

Collapse 72

Chapter 72: Slaughter Game (Part One) 【Thank You Life Savers】 _1

The moment the panel popped up, darkness suddenly fell around them.

They hadn't been directly pulled into the instance. It seemed like there were quite a few aspects of this instance that needed to be explained.

[Triggered a special instance for certain professions: 'Slaughter Game']

"A special instance for certain professions?" Gu Mian stroked his chin. He remembered that there was indeed 'Profession' in the attribute column, but the activation conditions were unknown.

It seemed that to activate a certain profession now, he would first have to pass the instance of that profession.

However, judging by the name 'Slaughter Game', would the profession activated through this instance be something like a butcher?

[Number of players in the instance: 50 to 100]

[Detected a shortage of players, teammates will be filled in according to the difficulty. Loading...]

"What the fuck?" Fatty's voice came from the darkness. "What's with the number of players in the instance? This is the first time I've seen a scenario with so many people. Are we supposed to gather a hundred to play a Battle Royale?"

Chu Changge also spoke, "Judging by the name of the instance, it indeed seems to be related to a Battle Royale."

Along with the Dominate the World team, they barely managed to round up twenty spots. Now, this special instance was pulling in other players at random from different places.

Probably because it wouldn't be able to fill in the rest of the players in the short term, the panel took the opportunity to explain the content of the 'Slaughter Game' instance.

[Difficulty of the instance: ★★★★★★]

[Background: This is a world with highly developed industry but relatively backward medical conditions;

This is a world with an extremely rigid class system where the Upper Class People and Lower Class People are clearly divided;

According to the 'Upper Class People Protection Convention', all Lower Class People who provoke, insult, or satirize the Upper Class People will be arrested and sent to the 'Restricted Area' in batches]

This was the first time Gu Mian had matched an instance with a background introduction.

He gazed at the panel with some curiosity, "What does this 'Restricted Area' refer to?"

Chu Changge's voice came from the side, "Most likely it's the game location of this instance."

Gu Mian touched his chin, "If I'm not wrong, I guess, as soon as we enter, we will be assigned a lower-class identity and then we'll all be thrown into that damn 'Restricted Area'."

New content was still appearing on the panel. Gu Mian turned his head to look.

[Mission for the instance: Obtain 'Jin Hu's Redemption']

[Instance Reward: Granting the role of '×× Profession' to the one who passes]

This '×× Profession' wasn't some profession related to Xs or crosses. The first two characters were clearly censored, and it seemed they would only find out what '××' actually was after clearing the game.

This time, the mission for the instance was a bit arbitrary. No clues were given at all; right off the bat, it demanded they find this thing.

This was like tossing a man into a mountain-high pile of lipsticks and then asking him to find 'Giorgio Armani Matte Lip Glaze 500.' Gu Mian didn't know what other men would do, but he would go crazy.

At this time, Fatty's voice came from the side, "Speaking of which, this game won't really be like a Battle Royale and just throw us into the restricted area to kill each other, right?"

He had also seen the Battle Royale movie series. Watching the movies felt quite thrilling, and if they really matched such an instance, it would be even more exciting.

The low, depressed voice of Dominate the World also came from the side, "It's not a Battle Royale."

This person had clearly been tormented by this instance at least once and had likely figured something out about it.

Just as Gu Mian was about to ask something, more changes appeared on their panels.

[Successfully matched teammates, the number of players in this instance is 59]

[About to enter the 'Slaughter Game' instance, please wait...]

Shortly after these two lines appeared, the darkness around them quickly faded. Gu Mian looked around and found himself in a fast-moving carriage.

In front of him was a large screen, one that seemed to be projected out of thin air, with a door behind it.

The image on the screen was of a carriage filled with people, and Gu Mian thought he even saw himself on it.

He tried to move but found he couldn't move at all; he could only twist his head to look behind him.

Sure enough, the seats behind him were filled with people.

Just like on a train, the seats on both sides were fully occupied, but the vehicle they were currently in seemed much more advanced than a train.

Gu Mian was sitting in the first row of the carriage, next to an unfamiliar man.

This man had sunken eyes and a high nose, giving him the appearance of someone of mixed heritage. His hair was long but as messy as a bird's nest. Gu Mian even suspected that if a bird passed by, it might lay an egg on his head.

He was very flustered, his head constantly darting around, twisting and turning like a monkey's.

Gu Mian tried to open the man's player information but found that it wouldn't open.

Is this a native of the instance? Gu Mian frowned.

He turned his head to look at a slightly calmer man and tried to open his player information. This time it worked.

It seemed there were some players in the carriage, as well as some natives from the instance. The two groups were already mixed together.

Gu Mian was about to turn his head back to see where Chu Changge and Fatty were, but just then the door behind the projection screen suddenly opened, and a man walked out from inside.

He was close to the door and immediately saw the newcomer's appearance.

It took Gu Mian a while to confirm that this was a man, probably around 1.6 meters tall, maybe less.

He was wearing a flashy pink shirt, though it seemed a bit big. Gu Mian estimated it was probably the smallest men's size available in a supermarket.

The hem of the shirt was tucked into black trousers, and on his feet were leather shoes so shiny they glittered, as if they had been waxed.

Of course, the most eye-catching part was not those glowing leather shoes, but his face.

It wasn't that this face was particularly handsome or attractive, but because it was too white—as white as a freshly painted wall, so white it hurt one's eyes to look at.

Gu Mian even suspected he had used flour as foundation, though even actual flour would struggle to achieve such a remarkable effect.

As soon as the pink-shirted man entered, he scanned them and then revealed a smile, "It seems you guys are the participants of this event. Let me count... hmm, yes, exactly one hundred."

Gu Mian didn't know how he had determined there were one hundred people in just a few seconds.

At this time, the pink-shirted man started talking again, seemingly to himself, "Well then, let me introduce this game to everyone again... although I've introduced it countless times before, and I presume everyone has heard about it countless times before participating, it still needs to be repeated. It's rather tedious, truly."