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"What, what, what, what the...what the hell is that!" Fatty's tongue was tied in knots.

Gu Mian dusted off his clothes. "Clearly, it's a rather unattractive face, and it seems pretty rough on the surface."

"You can see it clearly from such a great distance?" Fatty looked at Gu Mian, a hint of confusion in his eyes.

The face by the attic window had now disappeared, as if nothing had ever existed there. Fatty blinked hard, peering into the darkness by the window.

Gu Mian's voice drifted over from the side. "My eyesight is very good. Have you forgotten what I used to do?"

Fatty was taken aback for a moment, then said hesitantly, "A doctor?"

"No." Gu Mian shook his head. "I'm a pretty boy who's been targeted by the world for over twenty years. If my vision weren't good, I might have fallen into uncovered manholes more than ten times."

Fatty was speechless. "Pretty boy... okay, pretty boy..."

Mr. Green was also staring at the window where the clown had appeared, looking somewhat stunned.

A somber voice came from Chu Changge. "Did you recognize him?"

Mr. Green jumped and quickly waved his hand. "No, no, no, I don't know that clown."

"It's just that..." Mr. Green hesitated. "It's a bit strange."

Fatty leaned closer. "I bet you do know him. Probably an old acquaintance, right?"

Mr. Green curled his lips. "I honestly don't."

Fatty pulled his head back. "He doesn't look like a player either. Maybe he's some ghost from the event? But it's the first time I've seen a ghost with his face painted like that. Or did he look like a clown when he died?"

"Enough with the nonsense. We can't just rush up, grab him by the throat, and ask, 'Who the hell are you, human or ghost?' or anything like that." Gu Mian averted his gaze. "Have you seen the lanterns overhead? Hurry up and look for the safe lantern riddles."

As he spoke, he glanced at the time. "Hmm, good. It's 8:13 now. I think we can give up on finding lanterns for now."

A ghost would appear every fifteen minutes, and there were only two minutes left until the fourth ghost manifestation.

Perhaps because Gu Mian was with them, Fatty didn't meticulously pick a house that was easy to defend and hard to attack this time.

He casually kicked open the door of a large nearby house and pulled both Gu Mian and Chu Changge inside. "Let's hunker down here for a bit."

Mr. Green also brazenly squeezed in, leaving the female ghost outside.

Gu Mian thought he saw him whispering something to the female ghost before he entered, though he didn't know if the female ghost could hear him.

Fatty said quietly to Gu Mian, "I'm pretty sure he sent this female ghost to stop any other ghosts trying to enter our house. Otherwise, the losses in this event could be quite significant."

At this point, Mr. Green had entered. He breathed a sigh of relief, then reached out and closed the door.

Because it was Qing Palace architecture, the room was large and empty. Fatty was quite scared that a ghost might suddenly jump out from a corner.

Fortunately, these dangerous five minutes weren't actually dangerous and even passed quickly.

Fatty felt like he had only been cowering in the room for a short while before the commotion outside died down.

When the door opened again, the female ghost was still standing rigidly right in the center of the doorway, as if she hadn't moved at all.

Fatty asked curiously, "Can this female ghost really stay completely still like that?"

Fatty's curiosity was plain to see; under Gu Mian's watchful gaze, he was about to reach out and poke the motionless female ghost.

Of course, without Gu Mian's gaze, he probably wouldn't have dared to even extend a finger.

Mr. Green's voice was faint. "What do you mean 'doesn't move'? She persuaded quite a few to leave..."

Fatty's ears perked up. "Persuaded them? She can talk?"

"Alright, stop fussing over that," Gu Mian waved his hand. "Quick, look at the lantern riddles."

The lanterns above their heads swayed in the wind, somewhat like white funeral banners.

The group stood under the white banners, looking up at rows of lantern riddles.

Because of Gu Mian's strong objections, Mr. Green took the female ghost and hid in a nearby small house. Those two were too conspicuous, and Gu Mian didn't want other players' gazes constantly focused on them.

Although Mr. Green was in the small house next door, he kept a close watch on Gu Mian, as if afraid he might run off or cause some trouble.

The female ghost beside him just stood silently, her hair obscuring her face, making it impossible to tell if her eyes were even open.

Watching Gu Mian and the other two moving about under the white lanterns, Mr. Green spoke softly to the female ghost beside him, "When we return to the instance, you continue to handle logistics for me... Otherwise, I won't be able to find any menial labor."

The female ghost's hair swayed, as if nodding, or perhaps shaking her head.

Meanwhile, Fatty kept shooting sidelong glances at Mr. Green. "I tell you, Doctor, I'm afraid that 'Green Guy' won't be able to return from this event."

They had agreed he would only follow them for a few hours, but if he really couldn't return, wouldn't those two end up sticking with them indefinitely?

Gu Mian nodded. "That's why we have to try our best to help him return. And, 'Green Guy' is quite a unique name."

"Alright," Fatty pouted. "Let's get back to finding an easy lantern riddle to solve."

The lantern riddles in this godforsaken place were really too much.

It was either jumping headfirst into a well or crawling alone into a hole in the ground.

After several more manifestations of Evil Ghosts, the three of them finally found a lantern riddle that looked a little easier.

"Find a bathhouse by the water with a skeleton. If you hold the skeleton and sink to the bottom of the water, what change will occur to the skeleton?"

Truth be told, this lantern riddle was much more terrifying than the previous ones.

You even had to hold a skeleton and sink into the water.

But the likelihood of an accident with the previous riddles was extremely high. For someone like Gu Mian, if he jumped headfirst into a well, it would definitely be dry. If he crawled into a hole, it would certainly collapse.

So, clutching some old bones and sinking in the bathhouse pool seemed more practical.

The bathhouse pool surely wasn't deep; it wouldn't be enough to drown him.

Gu Mian stroked his chin, deep in thought.