

Collapse 60

Chapter 60: Let me off the car! _1

"AHEM..."

The host managed to regain his composure, his earlier broad smile replaced by a somewhat strained one. "Everyone, please treasure this opportunity... I suspect I might need to take a rather long vacation after this, HAHA..." I wonder if I can just kick this person out of the instance?

The others were also momentarily stunned upon hearing the name.

Among those present were men and women, middle-aged and young. Though generational gaps existed between them, the name Gu Mian wasn't something a mere gap could obscure.

It was likely that even if you brought over the entire Somalia Trench, it wouldn't stop everyone, young and old, male and female, from knowing the name Gu Mian.

After all, this was a living, breathing 10,000 Game Coins, along with 50 Attribute Points and five self-selected Special Items.

Instantly, everyone looked at Gu Mian with newfound awe, as if gazing upon 10,000 walking Game Coins. That was a lot of pork chops.

Gu Mian: "..."

Someone even leaned close to Chu Changge and whispered, "You two seem to know him. Are you planning to stab him when these 10,000 Game Coins aren't looking?"

Chu Changge: "..."

The host barely maintained his expression. "Please hurry and choose your answerer for the quiz."

Hearing this, the remaining groups immediately grew flustered.

One group quickly chose their answerer, a man about thirty years old, of average height and a slender build.

He strode quickly to the cage beside Gu Mian's, as if afraid someone else would snatch the spot.

After entering the cage, his first act was to smile at Gu Mian through the bars. "Hello."

Gu Mian felt there was something a bit malicious in the man's smile, but being the understanding white-robed Angel he was, he returned an equally malicious smile.

Seeing this, the man continued, "My name is I Desire to Rule the World 257..."

What an aspirational name.

He clearly liked the name, but it had already been taken, so he'd had to add some numbers at the end.

I rubbed my chin. If I'd managed to snag the nickname "Daddy" back then, wouldn't the top wanted criminal on the leaderboards now be 'Daddy'? Just thinking about it made me kind of happy.

The man wanted to say more, but before he could finish, the host on the high platform, practically glowing green, spoke up, "Alright, each group's answerer is now in place. The game will officially begin—NOW!"

Instantly, everyone's face tensed. Qi Tian stopped talking to Gu Mian and turned his intense gaze towards the host.

The host, from somewhere, produced a twenty-centimeter-long electronic timer and placed it on the high platform. "This timer will be used to keep time. You can all see how much time is left through it. Speaking of which, this is also a rare Special Item... AHM. Everyone get ready. Timer—START!"

Immediately, vivid green numbers appeared on the twenty-centimeter-long timer, their greenness rivaling that of the green hat atop the host's head.

It seems the host's peculiar taste has developed beyond redemption.

Gu Mian stared at the glowing green timer for several seconds before shifting his gaze back to Chu Changge and Fatty, who were five meters in front of him.

He saw both Chu Changge and Fatty staring at the board above his head. Gu Mian's curiosity was always strong, and he, too, wanted to look up, but he managed to resist.

Fatty's face was a picture of dejection, he almost rolled his eyes; it seemed the term above his head was hard to act out.

Looking at Fatty, Gu Mian asked, "How many characters?"

People outside the cages couldn't speak, but there was no rule saying those inside couldn't make noise.

Fatty made a "four" gesture with his hand.

Four characters. It was most likely an idiom.

Beside him, Chu Changge was still staring intently at the board, looking utterly clueless about how to describe it.

Gu Mian had no choice but to turn back to Fatty, who was at least trying to give some clues.

After signaling "four," Fatty still looked dejected. But after a few seconds, inspiration struck. He made a fist, held it level with his head, and began to move his forearm back and forth.

That's the beckoning cat gesture...

"Beckoning cat?"

Fatty nodded frantically, then shook his head.

Gu Mian rubbed his chin. "Cat?"

This time, Fatty only nodded.

Gu Mian had a good memory; he remembered quite a few idioms related to cats.

Once he confirmed the term above his head was related to cats, he rattled off a string of four-character phrases involving cats: "Cat and mouse sleeping together, any cat or dog, drawing a tiger by copying a cat, a cat weeping for the mouse, catching rats and nabbing cats?"

However, none of them were correct. Fatty shook his head vigorously.

A bad feeling crept over me. Could the term on my head just be four random characters strung together?

Fortunately, it wasn't just their group at a standstill; the remaining four groups were equally stumped.

Gu Mian looked at the clue-givers from the other four groups; they were making countless incomprehensible gestures, unable to convey their meaning. They were so anxious they were scratching their heads, mouths agape as if about to shout, but reason made them hold back.

The people outside the cages were anxious, and those inside were even more so; after all, the one in last place would face the punishment of the Evil Ghost.

The host, still glowing green, didn't forget to add fuel to the fire from the stage, "Everyone, hurry! Time is almost halfway up! Oh, and if there's a tie for last place, all tied cages will open, you know."

At these words, the others became even more flustered.

Haste makes waste—everyone knew this principle. But under such pressure, their minds weren't functioning properly.

Gu Mian wanted to yawn to clear his thoughts.

But just then, a loud voice suddenly broke the deadlock: "To act in cahoots!"

It was Qi Tian, the young man in the cage next to Gu Mian. He enunciated the idiom with a strong, clear voice, as if afraid others wouldn't know how to pronounce it.

The other two members of his group nodded ecstatically; it seemed he was correct.

Qi Tian getting it right made the other groups even more flustered. It was like being in an exam: you're still on the first page, but you see the person next to you has already filled their paper.

And there wasn't much time left.

Qi Tian finally let out a sigh of relief, then turned his head to look at Gu Mian beside him, seemingly curious about his reaction.

Gu Mian's yawn was cut short by the shout; he was still processing it.

But before he could dwell on it for too long, he saw Chu Changge, five meters away, suddenly move.

Not only did Chu Changge move, but he also shoved Fatty to the ground... then made a strange gesture.

Gu Mian hadn't lived for over twenty years for nothing; naturally, he'd seen his share of... 'special interest' films. He vaguely recalled seeing Chu Changge's current maneuver in a certain 'action' movie.

It couldn't be a 'cat movie,' could it...?

Chu Changge, as if hearing Gu Mian's thought, gave him a meaningful nod.

A 'cat movie'...

A four-character 'cat movie'...

And Chu Changge's meaningful expression...

A thought flashed through Gu Mian's mind, and he blurted out, "Black Cat Sheriff?"