

Collapse 751

Chapter 751 You really feel uncomfortable without giving me work to do for a day!_1

After the laundry pole battle, 007's big goose had become much calmer. At least in front of Xiao Hong and Gu Mian, it would lower its head, making itself seem less ostentatious.

During the battle, Xiao Hong had injured the goose's neck. 007 wrapped several layers of gauze around it, finishing it off with a cute butterfly knot. Now, the goose didn't look as detestable as before.

Soon, it was Gu Mian and his team's shift again. Recently, Fatty had fixed up many things in the small shop across the street from the supermarket.

The weather was growing colder, and each morning the chairs in the little shop were freezing. Fatty had put soft cushions on every chair and thoughtfully prepared hand warmers.

Today, the weather was poor. Not long after they arrived at the shop, it began to pour heavily outside. A fierce wind carried the torrential rain, battering the ground. Fortunately, Fatty, with his usual foresight, had already repaired the shop's windows, preventing the rain from flying in and soaking Gu Mian and the others.

Fatty pushed against the windows, trying to close them tighter against the POUNDING of the rain. "This rain is massive. It's probably going to get even colder."

"Yeah, winter is coming," 007 said, watching the dense streaks of water on the window. "Last winter, many people froze to death."

Fatty grew curious. "How did you get through last winter, Miss 007? You didn't know us back then, did you?"

007 began to reminisce. "I wasn't at home then; I was working out of town. The game started in winter. I spent most of last winter rushing home. It was an incredibly tough period. I almost froze to death outside once, but luckily, a kind person took me in. At the time, I was penniless and had nothing to offer. All I could think to do was add her as a friend in my game, hoping to repay her kindness when the chance arose."

Fatty eagerly waited for the rest of the story. "And then what happened?"

007 fell silent for a few seconds. "Then she disappeared from my friend list."

Fatty also fell silent, realizing he had probably brought up a sore subject.

"Later, when I was traveling from my home area towards you all, I passed by where she lived and decided to check on her. Perhaps that winter was too cold; she couldn't endure it and burned everything she could in her house to keep warm. Her home was almost empty, except for half an uneaten steamed bun hidden under her pillow, already completely covered in mold."

The heavy rain LASHED against the windows, and the room fell into a long silence. Even Mr. Green didn't utter a word.

Fatty knew this global game was a disaster for humanity. However, he had always been with Gu Mian. Together, they had smoothly cleared instances and easily secured food and resources. Over the past year, he had almost forgotten it was a disaster.

He rubbed his hands together, unsure what to say to break the sorrowful atmosphere. He clumsily changed the subject, "Miss 007, why didn't you bring Xiao Bai today?"

Xiao Bai was the name 007 had given to the big goose.

Apparently, she had once owned a dog named Xiao Bai, so she gave the goose the same name.

The name Xiao Bai sounded somewhat similar to Xiao Hong; someone uninformed might think they were family.

"Its wound hasn't healed yet, so I left it at home to recover," 007 said, opportunely ending the previous topic.

Just then, Mr. Green, who was beside them, suddenly shouted, "It's him! The one who robbed me is here!"

Gu Mian immediately looked out the window.

The rain blurred the window, distorting the view outside.

Gu Mian barely caught a glimpse of a person in a red raincoat moving near the supermarket entrance. Mr. Green's eyes are incredible to recognize him even like this.

He didn't hesitate and immediately rushed out to grab the person.

The rain was heavy, and the water outside was already ankle-deep, making movement difficult.

The person in the red raincoat, Red Raincoat, was alone, heading towards the supermarket entrance. Suddenly, he saw someone dash out from the dilapidated house opposite, charging aggressively toward him. Before he could react, another figure, Fatty, burst out from the same broken house, flailing his arms and also rushing in his direction.

"Doctor, you don't have an umbrella!" Fatty shouted at Gu Mian ahead, holding an umbrella in one hand and waving the other.

Red Raincoat saw what looked like a long weapon in Fatty's hand, but it was too far away to see clearly.

His scalp tightened, and he turned to flee in terror.

The rain was falling so hard that it streamed down Gu Mian's forehead into his eyes. After running a few steps, his vision became blurred by the rain, and he had to wipe his eyes to see what was ahead.

Catching the person in front is going to take some effort, Gu Mian thought. With this in mind, he immediately pulled out a walkie-talkie and shouted into it, "Mom!"

Red Raincoat, while running, suddenly heard the person chasing him yelling for his mother.

Is the person chasing me a psycho? Running out in the rain calling for his mother in the middle of the street? He couldn't help but look back.

He instantly regretted looking. What he saw next almost made him jump out of his skin. An enormous, vaguely humanoid creature suddenly dropped from the sky, landing right beside Gu Mian.

Then he saw Gu Mian point at him and say, "Mom, catch him for me."

At that moment, the "mother" turned her head towards him.

Only then did Red Raincoat see her face—or rather, her lack of one. Where her face should have been, there was a piece of A4-sized white paper with the character for "Mom" written on it.

Seeing this, Red Raincoat's legs went weak, and he almost collapsed. How can I be seeing a ghost outside of an instance?

Meanwhile, the "mother" was already charging towards him.

He hastily turned back and tried desperately to escape, but the creature behind him moved too quickly, covering nearly two meters in a single stride. Soon, he felt a tight grip on the back of his neck, and then his feet left the ground. He had been caught and lifted up!

007, having just caught up, saw a man in a red raincoat—Red Raincoat—being held aloft by Gu Mian's "mother."

She had seen this "mother," summonable via walkie-talkie, before. Gu Mian sometimes called her out; this "mother" had even helped Fatty replace the window of the small shop.

At this moment, the two-meter-tall woman was speaking to Gu Mian in a reprimanding tone.

"All you do is hang out with those no-good friends of yours outside!

"Even in this downpour, you refuse to come home. Who's going to wash your soaked clothes if not me?

"You just can't go a single day without finding some trouble for me to fix, can you?"

Gu Mian was used to her nagging. After all, her description stated, "After resolving the trouble, Mom will leave in disgust."

Red Raincoat, still held by the "mother," didn't dare move, his eyes wide with terror as he stared at her.

Once Gu Mian took Red Raincoat from his "mother's" grasp, she vanished with a loud POP.

Now Red Raincoat was even more terrified. "Wha-wha-what... what is she?!"

Gu Mian had no time to explain. He pulled Red Raincoat closer and asked, "Did you rob a little green fellow before?"

The description "little green fellow" was apparently so vivid that Red Raincoat froze for a moment, then a guilty expression crossed his face. "No... I've never seen any little fellow in a green hat."

"You're lying!" Mr. Green leaped out from behind Gu Mian. "I'd recognize you even if you were burnt to ashes! Give me back my stuff!"

Chapter 752 - Green Deceives Gu Wei_1

"Bro, why hasn't Old Liu returned from the supermarket yet?" Inside the dim room, Little Saint Qi Tian anxiously watched the rain-lashed window.

The rain had covered the glass, obscuring his view of the outside, so he stood up and quickly walked to the window. His somewhat portly figure blocked half the window, making the unlit room appear even darker.

This was an apartment of about twenty-plus square meters. To the right of the entrance was the stove for cooking, and further inside stood a double bed.

A single bed certainly couldn't accommodate three people, so two makeshift beds were laid out on the floor by the window. These makeshift beds took up nearly half the room's floor space, leaving even less room to walk.

Several disordered cardboard boxes were piled next to the sleeping area, filled with their food and daily necessities.

On one box, cluttered with odds and ends, lay an electricity card purchased from the supermarket. Inserting this card into the slot by the door would supply power to the room, allowing them to turn on the lights and brighten the place.

However, the weather was growing colder, and winter would soon arrive; they needed to save electricity for then.

"It's pouring heavily outside today; it's normal for him to be delayed," said the man Little Saint Qi Tian called "Bro." He wore frameless glasses and also turned to look out the window. "Be patient and wait."

Little Saint Qi Tian, however, looked uneasy. "What if something happened to Old Liu out there? Didn't we rob that short guy a while ago? Could he have called for backup?"

Their group didn't usually rob people.

Most people moved in groups when outside, making them difficult targets. They had previously been earning game points peacefully in instances to cover their daily living expenses and hadn't actively sought trouble.

That day, it was a moment of folly; they encountered a lone, small green fellow at the supermarket entrance and, for some reason, couldn't open his player panel.

It was rare to find someone alone these days, and with his player panel inaccessible, they guessed this small fellow might have a special item to hide his panel, and perhaps other valuables too.

The thought crossed their minds. The three of them observed the small green fellow for a while, and after confirming he was indeed alone, their intentions grew stronger.

At that time, their money was nearly gone, and food was scarce. To survive, they had to enter instances to earn resources, but entering instances meant facing the threat of death.

Under the shadow of death, the three decided to go for it—rob him. If they could get enough resources from this small green fellow, they wouldn't have to risk death by entering instances.

The defenseless little man was, of course, no match for the three of them. But after being robbed, the tearful little fellow, snot-nosed and crying, hysterically threatened that he would definitely find someone to avenge him.

Since then, Little Saint Qi Tian had been restless and slept poorly, often dreaming of burly men bursting into their room to avenge the fellow.

He remained anxious for a while, but the fellow who threatened revenge never showed up. Little Saint Qi Tian gradually put the matter aside, thinking he had been worrying needlessly.

But today, with Old Liu still not back from his outing, Little Saint Qi Tian remembered his guilty deed, and a feeling of anxious restlessness surged within him.

"I said back then we should have just finished him off—done it thoroughly to avoid future trouble—but you two didn't dare. Now you're worried the little fellow will bring people for revenge," the middle-aged man in glasses said to Little Saint Qi Tian, his tone cold.

Little Saint Qi Tian pursed his lips. "It doesn't have to come to killing, does it? There's no need for that."

"That fellow was so weak and didn't seem too bright, yet he had so many special items. I don't believe he got them from instances by himself. He most likely has strong teammates. You two, with your soft hearts, didn't want to kill him, so you should have expected his backers to come looking for us..."

Before the man in glasses could finish speaking, a loud RUMBLE suddenly echoed in their ears, like a motorcycle starting up.

He froze, instinctively looking out the window. Is someone riding a motorcycle outside?

No, this sound is too close. It doesn't seem to be coming from downstairs.

Then he suddenly realized something and whipped his head towards the doorway. It's outside the door! The sound is coming from right outside the door!

The moment he realized this, the room's door CRASHED to the ground.

Splintered wood chips flew through the air—their door had been sawn open!

And the culprit stood in the doorway. The newcomer wore a white lab coat, a chainsaw in hand still BUZZING loudly.

Behind this person stood a burly Fatty, and Old Liu was held captive in the Fatty's grasp.

Then, a triumphant voice reached their ears, "I told you I'd get my revenge! Today, you'll pay!"

They looked down and saw the smug little fellow behind the man in the white lab coat—it really was him, bringing people for revenge!

The two inside were stunned for a few seconds by the WHIRRING chainsaw, then they snapped out of it, grabbed weapons from the table, retreated to a corner, and stared, pale-faced, at the people in the doorway.

Their weapons were a kitchen knife and a baseball bat, scrounged from the room for self-defense. But these weapons were clearly no match for the large chainsaw; they would likely be shattered on contact.

Gu Mian stood at the doorway, observing the people inside.

The player holding the baseball bat was nicknamed 'Renle Mountain.' He looked to be around forty and wore frameless glasses.

The player with the kitchen knife was nicknamed 'Little Saint Qi Tian.' He was slightly overweight and looked extremely nervous.

"Give me back my stuff!" Mr. Green jumped out from behind Gu Mian, extending his hand towards the two cowering in the corner.

Little Saint Qi Tian glanced at the kitchen knife in his hand, then at the massive chainsaw in the doorway. Knowing he was no match for them, he stammered, "Let's talk this over, let's talk! We'll give it back, we will..."

Just then, Renle Mountain also spoke up. "Brother, we were indeed out of our minds back then. When we encountered this... little brother here, we were at rock bottom. We had to enter an instance to get resources, but we were terrified of dying. At that moment, we saw your friend was alone, and, blinded by greed, we robbed him.

"After that, I knew I was in the wrong. I kept thinking that a day of reckoning would come, and I haven't had a moment's peace day or night. Now that you're here, I can finally get this huge weight off my chest. Qi Tian!"

Startled at being called out, Little Saint Qi Tian, who was beside him, flinched. "What is it, Brother Ren?"

"Go get all the things we took from this... little brother and give them back," Renle Mountain first said to Little Saint Qi Tian, then turned to Gu Mian at the door. "It's just that some things we sold to others, and the money was spent on food. We genuinely had nothing left to eat when we resorted to robbing someone. Brother, if you give us some time, we'll earn enough money in the future and definitely compensate you for what's missing."

Gu Mian had originally planned to saw the door open, then threaten and intimidate them until they obediently handed over the items.

Unexpectedly, before he could utter a single word, Renle Mountain had already put on quite a performance.

His persuasion skills aren't bad, actually, Gu Mian thought. First, he expresses remorse, claiming he's been too ashamed to rest easy. Then, he readily offers to return the items. Finally, he implies: 'Some things we sold, and the money's spent. If you don't kill us, you can still recover your losses from us later. If you kill us, those losses are gone for good.'

By now, Little Saint Qi Tian, trembling, had placed a cardboard box before Mr. Green. Mr. Green was rummaging through it for his belongings. Hearing Renle Mountain's words, he immediately jumped up in front of the box. "Don't act all pitiful! You're only saying these nice things because you know you can't beat us! I know your type best—full of dirty tricks! If you thought you could win, you would've attacked long ago!"

Renle Mountain's face paled. He then forced a smile at Mr. Green. "Little brother, you can't say that. Robbing you back then was truly an act of desperation. We didn't harm you out of fear of retaliation either. If we were truly vicious, we wouldn't just rob; we'd also kill..."

He stopped mid-sentence, his eyes fixed on something behind Gu Mian.

Gu Mian glanced back. It was 007, who had lagged behind, climbing the stairs with an umbrella.

At that moment, 007 also saw Renle Mountain inside the room, and his expression instantly turned cold.

"An enemy?" Gu Mian asked, looking curiously at 007's changed expression.

007 stared intently at the people in the room. "Sort of."

Chapter 753 - The Big Finale of The Green Revenge Story_1

At Mr. Green's strong insistence, Gu Mian bound Renle Mountain and Little Saint Qi Tian, together with Red Raincoat, with ropes and dragged them back to the apartment.

Renle Mountain and Little Saint Qi Tian had tried to resist when they were subdued, but they eventually surrendered under the intimidating power of Gu Mian's chainsaw.

After all, a chainsaw is a blind tool. It's a common occurrence for it to saw off a resisting arm or leg.

The main issue was that 007 seemed to have a score to settle with Renle Mountain.

The age difference between the two could accommodate an entire Fatty. With such a large age difference, they shouldn't have intersected at all. Gu Mian speculated that Renle Mountain might have some connection to 007's parents, so he decided to tie him up and let 007 interrogate him thoroughly.

Soon, Gu Mian was dragging the three bound individuals back to the apartment.

Fatty considerably covered all three captives' heads with black plastic bags, making two holes in the back of each for them to breathe, to prevent them from finding out where they lived.

"I remember there's a dilapidated room without windows on the far left of the first floor, used for storage. Fatty, throw them in there and lock it," Gu Mian said, tossing the three onto the first-floor landing. He then instructed, "Find a few more ropes in that room and tie them up even more securely. Don't let anyone escape. When you come out, use a large padlock to lock the door."

Fatty patted his half-soaked chest. "Leave it to me, Doctor. You can rest assured."

"Sir, please let us go... We swear we will never engage in illegal activities again! Please, let us go!" Little Saint Qi Tian, still on the ground, tried to struggle, begging Gu Mian for release.

By this point, Fatty had already begun dragging them towards the storage room on the left, and Little Saint Qi Tian's voice gradually faded into the distance.

Only then did Gu Mian turn his attention to 007, who had been following him all along. "Is your feud with that Renle Mountain severe?"

That man doesn't look easy to deal with; his slick talking could easily manipulate anyone.

007's gaze passed Gu Mian and landed on Fatty's departing figure. "He has some connections with my parents. I wouldn't say it's a feud, exactly, but he certainly hasn't done anything good."

She turned her gaze back to Gu Mian. "I told you before about our family's bankruptcy, didn't I? We used to be his creditors, but after the bankruptcy, he became ours.

"The details of what happened in between aren't worth mentioning. A while ago, I finally managed to find my way back home, but it was too late. After many inquiries, I finally found an acquaintance who told me Renle Mountain was the last person to see my parents.

"I wanted to find him to clarify some things, but by then, Renle Mountain had already left that city. I couldn't find him. I never expected to run into him here."

After pausing for a few seconds, 007 thanked Gu Mian. "Thank you."

She knew Gu Mian had no real obligation to bring Renle Mountain and the others back; he had done it to make it easier for her to question them.

"Doctor!" Fatty interrupted, having locked the captives in the storage room. He came jogging back, water dripping from his soaked clothes, leaving a trail on the floor. "The storage room only has one door lock, which isn't reliable. I'll go to our room, find some tools, and hammer a couple of large iron hooks into the wall and door. Then I'll fasten an iron chain. That way, they definitely won't be able to escape."

No sooner said than done, Fatty turned and headed upstairs to find the large iron hooks and a hammer. Before leaving, he kindly handed the storage room key to 007, assuring her, "I tied them up really tight, so rest assured!"

At this point, Gu Mian noticed Mr. Green, who was holding a cardboard box, trying to sneak away. He stepped forward and grabbed Mr. Green's turban.

Mr. Green cherished his green turban and, terrified Gu Mian might ruin it, froze on the spot, not daring to move.

Gu Mian reached out and took the mobile phone that was sitting on top of the items in the box.

This must be the phone Mr. Green used to communicate with the NPCs inside the instance. It looked unremarkable and didn't even have a keypad or screen that could be opened. The intruders probably thought it was a regular phone, so they left it in the box without selling it.

The booklet with the NPC contact information is in my room, Gu Mian thought as he walked towards the stairs.

Mr. Green trailed behind him, furious but unable to speak, torn between wanting to lambast Gu Mian for bullying the weak and fearing that Gu Mian would continue his bullying and take away everything else he had left.

Gu Mian quickly returned to his room and found the small booklet containing the NPC contact information.

As soon as he opened it, the first thing that caught his eye was: "Fixed the BUG where player clothing would be eliminated during gameplay."

Oh, right, this is the booklet I snatched from that game programmer. The first few pages are all bug fix records for the minigame.

Gu Mian quickly flipped through the pages and soon found the one with the contact details.

[Game City Rabbit Puppet 18889656]

[Game City Gold Store Manager 18882321]

[Carnival Wharf Recruitment: Jisan 18887250]

Zhao Tiankuo only gave these three contacts. It's been a while since he worked at the Carnival Wharf. I wonder if these NPCs have changed their numbers? Gu Mian mused.

He didn't immediately call any of the numbers; he needed to prepare first.

Phone calls aren't face-to-face interactions. I can't just put the Saw on their shoulder to force them to provide information. It's better to create a fake identity before calling these NPCs. If I called and my first words were, "Hello, this is Gu Mian," they'd probably hang up immediately, turn off their phone, and smash it.

Making up lies is a job for Chu Changge, Gu Mian thought, looking around. He couldn't see Chu Changge anywhere, only Fatty, who was bent over, rummaging for a hammer.

"Fatty, did you see Chu Changge when you came back up?" Gu Mian inquired.

Only then did Fatty straighten up. "When I came up, Brother Chu wasn't in the room. Did he go outside?"

It was still pouring rain outside. A flash of lightning suddenly lit up the sky, dazzling Fatty's eyes.

"That can't be right. With such heavy rain, how desperate would Brother Chu have to be to go wandering outside? I guess he might have gone to find someone else in the building. Otherwise, Doctor, you could ask Miss Xiao Qiao and the others if they've seen Brother Chu," Fatty said, then bent over again, continuing his search for tools.

No need to go through all that trouble. I have Chu Changge as a friend; I can just message him directly, Gu Mian thought.

Just as he opened his friends panel, he heard footsteps at the doorway.

Turning his head, he saw Chu Changge standing there, holding a dripping umbrella. His clothes were also slightly damp; he looked like he had just returned from outside.

Fatty, who had just found his tools, also straightened up and looked towards the entrance, asking in surprise, "Brother Chu, where did you go in such heavy rain?"

Chu Changge walked in, patting his clothes. "I went to follow Xie Bi'an."

Just like Chu Changge, announcing he'd been following someone with a completely straight face, as if he were merely commenting on the weather.

Gu Mian knew Chu Changge had always disliked Xie Bi'an, but he hadn't expected him to go as far as following him. Come to think of it, Chu Changge had indeed been elusive lately. He must have been following Xie Bi'an all along.

Speaking of Xie Bi'an, he's also from Paradise. If we have to enter Paradise World, he should be familiar with the way.

Chapter 754 - Fortune-Teller Pulls Out a Toy Bear _1

For the past few days, Chu Changge had been kept busy by Gu Mian and Fatty, preventing him from continuing to track Xie Bi'an.

Mr. Green was also summoned by Gu Mian to create fake identities for communicating with NPCs. Despite being extremely unwilling, Mr. Green agreed, fearing Gu Mian would confiscate his special items in anger. Thus, he had to swallow his pride and help create the fake identities.

"I'm not from that Paradise World, and I really don't know much about it. I've only heard that the people there aren't quite normal. Most of them are unaware of other worlds existing and are solely focused on their internal class divisions and organizing entertainment activities," Mr. Green said. He clearly disdained the people of Paradise World, his tone dripping with contempt whenever he mentioned it.

Gu Mian looked at the three contact methods listed in the small booklet. "In Paradise World, the distinction between Upper Class People and Lower Class People is very clear. Lower Class People have an extremely low social status, almost like livestock being farmed; they certainly wouldn't possess communication tools."

"These contact methods must belong to Upper Class People, and they aren't easy to communicate with."

Gu Mian then recalled the Upper Class People he had encountered in Paradise World. Their personalities were even uglier than Xiao Hong's face.

As he thought this, he glanced at Xiao Hong, who was sitting quietly nearby, drinking soda. Xiao Hong noticed Gu Mian's gaze, turned her repulsive face towards him, and offered a chilling smile.

Gu Mian silently averted his gaze, not looking at her further.

However, not all Upper Class People were deviants; Lu Yi was an exception. He behaved quite normally and had really hit it off with Gu Mian.

After leaving the Circus Dungeon, he hadn't seen Lu Yi again and wondered how he was doing now.

With the Carnival's audience section having been bombed, Lu Yi would definitely be investigated. Gu Mian wondered how he would clear his name.

"These three contacts might not all belong to Upper Class People. The people in that world are all abnormal. I heard the organizers deploy some normal people from other worlds to act as NPCs. NPCs in crucial areas, like the wharf near the station, should be normal people," Mr. Green said uncertainly. "But that's just hearsay; I can't be sure."

That made sense. The Upper Class People in Paradise World weren't exactly obedient. They only did what they enjoyed, and expecting them to dutifully fulfill their roles in an instance was practically a fantasy.

Take someone like Teacher Slaughter, the host of his show; he wasn't fulfilling any duties for an instance. He didn't even know his Slaughter game show **was** an instance; he was simply reveling in it.

According to Mr. Green, Jisan, who was in charge of recruitment at the Carnival Wharf, should be a normal person. And his place was a recruitment office, so calling to inquire about work at the wharf would be perfectly reasonable, right?

Chu Changge, who was nearby, pushed up his glasses. "We can pretend to be Gu Mian's victims—poor, homeless NPCs whose instance collapsed—and inquire about work at the Carnival Wharf."

Upon hearing the phrase "poor, homeless NPCs whose instance collapsed," Mr. Green's expression visibly twisted. Clearly, the remark had struck a nerve.

"That's easy! The Doctor has destroyed quite a few instances before. We can just pick one of those destroyed instances and pretend to be NPCs from it," Fatty chimed in, slapping his thigh.

After careful consideration, they chose the instance called "The Marvelous Adventure of the Food Processing Factory." This instance had collapsed recently, and the Food Processing Factory had many NPC employees. It stood to reason that many of them would be unemployed and looking for work.

The problem was their limited knowledge of this Food Processing Factory. If questioned about details, they would likely blow their cover.

Gu Mian had entered the Food Processing Factory through an instance called "One-Man Hide and Seek." He hadn't been inside for long before the Fortune-teller bombed the building.

That's right! The Fortune-teller had spent a long time in the Food Processing Factory; she would know more about it.

So, Gu Mian went to get the Fortune-teller.

"You want me to pretend to be an NPC harmed by Gu Mian and call other NPCs to ask for a job?" Gu Mian had given her a lot of information at once, and the Fortune-teller was struggling to process it all.

"When the time comes, turn on speakerphone. Chu Changge will be beside you with a whiteboard to prompt you on what to say," Gu Mian told the Fortune-teller.

The Fortune-teller hesitated for a few seconds. "Alright... I'll do my best not to blow our cover."

Before making the call, Chu Changge specifically went over several potential questions the person on the other end might ask the Fortune-teller, coaching her on how to respond.

The Fortune-teller was a little nervous. "This feels just like a real job interview."

After calming her nerves, she picked up Mr. Green's mobile phone and dialed the contact number Gu Mian had provided.

"Carnival Wharf Recruitment... 1-8-8-8-7-2-5-0..." The Fortune-teller double-checked each digit as she pressed it, afraid of making a mistake. Only after confirming the number was correct did she press the call button.

This phone was similar to ones she had used before, so she didn't need Mr. Green to show her how to operate it.

RING... RING... RING...

The phone just kept ringing, but no one answered.

After waiting for about a minute with no answer, the Fortune-teller redialed the number as Gu Mian had instructed.

This time, after about ten seconds of ringing, the call was picked up.

As soon as the call connected, a cacophony of sounds came from the other end. It sounded like some heavy object was being dragged across the floor, emitting a harsh, scraping noise.

Besides the scraping, there were also the faint, distant voices of people talking animatedly, though they were too far away to make out clearly.

Then, a loud voice boomed from the other end, "Lift it! Lift it up! Don't drag it on the ground! You'll wreck my floorboards!"

Another voice chimed in, "This steel bar is huge! How am I supposed to lift it by myself? Our wharf really needs to hire more people. There are still a dozen more of these steel bars waiting to be moved for the stage construction."

The first loud voice spoke again, "Hang on, hang on! I'll come help you carry that as soon as I'm done with this call..."

Clearly, this preceding conversation wasn't meant for Gu Mian and his group.

"Hello, who's this?" the person on the other end finally addressed them.

"Ah, yes, I... I wanted to ask if your wharf is still hiring? I'm from the Food Processing Factory. I recently lost my job and was thinking of finding work at your place," the Fortune-teller stammered, her eyes flicking to the notes detailing her fabricated identity.

"Good timing! We're actually short-handed right now. That bunch of Upper Class People are planning some kind of talent show, and we're building the stage. A ton of materials are coming through our wharf, and we just don't have enough manpower. Stuff's been piling up for days! By the way, which Food Processing Factory are you from? Is it near us?"

It seemed the person on the other end thought the Fortune-teller was an NPC from Paradise World. They even mentioned the Upper Class People planning a talent show.

So, since they couldn't host the Slaughter Game or the Carnival anymore, the Upper Class People had come up with a new idea.

The Fortune-teller replied, following the prompts on Chu Changge's board, "I'm not from your Paradise World. I was an employee at the Food Processing Factory—the one Gu Mian bombed. We really couldn't find any work here, so we had no choice but to call you."

As she said this, the Fortune-teller's voice trembled almost imperceptibly. After all, she too had played a part in bombing the Food Processing Factory.

Back then, Gu Mian had brought along a ghost that resembled a teddy bear. At the time, she had mistaken it for a special item with a perpetually gloomy face. Seeing it try to escape, she had even stepped forward to help Gu Mian by pinning it down with her foot.

Later, Gu Mian told her that the thing she had stepped on was a ghost. For several nights afterward, the Fortune-teller had nightmares, repeatedly dreaming that she would open her eyes to find that gloomy-faced teddy bear sleeping right beside her.

Chapter 755 Camel Cotton_1

The voices on the other end of the call paused when they heard the Fortune-teller, but the grating sound of something being dragged across the floor in the background didn't stop.

Half a second later, that loud voice started again, "Didn't I tell you not to drag it? My floor is all scratched up! I'll help you lift it in a bit!"

The dragging sound stopped as soon as he finished speaking.

It was clear that he was very protective of his floor.

Then, the voice from the phone continued, "Not from our Paradise World? Well, that's difficult. Didn't the train that travels between the various worlds break down completely a while ago? I heard the train conductor wanted to send it to the factory for repairs, but it seems irreparable. Now there's no passage between our worlds..."

As he was speaking, someone on his end called out to him, "When are you going to finish that call? Those Upper Class People outside are raising hell, and there's still a ton to move."

"I'm trying to recruit, can't you see? Let them shout. Those Upper Class People can only make a scene outside anyway. We're not Lower Class People for them to enslave as they please."

After speaking to the person on his end, he turned back to the Fortune-teller and continued, "We are indeed short-staffed here, but with the train broken, people from other worlds can't get to Paradise anyway. Do you know anyone at the food processing plant here in Paradise World? If they're looking for part-time work, you can have them come to me. The more, the merrier."

The Fortune-teller was just a fraud; she didn't know anyone in a food processing plant. Thankfully, Chu Changge had promptly written a script on the cue card.

Reading from the cue card, the Fortune-teller replied, "I don't know anyone there. A large group of us have lost our jobs because of Gu Mian. Isn't there any other way to get from our world to Paradise World? Do we really have to wait for the train to be repaired?"

"It's beyond repair. I heard they're getting a new train. You definitely won't be able to come here to work before the new one is operational." He paused abruptly, then continued, "No, wait. If you want to come here, it's not entirely impossible."

"What way?" the Fortune-teller pressed.

"You can use a Dungeon Entry Ticket for Paradise World to enter directly. Those were originally made for players, but we can use them too. Once inside, find a high-ranking NPC, explain your situation, and they can issue you a visa to stay. But ever since the Slaughter Game collapsed, the higher-ups in Paradise World began recalling their own world's Dungeon Entry Tickets. So, there probably aren't many tickets scattered around out there anymore."

Gu Mian knew this method; he had previously used the Clown Mask to enter the Circus Dungeon.

But, as the man said, most of the Dungeon Entry Tickets for Paradise World had been recalled by the higher-ups. The Clown Mask was something they had found with great difficulty in a garbage dump instance. They had found a pile of them, but only two were usable.

These Dungeon Entry Tickets really were hard to find.

"Or, if certain special conditions are met, you might be pulled into a special instance in our world. I heard that in another world, there's a special instance related to delivering packages. If someone delivers ninety-nine packages, they get pulled into that instance. However, this rule seems to apply only to players. With the current chaos in the outside world, who's still delivering packages? I hear no one has ever met the conditions to enter that instance..."

While that person was talking, an impatient voice in the background called out again, "Old Xu, are you done with your call? Hurry up and help me move this steel bar! There's a whole pile more waiting."

"Okay, okay, I'm coming!" Old Xu replied. He turned back to the Fortune-teller and added, "Ask your friends, or whoever, if they have any Dungeon Entry Tickets for our world. I can't talk anymore; I have to go help."

With that, he hurriedly hung up, leaving only a dial tone.

Gu Mian looked at the note in his booklet: [Carnival Wharf Recruitment Office, Jisan].

This person changed his name? He's not Jisan anymore, but Old Xu?

Fatty, standing nearby, was a bit puzzled but quickly understood. "A recruitment office is still an office job. It's normal for different people to be on duty."

Then he continued, "Doctor, getting a Dungeon Entry Ticket for Paradise World won't be easy for us. But we can try what he said about meeting specific conditions to enter a special instance. We do weird things from time to time; maybe we'll get lucky and accidentally trigger entry into a Paradise World instance."

"Remember when I mentioned 'Metamorphosis'? Then our whole group got pulled into the Metamorphosis instance. That must have been because we met the entry conditions for the Metamorphosis instance."

As Fatty spoke, he tilted his head back and shouted at the ceiling three times, "I want to enter a Paradise instance!"

The Fortune-teller beside him stared, dumbfounded, afraid Fatty's 'curse' would actually work and a special instance would appear and drag her in too.

The room was silent for a few seconds; no notification panel appeared before them.

"Huh," Fatty scratched his head. "Looks like that doesn't work."

"Didn't that man mention a special delivery instance? You could try delivering packages. At least it's a special instance, so it's bound to be higher-level than the instances you get matched with at the ticket booths," the Fortune-teller suggested. She really didn't want them experimenting with the conditions for entering a special instance in the apartment.

She was afraid that Gu Mian and the others would drag her into a special instance while she was still asleep.

"That delivery instance does sound high-level. But where would we find packages to deliver now? And we'd have to gather ninety-nine of them..." Fatty trailed off, then, after a few seconds of hesitation, said, "Speaking of which, Doctor, do you remember what happened right after we cleared our first instance? On the way back, we ran into a delivery van."

Gu Mian certainly remembered. They had even looted that delivery van. One of the packages was addressed to: 'Lianhua Hospital, underground morgue. Enter, turn left. Seventh tier, ninth freezer from the left.'

The item to be delivered was a cotton quilt, which had left a deep impression on him.

Perhaps some corpse felt cold and had therefore ordered this quilt online.

Recalling it now, the delivery address was truly absurd. Could this be the key to unlocking that delivery instance?

Since they had no other leads at the moment, Gu Mian stood up. "Let's go see if that delivery van is still there."

"Doctor, I think that's a long shot," Fatty also scrambled to his feet. "We looted that van the moment we found it. Anyone else who saw it would have done the same. It's been so long; I bet that van has been picked clean by different people countless times. There's probably not even a scrap left."

"We'll go take a look first," Gu Mian said, starting to walk out.

If that delivery van was really connected to a special instance, it couldn't have completely disappeared. At the very least, a wheel should be left for them to examine.

Seeing Gu Mian start to leave, the Fortune-teller quickly stood up. "There are still two phone numbers we haven't called. Aren't you going to dial them?"

The remaining two were NPCs from Game City: one named Bunny Doll and the other Manager Jin. Neither of them worked for a recruitment office; calling them unexpectedly would likely arouse their suspicion.

Gu Mian waved his hand. "Later. Let's find the delivery van first."

Fatty trotted after Gu Mian. "Doctor, I still remember the place! There was that time you drove the Spirit Car and shoved all the cars in that area aside. I saw the delivery van then. You'd crushed it against a small cargo truck..."

When Gu Mian found the delivery van, it was indeed completely flattened.

It was sandwiched between a small cargo truck and a sedan. Gu Mian searched for a long time before finding this little metal disc squashed between the two vehicles.

Its cargo compartment, meant for holding packages, had burst open and was crushed out of shape.

Afraid Gu Mian might cut his hands while pulling at the wreckage, Fatty took two pairs of gloves from his pocket. "Good thing I came prepared! Doctor, let's each wear a pair so we don't scratch our hands."

"Brother Chu, you just watch from the side. The Doctor and I can do the pulling," Fatty said, thoughtfully instructing Chu Changge as he put on his gloves.

Just as he finished putting on his gloves, he saw Gu Mian suddenly pull out a walkie-talkie and shout, "Mom!"

Chapter 756 Mr. Cao's adventures in Bird Thief Logistics_1

Having a two-meter-tall mother was great. With just a couple of slaps, she sent nearby cars flying and dragged out the flattened delivery vehicle. Before leaving, she scolded Gu Mian with grave concern.

"All you do is bring rubbish home all day long. No matter how much you clean, it never ends."

"If you bring any more junk home, I'll throw you out along with it."

After saying these words, she left with a look of disgust.

This mother is just too unintelligent, Gu Mian thought. He hadn't been bringing home any garbage. Recently, he had only brought home Mr. Green and three men who tried to rob Mr. Green. Could it be that these four were considered trash? It seems I'll have to find time to ask about instances related to the exam and see if I can upgrade Mother. Maybe she'll become a bit smarter.

Fatty was now squatting down to look at the "vehicle pancake" Mom had tossed on the ground.

It was a three-wheeled electric vehicle. The part behind the cab had been completely crushed out of shape, and the rear delivery compartment had become a tightly pressed mass.

But the colorful paint on the outside of the delivery compartment hadn't been completely scraped off, so one could vaguely make out the words on it.

"Bird Thief Logistics... your peerless choice..." Fatty struggled to decipher the blurred words on the compartment. "What company is Bird Thief Logistics? How come I've never heard of it?"

Gu Mian's voice came from the side, "It should be Squid Logistics."

"Ah, yes, you're right. My bad, it's Squid Logistics. I misread it," Fatty said, scratching his head as he looked at the wrecked compartment. "But I've also never heard of Squid Logistics. I've made deliveries part-time before, and I've never come across this company. Have you, Doctor?"

Of course, I've heard of it. In fact, I only recently heard about it.

"Squid Logistics..." Chu Changge said from the side, "We encountered it in the last instance."

The delivery note they snatched from Wang Napao belonged to Squid Logistics. After they used the delivery note, it disappeared on its own.

Squid Logistics was a company from an instance. This delivery vehicle, belonging to Squid Logistics, had been placed here at the very beginning of the global instance.

Fatty's mouth fell open in surprise. "Are you referring to the instance with the online dating on our phones? Ah, so Squid Logistics is a logistics company from within an instance! That explains why I've never seen it before."

"Since Squid Logistics is a company from an instance, there's a good chance this vehicle is the Key to a special instance. But now that it's flattened... I'm not sure if we can still use it."

Moreover, this vehicle had previously been ransacked by Gu Mian, so there wasn't much cargo left.

"Let's pry this compartment open and see." Gu Mian also squatted down and started working on the flattened compartment. "Let's peel back the outer layer of the compartment and see if anything was left inside."

Fatty hurriedly put on the gloves he had just taken off. "But... Doctor, even if something was left inside, wouldn't it be all flattened? I know for a fact that if I receive a flattened package, I'd get mad and return it."

"It's fine," Gu Mian said, struggling to separate the two walls of the compartment that were pressed together. "We can just say the package was flat when we received it, and it isn't our fault. As long as we reason with them, the customer won't give us a hard time."

As he spoke, he gave a sudden hard pull, lifting a metal plate. The items trapped between the plates were now visible.

Fatty silently looked at the objects revealed under the metal plate. "It looks like we don't have to deliver ninety-nine packages after all..."

There was almost nothing left inside the flat compartment, only a pillow-sized delivery bag.

Gu Mian picked up the delivery bag and shook it—the items inside were long gone.

Luckily, the delivery bag was still mostly intact, and the recipient's address label on it was still there. Gu Mian looked at the address on this package and, to his surprise, it was the one he had privately mocked before: "Lianhua Hospital, underground morgue, turn left at the entrance, seventh tier, ninth body storage cabinet from the left."

Gu Mian had opened this package before; it had contained a vacuum-packed quilt.

At the time, they only needed food, so they had put the package aside.

Later, when the global cooling occurred, someone else must have come along and taken the quilt for warmth.

The cardboard delivery box could also be burned for warmth. People had stripped this delivery vehicle bare, leaving only this empty delivery bag. If Gu Mian hadn't accidentally crushed the delivery compartment while driving the Spirit Car, this bag would probably have been taken as well.

"Doctor, I remember you work at this hospital. You must know your way around the morgue, right?" Fatty moved closer, studying the address on the delivery slip.

"I do know where the morgue is. But isn't it a bit inappropriate to go with just an empty delivery bag?" Regardless, this is the only address I have right now. Gu Mian decided to try delivering to this corpse first.

He would deliver one first to test the waters and figure out what to do with the remaining ninety-eight packages later.

Since the quilt from the bag was missing, Gu Mian returned to his apartment and, under Fatty's aggrieved gaze, took Fatty's quilt.

Considering the recipient didn't seem like a normal person, he didn't bring Fatty and Chu Changge along. Instead, he only took Xiao Hong to help him carry the quilt.

Xiao Hong, thinking Gu Mian was taking her out to play, merrily followed behind him, carrying the quilt.

Fatty stood at the apartment window, watching Gu Mian and Xiao Hong recede into the distance. "Is it really okay to let Doctor go alone? What if the corpse refuses the delivery, and Doctor flies into a rage and tries to saw them up? If we're not there, there'll be no one to stop him."

Chu Changge only gave him a glance and said nothing.

Fatty was used to Chu Changge's silence. Without waiting for Chu Changge to interject, Fatty began to quietly pray by the window, "I hope Doctor's delivery goes smoothly this time."

Gu Mian and Xiao Hong quickly arrived at the hospital entrance.

Xiao Hong originally thought Gu Mian was taking her somewhere nice. Upon seeing the hospital, she immediately became disappointed, her mouth turning down, making her already unattractive face seem more twisted.

"Let's go," Gu Mian said to Xiao Hong behind him, then headed into the hospital.

He had worked in this hospital for a considerable time when the global game started, so he naturally knew where the underground morgue was.

But after the game started, the underground morgue must have lost power. The corpses inside have probably all rotted by now.

Gu Mian soon went down the stairs to the second basement level, where their morgue was located.

The entrance to the morgue was a heavy iron door, usually locked. There were no signs on the door, so from the outside, one couldn't tell it was a morgue. To the side, there was a small room where the person on duty could sleep.

Now, this heavy iron door was ajar. Gu Mian guessed that after the global game started, someone trying to loot the place had smashed the lock open.

Gu Mian entered the room with Xiao Hong. The first thing he saw were rows upon rows of large refrigerated cabinets for storing corpses.

The room was surprisingly tidy, showing no signs of having been ransacked.

Presumably, whoever came to loot the place must have been dumbfounded upon seeing rows of body-storage cabinets and fled in terror.

He recalled the address: "Lianhua Hospital, underground morgue, turn left at the entrance, seventh tier, ninth corpse refrigerator from the left."

Gu Mian, keeping the address in mind, looked to his left as soon as he entered. There was a wall of refrigerated cabinets stretching almost to the ceiling.

He counted upwards to the seventh tier, then from left to right to the ninth cabinet, locating the one matching the delivery address.

This particular cabinet was tightly closed. It was impossible to tell if the occupant was male or female, human or ghost.

"Xiao Hong, pass me the quilt," Gu Mian said to Xiao Hong behind him.

Xiao Hong, her face gloomy, handed over the quilt. She didn't think this place was fun at all.

Gu Mian held the quilt in one arm and, with his other hand, righted a ladder that had fallen in the corner—the seventh tier was quite high up, so he needed the ladder to reach it.

He quickly climbed the ladder to the designated cabinet. It looked no different from the others around it; from the outside, there was no way to tell what the recipient inside looked like.

However, a label on the cabinet door displayed the occupant's information:

Name: Cao Zhenleng

Gender: Male

Age: 21

What an apt name.

Adhering to the professional ethics of a delivery courier, Gu Mian coughed twice in front of this cabinet, then knocked on its door. "Mr. Cao, your delivery has arrived."

Chapter 757 When Will the Fifteen Old Hens from the Neighbour's House Stop Crowing _1

There was no response from within.

After repeatedly confirming the delivery address and making sure he hadn't knocked on the wrong door, Gu Mian knocked on the mortuary cabinet in front of him again. "Mr. Cao, your delivery has arrived."

Xiao Hong, who was below steadying the ladder, looked up with a puzzled expression, not understanding why Gu Mian was talking to a massive metal drawer.

The person inside still didn't open the door.

Could he have frozen to death?

Left with no other choice, Gu Mian reached out to pull open the mortuary cabinet, considerably reminding the person inside, "Mr. Cao, I'm going to open the door to deliver your package."

With that, Gu Mian pulled the mortuary cabinet in front of him open a crack.

He bent down, intending to glimpse what the client inside looked like, but before he could get a good look, a pale arm stretched out and yanked the cotton quilt from Gu Mian's shoulder into the opening.

The gap was then slammed shut with a BANG by the person inside. Then, a voice came from within: "Why did it take so long? I almost froze to death in here... Never mind, your job as a deliveryman isn't easy. I'll reluctantly give you a good rating."

With that, the mortuary cabinet suddenly opened a crack again, and a rating sheet flew out, landing in Gu Mian's hand. He glanced down at the sheet and saw it was similar to one he had encountered in a previous instance. This Mr. Cao Zhenleng, quite understandingly, had given him a five-star rating.

Just as Gu Mian was about to pull open the mortuary cabinet to see the true face of Mr. Cao Zhenleng, a semi-transparent panel suddenly materialized before him.

This game panel appeared in a way similar to the triggering of a special instance. Gu Mian initially thought he had triggered a special instance, only to realize he was wrong—

[Congratulations, you have triggered the prerequisite quest exclusive to the 'Postman' career instance!]

Gu Mian got excited reading the first half of the sentence, thinking he had triggered another career instance. However, it turned out to be just the prerequisite quest for the career instance.

This career instance is quite complicated; it even includes quests!

Gu Mian thought as he looked down.

[Successfully deliver the ninety-nine parcels on the list and collect ninety-nine five-star rating sheets to obtain the exclusive item for entering the 'Postman' career instance.]

Following this was a long list of parcels.

The first line was Cao Zhenleng's quilt delivery. This line was marked "Completed," with ninety-eight more to go.

At a cursory glance, Gu Mian saw many bizarre items, including "Aged Graveyard Soil" and "Fifteen old hens from the neighbor's house."

Of course, I need to personally source these items. This isn't just delivery; it includes sourcing the products too!

Many of the addresses on the list were unheard of to Gu Mian, such as "BUG Road No.10087678," "Five Big Ghosts Mountain," and "Shangdiao Waibozi Street."

There can't possibly be such places in the real world. Gu Mian suspected that these strange delivery addresses were all within instances.

This Postman career instance is quite harsh. After delivering ninety-nine parcels in various worlds, I still can't immediately get the career. Instead, I have to enter an instance to complete the career quests. If I fail, all that previous work would be in vain.

However, not all the parcels listed were weird; there were also many normal ones.

After reading, Gu Mian closed the page. The list automatically saved to his quest panel and would be visible when he opened the game's quest panel again.

Speaking of which, the game's quest panel had always been empty. I initially thought it was just for show; I didn't expect it to be useful today!

After closing the game panel, Gu Mian looked at the mortuary cabinet where Cao Zhenleng was supposedly residing.

My main goal right now is to head to Paradise World; this delivery quest is just something to do along the way. I wonder if this Cao Zhenleng in the mortuary cabinet is an NPC or something else? Maybe I can get some clues about Paradise World from him.

With this thought, Gu Mian politely reached out and knocked on the mortuary cabinet. "Mr. Cao, can you come out for a bit? There's something I'd like to talk to you about."

Gu Mian waited for a few seconds, but there was no reaction from the cabinet.

"Mr. Cao, I'm opening the door now." Seeing no movement inside, the polite Gu Mian directly started pulling the mortuary cabinet out.

The cabinet was pulled open effortlessly, but it was completely empty – no trace of any ghostly figure, and the quilt that had been pulled in earlier was also missing.

Looking at the empty cabinet, I guess this Cao Zhenleng must be a piece of data placed here by the game. Once the delivery was received, it completed its task and disappeared.

They wouldn't really make a living NPC wait inside a mortuary cabinet all the time, right?

「Later that day」

Fatty waited anxiously at home, not seeing Gu Mian return until dusk.

"The Doctor is back!" Seeing Gu Mian return, Fatty immediately circled him twice before asking, "Doctor, did you find the mortuary cabinet?"

Gu Mian explained the situation to Fatty and Chu Changge. He also brought out the list for them to browse.

Fatty said in amazement, "It's actually a career instance! The guy on the phone unintentionally gave us a clue to such an important instance. But delivering ninety-nine parcels would be quite tough, right? And this quest only provides you, Doctor, with a list—you have to source the parcel items yourself."

Exactly. Just dealing with the aged graveyard soil alone would be a hassle. Gu Mian decided to put this delivery quest on hold for now and focus on matters regarding Paradise World.

The person on the phone had mentioned that Paradise is preparing to set up a big stage for some kind of talent show. If I can get there in time, I might even be able to participate!

Fatty was fiddling with his camera nearby. It was a special item, [Weird Camera], capable of photographing invisible ghosts, but only once a day.

When Gu Mian had shown the parcel list earlier, Fatty had used the camera to take a picture of it for easier review.

Since there weren't many ghosts to photograph in the real world, Fatty had been using it to document daily life when he was outside.

"Doctor, I see a few relatively simple ones on the list," Fatty said, seriously analyzing the photographed list. "For example, this one is to deliver mosquito coils to the nearest ticket booth. That one's simple."

Some delivery locations on the list weren't fixed, such as "the second closest public toilet to oneself" or "to the left of the first tree you see after opening your eyes from walking straight with them closed for ten minutes. If there's no tree, close your eyes and walk straight for another ten minutes." These locations are truly bizarre!

"Anyway, Doctor, since you don't have any clues about Paradise right now, why not deliver these few simple ones first?" Fatty said earnestly. "Who knows, we might even pick up some clues from the ticket seller."

"And it just so happens we have mosquito coils at home!" Fatty was a man of action. He quickly ran to his bedside table and rummaged out two boxes of mosquito coils.

These had been bought a while ago when the weather was hot and mosquitoes were plentiful. Their apartment was on a lower floor, so many mosquitoes would fly in whenever they opened or closed the door.

Fatty had bought a large box of mosquito coils to use and had even distributed some to others in the building.

However, because Xiao Hong was always running around in the room and would accidentally step on and break the mosquito coils, Fatty had switched to using plug-in electric mosquito repellents. The few remaining boxes of mosquito coils had been left unused and could now be delivered as parcels.

Chapter 758 Happy Mid-Autumn Festival to everyone!_1

Ticket Seller No.10076 had always felt that his luck wasn't too great.

When the global game first started, he had grand ambitions when he first logged onto Earth. He wanted to be the best-selling ticket seller in the area.

However, this dream was cruelly shattered.

It was all because his ticket booth was the closest to Gu Mian's home.

Gu Mian entered and destroyed countless instances through his ticket booth, which led to a continuous drop in his performance, always ranking at the bottom. Every time he faced his other colleagues, he couldn't help but feel ashamed.

Apart from shame, he was always anxious and fearful. Every time a player stepped into the ticket hall, his heart thumped, afraid that the person coming might be Gu Mian.

Luckily, Gu Mian had just destroyed an instance a few days ago. Based on past patterns, he should rest for ten days to half a month before entering another instance. So, during this time, Ticket Seller No.10076 was quite relaxed, free from daily worries.

Today, he was happily waiting in the ticket booth for players who wanted to enter an instance.

Suddenly, footsteps came from outside the door, sounding like a player was about to enter.

Ticket Seller No.10076 immediately curved his lips into a warm smile for the incoming person.

Ordinary players were always terrified when entering instances, fearing they would never return. He was in a good mood today and decided to encourage these anxious players with a smile.

But when he eagerly looked towards the entrance of the ticket booth, his smile froze on his face.

Gu Mian had arrived.

He had come to wreak havoc on the instances again.

And he brought his sidekick—a chubby Fatty whose belly jiggled when he ran.

Ticket Seller No.10076 barely managed to maintain his expression. His once warm and enthusiastic smile had frozen, and the corners of his mouth only just managed to maintain a fake smile.

Watching Gu Mian head straight for him after entering, his face twitched involuntarily. He was already prepared to get Gu Mian's instance ticket.

At this point, Gu Mian had already walked up to the ticket window. Just as the distressed Ticket Seller No.10076 opened the drawer to issue the ticket, the unexpected visitor slapped a box of mosquito coils on the counter and then, staring at the badge on his uniform, said, "Ticket Seller No.10076, your express delivery has arrived."

Hearing Gu Mian address him formally, Ticket Seller No.10076's scalp tingled and his hairs stood on end.

Then he realized with a start, "Express delivery? What express delivery?"

He hadn't recently ordered anything from the supermarket, and even if he had, Gu Mian couldn't be delivering it. Which supermarket would dare to hire him as a delivery person?

Gu Mian guessed that the ticket seller in front of him had no idea about his role in the delivery task. After all, there were many non-fixed receiving points among the ninety-nine deliveries, and the receiving address for this box of mosquito coils was "the nearest ticket booth."

If I were elsewhere, the receiving point wouldn't be here but some other ticket booth.

So it was perfectly logical for this ticket seller not to know about the delivery.

However, this made receiving the delivery tricky. Could a recipient who didn't know he had an express delivery give me a five-star rating? The Postman's occupational task required collecting ninety-nine positive review slips to complete.

"Doctor, there's no recipient name on the delivery slip," Fatty, seeming to catch Gu Mian's thoughts, reminded him in a low voice. "It only says it needs to be delivered to the nearest ticket booth. If we deliver it, we can consider the task accomplished."

But what about the positive review slip?

Would this ticket seller, who's unaware of the delivery, have a positive review slip?

Gu Mian glanced at the ticket seller behind the counter. The seller was still confused. When Gu Mian's eyes swept over him, he suddenly stiffened, thinking that the other party was plotting something. "Yo-yo-you... what are you trying to do!"

At that moment, a hand suddenly appeared out of nowhere, grabbed the mosquito coil Gu Mian had placed on the counter, and muttered, "It's autumn already, and the mosquitoes are almost gone, yet this arrives now. Whatever, I'll store it for next year. I'll give you a good rating."

No one knew how this disembodied hand could make sounds.

Fatty was dumbstruck, watching the hand materialize out of nowhere, take away the mosquito coil, hand Gu Mian a five-star review slip, and then disappear.

"Huh?" Fatty uttered in surprise. "So the recipient is this hand?"

When Gu Mian delivered the blankets to the morgue, he didn't see the "It's So Cold" entity in the body locker, only a hand that took them.

I guess it was probably the same one I just saw.

This hand probably belongs to the task program. When the conditions are met, it appears to collect the goods and toss out a five-star review slip.

The ticket seller behind the counter was taken aback when he saw the hand appear out of nowhere, and it took him a moment to realize that Gu Mian might be performing some task when he came to deliver the mosquito coils.

Most likely, it's some kind of delivery task.

Make a delivery, get a good review, and then receive a reward. That's probably how it works.

When I have time, I'll ask my acquaintances what kind of task this is, whether it involves any NPCs, and let those unlucky ghosts prepare in advance. While thinking, the ticket seller sneakily peeked at Gu Mian, who was standing in front of the counter.

"Doctor, has the task of delivering the mosquito coil on your list been completed?" Fatty asked with concern.

"It's marked as completed. I still have ninety-seven more to go."

Ticket Seller No.10076, who had been eavesdropping, gasped. What task requires so many deliveries?

He wanted to eavesdrop more, yet he also desperately hoped Gu Mian would leave soon, fearing Gu Mian might suddenly change his mind, turn back, and say he wanted to enter an instance.

Luckily, his fears didn't materialize. After receiving the review slip, Gu Mian didn't linger and quickly left with Fatty.

Watching the two of them walk away, Ticket Seller No.10076 finally breathed a sigh of relief. Then, he immediately picked up the phone on the counter and dialed a number.

The phone rang twice—BEEP BEEP—and then connected.

"...The new train still hasn't been replaced, so our few worlds can't communicate. I heard the Paradise side is erecting a large stage specifically to judge some Upper Class People; they're short-handed..."

The other end of the line was bustling and noisy; it sounded like many people were chatting. As soon as the call connected, Ticket Seller No.10076 heard someone on the other side talking about the judgment

in Paradise. He didn't pay it much mind and spoke into the phone, "Hello, is this Che Lingling? This is 10076."

Che Lingling was his best friend, a Hearse Salesman in a nearby supermarket.

Thanks to Gu Mian, the Spirit Car driving test center instance was completely destroyed. He was the only one in the world who held a license to drive a Spirit Car. Other people didn't have licenses and thus wouldn't buy Spirit Cars, so Che Lingling's sales performance at the supermarket was always at the bottom.

Ticket Seller No.10076 and Che Lingling had hit it off right away, often commiserating over their hardships and miseries.

"It's me," Che Lingling sounded a bit listless. "What's the matter?"

"Gu Mian came to my ticket booth just now. He didn't enter an instance; instead, he was doing some kind of delivery task and brought me a box of mosquito coils." Ticket Seller No.10076 continued, glancing at the spot where the mosquito coils had been, "And I heard him say that his task requires him to make at least ninety-something deliveries. Have you heard of this task?"

Chapter 759 Happy National Day to Everyone !_1

Che Lingling paused briefly on the other end, presumably trying to recall if he had ever heard about this delivery task.

After a few seconds, his voice chimed in again. "I don't seem to recall such a task."

"Gu Mian still has more than ninety deliveries to make. I wonder if this task will involve other NPCs. If they get ensnared in this, they're really out of luck." 10076 was already feeling sympathetic for those soon to be embroiled.

"Coincidentally, there's a group of people chatting here now. I'll ask if they know about the task..." Che Lingling said over the phone.

"Isn't your place usually deserted? Why does it sound like there are quite a few people chatting today?" 10076 found it puzzling, hearing the noise on the other end.

Che Lingling worked in a Spirit Car sales section in the supermarket. Since no one bought cars there, it was usually deserted. However, it seemed pretty lively today.

"You know, since the driver's license instance is gone, players all over the world can't get a driving license, so naturally, no one buys cars. The sales performance of the Spirit Car department has always been zero, so the management has decided to cancel all Spirit Car sales sections in the supermarket. I plan to find a new job, so everyone's here giving me advice," Che Lingling explained.

"But we've already landed on Earth, and there's no way to return to the previous world, right?" 10076 knew that Gu Mian had brought the host of a special instance to Earth not long after the game began. That host, after crying out to heaven and earth to no avail, still hadn't found a way back.

"That's right. I plan to find another job post in the supermarket. Anything is better than selling Spirit Cars in terms of performance."

10076 recalled the conversation. "I heard people mentioning a shortage of people just now. I thought you were considering going back."

Che Lingling managed a couple of forced laughs. "I wish I could, but as you said, there's no way back for us. We just happened to mention it while chatting. Recently, everyone in our supermarket has been discussing it since there's little else to talk about.

"Now, there are many people here, so someone should know about the delivery task you're speaking of. I'll go ask for you."

As Che Lingling spoke, he turned his gaze towards the people in front of him.

His Spirit Car sales area had two rows of Spirit Cars neatly lined up, all covered in a thin layer of dust. He used to clean each car diligently, but recently, he couldn't even be bothered to pick up a broom.

There was a wide aisle between the two rows of Spirit Cars. At the moment, five or six people had pulled up stools and were sitting there chatting. They were all employees from the supermarket.

Che Lingling interrupted their chat. "I got a call from a ticket seller nearby saying Gu Mian is on a delivery task and has to deliver more than ninety parcels. Do any of you know about this task?"

"Gu Mian? Delivering over ninety parcels? The recipients must be terribly unlucky."

"What sort of task involves delivering so many parcels?"

"Wait... I remember hearing about an instance where one must deliver ninety-nine parcels before they can enter. It seems like it's a special instance for a particular profession."

"Well, this profession-specific instance is in for a bad time. Its days are numbered."

"To fulfill the conditions for opening the instance, one has to deliver over ninety parcels. I guess he'll have to continue delivering for a while. The NPCs in that instance probably won't see Gu Mian anytime soon. At least they'll have some time to prepare. For now, the unlucky ones are those receiving the parcels..."

"Wait, do I see Gu Mian right there?" Amidst the discussion, someone suddenly blurted this out.

Everyone immediately stopped talking and stared at the person who had just spoken, who was now fixated on a certain direction.

They instantly followed his gaze.

Turning their heads, they indeed saw Gu Mian, followed by Fatty, his usual sidekick.

Gu Mian was holding a yellow book, weaving through the bookshelves as if searching for something.

Fatty, holding a camera, was checking a delivery list on a photo. "The parcel is a 'yellow book.' The delivery address is the bookshelf area in the supermarket nearest to us. Yes, it must be here."

It was worth mentioning that the term "yellow book" on the list had a small note in parentheses after it, explaining that in response to the organizers' theme of a healthy and wholesome game, this "yellow book" referred to a yellow-colored book, not *that* kind of "yellow book."

Before heading out, while looking for mosquito coils, Fatty had also found this yellow-covered book, which had been banished to the bottom of his box. It was a cookbook he had purchased from the supermarket's book section. Having learned all the recipes, he had exiled it to the bottom of the box, never thinking it would see the light of day again.

"This delivery doesn't specify the recipient. Should I just leave the book here?" Fatty wondered aloud as he scanned the area. No staff from the book section were in sight; they were probably goofing off somewhere.

He lowered his gaze to the delivery list in the photo. "Doctor, after delivering this book, let's do some shopping in the supermarket. Some items on the list aren't available at our place. There's a delivery request for thirty rolls of toilet paper to a public restroom..."

Fatty couldn't help but ponder how much one would have to... well, *go*, to use up all that.

Gu Mian approached a counter decorated with a bow and placed the book on it. This delivery didn't specify a recipient, so he assumed the task would be completed by leaving the yellow book in the book section.

After placing the book on the counter, he announced loudly into the empty air, "Customer who ordered the 'yellow book,' your delivery is here!"

Fatty, standing behind him, felt a bit nervous. That loud proclamation might not be quite appropriate.

Right after Gu Mian's announcement, that familiar hand appeared again.

It materialized out of thin air, picked up the yellow book titled "Easy and Delicious Home Cooking Recipes" from the counter, and mumbled through a non-existent vocal organ, "Why does this 'yellow book' only contain recipes? That's not what I expected... Oh well, the cover is quite yellow. I'll give you a good review."

Immediately, another five-star review slip fluttered down into Gu Mian's hand.

He now had three five-star review slips.

After making the delivery at the supermarket, Fatty dragged Gu Mian to buy some things, including various daily necessities and thirty rolls of toilet paper—thankfully, these toilet rolls could be placed in their inventory, otherwise, it would have been impossible to carry them back.

Additionally, Fatty bought a rather basic gaming console that could only play simple mini-games like Snake, Tetris, and tile-matching games.

Xiao Hong was always stealing clothes drying in the yard when she was bored. Getting her a gaming console might draw her attention and stop her obsessive clothes-stealing.

When Fatty went to the checkout with thirty rolls of toilet paper and a basic game console, the cashier's expression twisted a bit. It was probably the first time they had seen anyone buy so many toilet rolls.

The two soon returned to the apartment with their purchases.

Fatty's tactic was undoubtedly successful. When Gu Mian handed the basic gaming console to Xiao Hong, her eyes lit up. She immediately tossed aside Mr. Green, whom she had been playing with, and snatched the console.

Mr. Green, who had been continually tossed in the air by Xiao Hong, landed on his backside with a dull thud. He dared to be angry but not to speak, so he just rubbed his rear and quietly left.

"Oh, by the way, Doctor," Fatty chimed in as he was hauling the toilet paper rolls into the room, "I overheard some supermarket employees discussing Paradise World while we were shopping. They were

saying that an Upper Class Person was going to be put on public trial for some reason, and Paradise World specifically organized a show and is now building the venue for it."

Trial? Building a venue?

When he called the recruitment office at the docks a few days ago, the person there had said Paradise recently launched a new talent show and was currently building a stage.

Could this talent show be for the trial?

And an Upper Class Person was going to be put on trial in Paradise World? In that world, Upper Class People could normally get away with anything, including murder and arson, which weren't even considered crimes.

Unless they murdered another Upper Class Person.

But Upper Class People were all cut from the same cloth; why would one idly kill their own kind?

No... there was one Upper Class Person who was different. He'd even planted bombs under the seats of other Upper Class People, killing a large number of them at once.

Could the Upper Class Person Paradise intended to put on trial be... Lu Yi?

Chapter 760 Corpse Elimination Game_1

Noticing Gu Mian's changing expression, Fatty shrewdly sensed something and leaned in curiously. "Doctor, do you know something?"

Lu Yi was a high-ranking NPC in the Circus Dungeon. The only ones who had ventured into the Circus Dungeon were Gu Mian and 007, so Fatty didn't recognize Lu Yi.

"I suspect the person being tried is an Upper Class Person I know. He killed many Upper Class People with a bomb, and we got along very well." Gu Mian then recalled the members of the audience flying into the sky at the end of the Circus Dungeon.

Fatty's mouth gaped slightly. "And he got along well with you, Doctor?"

Fatty had also previously been in the "Slaughter Game" instance and had seen the host, Teacher Slaughter. His image was deeply rooted in Fatty's mind, causing him to have a stereotyped impression of Upper Class People.

At this moment, he was picturing Gu Mian arm in arm with a dwarf in a pink shirt, brothers in arms.

Gu Mian didn't know what Fatty was picturing. He mulled it over. "It's perfect. I need to go to Paradise World to find Sunshine Insurance Company's headquarters. When the trial happens, I'll go have a look. If it really is Lu Yi, I'll try to grab him from the Upper Class People. It's too bad the train is broken; he can't escape to another world."

If Lu Yi was still in Paradise World, however, the Upper Class People could easily capture him again.

I really need to speed things up. I still haven't figured out a way into Paradise.

Fortunately, it would take the Upper Class People some time to set up their show. I'll have to use this time to figure out a way into Paradise.

Come to think of it, Fatty heard about the trial at the supermarket. It seems that group of NPCs at the store knows a fair amount. If necessary, I could directly rob them. I wonder if the supermarket has any security systems...

"Oh, Doctor," Fatty suddenly remembered something and said, "Miss Xiao Qiao's Big Data Search can search for objects, can't it? We could use it to search for instance exchange tickets in the area."

The Big Data Search was indeed useful. Thanks to the Big Data Search, they had managed to find the clown mask in the garbage dump last time.

With this in mind, Gu Mian made his way to the door, intending to go to the first floor to find Xiao Qiao.

Fatty quickly followed, pulling Chu Changge along as well. "Brother Chu, you haven't been out in a few days. Moving around is good for your body."

Seeing that all three of them had left the room, Xiao Hong, who was sitting by the window playing Snake, suddenly threw her game console down and rushed towards the doorway. Reaching the doorway, she regretted leaving her console behind, ran back into the room to grab it, and then gave chase again.

"Speaking of which, we haven't seen Miss 007 much these days," Fatty mused as they descended the stairs. "The last time I saw her was the day before yesterday, heading towards the room where the captives are kept."

007 has probably been spending these past few days asking Renle Mountain about her parents. I wonder if she's found out anything.

In no time, the three of them arrived at the landing of the fourth floor. Fatty paused there for a few seconds, looking towards the fourth floor for a good while. "Xie Bi'an and a few other players used to live on the fourth floor, but the other players left some time ago. Xie Bi'an still lives here, but he's not often seen."

Chu Changge had stopped tailing Xie Bi'an recently, perhaps because he had lost interest in him.

The three men quickly arrived at Xiao Qiao's room on the first floor. Just as they reached the door, Gu Mian looked back to check on Xiao Hong.

Xiao Hong was furiously jabbing at her game console. She had accidentally shut off her Snake game when she left her room and was now struggling to reopen it, randomly mashing buttons.

I hope she focuses on her game console. Otherwise, if Xiao Qiao comes out and the two of them start fighting, it'll be hard to pull them apart.

However, he soon realized his worries were unnecessary; after knocking for a while, there was still no answer from inside.

Fatty peeped from behind Gu Mian. "Miss Xiao Qiao and Miss Liu Ruyan live together. It looks like neither of them are in."

Just then, the door to an adjacent room suddenly opened, and Keke popped her head out. "Are you guys looking for Xiao Qiao?"

Fatty greeted Keke enthusiastically and began, "We came to borrow Miss Xiao Qiao's Big Data Search, but it seems like neither she nor Miss Liu Ruyan are in."

"I saw them leaving with the Fortune-teller this morning," Keke pondered. "I think the Fortune-teller predicted that something lucky would happen if they went out. Xiao Qiao got curious and dragged Liu Ruyan along with her."

That's very much in line with Xiao Qiao's curious personality...

It looked like they wouldn't be able to borrow the Big Data Search right now. Gu Mian turned to leave, planning to return once more before dinner. Xiao Qiao should be back by then, right?

Gu Mian walked away, lost in thought. Fatty hurriedly followed. "Miss Fortune-teller predicted good luck from a walk outside. Why don't we take a stroll, Doctor? Maybe we could find an instance exchange ticket on the street!"

That's just pure wishful thinking.

It was then that Chu Changge, who was behind them, suddenly spoke up: "Maybe it's not that going out would bring good luck, but that staying here would bring misfortune."

"What misfortune could there be here?" Fatty mused, glancing upward. "Could the misfortune be Xiao Hong stealing all the clothes from the yard?"

As he said this, he immediately turned to glance at Xiao Hong behind him. She was currently locked in combat with her rudimentary game console, apparently still unable to figure out how to restart the Snake game.

Seeing Xiao Hong still obediently following behind, Fatty breathed a sigh of relief.

But before he could fully exhale, Xiao Hong's eyes suddenly lit up; she seemed to have found the entrance to the Snake game.

She haphazardly pressed a few buttons on the game console, and a small game appeared on the screen.

Xiao Hong looked delighted, but then a bit puzzled.

The screen is full of colorful blocks, each placed in a grid. The game I remember playing before wasn't like this. That one was a long line that just kept getting longer the more I played.

Even though it's different from before, this looks like fun too.

Xiao Hong started jabbing excitedly at the blocks in the grids again.

But she didn't know how to play with these blocks, so she looked up, wanting someone to show her, just like Gu Mian had taught her how to play Snake.

Only when she looked up did she realize the area around her was empty; the people who had been with her had vanished at some point.

She looked around blankly. The door to the adjacent room was still ajar, but the person who had opened it was also gone.

Where did they go? Xiao Hong wondered, puzzled.

Meanwhile, Fatty, who had suddenly disappeared, was now staring wide-eyed at the game panel that had just popped up in front of him—

[Congratulations on triggering the special instance 'Corpse Match Three']