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Chapter 170 Night of Roses_1

The area was vast, dotted with quaint buildings every few steps.

Fatty wandered aimlessly, carrying the young boy on his back.

Along their way, they encountered several other players. But upon seeing Fatty and the boy he carried, they all quickly steered clear.

The night wind blew, and Fatty could feel the cold air slip down his collar and into his shirt, chilling his belly.

A continual throbbing pain emanated from his calf, but he couldn't be bothered with it right now.

Fatty could feel a moist, warm sensation on his back; it was blood from the boy seeping through his shirt.

Fearing the boy on his back might fall asleep, Fatty tried to make small talk as he carried him. "You look really young," he said. "What made you join the army at this age?"

"Actually, I just started my second year of high school this year..." the boy on his back replied weakly.

Fatty paused. "You're so young."

Then he remembered the scene of the boy buying roses and couldn't help but ask, "Puppy love, huh?"

"Yeah," chuckled the boy on his back. "Our disciplinarian took special delight in catching couples, especially on weekends. He'd patrol the playground repeatedly, chasing down any pair he spotted. And boy, could that man run! Word was he was a former athlete, which was why the school hired him for the job. No one in our school could outrun him; if he targeted you, you were definitely caught."

But now, with the advent of the global game, schools were closed, and no one cared about students dating anymore.

The boy on Fatty's back paused for a moment, then continued, "Just a few months ago, we all disliked that school and hated those nosy teachers, especially that disciplinarian who would always appear out of nowhere on the playground. I always had to be sneaky with my girlfriend in case he caught us and chewed us out..."

"But now, I'm really nostalgic for those days... It's only been a few months, but it feels like years have passed..."

Fatty still felt a throbbing pain in his calf.

They encountered several more players, but this time they didn't just give them a wide berth.

Two of them were staring from afar, whispering to each other as if discussing something.

Fatty noticed their gazes seemed fixed on the gun the boy was holding.

Upon seeing this, Fatty quickened his pace. This chapter is updated by novel ♦ fire.net

He'd never felt so panicked. Probably because in the instances, death wasn't real, and there was always a Doctor nearby.

But now, they were in the real world. The Doctor's whereabouts were unknown, and he had to face the real threat of death and the malice of others.

Fatty quickened his pace, eventually breaking into a trot. "I thought after this game started, my biggest fear would be the evil ghosts in the instances," he panted, "but it turns out, it's these people I'm most afraid of..."

Those two were pointing and gesturing at Fatty and the boy, obviously planning something, though they seemed hesitant.

Luckily, Fatty ran quickly enough to disappear from their sight while they were still hesitating.

The boy on his back seemed to notice the gazes from those two and instinctively clutched his gun tighter.

Fatty noticed the boy's firearm wasn't short; it resembled the rifles with bayonets often depicted with Japanese soldiers in old war dramas, though this one lacked a bayonet.

"Brother Fatty, can I ask a favor of you?" the boy's voice came from behind, very weak, as if he barely had any strength left.

Fatty tightened his arms around the boy. "Go on."

"If I die, please take this gun and give it back to the army... They seem to be really short on equipment... really short..."

Fatty spat. "Don't talk about dying! We'll definitely find a Doctor."

The boy didn't respond, continuing instead, "You asked earlier why I joined the army so young, didn't you?"

"I joined the army after this damn game started. Our high school was a closed campus, and many students were from out of town. When the game began, we were all dragged to the nearest ticket booth..."

"Several also spawned in our school, but they couldn't hold everyone, so many were taken to ticket booths outside the school.

"I was lucky; I wasn't taken out of school, but over half the students were.

"Some who went out came back crying the same day; some never returned. I figured they must have gone home...

"We high schoolers hadn't seen much of the world. The biggest spectacle we'd ever witnessed was a gang fight. A gathering of a few dozen people seemed like a huge deal to us, really impressive. When the game first started, we were all scared out of our wits.

"Some of us hid in classrooms, others in dorms. The teachers went to great lengths to find us...

"Then came the roll call. It revealed nearly half the students in every class were missing. I thought some might have gone home... but others couldn't have.

"I'm an out-of-town student. Actually, our school had many students from other places, and a lot of them didn't come back either... So the deans and male teachers went out in groups to search for them.

"They must have searched for days; I don't remember how many. I just remember that one day, the disciplinarian—the one who could outrun anyone—never came back. Only a few students returned, crying too hard to speak.

"That night, my parents rushed from our hometown to the school and took me away. As I was leaving, I saw our disciplinarian lying in the bushes beside a street near the school, covered in blood, motionless. I recognized his shoes. Every time he caught me with my girlfriend and chewed me out, I'd lower my head and stare at his worn-out sneakers.

"So I recognized him immediately.

"That disciplinarian I used to hate the most, the one who could outrun anyone, was dead. I heard he encountered a psycho with a machete while escorting students back to school.

"He was always so fast."

Fatty remained silent for a moment. "And then you joined the army?"

"Yes," the boy nodded. "I don't know why, but seeing our teacher's body, I felt like I had to do something. After the game started, the army was short on manpower, so I joined."

He tugged at his oversized sleeve. "But the army's resources are so tight. These clothes I'm wearing are even hand-me-downs."

Fatty quickened his pace. As if finding common ground, he suddenly said, "My father was also a teacher..."

He fell silent for a moment. "He also died for his students."