

Collapse 110

Chapter 110: The Horror Movie - I Need to Go to the Bathroom _1

Brother Mobile was not in the room, as if he had vanished into thin air, leaving no trace behind.

"How could this happen?" Zhao Lei appeared stunned. "Where is he?"

Mingliang also seemed nervous. "He's not in the room. Maybe he left earlier and is somewhere else?"

Fatty spoke up, "Then how do you think this door ended up locked from the inside?"

Mingliang was taken aback and fell silent.

The only downside to this game instance was the lack of player elimination notifications. The others couldn't see if their teammates were still alive, so they had no idea if Brother Mobile was dead or somewhere else. However, the odds were high that he was dead.

It was pitch-black outside. Nearly ten o'clock at night, dawn was still a long way off. No one wanted to sleep in separate rooms now, so they all agreed to stay together in one room for the night.

They had initially separated to avoid arousing Zhao Lei's suspicion, but now that someone had mysteriously disappeared, gathering together seemed reasonable. Chu Changge's room was the largest in the building, so everyone gathered there.

Feeling safer with everyone together, Mingliang sighed in relief and pulled his girlfriend into a corner with him.

Chu Changge's room corresponded to Zhao Lei's college days, and it contained many photos from that time. Photographs were pasted on the wall and placed on the table; most were of Zhao Lei and a girl, but there were some of Zhao Lei alone.

Fatty was particularly curious about these photos. The girl in the photos with Zhao Lei wasn't strikingly beautiful but had a fresh and pleasant charm, with shoulder-length hair, making a V-sign for the camera.

Noticing Fatty's curiosity, Zhao Lei picked up a photograph. "These were taken during my university days. That's the girlfriend I mentioned; she's still waiting for me at the foot of the mountain."

Although everyone was panicking because one person was missing, Zhao Lei seemed to relax slightly upon seeing his girlfriend's photo. It hadn't been easy for the young Zhao Lei to find a girlfriend. After much difficulty, he found one only for his father to interfere and break them up. Luckily, they managed to get back together in the end.

Thinking of Zhao Lei's mysteriously missing father, Fatty grew even more curious. "Speaking of which, how did your father know you had a girlfriend in college?"

Zhao Lei had previously mentioned having little contact with his father during college, let alone telling him about his girlfriend.

Zhao Lei was also puzzled by this. "I really don't know... One day, out of the blue, he called me about it. He said I was a spendthrift, only knowing how to waste money on a girlfriend, and told me to break up with her immediately..."

Gu Mian, hearing this, stroked his chin. "You mentioned before that your father arrived at the school long after the brawl took place. Is your school far from here?"

The couple by the window, though not part of the conversation, were listening attentively.

"No," Zhao Lei said with a bitter smile. "My junior high school wasn't far from here; in fact, it was quite close. But my father... he was often hard to reach..."

"Hard to reach?" Fatty asked, intrigued.

"Yes," Zhao Lei nodded. "I still remember when I was very young, he loved to drink. He'd drink until he was completely drunk, and then he'd go on a drunken rampage."

"He often bought alcohol on credit from the nearby department store, got drunk outside, and then, holding empty bottles, he'd sit on the steps of the store entrance and cry.

"The people nearby all knew my father and me. I remember back then, he wouldn't be home three or four days a week.

"When I was still in elementary school, people would often come to the school and tell me my dad was drunk on the street again. I'd grab my schoolbag and go find him on the department store steps.

"He'd be completely plastered. I'd try to pull him up, but I was too small and couldn't move him. He would just lie on the steps crying and cursing at me.

"Sometimes, if a lot of people passed by, they'd all stop and watch us. I'd feel aggrieved too, so I'd squat down beside him and cry with him.

"When we finished crying, I'd go home alone, make dinner, and then I'd hear him come back in the middle of the night."

Fatty wore an expression of horror.

Zhao Lei continued, "Later, when I was about to graduate from elementary school, he sent me to a boarding school. After that, I rarely saw him drink, probably because we saw each other so little.

"During my school days, I often couldn't reach him. Sometimes, when I needed money for textbooks or school uniforms, I'd use a teacher's phone to call him, but he often wouldn't answer. I don't know what he was doing.

"He would only call back around noon or in the evening. I often couldn't contact him. I figured he was probably off drinking somewhere again.

"When I got into that fight in junior high, he was probably drunk somewhere and unreachable, which is why he was late.

"But I'd rather he hadn't come at all. He berated me so harshly that I even considered suicide."

Zhao Lei chuckled self-deprecatingly as he said this.

Suicide...

Hearing this, Fatty suddenly remembered something. "By the way... has anyone ever died in this house?"

The white paper with the black character for 'memorial' was still hanging in the study, nearly turning the room into a funeral hall.

"Died?" Zhao Lei's expression turned strange. "Why do you ask that?"

"There's a large sheet of white paper hanging in the study on the second floor, with a big black character on it," Fatty said, glancing sideways at Zhao Lei, who still looked completely clueless.

"You don't know about it?" Fatty looked surprised.

Zhao Lei shook his head. "I don't think so. My dad converted that room into his study. He sometimes goes in there to do things, but I'm sure there's no white paper with a big black character hanging in there."

At this point, Mingliang chimed in, "But we all saw it."

Mingliang's expression was a little strange when he said this, as if he was holding back something.

Zhao Lei frowned. "I haven't been to the study since I got back. Maybe my dad hung that paper up? By the way, what character is written on it?"

Fatty's expression became strained. It was clear Zhao Lei knew nothing about what was in the study.

He shot Gu Mian a questioning glance. Gu Mian shook his head at Fatty, signaling him not to go into detail.

Fatty, always one to take the easy way out, saw Gu Mian's signal and simply replied, "It's nothing."

"By the way," Gu Mian suddenly began, "Do you recognize this?"

As he spoke, he took something out. It was a black mobile phone, similar in shape to an old Nokia, though this one probably couldn't be used to crack walnuts. Gu Mian had found this phone in a drawer in his room. It was old and battered, with no brand logo, and it wouldn't turn on. The characters on the keypad buttons were so worn away they were illegible. However, Gu Mian was proficient with a nine-key keypad and could type by touch even if the markings were gone.

Zhao Lei looked at the phone and nodded. "That's the phone my dad gave me. He used it before, then gave it to me when I went to university. But once I started earning money, I bought a new one and hardly ever used this."

It seemed this black mobile phone was connected to Zhao Lei's father. If they could turn it on, they might uncover the mystery of his father, Zhao Guanhai's, disappearance.

I wonder how Zhao Lei's father's disappearance is related to the task of escaping Terror Manor.

Thinking this, Gu Mian spoke again, "It seems this phone can't be turned on."

Zhao Lei paused for a moment, then nodded. "Probably because the battery hasn't been charged for a very long time. But why are you asking about this phone?"

"No reason," Gu Mian said, withdrawing his hand. "We just wanted to see if we could use it to contact the outside world."

Of course, that was a lie.

Gu Mian had found a charger in his room and had tried to charge this mysterious phone, but it showed no reaction. Clearly, the phone's inability to turn on wasn't due to a lack of charge; other conditions were likely needed to power it up.

Fatty, seeing this, also leaned over, apparently wanting to ask about the computer in his room.

But before he could speak, Mingliang cut in, "Speaking of which... can I make an unreasonable request?"

Gu Mian paused, then a look of understanding crossed his face. "Judging by your tone, don't tell me you want to use the bathroom?"