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Chapter 178 I am Wan_1

When Fatty saw Gu Mian's head peek out from behind the female ghost, countless thoughts flashed through his mind.

"Shocking! Why is the Angel in the white coat hiding under the patient's skirt?"

"Why does the defenseless woman remain motionless while a creep peeps under her skirt in the dead of night?"

"Why did the leader of a mysterious organization suddenly start convulsing?"

"Is this a perversion of humanity or a collapse of morality? Tune in to tonight's Global Breakdown..."

"Enough with your rambling." Gu Mian's voice came from the side.

Fatty promptly shut his mouth.

By now, Gu Mian had stood up from beside the female ghost's feet, patting his white coat. "I may not be able to answer your first few questions, but as for the convulsions..."

At this point, Gu Mian glanced at the trembling Bai Yuhu. "I believe that's probably caused by anger."

When a person becomes overly agitated, their body can have various strange reactions. Convulsions aren't that strange; some might even foam at the mouth.

Right then, Pi Peng was wielding a hammer in one hand and supporting Bai Yuhu with the other, glaring fiercely at Gu Mian.

He then looked, somewhat astonished, at the female ghost standing motionless in front of Gu Mian. Even with someone crouching beside her, she didn't stir at all, like a wooden mannequin.

Could it be that because the mirror is broken, the female ghost's movement is impaired? Pi Peng thought.

As he pondered, he lowered his head slightly and asked, "Boss, do we have any bullets left?"

Bai Yuhu raised his head, glared fiercely at Gu Mian once more, and remained silent.

Gu Mian didn't mind the unprovoked glare. He dusted off his sleeve and said, "I'm guessing he's out of bullets, or he would've shot me by now."

Bai Yuhu reluctantly lowered his head. Indeed, they were out of bullets.

When that item was handed to him, it only had three uses. The first time, he tested its power just to be safe. The second time was just now, shattering the mirror the female ghost used for passage. The third time, he blew a massive hole in the wall in front of him, yet the damned man remained unscathed and even hid behind the female ghost.

Pi Peng gritted his teeth. "It's too bad the most capable members of our gang didn't make it in this time... Boss, if we'd known, we shouldn't have taken Sister Chimo and her group's tickets..."

At this, Bai Yuhu's expression turned somewhat unnatural. His lips trembled as he said, "No, what you obtained is yours. You may be weaker, but you also need to participate in this event to enhance your abilities."

Pi Peng, moved, said, "Boss, we'll definitely do our best to help you!"

The others nodded in agreement, also moved.

Bai Yuhu took a deep breath. "Although this weapon is useless now, there are four of us. They only have a doctor who isn't in good shape and a fatso."

Fatty had already moved next to Gu Mian, deliberately going around the female ghost. "I don't think it's very nice of you to call me a fatso to my face, is it?"

Gu Mian gave him a sideways glance. "And my physique isn't that great either."

Pi Peng, still supporting Bai Yuhu, looked up at Gu Mian and Fatty. "Boss, we understand. We might not have many special items, but our physical condition is decent."

As he spoke, he took a step forward, seemingly about to do something to Gu Mian and Fatty. Just then, Pi Peng suddenly saw Gu Mian move and point behind them. "There's someone behind you."

Pi Peng instinctively wanted to turn around but quickly realized Gu Mian's ploy. "I know what kind of trick you're playing; I won't fall for it!"

But just then, Pi Peng heard a timid voice from behind him, "No... Brother Pi Peng... there really is someone behind us..."

Pi Peng whipped his head around. Four people had appeared behind them, seemingly out of nowhere. Moreover, these four looked as if they had been standing there for a long time.

A Little Dwarf appeared, suspiciously clad in green shoes, green socks, green trousers, a green suit, and a green hat. There was also a Four-Eyed Boy with a cold demeanor, and a man in a military uniform with deep furrows in his brow, clearly not of a lively disposition. Behind them stood a seemingly timid, frail man. No, to be more precise, there were five people; clinging to the frail man's back was a half-dead figure, ashen-faced, who looked like he would stop breathing at any moment.

Han Shan pulled out his gun. "I recognize you. Members of the Qingyun Gang. You all vanished after the military arrived, making yourselves hard to find."

Pi Peng stared in shock at the people behind him. "How did you get up here? What about our men guarding downstairs?!"

The people below should have alerted us!

Mr. Green shifted his weight. "We were up here all along."

Chu Changge glanced at Pi Peng, then at Han Shan not far away. "Besides, did you think a few punks could stop them?"

The uniforms Han Shan and Guigu wore clearly indicated their identities: they were real soldiers with live ammunition. Anyone daring to block their way would likely get their head blown open.

Evidently, the two guards stationed below might have already had their heads cracked open.

Bai Yuhu spat. "This day is truly cursed!"

Fatty hid behind Gu Mian. "Actually, every day since I met the Doctor has been kind of cursed..."

The current situation was indeed disadvantageous for Gu Mian. Bai Yuhu's group was in the middle. On one side were two soldiers with live ammunition. Although Chu Changge and this green fellow didn't seem to have high combat power, they could at least add to the headcount. As for adding to the headcount, the bleeding young man Guigu was carrying could also barely count as one. Therefore, there were three people on this side. On Gu Mian's side, however, there were only two: a frail Doctor seemingly unable to care for himself, and a rather clumsy-looking Fatty. The female ghost remained motionless, as if she hadn't budged since the mirror broke, not even reacting to the Doctor in front of her. Presumably, it wouldn't react if they approached either.

Besides, this Doctor is worth 15,000 Game Coins. If we could take him out now...

A large hole had already been blasted in the wall behind Gu Mian. This was the second floor; if they rushed over and jumped, there might be a chance of survival. Players' physical attributes had improved. Previously, jumping from the second floor would break two limbs, but now, one might only break one. Regardless of how many limbs were broken, it wouldn't be fatal. As long as the most important limb remained intact, there wouldn't be a problem.

And Bai Yuhu's group was clearly about to risk breaking that important limb to charge over.

However, Han Shan had already seen through their intentions. The somewhat older-looking man frowned, raising his gun and aiming it at Bai Yuhu's head.

Fatty had originally thought this stern-looking soldier would bark a threat like, "Move and I'll blow your head off." But Han Shan didn't say a word; his stance suggested he was about to shoot Bai Yuhu directly.

Of course, Bai Yuhu wouldn't just wait for death. As if anticipating Han Shan's sudden attack, he abruptly threw a pitch-black object toward Han Shan.

Mr. Green was standing on tiptoe when a black cloth suddenly unfurled before him.

Simultaneously, Han Shan pulled the trigger, firing at the incoming black cloth. BANG! BANG! But the bullets seemed to hit cotton, causing no substantial damage.

By then, Bai Yuhu's group had already sprinted towards Gu Mian. Pi Peng, in particular, was swinging his hammer, his eyes bloodshot.

However, as he charged forward, swinging his hammer, he was shocked to see the supposedly impaired female ghost. Was she moving?