

Collapse 100

Chapter 100: Reasonable or Not_1

It turned out that the ghosts in special instances were by no means weak.

Having heard Gu Mian's shout, the bus driver not only didn't drive away, but an even more enthusiastic smile appeared on his face.

Seeing the bus rapidly approaching, Fatty couldn't help but cover his eyes and shout, "Damn, it's over, we're going to crash! We won't get killed, will we..."

Just as he finished speaking, a loud collision echoed through the night.

The impact was proof enough; Fatty discovered that he wasn't dead.

The Spirit Car continued to drive steadily forward—if one ignored the failed brakes, that is.

Fatty lowered his hands, craning his neck to look out the window. "Two Spirit Cars collided. Since I didn't get killed, someone else must have..."

Sure enough, he saw the bus overturned behind them.

The terrifying-looking bus had long lost its menacing presence. It was now lying crookedly on the ground, completely wrecked, and didn't at all resemble a high-difficulty special instance.

He could see the passengers inside struggling to extend their pale, ghostly hands, as if trying to crawl out of the windows; they looked rather pathetic.

Meanwhile, Gu Mian, the driver responsible for the accident, showed no intention of taking accountability. He shamelessly sped past the instance he had just collided with.

"What the hell!" Fatty exclaimed, sticking his head out of the window in surprise. "A perfectly good instance, gone just like that? We didn't even get to go inside this time!"

"Don't talk nonsense," Gu Mian retorted. "I merely grazed it a little."

Fatty clutched his fleshy chest. "I don't think that qualifies as a mere 'graze'..."

Just then, Chu Changge suddenly spoke, "You two, pay attention. Our speed is starting to decrease."

Only then did Gu Mian notice that the Spirit Car he was driving had slowed. "It was probably damaged from the collision with that bus."

Fatty craned his neck. "Didn't you just say it was a 'graze'?"

Gu Mian decided to ignore Fatty and surveyed his surroundings.

The road ahead was brightly lit by the car's headlights, and the scenery on both sides of the street was fairly clear.

Gu Mian noticed a ticket booth not too far ahead.

Instance ticket booths were scattered worldwide. They were probably distributed densely because the game feared players might miss them; on any reasonably long street, one could find two or three.

The ticket-selling NPCs in these booths also varied in appearance.

Gu Mian had seen some who were divinely beautiful and others who were grotesque.

But this wasn't the time to comment on NPC appearances. Gu Mian steered the car towards the ticket booth ahead. "I figure if we stop and try to face whatever's coming head-on, we might get headshotted."

Chu Changge tilted his head slightly. "So you want to enter an instance first to cool off?"

Gu Mian nodded.

Fatty, ever the killjoy, forcibly craned his head over and began, "Wow, Doctor, I never imagined spending New Year's Eve like this! This was supposed to be a happy day, right? But I didn't even get to eat New Year's Eve dinner before jumping straight into a bandit's lair with you. On the way, we even wrecked a bus instance. I thought that would be the end of it, but who knew we'd end up having to enter a Mysterious Dungeon? I reckon by the time we get out of this one, it'll be next year, won't it?"

Could you just shut your mouth?

By now, the car's speed had slowed considerably. With the ticket booth right before them, Gu Mian opened the door and jumped out.

Chu Changge and Fatty quickly followed suit. They even remembered to stow away the Spirit Car. Although it was broken, who knew? Maybe it could be repaired.

By the time the two of them had stowed the car, Gu Mian had already darted into the ticket booth.

Ticket booth NPCs didn't need to sleep, so no matter when players entered, they would be met by an NPC's large, bell-like eyes.

The moment Gu Mian darted in, the NPC on the other side of the window sized him up and down with its large eyes.

Before Gu Mian could speak, the NPC behind the ticket window suddenly bent down, as if fumbling for something on the ground.

Then, Gu Mian saw the NPC pull out a sign and place it next to the window—"Temporarily Closed."

Fatty, who rushed in after them, looked bewildered. He scratched his head and asked, "Why is it closed? Do ticket booths close at night?"

"No," Gu Mian shook his head slightly. "This one *just* closed."

It only took a moment for Fatty to realize what was going on. His expression shifted slightly. "They're not letting people into the instance? That's so unreasonable..."

The NPC behind the window maintained a perfectly natural expression, not looking guilty in the slightest.

But Gu Mian immediately produced something that could make everyone "reasonable"—a rather menacing chainsaw.

Ten seconds later, Gu Mian obtained a team instance ticket.

Fatty clicked his tongue. "I bet years from now, when order is restored and the forums are back online, someone will post, 'Just how terrifying is Gu Mian?'"

"And some lowly NPC will reply, 'The mere sight of that question made me shiver twice in fear.'"

Gu Mian was long accustomed to Fatty's big mouth; he always managed to say the most unsuitable things at the most unsuitable times.

The three of them were now preparing to match for an instance, and their surroundings had already plunged into darkness.

Gu Mian saw his panel change.

[Matching for instance, please wait...]

[Instance matched successfully. Matching teammates, please wait...]

In that brief moment, he took stock of his possessions.

Game Coins: 90

Special Items: [Leaf Brooch], [Blood Clothes Wrapped in Resentment]

Profession Skill: [Exquisite Medical Skill Lv.3]

He was currently a very poor player. The money he'd spent shopping at the supermarket had all been Chu Changge's and Fatty's.

Medical items purchased from the supermarket could be brought into instances. To complement his 'Exquisite Medical Skill' profession skill, he had specifically bought a pile of medical supplies and stuffed them into his lab coat pockets, including common items like bandages.

These things were quite expensive. A single roll of bandages cost 50 points. This might not have seemed like much to the once-wealthy Gu Mian, but for an ordinary person, it was a considerable sum.

He had two special items that could be equipped directly: one to hide his nickname and the other a piece of armor. Gu Mian noticed that the [Blood Clothes Wrapped in Resentment] armor had leveled up from Level 1 to Level 2.

He remembered that these [Blood Clothes Wrapped in Resentment] upgraded by absorbing 'resentment value.' Could it be because I accidentally wrecked that bus earlier...?

Before Gu Mian could figure out where exactly the resentment had come from, their panels began to update.

It seemed they had been matched with teammates.