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Chapter 151: Black Valentine's Day_1

Gu Mian didn't let Fatty carry on for too long before he glanced at the panel.

The translucent game panel was still counting down incessantly. The number on the panel had now changed from "10" to "8".

They had to leave this instance in eight seconds; whether they wanted to or not, they would be kicked out.

Fatty's voice could still be heard from the side, "This game is too damn clever! So it crashed a few instances—did they really need to make such a fuss and launch an Anti-crash System? They might as well just call it the Anti-Gu Mian System!"

Presumably to save time, Fatty spoke very quickly, his words a RAT-A-TAT-TAT stream without any punctuation.

Gu Mian swore this was the fastest he had ever heard anyone speak.

Fatty was still looking down at Chen Beidou in the trunk.

The trunk wasn't large to begin with. One person could be stuffed inside, but there wouldn't be much space left.

Now, the trunk was stuffed with two individuals: one player's corpse and one nearly-dead psychopath.

The psychopath truly lived up to his name, able to laugh even while pressed against a cold corpse. Fatty thought that if he were in Chen Beidou's position, he would have been scared to tears by now.

Chen Beidou was still laughing.

A strange light emanated from his eyes. Despite the torrential rain and surrounding darkness, they seemed to glow as he stared wide open.

Gu Mian saw his mouth open and close. "I told you before, I won't die," Chen Beidou said.

Fatty muttered, "We've never encountered a situation like this before. In TV shows and novels, the main villains are usually unkillable, saved until the end to build suspense. Could he be..."

The countdown on their panels was still ticking. In five seconds, they would be teleported out of this instance.

Chen Beidou's face was brimming with a confident and smug expression, and the light in his eyes was dazzling.

"You can't kill me!" he repeated, full of confidence.

But when he saw Gu Mian raise the chainsaw again, his smug, confident expression faltered slightly.

It had to be said, the Anti-crash System truly lived up to its name. Gu Mian pressed the chainsaw against Chen Beidou's head several times, but it was deflected each time.

Fatty, furious, reached out to choke him. "If weapons don't work, can I just strangle him with my bare hands?"

However, he found it made no difference whether he used a weapon or not; choking someone was also considered an "excessive act."

The smugness on Chen Beidou's face grew even more pronounced.

Despite the torrential rain, Fatty felt like his head was about to start steaming with anger, as if the downpour couldn't extinguish the fury in his heart.

The instance data wouldn't be reset. Even after the players were kicked out, the plot within the instance would continue to progress.

Under normal circumstances, a severely injured Chen Beidou should have died that rainy night. But since the game system was ejecting them early, it meant Chen Beidou still had a chance to survive.

Perhaps after they left, the instance would immediately restore Chen Beidou's health.

"But I seem to remember Doctor saying before that the game can't forcibly interfere with an instance's plot development, so healing NPCs shouldn't be possible either..."

While Fatty was still wondering, the number on the screen changed to "3". Only three seconds left.

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Just then, he suddenly noticed Gu Mian had, at some point, put down his weapon and taken something from Chu Changge.

Fatty didn't get a clear look; it seemed to be something like a brick.

Hit him on the head with a brick? That probably won't work, Fatty thought.

But Gu Mian didn't seem to intend to hit Chen Beidou on the head with the brick.

The night was dark, and Fatty couldn't see clearly what Gu Mian was holding. He only saw Gu Mian thoughtfully approach Chen Beidou, who was lying in the trunk, and roughly pull up the driver's arm.

Then Fatty saw Gu Mian place Chen Beidou's hand on the brick.

Fatty wondered, "Doctor, what are you doing?"

Gu Mian tilted his head. "A bold experiment."

A realization dawned on Fatty. "Don't tell me you want him to hit himself with the brick? That probably won't work, there's no ti—"

As he spoke, he kept watching the game panel. Their time was extremely precious; not a second could be wasted.

He saw that the instant Gu Mian placed Chen Beidou's hand on the brick, the number on the panel changed to "1".

Fatty spoke hastily. He had never felt time to be as precious as it was right then.

"An inch of time is an inch of gold." The ancients were not wrong!

But one second wasn't enough for him to say much.

Before he could finish his sentence, the glaring "1" had turned into a zero.

The rest of Fatty's words caught in his throat.

He saw Gu Mian was still holding Chen Beidou's hand, having placed it on the brick, but Gu Mian couldn't complete the next action.

Fatty wouldn't get to see Chen Beidou's head explode. Once the three of them were out, that bastard would surely recover, and this instance would continue.

Everything suddenly went dark; Fatty's vision plunged into blackness. He managed to swallow the words stuck in his throat, only to blurt out two others—"Damn it!"

Although everything had gone dark, Chen Beidou's triumphant face seemed to linger before Fatty's eyes.

Fatty had seen that even as they were leaving the instance, Chen Beidou's face was still full of triumph.

Upon their return to the ticket hall, Fatty saw a line of text appear on his panel: [Compensation will be sent to your mailbox. Please collect it promptly.]

Although the reason wasn't stated, all three of them knew exactly why they were receiving compensation.

Previously, compensation was for instance crashes. This time, they were directly kicked out of the instance, so this must be compensation for the ejection.

Fatty suddenly recalled upon returning to the ticket booth that it was still Valentine's Day.

Quite a few players had gathered around Hengdian. The ticket booth was bustling with people coming and going. Seeing them emerge from the instance without it collapsing, the ticket seller looked very pleased.

But he quickly masked his feelings, adopting a reserved expression.

All sorts of players bustled about the ticket booth. Fatty saw some who were grimy and looked anxious, and others who were clean and composed.

Men, women, the elderly, and children all moved through the cramped space.

A group that seemed to be a team occupied an entire table, arguing heatedly about something.

Strangers hurried past each other, paying no mind to those beside them. Greetings, if any, were mere nods before they brushed shoulders and moved on.

The air was filled with a rather unpleasant smell, like the stench of hot sweat.

Fatty took a deep breath. "Now, this is the smell of the real world."

Chu Changge's voice sounded. "Is it because the instance was too realistic?"

Fatty seemed a bit dazed. He nodded slightly. "Maybe I got too invested. It was too much like the real world. Those victims, and that psychopath... he really pisses me off..."

As Fatty spoke, he lowered his head, apparently deeply regretting that Chen Beidou hadn't died.

Just then, Chu Changge's voice sounded again. "He will die."