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Chapter 22: The Mantis Catches the Cicada, the Sparrow is Behind_1

"Next time you pull me, give me a heads-up beforehand," Xiao Qiao said from nearby in the dark corridor, her voice somewhat faint.

At this point, they had already found the nurse's station, and Gu Mian was standing before the office desk, flipping through records.

Hearing this, he nodded silently. Anyway, it's not like we'll necessarily encounter each other again.

Her hand had been dislocated by the pull. Luckily, Gu Mian was a doctor; although only a neurosurgeon, he knew a bit about setting bones.

He couldn't just dislocate someone's hand and not reset it. After all, there was still the road test after the written exam, and she'd need her hand to steer.

Ever since the LED board had fallen, the rustling sound had not reappeared.

Gu Mian also found the record he was looking for, as he had wished.

One of the records contained a very familiar name—

"Zhao Lanhai, a pregnant woman, husband is Ma Gang."

Surname Zhao, and pregnant; she's almost certainly one of the Evil Ghosts.

Indeed, just as Chu Changge's test question had stated, these three Evil Ghosts knew each other when they were alive.

The current known relationships were: Ma Gang was a murderer, Yang Shuang had reported Ma Gang, and Zhao Lanhai was Ma Gang's pregnant wife.

However, it was unclear how Yang Shuang and Zhao Lanhai knew each other.

Gu Mian glanced at Zhao Lanhai's ward information again.

"She's in Room 59, Bed 2." He closed the file. "Let's go there."

Xiao Qiao asked, "Are you still going to look for ghosts?"

Gu Mian nodded. "The ghost on the second floor seemed to have been following us earlier. I originally planned to lure it over and catch it, but as you saw, something unexpected happened."

"Catch it?"

Gu Mian looked down at her. "If we don't catch them, how will we find the answers to these test questions?"

"...I think your line of thinking might be a bit skewed."

At the same time, Fatty, having scrambled and crawled his way to the second floor, was panting heavily.

Fortunately, coming face-to-face with the ghost hadn't killed him on the spot. After Chu Changge pulled him up and turned on the flashlight, they both ran. The two of them split up after leaving the room, and the ghost seemed to have gone after Chu Changge.

Fatty frantically crawled to the second floor and hid in a ward. He had initially planned to message Gu Mian through the Friend System but discovered that it seemed impossible to send messages to friends within an instance.

"It's over, it's over, the Doctor is gone, Chu Changge is gone too, this instance is too damn scary..." Fatty muttered to himself in the ward, even peeking out the window. If I jumped from here, would I die instantly?

He then seemed to reconsider. Jumping from the second floor probably wouldn't kill me; I might just end up half-dead and suffering for a long time. So, he abandoned the idea.

It was not yet ten o'clock, so he couldn't submit answers, meaning he couldn't intentionally fail the test to leave the instance.

With this in mind, Fatty tried to peek at the LED board in the corridor for the time again. But as he squatted down to look through the long glass panel on the door, he saw what looked like a person standing outside in the pitch-black darkness.

Terrified, he plopped onto the ground and scrambled backward, trying to get as far from the door as possible.

But the further he retreated, the more he felt something was amiss. With every inch he moved, a dark shadow seemed to flicker beneath the lower part of the figure.

At first, he was confused and uncertain, but Fatty quickly understood.

He raised his trembling head. Sure enough, the glass also reflected the top of his own head, and the figure was right behind it. Not outside, but behind him.

A chill crept up his back, accompanied by the sound of something dripping onto the floor.

In that instant, Fatty didn't know where he found the strength, but he let out a yell, scrambled to his feet using both hands and knees, and burst out.

BANG! The ward door was slammed open.

He ran out in a panic.

He ran along the dark corridor for over ten seconds. When he finally dared to look back, he saw a figure with a protruding belly closely following him, its heavy footsteps THUDDING in pursuit.

"Ah—" He shuddered, then rallied, using almost every ounce of strength he'd ever possessed as his legs desperately carried him down the corridor.

After running for what felt like an age, he finally put some distance between himself and the footsteps. Looking back again, he could no longer see the eerie figure.

Fatty immediately darted into the nearest room with an ajar door and hid under the farthest bed.

Still feeling unsafe, he reached out and forcefully pulled the bedsheet further down, until it completely blocked his view of the ward door.

"Phew—" He let out an extremely quiet sigh of relief.

This should be safe enough...

It won't find me, please... don't find me...

Soon, the footsteps echoed from the corridor once more.

Fatty held his breath, not daring to make the slightest sound.

Don't stop...

Don't stop...

Please, don't stop!

A thin bedsheet obstructed his vision; he couldn't see outside the door, and he fervently hoped that whatever was out there couldn't see him either.

The dull footsteps drew closer and closer. Fatty clamped his hands tightly over his mouth.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP... The footsteps went right past his door and continued in another direction.

Listening as the sounds grew fainter and eventually vanished, Fatty went completely limp, collapsing to the floor and gasping for breath.

The bedsheet before him blocked his vision, seemingly cutting him off from the entire world.

I'm safe in here. I can stay safe here until ten o'clock and get out, Fatty reassured himself.

But just then, he suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder.

His scalp prickled. Lying flat on the floor, he rigidly twisted his head.

He saw a face that had, at some unknown point, extended from behind him to peer under the bed. It was looking at him, its mouth split into a wide grin.

Ah—

He opened his mouth wide but couldn't make a sound.

Am I going to die?

But just then, he saw another hand reach in and, in the exact same manner, land on the shoulder of the thing in front of him. Then, another head poked under the bed.

Gu Mian grinned widely. "Finally caught you."