

Collapse 150

Chapter 150: The Final Night_1

"But who would have thought that such a weak, gentle doctor would be carrying a saw with him..." Fatty stared straight ahead, his eyes fixed on the road. The rain was heavy. He watched intently, fearing the car might flip into a ditch.

"But Doctor," Fatty continued, "what do you plan to do with the guy in the trunk? If he dies, this instance will probably crash, right?"

Suddenly, he recalled the moments when instances had crashed and those familiar, cold system announcements.

Gu Mian spoke up, "I need to correct something. There are two people in the trunk."

Fatty, gripping the steering wheel, shuddered. "Two?"

Two murderers?

Realizing his misunderstanding, Gu Mian explained, "One of them is dead as a doornail. It's Zhuifeng Shaonian."

Upon hearing this, Fatty had a sudden realization. "It must have been Chen Beidou who killed someone and stuffed them into the trunk. Before he had time to dispose of the body, he must have picked up your fare."

At this point, Fatty seemed to recall something and swallowed. "Doctor, you're remarkably calm. When you were stuffing that driver into the trunk, you must have seen the corpse inside... yet you acted so nonchalant..."

"And you didn't have any particular reaction when we talked about the player Zhuifeng Shaonian." Fatty pursed his lips.

This instance was called 'Terror Taxi.' The danger came from a psychotic, murderous driver.

But why did Fatty always feel like the Doctor next to him was the one who resembled a psychotic, murderous driver?

"If Chen Beidou is dead, this instance should cease to exist. After all, he's the only source of danger. Without him, any subsequent players entering will just be getting free rewards," Gu Mian pointed out.

Fatty's eyes lit up, as if anticipating another instance compensation reward.

"I initially wanted to get the reward from this instance mission, but I might have been a bit too aggressive earlier," Gu Mian said while wiping his hands.

There were still red marks on his hands, but they had faded a lot.

"At least we won't lose either way," Fatty seemed pretty relaxed. "Besides, I don't recall ever using any special items..."

As he was speaking, the car suddenly lurched to a halt.

The car stopped so abruptly that the people inside slammed into the seatbacks.

"What happened?" Chu Changge asked, looking ahead.

The car had been driving through the dark night, the surrounding streetlights dim. When the car suddenly stopped and its lights died, the three of them were plunged into complete darkness.

Fatty shook his hands, then tried the ignition key a few times, but the car didn't respond.

"Damn," Fatty slapped his thigh. "The rain is probably too heavy; the car stalled."

Chu Changge's gloomy voice remarked, "It's perfectly normal for a car to stall when Gu Mian is in it."

The spectral driver's car could be considered a Spirit Car, after all. It would be perfectly normal for it not to stall in heavy rain.

But Chen Beidou was a genuine human, and his car was perfectly ordinary. It wasn't surprising that it stalled in such torrential rain.

Gu Mian looked down at the map. "We still seem to be pretty far from our destinations."

"Should we call another cab?" Fatty was hesitant.

"Actually, there's a way to exit this instance quickly," Gu Mian said, folding his map.

The other two immediately caught on to what he was implying.

Exiting the instance normally would grant proper game rewards.

An irregular exit meant killing the guy in the back, crashing the instance, and being immediately ejected—typically with a thousand Game Coins.

Although Chen Beidou was in the trunk, weakened from blood loss, who knew if he might experience a sudden burst of energy just as they were about to leave the instance.

"Why don't we just kill him, get the Game Coins, and be done with it?" Gu Mian suggested.

Fatty was quick to agree, nodding vigorously.

In the dead of night, amidst heavy rain, the three of them deliberated in the car, looking like a band of robbers plotting murder and plunder.

After only a brief discussion, they reached a consensus.

Seeing this, Gu Mian reached for the saw lying nearby.

Watching Gu Mian, Fatty felt a bit melancholy. "We seem like villains from a novel. Teams like us usually end up as cannon fodder."

Gu Mian patted his clothes. "You've never seen cannon fodder as handsome, charming, and dashing as me."

Fatty was speechless.

Watching Gu Mian go for the saw, Fatty quickly said, "Doctor, normally when you mess up an instance, it's an accident. This time you're doing it blatantly..."

"Being so blatant... aren't you afraid the heavens might send a bolt of lightning to strike you?"

Fatty's words often had an uncanny way of coming true.

Hearing this, Gu Mian felt the sky turn ominously dark, as if lightning was indeed about to strike him.

He walked to the trunk carrying the saw. As long as I kill the person before any lightning strikes, I'll be safe.

But just as he was about to do so, the system announcement went out before any lightning could strike.

["The 'Terror Taxi' instance will be temporarily suspended. Players within will be cleared."]

["Players in the instance will automatically exit in ten seconds."]

["Anti-crash System activated."]

["During this period, players cannot take any drastic actions."]

Fatty had initially thought Chen Beidou died before the Doctor could make his move, but that last line suggested otherwise.

He raised an eyebrow. "The game's automatic protection mechanism?"

"Clearly, the game didn't want to just stand by and watch its instances be destroyed."

"This game is too comprehensive; it even has an Anti-crash System!" Fatty grumbled.

By this point, Gu Mian had already opened the trunk. Chen Beidou's bright eyes were staring at them, a triumphant smile on his face.

"This guy definitely knows something," Fatty thought.

Gu Mian saw the man in the trunk was barely breathing, yet his eyes were wide open, his head held high. Gu Mian suspected that if circumstances allowed, the man would even flash a bizarre smile.

But Chen Beidou apparently lacked the strength to manage a full smile. He only managed to hiss out a single syllable, thick with sarcasm and triumph—

"HA!"

You can't kill me!

Even without an explanation, Gu Mian could understand the meaning behind this sound.

Fatty, his expression one of utter disgust, looked at Gu Mian. "What do we do now, Doctor?"

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