

Collapse 125

Chapter 125 Your friend Gu Mian has joined the battlefield_1

Fatty's mind went blank.

He saw Gu Mian's sinister face appear above the ghost's head; Gu Mian was now stooped over it, staring intently at its scalp.

Looking at Gu Mian, Fatty momentarily forgot to struggle and was dragged limply towards the wardrobe.

Meanwhile, the ghost's half-exposed, deathly pale face twisted into an even more ferocious grin. It pulled harder, seemingly intent on dragging Fatty directly into the wardrobe.

But just then, Gu Mian, who had been silent behind the ghost, suddenly reached out, placed his hand on the creature's shoulder, and said words Fatty would never forget: "You're sick. You need treatment."

Dissociative Identity Disorder. This illness gave many doctors particular headaches.

It was difficult to determine if the disorder had been completely cured; no one could be certain if the alter ego had been entirely eradicated.

But things were different with Gu Mian.

Although this was his first time dealing with a patient with Dissociative Identity Disorder, he was confident he could ensure the condition wouldn't recur.

Fatty was slumped on the ground, looking up.

He watched Gu Mian take out his saw—which didn't much resemble a medical chainsaw—and then begin to saw at the neck of the ghost before him.

Then Gu Mian muttered to himself, "As long as I give the alter ego a good sawing, this illness will never recur."

Fatty's breath hitched. That actually sounds quite reasonable!

But as Gu Mian placed the saw on the ghost's neck, he noticed Zhao Lei's suspicion level towards him had suddenly jumped from 0 to 60.

It had shot straight past the passing mark; the side quest was definitely a lost cause.

This is actually quite normal, Gu Mian thought. If I were a ghost and someone dared to take a saw to my neck, I'd also question if that person was sane.

Perhaps because it was the secondary persona, Fatty didn't witness a bloody spectacle. After its neck was lightly sawed, the ghost let out a horrific shriek; to put it bluntly, it sounded much like the squeal of a pig being slaughtered alive.

Then, the ghost abruptly burst apart—not like exploding flesh, but more like a cloud of black mist dispersing into the surroundings before vanishing completely.

Simultaneously, the scene around them began to change abruptly. Gu Mian glanced around. For some reason, they seemed to have returned to the World in the Mirror.

Just as a strange expression appeared on Fatty's face, a sound came from downstairs.

Gu Mian pushed open the wardrobe door and, carrying his saw, walked towards the room's exit.

The door to the room in the outside world was shut tight, but the door to this room in the World in the Mirror was not.

Gu Mian walked straight out.

Fatty scrambled hastily to his feet, terrified, and hurried after Gu Mian. "Say, Doctor, how did you get out...?"

"I'll tell you later."

Chu Changge had somehow moved to the window. Seeing the two of them leave the room, he also got up and followed.

In no time, they were down on the ground floor.

There, a figure was sitting right in the middle of the ground-floor living room.

Fatty squinted, and upon recognizing the figure, took a few small steps back. Sitting on the living room floor was none other than Zhao Lei.

"Is that the ghost from before?" Fatty asked quietly, his voice laced with fear.

At this moment, Chu Changge walked over from behind. "No, this is the primary personality."

The figure on the ground sat with its head bowed, looking extremely weak.

Now Fatty finally understood why Zhao Lei had always looked so weak: the alter ego's murders had also drained a significant amount of his energy.

Zhao Lei's face was exceptionally pale. Though also a type of white, it was quite different from the ghastly pallor of the ghost earlier.

His head was down, his mouth opening and closing as if he were speaking. Fatty listened intently and finally made out Zhao Lei's muttering: "I remember... I remember everything..."

At the same time, the continuous sound of something shattering echoed throughout the building.

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK.

It sounded like mirrors breaking, the noise coming from all directions, from every corner, making Fatty's scalp tingle.

"Is this World in the Mirror going to shatter?" Fatty swallowed hard.

"Mm," Chu Changge nodded.

In the middle of the living room, Zhao Lei kept his head bowed, covering his face with his hands.

Blood seeped from between his fingers. The world began to distort; the surrounding walls twisted into eerie shapes, and the staircase behind them started to curve.

Fatty glanced back; the staircase had already contorted like a corkscrew.

The floor beneath their feet rippled like water, making it difficult for them to stand steady.

The entire world was beginning to collapse.

Zhao Lei, face still covered, made muffled sounds.

"My whole life... it seems like a joke."

"What I saw was false, what I thought was false. I've never understood others, nor have I understood myself..."

Fatty looked at Gu Mian, trembling. "Doctor, you were in the World in the Mirror the longest. Do you know what exactly happened?"

Gu Mian looked at Zhao Lei. "I do."

Hearing this, Fatty looked as if he wanted to press further but decided the timing wasn't right, so he kept his mouth shut.

"I am cowardly, foolish, selfish..."

As Zhao Lei spoke, the surrounding sounds of shattering grew louder, and pieces of plaster even began to fall from overhead.

"I don't want to face reality... I don't want to remember those things. I always thought if I just forgot, just forgot... would it make me feel a little better?"

Muttering to himself, Zhao Lei lifted his head and looked around, as if searching for something.

His expression was fervent and desperate, like a dying man seeking a panacea.

By now, the space had become severely distorted.

An entire wall twisted and then shattered with the sound of a massive sheet of glass breaking.

Gu Mian looked down at the anxious Zhao Lei and said slowly, "It's dead. You can't forget anymore."

Zhao Lei froze. Instantly, the distortion of the entire space ceased.

Many people knew the phrase "the calm before the storm." Though Fatty wasn't highly educated, he recalled it instantly.

But before he could speak, the storm broke with sudden fury. The entire space violently collapsed.

All Fatty felt was the ceiling crashing down on him.

The moment the ceiling crashed down, he thought he saw his interface pop up again, displaying words like 'Collapse' and 'Shutdown'.

But he couldn't worry about that now.

In his panic, Fatty suddenly yelled, "Doctor, damn it, haven't you forgotten something?!"

Fatty's reminder jogged Gu Mian's memory.

He remembered that not long ago, he had crashed into a bus that was illegally blocking the road.

And when he hit the bus, people had been chasing him, trying to kill him.