

Collapse 80

Chapter 80: Slaughter Game (Part 9)_1

Play your fucking games, just go to bed. That's what Gu Mian actually wanted to say.

But, looking up at the countless hideous faces, then down at the chair leg in his hand, he asked, "Alright then, what do you want to play?"

Doctor, you seem a bit... cowardly, Fatty thought, glancing at Gu Mian, but he didn't say it aloud.

The faces above them started laughing.

As they laughed, all their faces twitched, and the entire tunnel ceiling began to move, rippling like waves of dark tide.

The laughter was terrifying, a 360-degree stereophonic assault that induced a depressing panic in anyone who heard it.

Then they began to speak, "Once, I, the noble one, was bound here by the rebellious Lower Class People. They threatened and killed me, and my furious soul became a face, stuck here.

"Over the years, I've killed countless intruders, consumed them, and peeled off their faces to stick on the wall. But as day followed day, I could no longer discern which face was truly mine. I only remember it being in this area.

"Now, I no longer wish to stay in this place. If you can find my true face and take me out to be buried, I'll tell you the password to my safe.

"The safe is in the office building outside, in the largest and most luxurious office. Inside are most of my assets, along with some powerful weapons.

"However, my patience is limited. You only have ten minutes. If you still haven't found my true face after ten minutes, then my patience will run out, and your faces will eventually be peeled off by me."

As the faces on the ceiling spoke, Gu Mian moved forward a bit more.

He originally wanted to get a sense of just how vast the area of faces was. However, after taking a few steps forward, he discovered he was blocked by what seemed like a transparent barrier and could go no further.

"You won't be able to leave this place within ten minutes unless you find my true face," the vast expanse of faces on the ceiling declared in unison.

Gu Mian looked up and noticed that after speaking, the pitch-black faces began to change.

They became more three-dimensional, looking as if they were about to detach from the tunnel ceiling.

Gu Mian had a bad premonition.

Suddenly, he looked at Fatty, who wasn't far off, and yelled, "Get down!"

Fatty, who had been cowering by the wall and trembling, was so startled by Gu Mian's shout that he immediately dropped flat on the ground.

The instant Fatty hit the ground, the dense swarm of faces above them actually fell.

They didn't just drop with a SPLAT to the ground; instead, they hung suspended in the tunnel like chandeliers, swaying gently. It seemed they couldn't move freely.

The densely packed faces dangled in the dark tunnel, their height precisely at Gu Mian's neck level.

If he hadn't ducked in advance, his head would now be submerged in a sea of black faces.

Fatty, still prone, looked up to see a vast, dense sheet of faces dangling right before him, swaying.

"My God!" Fatty cried, hugging his head. "What the hell are these things?! How can they just fall like that?"

"Perhaps they thought we were too short to reach the tunnel ceiling, so they thoughtfully lowered themselves," Gu Mian said, squatting and looking up at the expanse of dark faces. After all, its instructions were for them to find the true face and take it out. It would be quite awkward if they found it but couldn't reach it, wouldn't it?

"You only have ten minutes, and the countdown has already begun," the hanging faces announced in unison.

"What do we do, Doctor?" Fatty, still prone on the ground, craned his neck to look up at Gu Mian.

Gu Mian touched his chin. "Actually, finding its true face among all these is like trying to find a maggot among mealworms, or one specific turtle in a pile of turtles..."

Fatty yelled, "What the hell kind of analogy is that?!"

"Shut up! Is this the time to discuss analogies?" Gu Mian continued, as if to himself, "It's like finding a maggot among mealworms, or one specific turtle in a pile of turtles... still quite easy, actually."

Fatty shouted once again, "Easy?"

While talking, Gu Mian pulled out the travel brochure that had been tucked inside his white coat. It was something they had found in the library.

"It mentioned earlier, 'I, the noble, was bound here by the rebellious Lower Class People.' That's something only an upper-class person would say. So, its real face should be albino... *cough, cough* ... I mean, very, very white."

Upon hearing this, Fatty looked up at the sea of faces; they were all pitch black. There wasn't a single slightly white face among them.

"I suppose they've all been stained black from being here so long." Gu Mian coughed. "If you wipe one, you should be able to see its original complexion."

"Wipe every single face here?" Fatty, still on the ground, asked. "I don't think ten minutes is enough..."

"That won't be necessary," Gu Mian said. "It also mentioned its safe is in the office building outside. I suspect it was originally a high-ranking executive of this coal mine or something similar."

"Moreover, it mentioned its office was the largest and most luxurious, so it must have been the highest-ranking person in this coal mine base... Let me see..."

Gu Mian said this as he flipped through the travel brochure in his hand. "It says here that the highest-ranking person at the coal mine base was the director, named Xiao En. And there's a color photo of him next to it."

Gu Mian was now extremely grateful to the unit that sponsored the printing of this brochure. At least they had printed the photos in color, which would save them a lot of effort.

"Xiao En's eyes are light blue. We'll start by looking for light-blue eyes," Gu Mian said, closing the travel brochure.

If the printers had decided to save costs by printing the photos in black and white, they really would have had to wipe each face one by one.

The densely packed faces mostly had black or dark brown eyes.

Lighter-colored eyes were not numerous; a quick scan revealed only a dozen or so.

Fatty shakily started to get up, pulling at his sleeve as if intending to wipe a nearby face with light-blue eyes, but Gu Mian stopped him sharply. "You keep crawling. I'll do it."

Hearing this, Fatty immediately and obediently lay flat on the ground again.

Gu Mian's technique was quite crude; he could wipe a face in under ten seconds. Of course, it wasn't wiped perfectly clean, but as long as he could make out the general outline, it was sufficient. After all, he now knew what Director Xiao En looked like.

Fatty, still prone, watched Gu Mian move further and further away, finally stopping in the center of the tunnel, standing on the railway tracks.

A face with blue eyes was hanging right there. Gu Mian reached out to it and, with a few quick wipes, removed the surface layer of dust.

A familiar outline emerged. This face and the one in the color photo were an almost perfect match.

Gu Mian gripped the face with both hands. "Found it—!"

And at that moment, the face in his hands suddenly displayed a bizarre smile. "That's right, you found it. This is the only face of mine that can move freely."

Fatty still hadn't understood what was happening when he saw Xiao En's face suddenly begin to expand rapidly.

Or rather than expanding, it was more like its mouth had abruptly gaped wide.

That mouth suddenly stretched enormous, revealing sharp, pointed teeth and taking up half the area of the entire face. The nose and eyes were squeezed together, becoming utterly distorted.

At this point, the true face showed no sign of honoring its promise; instead, it lunged fiercely to bite Gu Mian's head.

"Holy shit!" Fatty scrambled to get up and rush over.

But just as he managed to get to his feet, he witnessed an incredibly bizarre scene.