

THE SYSTEM TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE HUMAN

Chapter 31 - The Crybaby's Endless Escape (12)



The envy in Huang Mao's heart fell.

Si Yisi had struck so fiercely that the scarred man's body, under his forceful pull, was actually torn in half!

Si Yisi hadn't felt the slightest resistance, it was as if he were tearing a piece of paper. This further confirmed his suspicion.

Not only was the axe made of paper, but this ghost was also a Paper Ghost!

After the scarred man's body was torn in two, there wasn't a single drop of blood at the bloody cut, and his eyes were still moving!

"Wow, damn! Tearing apart a ghost... Ugh, living ghost!"

Mo Wuchang, in a certain sense, was also a true boss. He stared unflinchingly at the scarred man's body, where the blood-smeared, soft flesh looked like pork, while continuing to envy.

Si Yisi moved his hand away from the scarred man's body, and the two halves of the body weakly "stuck" together. The ghost let out a strange high-pitched shriek, and as it reached towards the seam in its split body, it miraculously created another axe!

Tears dropped from Si Yisi's eyes, and in this blurred vision, he grabbed the axe and tore!

He pulled the scarred man again, first ripping apart the “connected” halves of the body, then another wave of—

Rip, rip, rip!

Si Yisi tore quickly and urgently, each tear only pulling off small bits of paper skin. His hands truly left traces of afterimages, and the flowing, smooth movements made Mo Wuchang watch with inexplicable pleasure!

Rip—

The effect of tearing apart the ghost was undoubtedly shocking. To outsiders, it looked as if the protagonist in a patriotic drama was tearing apart a ghost!

It was jaw-dropping!

Si Yisi had torn the scarred man into thousands of small pieces. If there hadn't been no trace of blood left on the ground, the room would have looked just like a murder and dismemberment scene!

At halfway through the tearing, the ghost was still holding onto a human form, and the torn bits were flesh, skin, and bones. But as it went on...

The scarred man's distorted face, with its dark eyes, reflected Si Yisi's tearful, gasping, sobbing face, full of fear!

The “flesh” that had been torn off became small paper scraps, spinning around in the room before falling to the ground. The paper scraps fluttered about, making the room feel as though it was under a refreshing shower of paper shreds.

Si Yisi stopped, panting, and moved his sore hand.

His voice was hoarse as he sobbed, his whole being giving off a weak sense of déjà vu; That is, unless one had seen him remain unfazed while tearing apart a living ghost.

Mo Wuchang, the potential big boss, clapped excitedly after the boss's performance, still feeling at awe. "Clap clap clap! Absolutely spectacular!"

Si Yisi glanced at him: "...". Is he treating me like a dancing monkey show?

He looked again at Huang Mao's condition. Perhaps due to the game's setting, Huang Mao's heavy slash wounds had mostly healed in such a short amount of time.

But because Huang Mao was too shocked, he overlooked one issue. His wound was stuck to his clothes, and although the wound had mostly healed, it was still inseparable from the fragments of his clothes.

At this moment, Huang Mao was staring at Si Yisi in shock, and Si Yisi could see the fear hidden beneath his shock.

He then compared it to Mo Wuchang, who was laughing carefree beside him, and suddenly felt that Mo Wuchang was somewhat useful. At least he could appreciate my performance.

The shattered body of the scarred man had turned into paper scraps, which were scattered across the floor.

Si Yisi glanced at Huang Mao again and said, "You go clean this up."

Huang Mao, still dazed, grabbed a broom leaning against the nearby wall and began sweeping up the scattered paper scraps.

But just before the broom touched the paper, the scraps suddenly came to life!

Huang Mao saw facial features appear on the papers out of thin air! These features looked like a low-quality version of the scarred man's face, drawn with ink. Two blurry ink spots for eyes, and a crooked, worm-like line that seemed to represent the scar.

What terrified Huang Mao the most was the large, blood-red mouths that were wide open!

Several blurry eyes all stared at him at once. This horrifying unanimity made his heart race! The wide-open mouths, exaggerated like clowns', was eerily similar to the figure made from the corpse of the player who had died at the front of the bus!

Huang Mao was so frightened that his hair nearly fell out. His hand holding the broom shook violently, and in an instant, he snapped back from the thrilling scene of tearing apart a living ghost!

"Not dead yet?" Si Yisi murmured hoarsely. He stared intently at the terrifying paper figure, seriously considering...

How many pieces would I need to tear him into so he wouldn't come back to life like this?

Or should I burn them?

Although he didn't have a lighter on hand, Si Yisi had already figured out where the old landlord lived. Worst case, he could rob an NPC designated by the game.

Si Yisi was deep in thought, his eyes slightly unfocused but still intense, staring at the paper figures with a cold, inorganic look. The effect was even more imposing than the paper figures' gaze.

He kept his eyes on them, always on guard for a sudden attack.

Suddenly, the paper figures moved. They didn't act like the scarred man, who was obsessed with hunting down players; In fact, they showed no interest at all in Huang Mao, who was right there, already too stunned to react!

"Hee~"

"Hee hee..."

They shuffled their little legs, waving their arms as they “reached” toward Si Yisi.

Si Yisi welcomed them eagerly, even feeling a bit excited.

Then... the paper figures, in a flash, quickly retreated toward the door!

They still kept their arms in attack positions, but their little legs were faithfully running away! It was a clever feint that quickly paralyzed Si Yisi’s senses!

“Hee!”

“Hee hee!” The paper figures giggled as they rushed toward the door.

Some of them quickly squeezed through the crack in the door, while others, unable to fit, swiftly stacked themselves in a human pyramid to find another exit!

The peephole on the door!

Each small paper figure at the top of the pyramid raised its leg in perfect unison—kick!

The peephole, like paper, was torn apart.

They made joyful sounds and hurriedly filed out one by one!

In just half a minute, they had successfully escaped from Si Yisi, the great demon king!

“Hee hee~”

“Hee hee hee hee~” The eerie cries of the little paper figures echoed in the hallway.

Si Yisi: “...”

“I remember,” he said slowly, each word deliberately low, carrying a sense of an impending storm.

How could this feeling be described? It was probably the sensation of a duck that was almost caught but flew away at the last moment.

Si Yisi thought back to the familiar thing that had been tangled up with a few of the paper figures earlier.

He reached under his pillow and found the jar empty.

The bundle of seaweed-like hair had been casually snatched away by the paper figures.

“...You’re quite something,” Si Yisi said once again.

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“What do we do now?” Mo Wuchang looked at Si Yisi, adopting a posture that signaled he was ready to follow the boss’s command.

Si Yisi wiped his tears and, in a muffled voice, said, “What do we do? We go back where we came from.”

Si Yisi glanced at Huang Mao. His expression didn’t seem unusual, but there was an undeniable feeling of dissatisfaction emanating from him.

“I’m leaving, I’m leaving!” Huang Mao, terrified of the boss who tore apart living ghosts, immediately opened the door and rushed out. A few seconds later, he returned, carefully closing the door behind him.

“He looks like he’s scared of you, boss,” Mo Wuchang said, licking the ketchup left on his fingers. “Aren’t you worried he’ll tell someone?”

Si Yisi shot him an irritated look. “Did you tell anyone?”

“Uh, no, but that’s different.”

“If he dares to say anything...” Si Yisi ignored Mo Wuchang and made a tearing motion with his hand. “This will be his fate.”

Mo Wuchang, who was savoring the blood made from ketchup, flinched at Si Yisi’s words.

“Let’s talk about you now,” Si Yisi suggested, shifting the topic.

“Me?” Mo Wuchang scratched his head, not hiding his thoughts at all. He immediately confessed everything in a clear and straightforward manner.

It turned out that before entering the game, he had been a Taoist priest who sold fake talismans.

Mo Wuchang was an orphan, taken in by his master, a Taoist priest. Although his master was in the business of selling fake talismans, Mo Wuchang still managed to learn a bit of the necessary skills under his master’s guidance. This included fighting in his dreams, counterattacking in his dreams, and even... stirring up trouble in his dreams.

To build courage, he usually worked part-time at a haunted house. After all, ghosts were scary, and the ones dressed as ghosts could also easily be frightened by people. Over time, this led to the unfortunate creation of someone like Mo Wuchang.

Si Yisi didn’t need to think to know that Mo Wuchang definitely hadn’t learned any legitimate Taoist methods.

“That’s all to it,” Mo Wuchang said, looking at Si Yisi with a proud expression.

“Go to sleep,” Si Yisi responded, ignoring him.

To Si Yisi, Mo Wuchang was like a free bonus with a phone top-up; slightly useful, but also troublesome. Half good, half bad.

The second night passed by just as “uneventfully” as the first.

The next morning, Qi MUYANG brought Huang Mao to the hall.

Huang Mao’s eyes were tightly shut, his lips pale, and his upper body was casually bound with torn clothing to cover his wounds.

However, to Si Yisi, who had sharp eyes, it was clear from some details that Huang Mao was pretending to be unconscious and hadn’t truly fainted.

When you think about it, it made sense; If you can’t win, just pretend to faint!

“What’s going on with him?” Mo Wuchang casually asked.

Qi MUYANG answered irritably, “He’s injured, but not dead.”

“What happened last night?” Mo Wuchang asked again.

Qi MUYANG scratched his head in frustration. “I woke up, and the kid wasn’t in the room. After a while, he knocked on the door, covered in injuries. I almost shot him in the head, thinking he was a ghost.”

Once Qi MUYANG finished speaking, Jia Yingrong chimed in, “His sudden disappearance was likely caused by the ghosts. We all heard his cries for help last night, right? The ghost doesn’t seem to be restricted to just one room like the first night. It can even wander in the hallway.”

“I... heard it,” Chen Mengxi raised her hand in response to Jia Yingrong’s words.

“Doesn’t this mean that, over time, the ghost’s range of activity would grow larger? Eventually, the entire rented house might become its playground,” Jia Yingrong analyzed calmly.

“That’s very likely. And that would be troublesome...” Mo Wuchang nodded thoughtfully.

“Tsk!” Qi Muiyang suddenly slammed his hand on the table in anger. “It’s supposed to be a beginner world. Why is it so difficult? Damn it!”

No one responded, only silence followed.

The difficulty of the beginner world had indeed increased in a subtle way. Shen Chen’s memories were unclear, so Si Yisi couldn’t make further judgments.

As the players were about to disperse, Chen Mengxi suddenly whispered that she wanted to change rooms.

She looked at Jia Yingrong and asked quietly, “U-uh, can I move to your room?”

Qi Muiyang, who had been in a bad mood, raised an eyebrow and showed an expression that seemed to be enjoying the drama.

Heh, requesting to share a room with a man... In Qi Muiyang’s mind, it was clear that this woman was just looking for someone to rely on.

It was so obvious.

“Alright.” Jia Yingrong quickly agreed to Chen Mengxi’s request, as if he didn’t understand how to refuse.

Si Yisi, of course, didn’t have the same thoughts as Qi Muiyang, who was full of nonsense. At this moment, Si Yisi recalled the strange cause of Qi Muiyang’s death from Shen Chen’s memory.

Even with the revenge of the air-conditioning ghost, such a curse wouldn’t have been enough to kill Qi Muiyang. Qi Muiyang must have had at least one or two life-saving items exchanged in the system.

So, the mystery behind Qi Muiyang’s death was something Si Yisi picked up again.

Si Yisi glanced at Chen Mengxi, his expression unreadable. Then he decisively stood up and returned to his room.

While the players chose to endure the daytime, a few hushed voices came from the two uninhabited rooms.

“Did you... get disfigured too? Wuwuwu...”

“Too’? What are you talking about?” a voice that seemed like it was spoken by a lot of mouths in unison responded.

“Talking about... ghosts... wuwuwu...”

“I stole your hair back for you. You owe me a ghost favor.”

The Paper Ghost and the Hair Ghost didn’t even seem to be on the same wavelength.

“Wuwuwu, you dared to steal from that big boss? Wuwuwu... you must’ve been targeted, wuwuwu...” She had already become a sobbing machine that had evolved.

“...” The Paper Ghost’s voices abruptly stopped.

Right, it seemed like that!

Oh... how could I’ve overlooked that? The “wised up” Paper Ghost’s smiles disappeared from its faces.

In the blink of an eye, another sobbing machine ghost sounded.

On the third night, everything was calm at Si Yisi’s place. They didn’t even hear a single cry or chase.

But the next morning...

“Ah!” A sharp, inhuman scream echoed from the third floor.

The second victim had appeared.

It wasn't the confused, solitary young woman in her room, but rather Qi Muiyang, who had been arrogant and bold from the start. Qi Muiyang's death was similar to the first player's, but his body wasn't broken into small pieces like the first player's. Instead, small paper figures had emerged from his body.

His eyes were wide open, pupils darkened, still holding onto the disbelief from before his death.

His death was incredibly gruesome; his body had been violently torn in half, with organs spilled all over the floor.

It looked eerily familiar, didn't it?

“My God...” Chen Mengxi's hands trembled, her face filled with fear. “How terrifying...”

Huang Mao seemed a bit calmer than Chen Mengxi, but it was clear that he was also severely shaken.

Si Yisi observed Huang Mao's expression. It was apparent that someone who had survived through several game worlds still had some use; at least he didn't immediately collapse.

However, what Si Yisi didn't expect was...

As soon as he thought that, Huang Mao's attitude suddenly changed with no warning!

He suddenly jumped up, terrified, pointing a finger at Si Yisi, who was half a head shorter than him. “It's you!”

“You killed him—! You're the ghost hiding among us!”

Si Yisi froze for a moment, tears unconsciously falling down his face, looking like he had been stunned by this sudden accusation.

However, as the saying goes, 'the body may lie, but the heart was honest'. Si Yisi wanted to know who gave Huang Mao the courage to speak out like this.

Was it because of his thick, unruly yellow hair?

Ah, right... what was this person's name again?

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Huang Mao's sudden change in attitude puzzled Si Yisi. What kind of shock did he experience to dare say something like that out loud?!

At first, Huang Mao's reaction was panic, but still composed, perfectly fitting the mindset of an experienced player in an escape game. Now, however, his behavior seemed completely off... almost as if some external force was controlling him.

Speaking of external forces, Si Yisi couldn't help but think of how the difficulty of the initial world they were in had increased several times compared to Shen Chen's memory.

Who could be controlling the difficulty of the escape game?

There were two possibilities.

One possibility was that a powerful, senior player had entered the game. The other was that something was wrong with the small world that was designed for this escape game.

Huang Mao's abnormal behavior made Si Yisi lean more toward the second possibility.

"It's you! You're the ghost!" Huang Mao pointed frantically at Si Yisi, his finger aimed straight at Si Yisi, as if he were about to poke him in the nose.

His terrified expression, which seemed so genuine, affected the other players in the room.

Mo Wuchang gasped, but he wasn't looking at Si Yisi; he was looking at Huang Mao.

The young woman, as always, looked listless, her eyelids drooping as she hugged herself, trembling.

Chen Mengxi also gasped, her eyes already red. "Chen Chen... you..."

She didn't finish her sentence, but the hidden meaning was clear to everyone.

Si Yisi, too, was affected, and tears fell uncontrollably. The amount of tears was even more sincere than Chen Mengxi's. "Cousin, believe me, he's talking nonsense... We're cousins."

Mo Wuchang, standing nearby, thought to himself; You're acting, you're acting. Boss, you really want to slap that Huang Mao out of your way, don't you? In his heart, he felt quite pleased; Heh, I know the boss best.

Mo Wuchang's guess wasn't wrong.

Si Yisi couldn't stand Huang Mao standing in front of him, looking more and more irritating. However, Shen Chen was a crying, pitiful little thing. What should his reaction be at this point?

Cry from fear, and cry some more.

Si Yisi shook his head, desperately denying, "It's really not me, it's not me!"

“But the game says there are only six players,” Jia Yingrong interjected. “The ghost could have mixed in with the players from the start. How can you prove you’re innocent?”

Chen Mengxi nodded quickly, her beautiful face streaked with tears, making her appear even more delicate and pitiful.

Si Yisi’s gaze shifted uncomfortably, finally stammering, “The game might be misleading us... it says there are only six players, but that doesn’t mean one of the players isn’t actually not human.”

“What do you mean?” Mo Wuchang asked, picking up on the thread.

“It’s also possible that one of the players is carrying something related to the ghost... and got classified as one.”

“I...” Si Yisi stammered, “Big Brother Mo Wuchang and I saw it on the bus. The ghost from the air conditioner put something into Qi MUYANG’s pocket.”

Chen Mengxi just kept sobbing quietly.

Her crying was pure and beautiful, sounding so heart-wrenching, as though she had already convinced herself that Si Yisi was the ghost who had infiltrated.

Chen Mengxi’s smoke screen was quite interesting. She and Si Yisi were cousins, so it made sense that family members would know each other better than anyone else.

“Words alone aren’t proof; no one can prove you’re telling the truth,” Jia Yingrong’s body tensed, and the contours of his well-toned muscles became faintly visible.

“Doesn’t your cousin know what kind of person you are?” he said.

“But... but we’ve only met once or twice,” Si Yisi said timidly.

Chen Mengxi: "...” Seems like I’m starting to run out of excuses.

“Tsk!” Mo Wuchang slammed the table, his eyes sharp as he defended Si Yisi. “What kind of man picks on a child? You believe everything that Huang Mao says?!”

“If he says that eating crap tastes good, are you all going to eat it too?” Mo Wuchang grumbled. “This kid has been with me the whole time, and if we’re talking about the one who found the scene of the incident, isn’t that the most suspicious ghost candidate?”

Mo Wuchang looked toward Huang Mao.

But after he gave Huang Mao a deadly glare, this Huang Mao, whose name he didn’t even know, suddenly clutched his chest and began convulsing.

“You...” Huang Mao’s eyes bulged out, foam spilling from his mouth.

In the span of just one or 2 seconds, no player was able to react in time to help him, and after Mo Wuchang glanced at him, he suddenly died.

“...He’s dead.” Jia Yingrong crouched down to check Huang Mao and then frowned. “His body’s already cold and stiff. How could this happen?”

When someone dies, there was usually a bit of warmth left in their body, but since this was a game, no one could know what strange and bizarre ways of dying could come up. So, Jia Yingrong simply questioned it and didn’t probe deeper.

Si Yisi scratched his nose. Cold and stiff? Did that mean the body was already dead?

It sounded like he had been possessed by a ghost, or maybe his body had already died, but his soul, still filled with fear, lingered to stay in the body... Just to act out this little drama.

At first, Si Yisi couldn't understand the escape game Shen Chen had participated in, or the mechanics of this small world.

But now, looking at it, he noticed many problems.

Chen Mengxi in Shen Chen's memory seemed as if the world had favored her; everything she did was effortless, and she even had an amazing ghost boyfriend. If he guessed right, Chen Mengxi should be the protagonist of this world, and her ghost boyfriend was the mysterious, unnamed male lead.

And what about Shen Chen? Si Yisi thought for a moment, and suddenly, four words appeared in his mind; 'The Vicious Female Supporting Role'.

No, vicious... male supporting role.

After Si Yisi was unilaterally dragged into the escape game by Shen Chen to help him change his past, the difficulty of the game increased, and Huang Mao suddenly acted out of character, accusing him of being a ghost.

This was likely because the actions of Shen Chen had been noticed by the small world. And in order to eliminate Si Yisi, the re-casted side character, the world had set off a series of butterfly effects.

With tears streaming down his face, Si Yisi's lips curled up slightly.

So, I'm very likely going to be at odds with a small world? Wow, this is interesting.

Damn! However, Mo Wuchang just felt like he'd been slapped in the face.

He had just accused someone of being suspicious, and that person had conveniently died. What was this?

Mo Wuchang seized the opportunity, "Don't you think his death looks suspicious? If you ask me, both of you players seem like ghosts. One

suddenly wanted to switch rooms, and the other wears glasses, looking like a shady person.”

Jia Yingrong, who had been hit by the glasses comment: “...”

“You, you...” Chen Mengxi gasped for air.

“What’s with the gasping? Are you a 70 or 80-year-old lady?” Mo Wuchang encouraged himself inwardly. He looked at Si Yisi, hoping for a supportive glance from his boss.

At this moment, Si Yisi’s inner balance did shift a bit; Mo Wuchang does seem pretty useful.

“With so few of us left, don’t even think about finding out who’s the ghost. What if you’re falling for the ghost’s trick of sowing discord?” Mo Wuchang kept going. “Anyway, if my little brother is the ghost, then I’d be the first to suffer.”

“You all do whatever you want, I’m outta here~”

After saying that, Mo Wuchang handed Si Yisi a large pack of tissues, casually wrapped his arm around Si Yisi’s shoulder, and turned to leave.

Chen Mengxi, unable to catch her breath, sat beside the table with an expression that was difficult to read, her clothing crumpled in her clenched hands.

Si Yisi, who was being forcefully dragged along because of his shorter height: “...”

“Let go.” Si Yisi glanced at Mo Wuchang.

The self-assured, invincible aura around Mo Wuchang instantly deflated. He hurriedly moved his hand off Si Yisi’s shoulder and apologized.

“Boss! I’m your little brother, I didn’t mean any offense, I’m really sorry!”

“By the way, Boss, what should we do now?” Mo Wuchang clearly regarded Si Yisi as the cornerstone of their plan.

Even though the boss was small, short, and crybaby-ish, he was a big shot who wielded tears as his weapon. Who else would he listen to if not him?

“Wait and see.” Si Yisi calmly replied. Then, he suddenly hiccupped and his stomach growled.

“Let’s go eat first.” Si Yisi smoothly changed the subject.

Back when Si Yisi had robbed the ghost on the bus, he had earned quite a few coins. After giving a portion to the old landlord, he still had some left.

He was thinking that he could probably make a second trade, so in the afternoon, he planned to go with Mo Wuchang to catch someone.

The landlord was firmly blocked at the door, still glaring at them with a gloomy expression.

Even when Si Yisi took out the coins, the landlord remained cautious.

“Place them... on the table,” the landlord’s hoarse voice came through.

Mo Wuchang looked at the old landlord and felt as though his frail figure was going to sink into the gray-white wall.

The sound of coins clinking cheerfully filled the air. The landlord quickly grabbed the coins, and with his spotted hand, threw something at Si Yisi and the others.

Mo Wuchang reflexively raised his hand to catch it.

It was a red... toilet plunger.

Mo Wuchang: “???”

What he caught was the handle of the plunger, and he now held it up high like a comical Statue of Liberty.

Si Yisi reacted a bit quicker than Mo Wuchang. He twitched the corner of his mouth and immediately rushed forward to grab—the landlord’s withered hand.

This time, Si Yisi forcibly took a few coins from the landlord’s hand.

[Players are not allowed to ste...] The announcement that spread through the entire rental room was cut off abruptly as the landlord seemed to no longer want to stay even a moment longer and ran off.

The voice stuttered mid-sentence.

[Not allowed to ste...]

[Steal...] The words couldn’t be completed.

“It’s not stealing,” Si Yisi said softly, his tone as gentle as a breeze brushing across the face. “It’s a mutually agreed transaction.”

[...]

For a moment, Si Yisi could almost hear the sound of someone spitting blood.

He innocently, weakly, and pitifully slumped his hand, thinking; Steal? I hadn’t stolen anything. Shen Chen was a legitimate player.

“What are you doing holding a toilet plunger? Go back and discuss it.” Si Yisi called Mo Wuchang, who foolishly set the plunger down.

The plunger, of course, belonged in the bathroom.

The fourth night began.

Tick-tock, tick-tock...

The hour, minute, and second hands of the clock moved incessantly, sounding like a death knell in the unnaturally quiet room.

Tick!

It was 4 o'clock.

Mo Wuchang groggily got up. As soon as he woke, he felt an urgent need to pee. He glanced at the clock; 3:40 A.M. It wasn't yet the top of the hour, so he relaxed, got up, and headed for the bathroom.

There was a strange, indescribable smell in the bathroom. Mo Wuchang held his breath and went in, undoing his belt.

Just at that moment, a damp head suddenly popped up from the toilet, the water swirling!

“Ah—!”

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Mo Wuchang let out a tragic scream, nearly gasping for breath.

He was brave, but that didn't mean the sudden, unanticipated appearance of the ghost wouldn't scare him.

“Damn it!” Mo Wuchang fumbled to pull up his pants, so frightened that all his urge to pee disappeared in an instant!

“Boss!! Help!”

As soon as Si Yisi walked in, he saw Mo Wuchang genuinely rushing toward him while pulling up his pants.

Si Yisi looked at him with disdain. “...Go away.”

As soon as Si Yisi saw the wet, crawling ghost, he couldn't help but feel genuine emotion as well.

Plop, plop.

As the ghost crawled out, water seeped out, and Si Yisi's tears fell without stopping. A subtle balance was formed between the two.

The ghost first revealed a wet head, climbing out by grasping the edge of the toilet bowl. Her originally long, noodle-like body gradually expanded like a balloon as she climbed further out. The damp, seaweed-like hair covered the ghost's eyes. She tilted her head and smirked at Mo Wuchang, speaking hoarsely, with a hint of subtle regret.

"Why didn't you... go to the toilet?"

Mo Wuchang felt a tightening sensation in his body, unable to bear it, and he turned to Si Yisi for help. "Boss!"

His voice was tender and lingering, causing Si Yisi to get goosebumps from the very sound. "Do you want to use the toilet?"

The ghost turned to Si Yisi upon hearing that. By now, most of her body had crawled out, with only a small portion of her legs still like thin noodles.

Si Yisi could smell an indescribable stench. The odor made him dizzy, and his tears fell even more freely due to the overwhelming stink.

The Toilet Ghost saw Si Yisi trembling and smiled wider, revealing sharp, menacing teeth.

"Do you want to use the toilet?" Si Yisi asked again.

He then confidently added, "You do."

After saying that, he picked up the red toilet plunger that was lying on the white tiled floor. The Toilet Ghost didn't expect imminent danger. Upon seeing

the plunger, her voice softened and became gentle. “Are you going to give this to me?”

In that moment, Mo Wuchang realized the correct use of the plunger. It was clear that the creature in front of him was some sort of Toilet Ghost, so she probably liked the plunger.

Giving it to her might increase their chances of survival.

But...

He glanced at Si Yisi.

He didn't think his boss was using the plunger in any normal, conventional way.

So Mo Wuchang quietly covered his eyes with his hands, peeking through his fingers to watch the Toilet Ghost's fate.

“I'll give it to you.” Si Yisi's voice was soft, almost with a trace of joy.

Then—

He suddenly picked up the plunger and shoved it into the Toilet Ghost's exposed head!

“Ah? ...Ah!” The ghost's crawling slowed for a moment, but she quickly reacted. Her gentle facade was immediately torn apart, and she screamed, her sharp teeth bared at Si Yisi.

“You dare!! You dare!!”

“Oh...” Si Yisi could clearly feel the increased resistance. The plunger clung tightly to the ghost's hair, and he seized the opportunity. Shoving her into the toilet again and again!

Each of his movements was timed perfectly, leaving the Toilet Ghost no chance to catch her breath, as if he were a robot with a preset program!

Such precise control and terrifying strength caused the Toilet Ghost to struggle in the toilet bowl. She forced out most of her body, inch by inch, being shoved back in with brutal force.

Mo Wuchang even heard the sound of bones cracking! It sounded so painful!

Push after push, water overflowed and splashed at Si Yisi's feet, distracting him and causing him to instinctively avoid the spilled water.

'The fact is that ghosts aren't kind'; this saying was spot on. Don't be fooled by the Toilet Ghost's current limp, submissive state. Once she found an opportunity, she quickly regained her strength!

She seized the brief pause from Si Yisi, broke free from the plunger, and turned her face toward him, showing her sharp teeth!

The Toilet Ghost was now too close to Si Yisi!

With a quick move, she could snap his neck like a vicious wild animal!

Mo Wuchang couldn't help but exclaim, "Boss, no..."

Thud!

A heavy muffled sound echoed in the small bathroom.

Mo Wuchang nearly bit his tongue, swallowing the rest of his words. How could anything happen to the boss? That's impossible!

"Umm, umm, umm—" The Toilet Ghost grunted as her long hair was swept aside, revealing her pale face.

At the moment she opened her mouth, Si Yisi shoved a toilet plunger straight onto her face!

He pressed the plunger down, crying out, "Why can't you just get back in QwQ."

His voice ending with a playful sob.

“Uuuu...” The Toilet Ghost was choking, barely alive with the plunger shoved in her mouth, her eyes rolling back.

“Why can’t you just get back in...” he drove the plunger in again with force.

“Why can’t you just get back in?” Si Yisi smiled a crying smile, his lips spreading in joy, as if his mouth would reveal sharp teeth just like the Toilet Ghost’s!

He repeated the same words over and over, delivering both physical and mental blows to the Toilet Ghost.

Toilet Ghost: Ugh, I also want to know why I can’t get back in.

The Toilet Ghost felt her body being squeezed tighter into the toilet, unable to hold back her cries! Just because she could get out of the toilet didn’t mean she could be shoved back in like this!

It hurt! It hurt so much! She had never endured such humiliation. I want to go home; I want my mom!

Oh my god! Mo Wuchang watched as Si Yisi relentlessly continued to shove the ghost back in. He saw the Toilet Ghost being forced further and further, her limbs cracking under the strain.

He sucked in a sharp breath, a chill running through him, and unexpectedly had the thought; This is strangely exhilarating.

Indeed, whether in horror movies or real life, whether it’s the main character or an ordinary person, they’re usually the ones being chased by ghosts, screaming for their lives. If they’re lucky enough to survive, they barely make it.

But who had ever seen someone fight back against a ghost!

Who had ever seen such a huge contrast; crying heartbreakingly while being ruthless and cold-blooded at the same time?!

Really... this is so exhilarating!

Mo Wuchang was “brainwashed” by his suddenly surging thoughts, and he couldn’t help but think; This is the kind of existence I want to be!

Si Yisi watched as the Toilet Ghost struggled desperately beneath the plunger, finally running out of strength. The entire ghost was slowly being pushed back into the toilet.

He cried, unable to catch his breath, but his inner satisfaction remained undiminished. Si Yisi kept his gaze on the Toilet Ghost, watching her inch by inch get completely pushed back, with only a strand of hair still floating in the water.

He pressed the flush button, and the rushing water quickly carried away the last strand of hair.

He threw the plunger back in its place and called Mo Wuchang.

Mo Wuchang: “Boss, what’s wrong?”

Si Yisi, as usual, took out a packet of tissues from his pocket and glanced at him.

“Didn’t you need to go to the toilet?” he said, kindly handing a tissue to Mo Wuchang.

Mo Wuchang’s face turned a bit pale. “But... the female ghost.”

Si Yisi, with an expressionless face, comforted him. He was quite good at it, after all. His only friend, Chi Chun, was also someone who was terrified of ghosts.

“What if you wet the bed because you couldn’t hold it?”

Mo Wuchang: “...”

Even though the boss's pat on the shoulder and gaze conveyed a sense of comfort, the words still felt oddly depressing. Really... is this comfort?

The fourth night passed by smoothly in Si Yisi's eyes.

He recalled Jia Yingrong's speculation. The closer the time got to 7 days, the greater the increase in the abilities and activity range of the ghosts. By the seventh night, it might even be a day of wild celebration for the ghosts.

Mo Wuchang noticed Si Yisi smiled for a moment, and in fear, he hugged himself, wondering which ghost would be the next one to suffer.

On the fifth day, no player came out to communicate.

The bodies of Qi MUYANG and Huang Mao were cleared out of the rental room. With no place to store them, Jia Yingrong had no choice but to throw them outside in the cold snow, as if they were trash.

Si Yisi went down to the room once. He opened the door, and as expected, found that the players' bodies had disappeared. Instead, a bus he had previously robbed was parked next to the bus stop.

This time, the bus had a male driver. As soon as the driver saw Si Yisi quietly watching them through the door crack the bus immediately accelerated, fleeing at a speed that left no chance for anyone to catch up.

It seemed they were terrified.

Aside from Si Yisi, who was completely unaffected and had gone outside, all the surviving players kept their doors tightly shut throughout the day.

The entire rental house was eerily quiet, as if it were filled with a deathly stillness.

The silence was exceptionally eerie.

Mo Wuchang knocked on the door of Chen Mengxi and the others' room. The door was opened by Jia Yingrong.

Mo Wuchang noticed faint marks left on his neck. "I didn't disturb you, did I?"

"No, is there something wrong?" Jia Yingrong's Adam's apple moved as he spoke. Although his face was ordinary, there was a scholar-like charm when he wore glasses, giving him an air of a well-mannered rogue.

"Oh..." Mo Wuchang replied, imitating Si Yisi's cold tone. "The young woman is dead."

"Dead?!" Jia Yingrong furrowed his brow.

The young woman had died.

She died during the dusk of the fifth day.

Si Yisi was standing next to the young woman's body. When he stood up to open the door for Mo Wuchang and the others, he thought he saw a shadow quickly flash by in his peripheral vision.

When Si Yisi turned his head again, the thing he had seen seemed like an illusion. The young woman's body lay quietly on the bed, and there wasn't a single mark on her exposed skin.

"No injuries?" Mo Wuchang asked Chen Mengxi.

Earlier, to avoid suspicion, Chen Mengxi had helped check the young woman's body.

Chen Mengxi's face was pale, her stomach churning.

She shot a resentful glance at Si Yisi and answered, "No... I couldn't find any injuries or cause of death."

At this point, Si Yisi quietly said, "She died suddenly from an unknown cause."

“How do you know?” Chen Mengxi shot Si Yisi a suspicious glare.

“Self-taught,” Si Yisi said, stepping behind Mo Wuchang.

Mo Wuchang felt exhausted. Clearly, the boss is capable, yet he still insists on using me as a shield.

This woman isn't a kind soul...

The sixth day passed without incident. No ghosts, nothing. The cold, silent rental house stood still amidst the snowstorm.

Si Yisi speculated that the ghosts were likely planning something on the sixth day, whispering among themselves about how to toy with the players.

And the seventh day; undeniably, was the night of the ghosts.

“Boss, are you nervous?” Mo Wuchang asked, his eyes fixed on the time, his palms sweating.

“Nervous?” Si Yisi asked in return. A tear naturally fell with his blink, like a drop of water shaped like a gem.

He curled his lips into a smile.

“I just feel... it's really, really great.”

Tick-tock.

The time had come.

Chapter 35 - The Crybaby's Endless Escape (16)



Dong, dong.

As soon as midnight arrived, a series of urgent bell tolls rang out from an unknown source.

Si Yisi turned over in bed. He could smell the scent that the Toilet Ghost had released. This smell surged up like a tidal wave, filling the entire room.

“Go!” Si Yisi instinctively knew that this time, things were about to escalate. He quickly grabbed Mo Wuchang, and the two rushed to open the door and ran out, not forgetting to take all kinds of miscellaneous weapons with them. And a certain bald-headed creature pretending to hibernate like a snake.

The moment they ran out, the door slammed shut behind them. The sound of rushing water seeped into Si Yisi’s ears through the wall. He saw water leaking out from under the door, carrying the foul stench of rotting salmon. The sounds inside were like seawater flooding in.

Mo Wuchang’s face turned pale as he realized that the room was likely being flooded by the Toilet Ghost.

“Is this a ‘flooding of Jinshan’ situation?” Mo Wuchang cursed.

(TN: flooding of Jinshan = refers to a large-scale flooding caused by Sun Wukong, who is involved in a dispute with the Buddhist monks of Jinshan.)

Si Yisi’s expression was just as bad, with tears sliding down his face. His main focus was on the source of this flooding water... Toilet Ghost, what kind of water could she possibly be using?

The thought disgusted Si Yisi.

He hurriedly ran down the stairs, not wanting to stay on the third floor any longer! The system was too revolted up there!

Mo Wuchang, taking larger steps, ran faster than Si Yisi. But as he quickly descended the stairs, his foot suddenly slipped. He fell straight down the staircase.

Si Yisi grabbed onto Mo Wuchang's body, quickly stepping on the small paper man that had tripped Mo Wuchang.

"Got you." Si Yisi's gaze was more dangerous than ever.

"Boss, let's go destroy their lair!" Mo Wuchang gripped the handrail, fuming.

Si Yisi was of the same mind. He lifted the small paper man struggling beneath his feet. Tears had soaked the paper man's features. "Take me to your lair."

Si Yisi tilted his head slightly, smiling gently, but slowly tore the paper man in half at the waist.

"Not going? You'll feel pain too, right?" After saying that, Si Yisi tore the paper man several more times. The paper man's dark, bean-sized eyes shimmered with tears, and the childlike cries came from its bloody, gaping mouth.

"Ah... What kind of ghostly cry is that?" Mo Wuchang's head throbbed from the sharp ghostly wail. He glanced at Si Yisi, who was unfazed.

"It's useless against me." Si Yisi slowly shredded the paper man into tiny pieces, subjecting it to a slow, painful torment that was no less cruel than disembowelment.

Suddenly, a strong gust of wind swept across the back of Si Yisi's head; the paper man let out a joyful cry.

Si Yisi didn't even look back. He grabbed the toilet plunger from Mo Wuchang's hand and thrust it backward.

Slap!

The Toilet Ghost, who had come to hunt them down, had the plunger stuck to her forehead and fell straight to the ground.

"Did you flood the room?" Si Yisi asked, coming to accuse her.

He noticed a decorative vase at the top of the stairs and tilted his head with a smile. “As a token of appreciation, you can stay inside.”

“Mmm, mmm, mmm!” The Toilet Ghost had no idea that she had mistakenly wandered into the territory of the big boss. She crawled on the ground, her wet and sticky hair trailing behind her like seaweed, leaving a long water stain on the floor.

Using both hands and feet, she was desperate to crawl away from Si Yisi.

“Wah!” The Toilet Ghost felt a hand grab her leg!

“Mmm, mmm, mmm!!!” The Toilet Ghost struggled desperately, but she was no match for Si Yisi’s brutality.

She was forcibly dragged to the vase. Taking advantage of the plunger still stuck to her forehead, Si Yisi made full use of it. He shoved the Toilet Ghost into the narrow vase, breathing heavily as he stuffed the ghost inside and sealed the mouth of the vase with the plunger.

Then, Si Yisi turned his attention to the small paper man.

The small paper man had been torn to pieces, and now, the scraps Si Yisi held in his hand had turned into a new stack of small paper people, all missing limbs.

After all the commotion, the bald-headed creature in Si Yisi’s sleeve finally gave up on pretending to hibernate. It opened its eyes and saw a pile of small paper people with blood-red mouths!

Ah Tu: “!!”

The small paper people: “!”

Both sides were thoroughly scared by each other.

Threatened by the double glare and torn-up pieces, the small Paper Ghost, without any backbone, finally gave in. It lowered its head weakly: “Hee hee hee hee QwQ.”

Under the big boss’s intimidation, the small Paper Ghost immediately led Si Yisi to...

The Hair Ghost’s lair.

The Hair Ghost, who was leisurely combing her hair, suddenly saw Si Yisi and froze: “!!!”

She lunged at him like a fierce wolf, but... The small Paper Short was leading the way.

Her hair stood up in anger, and it immediately pierced through the small Paper Ghost, turning him into a porcupine! The Hair Ghost was cursing loudly, but to Si Yisi and Mo Wuchang, it all sounded like nonsense.

Mo Wuchang: “...?”

Si Yisi raised his hand holding the razor.

To his surprise, the female ghost suddenly dropped to her knees in front of Si Yisi with a thud, madly pulling at her hair.

Strands of hair fell effortlessly, and Si Yisi noticed that the ends were covered in translucent, glue-like blobs.

The overly proactive Hair Ghost stripped herself down to a female monk’s habit, then revealed her delicate, charming face, gazing at Si Yisi with teary eyes.

Hair Ghost: “QwQ!” No hair left, nooo!

Having witnessed the dramatic scene of a ghost pulling her own hair, Mo Wuchang’s voice became faint. “Boss, how are you so capable?”

He stared at Si Yisi's tearful face and couldn't help but try to gather his own tears, trying to accumulate some.

The child who cries really gets candy, huh!

(T/N: the child who cries really gets candy = the loudest/most annoying, gets the most attention.)

"Where is the Paper Ghost?" Si Yisi had realized that he had been fooled by the Paper Ghost, but now that the Hair Ghost had completely dealt with the small Paper Ghost, he couldn't use it to deal with the Paper Ghost's other bodies.

So he had to go directly to the source.

The Hair Ghost's face was full of excitement as she quickly pointed in one direction. Her black eyes were filled with the joy of revenge, and it was clear that she loathed the "clever" Paper Ghost with all her heart.

"You..." Si Yisi thought it would be better to deal with the Hair Ghost first.

She had one attitude in front of him, but who knew if she would strike secretly, like the Toilet Ghost? Si Yisi wouldn't leave any threats. This was a system's caution.

As soon as he spoke, the word "you," Hair Ghost seemed to understand something and nodded desperately.

Then Mo Wuchang, with a face full of disbelief, watched as the Hair Ghost used her own hair as a rope, hanging herself from the chandelier... committing "suicide."

She even gave Si Yisi an "OK" gesture.

She couldn't have been more cooperative.

Si Yisi moved toward the Paper Ghost's direction, while Jia Yingrong and Chen Mengxi, after avoiding the pursuit of the Paper Ghost, quickly fled to the first floor.

Chen Mengxi, not as strong as Jia Yingrong, was gasping and trailing behind, while Jia Yingrong showed no concern for Chen Mengxi's safety and quickly ran ahead.

Suddenly, a sticky, ethereal voice appeared in Chen Mengxi's ears.

"Do you want to kill this man?"

"You've bet everything on him, but how has he treated you? He only sees you as a casual partner, a useless woman who can be discarded at any time."

"Have you figured out how to deal with him? Do you want him to become your possession, once and for all? You greedy, proud woman..."

"I want to kill someone, and you want to make him yours—how about we make a deal?"

The voice, silky and whispering, drifted into Chen Mengxi's ears, causing her gaze to waver for a moment. After that, Chen Mengxi returned to her normal state.

But suddenly, a dagger made of black mist appeared in her palm. Chen Mengxi raised her hand, and the dagger shot toward Jia Yingrong!

Jia Yingrong sensed the danger and dodged the blow, but then, an invisible force abruptly restrained all of his actions, even as a high-level player!

What...? What kind of evil creature is this?!

Why is there such a powerful ghost in such a low-level world? Why?!

The next moment, Jia Yingrong, the high-level player, had his chest pierced by the dagger Chen Mengxi was holding. He collapsed weakly, the dagger piercing through his chest without a single drop of blood flowing out.

Chen Mengxi hurriedly withdrew her hand, frantically looking around, searching for the invisible presence that had been whispering in her ear.

“What are you?” she whispered.

“Hmm? I am the world,” the voice replied, taking the shape of a shadow and materializing in front of Chen Mengxi. “You help me kill someone, and in exchange, I’ll give you a lover who will forever remain loyal to you. How does that sound?”

“He will become your dog, loving you wholeheartedly—”

Jia Yingrong stood up again. Chen Mengxi stepped back in shock, but she saw him remove the thin mask from his face, revealing a handsome face.

“Xi Xi,” Jia Yingrong softly called out to Chen Mengxi. There was no trace of impatience in his voice anymore, and the way he called her carried a tenderness and affection that made one’s heart race.

“Now, he is your dog.”

A slight flush appeared on Chen Mengxi’s face. She paused for 2 or 3 seconds, then completely succumbed to the allure of absolute control. “I agree to this deal. I hope you keep your word.”

“Of course, the world never lies.”

“Who do you want to kill?” Chen Mengxi asked.

“Shen Chen,” the shadow answered.

At that moment, Si Yisi’s heart suddenly skipped a beat. He felt as though something was watching him. But there was no danger around Si Yisi. He

furrowed his brow, realizing that something beyond his control might have happened.

At this moment, on the system platform.

System 2333, Chi Chun, paced anxiously, watching the screen showing Si Yisi's situation in the main system.

The world Si Yisi had been pulled into this time was a contaminated small world!

A polluted world was a dangerous existence for the systems, because the world would instinctively try to devour the systems, turning it into its own nourishment.

The small world couldn't act directly, so it maliciously raised the difficulty of the escape game, trying to kill the systems. But system 414, Si Yisi, was still lively and active. In the end, it had no choice but to strike a deal with the protagonist, Chen Mengxi, allowing her to use the power of a high-level player, who was also the "male lead," to kill Shen Chen; or rather, system 414.

Chi Chun anxiously paced for a while before suddenly bursting into laughter.

He thought he was worrying too much. Looking at how lively Si Yisi was, he figured the small world would end up getting the worst of it.

Just as the feeling of being watched disappeared from Si Yisi, it was as if something had whispered his name. He suddenly sneezed.

In response to Mo Wuchang's casual questions of "Boss, did you catch a cold?", "Are you okay?", "Do you want medicine?" Si Yisi silently pulled himself together.

At that moment, his peripheral vision caught a glimpse of a small paper man passing by.

Si Yisi's eyes brightened.