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Chapter 157 Mysterious Assassin_1

[The Strange Camera]

[Introduction: A possession of a madman. One stormy night, people discovered the madman's body, with the camera clasped tightly in his hand.] Follow current novels on novel{f}ire.net

[Function: Able to capture photos of spirits. Can only be used once every day.]

Fatty curiously prodded the camera in his hand. It was similar to any ordinary camera, and he quite easily figured out how to use it.

"So, if an invisible ghost appears in future instances, I can use this camera to expose it, right?" Fatty fingered the camera.

This thing is much better than that hate-drawing Big Black Pot I got last time.

"But there's only one chance to use it per day, so it must be used cautiously."

Even as Fatty spoke of caution, he raised the camera and *CLICK!* snapped a photo of Gu Mian, who was sitting on the sofa.

Gu Mian: ...

"Look, how handsome our Doctor is..." Fatty looked at the camera screen, satisfied with the photo.

But before he could finish, his expression suddenly turned strange, and his words died in his throat.

Gu Mian saw Fatty's face turn somewhat green as he stared at the camera, as if he had captured something extraordinarily eerie.

Gu Mian frowned. "What's wrong?"

As he spoke, he glanced at the camera screen in Fatty's hand.

The hotel room was small. The furniture and decor, all in warm tones, made it feel a bit crowded. The already crowded room looked even more cramped in the photo.

The photo Fatty took managed to capture both Gu Mian and Chu Change. The background was the cramped room with its somewhat unevenly arranged furniture.

In the photo, behind Gu Mian was a window, showing the sky and high-rise buildings outside.

But none of that was the point.

Gu Mian's gaze was immediately drawn to one of the windows in a nearby building.

The building wasn't far, so Gu Mian could see it clearly. From one of its windows, a pale face protruded, its neck craned, looking in their direction.

That was definitely not a face a normal human would have.

How to describe it? The face resembled a big-eyed doll from a supermarket shelf. Its two eyes were pitch-black, seemingly without whites, and took up nearly half its face. The pale skin seemed waterlogged, as if soaked for a long time, clinging wrinkled to the skull. It was terrifying.

Its neck, a good twenty-odd centimeters long, was bent in an arc, aiming its head towards them.

Fatty shivered and immediately looked out the window.

After searching for several seconds, he found the window from the photo—the one with the pale face—but it was empty. There was nothing there.

"What's going on?" Fatty took a deep breath. "It's... appeared in the real world?"

Tales of ghosts and spirits had existed since ancient times, but Fatty had never seen an actual photo of a ghost. Thus, he had managed to cling to a rational worldview. After the global game began, he'd assumed that only instances would contain so-called ghosts. He never expected to capture something like this in the real world.

Gu Mian also gazed thoughtfully out the window. "Judging by its expression, it's clearly looking at us."

Fatty corrected, "Doctor, you can narrow that down. I think it's looking specifically at *you*."

At this, something occurred to Fatty. "Right, that Pursuit Order... Doctor, the thing in this photo... could it be that Assassin?"

He remembered Gu Mian had drawn something called a 'Mad Pursuit Order' last time. Its function was to have Gu Mian pursued by an Assassin loaded with special items. If the Assassin died, then the special items on him would belong to Gu Mian. Of course, this Assassin wouldn't die easily.

Gu Mian nodded. "Mm, the Pursuit Order didn't say the Assassin had to be human. The ghost in the photo is clearly targeting us. Ten to one, it's the Assassin mentioned in the order."

Hearing this, Fatty shuddered. "And we can't even see this Assassin..."

He glanced again at the building opposite, which was empty. "It's invisible. A true assassin, capable of killing anyone without warning."

If Fatty hadn't taken this photo, Gu Mian might not have realized the Assassin from the Pursuit Order was already so close.

"Doctor, could you at least *try* to look a little concerned?" Fatty tugged his hair. "It's here to kill *you*, and I'm more anxious than you are!"

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "I'm used to it."

Fatty pursed his lips. True enough. Gu Mian has endured twenty years of life trying to assassinate him.

How on earth did he survive this long?

As Fatty was pondering this, he was about to put the camera away, but then he noticed another issue in the photo.

"I have to say—" Fatty stared at the photo, then said hesitantly, "You two really are brothers in misfortune."

He was referring to Gu Mian and Chu Changge.

"Now what?" Gu Mian looked at Fatty.

Fatty handed him the camera. "See for yourself. Look at Brother Chu."

Just then, Chu Changge also walked over, clutching the special item he had just obtained—a letter.

Gu Mian took the camera and looked down at the photo.

Because Chu Changge was further away, only half of his body was in the shot. Perhaps due to the lighting, his image was somewhat dim; if one didn't look closely, nothing would seem amiss.

In the photo, Chu Changge's partial figure seemed to be shrouded in shadow, making it somewhat blurry.

Chu Changge stared at the photo for a bit, then raised the item in his hand. "It might be because of this thing I'm holding."

Gu Mian looked at the envelope in his hand.

[Mail from Hell]

[Introduction: A piece of mail sent by an Evil Ghost out of boredom. There are ten such letters in total; this is one of them. It contains some trivial words:

'This is a place of exile.'

'We are all monsters in a cage.']

[Function: The mail contains the lingering presence of the Evil Ghost. Burning this mail will cause the Evil Ghost's presence to attach to the player, concealing their living aura for ten minutes.]

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "Meaning, if you burn this, ghosts will mistake you for one of them?"

"A great escape tool!" Fatty exclaimed. "If ghosts only attack the living, then after burning this, they won't attack you."

Then you can use that chance to escape.

Having seen the compensation the other two received, Gu Mian stared at the IOU in his hand and fell into deep thought.

Indeed, the world's malice towards him remained as potent as ever.

"Never mind." Gu Mian tucked the massive IOU into his pocket and picked up the guitar case beside him. "Let's go get our tickets from the advanced ticket booth first."

Fatty nodded. "Right, there are five days left until the event."