

Collapse 169

Chapter 169 A Miserable Man_1

At this moment, Gu Mian and Chu Changge had already arrived on the second floor of a building.

Since it was an imitation antique building, the tallest structure in the area was only two stories high.

The building seemed very familiar to Gu Mian.

Upon closer reflection, he realized that many TV dramas had filmed their brothel scenes here.

There should be mirrors in brothels, right? he thought as he looked towards a row of rooms along the corridor.

In reality, this brothel-style building was practically empty. Some rooms even looked like unfinished shells, as if they hadn't been renovated at all.

Despite the desolate scene, Gu Mian immediately noticed a green hat behind a slightly ajar door.

He took two steps forward and yanked the door open.

Just as he expected, a terrified face was visible on the other side.

"Mr. Green?" Gu Mian furrowed his brow. "What are you doing here too?"

This host from the Crazy Guessing Words instance had been inadvertently brought out of the instance by Gu Mian and had been dedicated to finding a way back ever since.

Gu Mian thought he had returned long ago and was surprised to see him here of all places.

"Why can't I be here?" Mr. Green replied, sounding a bit defensive. But then, as if recalling something, he became indignant again. "It's all because of you!"

What have I done now... Gu Mian stroked his chin. The green hat he had just seen in the flowerbed probably belonged to Mr. Green. But this fellow was certainly fast; he'd gone from the flowerbed to the brothel in a flash.

Gu Mian pondered while looking at him suspiciously, "Running so fast... you must have some other special item on you, right?"

Hearing this, Mr. Green immediately clapped a hand over his pocket. "There's nothing!"

Gu Mian looked at the pocket he was covering; his attempt to conceal it was so blatant it was practically an admission of guilt.

"I'm not going to waste time arguing with you." Gu Mian looked away, checked the time—the ghost was due to appear again in seven minutes. "What are you really after by joining this event? And why does it seem like you're constantly following me?"

Mr. Green began to prevaricate, "The road is open to all. I go where I please. How can you call that following you..."

However, under the scrutinizing gazes of both Gu Mian and Chu Changge, his confidence dwindled, and he finally lowered his head in resignation. "Alright, fine, I am following you. But I wasn't always behind you. I only started after I saw you at this event."

Gu Mian was curious. "And why did you join this event?"

Could it be that after being brought out of the instance, he found the Human World rather pleasant and wanted to experience a few more instances and join some events for fun?

"Of course, it's to go back!" Mr. Green suddenly sounded self-righteous. "Otherwise, do you think I want to be in this godforsaken place? It's full of lowly creatures..."

Chu Changge pushed up his glasses. "You seem to particularly enjoy emphasizing how different you are from us."

Hearing this, Mr. Green coughed a few times, then said, trying to cover up, "Anyway, I'm here to go back. A reliable source told me that after the event, everything here will be reclaimed, and I can use a loophole to return."

Gu Mian had no intention of discussing how to exploit loopholes with him. He glanced at the hat on Mr. Green's head. "Then why are you following me?"

"Because I'm scared, of course!" Mr. Green's voice suddenly boomed.

But after just a few words, his voice dropped again, and he muttered, "Of course, I'm scared something might go wrong with this event... You have to understand, if this event collapses, then the things here won't be reclaimed. They'll be directly released into the outside world. Do you understand what I mean?"

Gu Mian nodded. "Ghosts that aren't reclaimed will descend upon the Human World. From then on, there will be ghosts not only in instances but also in the real world. But that's not the most important thing..."

As Gu Mian spoke, he bent down. "The most important thing is, if the event doesn't carry out the reclamation, you won't be able to use that to go back, right?"

Mr. Green's face flushed slightly, then he said, "In short, I'm just here to monitor you and stop you from sabotaging things."

"But the last Crazy Guessing Words instance seemed to have vanished right under your nose," Gu Mian stated the fact. "So, your monitoring me is pretty useless."

Mr. Green was momentarily speechless, as if he didn't know what to say. But he still stubbornly followed Gu Mian. It was as if by simply staying behind Gu Mian, he could prevent him from causing any destruction. Gu Mian, for his part, had no intention of doing anything to this event.

As he walked forward, he explained to Mr. Green behind him, "Actually, the destruction of the previous few instances wasn't my intention. I had absolutely no desire to destroy instances..."

Chu Changge listened to his words, his face expressionless. The source of this content is novel•fire.net

Mr. Green looked half-convinced, half-skeptical.

Gu Mian then asked, "By the way, if the event collapses, how much compensation would I get?"

Mr. Green's hair practically stood on end, nearly knocking his hat off. "Your value will double! No, multiply several times over!"

He was likely referring to Gu Mian's bounty on the wanted list.

Seemingly afraid Gu Mian might get reckless ideas, Mr. Green quickly added, "Don't even think about doing anything to this event! Shift your focus, shift it to the other players!"

"Why?" Gu Mian asked with curiosity.

Mr. Green continued, as if trying to divert Gu Mian's attention, "The players participating in this event are no pushovers. Some of them are here specifically for you."

He lowered his voice when he said this, conspiratorially.

"Who?" asked Gu Mian.

Mr. Green hesitated for a moment. "A miserable man."

「At this moment, Fatty, drenched in sweat, was carrying a young man in military uniform on his back.
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They had previously hidden in a cabinet, but the female ghost that entered the room came straight for them.

Fatty saw the young man use some unknown special item; a black cloth had materialized out of nowhere, covering them. But the flimsy cloth didn't last long.

When he regained his senses, he saw a ghostly hand impaled in the young man's stomach. Fatty, aghast, raised his wok to strike, but the ghostly hand abruptly vanished.

The ghost before them disappeared, but the hole in the young man's stomach remained.

Fatty didn't know how to dress a wound. He could only crudely bind it with a piece of cloth, then hoisted the young man onto his back and fled.

Only after lifting the young man did Fatty feel a sharp pain in his own calf. Looking down, he saw a hole there too, blood gushing out.

The night wind blew past, sending a deep chill through Fatty's heart.

"Little brother, don't fall asleep! Stay with me! I'll take you to find a Doctor," Fatty said anxiously, scanning his surroundings, trying to spot someone in a white coat.

The young man lay on Fatty's back, still tightly clutching his gun. His voice was faint, "Where are you going to find a Doctor? Doctors are a rare commodity these days, not easy to find at all."

Fatty said urgently, "Of course, I can find a Doctor! The Doctor I know is incredible! You just have to hang on!"