

Collapse 142

Chapter 142 Beidou's Eve_1

"After graduation, he returned here and found a seemingly decent job. Although respectable, it must have been arduous. It was like his school days all over again. There wasn't any mandatory overtime, yet he frequently stayed late of his own accord.

Often, I would see him riding home on his electric scooter very late at night. Incidentally, his workplace was far from his own home, so he had rented a place nearby. Of course, this rented place wasn't exactly close to his company either, probably because it was cheaper.

This person was peculiar. Initially, the effort he put in was completely disproportionate to the rewards he received. I frequently observed him near his office.

Perhaps because he worked too diligently, his colleagues didn't seem to like him much.

Imagine: you're working in a company, and a colleague assigned the same tasks as you runs around all day, busying himself with work that isn't his, and even catches the leadership's attention. Wouldn't that make you look like a slacker by comparison?

You've done nothing wrong and have diligently completed your own assigned work. Why should you be made to look bad by comparison to this person?

But this man seemed totally oblivious to the abhorrence his colleagues held for him; he even thought they treated him well.

More than once, I saw him eagerly bringing his colleagues breakfast or buying them drinks for the office. Yet, when they went out for lunch, not a single person was willing to go with him. Despite this, he continued to live in his own world of imagination.

He was a hardworking, enthusiastic, and kind person, but I found him repulsive.

I've said before that I enjoy trampling on people's self-esteem. I absolutely love watching hardworking folks end up with nothing, and he was excellent prey.

I couldn't wait to reveal to him the truth that his colleagues actually despised him. His expression at that moment, I imagined, would be quite spectacular.

Late that night, I knew my chance had come—

Once again, he was working late into the night by himself. I don't remember exactly how late it was, probably after midnight.

That night, I sabotaged his scooter's battery and then waited nearby. When I saw him emerge from the office building, yawning, and mount his scooter, his expression was one of utter bewilderment. He probably had no idea why it was broken.

Then, I saw anxiety and distress appear on his face, likely because he was upset about the broken scooter. His expression made me feel quite pleased, but I knew I would feel even more so later.

I saw him trying to push his scooter home, and that's when I drove up.

"Still out so late? Haven't gone home yet?" I did my best to put on an amiable and approachable expression. I swear I had never worn such a gentle expression in my life.

Perhaps it was because I have a kind-looking face. Although he was startled for a moment, he quickly recovered.

"Overtime. Scooter's broken," I recall him replying. He wasn't very talkative, but then again, I hadn't expected him to say much to a stranger.

So, I offered to give him a ride. Of course, he refused. No sensible person would get into a stranger's car late at night. Even though he was a strapping young fellow, he was still wary.

So I told him, 'I know you. Your colleagues often take my car; we're quite familiar. They've mentioned you to me.'

At the mention of his colleagues, he relaxed a little. I pressed my advantage: 'I often hear your colleagues talk about a guy who works late into the night. So, I've finally met him today! They say you're a really good person and help them out a lot. That's why I dared to offer a ride to a strapping young fellow like you so late. I wouldn't dare pick up just anyone else, you know.'

'I hear from your colleagues that your home isn't nearby. It's gotten so late; just let me give you a ride back. You have to work tomorrow, right? Resting late will affect your work.'

He hesitated for a good while before finally getting into my car. I kept insisting the ride would be free, but he quickly refused, saying that we drivers working the night shift don't have it easy...

How ridiculous. Why would he pity me? In reality, he was the most pitiable one.

On the way, I subtly brought up his colleagues. He took the bait easily and began to discuss his 'friends' at the company with some excitement.

He spoke of how friendly his company colleagues were, how warm they were to him. This kind of person—so obviously disliked by others, yet so pleased with himself, as if utterly oblivious to how annoying he truly is.

So, I felt a strong urge to make him see himself for what he was. 'But you know,' I said, 'your colleagues sometimes mention to me that they find you a bit annoying.' I remember that after I said this, he was silent for a very long time.

Because I often hung around that area, his colleagues frequently took my car, usually in groups.

People are like that; once they gather, they tend to gossip about those not present. His colleagues were clearly well-practiced in this. Every time they got in my car, they would chatter incessantly, badmouthing other people.

Things like, 'Who threw trash in my wastebasket again today?'—trivial, everyday occurrences, yet they would dredge them up one by one to complain about.

And his name came up most frequently. I subtly relayed his colleagues' opinions of him. He tried so hard to please others, yet he still gained no favor. I just loved watching him realize all his efforts had been in vain.

But things didn't go as I expected. His responses were: 'Impossible. They wouldn't say that.' 'You must have misheard.' 'They're very good to me.'

The man remained immersed in his own delusions. No matter how I hinted or stated things outright, he continued to feel good about himself, completely unaware that he was an incredibly annoying person.

I was very disappointed. I had never encountered such an utterly annoying person; he would never recognize his own loathsome nature.

That night, I had originally only wanted to see him looking utterly devastated; I hadn't intended to get physical. But, almost unconsciously, my car 'skillfully' deviated from the intended route.

Once again, I had brought someone to that favorite place of mine. If I couldn't see a devastated expression, then a panic-stricken one would be quite good too.

I smashed the back of his head with a rock until it was a bloody mess, but he didn't die. His mouth agape, it seemed he wanted to say something.

This man, who had striven for twenty years, was now still struggling to live. But his struggles were futile. Tonight, twenty years of his efforts all came to nothing.

I looked at him and laughed.

You see? The sight of someone who has struggled desperately only to fail—how beautiful it is. Truly refreshing.

Actually, he could have lived. If only he had admitted he was an annoying person, admitted all his efforts were futile. If only he had shown that dejected expression of one who has struggled desperately but failed—then I would have been happy, and things wouldn't have reached this stage.

You know, I really despise people who defy me, who don't listen to what I say. So, if you want to live, it's best not to express opinions different from mine, because even I don't know what I might do.

How can you expect a psychopath to control himself? Heh heh.

My name is Chen Beidou. This was the sixth person I killed. So, I buried him at the location of the seventh star.

My name has already appeared on the map of this city."