

Collapse 140

Chapter 140 Humans Fear Ghosts_1

"Beidou, my name is Chen Beidou—"

Accompanying the man's voice was a strange static, somewhat jumbled.

Chu Changge activated the speakerphone, allowing Fatty in the phone booth to also hear the voice on the other end.

"I'm a cab driver. This is my fourth murder victim. He's a man, and his identification card says his name is Miao Qingxi.

"He's a young man who has been unemployed for a while after graduation. He told me this himself before he died.

"Actually, I have no ill will towards the unemployed. In fact, many jobless people have ridden in my taxi, and they have all safely arrived at their destinations.

"I am a rather twisted individual. Sometimes I would inexplicably feel distressed—it's hard to describe, as if the sky would fall if I don't vent it out by killing. Doctors call this a mental illness.

"But I'm not dumb enough to walk into a hospital. In fact, I chose to be a cab driver to select my prey more conveniently.

"I only kill those I want to kill. The pleasure of putting down prey I've taken a liking to is beyond imagination.

"I admit I choose my prey based on personal preference. This man's behavior didn't sit well with me, so I wanted him to face reality.

"When he first got into my cab, I asked if he was anxious about his current situation. He was a young man who had graduated almost a year ago yet still hadn't found a suitable job.

"I asked him about his work situation and learned this young man had actually held quite a few jobs—more than he could count on one hand.

"His reasons for quitting included 'no weekends off,' 'colleagues have low professionalism,' 'the boss is too strict,' and 'required to work overtime.' Of course, recent graduates are always incredibly delicate; I have no objection to that.

"The issue was that despite my advice, he refuted me. I told him finding an ideal job isn't as simple as he thinks and that he should settle down and adapt to his environment first.

"But he refuted me.

"'I can definitely find something better; I just wasn't lucky when job hunting.' I remember the confidence in his voice when he said this, like a cocky rooster.

"I repeatedly expressed my contrary opinion, but he rejected it all. This young man was melodramatic and arrogant, unable to see reality or heed anyone's advice.

"I was somewhat annoyed. I don't like people who always oppose my views, and I dislike those who think differently from me even more.

"That's right. What I love to see most is those who oppose me shuddering and staring at me, no longer daring to refute anything I say. So, I deviated from the route, took my passenger to my favorite place, and put him into four plastic bags.

"The look of absolute horror on his face before he died is my favorite expression. Whenever I see it, I feel incomparably comfortable.

"Every person I kill wears this incredibly satisfying expression before they die. I long to see it on more faces, which is why I want to kill more people.

"Sometimes, the ones I've killed come back to interfere with my hunt. They desperately try to get my prey off my hunting ground. Are they ghosts? It doesn't matter to me, because no one can harm me.

"My name is Chen Beidou. This is my fourth murder victim, and I've buried him in the position of the fifth star.

"If I kill two more people, my name will appear on this city's map."

After the last sentence, a series of BEEPS sounded from the receiver as the call disconnected, and the recording ended.

Fatty was silent for a moment before he spoke. "'If I kill two more people, my name will appear on this city's map.' What does that mean?"

Chu Changge adjusted his glasses. "His name is Chen Beidou—Beidou, as in the Big Dipper."

Fatty, who was quick-witted, paused. "Could it be that this murderer is burying the victims' bodies according to the pattern of the Big Dipper? But that's not right. Even if he kills two more people, there will only be six bodies buried in total, but the Big Dipper has seven stars."

"Did you catch him mentioning his 'favorite place'?" Chu Changge asked. "He takes passengers to his 'favorite place' to murder them. I suspect this 'favorite place' is one of the seven locations and might even be his temporary residence."

"Oh, right!" Fatty exclaimed in realization. "If he kills six people and includes himself, that makes seven locations..."

"But Brother Chu, what's the point of analyzing all this?" Fatty asked curiously. "Our task is to take a taxi home after midnight, right? We're not here to help the police find the killer."

Chu Changge folded the flyer in his hands. "I've analyzed it. The danger in this instance... doesn't come from these victims..."

"I get the logic, but why do they look so terrifying?" Fatty swallowed nervously, glancing at the cab driver outside the phone booth.

"It's this instance's smoke and mirrors," Chu Changge said, pausing after a moment. "It makes you think these drivers are dangerous, so you'll panic and get out of the car, only to face the real danger."

"Most players would probably think this is a luck-based instance. They might assume most taxi drivers in this instance are ghosts, and getting into a ghost's cab is a dead end. They'd think the only way to survive is to get into a cab driven by a living person.

"So, the moment players sense something is off with the driver, they'll desperately try to get out and hail another cab. They'll keep switching until they find one that looks perfectly normal, driven by a living person. Of course, the driver *is* a living person, but by then, the player is probably already close to death."

Fatty was taken aback. "So, the actual danger in this instance comes from a single person? A living person?"

Getting into that murderer's taxi essentially means death.

Chu Changge nodded.

"How terrifying human nature is!" Fatty reflected. "Who would have thought things in this instance would be the complete opposite of what we imagined? Players desperately want to ride in a living person's car, not knowing that's the most dangerous one. The ghost drivers are just trying to get people to safety, to prevent them from suffering the same fate." He paused. "What was that phrase? Something about 'the horror of ghosts' and 'the malice of people'?"

Chu Changge folded the flyer again. "It's 'Humans fear ghosts, but ghosts know humans can be malicious.'"

"I remember that line from some paranormal novel, but I think it got banned later," Fatty pondered seriously. "But Brother Chu, like I said, since we know these ghost drivers are safe, why don't we just get in one of their taxis and go? Why are we standing here analyzing all this?"

Chu Changge adjusted his glasses. "With Gu Mian's luck..."

Hearing this, Fatty felt a chill run down his spine. "I'm afraid... she's already in a living person's taxi..."