

Collapse 138

Chapter 138 What are you doing _1

Fatty clung to the car window, almost sticking his head out.

He lowered the car window a crack, and the howling wind flooded in from outside, almost blowing his scalp off.

Scared, Fatty quickly wound the window up again.

The gushing wind from outside seemed to affect the driver too. The driver stretched out a hand and firmly held on to his thick hat.

Fatty curiously scrutinized the driver's hat but didn't ask any questions. He just continued to gaze outside.

What on earth was in the sky?

Fatty pressed his face against the car window and stared at the sky.

Beyond the moon that wasn't quite round and a couple of stars, there were no other peculiarities.

At that moment, he suddenly noticed a distinct brightness not far ahead.

Fatty turned to look and saw what appeared to be a residential area. It was brightly lit, and he could even see people moving about near the windows.

How strange...

Fatty was somewhat bewildered. In this instance, it was as if there were no living humans anywhere. Why would a residential area that seemed inhabited by many people suddenly appear out of the blue?

Curiously, he asked, "Master, is that a residential area up ahead?"

The driver glanced over. "Yes, but it's not the Xiao Xiang Courtyard you're headed to. This seems to be the Rong'an Residential Area."

Rong'an Residential Area?

This was the first time Fatty had heard of this residential area, and it surprised him.

The driver didn't say much. He simply stepped on the gas and drove past the residential area. The environment around them was already bustling, indicating they were nearing the city center.

"Master, how much longer until we arrive?" Fatty asked, somewhat nervously.

The driver stretched out his hand once again to press down on his strange-looking hat. "About twenty minutes more."

Fatty's gaze lingered on the driver's hat. He hadn't noticed it when he first got in the car, but the longer he looked, the more it seemed like something was hidden in the hat, something heavy that might fall off at any moment.

Something is off about this driver...

But at that moment, something else caught his attention.

He saw a bright light emanating from the road not too far away.

This beam of light seemed extremely familiar. Fatty recognized it as car headlights.

He kept his gaze fixed on the direction from which the light came. As expected, two seconds later, he spotted another taxi in the darkness.

It was a taxi coming straight towards them, heading in the opposite direction.

Fatty pressed himself against the car window, his mouth slightly agape.

He watched as the oncoming car drew closer and closer. Its headlights, like a sharp sword tearing through the darkness, sent a chill down Fatty's spine as they advanced.

Under the dim streetlights, Fatty caught a glimpse of the driver behind the windshield of the other car.

Thin, sallow-complexioned, and looks easily bullied...

Did that description sound familiar?

Fatty fixated on the driver behind the windshield of the oncoming car and slowly raised the flyer he held.

The 'Missing Person' section was incredibly conspicuous; the photo alone took up half its space.

The photo showed a thin face. The person looked somewhat old for his age, though it was clear he wasn't actually very old.

Exactly the same...

The driver looked exactly like the person in the photo...

Except for the wound on his neck. The driver in the other taxi had a very noticeable wound on his neck, so deep that bone was visible.

Blood spread from the wound, dyeing almost the entire lower half of his neck red.

Fatty's hand trembled violently.

That driver... that's Miao Qingxi from the 'Missing Person' notice in my hand!

A man who was supposedly missing, possibly even long dead, had suddenly appeared driving a taxi!

He then looked into the back of the other taxi and saw a passenger sitting behind that driver.

Because the car windows were tinted and it was night, Fatty could only vaguely see a silhouette in the back seat. The passenger seemed unaware of anything amiss with their driver and was sitting there calmly.

In a flash, Fatty seemed to understand something.

The passenger in the back seat of that taxi is probably another player, and they're in danger!

What if it's the Doctor or Brother Chu in there? Fatty thought. No, I have to warn them! Warn them that their driver is dangerous!

So the danger in this instance really does come from the taxi drivers...

Thinking this, Fatty reached for the window control switch, intending to open the window and alert the person in the other taxi.

But just as his hand touched the icy window control, he suddenly realized something.

If the danger in this instance comes from the taxi driver...

Then I'm also in a taxi!

Upon this realization, Fatty's scalp tingled.

He was sitting directly behind the driver's seat. From this position, looking forward, he could only see the driver's extremely strange hat, not the driver's face.

Likewise, unless the driver made a significant effort to turn around, he wouldn't be able to see Fatty.

But at this moment, Fatty felt as if a sinister gaze was fixed on him.

Swallowing hard, Fatty looked out the window. He could feel the malevolent gaze coming from the front, right from the driver's seat.

That's not right. He's sitting directly in front of me. How can he possibly see me?

Fatty shivered slightly. He saw the other taxi slowly approaching; the two vehicles were about to pass each other.

The hideous wound on the neck of the driver in the other car was becoming clearer and clearer.

He didn't dare look directly at the driver in the approaching taxi, so he hazarded a furtive glance towards the driver's seat of his own vehicle.

That one glance nearly scared Fatty out of his wits.

The driver's head, at some point, had twisted a full one hundred and eighty degrees. His pallid face was squashed into the gap between the driver's seat and the car door, staring right at Fatty.

"AH!"

Startled, Fatty cried out. At the same time, he instinctively pressed what was in his hand, attempting to open the car door.

But what he held was the window control. All his action did was lower the car window, which served no purpose other than allowing him a clearer view outside.

Fatty reacted quickly, frantically grabbing the door handle and yanking hard, but the door didn't budge.

The door is locked!

The driver's pale face was still squeezed into the gap between the driver's seat and the car door. No normal person sitting in the driver's seat could perform such a contortion.

Petrified, Fatty didn't dare to look forward. He just kept pulling at the door handle. "Where's the door lock? Where is it!"

In his panic, Fatty couldn't find the lock and just kept yanking at the door handle with both hands.

But just as he was panicking and babbling incoherently, the taxi that had been slowly approaching in the opposite lane stopped right beside his window.

Fatty was taken aback.

Then, the rear window of the other taxi lowered, revealing a very familiar face.

Chu Changge frowned, looking at the deathly pale Fatty. "What are you doing?"