

## Iyashikei 751

### Chapter 751: Death Mirror

The wine glass shattered, and the blood-red wine flowed on stage. In the hall, the butcher held the dagger and walked toward the woman in the Death mask. The frail Death and the butcher of Dawn, there was a strange beauty to this.

Death wanted to pierce the needle into the innocent victim's neck. The butcher blocked Death and wanted to save the victim. The lights flickered. When the lights dimmed, Han Fei rushed out. His speed was so fast that he moved like a shadow.

The blades clashed. Han Fei was shocked. He knew how dangerous the woman was, so he didn't hold back. To his surprise, the frail-looking woman managed to block his attack.

But, the woman was even more shocked. Her wrist that held the needle became numb.

"You want to complete your art but are you not a piece of art for others too?" Han Fei continued to attack. "Those who kill must be ready to be killed. If you don't even realize that, the hand that holds the knife will not be firm."

The woman was not as strong as Han Fei, but her speed was incredibly fast. The more they fought, the more confused Han Fei was. He thought he could easily deal with the members of this club, but the first person he met was already so powerful. They fought on stage and caused the blood of the audience to boil. They didn't care who died because they just wanted murder. The couple became so absorbed that they started fighting too. The world of the crazy was hard to understand. Shen Luo curled up in his seat. He couldn't fit into this world.

The woman blocked all of Han Fei's attacks. When Han Fei wanted to attack for the eleventh time, the woman gave up and turned to escape. She was familiar with the stage. She moved towards the side door.

"Running?" Han Fei predicted this move. He swung at the woman's neck. If the woman insisted on escaping, she would be beheaded. However, the woman's neck snapped to an impossible angle to avoid the slash. She leaped into the side door and disappeared into the darkness. However, Han Fei got

something before she left. His blade knocked off the woman's mask, and he managed to see a small portion of her face. She looked like a famous celebrity. "I've remembered you."

The darkness behind the door reeked with the smell of medicine. Han Fei didn't give chase. He held the knife and turned to look down the stage. "One has escaped, but it's okay. There are still many left."

When the couple saw Han Fei turn his focus toward them, they took out any strange things from their bags. The man sneered at Han Fei. "There's no killing among high-class members, or else we'd be targeted by all the members. I'll let you off this time since you're new here."

"Why are we letting him go? I want to turn him into a waiter and stuff him into the case. I will sew him the prettiest clothes." The woman smacked the man's arm and pouted.

"There's no killing among high-class members? Is this place worth calling a murderer's clubhouse with such ludicrous rules? You are blaspheming death. No one can take away the power of death." Han Fei stepped on the wine as he walked to the two. "I'll cleanse you of your sins and send you to the place where you deserve to be."

When the couple snapped out of it, Han Fei was already standing before them. The couple was so much weaker than the woman in the death mask. They were only slightly stronger than normal people.

"Stop!" After Han Fei knocked out the couple, the parrot man finally arrived. There were three more waiters behind him. "This is your first time here, but you've already broken the rules. You two are not leaving tonight!" "But I haven't done anything..." Shen Luo grumbled softly.

"You all can kill freely to complete your artwork, but I can't? What kind of double standard is this?" Han Fei laughed mockingly. After the couple was taken down, he moved towards the parrot man.

"Do you wish to kill us too?" The parrot man's voice turned shrill. He rarely encountered someone as crazy as Han Fei.

"My artwork is called Dawn Butcher. How can I be a butcher by just killing one person?" Han Fei smiled. "I need to use your carcasses to build a bridge so that I can walk from darkness to dawn." Han Fei then rushed forward. His fighting instinct and experience were better than anyone there.

“You underestimate us.” The parrot man took out a stun gun from his waist. However, he was the one who underestimated Han Fei. Han Fei tossed the dagger at the man’s palm. He then kicked down a waiter and grabbed the other waiter to use a meatshield. He rammed at the third waiter. Han Fei rarely opted for drawn-out fights. His attacks were always lethal. When Li Xue taught Han Fei this philosophy, she probably didn’t expect Han Fei to follow it so thoroughly. “The fuck?” Shen Luo was stunned. He didn’t expect Han Fei, who normally looked so polite, would be such a good fighter. In fact, he was not only good, but he was incredibly brutal in fighting. The many crazy murderers were like toys in Han Fei’s hands. He could predict their every move. The result had been decided before the battle even started. Han Fei wiped away the blood on his hands and became the last person standing.

“Have, have you killed them?” Shen Luo stammered.

“If I do that, how am I different from them?” Han Fei started to search through the members expertly.

“You are much scarier than them.” Shen Luo wanted to stand up, but his legs were noodles.

“Take this stun gun. Don’t touch anything else.” Han Fei dragged Shen Luo up from his seat and handed him the parrot man’s stun gun. “The police will be here soon. We better explore this place before they arrive.”

Han Fei led Shen Luo away from Hall One and headed down the long corridor. This basement was originally a private wine cellar. Later, it was turned into one of the bases for the club. There were two large halls, a prep room, and a surveillance room here. The club members would communicate through certain methods, figure out the exhibition location and then send out the invites. They had different locations every time. To bring down this club, one had to infiltrate deep into the club hierarchy. Han Fei walked through the two gory halls and entered the prep room. The place was filled with various costumes and props. It was like a medieval torture room. All the artworks would be placed here before the exhibition so the ‘scent’ in the room was very heavy.

“Han Fei, perhaps we should wait for the police.” Shen Luo closed his nose. He couldn’t stand the smell.

“I seem to have missed something. This room is very weird.” Han Fei walked to the middle of the room and studied the table used to place the artworks. Right opposite the table was a wall hanging with various masks. Han Fei tried to scratch the wall surface. The wall was actually a piece of cloth. Han Fei

removed the cloth and revealed the mirror behind it. All the artwork would be appraised by the mirror before it was shown on stage.

“This mirror is so scary!” Shen Luo and Han Fei turned to the mirror at the same time. Their reflection was different from their images in real life. Shen Luo had a giant colorful butterfly on his face; Han Fei’s reflection was even scarier. A bloody carcass stood behind him. No matter how he moved, the body would be stuck facing away from him to his back.

Originally, when Shen Luo saw his reflection, he scratched at his face madly. He felt very uncomfortable. But when he saw Han Fei’s reflection, he felt better.

“Han Fei, what is going on with this mirror?” “This mirror can reflect people in the other world.” Han Fei walked to the mirror. “Someone is using this mirror in sacrifices to make connections to the ghosts living in the cryptic world.” Du Jing’s map marked out murderer’s clubhouse, but the club had been in existence for a long time in real life. Even Butterfly wouldn’t create something like this mirror, and Butterfly was very strong already. At this point, the term floated up in Han Fei’s mind –Unmentionable.

“Wait here.” Han Fei returned to the parrot man. After much interrogation, the man finally spoke. Every base of the clubhouse had one such mirror. They called it the death mirror. The mirror would reflect the image hiding deep inside people’s hearts. The mirrors were the biggest secrets of each base. Not everyone had the right to view it. According to the parrot man, there were five levels of memberships. The first was observing members like the artist and the BBQ store boss. After they completed a certain number of artworks, they would be invited to the bases.

A level higher than the observing members were the official members. Their artworks would be rated, and they could use their points to exchange certain things.

Above that was the high-class member. They had the right to know the locations and times of all the exhibitions. Their artworks would be put on stage too. Every base organizer was basically chosen from the high-class members. People at this level and beyond knew about the mirrors.

Above that would be the club’s core members. The parrot man had only seen them once. They had the right to rate every artwork, and they would decide whether someone could join as observing members.

There was another level above the core members, but the parrot man only knew of its existence. He didn't know what it was called, and he didn't know anyone from that level.

When Han Fei conserved with the parrot man, he noticed something strange. After the parrot man saw Shen Luo and Han Fei's reflections in the Death Mirror, his attitude changed completely. He had really approved of them as his kin.

Chapter 752: Grey Zone

The massacre continued until dawn. The death mirror slowly returned to normal. The siren came from outside the hotel. Xin Lu Police met up with Han Fei inside the hotel basement. The members were all detained except for the woman in the death mask who had escaped.

"Han Fei, you are Butterfly's target. You can't do something reckless like this!" The leading officer knew Han Fei, but Han Fei didn't know him.

"Today's situation was rather special, but I'll stay put next time," Han Fei replied sincerely. Seeing the police, Shen Luo immediately stuck himself to them. No one could really understand who he felt.

"You're quite an unlucky person. Stay away from the officers."

"I won't."

Han Fei felt better as the sun rose. A new day started with him bickering with Shen Luo. The police checked the premise from 6.30 am to 9 am. Then, they brought Shen Luo and Han Fei to the station. When the officers who worked the morning shift saw Han Fei, they were not surprised. In fact, they even greeted him like an old friend. Shen Luo, who saw this, gasped, "How are you not a police informant? You know all of them!"

"You can think whatever you want." Shen Luo and Han Fei were split into different rooms, and the questioning started at the same time. Han Fei and Shen Luo didn't need to lie. They told everything that happened the night before honestly. Han Fei took out the BBQ store boss and the artist's phone as well as the other evidence he found. Ever since he entered the clubhouse, he had been recording on the artist's phone. Unfortunately, the lighting was very bad, so he didn't get much. However, it was already a great help to the police. At 11 am, Li Xue and her superior entered Han Fei's room. The leader had the others leave.

“This is ridiculous. Do you know what kind of people you were dealing with yesterday night?” The superior said seriously, “We encourage the citizens to help others, but that is under the premise that the citizens wouldn’t be in any danger.”

“I have no idea they were a criminal organization. I swear I wouldn’t do this alone again.” Han Fei promised.

“Based on our analysis, Butterfly is very likely to be a core member of the murderer’s clubhouse. It has been trying to kill you, but you’ve voluntarily walked into its lair. Thankfully, the Butterfly also didn’t expect you to be so brazen. Or else, you would have died in the club yesterday night.” The superior persuaded. He was really worried about Han Fei.

“Is Butterfly a member of the club? No wonder its crimes were all around the countryside.”

“Why else do you think Butterfly is so hard to catch?” The superior closed the door and sat down opposite Han Fei. “The murderer’s clubhouse has a lot of members, and they are very influential. They have normal jobs in the morning, but they will go to the countryside to commit murders at night.”

“Is the countryside that dangerous?”

“It has only become like this in the past few years.” The middle-aged officer nodded. “Technically, this has to do with the intelligent city’s emergence. The photon computer has used the citizenry database and criminal rating process to lower the crime rate in the city to almost zero. For normal citizens, the intelligent city is like heaven. It’s very safe. However, for the twisted criminals, the intelligent city is like an enclosed prison. They need to manage their emotions at all times and show no flaws. Eventually, this will cause some behavior deprivation.”

“Aren’t there counseling centers in the intelligent city? There are also games like Perfect Life for people to unwind.” Han Fei didn’t get it. The intelligent city was where everyone wanted to move to. It had the best service, top technology, and the highest real estate price.

“Everyone’s persona is different. That is the result of their experience. Normally, they can be cured through counseling, but some of them are like your friend. Butterfly uses various methods to lead them down a darker path.” The officer said with hatred in his eyes.

“My friend? Has Shen Luo been corrupted by Butterfly? Is there something on him that attracts Butterfly? Of course, Shen Luo has always been a special person.” Han Fei couldn’t wait to get away from Shen Luo, but Butterfly’s followers voluntarily approached Shen Luo. They were really gutsy. Thinking back, Doctor Bai’s two bases had been destroyed after he lured Shen Luo over to Sunday Night School. Shen Luo hadn’t done anything, but he had also done a lot.

“Based on what your friend said, he found Doctor Bai through an online . Doctor Bai led him to Sunday Night School, and then you brought him to the murderer’s clubhouse.”

“I was trying to protect him.” Han Fei explained, “I couldn’t leave him back at the Sunday Night School, could I?”

“I can understand that. But I need to tell you this. The normal members and high-class members of the club are just the lackeys. They are being controlled. They don’t know how the club is run. Only by capturing the core members can we bring down the murderer’s clubhouse.” The officer looked at Han Fei. “They are a well-organized criminal organization. The only core member we know is Butterfly, but that might just be a codename. You and Huang Yin are the only people who have managed to survive being hunted by Butterfly. Therefore, you have to watch your safety and don’t go anywhere randomly!”

In conclusion, he hoped that Han Fei would stay obediently at home.

“Don’t worry. I know how to protect myself.” Han Fei nodded. He knew the police were only concerned about his safety.

“You’re too stubborn.” The middle-aged officer knew that Han Fei was only saying yes on the surface. When something happened, he would be out there again. He sighed and glanced at Han Fei’s arms. “Where did you learn how to fight?”

“From the internet.”

“Are you self-taught?” The officer glanced at Han Fei and then at Li Xue, who had turned her head to the side. “I thought it was she who taught you, but then again, that’s not possible. I doubt she can beat you in a fight.”

“If there’s nothing else, can I go home first? I haven’t slept for a night, and my body is drained.” Han Fei believed the officer had seen through some things, but he didn’t expose Han Fei.

“Wait. There’s one more thing that we need your help with.” The officer used his laptop to enter the police database. “Yesterday night, a woman in a death mask managed to escape from Shi Shui Bay. Her identity is very suspicious. We suspect her membership is much higher than the normal high-grade member.”

“When I fought with her, I cut off a part of her mask, so I saw a small part of her face.” Han Fei knew this was his time to shine. “I can draw it out for you.” Han Fei used his photographic memory to paint out the woman’s face. “Unfortunately, that’s all I saw. But I feel like she’s very familiar looking. She probably has been on tv before.” Han Fei handed his drawing to the officer, and he immediately compared it to the database. After much filtering, there were three candidates.

Xin Lu University’s Student Committee Leader, Wen Yu; Fu Kang Pharma’s Vice CEO, Li Wei; B-rate singer, Ye Xuan. Of the three, Li Wei was the most suspicious. Many years ago, Fu Kang Pharma was a company that could rival Immortal Pharma, but now it was facing bankruptcy. It was reasonable for the vice CEO to hate immortal pharma and intelligent city. She had expressed a firm belief in ancient medical treatments.

“Okay. Leave the rest to us. You can go now.” The police immediately drafted the plan. Shen Luo hadn’t finished his questioning. Han Fei didn’t plan to wait for him. He called a taxi and headed home. Han Fei had been busy for the whole night. He lay down to sleep, but it wouldn’t come. His mind was occupied by the woman in death mask.

“How could such a frail-looking woman block one of my all-out attacks?” Han Fei searched for the murderer’s clubhouse on the internet, but all the info related to it had been taken down. Han Fei couldn’t stop now. Once he knew of their existence, he couldn’t just ignore them. Han Fei called Li Xue. Li Xue knew him very well. Before he said anything, Li Xue rejected him. Han Fei had no choice but to turn to his other friends.

In the end, Han Fei got something from Jin Jun. As Xin Lu’s best paparazzi, Jin Jun’s work was underground, so he knew many grey channels. After knowing Han Fei’s request, Jin Jun sent him to a home economics website. When Han Fei completed his registration, he followed Jin Jun’s instructions and clicked on certain things. After that was done, Han Fei saw the other side of the site. It was an online casino website. Han Fei entered the site with his virtual Id. He was led into the VIP room. Han Fei



gave the waiter the password Jin Jun gave him. The waiter led him to the third layer of the website. After passing various assessments, Han Fei was given a third online address.

Han Fei logged into an old folks home's website. He clicked into one of the grey online counseling rooms. The room was offline, but Han Fei could access it normally. He followed the instructions given and when he reached the sixth step, his screen shut down.

"Is that a virus?"

About ten minutes later, Han Fei's computer screen came back on but the screen was all grey. A sentence floated up on screen. It said that Han Fei had entered the internet's grey zone. A timer appeared. Han Fei only had ten minutes.

The grey zone was danger, chaotic and violent. The dark side of humanity was shown here. Han Fei explored a bit and noticed something serious. Compared to Sunday Night School and Murderer's Clubhouse, the Death Chat Group that existed in the grey zone was the most dangerous existence.

"They seem to come from the same source."

Chapter 753: Sunny Boy

Han Fei frowned after reading many dark things. Even he felt uncomfortable, much less a normal individual. The darknet wasn't supposed to be accessible to everyone. One could get entrapped in it easily. Those with twisted mindsets would get even more twisted, and normal people would slowly sink into becoming monsters. This grey zone was not as gory as the cryptic world, but it was dirtier than the cryptic world.

Through some research and observation, Han Fei managed to join a death chat group. Every member's info was private. Everyone used code names. There were the main admin and three mods in each group. There were no rules to the chats. They shared and created deaths.

The thing that chilled Han Fei the most was these were the same person who would greet you with a smile in the morning.

“The main purpose of the murderer’s clubhouse is to infiltrate the higher-level of society, the Sunday Night School is there to cultivate future core members, and Death Chat Groups influence normal people. The three are insidiously corrupting the city like a virus.”

Not long after he joined the group, someone approached Han Fei. They were very sharp. When they noticed Han Fei was an unfamiliar account, they wanted to kick him out. A new member had to gain the approval of the old members and admin to join the Death Chat Group. Of course, there were those special cases that were directly invited by the admin.

To understand his enemy better, Han Fei used a lot of money to buy a virtual account that could escape monitoring on the black market. He named himself Sunny Boy. Then he started his plan. Han Fei was basically a walking encyclopedia of death after what he had experienced in the cryptic world. He had a wealth of actual experience, and he was familiar with criminal psychology. His friends were either crazed murderers or ghosts. In less than half an hour, he managed to draw those bastards’ attention. However, Han Fei didn’t act desperate. Diamond would shine wherever it was. As he communicated with others, he created a horrid image for himself. Actually, Han Fei’s plan was simple. Since he couldn’t find the clubhouse’s core members, then he’d become a core member himself. Compared to normal people, Han Fei had another unique advantage, thanks to Shen Luo. The situation last night made Han Fei realize something. Dream’s consciousness had entered Shen Luo, and this had awakened many of Dream’s followers in real life. Shen Luo didn’t want to communicate with them, but Han Fei was different. Han Fei used two hours to set up the background of Sunny Boy.

In a post about body disposal, he challenged the killer and pointed out the mistakes in his methods.

In a post about a virtual case, he found all the hidden killers. He even scolded these people for their incompetence.

He was crazy, arrogant, evil, and cruel. He was a persona with an extremely high IQ. He was even feared by criminals. That was our Sunny Boy.

After one afternoon, three organizations used their ways to silently approach Han Fei. However, Han Fei ignored them. In fact, he even despised them.

“Even trolling can get tiring. I’ll continue tomorrow.” Han Fei logged off and cleaned all his traces. Then, he went to cook. Ever since he started playing Perfect Life, Han Fei’s cooking skills had increased tremendously. After all, when he was inside the romance altar, he cooked for a whole month in Fu Sheng’s home. The fragrance came out of the kitchen. As Han Fei cooked, he called Li Xue. He provided

her with some suggestions to increase internet safety. The police were monitoring certain individuals who were definitely active in the grey zone.

After that, Han Fei started his online learning session. He had to learn a bit of everything because they might come in useful in future altar worlds.

At 11.30 pm, Han Fei crawled into the gaming hub. Blood descended. He turned to look behind him like usual. The bloody figure stuck close to his back. Whenever Han Fei logged in and out of the game, he would pause in this menu. He could see the figure slowly getting close to him. "How much closer can he get? Is he Mad Laughter's soul?"

Han Fei opened his eyes. Han Fei appeared at the spot where he logged off. Weep and Ying Yue guarded outside his door.

"These two kids rely on me more and more." Han Fei ruffled Weep's head. He didn't understand the kids' world, but whenever he logged off, Weep and Ying Yue were probably worried that he wouldn't return again.

Han Fei walked out of the room. Han Fei looked at the rebuilding city. Everything was proceeding orderly. Ghost had found suitable candidates among the citizens and taught them how to use the butcher's knife.

The neighbors and citizens kept getting stronger. However, this was not enough for Han Fei. He was going to face the Unmentionables. Therefore, he needed to gain more power. Through the chat group of the Ziggurat tenants, Han Fei got to know the different updates that had happened in these three zones when he was gone. Xu Qin and the painter had reached a consensus. The Ziggurat tenants planned to return the faceless woman to the painter, and in return, the painter would swear on the mall's altar that he'd help Han Fei unconditionally for a year. Everyone thought a year was too short, but Han Fei thought it was very worth it. Many things would happen in a year. Perhaps at that time, the painter wouldn't want to leave them.

The painter used the remaining limbs at the plastic surgery hospital to rebuild a body for the faceless woman. He also painted his unique cursed oil painting on her body so that she wouldn't be able to betray him and little white shoes anymore.

So far, Han Fei had gained three zones, and he was the manager. After everything was settled, Han Fei planned to explore outside the three zones. He called over Zhuang Wen and Drake. Xu Qin and Mirror God stabilized the existing zones while Zhuang Wen led the neighbors to expand their territory. Based on Han Fei's suggestion, whenever they reached a new area, they would build a new Yi Ming Convenience Store. There was no violence or massacre. Han Fei intended to use Yi Ming Convenience Store to exchange info and messages first. Then, he'd decide what to do after finding out more about the new areas.

"After this, I need you to pay attention to these three places."

Han Fei thought back to Du Jing's map. He marked out three places, the dilapidated ancestral home, the skyscraper, and the clubhouse chain.

"The ancestral home is very secluded. Almost no one has been there before. The skyscraper is basically the center of the next few areas. Everyone has to lift their heads to see it. No one knows who the owner is. However, based on what we know, no one was seen after they entered the building. Regarding the clubhouse, we were there a few hours ago. It's not that dangerous." When Drake saw the marked locations, he said, "Boss, are you sure you didn't get this wrong?"

"Have you been to the club?"

"The clubhouse has many chains. Normally, people do not go there. Most of them are empty."

"Do you discover anything suspicious there?" Han Fei looked at Drake.

"These clubhouses appear to be showcasing deaths. Every club has a unique mirror. It can reflect death and absorb death." Drake took out a bloody account book from his uniform. "I like to collect such strange stuff. I've carried that mirror back to the mall. Mirror God took a glance at it and said he could sense a trace of an Unmentionable on it."

"In other words, there's an Unmentionable behind the clubhouse?"

“Yes. However, most club chains would only have a mirror. Based on Mirror God’s prediction, only a select few would have altars. Once we find the altar, we can confirm the Unmentionable’s identity.” Drake learned many things from Mirror God.

“How do we do that? By releasing Big Sin into the altar?” Han Fei was curious.

Drake shook his head. “That will only anger the Unmentionable. Altars are categorized into levels too. Through the level of the altar, we can discern the strength of the Unmentionable. Of course, we can’t even offend the weakest Unmentionable now.”

“If only the Singer is still here.” Han Fei sighed. The neighbors beside him smiled bitterly. If not for Fu Sheng, the Singer would kill Han Fei already.

“Take it slow. Now is not the time to rush.” Han Fei called over Drake and Zhuang Wen. They came to the edge of the theme park. Han Fei was still suffering from low Life Points due to the absorption of the theme park altar, so he didn’t dare to wander too far. However, the system was insane. The more danger Han Fei put himself in, the easier he’d trigger a great mission.

Han Fei wandered around the edge of the theme park for three hours before he found a mission and managed to get offline.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve entered an unknown area. When you explore 80 percent of this area, you’ll light up the map of this area.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve triggered Grade E Daily Event—Hobbies.

“Healthy hobbies can cultivate a good constitution. They can encourage us and provide us with energy. They will enable us to pursue our goals and trigger our potential.

“You’ve gained harmonious neighborly relationships and many working experiences. You’ve solved your daily living problems. You’ll move towards a better life.

“Mission requirement: Please join a club that can help you cultivate a hobby within the next 24 hours. You need to be a member and confirm your hobby.

“Warning! A perfect life is not only work, but you also have to live!”

Chapter 754: Han Fei's Hobby

Han Fei really didn't think he'd trigger a Grade E Mission so casually. And he didn't expect the system to grade something as easy as finding a hobby as a Grade E Mission. 'It looks like one can only consider having a hobby after getting used to the Grade F and G Missions.' Han Fei was rather nervous when he saw the mission details. Grade E Missions were often difficult. Plus, he only had 1 Life Points left due to the theme park altar. He'd die with a brush from a hostile enemy. 'The system is forcing me to explore outside the three zones.'

Han Fei had a hard time triggering any new mission in the safe zone. To log off, he had to explore the unknown area. “Why would Fu Sheng set up this limitation? Because he's not as talented as me?”

As annoyed as he was, Han Fei still moved toward the unknown zones. With Zhuang Wen and his neighbors protecting him, he slowly moved into the dark.

Every zone in the cryptic world had something unique about them. For example, the Ziggurat was covered in death curses because of Butterfly; the plastic surgery hospital had souls bound by life threads. The uniqueness of each zone could reflect the uniqueness of the zone's scariest ghost. The zone adjacent to the theme park was similar to Xin Lu old city in real life. The more he entered the zone, the stronger the feeling got. However, different from real life, all the buildings here were covered in faded black mist, radiating death. It felt like death had occurred in every building, and every room was corrupted by hatred.

There was another thing different about this zone. The night was constantly raining. If one stood out in the street for too long, black raindrops would gather on one's skin. “Is it raining? Will it rain in the cryptic world?” Han Fei looked up. The night sky of this zone was darker, like it was covered by a black rain cloud. Looking around, other than the skyscraper in the center, all the other buildings appeared to 'shiver' in the rain.

“That slate of darkness is probably not a cloud.” Zhuang Wen stopped. The hatred in her eyes flickered.

“Are you sure?” Han Fei pointed at the ‘cloud’ in the sky.

“It is more like a slumbering ghost.” Ever since Zhuang Wen found her rationality, she became chattier. She didn’t want to move further. “If a Pure Hatred enters this area, it’ll attract scary things. It might even awaken that ghost.” Then, before finishing that explanation, Zhuang Wen suddenly flew backward.

“What’s wrong with her?”

“She already felt something was wrong the last time we were here. She probably has been targeted.” Drake was frightened by Zhuang Wen’s reaction. “Weaker ghosts like us won’t know things like that.” After Zhuang Wen left, the rain fell harder, and it appeared to carry a horrible stench with it.

“Boss, shall we keep on moving forward? Your body condition is not suitable for any adventure.” Drake guarded beside Han Fei. He was very loyal to Han Fei.

“Is the clubhouse chain you saw far from here?” Han Fei wanted to complete a mission before he left. With his neighbors around, it shouldn’t be too hard.

“It’s not far. Just around the corner.”

“Okay, we’ll go there now.” Han Fei and his neighbors moved forward. Before they even left that street, his neighbors started to act strangely. First, it was Weep. The tears he shed turned black. He used his body to shield the urn to stop the black rain from entering it, but he couldn’t stop all the liquid from filtering in.

Lee Zai tilted his head and walked to the back of the group. The man was very cunning. He would never take the lead if there were danger. He covered his chest with both of his hands, worried that his silly little brother would accidentally drink the black rain.

“Notification for Player 0000! The negative emotions in your heart have increased. Please adjust your emotions according!

“Notification for Player 0000! Your resistance to curse and hatred-type powers has started to decrease!

“Notification for Player 0000! Your neighbor, Weep, is affected by the malice. There’s a chance for his friendliness level to decrease. Weep successfully resisted the corruption of malice!

“Notification for Player 0000! Your neighbor, Ying Yue, is affected by the malice. There’s a chance for her friendliness level to decrease. Ying Yue successfully resisted the corruption of malice!

“Your neighbor, Lee Zai, has been corrupted by the malice. His friendliness level decreases by one!”

When Han Fei received the notification, Lee Zai looked up into the sky. His pupils trembled from fear. Lee Zai was a manifestation of tragedy, but suddenly he couldn’t control himself. He started to retreat, and his hands dropped. He seemed to lose the courage to even point at that cloud. “This is bad. That thing is waking up!” Lee Zai appeared to be able to see the things others couldn’t. He turned and ran back to the theme park.

“What’s wrong with him?” Drake took out the test tube he grabbed from Yi Ming Private Academy. He planned to collect the black rain for Mirror God to examine. Of all the neighbors, only Drake was not affected by the malice. The system didn’t mention him either. It was like his loyalty to Han Fei wouldn’t change no matter what happened.

They reached the end of the street after 10 seconds. If they walked further, they’d enter the unknown zone. “The clubhouse is right there.” Han Fei crossed the street and saw an old building. The first floor was a closed-down hotel and the second floor was a black clinic without a sign. Attached to the building was an abandoned warehouse. The clubhouse was remodeled with the warehouse and hotel kitchen. It didn’t have an official name, but it did have some strange symbols on the wall.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve discovered an unknown clubhouse. Please enter the clubhouse alone, select your hobby and try to become its member.”

“Alone?” Han Fei was stunned when he heard the system notification. He only had 1 Life Point left. He thought about leaving, but he didn’t want to waste the travel time. After some thinking, Han Fei made his decision. “You don’t need to follow me. Wait for me at the door.” He entered the place alone while the neighbors waited outside. “Don’t stray from this place!”



Han Fei was like a new kid at school. He turned back every few steps to check if his neighbors were still there. The walls covered with strange symbols greeted him. There were no killing weapons or any gory halls. There were only some abandoned gym equipment and a few patched-up punching bags.

“How is this place so different from the clubhouse in real life?” Han Fei grabbed the hilt of Rest in Peace and prepared to trigger Ghost Tattoo at any time. If there were any danger, he’d throw Nine Lives out. After all, it had nine lives.

The light stench entered his nostrils. The black rain slid down the window. Something like rats darted out.

“Was that a baby or a big rat?” Han Fei’s Adam Apple trembled. For the first time in a long time, he felt ‘nervous’. The last time he was in so much danger, it was the night before last.

“Who would find their hobby at a place like this? I have social anxiety. If not to survive, I would have spent my whole life at home.” Han Fei had entered the clubhouse, but he didn’t have any progress with regards to the mission, “Grade E Missions are always related to Pure Hatreds. Even normal missions will have traces of them. With my current condition, I won’t be able to escape from them.”

Han Fei couldn’t tell what dangers were lurking in this clubhouse, and that was the biggest problem. If even he couldn’t see what was wrong with this clubhouse, it meant that the clubhouse had hidden its darker side very well. Han Fei backed away. He planned to return when his Life Points were full. The rain outside fell harder. Han Fei watched his surroundings. He took three steps back when his back knocked into something. In his memory, there was nothing between him and the exit. Han Fei pulled the knife and swung without any hesitation. The light of humanity lit up the clubhouse. As the blade was about to fall, Han Fei finally got a good look at the person he bumped into. The blade dispersed. Han Fei held the hilt and carefully assessed the new arrival.

An old man about 70 stood in the dark. His eyes had been gouged out, and he held a broken radio.

“Sir?” Han Fei didn’t sense any ghostly presence from the elder. This blind elder appeared to be a living person who had stumbled into the cryptic world!

Before he explored the clubhouse further, Han Fei didn’t find anything, but he stumbled across this old man. ‘He has no resentment and Yin energy. How did he end up here?’

## Chapter 755: The Elderly's Clubhouse

Inside the dark and old clubhouse, Han Fei with one Life Points and the blind old man stood face to face. One held Rest in Peace, and his Ghost Tattoo flared; the other held a broken radio and didn't appear as if he had even noticed Han Fei.

Moments later, Han Fei waved his hand before the old man's face. The old man still didn't respond. Han Fei asked, "Sir... are you still taking in new members? I would like to join."

The elder's eyebrows rose when he heard Han Fei. He arranged his white hair, and his lips slowly opened. Perhaps it was because he hadn't spoken in a long time, so his lips appeared to be stuck together. When his mouth moved, dark red blood flowed out. "Can you speak louder? I can't hear you." The old man's voice was very special. It sounded like a fishbone was stuck in his throat. It was torture whenever he spoke.

"I wish to join this club and to be a member here!" Han Fei shouted right into the old man's ear, and the latter finally heard him. The elder nodded, and his calloused hands reached toward Han Fei's face. As the palms approached, Nine Lives inside the ghost tattoo gave off a strong warning. Before Han Fei could react, the elder's palms pressed on Han Fei's face. The coarse palms touched Han Fei's face. The blind old man was trying to sense Han Fei's face through this method.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-plus. Why?"

"Our club is only for middle and old-aged members. You are too young. You should try another place." The elder rejected Han Fei, and he planned to leave.

"I might look young, but I'm very mature mentally. Elder, don't be so hung up about age. Even the best clubs need fresh blood to expand further." Han Fei couldn't log out if he didn't complete the quest, so he had to grab this chance. "I'm very generous and can mix well with anyone. My neighbors voted for me to be the building manager, and my colleagues all said I've changed their career paths. I am very good at taking care of people. From lonely elders to abandoned orphans, everyone thinks I'm a good person."

The blind man hesitated for a moment after he heard Han Fei. Perhaps the clubhouse hadn't seen a new member for a long time.

"Our club mainly caters to middle and old-aged people. If the age gap is too big, there'll be no common topics. It'll be very awkward."

"It's fine. The best thing about me is that I'm optimistic, social, and talkative. I'll gel with anyone." Han Fei followed the elder. "Everyone who knows me says that I'm the glue that holds the place together."

"Don't boast so soon. Fine, I'll bring you to witness our normal hobbies first. If you can accept them, perhaps you can join us." The blind man hadn't had such an 'exciting' conversation in a long time already. His company was only a broken radio.

"Okay. I would also like to see what this club has to offer." When Zhuang Wen and Drake came earlier, they didn't notice anything out of place or this elder. They must have missed something important.

"Don't have too much hope. The elderly's interests and hobbies are those few fixed ones." The elder had stayed there for a long time because he was familiar with every corner of the place even though he had lost his eyes. He led Han Fei through the empty space in the middle of the club and first came to the room with the gym equipment. "The people who like to exercise will come here. However, we're old and don't really suit intense exercise. Most of us prefer to play chess, garden, and so on." "Understood. I don't like to exercise either." The old man opened the backdoor of the warehouse. The black rain fell on his palm. "The rain still hasn't stopped." He opened the cupboard on the side. There were ten black umbrellas inside. "You can share an umbrella with me first. When you're an official member, I'll gift you an umbrella. Then you can move freely through the rain."

"Okay." Han Fei and the old man squeezed under the same umbrella. After they walked out of the backdoor, the entire layout of the club was shown before Han Fei. The warehouse was only a small part. The real club covered the entire back alley.

"The members here are old. We can't do too many things. Our hobbies are simple. Mainly, they are to cleanse the soul and help with inner health." The old man carried the black umbrella and walked down the back alley with Han Fei. Wails and cries came from the rooms on both sides. There was a very strange smell in the air too.

“For example, some of the elders like to garden. This hobby can clean the air and beautify the environment. The doctors also encourage this hobby. It’s called the gardening treatment.” The elder made sense, but Han Fei felt that something was wrong. Little Eight obtained seed from the surface world. She had been cultivating it for a very time, but she failed to grow a flower. However, these elders could cultivate the flowers so easily.

“I normally like to garden too. However, I can’t seem to be able to raise them properly.” Han Fei was very humble. He wanted to ask the old man for help. When he learned the tricks, he planned to return to Happiness Neighborhood to help Little Eight.

“You need patience and focus for gardening. You have to pour in a lot of sweat to enjoy the blooming flowers.” The elder stopped beside the first yard of the back alley. He knocked on the wooden door. No one responded for a long time. He led Han Fei into it. “Look. This is our garden.” As the wooden door opened, a horrible stench assaulted them. Han Fei frowned as he looked at the ‘garden.’

Many broken bodies were buried in the soil. Their bodies were buried in the ground and only their heads were exposed. The strangest thing was the souls were all trapped inside their bodies. Their skulls opened, and their souls were curled on the sphenoid bones like fragile flowers.

“Aren’t they pretty?” The elder knelt down gently to caress the souls in the skulls. “Unfortunately, I can’t see them. Until now, I haven’t gotten the chance to admire the beauty of these flowers. But I heard from the others that they are the world’s most beautiful flowers. Unfortunately, when they bloom, they will start to wilt. They have sacrificed their whole lives just for that beautiful moment. Perhaps that is the secret of their beauty.”

“Thank you for the lesson, but cultivating flowers is not a hobby suitable for me.” Han Fei looked at the ‘flowers’. He didn’t know how the elders managed to cultivate these things. They looked pretty, but the whole thing was crazy.

“Other than planting flowers, we have other hobbies for you to choose from, like calligraphy.” The elder and Han Fei walked out of the yard. They walked to the second room. “You mustn’t look down on calligraphy. When you practice calligraphy, there’s a high focus on style, attention, pattern, and constitution. It can effectively train one’s heart and soul.”

When the second door opened, Han Fei was really stunned. There were three more rooms in this room. The walls, floor, and ceiling of the first room were covered in various strange symbols like it was to ward against some crazy ghosts; the second room was filled with painted talismans. Normally, the talismans

were used to ward off evil, but the talismans here radiated evil and sin. The ghosts had painted the talismans themselves; the third room was the worst. There was only one word written there, Death. It was like the owner had spent their whole life practicing writing this one word.

“Elder, the way the members practice calligraphy is rather special.” Han Fei didn’t even know how to comment. This place did fit the theme of a middle and old-aged clubhouse in hell. “Do you have other hobbies here for the members to pick?”

“There are a lot more, but I don’t think young people would be interested in them.”

“I don’t think any living humans would be interested in them.” Han Fei grumbled softly. He followed behind the old man down the back alley. The rain became heavier.

“I can’t plant flowers or practice calligraphy because of my eyes. My hobby is dancing. That is the choice of many elders too.” The blind elder smiled. He would feel happy whenever he talked about dance.

“Dancing can prevent people from getting idle. For older members, it can prevent atrophy of the joints, promote blood circulation and improve metabolism. It can curb the loneliness in the elderlies’ hearts.”

“Is it line-dancing?”

“Any kind of dance works.” The blind old man put away the umbrella and entered the third room in the alley with Han Fei. The dark room was devoid of any light. Giant mirrors were embedded in all the walls. A simple stage was set up in the middle of the room. A lot of blood was left on it.

“Stage? Mirror?” The décor of the room reminded Han Fei of the murderer’s clubhouse in real life.

“This is normally where we train our dance. It’s also my biggest hobby.” The old man looked at the stage with his two hollow eyes, but he didn’t move toward it.

“Sir, you said dancing can curb loneliness but won’t dancing alone add to that loneliness?” Han Fei looked around. Dancing on the mirrored stage covered in blood wasn’t something enjoyable.

“Who said we’re dancing alone? I have a dance partner.” The elder whispered, “Once I take the stage, it’ll appear to dance with me.” Once the elder said that, the mirrors in the room started to darken. The shadows of the dead appeared to be trapped inside the mirrors.

“This is a good place to spend the latter half of one’s life. It has considered the members’ mental health from all perspectives. It focuses on company and eliminating loneliness.” Han Fei had enough of the tour. “Elder, I like this place. Is there any procedure to join this clubhouse?”

“There’s not much procedure as long as you really like this place and have a similar language with the other members.” The blind elder explained, “I’m technically the owner of this place and have the right to make such decisions. How about this? You need to find a suitable hobby, and then you can stay.”

At that moment, the system pinged with a notification.

“Notification for Player 0000! Complete a dance in the dance studio, find the most unique writing of Death in the calligraphy room, and pick a fresh flower in the garden while ensuring it doesn’t wilt.”

‘I need to do three things? I knew Grade E Missions aren’t that simple.’ Han Fei pretended to think. About 10 seconds later, he took the stage. “Sir, normally, what kind of dance do you do? I wish to learn from you.”

“Okay.” The elder hadn’t heard this request for a long time already, and he agreed happily. “I was a famous dancer when I was young. But something happened later. I lost everything but a soulful dance.” When the elder took the stage, his presence changed drastically. Death and decay were replaced by something else. His soul shone at that moment. The elder extended his arms and started to move. The presence of death slammed like waves. He had lost his eyes so he couldn’t see anything. He also didn’t need others to watch him. He was submerged in his own world.

“This dance is very special. It feels like some kind of ritual.”

Han Fei memorized the elder’s every move. As the dance approached its end, shadows appeared on the mirrors. They were death visages. The old man’s dance had the mysterious power of drawing the dead out of the mirrors. They stood aimlessly on stage. The blind old man danced among the dead.

“No wonder he doesn’t need a dance partner...”

Han Fei was shocked by the elder’s dance. He knew the old man must be something very talented when he was young. But he was also curious. How did he end up in the cryptic world? Who dug out his eyes and turned him into this place’s custodian?

Chapter 756: Gardening

The old man’s dance ended in the dark, and lost souls returned to the mirror. The elder lowered his hands. He seemed to dance with his life. Every dance detailed his life. The hollows stared blankly at the mirror. The special presence of the elder slowly disappeared. His back bent further, his white hair fell, and he had more wrinkles.

“Sir, can I try using the stage?” Han Fei didn’t know how to dance, but he had a photographic memory and absolute control of his body. He had memorized the elder’s every move.

“Of course, you can. Even if you don’t join us in the end, you can come to dance any time.” The elder slowly snapped back to reality. He turned and spoke in the direction where Han Fei’s voice came from.

“Okay.” Han Fei didn’t stand on ceremony. He wanted to complete the mission as soon as possible. Then, he’d explore this place further when his Life Points recovered. Han Fei put away Rest in Peace and stood in the middle of the stage. He was an actor, so he was familiar with all kinds of stages. He had once performed in an audience-less venue.

His arms were like ripples on a lake as they slowly expanded. Han Fei perfectly combined the suppleness and strength of the human body. He focused on the elder’s every move. At first, Han Fei was only doing this for the mission, but as he continued to dance, the actions appeared to be calling him. It was like a wave sweeping him along. ‘This is the dance of the cryptic world.’ The Ghost Tattoo was triggered. He stopped trying to copy the elder but started to express the innate power in the dance moves. As Han Fei expected, the elder’s dance wasn’t a normal dance but some kind of ritual. When Han Fei was halfway through, grey shadows appeared on the mirrors around him. The blurry faces showed up. The temperature in the room dropped. Han Fei was too focused on the dance to notice these.

As the dance continued, Han Fei started to hear whispers, and the scene before him changed. The normal mirrors started to reflect gory scenes. There were deaths, despair, and massacres. Every horror was around an altar. The altar was very special. It was made from human body parts. The base was a collection of human arms, and the door was a split-open human chest. When Han Fei tried to look

through their door, his eyes felt pricked by needles. His actions slowed but to complete the mission, Han Fei resisted the pain and continued. The whispers faded away, and the mirrors returned to normal. In the end, only Han Fei and the elder remained in the mirrors. The altar was gone. Han Fei finished the last move and then sat on the stage. His back was soaked, and his face was covered in a cold sweat. He felt like he had just brushed with death.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve finished the dance and obtained Beginner Dance Skill. You’ve learned Grade E Unique Dance—Sinner.

“Dance Skill: You can level up this skill by focusing on the art of dance. If you use skill points to upgrade this, the ceiling is Advanced Dance.

“Sinner: You’re a shackled sinner dancing on a stage with no audience. The dance is a ritual for the souls you’ve once killed.

“Warning! This dance has a chance to attract lost souls or temporarily increase stamina, intelligence, and San Value. You can only use it once every 24 hours.”

When the notification came, Han Fei felt that everything was worth it.

“That was not bad. You have the talent.” The elder looked at Han Fei, and he nodded with satisfaction.

“You can’t see, so how can you tell?”

“Your dance has touched many souls, and I can hear them. A good dance is not just pretty and difficult sets.” The elder extended his finger. “The communication with the world through one’s soul and body... that is my understanding of dance.”

“Sir, can I learn dancing from you?” Han Fei was curious about the elder’s identity, but he wouldn’t be dumb enough to ask for it directly. He wanted to befriend him first.

“You want to learn from me?” The old man hesitated. “My dance can attract misfortune. Are you sure about this?”



"I am." Han Fei replied confidently.

"Then I can't teach you." The elder appeared to be in a better mood after he met Han Fei. "You can try the other hobbies. I can sense that your real interest is not dancing."

They left the dance studio. Han Fei returned to the calligraphy room. He entered the room filled with Death.

"This is where a few of our members like to stay, but they haven't returned for a long time already. I wonder where they are." The elder stood outside the door, holding the black umbrella.

Han Fei looked around the room. He needed to find the most unique death. Since he had no time limit, Han Fei sat down and slowly studied every word. At first, Han Fei didn't feel anything, but eventually, his heart started to feel anxious. After staring at the same word for an extended period of time, the word would feel unfamiliar. After staying in the room for half an hour, Han Fei felt like he couldn't recognize Death anymore. In his eyes, the Deaths were changing shapes.

"Calligraphy is an art that reflects life. The author's emotions are soaked into the writing. Every death here is like a bloody knife. There's a life behind every writing." Han Fei didn't know calligraphy, but he had interacted with many ghosts before. When the characters shifted, he took out Rest in Peace. The blade glowed, and Han Fei started to examine the characters closer. Then, he used Rest in Peace to write over the characters. The blade could sense murder. Most of the Death carried hatred and death. Han Fei spent almost an hour in the room. When Han Fei planned to cut off the last Death on the back of the door, the light on Rest in Peace faded away. "Rest in Peace doesn't want to destroy that character."

This Death was hidden in the most inconspicuous corner, but it was very different from the other Deaths. It didn't carry any negative emotions. When Han Fei noticed that, the other Deaths turned into dead human faces. They looked coldly at Han Fei. They wanted to tear down Han Fei's face.

Han Fei couldn't hesitate. He wanted to gouge out the special Death character, but the word slowly morphed into a child's soul.

“His name is Puppy. He’s a child a member picked up. He’s very cowardly and quite naïve. Don’t hurt him.” The elder remembered something and shouted into the room. Han Fei stopped moving. The dead people stared at him. As long as he didn’t harm Puppy, the dead wouldn’t harm him too.

“Notification for Player 0000. You’ve found the most unique Death. You’ve obtained Beginner Calligraphy Skill and a new Death script.

“Calligraphy: A basic hobby. It doesn’t match you.

“Death Script: Using a special script to write divine blessing might lead to an unexpected result.”

Han Fei noticed that the hobbies in the cryptic world could change many things. If used well, they could be as effective as hidden professions.

“It looks like I have to cultivate many hobbies.”

Han Fei had completed two of three mission requirements. He walked to the elder and the black umbrella. They moved to the garden. Compared to the previous two rooms, this place was more direct. Every flower was a person.

‘The mission requires me to pick a flower while ensuring that it doesn’t wilt.’

It felt weird entering the garden. The soul was planted with dead bodies. The cracked skulls were planted neatly.

“Which of you would like to leave with me?” Han Fei used Cursed Words to converse with the ‘plants’. The soul flowers trembled. They slowly awakened and turned to look at Han Fei. Han Fei had no idea how a flower made from humans could bloom, and he didn’t want to know either. If possible, he wanted to bring all the ‘flowers’ away from this place. The black rain fell on the ground. The black rain seeped into the souls. They tried to escape from the cracked skulls, but the black rain was like a thread that tied them to their carcasses. The only option to seek release was to ‘bloom’. Then their souls would break, and they’d find release.

Han Fei grabbed the shovel and planned to dig out the bodies, but the souls showed intense fear.

Hearing the voice, the elder also advised, "If you break the flower roots, then they can't bloom anymore."

"I'm just trying to apply the more modern gardening method, the soilless cultivation." Han Fei dug up the ground. He saw the blood vessels criss-crossing underneath. The blood vessels connected the dead bodies. If one body were disturbed, the nearby bodies would be affected too.

"Don't mess up the garden. If the gardener finds out, she'll be very mad!" The elder held the iron gate and urged Han Fei to leave.

"Is the gardener a member here too?"

"Yes. Based on her voice, she should be a very small and kind old lady. But we never hear from anyone who made her angry again." The elder warned.

"In that case..." Han Fei looked at the garden. Those people were probably buried here already. His rationality told him to be careful, but he was one step away from completing the mission. Han Fei replaced the shovel and used his hands to part the blood vessels. He tried to save one of the bodies. It was better than nothing. However, before he could do anything, the elder suddenly became silent, and Han Fei felt a chill coming from his back.

He turned to look around. A giant shadow had appeared at the entrance of the back alley. A monster about three meters tall with a large body showed up. She dragged a dead body with her left hand. Her fingers clutched the body's skull like a toy. Her right hand was engorged with the curse of the dead.

"What are you doing?" A disproportionate voice came out from the gardener's lips. She sounded like a neighborly grandma.

Han Fei held the blood vessels and froze. The blind elder held the umbrella and quietly moved to the side. He looked lost.

Chapter 757: The Gardener and The Dancer

After the 'kind and tiny' gardener entered the back alley, her presence brought a lot of pressure on Han Fei.

"Something's not right." The clubhouse was at the edge of the unknown zone. It looked normal on the surface, but Han Fei ran into this scary gardener here. The gardener was more than just a normal ghost. She had planted the soul flowers on her body so she could explore with inexplicable power whenever she wanted. 'The gardener is powerful but rational. She even likes to garden. Just what is this clubhouse?' Han Fei's hands that held the blood vessels loosened. Han Fei only had 1 Life Point left, so he didn't struggle. He turned to the elder for help.

"I feel like a stranger had found his way into the club, so I hurried over to check. The strange sound appeared to come from this place." The elder instantly distanced himself from Han Fei. There was a reason why he could survive in the cryptic world.

"A stranger?" The gardener didn't believe the elder. She tossed the monster into the garden and glanced down at Han Fei and the blind elder. "I'll ask again. What are you doing here?"

"I wish to join your clubhouse, so I followed this elder in." Han Fei switched on masterful acting. "Actually, I'm interested in gardening. When I saw your garden, I couldn't help myself but walk in. I wish to learn some tips from you."

The gardener didn't believe Han Fei. The mutated arm rose. Han Fei didn't panic. "Everything I say is the truth. There's a saying among florists, people cultivate flowers, and flowers cultivate people. During the process of gardening, the plants influence me too. The process cultivates my presence and trains my focus. You're a flower lover too, so you should know what I mean, right?"

Han Fei picked up the soil and blood vessel to take a sniff. He seemed to be communicating with the ground.

"People cultivate flowers, and flowers cultivate people?" The gardener's scary eyes blinked. While she hesitated, Han Fei grabbed the opportunity.

"In the past, I was shackled by the mundane things in life. I worked so hard for material things. But the harder I worked, the emptier I felt. Then, I started to plant flowers. I slowly understand the real meaning

of life. I would feel excited when a flower seed germinates, and I'll be happy for a whole day when a flower blooms. My empty inner world was filled up with flowers, and I felt complete for the first time." Han Fei really got into it. A real actor could even lie to himself. "I've experienced many painful and despairing things. I have no friends. I can't find any sense of belonging or a sense of home. However, since I started to plant flowers, I felt that they were growing up with me. Every day, when I touched their cute leaves and smelled the fragrance of flowers, my tiredness would disappear. The flowers decorate my house, but they are more than decorations. They are the sources of my happiness."

Han Fei's words were very touching. Han Fei looked like a flower-loving young man. The gardener pulled back her arm. It was too hard to find someone with similar hobbies in the cryptic world. She didn't turn Han Fei into fertilizer. Instead, she started dealing with the monster she had brought. The monster appeared to be a cryptic world local. Its blood was filled with pain. The gardener sliced the monster's throat and used the monster like some kind of watering can to water her garden. This was very normal for the garden but it caused Han Fei to break out in cold sweat. When he dug through the soil earlier, he already sensed that the garden soil was different from normal soil. He had finally understood why. The soil here absorbed a lot of blood, and there were many carcasses buried underneath.

Han Fei was conflicted seeing the hardworking garden. She looked like a scary monster but at the same time, she took care of the flowers like they were her children. However, why would she raise a graveyard of 'flowers'?

It was impossible to run because the gardener could catch up to him easily. Han Fei decided to follow the gardener and started to learn from her. The gardener would answer any question about gardening, but her answers were always short. Han Fei slowly entered his role. He really started to discuss the issue of gardening in the cryptic world. He even pondered whether this kind of flower could be planted in the surface world. The gardener thought about it and realized that was not possible. Then again, she hadn't had the chance to attempt that.

Then, Han Fei took out the flower seeds and gardening books Huang Yin brought from the surface world. Han Fei had a very good chat with the gardener.

The blind elder frowned in confusion. He was blind, but he was not dumb. He felt like Han Fei was like a promoter selling health products to old people.

Han Fei was very generous. He gifted the precious and rare seeds from the surface world to the gardener.

“Notification for Player 0000! The gardener’s friendliness level increases by one.” This was highly effective. Han Fei took this chance to express his willingness to join the clubhouse because he wanted to learn more about gardening from the gardener. Han Fei finally got his wish. The gardener agreed to take Han Fei as her apprentice. She even gifted Han Fei a flower from the cryptic world so that he could try planting it on his own. However, before she did that, the gardener gave Han Fei some gardening tests like fertilizing and pruning. In other words, Han Fei was tasked to kill and dismember.

After Han Fei passed the tests, the gardener grabbed a large jar out of the house. She slowly dug out the strongest-looking carcass. She transplanted the ‘flower’ and the soil into the large jar. “You have to take care of this flower until it blooms.”

“I will.” Han Fei didn’t think the Grade E Mission would be completely so fast. Even though it was just a daily mission, it was a Grade E Mission, and it was related to Pure Hatred. Han Fei didn’t dare to let his guard down. He thanked the gardener profusely and carried the jar out of the garden.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve successfully moved a flower out of the garden without causing it to wilt. You’ve obtained beginner gardening skills and a unique flower—Bu Kaixin.

“Beginner Gardening Skill: You can increase the skill level by planting flowers or any other plants.

“Bu Kaixin (Grade G Unique Flower): This flower has a human name. He has never smiled, so everyone calls him Unhappy.

“Special Power: ???

“Warning! Cultivating a unique flower can highly increase your gardening skill. Unique flowers will have unique powers!”

In the surface world, gardeners were a very famous profession. Many people had their own gardens. At level 25, Han Fei finally got the chance to experience the joy of normal players. When the blind elder noticed there was no conflict between the two, he slowly edged towards the garden. “It sounds like you two are chatting quite happily. In that case, how about we let him join our clubhouse? After all, we don’t have many members left. If we don’t get any new members, we won’t survive for long.” 4887

“One has to confirm one’s hobby before joining the clubhouse.” The gardener glanced at Han Fei. “Are you sure you want to learn gardening from me?”

“Yes.” Han Fei glanced at the soul flowers and dead bodies. It fitted his aura. “Then you should treat this place like your own home. Remember to come here at least once per week so that we know you’re still alive.” The gardener opened the warehouse door and handed a black umbrella to Han Fei. “This is your umbrella. Don’t lose it. You need it to move through the black rain freely, or else you’d become like me.” The gardener showed her mutated body and then ignored Han Fei and entered the garden.

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve completed Grade E Normal Mission—Hobbies! You’ve successfully joined the Twilight Street Clubhouse and selected gardening as your hobby!

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve selected your first hobby—gardening! Based on your luck points, you’ll get a random reward related to your hobby!

“Notification for Player 0000! You’ve obtained Grade E Ability—Flower Language!

“Flower Language (Grade E Unique Ability): With the buff from Lapidarist, you can understand flower language and communicate with flowers! You have a 50 percent more success rate when planting something new!”

The game exit button lit up. Han Fei relaxed. “I’ll work hard and try to grow the world’s most beautiful flower.” Han Fei carried the jar and prepared to leave.

“I’ll walk you out.” The blind elder helped Han Fei carry the black umbrella. They walked towards the warehouse.

“Sir, do you still remember how you got here?” After the exit button lit up, Han Fei became more confident to ask some sensitive questions.

“No.” The elder waved his hands. He didn’t want to discuss this.

"If I tell you I can help you return home, will you come with me?" Han Fei wished to use Resurrection on the elder.

"Home?" The elder paused and shook his head. "I'm just a blind old man who only knows how to dance. I'll be despised wherever I go. I can't even look after myself. I don't want to burden others." "That might not be true. I've dabbled in the entertainment business. Nowadays, the audience has strange tastes. There was a salsa-dancing grandma who got famous on Britain's Got Talent. I don't see why you can't find fame too."

Han Fei was serious, but the elder only smiled and rejected him. Han Fei walked away. The blind elder listened to his disappearing footsteps and turned back to the warehouse. He searched the table blindly when the room temperature suddenly dropped. The gardener silently appeared inside the warehouse. The mutated hand placed the broken radio before the old man.

"Thank you." The elder accepted the radio. After some hesitation, he said, "I might not be able to accompany you much longer. With the kid around, at least you won't be so lonely." "I know. That's why I didn't kill him."

Chapter 758: Guinea Pig

When the neighbors saw Han Fei walk out with the giant jar, their hearts finally relaxed. "Boss, where did you get this jar?"

"This is a flower pot." Han Fei had Drake open the black umbrella. However, just as Drake touched the umbrella, it screamed. The black umbrella fell to the ground. The murderous intent surfaced on the umbrella, like needles. They formed the pattern of an altar. Han Fei had seen that altar in the clubhouse's mirror before. It was made up of dead bodies.

"What a strange umbrella."

"It's given by the clubhouse. You can walk through the rain with this umbrella." Han Fei handed the jar to Drake, and he carried the umbrella. He perfectly melted into this new zone.

"Manager, a lot of people have died under this umbrella. The umbrella is filled with resentment. It is built with resentment. It can help the owner avoid the black rain, but it'll eventually consume the owner." Lee Zai had already left, but he realized something was not right when he returned to the



theme park. He seemed to have made a decision against his will because he was affected by the black rain, so he returned. "I've accidentally drunk a bit of the rain earlier and sensed many things from it. As the manifestation of disaster, I'm very sensitive about this. It seems like it's protecting you, but it's actually absorbing something from your soul."

Lee Zai squeezed under the umbrella and pointed at the altar pattern, which was fading away, "The silence of this unknown zone is encouraged by its owner. Murder is encouraged. Every resident has to be careful of being killed. The clouds above us are like a giant umbrella. They are absorbing the souls of the dead to enlarge itself and then pour out the black rain to bring chaos to the city."

"I also feel like this place is very scary. It's like the whole zone is used to cultivate a single ghost." Drake glanced at the black cloud. "We should leave."

Han Fei could log off the game already. He walked towards the theme park. Just as the group was about to leave the area, the jar Drake was carrying suddenly screamed like someone who was forced to wake up from a nightmare. After Bu Kaixin left the black rain, it started to wilt. The soul in the skull wailed like it was losing its oxygen.

"Can't we bring this flower to another zone?" Drake stopped. "Boss, your flower looks quite rare. If it wilts due to changing environment, it's quite a shame."

"Do you have any idea?"

"Mirror God and I plan to open a branch of Yi Ming Convenience Store in this zone. How about we keep the flower there?" Drake led Han Fei to the edge where the two zones overlapped. There was an old three-story building. The interior had been designed to be like a convenience store. "The left balcony is exposed to the black rain. We can put the flower there. Plus, we'll conduct business for citizens of two zones. Even though we don't have any stock now, I believe that the locals of this black rain area will soon become our loyal customers."

"You sound so confident." When Han Fei rescued Drake, he didn't think Drake would one day open a branch of the convenience store.

"The living pressure at this black rain zone is much higher than at the Ziggurat. The locals here have to purchase items to survive. Furthermore, we'll provide the revenge killing service. If they can provide the

resource, Sister Zhang Wen will help.” Drake’s single eye narrowed. “No one can resist gaining the aid of a Pure Hatred.”

“Your convenience store will be quite convenient indeed.”

“Bringing customers convenience and best service is our goal.” Drake scratched his head shyly.

“You’ve done well. I’ll leave you to manage Yi Ming Convenience Store in the future.” Han Fei entered the shop and placed the jar on the balcony. The black rain fell into the jar. The soul absorbed the rain greedily, and the blood vessels bulged again.

“Thank you...” Just as Han Fei planned to leave, a weak voice came from the jar. Han Fei turned around to look at the jar with disbelief. “Did you just speak?” Han Fei used his talent Flower Language, “How can I help you?” With this ability, Han Fei’s voice could echo deep inside one’s soul. With the buff from Soul-depth Touch, he could communicate with some ‘flowers’ without actually speaking.

“Kill me, kill me...” The soul pleaded.

“If I do that, the gardener will kill me.” Han Fei tried to caress the skull using Soul-depth Touch. Low self-esteem, pain, and loneliness wrapped around the soul like petals. However, Han Fei also sensed a very special emotion, nostalgia.

Bu Kaixin missed the warmth of sunlight, his mother’s dumplings, and the mundane daily life.

“Do you want to go back to real life?” Han Fei pulled back his hand. “I can help you with that, but before that, you have to tell me how you got turned into a flower. I need to understand more about that black rain zone.”

Bu Kaixin didn’t believe Han Fei. He thought Han Fei was merely toying with him. As Bu Kaixin curled back into the jar, Han Fei believed he had to give the man some hope to pull him out of despair.

“I have no idea why they’re planting flowers, but I wish to turn all the flowers back into humans.” Han Fei whispered the words, “Spirit-farer.”

The ghost door slowly opened. Jin Jun appeared holding a shovel. He fell on his butt. “Han Fei?” Jin Jun looked at Han Fei with confusion, “I was digging a cemetery with Huang Yin. Why did you call me here?”

“Do you have some daily food like dumplings in your inventory?”

“I do. What do you need them for?” Jin Jun opened his inventory and took out a bunch of food and drinks.

“I’m raising a flower, and I want him to feel the warmth of the surface world.” Han Fei moved all the things to the balcony and showed them to Bu Kaixin.

“Flower?” Jin Jun was even more confused.

“Can’t you see such a big flower? If you want, I can gift you one in the future.” Han Fei tapped on the jar, and Bu Kaixin’s soul appeared on the broken skull. “In the future, I’ll send them all to the surface world.”

When Jin Jun smelled the dead body in the air, he didn’t dare to say anything lest Han Fei really gifted him a flower.

“This is your favorite dumpling. There is also other delicious food. I can help you regain the things you’ve lost. In fact... I can even help you meet your family.” When Han Fei said the last sentence, Bu Kaixin’s expression finally changed. The blankness in his eyes faded away.

“I wish to see my mother...”

“If she’s still alive, I promise you I’ll fulfill that wish.” Han Fei had Jin Jun clear up his inventory. Then, before Bu Kaixin’s eyes, Han Fei used Resurrection to send Jin Jun back to the surface world. “Now, you’ll wilt when you leave the black rain. After we solve this problem, we’ll try to have you meet your mother. You have to try your best to live. You wouldn’t want your mother to see you like this, right?” Others relied on fertilizer and techniques to raise flowers, but Han Fei relied on the flower’s innate potential. After witnessing Han Fei’s power, Bu Kaixin’s attitude changed. He became chattier, and no longer saw himself as a flower that would wilt at any moment. When Han Fei communicated with Bu Kaixin, he realized something shocking.

An Unmentionable had formed a bridge between the black rain zone and real life. It had been searching for suitable members to join the clubhouse. If one fulfilled the harsh conditions, there was a chance that one might be sent to the black rain zone. 99 percent of these people would die in the transportation process. Bu Kaixin was one of those. But there were success stories too.

Bu Kaixin was once a member of the murderer's clubhouse, but he hadn't killed anyone. He joined the club merely to describe his missing older brother. They looked similar, so Bu Kaixin sneaked into the club, disguised as his brother. He also discovered the unknown side of his brother. Animal, cruel, and crazy, these words were not enough to describe his older brother. After knowing the truth, Bu Kaixin despised and hated his brother. He wanted to leave, but it was already too late. After he saved the clues he found, the core members of the clubhouse located him. He couldn't remember what happened next, but when he woke up, he was already a flower.

Bu Kaixin told Han Fei his mother's address. He hoped Han Fei could help him check in on her. In return, Bu Kaixin told Han Fei details about one of the core members. "The man's surname is Xia. He always wears a guinea pig mask. He's around 1.8 meters tall. He looks so harmless, but he's a real devil. He is in the childcare business. He always smells of milk powder."

Han Fei memorized everything. He had Drake stay behind to look after Bu Kaixin, and then he logged off.

Han Fei opened his eyes and crawled out of the gaming hub. He rushed to the computer and logged in as Sunny Boy. He looked through the chat logs of the Death Chat Room. Han Fei found the few comments before the last admin disappeared.

"I don't want to waste time on these randos."

"Something big is about to happen because Xia Tian is coming."

"Just wait and see."

After that, the account didn't release any new comments. And the chat room had a new admin.

"Is that a code name for the core members making their move?"

Han Fei calculated the time and realized that this happened around when Butterfly had its Resurrection Night.

“This bunch of rats has hidden so deep.”

Suddenly, one of the mods pmed Han Fei. Han Fei hesitated and then accepted the message. A very gory image appeared before Han Fei.

“Newbie, let’s play a game.”

“What game?”

“Find the difference. If you can find 10 differences in this person, I’ll bring you to somewhere fun.”

Chapter 759: Offline Meeting

The mod said very scary things in a casual tone. Finding the difference was a common game, but the picture the admin provided was of someone being tortured. The differences were the torture being done to his body. It was very scary.

For normal people, they’d have nightmares from just glancing at the picture. The mod was very generous to give Han Fei a full minute. To the mod’s surprise, Han Fei only used ten seconds to find 25 differences in the picture.

The mod was stunned. They had an internal system to discern a person’s twistedness based on how long it took to find all the differences. If one took one minute to find 10 differences, they were mentally unhinged; if one took one minute to find 15 differences, they were twisted; if one took one minute to find all 25 differences, they were evil mad people.

“10 seconds and found all 25 differences.” The mod was nervous. He knew he was dealing with a monster.

“Is there a problem?” Han Fei was used to seeing gore in the cryptic world. “Did I miss anything? I’ve used five seconds to check before I handed in my answer.”

“You even used five seconds to check your answer first?” The mod didn’t dare to ask too much. His tone was more respectful. “You got full marks for the first games, but we have more mini-games for you to try.”

The mod decided to give Han Fei more tests because one game was not enough to tell everything. He sent Han Fei games like hide-and-seeK, puzzle, and so on. He had no idea that Han Fei’s first case was a human jigsaw puzzle, he had no idea that Han Fei had a talent called Hide-and-seeK, and Han Fei’s talent was in Art Appraisal. He cleared all the games flawlessly. After a few simple tests, the mod was greatly impressed. This was the first time he felt like worshipping someone.

“Do you have other mini games?” Han Fei found them to be quite relaxing after playing Perfect Life.

“That’s all.” The mod sent a sweat emoji. He understood Han Fei’s spot on the food chain. “We’ll have a small offline meeting tomorrow night. Many mods and chat group leaders will be there. Would you like to join us?”

“Aren’t you afraid that I’d go and murder all of you?” Sunny Boy replied.

“I like your humor. If you think you’re that capable, you can try.” The mod pulled Han Fei into another chat. This new chat group only had 20 people. They were all mods and managers of other chat groups. “We’ll have a new member for our next offline meeting. He is Sunny Boy.”

While they greeted each other, Han Fei used all his means to check the info of the other members. They were basically the central members of the Death Chat Group. Han Fei did find something useful.

Everyone in the group used a codename. The manager of this group was someone called Guinea Pig. Han Fei remembered Bu Kaixin said that Mr. Xia had been wearing a guinea pig mask. Other than that, a mod called Death also grabbed Han Fei’s attention. This person showed great interest in art and singing. Every one of their murder was highly artistic. “I’ve met a woman in a Death Mask at the murderer’s clubhouse. Based on what the police found out, she could be a singer.” These murderers lived their lives with a mask, but their acting skills were nothing compared to Han Fei. Through analysis of mannerisms and verbal cues, Han Fei gathered more evidence. He wanted to confirm everyone’s identity. After the

introduction, the mod who approached Han Fei sent everyone a picture, "This picture will disintegrate after one minute. The meeting address and time are on it. Don't be late." The picture was of a young girl whose face was shielded. Her body was submerged in a dark ocean. There was an injured dolphin holding her up. There were five people standing around the girl, a heavily made-up mama-san, a polite white-collar, a tattooed bouncer, an ugly and lascivious gangster, and a kind and mature stepfather.

"Who tosses her into the Dolphin Bay?" There was no other hint but the single sentence.

"Dolphin Bay?" Han Fei searched for it online. It used to be a fishing village but was bought by a mysterious buyer. Based on rumors, people had seen big fish in the bay. They also heard melodic voices that sounded like dolphins. The address was confirmed, and then it was the time.

Han Fei compared the facial features of the few people in the picture and immediately found them to be related to an assault case that happened a few weeks ago. A young girl who lived in the countryside mysteriously disappeared. That day, five people entered her room, and their time of entry was different.

"Is this their way to weed out the non-crazy?" The members left the group. The mod reminded Han Fei not to be late. Actually, Han Fei's goal for joining the group was very simple. If he couldn't find the core member, then he'd be the core member. Han Fei left the grey zone and used his phone to call Li Xue. A few seconds later, the call was picked. Li Xue's familiar voice grumbled, "Brother, don't you need to sleep? Do you know what time is it?"

"I'm sorry. My day and night are a bit inversed." Han Fei told Li Xue about the case at Dolphin Bay. Li Xue provided him with the info.

"The gangster surrendered but based on our investigation, things were not that simple. Everyone had their own motive. The mama-san suspected that the girl was seducing her boss. The bouncer had a violent tendency. The white-collar worker was mentally unstable. But in the end, we caught the victim's stepfather. He had no criminal history and was a good person. His motive for killing the girl was that he believed death was salvation for the girl."

"What time did the man enter the girl's room?"

“3.50 am. He was the last to enter the room.” The police did detailed research, but this case was not made public. If Han Fei used this info to attend the meeting, the others might know that he was working with the police. This could be a test.

“Thank you.” After that, Han Fei asked Li Xue for another favor. He hoped the police could find Bu Kaixin’s mother. Li Xue hung up and promised to give Han Fei the latest by tomorrow afternoon. Han Fei spent more time on his hobby than a professional police officer.

Dawn was coming, but Han Fei didn’t feel drowsy. He grabbed some food and started to study the B-list singer, Ye Xuan. Han Fei fought with the woman at the clubhouse. She was the only person who could match Han Fei in a real match in real life.

“Ye Xuan, parents divorced. Her mother is an opera singer, and her father is one of the shareholders at Immortal Pharma. She is born rich. She is currently planning to join the singing competition held by Deep Space Tech and Immortal Pharma...” Han Fei was in the acting circle, so he didn’t know much about the singing stuff. He needed to do more research before he found out how big the competition was.

Perfect Life’s new player guide and songs needed a new composition. Deep Space Tech and Immortal Pharma planned to search for the world’s most beautiful voice. As technology improved, autotune could make everyone a great singer. However, singing was meant to showcase human emotions. Therefore, the competition required the singers to sing without any technological aid. The participants would be anonymous, and everything would be decided by the voice. The chosen one would do the voice-over for a key NPC in Perfect Life and would sing the promo song for Perfect Life. The competition was huge, attracting amateur and professional singers.

“Everyone will participate using virtual identities. No one’s real identity will be known. However, with Ye Xuan’s singing ability, she’ll definitely reach the final. I can use this chance to approach her to see if she’s the woman with the Death Mask.”

Han Fei thought for a while and called Seaglass cat. The kitten who was saved by the devil was so excited when Han Fei said he wanted to participate in the singing competition. She helped Han Fei complete the registration and even pulled Han Fei to join her singing group.

“You’ve become a lot livelier.” Han Fei was glad to see the change in Seaglass Cat. Wasn’t it his goal to make other people’s lives better and to bring more smiles into the world?



After a simple discussion, the group named the Devil and the Cat was born. Han Fei collected his info and headed to Seaglass Cat's place.

He was busy, so he would leave the first audition to Seaglass Cat. He planned to find ways to approach Ye Xuan at the finale.

Chapter 760: Emotions Murder Case

"Everyone will participate in the competition using their virtual character, so you need to create one for yourself too." After Seaglass Cat helped Han Fei finish the registration, she brought him to the place where she normally practiced singing.

"Virtual character?"

"Yes. You can understand it as a mask. No one knows who is behind the mask. That is one of the reasons why this competition is so popular." Seaglass Cat looked happy. "This won't be a popularity contest but a real talent contest."

Seaglass Cat opened the virtual character generation. Her virtual character was a catgirl. She was a virtual idol so she was familiar with these things.

"I have no requirement. I just want to look like a human." Han Fei picked a normal male character. "You should be able to handle the audition on your own, so I won't be participating. I'll be there during the final."

"Okay, I'll have my friend stand-in for you first." Seaglass Cat nodded.

"You have a friend?!" Han Fei was shocked. To him, Seaglass Cat was even more secluded than he was.

"Of course." Seaglass Cat opened her contact list and picked a name from the very short list. Moments later, the virtual room door opened, and a red snow leopard with a long tail walked in.

“Kitten, do you need something...” She was very happy, but when she saw someone other than Seaglass Cat in the room, she became nervous. She had obvious social anxiety.

“Vegebun, my friend and I want to enter Deep Space Tech’s singing contest, but he doesn’t have time to attend the audition. Can you stand in for him temporarily?” Seaglass Cat grabbed and swung the leopard’s paw. “You don’t even need to sing. You just need to stand at the back and play the maracas.”

“Are you sure?” Vegebun’s long tail swayed, “Won’t it be exposed?” She hugged her long tail and then looked at Han Fei. Her eyes slowly widened, and her body froze. “Han Fei?!” “Yes, it’s me.” Han Fei smiled professionally. “I’m joining the competition this time to capture a criminal. You’ll help me stand on stage while I go and find the culprit backstage.”

“You’re on a case?!” Vegebun’s expression changed. “Okay! I’ll help you!”

“Thank you. By the way, what’s your name?” Han Fei didn’t think he had gotten so popular that he’d be recognized so easily.

“My setting is that I’m a snow leopard who has lived for a billion years. But due to my inauspicious time of birth, my clan wanted to execute me. That day, the blood dyed my fur red...” Vegebun hugged her tail and explained her awkward virtual background. Han Fei listened patiently. Then, he told her the role she had to play, Sunny Boy.

“When you play me, you don’t need to do much. Just act happy.” Han Fei gave Vegebun some simple pointers. He had more to add, but his phone, in real life, rang. He had to leave the virtual room first.

Li Xue had found Bu Kaixin’s mother. She was currently at Xin Lu Mu Xiang Mental Patient Care Center. Han Fei called the center and rushed over when he got permission from the admin. Xin Lu Mu Xiang Mental Patient Care Center was a private hospital meant for mental patients in their old age. Some said the investor behind it was Immortal Pharma, and others said the boss was himself crazy and he built the hospital for himself.

Han Fei took the taxi to the northern countryside’s nature reserve. The hospital was built between the intelligence city and the northern countryside. Apparently, it was for the peacefulness of nature. However, when Han Fei arrived, he realized the hospital was very secluded. Even in broad daylight, there was no car on the road.

“Is this place a hospital or a prison?”

Since he had called beforehand, a nurse came to welcome him.

“The old lady in the red sweater is the person you’re looking for. But based on what we know, she only has one son called Bu Ming, and he’s not a twin.”

“She only has one son?” This was a surprise to Han Fei.

“Yes, and his name is not Bu Kaixin. The old lady lost her mind after Bu Ming went missing. She was sent here by a Good Samaritan.” The nurse held the patient’s list and led Han Fei to the activity room.

Bu Kaixin’s mother, Auntie Mei, sat before the closed television. She stared at the blank screen. She would smile and then gasp in fear like she was conversing with something.

“Has her condition gotten better?”

“She’s already much better than before. When she first arrived, she didn’t dare to sleep alone. She said someone wanted to kill her. She didn’t even dare to use the toilet alone.”

“She said that someone wanted to kill her?” Han Fei looked casually around. Other than Auntie Mei, there were other patients in the activity hall. Basically, they were all non-aggressive patients. “Can I go and talk to her?”

“Yes, but I don’t think she’ll answer you. We’ve tried communicating with her, but she never responded to us. I don’t think she even remembers her son’s name now.” The nurse didn’t stop Han Fei.

Han Fei entered the room. The place was very clean, and the air was fresh. But compared to a normal hospital, there was a sense of sluggishness here. It was like even time moved slower.

Han Fei came to the corner where Auntie Mei was. He didn't say anything. He only started to speak when the other patients had wandered off. "Auntie Mei, I'm Bu Kaixin's friend. He told me to come to see you and tell you that he's very well now. You don't need to worry." No matter what Han Fei said, Auntie Mei didn't react. She just glanced at the empty television screen. Her head swayed back and forth. She rubbed her hands together, and she mumbled something. Han Fei was not in a hurry. He sat beside Auntie Mei to listen, and then his pupils suddenly shrunk. The sentence the old lady was repeating was, "Someone is trying to kill me..."

And then, suddenly, she added, "Patient 1064 wants to kill me".

"1064?"

The old lady looked out of it, but she could say the number 1064 so clearly. There had to be a reason behind it. She appeared to be asking for help. Han Fei acted like he was confused. As he stood up, he casually looked around. A patient with the number 1064 stood near the door. She looked like she was spaced out, but she was seated just so that she could watch Auntie Mei at all times.

"She is monitoring Auntie Mei." Han Fei couldn't tell if the staff was in on this or not, so he decided to take this slow. With the nurse's help, Han Fei found Auntie Mei's main physician. He was a very young doctor. From his appearance, he looked just over 18, but the nurses respected him a lot.

"This is Doctor Bai. He is our hospital's best doctor. He has cured many patients. He was responsible for Auntie Mei when she first came here." The nurse closed the door. Han Fei and Doctor Bai were the only ones left in the room.

"Have we met before?"

"I have a very common face." Doctor Bai smiled. He arranged the files on his table and typed on his keyboard.

"Ever since I came in, you've done five meaningless actions. You're covering up the anxiety in your heart." Han Fei stared at the man's eyes and said confidently, "Most importantly, I can sense a kinship with you. We're the same kind of people."

“The same kind of people?” Doctor Bai raised his head, but he maintained his smile. “The biggest difference between animals and humans is that humans have rationality. You are a celebrity with millions of fans, and I’m just a normal doctor. How can we be the same kind of people?” Doctor Bai shook his head and took a sip of the cold tea on the table. “You didn’t come all the way here to tell me this, did you?”

“Before I met you, I did have questions for you, but now, I know what to do already.” Han Fei walked out of the office and called Li Xue. He wanted the police to help him move Auntie Mei out of that police. The murderer’s club might make a move against this old woman. The hospital rejected Han Fei at first. Li Xue had to ask her superior for help to get the hospital to agree to transfer Auntie Mei to another treatment center. During the whole process, Han Fei stayed by Auntie Mei’s side. Strangely enough, the old lady who acted crazily normally, was very obedient when Han Fei was around.

When they arrived at the new center, Han Fei paid for a new check-up for Auntie Mei. The old lady did suffer from mild paranoia, but the cause was the improper treatment given to Auntie Mei.

After she settled down, Auntie Mei instantly felt better. She also said something different for the first time. “Thank you for saving me from that place.”

“Auntie Mei, I’m Bu Kaixin’s friend. It was he who told me to come to help you, but I heard from the doctor that your son’s name is Bu Ming?” Han Fei sat before Auntie Mei and treated her like she was his family.

Auntie Mei didn’t say anything for a long time. In the end, she extended one shaky finger. “I only have one son called Bu Ming. He is very obedient, honest, and filial. At least, he is that way before me.” The old lady’s tears fell uncontrollably. Her emotions became agitated. “However, my neighbors told me that my son is a murderer. He has killed five people. He skinned and dismembered them. However, when he was with me, he didn’t even dare to deshell the shrimps. He’s my child.”

The old lady told Han Fei about Bu Ming. The child was very normal until he was eighteen, and he took a job delivering something to Dolphin Bay. He was gone for a whole night. When Auntie Mei was ready to call the police, Bu Ming came back with a heavy bag. Until now, Auntie Mei had no idea what was inside the bag.

The old lady’s condition started to worsen. She had trouble breathing, and Han Fei quickly called the doctor. When the doctor treated Auntie Mei, Li Xue came with her colleagues.

“Han Fei, have you made some kind of deal with the devil?” Li Xue’s colleagues had strange expressions.

“What’s wrong?”

“Something happened at Auntie Mei’s previous hospital. After Auntie Mei left, a lady in Room 1064 snuck out of her room and jumped down from the sixth floor.” Li Xue said seriously, “The hospital is saying we were too careless to leave the door open when we fetched Auntie Mei, and this accident is our fault. But we think this is murder.”

“When I first met Auntie Mei, she told me that Patient 1064 wanted to kill her.” Han Fei instantly said, “This should be murder to silence her. There’s a big fish at that hospital. I think you should look into Auntie Mei’s main physician. He gave me a strange feeling, and I think I met him that night at Sunday Night School.”

“Okay, we’ll look into this. Also, I want to tell you something.” Han Fei was led out of the room. Li Xue handed Han Fei her phone, “These are the cases Auntie Mei’s son has committed. The man liked to talk to himself. He would give a name to his every emotion. His victims have clear emotional traits too. Every time he killed, he would take something from the victims.”

“Does he suffer from multiple personality disorder?”

“It’s not the same. He knew he has different emotions, and he can switch his personas at will to handle different situations.” This sentence caught Han Fei’s attention. He wanted to return to the cryptic world to study Bu Kaixin’s soul.

“Bu Kaixin you told me to investigate should be one of his emotions. I suggest you stay away from him. The man was once a high-class member of the murderer’s clubhouse. The emotions murder case he committed was apparently a test for him to upgrade to become a core member. He killed five people for a test.”

“Then, did he become a core member?”

“No idea. After the emotions murder case, he went missing. There have been many killers like him in the past few years. After they committed the horrid crimes, they would disappear as if they had gone to another world.”

After getting the key info from Li Xue, Han Fei rushed home. The flower called Bu Kaixin still carried many secrets.