

## The More the Merrier Chapter 266

“No, nothing at all,” replied Shaun as he led Kingsley to the gazebo and took a seat.

Kingsley was close behind. He didn't dare to turn around to check what was going on, though.

Shaun could tell that Kingsley was terrified, and the former wanted to laugh aloud at that, but he also pitied the guy.

“It's only a couple of graves. How is it that you're already this scared?”

“You're not afraid, so of course, it's easy for you to say that!” complained Kingsley, who was tempted to somehow crawl into Shaun's pocket and hide in there.

“Drink up!”

Shaun tossed Kingsley a bottle of wine and opened another bottle up for himself.

“How are you still in the mood to drink?” asked Kingsley in shock.

“Why wouldn't I be?”

Shaun rolled his eyes. The night is young, and we'll have to stay here all night. We might as well do something to help us sleep.

It was only natural that the place couldn't frighten Shaun. He was a doctor and had come in contact with dozens of dead bodies. The rotting bones in the grave were, therefore, nothing to him.

In fact, the situation in the morgue was way creepier, and he had to stay the night during his internship.

Despite that situation, Shaun wasn't scared.

“Are you really not scared at all?” asked Kingsley, who was taking a closer look at Shaun. The former kept feeling as though the latter was feigning his calmness.

“Of course not. What makes you think I’d be scared?”

Shaun rolled his eyes at Kingsley once more.

Kingsley’s lips quivered. “D-Do you think the place’s haunted?”

Shaun felt ever so speechless. Why does he insist on talking about this despite being so scared?

“If you’re not afraid of humans, all of whom you can see and touch, why are you afraid of intangible ghosts?” scoffed Shaun. He wanted to cross his arms, but Kingsley was hugging one of them.

That forced Shaun to use his other arm as a pillow and lay down to look at the sky.

“This is a pleasant spot for stargazing. “

Kingsley tilted his head up and, as promised, a sky full of stars appeared on top.

“It is nice.”

Just then, something tugged at his shirt in the dark.

Kingsley yelped and jumped away.

“Ah! Ghost!”

“What the hell, dude?” complained Shaun, who jumped at Kingsley’s sudden antics.

“S-Something tugged at my shirt,” answered Kingsley.

All colors drained from his face.

Shaun turned around and saw something disappearing into the woods.

He only managed to catch a glimpse of its tail.

That prompted Shaun to shake his head in exasperation and informed, “It’s just a monkey.”

Kingsley stared in disbelief and commented, "I can't believe there are monkeys here."

Shaun glared over in annoyance and grumbled, "It's a good thing that I have a healthy heart. If I didn't, I would have to be hospitalized after your screams scared me like that."

Kingsley grinned awkwardly and claimed, "Well, how was I supposed to know that there are monkeys here? We didn't see any on our way over. I wonder what else is out there... You don't think... There aren't any monsters, right?"

Shaun's eye twitched as he watched Kingsley continuously mutter nonsense.

Kingsley was scared out of his wits, so he kept talking to Shaun. No one knew how long that conversation lasted, but the men eventually stopped talking.

Just then, a noise came from the dark. "Hoots..."

It was the creepiest noise Kingsley had ever heard, and goosebumps instantly rose all over him.

"Hoots... Hoots..."

Kingsley hugged Shaun fearfully. "S-Shaun, what is that? Why does it sound so creepy?"

Shaun heard the owl as well, and even though the sound made him uncomfortable, it didn't scare him.

"It's just an owl."

"Why would an owl cry like that? It sounds more like a kid's scream," muttered Kingsley while scanning the place warily.

"What was the owl's screech supposed to sound like then?" challenged Shaun.

He truly regretted heading to the hospital with Kingsley. If he hadn't done that, he would not be sleeping in the mosquito-infested forest that night.

“I want to go home,” said Kingsley pitifully.

“Would you rather go to an abandoned island in the near future?” reminded Shaun kindly.

“F\*ck!” cursed Kingsley.

“Hoot...”

Kingsley shouted back, “Oh, quit screeching! I’m trying to sleep here.”

Shaun was speechless.

“It’s the owl’s fault for scaring me,” insisted Kingsley.

He tossed a bottle in the owl’s direction. There was no more noise after the glass shattered.

“Not bad,” complimented Shaun as he gave Kingsley the thumbs up.

At the hospital, Arissa stared as the bodyguards cleared away the lobsters.

“Ms. York, would you like to take some untouched lobsters home?”

“No, please take them all away. You guys can share it.”

After saying that, Arissa went to grab a rag to clean the table.