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Chapter 162 Full of Dreams_1

A dazzling flash pierced the darkness.

The man below clearly hadn't expected Gu Mian's move, catching him off guard and momentarily blinding him.

The smug expression vanished from his face, replaced by sudden disbelief.

When he finally recovered, he lifted his head angrily, but the figure by the window was gone; from his angle, only the ceiling lamp was visible.

"What the hell is this white thing?" Fatty exclaimed, staring at the camera screen in Gu Mian's hand.

Gu Mian also focused on the camera.

The photo made the man below look ugly, but that wasn't what they were focused on.

A white blur was almost flush against the man's back, as if trying to burrow into the tent behind him.

It seemed to be moving quickly, appearing blurry in the photo.

It also seemed aware that Gu Mian was taking photos, even swiveling its head to face the lens.

It was a face they all recognized well: dark, gleaming eyes, a pallid complexion, and wrinkled skin. This ghost face had appeared behind a window in the building opposite them not long ago.

Fatty gasped. "This thing... is it getting closer to us?"

"Even a blind man could tell," Gu Mian replied.

It had initially appeared in the building opposite, but now it was beneath theirs.

Chu Changge narrowed his eyes. "I'm curious. If its objective is to kill Gu Mian, why hasn't it simply acted? It's been observing us for days, hasn't it?"

Fatty hesitated for a moment before speaking. "If I were a ghost and received a mission to assassinate the Doctor..."

He paused again. "Then I'd choose suicide instead."

"The ghost below is different," Chu Changge commented. "It was after Gu Mian from the start. I reckon it hasn't acted yet because it has other preparations."

"What's its reason for entering someone else's tent, though..." Fatty muttered.

Soon, Fatty would realize why the assassin targeting Gu Mian had entered someone else's tent.

He was awoken by a piercing scream.

A shrill female scream echoed from below, followed by other noises: men's shouts, scrambling footsteps, and children crying.

The cacophony gave Fatty a headache.

He had wanted to catch a bit more sleep, but with the increasing commotion downstairs, he figured he wouldn't be able to.

By then, Gu Mian was already at the window.

The room wasn't much, but it had a large window that offered a good view.

Normally, the three of them could peer down stealthily without feeling crowded.

Fatty swiftly walked over to Gu Mian. "What's going on down there, Doctor?"

Actually, he didn't need an answer; he saw the situation as soon as he approached.

A troop of men in military uniforms had surrounded a tent below.

It was the tent where the middle-aged man resided, the same one Gu Mian had photographed a ghost entering last night.

Several individuals dressed like medical personnel were carrying a stretcher, lifting a disemboweled body from the tent.

Startled people had crowded around. Women and children had been pushed to the outskirts. Someone, upon seeing the body, screamed in horror—the very sound that had woken Fatty.

"What the fuck?" Fatty's scalp tingled as he stared at the body on the stretcher.

From their vantage point above, they had a clear view. The dead man's abdomen was slashed open with a massive gash, his intestines spilling out. They could even see the organs inside.

Gu Mian recognized the face; it was the man he had stared down until he returned to his tent the previous day.

Originally, five people had lived in that tent. With one dead, four remained.

These four were being taken away by the military, presumably for questioning.

The soldiers then began to maintain order, attempting to calm the crowd.

Fatty scratched his head. "Wasn't this assassin supposed to target the Doctor? How did it mess up and kill the wrong person?"

Gu Mian looked at him. "You sound rather eager for me to have been killed by the assassin."

Fatty: "..."

Chu Changge gazed downstairs. "Our event begins at seven tonight. I have a feeling things aren't going to go smoothly."

It had to be said, Chu Changge's premonition was indeed highly accurate.

Around three o'clock that afternoon, four hours before the event was due to start, someone knocked on their door.

It was a squad of police officers.

Gu Mian had only seen military personnel these past few days, so the sight of police officers was somewhat startling.

The officers didn't waste any time. As soon as the door opened, they began their questioning.

"Even though this is a special period, maintaining order remains our duty," the young officer in charge stated.

Fatty politely invited them into the living room.

However, the sofa was too small to accommodate everyone, which made Fatty feel a bit awkward.

Fortunately, the officers didn't mind, saying they were fine with standing.

"There was a death downstairs this morning. You're aware of this, correct?" the lead officer asked them.

Gu Mian nodded. "I watched him being carried out." He paused for a moment, then made a gesture indicating length. "His intestines were almost falling out, they were *this* long."

Fatty noticed the questioning officer's expression stiffen.

Then the officer continued, "The other people from that tent have been taken in for questioning. According to their statements, there seems to be some sort of conflict between you and them?"

"How could there be?" Fatty retorted. "I don't even fucking know what those people downstairs are called."

The lead officer nodded, not refuting him, and moved on to the next question.

Perhaps because the current societal situation was different from before, the police officers only asked a few cursory questions before leaving. They didn't seem to intend to take them to the station for further questioning.

Fatty was somewhat surprised by this. "Are police investigations always this superficial nowadays?"

"Would you rather go to the station for a chat?" Gu Mian glanced at him.

Chu Changge spoke up. "There are too many people here, and consequently, a lot of friction. It would be impossible to manage everything, especially cases like this where the culprit is unknown. The police don't have the time or resources to investigate every single case thoroughly these days."