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Chapter 185 Deadly_1

As the old saying goes, "Blessings never come in pairs; misfortunes never come singly."

Seemingly afraid that this lantern requiring pigtails would be lonely, Gu Mian purposely used his pole to knock down another lantern he had already set his sights on.

Watching Gu Mian cradling two lanterns, Fatty fell into deep thought. From now on, if anything comes in pairs, it's definitely not a good thing.

"Usually, people have a girl under each arm, but with you, it's... a bit different, isn't it?" Fatty consciously took several steps away from Gu Mian.

Sometimes, he felt that following this erratic doctor wasn't the best choice, but upon thinking it over, it seemed he had no better option.

Gu Mian held one lantern in his left hand and another in his right. "Don't be afraid."

Me, not be afraid? Fatty shivered. "If I'm not afraid, then I've really seen a ghost... Doctor, what do you plan to do?"

The lanterns weren't too large, each about the size of a watermelon, so it was quite convenient for Gu Mian to carry them.

He held the two glowing lanterns and glanced at the time.

It was now 9:13 p.m.

Every fifteen minutes, the ghost inside the lantern would come out for a five-minute stroll. Looking at the time, the ghosts in these lanterns would be out in two minutes.

Fatty couldn't imagine what would happen in two minutes; he only knew that if he was still by Gu Mian's side then, the outcome could be quite grim.

At this moment, Mr. Green also hurriedly scampered out of the dilapidated house.

He first confirmed no one was around before dashing out, not forgetting to tell the female ghost by his side not to move around.

From outside, Gu Mian could see the motionless female ghost through the window.

She stood as rigidly as a utility pole, though a utility pole wasn't as conspicuous as her.

Mr. Green, with his short legs, scampered over the bluestone ground; in the dark, at first glance, he really looked like a running stalk of broccoli.

Gu Mian, head lowered, watched the broccoli run over and then snatch the two lanterns from his hands.

Gu Mian was speechless.

Immediately afterward, Mr. Green turned to Fatty and Chu Changge with an expression that said, 'I'm here to clean up your mess.'

Gu Mian watched as the broccoli snatched the lanterns, sprinted back into the house, and finally hung the two lanterns on the female ghost's hands.

Fatty's mouth fell slightly agape.

After doing all this, Mr. Green showed an expression of relief, as if he had saved something.

Then he made an "OK" gesture to Gu Mian and the others and said, "You guys hide quickly. I'll help you hold off the ghosts from the lanterns."

Fatty's mouth was slightly open as he started to say, "But..."

At that moment, Chu Changge grabbed Fatty, who hadn't yet reacted. "Let's take cover first."

Then, without further ado, he dragged Fatty into a small, nearby hut.

Gu Mian glanced at Mr. Green, who wasn't far off. Seeing he had no intention of following, Gu Mian went into the hut with Chu Changge and Fatty.

This place seemed to be a storage area for miscellaneous items; mops and brooms were scattered everywhere, and a dim little lamp hung overhead.

Fatty, somewhat bewildered, was dragged by Chu Changge into this dusty, dilapidated room. "Brother Chu, why did you drag me in here in such a hurry?"

The room had two small windows, apparently for ventilation.

Chu Changge looked outside through a small window. "Have you noticed that we've been in this event for so long and haven't seen any bodies?"

Fatty was momentarily taken aback. Although he didn't understand why the topic had shifted to this, he still subconsciously replied, "It seems we haven't seen any bodies..."

This was a horror game event where players would actually die.

But so far, they hadn't seen a single player's body, which was strange.

Chu Changge continued to look out the window. "Think about it, what factors in this event could lead to player deaths?"

Fatty thought carefully. "Ghosts..."

After a moment, he added, "If people die, wouldn't they leave a body?"

But right now, they hadn't seen a single body.

So where did the bodies of the deceased players go?

Fatty couldn't help but fall into deep thought. "Did you pull us in here just to discuss this?"

Chu Changge nodded slightly. "People must have died here, but the bodies have all mysteriously disappeared. This is the real world; a dead body can't just vanish into thin air..."

"Actually, I'm more inclined to believe that the disappearance of the bodies is due to this event." Chu Changge pushed up his glasses. "It's some factor within this event that caused the bodies to disappear."

Fatty was somewhat confused.

Chu Changge continued to explain, "Also, have you noticed that as time goes on, the noise made by the Evil Ghosts during their activities is getting louder and louder?"

Fatty nodded. "Yes, I've noticed."

If the sounds are getting louder, what does that imply?

It was now 9:15 p.m., and a rustling sound, neither too loud nor too soft, came from outside the house again.

It sounded like something was dragging across the ground in front of the door.

Fortunately, these things didn't linger for long and soon left.

In the dark night, screams from distant players occasionally echoed, sending shivers down Fatty's spine.

He secretly peeked out the window.

It wasn't a glass window, but the red-latticed paper kind often seen in period dramas. At this moment, the window was slightly ajar, creating a tiny gap through which Fatty was surreptitiously watching the outside.

With Mr. Green and the female ghost outside, he wasn't worried about anything coming in, so he dared to speak in a hushed voice.

"Their activities are getting louder... Does that mean these ghosts are getting stronger?"

After his initial encounter with the first wave of ghosts, Fatty hadn't faced any of the subsequent waves, so he couldn't really tell how their strength had changed.

"I'm afraid so." Chu Changge also hadn't experienced the subsequent ghost waves, but he nodded with great certainty. "Then why do you think they've become stronger?"

Hearing this, Fatty immediately focused on their earlier conversation. "Could it be because of those missing bodies?"

The very idea seemed unbelievable.

Chu Changge also glanced outside. "Everything that exists in this world has its reason, and this event is no exception. But use your brain and think about it; don't you find this event somewhat redundant within the game? If this event was meant to push players to evolve, the game could have simply opened a large-scale instance, rather than this event where death is real."

"You have a point..." Fatty mumbled. "But don't normal games usually have large-scale events?"

At this point, Gu Mian, who was beside them, suddenly spoke, "Events in normal games are meant to enrich the player's gaming experience and to encourage players to spend money, allowing the game company to profit. Do you think our gaming experience needs any further enrichment?"

Fatty shook his head in a daze. "It doesn't seem necessary..."

This gaming experience was already extremely realistic and rich; it didn't need further improvement.

Then the purpose of this event must be the second one, Fatty mused. "To get players to spend... But this game doesn't have an option to refill currency, right?"

And this game clearly wasn't trying to make money.

If events are typically run for profit, what does this game aim to gain from this one?

Chu Changge's somber voice drifted over, "Do you know why player deaths in this event result in real death?"

Hearing this, a shudder ran through Fatty. "Are you implying that the game launched this event to claim our lives?"