

THE SYSTEM TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE HUMAN

Chapter 26 - The Crybaby's Endless Escape (7)



“Huh...?”

The players, including Chen Mengxi, exchanged glances, all wearing peculiar expressions.

Naturally, unlike Si Yisi, who had the audacity to sleep soundly until he woke up naturally, they had all left their rooms early and gathered in the living room to discuss the events of the previous night.

What the players heard last night was more or less the same. A shrill, piercing scream that sounded like a woman’s voice.

Now, looking at Si Yisi with slightly swollen eyes...

That soprano-like scream came from a frail young boy?

He actually managed to escape the ghost’s “gift”? How?

Given the familial relationship between Si Yisi and Chen Mengxi, the burden of questioning naturally fell on Chen Mengxi once again.

Si Yisi noticed how annoyed Chen Mengxi was, but since he was weak and pitiable, he, of course, pretended not to notice anything.

“Chen Chen, what... what did you see?”

As soon as Chen Mengxi asked, Si Yisi’s eyes reddened, and he started crying.

When he cried, his speech became even more stammering than Chen Mengxi's, barely forming complete sentences. "It... it was a ghost with long hair, and its face... its face was full of hair! She... she was lying on top of me, glaring at me with eyes dripping blood! Hic!"

As he spoke, he even let out a hiccup, making him all the more irritating.

Hair? A face full of hair?

Si Yisi's utterly terrified and collapsed demeanor, combined with his description, struck a chord with the players.

They could already imagine what this boy named Shen Chen had gone through.

Opening his eyes only to be met with a pair of blood-dripping eyes glaring at him, and a face entirely covered in hair. It was enough to scare anyone out of their wits!

"What was the gift the ghost wanted to give you? How did you manage to escape?" Qi MUYANG interjected. His fingers tapped rhythmically on the table, producing a dull sound that added an invisible pressure to the room; his way of exerting dominance.

Si Yisi glanced at Qi MUYANG "timidly," his tears flowing even harder.

He teetered on the verge of Qi MUYANG's patience, trembling and stammering as he replied, "She... she said she wanted to give me hair. I... I don't know anything else!"

"I-I-I was so scared that I just grabbed something and threw it at her, and then she backed off."

"What did you throw?"

"A-a-a-a razor, I think," Si Yisi stammered weakly, his crying never ceasing and even growing more intense.

He tremblingly reached into his pocket and pulled out a razor.

Qi Muyang seized the razor immediately. His domineering move earned the other players' hostile glares, but he dismissed them with a sneer.

"Tsk. Do you think you'd know how to use this? These things should be in the hands of someone who knows their value."

As Qi Muyang spoke, he slammed a heavy object onto the table beside him. The sound reverberated, and the area around the table fell completely silent.

"You," Qi Muyang said arrogantly, pointing at someone. "Yes, you. Summarize the clues we've gathered so far."

Jia Yingrong, the bespectacled player, remained silent for a moment before speaking in response to Qi Muyang's demand. "Based on the clues we've uncovered so far, we can determine that there's something unusual happening in the bathroom of the new tenant's room on the third floor, which requires our attention. On the second floor, hair was discovered in one of the rooms, and it's initially suspected to belong to... the female ghost with a face full of hair who tried to deliver a gift to Shen Chen. Her weakness appears to be a razor."

"There's no trace of any tenant living in another room on the second floor, which raises suspicions that the ghost may have infiltrated that room... On the first floor, we found many pieces of shredded paper, so we might need to focus on things like paper dolls."

"Hmm... Shen Chen, think carefully. What time did you encounter the ghost?" Jia Yingrong asked Si Yisi.

"One... 1 or 2 o'clock," Si Yisi replied cooperatively, studying Jia Yingrong as he answered.

For some reason, he couldn't shake the feeling that Jia Yingrong wasn't as harmless as he seemed.

Was he a ghost? Or perhaps an even stronger player?

A faint glimmer of light sparked in Si Yisi's tear-filled eyes.

"Good. So, we now know that the timeframe for ghost visits is between 1 and 2 o'clock. But this raises another question. Shen Chen lives on the third floor, and we suspect the female ghost resides in one of the second-floor rooms. Do you all remember what that voice said? It encouraged 'visiting others' rooms.'"

"What do you mean?" Huang Mao glared at Jia Yingrong warily. "Are you saying that it's possible for four ghosts to visit a player's room all at once in a single night? What kind of nonsense is that?!"

(T/N: Huang Mao = Yellow hair; I guess the author just named him literally yellow hair ^ _ (^)_/_)

"We can't rule out that possibility," Jia Yingrong replied calmly, adjusting his glasses. "However, the game likely wouldn't leave players with no way to survive in such a low-level world."

Low-level world?

Si Yisi recalled how, in Shen Chen's memories, most players referred to such worlds as 'beginner worlds.'

Though there was only a slight difference in wording, it still felt odd.

Jia Yingrong appeared to have finished speaking, and the players seated around the table fell into silence once again. A gloomy and oppressive atmosphere settled over them, casting a shadow even over the safety of daylight.

Suddenly, Mo Wuchang raised his hand. The eager glint in his eyes made Si Yisi instinctively feel uneasy.

“I have a question; can we switch rooms?” Mo Wuchang asked.

“Huh?” Qi Muyang crossed his arms. “What are you trying to do?”

“I... I just think that little brother over there is crying so pitifully. I want to move in and keep him company so he won't be so scared,” Mo Wuchang said, his eyes sparkling with sincerity, as if he truly meant it.

“What?”

Little brother... who?

Si Yisi wiped his tears with a napkin and peeked at Mo Wuchang through the paper's cover. He saw Mo Wuchang wink at him.

Who are you calling little brother?

Who wants to live with you?

“Newbies are always so troublesome,” Qi Muyang muttered under his breath.

“Fine, do whatever you want, as long as the person you're living with agrees.”

Mo Wuchang looked at Jia Yingrong.

“...Alright.” Jia Yingrong, who shared a room with Mo Wuchang, agreed without much fuss.

“Thank you so much, little brother!” Mo Wuchang leaned over excitedly, grabbing Jia Yingrong's hand and shaking it vigorously.

“No... thanks.”

Without another word, the thick-skinned Mo Wuchang dragged a chair over and sat down next to Si Yisi. Boldly, he even threw an arm around Si Yisi's neck.

“Little brother... uh, no, boss, I’m here now. Aren’t you happy?”

Si Yisi: “...”

Who are you calling little brother, huh? Si Yisi silently let out another quiet sob, then placed a hand on Mo Wuchang’s shoulder and pressed down “gently.”

Sweat beaded on Mo Wuchang’s forehead as he looked at Si Yisi in horror, feeling as though a giant mountain had suddenly crushed his shoulder.

Holy crap, I was wrong! Boss! I shouldn’t have taken advantage of you with my words!

Good to know. Si Yisi’s expression practically screamed ‘death glare.jpg.’

After a while, the players grew tired of sitting gloomily around the table and began dispersing in small groups.

Chen Mengxi put on a show of consoling Si Yisi before leaving as well. This left only Si Yisi and Mo Wuchang.

Si Yisi continued crying softly into a napkin, while Mo Wuchang, rubbing his sore shoulder, dutifully handed him tissues like a loyal lackey.

Once the hall was completely empty, Si Yisi stopped crying and walked toward the door.

“Uh... Boss, where are you going?” Mo Wuchang asked hesitantly.

“To wait for the rabbit to walk into the trap.” No... to rob someone. Si Yisi replied casually.

Mo Wuchang’s eyes lit up with excitement. “Are you going to use your tears to move the ghosts emotionally?”

Si Yisi could guess that Mo Wuchang must have witnessed how he dealt with the air-conditioner ghost on the bus.

He shot Mo Wuchang a sidelong glance.

What kind of nonsense is “using tears to move the ghosts emotionally”? Did Mo Wuchang think my tears are holy water?!

Not amused.

Chapter 27 - The Crybaby's Endless Escape (8)



As soon as the door was pushed open, a gust of cold wind blew straight into Mo Wuchang’s face.

Shivering from the chill, he was just about to ask Si Yisi what exactly they were going to do when the wide-open door was pulled shut again, leaving only a small crack.

“Idiot.” Si Yisi cast a light, sidelong glance at Mo Wuchang, which was met with an unshakable expression of devotion that seemed to scream, ‘Whatever the boss says is right.’

It was a bit of an eyesore.

Si Yisi, of course, knew that Mo Wuchang wasn’t truly an idiot. The fact that he could keenly notice things other players missed was proof enough.

If anything... his luck seemed to be thin.

With a name like ‘Wuchang’, wasn’t it just a matter of time before he ended up in the underworld?

“What are we waiting for?” Mo Wuchang asked.

“We’re waiting for yesterday’s bus,” Si Yisi replied without hiding anything. After all, his plan this time involved using Mo Wuchang as bait.

If Si Yisi went alone, he was afraid that the air-conditioner ghost lady would turn tail and flee the moment she saw him.

“???”

Mo Wuchang looked utterly baffled.

“The landlord thinks we’re paying too little in rent. If we offered him more, what do you think would happen? I’m curious, so I want to try,” Si Yisi said, tilting his head back slightly to stop the tears that threatened to fall.

“What does that have to do with the bus?”

Mo Wuchang asked reflexively, but his brain quickly kicked into gear.

The landlord, like this cursed rental house, was clearly not a normal being. He definitely wouldn’t accept money from the living. So, what about money from the dead; or rather, from ghosts?

The four tenants in the rental house were currently unaccounted for, leaving no room to act there.

Uh... so the idea was to turn to the bus instead?

From a logical standpoint, the plan made sense, but Mo Wuchang couldn’t shake the eerie chill around him. It felt as though the ghost that had possessed him yesterday was lingering nearby again.

He shivered, a foreboding sense of doom settling over him.

“What... what do I have to do?”

“Be bait,” Si Yisi answered, his eyes watering again from the cold wind. “I’m worried they’ll run the moment they see me. Do you understand?”

His teary, glistening eyes locked onto Mo Wuchang’s, giving him the appearance of a fragile little deer. But deep down, he’s probably... probably a

giant demon? Mo Wuchang scared himself with his own imagination, involuntarily trembling.

Si Yisi had a gut feeling that Mo Wuchang's thoughts had wandered somewhere they shouldn't.

"Uh... I get it."

No sooner had Mo Wuchang spoken than the sound of brakes screeching to a halt came from outside the crack in the door.

The bus from yesterday stopped by the signpost next to the rental house. Its open door yawned like the gaping mouth of a ghost.

Mo Wuchang instinctively glanced at Si Yisi, silently offering a moment of pity for the ghosts.

Sorry, I really have no choice but to "act as a tiger's accomplice."

Mo Wuchang boarded the bus smoothly. The female driver glanced at him, her lips curling into a bloody smile.

"Yesterday's... human... passenger, hello."

Mo Wuchang thought of Si Yisi, who was hiding behind him, and gave the driver, whose neck twisted unnaturally toward him, a look of silent sympathy.

The female driver: "???"

Then she was met with the sight of Si Yisi, sobbing uncontrollably, his shoulders shaking with each breath.

The female driver: "!!!"

Her shock caused the bus to screech to an abrupt halt. Si Yisi leaned forward, peeking at her, and gave her a tearful smile.

The passengers seated on the bus slowly revealed themselves. They were corpses in various states of decay, all staring straight at Mo Wuchang.

From the air conditioner vent emerged a ghostly head, but the moment it caught a glimpse of Si Yisi's profile, it recoiled with a sharp whoosh.

"Hang in there," Si Yisi said to Mo Wuchang.

He grabbed the female driver as if she were a baby chick and, with lightning speed, shoved something into the neckline of her uniform.

It was Ah Tu.

Crackle, sizzle, hiss!

The air filled with the scent of roasted ghost flesh as electrical sparks scorched her body. Ah Tu, sobbing tears of its own, unleashed a torrent of electricity. If it could speak, it would likely curse Si Yisi, this unscrupulous system, a thousand times over.

After dealing with the female driver in a matter of moments, Si Yisi nudged Mo Wuchang aside and turned his gaze to the scattered corpses seated on the bus.

Mo Wuchang watched as Si Yisi's tears dripped steadily onto the floor of the bus. With each tear that fell, another non-human entity was taken down.

Mo Wuchang: "○○○"

A certain suspicion in his heart grew more and more certain; His tears are undoubtedly a powerful weapon!

Feeling that he should contribute as well, Mo Wuchang prepared to act. But then he noticed a familiar face emerging from the air conditioner vent.

The air-conditioner ghost lady's eyeball fell out, and a swarm of beetles descended from above, attacking!

The ghostly face that Si Yisi hadn't yet dealt with.

Mo Wuchang: “???”

He watched as the air-conditioner ghost lady swiftly and decisively took out her fellow ghost. Then, she turned to Si Yisi and flashed him a stiff, fawning smile.

Even ghosts these days are eager to cling to someone powerful?!

After Si Yisi dealt with the moving corpses of the passengers, he tore a curtain into long strips and tied them together into a bundle, making a neat “dumpling” of them. He even stuffed a wad of shredded curtain into each of their mouths for good measure.

“Mmmm! Mmmm!” The muffled wailing of ghosts echoed throughout the bus.

As for the unlucky female driver and the equally unlucky Ah Tu, the driver had been electrocuted to the point of becoming a roasted ghost. Her charred body even emitted a faint scent of roasted meat.

Si Yisi also noticed the air-conditioner ghost's fawning smile. He had no interest in dealing with such an uninspiring ghost and decided to just let her off the hook.

“Uh, we've taken over the bus. What's next, boss?” Mo Wuchang cautiously reminded him, noticing that Si Yisi, with his tear-filled eyes and dramatic presence, didn't seem done having his fun.

However, Mo Wuchang felt his nerves fraying. The gap between him and this “boss”; no, between him and this big shot, was just too vast to ignore.

Lost confidence.jpg.

Si Yisi clapped his hands, turned his tearful eyes to the gathered ghosts, and said weakly, in a slow and delicate voice, “Hand over your money.”

The air-conditioner ghost immediately extended several ghostly, mist-wreathed arms. With a few quick motions, coins clattered into Si Yisi's open palm—Perfectly forming a stack.

Wow, what efficiency! What dedication to servitude! Mo Wuchang was once again deeply impressed.

He was, astonishingly, outclassed by a ghost.

It felt a little disheartening.

“Goodbye. Safe travels,” Si Yisi said, uttering what sounded like a friendly farewell but felt more like a curse. With the ghost money in hand, he leisurely stepped off the bus.

Behind him, the ghosts collapsed into a pitiful heap, crying tears of blood that stained the floor of the bus.

Wuwuwu.

They're bullying ghosts! Wuwuwu!

The female driver's body twitched, then twitched again; each jerk oddly specific, like a dead loach still insisting on flopping around.

Si Yisi, thoroughly refreshed from robbing the ghosts, showed no signs of distress apart from his slightly swollen eyelids.

He then blocked the old landlord in the storage room, handing him a pile of ghost coins.

What effect would this have?

Could it allow me to move into the haunted house? Or perhaps increase the fun and challenge of the experience?

With his heart set on tearing apart live ghosts with his bare hands, Si Yisi eagerly awaited the outcome.



The old landlord leaned heavily on his cane, casting a sinister glare at Si Yisi before lowering his gaze to the coins Si Yisi handed over. His murky eyes suddenly lit up with greed.

He snatched the coins from Si Yisi's hand and stroked them obsessively, his expression bordering on ecstasy. Then, with surprising speed, he tossed a room token to Si Yisi.

The token was crudely carved, the lettering worse than a child's scrawl, its meaning blatantly obvious.

"1-Day Death Exemption Token. It works only once, only once, hehe. 5 days left, only 5 days." The old landlord chuckled eerily before turning to hobble away, his cane tapping against the ground in a slow rhythm.

But then, his withered arm was firmly grabbed by Si Yisi.

Si Yisi yanked the old man's arm with such force that it creaked, as if it would fall apart at any moment.

His expression darkened as he said, "Take back the token and return the coins."

The old landlord froze. "?"

What the hell? What kind of weirdo is this? Doesn't even want a life-saving item?

The landlord tried to jerk his arm free, putting up a surprising amount of strength for someone so frail. His unnatural power only confirmed his non-human nature.

However, he couldn't break free.

It was an awkward stalemate.

Man and ghost stood locked in place, while Mo Wuchang observed with an indifferent expression. This old bag of bones has no idea what the boss is thinking!

To be fair, Mo Wuchang hadn't expected Si Yisi to be this bold either.

They only needed to survive 7 days in the haunted house. A death exemption token was essentially one-seventh of a guaranteed survival. What kind of player wouldn't cling to it for dear life?

Oh, right, the boss.

Mo Wuchang had already begun imagining Si Yisi beating the ghostly landlord to a pulp. The scrawny old man wouldn't last a second, would he?

But then, a mechanical voice echoed throughout the rental house, carrying an undertone of what seemed like begrudging exasperation.

[Transactions with NPCs are irreversible.]

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The voice repeated itself three times, each time growing louder and angrier. To Mo Wuchang's ears, it sounded downright irate.

Si Yisi reluctantly loosened his grip. The landlord, freed at last, waved his cane and bolted away at a speed that defied logic.

“Damn, an Olympic sprinter!” Mo Wuchang muttered, unfazed by yet another ghost fleeing from them.

Then he noticed Si Yisi clutching the death exemption token in his hand, gripping it so tightly it seemed as though he might crush it.

Mo Wuchang swallowed nervously, his mind flashing to the image of a ghost whose rotten flesh had been ripped off by hand. He quickly tried to stop Si Yisi. “Wait! Boss, calm down! That’s one-seventh of a life!”

He was terrified that the one-seventh chance of survival wouldn’t last even three seconds in Si Yisi’s hands.

Si Yisi stood quietly for a while, his expression devoid of any emotion, as mechanical as a robot.

After a moment, he finally turned to Mo Wuchang and said, “Call Chen Mengxi over.”

Si Yisi didn’t use the term “cousin,” which subtly revealed the attitude of either himself or Shen Chen.

Knock, knock!

When Mo Wuchang knocked on Chen Mengxi’s door, she was curled up on her bed, trembling.

Chen Mengxi valued her life, and now she had stumbled upon a dangerous secret; a secret that could easily cost her life.

An old player wanting to kill another old player. Should she intervene?

Impossible. She would rather keep this secret buried in her heart. Besides, the true identity of that player was quite handsome, and this thought, mingling with her fear and doubt, gave rise to another idea.

Yes, she didn't need to stop this from happening. On the contrary, she could even help remove some obstacles and cover up any traces.

That's right, this is the way.

Chen Mengxi finally made up her mind and convinced herself. Just as she did, she suddenly heard the knock at the door...

Thupm, thump!

Her heart began pounding wildly, making her breath quicken.

She glanced at the unconscious young woman on the bed, then called out through the door, "Who is it?"

Chen Mengxi studied Mo Wuchang carefully as he stood at her door. In her mind, this man was a soft-hearted fool who actually wanted to protect her utterly useless cousin.

Little did she know, Mo Wuchang was also observing her. His scrutiny, however, wasn't clouded by aimless thoughts like hers.

Mo Wuchang wasn't stupid; in fact, he was sharp. When he focused his mind on something serious, his thoughts became meticulously precise.

Chen Mengxi's gaze was filled with pity, even a condescending sense of superiority, which thoroughly disgusted Mo Wuchang.

When Si Yisi saw Chen Mengxi, a deep, bone-chilling hatred and anger rose naturally in his chest.

His body reacted instinctively, and tears began to fall, making him look pitifully weak.

"Cousin," Si Yisi said slowly, his voice trembling. "I... I found this token while searching. I want you to have it."

He gazed at Chen Mengxi with "sincerity."

Chen Mengxi's heart skipped a beat when she saw the token, quickly followed by a surge of joy. She glanced at Mo Wuchang, who stood like a stone sentinel by the door, and then at her cousin. Her expression subconsciously turned disdainful and scornful.

It must have been Mo Wuchang who found it. Her cousin, Shen Chen, was merely borrowing the credit.

What a fool. Acting this way, he's bound to wear out Mo Wuchang's goodwill sooner or later. Look, doesn't that soft-hearted guy's expression already show signs of impatience?

She decided not to hold back and reached out to accept the token.

As Si Yisi handed over the death exemption token, he suddenly leaned closer to Chen Mengxi. In a low voice, he whispered into her ear, pouring out the hatred and resentment that had been simmering within Shen Chen's soul.

"Cousin, you put on this façade, but deep down, you look down on me, don't you?"

"You despise me, don't you? You think I'm useless, right? Don't forget, everything you've gained has been handed to you by Shen Chen. Pathetic, selfish, and vain. That's what you are, cousin..."

"What's on your mind? Plotting something nasty, are you?"

These were the dark, unspoken truths from Shen Chen's heart, whispered from the abyss.

It was as if the voice had come straight from hell, each word slicing through Chen Mengxi's polished exterior, exposing the sticky black blood beneath.

Chen Mengxi's body trembled. She stared at Si Yisi in disbelief, as if she were looking at a demon.

But the demon's voice fell silent. He stepped back, his face still streaked with tears, and transformed once again into a harmless, soft little lamb.

"Cousin, Shen Chen trusts you," Si Yisi said with a faint smile.

He deliberately used the name 'Shen Chen' instead of 'I,' this separation of identity making Chen Mengxi shiver instinctively.

He thought to himself that Shen Chen's dear cousin would probably be unable to eat or sleep peacefully.

No, no—perhaps she'd even dream of ways to kill him?

Si Yisi licked his lips, recalling how unlocking a high rating had granted him access to part of the system's shop. A mischievous smile spread across his face.

See you in your dreams, Shen Chen's cousin.

Chen Mengxi stumbled back to her room, collapsing onto her bed. She sat there, replaying Si Yisi's words and expressions over and over in her mind.

The death exemption token was hung outside her door, and as soon as Chen Mengxi placed it there, it melted seamlessly into the door itself.

That night, Chen Mengxi had a dream.

In the dream, she stood tall, looking down on Shen Chen with a condescending gaze. Using knives, guns, swords, and an array of torture devices, she tormented the devil to death.

But amidst her dream, she suddenly heard a faint rustling sound.

Chen Mengxi turned her head and saw a devil with her cousin's face walking slowly toward her. He wore a mechanical smile and held a single black rose in his hand.



At first, Chen Mengxi had been venting her fear and uncontrollable anger, screaming over and over for Shen Chen to die, die, die!

But when Si Yisi truly invaded her dreams, Chen Mengxi's arrogance was extinguished in an instant.

Si Yisi had opened the system shop and purchased a dream-inducing pill for just one point. This item dissolved upon contact with the skin, so Chen Mengxi had unknowingly fallen into his trap long ago.

“You...”

Chen Mengxi took a step back, then another.

But the dream was under Si Yisi's control. After just two steps, Chen Mengxi realized she had nowhere to escape!

Beneath her feet was a narrow foothold, illuminated by a faint light that revealed the surrounding void.

Si Yisi descended step by step on an invisible staircase suspended in the air, slowly closing in on her.

She had no way out!

“Dear cousin, are you having fun?” Si Yisi's voice was venomous, dripping with malice like a poisonous snake.

He was dressed in a black suit, wearing polished black leather shoes, and held a black rose in his hand...

No matter how one looked at him, he seemed like someone attending a funeral.

Chen Mengxi trembled, her wide eyes filled with fear as she watched her transformed cousin place the black rose in her hair. Then he reached out and pressed down on her head.

But that press, it felt as if he was about to crush her skull with his bare hands!

“Ahhh!”

Chen Mengxi woke up drenched in cold sweat, collapsing onto the floor of her room. Beside her, the half-mad, half-delirious woman lying on the bed continued to mutter low, curse-like phrases under her breath.

Furious, Chen Mengxi grabbed a pillow and threw it toward the woman, her breathing ragged from the nightmare.

“Shen... Chen... Shen... Chen!”

Chen Mengxi’s once-beautiful face was now twisted with rage.

She was convinced that her cousin must have stumbled upon some incredible opportunity to transform so completely. But why him?!

That worthless crybaby, weaker than even a woman; What did he have to deserve such a change?!

Her hatred was palpable. She reached under her mattress, groping for the antique lighter she had hidden there.

When her hand finally touched the lighter’s cool surface, it brought her a shred of comfort.

Chen Mengxi was certain this must be a powerful item. She wanted to see if, without its help, if her dear cousin could still escape the ghosts’ pursuit!

On the other side, Si Yisi, who had been forcibly ejected from the dream, stared at his hands in frustration, tears streaming down his face.

White and slender, soft and delicate; his hands clearly weren't very strong. Even when fighting ghosts, he needed several hits to be effective. So how had Chen Mengxi been so fragile?

He hadn't even applied much force, and yet she had been scared awake already!

That's right, Si Yisi's self-perception at the moment was that of an innocent, weak person who also liked to cry.

He didn't think there was anything wrong with it at all.

Mo Wuchang, who had been quietly observing the movement beside him, saw Si Yisi's hand reaching out. In a moment of absent-mindedness, he recalled...

The bloody scene of Si Yisi tearing a piece of skin from a corpse.

Mo Wuchang was immediately horrified. What the hell is the boss planning to crush?

Please don't let it be me?! He immediately hunched his back, curling into himself. For some reason, just thinking of those scenes made him feel a sharp pain all over his body.

Drip—

The room's hour hand pointed at 2, while the minute and second hands both reached the 12 o'clock position at the same time.

It was 2 A.M.

Knock knock knock knock!

A series of irregular, intense knocks came from afar.

Si Yisi opened his eyes, a tired tear dropping from the corner of his eye.

He heard the knocking, the creaking of shoes on the floor, as well as rapid breathing and cries for help. If it wasn't a ghost causing the commotion, then someone was clearly in distress.

"Help! Help!"

The piercing scream was from a male voice. If Si Yisi wasn't mistaken, it sounded like the voice of Qi Yang, yellow-haired kid who had been staying with Qi Muyang.

How did he get out?

Did the game area expand?

The initial knocking Si Yisi heard seemed to come from the first floor. But now it was getting closer, gradually approaching their third-floor room.

Si Yisi sat up, slowly buttoning his shirt. He gently tapped a rhythm with his fingers, his body trembling in response, as though performing a silent musical composition.

After enduring for so long, Si Yisi found that he didn't mind tears as much anymore.

Maybe this was what growing up felt like.

Shh...

Si Yisi heard a hissing sound coming from his sleeve, and he pulled out Ah Tu, whispering to it. "You've probably been waiting for this for a long time, haven't you? After all, every time, your abilities have been improving."

This wasn't just empty talk. Ah Tu's electric abilities had indeed improved significantly. The sparks it emitted were brighter and more dazzling, like a giant lightbulb.

Si Yisi considered that lateral development was still development. Who knew, maybe after some practice, Ah Tu would start developing vertically instead. He had a bit of hope for that.

Ah Tu wasn't hopeful.

It shook its head vigorously while crying tears, and without hesitation, it created sparks around itself.

A scent of roasted dragon meat filled the air, and when Si Yisi glanced at Ah Tu, he found that it had electrocuted itself unconscious.

Si Yisi: "..."

Cowardly baldy.

He slapped Ah Tu hard, then hung the little dragon on the door, suspending it upside down.

Qi Yang kid had finally made it to the third floor.

He desperately knocked on the door to Qi MUYANG's room, but Qi MUYANG inside was determined not to open it.

Si Yisi could hear weak panting and the faint sound of something being destroyed.

He quickly deduced that this ghost must be a big one, at least much stronger than the one with no hair who whimpered and cried like a little girl.

"Help me! Please let me in!!"

"Help me! Ah—!" Si Yisi heard the yellow-haired kid's cries and saw blood seeping out from under the door.

To avoid the yellow-haired kid crashing into him, Si Yisi quickly stepped back a few paces and leaned against the bed.

Qi Yang, drenched in blood, crashed into the room. His pupils were filled with agony, and when he saw Si Yisi, a fragile, crying boy, his despair grew even deeper, causing his pupils to dilate slightly.

“Ugh, looks like I’m really... done for.”

Qi Yang gathered some strength and quickly said, “Stop crying! What are you staring at? Don’t just stand there! Run!”

He collapsed onto the bed, his pupils reflecting a terrifying figure holding a knife. At that moment, he touched something. A person, who was fast asleep, snoring heavily.

Even in such a chaotic situation, Mo Wuchang remained unchanged, as if he could sleep forever.

Qi Yang: “...”

Mo Wuchang: “Zzz... snore, snore...”

The so-called weak boy glanced at him, thinking; Did my crying bother you? Did I eat your rice?

(T/N: Did I eat your rice? = euphemism for; why do you look so offended?)

Si Yisi pinched Mo Wuchang and gave him a hard shove, signaling for him to hand over the stick he was cuddling.

But of course, Mo Wuchang didn’t wake up.

Si Yisi: “...”

He decisively, and with great efficiency, picked up Mo Wuchang, still a living person, and hurled him at the ghost outside the door.

Thud—





When Mo Wuchang was flung out, Huang Mao looked at Si Yisi with a mix of terror in his eyes.

It was clear that Huang Mao wasn't only shocked by his misjudgment of Si Yisi's combat ability, but also felt pity for Mo Wuchang, who was thrown out as cannon fodder.

In that instant, Huang Mao was both surprised and frightened.

In fact, Si Yisi wasn't casually tossing Mo Wuchang out for no reason.

The "casual" reason was simply a "trivial" excuse.

Mo Wuchang's body was even thrown with such force that a blurry afterimage followed. He zipped past the axe that was swinging straight down toward Si Yisi and the others, using his weight advantage to knock the man, who looked like either a butcher or a hunter, to the ground.

Huh? Knocked down?

Si Yisi thought he had just seen something amusing.

Mo Wuchang effortlessly pinned this ghost down?

The man in front of Si Yisi had a strong, well-toned body with eight solid abs exposed, clearly not an ordinary person. But Mo Wuchang, on the other hand... his belly was soft and flabby, not as tall or muscular as the ghost. How was it possible for him to overpower the ghost?

Is the ghost made of paper?

Si Yisi hadn't expected much from throwing Mo Wuchang as a buffer, let alone expecting him to make any significant contribution. Yet, Mo Wuchang,

with his eyes half-closed and in a daze, started fighting with the ghost on the ground.

“Ho-ho!” Mo Wuchang waved his limp arm and aimed straight for the ghost’s eyes.

“Ha!” He spread his legs in a scissor stance and forcefully squeezed, like he was trying to crush something.

“Hey!” Mo Wuchang fluidly extended his other arm, striking with precision, directly targeting the ghost’s weak spot.

Si Yisi: “?” What kind of sleepwalking punch is this?!

The vicious man with the axe was thoroughly confused by Mo Wuchang’s chaotic but effective attacks, having a hard time recovering from the barrage of pokes, squeezes, and strikes to his vital areas.

The scars on his face deepened in anger, making him appear even more terrifying, like the gnarled roots of an old tree twisted together.

The man silently raised his axe, preparing to strike at Mo Wuchang, intending to hack him into pieces!

Si Yisi couldn’t just watch Mo Wuchang get hurt. He saw Mo Wuchang rolling away from the man, and before the man could react, he kicked toward him.

The kick landed with the force of a sweeping autumn wind, and the man flew back as if he were made of paper.

Huang Mao stood there dumbfounded, but then he heard Si Yisi ask him. “A paper tiger like this, and you’re telling me you couldn’t handle him?”

While Huang Mao’s abilities were being questioned, he dared not voice any dissatisfaction, only dragging his wounded body and grumbling.

Who would dare to do what you two did—charge straight at a ghost without a second thought?! This ghost is holding an axe! Even if I wanted to attack the man, my strength isn't enough!

Where did these two freaks come from?

Mo Wuchang also woke up after a round of his sleepwalking punches, and when he groggily looked at the current situation, he almost jumped 3 feet in the air!

Si Yisi spoke to him, "You're awake?"

Mo Wuchang nodded dazedly.

Si Yisi gave him a direct order, "Go try again and see if you can overpower that man."

Mo Wuchang glanced at his own small arms and legs, then at the thick arms and legs of the ghost, completely questioning his life choices.

"Give me the stick!" Si Yisi called out to him.

Without even blinking, Mo Wuchang tossed it. His aim perfect, hitting the new tenant's fierce-looking head with a solid thud.

"I didn't... mean to..."

Si Yisi bent down, grabbed the stick that had rolled to the ground, and without looking back, rushed toward the flashing silver axe blade coming down at him!

The man was a paper tiger, but his axe was like a hot knife through butter, and in the blink of an eye, it sliced the stick clean in half!

But Si Yisi had already achieved his goal! Taking advantage of the moment, he grabbed the axe out of the new tenant's hand, determined to wrestle the weapon from the ghost!

Huang Mao looked on, utterly confused, wondering where these fierce people had come from?!

Mo Wuchang silently squatted beside him, pulling a few sour dates from his pocket. The two of them sat side by side and started munching on the fruit!

Si Yisi felt a strong force coming from the axe he was gripping. It was rough and reckless, and if he wasn't careful, it could cause trouble.

But was Si Yisi just a system that relied on brute force? Of course not!

He kicked again, but this time his aim was off—the kick landed in a rather unfortunate place; the scarred man's groin!

Si Yisi himself was shocked; he only felt like his leg had brushed against something soft, squishy, and fragile, rather than hitting anything solid.

At that moment, Si Yisi gained the upper hand in the tug-of-war, successfully pulling the axe from the scarred man's hand!

The axe, gleaming with silver and dripping with blood, seemed to deflate the moment it landed in Si Yisi's grasp!

Looking at the kindergarten-style paper axe in his hand, Si Yisi wasn't shocked, only enlightened!

He had suspected that the shredded paper in the new tenant's room was a useful clue. It seemed that one of the new tenant's weapons was made of paper!

If the weapon was made of paper... did that mean the new tenant himself was also made of paper?

Si Yisi discarded the paper axe, which fluttered down into Mo Wuchang's hands.

Mo Wuchang looked at the “bloodstains” on it, poked it with his finger, sniffed it, and even dipped his finger in it before tasting it!

“It’s fine, it’s tomato ketchup flavor.”

Huang Mao stared in disbelief: “...”

Little bro, what’s wrong with you? Even if it tastes like ketchup, that’s still the blood that was sliced out of him!

Huang Mao gritted his teeth, watching Mo Wuchang eat sour dates with the “ketchup,” feeling his own wounds itch painfully as if they might burst open!

“Very good.”

Si Yisi let out a soft laugh, and with a drip, a tear fell to the floor, making the chewing sounds and the scarred man’s gasping breath stand out even more clearly.

Si Yisi’s pupils darkened as he saw the scarred man’s hand holding another axe, stepping forward with intent.

He grabbed the scarred man’s shoulders with both hands and forcefully twisted them in the opposite direction!