

Collapse 641

Chapter 641 Time Management Master Gu Beng Beng_1

"So you were having secret conversations behind my back?" Gu Mian scratched his chin.

Lu Yi laughed. "We just happened to run into each other, so we took the opportunity to discuss some matters."

"What matters?" Gu Mian inquired.

"About you, about this world, about their world, and... about Earth."

The worlds within instances were all derived Low-Dimensional Worlds. Two people from different Low-Dimensional Worlds, discussing a higher-dimensional world, all while in Jin Hu's hospital—a place supposedly filled with love and hope. The mere thought of that scene is rather amusing, Gu Mian mused.

Gu Mian curiously asked, "Did the conversation yield any results?"

Lu Yi shook his head. "We don't even know why this world was created, nor why the game began. If I hadn't ascended to this position, I wouldn't even know that I'm in a Low-Dimensional World."

He said this without any reservation, even with Teacher Slaughter nearby.

Gu Mian spared a glance for the little pink figure. Teacher Slaughter's expression was starting to turn vacant.

"Speaking of the Low-Dimensional World," Gu Mian began, "how did you realize you were in one?"

He had asked Chu Changge this question before.

The answer Chu Changge had given back then was "errors."

'Errors' appeared in the world, which were then corrected. This led to severe discrepancies in people's memories..

After that, the intelligent ones began to question the authenticity of the world.

Lu Yi was unaware that Gu Mian was pondering Chu Changge's words. He sat in his chair, watching the fireworks still crackling outside the window, and began to speak of the signs that had appeared in this world.

"Déjà vu... At first, someone would experience a peculiar feeling, as though they had lived through the current events before. For instance, we might be meeting for the first time today. You and I are sitting here, chatting, but suddenly you find this moment familiar, as if it had already happened.

"Then, more and more people experienced this phenomenon, leaving everyone baffled. So, we coined a specific term for it: 'déjà vu.'

"At the time, we didn't connect déjà vu with the Low-Dimensional World. That changed when someone, while constructing an underground cave to imprison Lower Class People, discovered a set of ruins in a subterranean corner. That was about ten years ago.

"The entrance to these ruins was in a large forest. Initially, the person didn't think anything was amiss. However, as he explored deeper, he was shocked to find that the ruins consisted of countless identical buildings."

No sane person would construct a vast cluster of identical buildings in the caverns beneath a primeval forest, Gu Mian thought.

Lu Yi continued, "When the ruins were discovered, only building debris remained. But the person keenly noticed the anomalies. The patterns on the debris, the smudges on the broken plaster, even the textures on the exposed bricks—they were all identical. It was like they were copied and pasted.

"If you picked up any piece of broken debris, you would inevitably find countless identical fragments in the underground cave, right down to the cracks. It was then that we realized this was the 'corpse of the

world.' We understood that our world could be manipulated at will by others. At that moment, we knew: this is a Low-Dimensional World."

The corpse of the world...

Gu Mian repeated the phrase to himself, a thought crossing his mind. "Loading a previous save?"

Lu Yi looked at Gu Mian and nodded. "Correct, like loading a previous save."

"It's like playing a game," Lu Yi explained. "At a certain point, the player might be dissatisfied with the current situation and decide to load a previous save, returning to the past. The characters in the game would lose their memories of this skipped period, and the game world itself would revert to that earlier point in time. Perhaps we had constructed magnificent buildings or created astonishing works of art after that point, but the moment the save was loaded, all of it would vanish without a trace."

"This is also the reason for our *déjà vu*. We might have experienced this very moment countless times, but we don't remember. Only in a fleeting instance does our brain resonate strongly with our past self from that exact time. Then, the feeling of familiarity immediately vanishes under the world's oppressive influence."

"And that underground cave"—he was referring to the one he mentioned earlier—"was a BUG."

A BUG. Gu Mian nodded in agreement. Being able to leave traces despite the world reloading a save definitely sounds like a BUG.

"That place is still affected by the world reloading saves," Lu Yi went on, "but the world can't completely erase the traces in the underground cave. Each time a save is reloaded, the structures underground collapse further, yet they don't vanish entirely. After each reload, a new, identical structure appears upon the old ruins. Through countless reloads, the site became a vast field of ruins. It wasn't until we discovered it that we realized our world had reloaded saves countless times."

Gu Mian frowned. "When you discovered the cave, was there still an intact building inside?"

Why only that place could leave traces when the world reloaded was a question. Gu Mian suspected that building might hold the secret to the Low-Dimensional World.

"Yes," Lu Yi confirmed. "When we discovered the underground cave, there was indeed an intact building standing amidst the ruins. To be precise, it wasn't just a building; it was a temple, about two stories high."

A temple? Could it be...

"An Evil God Statue?" Gu Mian asked. Is this Evil God trying to make a cameo in a TV drama or something? Popping up to remind everyone of its existence time and time again.

Lu Yi nodded. "Yes."

So it seems the Evil God Statue was what affected that area, Gu Mian thought. To be able to interfere with the world's save reloading... this Evil God isn't as pathetic as I imagined.

"You didn't move it to suppress the forbidden area afterward, did you?" Gu Mian thought of the Evil God Statue in the forbidden hospital area.

"Of course, we wouldn't dare touch the intact one," Lu Yi said. "But there were quite a few damaged statues among the ruins."

"So, you pieced together the broken statues and moved them into the forbidden area?"

"Yes, that's right," Lu Yi replied. "We collected all the Statue Fragments we could find and cleaned up the entire area, leaving only the one intact temple..."

No wonder that statue looked so dilapidated when I first saw it, Gu Mian thought.

Then, he considered another issue. "So, if what you're saying is true, your world hasn't undergone a save reload spanning a very long period for quite some time. Specifically, after someone discovered that underground cave, you haven't experienced any further long-duration save reloads."

"Why do you say that?" Lu Yi asked, puzzled. "Is it because we still remember the underground cave? But that memory itself could be from after a reload. Perhaps many years after we first discovered the cave, the world reloaded a save. Then, following the original trajectory, that same person discovered the cave again, and thus we 'regained' the memory of it."

"No," Gu Mian suddenly stood up and drew a horizontal line on the dust-filled windowpane. "Look, this line is your world's timeline."

He marked a point in the middle of the line and circled it, making the line somewhat resemble a number line with a zero point.

Lu Yi stared at the line on the window. "So this point is when we discovered the statue?"

"No," Gu Mian dismissed his interpretation. "That point is when the statue was created."

He then marked another point not far to the right of the zero point and labeled it 'X.' "This is when the statue was discovered."

His finger moved further to the right, marking a point beyond 'X' and labeling it 'Y.' "This is now."

Chapter 642: Surely not, surely not, there surely can't be writers who take a hiatus and even ask for leaves of absence, right?_1

"It's not hard to understand," Gu Mian pointed to the horizontal line. "This line can be seen as the timeline of your world, and the three points on it represent different moments in time."

The points from left to right were marked as 0, x, and y.

0 represented the time when the Evil God Statue appeared in the cave.

x represented the time when you discovered the cave.

y represented the present moment, the actual time when they were sitting here.

Gu Mian first placed his hand on point 0, saying, "Firstly, we need to understand one principle: only things that have appeared can be discovered.

"For example, let's say today, I kill Teacher Slaughter in this room..."

Even though his mouth was gagged, a big question mark still managed to appear on Teacher Slaughter's face.

Gu Mian ignored Teacher Slaughter's stunned expression. "If I leave his corpse here, then at any time after this point, if you come into this room, you will discover Teacher Slaughter's corpse.

"But, if I kill him today, and you came to this room yesterday, you wouldn't find a corpse here."

Lu Yi nodded. "I understand that."

He wasn't quite sure what Gu Mian was trying to say, so he just listened attentively.

On the other hand, Teacher Slaughter turned pale as Gu Mian's "Teacher Slaughter Corpse Theory" unnerved him, even though his face was already as white as if it had been painted that way.

"Of course, the example I just gave is the scenario under a normal timeline. But the timeline of your world is slightly different, resulting in a BUG in the 'only things that have appeared can be discovered' theory," Gu Mian said.

Gu Mian then drew another horizontal line below the previous one. This new line was much longer, stretching from the far left to the far right of the window.

After drawing the line, he marked points 0, x, and y in order on the new line.

Gu Mian pointed to the new line below. "This is an infinitely long line; it's the timeline of a normal world, which is also the timeline of the Evil God Statue you discovered. This is an infinitely long horizontal axis."

He then pointed back to the shorter line above and used an arc to connect its leftmost end to point y. "This is your world. If, at this very moment, time reloads, then this arc represents that reloading. Now, let me describe the content on your timeline. Let's assume the leftmost point is a save point..."

Since Gu Mian didn't know at what point in time this world would save, he simply made an assumption, as it wouldn't affect the conclusion of his reasoning anyway.

He then marked the small segment from the leftmost point to point 0. "This segment of time is from the save point until the Evil God Statue appeared in the cave. Let's assume this duration is '1'. Note that during this time, the Evil God Statue does not exist in the cave.

"Next, the period from point 0 to point x is the time from when the statue appeared until it was discovered. Let's assume this is '2'.

"Finally, the period from point x to point y is from when the statue was discovered until now. Let's assume this is '3'."

"We hypothesized earlier that time reloads at the present moment, that is, at point y." Gu Mian's hand traced the arc, finally returning to the leftmost end of the line segment. "Then we would reappear here, re-experiencing time periods '1', '2', and '3'. In other words, if the system reloads, your time would only repeat within this small segment, which could be considered a loop."

"But the timeline in the cave is a bit different." Gu Mian gestured towards the infinitely long line below. "From the save point to point 0 is '1', from point 0 to point x is '2', and from point x to point y is '3'. These segments are identical to the ones above."

Teacher Slaughter was dazed. He had first listened to this terrifying man from the Lower Class People expound on the "Teacher Slaughter Corpse Theory," and now he was hearing him talk about 0, 1, 2, 3, x, y, save points, reloads, and timelines. He felt like his brain was about to explode.

He felt this person's lecturing voice even drowned out the cheers of the Upper Class People below. It was an irresistible, torturous drone that made him wish he could just bang his head against something and die.

"But when it reaches point y, the world reloads," Gu Mian's hand stopped at point y on the line below. "The Evil God, however, doesn't accept this. It believes time should continue to move forward, so it attempts to break this rule and forcibly advance time. But by then, the world has already reloaded, returning to the leftmost point of the timeline. The world restarts time period '1'. Note, during this period, the Evil God Statue is not supposed to have appeared yet; this thing shouldn't exist in the world. Thus, the statue in the cave becomes Xue Ding'e's statue—a statue that is both dead and alive.

"In the world's perception, it shouldn't exist at this time. But in its own perception, it should have already existed. So it became what you saw."

It became the Evil God Statue, both dead and alive at once. It became ruins.

But at least it was somewhat successful. A world reload is supposed to erase everything existing after the save point, yet the ruins of the statue remained. It wasn't eliminated by the world. It succeeded.

"It followed its own timeline; it wasn't reloaded." Gu Mian's finger traced along the line to the right of point y. "This continues until the external world's timeline reaches point 0, the precise moment the Evil God Statue is supposed to appear. Then, a new Evil God Statue will appear in the cave, and the sequence of '1', '2', '3' will repeat along this straight line. It's worth noting that every time the external world loops back to period '1', the statue becomes Xue Ding'e's statue, an ethereal and insubstantial statue. It will turn into ruins until the next point 0 arrives."

Gu Mian repeatedly wrote '1', '2', '3' after point y on the long line below.

"I understand now," Lu Yi said, looking at the two lines on the window. "Our time is a line segment, a loop. The statue's time, however, is an infinitely long straight line. Although it's affected by our world, constantly dying and being reborn, its timeline always moves forward."

"Correct." Gu Mian nodded. "The statue has its own independent timeline. It's not affected by reloads; it doesn't disappear, nor does its location change due to a reload. And you collected all the junk... ahem,

you took all the statue's fragments out of the cave the first time you found it. After that, only a complete statue remained in the cave. The statue's timeline is independent; it won't disappear due to reloads, and importantly, it won't multiply because of them. If the world reloaded to a point before you discovered the statue—after you had already found it and cleared the cave—then when you 'rediscovered' the cave, you wouldn't find scattered fragments. You'd only see one complete statue, or perhaps one statue and the fragments of a statue."

"Similarly, the statue's fragments are also unaffected by reloads. Imagine this: after you took the broken statue out of the cave, the world suddenly reloaded to a time before you discovered the Evil God Statue. You would forget all about the statue, but the fragments you removed wouldn't be affected. They would remain where they were before the reload. Then, you'd be astonished to find these unfamiliar statue fragments in your home, your laboratory, or a museum.

"You'd wonder, 'Why is this stuff here? How did it get here?' If someone were clever enough, they might deduce from this that the world had reloaded again."

"So, after the statue was discovered, has your world experienced any of the situations described above?" Gu Mian asked.

Lu Yi stared at the two timelines drawn in the dust. After a long pause, he finally found his voice. "No."

Meaning, after the statue was discovered, the world never reloaded to a point before its discovery.

"One more point," Gu Mian continued. "As long as the statue is continually moved, even small-scale world reloads would inevitably be discovered. The statue's position isn't affected by reloads. Suppose on day one, I place it in Room A. On day two, I move it to Room B. If the world suddenly reloads on day two back to day one, then on 'day one' you would find the statue in Room B, even though you'd remember putting it in Room A that day. If you're smart, you'd be able to guess what happened, right?"

Lu Yi shifted his gaze to Gu Mian's face, seemingly about to utter something along the lines of, This person is terrifyingly perceptive!

He stared at Gu Mian for a long time, then finally spoke. "You truly are a..."

Genius? Lu Yi almost blurted out.

"...ghost."

Gu Mian was speechless.

Is that supposed to be a compliment? "Terrifyingly perceptive" would have been better!

Chapter 643 Servant, Engrave the Word "Virtue" on My Saw _1

Gu Mian analyzed, "It seems that ever since the Evil God Statue was discovered, this world has rarely been rolled back. Maybe it's because this world has finally stabilized? Or perhaps the Evil God Statue played a significant role in it."

"It comes from a time earlier than ours, but it has stepped into the future before us." Lu Yi recalled the Evil God Statue he had seen before. He couldn't remember the statue's face, and neither could anyone else.

Gu Mian nodded in agreement, "That's right, it's both the past and the future."

This Evil God Statue was not only capable of maintaining the forbidden zone's barrier but could even escape the world's rollbacks. It didn't seem useless at all. If the statue itself could do such things, its original body should be even more powerful.

How did it fall to the point where it had to hide its identity and be hunted down by others? Was it persecuted by the world? For a moment, Gu Mian related it to his own experiences. Isn't it true? My current situation isn't different from that of the Evil God's; both need to conceal their identities through the leaf brooch.

"So that's how it is..." Gu Mian heard Lu Yi murmuring to himself on the side.

He curiously leaned in, "What do you mean?"

Lu Yi looked at him, "When I became aware of the world's rollbacks, I had a suspicion. Now it seems that this suspicion is probably true."

What suspicion? Before Gu Mian could ask, Lu Yi spoke out, "I have once suspected the system of this world, the so-called system between the Upper Class People and the Lower Class People."

Wow. Gu Mian leaned back in surprise. Challenging the world system. Indeed, all the characters in these special scenarios were quite talented, always trying to push the world's boundaries. Jin Hu is like that, and Lu Yi too. Even Liu Ruyan, who came from the Old World, was very dissatisfied with her world's system.

"In fact, a long time ago, the relationship between Upper Class People and Lower Class People wasn't so terrible," Lu Yi used the term "terrible" to describe their relationship. "But interestingly, at some point, conflicts between Upper Class People and Lower Class People began to break out frequently, directly worsening the relationship between the two, leading to the situation we have today."

"The outbreak of conflict isn't something particularly suspicious, but the frequency of the conflicts at the time was too high, so high that it was eerie. I'll give you an example; you must have encountered some unlucky incidents usually, right?"

Gu Mian remained silent.

Unaware of Gu Mian's discomfort, Lu Yi continued, "But a normal person might have bad luck only once every six or seven days. You, on the other hand, in a short span of time, might be hit on the head by a flowerpot, then get into a car accident. Next, the ambulance has a tire burst, and the stretcher breaks on the way to the emergency room, causing a secondary injury. Then, the operating room suddenly loses power during surgery, and the surgeon faints from low blood sugar. Finally, after all that trouble to get home, your gas canister explodes."

Are you monitoring my house?

"So I suspect that the world was frequently creating save files during that period, only stopping after its desired storyline occurred. The current system between the Upper Class People and Lower Class People was single-handedly created by this world; it wants a world like this."

Why would it want a world like this? Is it the world's sick sense of humor?

"Wait," Gu Mian suddenly said, "This doesn't seem to be the world's original intention. We were just talking about games and saving before, right?"

Lu Yi looked at him.

"This world is like a game that can save and load files, but the game itself cannot decide whether to load the file. The deciding factor is the player outside the game," Gu Mian rubbed his chin, "In other words, the higher dimensions."

It's the higher dimensions that want a world like this. Doesn't that mean Earth wants a world like this? Does Earth have such a twisted sense of humor? What a bizarre planet.

"Speaking of which, we once sent a person to the higher dimensions..."

Gu Mian knew about this, "Jiang Yang?"

Lu Yi nodded, "I know him, but I don't know how he left this world. He was a Lower Class Person. The Upper Class People didn't want to go to the higher dimensions, so they chose him, assigned him as Number Four."

Hearing this, something flashed across Gu Mian's mind. He suddenly remembered a memory from a long time ago, "Wait, did you say Number Four?"

Lu Yi looked at Gu Mian, not understanding why he was interested in Jiang Yang's number.

Gu Mian frowned, "Is it because this is the Fourth World, so his number is No. 4?"

"Yes, the full name is 'Number Four Guardian'. It sounds like it's supposed to protect something, but at the time I didn't know what they were supposed to protect."

He latched onto the keyword "they." "You mean other worlds also sent their Guardians to the higher dimensions?"

"Yes. I know the First World and the Seventh World each sent one person to the higher dimensions. I've met the Guardian from the First World—your companion. I was a bit surprised when I saw him. Later, when he told me you were Gu Mian, I started to guess what they were supposed to protect."

Lu Yi had met Chu Change in the Slaughter Game.

Still frowning, Gu Mian ignored what Lu Yi said at the end and continued to ask, "So if the person sent by your Fourth World is called the Number Four Guardian, wouldn't the person sent by the First World be called the No.1 Guardian?"

Lu Yi still didn't understand why Gu Mian was asking this, but he honestly replied, "Yes, that's how they were named. The First World, No. 1; the Second World, No. 2... But they also had their own names."

Gu Mian felt a headache coming on.

"What's wrong?" Lu Yi noticed something was off.

Gu Mian shook his head, "Nothing."

While saying this, he glanced at the stage outside the window. There were only a few people left on the guillotine stage. Once they determined the final victor, it would be 007's turn to appear.

She would step onto the stage filled with doubts about her show, ready to face the hysterical revelry.

He needed to get back.

"Your friend is about to take the stage?" Seeing where Gu Mian's thoughts were going, Lu Yi also directed his gaze downward.

"Yep," Gu Mian nodded, "I should get back."

Lu Yi laughed and said, "Are you going to perform again as you did in the other instances? I know a few of them, like the head-sawing, explosions, arson, threats, and the like?"

"Bullshit. I've always prided myself on winning hearts with virtue."

Chapter 644 Gu Mian and the Theory of Man and Beast_1

Just as Gu Mian was planning how to carve a "Virtue" character onto his saw, Lu Yi suddenly handed him something. "I heard you often use something called a 'Dungeon Entry Ticket' to threaten the instance. I have something similar here, which may be of help to you."

How nice! Not only does this NPC answer questions diligently, but he also remembers to bring some local specialties before leaving. What a good person.

Gu Mian hadn't expected there to be such warm-hearted Upper Class People in this world.

He took the item from Lu Yi. It was a special item that looked similar to the Dungeon Entry Ticket.

[Dungeon Entry Ticket (Sub-ticket)]

[Introduction: A special item that can only be used in an instance. An essential tool for tricking people.]

You could tell it wasn't a good thing just by reading the introduction.

[Function: When you find yourself unable to reverse fate in an instance, you can take out this item... Of course, this item won't save you from danger. However, you can write down the nicknames of your favorite players on it. No matter where the players whose nicknames are written are, they will be immediately pulled into the instance you are in, so everyone can die together.]

[Note: Only one player's nickname can be written on this ticket.]

Gu Mian was speechless. So this is what they mean by 'harming others without benefiting oneself.' Only someone with too much free time could invent such a thing.

Seemingly noticing Gu Mian's confusion, Lu Yi coughed lightly, "It seems to be something created by the Evil God."

As expected, nothing good comes from a being capable of becoming an Evil God.

Just as Gu Mian was quietly questioning the character of the Evil God, Lu Yi handed over another item.

Gu Mian felt this NPC was just like Doraemon, with lots of treasures in his pockets.

"What is this?" Gu Mian looked at the new item Lu Yi had handed him. It was a remote control slightly smaller than his palm, with only one large red button in the middle.

Gu Mian had seen this type of remote control before. Under normal circumstances, this thing could remotely control two kinds of things... Looking at Lu Yi, he figured there wouldn't be any lewd thoughts in this guy's mind.

So it must be the other type.

"Is this a bomb switch?" Gu Mian asked, staring at the large red button in the middle.

"Yes," Lu Yi admitted directly. "It's a bomb. I set it up long ago. Now, there's a chain of bombs underneath this building. Once the button is pressed, they will detonate in succession."

What a piece of work.

Looking at the remote control in his hand, Gu Mian wondered if Lu Yi had given it to him because he knew Gu Mian was coming. Did Lu Yi figure survival in this instance was hopeless, so he planned to detonate it and start over?

Lu Yi looked at the cheering audience outside the window, "I once tried to defy the world's will, but I failed, as you can see."

Gu Mian also looked towards the window. The little girl was sitting on the windowsill. He realized something, "I see."

"I'm a lunatic, a heretic. I've known I was different since I was a child. When other Upper Class People found pleasure in torturing Lower Class People, I would never join them in hearty laughter. I only felt it was cruel. When I saw Lower Class People huddled in dark, damp rooms, crowded together sleeping on pieces of cardboard, I was profoundly saddened.

"During school, textbooks indoctrinated us with the idea that Lower Class People are inferior, vile, and animal-like. Yet, I was never brainwashed.

"I often wondered why the world was like this, but I could never come up with an answer. It wasn't until I became the leader here and accessed the core of the world that I discovered I was in a Low-Dimensional World, and that the world had gone through countless resets.

"So, I guessed that this terrible system formed over one reset after another. Perhaps the world wasn't meant to be like this.

"I realized that everyone was being led by the nose, heading down the path that this will desired. Each person was a part of advancing the storyline. I didn't want to become a tool of the world, so I secretly slipped out of the crowd with my daughter."

With that, Lu Yi paused.

Gu Mian looked at the girl on the windowsill. Noticing Gu Mian's gaze, the girl glared at him and turned her head.

Probably ten or so seconds later, Lu Yi continued, "My daughter was a perfect Upper Class Person, from her thoughts to her actions. She enjoyed watching Lower Class People struggle in torment. Whenever she saw this, she would watch excitedly for a long time.

"She created pain. When she was bored, she'd invite her friends over to create some 'artwork'.

Speaking of artwork...

Gu Mian subconsciously glanced at the ceiling; from here, he couldn't see the rooftop. Lu Yi's daughter, it seemed, was like those other children, delighting in creating 'art' out of Lower Class People.

It's fortunate she died young, otherwise she would have been stuck to the ground by me today as well, Gu Mian thought, stroking his chin.

"I always tried to correct her mistakes, but she would always retort, 'Why can't I do what others are doing?' or 'Everyone else is doing it.' I didn't know how to explain it to her.

"But she did listen to me. Her personality changed over the following years. She wouldn't actively cause suffering to Lower Class People or make any more 'artwork' out of them.

"Even when she encountered Lower Class People making mistakes, she wouldn't beat or scold them, just glare at them fiercely. This wasn't praiseworthy, but it was a lot better than most other Upper Class People.

"But the truth proved me wrong. As soon as a beast sheathes its claws, people begin to calculate its worth. When an Upper Class Person stops their deterrence, Lower Class People try to get more out of him. That was my miscalculation.

"My daughter eventually died in a riot stirred up by Lower Class People. They were trying to smuggle themselves out of here and needed to kidnap a valuable hostage, an Upper Class Person.

"They didn't dare to kidnap anyone else. Among the Upper Class, they chose the one who appeared most tolerant and easiest to talk to. It's quite funny when you think about it, isn't it? They didn't harm the Upper Class People who had caused them more pain, but instead chose someone who was relatively kinder to them.

"Those Lower Class People didn't succeed in the end. Most of them were exterminated on the spot, while others were sent into the forbidden area. I watched those broadcasts; they were thrilling.

"A very small number, upon realizing things were going south, immediately fled back to the Circus and tried to disassociate themselves from those who started the riot. But they didn't escape my eyes.

"I didn't make it public. I continued to treat them as before, letting them believe they were safe. In the same year as the riot, I organized the first Carnival."

Gu Mian remembered the first prize of the Carnival: living the life of an Upper Class Person.

It seemed this was a trap, a trap woven for revenge.

He looked at Lu Yi and asked, "You rigged the first prize, only to shatter the winner's hopes later?"

"Exactly. I give them expectations, gently encourage them, and fill them with confidence for the future. They, with the conviction of certain victory, slaughter their friends here, stepping over their companions' corpses, clinging to immense hope as they strive for first place.

"They immerse themselves in boundless joy. Just when they believe they've finally endured the darkness and welcomed the dawn, I deliver the fatal blow—plunging them into an even deeper hell."

So, this was a Beast Tamer.

In his eyes, humans didn't exist; all living beings were beasts to be tamed.

To crush a beast's confidence and hope, reducing it to a mindless puppet, to be manipulated at will.

A profession devoid of humanity.

Teacher Slaughter's eyes filled with terror. He had never seen this side of Lu Yi; it sent shivers down his spine.

Lu Yi suddenly turned to Teacher Slaughter, who flinched violently.

"Look, I didn't kill you just now. Does that make you think I couldn't bear to do it? Does it give you hope? The longer you live, the bigger the hope. Look, I haven't killed you till now. I really can't bear to kill you."

After hearing what Lu Yi had said earlier, Teacher Slaughter no longer believed a word of this.

Perhaps he wants to give me hope, only to kill me with a final blow! Teacher Slaughter broke out in a cold sweat.

Watching as Lu Yi seemingly transformed into a different person, Gu Mian asked, "Are you teaching me something?"

Teaching me how to be a Beast Tamer.

Lu Yi straightened up, his expression returning to normal. "I was indeed telling you the fundamentals of being a Beast Tamer, but this profession isn't suited for you."

He stared deeply at Gu Mian, "To tame a beast, you must first become a beast—understand their thoughts, behaviors, weaknesses, and anticipate their movements. But you will never become a beast."

"But your friend has a knack for it." Lu Yi pointed towards the stage.

Gu Mian followed his finger and saw 007 on the stage.

HOLY CRAP, I got so engrossed in our chat that she's already on stage!

Chapter 645 - 007's Seduction Technique_1

At that moment, 007 on the stage wore a look of utter defeat. Thankfully, the program didn't push everyone on stage at once; she was further down the queue, while a few Lower Class People in her group had already started their performances.

Looking at 007's dejected face, Gu Mian just couldn't imagine her becoming a Beast Tamer.

Could she coax others with a gentle voice only to cast them into even darker terrors? Would 007 really be capable of such a thing? Chu Changge, maybe.

"I'm not a qualified Beast Tamer," Lu Yi's voice came from the side, "but I believe she is."

His tone was like that of a white-bearded old master from a fantasy novel who had finally found a worthy successor.

To Lu Yi, 007 was like a green bean to a turtle—the more he looked, the more he liked what he saw.

"Take the remote control and go," Lu Yi averted his gaze from her. "I've been preparing for this carnival for a long time. After the last riot, I understood that this world was set in its ways. No matter how much effort I put in, nothing would change. That is, until that time during the game of Slaughter, when I was by the window on the ninth floor and heard what you said to Jin Hu."

Destruction means rebirth—Gu Mian remembered that was how he had fooled Jin Hu.

He had been pressuring Jin Hu against the window, feeding him that line, never expecting Lu Yi to be listening from below.

One speech had thoroughly fooled two people. Such a sin, such a sin...

"Actually, I was..." Gu Mian wanted to clarify his villainous-sounding remarks, but Lu Yi interrupted him.

"I know, you were lying to him," Lu Yi said, an odd smile on his face. "But it made perfect sense. What you said was the truth. This world can no longer be changed; only through destruction can a new path

be found. I know I don't have the power to destroy the world, but there are always things within my capabilities. To set this place ablaze, to let everyone die in terror and panic. Perhaps even the world itself will be shocked by it."

The will to destroy the world, eh?

He truly was a Beast Tamer; he wanted to tame the world itself.

Lu Yi looked down at the reveling crowd. "They are all the cornerstones of the new world, and I will be here to welcome it."

As if in response to his words, several more clusters of fireworks shot into the sky, their brilliant light blooming and painting the Upper Class man's face in flickering patterns of light and shadow.

Teacher Slaughter, who was to one side, was making whimpering sounds.

But no one paid him any mind.

"Go on," Lu Yi said, looking at Gu Mian amidst the cheers of the crowd. "Give them a surprise. They'll want to see you."

Gu Mian was, after all, the Upper Class People's white moonlight.

The cheers from below came in wave after wave, the sound causing 007 to sway, her face pale.

Gu Mian gripped the remote control, donned his mask, and quickly walked to the doorway.

As he was about to step out, Gu Mian suddenly remembered something.

He paused at the door and turned back to look at Lu Yi, who was still standing by the window. "Right, I forgot to ask the name of this world."

Lu Yi turned to face Gu Mian. He spread his hands slightly, fireworks exploding behind him in a shower of sparks.

"Paradise."

He repeated the word amidst the cascade of fire.

"This is Paradise."

Got it.

Gu Mian gave Lu Yi one last look, then turned and left.

「007 was on stage.」

She stood behind some Lower Class People, watching the comical performances of those ahead of her.

Her act was "Monopoly," a board game.

In the real world, it was an ordinary board game, but this was not the real world.

The stage floor was painted with the squares required for Monopoly. Half of them were normal squares, but the other half depicted various ways to die.

007 quickly scanned them: dousing with corrosive reagents, falling into a trap and being impaled, electrocution to shorten one's life, and so on.

The rules were simple.

Five people formed a group and played together.

The Lower Class People participating had to draw a number from a black box held by the host, then advance that many steps. If they landed on a normal square, they would draw again and continue. But if they landed on a square marked with a death penalty...

Just then, someone landed on a square marked with a trap.

He had barely stepped hesitantly onto the square when the ground beneath him vanished, revealing a pitch-black pit. The man plunged into the hole, disappearing from sight. A bloodcurdling scream followed, but it lasted only a moment before fading away. Perhaps he had fainted from the pain, or perhaps he had died instantly.

The audience's cheers immediately drowned out the scream. The floor returned to normal, and after the host announced the player was out, he cheerfully invited the next person to draw.

The game only stopped when only one person remained from the group of five.

Then, the next round would begin.

After everyone had played a round, the final survivor from each round would go on stage together. From this group of survivors, a single winner would be chosen.

Unfortunately, 007 was in the "next round."

Two of the five people currently playing had already died. One had fallen into the dark pit, and another lay in a bloody heap on one of the squares.

No one bothered to clean up the losers on the squares; the other Lower Class People simply stepped over the corpses to continue the game.

Survival was purely a matter of luck.

Even if 007 wanted to outwit or outmaneuver the program, there was no scope for it.

Well, she could always resort to force. She could overturn the host's black box when it was her turn to draw and try to escape violently.

But that would only buy her a moment's satisfaction. If caught, she would die an even more miserable death.

While 007 was frowning at the corpse on a square, she suddenly felt a tap on her shoulder.

She instinctively turned her head and came face-to-face with Gu Mian's mask, looming large.

It took 007 a moment to react.

She took a few steps back, scrutinizing him, before confirming that it wasn't an illusion. Gu Mian looked just as he had when he left: wearing a mask and no white coat.

"You're back!" 007 was pleasantly surprised. She couldn't break into song to express her joy, but her eyes widened slightly, a mannerism somewhat similar to Xiao Qiao's.

"Mm-hm," Gu Mian replied, carefully observing 007.

Lu Yi said she was prime material for a Beast Tamer, but Gu Mian couldn't imagine 007 lulling someone with a soft "Don't worry, I'm here to save you," only to stab them in the back.

Saving people and then backstabbing them was a fundamental trait of Beast Tamers. And Beast Tamers were never good people. Lu Yi had told him these things.

In Gu Mian's mind, 007 wasn't some deviant, but more like a tadpole—still developing.

"What's wrong?" 007 asked, looking quizzically at Gu Mian, who stood silently before her. "Did something happen?"

"Nothing," Gu Mian said, shaking his head as he looked at 007.

According to Lu Yi, there was a high likelihood that the girl before him would become a deviant, perhaps even evolving into a major villain in some novel!

He remembered first meeting 007 in the Fairy Tale City instance. Back then, to avoid being assimilated by the instance, 007 had unhesitatingly ripped the skin from her own arm. If such a person were good, she would be a resilient, optimistic, and proactive player radiating positive energy.

If such a person were a villain, she would undoubtedly be a determined, persevering, and hard-to-kill antagonist, possibly even using her beauty to seduce the protagonist.

Thinking about this, Gu Mian frowned. As a Doctor, he obviously had a duty to prevent a kind-hearted girl from turning into an evil villainess!

As 007 puzzled over this, she saw the Doctor before her raise his hand. Then, she felt a gentle pressure on top of her head.

On the stage, the man with the guitar case on his back rested his hand on the girl's head, stroking it gently, and said in a soft voice, "You have to be a good person, alright?"

Realizing what Gu Mian was doing, 007's face flushed red. "What are you doing at a time like this!"

His only response was the same gentle admonition, "You have to be a good person, alright?"

"I know, I know," 007 hunched her shoulders, seeming to shrink a little. "Just stop talking to me in that creepy tone."

Chapter 646 - Direct Method to Prevent Distortion_1

Speaking of preventing a promising youth from turning into a villain, there seemed to be another, more direct method.

Gu Mian suddenly withdrew his hand, reaching for the guitar case on his back.

Feeling the touch on her head disappear, 007 looked up, puzzled. The man in front of her was thoughtfully touching the guitar case on his back.

"What's wrong?" 007 asked.

Gu Mian's expression was serious, as if he were weighing a difficult decision. After several seconds, he seemed to make up his mind and replied, "It's nothing."

He pulled his hand back.

007 found Gu Mian's behavior odd, but now wasn't the time to ponder if the doctor was having some sort of mental breakdown. She glanced at the Lower Class People behind Gu Mian and said in a low voice, "Aren't you supposed to be in the fifth wave to go on stage? Why are you up here now?" He even cut the line!

"There's no one guarding, so who cares which wave I'm supposed to be in," Gu Mian answered, his gaze fixed on the Lower Class People currently playing the game. Three from the first group were already dead. The remaining two kept exchanging glances, each desperately hoping the other would be next to die.

There were three Lower Class People in front of 007, including the one with the snake-head mask. Gu Mian had cut in line behind 007, meaning they would go up together in the next wave.

After a moment's thought, he pulled 007 behind him. "Get behind me."

007 moved behind Gu Mian. "You've met the advanced NPC in this instance, haven't you? When I was on stage, I saw you two by the window, chatting quite happily."

Lu Yi's room was visible from the stage, but the Lower Class People performing were too nervous to look around, so they hadn't noticed anyone upstairs.

"Yeah," Gu Mian replied. "We did have a good chat. He even gave me a great treasure. I'll show you some big fireworks later."

Hearing this, 007 glanced up at the sky.

The fireworks set off a short while ago had just fizzled out. She had a feeling the "big fireworks" Gu Mian mentioned were something else entirely.

"He also told me..." Gu Mian paused, looking 007 up and down for a few moments.

007 was baffled by his scrutiny. Gu Mian finally stopped staring and continued, "He also told me you're a good person."

Good people need to be nurtured from a young age, Gu Mian mused. He decided he would start nurturing a good person right away.

007: "..."

Just as she was rendered speechless, a cheer erupted from below the stage.

It turned out the outcome of the previous game had just been decided—one Lower Class Person had landed on a square marked 'Highly Corrosive Liquid.' Green fluid poured down from above, drenching him from head to toe.

His screams were incessant.

He wouldn't die instantly but was doomed to suffer intense pain before finally succumbing.

The survivor of the first round stood on a safe square nearby. A few drops of the liquid had splashed onto his hands. He clutched them, his face a mask of pained ecstasy.

"Alright, the first round is over, and standing on stage is our first-round winner!" the host announced, clapping as he walked towards the survivor amidst cheers. "The winner of the first round can now step down. And now, let's see the five performers for our second round..."

As he spoke, his gaze swept towards them.

007 took a few small steps back, her scalp tingling under the host's stare.

The other Lower Class People reacted similarly, shrinking back. The corpses on stage hadn't been cleared away, creating a stark visual impact.

Only Gu Mian was seriously considering how to set this 'wayward youth' back on the right path, ignoring the host's gaze.

Spotting the troublemaker, the host's smile widened. "It seems one of our performers in the second round is quite confident, eh?"

At that, Gu Mian realized the host was praising his steely resolve and proudly puffed out his chest.

The host's breath hitched. He averted his gaze and announced, "Alright then, will our performers please proceed to the starting point and get ready?"

Gu Mian followed the others to the starting square of the 'Monopoly' game. The five of them stood in a row. The host walked past them holding a black box, flashing Gu Mian an eerie smile as he passed.

He stopped before the Lower Class Person on the far right and presented the black box. "Alright, let our first performer of the second round draw. Let's see what kind of luck this performer has!"

While the host was still speaking, the Lower Class Person had already reached into the black box and pulled out a slip of paper.

Gu Mian couldn't see the number on the slip, but he noticed that the Lower Class Person's body went rigid after drawing it.

He probably drew a death square, Gu Mian thought.

The host glanced at the paper, a cryptic smile playing on his lips. "Well then, let's begin."

Then the first performer began to move, his body stiff. He was visibly terrified but had no choice but to advance according to the number on the paper.

Sure enough, he stopped before the sixth square, then had to force himself to step onto the seventh.

The moment he stepped onto the seventh square, a sharp iron rod shot up from below, impaling him like squid on a skewer.

He had drawn the number 7.

The audience erupted into excited cheers once more.

To be honest, Gu Mian thought, if I drew such an unlucky number, I'd definitely kick the host over and flip out on the spot.

But these Lower Class People didn't even consider fleeing. Knowing it was a step towards certain death, they still didn't dare stop.

Of course, Gu Mian wasn't about to go hopping onto those squares himself.

He knew his luck was terrible. Even if I draw a safe number, there's a high chance something dangerous will happen when I pass the death squares. As I pass by, the iron rod under the ground might suddenly feel lonely and want to get up close and personal. The corrosive liquid overhead might think my clothes are dirty and need a rinse... Anyway, I'm not going to get myself killed on those squares. The most I'll do is draw a lot.

The second person was the man with the snake-head mask. His luck was good; he drew a 12 and landed on a safe square.

The third person wasn't so fortunate. He had an outrageous stroke of bad luck, drawing a 1. He'd barely taken a single step when a huge hammer descended from above, smashing him flat on the ground.

A few droplets of blood splattered onto Gu Mian's clothes.

"My, my," the host said, approaching Gu Mian amidst the audience's cheers. "This round is moving quickly, isn't it? Two dead right off the bat! Looks like this one will be over very soon."

007 was still mulling over Gu Mian's comment about "showing her some big fireworks." She had a feeling that not only would this round end quickly, but the entire carnival might soon follow.

The host came to a stop before Gu Mian, holding up the black box, and said with a hint of malice, "Your turn."

Gu Mian was just gearing up for his own performance when the host's voice yanked him back to reality. He looked at the host standing before him, annoyed.

You're blocking my camera angle!

Gu Mian reached out and nudged the host aside. Only when he could see the audience section that the host had been blocking did he nod, satisfied.

The host, who had been nudged aside, was caught completely off guard. His mouth fell slightly open, as if he couldn't believe what had just happened.

But before he could erupt in anger, Gu Mian had already thrust his hand into the box.

He plunged his hand into the box and fumbled around inside for quite a while. The host, struggling to suppress his fury, snapped, "Is this performer trying to stall for time?"

Mocking laughter immediately erupted from the audience below.

At that moment, Gu Mian abruptly raised his other hand and shouted to the audience, "Everyone, quiet down!"

007, standing nearby, felt the corner of her mouth twitch. Is he trying to take over the show?

Watching Gu Mian's confident figure, she had a strong feeling she'd be seeing those "big fireworks" very soon.

Sure enough, Gu Mian's next words were, "I'm going to perform a magic trick for all of you."

Chapter 647

The audience fell silent.

It was their first time encountering such a situation, where a Lower Class Person from the Circus was not following the established program but was attempting to perform some sort of magic trick instead.

Before they could react, Gu Mian, on stage, began to slowly withdraw his hand.

When he completely removed his hand from the dark box, those present saw that he was not holding a note, but something resembling a small remote control.

What's going on? I don't remember putting anything like this in the box. The Host knitted his eyebrows as he stared at the object in Gu Mian's hand.

The audience members below the stage didn't care what Gu Mian had pulled out. They began to grow restless. "We're here to watch a performance, not to watch the boring magic trick of a Lower Class Person! Get him into the cell, quickly!"

The Host didn't want to waste any more time with this strange Lower Class Person. He glanced at the audience below, gesturing with his eyes.

A few staff members, receiving the signal, began to approach.

This Lower Class Person seems unruly. I'll have to use force to make him start the Monopoly game.

"Actually," Gu Mian suddenly raised his voice towards the audience, "I'm really fond of all of you..."

007 was somewhat stunned by Gu Mian's sudden, heartfelt confession. She looked uneasily at the man in front of her. His tone is too strange, like the calm before a storm.

Of course, the Upper Class People wouldn't be interested in some heartfelt confession; they only wanted to see a bloody spectacle on stage. The cacophony of a_d_s grew even louder.

"I believe everyone likes me too," Gu Mian continued his passionate speech on stage. "Because Teacher Slaughter told me you all loved my performance in the Slaughter Game." At this, the audience fell silent for a moment.

"Wait, is this Lower Class Person from the Slaughter Game?"

"That's not right. Aren't all the survivors from the Slaughter Game sent to that place? It's impossible for them to appear at the Carnival."

"Heh, maybe this Lower Class Person is just trying to buy time. Seeing his companion die has scared him."

Hearing this, the Host's brow twitched.

He instinctively glanced towards Teacher Slaughter's seat, only to find it empty. The person who should have been sitting there was nowhere to be found.

Looking at the empty seat, a dreadful premonition stirred within him.

On stage, Gu Mian suddenly raised his hand to his mask. "I've heard that I am everyone's white moonlight. I'm sure as soon as you see my face, you'll remember my excellent performances in the Slaughter Game."

007 swallowed hard. She had also heard about the Slaughter Game instance; Gu Mian had destroyed it. How dares he call himself the white moonlight!

The Host stared intently at the hand resting on the mask. He found the Lower Class Person before him vaguely familiar. Looking at this familiar figure, a terrifying guess formed in his mind.

With a CLICK, the mask came off his face, and his terrifying guess was confirmed.

It's him! The Lower Class Person who had doomed the Order Guard in the Slaughter Game! How is he here? How did he not die in the collapsed forbidden zone!

Simultaneously, gasps rippled through the audience. Following Gu Mian's earlier reminder, everyone remembered this Lower Class Person who had performed brilliantly in the Slaughter Game.

Frenzied expressions appeared on most of their faces.

It was the look of a murderous psychopath who had finally found their hidden prey.

"He was actually telling the truth."

"It really is that Lower Class Person from the Slaughter Game."

"Now this will be fun."

The audience erupted in a buzz of discussion.

The two staff members who had come up intending to force Gu Mian to play the game had long since been kicked aside by him. At this point, Gu Mian continued his passionate speech on stage.

"Teacher Slaughter told me that everyone missed me terribly after I left, and I am very touched..." he said, raising the object in his hand.

The people below the stage couldn't clearly see what he was holding. Only the Host beside him saw what Gu Mian had in his hand—a palm-sized remote control with a red button in the center.

This remote control looks wrong, no matter how I look at it!

And Gu Mian was considerably explaining its purpose: "To express my gratitude, I've decided to entertain everyone with some fireworks..."

The Host's heart skipped a beat, and a strong sense of foreboding enveloped him.

He lunged forward almost instinctively.

Gu Mian kicked the meddling Host aside and, under his astonished gaze, raised his hand high. "Alright everyone, keep your eyes wide open and watch."

The Upper Class People below could only think that this person was not quite right in the head. He claimed he would produce fireworks just by raising his hand. Can fireworks really come out of his hand?

"What's wrong with him? Did the Slaughter Game drive him mad?"

"No idea."

Just as the audience members were raising their eyebrows and murmuring, a massive ROAR suddenly sounded from behind them. A tremendous force, accompanied by a wave of heat from behind, nearly blew them away. Some people in the rows closest to the stage were even sent flying onto it.

The area below the stage instantly descended into chaos.

Those who regained their senses turned to look in the direction of the sound. A large crater had been blasted into the ground there; an explosion had clearly just occurred.

Connecting this to the "fireworks" the man on stage had mentioned, the Upper Class People who had realized what was happening turned in astonishment to look back at the man on stage setting off the fireworks.

He was seen poking the remote-control-like device in his hand with an outstretched finger, apparently muttering things like, "It really is a smart bomb," and "Hope it doesn't blow up on me."

Behind him, another Lower Class Person wearing a clown-style mask also reached out, prodding the remote with great interest several times.

With those few pokes, several more massive explosions thundered from all directions. Those unfortunate enough to be at the center of the explosions were blasted up to the third floor, their bodies plastered against the window panes.

No one noticed a small man in a pink shirt being thrown out of one of the windows.

By now, even the dimmest person could realize what was happening.

"Catch him! Catch that Lower Class Person!"

"Damn it!"

A wave of anger swept over the Upper Class People.

They had been played by a Lower Class Person!

Played by a Lower Class Person who had tricked the Order Guard and escaped from the Slaughter Game!

Without giving them a chance to capture him, Gu Mian mashed the buttons on the remote in his hand again, this time causing an explosion right in the middle of the audience.

Several people were literally launched from their seats, flying from their seats to land at Gu Mian's feet.

Gu Mian dodged their incoming bodies, glanced down at the few individuals, and muttered, "My sin, my sin." As he spoke, he relentlessly pressed the red button on the remote.

A few staff members near the side of the stage were further from the audience. Although injured in the explosions, they could still move.

They struggled onto the stage, trying to apprehend Gu Mian.

But a group of cripples was no match for Gu Mian. After a 'cordial exchange,' the several staff members lay peacefully on the ground.

Not far away, the Host, who was previously howling "Catch him!", had fallen silent. Pale-faced, he pressed himself against the wall in a corner of the stage, staring at Gu Mian with an indescribable expression.

Gu Mian turned to look at the Host and lifted his foot to walk over.

But just then, a figure suddenly pounced.

Gu Mian's vision went dark as someone threw their arms around him. Then, he heard a joyful voice from below, "Sir, I've caught him!"

He looked down and saw Snake-Head Mask. This Lower Class Person's head was pressed against his chest, arms locked around his body, fingers laced tightly together, his entire body weight pressing down on him, as if terrified he would escape.

Snake-Head Mask was now clinging tightly to Gu Mian. Turning his head towards the Host, he repeated in a tone clearly expecting praise, "Sir, I've caught him! He can't move!"

The current scene was rather comical. The Upper Class People in the audience had been thrown into utter chaos by the blasts, while on stage, a scene of 'Righteous Denunciation of Kin' was playing out: a Lower Class Person excitedly restraining the instigator, while several Upper Class People, blasted onto the stage and unable to move, looked up at this spectacle, seemingly offering silent ridicule.

At this moment, Gu Mian suddenly understood Lu Yi a little.

Seeing this, the other Lower Class People on stage also grew eager, their eyes glinting with excitement as they looked at Gu Mian.

The Upper Class People are all injured, but we're unscathed! This is the perfect time for us to make our mark! If we capture this Lower Class Person, we'll earn great merit!

Upon seeing this, a smug expression returned to the face of the Host, still pressed into the corner.

But this smug look hadn't lasted on his face for three seconds when a boning knife extended from behind Gu Mian, piercing straight through the person embracing him.

007 leaned out and retracted the knife, looking at Snake-Head Mask who had slumped to the ground, and offered a sincere apology, "So sorry..."

Seeing the sharp boning knife, the eager Lower Class People froze.

The Host, who had just managed to regain his composure, roared, "Go on! What are you afraid of one woman for? There are dozens of you!"

And as she withdrew the knife, 007 suddenly heard a mechanical female voice in her ear—"Congratulations, you have received Lu Yi's acknowledgment. Unlocking class: 'Beast Tamer.'"

Then, a panel appeared before her eyes.

[Instance Mission: Completed]

[All players will now be exiting this instance.]

[Countdown: 10, 9...]

Gu Mian, meanwhile, took advantage of the panel's appearance to open the guitar case. The beautiful, gleaming chainsaw blinded everyone present.

Now, the Lower Class People definitely didn't dare to approach, no matter what.

But Gu Mian wanted to leave a lasting impression—those on stage saw him raise the chainsaw.

This season's Carnival was truly spectacular.

The opening ceremony commenced with five bright and adorable children sacrificed to the heavens.

The show began with a stunning performance by the Lower Class People.

Mid-show, the Circus Ringmaster treated everyone to a grand, joy-inducing fireworks display; the audience members were so delighted they practically jumped three feet in the air.

The finale starred the ever-popular Mr. Gu Mian and Miss 007, along with numerous Lower Class People, in heartfelt renditions of 'Righteous Betrayal' and 'Backstabbing.'

The closing act was Mr. Gu Mian's remake of 'Chainsaw Massacre,' with everyone giving their utmost, shrieking and hollering on stage.

This season's Carnival concluded amidst wails, howls, and thunderous applause; the Host even shed tears of reluctance at its end.

Truly a delightful instance.

Gu Mian watched the countdown on the panel reach zero and smiled with satisfaction.

Chapter 648 Come on, Guests, the Collapse of the World is Very Interesting_1

When Gu Mian reappeared in the living room, his face still wore that gratified smile.

As soon as he returned, he saw Fatty crouched on the sofa checking the game announcements, mumbling something like, "Why hasn't there been an announcement yet?" and "When will the Doctor come out?"

By this time, the sun was already slanting westward, and the uncollected clay pot and bowls still sat on the coffee table in the living room.

Gu Mian gave them a cursory glance and found that the clay pot contained chicken stewed with mushrooms, which was exactly what Fatty and the others had for lunch.

The first one to notice Gu Mian's return was Xiao Hong.

She was sitting on the windowsill, sipping lychee soda with relish. Upon seeing Gu Mian return, she immediately disregarded the soda in her hand, casually tossed the half-empty can out the window with a flick of her wrist, and scrambled over to him.

She ran to Gu Mian and nuzzled against him for a while, then the little ghost climbed onto Gu Mian's back, finally plopping her head down and gnawing at his skull.

Gu Mian: "..."

What a horrifying image, yet at this moment, he actually felt somewhat warm.

Fatty also noticed Xiao Hong's movements. He tore his gaze from the announcement panel and looked up to see Gu Mian, who had just stepped out of the game instance.

"Doctor!" Fatty exclaimed joyfully. "You're finally out. I was just wondering when you would be out..."

As Fatty spoke, Gu Mian felt another weight settle on his body.

Turning his head, he saw Brother Chu, who had just crawled out of the DVD, trying to pull Xiao Hong off him.

Immediately, he felt Xiao Hong gnawing harder.

However, the delicate Xiao Hong ultimately lost to Brother Chu. She was forcibly yanked off Gu Mian, her face filled with sorrow.

"Speaking of which, there seems to be no announcement this time," Fatty turned his attention back to his game panel. "Has the Doctor finally decided to change his ways and be a good person?"

As if in response to his words, a new message immediately appeared on the previously empty announcement panel—

[Instance Downtime Announcement]

[Dear players, as of 18:22 on August 5th, the professional instance "Circus of Love and Justice" is temporarily down for maintenance due to data damage and NPC casualties. Reopening time is unknown.]

[We apologize for any inconvenience caused.]

"Ah," Fatty, his mind full of potential compensation, muttered, "It seems they didn't mention any compensation. Doctor, did you leave the instance before it crashed?"

Indeed, Gu Mian nodded, "The people in the instance were very enthusiastic, and I had a great time there. They were reluctant to see me leave."

He had even used the last ten seconds to play a fun game with everyone in the instance. Everyone had a blast, and the host tearfully bid him farewell, his face filled with the expectation of "Come again next time."

Fatty nodded thoughtfully, "No wonder the instance is named 'Circus of Love and Justice.' It turns out all the NPCs inside are filled with love and justice. Next time, I want to check it out too!"

"By the way, Doctor," Fatty thought of something and asked, "did you meet the advanced NPC in this instance?"

He had indeed met them, but...

Gu Mian looked up, his gaze searching for something in the room.

Soon, he found who he was looking for.

Chu Changge was sitting on the edge of the bed, flipping through a book of some sort. Sensing Gu Mian's gaze on him, he looked up and met Gu Mian's eyes for a few seconds before lowering his head to continue reading the book on his lap.

Before Fatty could get an answer, he saw Gu Mian stride into the room, grab Chu Changge, who was sitting on the bed, and then drag him out the door.

Chu Changge was dragged away by Gu Mian, his expression unchanging.

Fatty was horrified, "Doctor, let go! That's Brother Chu, not Xiao Hong! You can't just drag him like that!"

Nearby, Xiao Hong, with her tough skin, looked puzzled upon hearing Fatty's words.

As soon as Gu Mian stepped out the door dragging Chu Changge, he ran into Xiao Qiao, who was peeking around the door stealthily.

Seeing Gu Mian return, Xiao Qiao, at the door, first widened her eyes slightly in joy, then widened them again, feigning restraint.

Then she spoke in a restrained tone, "I would like to eat Xiao Qiao's mushroom stew again."

Gu Mian: "..."

Xiao Qiao's mushroom stew? It seemed she had come to freeload lunch and was now reminiscing about it.

Gu Mian thought for a moment, then reached out and grabbed the stealthy Xiao Qiao at the door. With one person in each hand, he walked away.

Fatty rushed to the door and anxiously watched the three of them leave.

Chu Changge remained expressionless as ever, occasionally adjusting his glasses that slid down due to the jolting.

And Xiao Qiao stopped shouting her usual "Xiao Qiao's Mushroom Stew." She was compliantly being dragged along by Gu Mian, her usually unexpressive face surprisingly showing signs of enjoyment.

Fatty took a step back as he saw Xiao Qiao's expression of enjoyment. "Miss Xiao Qiao can't possibly be a masochist..."

The Fortune-teller was relishing the blissful evening in her room when she was startled by abrupt POUNDING on the door.

She jumped in fright. "No way, there can't possibly be burglars at this hour."

She grabbed a kitchen knife, went to the door, and peeked outside through the peephole.

Oh, it's Gu Mian. And he's dragging two others... What do they want?

After recognizing the people outside, the Fortune-teller wiped the knife on her clothes, then extended a hand to open the door. She greeted them with a warm smile, "Ah, I was just preparing dinner. What brings you here?"

Gu Mian walked through the door, dragging a person in each hand. He looked at the knife-wielding Fortune-teller. "You tell fortunes, right?"

His comment reminded her of the fortune-tellers under the overpass.

I'm a Fortune-teller, not a charlatan!

And even if she could tell fortunes, she wouldn't dare do it for Gu Mian.

She still vividly remembered the exploded Crystal Ball from the Sweet Lovers instance—that was the consequence of telling Gu Mian's fortune.

A lesson learned in blood and tears.

It's worth mentioning that after that incident, she began learning less dangerous divination methods like Card Divination and Pendulum Divination, as at least the explosions from these would be less destructive.

Seeing what the Fortune-teller was thinking, Gu Mian said, "Not for me."

"For him." As he spoke, he raised one hand. Chu Changge, who was slightly lifted by Gu Mian's gesture, reached up and adjusted his glasses in front of the Fortune-teller.

"And for her." Gu Mian lifted his other hand. Xiao Qiao, thus singled out, chuckled goofily at the Fortune-teller.

Fortune-teller: "..."

Although these two weren't exactly normal either, it was still much better than telling Gu Mian's fortune.

"Okay, okay." The Fortune-teller glanced at Chu Changge, held by Gu Mian, and then at Xiao Qiao. "You can let go of them now. I can't do my best with you dragging them like this."

Eventually, the Fortune-teller chose the safer method of drawing lots. That way, even if the lot container exploded, it would only result in wooden splinters flying around, which was much better than shattered glass.

Chu Changge and Xiao Qiao each held a wooden bucket filled with lots, much like the kind used in TV dramas for praying and seeking guidance.

"I am still young," the Fortune-teller explained her lack of expertise. "I haven't been a Fortune-teller for long, and my full potential has not yet been unleashed. I can only predict things like good or bad luck... but I am very talented. It's just a matter of time..."

"Yes, yes, I understand," Gu Mian interrupted perfunctorily. "The future has great prospects."

Fortune-teller: "..."

At that moment, Chu Changge and Xiao Qiao sat across the table, each holding a wooden bucket, looking somewhat comical.

Gu Mian had never imagined Chu Changge praying or drawing lots before; today, he got an eyeful.

Chu Changge was shaking his bucket, his blank expression seeming to say, "I don't believe in this stuff," yet he obediently went through the motions.

Xiao Qiao's method was a bit more violent; the wooden sticks in her bucket made a loud CLATTERING sound. Gu Mian turned his head away, genuinely afraid she might shake the bucket apart.

"I heard you went into an instance this morning and should have just come out. What happened that made you rush them here for a fortune-telling?" The Fortune-teller sensed something.

Gu Mian looked at the two people shaking their lots in front of him. "I discovered something in the instance earlier today. I have a theory, and I came here to verify it."

A theory? The Fortune-teller was a bit puzzled.

Just then, a stick fell onto the table. Gu Mian looked up; it had come from Chu Changge's bucket.

The Fortune-teller immediately took the stick from the table. After seeing what was on it, her expression changed, and she gave Gu Mian an odd look.

Then, with a CLACK, Xiao Qiao's stick also fell out.

The Fortune-teller picked it up and took a look. Her expression became even more peculiar.

"Well?" Gu Mian also saw their sticks, but they were inscribed with strange symbols he couldn't understand.

The Fortune-teller hesitated for a moment. "About these lots, there's something I need to discuss with you in private."

Her tone was like that of a doctor who had discovered a terminal illness in a patient and needed to speak privately with the family.

Chapter 649 I Love The Pigeon Man in My Dream_1

"There was a moment when they died but weren't completely dead—a state of being both dead and alive." —This was the Fortune-teller's conclusion.

Her face was wrinkled like a steamed bun, and she didn't seem very confident in her own divination.

Chu Changge and Xiao Qiao had been driven out by Gu Mian, so only the two of them remained in the room.

The Fortune-teller glanced at the two lots on the table again. "If one person had drawn this result, it might be my divination error. But since both of them drew the exact same lot... I don't think it's an error."

Gu Mian also stared at the lots on the table. "So, they're in a state of being both dead and alive right now?"

It didn't look much like it.

The Fortune-teller shook her head, looking troubled. "I don't know. This state of being both dead and alive could have existed in their past, it might be their present, or it could even be in their future."

She lowered her head in shame as she spoke. "My capabilities are limited. I can only divine that they were in this state at some point, but I don't know whether that time is in the past or the future."

Gu Mian had just discussed Schrödinger's death of the Evil God Statue in the instance with Lu Yi. No sooner had he done so than Chu Changge and Xiao Qiao also manifested this state.

Are their situations similar to that of the Evil God Statue? Gu Mian fell into deep thought. Do all Guardians share this state?

The Fortune-teller gave him a strange look. "This is the first time I've encountered such a thing in divination. You discovered something in the instance and brought them here for divination, right?"

She had asked something similar before, but Gu Mian hadn't given an answer.

This time, Gu Mian still didn't answer her question. He just leaned back on the sofa, thought for a moment, then asked, seemingly out of nowhere, "Have you ever heard of a wired radio?"

The Fortune-teller didn't know why Gu Mian had suddenly brought up radios. She recalled various things from the past twenty years and hesitantly nodded. "I've heard of them a few times."

"Radios broadcast in real-time, right?"

The Fortune-teller nodded again, still hesitant. "It seems so. When they receive a signal, they only get a live broadcast. Some radios might have a replay function, but I've never seen one that advanced."

"What if, one day, a broadcaster is right in front of you, but the radio is playing his live broadcast? What would that mean?"

Fearing the Fortune-teller might not understand, Gu Mian generously offered himself as an example. "Suppose I'm the broadcaster. I'm standing right in front of you now, yet you can hear my live program on the radio."

The Fortune-teller had no idea why the topic had suddenly veered in such a bizarre direction.

She swallowed hard and guessed, "Then... I'd guess you've seen a ghost."

What a simple guess.

"By the way," Gu Mian turned to look at the Fortune-teller. "Can you make amulets? The kind you see in TV dramas—where the main character draws a terrible lot, and an old Taoist priest descends from the heavens to give him an amulet, saying, 'This charm will definitely keep you safe.'"

The Fortune-teller: "..."

I'm a Fortune-teller, not a Taoist priest!

However, she could indeed fold talismans. Fortune-tellers could create luck charms, which might slightly increase one's luck, but they consumed a lot of energy, and their effectiveness wasn't guaranteed.

She had made them a few times before, but the effect was practically nil. She wasn't sure if it was her imagination, but it seemed that after wearing a luck charm, her chances of encountering ghosts in an instance actually increased substantially.

The Fortune-teller hesitated for a moment. "I can't make amulets. Would a... less-than-useful luck charm be acceptable?"

A luck charm? Hearing this, Gu Mian's eyes lit up. There's such a good thing?

He slowly nodded and said, in a tone feigning reluctance, "A luck charm would also be acceptable."

The Fortune-teller, noticing the strange light in Gu Mian's eyes, remained silent for several seconds before speaking. "I'll need a few pieces of foldable paper..."

No one had lived in this room for a long time, so the only paper she had at home was toilet paper.

Hearing this, Gu Mian rummaged in his pocket for a moment before finding a slip of paper. "Will this kind of paper do?"

The Fortune-teller took the [Dungeon Entry Ticket (duplicate ticket)] from Gu Mian's hand and fell into deep thought. Casually pulling out such a rare, special item... Is this the world of the rich?

In the end, Gu Mian tore several pages from one of Chu Changge's books and gave them to the Fortune-teller. He watched her fold them, then happily left with a string of luck charms.

The Fortune-teller in the room slumped onto the sofa, utterly exhausted and completely drained.

As soon as the luck charms made by the Fortune-teller were brought back to their room, everyone scrambled for them.

Fatty was the first to grab one. He held the luck charm, made from folded book pages, in his hand. "Can it really bring good luck? If it actually works, wouldn't this be a lifesaver for the Doctor?"

As he spoke, he grabbed the prettiest one and slipped it into the pocket of Chu Changge, who was beside him. "'He who is near vermilion is stained red; he who is near ink is stained black.' Brother Chu, you go into instances with the Doctor every day, so you should carry one too, to avoid being 'infected' by him."

Is the idiom 'He who is near vermilion is stained red; he who is near ink is stained black' really used this way?

Gu Mian deliberately took one down and hung it around the neck of Xiao Qiao, who was enjoying the free meal beside him. Tonight's dinner was Fatty's special egg-fried rice and pork hock soup simmered in a clay pot. Xiao Qiao was currently locked in a battle of wits with a pork hock in her bowl.

Thinking of what the Fortune-teller had said about Xiao Qiao being both dead and alive, Gu Mian frowned.

Just then, Chu Changge's voice sounded beside his ear—the first words he had spoken since Gu Mian returned from the instance. "You took us to find the Fortune-teller as soon as you got out of the instance. Did you discover something in there?"

The Fortune-teller had asked a similar question, but ultimately, she hadn't received an answer.

"I saw Lu Yi," Gu Mian said, turning to look at him. "Lu Yi told me about how you two met in the Slaughter game instance. So, you two were having all those conversations behind my back in some unknown corner."

Chu Changge adjusted his glasses, showing no sign of guilt at being caught red-handed. "Because there wasn't much valuable information in those conversations, I didn't tell you about them afterwards."

Gu Mian recalled what Lu Yi had told him. "Let's set that aside for now. The world you're from, Second World, is designated Number One, also known as the First World, right?"

Hearing this, Chu Changge remained silent for a few seconds before nodding. "Yes."

"So, coming from the First World, your designation is also No. 1, right?"

Chu Changge was silent again, this time for longer, before finally nodding in agreement.

Gu Mian continued, "Do you remember about half a year ago? It wasn't long after the global game started. I was fiddling with the radio here, and we heard a broadcast."

Fatty leaned in. "I remember that! It was something like, 'Boohoo, I'm the No. 1 Guardian, and I accidentally lost the person I was supposed to follow for thirty years! Where the heck did No. 2 Guardian go? Why isn't he out looking for anyone?!'"

Gu Mian: "..."

He remembered the original wording was different—especially the absence of "boohoo"—but Fatty hadn't misrepresented the overall meaning.

"It's strange," Gu Mian said, frowning at Chu Changge. "Have other Guardians from your world come to Earth?"

He recalled Chu Changge saying before that each Low-Dimensional World could send out one person at most.

Yet, half a year ago, Gu Mian had indeed heard that live broadcast with Chu Changge.

Chu Changge had been right beside him at the time; the broadcast couldn't possibly have come from him.

At this moment, Xiao Qiao, who was busy eating, suddenly raised her head. "That's impossible. There's only him. Each world only has one."

Xiao Qiao was quite firm about this.

"Perhaps someone faked it," Chu Changge said, adjusting his glasses. "Someone might have fabricated the identity of the No. 1 Guardian back then and broadcast it for us to hear."

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "There must be a reason for it. That broadcast must have been intended to convey some message. At the time, I was completely unaware of what a Guardian was, and neither was Fatty. Thinking about it now, only you knew about Guardians, and this person impersonated you. It's highly likely they wanted to get your attention. I'd guess that broadcast was probably meant for you."

Chu Changge lowered his gaze. "I thought so too, but I've never managed to figure out the intention behind that broadcast."

Gu Mian turned to Xiao Qiao. "Only Guardians from Low-Dimensional Worlds would know about other Guardians. So, the person who impersonated Chu Changge and made that broadcast must have been a Guardian from another world."

But what was the point of impersonating Chu Changge?

"It wasn't me! I never impersonated anyone!" Noticing Gu Mian's gaze, Xiao Qiao raised her hand, vehemently claiming her innocence.

Xiao Qiao really didn't seem like the type to do something that clever.

What Gu Mian didn't understand was why a Guardian from another world would impersonate Chu Changge to make a broadcast, and why they, of all people, had happened to hear it.

It was truly strange.

He then thought about the "No. 2 Guardian" mentioned in the broadcast and turned to Chu Changge. "Do you know who the No. 2 Guardian is?"

Chu Changge turned to glance at Fatty and, after a few seconds, answered, "The math teacher."

As expected...

Fatty's dad.

"He's already dead," Xiao Qiao added, gnawing on a pork trotter.

Fatty pouted, his eyes welling up.

"You knew he was dead too?" Gu Mian asked Xiao Qiao, surprised.

Xiao Qiao had only met Gu Mian after the global game started, so logically, she shouldn't have known about his math teacher's death.

"There's a sense," Xiao Qiao said succinctly. "The oppressive feeling... it vanished."

Oppressive feeling?

Can Xiao Qiao feel an oppressive feeling from other Guardians? If a Guardian dies, does she sense it immediately?

Presumably, during the dragon boat event, Xiao Qiao had identified the real Chu Changge by sensing this oppressive feeling.

But why would she feel an oppressive feeling from other Guardians?

Gu Mian asked Chu Changge, "Can you also sense an oppressive feeling from other Guardians?"

Chu Changge shook his head slightly. "Guardians have a sense for each other. I don't feel an oppressive feeling, but I can sense it if a Guardian dies."

Gu Mian quickly ran through a mental list of people around him who had died, from his childhood to adulthood. "Can you say how many have died so far?"

"The teacher from the Second World..." Chu Changge seemed to be listing the deaths according to world sequence.

But he paused after the first name. Just when Gu Mian thought that was the only one, Chu Changge's voice continued, "The Fifth World: Lin Xiaowei."

Fatty gasped, looking anxiously at Gu Mian.

He remembered Brother Chu mentioning that Lin Xiaowei was a childhood playmate of Gu Mian. When others dared not approach Gu Mian, this girl had fiercely defended him, even puffing up his face with

her playful attacks. But in the end, she was crushed by fate, sacrificing her own life to resist Gu Mian's destiny of death.

Fatty felt a wave of sadness. Lin Xiaowei's story seemed to have ended before it truly began.

Gu Mian smoothed the hem of his clothes, then looked up and gave a soft, "Mm."

Chu Changge turned his head slightly and continued with the death toll, "The Sixth World: Song Yu."

Fatty looked up curiously. This was the first time he had heard this name. Judging by the name, it should be a woman. Did she die without anyone knowing?

As he wondered about this, he looked at Gu Mian, only to see that Gu Mian's expression was unchanged, as if he had already expected it.

"Doctor, do you know this person?" Fatty asked cautiously.

"Yes," Gu Mian said, looking up. "She was the woman who almost became my mother."

Chapter 650 Sexy CoCo Online Giving Candies_1

After such a long time, Gu Mian had trouble recalling the face in his mind.

All he remembered was one day, a long-haired woman stood before him. She bent down to give him a lollipop larger than his face, her voice full of cheer, "From now on, I'll be your mother, and you'll have a home."

She had also considered taking Chu Changge and Lin Xiaowei with her, but Lin Xiaowei was vehemently against it, "No, won't they end up as siblings then? No, no..."

Gu Mian didn't remember the rest of what Lin Xiaowei said, only that he never got that home in the end.

The woman died in a car accident, and even her body wasn't intact.

After that, the other children in the orphanage avoided him. Wherever he went, the area around him would become a vacuum.

Afterward, he didn't go out much.

Gu Mian hid the colorful lollipop he hadn't gotten to eat at the bottom of a box, and it was never taken out again.

After he said Song Yu's name, Chu Changge stopped and looked at Gu Mian. "That's all I know."

Fatty, standing to one side, had already concocted a beautifully tragic story in his mind. His face was covered in tears, and he kept wailing, "Poor Doctor!"

Gu Mian listened to Fatty's pitiful sobs, the corner of his mouth twitching. "Stop crying. You probably won't even wail this loudly at my funeral."

Fatty sniffled, "Nonsense! I'll definitely be the loudest one wailing at your funeral!"

When Miss Xiao Qiao heard Fatty talking about wailing at Gu Mian's funeral, she set down her bowl and tried hard to squeeze out a few tears. She was really making an effort, displaying better acting skills than when she filmed for TV.

Seeing that Xiao Hong was also about to be swept up in the mournful atmosphere, Gu Mian immediately raised his hand to stop the farce. "Alright, let's get down to business. Xiao Qiao, I have a question for you."

Hearing her name, Xiao Qiao stopped her clumsy performance and looked up at Gu Mian.

Gu Mian looked down at her. "Your world, the one called Twilight Gods World—it has a number too, right? What number is it?"

Xiao Qiao began to think.

Gu Mian knew her brain capacity was pitifully small, so he waited patiently.

After several minutes of thought, she finally answered, "It should be seven. Because I'm number seven, it should be seven too."

Gu Mian touched his chin. So, Twilight Gods World is the Seventh World?

Lu Yi said he knew about the Seventh World. If I'd known earlier, I would have asked Guangyu more about the Seventh World when we were in the instance.

Xiao Qiao had once told them that Twilight Gods World hadn't turned into an instance. Gu Mian was very curious about this world. Unfortunately, Xiao Qiao couldn't provide detailed information about her own world; who knew what her mind was filled with that prevented her from recalling specifics.

Perhaps Gu Mian's gaze on Xiao Qiao was so blatant that everyone else understood what he was thinking.

"Ahem," Fatty cleared his throat. "Perhaps Miss Xiao Qiao's world is too terrifying. She was so frightened in her own world that her intellectual development... wasn't quite complete."

Well, that was a tactful way to put it.

Gu Mian couldn't understand why the Seventh World would send someone like her to Earth.

Look at Chu Changge—so intelligent.

Look at Liu Ruyan—a true hidden talent.

Look at Xie Bi'an—oh, he's the *real* hidden talent. Gu Mian still hadn't seen his true form, and according to Chu Changge, this Guardian seemed to be proficient in Resurrection.

Then look at Xiao Qiao. Apart from being strong, she seemed to have no other redeeming qualities.

Could there be something else special about her?

Thinking this, Gu Mian moved closer to Xiao Qiao, examining her from left and right, then prodded her forehead with a finger.

Xiao Qiao's head swayed back and forth from the poke. Seeing Gu Mian's finger resting on her forehead, she broke into a satisfied smile.

She's quite good at entertaining herself.

At this, a ridiculous thought suddenly struck Gu Mian. He straightened up, turned to the others, and said in a peculiar tone, "What do you guys think? Could Xiao Qiao actually be the most normal person in the Seventh World?"

Perhaps the Seventh World couldn't find any other normal people, so they sent Xiao Qiao to Earth.

Chu Changge adjusted his glasses. "That's a possibility."

Gu Mian turned to Xiao Qiao again. "Do you remember anyone else from your world?"

Hearing this, Xiao Qiao's smile vanished. She shook her head, her expression odd. "There's no one else."

No other people?

Was Xiao Qiao the only one in the Seventh World? Were all the others ghosts?

Gu Mian continued, "Are there other ghosts?"

As he spoke, he pulled over the ghost brother who had been calling out "sister," using him as an example. "Like this kind of thing."

Xiao Qiao looked at the ghost brother for a few moments, then hesitated before nodding. "Many."

So, many handsome ghosts are running around the streets calling out "sister"? Fatty's thoughts began to wander. As he mused, he pulled Xiao Hong over as another example. "What about this type?"

Xiao Qiao glanced at Xiao Hong's face, her expression disdainful. "None that ugly."

As expected, Xiao Hong erupted again.

"What about other small animals? Dogs that go BAA, chickens with horns, grass that runs around—do these kinds of 'small animals' exist?" Gu Mian asked.

Fatty clutched his head. Doctor, are those things you're describing really 'small animals'?

This time, Xiao Qiao answered quickly, "Nothing else. Just ghosts running around."

Gu Mian frowned.

So, there was actually no one else in the Seventh World, not even animals. According to Xiao Qiao, only ghosts ran around.

She was the only living person in that world.

This kind of world setting is truly unheard of. It's a genuine apocalypse.

Although the settings of the Old World and Paradise were twisted, at least they weren't lacking people.

But Twilight Gods World, Xiao Qiao's home world, was filled entirely with ghosts.

No wonder this world hadn't opened up as an instance. In a world teeming with ghosts, any player who entered would undoubtedly die. Gu Mian suspected that even he would be overwhelmed and crushed by the sheer number of ghosts if he entered.

So, how did Xiao Qiao manage to survive so long in such a world?

Gu Mian looked at her. "When did you come to Earth?"

"Time?" Xiao Qiao looked at Gu Mian and shook her head. "There isn't any."

No time?

Gu Mian tried another approach. "How old were you when you came to Earth?"

"I don't know. We have no concept of time where I'm from."

"No day and night?"

"No."

"No clocks?"

"No."

"How were you born?"

"I don't know."

Gu Mian asked no more questions.

What an odd world.

No living people, no time, no clocks, not even day or night.

Twilight Gods World... a world perpetually in an apocalyptic state?...

As Gu Mian was pondering, something green suddenly popped out from behind the sofa.

Mr. Green's hat.

Gu Mian grabbed Mr. Green, who was hiding behind the sofa. The poor fellow couldn't return to his own world and had to stay here temporarily.

During his stay, he had suffered inhuman torture from Gu Mian. Even his former employees had now seen the light and abandoned him, distancing themselves.

Thinking of his tragic situation, Mr. Green blinked, his eyes welling up with tears.

"I remember you're an NPC from the Exile World, right?" Gu Mian said, unsympathetically tugging Mr. Green. "What's the number of your world... And stop crying. It's not appealing unless it's a beautiful woman shedding tears."

Upon hearing "beautiful woman shedding tears," Xiao Qiao shyly squeezed out a few tears.

"T-two..." Mr. Green stammered. "Our world is the Second World."

The Second World. Gu Mian put down the Little Dwarf he was holding. That's the math teacher's world.

After letting Mr. Green go, he picked up a pen and paper and began to scribble on the pages of Chu Changge's torn book.

"Now, we know the First World is the Second World—that's Chu Changge's world. The Second World is the Exile World—the math teacher's world..."

As he spoke, Gu Mian jotted down a list in a blank space on the page.

[First World: Second World / Representative: Chu Changge]

[Second World: Exile World / Representative: Math Teacher]

"The Third World..." Gu Mian looked up at the two Guardians before him. "Does either of you know which one is the Third World?"

Xiao Qiao raised her hand. "Liu Ruyan. She ranks third in terms of oppressive aura."

So that's how Xiao Qiao identifies the Guardians.

Gu Mian remembered Liu Ruyan's world is the Old World.

[Third World: Old World / Representative: Liu Ruyan]

Lu Yi had said their world was the Fourth World. Gu Mian wrote it down.

[Fourth World: Paradise / Representative: Xie Bi'an (Jiang Yang)]

As for the Fifth World...

Chu Changge had just said Lin Xiaowei's world was the Fifth World. However, Guardians can only sense the numerical order of another Guardian's world, not deduce its name.

Gu Mian paused for a moment before continuing to write.

[Fifth World: ??? / Representative: Lin Xiaowei]

The name of the Sixth World was also unknown.

[Sixth World: ??? / Representative: Song Yu]

The Guardian of the Seventh World is right here, and I was just discussing this world with her.

[Seventh World: Twilight Gods World / Representative: Xiao Qiao]

Gu Mian tore the page from the book. Fatty silently mourned the unfortunate fate of Chu Changge's book. Chu Changge himself said nothing, merely adjusting his glasses.

"There are seven worlds we know of now," Gu Mian said, waving the page in his hand. "There could be more, or perhaps only these seven."

He looked at Xiao Qiao. "Can you sense how many Guardians there are on Earth?"

Xiao Qiao shook her head. "I can't sense them, but I know I'm the last one. My world is also the last one."

Gu Mian understood.

"So, that means there are only seven worlds. After the Seventh World, Twilight Gods World, there are no others." He looked at the page fluttering in his hand.

So, the "seven" mentioned by the ghost in the vision of death meant this.

It meant seven worlds.

Fatty was practically dancing in the corner. "This reminds me of Princess Mianmian and her seven dwarfs! It was dwarfs, right..."

Gu Mian deliberately ignored Fatty, who was gesticulating happily nearby. "Now, we're missing the names of two worlds: the Fifth and the Sixth."

However, he remembered that in the food-processing factory instance, Manager 845 and Coach Che had mentioned the name of a world.

"Escape World."