

Collapse 321

Chapter 321 Playing Possum_1

As the Fortune-teller was inwardly cursing her rotten luck, Gu Mian had already gotten into the car.

This villa was situated in the center of the island. To better facilitate the players' participation in the reality show activities, several vehicles were available around the villa for them to drive freely.

Gu Mian chose a minivan with a larger capacity from these vehicles.

Not only could it accommodate the five of them, but it could also fit the two cameramen who had tagged along.

It had to be said, these two cameramen were truly dedicated; they didn't even run when the Crystal Ball exploded earlier, and had even tried to shove their cameras right in the Fortune-teller's face.

Gu Mian shifted his gaze from the cameramen to Players No. 1, 2, 3, and 4 nearby.

At that moment, the more vivacious Player No. 3 was chatting with No. 2, the two girls exchanging remarks.

The only male, Player No. 1, stood shyly to one side. Gu Mian was quite puzzled as to why a male had ended up among his blind date candidates.

Lastly, Player No. 4, gloomy and silent as a female ghost, kept her head down without uttering a word.

"Alright," Gu Mian addressed the four individuals, "which one of you knows how to drive?"

Hearing this, No. 2 looked up at Gu Mian with somewhat dazed eyes. "You're the one deciding where we go, so wouldn't it be more convenient for you to drive?"

Gu Mian rubbed his chin. "If none of you want the car to explode or plunge off a cliff to your deaths, it's best not to let me be the driver."

At that moment, Teacher Sweet was observing each player's movements on the live broadcast screen. "Looks like everyone is getting into character," she murmured to herself, eyes fixed on the display. "The reality show is finally on track, and the real drama is about to begin. But this Gu Mian is very assertive. I should tell the editor to include more scenes of him. I'm sure the audience would love to see that."

In the end, it was No. 1 who took on the driving duty.

Gu Mian's goal was to determine which three people were ghosts, a goal he shared with the other guests.

However, his idea of severely torturing the ghosts once he found them differed slightly from the others' plans.

"Go to the amusement park," Gu Mian said from the back seat. He remembered Teacher Sweet mentioning there was one on the island. "You know the way, right?"

No. 1 turned the steering wheel as he replied, "Yes."

Gu Mian was silent.

What an idiot.

There was no amusement park in sight. Gu Mian hadn't seen a map yet; naturally, a player entering the instance for the first time wouldn't know where the amusement park was. But No. 1 knew.

Just then, No. 1, who was driving, seemed to realize something was amiss. He paused for a moment, and Gu Mian noticed his hands on the steering wheel appeared to stiffen.

Then, No. 1 suddenly seemed off. He froze, as if instantly turned to stone, stopping the van in the middle of the road. The man in the driver's seat didn't move an inch, and Gu Mian, in the back, couldn't see his face.

The occupants of the van exchanged bewildered glances.

Only the two cameramen in the very back row craned their necks, cameras raised, eager to film past the three people in between them to get a shot of No. 1's face—true to their profession.

The eerie silhouette in the driver's seat froze in Gu Mian's vision. A long silence followed. This bizarre behavior confirms his identity, Gu Mian realized.

After what felt like an eternity, a shrill cry suddenly erupted from the driver's seat without warning. Then, the motionless man abruptly spun around.

A deathly pale face with a gaping, blood-red maw lunged fiercely towards the back seat.

However, he had barely begun to lunge when he was met with an unexpected, resounding slap.

A crisp smack echoed through the van.

Then came Gu Mian's voice.

"What are you carrying on about?" Gu Mian rubbed his slightly sore hand. "I told you to drive, not to put on a concert! And hitting high notes, to boot!"

No. 1, disoriented by the sudden slap, almost hit his head on the steering wheel. His gaze was unfocused; it was hard to tell what he was thinking.

While No. 1's thoughts were a mystery, the Fortune-teller, who had witnessed everything from nearby, was scared half to death.

She had initially wanted to drive after Gu Mian, but she hadn't expected to witness such a horrifying scene so soon!

She saw that terrifying face in the van, with its gaping, blood-red maw!

The sight almost gave her a heart attack.

But an even more terrifying spectacle was yet to come!

She saw the man who looked like a doctor raise his hand and viciously slap that deathly pale face!

He slapped a ghost!

Seeing this, the Fortune-teller was terrified. She no longer dared to try and cozy up to Gu Mian. She wrenched the steering wheel hard, practically drifting around a turn to get away from the minivan where the incident had occurred.

"Damn it," the Fortune-teller, who usually prided herself on her elegance, couldn't help but swear. "I've really seen some freaky stuff today!"

Meanwhile, Teacher Sweet was still watching the live broadcast. "Hehehe, what a start," she mused. "My silliest employee got slapped, but at least he's not dead. Good... quite good... But then again, intentionally harming an employee on a reality show... that should be grounds for a case in the Instance Court, right?"

Back with Gu Mian, the white-faced driver had restarted the van. Apparently, he was keen to avoid a second slap.

The oblivious cameraman had already squeezed into the front passenger seat and was filming No. 1. The cameras in this instance were incredibly clear; Gu Mian could even see the unshed tears glistening in No. 1's eyes on a small monitor.

Under Gu Mian's predatory gaze, they soon arrived at the amusement park.

Gu Mian hopped out of the van cheerfully, then turned to look at the people still inside. "This is the first destination for our reality show! I'll do my best to give you all some joyous memories!"

Gu Mian wasn't sure if it was his imagination, but he thought the people still in the van shivered in unison.

Chapter 322 Pitiful Gu-gu_1

Variety shows are all about entertainment.

Having watched many variety shows, Gu Mian knew exactly what the audience wanted to see.

So, he wisely chose this amusement park.

"The audience loves exciting stuff, like a roller coaster suddenly going off the rails..." Gu Mian said while browsing the Paradise's introduction posted at the amusement park entrance.

The guide clearly listed all the amusement rides in the Paradise.

"I mean..." a hesitant voice came from the side. Gu Mian turned to see Number 3. "Do viewers actually enjoy watching roller coasters derail?"

Gu Mian paused. "At least I enjoy watching it."

Number 3 silently closed her mouth, looking at Gu Mian as if he were a pervert.

"Of course, people might prefer to see you all lose your makeup—and I mean **really** lose it," Gu Mian said, pointing in a direction.

Everyone looked over.

Number 1 was still in the driver's seat, unbuckling his safety belt and preparing to get out. His pale face could be seen through the car window; he hadn't returned his face to normal yet.

A cameraman rushed up for a close-up.

Seemingly aware that Gu Mian and the others were watching, Number 1 wore a painfully embarrassed expression, then turned away.

Normally, upon seeing the driver suddenly turn into a ghost, a person would scream or at least let out a high-pitched shriek.

But the other three ladies present didn't react at all, not even a peep. They just wore strange expressions, without even feigning fear.

Perhaps they had spent too much time with Number 1, so pretending to be scared would have been quite undignified.

The player hiding among the three ladies clearly knew how to control their emotions.

At least Gu Mian hadn't yet noticed any of the ladies behaving unusually.

Number 2 was still her usual silly self, slow to react to everything. It's worth mentioning that when Gu Mian had asked who could drive, Number 1 raised his hand. However, it wasn't until five minutes after Number 1 had started driving that this ditzy Number 2 finally reacted, shouting from the back seat, "I can drive too!"

Gu Mian had no doubt that if she really drove, she would definitely drive the car straight into a ditch, and only then realize, "Ah, there's a ditch ahead!"

Number 3 was the most normal-looking among them and also the only candidate Gu Mian could potentially converse with. But Gu Mian always felt a deep sense of despair in Number 3's eyes when she looked at the others.

Number 4 had "I am a female ghost" practically written on her face from the start and remained gloomy throughout; Gu Mian wasn't sure if she was putting on an act.

And Number 1 was a complete simpleton; his true identity was easily coaxed out of him with a few casual questions.

Gu Mian seriously suspected that the program team, in a deliberate attempt to make his life difficult, had given him only mentally challenged candidates to choose from.

However, it was undeniable that the ghosts in this instance were quite distinctive. Most importantly, these ghosts could communicate normally and think independently, making them easier to talk to than those Evil Ghosts who only knew how to kill.

Number 1 now looked a bit downcast.

After being slapped by Gu Mian, he no longer had any inclination to sing high notes; he just obediently followed them, his head hanging in shame.

Since Number 1 was confirmed to be a ghost, Gu Mian had no need to observe him further.

The living player was among the remaining three women.

These amusement rides could be used to tell them apart.

"Alright," Gu Mian had now turned his attention to the amusement park itself, "I've just checked out the park's attractions and have a tentative plan."

"Giant Pendulum, Wind Fire Wheels, 360-Degree Spiral Roller Coaster, Different Degree Space, Bungee Jumping, Drop Tower... what's with your expressions?"

Gu Mian saw the expressions on their faces grow increasingly bizarre.

It was a feeling difficult to put into words... If forced to describe, Gu Mian felt his own expression, as if he'd eaten shit, would probably match theirs.

"Undoubtedly," Teacher Sweet stared at the screen and said quietly, "because no player has ever dared to let my 'staff' experience such 'wonderful' things."

Previously, players acting as guests would cautiously try to determine the ghosts' identities. Even if they knew which number corresponded to a ghost, they wouldn't dare show any difference in their behavior.

They were afraid the ghosts would kill them to silence them.

Therefore, no player before had ever used thrilling amusement rides to distinguish between humans and ghosts.

Precisely because these ghosts hadn't really experienced these thrilling amusement rides, their reactions...

Gu Mian had never imagined that ghosts could be so scared by the Giant Pendulum that they would scream their heads off.

On the rapidly spinning Giant Pendulum, Gu Mian listened helplessly as Number 1 and Number 3, sitting next to him, screamed. Their screams were genuine, heart-wrenching; it was almost certainly not an act.

Not long after the ride began, the slow-on-the-uptake Number 2 also joined in the screaming. The cacophony of screams filled Gu Mian's ears, giving him a splitting headache.

He never thought there would be such immature ghosts in the world.

"You're already ghosts, what the hell are you still afraid of?!" Gu Mian's roar came from the Giant Pendulum.

At this moment, the Giant Pendulum was spinning to its highest point before plummeting rapidly, and Gu Mian's voice was quickly drowned out by the screams.

Teacher Sweet was keeping an eye on the situation, "For the authenticity of the show, the ghost characteristics in this instance are certainly closest to those of living humans. This is a special instance precisely because the ghosts are special... But when they get fierce, they are absolutely more terrifying than ordinary ghosts, heh heh heh."

「Meanwhile, in another corner of the Paradise.」

Yuwen Hao was on the Ferris Wheel with the four candidates, anxiously trying to discern any anomalies in their speech and behavior.

All four of them seemed normal. It always gave him the illusion that there were actually no ghosts among them at all.

The terrifying cameramen didn't come inside because the Ferris Wheel cabin was a bit small.

But filming was still necessary—so they stuck themselves to the outside of the glass windows.

With their pale faces pressed tightly against the outer glass, Yuwen Hao didn't even dare to glance sideways at the cameramen stuck outside. This isn't a Ferris Wheel ride; it's a damn haunted house!

Just as his heart was pounding, he suddenly heard faint shouts from afar.

He listened carefully for a moment and realized the shouts were coming from within the Paradise.

It sounded like someone was on some extremely thrilling rides.

The shouts were definitely not from a single person.

Yuwen Hao, being quick-witted, immediately put two and two together. This is too cruel, isn't it? Did they strap the ghosts to the Drop Tower together? Who did this?!

Then, it dawned on him: among the current players in the instance, there seemed to be only one person capable of tormenting ghosts to such an extent—

Chapter 323 Gu-gu Never Coos!_1

Although Gu Mian had pre-booked a heap of thrilling activities, he hadn't initially planned to try every single one.

Before getting onto the giant pendulum, he'd thought the player hiding among the ghosts would probably be exposed halfway through the ride, like a black sesame dumpling revealing its filling.

But now, it seemed the player wasn't just being exposed; they were practically throwing their filling out!

Gu Mian still couldn't figure out who the actual player was, though.

The reason was simple: the ghosts present had also begun to reveal themselves, reacting just like ordinary people.

After several thrilling amusement park rides, Gu Mian felt as if his ears had been assaulted; he didn't want to hear any more of their noises.

"This isn't working, this isn't working. I need to consider other ways..." Gu Mian rubbed his ears, murmuring to himself.

Meanwhile, Yuwen Hao had finally managed to locate him by following the sounds.

He was sneakily hiding behind a ticket booth, peering from a distance at Gu Mian, who seemed deep in thought.

When Teacher Sweet announced they could move around freely, he had slipped away first, afraid of bumping into Gu Mian, who could potentially kill to silence him at any moment.

But he hadn't expected to run into him anyway. Talk about enemies crossing paths!

At this point, Yuwen Hao was still pondering, As expected of a man who could saw off someone's head; he's actually taking a group of ghosts on rides like these!

Yuwen Hao admitted he would never dare take the group of people behind him on rides like roller coasters.

He only dared to slyly verify identities, never so blatantly.

As Yuwen Hao was lost in these thoughts, he suddenly noticed the Doctor in the white coat move. Then, the Doctor led a group of reluctant-looking people to a ticket checkpoint.

Yuwen Hao looked up to see them heading straight for a drop tower ride.

After their tickets were checked, Gu Mian obediently sat on the drop tower and fastened the safety restraint, but...

Why is he bringing that big guitar case with him?! Yuwen Hao was shocked. He knew very well that the guitar case resting on Gu Mian's lap didn't contain anything that would produce pleasant sounds.

Could it be...

This sight gave Yuwen Hao an idea. He then waved at the four people behind him, signaling them to come over.

Something big might be about to happen. In the worst-case scenario, one of the ghosts will die. I want to take this chance to observe these four people's reactions. If they witness one of their own kind dying, they should show some kind of reaction, right? Then, I can take advantage of the chaos to watch their reactions.

The four people, unaware of his intentions, wore curious expressions and carefully observed the drop tower.

By then, the drop tower had started.

It began gently, first rising to a medium height before dropping once. The height wasn't too great, but it still scared some people around Gu Mian into screaming. The only one undisturbed was Number 4, the ghost-like woman sitting next to him.

She stubbornly maintained her eerie expression, looking ready to compete with Sadako in a horror contest at any moment.

During the previous rides, Gu Mian had heard several people shrieking. He suspected this one might have secretly screamed when he wasn't looking, but in front of others, she still stubbornly maintained her composure.

The drop tower had now slowly risen to its highest point.

Below, Yuwen Hao watched unblinkingly. He'd never been so engrossed, not even when reading novels on Qidian.

As everyone knows, a drop tower pauses for a moment when it reaches its highest point. This pause is likely intended to let the people on top brace themselves and to build suspense. It gives riders the distinct impression that *this thing could suddenly drop at any moment*.

Just then, Yuwen Hao watched in disbelief as Gu Mian took advantage of this brief pause to unwrap his 'exquisite' chainsaw packaging, revealing the gleaming saw teeth inside.

Next, he saw Gu Mian raise the chainsaw in mid-air, aiming it at the woman beside him, who was clearly a ghost.

Yuwen Hao was aghast. Is he trying to unlock a new achievement: 'Mid-Air Decapitation'?

Gu Mian knew this respite wouldn't last long, so with lightning speed, he swung the chainsaw towards the person next to him.

Number 4, who had been maintaining her eerie expression, let out a horrified shriek, "What are you doing?!"

"Your persona just shattered," Gu Mian replied swiftly, without missing a beat.

He didn't remain idle while speaking; he quickly thrust the chainsaw towards Number 4's head.

Number 4 was trying to tuck her head under the safety restraint for protection, but she suddenly felt her whole body go loose. Then, the restraint that had been pressing down on her abruptly fell away.

Gu Mian had sawn through the safety restraint from above!

Just as Number 4 sat there on the drop tower, completely without safety measures, trying to protect her head, Gu Mian suddenly kicked her off the ride.

Below, Yuwen Hao's jaw dropped. He watched as the woman next to Gu Mian, who looked like a ghost, was kicked off the drop tower, causing everyone around them to scream.

Is this... kicking her off to see if she'll die? If she doesn't die, then she's a ghost?

He watched as she spun a full 360 degrees in mid-air, her long hair whipping around. But it wasn't for long; her entire body slammed onto the ground in front of the drop tower with a sickening THUD.

He thought he heard the sound of bones breaking.

For a moment, Yuwen Hao felt as if warm blood had splattered onto his face.

The woman lay crumpled on the ground, already a limp heap. He saw blood pooling from beneath her, flowing down the steps in rivulets.

Yuwen Hao swallowed hard and took a trembling step back.

Is this... is this a player?

A wave of intense nausea suddenly surged from his stomach.

He looked up at Gu Mian above, only to see him peering down, silently observing the corpse below.

Yuwen Hao shuddered violently.

Devil!

He didn't dare look up at the person above him again. He wanted to turn and flee, but as soon as he spun around, the terrified expressions on the faces of the four people behind him met his eyes.

Seeing them, Yuwen Hao's frantically pounding heart calmed a little. Thank goodness, thank goodness I'm not alone right now...

But then he was startled by his own thought. Why am I starting to feel a sense of dependence on ghosts? Is it because I've encountered something even more terrifying than a ghost?

Just then, he heard a rustling sound from behind his head.

Yuwen Hao's scalp tingled. Has the drop tower come down already?

He stiffly turned his neck to look, his heart pounding with unease.

And the scene he saw was indeed utterly horrifying.

The woman, who had been splayed on the ground, had silently pushed herself up. She reached out to adjust her head, which had been somewhat flattened by the impact, then wiped her bleeding nose with a blood-covered hand before quietly crouching to one side.

Chapter 324 The Angry Gugu_1

Number 1 and Number 4 had already made their noble sacrifices. So, only Number 2 and Number 3 remained.

The sun had already begun to set in the west, and the sky was gradually darkening.

Gu Mian got off the jump mechanism and glanced in Yuwen Hao's direction.

From above, Gu Mian had seen the sneaky Yuwen Hao hiding to one side. He wouldn't have minded Yuwen Hao watching alone, but he had even brought his four selected individuals to observe the spectacle as well.

Actually, Gu Mian hadn't wanted them to see such a bloody scene, but they were below, watching with great interest, so Gu Mian didn't have the heart to chase them away.

It wasn't until Number 4 had completely plummeted, almost smashing into a pulp on the ground, that their expressions of watching the spectacle turned to sheer panic.

Still terrified, Yuwen Hao shivered when he saw Gu Mian look his way.

He wanted to run away with his people.

However, when he looked around, he realized his companions had already scattered and fled.

These ghosts are so unreliable!

Not to be outdone, Yuwen Hao turned and bolted.

Before Gu Mian had a chance to exchange a few words with this acquaintance he had run into, he saw him sprinting away with all his might.

Am I really that ugly? Gu Mian once again felt his confidence in his appearance waver.

As he was thinking this, he saw Number 4 crouching in the corner, her face covered in blood. A sense of relief washed over him as he realized, It must be because Number 4 looks so ghastly.

At that moment, a cameraman was filming Number 4, practically shoving the camera lens into her gruesome face.

Gu Mian remembered that when Number 4 hit the ground, the two cameramen had excitedly surrounded her, taking close-ups.

Although Yuwen Hao had run off before Gu Mian could say a word to him, it didn't matter.

The four guests would have to return to their rooms at night anyway.

Gu Mian himself didn't care whether he went back or not, but he figured the other three guests wouldn't want to spend the night outside with ghosts.

Returning meant there would be more living people, and with Teacher Sweet holding down the fort, everyone's courage would likely swell.

Although, Gu Mian didn't think Teacher Sweet was anything special...

He glanced at the setting sun.

This variety show instance had started at noon today and wouldn't end until noon three days later.

Not even half a day had passed, and two of his black sesame dumplings had already revealed their filling...

The progress was quite considerable. If he took action again that night, he might be able to directly expose the player and then leave the instance.

However, he didn't want to do that. The ghosts in this instance were valuable, and he had to use this precious time to interrogate them thoroughly.

As Gu Mian thought about this, he glanced at Number 1 and Number 4 beside him.

Number 1 was already deathly pale. Perhaps it was Gu Mian's imagination, but he felt Number 1 looked even paler after getting off the jump mechanism.

As for Number 4, crouching in the corner, her face was now completely covered in blood, making her look even more like a female ghost than before.

Next was the choice between Number 2 and Number 3.

If he could just get one more person to perform a free fall, he could distinguish which one was human.

Number 3 was currently ashen-faced, her lips tightly shut; Gu Mian suspected she was trying to hide her chattering teeth.

Number 2, though slow on the uptake, reacted quickly. Realizing she might be the next to free-fall, she swiftly stepped behind Number 3, her face clearly written with "You can't see me."

Gu Mian cleared his throat. "It's getting a bit late. Let's head back and rest."

Only then did the others heave a sigh of relief.

They were like laborers long oppressed by a Slave Master, finally getting a chance to rest.

On the way back, Number 1 was still driving.

The sun set quickly. By the time they were halfway, the sky had completely darkened. Gu Mian saw that the moon in the sky was already quite distinct.

He was the only one pulled into this special instance; Chu Changge and Fatty had been left outside.

When he entered the instance, he had parked the Spirit Car in the middle of the road. He didn't know if the other two would continue to wait in the middle of the road or find a place to settle nearby.

Perhaps they're sharing some little secrets while I'm not around?

Just as Gu Mian was pondering, the car arrived.

A beautiful little villa stood before him, its interior brightly lit, as if welcoming its master home.

Through the glass, he could see that the others seemed to have already returned.

Gu Mian observed the situation as he walked inside.

Teacher Sweet was still standing in her original position, as if she hadn't moved at all.

The Fortune-teller was sitting on the nearby long sofa. Gu Mian noticed her expression was somewhat stiff. Is she still angry about her Crystal Ball exploding? he wondered.

Yuwen Hao was sitting beside the Fortune-teller, craning his neck to look outside. Upon seeing Gu Mian suddenly appear, he immediately retracted his gaze and composed himself.

Dong'er, whom Gu Mian hadn't seen for almost the entire day, was sitting on a nearby armchair, whispering something to the Fortune-teller.

At this moment, Gu Mian stepped into the living room.

Several cameramen turned their lenses toward him. Gu Mian found an angle and gave them a radiant smile.

Teacher Sweet also spotted Gu Mian as he walked into the living room. Her eyebrows twitched slightly before she resumed her role as host. "Well, our last guest has returned. It seems he had a very enjoyable day, heh heh."

Gu Mian noted her tone was no longer as sweet as it had been at the beginning. Is she tired?

Hearing Teacher Sweet's voice, the Fortune-teller immediately looked up, searching for the culprit who had made her Crystal Ball explode. Dong'er, who had been speaking with her, also looked up towards Gu Mian.

However, Dong'er hadn't expected to be met with a deathly pale ghost face when she looked up. The Fortune-teller, having encountered that white ghost face earlier in the day, was somewhat mentally prepared.

But behind that pale ghost face was an extremely colorful head, as vibrant as rice covered in tomato sauce.

Gu Mian saw the Fortune-teller almost jump up from the sofa. If she were holding a Crystal Ball now, it would probably shatter again, he thought.

Afraid the Fortune-teller might misunderstand, Gu Mian quickly explained, "She accidentally fell when we were on the jump mechanism earlier; that's why she looks like this."

Upon hearing this, Yuwen Hao's face twitched. Accidentally fell? I've never seen such a shameless person!

The Fortune-teller clearly didn't believe Gu Mian's nonsense. She had personally witnessed this Doctor's palm connect with that ferocious ghost face earlier. If he'd said he kicked her off, it might have been somewhat believable. Fell by herself? Heh.

Teacher Sweet pressed her temples. "Please remember, this is a dating show. Everyone should try to avoid taking your potential dates out for a spin, only for one to return deathly pale and the other covered in blood."

Chapter 325 Gu-gu's Rage_1

"Alright," before anyone else could speak, Teacher Sweet removed her hand from her forehead and looked at the clock on the wall. "It's 8:30 in the evening. Everyone's tired today, so you can go back to your rooms to rest."

"Our reality show is quite humane; the camera crew won't follow guests into their rooms..."

Hearing this, Yuwen Hao breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't want to wake up to a pallid face shoving a camera in his face, filming him.

"And your respective selectable candidates will also return to their own separate rooms, so you won't be sharing a room with them when you sleep."

Gu Mian noticed that as Teacher Sweet said this, the Fortune-teller, who had a slightly tense expression, seemed to relax a bit.

She had just been startled by Number 4. I wonder if she's still mulling over it, Gu Mian thought.

"However—"

As Teacher Sweet uttered the word, Gu Mian knew something bad was coming.

Sure enough.

"However, all your rooms have surveillance. I can observe you at any time through the live broadcast."

As soon as she finished speaking, Dong'er, sitting on the single-person sofa, turned pale, as if terrified.

The expressions of the Fortune-teller and Yuwen Hao weren't much better. Both looked uncomfortable but said nothing.

Teacher Sweet continued, "I saw clearly how you all behaved when you first arrived in this instance. I must say, your mental fortitude is quite impressive..."

While she was speaking, Dong'er, still a bit pale, suddenly interjected, "Excuse me, Teacher Sweet..."

Teacher Sweet's words were indeed cut short. She seemed to have anticipated it, smiling as she looked at Dong'er. "What's the problem?"

Dong'er paused, then spoke softly, "I suddenly thought of something. In this reality show, a guest wins if they select an actual player. So, can we choose the selectable candidates of other guests? Or, to be bolder... can we directly select other guests?"

Upon hearing this, Yuwen Hao's interest was piqued.

He had previously considered choosing other guests' selectable candidates, but his intuition told him it wasn't feasible. All selectable candidates were designated by numbers like 1, 2, 3, 4. If he wanted to choose someone else's candidate, he couldn't just write "Gu Mian's Number 1," could he?

Moreover, he didn't dare to gamble. The 'Heartthrob Selection' card was a one-time use, and he didn't dare to mess around recklessly.

But Dong'er's second hypothesis... directly choosing other guests by writing their names...

"No."

To his surprise, Teacher Sweet flatly rejected Dong'er's theory.

"I remember saying when you were first in your rooms that you can only choose your heartthrob from your *own* selectable candidates. So, you cannot choose other guests or other people's selectable candidates."

Hearing this, Yuwen Hao's budding excitement instantly deflated.

It was indeed a good suggestion, but it wouldn't work. He thought that if he had come up with it, he would have kept it to himself and tested it first. Yet Dong'er had actually voiced it in front of the other guests. Is she not very bright? Or just too naive? Yuwen Hao wondered.

Yuwen Hao mused as he glanced at Dong'er beside him, who had posed the question. She had lowered her head, seemingly lost in thought.

While she was thinking, Yuwen Hao's peripheral vision caught the people behind her.

Unlike Gu Mian's three female and one male selectable candidates, all of Dong'er's were male; there was no gender ambiguity.

But then, Yuwen Hao frowned. Wait... the number doesn't seem right!

Teacher Sweet's voice sounded again, "It's getting late. Everyone can return to their rooms to rest. Of course, even at night, you're free to go on dates with your selectable candidates."

Gu Mian was rubbing his chin. I do need to 'date' Number 1 and Number 4.

It wasn't easy identifying two actual ghosts. Of course, I have to make good use of this opportunity.

So, while the others were still hesitating about dating their selectable candidates, they saw Gu Mian grab a woman covered in blood and drag her into his room.

The room door closed with a soft CREAK, like someone's mournful wail.

The Fortune-teller was the next to get up.

After watching Gu Mian drag what was clearly a ghost into his room, she stood up unsteadily.

Seemingly afraid she might fall, Dong'er beside her offered a steadying hand.

The Fortune-teller glanced at the two of them. "I'm going back to my room first."

It seemed she had no intention of dating anyone.

After the Fortune-teller returned to her room, Yuwen Hao also quickly stood up, gave Dong'er a hurried nod, and swiftly went upstairs.

As he rushed upstairs, a chill ran down his spine. Dong'er's number of selectable candidates is off.

The other three guests each had four selectable candidates, but Dong'er only had three people following her...

Only then did Yuwen Hao recall that Dong'er, as a guest, had been mostly out of their sight the entire day. The few times they had met were within this villa, encounters they couldn't avoid.

Because they'd met so infrequently, had no one noticed that Dong'er was short one selectable candidate?

No, perhaps others had noticed but chose not to point it out...

Although the discrepancy in numbers could be because this reality show instance's logistics were insufficient, in a Mysterious Dungeon, anything related to numbers warrants careful attention.

If it wasn't a logistical shortfall for the instance... then why would Dong'er be missing one selectable candidate?

As he was still pondering this, he reached the top of the stairs.

Two doors came into view.

His room was to the left; Gu Mian's room was to the right.

Just moments ago, Gu Mian dragged a ghost, one that looked like it was struggling fiercely, into the room on the right...

That said, in a Mysterious Dungeon, staying near someone like Gu Mian should be very safe. The crucial problem, however, is that this instance is different from other survival-type instances.

No matter how capable Gu Mian is, he can't help me identify the player among the four, can he?

No!

Another wild idea struck Yuwen Hao. Maybe I can get Gu Mian to help me throw my selectable candidates off the roof one by one. The one who dies is the player! But if they're dead, can their name still be put on the card?

He was suddenly startled by his own thought. Have I been around Gu Mian for so long that my thoughts are unconsciously aligning with his?

By now, Yuwen Hao had paced in front of Gu Mian's door several times.

Just as he finally mustered the courage to seek help from this 'old acquaintance,' he suddenly heard a sound from the room, like a motorcycle engine starting.

He'd heard that sound many times before!

It was the roar of a chainsaw starting up.

Hearing this, Yuwen Hao's previous thoughts vanished completely. He practically ran back to his own room.

Anything can wait until tomorrow... tomorrow... Yuwen Hao quickly returned to his room and swallowed hard.

There was a wall clock in every room. After swallowing, Yuwen Hao glanced towards it.

It was already nearly ten o'clock.

He knew well that many Mysterious Dungeons only truly came alive at night; the pitch-black darkness was prime time for Evil Ghosts to roam.

He didn't know if this instance was the same. Even though this was a reality show instance, Yuwen Hao always felt uneasy. I keep imagining my selectable candidates will silently appear above my head in the middle of the night.

If only all the guests could gather together...

Yuwen Hao sighed as he thought about it. If all the guests could gather, they could take turns keeping watch and resting.

Speaking of taking turns to keep watch, he seemed to recall doing that once in a previous instance. Yes! It was in the instance where I first met Gu Mian.

He still remembered how Gu Mian, upon hearing a noise from under the bed, had stuck his head under there to startle the ghost.

It was just that the players in this instance were all strange.

Gu Mian, needless to say, would most likely refuse if asked to keep watch.

And that Fortune-teller seems to have run into some trouble. She was sullen when she returned, and who knows what she's doing in her room now.

Dong'er, the one with the least presence, is also strange; she seems to be intentionally or unintentionally avoiding contact with other guests.

Come to think of it, I seem to be the only normal person in this instance...

Yuwen Hao sighed silently as he mulled this over.

Forget it. Since we can't all gather, I'll just have to manage alone.

He plopped down onto the bed and lay back. "Though I need to rest, I must stay alert... ready to flee at any moment!"

He was prepared. If anything unexpected happened during the night, he would immediately dive into Gu Mian's room next door.

"A chainsaw can solve anything," Yuwen Hao murmured to himself, then peacefully closed his eyes.

Chapter 326 I really like_1

Yuwen Hao was awakened by the sound of knocking.

He was extremely cautious, keeping the light on in his room even when he was resting, so he could quickly notice if anything was wrong when danger approached.

To put it simply, it was so that he could be the first to see when the ghost face appeared, and then run away at once.

The moment Yuwen Hao opened his eyes, he saw the ceiling light.

He was still a bit groggy when the knocking on his door began again.

It took him half a second to remember he was inside a special instance.

The repetitive cycle of instances had left his brain sluggish. Sometimes, when he woke up in real life, he'd first check his surroundings to see if any Evil Ghosts lurked nearby.

Yuwen Hao sighed, sitting up on his bed, "Right, I'm still in the 'Sweet Lover' instance, and there's a Doctor who's way too handy with a Saw..."

As he mumbled to himself, he looked towards the door.

Was it morning already? Has someone come to wake me up for the recording? It seemed like I had only nodded off for a moment...

But that's when he noticed the window outside.

It was still dark outside, with no signs of dawn creeping in.

Yuwen Hao paused for a moment. It's still late at night.

After this brief moment of surprise, he looked at the wall clock. The second hand was ticking away non-stop. The clock showed it was 2:35 a.m.

Then, the slightly heavy knocking sounded again.

Listening to the sound, Yuwen Hao shivered.

Had the ghost come for me?

Despite the fact that they hadn't shown any threat during the day... they had even made him feel like this was a harmless instance.

But reality proved otherwise.

He stared at the thick darkness outside the window, then gazed at the wall clock for a long moment. Throughout this period, the person outside seemed incredibly patient, persistently knocking on his door.

But apart from knocking, the person outside didn't make any other sounds.

An eerie knocking persisted in the silent night.

Yuwen Hao swallowed. He wanted to ask who was outside, but he only managed to open his mouth, unable to make a sound.

Before falling asleep, he had formulated a meticulous plan—if there were any stirrings, he would instantly duck into Gu Mian's room next door.

Unfortunately, something was now guarding his door, and this plan was ruined.

As if whatever was outside knew he was awake, the knocking grew heavier, like a resonant drumbeat echoing in the dark night.

At this moment, Yuwen Hao wished he could drill a hole in the wall and get into the room next door, but he couldn't.

Just then, he noticed that the knocking was speeding up, from slow and steady to somewhat frantic.

Yuwen Hao stared hard at the door, motionless, not daring to make any sound.

The knocking was still accelerating!

It pounded on the door as if trying to break it, and Yuwen Hao backed up half a step in fear.

What's going on!

How could the others not hear such a commotion?

Even if the two girls downstairs couldn't hear, Gu Mian in the next room should be able to, right!

But apart from the violent knocking, there were no other sounds. It was as if everyone else slept undisturbed by the terrifying knocks.

It seems only I can hear it... Is this ghost targeting me? Is it a ghost mixed in with the options I can choose...

Yuwen Hao felt goosebumps all over, his eyes fixated on the door.

With this thought, a daring notion sprang into his mind.

Since it keeps knocking like this, it must mean it can't come in unless I open the door, right? Why don't I take this chance to see what it looks like?

There was a peephole in the door that allowed him to see outside.

As Yuwen Hao thought about this, he steadied his resolve and slowly moved towards the door.

If I can see what this ghost outside the door looks like, I can eliminate one of the selectable options...

Although it's somewhat dangerous, it's much better than hiding in my room and being completely at its mercy.

He did his best to lighten his steps, craning his neck as he silently approached the door.

It's okay, it's okay... he continually reassured himself.

While psyching himself up, Yuwen Hao leaned in, trying to get closer to the peephole. But the knocking became even more terrifying, and the door panel itself began to vibrate from the blows.

Seeing the vibrating door panel, Yuwen Hao hesitated, reluctant to get too close to it.

Just as he hesitated, whatever was outside intensified its efforts. The knocking almost became ramming, and it seemed like the entire door could be smashed open at any moment!

Yuwen Hao was terrified and took a large step back abruptly.

And just as he was badly startled, an even more terrifying voice reached his ears.

"What the hell are they doing, slaughtering a pig in the middle of the night?"

It was from next door, Gu Mian's voice.

Can other people hear this door banging?

Just as Yuwen Hao was reeling in shock and fear, the nightmarish knocking outside abruptly stopped. It ceased so suddenly, as if someone had slammed on the brakes, and Gu Mian hadn't even finished his shout when it cut off.

In that instant, Yuwen Hao was on the verge of tears; he had never felt Gu Mian to be so dear.

Gu Mian was especially perplexed tonight.

Earlier, he'd wanted to discuss the game with Number 4. However, even after talking until the wee hours of the morning, they hadn't made much progress. Number 4 was an expert at playing dead; the moment they sensed a threat, they'd immediately drop to the ground and feign death. Gu Mian had already witnessed this on the jump machine.

Gu Mian couldn't very well see Number 4's head off, especially since there were cameras in the room.

In the end, Number 4, who was still pretending to be dead, was kicked out of the room by Gu Mian.

Interrogation was mentally draining.

After kicking Number 4 out, Gu Mian lay on his bed and fell into a peaceful sleep. But he hadn't been asleep for long when he was awakened by a violent noise.

It sounded like someone was doing renovation work.

Unable to tolerate it any longer, Gu Mian shouted, finally scaring off the inconsiderate owner doing repairs in the middle of the night.

But just as he was about to fall asleep again, Yuwen Hao from next door burst into his room, carrying his rolled-up bedding as if fleeing for his life.

At the moment, Gu Mian was sitting on his bed, silently watching Yuwen Hao spread his bedding on the floor.

"What are you doing?" Gu Mian asked, feeling like he was stating the obvious.

Yuwen Hao swallowed. "I came to sleep with you..."

Gu Mian was actually quite wary that Yuwen Hao might get up in the middle of the night and stab him. One can never be too careful.

So, he thought of a compromise—

He used a quilt and ropes to tie Yuwen Hao up like a spring roll, then secured him to the bed's leg.

Yuwen Hao, now tied up like a spring roll, seemed unable to accept this reality. "You have this kind of fetish?!"

Gu Mian looked down at the man tied to the leg of his bed. "Honestly, I'm not too thrilled about sharing a room with someone else. If you don't like this, you could go back to your..."

"No," Yuwen Hao said, his expression instantly turning serious. "I like it very much."

Chapter 327 CoCo thinking of dating Wan_1

The knocking from outside had vanished, and the Fortune-teller let out a small sigh of relief.

She hadn't rested all night, yet she didn't feel particularly tired.

The Fortune-teller profession didn't grant any active skills, but it consumed a vast amount of spiritual power; the stronger one's spiritual power, the more potent their fortune-telling ability.

Therefore, after expending immense effort to pass the profession's qualification instance and become a Fortune-teller, she had intentionally allocated all her Attribute Points to spiritual power.

She had even managed, with great difficulty, to acquire an "Attribute Reset Ticket." With it, she reclaimed the few meager Attribute Points she had previously assigned elsewhere and reallocated them to spiritual power.

Because her spiritual power was outstanding, she wouldn't feel fatigued even if she went without rest for extended periods.

That's why she was the first to hear the knocking outside tonight.

Although the knocking came from the second floor, it still made the Fortune-teller's heart pound for a good while. She didn't dare make a sound or open the door to see what was happening outside. She could only remain in her room, pretending nothing was amiss.

Later, the knocking grew louder. The most terrifying part was that the entire house remained deathly silent, as if no one but her had heard the sounds from outside.

Thinking of this made the Fortune-teller feel even more terrified, but this assumption was soon shattered by the Doctor's voice.

Just as the knocking grew increasingly audacious, almost escalating into forceful banging on the door, the Fortune-teller heard a familiar voice from upstairs—

"What in the world? Is someone slaughtering pigs in the middle of the night?"

For some reason, whenever she heard this person's voice, an image of him tearing ghosts apart with his bare hands would pop into the Fortune-teller's mind, an image she couldn't shake.

The brazen knocking quickly subsided.

Just as I thought... At that moment, the Fortune-teller was in her room, hand pressed to her chest. She recalled stories her elders had told when this game began: even evil ghosts would recoil three paces from individuals exuding an extremely baleful aura.

She had scoffed at the idea back then, dismissing it as utter nonsense, but now she had no choice but to believe.

An evil ghost intends to harm someone, only to find that person is far more formidable. A retaliatory slap sends it reeling, utterly disoriented. Even the most powerful ghost would be helpless in such a situation.

That's if it's lucky. If not... it might even be kicked off a drop tower ride by that malevolent person...

However, judging by appearances alone, she really couldn't tell that this Doctor was such a ruthless individual.

Although this person was ruthless, he was, nonetheless, a good teammate.

The Fortune-teller mused. After obtaining this profession, she had invested all her Attribute Points into spiritual power. While this enhanced her senses and made her resistant to fatigue, her self-defense capabilities had significantly diminished.

So, in previous instances, she had always relied on leeching off teammates to survive until the end.

Thanks to her Fortune-teller profession, teammates in instances were quite willing to let her leech. It could even be said that half of their successfully cleared instances were due to her divination abilities.

The Fortune-teller had always wanted to find a permanent teammate. She understood she thrived in a team setting. With good teammates, her abilities, combined with their operational skills, might allow them to clear even ultra-high-difficulty instances.

Unfortunately, after searching for a long time, she hadn't found a suitable teammate. There was someone quite suitable in this current instance, though...

The Fortune-teller felt a slight headache. But that person... it seemed he didn't need teammates at all?

She rubbed her temples as these thoughts raced through her mind, then shifted her focus back to the current instance.

Today, I spent the whole afternoon outside with the four people available to me, but I still couldn't figure out which one was different.

Although everyone concealed it well, the Fortune-teller could still sense it... When she walked ahead, a venomous gaze would fix on her from behind, staring at her back and making her scalp tingle.

However, even if she whirled around instantly, she would only see four ordinary people, nothing strange about them.

This chilling, venomous gaze constantly surrounded her, as if poised to escalate and kill her at any moment.

So, when night fell, she chose not to continue with the variety show activities and instead locked herself in her room.

Thinking of this, she sighed. The rules don't explicitly state that ghosts cannot kill guests, but surely they can't just kill indiscriminately, right? Otherwise, this variety show would be pointless. Perhaps ghosts can only kill after a specific condition is met...

I absolutely must not cross that line.

By now, it was past midnight.

A Fortune-teller could only perform a divination once per day. Yesterday, her attempt to divine for Gu Mian had caused her Crystal Ball to transform into an explosive hand grenade.

But today, she had another chance to perform a divination.

Sighing, she took out her second Crystal Ball. Thankfully, I have a spare...

She had originally prepared a spare, fearing her Crystal Ball might get bumped or damaged within an instance, rendering it unusable.

She hadn't anticipated her fear would come true, though the Crystal Ball didn't become unusable from being bumped or damaged as she'd imagined—it had eagerly gone and exploded.

She strained her ears, listening to the movements outside.

She had only heard that a player named Yuwen Hao had seemingly entered the Doctor's room next door a while ago and hadn't emerged for a long time.

The one whose door was being knocked on earlier must have been him, she surmised.

A Crystal Ball doesn't just explode... the Fortune-teller mused. That Doctor is indeed remarkable, but he shouldn't be so formidable that even divination about him is impossible. Perhaps the Crystal Ball's explosion is related to this instance?

This is a special instance, after all.

Perhaps the instance is suppressing my abilities as a Fortune-teller.

I can try again, the Fortune-teller thought, silently staring at the Crystal Ball before her.

However, she had learned her lesson this time. Instead of attempting to divine Gu Mian's fate, she focused on Dong'er in the room next door.

Dong'er looks like a model citizen. If the Crystal Ball explodes again this time, it will mean there's a problem with this instance itself, the Fortune-teller mumbled to herself as she closed her eyes...

「The night passed quickly.」

Gu Mian's first instinct upon waking was to look towards Yuwen Hao at the foot of the bed.

The guest, wrapped up like a spring roll, was very quiet and still fast asleep. Gu Mian even saw a glistening liquid trickling from the corner of his mouth.

Before the drool could reach the quilt, Gu Mian stretched out his leg and kicked the soundly sleeping Yuwen Hao. "Wake up."

At this point, Teacher Sweet had already taken her position on the first floor.

No one knew where she had gone the previous night; perhaps she had gone home to rest.

From her vantage point, she could see the second floor. The door to one of the rooms creaked open, and two people emerged.

Gu Mian emerged first, with Yuwen Hao timidly following.

Teacher Sweet chuckled. "It seems you two guests have much in common. Did you stay up most of the night talking?"

Gu Mian noticed that all the other guests and their selectable targets had also assembled on the first floor, seemingly waiting for them.

Then, another creaking sound was heard.

Gu Mian looked towards the source of the sound and saw the Fortune-teller, dark circles under her eyes, walking out while holding a Crystal Ball identical to the one from yesterday.

Chapter 328 Male Coos Rushing in the North, Female Coos with Misty Eyes_1

Gu Mian hadn't expected this woman to actually pull out another Crystal Ball; she truly lived up to the name of a competent Fortune-teller.

Her face was pale, and dark circles ringed her eyes. If her complexion got any darker, she could probably be passed off as a national treasure at the zoo. Gu Mian guessed she hadn't slept last night.

The Fortune-teller held the Crystal Ball, her face, framed by the dark circles under her eyes, wearing a strange expression, as if she had something difficult to say.

Gu Mian understood. Could it be that she'd divined something else?

At this moment, Dong'er also peeked her head out from the adjacent room. Seeing that everyone had gathered in the main hall, she quickly slipped out of her room and closed the door behind her.

"Alright," Teacher Sweet said, retracting her gaze. "Since everyone is here, you may all begin today's activities. There are many entertainment facilities on the island awaiting you. Our photographers will also be filming you every step of the way..."

As she spoke, the cameramen in the hall, shouldering their cameras, aimed their lenses at them.

Gu Mian had observed their faces; none of the cameramen looked alike. He'd initially assumed the cameramen were just mass-produced entities in this instance, but it seemed that wasn't the case.

"And..." At this point, Teacher Sweet shifted her gaze to Gu Mian. "Sir, since two of your selectable targets have sustained work-related injuries, I've arranged for them to rest. They won't be able to join your activities for the time being. Besides, you've already figured out their identities anyway."

So today, only Number 2 and Number 3 remained with Gu Mian.

It was regrettable. Gu Mian hadn't yet had a chance to ask Number 1 about some things before Teacher Sweet spirited him away. Truly vexing.

Just then, the pallid Fortune-teller suddenly spoke, "I'm feeling a bit unwell. I'd like to rest for a while."

Teacher Sweet chuckled. "Of course, no problem. Even if you rest for the entire day, it's fine. As long as you can select your chosen partner in the end, our cameramen won't enter your room to disturb your rest."

The Fortune-teller returned to her room, clearly relieved.

However, her expression was too obvious. Even Yuwen Hao could tell that the Fortune-teller seemed to be hiding something.

It wasn't until he had trailed closely behind Gu Mian out of the villa that Yuwen Hao finally spoke in a low voice, "Speaking of which, did you notice that woman, the Fortune-teller? She looked a bit off... and she was holding a Crystal Ball. It actually looked quite real."

Yuwen Hao didn't know that 'Fortune-teller' was her actual profession, so it wasn't surprising he found the Crystal Ball odd.

Gu Mian, on the other hand, was somewhat curious about this Yuwen Hao. Yesterday, when I saw him, he looked like he'd seen a ghost and couldn't wait to steer clear of me. So why is he sticking to me like glue today, impossible to shake off?

Seeing Gu Mian's lack of reaction, Yuwen Hao continued, "By the way, did you notice Dong'er? I felt something was off about her yesterday."

Gu Mian noticed that Yuwen Hao wasn't paying attention to other things, his mind completely focused on the two female players.

They are indeed good-looking, but he can't just focus all his attention on them, can he?

Not noticing Gu Mian's expression, Yuwen Hao pressed on, "Did you notice Dong'er's number of selectable targets—?"

However, his words were cut short by Gu Mian.

Gu Mian looked at Yuwen Hao beside him. "Do you remember when we first entered this instance, we were scattered in our respective rooms, right?"

Yuwen Hao wasn't quite sure why Gu Mian had suddenly brought this up, but he nodded nonetheless. "Yes. We listened to the rules in our rooms for a while before going to the main hall to meet Teacher Sweet. She added some more rules after we reached the hall."

"That's completely unnecessary," Gu Mian laughed. "Since Teacher Sweet was going to supplement the rules in the hall eventually, why make us listen to a part of them in our rooms first?"

Listening to half the rules and then moving to another location to hear the rest was truly a superfluous step.

Hearing this, Yuwen Hao also began to find it odd. He hadn't thought anything was amiss before, but after Gu Mian's explanation, he realized the matter was indeed not that simple.

Gu Mian continued, "You have to understand, this instance isn't just for us."

Even though Gu Mian had prefaced his remark with "You have to understand," Yuwen Hao was still confused. He couldn't connect the dots in what Gu Mian was saying and remained utterly lost.

Unable to comprehend such profound words, Yuwen Hao decided to ask about something he could understand, "Where are you planning to go today?"

Yesterday, he had personally witnessed Gu Mian kick a ghost off the drop tower at the amusement park.

Yuwen Hao subconsciously felt that Gu Mian would choose another high-risk location today. Perhaps a cable car whose tracks could snap at any moment, or something similar.

But things didn't unfold as he had imagined.

Gu Mian glanced back. Yuwen Hao followed his gaze. Behind them stood their selectable targets, along with a few cameramen hovering nearby.

Further back was the beautiful little villa where they were staying. It was bathed in the morning sun, reflecting a somewhat dazzling light.

"I'm going back," Gu Mian declared.

Yuwen Hao didn't hear clearly. "What are you going to do?"

"Go back," Gu Mian repeated. "Go back and grab someone."

The Fortune-teller was holed up in her room, her Crystal Ball placed on the table. She was the only one in the room. It was very quiet here; the only sound was the wind rustling the leaves. She stared at the Crystal Ball on the table for a good while.

Last night, the Fortune-teller had performed a divination for Dong'er without her knowledge. Because the focus of the divination couldn't be determined, the Fortune-teller hadn't held out much hope initially. She merely wanted to use the divination for Dong'er to see if anything abnormal would occur during the process. Unexpectedly, not only did the Crystal Ball not explode this time, but it clearly divined the most crucial clue for Dong'er: which of the individuals following her was a living person.

The thought made the Fortune-teller shiver as she recalled last night's results. No living humans! There wasn't a single living human among Dong'er's selectable targets! They were all ghosts! Why were there no living humans? Teacher Sweet had clearly said that among their selectable targets, there would be one player. If they chose that player, they would win the instance! Yet the divination showed that not a single living human existed among Dong'er's selectable targets. This meant it was highly probable that Teacher Sweet had lied to them... Perhaps all the selectable targets for them, the guests, were ghosts! How could this be...

She was mired in confusion. The Fortune-teller currently had no inclination to try and identify the player hidden among her own selectable targets, as she suspected it might be a futile effort. But the more she thought about it, the more something felt wrong. No, wait! How could an instance blatantly provide them with false rules?

A bold idea struck the Fortune-teller: Could the problem be with Dong'er herself? Had Teacher Sweet deliberately given them false rules, or... had a problem arisen specifically with Dong'er?

The Fortune-teller remained agitated for a long time. She had to uncover the truth, as it directly pertained to whether there was a living person among her own selectable targets. At this thought, the Fortune-teller calmed down slightly. It would be difficult to investigate Teacher Sweet directly, but Dong'er is right next door.

As she pondered, she stood up. Dong'er should have left the room with her selectable targets by now. Perhaps I can take this opportunity to check her room for any clues.

Chapter 329 Penniless Gu BongBong_1

Fortune-teller had always been the kind of person who acted on her whims. Sometimes, a sudden idea would pop into her mind, and before she fully registered it, her body would already be unconsciously implementing it.

Just like now, she was standing at the door of Dong'er's room.

No one else was in the hall. Teacher Sweet and the cameraman were absent, and her targets had run off somewhere, giving her ample time to act.

Even so, Fortune-teller felt a little guilty. After all, she was sneaking into someone else's room.

However, she quickly put her guilt aside.

In this world, those who are too apprehensive tend not to live long.

I have to figure out why there isn't a single living person among Dong'er's options, Fortune-teller thought as she swiftly slipped into the room before her.

None of the rooms here were locked, giving her a perfect opportunity.

The door didn't creak from disuse when opened, which was a relief to Fortune-teller, who feared being discovered.

Upon entering the room, Fortune-teller quickly scanned her surroundings.

Dong'er's room layout was similar to her own.

Immediately to the left upon entering was a medium-sized screen displaying, "The selected guest player of this room is 'Dong'er'."

Fortune-teller didn't pay much attention to the screen. Every guest's room had one, intended to clarify for the player whether they were playing the guest or the hidden player.

The room walls were as white as snow. It was well-decorated, and the air was filled with a unique scent, as if Dong'er had sprayed perfume in her room.

A single bed was positioned on the right, its headboard against the wall. A blue-and-white checkered, fluffy bedsheet hung from the bed, draping softly onto the floor.

The bedside table was placed next to the window.

A huge window, devoid of any security measures, faced the door. It was as large as the one in her own room. So large, in fact, that Fortune-teller, who lived on the first floor, constantly feared someone might break in and rob her.

Dong'er clearly had similar concerns.

The thick curtains were drawn tightly, not letting in a sliver of light, as if Dong'er feared someone spying from outside.

Fortune-teller found this odd. Why are the curtains drawn so tightly?

While fearing the excessively large window herself, she didn't feel the need to draw the curtains so tightly, especially not in broad daylight.

As she pondered this, she moved towards the window.

But as she passed the single bed, a peculiar fragrance, tinged with an odd odor, entered her nostrils.

She recognized this as the scent she had smelled upon entering the room. However, the fragrance seemed to grow stronger here at the bedside, and it was mixed with some other smells.

As Fortune-teller's gaze was drawn to the bed, she also noticed something on the bedside table.

Due to her distance from the bedside table earlier, she hadn't seen what was on it. But now, the items on the table were clearly visible to her.

What is this...

Fortune-teller strode quickly to the table and picked up the card that had been casually placed there.

This is the card for choosing one's object of affection!

This card was particularly important to the guests. Fortune-teller didn't know about the others, but she always kept hers with her, as she might need to write down her choice at any moment.

Dong'er, however, seemed to care little for this card, having left it haphazardly on the table...

Just then, she noticed the peculiar odor she had detected earlier had grown stronger.

It must be coming from this bed.

Fortune-teller eyed the single bed curiously, then lightly sniffed the bedsheet. She realized the source of the odor wasn't the sheet, but somewhere else.

Naturally, Fortune-teller cast her gaze under the bed.

She couldn't see directly under the bed because the blue-and-white fluffy bedsheet hung down, draping onto the floor and just barely concealing the space beneath.

Fortune-teller stared intently at the bedsheet draping to the floor.

The tightly drawn curtains, the odd smell from under the bed, the selection card tossed aside, and the absence of any living person among Dong'er's selectable targets... Taking these factors into account, a horrifying idea suddenly formed in Fortune-teller's mind.

She shuddered involuntarily, slowly squatting down...

This instance is called Sweet Lovers. It's a matchmaking variety show instance. From the beginning, we knew there were two sides of players... us, the guests, and the others, the hidden players.

Since Teacher Sweet said the guests would choose their objects of affection, I assumed our side had the complete initiative, and the hidden players could only try their best to conceal their identities... But now it seems that's not the case at all!

In this instance, the ones who most want to kill us... probably aren't ghosts...

Finally squatting before the bed, Fortune-teller reached out, pinched the fluffy bedsheet where it touched the floor, and lifted it ever so slightly.

A scent, a mixture of perfume and some other odor, wafted from the gap, assaulting her nostrils.

Previously, Fortune-teller couldn't identify what the smell was, but now that she was closer, she could, of course, discern it.

It's the stench of a rotting corpse, mixed with perfume!

So it's true.

They must have sprayed a large amount of perfume under the bed to cover up the stench of the corpse hidden there! To deceive everyone!

There's a corpse under the bed.

Fortune-teller calmed herself slightly, then lifted the bedsheet higher.

She lowered her gaze slightly. The first thing that came into view was a deathly pale hand. It was clear its owner had been dead for some time; the skin was completely devoid of color.

Next to the hand lay a crumpled piece of discarded clothing.

Fortune-teller didn't look at the rest of the corpse. Instead, she quickly picked up the crumpled bundle of clothing and unfolded it. Sure enough, on the back was a large number—"4".

Only the clothes of a chosen target would have such a number.

The corpse under the bed and the discarded clothes confirmed her suspicions.

Fortune-teller shuddered fiercely.

The 'Dong'er' we met earlier wasn't the real Dong'er at all! She's a hidden player!

While all the players were in their rooms learning the rules, this impostor came up with a horrifying idea.

She seized the opportunity to kill the real Dong'er, hide her under the bed, then change into the numbered clothes to take her place. That way, she could never fail in this instance!

That's right! If the guest who could choose her is dead, then she's perfectly safe!

No wonder the impostor asked Teacher Sweet if she could choose someone else's target! She was afraid of being chosen by other guests!

Her impersonation was so convincing... Moving in and out of the guest rooms so naturally, without a single flaw. If I hadn't divined her...

At that moment, Fortune-teller suddenly remembered something. It seems Teacher Sweet never once called the impostor Dong'er a 'guest.' She knew everything but didn't expose it. This means hidden players killing guests is actually a normal part of this instance's gameplay!

Realizing this, Fortune-teller drew a sharp breath, desperate to leave this terrifying player's room immediately.

But just then, she suddenly realized she had unknowingly been enveloped by a nebulous shadow.

Immediately after, Fortune-teller heard a cold voice from above her, "What are you doing?"

Chapter 330 I Had No Choice Before, Now I Want to Be a Non-cooing Bird_1

The Fortune-teller's scalp suddenly tingled.

That voice is Dong'er's... no, it isn't Dong'er...

She remained crouched in a stiff position, not moving.

But the shadow moved.

It drew closer and closer, then enveloped her.

Immediately after, the Fortune-teller heard a malevolent voice right behind her head, "What are you doing?"

It's over—

This thought, as if possessing a voice, echoed lingeringly in the Fortune-teller's mind.

Then, she felt something cold approaching her neck.

The Fortune-teller's hair stood on end. She abruptly leaned forward to dodge, trying to escape.

But just as she hurriedly turned to run towards the door, three bizarre and twisted faces appeared before her eyes.

'Dong'er' held a sharp blade. The same people who were with her before still followed her, but now they had abandoned their disguises. They were fixing her with a terrifying gaze.

Right, since the hidden players have been hiding among the ghosts, the ghosts are unlikely to harm these hidden players. But they still harbor undisguised malice towards the players acting as guests... It seems I can't escape through the door. Is this it? Am I going to die here today?

Just then, the Fortune-teller suddenly thought of the large window.

A window that large could be easily shattered, right? Perhaps I can break through the window to escape!

But just as this thought emerged, the Fortune-teller felt her arm being grabbed.

It's that woman.

A cold voice sounded from behind her. The coy, hesitant tone from before was gone; she sounded like a completely different person.

"Perhaps you feel wronged. I didn't originally have to kill you. Even if you knew everything, you couldn't pose a threat to me.

"Indeed, I initially thought that apart from the person under the bed, no one else could threaten me, but I was wrong.

"I discovered there's someone different in this instance, someone I can't control.

"So, for my safety, and to prevent this information from leaking, I'll have to trouble you to die first..."

Hearing this, the Fortune-teller sensed the woman beside her gripping something and lunging viciously at her neck.

She immediately tried to dodge, but the woman held her tightly, making it impossible to break free. She could only avoid a fatal blow, not prevent the knife from striking her.

After the attack, intense pain shot through her shoulder. Blood seeped from the wound, instantly staining her clothes red.

The Fortune-teller lost her footing and collapsed.

She looked up to see the woman slowly approaching, then raising the knife high.

The Fortune-teller closed her eyes in despair.

But just at this critical moment, she suddenly heard an unusual sound nearby.

It came from under the bed!

A RUSTLING sound came from underneath.

The knife-wielding woman clearly noticed this unusual sound too and sharply turned her head towards the bed.

What's going on?

In an instant, countless thoughts flashed through the Fortune-teller's mind. Could it be reanimation? Can players reanimate after being killed? Or have they turned into ghosts?

While these wild thoughts raced through her head, another voice emerged from under the bed.

"Um..."

That hesitant, weak voice... it's Yuwen Hao! Has he been under the bed this whole time?

The Fortune-teller was momentarily stunned. Is another person going to die today?

The knife-wielding woman's expression turned even colder. She stared at the space beneath the bed, her gaze as chilling as if laced with poison.

Yuwen Hao's voice continued from under the bed, "I mean... if that's what you're worried about... you really don't need to kill anyone..."

His tone was hesitant, and his words weren't very coherent.

The Fortune-teller took a few seconds to process this before realizing Yuwen Hao was speaking to the woman.

At this point, the woman seemed to abandon her as a target and slowly approached the single bed. Her steps were extremely light, as if afraid of startling the person underneath.

Seeing this, the Fortune-teller opened her mouth, intending to warn Yuwen Hao under the bed, but then quickly shut it.

People who meddle in others' affairs usually die young. I should use this chance to escape!

As she thought this, she quietly began to adjust her position. Just as she was subtly shifting her body, the knife-wielding woman had almost reached the window and was bending down.

At that moment, Yuwen Hao's weak voice came again from under the bed—

"If you're worried about 'the uncontrollable person' discovering your secret, you really don't need to kill anyone...

"Because he's already here..."

The Fortune-teller saw the woman's body suddenly freeze.

She, too, abandoned her plan to escape. Although the woman hadn't specified who 'the uncontrollable person' was, everyone knew who she meant. The only one in this instance who seemed abnormal was him! Does that mean the Doctor is in the room right now? Is he under the bed...?

Just then, she saw a figure in white silently crawl out from under the bed. He sniffed and said, "It really stinks down there..."

Who else could it be but Doctor Gu Mian, the one with the 'Iron Palm Slap'?

Seeing Gu Mian, the Fortune-teller instinctively glanced at the woman.

To her surprise, the woman was incredibly fast. It was a stark contrast to her earlier murderous intent; in the blink of an eye, she had already darted to the doorway.

Not just her.

Even the three ghosts that had been behind her had long since disappeared to who-knows-where.

Only the door remained, wide open and empty, as if wanting to howl something into the void.

Then, the Fortune-teller overheard the conversation between the Doctor and Yuwen Hao nearby.

Doctor: "Why did they run so fast?"

Yuwen Hao: "What do you think?"

Doctor: "I don't think it has anything to do with me."

Fortune-teller: "..."