

Collapse 177

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Gu Mian always considered himself a peace-loving person. Even if the world seemed tirelessly committed to his demise, he still loved it nonetheless.

Gu Mian was steadfast in his belief that even if he were physically crippled, his spirit would remain unbroken. Of course, if his body were whole, his spirit would still stand firm.

Although, at times, he would suddenly ponder questions like, "How could the Earth be annihilated?"

Nevertheless, overall, his mental state was quite stable and normal.

But even though he was such an upbeat and life-loving person, life seemed reluctant to let this young man with ambition off the hook.

Over the past twenty-odd years, Gu Mian had experienced countless assassination attempts.

Sometimes, these attempts were a part of life itself. At other times, they came from the ill-intentioned people around him, like right now.

Gu Mian merely tilted his head slightly. His elated expression, which had just begun to show, was abruptly interrupted by the people in front of him.

Bai Yuhu, still trembling, seemed to have made some sort of decision and suddenly pulled something from his waist.

Before Gu Mian could see clearly what it was, his body instinctively dodged to the side.

Immediately afterward, a loud noise rang out in the dark room, sounding like a hundred balloons bursting at once next to his ear.

Gu Mian's ears ached from the impact. He lifted his head and saw the people in front of him looking nervous, holding something like a bicycle pump. It was about a dozen centimeters long and bore some resemblance to a gun.

Without a doubt, that noise had come from this object.

"Damn it all..." Gu Mian cursed, glancing back over his shoulder.

He realized this thing's function definitely wasn't just to mimic the sound of a hundred balloons popping; this pump clearly fired bullets. However, due to his quick movements, the bullet had whizzed through the air and struck the mirror behind him.

The mirror behind him was now shattered, fragments scattered all over the floor.

The mirror was broken. The female ghost, who still hadn't grasped the situation, seemed to have been blasted out of it. Seeing Gu Mian look back, she immediately tried to re-enter, but the mirror was gone.

He didn't have time to deal with the now-homeless ghost behind him and quickly turned his head back.

He saw delighted expressions on the faces of the people in front of him; they seemingly hadn't expected their weapon to be so potent, capable of shattering the mirror the ghost used as a passageway.

"I'm sure this thing has more than one bullet," Gu Mian said, taking a small step to the side while eying the gleeful people before him.

"You guessed right..." Bai Yuhu said, cautiously eying the female ghost behind Gu Mian.

It was facing where the mirror used to be, motionless, as if facing a wall in penance.

Seeing that the ghost showed no sign of approaching, Bai Yuhu breathed a small sigh of relief. He aimed the pump-like object at Gu Mian. "As the saying goes, villains die from talking too much. I won't waste any more words on you today..."

Although the female ghost hadn't moved, he was still somewhat nervous.

The group backed up several steps, distancing themselves from the motionless ghost.

Gu Mian shrugged. "You're quite self-aware."

"Heh," Bai Yuhu sneered, raising the object in his hand. "This thing is more useful than I thought... So, you're going to die here today."

Gu Mian eyed the dark muzzle.

Life had been consistent for twenty years, tirelessly devising new assassination plots each day.

Gu Mian, who had managed to evade assassinations for over twenty years, didn't intend to die here.

But the current situation seemed somewhat tricky...

Gu Mian reckoned that if this pump-like thing hit his head, his skull might explode more spectacularly than any firework.

He had no intention of testing how glorious that explosion would be.

At this moment, Gu Mian caught a glimpse of the homeless female ghost out of the corner of his eye. Meanwhile, Fatty saw Bai Yuhu at the front raising the gun-like object, apparently planning to make Gu Mian's head explode like a firework.

He couldn't afford to hesitate.

Just as Bai Yuhu aimed the gun at the Doctor's head, Fatty's hair stood on end. He charged forward like a groundhog with its ass on fire, letting out an involuntary yell.

The racket he made was so loud that Bai Yuhu's underlings behind him reflexively turned their heads.

When they did, they saw a massive figure leap up mid-way and hurl itself towards Bai Yuhu, looking like it intended to crush him.

Pi Peng was stupefied for half a second before shouting, "Boss, behind you!"

At the same time, several others quickly closed in, apparently trying to shield Bai Yuhu from the onrushing mass.

But it was too late. Moreover, Fatty was too agile; he landed squarely on Bai Yuhu, who was turning in surprise. With a THUD, they both hit the ground, and someone let out a muffled groan.

The expressions of the others changed drastically, and they quickly crowded in, throwing the place into chaos.

Half a second after they both fell, Bai Yuhu, trapped under Fatty's considerable stomach, desperately wriggled an arm free. Fatty watched as he did so, still holding that pump-like thing and aiming it forward.

Fatty knew Bai Yuhu was aiming at Gu Mian.

"Damn!" Fatty yelled, slamming his weight down harder on Bai Yuhu and reaching out to knock the object from his hand.

But Bai Yuhu was too fast. He squeezed the trigger the moment he extended his hand. Suddenly, the sound of a hundred balloons bursting rang in everyone's ears again.

Accompanying the sound was Gu Mian yelling, "Shit!"

Fatty opened his eyes wide and looked ahead.

Not just him; the others who were chaotically swarming around also instinctively looked up, apparently wanting to see the effect of this shot.

The power of the pump was indeed impressive. This time, with the mirror already shattered beyond repair, the projectile fired from the pump squarely hit something else.

The wall where Gu Mian had been standing was blasted with a man-sized hole. Gu Mian had disappeared.

Only the female ghost in her blood-soaked clothes stood to one side, unmoving.

Fatty's hair stood on end. "Don't tell me he was blasted clean through?"

As he spoke, he tried to scramble up and run over.

But just then, Fatty suddenly noticed the people converging on him were holding something; it looked like they were about to bash his head in.

He flinched and instantly rolled away from the man beneath him.

Fatty looked up to see a hammer swinging down hard, almost bashing his brains out.

Pi Peng barely managed to stop his hammer and then warily watched Fatty, who had rolled a short distance away.

By this time, the others had helped Bai Yuhu to his feet.

"The... person..." Bai Yuhu struggled to his feet. He didn't look at Fatty, who had almost crushed him to death. Instead, he looked to where Gu Mian had been standing. "Is he dead?"

Pi Peng, hammer in hand, looked at the hole in the wall.

With the weapon this powerful and the person gone, he must have been blasted through and killed.

Bai Yuhu anxiously inquired again, "Is he dead?"

Pi Peng opened his mouth, about to reply.

But then, a quiet rustling sound suddenly broke the silence.

Everyone turned in surprise to look at the source of the noise.

There was Gu Mian, crouching behind the female ghost, poking out half of his head. "Nope."