

Global Collapse

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: I am the Loveliest Demon Fairy Princess of Demon Fairy Castle!_1

"Hello everyone, I'm the new PE teacher. You can call me Teacher Wang..." Fatty quickly swept a glance over the classroom and began speaking nervously from the podium.

The podium was made of hollow wood, and any movement on it would elicit an irritating squeaking sound. It seemed to house a rat's nest beneath, which often produced faint scratching sounds.

From time to time, hefty rats would scurry onto it. He had no idea what they were eating to get so fat.

Fatty was scared stiff, afraid to make any loud movements.

He didn't dare to look up at the students below. He simply bowed his head to open the textbook and began to read in an unnatural manner.

"PE classes mostly involve whole-body activities, a large amount of movement, hijacking... there's a lot of interaction and the use of various sports equipment..."

The classroom was dead quiet. Other than the stiff recitation, there was no other noise, as if Fatty was the only one in the classroom reciting.

A class lasted forty-five minutes. *It can't possibly go the entire duration without any interaction*, Fatty considered. He mustered up the courage to raise his head and see what the students were doing.

However, he had only just sneakily lifted his eyes when he saw that everyone below was watching him intently. Fatty shuddered.

He saw that their faces had, at some point, turned ashen, their eyes bulging out like goldfish. They were staring at him, their gazes almost feeling like knives stabbing into his scalp.

Instantly, Fatty, standing on the podium, started shivering even more. He didn't dare raise his head, so all he could do was continue reading.

"Students with nearsightedness, if... if you don't wear glasses, you can..."

"Teacher—" a crisp voice called from a desk in front.

Hearing the voice, Fatty's mind went blank. He didn't dare to answer. He pretended not to hear and continued to read, "you can attend PE class, so try not to wear glasses. If you must wear glasses..."

"Teacher!" Having been ignored, the voice sounded somewhat impatient this time.

Left with no choice, Fatty slowly raised his head towards the source of the sound. "What is it?"

Somehow, the students in front of him had returned to normal, listening attentively to the class with their heads tilted up, as if his hasty glance earlier had merely been an illusion.

It was Liu Li, the PE class representative, who spoke. He was sitting at his desk, grinning. "Teacher, your lecture is so boring. How about we play a game instead?"

Fatty swallowed hard. "What game?"

"Hot Potato. When the drumbeat stops, the person holding the 'potato' has to share a secret they least want anyone to know. And the secret has to be more scandalous than the last one."

As Liu Li spoke, he pulled something out.

Fatty was momentarily disoriented before his eyes focused on the object in Liu Li's hand: a blood-stained school blazer, crumpled into a ball, apparently to be used as the 'potato'.

"Sit here, Teacher," Liu Li said insistently, pulling Fatty to his side. "I'll face away from everyone and tap the blackboard. Everyone must freeze once the drumbeat stops."

As he spoke, Liu Li shoved the stained blazer into Fatty's hand. "You start."

After saying this, Liu Li turned and climbed onto the podium, beginning to tap the blackboard with his back to them.

"THUMP, THUMP, THUMP—" The dull sound echoed in the classroom.

Fatty immediately threw the object in his hand onto the next desk as if it were a burning coal.

Accompanied by the eerie thumping sound, the balled-up blazer was passed around the classroom until the 'drumbeat' suddenly stopped.

Fatty immediately turned towards the person holding the 'potato'.

It was a boy with a squarish face who seemed a bit shy. He got up, scratching his head. "The secret I least want anyone to know is... that I once stole five Yuan to buy soda from the shop."

After saying that, he looked a bit embarrassed, sat down, and then passed the balled-up blazer to the person next to him.

The thumping resumed, unhurried, as if it could stop at any moment.

Fatty watched the 'potato' getting nearer. He had almost reached out to take it and pass it on when the 'drumbeat' abruptly stopped.

This time, the 'potato' ended up on the desk of a girl sitting next to Fatty.

She was a petite girl who seemed quite shy, her face flushing pink.

She stood up hesitantly. "I don't like my newborn brother, so I secretly pinched a red mark on his face and told my parents he did it himself."

"THUMP, THUMP, THUMP." The drumming resumed.

Fatty took the school uniform and, in a flustered panic, passed it to the person next to him. A good ten seconds or so passed before the drumming stopped.

"I detest fluffy things. My aunt's puppy was always trying to cuddle up to me, so I sneakily fed it chicken bones. The next day, its intestines were punctured, and it convulsed for days before it died."

Hearing this, a chill suddenly seeped down Fatty's spine.

"THUMP, THUMP, THUMP..."

"I truly hate one particular girl. She kept a rabbit at school and was as timid as her pet. I seized the opportunity when no one was around, strangled the rabbit to death, gutted it, and placed its insides on her desk. She was so scared she didn't come to school for many days."

The drumming continued.

"The neighbor's cat had kittens and made a nest on the roof. The kittens would always sneak into my house to steal food. So, I caught those kittens and smashed their heads in with a brick. Then, I threw them back into the mother cat's nest, haha."

Fatty's hands, which had just managed to calm down, started trembling again. He stared hard at his desk, as though it were covered in a litter of kitten heads, smashed to a pulp.

"THUMP, THUMP, THUMP..."

"The five bucks I stole actually belonged to an older classmate. Afraid of getting caught, I blamed it on another girl. That girl ended up getting badly beaten up by a group of students and was pushed down the stairs. She nearly broke her leg."

"My newborn little brother always cried. Every time he did, I'd use a pillow to smother his head until he quieted down. Eventually, he made less and less noise."

The bloodstained blazer kept being passed in front of Fatty, who sat frozen, listening to each person's voice.

"My grandfather had a stroke. He could only walk with a cane and was frequently hospitalized. Every time he was admitted, he had to stay at our house, making it dirty, messy, and smelly. I hated him so much that one day, when he was heading out, I smeared oil on the bottom of his cane. I watched as he slipped and tumbled down the stairs. His head twisted to the side, and he died."

Even though these students looked completely normal and were relaying their horrifying deeds in the most ordinary tones, Fatty was chilled to the bone, virtually numb all over.

He felt like he was sitting on pins and needles, wanting to bolt from the room but unable to gather the strength because his legs were shaking so much they felt like jelly.

The next one to speak was that shy girl again.

"I despised my little brother so much that I threw him off a building. I watched as he squashed flat with a SPLAT. Then I told my parents that our dead grandmother had thrown him. My parents even went to get a talisman."

What in the world are these people talking about?!

By now, Fatty's entire body had gone weak. He desperately wanted to slump onto the table, but his sole remaining survival instinct forced him to stay upright, motionless.

Just then, the balled-up blazer was passed to him.

Fatty, dumbfounded, reached out to throw it aside, but the drumming abruptly stopped.

Everyone simultaneously turned their heads toward him.

Their faces all wore identical smiles, the curve of their lips and the size of their eyes perfectly matched, like mass-produced smiling dolls.

"Teacher—" everyone said in unison, "it's your turn to tell your story."

Gazes from all directions fixed on him, making him feel as if every single hair on his body was under scrutiny.

At this moment, Liu Li also turned around, smiling.

"If you can't tell a story, Teacher, it means you're not one of us, you know."

They were all smiling, yet it sent shivers down Fatty's spine.

Fatty shivered violently. His lips trembling, he began, "I..."

"I..."

Everyone's eyes widened further, a look of eager anticipation in them. They urged him on, their voices rising:

"Tell us!"

"Tell us!"

"Tell us!"

The incantation-like voices threatened to drown him. Surrounded by those eerie faces, Fatty finally broke, his voice trembling, "I... I don't have one! I'm not..."

But just as he collapsed, burying his head in his hands, a voice suddenly echoed from the classroom doorway—

"What are you all standing around for?"