

Collapse 65

Chapter 65: Unexpected Game Reward_1

Gu Mian walked over to the stage and looked at Fatty with a puzzled gaze.

Fatty shook his head slightly. "I think I saw a name... but I didn't get a clear look. It was just a quick glance, and then it was gone."

A name?

Gu Mian looked at Chu Changge again. "Did you see what was on the board?"

Chu Changge was silent for a moment before answering in a low voice, "No."

Just then, the host suddenly spoke up, "Choose your rewards, everyone. You can pick one item each, and the one who answered the questions can pick two."

"However, you won't be able to see the descriptions or functions of these items here. You can only view them after you leave, so you'll have to pick what looks good to you."

"Of course, if you don't want any special items, you can also choose from other things. All items within the game are available for you to choose from. For instance, the cage over there... if that's more your style."

"Naturally, if you prefer to leave empty-handed, that would be best."

As he said this, he snapped his fingers, and a strange door appeared before them.

It was a solitary door standing on the ground, much like Doraemon's "Anywhere Door."

"Pass through this door, and you can leave. But don't get any funny ideas, like grabbing everything and rushing out."

"If you try to take more out of here than you're allowed, this door will ensure all your belongings are left behind. And I mean **all** of them, including your loincloths."

These rules are certainly strict enough, eliminating any possibility of robbing an NPC.

Of course, ordinary players can't rob NPCs anyway.

Gu Mian stroked his chin. "Can I take anything?"

"Absolutely. Everything you see."

"Then can I choose this door?"

The host chuckled. "Theoretically, yes. But are you planning to burrow your way out of this instance with it?"

"Never mind then."

As Gu Mian spoke, he looked at the items on the table.

The table was laden with a dazzling array of items, like a stall at a bazaar; it seemed to have everything.

There were dirty gloves that looked like they had been used for a long time; a frying pan, the kind a comically fierce cartoon character might wield; an eraser; and a copy of the Kung Fu manual. I wonder if the first page says, 'To master this divine art, you must first castrate yourself'...

He did a rough count: there were a dozen or so special items here.

Chu Changge had already made his choice. Gu Mian saw he was holding a yellowed movie ticket; Who knew what it was for?

Fatty, on the other hand, was very practical. He directly chose Game Coins, probably worried about not having enough money for food. Although a thousand Game Coins was no small sum, choosing them over special items felt like a bit of a loss.

Gu Mian glanced over the remaining items on the table. "I remember there seemed to be a watch here not long ago."

The host, upon hearing this, rubbed his hand. "That one doesn't count as a reward."

"Didn't you say everything could be taken?"

"...Theoretically, that's correct, but that one is mine."

Gu Mian fell silent.

After a long silence, the host finally heard Gu Mian speak again, "I understand..."

"Understand what...?" Before the host could finish, he suddenly felt dizzy and lightheaded, as if he were floating. "Wait! What are you doing?!"

Nearby, Fatty's jaw dropped. He watched as Gu Mian hoisted the host onto his shoulder and ran. He's actually carrying the host away!

Fatty, eyes wide, watched Gu Mian sprint towards the door with the host on his shoulders. He had been fully prepared to see Gu Mian get bounced back by the door, but surprisingly, Gu Mian wasn't.

Right under the noses of the other two, Gu Mian carried an NPC out of the instance.

Isn't this... a bit off?

"How..." Fatty stammered, "Does 'choose any item' also include NPCs from the instance?"

"I guess not," Chu Changge said, looking at the door. "Because ordinary players simply can't forcibly carry an NPC out."

Ordinary players couldn't attack NPCs either.

But Gu Mian could. He was a BUG.

Fatty also stared intently at the door. "Speaking of which, isn't the Doctor afraid of being stripped completely bare by this door...?"

Chu Changge looked up. "Besides those clothes, what else does he have that can be stripped?"

No inventory, no Attribute Points. When a low-tier player has no spoils, exploiters have nothing to gain.

Evidently, Gu Mian was precisely that kind of rock-bottom player.

"So, should we... leave now?" Fatty asked hesitantly, looking at Chu Changge.

Chu Changge, however, didn't move. "Wait a little longer."

When the ticket seller saw Gu Mian emerge, and the instance hadn't collapsed, he was somewhat surprised.

But when he saw what Gu Mian was carrying, the ticket seller's hair practically stood on end. "Is that...?"

"A host from the game, brought out as my reward for winning," Gu Mian replied matter-of-factly. "Actually, I only wanted his watch, but he said it was his. I figured he was hinting that I should bring him out too."

So, I gave it a try.

Unexpectedly, I actually managed to bring him out.

Gu Mian had thought an NPC would turn into a data set and fly away upon leaving an instance, but reality wasn't like that.

Quite fascinating.

The host, who had been placed on the ground, groggily lifted his head. He instantly spotted the ticket seller whose head was poking out from behind the window. "Where is this...?"

The ticket seller wore an expression of utter dismay. "Unfortunately, Mr. Green, it appears you've landed prematurely."

Landed prematurely? What does that mean? Gu Mian gave the ticket seller a puzzled look.

As if realizing he'd said a bit too much, the ticket seller silently retracted his head.

The host jumped up, not even looking at Gu Mian. He scrambled to the ticket window, pressing against it to look at the ticket seller inside. "Can you send me back?"

"I'm afraid not," the ticket seller gulped. "Because we can't provide game passage for your kind of... uh..."

At this point, he glanced sideways at Gu Mian. "AHM, we can't provide game passage for NPCs like you. By the way, how on earth did you get out?"

Simple. He'd been carried out.