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Chapter 68: Thanks for the Medicine Not Growing in Wanshang_1

When the salesman said this, his expression turned gloomy again. "What you really want is something you can sleep in, right? To be honest, although this car can fit into a player's inventory for use in instances, it takes up a significant amount of inventory space..."

What the heck?

Shouldn't an inventory have unlimited space?

Gu Mian didn't have this feature and thus couldn't study it, so he had to turn to Chu Changge and Fatty, who both possessed inventories.

Chu Changge looked up. "The space is indeed limited. From the start of the game until now, I've only been able to use eight inventory slots."

Fatty scratched his head in confusion. "But I could use fifteen from the start..."

How many inventory slots a player could use likely depended on their attributes.

Gu Mian remembered that this game only had four attributes: [Stamina], [Speed], [Strength], and [Spiritual Value]. Because he couldn't allocate any points, he didn't care much about these attributes. However, it was clear other players couldn't afford to ignore them. Players' physical constitutions varied, so their initial attributes in the game also differed.

Take Chu Changge and Fatty, for example. At a glance, Chu Changge looked like a delicate pretty boy, bespectacled and refined. Therefore, his initial [Stamina] and [Strength] were likely low; one couldn't expect him to carry severely injured teammates while escaping. Fatty, on the other hand, was the exact opposite. He looked like a strength-type player. Gu Mian even suspected Fatty could carry two Chu Changges and run all over the map.

Attributes were extremely private; even friends couldn't view them. So, Gu Mian could only say to the two, "Let me see your attribute panels."

They both nodded.

Gu Mian looked at the panels they displayed.

He saw—

[Name: Fat Kid Surnamed Wang] This was Fatty's game ID.

[Stamina: 10]

[Speed: 5]

[Strength: 11]

[Spiritual Value: 4]

It was clear Fatty's stats were quite lopsided.

Fatty chimed in from the side, "Didn't they give us a free Attribute Point to distribute after the first instance? I added mine to Strength."

Gu Mian stroked his chin, then turned to look at Chu Changge's attribute panel. Only then did he realize that Chu Changge's stats were even more lopsided than Fatty's.

[Name: Chu Changge]

[Stamina: 4]

[Speed: 6]

[Strength: 5]

[Spiritual Value: 25]

Alright then... this was also excessively lopsided.

Seeing this, Gu Mian was reminded of his own panel full of question marks. What right did he have to comment on others being lopsided? At least they had the chance to improve, while he had been a hopeless case from the very beginning.

"COUGH, COUGH." Gu Mian coughed twice. "I figure the number of inventory slots is related to the 'Stamina' and 'Strength' attributes. To be more precise, it's probably related to 'Stamina'. But now isn't the time to investigate this..."

As he spoke, Gu Mian looked towards the salesman. "How much space will a car take up?"

They were buying the car to drive, not for it to be mere eye candy in their inventory. However, they still had to store the car when entering an instance. What if it got smashed if left outside?

The salesman paused for a few seconds. "Typical game items occupy one slot, but as you can see, this car is a tad bigger, so it occupies three slots..." He added, somewhat dejectedly, "The camping area is right next door. To be honest, if you just want to spend the night outside, it's more practical to buy a few tents. A Spirit Car not only takes up a lot of space, but it's also expensive."

But a tent can't be driven like a car...

While considering his options, Gu Mian looked at the row of Spirit Cars before him. "Once this car is bought, how do we get it out?"

Players weren't allowed to directly put items into their inventory inside the supermarket. It seemed impossible to get this car out. Surely they couldn't expect him to just drive it out, right?

"You really want to buy it?" the salesman asked instinctively. However, he immediately changed the subject, as if fearing his only customer would run off. "I'll write you a sales slip first. Take the slip to the front counter to pay, then bring the proof of payment back here. With the proof of payment, you can select a car, store it in your inventory, and take it away."

The rules were very strict, eliminating any possibility of theft.

Under the salesman's expectant gaze, Gu Mian went to the counter, paid, and returned with a proof of payment. For some reason, the cashier had a very strange expression while ringing him up.

But that wasn't important. What mattered was that they could finally hit the road.

The salesman's gloomy face finally showed a change. He said to Gu Mian, "This Spirit Car is sturdier than ordinary cars, but it can still be damaged if used improperly. However, since you're just using it to spend the night, it generally won't break down..."

By this time, Chu Changge had already stored the car in his inventory.

Gu Mian knew his own luck all too well. He might be driving, the brakes would fail, and then he'd crash into something.

He stroked his chin. "Is there any kind of Spirit Car that can't be wrecked?"

He had only asked casually, but to his surprise, the salesman gave a positive reply.

"Yes, there are. I heard that the Spirit Cars in the driving test instances don't get damaged..."

Gu Mian: "..."

This information didn't seem quite right.

However, Gu Mian didn't dwell too much on the Spirit Car instance matter. After collecting the car, he was ready to leave.

The salesman, having nothing much to do, personally escorted them to the entrance. It seemed that salesmen in the supermarket had a large range of free movement.

The salesman watched as Gu Mian and his group left the supermarket and went down the steps, only then turning to go back inside.

But he hadn't taken more than a few steps when he suddenly heard a car engine start behind him.

He turned around in astonishment, only to see the Spirit Car—which supposedly could only be driven by someone with a Spirit Car license—shoot forward, leaving him with a rather unsightly view of its rear end.

The salesman stared blankly at the Spirit Car about to disappear into the night. As if suddenly understanding something, he exclaimed, "That son of a—"

He would never have dreamed that his first customer was that damn scoundrel.

Of course, Gu Mian didn't hear the curses the salesman spat out, as he was currently focused on figuring out how to avoid crashing the Spirit Car into a pile of small cars not far ahead.