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Chapter 161 The Eve of the Event_1

Night fell swiftly. Before too long, the sun had set, darkness descended, and people began to return to their tents one by one. Now, it was deep into the night.

The streetlights remained brightly lit, showing no signs of an impending power outage. Army patrols were occasionally seen in the area.

A large area of the nearby roads had been cleared. During the day, Gu Mian had even seen several ambulances rush past his window.

The place was a fray of chaos. Even with a large number of military personnel cracking down, skirmishes still broke out. Wherever there are people, there will be conflict; it's much the same as saying wherever there are people, there are rules of the underworld.

It was highly likely that the people in the ambulances were soldiers injured while maintaining order. Medical resources were currently scarce, so only a very small number of people could be attended to.

Several rooms in the inn were lit up at night, indicating that quite a few occupants were affluent. Apart from entering instances, there were other ways to acquire Game Coins, such as trading rare special items or through robbery.

"There's probably quite a few private organizations out there in the world now," Chu Changge mused, leaning against the door frame. "Members of the bottom-tier would have to pay Game Coins to those above them. So, the richest now should be the heads of those organizations."

Gu Mian noticed that someone in one of the rooms might have checked in even earlier than them.

Fatty once suspected that it might be the innkeeper's room. But after questioning the innkeeper, he realized that wasn't the case.

Fatty was now quietly sidling up to the door. The inn's door had a peephole, and he pressed his eye to it, looking out into the hallway. "Doctor, have you noticed? The person who's been staying here as long as us seems to have never shown his face."

This person lived on the same floor as them, diagonally opposite their room, and they could see his door through the peephole.

Every evening, when darkness fell, the three of them would see the light in the room across from them turn on, but they had never seen its occupant emerge.

Fatty continued in a hushed, conspiratorial voice, "I asked the boss, and he said that room isn't his. It's occupied by a man who settled in here a long time ago... more than ten days before we did, I think..."

At this moment, Gu Mian was sitting on the sofa, fiddling with Fatty's camera. All photos taken by the camera were saved. He was currently magnifying a photo showing a ghost face until the eerie visage filled the entire screen.

Gu Mian studied this face closely.

The nights here seemed particularly dark. Looking out, it was almost impossible to see into the distance; darkness filled one's vision. The light in the inn was quite dim. Reading under such light would be harmful to the eyes, but Gu Mian was focused on the ghost face.

Still lingering by the door, Fatty muttered, "The boss mentioned that the one living opposite us seems to be a man..."

Gu Mian looked up. "Seems?"

What's with that odd qualifier?

Fatty nodded. "The boss said that when the man came to rent the room, he was wearing something like a cloak, his hat pulled down low, and gloves. No part of him was visible, not even his face. Quite mysterious."

He paused to recall, then continued, "But his voice was definitely male. The boss said it was the most beautiful voice he'd ever heard in his life, though it was a bit hoarse. It seems, though, that after the man entered his room, he never came out again..."

Fatty frowned. "He can't have starved to death in there, can he?"

"If you have the spare time to worry about that, you should be more concerned about yourself," Chu Changge interjected. "The event starts tomorrow."

February 19th, 2019, from 19:00 to 24:00. Gu Mian remembered this was the event schedule. This global event would officially start at seven o'clock tomorrow evening.

The event was called the 'Lantern Festival.'

The activities mostly involved guessing riddles, with rewards for correct answers. However, the event description also mentioned it was like a lottery; one might end up with a piece of shit as a reward.

Gu Mian reckoned his chances of ending up with shit were quite high.

At this time, Fatty had pulled his head away from the door and was reaching for the camera in Gu Mian's hand.

Chu Changge, meanwhile, had walked over to the window. "The closer we get to the event, the more anxious those without Dungeon Entry Tickets will become."

"So, will someone try to make a move tonight?" Fatty asked, a worried look on his face.

Chu Changge shook his head. "The most dangerous time isn't tonight, but right before the event starts tomorrow. By then, everyone will be cramming into the event area. When crowds gather, things are bound to happen." Moreover, it seemed someone had already targeted them.

As he spoke, Chu Changge glanced out the window. It was the same spot as during the day, the same tent, but the person had changed.

During the day, Gu Mian had stared at the man in front of the tent for so long, he'd unnerved him to the point the man's scalp tingled, forcing him to duck back inside. So, it seemed that man didn't dare to come out this evening.

Replacing him on watch was a somewhat dark-skinned, middle-aged man. He wasn't very tall and had many wrinkles on his face. Even in the darkness of night, it was clear his complexion was much darker than average. This middle-aged man was much tougher than the one from the daytime and appeared to be their leader.

Fatty, who often roamed about, had switched jobs frequently and met all sorts of people. He recognized this man's distinctiveness at a glance.

"Doctor, have you seen the guy down there?" Fatty asked Gu Mian, somewhat apprehensively.

Hearing this, Gu Mian stood up, walked to the window, and looked down. He saw that a different person was now standing beside the tent that had caught his attention during the day.

The middle-aged man beside the tent was looking up, his gaze meeting Gu Mian's directly. When this middle-aged man saw someone looking his way, not only did he not avoid their gaze, but he stared back even more intensely at the window, a sarcastic expression on his face as he watched the three of them. There was a hint of disdain on his face, mixed with a malicious smirk.

Fatty's voice came from the side: "You can tell at a glance he's the type who can't handle hardship, loves to brag, and is usually an idler. And by 'usually,' I mean before this damn game started.

"These types are usually lazy gluttons who can't find work; they're filthy and just leech off their parents at home. Otherwise, they're loafing about with their degenerate friends, wandering the streets and drinking. They're well into their thirties and still can't find a partner, but if they see a pretty woman on the street, their eyes practically pop out to latch onto her...

"I don't know if you guys have relatives who borrow money and never pay it back—the kind who, when you ask for it, just shamelessly refuse. That guy downstairs looks exactly like that type."

Gu Mian pondered for a moment. "I don't think I have any relatives."

"Neither do I," Chu Change chimed in from the side.

Fatty: "..."

The somewhat dark-skinned, middle-aged man downstairs continued to watch Gu Mian and the others with a gaze that suggested he was enjoying a show. Of course, his gaze was primarily fixed on Gu Mian.

Fatty spoke up from the side, "Doctor, is he challenging you to a staring contest? You know, the kind where whoever looks away first loses."

Gu Mian surreptitiously pulled out Fatty's camera and turned on the flash. "Then he's bound to lose."