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Chapter 172 Certain Death _1

Before Fatty could call for help, someone pulled him into a nearby room. Only then did he realize the second fifteen-minute interval was almost over.

The man, who looked to be nearly thirty, frowned as he closed the door and pulled them both into a corner. "What happened to him?"

Fatty glanced at the man in the military uniform. His nickname was "Han Shan".

"He was stabbed by a ghost," Fatty said, sitting on the floor and clutching his calf. "The bleeding won't stop."

The man's frown deepened.

Fatty could tell the two didn't know each other, but the atmosphere wasn't particularly awkward.

Han Shan rubbed his knuckles. "We brought a military doctor with us, but we haven't met up with him yet."

He glanced at Night of Roses, who was lying on the ground. "Judging by his blood loss, he can't last much longer. Any further delay, and his life will be in danger."

Fatty touched his lower back. It was damp. When he brought his hand away, it was smeared with a viscous substance—blood covered his palm.

Han Shan knelt, unwrapped the cloth from Night of Roses's wound, and took out a roll of bandages. He then skillfully rebandaged the wound with a professional technique.

Fatty was curious. "You guys brought bandages to this event? But why didn't Xiao Ye tell me?"

Han Shan stood up. "Medical supplies are scarce. Only some of us brought them."

Hearing this, Fatty instinctively glanced at the man's military rank. He didn't recognize it, but it looked quite high.

"It doesn't look like any internal organs were injured, but we need to stop the bleeding fast," Han Shan whispered, glancing towards the door.

"I know a doctor who also joined this event. If we can find him, Xiao Ye definitely won't die," Fatty declared confidently.

As he spoke, he checked the time: 7:34 PM.

The second fifteen-minute interval was about to end, and they would have to face the second appearance of the Evil Ghost.

The room looked like it hadn't been used in a long time. There was little furniture and no lighting; only faint light seeped in from outside.

Fatty didn't dare go near the door.

"Brother Han Shan..." He searched for the right words, finally settling on a suitable form of address. "What if the ghost outside gets in?"

Han Shan was currently examining the wound on Fatty's calf. He used the small remaining piece of bandage to wrap it. "I'm twenty-four."

Fatty was dumbfounded. This man is actually younger than me, so why does he look like he's almost thirty?

Fatty chose his words again. "So, little Brother Han Shan, what if a ghost suddenly comes in?"

Han Shan shook his head. "During the first five minutes, I noticed that the ghosts in this event can't pass directly through walls. So, there are two ways to stay safe."

"One, hide so well that the ghosts can't find you."

"Two, hide in a room that can't be forcibly breached within five minutes."

Han Shan stood up again as he continued, "Of course, players can also use special items to hide. If you had Harry Potter's invisibility cloak, that would be perfect."

Fatty laughed awkwardly. "Of course, I don't have anything like that..."

"This house isn't very sturdy, but we don't have time to find another one, especially with an injured person."

As he spoke, Han Shan glanced at Night of Roses on the floor. Night of Roses was pale, his eyes closed, apparently resting.

"I have another special item," Han Shan said, taking something out. "With this, we should be able to survive a few more appearances of the Evil Ghost."

Survive several more appearances of the Evil Ghost? Fatty looked at the item in Han Shan's hands in surprise. Could it be some rare defensive equipment?

But when he got a clear look at the item, he realized he was mistaken. It wasn't defensive gear, nor did it seem particularly useful—except, perhaps, in this specific event.

[A Sturdy Door Bolt]

[Description: This was the door bolt from the home of a famous strategist. So many people came seeking his counsel that his dilapidated door couldn't keep them out. Frustrated, he specially commissioned a master craftsman to forge this bolt. Legend has it that an assassin once scaled the

courtyard wall to ambush the strategist, but the strategist's Attendant Student grabbed this very bolt and smashed the assassin's head in.]

[Function: Once placed on a door, this bolt will prevent the door from being opened by any means, unless the user removes it.]

[Usage Limit: Thirty minutes (After thirty minutes of use, this item will automatically disappear.)]

"Strategist," "Attendant Student," "smashed head..." Fatty was a bit confused looking at the door bolt's description.

Han Shan had already placed the bolt on the door.

The special item adhered directly to the door, so there was no need to worry about whether there was a slot for it.

After placing the bolt, Han Shan fell silent.

Although the special item ensured the door couldn't be opened, they still needed to conceal themselves.

Fatty knew he didn't have the means to turn the tables and smash a ghost's head in, so he obediently kept quiet.

In the darkness, he reached out to touch the bandage on his leg. His calf throbbed with pain, and he had no idea how he'd managed to carry Night of Roses on his back and run for so long.

Han Shan silently checked the bandages on the youth lying on the ground. Seeing the blood seeping through, he frowned.

Again, rustling sounds came from outside the room.

Fatty keenly noticed that the sounds were much louder this time. He looked towards the door, slightly astonished.

Crawling, creaking, and the sound of something scraping against the outside of the door echoed intermittently.

Some of the sounds seemed to come from right up against their door.

Fatty's scalp tingled.

Fortunately, there were many houses in the area, so the swarm of ghosts outside hadn't noticed the small house they were in. For these five minutes, they were relatively safe.

The sounds outside gradually diminished until they vanished. Only then did Fatty let out a deep sigh of relief.

By now, Night of Roses's face was extremely pale.

Han Shan looked down. "He's lost too much blood and has been moved around constantly. If we can't find a doctor... No, even if we do, he might not make it."

"His wound needs to be sutured immediately, but our military doctor didn't bring the necessary tools. Besides, performing surgery in this environment is impossible; the risk of infection is too high."

"It's not even eight o'clock yet, and this event lasts until midnight. We can't leave forcibly. He has to hold on for another four hours to get out, bleeding continuously for four hours..."

Han Shan paused, then said, "You understand what I mean, right?"

He's going to die for sure.