

Watch Out 38

Chapter 38

The end of the whip was wrapped around the railing, while the other end was held securely by Song Qingxiao. Number four's body dropped rapidly by about a meter as the whip wrapped around her neck tightened.

All her strength was caught by the whip. The sound of bones snapping could be heard, and before number four could let out a scream, she died instantly.

Song Qingxiao held on tightly to the whip to prevent it from slipping. She took special care to wrap the whip twice around her hands to secure it. The force of number four falling down dragged her forwards until she collided with the railing, making the railing wobble.

Her palms burned with pain from the friction of holding the whip. The exhaustion of her psychic energy caused a splitting pain in the back of her head. The knock against the railing caused stars to appear before her eyes. She managed to hold on through sheer willpower.

The instant number four died, the prompt in her consciousness changed.

'Protect the people. Obliterate failure.'

'Upon completion of task:850 credits.'

It was just as Song Qingxiao had expected. Once number four was dead, her credits had increased. Since she had eliminated a rival, the tension in Song Qingxiao's brain eased slightly.

She endured the tiredness and wrapped the whip in her hand around the railing and tied a simple knot. She panted a few times and waited until she felt a little better before she picked up the dagger that she had thrown earlier. She quickly hid it under her clothes.

She hesitated before she dragged her tired legs up the stairs to pick up the keys that were given to her by Nurse Zhang that was laying in a corner. The keys had managed to fool number four earlier and gave Song Qingxiao the opportunity to kill her. She could not leave this set of keys behind.

Song Qingxiao picked up the keys not merely because of that. More importantly, after she and number four had been engaged in a vicious fight, the commotion was so massive that the fourth floor was in ruins after the chase.

Everyone on the fourth floor was unconscious. However, how was it possible that even the third floor was silent? How could they have made such a ruckus, yet no one from the third floor had bothered to pop up to take a look?

Her mission was incomplete. Two out of the six participants have died. Apart from Song Qingxiao, there were three other participants left. The trial was not over yet, and she still needed to remain in the scene.

Once day broke the next day, people would definitely discover the peculiar condition of the fourth floor. Song Qingxiao needed to avoid leaving things behind as much as possible.

Song Qingxiao stroked her head. The nurses' cap and the shoes that she had lost in the fight were standard issue. There were so many nurses and doctors that they might not trace it to her if they were found.

Even if they took the time to trace the item by investigating everyone, it would take quite some time. All Song Qingxiao needed to do was eliminate the trial participants who were a threat to the characters in the scene and protect the people. Once she had done that, she might not need to wait until the countdown was over to leave the test space and return to reality.

She picked up the keys and put them back into her pocket. Number four swayed gently hanging on the railing beside her swayed gently. Song Qingxiao put her head out to take a look.

Number four's head dropped towards her shoulder. The wound that Song Qingxiao inflicted before number four died was still bleeding out. The blood flowed out of the wound, winding down her thighs to gather at her toes. The blood made a dripping sound as it fell to the ground.

Even though number four was dead, her weapon was still valuable. As soon as one end of the whip had come undone, the whip rapidly dropped out of her hands under the weight of the red whip lady's corpse. Number four's dead body also fell along with the pull of gravity.

The whip slipped along her neck, making a spooky whooshing sound. Her body slid out and fell straight down to the first floor. A moment later, the sound of a heavy object dropping to the ground rang out. The noise was extremely loud, so loud that the entire building must have heard it.

Song Qingxiao quickly caught hold of the long whip that was also falling under the pull of gravity. The instant she heard the sound of number four colliding with the ground, she panted heavily as she frowned. However, before she could worry about the sound drawing the attention of the people in the hospital, another change occurred in the prompt of her consciousness.

'Protect the people, obliterate failure.'

'Upon completion of task: 800 credits.'

The 50 credits that she had just gained from killing number four had once again been deducted in the time of a few minutes. That meant that someone else had died.

Who was it?

She instinctively turned her head to look at the emergency exit on the fourth floor. Her expression displayed her mixed feelings. Was it number six? All the patients on the fourth were in a deep sleep and the nurses on duty were unconscious. Based on number six's ability, it would be child's play for her to kill people at this time.

Song Qingxiao's hands trembled non-stop. After some time had passed, she finally gritted her teeth and hurried to keep the whip. She turned around and took slow strides as she headed downstairs.

She had wasted too much time in the emergency stairwell, and it would not do her any good to spend more time there. Even though the fourth floor still had patients, the duty nurses and security guards, Song Qingxiao would not be able to save them in her state.

If number six truly wanted to go on a killing spree, Song Qingxiao had to ignore the pain and accept the loss of the credits. She needed to preserve her own life first before she considered anything else.

Once she made up her mind, she opened the door of the third floor emergency exit. The moment Song Qingxiao's body disappeared through the door, the door of the fourth floor emergency exit slowly opened to reveal a tiny slit. A pair of eyes appeared through the slit.

The emergency stairwell had returned to its original calm. The only hint that a vicious fight had happened earlier was the faint imprint left by the whip on the railing. The air was still filled with the scent of blood. A moment later, the door that had been opened by a tiny fraction closed once again, sealing off the dim light from the emergency stairwell.

The third floor was quiet. As soon as Song Qingxiao stepped out of the stairwell, she felt as though she had entered a different world. The clothes on her back were still drenched from her cold sweat, clinging tightly to her body. Her face and neck were covered in dust, broken shards and tiny cuts.

Her arm was injured. Her left palm had been hit by the tail of number four's whip. She had been so anxious earlier that she only felt the pain. Since she was more relaxed, only then did she realize that the wound was extremely deep.

Her flesh was torn to shreds and her palm had been sliced by the broken glass shards, resulting in numerous crisscrossing cuts. It was so severe to the extent that she could hardly even close her palm.

All she had achieved tonight was kill number four, yet she was already in such a terrible state. Song Qingxiao laughed bitterly. The most problematic part was the depletion of her psychic energy. It made her entire being strangely tired.

She was worried that she would be discovered by somebody in this state, hence she planned to hide. She would sneak back to the break room to sort out her appearance when there was no one in the corridor.

She never expected that before she had even moved from this corner, an ear-piercing sound of a girl screaming would ring out.

“Ahhh!!!”

The scream sounded even more startling in the quietness of the nighttime. Song Qingxiao looked up to take a peek. The scream sounded like it came from the doctor-on-duty's office.

The corridor was empty, and even the nurses' station was deserted. Song Qingxiao took the opportunity and dragged her exhausted legs quickly towards the nurses' break room with her head down.

She opened the locker that had her name tag on it temporarily and took out a new set of the nurse's uniform. She changed into it and put on a cap and shoes before she speedily dusted her face. She did not get the chance to deal with her tiny wounds.

The shrill scream of panic had become the sound of crying. As Song Qingxiao walked out of the break room, the nurses on the third floor had been alerted by the shrill cries and were rushing towards the on-duty doctor's office.

When Song Qingxiao left the break room, she was greeted by the sight of several duty nurses crying. Zhang Xiaoyu was among them. Her eyes were filled with tears. As soon as she saw Song Qingxiao, she sobbed and exclaimed, “Qingxiao, Doctor... Doctor Ou is dead!”