

Collapse 73

Chapter 73: Slaughter Game (Part 2)_1

"Well, as we all know, you folks are guilty. You're here because of your improper actions against the Upper Class People."

"In order to regulate the Lower Class People worldwide, our high council has approved this reality show—Slaughter Game."

"We're going to segregate the delinquent Lower Class People into batches, throw them into a dangerous restricted area, and broadcast it live. They say this reduces the chances of Lower Class People committing crimes."

"And I'm the host of this global reality show. You can call me Teacher Slaughter."

Teacher Slaughter smiled even brighter.

Gu Mian looked at his pale face, feeling like he had met this type of person somewhere before.

The native next to Gu Mian suddenly shivered violently. He struggled as if he wanted to stand up from his chair, but his hands and feet were tightly bound to the chair, making movement impossible.

"Regarding the game rules—since it's a reality game, you all need to, of course, entertain the audience as much as possible."

"The audience doesn't like weak participants. They prefer to see you struggle desperately. If you perform well, you may get a chance to leave the restricted area—of course, that's if you survive."

"Ah, it seems our cameraman has arrived. So, I hereby announce that the 132nd season of Slaughter Game is about to begin... Prepare yourselves."

In short, he blabbered on about a bunch of pointless stuff, Gu Mian concluded internally.

After Mr. Slaughter finished speaking, he looked back at the open carriage door.

Another man walked in from outside the door, his face just as pale. His hair even had a faint white tone, as if he had rolled his entire head in a bowl of flour.

Seeing the two pallid men standing together, Gu Mian finally recalled where he had seen people like them—the photos of people with albinism in biology textbooks.

The two suspected albinos stood together, whispering something to each other.

Gu Mian scanned them both and figured out the difference between the Upper Class People and Lower Class People in this instance.

The faces of the Upper Class People resembled having been rolled in a flour bin.

As for the Lower Class People, their faces came in all hues.

Take the native beside Gu Mian, for example. His skin was a tanned shade of yellow and brown. At the moment, his face was turning green. Gu Mian wondered if it was out of fear.

It was clear that this host was different from the host of the previous instance.

In Gu Mian's mind, there were two types of instances: ones in which NPCs knew they were NPCs, like in Crazy Guessing Words and the Spirit Car Driving Test Center. The other type consisted of instances where NPCs were oblivious to being NPCs. This host's description clearly indicated the latter scenario.

They were blissfully unaware that the world they were in was an instance, happily distinguishing between Upper Class People and Lower Class People, and instigating this Slaughter Game for the amusement of the Upper Class People.

While Gu Mian was deep in thought, the cameraman suddenly pulled out a metal box, roughly twenty centimeters long.

Once he opened the box, a swarm of insect-like objects flew out. On closer inspection, Gu Mian realized they weren't bugs but high-tech gadgets.

"Mini follow-up devices. They provide a 360-degree panoramic view and can sync the game footage of each participant in real-time," Mr. Slaughter said, glancing out the window. "We seem to be not far from the restricted area now. It's about time we parted ways, so..."

Mr. Slaughter stepped back, his mouth slightly agape. At that moment, Gu Mian heard the latter part of Mr. Slaughter's statement. Though his voice was low, Gu Mian caught every word clearly—

"Welcome to Slaughter Game, and good luck."

As soon as he finished speaking, the entire vehicle was suddenly enveloped in darkness, followed by screams of fear from the others. A sudden power outage in such a strange place would naturally induce screams. Even if the players were quiet, the native participants in this game would scream. Gu Mian also let out a couple of "AAH AAH" before going silent.

He had originally wanted to try and unlock the handcuffs, but before he could put his plan into action, even more violent screams erupted from the rear. The screams surged towards them like tidal waves. Before Gu Mian could comprehend what was happening, the chair beneath him suddenly rose a little.

What the heck? Gu Mian thought, looking down, but he couldn't see anything in the darkness. Not long after, he sensed the floor of this train car starting to tilt.

The floor at their rear was tilting downwards. Everyone seated on chairs began to slide slowly towards the back exit. It seemed these wretched chairs weren't secured at all.

The vehicle continued to move at high speed. Gu Mian heard someone scream, followed by a "BANG," and then silence. Not long after, it was Gu Mian's turn to make a "BANG."

Gu Mian, still in his chair, slid out of the train car's rear door and fell flat on his face. Lying on the ground, he looked up to see the vehicle they had been in speeding away, leaving only a view of its smoking rear end.

The handcuffs and leg cuffs on his chair had, quite considerably, released. Gu Mian dusted himself off and stood up. "Is this how they intend to disperse the players? It's rather violent. Couldn't they have just used a plane and given us parachutes to drop us down?"

Sliding out directly from the train car's rear door had torn a hole in his gown. Ignoring the large tear, Gu Mian looked around.

It was nighttime. People probably found it more exciting to watch a reality show at midnight, which was why they had been thrown in at this hour. He was sure everyone in this instance was watching them like a monkey show.

As he was pondering, Gu Mian glanced at the mini follow-up device tailing him.

Outside the restricted area, Mr. Slaughter was addressing a large camera. "Ah, the participant tracked by the No.9 mini follow-up device is looking at the screen."