

Collapse 58

Chapter 58: Global Manhunt_1

Being number one should be a highly honorable thing, especially when it comes to topping a global leaderboard like this. But I did make a list, and unfortunately, it's not a good one... Gu Mian stared at the words "Wanted List," lost in thought.

On this list, there was only him.

[Global Wanted List]

[Top Wanted Fugitive: Gu Mian]

[Reason for Wanted: Confidential]

[Successfully killing this fugitive will earn: Game Coin*10,000, 50 freely assignable attribute points, and five designated special items.]

To be unexpectedly put on the Wanted List... this is a bit much.

Gu Mian knew life had always been unkind to him, but he hadn't expected it to be **this** unkind.

A baffling bounty, and the reason was "Confidential."

No matter what Earth became, life had never stopped trying to assassinate him.

Now, it had escalated from stealthy assassination attempts to a large-scale manhunt, even mobilizing players from around the world. They couldn't even bother to make up a reason for his bounty.

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "I'm really short on money right now," he mused. "I'm kind of tempted to kill myself for the reward."

Fatty said drily, "Yeah, 'I kill myself,' that's a great plan..."

Gu Mian closed the Wanted List. "After this game is over, I could write a novel for Qidian Zhongwen Wang. The title would be 'Globally Wanted,' and it'd be about how a protagonist, full of love and justice, ends up blowing up the world due to life's oppression."

Chu Changge pushed up his glasses. "If you're still alive by then."

Gu Mian still couldn't understand why life was so intent on targeting him. It had been like this before the game started, and it was the same now.

It was one thing for an instance to target him, but now they'd conjured up this absurd Wanted List, making him globally wanted, and he was the only one on it.

If there were a few more people on the Wanted List, it might be less embarrassing, but clearly, the list showed no consideration for Gu Mian's dignity.

Only his name hung there, solitary and desolate, a lone shadow.

Gu Mian felt profoundly lonely.

"What are you thinking about?" Chu Changge asked, looking at him.

Gu Mian answered honestly, "I'm thinking about how to get a few more names up there to keep me company... and also how to make Earth explode."

To be fair, Gu Mian had previously done some serious research on how to detonate Earth.

However, since he was just an ordinary person, such ideas could only remain thoughts.

But things were different now. The evolution game had begun. Even if he couldn't allocate attribute points for himself, he could still acquire special items from instances.

Detonating Earth is just around the corner, Gu Mian thought.

He patted his white coat and stood up. "I'm going into an instance soon. Do you guys want to come?"

Fatty looked up at him. "I think I could use some compensation."

Chu Changge also nodded slightly.

Gu Mian sighed. "I guess all the players worldwide want me dead now. I need to quickly find something useful from the instances, at least to stay alive."

Moreover, he had to participate in large-scale events. Gu Mian remembered he needed to buy a Spirit Car to go to Hengdian for an event.

Gu Mian had visited every nearby ticket booth. The NPCs inside would glare at him, puffing out their beards, terrified he might lose his mind and try to enter an instance again.

After much difficulty, he found a ticket booth he hadn't visited before, but unexpectedly, the NPC inside seemed to recognize him.

The slightly chubby NPC looked Gu Mian up and down several times, then asked, full of doubt, "Gu Mian?"

Gu Mian's appearance was too distinctive—a doctor carrying a large guitar on his back.

People usually recognized him at a glance.

Since he had been recognized, Gu Mian didn't bother hiding it. He nodded. "One group instance ticket, please."

The NPC choked. After a long pause, he finally stammered, "Do you guys know..."

Fatty craned his neck, extremely curious about what the NPC would say.

"These instances in our game... they're like the courtesans in a brothel, you see? They can choose which customers to entertain... And I reckon the 'ladies' in our establishment today aren't too keen on having visitors..."

Gu Mian smiled faintly and, without warning, grabbed the NPC by the collar. "Well, do **you** know..."

"There's a term called a 'forced transaction.' It describes people like us. It means if I want to buy, you **must** sell."

Under Gu Mian's "benevolent" coercion, the three of them obtained a group instance ticket and were now in the instance matching process.

Before the instance was matched, it was still completely dark.

Only the three of them had panels faintly glowing in the darkness.

[Matching instance, please wait—]

[Instance matched successfully. Matching teammates, please wait—]

Teammates? Fatty looked at the panel curiously. "I thought if we queued as a group, it would just be the three of us."

Gu Mian's voice came from the darkness beside him. "Not necessarily. It depends on the capacity of the instance we're matched with."

Within a few seconds, the panel changed again. Simultaneously, the surroundings suddenly lit up.

Gu Mian immediately looked to the side. This instance seemed relatively tame, as they were now on a huge, brightly lit platform.

It resembled a stage from a variety show, with five cages lined up on one side. However, there were no audience seats around the stage.

Over a dozen people had already gathered on the vast stage, all looking around in surprise, as if it was their first time experiencing such an instance.

Gu Mian looked at his panel; the instance information had appeared.

[Instance: Crazy Guessing Words]

[Number of Players: 15]

[Difficulty: ★★★]

This instance's introduction is very concise. Why doesn't it even mention the objectives or rewards?

Gu Mian quickly understood why the introduction was so brief: a host was now standing in the middle of the stage.

He was short; even with a tall green hat, he was only about 1.6 meters. He wore a bright green suit with a matching green bow tie at his collar, his face fixed in an exaggerated, somewhat comical smile.

This host must really love broccoli, Gu Mian guessed.

The host stood on a slightly raised platform, shouting into a microphone with an exaggerated tone, "Welcome, everyone, to Crazy Guessing Words! I am your host for this game! Please listen carefully, as I am about to explain the rules!"