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Chapter 166 What are you doing [Third Update]_1

Fatty shrank within the wardrobe, not daring to make a sound.

Someone outside opened the door and then quickly walked into the room.

He first went to lift the bed curtain but stopped halfway, seeming to sense that this place was unsafe.

Some seconds of silence followed.

In those few seconds, Fatty had already guessed the likely course of the ensuing events.

Sure enough, the man who had paused in the room for a few seconds began striding towards the wardrobe, causing Fatty to stiffen in fear.

If there had been a doorknob inside the wardrobe, he would have undoubtedly held on tight, not allowing so much as a hair to sneak past him.

Unfortunately, there were no ifs.

The person strode quickly to the wardrobe and, without the slightest hesitation, pulled open the door.

Instantly, both those inside and outside were startled.

Fatty, having been prepared, only emitted a soft noise while huddled in the corner. The person who pulled open the door was noticeably more terrified, almost leaping in surprise.

Seeing such a dramatic reaction from the stranger, Fatty lifted his head and his eyes met a military uniform.

Looking further up, he saw a somewhat familiar face.

Next, a mysterious smile spread across the stranger's face, as if the scare hadn't even fazed him.

The young man stared at Fatty huddled in the corner of the wardrobe. "I know you!"

Fatty peeked out a bit, then pulled the man into the wardrobe. "The fifteen minutes are nearly up; let's not stand here chatting with the door open."

The young man, despite being pulled into the wardrobe, wasn't annoyed. He simply shut the door cautiously and peered out through the crack.

Only when the stranger was inside did Fatty heave a sigh of relief. "I recognize you too. You're the stupid rich guy who bought flowers on Valentine's Day."

The young man blushed slightly at the remark. "I bought flowers for my girlfriend... How does that make me stupidly rich?"

Perhaps the young man's uniform put Fatty at ease, as he relaxed a bit. "Are there many people from your military unit holding tickets to this event?"

Fatty felt that the ticket to the event was rare, and that the young man in front of him didn't seem unusually powerful.

"No," the young man shook his head. "Many of us couldn't make it to the high-difficulty instances in time. You know, we have a lot of tasks and are understaffed... But I heard the higher-ups specifically trained several teams for this event, though I don't know the specifics." New novel chapters are published on novel——fire.net

He hesitated a bit before continuing, "My dad got this ticket with great difficulty and then gave it to me."

"Why didn't your dad come himself?" Fatty asked quietly.

"Because I have to go to the coast next; they're really short-handed there. My dad was afraid my abilities were too poor and I wouldn't make it back, so he gave me this ticket..."

Fatty really didn't want to discuss national affairs with this young man.

Truth be told, there wasn't much for them to discuss. Fatty glanced at the time again; only a dozen or so seconds remained before the fifteen minutes were up.

In a rapid, hushed voice, Fatty spoke, "Don't make a sound; time is almost up."

The young man finally closed his mouth. The previous shy expression on his face disappeared, replaced by a somewhat pale look.

Fatty watched as the time changed from 7:14 to 7:15.

However, there wasn't a single movement outside.

Fatty wasn't eager to see a ghost, but he couldn't help but feel curious at this point.

"Weren't ghosts supposed to come out of the lantern? Why isn't there any movement? This isn't right..." Fatty thought.

But now he couldn't venture out to see if there were any ghosts outside.

The young man next to him seemed puzzled too. He had been staring through the gap in the wardrobe door, but there was nothing outside.

However, soon enough, the ghost Fatty was somewhat anticipating made its appearance.

Both of them first heard a noise emanating from the side of their wardrobe; the sound eerily echoed as if it originated from within the wardrobe itself. It gave them such a fright they huddled together even more closely.

Immediately after, Fatty spotted a pale face through the crack in the wardrobe door.

It was a ghost crawling on the ground. She slithered like a lizard through the room, her pale face exposed.

Fatty noticed the young man beside him shivering violently.

This female ghost crawled extremely fast, moving from beside the wardrobe to under the bed in just a few seconds.

A chill ran down Fatty's spine.

He saw the female ghost pause beside the bed for a moment, then suddenly, her entire head thrust through the bed curtain and into the space beneath the bed, leaving only her strangely postured body visible from the neck down.

Fatty's heart pounded rapidly. He felt fortunate not to have sought refuge under the bed; a head suddenly popping in like that would have been more than he could handle.

There was no one under the bed.

Both of them knew that.

Therefore, the female ghost's head did not remain under the bed for long.

The two of them saw the female ghost pull her head out, then twist her neck to look around, finally fixing her gaze on the wardrobe they were hiding in.

Fatty's hair stood on end. At the moment his hair pricked up, the female ghost crawling on the ground quickly charged towards them, her body twisting grotesquely. It looked especially terrifying in the dead of night.

The young man looked up at Fatty with a terrified expression, as if pleading for help.

Fatty clenched his teeth. There's nothing I can do!

Seeing this, Fatty couldn't help but think of Gu Mian. This is the perfect moment for the Doctor to step in!

In the past, the Doctor would usually appear at critical moments like this.

If the Doctor doesn't come, Brother Chu showing up would be good too!

However, at this moment, neither Gu Mian nor Chu Changge could hear Fatty's summons.

Chu Changge was hiding in a room. It was a changing room filled with many costumes, apparently for background actors.

The small room was divided into several spaces by partitions. A cloth curtain hung at the entrance, and Chu Changge was hiding in the innermost changing stall.

The room was very dark. Fortunately, there was a small, closed window about a person's height up the wall, allowing a little light from the lanterns outside to filter in.

He listened to the sounds outside.

From time to time, rustling sounds came from outside, as if something was walking around or crawling on the walls.

There were occasional noises at the entrance of the changing room, but these sounds didn't seem to indicate an intention to enter; they would just pause briefly and then leave.

But the peace didn't last long. Two minutes later, a sound stopped at the entrance.

Chu Changge did not hear it leave.

It seemed as if it had stopped at the entrance and hadn't moved at all since, not making a sound.

But soon, he noticed something amiss.

The cloth curtain in front of him moved slightly, as though a breeze had stirred it.

Chu Changge remembered firmly closing the main door when he came in, and the only small window in the room was also tightly shut. There should be no way for even a wisp of wind to enter.

So now...

Someone has opened the door!

Or perhaps... not a person!

The door had been opened silently. If it weren't for the slight movement of the curtain in front of him, he wouldn't have noticed at all.

Following this was an eerie silence.

Chu Changge exhaled deeply.

It might be sneaking closer, cleverly making no sound, planning to deliver a surprise deadly blow.

There was a gap where the curtains met, allowing Chu Changge to see outside. He leaned closer to look.

Ahead, there were a few more makeshift changing stalls with curtains. As he was currently in the very last one, he had an unobstructed view of what was in front.

First, he saw a pale, emaciated hand touch the curtain of the first changing stall, then abruptly lift it. It was empty inside.

The thing outside let out a jeering laugh, as if it had anticipated this.

Chu Changge knitted his brows slightly.

It knows the changing stalls ahead are empty. It knows I'm in the last one.

This ghost seemed to particularly enjoy toying with people's emotions.

Once it encountered people, it liked to torture them slowly. So it was lifting the curtains of the changing stalls one by one, gradually getting closer to Chu Changge's position.

Chu Changge heard the white figure outside jeering. With each empty changing stall it unveiled, its laughter grew louder as it gradually approached.

It had many different ways of parting the curtains.

Sometimes it would snatch one open abruptly, sometimes a head would suddenly thrust inside, and other times it would tear the entire curtain down.

Closer and closer!

And its laughter became increasingly eerie, the force in its hands growing stronger.

The ghost has reached the changing stall next to mine!

Chu Changge saw the pale hand touch the curtain of the adjacent changing stall and then tug at it vigorously.

The laughter stopped right there, ending rather abruptly.

Gu Mian's head popped out from the changing stall next door, "What are you doing?"