

Horrors 241

Chapter 241: Who Is the Chairperson?

The room was extremely quiet. Even the two who liked to critique the most were quiet. The atmosphere around the dining table was weird. The ten black robes looked at one another, and they seemed to be communicating with gazes.

“If that’s not enough, I have other stories.” Chen Ge was buying time for Zhang Ya. He was not interested in the other members; he only had one target that night, which was to capture Zhu Xiu.

“You still have other stories?”

The dining table fell silent again. The first man on the right scratched his head before turning to the fifth person on the left. “No. 5, are all his stories real?”

Everyone then turned to this most mysterious No. 5. The black robe fluttered slightly, and a gender-neutral voice came from the mask. “I cannot detect any signs of deceit in his words.”

Five ghost stories, all real... what kind of ‘amazing’ life had he led?

“Looks like we have to redo the judging.” The man on the left moved his gaze to fall on the three other new members. “All of your stories are amazing, but we can only keep three new members.”

He placed his left hand on the table and extended one finger. The second vote had begun. Other people came to the decision equally quick. Six of them extended one finger.

“You got more than half of the votes.” The man on the left turned to No. 1. “I’m sorry, No. 1, but you can leave now.”

“Leave?” No. 1 started to panic and wanted to say something but was cut off by the man on the left.

“You can come back next Wednesday.”

The alert No. 1 was sent out of the room. The birdman had been waiting. When he saw it was not Chen Ge, he was rather surprised.

“Follow me.” The birdman led No. 1 away and closed the door.

When the door shut, the first man on the left finished his sentence. “Provided you can survive until the next Wednesday.”

The moment he said that, there was screaming from the corridor and then something heavy fell on the floor. No. 2’s legs shook. Earlier, four people had picked him. If there were two more votes, he would have been the one outside.

“Don’t worry, the new member lives on in another form.” The first man on the left softened his voice. “Welcome to the ghost stories society. You will be respectively No. 11, 12, and 13.”

Chen Ge came in last, so his number was 13. The blood in the shadow behind him grew obvious. Chen Ge, who had survived the first wave of danger, slowly relaxed. The ghost stories society was the hidden

mission for the Third Sick Hall. It was related to the world behind the door, and the reward was probably Men Nan's main persona, a Red Specter who could control the opening and closing of the 'door'.

"I have a question," the woman who was now No. 12 said. Her emotions had always been light. "The flyer says that I can find a way to soften the pain, so how do I do that?"

"Don't worry, everyone here has once been in depths of pain. We're all patients, and the purpose of building this society is to help everyone seek salvation." The man on the right stared at the woman. "When you tell us three real ghost stories, we'll find a way to help you according to your situation."

Chen Ge listened quietly. He had initially thought that this society was a bunch of madmen playing with themselves, and he did not expect that it would have such a deep meaning behind it.

"How do you expect real ghost stories to happen so often?" When the woman was speaking, she turned to look at Chen Ge with slight alert.

"Ghost stories surround us—you haven't been paying attention. All the words written on the flyer are real, and many members have sought salvation with us. There was once a member who had been tormented by her stepfather since she was young. She was whipped and drowned, making her fear water very much. After she came to us, her illness was fixed, and she no longer feared water."

"How did you cure her?"

"Very simple, we forced her stepfather underwater and had her personally destroy the phobia in her heart."

"That's it?"

"Yes, it is that simple. Every one of us is sick, but we suffer from different conditions. The reasons for our illnesses are different. Don't worry, when it's your turn, we'll draft a solution designed for you." The man on the right's voice was calm and confident. Chen Ge imagined a trustworthy face under that mask.

"You already know the condition. Once you can tell three real ghost stories, you can demand something from us, or you can choose to leave." The man laughed and added with humor, "And it'll be real that time."

"Three ghost stories?" The woman lowered her head to think.

Listening to their conversation, Chen Ge was shocked. *This is not therapy; it's murder! Then again, only mad men would come up with these therapy methods.*

Chen Ge's gaze swept over everyone at the table. The patients from the Third Sick Hall were probably among them!

The devil from Room 10 and Wu Fei from Room 9, these two were probably the founders of the ghost stories society. They themselves were patients. In fact, Room 10 was filled with records of the devil's suffering. In a way, no one could empathize with these crazy people more than them.

Since medicine could not solve their pain, they would provide treatment themselves, using the crazy method to give crazy people their salvation.

“Every new member is given the right to ask a question.” The man looked at No. 2 and Chen Ge. “Which one of you would like to go first.”

“I’ve run into some trouble recently. I have the police on my back.” When No. 2 said so, he raised his head to look around. No one reacted; this seemed to be something common here.

“I can probably guess your problem, another man pushed to the wall.” The man on the left leaned against the back of his chair. “We cannot help you solve that problem, but the society can provide you a place to stay. We can even let you stay forever.”

No. 2 nodded, slightly disappointed.

The room turned back to Chen Ge. “What is your question?”

“My question is simpler.” Chen Ge felt a chill run down his spine. He did not expect the monsters behind the door to work together with the patients from Third Sick Hall to organize something like this. After a long pause, he directly stated, “I want to know who the society’s chairperson is.”

“The chairperson?”

The black robes went silent once more. They looked at one another, and in the end, it was the first man on the left who spoke. “Change your question.”

“You cannot tell me?” The more they wanted to hide it, the more interested Chen Ge was.

“It’s not that,” the man on the right said. “We know the chairperson is among the ten of us, but which of us it is, we ourselves do not know.”

Chapter 242: You Are My Next Story

“Even you don’t know who the chairperson is?” Chen Ge thought he could use this question to identify Wu Fei or Patient 10, but he did not expect this answer.

“Everyone wears a mask and has the same black robe on. Even if the people underneath the masks change, we won’t be able to tell.” The first man on the left pointed to himself. “I’m No. 1. Here, your number is more important than your name. If you do not wish to be replaced, you’d better be on full alert.”

His words were meant for No. 12. The woman’s voice was unique, and her story had exposed her husband’s surname and many details about her life. If one wanted to, one could definitely identify her.

Since Chen Ge had heard her voice before, he was fairly sure he knew who she was. To be fair, Chen Ge did not expect the famed DJ to be such an individual.

“The society doesn’t have any other rules except the need to prepare enough ghost stories.” The man’s voice turned chilly. “When the three of you finish telling three stories, we will try our best to complete your wish. Then, it’s your choice to stay or leave.”

“No. 1 has explained everything you need to know.” The man on the right snapped his finger. “Dinner will be served soon, and after that, you’re free to leave.”

Dinner? Chen Ge was suspicious but did not ask. The room thus fell to silence. About half an hour later, there were footsteps in the corridor. The door was pushed open, and the birdman who poked his head in had obvious scratch marks on his neck. "There was an accident, so we might need a little more time."

"No worry, after all, there's still quite a long time until sunrise." The first man on the right glanced at the three new members. "You might not be used to this since it's your first time, but it'll get better."

When he finished, No. 10, who liked Chen Ge's mask, said, "If you're in a hurry, you can choose to leave first."

When he said so, all the other black robes did not say anything, but it seemed like they did not understand why he would say that.

"In that case, I'll skip the need. I need to rush to find new ghost stories." No. 11 seemed the most normal among everyone there. He was not used to dealing with these mad people. If not to evade the police, he would not have attended the gathering. The men at the table did not say anything but waved their hands. Their gazes were locked onto No. 10. That day, No. 10 had been acting rather curiously.

Chen Ge had more things he needed to find out about the ghost stories society, and the blood lines in his shadows only needed one or two minutes before they finished knitting. It would be such a waste if he just leaves like that. From how he saw it, since they were all gathered together, it was the perfect chance to round them up in one go!

The chairperson was one of the ten, but they themselves did not know who the chairperson was. In this case, the simple solution would be to deal with all of them.

"Goodbye, we'll meet again next Wednesday." The second new member immediately rushed out. The birdman was still standing at the door, his pair of eyes following the man like he was eyeing a piece of meat.

"Will you two be leaving as well?" No. 10 asked Chen Ge and the woman.

"I'm curious about the food served here." For the first time, there was emotion in the woman's tone; she sounded excited. "I'll stay."

There was sound of running coming from the corridor. No. 11 was close to the elevator.

"I have an emergency, see you again next Wednesday." Chen Ge walked out of the room. When he passed the birdman, he smelled a faint hint of blood.

"I'm surprised you could walk out alive." The birdman's voice was hiding surprise and perplexity.

"There will more surprises in store for you in the future." Chen Ge smiled at him, the skin mask looked especially scary.

The birdman did not answer immediately. He waited until Chen Ge had left before grumbling, "For some reason, I am not anticipating them."

No. 11 with the pig's mask stood beside the elevator. His finger pressed the button hastily, and the number slowly changed.

“Why is it so slow?” He felt like he was suffocating. Compared to those crazies, the scariest thing he had witnessed in his life was nothing. Especially the fourth new member, how did he manage to survive all those things? “No way, I need to leave immediately.”

The elevator rose but stopped at the 23rd floor. After a long time, the number finally changed to 24 like there was a long distance between the 23rd and 24th floors. No. 11 rushed into the elevator immediately. Not knowing there was someone behind him, he pressed the close door button. Just as the silvery-gray door was about to close, a hand reached out to stop it. Chen Ge walked into the elevator. “Let’s go together.”

The man silently gulped. He wanted to reject, but he did not have the courage to. “Sure.”

After pressing the button to go to the first floor, Chen Ge stood beside the elevator door. After the door was fully closed, he turned back to glance at No. 11. “Will you be coming back next Wednesday?”

“No idea, but if I come across a new ghost story, I will.” No. 11’s tone sounded stiff. He did not want to talk to this man.

“So, you’re worried about that.” Chen Ge laughed. “I know many ghost stories; would you like me to share one with you?”

“You’re willing to share them with me?” Hope rose within No. 11’s heart. If Chen Ge was willing to tell him one ghost story, he only needed to find one more story to get the society to fulfil his wish.

“Of course.” Chen Ge turned around, the shadow behind him pulsating. The blood burst forth like a blood swan opening its wings. “After all, you’re the main character for this story!”

Endless black hair crawled out from Chen Ge’s shadow to cover the entire elevator!

A woman in bright red dress was leaning on Chen Ge’s shoulder, her pale and beautiful face twisted by endless torment.

“Zhang Ya!”

In the enclosed elevator, there was nowhere to run!

Chen Ge dashed forward to yank No. 11’s mask off and then covered his lips. The number on the elevator kept decreasing, but time seemed to have slowed down.

...

When the number reached 1, the elevator door opened, and there was a man frozen in terror lying in the corner.

His heart was still working, but other than fear, there was no other expression on his face. If one took a closer look, one could see his pupils that seemed to shatter like glass beads, and they were bleeding.

Chen Ge hauled Zhu Xiu, who seemed to have turned into a vegetable, out of the elevator. Zhang Ya floated behind him, playing with a new toy in her hand.

The toy looked exactly like Zhu Xiu. When one got close, one could even hear a faded scream.

Chapter 243: Four-Star Trial Mission

After removing Zhu Xiu from the elevator, Chen Ge did not leave. He returned to the elevator. Zhang Ya followed behind him, not willing to leave his side. "Since you're out here, why don't we go and create some chaos?"

Chen Ge looked at Zhang Ya behind him. This Red Specter seemed to have grown stronger. The dress that she was wearing seemed to have been knitted from red threads; it looked very real. Zhang Ya kept her head lowered. She stuck close to Chen Ge, her fluttering hair occasionally caressing Chen Ge's arm. There was something that looked like blood lines coming out from underneath the dress, and they seemed ready to drill into Chen Ge's body.

It looked quite scary, and Chen Ge did not expect such a large change would happen to Zhang Ya. In reality, when he had held Zhu Xiu's lips shut, there was an alert on the black phone. Zhang Ya's affection level had broken through Grippled by Passion and was close to reaching the next stage.

Like an overflowing vase, Zhang Ya's minor actions exemplified her affection toward Chen Ge. *Do you like ghosts? If you don't, I'll turn everyone you like into one, including yourself.*

The blood vessels and black hair gently curled around Chen Ge's blood, and it chilled the man to his core. He turned to look at Zhang Ya, but Zhang Ya pretended like she did not know anything, just following behind him.

I can feel the murderous intent. I need to distract her somehow.

Chen Ge pressed the button for 23rd floor. He had decided to return to the 24th floor. Actually, he did not want to act so rashly, but he was reminded of an issue.

Normally, Zhang Ya would return to his shadow on her own, but this time, it did not seem like Zhang Ya had any interest in returning!

He was afraid that if he did not find something for Zhang Ya to do, he would be her next target. Love and hate were extreme emotions. The way Zhang Ya looked him made him feel uncomfortable; it was like she was hesitating over turning him into a doll as well. That way, they could be together forever.

The door slowly closed. Chen Ge's hair rose on the back of his neck. He suddenly wished to be back in the room with the rest of the members. He felt safer with them. It was complicated getting back to the 24th floor. Chen Ge hid himself in the corner and took out the black phone when Zhang Ya was not looking.

"Resolving her last wish, Zhang Ya's affection level has reached Grippled by Passion!

"Specter's Favored, congratulations for completing Zhang Ya's Bloody Heart Mission with a hundred percent completion rate!

"Choice of Reward One: Unlocking three-star scenario, Western Jiujiang's Private Academy! The scenario includes seven mini scenarios: White Valentines, Red Dancing Shoes, Cursed Love Letter, Female Dormitory, Crying Chairs, the Hanging Man, and the Stink!

“Warning: After you select this reward, Red Specter Zhang Ya will be confined to the scenario!”

“Choice of Reward Two: Remove all scenarios related to Zhang Ya, leaving only the Hanging Man and the Stink. This will downgrade Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy to a two-star scenario, but Zhang Ya’s movement will be unlimited!”

The message surprised Chen Ge. He did not expect that Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy would be a three-star scenario and Zhang Ya would be related to five mini scenarios!

The Third Sick Hall was judged a three-star scenario probably due to the ten patients and the creatures behind the door, but Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy was judged as three-star simply due to Zhang Ya.

She’s scarier than I thought!

After swallowing some of the creatures and the old director in the Third Sick Hall, Zhang Ya had grown stronger, her malice increasing, the blood in her dress glowing brighter.

If I pick the first reward, I’ll get a complete three-star scenario, but I’ll lose Zhang Ya’s aid whenever I’m out of the Haunted House.

Chen Ge turned back to sneak a look at Zhang Ya. He thought long and hard before selecting reward number two. He was not afraid that if he picked reward one, he was not going to leave the elevator alive. Furthermore, he felt like he was the only person Zhang Ya could rely on. He felt like giving as much warmth as he could to someone who had suffered so much in her life. He clicked option two, and a new message appeared.

“Are you sure you want to select Reward Number Two?”

“Yes.”

“Congratulations for unlocking the two-star scenario, Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy! This scenario is a gift from completing the Bloody Heart Mission, so it has no hidden missions and no security threats!”

No security threats? Meaning I can allow my visitors to explore the place to their hearts’ content?

Since the black phone had said so, it should be fine. This meant that Chen Ge had been gifted a two-star scenario, so he was quite happy. Then another message appeared.

“Specter’s Favored, congratulations for completing Zhang Ya’s Bloody Heart Mission with a hundred percent completion rate! Successfully triggered the Trial Mission for four-star scenario—School of the Afterlife!”

“Warning: four-star scenarios are extremely dangerous! The Trial Mission for School of the Afterlife is comprised of eight side missions and one final mission. The active time to complete them is three months.

“Currently, you have completed seven side missions at Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy and Mu Yang High School. After completing the 8th side mission, Eternal Life, you will unlock the final mission!”

“Side Mission 8: Eternal Life (In an undisclosed underground morgue, there’s a group who seek eternal life). Mission Venue: Western Jiujiang’s Medical University.

“Final Mission: Currently locked.”

Chen Ge pocketed the phone when he was done reading it. Every increase in the star of a scenario would double or triple the difficulty. When he conducted the Trial Mission for the Third Sick Hall, he would have died if he had faced the thin monster alone. If Zhang Ya had not been there to help him, he would not have had the chance to enter the blood door.

Looking at this from a different perspective, Zhang Ya herself was the reason Western Jiujiang Private Academy was a three-star scenario. How scary Zhang Ya was equaled to how scary a three-star scenario was.

I should just ignore the four-star mission for now. Three-star missions already have the presence of Red Specter, so the four-star mission probably has something worse.

Chen Ge tried to understand that world, but the more he found out, the more confused he became.

The active time for clearing School of the Afterlife is three-months. I still have time. The most immediate concern is to deal with ghost stories society and solve the hidden mission inside the Third Sick Hall.

Chen Ge followed the introduction on the flyer and returned to the 24th floor, but this time, he did not enter alone.

Chapter 244: Things You Shouldn’t See

The red number on the display was rather eye-catching. When 24 showed up, the elevator door opened. There were wet blood stains in the corridor and many more scratch marks on the walls. There was the smell of blood in the air like something horrible had just happened. Chen Ge removed the cleaver from his calf and hid it inside his sleeve.

“Let’s go in.”

Chen Ge did not turn back to look; based on the chill coming from behind him, he knew Zhang Ya was following. The corridor was silent, and he could hear every sound. When he was a third of the way down the corridor, Chen Ge heard the sound of sawing. He took several more steps forward and confirmed that the sound came out from the room Chen Ge had seen the birdman exit when he first arrived.

There were ten seats around the table. They probably represented the ten initial patients, and the birdman is responsible for the odd jobs. But what exactly is his role in the ghost stories society?

Chen Ge thought about it before shaking his head. There was no need to consider that. He was not there to get to know the society; he was there to ruin it. *They’re both from three-star scenarios, so Zhang Ya should be able to hold her own against them.*

Standing outside the room, Chen Ge peered through the door, and his brows involuntarily creased. The birdman was squatting in the corner with some tools in his hands. There was an old man lying before

him, and a mask was lying to the side. Chen Ge had seen that mask before; new member No. 1 had worn it earlier.

“What are you doing?” Chen Ge blocked the door and suddenly spoke. The birdman jumped at the sudden intruder. The man did not turn around and spoke while facing away from Chen Ge. “Everyone has left; why are you still here?”

“Are you guys serving dinner? I just left for a while, and you’re already done?” Chen Ge had some regret. No matter the reason, the plan that night had to be changed.

“There was a small problem. One of them received a message from the chairperson, and they had to leave.” The birdman still had not turned around. His upper body seemed frozen. He kept his back to Chen Ge and his face to the old man on the floor.

“A message from the chairperson?” Chen Ge thought that the man was acting funny. He walked into the room. “Can you tell me where they have gone?”

“No idea.” The man paused before adding, “I suggest you stay away.”

“There’s only one elevator at the end of the corridor, and I did not leave the elevator. Is there another exit here?” Chen Ge managed to gain many clues from what the man said. Now that everyone had left, this birdman was his sole source of information.

“In the future, people will inform you about that, but now, please leave.” The birdman’s actions were stiff, like he purposely did not want to turn his face around. Chen Ge was not there to discuss things with him. After the birdman said so, he not only did not leave but moved deeper into the room.

“Why didn’t you follow them and leave then? Do you stay here?” Chen Ge kept his questions coming.

“I’m only responsible for cleaning and cooking.”

“Interesting.” Chen Ge had his suspicions regarding the birdman. He could stay at the 24th floor for as long as he wished, and he had access to everything. Could he be the chairperson? Perhaps the chairperson was not one of the other members.

Chen Ge wanted to prove that, but he knew that even if he asked directly, the birdman would not be honest with him. Therefore, he decided to go for the most direct method. Regardless of whether he was the chairperson or not, as long as he disappeared forever, he would not be the chairperson.

The birdman realized that Chen Ge was coming close, and he raised his voice. “Newbie, no matter what you’ve done outside, now that you’re here, you’d better follow the rules of the ghost stories society.”

“The rules? But there’s only one rule, right? I only need to tell ghost stories. What are the other rules?” Since Chen Ge realized that this person was suspicious, he was not going to leave so easily.

“You’ll have to pay if you see things that you shouldn’t. Now that all the members have left, you and I are the only one left on this floor.” The birdman stood up, and at the same time, there was sound of water falling. Chen Ge looked at the bottom of the man’s body. His pants were drenched with blood, and the blood was sliding down his pants.

"I don't understand what you're trying to say. All the members have left; that should be bad news for you." Chen Ge continued to move forward like he did not notice the blood on the birdman's clothes.

"Is that so?" The birdman moved to the side to reveal the old man's body. His face was carved in terror.

"Occasionally, there are newbies who mysteriously disappear, and everyone has gotten used to it." He seemed to be talking to himself, but he wanted to let Chen Ge hear him as well. Then, the birdman turned around. Compared to the weird tools in his hands and his bloodied clothes, the point of attraction was his face.

He did not need a mask!

The man's mouth protruded out of his face like a beak, and the blood vessels that were unique to the monsters behind the door swam across his cheeks. This man was not a human being!

"I've given you the chance, but you don't want to appreciate it." The birdman waved the tools in his hands to create a weird sound. "I've been meaning to do this since I first met you. Alas, there were too many people, but you came back on your own."

Things were different from what Chen Ge thought; he had thought that he was talking to a human.

If I'd known, I wouldn't have wasted so much time.

Chen Ge stared at the man's face. If the monster behind the door wanted to survive outside the door, they needed to attach themselves to a living person. The monster that seemed to grow out of the man's head should be a new monster that he had not seen before.

Their relationship should be similar to Xiong Qing and the thin monster. The monster behind the door grew on them, and the living human controlled them to a certain degree by satisfying the monsters' desire.

All the real members of the ghost stories society will have monsters attached to them. This is rather difficult, especially if they have a Red Specter among them.

Chen Ge stood where he was, thinking about this problem. The birdman thought he was scared witless, and a cruel smile appeared on his face. He liked to see people struggle; it was the little enjoyment in life he allowed himself. It was because of that there were so many bloody scratch marks around the elevator.

He loved to yank people down into the depths of despair when they thought they saw hope.

"The ghost stories society is not a charity. If you wish to have salvation, you need to pay the price!"

The birdman rushed toward Chen Ge with his tools, his beak-like mouth calling shrilly.

Suddenly, his neck was strangled by black hair, lifting him off the ground. His legs kicked about out of desperation, and his face turned purple as the blood vessels dispersed.

"What is this?"

Chapter 245: No. 10's Identity

Chen Ge did not answer the birdman's question. When the black hair wrapped around the birdman's neck, his ending had been written. Zhang Ya had never left a living person behind once she acted.

In the Third Sick Hall, she had dashed into the door just to chase after the thin monster. In the process, she had even injured the old director, who was a Red Specter. Zhang Ya after death was the complete opposite of who she had been in life. Thankfully, she seemed to have a soft spot for Chen Ge.

Chen Ge stood at the door obediently and pretended like he did not see anything. He picked up the weird tools that the birdman had left and started studying them.

There was a horrible scream coming from inside the room. The blood vessels on the man's face congregated to form a sharp-beaked raven. It attempted to fly out of the room. Its speed was fast, and it reached the door in the blink of an eye, but something else awaited it.

When the birdman was speaking earlier, the black hair had already spread through the room and sealed the entire corridor. The wave of black hair swallowed the blood raven and the birdman whole. Moments later, the blood raven disappeared, and only a crippled man was left on the floor. His eyes were unfocused, like his consciousness had been completely shattered.

After swallowing the blood raven, Zhang Ya still did not feel satisfied. The black hair crawled into all the rooms. She seemed to find something at the end because she started to pull back her hair.

"Did you find something?" They were at the base for the ghost stories society, so there were probably some important items there.

Zhang Ya tilted her head to study Chen Ge for a long time. Without saying anything, she hid back inside his shadow. Chen Ge was frozen solid while being studied by Zhang Ya. He only dared to breathe when the blood completely disappeared from his shadow.

The affection level is rising so fast that Zhang Ya now refuses to return. If this continues, she might accidentally kill me in the future.

Thinking back to Zhang Ya's gaze, Chen Ge's scalp felt numb. The girl seemed to be considering killing him so that he could join her in death.

I didn't think I was so popular with girls before this! I didn't really do anything, but the affection level keeps climbing. I should stop bothering Zhang Ya in the future unless truly necessary.

Chen Ge walked to the birdman and took a look at his face. He had been possessed by the monster behind the door for so long that his face had become twisted.

I won't be able to gather any information if his face is ruined like this.

Chen Ge exited the room and walked to the end of the corridor. He pushed the last door open. The dining table sat in the middle of the room, but no one remained.

How did they leave? Where is the hidden exit?

Holding the cleaver, Chen Ge walked around the table. It was a normal table, and the chairs had numbers on them—1 to 10.

The chairperson is one of them, and using the power of the monsters behind the door, they created this society. This person mustn't be underestimated.

At that moment, Chen Ge stopped beside the chair for No. 10. When he first entered the room, No. 10 had said something. At the time, Chen Ge's focus had been directed at summoning Zhang Ya, so he had not paid it any heed. Now thinking back, No. 10 was suspicious.

The first sentence he told me was that he liked my mask. Why would he specifically talk about my mask?

Chen Ge was wearing Doctor Skull-cracker's mask, and those who had visited the Haunted House before would have seen it.

Could No. 10 be one of my former visitors? When the other nine voted to give up on me, No. 10 forfeited. His forfeit, in a way, was a vote of support, and he would not save a stranger for no reason.

There were many anomalies beyond that. For example, when the dinner was supposed to be served, No. 10 suddenly told the three new members that they could leave if they wanted to. Combined with what had happened earlier, that was probably meant for Chen Ge. *The meal for new members has its problem as well?*

Chen Ge looked at the chair for No. 10 as he thought back to No. 10's every move. *Everyone's hands were hidden inside the black robe, but No. 10 placed his hands underneath the table.*

Squatting down, Chen Ge looked under the table. Where No. 10 was sitting, there were several small words that had been carved out using fingernails. Chen Ge took out his phone and looked at them for a long time before he could recognize what they were.

Linjiang New Schistosomiasis Control Station?

The name sounded familiar. He thought about it, and his eyes widened with shock. There were four letters inside the Third Sick Hall's director office, and the only addressed letter was to Linjiang New Schistosomiasis Control Station!

The letter was addressed to Doctor Chen, so No. 10 is this Doctor Chen?

All the clues seemed to be connected, but none of them could be proved. A key piece was missing from the puzzle.

This is the first time I've worn the mask outside of New Century Park. He has seen my mask before, so he should be a visitor or a park worker. However, it hasn't been long since I got the mask, so could it be someone I met recently?

The body had been covered by the black robe, and No. 10's voice was weird. He had probably been faking his voice so that Chen Ge would not be able to identify him. The only thing that Chen Ge was certain about was No. 10 was a man. *Could it be a patient from Third Sick Hall and this is just a method to trick me?*

The members of ghost stories society were definitely not normal; Wu Fei and the devil would likely be the most difficult to deal with.

Captain Yan has shown me the picture. The patients from Third Sick Hall were following me. They have seen me enter New Century Park from the pictures on the phones of Xu Tong and the patient with Phantom Limb Syndrome.

This bunch of crazies know I'm at New Century Park, so they have perhaps masqueraded as visitors before to enter my Haunted House, so it is normal for him to have seen my mask before.

It was the old director who wrote the letter to Linjiang New Schistosomiasis Control Station. The director chose to cooperate with the patients to extend his life, so it is to be expected that the patients know about this address.

He might seem to be helping me on the surface, but that might be because he sensed danger and was actually helping the society!

The most crucial clue was given by the birdman. He said that someone received a message from the chairperson and decided to leave in a hurry. I left, and the next minute, they escaped through the hidden exit? That cannot be a coincidence!

Chen Ge's gaze darkened as he looked at the carving under the table. He suspected that this was a trap. He had to be careful because all the patients who had escaped from the Third Sick Hall were mad. They could not be understood using normal logic.

He managed to react instantly once he realized that something was wrong. He controlled the situation from the dark. If No. 10 isn't someone whom I know, he's most likely the chairperson.

Two different speculations, two different results. One heaven and one hell.

Chapter 246: Cigarette Wounds

No. 10 could have been Chen Ge's acquaintance who was trying to help him, or he could have been a mental patient trying to make Chen Ge drop his guard. To find out the real answer, he had to go to Linjiang New Schistosomiasis Control Station.

After making sure he did not miss anything, Chen Ge walked out of the room and returned to the elevator.

There have to be other secrets behind these closed doors. Perhaps the hidden exit that the members used is behind one of them. Chen Ge regretted that he did not bring the hammer or else he could have broken down all the doors. *I'll need to pay attention next time.*

Back in the elevator, Chen Ge looked at the number dropping, and he finally sighed in relief. He tied the cleaver back on his calf and removed the mask. He took a deep breath. The elevator stopped at the first floor. Before he walked out, Chen Ge could hear someone talking, and the tone was stern.

"How did he get in here? I'm asking you, how did he get in here?"

“Supervisor Huang, I really don’t know how he managed to sneak in here.”

“We have a murderer in our building, and you’re telling me you don’t know anything?”

“I’m sorry.”

“I paid you to protect the tenants, not for you to apologize to me! How many troubles have happened recently? You can count for yourself!”

Chen Ge looked outside the elevator. Zhu Xiu, who he had hidden in the corner, had disappeared.

Where is the man?

Chen Ge glanced outwards. Gu Feiyu, in the security uniform, was holding his phone, his head lowered. Standing across from him was a middle-aged man who looked refined but had a huge temper.

“Xiao Gu? What’s going on?” Chen Ge walked over.

“Who are you?” The middle-aged man turned to Chen Ge. “You don’t look familiar. You’re not one of our tenants, are you?”

Then, he turned to glare at Gu Feiyu. “He’s your friend?”

They were not supposed to allow strangers to enter the premises after midnight; this was a written rule. Gu Feiyu knew that he had made another mistake. He removed his cap and nodded.

“Supervisor Huang.” There was a police siren coming from outside, and a middle-aged man in a causal outfit walked in. “That is my friend.”

Chen Ge was shocked when he saw the man. “Inspector Lee?”

“I knew that something was wrong when you left the police station, but I didn’t think you’d be able to flush this man out.” Inspector Lee pointed at the door, where the unconscious Zhu Xiu was lying.

“You’ve been following me from the police station?” Chen Ge had not noticed that at all. Thinking back, he was scared.

“I’ve been a cop for twenty years already. If you managed to discover me, then it’s time for me to retire.” Inspector Lee turned to Supervisor Huang. “Don’t blame the kid, he did well this time. The culprit is very cunning and has been avoiding the police. Even our plainclothes are unable to notice him, so it’s normal for him not to notice.”

“Even the police failed to capture him?” Supervisor Huang turned to Chen Ge and apologized immediately, a complete change in attitude. “So, this is another policeman? Thank you so much for your service.”

Chen Ge ignored him and looked at Inspector Lee with embarrassment. “You’ve been waiting outside the building?”

“What do you think? I observed you for one and a half hour at New Century Park and then followed you to Fang Hwa Apartments. Been waiting for you to show up since then.” Inspector Lee moved his

shoulders. "When you came down with the suspect, I was ready to come in, but then you went back into the elevator."

"Uncle Lee, do you know how dangerous that was?"

"If I'm not worried about you doing something stupid; do you think I'd care?" Inspector Lee lowered his voice and pulled Chen Ge aside. "Zhu Xiu seems to have suffered some kind of trauma; was he like when you found him?"

Inspector Lee's tone was weird. Chen Ge looked at the inspector's expression, and it dawned on him. He explained, "Yes, he was already like this when I found him. I returned upstairs to find out why."

"Yes." Inspector Lee nodded. "That does sound logical."

Not long after Zhu Xiu was taken away in the police car, an ambulance arrived. It also stopped in front of the third building. The people looked at one another. "Who called the ambulance?"

No one admitted to it. After a while, the number on the elevator moved before it stopped at the thirteenth floor.

"The tenants here rarely use the elevator at night. Something must have happened." Supervisor Huang and Gu Feiyu rushed to the elevator at the same time. Not long after that, the elevator opened, and a middle-aged man ran out carrying an old lady.

"Doctor! Doctor!" The man's mother seemed to have fainted from her illness. Chen Ge did not pay much attention initially, but when he saw the old man's face, shock registered in his eyes. The old lady was the elder who had planned to leave on the 13th floor earlier. When she saw the elevator, she had grumbled, "*Why are there so many people taking the elevator so late at night? There's not even enough space for me.*"

The old lady's outfit was different from what Chen Ge had seen. He was unsure whether the elder he had seen was the old lady or her soul.

"Since she didn't take the elevator, the senior should be able to live."

After the ambulance left, it was time for Chen Ge to go, but before that, he had something to do.

"Xiao Gu, how much are they paying you monthly to act as the night guard?"

"3,000."

"I see you're quite brave and have a good personality. If you ever feeling like quitting or have nowhere else to go, come find me at Western Jiujiang's New Century Park." Chen Ge pointed at his phone. "Give me a call then."

Gu Feiyu looked rather interested. "Okay."

After saying goodbye to Inspector Lee, Chen Ge rushed back to New Century Park. He felt safer when he was at home.

I feel more comfortable here.

He jotted down everything that he needed to pay attention to. He memorized it all before burning the paper.

Tomorrow will be a new day. After work, if there's time, I should pay Linjiang New Schistosomiasis Control Station a visit.

It was getting late. Chen Ge fed the white cat and lay down to sleep, but as he did so, his phone rang.

Is this Inspector Lee? Chen Ge assumed something had happened to Zhu Xiu, but he realized that it was a call from Captain Yan.

"Sorry for disturbing, Chen Ge, but I have something to confirm with you."

Captain Yan sounded so polite that it would have been rude for Chen Ge to reject. "Okay, but please make it quick."

"I've sent you the picture. Take a look at it. We saw this when we were looking over the surveillance around Hai Ming Apartments."

Chen Ge clicked the picture open. It was a picture taken from the surveillance video but had been made clearer.

There was a man in a jacket, and he seemed to be talking with someone through the phone in his right hand. He was holding the flyer for Chen Ge's Haunted House in his left hand. There were cigarette wounds and small injuries on the back of his hand.

"Do you recognize the person in the picture?"

Chapter 247: Second Expansion

"Cigarette wound?" Chen Ge was reminded of the man who had sat in the first chair on the right at the ghost stories society. His finger that was exposed had a cigarette burn on it.

"We've gone through the tapes for the time frame of twelve hours and the surveillance for nearby five hundred meters. There was no one particularly suspicious, but this did catch our attention." Captain Yan's voice had suspicion in it. "He used the jacket's hood to hide his face, and the screen on his phone was black. He looked like he was talking on the phone, but he was actually observing the surroundings. However, there is one thing I don't understand, why would he have the flyer to your Haunted House?"

"My Haunted House does not have that many workers, and I have not gone out of the park to give out flyers, so either he or a friend of his has been to the park and my Haunted House."

"Do you have any recollection of this man?"

"There are many scenarios inside the Haunted House, and I'm only responsible for one of them, so I cannot give you an accurate answer." Chen Ge had started to plot against this man. "Captain Yan, I'm sure you did plenty of investigation when you pinpointed this suspicious guy. What did you come up with?"

Captain Yan's voice was hoarse, probably due to a lack of rest. "We've discovered that he's the producer for a private radio station. He has no criminal files and is considered a successful man who loves his family and has a good career. He's not what we would normally call a suspect."

"A radio station's producer? That sounds impressive."

"It's a station specializing in late night shows. Its influence has grown over the past two years. Most of the listeners are young people who are curious and people who have nothing to do at night."

Captain Yan's revelation demolished Chen Ge's drowsiness. There was only one radio station that specialized in late night show in Jiujiang. The same station that No. 12, Lychee, worked at—Ghost Talk. Before their change in format, they focused on relationship issues, but their popularity kept falling. They were forced to change, and incidentally, the first show they did with Ghost Talk broke records.

"Captain Yan, the radio station you're talking about is Ghost Talk?"

"Yes, that's the one. You've heard of it before?"

"Yes, a few times. They have a DJ by the name of Lychee who has a wonderful voice." Chen Ge's mind moved. If No. 5 was the producer at this station and Lychee worked for him, then was it possible that he was the one who sent the ghost stories society's flyer to Lychee?

If that was the case, it meant that Chen Ge had uncovered the identities for two of the members.

"I don't understand why he would appear at Hai Ming Apartments, but to not spook him, we didn't stop him for an interview." Captain Yan's voice sounded tired. "There are so many things that have happened lately. Take care of yourself. If you come across anything, call us."

Captain Yan hung up soon after. Chen Ge sat on his bedside and used his phone to search for the radio station. The DJ on duty that night was indeed not Lychee but someone else.

Should I strike first? Take them down one by one?

...

At around 7 am, when the sun rose, Chen Ge was woken up by the vibration of his phone. He searched his clothes for a long time before he realized that it was an alert on the black phone.

"Two-star scenario Western Jiujiang's Private Academy failed to unlock! Lack of space inside the Haunted House. Please conduct a second expansion."

Not enough space? But there is so much empty space in the underground parking lot.

Chen Ge had thought he would have a new scenario to use when he woke up, but he ran into this trouble instead. He put on his clothes and ran out of the Haunted House and the park. It had been one or two years since a visitor came to this place. To prevent visitors from wandering close, the park even used large rubbish to block the two entrances.

Climbing over the trash, Chen Ge entered the underground parking lot. New Century Park had used quite a pretty penny to build this place. That was when the park had been in its prime. Chen Ge walked

for quite a distance before he saw an old cement wall that blocked the parking lot off from the scenarios. The wall went up into the ceiling, cutting the two spaces off from each other completely.

About two thirds of the place is empty, so why would it say there's not enough space? Or one expansion can only fit three scenarios?

Before the first expansion, Chen Ge's Haunted House had three scenarios, and then after the first expansion, the underground added Third Sick Hall, A Room of Three, and Mu Yang High School. Therefore, he came up with this speculation.

I didn't even realize I already have six scenarios, but it's still not enough!

The sun continued to rise, and its rays filtered into the parking lot. Chen Ge discovered something interesting. The scenarios were all built at the place where the sun would not reach. It was unclear whether this was done on purpose or the black phone might lose part of its power once it touched the sunlight.

It's better if I seal up the place completely. Today, I'll get someone to block the two entrances. That way I'll feel much better.

Chen Ge took out his phone to look for the expansion option. The condition for second expansion was more than a thousand monthly visitors and over seventy positive reputation.

He had reached this goal several days ago, but he did not consider it because he had assumed that he still had enough space in the parking lot.

"Do you wish to expand for the second time? There's a chance of obtaining a unique construct."

"Yes!"

After he pressed yes, there was no change in the underground parking lot. *Perhaps I'll need to wait until midnight.*

Chen Ge pocketed the black phone and retraced his steps. He was anticipating the unique construct, but he would need to wait until the following day for the expansion to finish.

The park opened at 9 am, and it was worth noting that Gu Feiyu did come. It was perfect because Chen Ge was lacking in manpower. Xiao Gu was brave, and Chen Ge wanted him to take over Murder by Midnight, but before that, he had to get familiar with the Haunted House.

Therefore, Chen Ge had Gu Feiyu experience the place with other visitors. After finishing three scenarios, a weak-legged Gu Feiyu said that he wanted to leave no matter what. Chen Ge used a lot of effort to finally convince him that being scared and scaring others were two different experiences.

Gu Feiyu, who had been scared witless, refused to enter the Haunted House again. After some more negotiation, Xiao Gu decided to come back again tomorrow. After sending Gu Feiyu away, Chen Ge felt that the young man was quite interesting.

He valued Gu Feiyu not only because of his courage but also his personality. He had saved Gu Feiyu's life once, and with his personality, he would help keep Chen Ge's secrets no matter what he saw inside the Haunted House in the future.

The number of people that I can use is still too small.

Chapter 248: A Game That Can't be Cleared

During his lunch break, Director Luo personally came to pay Chen Ge a visit. Seeing how full the resting tent was, he was satisfied. "You have so many visitors waiting during lunch—that's not easy."

Director Luo sighed. Several weeks ago, the Haunted House had been the most deserted place at the park, but now it was the park's main feature and saving grace.

"Director Luo? Why are you here?" Chen Ge held the box of rice that Xu Wan had bought for him in one hand, and his other hand used a pen to make his accounts.

"I'm here to tell you two pieces of good news." Director Luo inspected the rough-looking tents and handed the document he was holding to Chen Ge.

"I've not received good news in a long time already." Chen Ge opened the file. Inside was the resting hall proposal that he had drafted, but underneath the amateur drawing was a detailed blueprint, filled with notes and explanations.

"This is?"

"Even though the park is not as big as it once was, we can still provide this much monetary support." Director Luo seemed like he was in a good mood. "Take a look at the edited proposal, and if anything needs amending, come to me."

Chen Ge dropped what he was doing and looked through the blueprint closely. He was very satisfied with the updated blueprint; it was much more detailed and thought-out than the one he had drafted.

"Director Luo, what is the other good news?" Chen Ge raised his head. He was intrigued.

"Starting from tomorrow, the ticket price for park entry will be lowered to 60 RMB, and we'll start pushing promotions and discounts for those who buy in bulk or groups." Director Luo had finally made the decision. The futuristic park was giving him too much pressure. Lowering the ticket price was a marketing strategy and, at the same time, taking a step back.

"Lowering so much?" Ever since it opened its door, New Century Park's ticket price had been rising; this was the first time it would fall.

"Actively lowering it now will be better than being forced to do so later." Director Luo had an open mind about this. "If the ticket price for the park is falling, then the admission for your Haunted House has to rise. I've discussed this with other managers, and we believe 50 per admission sounds about right."

"50? Won't that be too expensive?" Chen Ge had inherited the Haunted House from his parents, and he had not changed the pricing.

"As long as your quality matches it, 50 is the most reasonable pricing. Now that the park's ticket price is dropping, those who are unwilling to spend the extra money will be interested, so be prepared for a large crowd in the next few days." Director Luo was confident.

“But the doubling of the price might cause some of the visitors to leave. There is never going to be enough money to earn, so why not take it slow?” Chen Ge treated the Haunted House as his own home. He had finally seen life return to it, so if the bounce up in ticket price chased people away, he would be greatly saddened.

“I’ve come up with the solution for that as well.” Director Luo took the document from Chen Ge and flipped it to the last few pages. It was not a blueprint but a proposal to promote the amusement park. “The futuristic park will be starting a large promotional period soon, so we must be ahead of them and make use of this opening to invest in a large promotion! The main selling point will be the lower ticket price and your Haunted House!”

“We’re tying the park with my Haunted House for the promotion?”

“Currently, New Century Park’s only selling point is your Haunted House.” Director Luo said something that made him grimace. “If the effect is less than desirable, this will most likely be our last promotion.”

Chen Ge suddenly felt an increase in responsibility; he was bearing the survival of the entire park on his shoulders.

“Don’t feel too much pressure. To increase the attraction of the Haunted House and to make sure the visitors are willing to take the first step, I’ll be there to aid you.” This was also the last stand for Director Luo; they could not hold anything back.

“But none of you know how to design or operate a Haunted House.” The Haunted House was Chen Ge’s territory. It was hiding too many secrets for other people to intervene.

“That might be true, but I do not know how to manipulate the visitors.” Director Luo seemed to already have a plan. “I hear from Ol’ Xu that when you decided to separate your scenarios into levels, you offered 20,000 as a cash prize?”

“That is true.” At the time, Chen Ge had been left with no other option. The separation was a safety net for the visitors as well. Pushing unprepared visitors into a three-star scenario directly might have led to some unforeseeable problems.

“That was a great idea, but 20,000 is too little to call it a prize.” Director Luo pointed at the empty space before the Haunted House. “Tomorrow, I’ll have the men build a banner here, saying the first one to clear all of the scenarios in your Haunted House will get a reward of 200,000 cash!”

“200,000?” Boss Chen did not even have 50,000 in his bank account. “Isn’t that too much? What if someone really succeeds in doing so?”

Director Luo walked forward and lowered his voice. It was different from his normal generous and kind image. “That’s why I need you to design a game that cannot be cleared. I’m telling you, if someone manages to win the 200,000 within this coming week, I’m only paying for half of it; you’re handling the rest.”

“So, you’re telling me to cheat?” Chen Ge felt troubled by the dishonesty.

“Why would you think that? We’re an amusement park; the reason of our existence is to entertain our visitors. When they find out that the first to clear the Haunted House will get 200,000, will they be happy or not?” Director Luo explained it patiently to Chen Ge.

“They definitely will. They get to visit the Haunted House and have a chance at winning the reward.”

“Then, when they find out that the cash prize has been taken by others, will they still be happy?”

“They will probably be disappointed.”

“Therefore, to ensure that all the visitors are happy, you have to help me design a game that cannot be won.” Director Luo was satisfied with Chen Ge’s attitude. “Xiao Chen, you’re a smart kid, don’t disappoint me!”

If this was several years ago, 200,000 would have been nothing for Director Luo, but things were different. Chen Ge had heard from Uncle Xu that to keep the park running, Director Luo had remortgaged his own house to the bank.

“Don’t worry, Director Luo. Other than myself, no one will be able to clear my Haunted House. It itself is an impossible game.”

“Then I’ll leave this to you. The promotion will officially start tomorrow.” Director Luo looked at the crowd outside of the Haunted House and walked away. He seemed several years younger.

That was indeed good news. It seems like after I help the lingering spirits or specters resolve their issues or after I’ve killed the monster behind the door, my luck will improve.

Chen Ge stood at the steps of the Haunted House. He had felt something similar after he killed with mirror monster.

Chapter 249: Late-Night Taxi Driver

Tomorrow, the park would help promote his Haunted House, and Chen Ge could not afford to waste this chance. Director Luo had placed all his hope on him, so naturally Chen Ge did not want to let the man down.

After the expansion tonight, Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy should be unlocked. Having a new two-star scenario will be beneficial for the plan tomorrow.

The second expansion might even get him a new unique construct, and Chen Ge was anticipating it.

The Midnight Ticket Counter can help me attract special visitors. I wonder, what will the use of the new construct be?

He continued to work after lunch break. At around 3 pm, the recorder Chen Ge ordered online finally arrived. This meant that he could call Xu Yin for help whenever he wanted.

It still feels weird bringing a recorder on my missions, but that is more natural than bringing a large tape recorder.

The Haunted House closed at 6:30 pm. With the increase in visitors, the closing time for Chen Ge's Haunted House slowly got pushed later and later. Looking at the darkening sky, Chen Ge removed the idea of visiting Linjiang New Schistosomiasis Control Station. The place was far from New Century Park, and he did not want to rush into things, especially since he had not confirmed No. 10's identity.

After cleaning, Chen Ge entered the underground scenarios.

Tian Teng Medical School has strong playability and interactivity; that is one area where my Haunted House can improve. If I add more exploration and mystery, it should be able to draw the visitors deeper into the scenarios.

Chen Ge busied himself inside the Haunted House until 10 pm.

Xu Wan is responsible for Minghun, and I look after the underground Mu Yang High School and Third Sick Hall. This means that Murder by Midnight still needs someone to act as the murderer. Chen Ge did not have that many people he could trust. Uncle Xu was too old to run around the Haunted House, and his personality was too kind to be a murderer. In comparison, Gu Feiyu was a much better fit.

The kid is not experienced, but Murder by Midnight has Xiaoxiao's family watching over him, so he should be fine.

Now, Chen Ge's worry was that Gu Feiyu might be scared by Xiaoxiao's family. *It's hard to find useable workers; my ghost employees are more trustworthy.*

He returned to the staff breakroom to look over the information in his phone. The pictures that Captain Yan had sent him unsettled Chen Ge.

I'm now in the ghost stories society's crosshairs. If they mix into the visitors and make trouble at key moments, it'll ruin Director Luo's plan. I need to deal with them as soon as possible.

The patients from the Third Sick Hall would do anything. Unfortunately, Chen Ge would have a hard time identifying them if they mix into the sea of visitors. The only method to prevent that from happening was to capture them beforehand.

No. 12 is the DJ for Ghost Talk, and No. 5 is the show's producer. Should I start with them?

Chen Ge searched for Ghost Talk using his phone. One of the promotional pieces caught his attention. Normally, Ghost Talk started at midnight, but today, the show had been moved ahead an hour. The reason given was since Lychee had been on holiday yesterday, today she was going to accompany the listeners for an extra hour.

That does sound like a valid reason.

However, when Chen Ge saw the show listing, he was alerted. All five stories in the first hour were related to taxi drivers.

Is it a taxi driver special today?

Then again, why would they arrange all the stories to be before midnight? This looked like a set-up. Chen Ge tuned into the station and lay down in bed to listen.

At 10:55 pm, the woman's mellifluous voice appeared.

"We meet in the night but part before morning. However, our parting is to prepare for a later reunion. Good evening, I'm your late night DJ, Lychee."

The woman's voice was nice on the ears. She did not make use of any technique; her voice alone was comforting enough.

Such a waste of a beautiful voice. Chen Ge continued to listen.

"Jiujiang is a historical city, and there are many old buildings left in the old part of the city. The most famous among them is a street called Huai Hua Street. However, the reason for its fame is not its history but several incidents that have happened there. The street is called Huai Hua street even though there is not a single Huai Hua tree. Even the older generation at Jiujiang have no idea why the street has that name."

The woman continued her story. Her style was hard for others to mimic. She started off gentle, like she was knitting a net to pull in her listeners. When they were dragged in, she would yank on the net all of a sudden to make all the scare points explode.

Lychee's first story happened at Huai Hua Street. A taxi driver picked up a customer at Huai Hua Street at midnight. The customer said that she had left something behind and wished for him to help her retrieve it.

After giving a rough address, the driver started to move. However, the customer was weird. The driver drove her to the destination that she listed, but each time, she said that he had gotten the place wrong. Just as the driver's patience was running thin, the customer gave her last address—The bus stop next to the crematorium.

The ending was rather shocking. The customer did find what she had lost. It entered the driver's body and left while the driver's soul got replaced in the ceremonial urn that she had lost.

The story is passable, mainly because it was Lychee who told the story. She told it like it was a real story.

Then Chen Ge thought about something. Could Lychee's story have been real?

After all, Huai Hua Street really did exist.

Could she have heard her story from other members of the ghost stories society?

Lychee started her second story. It also happened at Huai Hua Street, and the main character was still a late-night taxi driver.

"Something's off," Captain Yan had told Chen Ge on the phone that the cases related to the ghost stories society all fell on a Wednesday. The day seemed to have a special meaning for them.

"Ghost Talk has been moved earlier by one hour today, so before midnight, today is still Wednesday. Are they planning to do something tonight?"

After hearing Lychee's second story, Chen Ge's suspicion grew. Her second story also had the same ending—the ghost was reborn by sacrificing innocent humans.

“Huai Hua Street, taxi driver...” Chen Ge thought about it and grabbed his jacket. “Human lives are on the line. I should go take a look.”

He put the recorder, tape, and ballpoint pen in his bag and dashed out of the staff breakroom. After his previous experience, when he passed the Props Room, he also shoved Doctor Skull-cracker’s hammer into his bag.

Chapter 250: He Was Going on a Date

It does feel safer with the hammer.

Chen Ge put on his backpack and left the Haunted House, carrying his phone. Lychee’s show was continuing; she had moved onto the third story. This story was particularly detailed, like she had been through it herself.

The scariest part was that it seemed to be a sequel of the first story. In other words, in the third story, the taxi driver was actually the ghost from the first story.

A ghost taxi driver, that does sound like their style.

Chen Ge waited for a long time at the entrance of New Century Park before they finally found a taxi. It was already 11:30 pm.

Should be enough time.

Chen Ge opened the car door, and before he got in, he heard the rather old-fashioned song coming from the radio. The air-con was not on, and the driver was a middle-aged man. He leaned his arm on the car window, and he moved his head following the rhythm.

This man looks so familiar.

After looking at the man’s face for a long time, he finally remembered it was this driver who had driven him to Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy to complete Zhang Ya’s Bloody Heart Mission. When the knife accidentally fell from his pocket as he reached for his phone, the driver had thought that he was trying to rob him. He had used the banner at the top of his car to ask for help. This was such a coincidence.

“Where are you going?”

Chen Ge was afraid that the man might reject him if he recognized him, so he blocked half of his face with his hands and climbed into the car quickly. He closed the door and said, “Huai Hua Street at the old part of town. I’m in a rush, so please be quick.”

“Huai Hua Street?” The driver lowered the volume on his radio. It seemed like he was conflicted.

“Is there a problem? Do you need extra money?”

“The place is not far, but I hear the place is cursed. Many of my fellow drivers won’t go there.”

“You still believe in stuff like that in this day and age?” Chen Ge said without batting an eye. “Do you mind hurrying? I’m in a rush.”

“But sometimes you have to believe it. A few weeks ago, I ran into something weird.” The driver started the engine and continued. “There was this man who wanted me to drive him to an abandoned school in the middle of the night. I didn’t think too much of it and drove him there, but guess what happened.”

“What?”

“The guy said that he was going on a date, do you know how I felt then? I had a mad man in the car with me in the middle of the night. I was fearing for my life!” The more he talked about it, the more distressed he became. “I suffered from a fever the next day. It was really a curse. I quickly asked my wife to acquire a talisman from the nearby temple. After I took a weeklong rest, I finally found the courage to drive again.”

“Was it that scary?” Chen Ge felt embarrassed. He did not realize that his adventures would cause trouble for others.

“You have to believe me, I’m not lying to you. The man was actually about your size. He looked so normal, but who knows...” The driver glanced at Chen Ge through the rearview mirror, and a chill slowly climbed up from his feet. *Why is there a sense of familiarity?*

The color on his face faded, and he asked as a test, “Brother, have we met somewhere before?”

Chen Ge believed that the man had recognized him already. “Thank you for driving me to Western Jiujiang’s Private Academy last time. I didn’t expect it would give you so much trouble, I’m sorry.”

The driver’s face froze. He took out the talisman from inside his clothes and tore it up. “Actually, I recognized you when you got in the car. I was just kidding, I hope you don’t mind.”

“Of course not. How shall I refer to you? I’m a worker at the amusement park, perhaps we can be friends.” Chen Ge had run into this uncle twice already. He did not know what the uncle thought about him, but he admired the uncle’s optimistic attitude.

The driver looked at the completely empty and dark amusement park, and he said in a quivering voice, “My name is Zhang.”

The two chatted for a while. The driver was still guarded around Chen Ge, just like a rabbit trapped inside a cage with a lion. His hands that gripped the steering wheel were bursting with veins.

Chen Ge was rather helpless when he saw this. It looked like he had left too big a trauma in the driver’s heart that night. Since the driver did not feel like making friends, Chen Ge did not disturb him. He continued to listen to Lychee’s story, hoping to find some information on the ghost stories society.

The eerie music filled up the car, and Lychee’s stories were based on Huai Hua Street. The victims were all taxi drivers, and this made the uncle who drove the taxi start to sweat. He forced himself not to listen, to focus on driving.

When it was nineteen minutes away from midnight, the taxi arrived at the old part of town. The car stopped fifty or so meters away from Huai Hua Street. No matter what Chen Ge said, he would not move forward anymore. Chen Ge felt sorry for the uncle, so he left in a hurry.

The moment he closed the door, the taxi drove away without hesitation.

Am I that scary? The uncle sure is a coward.

Chen Ge looked at the leaving taxi, but it stopped after moving about fifty meters. There was someone waving at him from another alleyway.

A shadow exited the alley and got into the car. The driver did not want to stay there any longer, so after the door closed, he left like his life depended on it.

Wait, someone was calling for a taxi?

Chen Ge thought back to the man's every action. The distance was far, and the day was dark, so he did not get a good look.

Wait, the person who exited the alley...

Chen Ge narrowed his eyes.

They were running backwards!

Chen Ge put away his phone. Lychee had started her fifth ghost story that was also related to taxi drivers. He ran to the alley, but the taxi had already left.

I need to find him! Chen Ge rushed to stand in the middle of the street. He did not care whether the next taxi had passengers in it or not; he halted it.

"There should be a chat group among all the taxi drivers, right? Help me find someone, quick! He's in mortal danger!"

The driver was spooked by Chen Ge. Using Chen Ge's description, the driver managed to contact that Zhang driver.

"Ol' Zhang, where are you now?"

"Tonight's customers are all so weird. I just dropped someone at Huai Hua Street, and this new customer wants me to drive him to the bus stop near Jiujiang Crematorium, saying he has left something there."