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Chapter 189 Double-Faced Joy_1

"Doctor..." Fatty said, visibly worried.

This was the ghost that had silently made five grown men disappear—no, probably even more, they just didn't know about them.

Moreover, the space where the door should have been was now empty, clearly a tactic the ghost used to prevent their escape.

Technically, if the door was gone, they could still jump out the window. Fatty glanced guiltily towards the paper window, through which a hazy light filtered into the room.

For some reason, the more he looked, the more convinced Fatty became that it wasn't a window but rather a glowing panel that merely resembled one.

Is this house haunted...? Thinking this, Fatty couldn't help but cast a worried glance at Gu Mian.

Gu Mian was still holding the little girl, who was sitting on the ground, by her hair with one hand.

Perhaps because Gu Mian had taken action, the girl on the ground finally quieted down, and Fatty no longer had to risk intermittent deafness.

Two black hair ties lay on the ground next to the girl. Gu Mian reached out and picked them up, saving himself the trouble of finding something else to tie the little girl's hair.

At this point, Chu Changge also stepped forward and squatted beside Gu Mian. "Noticed anything unusual?"

Since he asked, he must have indeed noticed something.

Gu Mian, hair ties in hand, glanced at Chu Changge. "You noticed it too?"

Fatty was bewildered by their exchange. He didn't understand their cryptic words, and whenever he was in an instance with these two, he always felt his intelligence wasn't quite up to par.

"There's blood on the ground and on the walls. It looks like spatter from someone bleeding profusely, but the volume is very small," Chu Changge said, looking up at the wall the girl was facing.

"Theoretically, if there was blood spatter, there shouldn't be so little of it."

Gu Mian had noticed it too. Despite the darkness in the room, his eyesight was excellent.

He had examined it carefully several times; the blood on the wall and the ground appeared to have been spattered at the same moment.

"This type of blood spatter usually comes from a severed artery," Gu Mian said, rubbing his chin with his free hand. "Theoretically, an ordinary person can't tear someone's artery with their bare hands, not without a weapon."

"Of course, if it's a ghost, that's another matter entirely..." Gu Mian mused, scrutinizing the little girl before him.

Fatty stammered, "H-hey, guys, is it really okay to discuss this right in front of her? Even if you have to talk about it, shouldn't you whisper? At least don't let her hear!"

Honestly, Fatty had never seen anyone dare to be so uninhibited in front of a ghost.

Shouldn't normal people be trembling in fear, quickly fulfilling the ghost's request—braid her hair and then run for their lives?

Even if they didn't braid her hair, they certainly wouldn't stand around talking nonsense.

Unfortunately, Gu Mian paid Fatty no mind. He continued his assessment in the dim light, "Even though she's sitting, I can tell her height. She's less than 1.2 meters tall..."

"She's skinny, too, and her fingernails are very long. Her hands are covered in dust—how long has it been since she washed them? And she looks malnourished... I could probably send her flying with one punch."

Fatty: "..."

"Alright, I'll stop messing around," Gu Mian said, quickly changing the subject when he saw Fatty's expression falter. "There's no blood on her hands, so her hands probably weren't the weapon."

Fatty felt this eerie supernatural scene was gradually taking on the air of a homicide investigation.

While both scenarios were terrifying, the former was just a tad more so.

Just then, Chu Changge suddenly tapped Gu Mian.

Gu Mian turned to look at him. Chu Changge didn't speak but gestured with his eyes towards the back of the girl's head, seemingly indicating for Gu Mian to look there.

Gu Mian's gaze followed.

But the moment his eyes landed on the back of her head, the little girl suddenly erupted with an ear-splitting shriek.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHH—"

This time, her voice had inflection.

It was a frantic, deafening scream, like a roar of pure fury.

Simultaneously, the girl who had been sitting before Gu Mian abruptly stood up. Her neck then twisted, and her entire head craned towards him at an unnatural angle.

Fatty was horrified. He stumbled back several steps, even considering pulling out a special item for self-defense.

But it seemed he had no suitable items, so he instinctively took out the "Blame Bowl."

Although it was a blunt weapon, it felt good to swing.

Only when he had the wok in his hands did Fatty snap back to reality.

"What's happening?" he blurted out, mouth agape. "Shouldn't I run for my life when I see a ghost? Why do I have the guts to pull out a weapon?!"

Hoisting the wok, Fatty dared to look at the little girl beside Gu Mian.

The sight nearly made him drop the wok he was holding.

Many ghost stories featured a similar scene: some unlucky person, passing an alley late at night, would find a little girl crying in a corner. The unlucky person would try to help, only to discover when the girl looked up that she had no face, just the back of a head on both sides.

Of course, since the protagonist in such stories was always 'the unlucky person,' they never left the alley alive.

All the unlucky people in those ghost stories died. Only Gu Mian had managed to hold on until now.

And now, the unlucky Gu Mian faced this very predicament.

The girl shrieked, her head twisting so violently it looked like it might snap off her neck.

Fatty, hand trembling, held the wok, his gaze darting between Gu Mian and the ghost girl.

Gu Mian stared at the girl who had abruptly stood before him.

She screamed for quite a while, her entire scalp visibly moving—an exceptionally horrifying sight.

Gu Mian had read many stories about girls with double-sided heads of hair. He'd always had one question: if both sides of her head were covered in scalp, then she couldn't have a mouth.

So, where did her voice come from?

Previously, Gu Mian had thought that since she was a ghost, she might have some special means of producing sound.

But now, it seemed that wasn't the case.

The emaciated girl screamed for a long time before suddenly righting her head. Her voice, still echoing as if layered, commanded, "Braid my hair into two pigtails!"

Gu Mian could even hear the distinct layering in her voice.

When she spoke, her hair moved even more violently, as if her scalp were in constant motion.

Watching her agitated hair, Fatty gripped the wok in his hands tighter. Why is she so obsessed with having her hair put into pigtails?

The five grown men who came in earlier mysteriously disappeared... Is it related to this demand for pigtails?

The girl had now stopped speaking and craned her neck forward, apparently waiting for Gu Mian to act.

Listening to the now-still back of her head, Fatty noticed that her scalp moved dramatically when she spoke but was motionless when she was silent.

Why is that? Fatty frowned, puzzled.

He stared intently at the back of the girl's head, countless thoughts racing through his mind.

A girl with two backs to her head can make sounds... Her scalp moves when she talks... Her voice is layered... She's fixated on someone braiding her hair into pigtails...