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Chapter 171 Night of the Evil God_1

At this moment, Gu Mian was leading Mr. Green to explore the rooms within the brothel.

Truthfully, Gu Mian hadn't intended to bring the little green man along, but Mr. Green had insisted on following, as if Gu Mian wouldn't do anything too excessive as long as he was by his side.

"You said a miserable man is after me," Gu Mian said as he pushed open the door to a room in front of them.

The door, which seemingly hadn't been moved for a long time, creaked with disrepair as Gu Mian pushed it.

"Mm," Mr. Green nodded thoughtfully. "More miserable than you."

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "I am indeed quite miserable."

Having to guard against life's assassination attempts every day, there was probably no one in this world more miserable than him.

Mr. Green continued, "But the one who's after you isn't acting directly—he's using others..."

Then, he seemed to recall something and hesitated before continuing, "Actually, I have another reason for following you."

Seeing Mr. Green's hesitation, Gu Mian stopped walking.

Mr. Green seemed a bit on edge.

His hands moved awkwardly as he touched the hat on his head, as if unsure where to place them. "I also have something to give you."

His voice lowered as he said this, and he craned his neck to glance around, as if afraid someone might overhear him.

"I owe someone a favor. He tasked me with passing something on to you..."

As Mr. Green spoke, he cast shifty glances around. Then, he lifted both hands, as if about to take off his hat.

Is he offering me this green hat?

Gu Mian furrowed his brow.

Mr. Green was an NPC, the host of the Crazy Guessing Words instance.

Who could he possibly owe a favor to?

Gu Mian stroked his chin, eyeing the man who was reaching for his hat. "Do all of you NPCs know each other?"

He still remembered that Mr. Green's instance, aside from a few dog cages, contained nothing else. Logically, in such an enclosed space, Mr. Green shouldn't have had contact with others.

Mr. Green's hand stiffened for a moment. "We do know some. For example, I know a down-on-his-luck driving instructor who's working somewhere now... But the one who asked me for this favor isn't one of our kind."

A down-on-his-luck driving instructor?

Gu Mian found the description somewhat familiar.

Before he could dwell on it, Mr. Green had taken off his hat. Gu Mian saw that Mr. Green wasn't trying to give him the hat.

It seemed there was something else hidden in the green top hat.

Gu Mian leaned in for a closer look. "A can of sunscreen spray?"

"What sunscreen? This is hemostatic spray!" Mr. Green said, irritated by Gu Mian's lack of discernment.

Hemostatic spray?

Gu Mian reached out and took the spray can from Mr. Green's top hat.

The spray can was small, about 50 milliliters.

The packaging was white and opaque, somewhat resembling a plastic medicine bottle, but with a spray nozzle on the cap.

The words 'Hemostatic Spray' were written on it in a scrawled black font.

It was worth noting that when Gu Mian picked it up, a description appeared on his panel.

This was a special item.

[A Peculiar Can of Hemostatic Spray]

[Description: A can of hemostatic spray containing liquid of a very strange color. Written on the bottom is a line: 'Produced by the Evil God, a hallmark of quality.' This item is suspected to have been made with cut corners, so its effects are unstable.]

[Function: Applying the spray to the affected area can stop bleeding. More effective when used in conjunction with other medical supplies.]

The Evil God?

Gu Mian stroked his chin.

If the Evil God were a cute girl, he'd almost suspect she had feelings for him right now.

To think that after he'd smashed two of her statues, she could still calmly gift him items...

Gu Mian stared at the spray can in his hand, lost in thought.

Chu Changge's voice came from the side, "You just said you owe someone a favor?"

The question was directed at Mr. Green, who was a good head shorter than them.

Mr. Green nodded. "It's as clear as day who I owe the favor to. Although, I don't understand why he asked me to deliver this. Anyway, I've done what I was supposed to do. Now it's time for me to attend to my own business."

As he spoke, he looked at Gu Mian. "In any case, don't get any funny ideas about this event. There are many people who want to deal with you now. You'd better watch out for yourself."

After saying this, Mr. Green fell silent.

Gu Mian wanted to ask how NPCs communicated among themselves, but seeing Mr. Green's reluctance to speak further, he figured he wouldn't get an answer even if he asked.

"I am indeed a man worth fifteen thousand Game Coins," Gu Mian said, patting his clothes. "So many people are concerned about me."

Chu Changge glanced at the corridor ahead. "If the other players also target you, then you'll be in some danger."

"I'm constantly in danger anyway. A few more players plotting to kill me won't make a difference," Gu Mian replied with indifference.

Chu Changge silently turned his head away and said no more.

Then, Gu Mian saw a flicker of light from a room up ahead.

He looked closely and saw that the door to the room was slightly ajar, with light seeming to reflect from the gap.

Gu Mian walked towards it. "I think I've found a mirror."

「Meanwhile」

Fatty, carrying the young man in military uniform on his back, was moving through a series of rooms that had an antiquated feel.

The doors here all had red-latticed paper windows that rustled in the wind.

"We've been talking for so long, and I still don't know your name," Fatty said. His pace was swift; he darted through several rooms quickly, craning his neck to glance inside each one.

He had seen the young man's game nickname before; it was 'Night of Roses'.

Although he had seen the game nickname, Fatty felt he should still ask the young man's real name.

The young man spoke weakly, "Just call me Xiao Ye. Anyway, I'll probably die soon, so there's no point in asking for my name."

Fatty pursed his lips slightly. "I know the world's best doctor, but he has this quirk—he won't show up until you're at your wit's end..." UPDATE FROM novel fire.net

He still remembered Gu Mian suddenly appearing multiple times, just when ghosts were about to kill him.

"He'll definitely show up at the last moment," Fatty said, quickening his pace.

He wasn't sure if Xiao Ye had internal injuries, but the priority right now was to stop the bleeding. If this continued, Xiao Ye would soon die from excessive blood loss.

As Fatty moved quickly between the buildings, his eyes caught sight of a familiar uniform.

Fatty looked hesitantly at the figure not far ahead. "Xiao Ye, take a look. Do you recognize that person up ahead?"

Night of Roses weakly raised his head and immediately saw the figure in military attire ahead. "I don't know him..."

Just then, the person ahead also saw them. His expression flickered, and he quickly walked over.