

Collapse 62

Chapter 62: Dark Curtain_1

The first round ended. Gu Mian felt quite exhilarated starting off by screwing over three teams. He had already guessed the second phrase—it could barely count as one, anyway—but he hadn't said it out loud immediately. He had originally planned to answer the second phrase correctly at the last possible moment. This would let him take advantage of the other four teams, who had only answered one correctly, allowing him to win outright. However, he hadn't expected someone else to have the same idea.

The host's gaze wandered between Gu Mian and Qi Tian a few times, his face practically screaming, You two are bloody schemers!

Qi Tian also looked at Gu Mian, his gaze conveying, You're a real schemer.

Gu Mian returned the look. Takes one to know one.

The host cleared his throat and announced, "In the first round, Teams One, Two, and Three are tied for last place!"

The other teams clearly hadn't processed what happened. They were just about to advance, so how did they suddenly end up tied for last place?

"Answerers from the three teams, please prepare yourselves. The cage doors behind you are about to be opened..."

The host watched them with a sly smile.

The answerers from the three teams immediately panicked. They looked around frantically, their gazes finally settling on Gu Mian and Qi Tian.

"You! It's all your fault!" The man beside Qi Tian clung tightly to the iron bars, looking as if he wanted to reach through the cage and strangle them.

Gu Mian was further away. He merely tucked his hands into the pockets of his white coat, feigning nonchalance.

Qi Tian wasn't so lucky. He was closer to the man and was almost grabbed by his outstretched hand, forcing him to press awkwardly against the other side of the cage.

But the man wouldn't be able to rage for much longer. Gu Mian noticed that, at some unknown point, a small crack had opened in the cage door behind him.

A slender, pale hand stretched out from the darkness, silently slipping through the gap and latching onto the man's back. The man, however, didn't notice a thing. He even tried to reach out and grab Qi Tian's face. But before he could, the hand shot forward, seized his shoulder, and dragged him backward.

Within seconds, the man's figure, along with his screams, vanished into the darkness.

His teammates disappeared along with him.

The other two teams tied for last place suffered similar fates, the only difference being who screamed more wretchedly.

After the first round, only two teams remained on stage.

The host coughed. "AHEM. I didn't expect the competition to be so fierce! Three teams eliminated in just one round. I truly hope everyone competes fairly and avoids such scheming..."

"Of course, I also don't want you to resort to any violent means. You know the rules: if an answerer dies, their entire team is eliminated. If you start killing each other because of this, well, that wouldn't be very good, would it!"

The host's words seemed to hint at something. Typical instigator, enjoying the chaos.

Hearing this, Qi Tian raised an eyebrow, apparently mulling over some nefarious idea.

Gu Mian had a sudden flash of inspiration and came up with an even more devious idea.

The green-skinned host looked at the two remaining teams with a smile. "Do the answerers from the two teams have any questions? If not, we'll begin the second round."

"Yes," Gu Mian said, immediately raising his hand.

The host paused before asking, "Player, what is your question?"

Gu Mian pointed a finger at the board above his head. "Are you telling me 'Snow White and the Seven Little Dwarfs' counts as a phrase?"

Why does everyone else get easy-to-guess, normal phrases like 'a wide variety,' 'rise with the rooster,' or 'Chu River and Han Street'? But when it's my turn, I get 'Black Cat Sheriff' and 'Snow White and the Seven Little Dwarfs'? This game is definitely trying to screw me over in every way possible.

The host argued vehemently, "Look, the game has no rehearsals, so I wouldn't know! The content on the boards appears according to the game's own will... AHEM. Anyway, Player, you've passed the first round, so let's not quibble over such details."

If Fatty hadn't grabbed Chu Changge and tried to kiss him, Gu Mian really wouldn't have guessed 'Snow White and the Seven Little Dwarfs'. He remembered that after Snow White was poisoned, she was awakened by a Prince's kiss. Fatty clearly fancied himself the Prince.

"Next, we're starting the second round! Why don't you two answerers encourage each other a bit?" Without waiting for a response, the host abruptly changed the subject.

At this, Qi Tian turned his gaze to Gu Mian. He stared at Gu Mian and said, "I originally intended for all four of your teams to be eliminated together. I didn't expect someone else to have the same idea..." He paused, then continued, "Since we're both still here, let's have a proper chat. I know you're Gu Mian, and I know you're no simple character. Actually, I quite like people like you... What do you say to becoming friends? I can even let you win this time."

A glint flickered in Qi Tian's eyes.

His two teammates were dumbfounded. Why should they let someone else win? If they lost, wouldn't all their efforts be for nothing?

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "Are you trying to befriend me to find out my real-world location and then stab me to death?"

Qi Tian was momentarily speechless. He hadn't expected this Doctor to be so blunt.

Gu Mian lowered his hand. "You're quite devious."

Qi Tian, still caught off guard, retorted, "Aren't you?"

"I can be devious, but my friends can't be."

Qi Tian desperately wanted to call him a hypocrite for his double standards, but he restrained himself. "Fine. Since we can't be friends, I suppose we'll have to be adversaries. But I think you might regret this later." As he spoke, he let out a dry chuckle—HEH—that sounded both mocking and vaguely threatening.

The host's voice suddenly interjected, "OH! It seems the two teams are now at daggers drawn! Who will win and who will lose after this round? Let's wait and see!"

Gu Mian really wanted to correct the host's phrasing. 'Who will win and who will lose?' Seriously? Isn't that the same thing?

The green-skinned host was still beaming, placing his hand on the electronic device that emitted a green light. "Then, the countdown begins—"

But before the host could say "start," Gu Mian heard Qi Tian beside him suddenly shout something—

"Pitch-Dark Curtain!"