

Collapse 148

Chapter 148: Truly Not Again Tonight_1

Fatty got out of the car, visibly excited. The rain was pelting his scalp, its force considerable, akin to a hailstorm. But he didn't seem to mind; as soon as he stepped out, he anxiously turned his head towards the direction the car headlights were coming from.

The night was pitch black, making it difficult to see anything a little farther away, especially since this place was near a deserted mountain. The streetlights were scattered far apart, almost obscured by the large trees at the roadside. Added to that was the downpour, which formed a curtain of rain, making it impossible for Fatty to see the specifics ahead.

All he could see was a car parked ahead, its door apparently still open. Because he was too far away to see the situation clearly, Fatty anxiously began to run towards it. The water on the ground had already risen above his ankles; it was exceptionally cold, and his shoes were soaked through.

By then, Chu Changge had also stepped out of the car. Casting a glance in the direction of the flickering car lights, he followed Fatty.

As Fatty rushed forward, his ears seemed especially sensitive, probably because he couldn't see clearly ahead. It felt as though all sounds were magnified. The roar of the rain sounded particularly loud, and even the splashing of his own feet in the water was deafening.

Just as Fatty was halfway there, almost able to see the car clearly, his sensitive ears picked up some strange noises. It sounded as though something was being dragged across the ground some distance ahead, mixed with the sound of splashing water.

Fatty listened closely again. This time, he also heard what sounded like human voices. It wasn't exactly voices—more like a few syllables gurgling from someone's throat.

"GAG—"

"GAG—"

Fatty was horror-stricken; these sounds were indeed hair-raising. It sounded as if someone had been forced to drink a whole bottle of water, choked, and couldn't cough, only desperately trying to gag the water out of their throat.

At this point, Chu Changge had also caught up. "This sound..."

Fatty swallowed nervously. "It can't be the Doctor, can it?"

It sounds pretty bad.

With this thought, Fatty quickened his pace to a jog.

He hadn't run far when he saw a shadowy figure emerging from the heavy rain. It was too far to recognize the person's features; all he could roughly make out was a figure with arms and legs. The figure wasn't moving towards them. Instead, it appeared from behind the other car and slowly headed towards a vehicle parked halfway down the road. It seemed as if the figure hadn't noticed Fatty and Chu Changge. It moved very slowly, as though dragging something.

Soon, Fatty could clearly see what it was dragging. The figure's hand was extended backward, firmly clutching the collar of some clothes. Looking further behind, a man was being dragged like a dead pig, occasionally thrashing and making unintelligible noises.

"Fuck!" Fatty exclaimed in shock. "Has the murderer struck?"

He said this as he jogged forward.

The figure in front dragged the man, who looked like a dead pig, to the side of the car, then fumbled for the key and unlocked the trunk. Then, with practiced ease, he yanked the struggling man from the ground and crammed him into the cramped trunk. He performed this sequence of actions smoothly, as if he had done it countless times before.

Fatty was extremely agitated, almost shouting, "Spare him!" at the scene unfolding before him.

But soon, he noticed something was off. Only when he got closer could he see the "murderer's" attire. That flowing white lab coat, the dash of green on the chest—who else could it be but Gu Mian?

"Doctor!"

From a distance, Gu Mian heard Fatty's ear-splitting cries. Their penetrating power was even stronger than the earlier thunder, making his ears ache. The source of this content is novelfire.net

Gu Mian looked puzzled at the panting Fatty, who had just run over, and then at Chu Changge, who was strolling leisurely behind.

He scratched his chin. "What brings you two here?"

His tone was as casual as if he were asking, "What did you have for lunch today?" It wasn't at all the tone of someone who had just stuffed a person into a trunk.

"Never mind that now!" Fatty panted, running over. "Doctor, this car you're in..."

Gu Mian replied, "It seems to belong to a psychopathic murderer."

"Then... that... that psychopathic murderer..." Fatty sounded nervous.

Gu Mian nonchalantly patted the trunk. "He's in here."

Just then, a few struggling sounds came from inside the trunk, along with some meaningless syllables.

Fatty's hair stood on end. He was already shivering from the freezing rainstorm, but Gu Mian's words made him shudder even more violently.

"So," Fatty stammered, "what I just saw... the one who expertly crammed a man into the trunk like a seasoned psychopath..."

"Of course, that was me," Gu Mian replied matter-of-factly. "Would you rather I play the role of the dead pig?"

Fatty hesitated, glanced at the rather small trunk, and decisively shook his head.

The heavy rain continued, but Fatty seemed oblivious. "Doctor, you knew the driver was a psycho from the start, didn't you?"

"It seems I did," Gu Mian said, appearing to recall something.

Then Fatty's expression turned to one of someone who'd seen a ghost. "Setting aside everything else, that psycho driver is pretty strong. How did you..."

"Um..." Fatty paused, choosing his words. "How did you manage to... subdue him like a dead pig... and stuff him in there..."

Gu Mian patted the trunk again, a cheerful note in his voice.

"That bastard thought he was invincible. I pulled out my chainsaw, and he barely even flinched. When he saw me get out of the car, he wasn't fazed at all, showed no intention of running."

"Then he raised his axe... he had an axe. It's over there."

Gu Mian pointed to the ground as he spoke.

Fatty looked down and saw a long axe, snapped in two, submerged in the rainwater.

"The moment he raised it, I sawed it in two with my chainsaw. I thought he'd keep fighting, but then he realized something was wrong and turned to run."

"And who am I? I've spent over twenty years of my life running to survive. Of course, he couldn't outrun me. So, I caught him and used the chainsaw to bash him on the forehead until he was half dead... I say half dead, but I was actually very gentle."

Fatty started muttering, "Wouldn't it have just been simpler to kill him..."