

Collapse 111

Chapter 111: Flop_1

Characters in horror movies often meet their doom while "going to the toilet." The same holds for paranormal novels. By extension, this logic should also apply to Mysterious Dungeons.

Yet, Mingliang stood tall, unabashedly announcing, "I need to go to the toilet." If anyone present had read too many fantasy novels, they would have gasped and muttered, "Truly terrifying."

This instance offered a highly realistic experience. Going without meals led to hunger and drained stamina; lack of sleep caused drowsiness; and not using the toilet resulted in the distinct sensation of an overfull bladder.

Apparently, Mingliang's bladder had reached its limit. His face was flushed, as if he'd just been kissed by a beautiful woman. But Gu Mian knew Mingliang hadn't experienced such good fortune; his bladder merely felt like it was about to burst.

After uttering, "I need to go to the toilet," Mingliang glanced weakly at the others, clearly hoping someone would respond. But everyone else pretended not to hear, avoiding even a sidelong glance.

Only Xiao Zhang timidly offered, "Shall I go with you?"

Seemingly aware of the dangers associated with the toilet, Mingliang refused his girlfriend. "You stay here. I'll see if I can find someone else to go with me."

Now that he'd said that much, the others could no longer feign ignorance.

Chu Changge suddenly spoke up, "I'll go with you."

Hearing this, Fatty paused, looking at Chu Changge in confusion. As far as he knew, Chu Changge wasn't the type to accompany someone to the toilet out of sheer boredom. He must have an ulterior motive, Fatty thought, nodding with conviction.

Gu Mian also cast a sidelong glance at Chu Changge, whose expression remained impassive. Mingliang looked at the nodding Fatty, somewhat perplexed.

However, having found someone to accompany him, Mingliang wasted no more time and practically jogged towards the door. Chu Changge followed him out.

The toilet was to the right after exiting their room. The living room on the first floor was quite large. To reach the toilet, one had to pass Brother Mobile's room first, then Zhao Lei's room. The toilet was located right next to Zhao Lei's room.

Mingliang had already dashed to the toilet door, looking as if he might burst at any second. But just as he was about to push it open, he suddenly stopped and glanced back at Chu Changge.

"Don't you go anywhere..." Mingliang said nervously, clutching his lower abdomen.

Chu Changge nodded slightly. "I won't."

Still apprehensive, Mingliang hesitated for a moment before asking, "Could you come a bit closer?"

Chu Changge took a few more steps, passing the entrance to Zhao Lei's room and stopping behind Mingliang. Any closer, and he'd practically be watching Mingliang use the toilet.

Only then did Mingliang push the door open and step inside, muttering under his breath, "It's not like I'm afraid of being watched..."

He pushed open the toilet door and quickly found the light switch, flicking it on with a SNAP. The light flooded the entire bathroom. No one had investigated this bathroom before.

It wasn't large, perhaps five or six square meters. Immediately upon entering, there was a washbasin. Above it hung a cracked mirror, directly facing the doorway. The cracks in the mirror were strangely regular, radiating from a central point like a spiderweb, as if a basketball had struck it forcefully, the fissures spreading across almost the entire surface.

To the left was a toilet bowl of a very old design. Since it was clearly an old fixture, Mingliang paid it no mind. Adjacent to the toilet was a bathtub, slightly yellowed with age. It was about two-thirds full of water. A bare light bulb hung directly above the tub, its light reflecting dazzlingly off the water's surface.

Mingliang let out a breath, stepped towards the toilet bowl, and began to unzip his pants. While doing so, he called out to Chu Changge, who was waiting outside, "Brother Chu, whatever you do, don't leave!" He had intentionally left the door wide open for a quick escape if danger arose.

From outside, Chu Changge's affirmative "Mm" was heard.

Only then did Mingliang proceed to unzip his pants fully. Even so, he kept one hand on the zipper pull, ready to yank it up and flee at the first sign of trouble.

The overhead light shone brightly. He was alone in the empty bathroom.

Mingliang kept involuntarily glancing at the cracked mirror on the right-hand wall. He had a persistent feeling that the moment he looked away from it, someone would materialize in the reflection, staring intently at him. He risked a quick peek—nothing.

Mingliang sighed in relief and averted his gaze. But the instant he fully looked away, he caught a glimpse of a deathly pale face in the mirror out of the corner of his eye. His hair stood on end, and a violent shiver ran down his spine.

His neck went rigid. He didn't dare turn to look at the mirror, not even wanting to risk a peripheral glance in that direction. But the deathly pale face seemed fixed in place, watching him.

Mingliang dared not look directly, nor could he bring himself to completely ignore what his peripheral vision was telling him. Trembling, he fumbled with his zipper with tiny, shaky movements, his voice barely a whisper, "Chu Changge?"

Silence.

A profound chill seized him. He gathered his courage and called out a little louder, "Chu Changge?"

Still no reply from outside. He was utterly alone.

By now, he had managed to slowly pull up his zipper but was too terrified to make any sudden moves. To get out, he had to pass that mirror.

Shaking, Mingliang lowered his head slightly, trying to conceal his rising panic. But as his gaze dropped, he suddenly caught a reflection in the water of the nearby bathtub. The overhead light shone brightly, and even in that fleeting glimpse, he saw the reflected image clearly. It was a human face—features contorted, complexion a ghastly white, head drenched in blood, eyes wide and seemingly glaring right at him.

That one look was all it took. Mingliang lost all control and, with a terrified cry, bolted for the door. He burst out of the bathroom and sprinted towards the room where Gu Mian and the others were.

Inside their room, Gu Mian and the others heard Mingliang's cry, followed immediately by the sound of someone running frantically. Just as they were about to go out and investigate, the lights throughout the entire building suddenly extinguished, plunging them into complete darkness. Then, they realized the door to their room had slammed shut.

As Mingliang desperately ran towards their room, the overhead lights went out. In the sudden darkness, he saw a figure blocking the doorway ahead. He couldn't discern its features, only a horrifyingly pale face.

Mingliang's scalp prickled. A thought suddenly struck him, and he veered sharply, racing towards the main entrance of the manor instead. The mission is to escape Terror Manor! To truly 'escape,' I probably need to be chased out! With this realization, he pumped his legs furiously, heading for the main door.

Sure enough, the figure that had been blocking the doorway began to move. It elongated its neck and lunged at him with an unnatural gait.

Mingliang didn't dare look back again, sprinting with all his might towards the main entrance. But the figure was incredibly fast, almost upon his back in an instant, while he was still a considerable distance from the door. His hair stood on end. He drew another ragged breath and surged forward. This desperate burst of speed bought him a sliver of distance—tiny, but perhaps just enough.

Within a mere two seconds, he reached the main door, grabbed the handle, and yanked, trying to throw it open. To his dismay, the door wouldn't budge; it felt as if something was barricading it from the outside.

Meanwhile, the horrifyingly pale face was now inches from his back.

"AAAHHH—!" With death itself breathing down his neck, Mingliang roared and hurled his entire body weight against the heavy door.

All his Attribute Points were invested in Strength, but even so, smashing open a solid main door in a single attempt should have been impossible.

However, in that life-or-death crisis, Mingliang unleashed a wellspring of unprecedented power. With one tremendous impact, the main door burst open. He shot outside on a single, held breath, not daring to look back.

The air outside was frigid; each deep breath sent a pang of icy pain through his lungs. He ran a considerable distance on that one breath, not stopping until the sounds of pursuit had completely faded behind him. Only then, gasping desperately for air, did he finally halt. That should count as completing the mission, right? So why hasn't there been a system notification?

As this thought crossed his mind, he started to turn to look back.

But at that very moment, he heard a RUSTLING sound from directly above him.