

Collapse 135

Chapter 135 Why did your head fall off?_1

Zhuifeng shivered violently. His body stiffened instantly, his gaze fixated on the car window in front of him, too terrified to even move his head.

His gaze had swept too quickly past the rearview mirror; he hadn't had time to see clearly. But he had remembered those eyes. So terrifying, those eyes, shot with blood, pupils practically bulging from their sockets, staring fixedly at him... That was a look no living person could make.

His body shaking, he took a deep breath and reached out to grab Gu Mian beside him. Right... there's another player beside me. The ghost wouldn't dare to strike while we're together... It definitely wouldn't... With this thought in mind, he fumbled for Gu Mian without turning his head.

Gu Mian was currently frowning, pondering a problem, when his peripheral vision caught a deathly pale hand reaching over, seemingly intending to pull at his clothes. Lifting his head, he saw the hand belonged to the player beside him. What is he doing? Gu Mian twitched his white lab coat away, preventing the hand from touching it, then lowered his head to continue pondering.

Too far, Zhuifeng Shaonian thought, feeling a surge of despair. Why is he so far from me? Should I turn around to check... Is he still alive? If he is, why can't I see the driver's face in the rearview mirror... Why isn't he making any sound? What is he doing?

Zhuifeng Shaonian tilted his head slightly, but the instant he did, he glimpsed those nearly protruding eyes in the rearview mirror. That driver was still staring fixedly at him. Zhuifeng Shaonian shivered violently again.

Simultaneously, he detected a peculiar odor in the air, like the metallic, fishy smell of fresh blood. His neck rigid, he glanced towards the front of the car. There were no interior lights; he could only make things out by the illumination from the streetlights outside. Even though the light was faint, he saw the scene beneath the driver's seat. He didn't know when it had happened, but the gray floor mat had been stained a dark color. He saw dark red liquid dripping from the already darkened mat.

It was blood. The driver was dead; a ghost was now driving.

Those eyes, filled with resentment and anger, were still staring fixedly at him, and the smell of blood in the air was growing stronger. The car's interior was already cramped, and with the windows closed, Zhuifeng felt that every breath filled his lungs with that viscous, rank odor. Soon, this ghost will reveal its true form! It will kill us! No... I must escape!

Zhuifeng, trying to keep his body still, slightly moved his hand. He didn't dare make any large movements, only venturing to shift his arm in small increments. Those eyes in the rearview mirror were still staring fixedly at him.

He looked out the car window. The car isn't moving too fast. I probably won't get badly hurt if I open the door and jump out. As long as I jump out while he's not paying attention, I can escape... As long as he hasn't discovered that I know he's a ghost...

All the while, he kept paying attention to the player next to him. Zhuifeng didn't dare turn his head; he could only listen intently. Are you blind! he screamed internally. Hurry up and look! This driver isn't normal! We need to run! If we're too late, we're dead!

Unfortunately, Gu Mian hadn't learned the skill of telepathy. No matter how Zhuifeng Shaonian raged in his heart, Gu Mian couldn't hear him. Forget it. Right now, saving my own life is what's most important.

While thinking this, Zhuifeng Shaonian moved his arm with extremely slight movements. He painstakingly used his body to conceal his hand movements, then slowly extended his hand towards the interior door handle. Luckily, the driver didn't seem to notice his actions. He didn't know how long it took—perhaps tens of seconds, perhaps several minutes—but Zhuifeng finally touched the door handle.

Good. Next, I'll yank it open, then jump out and escape. As long as the driver in front doesn't notice that I've realized something's wrong... Zhuifeng swallowed hard, his peripheral vision darting forward.

This glance almost made all his hair stand on end. He saw that the driver's head in front had, at some unknown point, tilted at an angle, leaning crookedly downwards—and it was tilting in his direction! It seemed as if that head would loll right in front of him at any moment! The direction of that gaze had also changed with the tilt; they were no longer just watching him through the rearview mirror but were almost turning to look directly at him!

Zhuifeng's hand began to tremble violently. He desperately wanted to share his current terror with someone, desperately wished for a companion to huddle with for warmth in this critical moment. But no matter how he tried to signal the person beside him, there was absolutely no reaction.

Has he really not noticed anything amiss? Or has he noticed, but like me, is too scared to move? The more Zhuifeng thought about it, the more probable the second possibility seemed. This thought offered him a little consolation, and he continued to move his hand. The driver still hasn't noticed my movements! I must be quick! Three seconds... in three seconds, I'll pull open the car door and jump out!

Three—

Two—

One!

Zhuifeng abruptly yanked the door handle, only to find with dismay that the door had been locked at some point. The lock for this type of taxi's side door was on the interior handle; one just had to flip the lock switch to open it. This action was usually very easy, but now it seemed incredibly difficult. The reason was simple: flipping the lock switch would make a considerable noise, and what Zhuifeng feared most right now was making any sound, lest his actions be discovered by the driver.

This time, he absolutely did not dare to look forward at the driver's tilted head; he practically closed his eyes as his hand fumbled for the lock switch. But even with his eyes closed, he could hear the sounds coming from the front. He only heard an extremely odd scraping sound from the driver's seat, as if something had slid down a short distance along something else.

Zhuifeng Shaonian kept his head bowed low, squinting his eyes to peek forward. This sight nearly made him cry out in alarm. He saw that the driver's neck was more than half broken, the entire head lolling crookedly to one side, almost detached from the neck. The remaining skin and flesh couldn't support his head; that head, neither too large nor too small, hung from his neck like a swing, swaying gently.

He... he hasn't noticed... He still hasn't noticed me... All the muscles in Zhuifeng's body were trembling. His hands had gone limp, and he could barely press the lock switch. He took another harsh breath, only then regaining a little strength. It's okay... as long as he hasn't noticed I want to escape... as long as he hasn't noticed I already know he's a ghost...

Zhuifeng, still trembling, forcefully pressed the lock switch. Don't make a sound! Don't let him find out!

Fortunately, Heaven was somewhat kind to him; the sound of the lock switch was not loud, almost inaudible. After a sound so faint it was almost inaudible, the lock opened.

I succeeded! Zhuifeng began to tremble with excitement. He doesn't know I've discovered he's a ghost! He doesn't know I'm about to escape!

But this excited mood hadn't even lasted two seconds when a voice suddenly came from beside him, causing all his efforts to be in vain.

"Holy crap!" Gu Mian exclaimed, looking in surprise at the terrifying state of the driver, "How did your head fall off?"