

Collapse 81

Chapter 81: Slaughter Game (Part 10)_1

Just like playing golf.

Fatty watched helplessly as Gu Mian swung the chair leg in his hand, describing a smooth arc in the air. Half a second later, its trajectory perfectly clear, the chair leg smacked squarely against the hideous face.

It was a vicious hit, sending the wide-open mouth flying.

Apparently not anticipating this treatment, the face twisted in surprise as it spun in mid-air.

By the time it landed, Gu Mian had already taken off his white coat.

Don't get the wrong idea; it wasn't for anything strange.

Gu Mian used his white coat like a sack, swiftly covering the face and tying a dead knot to prevent it from snapping at his head.

"Come on." Gu Mian reached out, grabbed the tentacle suspending the face, and gave it a hard tug. It could barely be considered a tentacle; the thing was very elastic, like a black rubber band.

He continued, "I'll give you two choices. One, answer my questions truthfully... or two, let me tear your face off and take it with me."

Fatty, who had staggered to his feet, asked, "Doctor, you knew all along this thing would try to bite our heads, didn't you?"

Fatty thought, So that's why he didn't ask me to help wipe those faces.

"Just being cautious," Gu Mian replied. "I prefer to imagine things in the worst possible way. Of course, that's usually how they develop..."

Fatty whispered again, "But Doctor, why would you use a threatening tone to say, 'let me tear your face off and take it with me'? Wasn't this face's original purpose for us to take it out?"

Gu Mian shook his head. "Didn't you see what it did just now? Making us find its 'true face' was just a pretext. Only this face can attack freely. It was seducing you!"

"Seducing me?" Fatty shivered twice.

"Yes, seducing you. Seducing you to get close to this face, the one capable of attacking, and then CHOMP."

As Gu Mian spoke, he tugged the tentacle suspending the face again. "I suspect this face has a limited range of activity. It went to great lengths to stage this 'find the face game' just to lure people in front of it so it could strike easily."

"The tentacle suspending the face is what limits its range of motion. It can't extend too far, just like a rubber band. Although it's very elastic and can be stretched freely, it will snap if stretched beyond a certain limit. Understand?"

Fatty nodded repeatedly.

Only then did Gu Mian continue, "Once the rubber band snaps, I reckon this face will become a 'dead face'."

Saying this, he gave the tentacle in his hand another hard tug. "As I said, two choices. Pick one."

Survival was paramount.

Xiao En's face chose to yield. It made a muffled sound. "What do you want to ask?"

Gu Mian rubbed his chin. "The history of this place. For instance, how this city ended up like this."

The face paused for a moment before speaking.

"A long, long time ago—I've forgotten exactly how long—the coal miners rioted. They were a bunch of Lower Class People..."

"They were dissatisfied with their benefits and harbored hatred towards me, the factory director. So they kidnapped me and brought me to this place to threaten the government. They declared that if the government didn't give them benefits, they would ignite this mine. The government dispatched multiple squads of the Order Guard to try and stop the riot..."

"The Order Guard eventually managed to stop the mob, but many people were sacrificed as well. I was killed in the chaos."

Gu Mian thought, So, you're claiming to be an innocent victim, a hero who sacrificed for the people?

"After I died, my soul remained trapped in this mine. I had no way of knowing what was happening outside. I only know that after that riot, no more miners ever came here to work."

"You claim the coal miners rioted just because of benefits, nothing else?" Gu Mian asked, pinching the tentacle in his hand, which was essentially this face's neck.

Xiao En's tone suddenly became firm. "Yes. It was just because of money."

Fatty looked at Gu Mian, puzzled. He felt this explanation was rather odd, but he couldn't quite pinpoint why.

Gu Mian then said, "I feel like questioning you this way puts me at a disadvantage. Even if you lie, I won't be able to tell. How about this: from now on, I'll ask you three questions at a time. You can choose one to answer. For some of these questions, I already know the answer..."

He paused, then continued, "If you happen to pick a question to which I know the answer, and you deliberately lie, then you won't be needing this face anymore."

Fatty looked at Gu Mian, perplexed, apparently not understanding his reasoning.

Gu Mian offered no explanation and proceeded to ask his questions.

"First question: The coal mining base had so many high-ranking personnel. Why were you the only one the coal miners hated and kidnapped?"

"Second question: What past grievances existed between you and the leader of the rioting workers?"

"Third question: Did you engage in any improper transactions with certain individuals?"

Xiao En's face fell silent. It seemed to find it difficult to choose one of the three questions to answer.

It was as if answering any of them would expose something.

After a long while, it finally spoke, its voice hesitant. "Why was I the only one hated and kidnapped... Because I was the highest-ranking person at the coal mining base. So, it was natural that I attracted most of the hatred... They resent the wealthy..."

Xiao En's answer was faltering, as if it was fabricating it on the spot.

Fatty looked at Gu Mian, his expression seeming to convey, "That's obviously a lie! And which of these questions do you even know the answer to?!"

Gu Mian, however, seemed unconcerned. He gazed at the face shrouded by the white coat and posed his next round of questions.