

Collapse 75

Chapter 75: Slaughter Game (Part 4)_1

This city had been abandoned for who knew how many years, and its electrical systems had long ceased to function. The library was plunged into darkness, with only the moonlight filtering through the windows to see by.

Fatty had been holding a flashlight he'd bought from the supermarket—one that could fit into his inventory—but he quickly switched it off when he heard the sound of a door being pushed open.

The library had four main entrances, one on each side: east, west, north, and south.

Fatty heard a sound. It seemed to be the north door, the one closest to them, being opened.

In the darkness, the two of them didn't dare make a sound, huddling in the narrow gap between two towering bookshelves.

"Could it be other players?" Love Burial Ice Sealing gave Fatty a questioning look.

Though Fatty wasn't particularly bright, he could guess what she meant. He kept his lips sealed and shook his head, indicating he didn't know either.

So far, they hadn't encountered anything truly dangerous, but that didn't mean this forbidden zone wasn't perilous. After the door creaked open, an eerie silence fell, as if it had merely been nudged by a passing breeze.

The two of them huddled in the corner for a while longer, but there was still no sign of movement outside.

The north door stood open, moonlight streaming through the doorway to illuminate a patch of the library floor. Fatty looked towards the nearby patch of illuminated ground, his pupils suddenly constricting. Now he knew for certain if the one who opened the door was a player, he thought. Absolutely not!

A shadow was cast on the illuminated ground. It was stretched incredibly long, but from his vantage point, he could only make out the shadow of a head.

But just the sight of that head made Fatty's calves cramp in terror.

He could barely make out the shadow of a human head projected on the ground, a neck still attached beneath it.

The shadowed head swung wildly from side to side, like someone having a seizure, or the pendulum of a grandfather clock. It paused erratically with each swing, as if snagged on something, before wrenching its skull further.

Worse still, the shadow was advancing—directly towards them.

It leaped forward, and with every leap, Fatty could see more of the shadow. Its entire form convulsed wildly, yet it still leaped forward, one jerky step after another.

Absolutely no sound! Whether leaping forward or convulsing its body, it made not the slightest noise. It could appear silently behind you in the darkness.

Love Burial Ice Sealing also saw the wildly convulsing shadow, and her face instantly paled. She didn't dare make a sound, only clamping a hand over her mouth and taking a small step back. But just as she took that step back, the shadow abruptly froze.

Alarm bells blared in Fatty's mind. Thankfully, it seemed to have only stuttered for a moment and hadn't discovered their hiding spot.

Fatty watched as it resumed its advance towards them, maintaining its grotesque posture.

Fatty didn't dare speak. He tried to convey his plan with his eyes: they would circle the bookshelf, head north, and escape through the door the creature had opened.

Love Burial Ice Sealing was already terrified. She didn't bother trying to understand Fatty's intentions and simply followed close behind him.

The library had numerous bookshelves, creating many aisles, and the thing was leaping down one of them. If they could just get past a few more bookshelves, they could put some distance between themselves and it, Fatty thought. Of course, they had to be as quiet as possible.

Fatty, having been through a few instances, was a bit braver than before and didn't panic excessively in such situations. Love Burial Ice Sealing, on the other hand, was so petrified she barely breathed. She moved like a ghost, making no sound to give them away.

The two of them carefully maneuvered around a few more bookshelves. By now, they had put some distance between themselves and the shadow. Fatty paused and glanced back. From this distance, the shadow was completely out of sight. Looks like we're safe, he thought with a surge of relief, glancing at Love Burial Ice Sealing beside him.

In the gloom, he saw her: mouth clamped shut, eyes stretched wide in pure terror, staring fixedly at the space just above his head.

Fatty's scalp prickled. He mechanically tilted his head up.

A deathly pale face, inches from his own, hung suspended directly above him.

"Ah," Mr. Slaughter observed, staring at the screen. "It seems this newly formed duo is already in crisis. They might just be about to—huh?"

At that moment, adrenaline surged through Fatty. "HOLY SHIT!" he roared, finding strength from an unknown wellspring, and bolted for the nearest door. Love Burial Ice Sealing instantly spun around and fled in the opposite direction, the two of them scattering.

"So, they are still putting up a desperate struggle," Mr. Slaughter mused, his eyes fixed on the screen with great interest. "But it's futile now. I wonder who the unlucky one will be?"

Fatty sprinted for his life. He had no idea how long he ran—a few seconds, maybe ten or twenty—before he finally reached the exit. Almost out... Gasping for breath, he lunged for the doorway.

But just as Fatty burst through the doorway, he suddenly saw a shadow on the ground. A distorted, frenzied shadow clung to his back like a second skin, its hand outstretched, inches from grasping him.

"AAAH—" Fatty sucked in a sharp breath and lunged through the doorway, his leg muscles screaming in protest, cramping from the violent effort. He couldn't afford to care about the pain, only scrambling desperately forward, bursting out onto the main street.

But the shadow was still right behind him, its twisted, convulsing hands clawing closer.

Then, he felt an icy touch on his shoulder, like the hand of a corpse.

What do I do?! Fatty wanted to scream, to howl his despair at the empty sky, but knew it was useless.

But just then, he suddenly heard a strange sound from directly ahead. Before he could figure out where the noise was coming from, a familiar voice reached his ears—

"Move it! Get out of my way! The brakes have failed again!"