

Collapse 55

Chapter 55: Calling out for Love and Justice at the Center of the World_1

Yuwen Hao's mind exploded at the scene before him.

What the hell!

How could he just reach out and restrain such a terrifying Evil Ghost? Am I blind?

Qing Huan also wore a look of disbelief, as if she couldn't trust her own eyes.

The Evil Ghost they had desperately tried to avoid was currently pinned down by a seemingly harmless doctor, and this doctor was casually conversing with the entity he had subdued.

"There's an old saying: lay down the butcher's knife and attain Buddhahood."

"I am a doctor, as you can tell from my clothes. You must also know that the medical profession is about saving people. We do everything we can to save our patients' lives."

"We save people, and we also save their minds... To put it nicely, it's called 'saving hearts.'"

"An old teacher once told me that to know your mistakes and be able to correct them is the greatest virtue. The more irredeemable a person is, the more moving it is when they lay down their butcher's knife."

"To make the most wicked and evil person lay down their butcher's knife—that is what I call saving hearts."

Yuwen Hao stared blankly at Gu Mian, who was holding down Zhong Min. Is this his definition of "saving"?

To persuade Zhong Min to lay down her butcher's knife and seek reincarnation—is that what Gu Mian was trying to do?

But the doctor's next words made his jaw drop. It was far beyond his expectations.

"What my teacher said made a lot of sense, but I just don't think it's necessary."

"The world always seems to be overly harsh on the good but extremely tolerant of the evil."

"Your hands are stained with the sin of countless killings; why should you be able to attain Buddhahood the moment you lay down your butcher's knife? If you can achieve complete merit with a clap of your hands, then who will repay the lives of those you killed?"

"I am too shallow; I have never understood this principle. So, my understanding of 'saving hearts' probably differs from what my teacher taught..."

As he spoke, Gu Mian pulled out a chainsaw. "You don't have to lay down your butcher's knife. Of course, even if you do, the ending won't change."

"Sins cannot be repaid, but as long as you perish, the sins will naturally dissipate... That's how I see it..."

Yuwen Hao's eyes widened as he watched Gu Mian raise his hand and, with one swift movement, Zhong Min's head fell off.

Everyone present felt a chill run down their spine, and they involuntarily shuddered.

The moment Zhong Min's head landed and rolled to Yuwen Hao's feet, he finally began to understand how the previous instance Gu Mian experienced had collapsed.

F**k... What kind of god-tier teammate did I end up with!

With such a player involved, it would be a miracle if the instance *didn't* collapse!

This instance was called "Fatal Curse," and Gu Mian had just lopped off the head of the curse's source!

It was like the Midnight Ring instance without Sadako, or the Saw instance without its game. This had now become a soulless instance!

Just as Zhong Min's head fell, rolled a few times, and landed at Yuwen Hao's feet, several players' panels suddenly popped up.

[Warning! Source of instance curse lost!]

[Data analysis anomaly! Reactivation of curse source failed! This instance will soon cease to operate normally!]

[All players in the instance will be forcibly transferred out in ten seconds. Please be advised!]

[10, 9, 8...]

"What is this?" Qing Huan, who had never witnessed such a thing, exclaimed in shock.

"It'd be weirder if it didn't collapse!" Yuwen Hao roared in the few seconds remaining. "This is like playing a game where the main NPC is guiding you through a quest, and then, in a fit of passion, you kill the NPC leading you..."

Before he could finish speaking, the countdown ended. The entire warehouse flickered a few times and then vanished.

Before Yuwen Hao could react, his vision went dark. By the time he regained his senses, he was back in the ticket booth.

He was stunned for a long moment before it registered. "I'm out?"

He was indeed out.

The NPC selling tickets behind the window was craning her neck to look at him. Her eyes looked like she wanted to eat him.

"You're out," the NPC said, her eyes wide with anger. "How come I heard that an instance matched from my booth collapsed? Tell me, what happened?"

At that moment, Yuwen Hao was the only customer at this ticket booth, so it was self-evident which instance had collapsed.

Yuwen Hao shook his head blankly. "I don't know... I don't know anything. I just saw a doctor, and then he... he cut off the ghost's head..."

Hearing this, the NPC shivered and immediately retracted her outstretched neck. "A doctor? Don't tell me his name is Gu Mian..."

"How did you know?"

Meanwhile, Gu Mian had also returned to the ticket booth.

He had, of course, been unceremoniously booted out, but this time there was no "Gu Mian and Dogs Not Allowed" sign hung up.

Compensation arrived quickly. He received an email from the game system as soon as he stepped outside.

Because he was forcibly ejected due to an instance collapse, there was no penalty, even though he hadn't cleared the instance.

Just as Gu Mian was about to open the email to see this round's compensation, he noticed a very conspicuous person not far away on the side of the road.

It wasn't some stunningly beautiful woman or a breathtakingly handsome man. Instead, it was a stocky, middle-aged man, made conspicuous by his uniform—a police uniform.

Gu Mian recognized the face. It was Captain Feng from the East City Police Station.

Because Gu Mian was notoriously unlucky and often encountered various misfortunes—like kitchen explosions or perverted taxi drivers—he was naturally a frequent visitor to the police station.

Over time, he had gotten to know most of the officers at the police station, and Captain Feng, of course, was very familiar with Gu Mian.

Gu Mian saw Captain Feng currently dragging a person, arguing heatedly while forcefully pulling the man to the side. The man being pulled was holding a large megaphone, and Gu Mian wondered what it was for.

He took two steps forward and heard Captain Feng's roar.

"Are you using that megaphone to call for that bullshit love and justice? Get your ass home and stay put!"

The man was defiant. "Why are you pulling me? You police aren't even doing your jobs properly at a time like this! It's so chaotic, and you're not sending people to suppress it!"

Captain Feng was infuriated. "Send who? My ass! We can't even get in touch with anyone else—all communications are down! You think *you're* going to deliver messages?"

Moreover, at the start of the game, everyone had been forcibly pulled into the ticket booths and scattered. Regrouping after that was difficult.

The man with the megaphone was still defiant. "Isn't there the Friend System? Just because the communication method changed, you police don't know what to do? Are you all just freeloaders?"

Captain Feng laughed in extreme anger. "Is there something wrong with your head? Do you even know anyone's game nickname or ID? You can't even add friends, so how are you going to communicate?"

Besides, you couldn't add friends by name anyway. There were thousands of people with the same name in the world, and many names had already been registered. Gu Mian had only managed to snag his own name because he was quick.

"The police in our small area managed to gather a few teams with great difficulty, relying on their own initiative. Then someone, from God knows which instance, got a rocket launcher and blew up our police station. Now the police station is charred black. And you still dare to stand on the street with a megaphone, calling for love and justice? Aren't you afraid of dying?"