

Collapse 152

Chapter 152: Done in One Breath_1

Gu Mian pulled out a piece of paper. "I remember I got this as compensation when I crashed my first instance."

Fatty glanced at him. "Speaking of which... could you lower your voice when you say stuff like that?"

We're surrounded by people here, after all.

Gu Mian held a ticket in his hand.

Although it looked like a ticket, its technical term was an Instance Exchange Voucher.

Players could gain immense benefits with this voucher.

It allowed players to enter an instance of their choice once—for example, an instance with rare special items, or an easy one with many rewards.

Take the Spirit Car instance, for example; the Spirit Car driving license is almost impossible to get. Many people want to enter the instance but can't get matched into it. That's where this voucher's usefulness comes into play.

But it was different for Gu Mian. Everyone knew he was the kind of person who saw money as dirt. If he used this exchange voucher, it certainly wasn't for the benefits but for other reasons.

For instance, if there was a particular individual in an instance he wanted to kill, Gu Mian could use the voucher to enter that instance specifically to kill them.

The process was smooth and effortless, not even leaving him winded.

Fatty noticed that the moment Gu Mian pulled out the Instance Exchange Voucher, the ticket seller, who had been maintaining a composed, pleasant expression, suddenly looked horrified.

The young man who was in the process of getting a ticket was startled, looking bewildered at the ticket seller's abrupt change in demeanor. New NOVEL chapters are published on novelFire .net

If there hadn't been a glass window separating them, Fatty reckoned the ticket seller would have lunged out to rip the voucher from Gu Mian's hand.

"Too vicious, too vicious," Fatty rubbed his hands. "I've never seen such a ruthless horror game player in my entire life..."

How to describe it?

It was like this: other players in a horror game would be screaming and fleeing while being chased, barely surviving the ordeal with lingering fear, possibly even suffering nightmares later.

Gu Mian, however, would be the one chasing the game's monsters until they screamed and scrambled, beaten so badly they'd be searching for their teeth on the ground. Even if the game forcibly ejected him from the instance, he could whip out a return pass to barge right back in and resume tormenting the monsters until they were, once again, searching for their dislodged teeth.

Moreover, he looked intent on charging in and out multiple times, relentlessly, until his target was dead.

"Terrifying, truly terrifying..." Fatty lamented.

"Speaking of which, Doctor, are you really going back in?" Fatty asked, then burped and glanced at the ticket seller behind the window. "Right now?"

Gu Mian, too, was looking at the ticket seller, whose gaze from behind the window was practically murderous. "COUGH, COUGH. We'll discuss this outside."

A realization dawned on Fatty. "So that's it! You shouldn't fleece just one sheep. The Doctor is planning to switch to a new target to wreak havoc on!"

"Watch your mouth, will you?" Gu Mian glared at him.

Fatty shut his mouth.

Only then did Gu Mian turn and head outside.

The small team seated at the long table in the middle of the room still seemed to be deep in discussion. As Gu Mian passed by, their debate was so heated that spit flew through the air, nearly hitting him.

People were constantly coming and going from the ticket booth. Not far from the entrance, Gu Mian saw a woman, no longer young, selling flowers.

Gu Mian suddenly remembered. Today must be Valentine's Day.

Given the current circumstances, even if someone was selling flowers, it was unlikely anyone would buy them.

Besides, the flowers didn't look fresh; they drooped in a water bucket, some having already lost petals, looking as if they'd been hastily plucked from a public flowerbed.

The sun hung high in the sky, and the flower seller looked just as listless as her wares. She was somewhat clever, though, having set up her stall near the entrance to the ticket hall.

This area had a lot of foot traffic. Even if no one bought the flowers she'd procured from who-knows-where, people would at least glance her way.

Fatty curiously observed the flower seller nearby. "Come to think of it, you don't actually die in an instance, right? Aren't the things you get from completing an instance more profitable than selling flowers?"

"Do you think everyone who enters an instance gets compensation?" Chu Changge's voice interjected from the side. "Dying in an instance can make you lose items, attributes, and even Game Coins. Obviously, these street vendors are afraid of entering instances and losing their possessions."

Besides, with the upcoming event just around the corner, any decrease in their abilities now could put them at a disadvantage.

Of course, some took the opposite approach. Those confident in their strength seized the time before the event to enter instances and train, hoping to gain greater advantages during the event itself.

Fatty winced at the thought of potentially losing Game Coins in an instance.

Despite this painful thought, he continued to watch the flower seller. "Still, even if she sets up a stall, no one's going to buy..."

He choked on his words mid-sentence.

Because just then, a simple and honest-looking young man jogged over.

This young man wasn't very tall, had a buzz cut, a somewhat dark complexion, and wore an ill-fitting camouflage suit that resembled a military uniform.

The previously listless woman brightened up when she saw someone approaching, her face breaking into a smile. It looked quite forced, but at least she was trying.

The young man squatted beside the bucket, scratching his head with a puzzled expression, as if trying to decide which flowers his girlfriend would prefer.

After a moment, he hesitantly chose a flower that wasn't particularly fresh. Truthfully, none of the flowers in the bucket were very fresh, so he didn't have much choice.

Then, the young man and the woman spoke for a short while, apparently discussing the price. The negotiation didn't last long before he took the flower and jogged off, looking delighted.

Gu Mian glanced in the direction the young man had gone and saw a group of people in military-style clothing waiting for him. When they saw the young man jogging back, flower in hand, the men erupted into hearty laughter.

The young man blushed, still holding the flower, surrounded by his laughing comrades.

Fatty watched them and sighed, "It must be nice to have a girlfriend."

"Stop being envious," Gu Mian said, starting towards the motel. "Let's head back."

Fatty followed, confused. "Aren't we going back to the taxi instance?"

Gu Mian put away the Instance Exchange Voucher. "I have other plans."

Noticing Fatty's confusion, Chu Changge's voice drifted over, chillingly. "Even if Gu Mian doesn't go back, that driver is doomed."

Fatty jumped, startled by Chu Changge's chilling tone.

Recalling Gu Mian's performance in instances—often more terrifying than any ghost—Fatty shivered. "Why are these guys... each one of them... scarier than any actual ghost?"

The three of them returned to the motel.

The area around it could only be described as a refugee camp, with tents stretching as far as the eye could see. Hearing their approach, many people lifted their heads to look in their direction.