

# THE SYSTEM TEACHES YOU HOW TO BE HUMAN

## Chapter 21 - The Crybaby's Endless Escape (2)



Chen Mengxi anxiously watched Si Yisi, who seemed “scared to tears.” She gently tugged Si Yisi’s arm, her face filled with worry. What if her cheap cousin angered that burly man?!

Even if they combined their arms and legs, they probably couldn’t match the thickness of that fierce-looking man’s thighs!

Si Yisi felt the overwhelming collapse of tears pouring down like they cost nothing. He looked up at Chen Mengxi, and his gaze startled her so much that she let out a low cry and collapsed to the ground.

What—what’s going on?! How could my timid and trembling cousin, who always acted like a frightened woman, have such a terrifying expression? I must have seen it wrong!

Yes, she definitely saw it wrong.

Si Yisi continued to cry expressionlessly, clenching his hands as he urged himself to stay calm; Calm down!

He glanced at Chen Mengxi and thought of the ghost that would be following her in the future. That thought gave him extra motivation to force himself to remain composed.

It’s just a character role; I can stick to it!

The slimy and cold touch of Ah Tu coiled around his wrist, trembling so hard that its horns were about to break. In a flash, it shrank its head beneath its body to hide.

The burly player's words didn't resonate with many. Instead, his fiery tone seemed to ignite dissatisfaction, agitation, annoyance, and other negative emotions among the new players.

An elderly man raised his cane, swinging it toward the void in front of the burly player. But halfway through, he hesitated, clearly intimidated by the man's size, and withdrew his swing.

"Damn you! Who the hell are you? Why should we listen to you? Are you the one who brought us here?!"

"Pfft, pretending to be all high and mighty!"

"If all of us rush him together, you think we can't take on his group?!"

"Grandma, Grandma! Where is this place? I want ice cream, fried chicken, fries, mashed potatoes, and wings!!" a bratty child cried and threw a tantrum.

"Heh." The burly player let out a cold laugh, raised his hand, and pulled out a gun from who knows where. He fired several shots into the air!

"Ahhh—!" The loud curses instantly turned into shrieks.

Several newcomers instinctively shielded themselves, either cowering down or falling to the ground.

After the wave of screams, silence fell over the scene like death itself.

Si Yisi didn't need to pretend to strike a pose, his legs were already weak, and he had collapsed on the ground. Tears continued streaming down his face, as unstoppable as a breached dam.

However...

He glanced at the original owner's cousin, Chen Mengxi. She seemed to be reacting like someone scared out of her wits, but Si Yisi clearly felt how she had instinctively pulled his body forward, using him as a shield.

Thinking about that, the tears flowed even harder.

Si Yisi: "... Endure for now, and you'll enjoy relief later!

Si Yisi heard someone in the small group trailing behind him mutter quietly, "Tsk, if it weren't for the points you get from explaining things to newbies, who the hell would bother with these idiots!"

Points...?

And that gun, which must have been exchanged from some system.

Si Yisi wasn't surprised. He had seen countless worlds of this type before. He just didn't know if the exchangeable items here would include cultivation techniques that Ah Tu could use to train.

The burly player impatiently introduced himself and began explaining: "Can you all understand human speech? Huh?! I'm Qi MUYANG, and for you worthless newbies..."

He waved his gun around, gesturing at the terrified people in front of him, the threat in his movements unmistakable.

No one dared to refute the word "worthless" he used.

Si Yisi, however, knew that this player was the type who acted tougher than he really was. He had only survived one or two games more than the other newbies, and now he was acting so recklessly. His ambitions weren't small either; he was clearly attempting to recruit other veteran players from this game into his fold.

Tsk... If you don't court death, you won't die.

From Shen Chen's fragmented memories, Si Yisi knew this burly player didn't even survive halfway through the game.

The memories were so scant that Si Yisi couldn't rule out the possibility that the burly player's death was due to malicious competition from other veteran players in the group.

"Listen up and pay attention!" Qi MUYANG shouted. "You all—heh, are now trapped in a never-ending survival game. No one can escape..." He lowered his voice, adding, "You'll be playing some very fun games with ghosts and monsters. If you get caught or killed... well, you'll wish you were dead."

Si Yisi finally managed to stop crying for a moment. Taking advantage of Chen Mengxi's presence to block other players' line of sight, he quickly wiped away his tears.

He listened to Qi MUYANG's explanation, keeping his head lowered, his demeanor timid and uneasy.

During this time, Si Yisi noticed a peculiar look of disdain directed at him; it came from Shen Chen's cousin, Chen Mengxi. He couldn't fathom where Chen Mengxi's sense of superiority came from. She was just as disheveled and pathetic as Shen Chen, yet she judged him as a failure?

Instinctively, Si Yisi felt that whatever fate awaited Chen Mengxi; hidden from Shen Chen's memories, couldn't be anything good.

Beep!

"Happy New Year, Happy New Year, wishing everyone a Happy New Year~ We sing, we dance, wishing everyone a Happy New Year~"

Out of nowhere, a cheerful song began playing from all directions in the sealed room. The lyrics were festive, but the sinister, clownish voice singing them was deeply unsettling, sending chills down everyone's spine.

“Here’s a kind reminder... when the door opens, don’t just run outside. Haha!”

Qi MUYANG abruptly stopped speaking.

The veteran players behind him herded the other players toward the still-closed door as if corralling sheep. The loud cursing and shouting had ceased after a small but effective warning, but Si Yisi could still feel the trembling shoulders of a frail woman pressed up against him.

The door slowly opened, allowing ice and snow to pour in from outside. What greeted them was a world of swirling snow, with fierce, biting winds that seemed capable of breaking a person’s will.

Some stepped back, trying to avoid the violent blizzard.

“Don’t move!” an experienced player barked, pressing a gun against the back of someone who had tried to shift, threatening them into submission.

Si Yisi knew they were in for a long wait. The snow and cold would erode their resolve. He could feel the crowd beginning to shove and jostle, unease brewing among them. Some even entertained the idea of shutting the door, but the veteran players stood as a human barricade, guns raised, blocking any route of retreat.

“I want out! I want out!” one player, forced to stand at the very front, finally screamed. He bolted, running madly toward the snow-covered expanse outside.

Si Yisi’s pupils reflected the silhouette of the fleeing player.

The player had barely taken a few steps before an old, battered bus came barreling through, running him over in an instant. His scream was abruptly cut off as the bus didn’t stop. It rolled directly to the door where they stood.

Everyone, however, had seen the grisly sight of the player’s death.

His body had been torn apart, shattered into pieces of flesh as though pulverized by the wheels; a scene that defied normal logic.

Thick blood stained the snowy ground, but then they all heard it; an eerie, grotesque chewing noise. It was the sound of meat and bone being ground together, each crunch as dreadful as the tolling of a death knell. What was worse, the amount of blood on the snow gradually diminished, shrinking until, finally, not a single drop remained.

Terror gripped the players' hearts. Some began to retch softly, while others cried quietly. Everyone reacted differently, but the one commonality was that all kept their sounds as quiet as possible, fearful of provoking whatever monstrous thing might lurk in the snow.

Beep, beep, beep! The bus's bell rang, urging the players to board.

The veteran players were the first to step inside, followed by the newer players, who had been forced to realize the deadly nature of this escape game.

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Inside the bus, it was surprisingly warm; almost too warm for such a rundown vehicle that looked like it belonged to a decade ago. The cold vanished the moment they entered, replaced by comforting heat. Some players even relaxed slightly, their taut nerves easing with the change in temperature.

The bus driver was a gloomy-looking woman, but no one dared to dwell on whether she was human or something else.

The players sat quietly in their seats, too afraid to move even an inch.

The bus began to move slowly, passing the shattered corpse of the first dead player.

Si Yisi noticed something peculiar; small, crude paper figures suddenly sprouted from the fragmented pieces of the corpse.

The tiny paper men, densely packed, all faced toward the players, their mouths stretching into sinister grins seemingly painted in fresh blood. If those faces were human, the smiles would have split their mouths all the way to their ears.

“Ah!” one player let out a stifled cry of alarm.

Si Yisi stared unblinkingly at the scene, tears streaming from his eyes only to be dried by the bus’s warm air.

From the paper men’s vividly red mouths, he heard a chilling voice spill forth. “You... will... all... die... die... die... DIE—!”

Si Yisi murmured under his breath, his face blank.

‘You’ will all die.

Yes, killed by me.

Chapter 22 - The Crybaby's Endless Escape (3)



The warmth from the bus’s heater enveloped everyone, making them feel cozy. Many of the newcomers even temporarily believed they had escaped the shadow of the escape game.

Though led by Qi Muyang, the veterans sat in their seats, they were all on high alert, prepared for any crisis that could arise at any moment.

Anyone observant enough would notice that the female driver operating the bus wasn’t only gloomy-faced and dressed peculiarly but also had unnaturally

rigid hands that couldn't bend. Her wrists, partially hidden by her sleeves, faintly revealed horrific corpse spots. From the beginning, it was evident that she wasn't alive!

This explained why the bus swerved erratically, jostling the passengers so much that it felt like it would churn their guts before it finally stopped.

Si Yisi closed his eyes, trying to rest. The bumpy ride hadn't lasted long before he heard a faint rustling sound above him. The sound mingled with the warm air blowing from above, making it intermittent and difficult to notice.

Si Yisi opened his eyes.

"Ah!"

Suddenly, someone scrambled out of their seat in panic, falling and crawling away.

Si Yisi heard the scream, and tears streamed down his face instantly, blurring his vision.

Si Yisi: "..."

He cried hard, his frail body trembling uncontrollably. But then, a disheveled female ghost, emerging as liquid through the gaps of the air conditioner, was about to fully materialize when she was abruptly...

Grabbed by the tongue!

Even as he wept, Si Yisi yanked on the ghost's tongue as though it were a tug-of-war rope, pulling it fiercely and repeatedly.

The ghost howled, her deathly pale, stiffened face contorting into an even more terrifying expression as her tongue stretched longer and longer, far beyond its normal length.

Plop!



The sound of something wet hitting the ground echoed.

Si Yisi looked up and saw the female ghost's eyeballs fall from her sockets, dangling by a single thread of sinew that connected them. From the ghastly, bloody cavities where her eyes had been, two human-faced beetles suddenly burst out!

The beetles' grotesque appearance was horrifying. Their human-like faces were shriveled as though drained of blood, their features grotesquely twisted together, and patches of corpse-like discoloration covered them, making them utterly repulsive.

The beetles darted out, and blood dripped down from the decaying, dangling eyeballs.

Si Yisi raised his arm, revealing Ah Tu coiled within his sleeve.

"Hiss—!"

Ah Tu, seeing the hideous monstrosities, shivered violently and let out an ear-piercing screech that could only be described as a wail of utter despair.

Zzzzt!

The two human-faced beetles were immediately zapped back into the female ghost's eye sockets, dragging the eyeballs back in with them.

The female ghost: "..."

She frantically clawed at her eyes, scratching so hard that her rotting skin began to peel off in chunks.

Si Yisi found the sight utterly disgusting. Wiping away his tears with one hand, he suddenly let go of the ghost's excessively stretched tongue!

Whoosh!

The recoil sent the female ghost flying back into the air conditioner.

Si Yisi tilted his head to look up at the air conditioner and began crying even harder.

The sudden attack had resulted in the deaths of only a bratty child and a female player. The female player's phone had slipped from her hand and lay shattered on the ground, yet it still played a melancholic English song.

No one mourned her death. Among the remaining players, seven were still alive. Of those, three had left their seats, trembling as they stared at the female ghost's partially exposed head.

No... not three.

Four.

Si Yisi shifted slightly, his entire body trembling in a convincingly realistic manner. His unrelenting tears only made him stand out even more. Even Ah Tu, hidden within his sleeve, laid stiff like a dead fish, its dragon-like eyes welling with large, glistening tears.

Ah Tu: QwQ! Scary!

Who had ever seen a grown man cry so fiercely? Si Yisi's dramatic display drew many peculiar stares from the other players.

Chen Mengxi, witnessing the scene, showed a faint trace of disdain in her eyes.

This expression didn't escape Si Yisi's notice, hidden as it was behind his disheveled bangs. However, he figured Chen Mengxi wouldn't have the time to dwell on such matters for long.

The next wave of chaos in the escape game was about to unfold.

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When Si Yisi noticed the seats changing from dull gray to a mix of blue and red, he knew trouble was coming.

The grim-faced female driver spoke stiffly from the front of the bus. Her voice was disjointed and jerky, like rusty gears grinding together. “Plea-se, pas-sen-gers, sit pro-per-ly in your seats.”

Sit properly in the seats? After what just happened, who would dare sit down? They must have a death wish!

“I suggest you sit down. Otherwise...” Qi MUYANG held a compact gun. Si Yisi had seen him use it earlier to shoot at the ghost. It seemed to be a dual-purpose weapon.

One purpose was to kill ghosts, and the other... was to kill people. Such a specialized item being openly revealed was risky; it was bound to attract the greed of others. Desperate people do desperate things. While the weapon might not be particularly high-grade, to some players, it represented a lifeline.

“Plea-se, pas-sen-gers, sit pro-per-ly in your seats.” The female driver repeated the command.

As the driver finished her sentence, she gripped the steering wheel tightly, and her neck began to emit a series of crackling bone collision sounds. Suddenly, her neck twisted 180 degrees!

“Ah!”

The female driver turned her face; pale as a corpse, towards the passengers, her lips curling into a wide grin.

The smile revealed her sharp, white teeth, which were stained with blood-red liquid and bits of unidentifiable flesh lodged between them. She licked her lips, her lifeless, black eyes filled with an unmistakable, predatory hunger as she stared at the passengers.

“Alright, sitting, sitting!” The passengers who weren’t already seated turned pale with fright, scrambling like headless flies to the nearest available seats.

Most of them chose green seats because red seats were often associated with blood and death. No one wanted to be the first to tempt fate.

Si Yisi stepped over and sat down in the seat he had occupied earlier.

The hurried sound of movement beside him drew his attention. Glancing over, he saw someone plop down onto a green seat nearby.

It was a young man, taller and sturdier than Shen Chen, probably in his early twenties; a carefree guy by the looks of it.

What was his name again... Mo Wuchang? Si Yisi searched Shen Chen’s memories and finally found this Wuchang’s fate buried in a forgotten corner.

Ah, he died in his very first game as a newbie. A quick death, fitting his ominous name, ‘Wuchang’.

(T/N: Wuchang = Impermanence.)

However, there was now a discrepancy. Mo Wuchang wasn’t sitting in the second-to-last row’s green seat, as Shen Chen’s memories suggested he should. Instead, he was seated right next to Si Yisi.

Mo Wuchang leaned in cautiously and gave Si Yisi a meaningful wink.

Si Yisi, still trembling and crying, looked back at him.

Si Yisi: “...” He didn’t have mind-reading powers and had no idea what Mo Wuchang was trying to convey.

The two maintained this bizarrely “harmonious” stare-off, as though determined to outlast each other until the end of time.

During the exchange, Si Yisi glanced at his red seat and then at the green seat beside him.

Anyone paying close attention would have noticed a pattern; the red seats corresponded to positions previously attacked by the female ghost.

The green seats, on the surface, seemed safer, but the driver's cryptic instructions suggested otherwise. A hidden danger lay within them as well. Compared to the unknown perils of the green seats, the red seats were slightly more predictable and manageable.

But in a state of panic, how many people could discern that?

For the newbies, this was a devastating situation. In truth, it was a deliberate means of weeding them out.

"Is every-one seat-ed now?" The driver turned her head again to confirm, her unsettling grin still plastered on her face.

"Y-yes, we're all seated," stammered the man who had been sitting beside the strangled woman earlier. His legs trembled as he spoke.

"Good." The driver gave an eerie smile before turning her head back, leaving the back of her skull facing the players.

"You may... begin dining now."

"W-what!" Mo Wuchang stammered, his voice trembling.

In an instant, all the players realized who was about to "dine"—the ghosts!

For those seated in the red chairs, the situation was somewhat manageable. The air-conditioning ghost repeated her earlier antics, making her actions relatively straightforward to deal with.

But for those on the green chairs, it was a nightmare. Ghosts with bluish-purple, translucent bodies silently emerged, their forms flickering as if not fully anchored in this world. The moment they appeared, the green of the chairs turned blood-red.

The players in the green seats watched in horror as the terrifying shadows collided with their bodies. Then, they felt something horrifying—like their very bodies were being seized and invaded.

The ghosts from the green seats were possessive spirits!

Si Yisi's eyes were swollen from crying, his vision clouded with tears. Keeping up his pitiful, wretched act, he once again confronted the air-conditioning ghost.

Si Yisi: "..."

He extended his hand.

The ghost: "!!!!"

Si Yisi could vaguely hear a shrill, eerie wail echoing from inside the air conditioning unit.

Before he could even resume his makeshift tug-of-war game, the air-conditioning ghost retreated in a flash, diving back into her hiding spot and refusing to come out. It was as if she feared he might chase her down, so she tossed two human-faced beetles bound in black hair at Si Yisi's feet as an offering.

The beetles struggled in fury, letting out high-pitched squeals, "Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!"

Squish!

Si Yisi mercilessly stomped on one of them, its insides splattering out in a burst.

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What was it like to be possessed by a ghost?

It was bone-chilling, a cold that seeped deep into the marrow. Simultaneously, his soul felt as though it was being tossed into a furnace, seared with unbearable pain. Mo Wuchang desperately wanted to move, to thrash around in his seat, but the ghost had completely “frozen” his body in place.

Mo Wuchang swore that if he survived this ordeal, he would dedicate himself to learning talisman drawing from his master; without any shortcuts or hesitation.

Si Yisi cried until he was gasping for air, each sob making it harder to breathe. His tear-streaked, resentful gaze landed on Mo Wuchang, whose face, twisted in terror, resembled a grotesque statue. Si Yisi sniffled and, through his sobs, gave Mo Wuchang a “gentle” pat.

Smack!

To his surprise, that pat jolted Mo Wuchang enough to regain control of his body!

Mo Wuchang rolled off his seat and tumbled onto the floor in a cloud of dust. Then, miraculously, he sprang to his feet, looking invigorated.

Si Yisi: “...”

Mo Wuchang quickly grabbed Si Yisi’s hand, offering his own jacket to wipe away the tears with an almost servile enthusiasm. His eyes burned with determination as he solemnly declared, “I was just thinking, if I could survive this, I’d definitely stick with you from now on!”

Si Yisi: “...”

Disdain. No words.

Just the urge to cry.





Si Yisi's gaze at Mo Wuchang was filled with disdain, disdain, and more disdain.

Coiled around Si Yisi's wrist, Ah Tu poked out its head just in time to catch Mo Wuchang's fervent look of loyalty.

"Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!"

Just like its owner, Ah Tu's hissing conveyed the same sentiment of utter contempt.

Mo Wuchang scratched his ear, oblivious to the tiny, inconspicuous Ah Tu. He looked at Si Yisi with fiery admiration. "You must be a veteran player pretending to be weak, right?"

Si Yisi: "...No, it's my first time here."

Tears streaming down his face, Si Yisi stared at Mo Wuchang, hoping that his frail and unimposing appearance might help him avoid further attention. How could he have ever thought women were troublesome? Clearly, men could be even more of a headache.

Especially Mo Wuchang.

"Can crying really be turned into power?" Mo Wuchang studied Si Yisi with a look of eager curiosity.

However, despite his bold personality, he wasn't entirely brainless. After giving Si Yisi some moderate flattery, he wisely settled back into his green seat in silence.

Bang!



At that moment, the second dead player was revealed. It was the elderly man with the walking stick. His lower half collapsed to the floor, twitching violently once before falling completely still.

Yes, only his lower half fell to the ground.

The area around his waist seemed to have been forcibly torn apart by some invisible force. A female player sitting diagonally behind him was splattered with blood, her face pale and her mind slipping into incoherent ramblings.

The man's upper body hung suspended mid-air, blood dripping steadily and pooling on the floor until it nearly formed a crimson stream.

The remaining players watched in horror as a ghost emerged from the air-conditioning unit near one of the red seats. She seemed delighted, lifting the man's upper body as if it were a treasure and stringing it up using her hair to dangle from the air conditioner.

Strange gurgling sounds came from the man's mouth, followed by the unmistakable sound of chewing, as though something inside him was brewing in his abdomen.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Qi MUYANG raised his gun and fired several shots into the man's abdomen. Only when the eerie noises ceased entirely did he stop. He then casually returned to his seat, leaving the majority of the players pale-faced and trembling in terror.

Si Yisi cried until his voice was hoarse, though his tears finally showed signs of abating.

Mo Wuchang, sitting next to him, kept handing him tissues one after another.

Suddenly, Si Yisi's gaze sharpened, focusing on the air-conditioning unit near Qi MUYANG's seat. From the gap in the unit, he spotted a single eye quietly

peering out. What caught his attention was the glint of light reflected off the eyeball.

The eyeball swiveled slyly, darting around before Si Yisi saw a small bundle of seaweed-like hair silently drop into Qi MUYANG's pocket.

"Hehe."

For a fleeting moment, Si Yisi thought he heard the ghost's laughter. He let out a low, raspy hum, and the laughter abruptly vanished, as if cut off in an instant.

At least it knew its place.

Mo Wuchang's eyes widened. He cautiously poked Si Yisi once, then again. When Si Yisi turned his head to look at him, Mo Wuchang was busy counting the goosebumps rising on his arm one by one.

In a mysterious tone, Mo Wuchang whispered, "Boss... uh, did you see that? That sneaky little ghost slipped something into that guy's pocket."

Yes, he had seen it. But he didn't feel like answering.

Meanwhile, Si Yisi heard the faint sound of hair rustling again; this time, right above his head.

Spouting nonsense about ghosts? Well, ghosts could come back for revenge too.

Si Yisi quietly glanced at Mo Wuchang.

But Mo Wuchang, full of conviction, declared, "Boss, you're my sturdy wall of defense! No ghost would dare trouble you, and they definitely wouldn't dare trouble me either!"

He was just shy of pounding his chest with pride.

Unexpectedly, as soon as Mo Wuchang finished speaking, there was the rapid sound of hair retreating into the distance.

Si Yisi: "..."

These ghosts are really hopeless; Si Yisi thought, genuinely disheartened by their utter lack of professionalism.

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The rest of the ride passed peacefully without any further disturbances. But this didn't ease the tension among the players. Even Qi Muyang's usually composed expression had turned noticeably grim.

Si Yisi rubbed his eyes as he disembarked from the bus. Without a doubt, the swelling from all his crying was still evident. He was the last to step off. Once he did, the bus doors closed on their own without any wind.

Walking ahead of him, Mo Wuchang twitched his ear as if he'd heard something. Was that the sound of joyful celebration?

Wait, why would there be a sound of joy?

And why did it sound so much like a ghost wailing?

Mo Wuchang's puzzlement remained unanswered.

Outside the bus, the snow continued to fall thickly, the cold biting enough to make people shiver.

The players had learned their lesson. None dared to challenge the authority of the escape game anymore.

"Happy New Year, Happy New Year, wishing everyone a Happy New Year~"  
The cheerful, festive tune of Happy New Year played once again.

Following the song, an exuberant voice rang out. However, everyone who heard it wore an expression of grave seriousness.

“The New Year is here, and Room 414 will soon welcome four new tenants~”

Room 414; it practically dripped with the stench of death. The exuberant voice deliberately dragged out the number, stretching it long and ominously.

(T/N: 414 = is a homophone for “death, life, death/Si Yi Si” (死死生), implying a dark or foreboding situation where life is threatened by death or danger.)

Yet Si Yisi’s eyes lit up.

He thought to himself; Ah, it’s my domain.

Chapter 24 - The Crybaby's Endless Escape (5)



“Tsk... 414,” Mo Wuchang clicked his tongue quietly and said, “This is clearly just a setup for us to die!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he noticed his thigh, his outwardly delicate and fragile thigh, was being stared at by Si Yisi, whose tearful eyes were filled with anger.

Mo Wuchang: “???”

He quickly corrected himself, “Ah, just dying will bring experience, alright!”

Si Yisi looked at him as if he were an idiot.

The cheerful, joyful voice continued, still like singing a continuous tune.

“You’re all very happy with the arrival of these four new tenants, and the new tenants are also very happy. They have prepared generous New Year’s gifts every night to welcome you... Also, welcome the tenants to visit each other often...”

As the voice trailed off, a crackling noise of electromagnetic interference filled the air.

A mechanical, formulaic female voice replaced the joyful tone.

The female voice said, [New Year's rental game welcomes the arrival of the six players present. The players' task is; survive for seven days! Enjoy the game! Hee hee hee hee...]

The final "hee hee hee" sent a chill down their spines.

But some players noticed the information in the female voice's words! Six players?! But there were seven players standing in the room!

Who wasn't human?

Many players picked up on it.

A moment of silence filled the room, and each player regarded the others with the same cautious, suspicious gaze.

The game hadn't even officially started, yet the players' hearts were already scattered!

Si Yisi pressed his lips together. Suspicion was the deadliest thing. This damned game certainly played its cards well!

However, this also made Si Yisi reflect. He was thinking; Is there really no problem with the small world designed by this background?

Why am I pulled into it by Shen Chen himself, instead of being tasked by the small world?

The door of the rental house was pushed open, and a small, withered old man walked out, leaning on a cane.

The old man's gaze was cold and terrifying, looking at the players as if they were a pot of cooked food.

“I’m the landlord of this rental house. You’ve all been busy with New Year’s, so you didn’t get a chance to meet the new tenants. But tonight, your four co-tenants will return. However, this time they paid a high price, so you must make room for them.”

“Our rental house has three floors. There is one vacant room on the first and second floors, and two vacant rooms on the third floor. Each room has two beds and is only for two people to live in.”

“You can distribute the rooms as you wish.” The old man slowly turned and walked back, and the players heard his low, venomous muttering, “Tsk, what a load of crap. Paying such low rent to fool people? Might as well die already!”

Was he dissatisfied with the cheap rent?

Would there be any prompts if they decided to increase the rent?

Shen Chen’s memories were mostly blurry, and Si Yisi knew that he had passed, but the specific details of the process were unclear.

As for this level of the game, Shen Chen had passed by sheer luck, muddled and unaware.

The landlord, the old man, had disappeared somewhere, so the players had no choice but to squeeze into the rental house.

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The seven players gathered around a round table, their expressions heavy.

A man with glasses and an ordinary appearance was the first to raise his hand and suggest, “How should we divide the rooms?”

There were four rooms available for them to stay in, and two sets of keys were thrown onto the table, with four keys labeled “Old.”

But the rule that only two people could stay in one room was non-negotiable, which meant one player would have to stay in a room alone.

Qi MUYANG was the first to speak up. He raised his gun and directly threatened the other players without hiding his intentions. "I won't participate in the room allocation. I just need to secure my own interests, like... staying with him."

Qi MUYANG chose the young man with non-mainstream long yellow hair who had been following him closely.

The players exchanged glances, and only under the threat of absolute force did they reluctantly agree.

What about the remaining players? The player with glasses, Jia Yingrong, suggested drawing lots, and this method was unanimously accepted.

After a round of drawing lots...

Si Yisi looked at the paper in his hand with the results written on it, and tears suddenly welled up... Out of joy.

Chen Mengxi, seeing her cousin's face filled with despair, gave him a timely comfort. "Chen Chen, don't be afraid, your cousin is here."

Those words were like a catch-all phrase. They sounded warm, but in reality, they had no practical use.

She was here? What did that mean? Could she run to Si Yisi's room in the middle of the night and share his troubles?

Si Yisi kept up the appearance of being moved, ignoring the hinting glance Mo Wuchang threw his way, and firmly decided to stay alone.

Staying alone was more fun, wasn't it?

The results of the room allocation came out one by one. Mo Wuchang and Jia Yingrong, the glasses-wearing player, were assigned to one room; a young woman and Chen Mengxi shared another room; and Si Yisi had a room to himself.

The young woman sharing a room with Chen Mengxi had her face splattered with blood from an elderly person who died on the bus. Her face was now stained with dark bloodstains, and she seemed disoriented, showing clear signs of having already met an untimely death.

Si Yisi could tell that Chen Mengxi harbored subtle dissatisfaction.

She probably hoped to be assigned to a room with a more capable player, but instead, she got a burden.

On the surface, Chen Mengxi remained friendly, and no one could see through her dark thoughts.

With the landlord gone and the new non-human tenants not arriving until night, it meant they had time to search for clues.

The old landlord had mentioned that the players had been too busy to meet the new tenants, meaning they had actually moved in a while ago. The cheerful voice also encouraged them to visit each other's rooms. This was easy to notice, but it all depended on whether one had the courage to dig deeper.

Si Yisi, of course, wasn't just going to sit idly by, but he was one of the more unique players who decided to look for clues. He was genuinely crying all along! And somehow, in his free time, he managed to grab a whole box of tissues to wipe his eyes and tears!

Si Yisi completely ignored the strange looks from the other players.

Endure, endure!



I am the bigger system!

For the first time, Si Yisi experienced the difficulties of being a host, but that didn't stop him from still looking down on the host.

If a little setback like this couldn't even be overcome; might as well go back home and farm!

However... Hmm, it seemed like many of the previous hosts of the 414 system had indeed been sent for labor reform in waste recycling.

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"Creak."

Si Yisi started his search from the third floor of the rental house, avoiding the other players who began looking for clues from the first floor.

Each floor of the rental house had three rooms. One room on the first and second floors, and two rooms on the third floor were assigned to the players.

One of the rooms on the first floor was a storage room, so the rooms assigned to the "new tenants" (ghosts) were left with one room on the first floor, one room on the third floor, and two rooms on the second floor.

The room Si Yisi checked on the third floor was sparsely furnished, and he only noticed a strange smell in the bathroom.

He then moved to the second-floor room, where he happened to run into Jia Yingrong, the player with glasses.

Si Yisi nodded at Jia Yingrong, and the two of them worked in sync to search the second-floor room.

"Here." Si Yisi pulled out a tangled bunch of black hair from the worn-out couch cushions.

“I found some here too.” Jia Yingrong had discovered a lock of long hair tangled around the showerhead in the bathroom.

Aside from the abundance of hair, there were no other clues.

As for the room on the left side of the second floor... Si Yisi found nothing this time.

The room was spotless, as if nothing dirty had ever stayed there.

On the first floor, Si Yisi found some scattered bits of paper, but the meaning of the paper was unclear.

Si Yisi squinted his eyes. He wondered; Did the players who came here first secretly hide some clues?

Of course, that was just a guess.

Si Yisi returned to his room on the third floor. His neighbors were Qi MUYANG and the yellow-haired boy.

If it came down to it, Si Yisi's searches were all just precautions. If a nighttime attack really happened...

The ghost might very well be torn apart by him in his sleep.

Late at night, Si Yisi opened his eyes in the dark.

A bloody-eyed gaze suddenly appeared, pressing close to his own eye!

Chapter 25 - The Crybaby's Endless Escape (6)



The protruding eyes were only a few centimeters away from Si Yisi's face, and if they moved forward just a bit, they would crash directly into his face!

Not to mention; the face these eyes belonged to was covered in dense, thick hair!

The coarse, thick hair grew directly out of the pores, turning the face into a mass of grotesque, gaping holes!

Waking up in the middle of the night, this could easily scare someone to death!

Si Yisi's tears, naturally, were uncontrollable, and in an instant, they began to flow down. He could smell a rotten stench coming from the ghost that had ambushed him in the middle of the night...

The ghost, whose face was overrun with hair, was shedding bloody tears, slowly revealing a bloody smile to Si Yisi. Its mouth was entirely blood-red, and it too was completely covered by hair! It was as if trees had wildly grown in a primitive jungle, choking the entire space with their unruly growth!

"I... want to give you my beloved hair."

The ghost spoke, and the fine, dense hair on its face pressed close to Si Yisi's face, poking him. Shortly after, Si Yisi noticed more hair poking toward him like spring bamboo shoots after rain, attacking his face!

"Thank you." Si Yisi responded.

He grabbed the hair growing out of the ghost's pores and yanked it out with all his strength!

The hair growing on the face, stimulated by this action, began to wildly spiral outward, trying to entangle Si Yisi's hand.

Si Yisi abandoned the idea of continuing to pull the hair from his face and, instead, turned to grab the thick black hair growing on the back of the ghost's head and yanked it!

It was like lifting a basketball by the hair, pulling the ghost's head up.

Then, Si Yisi's gaze swept over a razor placed on the bedside cabinet. Holding the "basketball" with one hand, he switched on the razor with the other—And began scraping it directly across the ghost's face!

"Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!!" The ghost screamed in a high-pitched voice; it was a female ghost.

Her face twisted as the black hair growing from her pores ripped away small layers of skin!

The young woman in the second-floor room, holding a pillow, trembled in fear. She was in a daze, and when she heard the eerie sounds coming from upstairs, she buried her head further into the blanket.

So terrifying... so terrifying.

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Si Yisi could barely keep his ears from being shattered by the ghost's screams. His tears flowed uncontrollably, and he cried out while repeatedly slamming the ghost's face onto the razor with greater force, weakly saying, "Thank, thank you for the gift. I really like it."

I really don't like it!

The female ghost let out a harsh screech and managed to pull herself free from Si Yisi's grip. She covered her face and retreated backward. Strands of hair fell to the floor, stained with blood, looking more and more like a murder scene...

No, a ghost murder scene!

She quickly stepped backward, retreating in the opposite direction of Si Yisi, who, gasping and crying, followed her every step, relentlessly closing the distance.

The female ghost took one step back, and Si Yisi took one step forward.

The female ghost, terrified, covered her face, while Si Yisi, holding the razor, walked forward with a murderous expression. Yet, he was still crying in a way that made him incredibly endearing, like a little puppy.

Innocent, pitiful, and lovable.

Thud.

The female ghost's heel hit the door, making a faint sound.

Her hair spun wildly as she tried to turn the doorknob, attempting to open it, but... it wouldn't budge!

Si Yisi watched thoughtfully, figuring that the gift-giving process was meant to be uninterrupted by outsiders. The game had likely sealed the room into an enclosed space, and during the designated gift-giving time, no one inside could leave, nor could anyone from the outside enter.

One could only imagine how much the players, trapped in this completely inescapable space, must have felt. They would become toys for the ghosts, like mice in a cat-and-mouse game.

The only hope for escape was to survive until the end!

But... this wasn't too bad.

Si Yisi smiled at the female ghost, who couldn't open the door and couldn't damage it either. As he smiled, tears that had almost stayed in his eyes finally spilled over.

After losing the hair that had given her such a formidable appearance, the female ghost's face miraculously returned to a normal, human form.

She had a delicate, feminine face, with a sharp V-shaped jaw, pale skin, and lips tinged with a bluish hue.

At that moment, her face twisted in terror, blood tears streaming down her cheeks. She bit her lip, hugging her shoulders as she shivered uncontrollably...

“Can’t leave?” Si Yisi spoke in a flat tone, slowly walking toward the female ghost.

He walked slowly, but his steps sounded like the ticking of a death clock, forcing the female ghost to scratch at the door, bang on it, and slam her body against it in desperation.

It used to be the ghosts torturing humans!

Why, why was she now facing such a twisted human?

Now, it was a human torturing the ghost!

The female ghost twisted her body grotesquely, as if she wanted to shrink into a puddle of water and crawl through the crack under the door. Her fingers left deep, jagged scratches on the wooden door.

Si Yisi listened to the sharp sound of her nails scraping the door and watched the pitiful ghost. He thought; Why does it look like I’m bullying her?

Am I not the one who’s pitiful? Stuck in this frail, tiny body, unable to fight back, forced to use tools!

Do you have it as bad as me, trapped as the 414 system?!

“Ah—!”

“Ugh—!!”

The sharp, female screams leaked out to some extent.

Hiss...

On the third floor, in another room, Qi MUYANG, pretending to be asleep, stiffened for a moment. He cursed inwardly, fearing that a player next door might be dying!

But... why did the sound from next door seem so sharp? It sounded like a woman screaming!

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Si Yisi flashed a gentle smile, one he had borrowed from Si Mobai, and gripped the female ghost's cold, stiff body. Again and again, he targeted the parts of her hair that hadn't yet been harmed.

He listened to the female ghost's screams, and his mood brightened considerably.

Enduring for a moment truly made things more satisfying afterward.

Female ghost: I need to get out! Let me out! Help! Ahhhh!

The female ghost's long, black hair began to fall off in clumps. All the hair she had relied on for survival was being ripped away from her forehead.

"Ugh... ugh..." Now, the entire ghost was huddled on the door, her limbs twisted unnaturally, like a dying spider.

She intermittently let out quiet cries of distress, but when she sensed Si Yisi's displeasure, she had no choice but to silence herself.

Wuwuwuw, is it really this hard to be a ghost now?

I want to die! Can a ghost die again? QwQ

As the clock's hour hand touched exactly on the hour, suddenly, the female ghost, her claws outstretched, slammed the door open and fled!

"Hmm, is it time?" Si Yisi's 'hmm' was full of deep meaning, with a strong sense of unfulfilled regret woven into it.

He tossed the blood-stained razor back onto the bedside table, glancing at the clock.

The female ghost had arrived at 12:30 A.M., and exactly 30 minutes had passed.

Is 30 minutes a complete show?

Si Yisi pondered seriously. Next time... I'll make sure to manage the time better.

He hadn't fully enjoyed this round; Will the same female ghost come back for the next game?

Si Yisi clicked his tongue in dissatisfaction. He didn't want to encounter the same ghost again; How could that be enjoyable?

What he didn't know was that the female ghost was thinking the same thing. She crouched in her own room, touching her now-bald head, and wailed loudly.

"Ugh~ ughhh QwQ!"

This eerie sound drifted from her room, becoming one of the factors keeping the other residents in the nearby rooms awake and uneasy.

At Si Yisi's bedside, large clumps of hair lay scattered all the way to the door. He carefully noticed that these shorn locks were subtly moving, inching toward the crack under the door.

They resembled little worms, eager to return to the "mother worm," the female ghost.

Si Yisi, not one to allow such things, circled the room, picked up a jar, and began carefully collecting the hair, little by little.



Strangely, whenever these hairs were touched by Si Yisi's hand, they suddenly went completely still, obediently falling into the jar.

Inside the jar, the hairs began to move again, drifting about like floating seaweed.

They all shared one peculiar, uniform characteristic...

The ghost hair, feeling aggrieved, huddled at the side, refusing to come anywhere near the jar by Si Yisi.

One could imagine how terrified the female ghost must have been, with her head and face completely stripped of hair.

Si Yisi sat on the bed, staring at the seaweed in the jar; or rather, at the hair, for a while.

He thought that this kind of thing could be recycled. Even a ghost would find it a rather exhilarating experience if foreign hair suddenly invaded their body, right?

He lay back down on the bed, glancing over at the sleeping Ah Tu, who was soundly snoring beside his pillow.

Ah Tu was sleeping deeply, and Si Yisi didn't even know what to say about it.

Next time, he'd wake him up at this point. Why would a good dragon be afraid of ghosts like the Chi Chun system? Only a useless dragon would behave like this!

Little dragon Ah Tu trembled in his sleep, as if he had foreseen his tragic future.

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The next morning, Si Yisi was suddenly jolted awake by a frantic knock on the door.

He opened his eyes groggily; the natural aftermath of crying earlier, then sat up and heard the sound of a key turning in the lock.

Si Yisi shoved Ah Tu into his pocket and opened the door.

Outside stood a few players, their faces either astonished or fearful.

“You didn’t die?”

“You, you, you... are you a human or a ghost?!”

The dazed young woman took a sudden step back, nearly falling down the stairs. She mumbled in a low voice.

“Is it a human... or a ghost? Ghost, human, hahahaha!”

The woman’s cloudy eyes flicked over Si Yisi, then fixed on Qi MUYANG. It was as if she had seen something filthy, and she immediately hid behind Chen Mengxi.

Chen Mengxi: “...”

Si Yisi turned toward Chen Mengxi and said, “Cousin, it’s me, it’s Chen Chen.”

In his heart, he thought; Chen Chen my foot. If I don’t blast your head off next time, I’ll have lost to this system!

“Chen—Chen Chen?” Chen Mengxi didn’t expect Si Yisi to dump this troublesome matter onto her.

She tried to maintain a calm expression, but instinctively stepped back a little.

“You... did you see anything last night?” Chen Mengxi asked Si Yisi.

“Yes.” Si Yisi replied without hesitation.

He suddenly remembered something. He had found the hair clue on the second floor. Why hadn’t the female ghost gone after the players on the second floor?

The lively voice, suggesting a casual visit, seemed to be hinting that ghosts could visit others too.