

Collapse 155

Chapter 155 Suicide Novice 1

Inside the instance.

Yuwen Hao was still slack-jawed, watching the driver who had suddenly spewed blood in front of him.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning flashed across the sky, followed by a torrential downpour.

The dense raindrops hammered down, filling the dark night with a RUSHING din that sounded somewhat oppressive.

But Yuwen Hao was too preoccupied to notice the downpour outside.

His mouth agape, he stared dumbfoundedly at the man before him. This chapter is updated by Novel~Fire.net

Who am I? Where am I? What's happening?

These three questions kept swirling in Yuwen Hao's mind.

Why would an NPC from an instance recognize a player from the real world? Why did they seem to harbor a grudge against each other? Why did the driver suddenly spew blood? What on earth had happened!

His mind felt like a tangled mess, leaving no room for contemplation. He could only react on instinct, staring in shock at the bleeding driver.

The driver, too, had wide eyes and an expression of utter disbelief.

The evil smile he wore moments ago had vanished. Now, he was clutching the bleeding wound on his neck, seemingly lacking the strength to even speak.

Even so, Yuwen Hao saw the driver's trembling mouth force out a few words, "Why!"

I want to know too! With trembling hands, Yuwen Hao desperately pulled at the car door handle, trying to shove it open.

The driver in front kept uttering harsh sounds.

"No...this can't be. I had recovered... he left..."

The man slumped over the car seatback, his mouth opening and closing. Though he seemed to have no energy left, his eyes were wide open, his expression like that of someone unwilling to accept death.

Perhaps due to the severity of his injuries, the driver's words came out disjointedly, each short phrase punctuated by gasps for air.

It was cold in here; the chill seeped into the car. Outside, the wind was probably strong enough to make one's nose run.

Yet, at this moment, Yuwen Hao felt a rush of heat flood his body, and he broke out in a sweat. No matter how hard he pulled the handle, he couldn't open the car door. The more he failed, the more anxious he became.

A thin layer of sweat beaded on his forehead.

"Open, damn it! Open!" Yuwen Hao urged, shrinking as far away from the driver as possible, praying softly.

"Impossible... impossible..." The blood-soaked man slumped over the seatback continued his disjointed mutterings, like a madman. "I won't die! No one can kill me!"

As he said this, his voice grew slightly louder, as if in a final surge of energy before death.

Yuwen Hao saw him reaching for the axe lying on the front passenger seat.

"Damn..."

He heard the dying driver say something.

"Damn that Doctor in the white coat..."

"It's all his fault!"

While muttering, the driver grimly turned his gaze towards the panicking Yuwen Hao. "You... don't even think... about escaping..."

"If I can't kill that Doctor in the white coat, surely I can kill his friend?" Yuwen Hao was certain he had heard this.

What on earth is happening? Yuwen Hao widened his eyes in disbelief.

It was shocking enough that a character in the instance recognized someone from the real world. But now, judging from the driver's words, it seemed his current state had something to do with a doctor named Gu Mian.

"Kill..."

Just as the driver, barely gripping the axe, uttered the word "kill," Yuwen Hao finally managed to wrench the car door open.

He scrambled out of the car, the force of his exit making him stumble and fall onto his backside. Rain hammered down on his head, but he hardly noticed. His gaze remained fixed on the driver still in the car, terrified the man would suddenly charge at him with the axe.

Fortunately, the man seemed to be on his last legs. Even though he held the axe, he lacked the strength to swing it. He could only glare resentfully at Yuwen Hao on the ground.

A gust of cold wind blew past. Yuwen Hao, sitting on the ground, shivered.

Was he shivering from the cold or from the driver's hateful stare?

"I won't die... I can't possibly die..."

He saw the driver take a ragged, deep breath.

"No one can kill me... no one..."

"Only I kill others... Others can dream on if they think they can kill me!"

Yuwen Hao heard the driver's voice gradually weaken, but his eyes showed no sign of closing. On the contrary, they were wider, as if his eyeballs were about to pop out.

The driver's eyes glinted with a bizarre light, somewhat dazzling in the dark night.

Frightened, Yuwen Hao crawled back a few more steps.

The wind howled, slanting the falling raindrops.

The bone-chilling wind helped to sober up the man sprawled on the ground slightly. He wiped the rain from his face, swallowed hard. I better get out of here quickly...

Yuwen Hao muttered to himself as he shakily climbed to his feet, intending to leave.

But just as he was backing away, his eyes still fixed on the driver inside the car, the driver, whose eyes remained wide open, slightly parted his lips again.

This time, his voice was so weak it was almost inaudible. Yuwen Hao knew this man was on the verge of death.

He saw the man in the car's mouth open and close, emitting feeble sounds.

Despite the drumming of the rain, Yuwen Hao heard those barely audible words: "Scumbag! That scumbag!"

Scumbag? Still retreating, Yuwen Hao swallowed. Could he be referring to Gu Mian...?

Just as he was trying to sort through his thoughts, the driver, slumped over the steering wheel, opened his mouth wide again as if trying to shout something.

But he couldn't make a sound.

Yuwen Hao watched as, with his mouth agape, the driver's neck lolled to one side. He had stopped breathing, his hand still gripping the axe handle tightly.

That "Scumbag!" was the driver's last word.

Yuwen Hao watched him take his last breath, mouth open, eyes still wide but now devoid of the light of the living. His face, however, was still contorted with rage and unwillingness, as if he desperately wanted to kill someone.

But he hadn't succeeded in the end, so he died with his eyes open.

Can anyone tell me what just happened...? Yuwen Hao muttered to himself as he continued to back away, wanting to get away from this place.

The scene was too horrifying, too eerie.

What happened? Why would Gu Mian get involved in something like this? How does he know this driver... and why did this driver suddenly die?

A torrent of questions flooded Yuwen Hao's mind, giving him a splitting headache.

However, an even bigger headache was about to arrive.

In the rainy night, only a few seconds after the driver in the car had breathed his last, Yuwen Hao saw his panel suddenly appear, displaying a somewhat familiar message.

It was an instance collapse notification.

[Warning! Instance's Danger Source lost!]

[Attempting to repair Danger Source...]

[System analysis error! Mission target does not exist!]

[This instance will no longer operate normally!]

[All players within the instance will be forcibly ejected in ten seconds. Please take note!]

[10, 9, 8...]

"What the fuck?" Yuwen Hao exclaimed in surprise. "What's going on... I'm seeing the instance collapse notification again?"

Last time, in the "Deadly Curse" instance, when he was separated from Gu Mian, he had gone through several other instances without experiencing a collapse. He hadn't expected to encounter an instance collapse notification again in his lifetime.

"The last instance collapse was because that Doctor beheaded the ghost. What's the reason for this one?" He widened his eyes. "And I have a feeling this instance collapse is definitely related to that Doctor too..."

After all, Gu Mian was the one whose name constantly appeared on instance collapse announcements and wanted lists. Rumor had it that no instance he targeted could survive another day.

He was, one might say, an "Expert in Collapsing Instances."

While other players were being frantically chased through horror instances, barely escaping with their lives, some instances themselves were suffering a similar fate at his hands.

So, this situation inevitably made one think of Gu Mian.

That man... A realization suddenly struck Yuwen Hao. Could Gu Mian's influence be so immense that the mere mention of his name within an instance is enough to make it collapse?