

Collapse 146

Chapter 146: Axe_1

Gu Mian slightly lowered his head.

His face was hidden in the shadows, so the driver couldn't see his expression.

But there was no need to see clearly. The man, who was squinting and smirking, continued, "There was this obsessed girl. I didn't like her at all."

"—Then she died, suffocated. Her face turned purple, her eyes almost popping out."

At this point, the driver's eerie voice suddenly stopped.

The wind outside seemed to grow stronger, hinting at impending rain.

Gu Mian thought he heard a dull rumble in the distant sky, like the deep snore from the throat of a sleeping giant beast.

Darkness engulfed the taxi. The driver drove on, seemingly with no particular destination.

Gu Mian kept his head down, but he sensed a gaze from the front fiercely fixed on his scalp. He knew that if he looked up, he would see the driver's twisted face squeezed into the small rearview mirror.

That twisted, smiling face was filled with malice. He had practically spelled it out, declaring himself the murderer of the victim he'd mentioned, and was now waiting to see the passenger's flustered reaction.

Gu Mian still kept his head down. From the distant darkness, another low rumble echoed, almost merging with the sound of the wind.

He heard the driver in front exhale, a hint of pleasure in his voice. "This is the first interesting person I've met. Isn't he more interesting than those patients you've encountered?"

Humans are creatures who deem themselves extraordinary.

And, at the same time, creatures who delight in comparing themselves to others.

These two human traits are manifested even more vividly in psychopaths.

The saying "like repels like" holds a great deal of truth.

When encountering someone somewhat similar, people might feel a certain kinship.

But when faced with another who bears an uncanny resemblance in some regard, most psychopaths don't feel kinship; instead, they feel revulsion.

"I am the only one of my kind in this world. I must prove that anyone similar to me is no match for me"—that's the typical thought process of most psychopaths.

The driver stared at the rearview mirror for a moment, then his smile grew even more joyful.

As if to better establish the comparison, he continued, "Actually, she wasn't the one who died the worst. The most horrific death I've seen was a man's."

"His name was Zuo Xiaqiu. He was in his forties when he died, with elderly parents and young children—a real family man."

Gu Mian had met this man. He and Zhuifeng Shaonian had ridden in that particular driver's taxi—Zuo Xiaqiu's taxi. Zhuifeng Shaonian had bailed out midway, and Zuo Xiaqiu had even gotten out to chase him for quite a distance. Zuo Xiaqiu's head had looked as if it was about to fall off his neck. Before leaving, Gu Mian had even thoughtfully helped him bandage it up.

"I won't go into detail about why he died. This time, I mainly want to talk about the gruesome state he was in when he died..."

"Actually, I'm naturally quite insensitive to gory things. No matter what kind of corpse I saw, I wouldn't exclaim something like, 'What a miserable death!'"

"But this man made me feel true misery—not physical, but psychological."

"As I said, he was a middle-aged man in his forties, with elderly parents to support, young children to raise, and a wife waiting for him at home. The burden on a man of that age is immense; he was being crushed by it every day, struggling to breathe."

"He complained to me that he was dead tired from work every day, and he didn't get a pleasant reception when he got home either.

"His wife, old and her beauty faded, would mutter and complain endlessly, more annoying than summer mosquitoes.

"His school-aged children needed money for tutoring fees, another hefty expense.

"And if his elderly parents had some minor ailment, he'd have to sacrifice his night's rest to stay with them at the hospital."

"He clearly detested all of this, yet when he finally laid down his burdens, there was an indescribable look on his face."

The driver paused here, seemingly lost in recollection.

"Hmm, that day was also a night like this... a rainy night."

As the driver spoke, a brilliant flash of light suddenly cut across Gu Mian's vision. He turned his head to look out the window.

A thick bolt of lightning split the night sky, illuminating the darkness for an instant. Then, a dull clap of thunder followed.

Simultaneously, the sound of raindrops pelting the car body began.

A dense, sudden downpour commenced, raindrops hammering against the car's metal frame.

The raindrops were large, striking the metal with a loud, DRUMMING sound. To Gu Mian, it felt as if fists were pounding hard on the roof.

"The rain was just as heavy," the driver's voice, seething with malice, continued. "I took out the axe hidden under the driver's seat and partially severed his neck."

If his previous words had merely been filled with dangerous implications, then these words brought the threat right out into the open.

He recounted his evil deeds to Gu Mian without any apprehension.

No, he said it deliberately. Perhaps he wanted to see the passenger's expression upon hearing such words.

Gu Mian lowered his head again, his face buried deep in the shadows where no one could see it clearly.

The driver continued, "I partially severed his neck, and blood GUSHED out."

He made a very exaggerated gesture, a deep, dark amusement lacing his tone throughout.

"Normally, after having their neck partially severed, most people wouldn't have the strength to struggle. But he was different."

"This man, who had complained to me the whole ride, I don't know where he found the strength, but he desperately pried open the car door and ran out. He clutched his neck, trying to stop the blood that was about to spurt out."

"The rain that day was as heavy as it is today. The moment he got out, blood streamed all over the ground, swirling in the rainwater."

"He ran, he really ran, splashing through the puddles in the cold night. I didn't know a man whose neck was partially severed could still have so much strength. I wasn't in a hurry, so I just followed behind him."

"He ran for less than ten seconds, I'd say, then finally stopped. He collapsed to the ground as if he couldn't hold himself up any longer, but his hands still clutched his neck tightly, as if terrified of dying."

"I didn't understand. He complained about his job, complained about his family who were like a burden. I was just helping him lay down his burdens. Why did he have to run?" IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT novelfire.net

"He lay in the rainwater, his eyes still wide open. He saw me approaching. Perhaps realizing he didn't have the strength to run anymore, he staggered up from the ground, then knelt before me, desperately banging his head on the ground."

"I can't die! Spare me!" I remember him saying that."

"I remember his head hitting the rainwater hard, sending up quite a splash. The blood from his neck couldn't be contained either; it flowed down into the water."

The driver's voice suddenly changed, as if he were imitating someone else.

That voice was dull and somewhat choked, filled mostly with misery.

"I can't die! They're all waiting for me! I have to go back!"

"My wife will cry... If I die, what will happen to her?"

Then the driver's voice returned to its own.

"You see? He was complaining about them just before, yet on the verge of death, he was so pathetic."

"Of course, I wouldn't let prey that was already in my grasp escape. When he saw me approach, he stopped kowtowing and just desperately crawled in one direction. I remember his home was in that direction."

"I watched him, mumbling something as he crawled on the ground for a short while. Then I went up and struck him viciously with the axe again. Finally, he couldn't even move; only his eyes remained stubbornly fixed in one direction."

"I heard him seem to be saying something..."

Then, his tone changed, and he again adopted another person's voice.

"I... have to get home..."

Just then, the car lurched to a sudden halt.

Gu Mian, his head still lowered, heard a rustling sound from the driver in front. Then, it sounded as if the driver opened his door and got out of the car.

Almost immediately, Gu Mian heard a tapping on his window.

He kept his head low, glancing sideways. Outside, not far away, was a stretch of undulating mountains.

The driver was standing by his window. The heavy rain had soaked his clothes, and his wet hair was plastered to his face, yet this did nothing to diminish his brazen smile.

The driver was bent over, standing in the downpour, one hand knocking on the window. "We're here."

Gu Mian's gaze shifted to the driver's other hand. It was gripping a menacing axe.