

Collapse 79

Chapter 79: Slaughter Game (Part 8)_1

The mine was pitch-black. It was the middle of the night, making it hard to see anything five meters away, even with their specialized miners' hats.

There were quite a few discarded miners' hats near the mine entrance. Gu Mian picked up two at random, putting one on his own head and the other on Fatty's.

The flashlight Fatty had been clutching for so long didn't have to work overtime anymore.

The miners' hats were surprisingly high quality; their lights still worked perfectly despite years of disuse.

Fatty clutched the corners of Gu Mian's coat with both hands, as if terrified of getting lost.

The place resembled a train tunnel, complete with railway-like tracks running down the middle.

However, it was much filthier than any train tunnel, and the air was permeated with a strange odor.

Gu Mian covered his nose with his hand.

Seeing this, Fatty remarked, "That's just how it is working underground. They say there's a lot of toxic gas; one trip down here can turn your whole face black..."

He paused, then added, "Doctor, you'd better prepare your white coat. It might change color by the time we get out."

Gu Mian, unconcerned, patted his white coat. "As long as it doesn't turn green, I don't care."

Mr. Slaughter, who had already switched the live broadcast to various participants' views, now focused the screen on Gu Mian and Fatty. "It seems these two knew each other beforehand..."

"These participants seem rather lacking. Less than two hours have passed, and we're already down to some thirty-odd survivors."

"Although the overall quality of this group is low, there are a few standouts. However, these slightly stronger Lower Class People seem to love seeking thrills..."

"They've actually entered our mine. That's the origin of everything."

Mr. Slaughter's expression turned cold for a moment, then he chuckled to himself. "Our Order Guard has now entered the restricted zone. Let's see where they've gotten to."

As he spoke, he switched the screen.

"Ah, they've entered the restricted zone from the city's northeast. You can see the coal mining base ahead—that's precisely where those few participants were earlier."

"If they're unlucky, the players inside might just run into our Order Guard... their fate would be utterly tragic..."

At this point, people all around the world were watching this reality show with great interest.

After all, this might be the final episode. Every second that passed was one less second to watch.

Inside the mine, Gu Mian and Fatty were walking in the darkness.

The stench inside was overpowering, and the tunnel seemed to stretch on endlessly, with no end in sight.

Fatty, carefully tugging on Gu Mian's sleeve from behind, asked, "Doctor, are we supposed to go all the way to the end?"

He was rather afraid the mine might collapse.

After all, everyone was well aware of Gu Mian's luck. If he ever decided to take up mining, the mine owner would probably get on his knees and beg him not to go down.

Maybe they could extort some money out of this.

Fatty stroked his chin, muttering to himself, This could be a good way to get rich...

Gu Mian glanced sideways at him. "What are you scheming?"

Getting rich?

"N-nothing..." Fatty quickly shook his head. "By the way, Doctor, you still haven't told me, are we going all the way to the end?"

"If an accident truly occurred in this mine, then we're going to where it happened," Gu Mian said, looking ahead. "I reckon we'll find some clues there."

Fatty shivered. "What if we encounter a ghost?"

Gu Mian replied matter-of-factly, "Then we can implement Plan Two."

Capture a talking ghost, then torture it to find out what happened back then—Fatty remembered this was Gu Mian's 'Plan Two'.

"What if we encounter a large group of Evil Ghosts?" Fatty always tended to imagine the worst-case scenario.

Gu Mian stared into the darkness ahead. "If we really run into a horde of Evil Ghosts... of course, we turn tail and run. You aren't seriously expecting me to brawl with a mob of Evil Ghosts using a chair leg, are you?"

Fatty's face fell; it seemed he had indeed harbored such an expectation.

The mine shaft was pitch-black.

Occasionally, their feet would crunch on small lumps of coal.

Fatty, with his poor eyesight, stumbled several times, nearly twisting his ankle badly enough to cause a cramp.

The two hadn't been walking in the depths for long when they heard an extremely faint sound coming from up ahead.

The sound originated from far ahead, seemingly from something enormous. It was as if a large object was moving towards them along the central tracks.

Fatty had a vivid imagination. He already pictured a monster in the darkness ahead: it had lantern-sized red eyes, a strange horn on its forehead, and several legs, and it was hurtling along the tracks towards them, possibly followed by a horde of minions.

He swallowed hard, took a step back to hide behind Gu Mian, and then heard another strange noise, this time from behind him.

Fatty jerked his head around.

The moment he whirled around, the sound from the darkness behind him vanished, replaced by dead silence.

The searchlights on their helmets could only illuminate a few meters ahead. Beyond that, it was impenetrable, chaotic darkness where nothing could be discerned.

Fatty's expression grew even grimmer. "Doctor... I think there's something in front of us and behind us..."

Just then, Gu Mian's quiet voice came from beside him. "Not just in front and behind. Look up."

Fatty froze at his words, then stiffly tilted his head back to look up.

He hadn't paid any attention to the ceiling before. Now, as he craned his neck to look up, he was nearly scared out of his wits.

The tunnel ceiling above them was now densely packed with human faces, stretching endlessly into the unseen distance ahead.

These faces were so dark they almost blended into the tunnel itself, making them difficult to spot.

At that moment, all those faces had their eyes closed, as if asleep.

Fatty nearly cried out at the sight but didn't dare make a sound, terrified of waking the faces with his voice. What do we do, Doctor? Gu Mian knew that was exactly what Fatty was thinking, even though he hadn't said it aloud.

"It's alright," Gu Mian said softly. "No need to be so scared..."

Fatty felt only slightly reassured.

Gu Mian then added, "Besides, with my luck, even if we don't make a single sound now, those things up there will probably wake up on their own anyway."

The relief Fatty had just begun to feel vanished instantly, his heart leaping into his throat. He could barely move his feet at this point, not daring to look up at the faces above. He was practically being dragged forward by Gu Mian.

Trailing behind Gu Mian, he asked in a tiny voice, "Doctor, what do you think will happen if those things up there open their eyes?"

Gu Mian, looking up, replied, "They'll all stare right at us."

Fatty was momentarily stunned. He didn't quite understand why Gu Mian sounded so certain.

But soon enough, Fatty began to understand.

His scalp tingled. Slowly, he raised his head to look up. Sure enough, the faces on the ceiling had all opened their eyes.

The faces were pitch-black, their features indistinct; only the whites of their eyes stood out clearly.

Countless pairs of black-and-white eyes were staring intently down at them from above.

Whenever the two of them moved, the eyeballs above would swivel in unison, following their every motion.

Being stared at like this made Fatty's hair stand on end, and his nose even began to sting with incipient tears.

Just then, the faces above their heads finally stirred.

It sounded like countless people speaking in unison—men and women, old and young—their voices sharp and bizarre. All the faces began to open and close their mouths, their eerie collective voice echoing through the pitch-black tunnel, "How about we play a game?"