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Chapter 175 Angry Grunts_1

Fatty jogged forward quickly. Afraid of making too much noise, his stride was awkward, like a waddling duck.

He had already handed the injured Night of Roses to Han Shan. Guigu, carrying someone on his back, was now following closely behind Fatty and Han Shan, his face filled with anxiety.

"Keep moving forward. Go to the end and turn left; you'll see the two-story building," Han Shan's voice said from behind Fatty.

Without waiting for them, Fatty sprinted forward. "Doctor, I'm here with news!"

The night wind was cold, giving him a throbbing headache, but Fatty paid it no mind. He rushed through the alleyway, less than three meters wide. Han Shan watched Fatty's silhouette quickly disappear at the end.

"Lieutenant, why are we following him?" Guigu's voice asked from behind Han Shan.

Han Shan glanced back at the still-bleeding young man on Guigu's back. "I guess we'll need to interact with this person more in the future." As he spoke, he turned and strode in Fatty's direction. "Keep up."

By this time, Fatty had already rushed hastily to the end of the alley. He'd swallowed a bellyful of cold wind, and now his stomach felt chilled, but he paid it no attention.

He ran to the end of the alley, braked sharply, and turned left, only to see a group of people right in front of him.

Bai Yuhu and his group were still steadily ahead of Fatty. Even though Fatty had taken a shortcut through the alley, he still hadn't managed to overtake them.

Seeing a few people stepping onto the staircase, Fatty quickly realized, They want to go straight to the second floor?

A few inconspicuous-looking people were left on the first floor, while the obvious leader took several tough-looking individuals up to the second floor.

Fatty immediately looked up.

The corridor of this two-story building wrapped around the outside of the rooms, so he could clearly see the row of rooms on the second floor.

One of the doors was particularly conspicuous.

The doors on either side of it were ajar, each open at least a small crack. But that one peculiar door was shut tight, without the slightest gap, giving off a distinct That's right, there's something inside me feeling.

Fatty anxiously scanned the area around that door again.

There was no one in the corridor. A hint of green seemed to be lurking in the darkness of the corner; beyond that, it was just profound darkness.

Fatty paid no mind to what that hint of green was.

What he cared about was how to reach the second floor before the others. Google search novel-fire.net

While thinking about this, Fatty quickly glanced around the building.

His sharp eyes quickly spotted that the building had two staircases. The people guarding below were relatively far from one of them.

Although it was relatively far, if he ran for it, they would definitely see him.

But Fatty couldn't care less. He took a deep breath, squatted slightly, and assumed an imperfect horse stance.

Then he suddenly darted towards the staircase in front of him, like a rat scurrying away with an ear of corn.

The men guarding the staircase entrance were dumbfounded by the sight of this agile Fatty.

"Hey!" one of them yelled, stretching out his hand and pointing at the rapidly scurrying Fatty.

But he hadn't expected Fatty to be so incredibly fast. Before the man had even fully raised his hand, the agile Fatty had vanished into the dark staircase.

"What happened?" Bai Yuhu's displeased voice came from upstairs.

The place was so small that any shout from below could be heard by those on the second floor.

The men below lowered their voices and looked up. "Boss, a fat guy suddenly ran up. We didn't have time to stop him..."

"Fatty? The one with the Doctor?" Bai Yuhu's voice came from above. "Fine, let him come up. Just make sure you stop anyone trying to escape."

The men below nodded guiltily.

Then Bai Yuhu fell silent, and the men below spread out, keeping a close watch on the only two staircases.

At this moment, Gu Mian was standing alone in a dark room.

This dilapidated room contained nothing but a person-high mirror and dust on the floor. There weren't even any windows. He had no idea why such a mirror would be placed in this godforsaken place.

After entering, Gu Mian first carefully examined this mirror, which looked like it might let something out, even reaching out to touch it.

The surface of the mirror was spotless, without any dust, as if it had been placed here not long ago.

The riddle required him to extinguish all light sources, stand alone with his back to the mirror for a full minute, and then suddenly turn around.

Gu Mian stood silently with his back to the mirror, thinking, Later, if I turn around when the mirror isn't paying attention, I'll be able to see what's inside it.

As he mumbled to himself, he kept track of the time.

A minute wasn't long; counting to sixty would suffice.

However, Gu Mian had a habit of counting too fast. To be on the safe side, he decided to count to one hundred.

In the pitch-dark room, the sound of Gu Mian's counting echoed continuously.

In the silent night, this counting was rather eerie. If someone were to pass by the tightly closed door at this moment, they would likely be frightened by the mechanical counting sound emanating from the room.

A normal person would never lock themselves in a haunted place to count. Whatever's making that sound definitely isn't human! That's what most people would think.

According to the usual plot progression, passersby would hear the counting from inside the room. After some heart-pounding exploration, they would discover it wasn't a ghost but a person. Then, they would be filled with profound respect for Gu Mian, who dared to enter the small, dark room alone, and exclaim, "This kid is terrifyingly formidable!"

But now, there were no innocent passersby for Gu Mian to impress.

Only a few burly men stealthily approaching from the direction of the stairs, and an enraged Fatty.

When Gu Mian counted to "68," he suddenly heard a sound from outside.

It sounded like someone shouting, a single cry that was cut short.

Then, the faint sounds of a conversation drifted in from outside.

Gu Mian recognized it wasn't Chu Changge's or Mr. Green's voice. However, the conversation was too quiet, so he couldn't make out what they were saying.

The talking lasted only a few seconds before silence descended again.

Gu Mian paused for a moment, then continued to call out the next number.

The room was exceptionally dark and quiet.

As Gu Mian counted, he thought to himself, It couldn't be some enemy coming for revenge, could it?

Thinking about it, he had made quite a few enemies, especially that mysterious Evil God. He had already destroyed two of its statues.

Of course, even if the Evil God itself were standing before Gu Mian now, Gu Mian would dare to pat his chest and swear that those statues had instigated the trouble first.

