

Collapse 631

Chapter 631 She flees, He chases, They can't escape easily_1

So far, the little girl had only thrown out a shoe; she herself hadn't appeared.

Perhaps she saw the game Gu Mian was playing with the other children earlier and excitedly hid herself. It couldn't be that she dropped it while fleeing. Maybe she wanted to play a game with him too? Hide-and-seek?

Gu Mian surveyed his surroundings, clutching the shoe.

He was fairly good at this, having recently been through an instance somewhat related to hide-and-seek.

As Gu Mian was deep in thought, a child's giggling suddenly echoed from downstairs.

It was the little girl's voice, sounding rather creepy.

Usually, when such a sound appeared in an instance, players' first reaction would be to "RUN!"

Gu Mian, of course, had the same reaction.

Holding the little red leather shoe, he sprinted towards the source of the sound, afraid she would get away if he were too slow.

Carrying the shoe, Gu Mian rushed down the stairs, arriving on the fourth floor.

The little girl probably hadn't expected him to charge down. She couldn't dodge in time and came face to face with Gu Mian. She was still grinning, maintaining the expression she had while laughing, but now no sound came from her open mouth.

The atmosphere instantly became awkward.

In the dim stairwell, one human and one ghost stared intently at each other. For a moment, neither moved.

Gu Mian, shoe in hand, scrutinized the little girl standing not far away.

She wore a vibrant red dress, had one bare foot, and her hair was loosely tied into two pigtails sticking upwards, looking somewhat comical—if one ignored her deathly pale face and blood-red lips.

Last time, she was perched on someone's back, so her height wasn't clear. This time, it was evident she was a bit shorter than those five artistic children from before, likely meaning she was younger than them.

But Gu Mian knew well that one couldn't judge Upper Class People by age; most Upper Class children were crazier than adult Upper Class People. The combat strength of this little one before him was likely even greater than those few earlier.

Meanwhile, the little girl opposite him stared at the shoe in Gu Mian's hand for several seconds.

Just when Gu Mian thought she was about to charge at him with a flurry of attacks, the little girl closed her gaping lips, pouted, turned her head, and ran off.

She ran away...? Not an ounce of an Upper Class Person's dignity!

Gu Mian hadn't even had a chance to say "Hello" to her.

Nor had he managed to take out his guitar to showcase his talents.

He paused for half a second, wanting to chase her, but then felt he resembled a creepy uncle pursuing a pitiful little girl.

Just as Gu Mian lifted his foot to step in the direction the girl had fled, he suddenly felt a cold sensation around his waist.

He looked down.

Two small, bluish-purple hands reached out from behind him, settling on either side of his waist.

Eerie hands.

He followed the hands on his waist and turned his head to look back. A familiar face met his eyes.

It was the child who had been "hugging Mother Earth" earlier.

Such unyielding Upper Class children. Even after dying and becoming ghosts, they still had to come back and cause trouble.

Mike's neck was twisted at an unnatural angle as he looked up at Gu Mian.

He contorted his lips into a twisted smile, his resentment practically filling the entire corridor. "I'm back."

Behind him were the other four children, their faces equally pale.

Together, they all revealed eerie smiles and spoke in chilling voices, "We're back. We've come back for you."

Clearly, they were no longer human.

Gu Mian really hadn't expected to see them again.

The five of them raised their hands in unison, their terrifying ghostly claws swiping at Gu Mian.

"Die! Die! Die! Die!"

Voices brimming with resentment flooded the entire stairwell. The ambient temperature seemed to plummet by several degrees.

But just then, a roar filled with righteous aura suddenly sounded. As the roar emerged, those wailing voices came to an abrupt halt.

Gu Mian started his chainsaw and began his diligent work.

"Go find your mom."

"When you were alive, I thrashed you until you fled in terror. Now you're dead and dare to come back to stir up trouble? Truly promising."

"Where on earth is Lu Yi?"

Amidst his diligent work, Gu Mian didn't forget to inquire about the NPC's whereabouts.

But perhaps because his methods were too harsh, these children stopped breathing before they could say much. This time, they truly stopped breathing.

Gu Mian, while pondering the rationality of these children turning into ghosts, picked up the red leather shoe nearby, preparing to continue his pursuit of the little girl.

I've only entered two instances in this world. One is this one, and the other is the Slaughter Game...

He quickened his pace, heading in the direction the girl had disappeared. The dangers in the Slaughter Game instance came from the monsters in the forbidden zone and the Upper Class People. The only

ghost I encountered there had no offensive power. And in this instance, the dangers mostly stem from Upper Class People. If not for the accident just now, no ghosts with significant offensive power would have appeared. Inferring from the Slaughter Game instance, ghosts in this world should typically appear as important NPCs. Well, if there are no accidents...

Those five just now were artificial ghosts, not native to the instance; they count as a special situation.

Thinking this, Gu Mian quickened his steps. If he could catch that little girl and interrogate her harshly, he might be able to learn something. It's all the fault of those five little devils! Otherwise, he might have already caught her by now!

Thinking of this, an urge to go back and whip their corpses welled up in him.

But that little girl really had none of the imposing manner of Upper Class People. Normal Upper Class People should be like those five children; even if killed by him, they would unyieldingly return for revenge after death.

She, however, was quite something; she ran as soon as she saw someone, and she ran incredibly fast.

In just that brief moment, Gu Mian had already lost sight of her.

As he searched for the girl's figure, he continued to ponder.

When things are out of the ordinary, there's usually something fishy going on. This girl being so sneaky might mean there's a trap.

So Gu Mian remained vigilant against traps while searching for the person, shoe in hand.

While he was on the fourth floor looking for the ghost, 007 was on the first floor, backstage, peeking at the stage performance from behind the curtain.

Currently on stage was the third group of Lower Class People. The program given by the host was "Joyous Guillotine."

"Joyous" and "Guillotine" should originally have no connection whatsoever, but the Upper Class People had forcefully combined them.

007 had witnessed the perversity of the Upper Class People, so he wasn't surprised by such a cobbled-together name.

The content of the program was simple; 007 had seen similar games on many TV variety shows before.

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It was actually just about pulling a bunch of different-colored ropes aside and having the contestant choose one to cut.

Out of those ropes, one was connected to a weight above the player's head. If they cut the corresponding rope, the weight would fall and hit them.

It was somewhat like defusing a bomb.

In normal variety shows, the weights would typically be benign objects such as plastic tubs or wooden boards, guaranteed not to harm the participants when they fell.

But the Carnivale was anything but a normal variety show.

The Upper Class People wished they could directly attach explosives to the other end of the ropes, but considering the collateral damage such weapons would cause to the audience, they chose the guillotine, which wouldn't injure bystanders.

This way, the worst that could happen to the surrounding audience was being splattered with a bit of blood, or perhaps being hit by a severed head that was still twitching.

Of course, this caused no serious harm and wouldn't even leave a lasting psychological impact.

The enormous guillotine was right in the middle of the stage. At that moment, a Lower Class performer was positioned under it, and not far from him were seven thick ropes of different colors.

Another Lower Class Person, holding a pair of scissors, stood before these colorful ropes.

The person on the guillotine couldn't choose the rope themselves; they could only watch others cut the rope that held their life in the balance.

At that moment, three out of the seven ropes had already been cut. The person in front of the ropes was shaking as they extended their scissors towards one of the remaining ones.

SNIP. The sound of the thick rope being cut echoed on stage.

Behind the curtain, 007 held her breath, her eyes fixated on the guillotine on stage, unblinking.

Nothing happened.

The guillotine blade didn't fall; it seemed the rope just cut wasn't the crucial one.

The person under the guillotine sighed in relief, but the expression of the one holding the scissors grew even more tense.

007 scanned their faces, then redirected her glance towards a corner of the stage. The pile of bodies there had grown larger, with several more headless corpses. The additions were all Lower Class People who had lost their lives in this "Joyful Guillotine" game.

Some of the heads that fell off had rolled into the corners; others had landed near the feet of the Upper Class People in the audience and were being kicked about.

The host's voice rang out from the stage, its cadence rising and falling as he announced, "To think that four ropes have been cut and nothing has happened! Look, everyone, now there are only three ropes

left uncut! If the blade doesn't fall when just one rope is left, then this surviving Lower Class Person will replace the rope cutter, and the current rope cutter will be the next one on the guillotine."

The game rules were quite simple.

A Lower Class Person was chosen as the rope cutter at the beginning. This person wasn't in immediate danger and was only responsible for cutting the ropes.

But if six ropes were cut and the blade still hadn't fallen, then this rope cutter would be sent to the guillotine, and the surviving Lower Class Person would become the new rope cutter.

So, the rope cutter desperately wished for the Lower Class Person on the guillotine to die immediately. And the Lower Class Person on the guillotine constantly hoped to swap places with the rope cutter. The Upper Class People reveled in their sadistic carnival, while the Lower Class People schemed against each other. Everyone was an enemy.

Behind the curtain, 007 watched the ecstatic audience and the plotting Lower Class People on stage. She felt a deep sense of helplessness.

After this act finished, it would be her turn on that stage.

She still didn't know what kind of act she would end up with.

Looking at these Lower Class People, I'm afraid I'll be terribly tricked when I get on stage later.

007 started to think about Gu Mian again. She didn't know those children were already out of commission, so she was still a bit worried: I wonder if those kids have any tricks up their sleeves. Gu Mian won't end up in pieces too, will he...?

She still remembered what Snakehead Mask had previously said about Lower Class People being played with until they "cracked."

As 007 was lost in thought, the Lower Class Person on stage cut one more rope.

The person under the guillotine was still unharmed.

The cutter still hadn't hit the critical rope.

Now, only two ropes were left.

007 peeked at the stage. Seeing a long line of people behind the guillotine, she thought, This game should continue for some time.

She began to think about how to survive her own performance.

If Gu Mian were here...

007 started to analyze Gu Mian's way of thinking, believing it might lead her to a way to survive: If Gu Mian were here, what would he do?

Hmm, if he were the one cutting the ropes, he'd most likely cut them all at once before anyone could react, then turn to the audience, put his hands on his hips, and let out a "HAHAHA" laugh...

007's mind was filled with the image of Gu Mian standing with hands on hips, laughing maniacally.

If he weren't cutting the ropes but was placed under the guillotine, he'd most likely fight back, take out the rope cutter, and then, before anyone could react, cut all the ropes himself, put his hands on his hips, and let out a "HAHAHA" laugh...

At this moment, 007's mind was completely occupied by Gu Mian's infectious, almost demonic laughter.

Of course, these were all her fantasies. As far as 007 could recall, Gu Mian didn't seem to have ever laughed so maniacally.

Meanwhile, Gu Mian, unaware that he was laughing triumphantly with hands on hips in 007's mind, was earnestly searching the building floor by floor.

Not long ago, he had searched the entire fourth floor and found nothing.

Now, he had reached the third floor.

From this floor, he could more clearly hear the sounds from the carnival hall on the first floor. He stood by a window in one of the rooms and looked down, his gaze immediately falling upon the massive guillotine in the center of the stage.

At that moment, a Lower Class Person was being held down under the guillotine. Beside them, another Lower Class Person held a pair of scissors, facing a yellow and a blue rope.

The person with the scissors seemed caught in a dilemma, standing motionless for a long time.

With just one glance, Gu Mian understood the game. "So, it's a game that makes heads bounce, huh."

Indeed, a few heads were bouncing around below—being kicked about like balls by the audience.

"Such a lively festival, and I can't participate? What a pity!" Gu Mian said, observing the joyous audience below. He made up his mind, Once I'm done with my business, if there's still time, I absolutely must get on stage!

I have to bring joy to the audience.

Just as Gu Mian was pondering how to create some fun, his peripheral vision caught a familiar face in a corner of the audience.

Teacher Slaughter.

That pink shirt is still quite eye-catching.

Teacher Slaughter was sitting at the very edge of the audience, his head tilted, looking towards the adjacent corner. His mouth was moving, as if he were talking to someone.

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His expression was unpleasant, and he even rolled his eyes several times as he spoke. Gu Mian followed the direction Teacher Slaughter's eyes rolled and saw another familiar figure: Lu Yi. So, Lu Yi was the one conversing with Teacher Slaughter.

He was standing in a dark corner next to the audience seats; shadows obscured the spot. Without looking closely, one wouldn't have noticed anyone standing there at all.

Wasn't it said he wasn't in the audience during the carnival? I spent so much time looking for him upstairs.

Gu Mian focused his gaze on the silhouette in the corner.

Lu Yi leaned against the dim wall with one arm across his chest, a cigarette in his other hand. Unlike the other excited Upper Class People, Lu Yi seemed uninterested in the performance on stage, his gaze never leaving the cigarette in his hand.

At that moment, on stage, a Lower Class person with trembling hands held a pair of scissors, making his final choice. With trembling hands, he cut the blue one of the two strings.

The venue quieted down, everyone focusing intensely on the guillotine that glinted coldly. The blade did not fall.

After a brief moment of silence, a tremendous cheer erupted from the audience.

The Lower Class man holding the scissors was shaking and abruptly slumped to the ground. The Lower Class man beneath the guillotine straightened up, a smile appearing on his face, though fear still lingered. They swapped places.

The vigorous cheers from the audience didn't affect Lu Yi. He didn't even glance at the dramatic scene on stage, apparently uninterested in this type of performance.

Gu Mian suddenly recalled the Snake-headed Mask's appraisal of Lu Yi—"He's a good man."

A good man... So, was he not watching the performance because he couldn't bear to see the cruel game on stage?

Gu Mian felt the term "good man" didn't quite fit the image of the Upper Class People in this world.

Yet, according to the Snake-headed Mask's previous description, this troupe leader did indeed sound like a good man.

Just as Gu Mian was trying to figure out Lu Yi's character, Lu Yi, down below, seemed to sense something and looked up in his direction.

And so, Gu Mian at the window made eye contact with Lu Yi, who was by the audience seating.

Gu Mian: "..."

After making eye contact with Gu Mian, Lu Yi, the circus leader, showed no intense reaction. He glanced at Gu Mian for a few seconds, then looked away as if he had seen nothing.

After Lu Yi looked away, he exchanged a few perfunctory words with Teacher Slaughter, then retreated a few steps and disappeared into the darkness.

Teacher Slaughter glared in the direction Lu Yi had left, flustered and exasperated, even swinging his short arms as if he wanted to hit someone.

But by then, Lu Yi was nowhere to be seen.

Gu Mian, standing by the window, rubbed his chin. Was he coming to see me? He's indeed quite different from the other Upper Class People. If Teacher Slaughter had seen me earlier, he would have been screaming and calling for security by now.

"Daddy."

Just as Gu Mian was gazing at Teacher Slaughter down below, he suddenly heard a voice from the side.

What in the world?

He turned his head towards the source of the sound, only to see that the little girl in the red skirt had somehow appeared beside him and was gazing up at him.

"What did you call me?" Gu Mian held a shoe in one hand and rubbed his forehead with the other.

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007, spying from behind the curtain, also noticed Lu Yi.

It wasn't until she saw Teacher Slaughter that she followed his gaze and spotted Lu Yi.

But just a few seconds after she saw Lu Yi, he turned and left.

007 noticed that before Lu Yi left, he seemed to glance in a certain direction. Curious, she looked towards where he had gazed.

Her angle wasn't good, and it took considerable effort, but she finally saw where Lu Yi had been looking.

She saw Gu Mian again. He was standing behind a window above, holding a bright red object in his hand, and looking down, meeting the eyes of a pale face beside him.

007 noticed that the owner of the face looked a lot like the little ghost girl she had seen recently.

She discovered that the human and the ghost were actually having a peaceful conversation!

The girl's expression was serene. Her mouth formed two syllables. 007 couldn't hear what she was saying, but from her lip movements, it looked like... Daddy?

Gu Mian was turned sideways to 007, so she couldn't see his expression or read his lips clearly. However, she could see his mouth opening and closing, as if he were speaking for a long time.

He's probably saying something like, "Who's your Daddy? Don't just claim anyone as family. If you go around randomly calling people 'Daddy' on the streets, you're liable to get beaten to death!"

Watching the scene, 007 felt somewhat disoriented.

Usually, when a human and a ghost appeared together, the human would be the one fleeing desperately, scared out of their wits.

Normally, when Gu Mian and a ghost appeared together, the ghost would be the one fleeing desperately, scared out of its wits.

Unexpectedly, the situation today was quite harmonious.

No one was fleeing in desperation, scared out of their wits.

"What are you watching?" A voice pulled 007 back to reality.

She regained her senses and looked at the person who had spoken.

It was the Snake-headed Mask.

"Nothing..." 007 stepped forward to block the Snake-headed Mask's view. "Just checking on the stage situation."

She remembered the little ghost girl had been clinging to this person earlier; she didn't know if it was a coincidence or deliberate.

She also remembered that the Snake-headed Mask was from the Circus base and likely knew more about Lu Yi.

007 was sure Lu Yi had seen Gu Mian upstairs earlier but hadn't made a sound. This made her feel that Lu Yi was indeed different from other Upper Class People.

The Snake-headed Mask looked at the curtain. "It's the third act now. I'm in the fifth group to go on stage, so I still have some time to prepare... Oh, right, your friend is also in the fifth group, isn't he? I remember we were in the same carriage."

007 nodded. "He probably won't be coming back."

When she saw Gu Mian earlier, 007 hadn't seen the five children, so she guessed they had already been killed.

After Gu Mian kills someone, he'll definitely run. He wouldn't come back to perform on stage. Besides, it looked like Lu Yi went up to find him. After meeting Lu Yi, there's even less reason for Gu Mian to return.

The Snake-headed Mask's thoughts were completely different from 007's. Don't be sad; it's not certain. If those Upper Class children get bored of playing, they might let their captives return. People have returned before, although... He didn't continue speaking.

Although they were torn apart, 007 supplemented in her mind. The Snake-headed Mask had said that two people were sent back before; when they returned, they were already torn apart.

In the Snake-headed Mask's mind, Gu Mian was already torn apart.

007 imagined Gu Mian torn apart and appropriately displayed a hint of sadness.

Chapter 634 Acknowledging Gu as Father_1

007 guessed, Those children were most likely already dead. She only hoped, Gu Mian can hide their bodies well enough to avoid attracting attention and causing an uproar.

At this point, she didn't know that Gu Mian had created an artistic arrangement on the ground outside the building.

"By the way, apart from the children we just saw, did any other kids bring Lower Class People here to play?" Since they were talking about children, 007 was curious about who the little girl in the red dress was, so she started to fish for information.

The snakehead mask didn't notice 007's intentions as he responded, "There used to be quite a few. Because no adults usually come here, it became a playground for the children nearby.

"But after the collapse of the Forbidden Zone, monsters were released from inside. These monsters roamed the streets, so the number of children coming here decreased significantly."

"Hmm." 007 nodded slightly. She knew that the collapse of the Forbidden Zone was Gu Mian's doing.

The snakehead mask, oblivious to the fact that he had just met the 'Destroyer of Forbidden Zone,' continued, "The children who still frequented here after the destruction of the Forbidden Zone were just those few you saw."

He didn't mention the little girl in the red dress.

It wouldn't be right to directly ask, 'Do you know a little girl in red clothes who likes to lean against your back?' 007 thought.

She pursed her lips, suddenly recalling the little girl calling Gu Mian 'Daddy'.

Maybe she wasn't calling Gu Mian 'Daddy'.

007 remembered Lu Yi glancing towards Gu Mian earlier. Perhaps the little girl was calling Lu Yi 'Daddy', she thought.

Considering Lu Yi's age, he should have children by now.

Thinking this, she looked towards the snakehead mask. "The Team Leader of your Circus must have a son or daughter, right?"

Upon hearing this, the snakehead mask immediately stiffened.

007 keenly caught his body language. "What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

"Nothing..." The snakehead mask paused for two seconds before continuing, "Our Team Leader does have a daughter, but... but she died three years ago."

As expected.

So the little girl really is Lu Yi's daughter.

007 studied the man in front of her through her mask.

She noticed that when he mentioned the little girl, his tone became distinctly unnatural, his body movements grew rigid, and he stammered as if hiding something.

"Have you ever seen her?" 007 continued in a casual tone.

The snakehead mask's voice carried a hint of fear. "Of course, I've seen her. Although Team Leader Lu Yi is a good man, his daughter is nothing like him."

Saying this, he paused, seeming to recall. "Team Leader Lu Yi's daughter is named Sha Lun. She was a devil from childhood, just like the other Upper Class children.

"She used to put people in dog cages and throw them into places with the most mosquitoes during summer. One of my friends was imprisoned by her like that. The constant buzzing of insects made it impossible for him to sleep. After staying there for a few days, his entire body was covered in welts. Luckily, Team Leader Lu Yi found him and let him out. When he was released, there wasn't an inch of good skin left on him, and he was barely alive.

"When she was in a bad mood, she would charge into a crowd waving a barbed stick. Each time, many unlucky people would be hit.

"She would drive her steel toy car around while we were sleeping, running over and breaking the legs of sleeping people.

"Every time we saw her, we would hide, afraid she might come up with some new wicked idea."

Hearing this, 007 exclaimed inwardly, Good heavens!

I didn't expect Sha Lun to be such a terror, but the atmosphere between her and Gu Mian just now seemed surprisingly harmonious.

007 was somewhat worried that Sha Lun might, in a moment of carelessness, put Gu Mian in a dog cage.

She wanted to check on Gu Mian's situation, but with the snakehead mask right in front of her, she couldn't make any large movements.

Gu Mian, unaware of 007's concerns about the dog cage, was holding the red shoe and looking at the pale-faced little girl beside him.

Considering Lu Yi's earlier behavior, he was probably coming up to find me.

And the 'Daddy' the little girl shouted earlier probably wasn't directed at me.

Gu Mian guessed she was Lu Yi's daughter, though he didn't know how she had died.

The death of an Upper Class child, Gu Mian stroked his chin. How did she die?

He still remembered this world's background setting—"primitive medical technology."

Could she have died of illness? Gu Mian wondered, glancing at the girl beside him.

She was still scowling, clearly unhappy.

At least she didn't try to run away again.

Gu Mian reached out and poked her head, making her two skyward pigtails sway. "How did you die?"

Poked twice, the girl got agitated.

She raised her hand, looking like she wanted to hit Gu Mian back a couple of times, but then, as if remembering something, she lowered her hand and just shot Gu Mian a huge eye-roll.

Maybe she's thinking about those five children stuck to the ground, Gu Mian thought.

What's taking Lu Yi so long to come up?

After poking the little girl's head, Gu Mian leaned against the wall out of boredom, thinking, Instances with ghosts are still more exciting.

While yearning for the thrill of ghosts, he turned his head to look at the audience again, only to find Teacher Slaughter's seat empty.

He left as well?

Gu Mian had noticed earlier that Teacher Slaughter hadn't been looking at the stage much, not because he couldn't bear to watch the performance.

Teacher Slaughter always had a disdainful expression, as if his face read, 'Who would watch your crappy show if the Slaughter Game hadn't collapsed?'

Gu Mian stared at the empty seat in the audience and said, "Wandering around isn't a good idea. What if you see something you're not supposed to?"

In fact, Teacher Slaughter had indeed seen something he wasn't supposed to.

At this moment, he was standing by the outer wall of the building, staring dumbfounded at the five children arranged neatly on the ground.

He found the host on stage an eyesore, so he simply got up and left.

He had originally planned to leave this shabby place and go home to rest, but as soon as he stepped outside, he saw five people lined up perfectly on the ground in front of the building.

Teacher Slaughter immediately recognized them as the five children who had gone backstage.

At first, he stood near the main entrance, a short distance from them, and asked suspiciously, "What are you all doing lying prone here? By the way, where's that Lower Class Person you took away?"

They were already dead, but Teacher Slaughter hadn't considered that possibility at all.

Receiving no response, Teacher Slaughter finally moved closer to observe them carefully.

Chapter 635 Thinking of Your Fluid _1

The sun beat down from above.

But at this moment, Teacher Slaughter felt an incredible chill.

He stared wide-eyed at the five children stuck to the ground beneath his feet.

Yes, "stuck" was not an exaggeration to describe their state. The children were face down, their faces almost glued to the ground.

From afar, Teacher Slaughter couldn't quite make out the scene, but now, as he approached the children, he could plainly see a small pool of blood seeping out from under them.

The bodies lay on the ground, motionless.

For a moment, Teacher Slaughter even suspected the children were just playing a prank.

After staring blankly at the bodies for several minutes, he finally confirmed that these children were no longer alive; they had become corpses.

"What happened!"

How did they die?

Were they killed by a beast that escaped the forbidden zone? No, the protections here are strong; those creatures couldn't get in.

Besides, those killed by beasts don't die this way.

Were they killed by someone?!

Who killed them?

Teacher Slaughter's mouth fell open involuntarily as well. He felt something slide down his forehead. Reaching up, he wiped away sweat from his brow.

For Upper-Class People, the world was usually quite secure.

It had been many years since an Upper-Class person was last murdered.

The last Upper-Class person to be killed was three years ago—if one didn't count the unfortunate Order Guard from the final round of the Slaughter Game.

Teacher Slaughter pulled his thoughts back from these memories and looked at the five corpses on the ground, feeling his back grow clammy.

Cold sweat made his clothes cling to his back. It was the first time he had encountered the death of an Upper-Class person, and seeing five at once naturally made him anxious.

Teacher Slaughter stared at the bodies on the ground for a few seconds more, then abruptly looked up at the top of the building.

They fell from above. Someone pushed them off...

Who was it?

The slightly dazzling sunlight shone into his eyes. From this spot, he could only see the edge of the rooftop, where several large vacuum bags swung in the wind.

Teacher Slaughter knew they were the children's creations; the rooftop was their playground. They would often take Lower-Class People up there to work on inventions.

Wait, they often took Lower-Class People up there...

Teacher Slaughter recalled the events that took place backstage just before the carnival began.

These children had taken a liking to a Lower-Class person and wanted to take them away. Of course, they didn't get their way and had reluctantly left backstage.

But Teacher Slaughter knew these children's temperaments well; he knew they wouldn't give up until they got what they wanted. They would most likely have returned to find that Lower-Class person.

Although he hadn't paid much attention to the show, he had noted the Lower-Class People who went on stage.

By the time Teacher Slaughter left the audience, the show was onto its third performance, but that Lower-Class person had not yet appeared. That person must have been taken away by these children, Teacher Slaughter had been thinking, right before he turned and saw these corpses.

Was it that Lower-Class person? The thought suddenly struck Teacher Slaughter.

No, how could it be? Lower-Class People don't have the courage or the ability.

Even though he immediately discarded this thought, Teacher Slaughter couldn't stop the image of that person from appearing in his mind.

He couldn't help but recall the appearance of that Lower-Class person.

When he had first seen that person, he had felt a strange sense of familiarity, but as the person was wearing a mask, he couldn't discern if he had seen them before.

While pondering, Teacher Slaughter took a few steps back, distancing himself from the corpses on the ground. "In any case, people have died here; the carnival can't go on."

At this moment, a strange emotion surged within him, dissipating some of his anxiety.

Looking at the bodies on the ground, Teacher Slaughter felt rather smug. "Since the collapse of the forbidden zone, the carnival has become the most popular show. But with such a mess this time, I'm not sure if the carnival can continue."

Even before the Slaughter Game was canceled, Teacher Slaughter had deeply disliked this Circus. After all, they were competitors; it was perfectly normal for him not to see eye to eye with them.

After the forbidden zone collapsed, the unemployed Teacher Slaughter was assigned here, which made him extraordinarily frustrated yet helpless.

He hated this Circus, hated the carnival which always hogged the limelight.

But now, he finally had a chance to stir up some trouble.

Teacher Slaughter took several more steps backward and then turned around.

With a final glance at the bodies on the ground from the corner of his eye, he hurried towards the carnival hall.

He mustered all his strength, preparing to shout in the hall with a loud voice, "Something terrible happened! A child has been killed outside!"

Along the way, Teacher Slaughter couldn't help but open his mouth, silently rehearsing.

Something terrible happened! Outside, there is...

Just as he was rehearsing and imagining people's reactions, a hand suddenly extended from behind him and forcefully covered his mouth.

Then, he felt an arm circle around his neck, violently dragging him backward.

Teacher Slaughter couldn't breathe and was forced to shuffle backward with the person behind him.

In that instant, many thoughts raced through his mind.

Is it the murderer?

Who is he? Does he want to kill me?

At this moment, the image of that Lower-Class person emerged in his mind, filling his head with an inexplicable fear.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before the person behind him let go. By now, Teacher Slaughter had been dragged into a corridor.

Realizing he could breathe again, Teacher Slaughter immediately jumped forward, ran a few more steps, and didn't dare to look back until he was out of the corridor.

When he saw the person who had brought him here, Teacher Slaughter was so furious he almost laughed.

"Why is it you!" he yelled furiously at the person in front of him.

Lu Yi adjusted his slightly askew hat. "Who else could it be? Who did you think it was?"

Teacher Slaughter was slightly startled, then vehemently shook his head, clearing the image from his mind.

Only after he had calmed down a bit did Teacher Slaughter speak in a sarcastic tone, "Heh, you must have seen those bodies outside, right? Did you bring me here to prevent me from going inside to report?"

Teacher Slaughter touched his neck, which bore red marks from the chokehold. "You're scared."

"And rightfully so. With this, your Circus has had its second incident involving harm to Upper-Class People. It's questionable whether the Circus can even reopen after the severe rectification it's sure to undergo."

Teacher Slaughter felt a certain satisfaction. The destruction of the forbidden zone had forced the Slaughter Game to cease, yet the Circus thrived. This struck him as deeply unfair.

He stroked his throat while looking over at Lu Yi.

But there was no panic on the ringmaster's face, as if it didn't matter to him whether the Circus could reopen or not.

Not only was Lu Yi not panicking, but he also showed no other expression. He looked very calm, as if no murder had occurred outside.

Teacher Slaughter frowned. "What kind of expression is that? Upper-Class People died on your territory, and you have no reaction?"

Teacher Slaughter didn't mourn the children's deaths; he was merely eager to watch the drama unfold. He continued in a taunting tone, "You won't catch the murderer this time either, will you? Just like three years ago..."

"I know who it is," Lu Yi suddenly interjected.

"What?"

Teacher Slaughter didn't react immediately; it took him a few seconds to understand Lu Yi's words.

"You know who the murderer is?" Teacher Slaughter furrowed his brows. From the moment he discovered the bodies, he had considered who the murderer might be, but he couldn't come up with any suitable suspects.

Lu Yi's voice continued, "You know him. Very well."

I know him? Very well? Teacher Slaughter looked puzzled. Various faces of Upper-Class People flashed through his mind, but he felt that none of them had a motive to commit the crime.

"Come with me. You'll see him soon."

While Teacher Slaughter was still pondering, his shoulder was suddenly grabbed. Lu Yi forcefully dragged him towards the stairs. "I think you must miss him a great deal. You'll be in for a big surprise when you see him."

Upon hearing this, Teacher Slaughter frowned deeper. He didn't seem to have any friends he missed that much.

Chapter 636 Little Gu Gu the Scavenger_1

When Teacher Slaughter went upstairs and saw the "old friend" Lu Yi had mentioned, his already small brain almost exploded.

"You, you, you..." He extended his short arm, one finger pointing jerkily at the man who was adjusting his clothes.

It wasn't that he wanted to point; the enormous shock simply made him lose control of his hand, and his whole body trembled.

Teacher Slaughter never thought he would meet Gu Mian again. In his mind, this man should have died long ago in the collapsing forbidden zone.

Teacher Slaughter had always regretted not witnessing this man's death with his own eyes.

As if Heaven had heard his regret, the man was standing before him again, perfectly intact.

The cheers from below continued. No one knew there were five dead children outside. Nor did anyone know that the man who had attracted the hatred of countless audience members in the final episode of the Slaughter Game had returned.

After stammering "you" several times, Teacher Slaughter finally managed a coherent sentence: "You're not dead?"

Judging by his expression, he seemed to want to ask, You despicable Lower Class Person, you're not dead? But he likely felt the current situation was not in his favor, so he omitted the insult.

Gu Mian feigned a surprised expression. "Why should I die?"

Initially, he had been slightly worried that Teacher Slaughter would see the corpses on the ground when he went out, but he hadn't expected Lu Yi to bring the man directly upstairs.

He was also somewhat surprised when he saw Lu Yi bringing Teacher Slaughter up.

The little girl in red was still standing by the window. Gu Mian didn't know if Lu Yi could see her, but judging by Lu Yi's expression, he probably couldn't.

Teacher Slaughter's eyes lingered on Gu Mian's white coat for a long moment before he recognized the clothes underneath. "Wait, you're that Lower Class Person who was taken away!"

As he spoke, his eyes widened, and he even took two large steps forward. "How are you not dead? And how did you appear here? How did you sneak in?!"

Although Teacher Slaughter managed to appear somewhat composed, he didn't know he existed in an instance world; naturally, he was surprised by Gu Mian's "teleportation."

But his surprise was soon overshadowed by other emotions.

"No, that's not what I should be asking right now." Teacher Slaughter retreated two steps again, then turned to Lu Yi. "You know him too, don't you! This Lower Class Person was in the final episode of the Slaughter Game. I can't believe this Lower Class Person is still alive! Quick, call someone to arrest him!"

Saying this, he abruptly fell silent. A hint of suspicion flickered across Teacher Slaughter's face. He looked at Lu Yi, who was leaning motionless against the door, then at Gu Mian, who was equally still by the window. "You... know each other?"

He suddenly remembered Lu Yi had brought him up, saying something about "taking you to see an old acquaintance" before doing so.

It seemed Lu Yi knew all along that this Lower Class Person was here!

Gu Mian genuinely didn't know this Circus ringmaster, but the other party seemed to have known in advance that he would come.

Gu Mian suspected that perhaps when he obtained the clown mask, this Circus ringmaster had sensed it.

The cheers from below came in waves. A sense of impending doom welled up in Teacher Slaughter's heart. He wondered if he ran to the window and called for help, would anyone hear him?

The other two remained silent, and the atmosphere grew somewhat strange.

Teacher Slaughter sidled a few steps away before speaking again. "Lu Yi, what's the meaning of bringing me here?"

Lu Yi, still by the door, didn't respond immediately.

Gu Mian saw he had pulled out a lighter at some point and was now lighting a cigarette.

Once the cigarette was lit, Lu Yi finally drawled, "I told you, I brought you to see an old friend."

"Heh heh..." Teacher Slaughter forced a smile. Then, as if realizing something, he straightened up and stared at Lu Yi. "You aren't well acquainted with this man, are you?"

"This man," of course, referred to Gu Mian.

Gu Mian indicated that he didn't recognize the Circus ringmaster at the entrance.

But that didn't prevent Lu Yi from recognizing Gu Mian.

After all, the sign in the instance supermarket stating, "Gu Mian and dogs are not allowed entry," was practically a bestseller.

Teacher Slaughter knew nothing about the "Gu Mian and dogs are not allowed entry" sign, much less that he was merely an NPC in an instance.

But Lu Yi knew. High-level NPCs were aware they were just NPCs.

Lu Yi, cigarette dangling from his lips, answered Teacher Slaughter's question, "Only twice."

Twice? Gu Mian wondered. Aside from this instance, Lu Yi had seen him before? He hoped it wasn't like that time with the ghost in 'Visage of Death,' who had supposedly seen him in a place resembling a crematorium.

"The last time I saw this Doctor was on your show," Lu Yi flicked the ash from his cigarette, looking at Teacher Slaughter. "The final episode of the Slaughter Game. I'm sure it left a deep impression on you."

Mentioning the Slaughter Game made Teacher Slaughter's heart ache. The cheers from below served as intermittent reminders that the Slaughter Game was a thing of the past; now, the Upper Class People's favorite was the Circus program.

But clearly, this was not the time to reminisce about the bygone Slaughter Game. Teacher Slaughter stared intently at Lu Yi. "Oh? So you've developed a sudden fondness for this Lower Class Person you've only met twice? That's not like you. And... a Doctor? It's common knowledge that such despicable Lower Class People aren't worthy of the title. He probably just stole that white coat from some hospital."

As he spoke, he shifted his gaze to Gu Mian's clothes, and the more he looked at the white coat, the more familiar it seemed.

Gu Mian was already engrossed in watching the performance on the stage below, as if the "despicable Lower Class Person" Teacher Slaughter was referring to wasn't him at all.

Meanwhile, Teacher Slaughter grew more alarmed with every glance.

He recognized the white coat Gu Mian was wearing.

"Jin Hu!" Teacher Slaughter's eyes widened further as he recognized the coat's previous owner. "Isn't this Jin Hu's coat?"

True, most white coats in the world looked more or less the same.

But Jin Hu's was slightly different.

Despite being a Lower Class Person, he had carved out a place for himself in this world full of Upper Class People, yet his status was still despised by them. Although he had become a Doctor, his uniform was subtly different from those worn by Upper Class Doctors.

The collar of Jin Hu's white coat was slightly different from those of other Doctors.

That was how Teacher Slaughter could recognize the coat's previous owner.

"How did his coat end up on you?" Teacher Slaughter knew full well the dangers of the Forbidden Zone, and also knew that Jin Hu's location within it was exceptionally perilous.

That hospital... Without exaggeration, even if Teacher Slaughter himself led two full squads of the Order Guard into it, they might not even get to see Jin Hu in person. They would most likely die on the hospital's staircases or in its corridors, perhaps even in the first-floor lobby.

That hospital was the most dangerous place in the Forbidden Zone. Throughout the many iterations of the Slaughter Game, only a few Lower Class People had ever entered it.

And those few Lower Class People had thoroughly demonstrated to the audience the hospital's perils: its monstrous creatures, twisted limbs, and the horrifying sounds of chewing. Their gruesome deaths were broadcast live for all the Upper Class People to see.

Once, a somewhat cleverer Lower Class Person had sensed something was wrong immediately upon entering and had tried to flee, but the monsters inside the hospital gave him no such chance. That "clever" individual also ended up dying in that tragic place of origin.

In short, it was a place that sent chills down the spines of all spectators.

Yet this Lower Class Person before him... was wearing Jin Hu's uniform.

Had he gone to the upper floors of the hospital to find Jin Hu?! Impossible! How could he possibly have escaped unharmed from such a dangerous place?

Teacher Slaughter, incredulous, temporarily pushed the thought of the five corpses outside to the back of his mind. He stared at Gu Mian's face and asked in an uncharacteristically hesitant voice, "You just found this coat outside the hospital in the Forbidden Zone, right?"

Chapter 637 You're a Pervert, Gu Bongbong_1

After the forbidden zone was destroyed, the monsters within roamed the world, making the once-dangerous forbidden zone less terrifying.

Subsequently, the Upper Class People dispatched patrol teams into the destroyed forbidden zone to investigate the cause of its destruction.

They discovered the boundary of the forbidden zone had been destroyed because the Evil God Statue in the hospital was damaged. However, no one knew why the statue had shattered into fragments. The root cause was never found.

Theoretically speaking, the Evil God Statue is very hard to destroy. As some people put it, even if a nuclear bomb were to flatten the forbidden zone, the statue would remain intact.

Later, they saw Jin Hu with his neck twisted, lying on the ground downstairs in the hospital. Of course, this former director of the respiratory department was dead beyond a doubt. When they saw Jin Hu with his twisted neck, his white coat was gone, but this didn't attract anyone's attention. Who would care if a lowly Lower Class Person was wearing their work uniform?

These clothes must have been stripped from the dead Jin Hu, Teacher Slaughter mused, staring at Gu Mian's white coat and making what he considered a reasonable deduction.

However, this speculation didn't last long before the man before him directly refuted it.

"What are you thinking?" Gu Mian adjusted his collar, his tone lacking the reverence a Lower Class Person should show an Upper Class Person. "Of course, Jin Hu gave this to me. That day, I accidentally wandered into the hospital. He saw I was helpless and thinly clothed, so he took off his own clothes and put them on me."

As he spoke, Gu Mian recalled the scene where he had pinned Jin Hu against the windowsill and forcibly stripped his clothes off, yet his face showed no hint of guilt.

"Hehehehehehehehe." Teacher Slaughter, of course, didn't believe such nonsense and couldn't help but let out a cold laugh.

"Do you take me for a fool? I know what kind of person Jin Hu is. He would never be so kind-hearted..." As he said this, Teacher Slaughter suddenly realized something. His brows furrowed, and his gaze shot towards Gu Mian like sharp blades. "How do you know he was Jin Hu?"

In Teacher Slaughter's mind, Gu Mian was just a Lower Class Person who scavenged clothes from corpses. But if Jin Hu was already dead when he took the clothes, how did he know the corpse belonged to Jin Hu? Could Jin Hu's corpse have still had a name tag on it? Teacher Slaughter remembered Jin Hu had never worn such a thing.

Gu Mian looked at him as if he were an idiot. "His photo is on the photo wall on the twelfth floor. He was the doctor in the respiratory department with the most hair; I'd recognize him by his hair alone."

Teacher Slaughter completely ignored the look, stunned by Gu Mian's words. "You mean you went into the hospital? And went up to the twelfth floor?" he asked, his tone incredulous.

There was indeed a photo wall on the twelfth floor, in the respiratory department. Someone who had never been to the twelfth floor wouldn't know this.

Previously, Teacher Slaughter hadn't understood why the forbidden zone had suddenly collapsed.

The other Upper Class People shared this question, so patrol teams were repeatedly sent into the forbidden zone to investigate, but they found nothing.

On the day the forbidden zone collapsed, the weather was calm and peaceful. No one expected it to fall apart after a group of Lower Class People were exiled there.

Hearing that Gu Mian had been to the twelfth floor of the hospital shortly before the forbidden zone's destruction, Teacher Slaughter suddenly had an ominous feeling.

He couldn't explain why he felt this way, but he often had such feelings after encountering this Lower Class Person.

"What did you see when you went to the twelfth floor?" Teacher Slaughter asked quietly, unaware his tone had changed.

When Gu Mian went to the hospital, both his and Chu Changge's trackers had been discarded, so the audience hadn't seen the exciting events that transpired.

Now Jin Hu was dead, with no way to refute anything. So, Gu Mian casually spun a tale, freely slinging mud at the deceased.

"I saw your director of the respiratory department suddenly go mad. He dragged a large sledgehammer out from a corner, rushed into a room, and started smashing and cursing at a large statue inside. I was terrified, shivering in a corner...

"After he finished smashing it, he ran back to his office, opened the window, and yelled something like, 'I am the savior! I will save this ignorant world!' Then, THUD, he jumped."

Gu Mian said this with a vulnerable expression, even giving a couple of shivers for effect.

If Jin Hu could hear this, he'd probably rise from his grave to fight Gu Mian to the death.

Teacher Slaughter didn't fully believe Gu Mian, but he had to admit, "I will save this ignorant world" did sound like something Jin Hu would say.

Perhaps Jin Hu did have some interaction with this Lower Class Person before he died. As for why the Evil God Statue shattered... Could it be that Jin Hu had found a way to damage the statue over the years he spent in the forbidden zone?

Thinking this, his unease lessened slightly, and his tone reverted to the arrogant condescension of an Upper Class Person. "That makes sense. A Lower Class Person like you would naturally be cowering and shivering in a corner at such a sight."

But as he said this, he abruptly stopped. He suddenly recalled the five dead children he had pushed to the back of his mind, and Lu Yi's words when bringing him up here—"I'm taking you to meet a killer who will astound you."

Now he knew who Lu Yi's "killer" was.

Teacher Slaughter leaped back a large step. "The people who died downstairs—you killed them, didn't you?!"

This Lower Class Person actually dared to attack them, and five of them at once!

Teacher Slaughter's frantic, startled behavior was starting to annoy Gu Mian. He had come to this instance mainly to find Lu Yi, yet this short fellow was hopping about, chattering incessantly, making Gu Mian's head throb.

Though inwardly annoyed, Gu Mian's expression remained unchanged as he denied the accusation, "What people? Did someone die? Who died?"

Hearing Gu Mian's denial, Teacher Slaughter looked suspicious. He too found it hard to believe a Lower Class Person would dare to kill.

It's the five kids you took away— Teacher Slaughter was about to say, but Gu Mian's voice reached him first.

"I don't know how those five died..."

Wait, something isn't right here...

"I don't know how they fell from upstairs..." Teacher Slaughter felt a twitch in his hamstring, an uncontrollable shiver running through him.

He tilted his head up ever so slightly and saw the man before him bending down, hands in his pockets. The man's face loomed closer, a strange smile playing on his lips.

Then, the sinister voice sounded again.

"I don't know why they're stuck to the ground..."

Shit! I've run into a psycho!

Teacher Slaughter leaped back another large step in panic. "It really was you! You twisted Lower Class Person!"

Chapter 638 Lu Yi Gradually Losing His Mind_1

Oh, how the Upper Class People were cursing others as perverts. What a ridiculous scene. Had there been any spectators present, they would surely have laughed out loud. Unfortunately, all the spectators were beneath the stage, taking in the riotous spectacle of the carnival. None of them realized that a grand drama entitled "The Upper Class Accusing The Perverts" was unfolding above them.

Speaking of which, it seemed 007 would be going on stage soon. Gu Mian took a glance outside the window. Once this beheading program was over, it would be 007's time to shine.

Unaware of Gu Mian's distraction, Teacher Slaughter continued to holler from behind Lu Yi, "You're lucky to have escaped the Slaughter Game. But I'm afraid your luck has run out now! I'm going to call someone to seize you. The audience really loves you; they can't wait to see you again."

"Furthermore, you have killed five of the Upper Class People." As he said this, Teacher Slaughter's voice grew strained, his teeth gritted. He wasn't mourning the deceased but was enraged that the dignity of the Upper Class People had been challenged. "Now, the audience is even more excited to witness your wretched death."

Gu Mian was indeed popular in this world. After the Slaughter Game was suspended, an audience member had tallied a list of the "Most Popular Lower Class People in the Slaughter Game." Gu Mian was at the top. This ranking mirrored the official in-game bounty list. How ironic.

Of course, the Upper Class People did not hold this affinity out of kindness. They merely wished to witness Gu Mian's struggle in his final moments. But the Slaughter Game ended prematurely, and they were unable to witness Gu Mian's death. This became a regret among the audience members. It's said that what one can't obtain is always the most desirable. Hence, Gu Mian became a figure forever missed by the Upper Class People.

Just as Teacher Slaughter prepared to flee and call for help, Lu Yi suddenly dropped his cigarette and clutched Teacher Slaughter's collar. "What are you doing!" Teacher Slaughter looked up at Lu Yi. "You're not trying to stop me from having him captured, are you?"

Teacher Slaughter always knew that Lu Yi's head wasn't quite right, but he never imagined that Lu Yi would obstruct him on this matter. The Upper Class People must stick together and look down upon the Lower Class People together. Lu Yi was pulling at Teacher Slaughter's collar, his gaze not on him but fixed on the still-smoldering cigarette butt on the ground. "He fooled you."

Gu Mian raised an eyebrow. This remark was aimed at Teacher Slaughter. It's true, I did fool Teacher Slaughter, but how would Lu Yi know about this...

He fooled me? Upon hearing this, Teacher Slaughter was rather puzzled. "Wasn't it him who killed those people?" He didn't, for a moment, consider the destruction of the forbidden zone.

Gu Mian raised his hand. "I didn't fool you about that. I did kill them."

Hearing this, Teacher Slaughter shrank further behind Lu Yi. "Big words!"

"He fooled you," Lu Yi finally turned his head to look at Teacher Slaughter. "The clothes he's wearing... Jin Hu didn't give them to him because he looked cold..."

"I know that," Teacher Slaughter snorted. Jin Hu would never be so kind-hearted. Obviously, this Lower Class Person must have stolen them when Jin Hu wasn't paying attention.

Then, Lu Yi's voice came again, "He forcibly stripped them off Jin Hu."

"I know that... What?" Teacher Slaughter widened his eyes, unable to comprehend for a long moment. "What nonsense are you talking about!"

Jin Hu had died even before Gu Mian entered the forbidden zone. What Gu Mian had seen later was nothing more than a resentful spirit, a walking corpse. Teacher Slaughter, of course, knew this. So he was convinced that a living person who entered the forbidden zone could never pose a threat to Jin Hu. What threat could a living person pose to a dead one? Could they kill the dead again?

Just as he was thinking about Jin Hu, the voice of the Circus leader beside him sounded again. "Have you ever wondered how he managed to reach the twelfth floor of the hospital?" Lu Yi asked, his expression calm and unreadable.

Teacher Slaughter certainly had wondered. He eventually guessed that this Lower Class Person had been lucky enough not to encounter any monsters upon entering the hospital and had thus miraculously reached the twelfth floor. Of course, he didn't know that Gu Mian and the word "luck" were practically strangers.

"He was just lucky," Teacher Slaughter said simply. Even he felt this inference was questionable. He didn't like attributing everything to luck, but aside from that, there seemed to be no other reasonable explanation.

"No," Lu Yi denied Teacher Slaughter's theory. "He was chased by a group of monsters from the first floor to the twelfth, wielding a chair leg. The chase was intense."

Good heavens, that was quite detailed. How did he know? Gu Mian wondered. He had almost forgotten about wielding a chair leg as a weapon in the Slaughter Game, yet Lu Yi knew about it and remembered it so clearly. He was already scrutinizing Lu Yi closely, surmising inwardly, Could this be Chu Changge in disguise?

Teacher Slaughter's lips trembled, his expression as if he'd seen a ghost. "What devil's talk is this!"

From "nonsense" to "devil's talk," it seemed Teacher Slaughter thought Lu Yi's condition had worsened.

Unaffected by Teacher Slaughter's expression, which suggested he thought Lu Yi was insane, Lu Yi continued, "The Evil God Statue was not shattered by Jin Hu."

Gu Mian paused slightly, then guiltily averted his gaze. High-level NPCs sure are tough, exposing my secrets as soon as they show up.

"The statue was shattered when he crashed into it headfirst," Lu Yi continued explaining to Teacher Slaughter.

This description is quite humiliating, Gu Mian thought, then immediately clarified, "It's not like I wanted to crash into it. It's all Jin Hu's fault!"

At this point, Teacher Slaughter was already dizzy. He had no energy left to think about which part of Gu Mian had hit the statue. "So, what you're saying is that this Lower Class Person is quite impressive? Not only did he bravely ascend to the twelfth floor of the hospital barehanded, but he also shattered the Evil God Statue with his head? Oh, and he forcefully stripped the clothes off a living corpse? You're not telling me all this expecting me to applaud him, are you?" Lu Yi has gone mad, Teacher Slaughter thought. He needs to see a doctor, quickly.

Teacher Slaughter felt that everything today was very strange. First, five Upper Class children had died. Then, he'd encountered a man who should have died in the Slaughter Game. And now, this Lower Class Person was acting so aberrantly, and Lu Yi had promptly followed suit by going mad.

Chapter 639 surely not, surely not, it's 2021 and there surely are no authors who update monthly, right?_1

Teacher Slaughter keenly sensed that the atmosphere had become very tense. He surreptitiously tugged at his collar, only to find it held fast.

"Of course, I don't expect you to applaud," Lu Yi said, his five fingers gripping Teacher Slaughter's collar tightly. "I just want you to know about this, so you can be silenced for good."

Gu Mian countered shamelessly, "Why would I silence someone over something like this?"

"?" Teacher Slaughter felt his entire face was covered in question marks.

Are they telling me things I shouldn't know just so they can kill me to keep me quiet?

Teacher Slaughter struggled fiercely. "I think you're both completely mad! Let me go! I need to find someone to apprehend this lower-class person!"

He still didn't believe what Lu Yi had just said; he only thought both of them were insane.

Lu Yi said nothing, but suddenly took a few steps forward, approaching Gu Mian.

Caught off guard, Teacher Slaughter was dragged along for several steps.

Gu Mian saw Lu Yi reach out and tug at his white lab coat.

Then, a vibrant green object emerged from the folds of the coat.

Gu Mian's white lab coat had recently suffered rough treatment from 007—it had been crumpled into a ball and stuffed into a guitar case.

So, it was far from smooth, covered in messy wrinkles.

The leaf brooch pinned to the white lab coat had been hidden among these wrinkles. Only after Lu Yi straightened the fabric did the brooch reappear.

The leaf brooch was a special item Gu Mian had obtained in the Slaughter game. It was surprisingly useful, as it could hide a player's nickname, significantly reducing Gu Mian's risk of being assassinated by other players.

He remembered this item was the "gift" he received after destroying the Evil God Statue.

"Evil God's Gift"—Gu Mian still remembered the prefix for the leaf brooch.

Even though he had destroyed its statue, he received a reward. This Evil God seemed exceptionally tolerant.

Teacher Slaughter naturally saw Lu Yi's actions and, consequently, the leaf brooch that had been hidden in the coat's wrinkles.

He stared at the vibrant green brooch for a long moment before slowly asking, "This... isn't this... Slaughter...?"

Slaughter what?

Gu Mian looked at Teacher Slaughter. Unexpectedly, before Teacher Slaughter could finish, his already pale face turned visibly whiter.

Gu Mian wondered, Is this leaf brooch some kind of token? Judging by Teacher Slaughter's expression, he clearly recognizes this thing.

Thinking this, he checked the description of this special item again.

[Leaf Brooch]

[Description: A gift from a certain Evil God. This Evil God, for some mysterious reason, is constantly pursued by enemies, so they specially created this item.]

Oh. Now I understand.

This item was probably worn by that Evil God. After all, it was created to evade pursuit, so of course, it would be carried at all times to conceal their identity.

Teacher Slaughter recognized this item.

Was the "Slaughter" he mentioned earlier the name of that Evil God?

The name certainly fits this world well.

However, with a Teacher Slaughter of a similar name already existing, Gu Mian couldn't help but imagine that this supposed "Slaughter" Evil God might also be short and stout, and flamboyantly pink.

But then again, for an Evil God to be reduced to being constantly hunted was rather pathetic.

Judging by Teacher Slaughter's expression, he must have met this unlucky Evil God or at least heard of him.

Thinking about it this way, this Evil God doesn't seem very grand at all.

It's completely different from the "unknowable, unseeable, indescribable" definition found in novels.

There was also a goddess's avatar in the instance, whom Gu Mian remembered was called the Goddess Of Mystery. Before leaving, she had even casually gifted him a "relative."

When that goddess's avatar appeared, she even blocked Fatty and the others' vision, exuding an air of profound mystery. This Evil God, however, was different. Statues of him were scattered everywhere, as common as if they were wholesale goods from Yiwu Small Commodity City. Moreover, he was ruthlessly hunted, and even a bottom-tier NPC like Teacher Slaughter knew about the Evil God's little leaf brooch.

Teacher Slaughter, unaware that in this "lower-class person's" mind he had already become a "bottom-tier NPC," was still pale-faced. "This is on you... so it was really you who destroyed the Evil God Statue!"

Don't accuse me based on a tiny leaf! Alright, it's not exactly an accusation, but isn't your deduction a bit too sloppy?

"How could it be... You despicable lower-class person..."

Teacher Slaughter always had "despicable lower-class person" on the tip of his tongue, likely because that's how he usually interacted with Lower Class People.

"Alright, that's enough about past matters. You know too much now; it's time for you to disappear." Lu Yi suddenly cut Teacher Slaughter off. Gu Mian noticed Lu Yi's grip on the collar tighten, as if to prevent Teacher Slaughter from escaping.

Teacher Slaughter's eyes widened in disbelief. "You really want to kill me? We're both Upper Class People, yet you're protecting him! What is your relationship with this lower-class person?! Who exactly is this lower-class person? Why can he threaten the statue?!"

While shouting these questions, he was rapidly trying to think of an escape route.

Once I get away, I absolutely have to capture this lower-class person and torture him severely to find out how he destroyed the Evil God Statue!

This whole day felt like a dream. Teacher Slaughter truly wished he were dreaming right now.

Cheers and shouts continuously drifted up from downstairs. Teacher Slaughter considered shouting for help, but he knew his voice couldn't overpower the frenzied crowd below.

Those idiotic spectators! Shouting so loud, did someone in their family die?! This was the first time Teacher Slaughter had ever cursed Upper Class People with such malice.

He nervously watched Lu Yi, who was still gripping his collar, occasionally glancing over to see what Gu Mian was up to.

He still couldn't understand why Lu Yi would team up with this lower-class person to set him up.

Gu Mian also didn't understand why Lu Yi was acting as if they were partners in crime.

It couldn't be that they'd just clicked, could it?

"What are you trying to do to me?!" Teacher Slaughter yelled, noticing Lu Yi's free hand reaching for him.

Gu Mian stood to the side, thoroughly enjoying the show.

Teacher Slaughter probably never imagined he'd see this day.

Lu Yi moved quickly. Soon, the short man in pink clothes was securely tied up, a dirty rag stuffed in his mouth.

Lu Yi thoughtfully found a chair, moved it to the window, then placed Teacher Slaughter on it, tying him firmly to the chair.

This way, Teacher Slaughter could watch the performance downstairs in peace. However, he was so short that, even sitting on the chair, his head could barely clear the windowsill.

The guillotine game below was fast approaching its climax.

The host, very professionally, ignited the fireworks around the stage just as the audience's excitement peaked. Flames shot into the sky and exploded.

From the window, Gu Mian had a clear view of this daytime fireworks display.

Teacher Slaughter was still struggling. Annoyed, Gu Mian slightly unzipped his guitar case.

The man tied to the chair, struggling, turned his head and saw the cold glint from within Gu Mian's guitar case. His already pale face immediately filled with terror, and he instantly fell silent.

Now he somewhat understood how Jin Hu's clothes had ended up on this person.

As Teacher Slaughter watched in terror, Gu Mian zipped up his guitar case. "Aren't you going to kill him?"

This was directed at Lu Yi.

"Together, in a bit," Lu Yi replied casually, as if he and Gu Mian were old friends.

Together, in a bit? Does killing this shorty really require two people? Gu Mian felt Teacher Slaughter's combat strength wasn't worth a joint effort.

Hearing this, Teacher Slaughter broke out in a cold sweat, his body trembling uncontrollably.

With that said, Lu Yi also brought over a chair for himself and sat down beside Teacher Slaughter.

Gu Mian observed the pale-faced, middle-aged man. He was undoubtedly an Upper Class Person, a high-level NPC in this instance, and also the mission target for Gu Mian and 007.

"Gain Lu Yi's approval"—Gu Mian recalled the instance mission was phrased like that.

Looking the middle-aged man up and down, Gu Mian thought this mission wouldn't be too hard.

Of course, he also remembered he hadn't entered this instance just to complete the mission.

Manager 845 from the Food Processing Plant had once said that high-level NPCs in this instance knew a lot about the game, which was why Gu Mian had gone to great lengths to enter this particular instance.

He wanted to find out why this game had appeared and whether it was connected to his own terrible luck.

Naturally, he also wanted to find a way to completely destroy this game.

Ever since this global game appeared, Gu Mian could no longer enjoy his happy looting sprees.

Of course, he couldn't just come out and ask, "Do you know how to destroy this game?" When you want to ask someone for information, you first need to build some rapport.

Gu Mian, adhering to this principle, also moved a chair to the window and began a friendly conversation, "Have you known me for a long time?"

Lu Yi could describe in detail what he had done in Jin Hu Hospital. Gu Mian suspected this fellow had an omniscient perspective, wondering if this was a privilege of high-level NPCs.

As if guessing Gu Mian's thoughts, Lu Yi, holding a freshly lit cigarette, said, "That hospital... I was inside it at the time."

Good heavens! This high-level NPC's words were truly astonishing.

"You were inside?" Gu Mian confirmed again. He hadn't found any trace of other living people in that hospital during the Slaughter Game.

Besides, why would an Upper Class Person like Lu Yi go to a dilapidated hospital in the Slaughter Game?

No... Gu Mian recalled that he had indeed heard some unusual sounds when he was in the twelfth-floor corridor.

Chapter 640 The Production Principle of Xiao Qiao_1

"Don't believe me?" Lu Yi gazed at the cheering audience below. "I also met another friend of yours in the hospital, a person from the First World, on the ninth floor."

Indeed. Gu Mian had entered the hospital with Chu Changge. They parted ways on the ninth floor, and they didn't see each other again until they left the instance. Lu Yi was not lying; he was indeed in Jin Hu's hospital at that time. Let's put these matters aside for now.

"What the heck is the First World?"

It was quite funny. Gu Mian had initially thought Chu Changge was a little girl until he glimpsed the truth under her skirt and learned that this person was actually male. Male, so be it. At least he was an Earthling. Then, after the global game started, Gu Mian realized Chu Changge wasn't an Earthling... Chu Changge claimed to have come from an instance world called the "Second World"; he was a person from an instance. A paper person, so be it. But from Lu Yi's words, it seemed Chu Changge didn't come from the Second World, but from a place called the First World.

"You don't know?" Lu Yi glanced at Gu Mian, and after confirming he really didn't know, he explained, "Our worlds are ranked. Your friend is from the world ranked number one. Following the sequence, we call it the First World. Of course, it has other names, but I don't know them."

Advanced NPCs really are advanced. He even knew about the existence of multiple Low-Dimensional Worlds in the game.

Teacher Slaughter, whose mouth was gagged, listened in utter confusion, having no idea what the two were talking about.

"How many worlds do you know?" Gu Mian asked keenly.

"The First World, the Seventh World. Of course, I don't know their names. By the way, the world I'm from is ranked fourth; it's the Fourth World."

Including his own, Lu Yi only knew about three worlds. Since even the Seventh World had appeared, there must be at least seven worlds in the instance.

This NPC was surprisingly forthcoming and answered all of Gu Mian's questions. Gu Mian seized the opportunity: "How are these worlds ranked? By strength?"

Lu Yi shook his head. "No, actually, I don't know. But I do know one thing: the ranking order of the worlds is very important. It seems to be related to the core of all worlds."

"Sequence... Core..." Gu Mian muttered, noting down this important clue.

845 certainly didn't lie to me! The advanced NPCs in this instance really knew a lot, and this one even seemed rather gentle and easy to talk to.

Like a child with a million questions, Gu Mian continued. It had been a while since he'd asked so many. "Why were you in the Slaughter game's hospital back then?"

Apparently, Teacher Slaughter also wanted to know the answer to this question.

Gu Mian noticed that Teacher Slaughter, who was tied to a chair nearby, perked up his ears, waiting for Lu Yi's answer.

"Sometimes I deliver goods," Lu Yi said, his brow furrowing for a moment before smoothing out. "You saw it yourself—that room full of people."

He was referring to the room where the Evil God Statue was kept.

Gu Mian still remembered the scene in that room: densely packed corpses pinned to the walls and the floor. Jin Hu had said they were all offerings to the Evil God.

"The Slaughter game sends plenty of people into the forbidden zone each round. There's no need for you to deliver goods personally, is there?" And he'd done it so secretly. Teacher Slaughter was clearly unaware of this "delivery"; a strange expression was dawning on his face.

Lu Yi blew out a smoke ring. "Indeed, there's no need. But you saw the situation in that room. If you could send your enemies there, wouldn't you find it satisfying? I'm an Upper Class person with status, and Jin Hu is more than willing to do me that favor."

Great. So this one was a pervert too.

So much for Upper Class People being gentle and easy to talk to; it was all a lie. This Circus Ringmaster, to deliver his enemies as sacrifices, had risked entering the forbidden zone alone, infiltrated the hospital, and climbed all the way to the twelfth floor. As for how he managed to reach the twelfth floor safely... Gu Mian glanced at the little ghost girl on the windowsill. Could it be because of her?

If so, this Circus Ringmaster must know his dead daughter had become a ghost. That would explain why he dared to enter the forbidden zone hospital alone.

Gu Mian suddenly felt something was off. Is there really such a thing as familial affection among the Upper Class People of this world? He had encountered those five Upper Class children. Gu Mian surmised that if those five were to become ghosts, they would only return to seek revenge on him, not do something like returning to their families to protect them. Is this girl an exception?

Gu Mian glanced at the ghost girl on the windowsill, then looked back at Lu Yi sitting beside him.

Lu Yi was gazing at the smoke in the air as if he couldn't see the ghost girl on the windowsill.

Gu Mian paused for a moment, then asked, "Do you know..."

"I do." Seeming to know what Gu Mian was about to ask, Lu Yi answered directly.

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "Can you see her?"

Lu Yi shook his head slightly. "No, I can't."

Teacher Slaughter, off to the side, had no idea what cryptic game the two were playing; he could only sit there staring.

Seeing that Lu Yi didn't want to discuss this further, Gu Mian moved on to the question he'd wanted to ask earlier: "How did you meet him?"

Lu Yi knew Gu Mian was asking about Chu Changge. "All the Lower Class People thrown into the Slaughter game have trackers. The audience can watch the live feed through these trackers. At the time, I was in Jin Hu's office and heard someone outside the door, so I figured someone had come up. I was very curious who could have made it to the twelfth floor of the hospital, but time was tight, so I didn't dwell on it."

He exhaled another smoke ring as he spoke. "I went to the forbidden zone hospital secretly; I couldn't be discovered. If you had entered with your tracker, the audience would have seen me, so I jumped from the building."

"The miserable wailing I heard in the corridor wasn't you, was it?" Gu Mian didn't think Lu Yi could produce such an... abstract sound.

"It was the offering," Lu Yi said, cigarette between his fingers. "Before you came in, I threw him out the window, then jumped myself."

That was the twelfth floor!

"There was a rope. You probably didn't see it. There's a hole on the outer window ledge. I tied the rope there, held onto it, and jumped. The ninth-floor window was open, so I jumped straight in."

Gu Mian understood now. No wonder Jin Hu had stopped him from approaching the window back then with the excuse of "help me complete a task."

He recalled, "After you jumped, you cursed, didn't you?"

Lu Yi cracked a smile. "You even heard that? Yes, as soon as I got into the ninth floor and saw a figure nearby, I couldn't help but cry out."

So that's when he saw Chu Changge. To think he had that kind of effect on people. Come to think of it, when Chu Changge had just come out of the Slaughter game instance, his eyes had indeed flashed with an eerie light. Gu Mian had assumed it was because of Fatty.

Lu Yi continued, "He is a person from the First World. I recognized him at first glance."

Come to think of it, Xiao Qiao also had a similar ability. During the Dragon Boat event, Xiao Qiao could identify the real Chu Changge at a glance. And Lu Yi could recognize someone from the First World at a glance. What was the principle behind this?