

Collapse 139

Chapter 139 Murderer_1

Chu Changge got out of the car and opened the door to Fatty's taxi.

A gust of freezing wind filled the cab, causing Fatty to feel a sharp pain in his head.

Even so, he didn't delay for long. He quickly clutched Chu Changge's sleeves and scrambled out of the taxi in a panic. "Quit standing there! Let's get out of here!"

While speaking, he tried dragging Chu Changge to run with him but met resistance.

Fatty glanced at him in confusion. Turning around, he saw the driver's ghostly pale face, which sent chills down his spine.

At that moment, Chu Changge also turned his gaze towards the driver in Fatty's taxi.

The driver's head was still lodged between the door and the seat, while his body sat bolt upright—an eerie sight.

Fatty had hoped Chu Changge would be frightened enough by the sight of the driver to run away with him.

But Chu Changge only glanced at the driver's ghastly pale face, showing no reaction.

"Are you blind?" Fatty exclaimed.

Chu Changge pried Fatty's hand off his sleeve. "Not yet."

"No way..." Fatty swallowed hard, retreating several steps.

He glanced between the two grotesque-looking taxi drivers and Chu Changge, a sense of unease washing over him. "Are you Brother Chu?"

Chu Changge glanced at the map in Fatty's hand. "Obviously."

Fatty was beginning to question if this man was really Chu Changge. Despite knowing that Chu Changge was always expressionless, he used to run when he encountered ghosts. But now, he didn't even move an inch.

Either he's been corrupted by the Doctor, or he's been replaced... Fatty thought, retreating a few more steps. "Then, what was the color of the skirt you wore when you were young?"

Chu Changge did not answer that question.

Instead, he produced the special item 'Save Device,' which Gu Mian had stolen from an NPC. Only then was Fatty grudgingly convinced that Chu Changge was human.

Both of them got back into Fatty's taxi.

Fatty was forcefully pulled in, feeling jittery as they climbed back into the car.

As the car moved through the dark streets, Fatty sat huddled up against Chu Changge. "Brother Chu, did you know all along that those drivers were ghosts?"

By then, the driver had turned his head back around. Apart from his somewhat scary appearance, he didn't make any dangerous moves.

"Hmm," Chu Changge replied, scrutinizing the map he had taken from Fatty. "I knew from the start. They pose no threat to us, though they might give the timid a shock."

Fatty clutched his chest. "How can you be so sure? What if he suddenly turns around and bites us?"

As he spoke, he cast a nervous glance at the driver up front. Luckily, the driver showed no intention of turning around to bite them.

"The rotary dial. We only need to call taxis here, but the phone booths have fully functional rotary dials."

"And so, I dialed a number..."

"Wait," Fatty interjected in confusion. "What number did you dial? 911?"

"911 doesn't work," Chu Changge stated confidently.

"You actually called it?"

Chu Changge handed Fatty the flyer in his hand. "I dialed the family number from the missing person notice."

Each player received a small flyer with a map upon entering the instance, which also listed the specific address of the player's 'home'.

Moreover, each flyer featured a different missing person notice and, consequently, a different family contact number.

Fatty didn't look at the flyer Chu Changge handed him. Instead, he cautiously asked, "So, does a missing person's family really pick up the phone?"

As he spoke, he sneakily glanced at the driver in front—likely another missing person. Fearful of upsetting the driver's fragile mental state, Fatty chose his words carefully.

Chu Changge shook his head. "No, but there's a phone recording..."

Fatty frowned. "A phone recording?"

Could dialing the number on a missing person's notice really trigger a hidden storyline? He hadn't paid any attention to that number at all.

"It's a phone recording. Not from the victim, not from their family, but from the murderer." Chu Changge paused for a moment after saying this.

The murderer's recording...

Up until now, Fatty had only come into contact with the victims of the murderer; he had never encountered this so-called murderer.

Could the murderer be hiding among the taxi drivers?

At this thought, a chill ran down Fatty's spine. He finally lowered his gaze to the flyer Chu Changge had handed him, and a conspicuous missing person notice caught his eye.

****Missing Person Notice****

Name: Li Guofang. Gender: Male. Age: 23.

He went missing on April 28, 2017, after boarding a taxi. Height: 1.71m. At the time of his disappearance, he was wearing a black thin sweater and jeans.

Residence: Changsheng Plastic Factory Family Courtyard.

If any kind person sees him, please contact his family immediately. A generous reward will be offered!

Below was a photo of the missing person. Fatty swallowed hard as he gazed at it.

Li Guofang...

The photo of Li Guofang was identical to the driver seated up front.

Chu Changge continued, "The murderer detailed how he killed the missing person, hid the body, and then looked for his next victim."

"And, he said something else too..."

Something else? Fatty looked blank.

Chu Changge turned his gaze towards the window. Spotting a phone booth up ahead, he said, "Driver, please stop here."

The taxi braked sharply. The driver sat quietly in front, making no sound or movement.

Chu Changge took both their flyers, stepped out of the taxi, and headed for the phone booth. Fatty, not wanting to be left behind, hurriedly followed.

The night was dark. The phone booth wasn't far, but to Fatty, the short distance felt incredibly intimidating.

It was as if a psychopath might suddenly appear, kill him, and dismember him.

"Actually, this instance hinted from the start that these drivers wouldn't harm us. The danger in this instance comes from elsewhere," Chu Changge said, glancing at the flyer in his hand.

The Sunshine Taxi Company's flyer was eye-catching. The most striking part was its slogan: "Our drivers will provide you with the safest service."

Chu Changge continued, "Besides, when you got into the taxi, didn't the driver tell you not to go out easily at night and to be careful?"

"Yes," Fatty nodded. "But the Doctor? He'd laugh in a ghost's face. Didn't he end up sawing off someone's head?"

Chu Changge seemed unwilling to say more. He led Fatty straight into the phone booth, picked up Fatty's flyer, and said, "Earlier, I dialed the family number for Li Guofang from the missing person notice. The killer described in detail how he murdered Li Guofang..."

"That's gruesome, isn't it?" Fatty asked, glancing worriedly at their taxi where Li Guofang still sat.

"No," Chu Changge shook his head. "Each missing person's phone recording is different. I've heard Li Guofang's. Now it's time for yours."

The missing person notice on Fatty's flyer was for someone named Miao Qingxi.

Chu Changge dialed the number. In less than two seconds, a middle-aged man's voice, sounding perfectly normal, came through the receiver.