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Chapter 160 Crazy Output of the Wet Nurse_1

Several suspicious figures had been loitering downstairs, and Gu Mian noticed these individuals had been there for several days.

They had even set up a tent directly downstairs, scrutinizing Gu Mian's group with covert glances whenever they went out.

It was as if they were assessing whether they were easy targets.

However, the area around Hengdian was still relatively lawful for the time being. Even though the people downstairs often looked like dogs drooling over meat buns, they dared not make any outrageous actions.

Military patrols passed through the vicinity regularly, and a military camp was stationed not far away, so no riots had occurred yet.

"I can confirm there are powerful players here, but they haven't shown themselves yet," Chu Changge said, gazing at the tent area outside the window. "Now isn't a good time to reveal one's strength. Becoming too conspicuous before the event starts will only attract attention from various factions."

Fatty nodded. "I get it. In novels, the protagonists always pretend to be weak, playing dumb to catch their enemies off guard, then blowing everyone away in some trial, leaving onlookers to exclaim how terrifyingly powerful they actually are."

After a moment's thought, Fatty added, "Besides, in novels, the guys who make a big show of themselves and seem super strong from the start are usually the villains—the kind who get crushed by the protagonist and end up dying miserably..."

At this point, Fatty trailed off.

He suddenly realized his description of the villain was a perfect description of Gu Mian.

Fatty: "..."

Silently, he glanced at the tent area below. Could there really be a protagonist down there in those tents? he wondered.

"We don't know who's in the tent area for now," Chu Changge stated, "but one thing's for sure—someone down there is definitely cursing us as morons in their heads."

Fatty looked at Chu Changge in surprise.

He hadn't expected to hear a word like "morons" from Chu Changge.

But it turned out he was wrong. Chu Changge not only said "morons" but did so without the slightest hesitation.

"We've been very ostentatious and must have attracted a lot of attention by now. I imagine those who are laying low are thinking we're dim-witted," Chu Changge said, also looking out the window.

Fatty pursed his lips. "This is exactly how villains in novels behave..."

Despite their flashy displays and apparent power, they're always crushed by the real protagonist in the end, further accentuating the protagonist's overwhelming aura. This place might look peaceful, but tumultuous undercurrents surge beneath the surface. People maintain superficially peaceful relationships, but who knows what schemes they're hatching to ruin each other?

Although Gu Mian and his group's actions had sparked ulterior motives in many, these people, at least, showed nothing on the surface, maintaining an air of indifference.

"If we'd known, we would've bought a tent and set it up downstairs too," Fatty mused, a flicker of realization dawning on him as he thought about the next day's event. "That way, those treacherous people wouldn't have noticed us."

Fatty wasn't good at reading people; he couldn't tell which of those below harbored ill intentions towards them.

Gu Mian leaned on the windowsill, looking down. "I just love watching them try to act like they don't care when they're obviously burning with envy, jealousy, and hatred."

Fatty: "...Seriously? Is that something a human being would say?"

Several people were sitting near the tent directly opposite their window, occasionally glancing up at the window of Gu Mian's room.

Just then, one man, with practiced subtlety, angled his head to sneak a glance in their direction, only to make direct eye contact with Gu Mian by the window.

The man immediately lowered his head in a fluster, as if caught red-handed doing something wrong.

He patted his pant leg, trying to disguise the fact that he'd been looking.

It was noon; the weather was clear, and the temperature was mild.

But the man patting his pant leg was breaking out in a cold sweat.

He sensed that even after he had hurriedly looked away, the Doctor by the window hadn't averted his gaze; instead, his stare had intensified.

That gaze felt like two shards of ice, making his scalp ache.

The man stared intently at the stone ground beneath his feet. It was paved with red bricks, with gaps of less than a centimeter between them, from which green weeds sprouted.

He didn't dare look up again, merely fixing his eyes on a weed, his head slightly tilted as he used his peripheral vision to monitor the window above.

When his peripheral vision caught the window above, the man's breath hitched sharply.

He saw the Doctor still craning his neck, staring fixedly at him. He felt as if he had experienced this somewhere before.

After a brief mental blank, the man suddenly remembered where he had encountered this feeling before. It was in an instance... that feeling of being stared down relentlessly by a ghost... That's exactly it!

At this thought, he shuddered violently, then hunched his shoulders. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, he steeled himself and scurried back into his tent.

Only after returning to his tent did the man let out a sigh of relief. I've never met anyone like him. I'd better tell the boss. He doesn't seem like someone to mess with...

Fatty watched as the man fled back into his tent under Gu Mian's scrutinizing gaze, finding it rather strange. "Doctor, did you stare at him like that because you thought something was off about him?"

He'd also noticed the man wasn't normal. Would a typical person be that scared from just being stared at?

As he thought, Fatty adjusted the pot on his back. It was a special item capable of drawing aggro, and Fatty had decided to carry it, apparently intending to be the team's taunting tank.

However, the role assignments in Gu Mian's three-person team were always a bit off.

The healer dealt insane damage.

The tank desperately hid in the backline.

If Chu Changge were to choose a class, Gu Mian figured he'd be a mage. And going by the pattern set by himself and Fatty, if Chu Changge were a mage, he'd probably excel at close combat or attacking the back row. However, now wasn't the time to discuss game roles.

Gu Mian withdrew his gaze. "Did you see which tent that man went into? There were supposed to be five people in there, five men."

"Five men in one tent?" Fatty frowned.

Chu Changge spoke up, "That's actually quite normal. Most players are in that situation, short on Game Coins. If they live outside, several people often pool their money for one tent. Typically, a tent houses four to six people."

He paused for a moment before adding, "So don't think it's those people downstairs who are abnormal."

In other words, it was Gu Mian and his two companions who were the abnormal ones.

Gu Mian continued, "Those five men pitched their tent here a few days ago. They appeared here the day after we got the event tickets."

Currently, it seemed the other four men in that tent had gone into an instance, leaving one behind to guard their camp.

Chu Changge adjusted his glasses. "In the few days we've been staying here, it's not just that one tent that's new."

As he spoke, he gestured towards several locations. "The first, third, and fifth to the due south; the third and sixth to the southeast..."

Fatty stared dumbfounded at the locations Chu Changge pointed out. "So many new ones? Are they all here for us? And how did you remember all that?"

The tents below were densely packed; Fatty genuinely couldn't tell where new ones had appeared.

Gu Mian patted Fatty's shoulder. "He's a player with exceptionally high spiritual attributes, after all. Of course, his memory is good."

Chu Changge continued, "There might be some who just happened to pitch their tents here, but the vast majority are here for us. Still, three event tickets probably wouldn't attract this many people. Event tickets are hard to come by, but not excessively rare..."

Gu Mian stroked his chin, finishing the thought, "What's truly rare is being able to afford an inn that costs a hundred Game Coins a day for over ten days."