

Collapse 104

Chapter 104: The Daytime is Too Unsafe [First Order Requested]_1

Gu Mian had noticed some issues, but Fatty was still somewhat in the dark.

Chu Changge lowered his voice. "Just now, Zhao Lei said it was his first time seeing a snowstorm block the mountain, but later he mentioned that others like us had been trapped in the mountains by heavy snow for a long time."

If this was his first time seeing the mountains closed by a snowstorm, then how were the previous people trapped?

After hearing this, Fatty understood. "You mean... he's lying?"

Otherwise, no one was ever trapped before. Or there had been heavy snow blocking the mountains in the past.

But what would be the point of Zhao Lei lying about this?

"No." Chu Changge slowly shook his head. "I think it's more likely he has a memory discrepancy rather than him lying. If he were lying, the lie would be too crude."

Zhao Lei remembered never having seen heavy snow blocking the mountains, but he also remembered people being trapped and unable to leave due to heavy snow.

So how did this memory discrepancy form?

"There are a few more questions besides this one..." Chu Changge continued.

"Why did Zhao Lei's father, Zhao Guanhai, disappear?"

"Why is there a backward-ticking clock here?"

"Where exactly does that eerie feeling, present since we entered, come from?"

Zhao Lei was a heavyweight NPC in this instance. Gu Mian didn't believe that his father, Zhao Guanhai, disappeared by coincidence.

Gu Mian said, touching his chin, "Regardless, I know that in supernatural stories, disappearance usually equates to death."

He added, "It's probably the same in this Mysterious Dungeon."

"Yes," Chu Changge nodded. "Considering the 'Escape from Terror Manor' task provided by the instance, a ghost will likely appear to chase us. That ghost could very well be Zhao Guanhai."

Fatty nodded in partial understanding. "So, you mean we should pay attention to things related to Zhao Guanhai in this instance?"

"Exactly," Chu Changge said. "We also need to keep an eye on Zhao Lei. After all, he's quite suspicious. He might even be the ghost."

Zhao Lei did look rather weak, and his memory seemed to have discrepancies again.

After all, a ghost disguised as a person would likely do so perfectly.

"Let's put aside the question of who the ghost is for now," Chu Changge said, glancing out the window as he spoke. "Let's talk about the clues at hand."

The bedroom windows here were quite large, so large that Fatty feared a ghost might climb in through one.

Because the windows were so large, the room was very well-lit, and one could see the sky at a glance.

The sky was still gray, filled with dark clouds, and the sun was nowhere to be found. Gu Mian estimated that in this weather, even washing a pair of underwear would take many days to dry.

"You should have all seen the backward-ticking clock." Chu Changge averted his gaze from the window.

Gu Mian nodded slightly. If the clock were broken, it should have stopped. For it to run backward was truly beyond his expectations.

"I've noticed that apart from that clock, there's nothing else in this building to tell the time," Chu Changge continued. "Even the sun is hidden, making it impossible to estimate the exact time."

Hearing this, Fatty discerned something more. "Brother Chu, are you suggesting that our time is now going backward?"

The moment they entered the house, time had started to flow backward, which was why they had such a peculiar feeling. Because of this time reversal, every event that had previously happened in this house would reappear before their eyes. This is what Fatty was thinking.

Chu Changge didn't deny this. "There's a chance of that, although it's not high. I think there might be other possibilities, but we need to find more clues here."

Although the sun in the sky was blocked, Gu Mian still sensed that night was approaching.

He suddenly spoke. "Daytime is too dangerous. Let's move at night."

After all, Zhao Lei was still outside. If they went out and rummaged through his house now, it would definitely arouse suspicion.

Fatty's expression twisted. "Listen to yourself! Is that something a human would say?"

The other three, apart from them, clearly weren't as perceptive as Gu Mian. The couple's room and the study on the second floor were adjacent.

Gu Mian noticed them standing in the hallway, whispering as if discussing something.

Brother Mobile was also coming up the stairs, apparently holding something and looking sneaky.

Gu Mian then looked at Chu Changge. "Are you sleeping on the first floor tonight?"

The first floor seemed a bit risky; after all, Zhao Lei was still an unknown.

Chu Changge pushed up his glasses. "Yes, I can see Zhao Lei's door from my peephole, so I can observe him. Your doors have peepholes too, right?"

They did, of course.

Fatty's door faced one of the staircases. If anyone used those stairs to go up, he would definitely see them.

Gu Mian's room was more secluded; he could only see the door to Fatty's room, which was adjacent to his.

Fatty bragged, "As long as I'm in the Doctor's line of sight, I feel like I won't die."

Gu Mian didn't hesitate to throw cold water on his hopes. "In the last instance, I watched you die."

Fatty shut his mouth.

The three of them were in Fatty's room, with no immediate plans to go downstairs.

Gu Mian noticed the peculiar furnishings in Fatty's room.

A writing desk was pressed close to the bed, the kind instantly recognizable as belonging to a middle or high school student.

On the desk was a particularly old computer, its screen almost the size of a laptop's. It was so shabby that even a junk collector would probably scorn it.

Fatty looked at the computer. "I tried it, but I couldn't get it to turn on. Maybe it needs some condition to be unlocked?"

Gu Mian turned his gaze elsewhere.

A giant wardrobe faced the bed, with a full-length mirror mounted on the inside of one of its doors.

Fatty found the mirror too creepy, so he had covered it with a piece of cloth. Behind the other wardrobe doors was a pile of student clothes.

Among them were also a few out-of-place, non-mainstream clothes. Gu Mian saw several flamboyant jackets hanging there.

One particularly eye-catching item was a short, black leather jacket, its front covered with stud-like objects.

"This jacket really isn't my style," Fatty said, fiddling with it.

Fiddling with it, he realized the jacket seemed to have been torn and then mended with black thread down the middle.

Gu Mian touched his chin. "I guess this was Zhao Lei's room when he was in middle school."

It seemed Zhao Lei had a rebellious streak in his teens.

The room Gu Mian had selected was quite normal, like an average adult's room, devoid of any flashy decorations.

At this point, however, Chu Changge wore an odd expression. "Speaking of which, if this was Zhao Lei's room when he was in middle school, then it seems my room was his when he was in university or as an adult."

"I saw photos of him and his girlfriend in my room. In the photos, Zhao Lei looks to be around twenty-one or twenty-two. There's also a broken phone in the drawer, but it won't turn on."

Fatty raised an eyebrow. "So, Zhao Lei has lived in every single room here at some point?"

This was indeed strange.