and many dolls hung from his body.

"I'm also here to avoid those crazy people." The middle-aged who countered the officer said, "You can call me the Scriptwriter. I came to the theme park to find inspiration. Who would have thought I'd get so much inspiration that my head feels like exploding."

"Scriptwriter?" Han Fei's gaze settled on the man. His backpack was once filled with scripts, but his backpack was missing now. After the scriptwriter spoke, the lobby was silent again. Everyone turned to look behind the scriptwriter.

A dirty girl curled at the corner of the lobby. Her face was carved in fear. She seemed to be a mute with mental problems.

"I don't think a little girl is capable of murder." The middle-aged scriptwriter picked up the water from the table. "But she might be the witness. She's so scared because she saw the killer."

"Next one." "Is it my turn?" The young man who had Han Fei's face stood up. He was quiet, reserved, and polite. "My name is Han Fei. I'm an actor."

Everyone turned to look at him, but everyone's gaze was different.

“What is your relationship with this woman? Why are you taking care of her?”

“She is my subordinate and friend. Without her help, I wouldn’t reach this place alive so I wouldn’t abandon her no matter what.” Mad Laughter said the same thing Han Fei would have said. His voice was similar too.

“You’re quite loyal.” The officer grabbed the rope and pressed the single-armed man onto the table. “I’m a detective. I followed the fugitive to the theme park and finally captured him. This man is the fugitive.”

The man was very weak. He looked at the officer with regret and pain. He shouted, “Don’t believe him! I’m the real officer, and this person is the fugitive!”

No one around him believed him. The officer looked at the man with a cold smile.

“There’s one last person.” The officer ignored the fugitive. Everyone turned to Han Fei in the mask. “What’s your name?”

“My...” The blood under the mask was still wet. Han Fei knew Mad Laughter was staring at him. Han Fei continued in a throaty voice. “My name is Fu Yi.”

At that moment, the only conscious woman’s eyes changed. She looked between Han Fei and Mad Laughter before her gaze settled on Han Fei.

Chapter 722: Death Poll

722 Death Poll

The hotel entrance was closed, so everyone should be there already. Everyone sat around the dining table and examined the dead body.

“The killer is among us. I hope he won’t make a meaningless struggle. Surrendering is beneficial to everyone. If he’s captured, the punishment is going to be more severe.” The officer placed his hands on the table. He was the only person standing. He looked down on others as if showing his superiority.

“How can you be sure that the killer is among us?” The scriptwriter asked. “Perhaps the murderer has escaped after committing the murder.”

“Impossible.” The weak boss shook his head. “Ever since the hotel was enveloped by the black mist, you could only enter and not leave the hotel. Everyone who tried to leave would be killed by something in the mist. I have no idea what it is. We call them Unknown for now.”

“Then, let’s think about this from a different perspective. Why would the killer kill him? What is the connection between the victim and the killer? What is the motive? Why would the killer take away the victim’s brain?” The scriptwriter stood up. When no one dared to challenge the officer, he stood up and provided a second voice.

“Perhaps we can check the victim’s clothes and his room. We might find something.” Han Fei or Mad Laughter said. He seemed to know the scriptwriter.

“Okay. I was thinking about that too.” The officer examined the victim’s effect before everyone. “The fatal wound is on the head. He might have been hit by a blunt object, and then the killer gouged out his brain. This is a very unique mo. The killer might be a madman who likes to collect human organs.”

“That can’t be.” The scriptwriter interrupted. “If they like to collect human organs, they wouldn’t have attacked the head because it’d ruin his collection.”

“You sound like a professional.” The officer’s tone was normal, but his smile was uncomfortable.

“The man is wearing the theme park uniform. Perhaps the killer did this to take revenge on the theme park.” The scriptwriter was openly challenging the officer. He walked to the dining table and ‘assisted’ the officer in examining the body. This small action made the atmosphere tense. But the scriptwriter didn’t mind it. He seemed to be doing this on purpose.

After a while, the officer and the scriptwriter found a theme park work id from the victim’s pocket. The id had no photo, and the body was blurred out. But the silhouette didn’t look like the victim.

“This is not the victim’s id.”

“Then why is it in his pocket? Did the killer place it there?”

Trying their best not to destroy the evidence, the officer and the scriptwriter found half of the theme park entrance ticket, a will, a bloody lollipop, and a broken knife on the victim.

“A will? Has the victim predicted his death?” The officer picked up the will to read, “If I die before nightfall, please don’t investigate my death. Consider that I’ve committed suicide. Don’t be suspicious of each other. That is the best way for more people to survive. You have already obtained what you need. Please don’t touch anything that you shouldn’t, or the next one might be you.”

“How can it be suicide when the brain has been taken away? The killer must have left this note behind.”

“Not necessarily.” The scriptwriter was deep in thought and stopped touching the body.

The officer didn’t think much of it. He undid the victim’s jacket. He found a poker card inside the victim’s sleeve, and it was the joker.

“A poker card? The magician?” He glanced at the magician and continued his search. The victim didn’t struggle before his death. His hands were unbruised and there was no dirt under his nails. There were no scratches or other wounds on his body either. He was probably killed by someone he knew.

“What is that?” Mad Laughter pointed at the victim’s neck. The man was wearing a strange necklace. It was two bloody flowers bound together, rooted in the same grave.

“Just a necklace.” The officer answered and then removed the victim’s jacket. He wanted to examine the victim’s back. As the victim was turned around, a sound came from the victim’s head. Everyone turned to the hollow back of the head. A ball of bloody paper came out. It touched the black box.

“Nobody move!” The officer ordered sternly. He carefully opened the paper. The message was pasted together from various newspapers and magazines. It looked like a ransom note.

“I’ve built a hotel inside my own brain. There are ten tenants inside. There is the thief, the bandit, the ambitionist, the child, the family, and the person I want to be.

“Each of them has a distinct personality. I’ve been watching them until the despair in my mind overwhelmed everything. I fell into deep water, and I was drowning. I was forced to reach out to them, but no one was willing to help me. They only saw themselves. I died in my own brain, and my spirit was gone. Even my memory was shattered into pieces.

“Thick black mist rolled in from the sea of despair. Once the sticky water covers the hotel, the new me will be reborn among the tenants. However, there are ten tenants and one me.

“Every soul is equal. I’ll let you choose who will be the new me.

“Drop the name of another tenant into the black box. The tenant with the least amount of vote will become part of the black mist.”

Han Fei had a bad feeling. The killer meant that there would only be one survivor among the ten. However, the selection was done through the process of elimination! They would see the person beside them die until there was only one remaining.

“I think I understand the meaning of the victim’s will now. As long as we choose one person each, then we’ll all survive with a tie.” The woman was kind and gentle.

“You’re right but don’t forget that the killer is among us! He will not do that. If we pick each other, the killer will not pick the person he’s supposed to, and one of us will die!” The officer said firmly.

“So, the problem now is still to find the killer.” The scriptwriter frowned deeply. He didn’t think the game was that simple.

Chapter 723: Second Round

723 Second Round

After entering the theme park of life and walking through the maze of memory, eventually, they arrived at the hotel of despair. Every tenant here had their own identity, and they each represented something.

They would follow the black box's rules and select the last survivor. Everyone had the right to decide other people's lives, but they had no right to decide their own lives.

Han Fei lowered his head, and blood leaked out of the corner of his mask. The fiery pain didn't disappear. His face appeared to grow into the mask.

"What if we didn't choose anything? What will happen? Why should we listen to the order of a killer?" The woman didn't want the party to be led by the killer, but the hotel owner interrupted. "At least the killer got something right. The black mist is coagulating. Eventually, it'll form a tide to swallow the hotel. If this place is ruined, we'll end up in the same state as those who were forced to leave the hotel."

"Death?" There were only two choices, either they followed the killer's rules, or all of them would die. The wall clock ticked. With each passing second, the atmosphere became more oppressive.

"How about we follow the killer's orders for now? Based on his tone, the killer's mind wasn't in the right place. Perhaps he imagined everything." The magician sat on the couch and played with his dolls. He didn't look at anyone. He seemed to be talking to the dolls.

"No." The officer rejected it. He glared at the magician. "Everyone, calm down. There is a poker card in the victim's sleeve. The chance of the magician being the killer is very high!"

"I'm a magician, not a clown. A joker poker card doesn't mean anything." He raised his head, but he didn't look at the officer. He stood up and walked towards the mute girl at the corner. The girl sensed that and shivered even harder. "I'm a kind person, and I love to be with kids. The reason I'm a magician is to bring smiles to children." He knelt before the girl. He removed one of his dolls and placed it in the girl's hand. "Can you tell me your name? I'll write your name later so that you can leave here alive." The magician was facing away from everyone. They could hear his words, but they couldn't see what he did.

A few seconds later, the girl reached out to paint a small flower on the muddy wall. "Is your name Flower?" The girl nodded mechanically. The fear in her eyes subsided. They were replaced by confusion.

"Alright. I understand." The magician touched the girl's head. "Children are our future and hope. If only one of us can leave here alive, I personally hope that it's you." The magician appeared to have made his choice. Then, he returned to his seat.

The officer's face darkened because the scriptwriter openly went against him, and the magician also ignored him.

When the clock showed 23:55, everyone could hear the rain dripping. The black rain became heavier like it was trying to wash away the hotel. The raindrops hit on the walls. The party looked out the window. The black mist mixed with the black rain. The world was collapsing on them.

"Are you sure you're not going to follow the killer's orders? Do you plan to die together?" The magician ignored others. He removed the doll near his heart, picked up the pen on the table, and wrote down Flower on the doll. "Hopefully, the black box can understand my thoughts." The magician tossed the doll into the box. "I wish for her to be the last survivor." The doll fell into the box and disappeared silently. The other travelers looked at the magician in shock.

Giving others your vote was the only leverage to ensure one's survival. However, the magician used his vote without hesitation. It was like he really wanted the girl to survive until the end. After that, the girl stood up and walked unsteadily to the table. She slipped a paper into the box.

"I don't think the girl voted voluntarily. None of us know the magician's real name, but the girl dropped her vote directly. I suspect the magician has hypnotized the girl to make her do something against her will." Mad Laughter narrowed his eyes. He was confident and sharp. He treated this as a real game. After the game was over, he'd kill everyone.

"Perhaps we don't need to know each other's name. We can vote with the impression we have of each other." The magician pointed at his brain. "If you don't believe me, you can try it. Once the vote is successful, you'll have this feeling of tossing said person's soul into the abyss."

"You know so much." The officer became more reticent but also more dangerous. "The person we choose will receive a new life. Why would it feel like you've dropped them in the abyss?" The scriptwriter was confused. He took out the paper and pen from his pocket. He scribbled a name and put it into the black box. When the paper disappeared, the scriptwriter was startled. Then, he turned around to smile at Mad Laughter.

Then, everyone else started to vote. After the scriptwriter was done, Mad Laughter walked to the table. He wrote down a name and dropped it into the box.

The hotel owner sighed. He and the worker walked forward together. They wrote down each other's names.

"You'll regret this." The officer said. But as more people cast their votes, he started to feel uneasy. He walked to the middle-aged woman and tried to persuade her to vote for each other. But the woman shook her head. She tossed the ball of paper she had into the black box. Han Fei walked to the table and voted for his wife.

The people who hadn't voted were the officer and the fugitive.

"Write! I need to see you write down my name!" The officer who represented justice was also the first to resort to violence. In comparison, the fugitive did feel more like an officer. The officer beat the fugitive. He poked his fingers into the fugitive's broken stump. After the endless torture, the fugitive was forced to write down the officer's name. "Please don't misunderstand, everyone. Violence is never the solution. I'm forced too." The officer then wrote down the fugitive's name. Before he found a new target, he needed the fugitive to keep him alive. Everyone had voted, but nothing changed. Just as everyone thought they had been tricking, the clock struck midnight. The two clock hands overlapped, and a strange sound started in the room. Everyone turned to the sound. Black mist unfurled from Lee Guo Er's skin. It looked like her skin had burst. Her fair skin turned black, and her body was soon enveloped by the black mist. Then all the black mist rushed to the black box. When the mist dispersed, Lee Guo Er was gone, like everything about her had been wiped away.

"The hotel is built inside the brain. The people here should be in soul form. Perhaps there's still a chance for her to be awakened." Han Fei switched on masterful acting. Everything that happened here affected him. However, he couldn't show any flaws. He needed to survive until the end to make real changes. The black rain outside the window slapped like waves. The ten people watched the couch Lee Guo Er was lying on earlier. The person disappeared just like that.

"The killer isn't lying. The person with the lowest vote will die." The magician walked to the couch and caressed the surface. No one could tell someone was lying there earlier.

Mad Laughter was not as confident after he saw Lee Guo Er disappear. Instead, the craziness in his eyes was invoked. It felt like he had been through this before.

"The killer didn't do anything in the first round. He's probably afraid of exposure." The officer's tone changed too. If he didn't force the fugitive to write down his name, he'd end up the same as Lee Guo Er. Everyone else had their own partners. The officer and the fugitive were forcibly bound together. There

was no trust at all between them. It was too much of a risk for them to leave their lives in each other's hands.

After Lee Guo Er disappeared, the mist outside the hotel faded slightly. However, 10 minutes later, the mist returned. The old hotel couldn't handle it for long. It was like a broken boat caught in a storm.

Bang!

One of the windows on the second floor was blown open. Black rain blew into the room.

"I'll go close the window." The worker was about to leave when the scriptwriter said, "You better don't leave our sight."

The magician also smiled, "Didn't you realize it? The longer we drag this out, the harder the storm. The killer is urging us to pick the last survivor." He touched the dolls and walked to the mute girl again. "This is so cruel. So many of us adults have to fight with a small girl."

"Stop lying to the girl." The woman didn't know the girl, but she felt the magician had been using her. The girl's eyes were different from before. It felt like she was slowly losing herself.

"How am I lying to her? I'm the only one protecting her." The magician walked to the girl again. No one stopped him. They didn't mind the magician using the girl as his 'insurance'. The girl was very weak. Any adult could control her. If they couldn't control her, they could easily kill her. That was the reason she'd be able to survive until near the end.

"Wait. I suspect you're threatening her." The officer spoke. He hauled the girl from the corner and had her sit on the chair next to the dining table.

"Fine. I won't touch her. Let her make her own choice." The magician shrugged. He wrote down the name Flower and then tossed the paper into the black box. The second round started. Different from last time, the officer felt very uneasy. When the black box took the vote, it was not based on the name on the paper but on whom the voter was thinking about when they cast a vote.

The magician purposely wrote the name Flower twice openly before everyone as if to prove that point. The name on the paper didn't count. The vote inside the voters' heart was the only important thing.

"Your turn."

The black mist caused the whole building to creak but the magician appeared to enjoy this moment.

The officer looked at the magician darkly. He knew that forcing the fugitive to write his name won't work anymore. The fugitive could think about someone else when he cast his vote. Violence couldn't change someone's mind. As the note said, every persona and soul was equal. Last round, everyone had their partners, but what about this round?

The officer lowered his head to hide the murderous intent in his eyes. If he couldn't get others to vote for him, then how else could he avoid becoming the person with the least vote? The answer was simple. Kill all the competition before the voting phase was over.

"There are ten of us. If we vote for each other, we can survive until the end. However, if there's an accident, the person who didn't vote for the victim is the killer. Then, they'd be the one not having any vote in the next round, so we don't need to worry for now." The scriptwriter said that purposely to stabilize the officer. "Before the voting phase is over, we should investigate the hotel to find out the killer's real motive. Perhaps we can find another solution."

"You have a point." Mad Laughter and scriptwriter voted; the hotel owner and worker voted; Han Fei and his wife voted for each other.

Only the officer and fugitive were left. When they were thinking, Mad Laughter suddenly said, "Cast your vote on the scriptwriter. He voted for me, and I voted for you. So if you vote for him, all three of us will survive."

If Mad Laughter was telling the truth, then the fugitive would die; if Mad Laughter was lying, then both the fugitive and the officer would die.

This was supposed to be a simple game, but it became so complicated due to Mad Laughter's single sentence.

Chapter 724: Ten Minutes

724 Ten Minutes

Two people swapping votes were safe because there was an implicit trust. However, if it were three people swapping votes, it would be harder on the mind.

“You say you’re the officer, and he’s the fugitive; he said you’re the fugitive, and he’s the officer. Only you two know the truth. So the surviving one will be the officer.” Mad Laughter appeared to talk to himself.

“I don’t know you. Why would you vote for me?” The officer didn’t trust Mad Laughter.

“I voted for you because I already have a vote from someone else. My survival is ensured. You better think about it before making your choice.” Mad Laughter returned to his seat. “If you vote for the scriptwriter, then there will be trust between the three of us, and you can shake off the fugitive.”

If the magician was a cunning person who liked to see humanity being destroyed, Mad Laughter was the devil that reveled in chaos. The magician told the fugitive that the vote that mattered was the one inside the heart. Mad Laughter forced the choice between the officer and the fugitive.

The black rain became heavier. Everyone could hear the old hotel creaking.

“Quickly make your choice.” The magician urged. He looked at the roof as if worried that it might fall.

“No! I still think we need to find the killer! We’ve been led by the killer. Do you want to be his accomplices?” The officer poured out in a sweat. He walked towards the magician. “What were you doing when the victim died? Why is there a poker card in his sleeve?”

“Are you starting to blame people now? Remember, you’re supposed to be a police officer, not a fugitive.” The magician glanced at the officer.

“Do you dare to let me search you? If you have something similar to the victim like other poker cards, then you’re the biggest suspect!” The officer was dragging the time out. He wanted to shatter the balance even if he had to ‘accidentally’ kill someone.

“Do you want to search me?” The magician didn’t agree or disagree. The officer dragged him up by his collar.

“I hope you can cooperate. I’m only doing this for everyone!” The officer reached his hand into the magician’s pocket. Instantly, he screamed. When he pulled his hand out, there were two small wounds on his middle finger. “You’re hiding something in your pocket!” The officer said with fear as he held his finger.

“It’s just my pet.” The magician raised both his arms in surrender. An ugly worm crawled out of his pocket. “Don’t worry. It’s not poisonous. It’s normally very gentle, but you’ve frightened it.”

At that moment, something shattered on the rooftop. Everyone looked up. A clear crack appeared on the roof. The rain was leaking through.

“Make a choice. We need to hurry.” The hotel owner said. He looked at everyone with a deep frown.

“We need to finish this round of voting first.” The scriptwriter echoed.

“You make it sound so easy. That’s because you already have the votes! Don’t forget that the killer said only one person would survive. Eventually, you’ll be in the same state as I do!” The officer’s emotions frayed. He walked back to the table and glared at the fugitive. “Give me your vote. We’ll vote for each other. I can guarantee you that we can survive until the end!”

The fugitive was very familiar with the officer. His stump kept bleeding. His face was pale as paper. He didn’t look like he was going to survive. “I can’t believe you’d have to beg me.” The fugitive fell to the ground. He looked at the officer with disdain. “You’ve done so much to turn me into this state. But now that your true nature is revealed, it shows how stupid and cruel you are. How are you different from an animal?”

“What’s wrong with both of us surviving until the end?”

“Sure.” The fugitive climbed up from the ground. He used his blood to write down the name of the officer and dropped it into the black box. Throughout the whole process, he didn’t even glance at the officer. After the fugitive cast his vote, the officer walked to the black box. He held the white paper, but he didn’t make any vote. “I understand it now. The 10 minutes for each voting phase is not for finding the truth but for killing!”

Death was silently approaching. Those without any vote would die. If they wanted to live, they had to turn to the other answer—kill everyone else. Since they were isolated and doomed, why not drag everyone down?

Time ticked away. However, the officer still didn’t vote. Han Fei saw through his plan. He was buying time. When the saferoom was disrupted, he would kill and form a new balance. The officer slowly moved toward the wife. He seemed to have made the kind woman his target.

“How much longer do you need to think?” The magician played with the worm. The officer had become the one isolated. When the officer hesitated earlier, he was already labeled as a dangerous factor. Everyone was guessing his thoughts. They believed he was already prepared to kill.

“There should be other ways to solve this game. The killer is only using the rules to create this problem...” The officer tried to persuade others, but he only managed to convince himself. When the other guests were about to lose their patience, the rooftop shattered again. Wood chips and stones fell. Then, the lights went out, and everyone heard a loud thud!

The chandelier in the lobby fell down with the wall!

The black rain flowed through the gap. The wires were pulled off. The blue sparks crackled in the dark.

“Be careful of your surroundings!”

When the light dimmed, there were two screams followed by flustered footsteps and things being turned over.

“Stay where you are! Don’t move!”

About a minute later, the worker took out the spare flashlight from behind the counter. We could see again.

The dim light shone on a few faces. The scriptwriter beside the dining table had collapsed to the ground. A glass shard poked through his rib. The killer aimed for the heart, but the scriptwriter probably evaded it at the last moment. The pain was so intense that he couldn't speak.

The other injured member was the hotel boss. A wound stretched from his shoulder to his chest. The killer probably wanted to slice the boss' neck, but he missed his aim too. The hotel boss was old and frail. Technically, he was no threat, but someone made him a target. The light went out for only one minute, but two people were injured. The atmosphere tensed.

"Is there more than one killer?" The officer was still standing beside the black box. The shock on his face was genuine.

"Is that strange? Did you not expect another person to do the same thing as you did?" The magician stared at the officer's hand.

"Vote now! If you don't, the hotel will collapse!" The heavily-injured hotel boss held the worker's hand. His wrinkles were squeezed together.

"Don't try to buy more time. If you don't vote, we'll vote for you." The magician smiled at the officer.

"Don't you regret not coming after me but went after an old man now?" Every sentence was a test. The magician knew the officer was the strongest among them, so he needed to be eliminated first. The others looked at the officer with hostility. He had no choice. He had to take a risk and see if the fugitive really voted for him. The paper with the fugitive's name fell into the black box. The officer was anxious.

The clock ticked. Ten minutes later, the officer suddenly grabbed his chest. He started to vomit, and black mist oozed out of his mouth.

"You didn't write my name!" His blood vessels turned black. The mist exploded on his skin. The officer struggled to charge the fugitive, but the mist worked faster. His body was soon engulfed. The black mist flowed into the black box. When the mist disappeared, so did the officer.

The fugitive sighed in relief. He took off the bonds with difficulty. He walked to Mad Laughter. "Thank you. If not for your hint, I wouldn't have escaped so easily."

"Hint?"

"You told the officer to write the scriptwriter's name. Isn't that a hint for me?" The fugitive said. "I wrote the scriptwriter's name."

"But we didn't write your name. It should be the officer who voted for you." The scriptwriter's face was pale. He didn't dare to pull the glass shard out. "He trusted you, but you killed him."

"Is it not you?" The fugitive was stunned. He stared at Mad Laughter and suddenly asked. "You promised to help me once I gave you the hidden butcher's knife, right?"

Mad Laughter's expression didn't change as he nodded. "Of course."

The black mist lightened after the officer died. However, 10 minutes later, the rain returned with a vengeance. The despair thickened with each person's death. The atmosphere was heavy. There were two killers who made their moves in the dark. Assuming the officer was one of them, there was still another killer.

"This is bad! The water is rising!" The masked worker stood beside the window. The water level outside the hotel was rising. It had flooded the steps. It would enter the lobby soon.

"We should go to the second floor and return to our room." The hotel boss tried to stand up, but he failed. He knew that he was going to die, so he had something to tell the worker. However, he didn't want the others to hear it.

The group went up the stairs. Han Fei noticed that everyone had purposely avoided the black box. In the end, it was the mute girl who carried it and followed behind everyone.

"She... has changed a lot."

Han Fei slowed down when he reached the second floor. When the fugitive passed by him, he whispered, "Isn't the butcher's knife still inside your heart?"

Chapter 725: Read

725 Read

The fugitive's expression changed when he heard Han Fei's voice. Confusion appeared in his eyes but only for a moment. The two didn't communicate more than that. Han Fei reached the center of the corridor. He didn't stay with the others. He even maintained a distance away from his wife.

"The water will not reach the second floor temporarily. You come with me." The hotel boss knew that he was going to die. He waved for the worker to carry him to his room.

"What is so mysterious that you have to discuss it behind us? Is it a secret of this hotel? Is this whole thing your creation?" There was no pity in the magician's eyes. He saw how weak the hotel boss was getting, and he became more relaxed.

"I'm aged and I don't have much time. I want some alone time with my family." The old man urged the worker to enter the room with him, but Mad Laughter stood at the door. He didn't seem to intend to let them pass. "The wound on your neck is serious. You need immediate rescue. I've played a doctor before so I know some first aid." Mad Laughter leaned against the door. "I can help you."

"Not necessary." Compared to the magician and the fugitive, the elder was more afraid of Mad Laughter. He saw the man's smiling, handsome face, and his heart shivered.

"What is more important than your life?" Mad Laughter still didn't move. "There should be a first aid kit somewhere. Otherwise, find some clean towels and let me help you stop the bleeding."

"Why are you so guarded against us? Are you the killer? Or do you have something hidden in your room?" The magician walked over. He looked at the paintings on the wall. "Based on the info the killer stuffed inside the back of the victim's head, everyone here should be guests, but you introduced yourself as the owner. That is very strange."

"At least that proves that I'm not the killer." The boss' blood leaked down his neck.

“Perhaps you’re the first to arrive here and assume this place as your own home. You said you’re the owner but you’re just a thief! Perhaps you’ve killed the original owner!” The magician didn’t raise his voice, but he did raise a lot of questions.

In this Heart hotel, every guest had their surface identity and a real identity.

The officer was supposed to maintain justice and order, but when in danger, the solution he came up with was to kill everyone. Mad Laughter looked sunny on the surface but Han Fei knew how scary the man really was. The same went for the hotel boss, the magician, and even Han Fei. People would only share what they wanted others to see. They would hide their darkness inside their hearts. Human nature would only be exposed in the moment of life and death.

“Two of us might be the killers. Before the voting is over, no one is leaving the group’s line of sight.” The magician didn’t care what the hotel boss wanted to tell his employee. The boss wouldn’t tell everyone either, so the best solution was to stop the boss from saying anything and have the secret rot inside the boss’ heart or dead body.

The winds crashed against the window. The roof cracked about a finger wide, and the black rain seeped into the room. The first floor had started to flood. The black water was murky and viscous like some of the guests’ lives. The hotel in the middle of the maze swayed. This building had a special meaning to the theme park. Its collapse might signify the end of something.

“We’ll continue to vote.” The quiet worker suddenly spoke. He seemed to be comforting his boss.

“No problem. But before that, I have something to say.” The scriptwriter leaned against the corridor wall and sat on the ground. He pointed at the wound on his chest. “I believe I saw the person who wanted to kill me.” Everyone immediately turned to him.

“Who is it?”

“His face is rather special and different from us. I need them to remove their masks before I can make the decision.” The scriptwriter pointed at Han Fei and the worker. All the eyes instantly turned to the two.

“This person arrived last and he has been wearing a mask. That is indeed suspicious.” The boss wanted to point a target away from himself.

“Do you want me to remove the mask?” Han Fei’s voice came from under the mask. “My face has been ruined. I don’t want to scare anyone, so I’ve been wearing the mask.”

“I remember the killer’s facial silhouette. I can recognize him once I see him again.” The scriptwriter, Mad Laughter, and the fugitive stood together. They had formed a group.

“Facial silhouette? Then the person you saw is definitely not me.” Han Fei placed his hands on the edge of the mask. As he pulled, blood flowed down his chin. When he took out the mask, the people in the corridor sucked in cold breaths. A mess was under the smiling mask. He had no facial features. The cheeks had grown attached to the mask. His face had no silhouette.

“I’m not the killer.” Han Fei held the mask. One side of pure white, and the other side was pure blood. The scriptwriter studied Han Fei’s ruined face for a while. Then, he shook his head. “It’s not him. It should be the other person.”

Han Fei’s wounds reopened since he removed the mask. The worker had no reason to keep his mask on anymore. After some hesitation, the worker removed the mask to reveal F, the player who had mixed among the player after stealing everything from Han Fei.

The others didn’t react when they saw F but the wife’s expression shifted. “Fu Sheng...” F moved his eyes away. He acted like he didn’t know her.

“That’s right! He’s the killer!” The scriptwriter pointed at F. His face was pale but his tone was firm.

“Impossible! He has always stayed by my side! You’re framing him!” The hotel boss immediately defended his employee.

“No. I’m sure he’s my attacker!” The scriptwriter repeated.

“It looks like I was right after all. The hotel worker and boss are killers. They’ve killed the real owner and set up this whole scene.” The magician added. “Stop acting. Tell us the way to escape from here.”

Other than the woman, the others were ready to throw the boss and the worker out. Han Fei didn’t say anything. He held the mask and glanced at his wife. If the hotel boss died, would his wife vote for Fu Sheng or him?

The blood scab opened. Han Fei was tired. He sat at the staircase and studied the rapidly rising water level.

‘The waiter has no reason to kill the scriptwriter. Plus, they were so far from each other. There was even an officer standing between them. If the killer wasn’t the worker, why would the scriptwriter frame him?’

‘The biggest possibility is that the glass shard was plunged into the scriptwriter’s body by the Mad Laughter or the scriptwriter so that they could use this chance to frame someone.’

Han Fei believed the reason Mad Laughter and the scriptwriter did this was to frame him. However, the scriptwriter strayed from the script. For some reason, he decided to frame the masked F instead.

“When the chandelier fell, he was busy trying to find the flashlight. He didn’t even have the kill to attack the scriptwriter. Don’t be tricked!” The hotel boss explained but no one cared. Someone had to die for the others to survive. This was the perfect excuse. The hotel boss despaired when he saw the cruelty in the others’ eyes. After he died, the next one on the line would be the worker.

“Fine. Since you don’t believe me...” The boss grabbed the worker’s arm. He whispered in his ears. The worker’s expression changed like he was really shocked. While the worker was stunned, the boss wrote down the worker’s name with his blood. He glanced at the other guests. “Now, only he and I know about the secret of this game. Cast your votes! If he doesn’t survive until the end after I die, all of you will die with me!” “That acting is not bad.” Most people didn’t believe the boss. Only Han Fei and Mad Laughter stared at the worker’s face, trying to read something from it.

“You have many ways to survive. Why do you have to use your power to save to kill instead?” The hotel boss cast his vote into the black box. He wanted to help keep the worker alive as long as he could.

The black rain flooded the first floor. The third round of voting ended swiftly. No one died. After the officer died, the fugitive was reunited with Mad Laughter. They followed the previous arrangement. Mad Laughter voted for the fugitive, the fugitive voted for the scriptwriter, and the scriptwriter voted for Mad Laughter. Since there was no victim, the rain pelted even harder. The crack on the roof expanded. Rain poured in.

“Continue.” The old boss forced himself to cast another vote. His arms trembled wildly. More blood oozed out of his wound. He could barely catch his breath. The magician and the scriptwriter purposely made the fourth round of voting as long as possible. They looked at the hotel boss not as a human but as a sacrifice. The worker tried his best to help his boss but it was to no avail.

The fourth round ended. There was still no death. The black water rose to the staircase. The couches they sat on had been soaked. The dead body on the dining table floated on the black water. His hands opened wide like he was welcoming them.

The rain poured, and the hotel might fall at any moment.

“Continue!” The hotel boss suddenly found a burst of strength. After he voted for the worker, he held the wall and walked towards the magician. With everyone watching, he grabbed the magician’s sleeve and whispered something to him.

“Don’t misunderstand. He didn’t tell me anything.” The magician quickly explained, but no one believed him.

After that, the old man suddenly stopped. He didn’t have the energy to move anymore. However, to Han Fei’s confusion, the worker didn’t come to help his boss like he usually would. Instead, he was conflicted over the name to write.

‘Something’s wrong...’ The fifth round of voting was over. Han Fei had a bad feeling. He moved towards his wife. Once he took the first step, the half-dying old man moved too. ‘What is he doing?’ The sick old man posed no threat, but Han Fei suddenly remembered the worker’s hesitation. Han Fei had captured that moment. A guess appeared in his mind. ‘The old man knows that he’s going to die so he had the worker write someone else’s name? He wants to use the few seconds when the black mist appears to bring someone down with him!’

As that thought appeared, the dying old man's skin cracked open. Black mist flowed out of his mouth and nose as he charged at Han Fei!

'I'm his target?!' The old man somehow knew the wife was Fu Sheng's mother. Only by killing Han Fei that she'd fully focus on helping Fu Sheng. The old man knew he was going to die, so he used his death to find a way of survival for Fu Sheng. The black mist consumed everything it came into contact with.

Han Fei was prepared for the old man's ambush. He retreated quickly. The old man lasted in the black mist longer than the officer. When he saw Han Fei retreat, he immediately pounced at the mute girl.

For Fu Sheng, the best outcome was to eliminate Han Fei so that he'd have the woman's support; the second-best outcome was to kill the girl so that the magician would be forced to cooperate with Fu Sheng. Black mist consumed the heart. The kind elder was like a ghost. His arms, corrupted by black mist, reached for the girl. The frightened girl tried to evade him, but she was caught at the corner.

"You have to die for more people to survive. He is the best choice." Black mist touched the girl but something unexpected happened. Han Fei, who was already safe, suddenly charged forward. Just as the girl was about to be engulfed by the old man, Han Fei risked his life to drag the girl to safety.

Han Fei hugged the girl. He subconsciously touched the girl's arm that was touched by the black mist. The scriptwriter saw everything. Everyone saw the girl as a key. Only a young building manager treated her like a real child.

Staring at the messed-up face, the scriptwriter had made his choice.

'The girl has Little Eight's face. She's his earliest friend. He won't sit there and allow her to be killed.'

Chapter 726: Last Survivor

726 Last Survivor

Han Fei moved very fast, but the girl's arms were still stuck in the black mist. She looked at the rapidly spreading black capillaries under her skin and the confusion in her eyes dissipated.

“We’ll start the sixth round of voting now.” The magician walked to the girl. He wanted to hold the girl’s hand, but he was slapped away by Han Fei. “Are you not ashamed of hypnotizing a child?”

“I’ve never forced anyone to do something they don’t want to. If you don’t trust me, you can ask her to make a choice yourself.” The magician touched the doll on his clothes. Then, he told the girl gently, “Come. I’ll protect you to the end. The children are our future and hope.”

There were two emotions in the girl’s eyes. Han Fei who looked scary stood to her left; and the tall and handsome magician stood to her right. The contrast was clear. In normal life, the choice would be easy. The girl held the doll the magician gave her. As more black capillaries popped on her skin, she didn’t make any choice and shrank back into the corner.

The wife was also in a deep conflict. She had recognized Fu Sheng. Now that the hotel boss was dead, she had to pick one between Han Fei and Fu Sheng. The one she didn’t pick would die. She had considered forming a group of three, but there was a big problem. No matter whom she chose, one of the other two had to vote for the other. Would they trust each other enough to do that?

The remaining guests had their own ideals. When faced with different choices, no one could be absolutely perfect. The sixth round of voting started. To everyone’s surprise, it was the fugitive who cast the first vote. He was determined to stick with Mad Laughter and the scriptwriter.

Mad Laughter, who appeared to have the most support also, cast his vote. When he dropped his vote, he glanced at the scriptwriter. The scriptwriter, who followed Mad Laughter unconditionally, hesitated.

After casting his vote, Mad Laughter whispered something to the fugitive with a smile and returned to his spot. The scriptwriter noticed all these too. As before, he wrote down Han Fei’s name and dropped the paper into the black box.

After that, Han Fei walked to the black box. After he ensured the black mist disappeared from the girl’s arm, he voted for his wife.

The magician followed behind Han Fei. He focused on the girl, but the girl didn’t respond to him. Slowly, the smile on the magician’s face froze. The power he held over the girl was shattered by the black mist. The worm crawled to his shoulder. The magician wanted to say something to the girl, but Han Fei moved to block him. The situation was turned upside down after the hotel boss died.

The black rain flooded the hotel. The water level rose. The furniture and dead bodies floated on the surface. The first victim came closer to the guests. The strange black mist spread on the girl's arms. The magician's face darkened. He glared at Han Fei and resisted the urge to swing his fist. He turned to the worker instead. "Your grandfather was right. We should work together." The magician was very good at changing faces. He could appear trustworthy to anyone.

"Okay. I hope we can survive until the end." After the hotel boss died, the worker's emotions dampened. He became an extreme pessimist. After the worker promised the magician, he didn't waste time. He took out the paper, scribbled something, and tossed it into the black box. It took only a few seconds. The voting was done before the magician could react.

"It's your turn." The worker didn't return to his spot after he finished voting. Instead, he moved down the corridor.

The magician took out the pen and paper hesitantly. The fact that the worker agreed so readily made him suspicious. The others stared at the magician as he moved to the black box. When everyone's attention was on the magician, the worker reached his hand into his pocket. He slowly retreated to the wall. When someone noticed something was wrong, the worker suddenly charged down the corridor!

He pulled out his hand that held a black key. He opened the hotel boss' room, rushed into it, and locked the door.

"Stop!" The other guests rushed over and kicked at the door. The reinforced door held for quite some time before it collapsed. When they entered the room, they saw the worker kneeling on the ground. Before he was an old box brimming with books. The books were not published. They were made from guest memories.

"What are you and the boss planning?"

"How many things you're hiding from us?"

"So you are the killer!"

The worker didn't even respond to the accusations. His face was filled with despair. He didn't even have the energy to speak. He placed one of the books on the ground and turned it to the last page.

The ending was written by the boss—the last survivor will become the new hotel owner. They'll never leave. They'll run this hotel, waiting for the new batch of survivors and for the new game to start.

“So this game is a hoax?! No one can leave? We're destined to die here!” The scriptwriter didn't expect this. This meant that the hotel boss had participated in this game before, and he survived until the end.

“Even in the deepest despair, there will be wandering starlight. You and the hotel boss must have hidden something from us!” The magician turned over the book. One of the books was called Despair. It was missing two pages.

“Based on the torn parts, the note we found in the back of the victim's head came from this book!”

“There are two pages missing. So the rules aren't complete! We only saw one page!”

“Speak! What is the real rule?”

The worker finally took out the other page from his pocket.

“All the souls are equal. You'll decide who shall be me.

“Place your vote in the black box. The guest with the lowest vote will become part of the black mist.”

These two still reflected the known rules. However, there was an additional sentence on the page hidden by the worker.

“The guest with more than one-third of the votes will become the new me.”

The guests stared at the sentence. If they knew this beforehand, perhaps there wouldn't be a slaughter.

“More than one-third? Meaning at least 4 votes among 10 people?” It was hard to satisfy this second condition. The chance of it was almost zero. The guests couldn’t vote for themselves. So they had to get the support of four other people. Four people had to die so that one could survive. The hotel boss knew how hard this would be, so he didn’t plan to run the game normally. He just wanted to train the worker as the next boss.

“So this is the real rule.” Despair appeared on everyone’s faces. It was hard for one person to sacrifice themselves, but to have four people sacrifice for the same person? It was impossible.

The windows slammed open from the wind. The black rain doused the floor. The building was swaying. The only internal sanctuary was consumed too.

“We’ll continue with the voting. At least there’s a chance if you become the next boss.” The magician cast his vote and placed the black box beside the woman. The wife looked between Han Fei and Fu Sheng. She was reminded of the promise between Fu Sheng and the magician, so she voted for Han Fei. Her vote disappeared. Everyone was nervous. There was no telling who would disappear next.

The wall clock was consumed by water. The ticking of time was replaced by thunder.

When the lightning crossed the window, the magician suddenly poked his fingers down his throat. He glared at the girl and the worker with venom. The mist rolled out of his mouth. “You two!”

At the same time, the waiter looked at his mist-covered hands. Then, he glanced at the woman. “You didn’t come for the previous 99 times, so how did you manage to arrive this last time? Everything in memory is illusory. But you are real in my brain.”

The waiter sighed lightly. He had predicted this. When the magician tried to kill the woman, the worker clashed with the magician. Both the magician and the worker didn’t vote for each other. They knew each other too well. The black mist consumed them. The mute girl didn’t die. However, it was unclear whether it was Fu Sheng or Dream who voted for her.

The wind blew open the windows. Wooden chips and stones fell from the roof. The cracks spread on the wall. The wooden staircase was swept away by the flood. The guests couldn’t return to the first floor. The hotel was literal an abandoned boat.

There were six people left in the second-floor corridor. Han Fei and the wife were on the left; Mad Laughter, the scriptwriter, and the fugitive stood at the right; the girl squatted at the corner. The black box was placed in the middle. The lightning flashed, and everyone could see all the survivors' faces.

"Let's start the seventh round." The scriptwriter was Mad Laughter's ardent supporter. He held the paper with Han Fei's name, covered the wound on his heart, and put his vote into the box. No one else moved until the walls crumbled, and the second floor wasn't safe anymore.

"Self-sacrifice or to survive..." The fugitive touched his heart. After a long hesitation, he made a choice. He placed the paper he prepared into the black box. The girl did the same thing. The girl didn't communicate with anyone. Everyone saw her as a tool, but Han Fei was the exception.

"Why are there so many choices in life? There's only the illusion of choice. In the end, every choice will lead to the same pain." The wife also cast her vote. Four people had voted. Only Han Fei and Mad Laughter were left. The two stood at opposite ends of the corridor. The thunder roared. The lightning and thunder crashed. The rain pelted this sinful hotel.

"I'm curious. How did you find this building? I've taken all the memories related to the maze and personality fighting. I've taken even your identity as the black box owner. So how did you get here?" Mad Laughter stood before Han Fei with the black box between them.

"In this memory world, there are two black box owners. It was the previous owner who showed me the way."

"So it was Fu Sheng? He's a real conflicted character." Mad Laughter picked up a ball of paper and placed it above the black box. "Which one of us do you think will win?"

"It should be me."

"Why?"

"Because I have a friend called Huang Yin."

“Is that your only reason?”

“At least I have a friend. But you have no one but me.” Han Fei looked at Mad Laughter’s handsome smile. Even though he knew it was a disguise, he didn’t expose Mad Laughter. He hadn’t seen himself smile before, so this was quite a unique experience.

“Do you think we are friends?”

“If we’re the only two left, I’ll vote for you. I will not have you suffer all the pain so that I can hoard all the hope.”

Han Fei and Mad Laughter looked at each other and then let go at the same time. The paper in their hands fell into the black box. Something different from before occurred. The box started to crack. Then, the box started to absorb the mist and rain outside the hotel. Several seconds later, the scriptwriter and the fugitive fell to the ground. Black mist crawled out of their blood vessels. The smile on Mad Laughter’s face became exaggerated. The smile became a cackle!

The deeper the despair, the thicker the black mist. Mad Laughter opened his arms. He was fighting the mist. While the scriptwriter and the fugitive were drawn towards the black box, he was still standing there.

The scriptwriter was Spider, who entered the memory world with Han Fei. He was the one who left behind all the scripts. He recognized the real Han Fei when Han Fei saved the girl.

The fugitive was Ghost. He planned to have Han Fei be the new Ghost, and only the real Han Fei would know that the butcher’s knife was inside his heart.

The mute girl was Little Eight, but something had happened to change her.

The last was the wife. She was the key person. If not for her, Han Fei would have been killed in the first round.

During the seventh round of voting, all four of them chose the real Han Fei. Even though Han Fei had become a monster, they could still recognize him.

Actually, Mad Laughter had already noticed this when the scriptwriter cast his vote. The scriptwriter wrote down Han Fei's name, but his expression was clearly different from before.

The black box had more cracks. All the despair in the world rushed over to this one object. Mad Laughter couldn't stand it much longer. His body slowly moved toward the black box. When he passed Han Fei, his half-corroded face looked at Han Fei.

Mad Laughter cackled. His eyes reflected Han Fei. "There's one more thing I have to tell you. Our trade is for you to save me and for me to help you delay the theme park managers. That's all."

"It's fine. Consider the face a thank you for giving your last vote to Little Eight."

Han Fei had been trading votes with his wife. Other than Mad Laughter, everyone else voted for Han Fei. Therefore, there was only one explanation that Little Eight was not consumed by the black mist. Mad Laughter had given his vote to the mute girl.

"I see myself in her. We're both made into despair-soaked keys."

Chapter 727: Rewards

727 Rewards

The black mist engulfed Mad Laughter. All the despair in the world gathered inside the blade box. Only Han Fei, the wife, and the mute girl were left.

"When a person gets more than four votes, the other guests with votes will be able to survive. This is the only way for the majority to live." Han Fei glanced at the wife. She was still staring at the place where Fu Sheng disappeared.

After knowing the real rules, Fu Sheng didn't vote for the magician but chose death. He knew that he wouldn't get the votes from four people. Therefore, he wanted his stepmother to live instead. The best solution was to die with the magician and help Han Fei gain four votes. Fu Sheng said something before

he died. Everything in his brain was fake, but his memory with his stepmother. After Fu Yi died, the only person who cared about him was his stepmother. He wanted his stepmother to survive, and the hotel could read his thoughts. It was why the real rules were hidden at first.

Every guest had their own goal. The hotel boss hoped that Fu Sheng would take over and maintain the theme park. He wouldn't let Fu Sheng do anything rash. He would do anything to make sure that Fu Sheng remained alive, even if it meant he had to kill Fu Sheng's family. Every guest there had wandered in despair. However, they also had a softer side that they didn't want people to see. That was the complexity of humanity.

The hotel's walls fell with the shell of the black box. Everything in the world started to crack like they were about to crumble alongside the black box.

"Is it over? Did we survive?"

The rain had stopped. The black lightning, the flood, everything surrounded the black box.

"Hold on tight." Earlier it was the mute girl who held the black box, but things were different now. When she tried to touch the black box again, her fingers cracked. The black box had gained a new owner, and it would not allow anyone else to approach it. When Han Fei reached out his hands to touch the black box, the voice at the back of his head rang out again. At first, it was blurry. But with some pain, the familiar feeling returned. Fu Sheng's influence on the black box disappeared. None of the personas affected Han Fei anymore. The black box truly belonged to Han Fei. He was its only guardian!

Han Fei had completed all the trials Fu Sheng had left for Han Fei. During the final choice, Fu Sheng and Mad Laughter surrendered the black box to Han Fei. Han Fei slowly lifted up the black box. The thunder, flood, and endless darkness moved upwards too. It looked like Han Fei was holding up the despairing world. The shell of the black box slowly fell away. The trace of the previous owner was eliminated. The endless darkness disappeared with the outer shell of the black box. When the last piece collapsed, this despairing world collapsed too. All of Han Fei's memory returned. In the last scene, he saw he had a new black box in his hands. The black box dragged his consciousness into the brain of a dead body. That appeared to be the place where the black box first appeared.

"Notification for Player 0000! You've reached Stage 10! Congratulations on finding yourself and obtaining all the managerial rights!"

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve completed random altar mission 1—The Clown! You’ve successfully helped No. 11 find his happiness! You’ve gained a lot of EXP and No. 11’s friendship.

“You’ve completed random altar mission 2—Happiness Neighborhood. You’ve saved the paper craftsman and helped him regain his memory! You’ve gained a lot of EXP and the paper craftsman’s friendship.

“You’ve completed random altar mission 3—Fraudster. You’ve tricked the consciousness of an Unmentionable! You’ve gained a lot of EXP and the rare title—Fraudster.

“Fraudster (Rare title): Charm -2. Increase the power of all speech-related abilities!

“You’ve completed random altar mission 4—Background. You’ve discovered the real identity of your adopted parents and survived for a week at home. You’ve gained a lot of EXP.”

...

“You’ve completed random altar mission 10—Big Player. You’ve cleared all the games inside the theme park. You’ve gained a lot of EXP and the approval of all the theme park workers.

“You’ve completed random altar mission 11—Burn! You’ve destroyed Dream’s children’s castle. You’ve obtained a lot of EXP and friendliness with Ghost +3.”

...

“You’ve completed random altar mission 19—Sacrifice. You’ve successfully destroyed all ten resurrection rituals and saved ten who had been made into sacrifice. You’ve gained a lot of EXP and passive ability—Exorcism.

“Exorcism (Grade F Passive Ability): Ghosts and monsters will be less hostile to you.

“You’ve completed random altar mission 20—Reunion. You’ve saved Fu Sheng’s lingering kindness. You’ve gained a lot of EXP and the blessing from Fu Sheng’s kindness.

“You’ve completed random altar mission 21—Ghost Story Script. You’ve collected more than 50 ghost stories. You’ve gained a lot of EXP and an altar special ability—Summon Soul.

“Summon Soul (Altar Special Ability): Can only be used inside an altar world. Can awaken the memory of one of your teammates.”

...

“You’ve completed random altar mission 35—Full Marks. You’ve obtained 100 points. You can choose to bring one theme park worker who has approved of you out of the altar.

“You’ve completed random altar mission 36—Savior. When the two worlds merged, you saved more than 10000 people. You’ve gained a unique reward—Luck +1!”

...

“You’ve completed random altar mission 99—99 Deaths. You’ve died 99 times in the memory world. You’ve obtained a hidden reward—Grade D ability, Immortal Persona.

“Immortal Persona (Grade D Ability): After using this ability, your consciousness will be indestructible. The influence and shackles on your persona will be shed. The effect lasts for 10 seconds.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve reached Level 22 and obtained 1 Free attribute point!

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve reached Level 23 and obtained 1 Free attribute point!

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve reached Level 24 and obtained 1 Free attribute point!”

...

Han Fei opened his eyes. The hotel, the black box, and the dark world disappeared. Even the wife and the girl had disappeared. He looked around the things he saw shocked his heart. The sky was red. The ferris wheel was dangling with dead bodies. The expanding theme park was filled with chaos. The maddening visitors collided with the workers. Endless monsters weaved through the black mist. Every monster was gathering here.

“It’s time for me to wake up...” Han Fei wanted to move, but he couldn’t. He turned back and saw something even more startling. He had become the giant body hidden under the theme park!

Or, more accurately, his consciousness had entered the Unmentionable’s carcass and became the only consciousness inside its mind! He was the body’s brain. He could issue simple orders to the Unmentionable’s body!

‘What is happening? I’m the chosen guest. I’ve found myself. Why did I become the Unmentionable’s brain?’ Han Fei was shocked. Shouts came from around him.

“The first-generation ghost has opened its eyes! Quick! Kill it!”

“Block the passage! Seal up the cryptic world!”

“Abandon the deal! We have to destroy it even if we have to sacrifice the whole city!”

The roars erupted. Han Fei felt the pain coming from his body. ‘First-generation ghost? Is the body of a first-generation ghost? It is the reason the door towards the cryptic world was open?!’

Han Fei soon grasped it. There were five managers in the theme park. Everyone had their role. Brain was the weakest, but no one dared to underestimate him. ‘The power of Brain is to become the consciousness of the first-generation ghost?’

The altar world recorded the things that had happened to Fu Sheng. He had fought with all the managers to take over the first-generation ghost. In the end, Fu Sheng was reborn. That was the moment he became the owner of the black box.

In the Heart hotel, when the guests fought to be the main consciousness, they were fighting for control of the first-generation ghost and everything that was Han Fei. The chosen one would be reborn.

Han Fei's consciousness was slowly joining with the Unmentionable's body. For the first time in a long time, he felt fear. The process was irreversible. Once the process ended, he would know the secrets of the body and could temporarily control it. However, his consciousness would be trapped and eventually fade away in this body.

'I know why the turn-over rate for Brain is so high. Among the five managers, he is the only exhaustible.'

Chapter 728: Rise

728 Rise

The situation at the theme park was very complicated. Some wanted to protect the Unmentionable's body, some wanted to destroy it, and others wanted to seal it back up. The first-generation ghost under the theme park became the focus. Everyone's fate was surrounding it. Han Fei's consciousness was slowly joining with the dead body. It was an indescribable experience. He remembered he was Han Fei, but he also had memories of many unfamiliar names and experiences.

The body was an accumulation of the world's negative emotions. Uniting with the body meant embracing the sadness actively. The process was strange. A small accident and one would be assimilated. Only those who grew up in despair could unite with the despair perfectly.

If the first-generation ghost was described as a sea of negative emotions, normal people would lose themselves instantly once they fell into the water. However, people like Han Fei and Little Eight could attempt to reach the core of the ocean.

"Could this be a process meant for every black box owner? Is Little Eight the next owner created by Butterfly?" As Han Fei joined with the body, he started to control the Unmentionable. He tried to lift his neck. He saw the body had grown together with the theme park. All the killing rides were connected to the blood vessels that came out of this body. It was this body that caused the theme park to expand into an uncontrollable monster.

“The first-generation ghost is making its move! He’s waking up! We need to destroy him no matter what!”

“Pull out the knife on his heart!”

“Seal up the channel!”

The roar thundered. Han Fei turned to the source of the sound. The people who wanted to destroy the first-generation ghost and block off the cryptic world wore the theme park uniform. However, they looked like monsters. They crawled out of the deepest buildings at the theme park. They lost the human shape. They were monsters, but they charged at the forefront. They were not afraid of death or anything. Perhaps from their perspective, only by severing the connection between the real world and the cryptic world would humanity reach salvation. There was no justice and evil. There were only different perspectives. Everyone raced down the path they believed was right. They would never stop, even if it cost their lives.

“Are they the hidden power of the theme park?”

The competing force was the laughing crowd. Controlled by Mad Laughter, his power spread through the visitors. The more chaotic the world, the more powerful he was. Seeing the crowd, Han Fei knew that Mad Laughter was still alive. His real consciousness had been hidden somewhere. The theme park workers should be looking for him too.

Slaughter happened everywhere around the theme park. Other than the laughing crowd and the workers, there were endless ghosts and disciples carrying sacrifices. They all wanted to get close to the carcass.

Blood splattered everywhere. As more people died, the dead body under the theme park started to change. Others might not notice it, but as the main consciousness, Han Fei felt it clearly. As more lives were fed into the body, the heart started to slowly pound!

Han Fei tried his best to turn his head. He saw the giant body. The body was covered in numerous wounds. Endless capillaries grew out of the wounds. They were like big tree roots and spread through the underground of the theme park. It absorbed everything the theme park had to offer. At first, the

theme park was built to use happiness and joy to counter the despair that was accumulating within this body. However, the body was now using the theme park to promote massacre, envy, madness, and anger. The ugliest side of humanity was shown all around the theme park. The carcass was not weakened. In fact, it had gotten stronger.

Everyone knew that the first-generation ghost might awaken and destroy everything. However, no one stopped. Everyone stepped into this meat-processing machine believing that they were doing the right thing.

Han Fei could feel himself getting drawn into the first-generation ghost's body faster and faster. He tried to lift his head. Wailing souls were bound to his hair made from hatred. The whole ground shook.

"The first-generation ghost is absorbing your resentment! If this continues, we'll all die!"

"You're the sinners of this city!"

"The world is turning to hell..."

"There's still a chance! Don't give up!"

Han Fei saw a broken butcher's knife stabbed through the first-generation ghost's heart. The knife appeared to be made from bones. It stuck through the spot where all the blood capillaries congregate. It was what everyone was fighting for.

"What will happen if this knife is pulled out?"

Han Fei continued to look down. He noticed a black stain around the ghost's abdomen. It looked like black blood and also a piece of human skin sewn on. After absorbing enough negative emotions, the stains opened up like a pair of butterfly wings.

"Dream is still living in the cryptic world. He is an Unmentionable. The Dream in this memory world probably has been replaced by the real Dream. He has arrived here." Thinking back to the clues he had

regained, Han Fei prepared for the worst. “When I can move my arms, I’ll have to remove that piece of skin!”

Han Fei glanced further down. The legs of the first-generation ghost were wrapped by a monster radiating death. The monster was huge, but his face was about the size of a normal person.

The monster was looking at Han Fei. Han Fei recognized him. “No. 4?”

No. 11, the clown, and No. 4 were both chosen by Fu Sheng to enter the theme park to maintain the most basic rules. This altar was Fu Sheng’s most important altar. He wouldn’t allow anything to happen to it. So he had two orphans watch over it. However, Fu Sheng didn’t expect that the two orphans would swing to support Han Fei not long after Han Fei entered the memory world. Compared to helping Fu Sheng revive, they had more hope for Han Fei. They had been helping Han Fei while avoiding the rules of the altar world.

“I remember No. 4 once told me that he is underneath the theme park.” Han Fei had no idea what No. 4 was doing. He appeared to be sharing the pressure with Han Fei.

The bloody massacre continued. Han Fei felt his consciousness being grabbed by endless bloody hands as they tried to force him into the decaying body.

Han Fei slowly became the first-generation ghost. He endured the sea of negative emotions as he tried to control the dead body.

The arms tore apart the endless blood capillaries. The night trembled. With everyone watching in fear, the carcass that should be long dead slowly sat up.

Chapter 729: Am I The Evil Boss?

729 Am I the Evil Boss?

By now, Han Fei remembered the mission detail before he entered the memory world. The requirement of this Level D Inheritance Mission was low—He only needed to die less than 100 times, but he had already died 99 times. This was his last life.

“Once my consciousness is joined with the first-generation ghost, I won’t exist anymore.” Han Fei knew that he had reached the cortical moment. The next few minutes were all he had left in this memory world. “First, I need to destroy Dream and chase his consciousness out of Fu Sheng’s altar!”

The giant body slowly sat up. The city was crushed by despair. Han Fei ignored the gaze of the watchers. He controlled the body’s arm to grab the flesh around the abdomen. The sharp snails pierced into the flesh. Han Fei tore off the skin that was stained like a butterfly. Everyone was shocked.

The maddening crowd was stunned. No one expected the first-generation ghost to self-mutilate the moment he woke up. The pain shocked his mind. Endless despairing souls howled. The night sky trembled. Every ghost related to the cryptic world cried with Han Fei. The skin was torn out. However, the trace left behind by Dream hadn’t been fully wiped away. The unknown black substance soaked into the internal organs. A giant cocoon was being bred inside the body. The cocoon had a rather unisexual face. It was both handsome and pretty. It was genderless, but one look at it could draw one into a dream.

The beautiful face was implanted in the disgusting cocoon. The worm had a beautiful face, but it crawled out of nightmares. After the cocoon was exposed, all the disciples went insane. They carried their sacrifice and charged ahead. Even if they lost their lives, they wanted to be closer to their God.

When Han Fei saw the cocoon, he reached for his abdomen again.

“Are you sure you want to pick this path?” A gossamer-like voice traveled into Han Fei’s brain. The voice came from the body itself.

“Destroying you has nothing to do with the path I pick.” Han Fei said firmly. “No matter which path I choose, I will destroy you. Even if I fall into the cryptic world and become the world’s most evil boss, I will kill you first.” Dream had done too many evil things. All the live sacrifices and resurrection rituals were started because of it. The monster had caused much death directly and indirectly to resurrect itself. Many people died in extreme despair. Even after they died, they were still tormented both physically and mentally. Han Fei had to destroy this pure evil as soon as possible.

“You will regret this.” The human face on the cocoon twitched. It struggled to open its eyes. It was getting born early.

"I have made many different choices compared to Fu Sheng, but with regards to you, we've reached a consensus. You have to die!" Han Fei controlled the body's arm to grab the cocoon. He had no idea how long the cocoon had been inside the body. Many tendrils grew out of the cocoon surface and attached themselves to the dead body. The body had to be injured to destroy the cocoon.

"You can co-exist with me! Why would you harm yourself to harm me? All your despair came from real life. You've been abandoned and isolated by them. They've left you inside a small room. Can't you remember how sad you were? You have even forgotten how to laugh!

"You're willing to risk your life to save these people? The same people who want to kill you?"

"They have shown you kindness occasionally, but that is because you can bring them benefits. No one really cares about you in real life!"

Han Fei ignored the voice. He grabbed the cocoon with both hands and severed the blood capillaries and tendrils. He used his bloody hands to slowly yank the cocoon out!

"You will regret this! You'll be abandoned by them! You'll see this soon! When you leave this altar world, you'll see their selfishness! You've saved them, but they'll personally kill you!" The voice became sharp. He was not only scaring Han Fei but was also telling the reality.

"I have sunk many people into despair and destroyed much bliss and happiness but don't forget I was merely using what was inside them. If they didn't have those cruel desires, how could I succeed so easily?" No matter what the cocoon said, Han Fei didn't listen. He took out the cocoon. The cocoon was stuck with the body's organs and blood. They had grown together at some parts.

"You can pick another path!"

The cocoon knew that it was about to get destroyed, so its shell changed rapidly. It started to suck the blood from the body. The disciples were part of the sacrifice. Once they got close to the body, their bodies and the sacrifices they carried exploded in a blood mist. The blood butterflies flew out of their bodies. With the help of the blood butterflies, the cocoon sucked the blood faster, but Han Fei was crazier than it was. He pulled both arms up. He didn't consider the consequences. He forced the disconnection between the cocoon and the dead body. Black blood flooded the theme park. The human face screamed. "I know your name. You'll soon be abandoned by them, just like the former Fu Sheng!"

"You'll become a sinner!" The surface cracked, and the thing inside was forcing its way out. Han Fei had to face many enemies, but in his eyes, Dream took top priority. Han Fei controlled the dead body and pierced the fingers into the cocoon. He raised his arms like he was holding the red moon and then slammed it to the ground. Endless butterflies swarmed in to stop him. Han Fei realized he had to change tact. He had to cut through the cocoon first. Han Fei grabbed the butcher's knife that was impaled in his heart. When he tried to pull it out, all the theme park workers tried to stop him. The butcher's knife was the key to sealing up the body. The consciousness and the body combined. Han Fei howled in despair as the knife was yanked out inch by inch. The dead heart started to beat again. The blood pulsed into the land. The theme park fed by the dead started to consume the rest of the city like a monster out of control. Han Fei felt it was not going well either. He had a few minutes before, but now he only had a few seconds.

"This is bad. The first-generation ghost is fully awake now!" The eternal night descended. It covered the whole city like a cloth. The body controlled by Han Fei was the source of despair. Everyone looked at him like he was the final bad boss. No one understood that Han Fei was pulling out the knife to cut the cocoon. The roars thundered and shook the memory world. As blood lightning flashed, Han Fei pulled the knife out of the heart!

The unimaginable essence of life flowed out of the heart. The despair hibernating inside the body was invoked. The body started to change too. Han Fei didn't care about all these. His target was only the cocoon.

"Han Fei!" A consciousness far more powerful than a Pure Hatred came out of the cocoon. Just the two words almost caused Han Fei's consciousness to be shredded. If Han Fei weren't in the dead body's brain, he'd be dead already.

"Since I can't figure out Fu Sheng's last secret, then you won't inherit his last altar either!" The face on the cocoon twisted, "The theme park at the cryptic world has the channel that leads outside. Once the altar collapses, the channel will open. I will make you the real sinner! You'll be hated forever!"

"Do Unmentionables only know how to threaten someone?" Han Fei plunged the broken butcher's knife into the cocoon without hesitation. He knew he couldn't give the Unmentionable any chance. The butcher's knife sliced through the cocoon easily and killed the monster being bred inside. There was a scream and all the blood butterflies scattered to the ground. As the cocoon shattered, a man who looked just like Fu Sheng fell out. His heart was punctured, and his body was covered in butterfly tattoos.

Han Fei could guess Dream's plan. It wanted to use its lingering consciousness inside the altar to create another Fu Sheng. Then, it'd consume Fu Sheng and become the altar's new owner. Dream managed all these with just its consciousness. It was very scary. However, it didn't expect that Fu Sheng's successors, Han Fei, managed to enter the theme park and initiated the inheritance mission at level 21. Back when Fu Sheng was in the cryptic world, he only left the first building when he was level 19.

Even the Unmentionable couldn't understand why. Dream believed the reason was that Han Fei and Fu Sheng had chosen different paths. Since Han Fei chose to help the cryptic world, the difficulty had been lowered. It was why he managed to enter the theme park at Level 21. Due to this preconception, Dream was tricked by Han Fei.

Han Fei's response to Dream's scream was to deliver more stabs. He chopped the cocoon and the monster inside into pieces. But he was not yet done. He summoned Big Sin to consume Dream's lingering spirit.

Big Sin was another unique existence Dream didn't anticipate. One of the reasons it wanted Han Fei to sink into the cryptic world was Big Sin. Dream had cultivated many cocoons, but it had not created something as unique as Big Sin. However, in this situation, Big Sin became the thing Dream feared the most. Its plan had failed. The Fu Sheng it cultivated was made into a meat pie. Dream had not hated a person so deeply before.

"We'll make sure that Fu Sheng's secret is forever buried." Dream seemed to have come to a decision. The butterfly pattern on the cocoon and the body spread like cancer. It then soaked into the dead body and turned the blood vessels black.

"Its goal is the first-generation ghost's heart!"

Han Fei lowered his head and noticed the thing hidden deep inside the first-generation ghost. After the butcher's knife was pulled out, the blood vessels surrounding the heart crumbled. The heart shattered to reveal a channel made from despair. Endless black mist was unfurling from it.

"Where is the first-generation ghost's heart connected to? Is it the first-generation cryptic world?"

Chapter 730: The Man

730 The Man

The heart of the first-generation ghost was a passage. It was made from endless despair and negative emotions. It was connected to a place where Dream escaped from. The butcher's knife was released, and it opened the path. Han Fei had made a choice unwittingly. Now he understood why Fu Sheng couldn't kill Dream. He chose to seal up the path and destroy the first-generation ghost. Han Fei was on a different path.

When the path appeared, a burst of shrill laughter came from the deep buildings at the theme park. The buildings collapsed, and a wrinkly old man walked out of the ruin. His worker uniform was different. It was pure white in color. "He ultimately didn't pick the same path as you did. The human world might be destroyed by him." The old man looked at the first-generation ghost with disappointment.

The collapsed buildings behind the old man revealed the secrets inside them. Many visitors were tied to metallic tables. They were all crazy and kept laughing.

"I've said that living humans can't be trusted. You are still too kind." The smell of blood leaked out of the ground. A middle-aged man in a red theme park uniform walked over. He looked similar to the officer in the Heart hotel. He was the theme park manager, Human.

"We are responsible for this situation too." The old man sighed. "If you could have sided more firmly with Fu Sheng and not think about replacing him, we would be controlling the first-generation ghost now."

"Ghost has betrayed us and chosen that mad kid; Dream has always been meaning to take over the first-generation ghost. We can't win no matter what." The bloody officer shook off his blood. "Part of our consciousness has been absorbed by the black box. What should we do now?"

"No matter what, my stance doesn't change. I will seal up the cryptic world to stop it from connecting with real life. That's the only way for everything to return to normal." The old man glanced into the underground maze. After the first-generation ghost awakened, the endless maze was destroyed. Now only a dull-looking young man remained inside the ruin.

"Do you still have hope in Fu Sheng? The kid is useless now." Human said with pity. They placed their consciousness inside the first-generation ghost's brain. They wanted to use the most direct method to control it, but in the process of fighting for control, they all failed. Their consciousness inside the first-generation ghost was absorbed. In other words, they were incomplete and were barely hanging on.

“It’s not hope. I just feel sorry for him. Even though we have given him everything, we are only using him as a tool.” The old man walked toward the first-generation ghost. Like how it was in the hotel, he still wanted to protect Fu Sheng.

“We haven’t found the source of the laughter. Isn’t it too early to make our move now?” Human didn’t want to waste his time.

“We don’t have much time left.” The old man slowly lost his emotions. His pupils disappeared, and his eyes turned white. His hair, skin, brows... all the colors on his body faded away. When he was pure white, he raised his arms at the first-generation ghost. The giant body slowed like it was apprehended by some power. The theme park, which was covered in red, started to have bursts of white. They were hidden underneath various buildings. They were unnamed graves. Every former ‘Me’ was buried inside the theme park. Their souls were part of the theme park. No matter the era, there would be people who would be fearless and use their spine and blood to support the crumbling sky.

Han Fei felt his body slowing down. When blood and despair covered everything, the graves remained unaffected. They were silent and firm.

“The body is losing control!” Part of the flesh gained its own consciousness. Han Fei saw human faces in the blood flowing through the first-generation ghost. When Me died, they would imbue their flesh and blood into the first-generation ghost. After the accumulation of time, these managers’ flesh and blood could influence the first-generation ghost to a certain degree. Human shook his head when he saw the old man use his last trump card. He hated this feeling of giving everything, but there was no other choice.

“Perhaps I was too confident. I shouldn’t have injured Ghost so heavily.” Humans would always reflect on their mistakes only after the mistakes had been done. However, they would still make the same mistake next time.

Human slowly walked toward the first-generation ghost. He joined forces with all the theme park workers. They stabbed their knives into the heart. Strange black mist flowed out underneath them. Human and his people had all consumed the black mist. They were called humans, but they were actually monsters. In contrast, Ghost’s people were all real humans.

“Using tools is the basic human instinct. Using the animal bones to create weapons is the main reason why humans can manage to survive.”

Black mist rolled out of Human. His expression became scary. No one could imagine this sunny person was the scariest human at the theme park. He had abandoned his humanity. The meaning of his existence was to destroy Ghost and everything that stood in his way. The theme park workers rushed towards the first-generation ghost. Normal tools couldn't harm the first-generation ghost, so they used their bodies which were corrupted by the black mist, to injure it.

The center of the theme park was in deep chaos. No one noticed that there was a cute boy crying next to the dessert shop at the fringe of the theme park. He seemed to have been separated from his family. He had lost one of his shoes, and a half-eaten ice cream fell on the ground beside him.

The boy's crying was soft compared to the chaos. He wiped his tears and slowly moved to the center of the theme park.

"Get back here! You idiot!" A young man jumped out of the counter of the dessert shop. He wore a uniform he tore from a dead body. He rushed to the dangerous streets. "I'm so unlucky to run into you!" The young man grabbed the boy and looked around nervously. Thankfully the crazy people didn't notice them. Most of the ghosts were focused on the first-generation ghost.

"If you run about again, I'm going to spank you!" The young man said harshly. "This place is dangerous enough, but now I have to take care of a child. Stop crying!" Even though the young man was annoyed, he was very kind. He took out a clean handkerchief and tried to wipe the boy's tears. But when he reached closer, he noticed something was wrong. The boy's eyes were suddenly bloodshot. "Why are you looking at me like that?" The young man tapped the boy's face. "If I didn't risk my life to protect you, you wouldn't have survived until now! You can't betray me now!" He picked up the boy and tried to run back to the dessert shop to hide, but he realized the boy suddenly became so heavy. "Come. I'll treat you to some ice cream."

The young man was rather afraid. For some reason, once he opened his eyes, he appeared at this dangerous theme park and he saw many people murdering each other. Wherever he went, there would be murders. On his way to escape, he accidentally saved this boy who loved to cry. He rescued him and had been 'protecting' him ever since.

The young man and the boy weren't exactly the best partners, but they had already survived through so much. The event was coming to an end. The young man couldn't leave the boy to die now. So no matter what happened to the boy, he sincerely wanted to save the boy. Slowly, the boy's crying weakened.

The young man turned around in shock. He noticed the tears were still wet on the boy's face, but his lips had a strange curve.

"What's wrong now? You've been crying nonstop. The fact that you've stopped crying is making me uncomfortable..." Then, the boy's smile became more exaggerated. The bloodshot eyes shed bloody tears, and then he cackled madly!

"Stop scaring me! I've experienced many things already!" Even then, Shen Luo didn't think about abandoning the child. He was worried that that cackle would attract the attention of the other monsters, so he tried to reach over to close the boy's mouth. At that moment, a bloody arm suddenly reached out of the boy's throat!

"The fuck!"

Every crazy visitor at the theme park heard that voice. They gathered at the spot where the young man and the boy were. Their bodies collided and the pieces of consciousness scattered in people's hearts started to reunite!

Bloodflowers blossomed. Mad laughter echoed through the night. The blood arm slowly crawled out of the abyss. The young man witnessed this from a close distance. He was stunned. He felt dizzy. He couldn't believe what he saw. The blood hand seemed to grab the chaos of the world. Then, the young man saw Han Fei's face!

He was Han Fei, but he gave off a very different feeling.

The bloody hand reached over to smack the young man's face. The slaps became heavier and heavier. Just as the young man thought his skull was about to break, the Han Fei, who emerged from the endless laughing visitors, turned toward the first-generation ghost.

"I've saved you so many times. How could you do this..." The young man held his face. He felt wronged, but when he saw the dead bodies of the many visitors, he realized something.

Perhaps the laughing Han Fei was the one who had been saving him because he needed him as a disguise.

