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Chapter 186 Secret of the Organizer_1

Since paying to win wasn't an option, they could only pay with their lives.

Fatty felt a little dazed. Maybe this event should be renamed, he thought. Forget 'Lantern Festival'; it should be called the 'Risk-Your-Life Event.'

The sounds outside grew louder, and the screams of distant players rose and fell. The sounds made Fatty's hair stand on end. It seemed numerous sounds echoed just outside their door, accompanied by hurried footsteps—likely Mr. Green. Something seemed to be lingering outside. Mr. Green was probably trying to patiently persuade it, but some discordant noises still echoed from beyond the door.

Fatty shivered. "The ghosts outside are getting stronger... They won't be driven away easily, will they?"

He was right.

From time to time, malicious sounds reached their ears, followed by Mr. Green's hurried voice. It seemed as if some supernatural entity was constantly lurking outside.

Fatty trembled. Chu Changge adjusted his glasses, looked at the door, and said, "About what I was saying earlier..."

Even though his voice was soft, Fatty still felt scared.

"There are a few points before us now. One, players have died, and their bodies have disappeared. Two, the ghosts have grown stronger. Three, the ghosts in this event probably aren't specifically designed for it; they are very likely ghosts from other instances."

As he said this, Fatty suddenly interrupted, "Wait a moment, Brother Chu..."

Chu Changge paused and looked at Fatty.

Fatty swallowed. "I have no issue with the first two points, but about the ghosts in this event not being specifically configured for it..." It's true that the female ghost who came out of the mirror was one we encountered in a previous instance, Fatty thought, but that's just one case; it can't represent all of them.

Chu Changge lowered his voice further. "I recall Mr. Green mentioning his purpose for joining this event, correct?"

Gu Mian thought for a moment before speaking. "He wants to use this event to return to an instance."

Gu Mian couldn't recall the exact words. The general idea was that when the event ends, a passage between the instances and the real world will open here, allowing Mr. Green to return.

"That's the crux of the issue," Chu Changge said. "When the event ends, a passage connecting instances to the real world will open. What do you think its purpose is?"

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "To send the ghosts from this event back to their instances."

Chu Changge's eyes glinted. "Correct. And these ghosts, originally from instances, have already been strengthened by this event."

Gu Mian frowned. "If that's the case, these events appear to offer benefits to players, but their true purpose is to use players' lives to strengthen ghosts. Then, these enhanced ghosts are sent back to their instances, which in turn increases the instances' difficulty..."

"In other words," Gu Mian continued, touching his chin, "after every large-scale event, the difficulty of the instances will rise a notch. However, a single event can't include ghosts from all instances, so each event likely only strengthens a small portion of them."

Fatty slapped his thigh. "No wonder the instances we've entered recently didn't have a difficulty display! So they're being secretly modified!"

"Some changes to the game are perfectly normal," Chu Changge said. "Most games have a beta testing phase. Our global game, however, started directly, so some initial oversights were inevitable. The game system might be redefining instance difficulty levels now."

"I think there might have been a beta test," Gu Mian voiced. "But we weren't among the lucky beta testers, so we wouldn't know."

Fatty blurted out, "An invitation to join the beta test... Would a pop-up box appear on your computer with 'yes' or 'no' options?"

Chu Changge spoke again, "Alright, let's get back on topic... If our speculations are correct, there's a contradiction here. Do you two remember why this global game started?" Chu Changge looked at Gu Mian and Fatty.

Gu Mian shrugged. "To help humanity evolve."

"Exactly," Chu Changge nodded. "The purpose of the global game is to help humanity evolve. However, the significance of this event is diametrically opposed to that purpose. This event we're participating in allows ghosts to evolve by sacrificing humans. It's precisely the reverse."

Fatty had a sudden realization and blurted out, "Could it be some kind of conspiracy by Earth?"

"No," Chu Changge shook his head. "I don't think so. Actually, I have another theory. I suspect this game has... more than one organizer. Perhaps even multiple organizers. They might have conflicting objectives, and these conflicts are manifesting within the game..."

Fatty's mouth fell open in astonishment.

Chu Changge was about to say more, but just then, the sound of hurried footsteps came from outside. Immediately after, the three of them saw a bright green figure forcefully push the door open from the outside.

Mr. Green, panting heavily, looked at them. "Five minutes are up! You need to move quickly... These ghosts are too strong. I won't be able to hold them off for many more waves!"

Chu Changge closed his mouth and said no more. He seemed to be deliberately avoiding Mr. Green. This instance NPC has mentioned more than once that he's a higher-level being, Gu Mian recalled, though I have no idea just how 'high-level' he actually is.

"Alright." Seeing Chu Changge remain silent, Gu Mian agreed and started walking out.

Still panting, Mr. Green strode over to Gu Mian. "I just checked for you. A ghost told me there's a green house not far in that direction. But whether there's a compliant little girl inside waiting for you to tie her hair in pigtails, that I don't know."

With Mr. Green's tip, Gu Mian and the others quickly found the green house from the lantern riddle. They encountered many other players along the way. Mr. Green hid in the shadows with the female ghost and the lantern, so Gu Mian's group didn't attract much attention this time.

Now, the three of them stood before the green house, looking up at the small, dilapidated structure.

"I sincerely hope that little girl's hair is still there in a bit," Fatty remarked with feeling.