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Chapter 159 Your Head is Sent Flying_1

The ticket seller pulled back his hand as if it had been jolted by electricity.

Gu Mian: "..."

The commotion naturally drew the attention of the squad stationed nearby. Several of them standing by the wall turned their gaze over.

Gu Mian's hand was still raised in mid-air, but he hadn't received anything, creating an awkward atmosphere.

The man who was in line before Gu Mian had just received an instance ticket and was preparing to enter the instance with a bitter face. However, before he could enter, he heard the ticket seller's angry roar and was now looking over here in confusion.

The people queued up behind Gu Mian and his companions craned their necks, their faces full of confusion.

"Aren't you going to give me the ticket?" Gu Mian lowered his voice, sounding much like a villain plotting in a dark corner.

Fatty saw the ticket seller, stunned at first, and then his whole head started shaking. It shook like a rattle drum.

"So, you're going to give me the event entry tickets directly?" Gu Mian's voice dropped even lower.

After hearing this, the ticket seller paused for a moment, then stubbornly shook his head again.

Everyone was staring over here.

They were somewhat puzzled as to why the ticket seller, who had been all smiles just moments before, had suddenly changed his expression to one of sorrow and melancholy.

And the person at the front of the line seemed to be saying something to the ticket seller. With every word he spoke, the ticket seller's face behind the window looked even more distressed.

Gu Mian negotiated with the ticket seller, "Then give me a ticket for a high-difficulty instance."

The man behind the window still stubbornly shook his head.

"Then give me the event entry ticket directly."

His head shook even more violently.

Gu Mian: "..."

In the past, he had encountered ticket sellers who were reluctant to issue tickets, but Gu Mian would always use his chainsaw to reason with them, eventually getting the instance ticket he wanted.

But now, with a squad of gun-wielding soldiers standing here, Gu Mian felt this wasn't a good time for that kind of reasoning.

The ticket seller behind the window had evidently also realized that with the army present, Gu Mian wouldn't dare to do anything, so his stance was exceptionally firm.

Perhaps I should try a different approach.

While pondering, Gu Mian looked at the ticket seller before him. "Did you know," he began, "once the event is over, the army will leave."

He paused, then continued, "And I'll still be around. If you don't give me the ticket then, I'll..."

A minute later, Gu Mian walked out with three 'Lantern Festival Event Entry Tickets'.

The others watched in amazement as Gu Mian left directly. Several of them whispered amongst themselves, eyeing him with ill intent.

A young man at the end of the line even reached out and grabbed him.

Noticing the young man's actions, the nearby soldiers fixed their gazes on them. They were there to maintain order, and this young man's actions seemed somewhat dangerous.

"Don't... don't misunderstand..." Seeing he had attracted the military's attention, the young man quickly waved his hands to explain, "I don't mean anything by it, I just wanted to ask... just ask..."

While stammering his explanation, he released Gu Mian's hand.

The few men in military uniforms nearby finally relaxed a little.

The young man swallowed, then finally managed to ask, "Hey, brother, it looked like the ticket seller gave you the event entry ticket directly, right?"

The event entry tickets were bright red, very eye-catching, and completely different from instance tickets, so they were recognizable at a glance.

When the ticket seller gave Gu Mian the tickets, he had deliberately held them high, as if afraid others wouldn't know he was giving Gu Mian event entry tickets.

Perhaps he was still resentful, so he deliberately tried to stir up trouble for Gu Mian.

Gu Mian looked at the somewhat flustered young man before him. "Yes, he gave them to me directly."

The young man seemed surprised Gu Mian admitted it so readily. He paused for a moment before reacting, "Then... why? Why did he give the tickets directly to you?"

The young man had a large mole in the middle of his nose, which gave him a somewhat comical appearance.

Gu Mian smiled, revealing a row of white teeth. "Come closer, and I'll tell you quietly."

The young man hesitated then leaned his head over.

「Five minutes later.」

The ticket seller had served player after player, but the smile was long gone from his face.

He heaved a faint sigh, then realized the next player was already in front of him.

The ticket seller raised his head to carefully scrutinize the player before him. Nowadays, he always looked up to see who was there before speaking.

He saw it was just an ordinary young man, distinguished only by a rather comical black mole in the middle of his nose.

The ticket seller lowered his head again and recited the words he had already spoken countless times,

"To get an event entry ticket, you must clear a high-difficulty instance. I can open a high-difficulty instance for you right now..."

But before he could finish, he noticed the person in front of him seemed to be bending down.

Before he could react, a low, trembling voice came from above his head, "If you... if you don't give me the ticket, I'll smash your head in with a brick."

Happy times always pass quickly.

After Gu Mian and his companions finally obtained the event entry passes, they returned to their rented inn. They didn't plan on entering any instances for the next few days, deciding to wait for the actual event.

During this time, Fatty would unexpectedly tap Gu Mian once a day.

However, none of them saw that pale face again.

「Tomorrow was the day the event would begin.」

Fatty was currently organizing his things. "Speaking of which," he said, "since this event takes place directly in reality, if you die in the event, you actually die, right?"

Dying in an instance only meant losing attributes, equipment, and money, but dying in this event meant truly losing your life.

His face turned a little pale at the thought.

Gu Mian, on the other hand, was indifferent; he would die for real no matter where he perished.

"This is the first global large-scale event, so it's not yet clear whether dying in it means true death," Chu Changge said, pushing up his glasses. "However, it's highly probable."

Hearing this, Fatty grew even more troubled. "So injuries are real too, right?" he asked. "In the current situation, being crippled is basically a death sentence."

Chu Changge nodded. "Moreover, I suspect there's a high probability of bloodshed during this event. I'm talking about bloodshed between players. Without the military to suppress things, the situation could become even worse."

"We won't end up bleeding too, will we?" Fatty's brow twitched.

"That's hard to say," Chu Changge replied, turning his head to look out the window. "But what's certain is that we've already been targeted."

Outside the window, several suspicious figures were looking up in their direction.