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Chapter 137 The Best Location for a Horror Movie_1

The howling wind swept past.

The driver's head wobbled precariously on his neck.

Gu Mian stood behind him, watching.

The driver, his back to Gu Mian, stared in the direction Zhuifeng Shaonian had fled for a long time before finally turning back around.

This place still seemed to be in the suburbs of the city, pitch-dark. The wind howled from time to time, making the green belts on both sides sway.

Gu Mian thought this would be a perfect location for a horror film. If he were a director, he'd certainly choose this feng shui treasure land.

And the scene before him now also seemed straight out of a horror film.

A headless driver... No, he had a head, but it was about to fall off.

A driver, his head about to detach, stood in the middle of the road. A large amount of fresh blood gushed from his severed neck. The scarf, originally wrapped around his neck, had slipped halfway off during his run and now just barely clung to his shoulder.

This originally dark scarf had already been stained red with blood, which now dripped from it.

Now, this eerie figure was slowly turning around.

What a terrifying sight!

Gu Mian hid the chainsaw in his hand behind his back, trying to appear as friendly as possible.

The driver, whose head was almost falling off, began to shuffle towards Gu Mian.

Watching him get closer, Gu Mian finally couldn't help asking, "Is your head about to fall off...?"

「Meanwhile, Fatty was sitting in a speeding taxi.」

The night was dark and very quiet.

The driver was a very pale young man with flushed cheeks and a slightly plump face, who looked like he had just recently graduated. Despite the chilly weather, he only wore a thin sweater. However, he wore a fluffy, warm-looking hat on his head.

Fatty held a small flyer in his hand; one side was a map, and the other had advertisements.

His destination was Xiao Xiang Courtyard, a residential complex with a very elegant name.

Among the advertisements was a missing person notice.

[Missing Person Notice]

[Name: Miao Qingxi, Male, 22 years old]

[Residence: Xiao Xiang Courtyard, Yecheng City. Disappeared on May 22, 2010. Height: 1.67 meters]

[Please, if any kind-hearted person sees him, contact his family immediately. A generous reward will be offered!]

Below was a photo of Miao Qingxi.

He was small and skinny with a sallow complexion, looking like an easy target.

Fatty looked uneasily at the missing person notice in his hand, repeatedly glancing out the window and at the driver.

He had called this taxi from a phone booth not long ago because he hadn't dared to get into one alone before.

He had initially planned to wait on the road to see if any other players would pass by. But after waiting for a long time, he hadn't seen any. Left with no other choice, Fatty had entered the phone booth and pressed the "Call Taxi" button.

He had been in the taxi for ten minutes now.

These ten minutes had been very safe, almost too safe.

The driver didn't exhibit any abnormal behavior, other than his clothing being out of sync with the season. The night was quiet.

Strangely, Fatty hadn't seen any other vehicles in these ten minutes—not even pedestrians.

He leaned towards the car window, somewhat bewildered. After considering for a long time, he finally asked, "Sir, are there usually no cars on the road this late at night?"

The driver immediately answered, "'Of course not. Look at the time—it's almost two in the morning. Why would anyone be out? Besides, I heard a few people who took taxis late at night went missing, so even fewer people are out now. There are hardly any taxis around either.'"

Fatty shivered slightly and glanced at the missing person notice in his hand. The photo of the small, skinny man looked somewhat creepy in the dim light of the night.

"People have gone missing at night... while taking a taxi?" Fatty asked hesitantly.

Perhaps the person in the notice disappeared after getting into a taxi. Fatty remembered this instance was called "Horror Taxi."

"Hmm, let me count..." The driver seemed to be recalling something. "Five have gone missing. Starting from 2002, so that's fifteen years now. In that time, five people have disappeared. It seems they all vanished after getting into a taxi."

He continued, "The police suspected that the missing people all took the same taxi. They believe it's the work of a single murderer, but they could never find any clues. The case was shelved and remains unsolved to this day."

"Those five people, they vanished without a trace—not alive, not dead. It's really bizarre. Perfectly healthy people just vanishing into thin air after getting into a taxi. Their relatives searched for many years but couldn't find so much as a single bone."

"You really shouldn't be out this late at night anymore. You're lucky you ran into me. If you'd met some other driver with bad intentions..."

"I don't have any money," Fatty interrupted. Then, as if remembering something, he added, "And my body's not for the taking either."

The driver coughed a few times, then clutched his hat as if afraid it would fall off.

"I heard that among the five missing people, there were two young girls—a female university student and a female high school student."

"The other three were men, and some of them were strong young fellows. I don't know how strong the killer must be to dare and abduct even strapping young lads like them."

"Some say all five were killed by one driver, a total psycho who enjoys hunting down his prey and torturing them to death."

"Of course, these are all just rumors. After all, no one has ever seen the murderer—anyone who did is dead..."

"Rumor has it the murderer is brutal. Some relatives said the missing ones came to them in dreams. In these dreams, the missing person would be in some kind of factory, hacked into several pieces."

"They dreamt the missing person would piece themselves back together, then point above their head, their mouth opening as if trying to say something..."

"Above their head?" Fatty asked, somewhat curious.

"Yes." The driver gripped the steering wheel. "Just pointing to the sky. The relatives said that in the dream, the sky was pitch-black, like there was nothing there at all."

Fatty subconsciously glanced up at the sky.

In the sky, there was a less-than-full moon and a few dim stars.

What was in the sky?