

Collapse 791

Chapter 791 Gu Bengbeng Uproots the Van Truck

There are really a lot of monsters inside the lockdown zone.

Beside the delivery van, Gu Mian swung his guitar bag and sent the humanoid monster in front of him flying; this was already the fifth monster he'd run into since coming in.

They'd all run out from the forbidden area.

When he'd just crossed the statue and walked this way, nothing seemed off yet, but as Gu Mian went deeper, the monsters gradually increased.

Within the lockdown zone there's an Upper Class People residential area and a lower-class residential area, plus some public facilities, like that huge museum next to him.

Gu Mian had no idea what used to be on display there; anyway, it was completely empty now, with a few creepy shadows flickering inside from time to time—probably some monsters had made their nest in there.

This trip to the Paradise World wasn't for grinding monsters and leveling up; as long as they weren't blocking his critical path, he had zero childish urge to provoke them.

Thinking that, Gu Mian swung backhand and sent another monster lunging from behind flying.

The robot dog on the van clearly also sensed something was wrong. It didn't chase after them to conduct a happiness survey; instead, it pulled its camera deep back into its neck, looking terrified.

Gu Mian took a moment to grab the map on the hood and confirm his location.

This place had already turned into a dead city devoid of life; everywhere he looked were derelict buildings, even the moonlight dimmer than in places that still had people.

Gu Mian squatted down and used the glow of the headlights to make out his position.

"There's a museum next to me, and around the museum is a ring-shaped Upper Class People residential area..." He searched the tiny map and quickly got a hit.

"Got it. This is the God's Ring Residential Area, and that museum next to it is called the 'Miracle Museum'. From here to the Secret Forest I still need to drive another half hour." Gu Mian's gaze paused for a moment at the Secret Forest on the map, then shifted to the "Prisoner Cave" marked within the Secret Forest area.

The map was pretty rough. He remembered that in the Circus instance, Lu Yi had told him the Evil God statue was dug up when the Upper Class People were digging a tunnel.

Back then someone wanted to build a cave in the forest to imprison lower-class people. As they dug down and down, they suddenly broke through into a huge hollow space, and then found the Evil God statue.

Thinking about it like that, the place where the Evil God statue sat was practically a tomb; if the Upper Class People hadn't happened to dig there, no one would've discovered it.

Prisoner Cave, Prisoner Cave... Gu Mian silently repeated the cave's name twice. It lined up perfectly with what Lu Yi had said; the Evil God statue should be in that cave.

That thought made him feel a bit strange.

Gu Mian folded up the map and stood, wan moonlight filtering through the clouds to brush across his shoulders.

He stood where he was and opened the prerequisite quest for the "Postman" profession instance.

Among the ninety-nine delivery addresses, "Secret Forest" and "Prisoner Cave" were right there in plain sight.

The items to be delivered were very simple.

The forest needed a branch, the cave needed a rock—both could be sourced on-site.

The other three addresses inside the lockdown zone needed similarly simple items.

Compared to the other addresses with things like "two chunks of fresh bird droppings that fell from three meters above ground" and "a gorgeous chandelier stepped over by a hundred different people," the five deliveries in the lockdown zone were ridiculously easy, and the five addresses were practically clustered together.

It was like five human traffickers enthusiastically pulling Gu Mian over, asking him to come "play" in their van.

That short, long-bearded old man from earlier was also super suspicious; he practically had "I want you to go to the lockdown zone" written across his face.

Suspicious. Extremely suspicious.

But the Evil God's allure was just too strong; Gu Mian couldn't help wanting to take a look.

On top of that, this was a Low-Dimensional World. In theory, if a Low-Dimensional World was being this solicitous, it should be in a hurry to deliver equipment to him.

With that in mind, he impatiently got back in the van and floored it toward the Secret Forest.

He had no idea how long he'd been driving; without a watch he couldn't tell the time. He only knew the moon in the sky was climbing higher and the monsters nearby were getting more and more numerous.

The monsters were just like the ones he'd seen last time in the forbidden area—no longer human-shaped, throwing themselves at any moving thing they saw.

On the way, Gu Mian also took care of a few monsters that still had gas masks on.

Judging from their outfits, they looked like the Order Guard who'd chased him through the mine last time. Most likely after these people died in the forbidden area, their corpses turned into monsters too.

Come to think of it, that was pretty fantastical.

Back at the hospital, Jin Hu had told him the residents in the forbidden area had turned into monsters for no reason. Back then, Gu Mian didn't know about Low-Dimensional Worlds, and just assumed it was some random backstory the game made up to increase difficulty.

Looking at it now, it was kind of freaky; the situation was a bit similar to the Seventh World.

The Seventh World had originally been nearly perfect, but it got cursed from Earth and became saturated with negative emotions, until everyone in it ended up monsters.

Now people in this world were turning into monsters too. Could this place also have been cursed from Earth?

But things here were way better than in the Seventh World: only the residents in the forbidden area turned into monsters. Could it be that the Paradise World found a way to seal the curse before it had time to spread?

Gu Mian recalled the Evil God statue he'd seen in Jin Hu's hospital earlier. Could the statue really block the curse from spreading?

If it really worked, he should steal a few statues from here and see if he could ship them to Xingyun in the Seventh World.

Of course, that was just wishful thinking. Right now all the passages between worlds were cut off; forget transporting items, even people couldn't pass through.

As he was thinking that, a massive structure appeared in front of him.

It was very dark here, but the structure was so huge that he spotted it from far away.

No, maybe it didn't count as a "structure."

Gu Mian silently stared at the gigantic "wall" several hundred meters ahead.

"The Evil Eastern Valley, huh?"

It was a sheer, solitary cliff rising straight from the ground, stretching north to south without end. The cliff face was uneven, and he could vaguely see bulges along the rock.

Gu Mian lowered his head and checked the map. That man hadn't been lying—NPC Street had originally been built here.

He searched around but didn't see it.

The area was very open, and that street was really abstract; if there were something that conspicuous nearby, he should've spotted it at a glance.

Gu Mian searched again, unwilling to give up. The man had said they left in a hurry and abandoned a lot of property; maybe he could rummage around and find something good.

Weird.

He'd been looking along the base of the cliff for half a minute and still hadn't seen any buildings nearby.

That was when he noticed the robot dog had jumped onto the hood, its camera raised, staring at the distant cliff.

Following its gaze, Gu Mian quickly spotted something off.

Those bulging "rocks" on the cliff face were laid out in a very deliberate pattern. They were almost all at the same height, and every so often there'd be another bump. Looking closer, there seemed to be a rope between those protrusions, connecting them together.

The more he looked, the more he realized something was wrong.

Wrong—those weren't rocks and ropes at all; they were buildings constructed into the cliff face and the catwalks linking them!

Chapter 792: Come On, Come On, Let's Play

Gu Mian gazed through the endless night at the building on the cliff for a while, then looked down at the map in his hand.

On the map, the old site of "NPC Street" is almost connected to "Evil Eastern Valley."

"Could that thing be the street from before?" Gu Mian looked at those buildings and the walkways connecting them, finding them dangerous no matter how he looked, "The living environment is quite poor too."

The location of Secret Forest is above Evil Eastern Valley, but Gu Mian doesn't need to climb up; there's a small path leading to the top of the cliff heading southwest.

Joking, if someone made him climb the cliff, he'd definitely turn around and leave without a second thought.

Not to mention there's just an Evil God statue up there; even if an entire Evil God were placed there, he'd turn around and leave.

For all he knows, the cliff might collapse while climbing.

Following the map's direction, Gu Mian looked southwest and soon found a winding path leading upward.

This path has long been unused, with many weeds growing on the surface. Gu Mian stuffed the map into his pocket, rode his delivery bike, and headed upward.

One batch of weeds after another was crushed under the wheels, slowly rebounding, swaying gently in the moonlight's caress.

The place was quiet, with only the occasional insect chirps.

Since it wasn't far from Secret Forest, there weren't many monsters around, especially since the forest housed a complete Evil God statue, which Gu Mian felt was stronger than the outside shattered and re-glued statues.

He followed the path forward.

Almost there.

The road skirted the cliffside, with wasteland to the left and a cliff to the right.

The path led to the cliff top at a gentle slope, and a few minutes after reaching the top, one could arrive at the Secret Forest with the Evil God statue.

Looking to the right from the bike, one could see the steep cliff. From this position, he could clearly see the buildings on it.

Indeed, those buildings looked similar to the houses on NPC Street he saw at dusk, with giant flowerpot structures, fish-head buildings, and other bizarre shapes. Everyone seemed to stay true to their roots despite relocating.

The wind collided against the lonely cliffside, sounding like its suicide cries.

The weeds under the wheels synchronized with the wind's wails with a rustling sound.

It was quiet here; the robotic dog beside him had earlier barked "Are you happy?" but now eerily fell silent, Gu Mian suspected its battery was low.

The lonely bike continued upward, soon reaching the cliff top.

"It's so quiet." In such a place, Gu Mian suddenly missed Fatty, although his mouth was a bit noisy usually, sometimes he could say things that made people laugh.

It would be nice if Fatty could tell a joke now.

"Doctor... Doctor..."

An eerie voice suddenly echoed through the silent night.

"Squeal—" Gu Mian abruptly halted, the piercing brake sound lingered near the cliff edge.

What's happening?

This voice...

Gu Mian reached for the guitar bag beside him, was he hallucinating? Just now, it seemed like he heard Fatty's voice?

Could it be that Xiao Qiao's group chat had upgraded so everyone could voice chat?

He quickly glanced at the group chat, noticing the recent message was from [Fatty] posted an hour ago: "Why is nobody responding to me boohoo"

Scrolling online, Fatty's nonsensical chatter appeared, but the group chat page showed no mention of voice calls.

"Doctor... Doctor..."

That eerie voice rang out again in the darkness, clearer than before.

It was indeed Fatty's voice.

Encountering ghosts, truly.

Gu Mian grabbed the guitar bag and jumped off the bike, scanning the surroundings.

The path's left side was a vast wasteland, while the right dropped vertically downward. Jumping off this cliff would result in a similar death as jumping off the adjacent one.

Gu Mian glanced towards the left wasteland first, unimpeded in view with no ghostly figures.

He turned to look at the right cliffside.

No ghostly figures there either.

But a person had appeared by the cliffside unbeknownst to him, startling Gu Mian.

There was no one when he passed by earlier.

The person's figure looked quite familiar, and seeing the silhouette, Gu Mian felt a strange sensation rising within.

Was it Fatty?

The person stood by the cliff, back facing him.

A cold wind swept past, sending shivers down Gu Mian's spine.

"Doctor, doctor, come on..." Gu Mian heard him speaking.

He spoke as he slowly turned towards Gu Mian.

Gu Mian watched him closely, feeling increasingly tense.

The turned face looked exactly like Fatty's.

His face wore a beaming smile, eyes squinted into a slit, raising an arm in the dark night, beckoning Gu Mian: "Come, doctor, come..."

"Gu Mian—" At this moment, another person appeared beside 'Fatty', also with his back to Gu Mian, slowly turning around.

Once fully turned, Gu Mian saw his face under the moonlight—it was 'Chu Changge.'

'Chu Changge' stood by the cliff, arms hanging at his sides, expressionlessly staring at him: "Gu Mian, come, Gu Mian, come."

"Doctor, come on..."

"Gu Mian, come over."

Gu Mian dropped the chainsaw, walking slowly over to the two at the cliff's edge.

'Fatty's' smile grew more genuine, waving his hand repeatedly: "Come, come, come..."

Until Gu Mian stood before him.

'Fatty', beaming, extended his hand to reach Gu Mian, but before touching, received a solid kick.

"Down you go!" Gu Mian kicked 'Fatty', sending him staggering backward, tumbling off the cliff while waving.

"Come, Gu Mian, come, Gu Mian." 'Chu Changge' beside him continued uttering.

"You go down too." Gu Mian turned and kicked the chant-making 'Chu Changge' down.

The two fell continually, eventually becoming two small dots, vanishing from sight.

The world was finally quiet.

Gu Mian looked at the spot where they fell, furrowing his brow: "What are these two 'things' about?"

He certainly didn't believe they were the real Fatty and Chu Changge. Not to mention Fatty hadn't entered Paradise World; even if he were there, he wouldn't be calling out with such a bizarre expression.

This place is truly sinister; he had no idea what those two things were.

How could there be creatures in "Paradise's" forbidden zone that look like Fatty and Chu Changge? Gu Mian couldn't fathom.

Is it a local specialty of the restricted area or something else?

This wasn't a place to ponder; he decided to find the Evil God statue first. If he encountered Xu Xingcheng later, he'd certainly ask if he knew anything about this.

At this moment, behind him, the eerie voice came again, almost touching his neck—

"Doctor..."

Chapter 793 Urgent, Urgent, Urgent, Urgent, Urgent

Gu Mian turned back.

Fatty was standing behind him with a warm smile, his bizarre grin almost plastered in front of his face.

His upturned mouth moved as he spoke: "You're here, Doctor... you're here..."

Damn it, what a lunatic!

Why are there so many 'Fatty's' in this place?

Gu Mian skillfully kicked him away, only to find two people sitting on his delivery bike at some point.

At this moment, they sat upright on the seat, only turning their heads to look at Gu Mian.

Their faces seemed eerily white against the dark night, and the robotic dog no longer cheerfully asked if everyone was happy, instead it hid in the bike shelter, its head buried in a pile of packages out of fear.

No wonder it's scared.

Two identical, expressionless 'Chu Changge's' were sitting on the bike.

Both opened their mouths together, calling out to Gu Mian.

"Gu Mian, come over. Gu Mian, come over."

Gu Mian answered the call, walking over and kicking each of them off the bike.

Then he plopped down onto the bike seat, twisted the throttle and sped forward.

This place is too sinister, 'Fatty' and 'Chu Changge' gathering here.

He suspected that if he stayed here long enough, he might see others, like the resourceful Xiao Hong, the ruthless 007, the eloquent brother, or the masculine Keke.

Perhaps everyone he knows will come out to show their face.

Sure enough, as he thought, a hideously ugly face appeared in his line of sight.

He saw a woman in red standing right in front of the bike, her cheeky face calling out to Gu Mian: "Come, come, come..."

No wonder it's Xiao Hong, even if it's a knock-off, it still inherited the lack of oxygen to the brain, speaking one word at a time.

Gu Mian couldn't bear to crash into this high-quality imitation Xiao Hong; this 'Xiao Hong' was actually more fitting with the real Xiao Hong than those 'Chu Changge's' and 'Fatty's' earlier.

He steered the bike around the person in the middle of the road.

'Xiao Hong's' head also turned in his direction, finally turning 180 degrees to watch Gu Mian leave, yet she didn't rush to attack him.

After driving around Xiao Hong, Gu Mian realized this wasn't the end.

He saw the road suddenly filled with people at some unknown time, all of them familiar faces.

Everyone came together, under the pitch-black sky, showing Gu Mian a smiling, welcoming expression, enthusiastically beckoning him to join them.

"Gu Mian..."

"Doctor..."

"Come on... come on..."

Gu Mian quickly headed towards Secret Forest, hitting five 'Fatty's', scraping four '007's', and kicking off a dozen blocking 'brothers' along the way.

Due to numerous obstacles along the way, the poor bike had become battered and worn.

The packages at the back were scattered along the road, the canopy was dented, and the front light was knocked off by a 'Fatty's' butt, now the bike resembled an aging one-eyed dragon.

Gu Mian rode the one-eyed dragon, pondering about these people.

"There are a lot of these things, if they all pounced, they could crush me to death, but they don't seem to have any attack power, and they haven't moved..."

Up ahead, he saw a blocking 'Chu Changge', and drove the bike to knock him down, but he showed no response, just continued lying on the ground expressionlessly beckoning: "Gu Mian, come..."

"Their intelligence seems low, and they appear defenseless." Gu Mian removed his gaze from the ground-bound 'Chu Changge'.

Why do they appear?

What is their purpose in appearing?

Could it be they are just here to stand on the street and wave at me?

Gu Mian couldn't quite understand.

"They only appeared after I arrived nearby." As he drove and looked ahead, through the hazy night, he saw black shadows in front resembling tree crowns.

Those were likely the Secret Forest.

"We're not far from the intact Evil God statue now; I wonder if recent anomalies are related to that statue." Gu Mian eyed the continuous shadows up front, skillfully avoiding the blocking 'Xiao Hong' ahead on the right.

Right after avoiding Xiao Hong, he heard a gunshot from the front.

Gu Mian immediately braked.

Then, more gunshots rang out in succession from the front.

Gu Mian looked ahead, those gunshots came from within the forest.

He took out the map to confirm his location, then instantly turned off the bike's light.

Lu Yi mentioned the Evil God statue was discovered by Upper Class People while digging caves, afterwards they removed all statue fragments from the cave, leaving only one intact statue.

Such a valuable thing surely has corresponding security measures.

Gu Mian didn't believe the Upper Class People would let the Evil God statue gather dust by itself, there probably were layers of guards there.

Even though the area had become a containment zone, guards for the statue wouldn't be entirely withdrawn.

After all, with the statue here, this region remains relatively safe, no monsters dared venture close.

"What a difficult situation." Gu Mian hid the bike behind a sturdy tree, peeking at the forest ahead.

It was night, and from a distance, he couldn't see clearly.

This place is the "confidential area" concerning Paradise World's secrets, infiltrating it would be tough.

If it was merely ringed with ghosts, at most they'd crush me down.

But ahead were Upper Class People armed with firearms, they wouldn't need to charge, they could turn me into a sieve easily.

Those damn Upper Class People, worse than ghosts.

"Come, come, come..." Meanwhile, 'Xiao Hong' continued her singular lines.

Behind her, 'Chu Changge' and 'Fatty' remained diligently playing their roles as beckoning kittens.

Further back, there were more silhouettes waving towards me.

These people had no attack power, only waving for Gu Mian to come near.

Gu Mian mimicked 'Xiao Hong's' posture from afar, shook his head, then turned to the 'Fatty' behind.

'Fatty's' body mass was large but not very agile.

If shots fired, this massive body could block every bullet up front, but it wasn't easy to move.

If Gu Mian attempted to move forward protected by 'Fatty', they might only make it twenty meters in five minutes, by then the alert Upper Class People would have long surrounded them.

He decided against using 'Fatty' as cover.

If only these 'people' could heed his rallying cry, charging forth and punching ten Upper Class People down.

But that's obviously unlikely.

Gu Mian started rummaging through his pockets for the few items he carried, limited by not having an inventory.

[Mother Summoner] was always with him, but he didn't expect 'Mother' to single-handedly face dozens of Upper Class People amidst gunfire.

Beyond that, there was [Key No. 108 from the Mysterious World] and the recently acquired [Wanted Poster of Ugly Mr. Gu] from this world.

How delightful, not a single special item seemed useful.

Could he face the Upper Class People head-on with a mere broken key or worn poster?

Relying on those things would be less reliable than expecting the 'people' behind to charge and beat the guards.

While Gu Mian clenched the wanted poster and worried, someone from behind overtook him, heading towards the front.

Gu Mian blinked, immediately raised his head to look.

It was the 'Fatty' acting as a beckoning cat earlier.

And the 'Chu Changge' beside 'Fatty' was also slowly moving forward towards the forest.

It wasn't just them.

The group of waving people behind them were all moving forward.

Gu Mian backed away from the crowd surging towards the forest, frowning at them from the side:
"These people..."

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These "people" seemed to hear his inner voice, and after Gu Mian wished "follow me into battle against the enemy," they lifted their feet and started walking toward the forest ahead.

For a moment, Gu Mian felt like a leader of an ancient uprising, waving his arms to lead everyone to charge into the battle together, to overthrow the feudal and decaying class system of Paradise World.

Of course, it's not that exciting now.

The reality at the scene was very strange, in the pitch-black night where one couldn't see their hand in front of them, a group of people who looked similar and moved like zombies wobbled toward the forest.

The sound of gunfire continued to come from the forest ahead.

It made him feel like a villain leading monsters to attack the base of righteous warriors.

Gu Mian stood aside watching these people charging into battle, with a complex expression: "What's going on? These people seem to have telepathic connections with me, and they're very obedient."

As he thought about it, he suddenly realized something.

That's right!

"What was the situation when the first 'Fatty' appeared?" Gu Mian recalled the scene when the first Fatty appeared, "At that time, I was driving up the small road by the cliff, it was very quiet around, I was thinking it was too boring..."

Gu Mian paused for a few seconds, then looked up at the wobbling silhouettes of these 'people'.

"That's right, I thought it would be great if Fatty could tell himself a joke."

Almost immediately, he heard Fatty's call, then got off to see that well-crafted Fatty standing by the cliff, waving to him.

"After successively seeing 'Fatty' and 'Chu Changge', I then wondered if other acquaintances would appear in this ghost place, and then Xiao Hong and others made their appearance;" Gu Mian's eyebrows furrowed tighter and tighter, "Just now, I was thinking these 'people' would charge forward to beat the guards."

Then these 'people', who had never moved before, started moving, surging toward the forest where gunshots were heard.

It seems that since coming here, every thought of mine has been realized.

Just realized in a rather crude form, Gu Mian looked at 'Keke' who was passing by, she walked with an upright and just demeanor, taking big, square strides, which was completely different from how Lv Cha acts in the instance.

Not realistic at all.

Gu Mian tried again, imagining 007's big goose.

Sure enough, within seconds, something white appeared beneath his feet.

Looking down, it was the goose with its bare bottom, but this goose wasn't realistic either; like the others, it had a vacant stare as it wobbled forward with its webbed feet, intending to join the battle in Secret Forest.

That's really how it is.

Whatever one imagines, this place gives it to you.

Now it seems the first Fatty appeared just to tell him a joke with a smile.

Never thought the joke hadn't even been told, and he was already kicked off the cliff.

Thinking about it is quite pitiful.

Is this a case of wishes being realized? I certainly didn't have this ability before.

Thinking about it, he looked toward the direction of Secret Forest, estimating that the anomalies now are caused by that statue of Evil God, as a complete statue of Evil God ought to have some counter-supernatural abilities, after all, it can resist the rollback in this world.

We are already close to that statue.

The gunfire from the forest ahead had stopped at some point, and he vaguely heard human voices coming from the forest.

"...Stop..."

"...This seems to be..."

The person's voice wasn't loud, Gu Mian couldn't hear it clearly. He only overheard someone seemingly shouting "Stop," and the person seemed to have recognized someone.

Because of the statue, the creatures in the restricted zone didn't dare come near here, the gunshots just now certainly weren't for shooting creatures.

Then what were they shooting at?

Gu Mian made a reasonable guess, he hypothesized that those "people" he created were initially near the forest.

A bunch of eerie silhouettes stood there, waving and constantly shouting "Come on, come on," terrifying the nearby guards half to death.

Moreover, these "people" were lower-class in appearance, and for the upper-class people, killing lower-class people was just killing, especially such strange lower-class people.

So probably the gunfire at first was aimed at 'Fatty' and 'Chu Changge' near the forest.

But now all these "people" have surged toward the forest, yet the shooting has stopped, why is that?

Moreover, from the sounds, it seems the guards over there recognized someone.

How come these upper-class people here recognize these people I created? Not only recognized someone but also stopped firing.

For a moment, Gu Mian couldn't figure out the opposite side's intention.

Chu Changge, Fatty, Xiao Qiao, Xiao Hong, 007, Keke...

Are any of these people known by the opposite side?

Thinking carefully, it's not impossible.

This complete statue in the forest is of vital importance, to be able to access here and guard here surely requires being a high-level NPC of Paradise.

Lu Yi's rank in Paradise World was already considered high, but he only heard that there is a complete statue here and hadn't come to see it himself.

NPCs guarding here should be of higher rank than Lu Yi.

It's possible they know Guardians from other worlds.

In that case, it's possible that they've recognized either Chu Changge or Xiao Qiao, one from the Second World and the other from the Twilight Gods World.

Speaking of this world, the Guardian here is the one who calls himself Xie Bi'an...

As Gu Mian was contemplating this, a cloaked figure suddenly appeared before him, dressed exactly like Xie Bi'an.

Just like the others, he swayed and lifted his leg to walk forward, but Gu Mian quickly grabbed him.

The manufactured Xie Bi'an was also completely covered, his entire head obscured by a hood, making his face unrecognizable.

Gu Mian had always been curious about his appearance and wondered if he might find the answer here.

Thinking this, he lifted Xie Bi'an's hood, hoping to catch a glimpse of his face.

As the hood was lifted, a large black hard-boiled egg appeared in front of Gu Mian.

This black hard-boiled egg sat atop Xie Bi'an's head, complete with two eyes, a nose, and a mouth, looking quite abstract.

If one must describe it, this person somewhat resembled the silhouette representing the culprit in Conan, the small black figure.

"Forget it..." Gu Mian murmured as he reached out and pulled the hood back down, "As expected, what you haven't seen in the real world, you can't imagine to have a face here either."

Releasing his grip, he stepped back a couple of steps, letting Xie Bi'an follow the others towards the direction of the Secret Forest.

Lu Yi had once told him that the Guardian dispatched from the Paradise World was a lower-class person.

Xie Bi'an is a lower-class person.

He wondered if he's always been tightly wrapped in this world, and if he originally dressed like this, the advanced NPC on the other side might recognize him.

He wondered about that advanced NPC's mental state; if it was as stable as Lu Yi's, that would be great. If it was as crazy as the other Upper Class People, then...

Gu Mian began to imagine a massive tank in his mind.

Surprisingly, he really had a knack for creating tanks.

In just a few seconds, a brand-new tank appeared on the empty ground before him.

Though its size wasn't quite what he imagined.

Gu Mian silently gazed at the tank kiddie car in front of him, waist-high, adorned with flickering colorful lights.

To demonstrate its might, the little car let out two "bang" sounds, pretending to fire twice.

Not giving up, Gu Mian tried drawing a proper tank in his mind again.

A minute later, another tank toy car appeared in sight.

Sitting side by side with its little partner, it seemed to hold hands, mocking Gu Mian's inadequacy.

Alright, Gu Mian couldn't exactly waltz in riding a tank to slaughter everyone.

He could only sneak around, observe the situation, and act when the time was right. If the Upper Class People inside spotted him and crazily chased him, he'd just have to turn and run.

Gu Mian glanced around, deciding it was best to plan an escape route first.

As he surveyed the surroundings, a strange voice suddenly came from above.

"Gu Mian?"

Who?

Gu Mian didn't recognize the voice.

Following the sound, he looked up and saw a floating eyeball with small wings above him. He'd seen this thing before.

It resembled the tracking device from the previous slaughter game. Mr. Green had also produced something similar before. Overall, it was a flying camera capable of transmitting images to people watching from afar in real-time.

The small eyeball flew just above, about ten centimeters above Gu Mian's head.

Gu Mian reached out and grabbed it, squeezing it a bit, noting it felt similar to last time.

The eyeball, after being squeezed a few times, struggled free, nervously landing on a nearby branch, out of his reach now.

"Are you Gu Mian?" the voice reappeared, but now with a tone full of doubt.

It came from the eyeball perched on the branch.

So this thing could also talk.

Common Upper Class People in this world don't know they're NPCs in a game world, nor do they know who Gu Mian is as a player. They don't even know Gu Mian's real name.

Last time in this world, the kids in the Circus instance all called him "No. 9."

However, Upper Class People who understood themselves as Low-Dimensional World NPCs were aware of the name "Gu Mian." They communicated with people from other worlds, who naturally mentioned stories about "Evil Gu Mian."

"Your appearance is different from what I remember. I guess he helped you cover your original look."

Before Gu Mian could respond, the eyeball went on talking to itself.

The opposite person's tone seemed normal, without the typical Upper Class People contempt of "filthy lower-class person."

Moreover, the person seemed to have guessed that the Evil God had helped him change his appearance.

It appeared that this person not only knew him but was also familiar with the Evil God, and seemed approachable.

Gu Mian looked up at the tracker on the branch, pondered a moment before asking, "Who are you?"

Chapter 795 Yiwu Small Commodity City Is Closed! Evil God Limited Edition Brooch Only 9.9 Yuan!

No need to answer verbally, someone came in person.

It is an alien.

In the dim night, Gu Mian watched as a strange silhouette slowly approached him.

The figure has a human body, but their head is larger than usual, shaped so perfectly round that Gu Mian almost doubts there's a watermelon sitting atop the neck.

Could it be that the ones guarding this place aren't the Upper Class People, but aliens with watermelon heads?

But this place is so crucial, Gu Mian doesn't think the Upper Class People would leave other "species" to guard it.

The watermelon-headed figure passed through several 'Fatty' and 'Chu Changge', drawing closer to Gu Mian.

Only when within ten meters did Gu Mian realize that the figure wasn't a watermelon person but a normal human wearing a round helmet.

This circular helmet is unlike any Gu Mian has seen before; it appears steel-made, covering a large area and enveloping the entire head, with just a horizontal rectangle cut out at the eye position for vision, protected by a layer of glass.

Thanks to the helmet, Gu Mian couldn't immediately distinguish whether the wearer was an Upper Class Person or another species.

The design is quite peculiar.

Could it be they're afraid I'd shoot them in the head?

If they were worried about that, they'd be fully armed.

Gu Mian looked at the helmeted person's attire.

Although the headwear was odd, the clothing was unmistakably formal.

He wore a fitted black suit, with silver-rimmed buttons reflecting the moonlight, dazzling Gu Mian a few times. But what caught the most attention wasn't the shimmering silver buttons, but rather the green brooch clipped on his silver-gray shirt collar.

A green leaf brooch.

The helmeted figure halted a few meters away from Gu Mian.

Gu Mian carefully examined the leaf brooch on his shirt's collar, then looked down at the green brooch pinned to his lab coat.

Identical.

Facing each other, the two identical leaf brooches seemingly mirrored some mysterious token of affection.

This brooch is a special item limited by the Evil God, not a wholesale from Yiwu Small Commodity City.

Gu Mian doesn't believe the matching brooches are coincidental.

Is the person opposite an agent of the Evil God? Then communication should be possible.

"You have this leaf too, it seems you truly are Gu Mian." The voice from the eyelid on the branch echoed again.

Gu Mian looked up at it, then turned towards the helmeted figure ahead.

It must be the helmet muffling the sound, as the person communicates only through the overhead eye.

Gu Mian repeated his previous question: "Who are you?"

"Me?" The man gestured at himself with one hand.

Gu Mian noticed the hand looked excessively white, almost glowing in the darkness.

The man seemed somewhat dazed, shaking the helm, as if trying to recall his name.

After a long time, his voice emerged from the eye on the tree, imbued with palpable uncertainty: "I... my name is Slaughter."

On hearing this, Gu Mian first thought of the Slaughter game, then visualized a white little person clad in a pink shirt, the host of the Slaughter game—Teacher Slaughter.

Immediately responding to Gu Mian's invocation, Teacher Slaughter spontaneously appeared by his side.

The fictional Teacher Slaughter's temperament closely mirrored the real one; upon appearance, he noticed the "lower-class" Gu Mian standing beside him.

Rolling his eyes, he repeatedly muttered to Gu Mian: "lower class! lower class! lower class!"

The fabrications weren't very smart, and it seemed Teacher Slaughter wasn't either.

Gu Mian picked him up and tossed him aside.

Even embedded in the ground, Teacher Slaughter incessantly shouted "lower class."

Yet speaking of "Slaughter"... Gu Mian did know an authentic "Slaughter."

The Evil God.

Real name "Slaughter," alias "Xu Xingcheng," scientific name "Evil God."

But this pale-handed man in front also claims to be "Slaughter."

This gets strange; is he the Evil God?

Doesn't particularly seem so.

He also has a leaf brooch and says his name is "Slaughter," given his hand's complexion, he might be an Upper Class Person.

Leaf brooch... Slaughter...

Wait?

When connecting these two words, Gu Mian suddenly recalled something.

Last time in the Circus instance, when he joyfully allied with Lu Yi and Teacher Slaughter, Teacher Slaughter spotted the leaf brooch on his coat.

At that time, Teacher Shi Shilu made a strange expression and said something—"This, this isn't... slaughter..."

At that time, Gu Mian thought that this leaf might be some sort of token.

Now, it seems it really is.

Teacher Shi Shilu has evidently seen the leaf brooch before and knows it belongs to "Slaughter".

It seems the person in front isn't lying; he is indeed called "Slaughter".

But isn't that supposed to be the name of the Evil God?

Why does the Evil God have an Upper Class People doppelgänger here?

"Are you the Evil God?" Gu Mian stared into the person's revealed eyes, "Or a doppelgänger?"

But those eyes look nothing like Xu Xingcheng's, completely different.

This time, "Slaughter's" tone was much more certain: "I'm neither."

The current situation is really puzzling; in front of him is a man named "Slaughter", wearing the Evil God brooch as an Upper Class People, but he adamantly claims he's neither the Evil God nor a doppelgänger.

"You're here to find his statue, right? Well, he probably left a statue here to be found by someone. Did he and you agree to have you come to find it?" Gu Mian was contemplating the relationship between the two when the eye on his head made a sound.

Actually, no.

The main mission of entering the Paradise World this time is to rescue Lu Yi.

I just incidentally came here to visit the statue.

Before Gu Mian could reply, "Slaughter" spoke to himself: "Right, you must have arranged this, after all, you have the brooch..."

Gu Mian looked down at the green leaf brooch pinned on his clothing.

Could it be that the Evil God agreed with someone that whoever wears this brooch can visit that statue?

The leaf brooch was given by the Evil God the first time Gu Mian entered this world; could the Evil God have planned all of this back then?

"Slaughter" sighed lightly and turned to walk toward the forest: "Let's go, I'll take you to see the statue."

Gu Mian stared at his back, not moving.

The man had walked a few steps, and noticing that Gu Mian hadn't followed, he immediately understood Gu Mian's concern: "Afraid I'll trick you there and then shoot? You can use your saw... I remember you have a saw in your guitar bag, right? Keep it across my neck, if anything goes wrong, saw open my neck immediately. And if anything does happen, my corpse can shield you from bullets, isn't that convenient..."

Since you said so, I won't hold back.

Before he finished speaking, a shiny saw crossed over his shoulder.

"Slaughter's" voice stopped abruptly, seemingly surprised by Gu Mian's quick action.

Shouldn't there be some mutual politeness, and then Gu Mian pretends to say, "I trust you, but for safety's sake, I must do this" while putting the saw on?

This process feels somewhat off, missing a lot of steps.

Oh well, the result is the same anyway.

Slaughter felt the cold touch on his neck, it was the teeth of the saw sneakily brushing against him.

Realizing this, he steadied his head; if he moved his head around, he'd probably find himself with a hole created by the sharp saw teeth.

But the heavy helmet he wore made it hard to keep his head completely balanced, and Slaughter, fearing for his life, had to use both hands to support the helmet.

At this moment, a mechanical voice suddenly came through his ears.

"Are you happy?" "Are you happy?"

With the custom helmet on, he couldn't directly hear outside sounds, relying on the tracker on top of his head to transmit the sound into his headphones, then hear external sounds through them.

What's that? Slaughter wanted to see what was making the sound, but with the helmet, his vision was really limited; he couldn't see what was making the sound and only felt the voice was familiar.

Gu Mian looked down and saw a mechanical dog from the delivery truck had somehow jumped off and was following them.

Now its bravery seemed to grow, compared to its previously scared demeanor; no, it's like two different dogs.

Gu Mian looked through the glass, seeing Slaughter's eyes scanning the surroundings, seemingly searching for the source of the sound, but with the mechanical dog at their feet, it was hard for Slaughter to see it without looking down.

Right, this helmet...

"Why did you bring this thing out?" Gu Mian looked at Slaughter supporting the helmet with both hands, "It seems pretty inconvenient."

Gu Mian could somewhat guess the helmet's purpose.

It should be related to the Evil God's statue.

"You saw it too," Slaughter tried to move his head to look at Gu Mian, but a slight movement made him feel the saw teeth were a bit too intimate with his neck, so he promptly stopped, "saw these people."

He said, gesturing forward with one hand, ahead were the backs of the 'Fatty'.

"You should realize, these people are 'created' by you." Slaughter pointed forward, then quickly retracted his hand to support the helmet again, looking very wary.

"I realized it." Gu Mian nodded looking at the backs ahead, "I guess it's related to the complete Evil God statue in the forest, right?"

After all, he didn't have this passive skill before.

"You've guessed right," Slaughter seemed to want to nod, but his head only slightly moved, "A long time ago, an Upper Class Person came to the forest intending to dig an underground cave to imprison lower-class people..."

This part had been briefly related to Gu Mian by Lu Yi, so Gu Mian spoke: "I know what's ahead; this Upper Class Person while digging discovered the Evil God statue, and when the statue emerged, there were many broken statue fragments around it, later you moved those fragments out to create second-hand Evil God statues, right?"

Slaughter was stunned by Gu Mian's words, he was dazed for several seconds before finding his voice: "You know all this? Do you also know about the world's rollback?"

Chapter 796 Meng Bengbeng and the Hundred Little Eyeballs

"Right. Earth keeps rewinding this world over and over until it gets the result it wants. It set the Upper Class People and the lower-class at each other's throats, blew up what was still a barely workable relationship, and in the end polarized things into what we have now." This was the conclusion Gu Mian and Lu Yi had come to last time.

After speaking, he glanced at Slaughter next to him, but because the other was wearing a helmet, Gu Mian couldn't see his expression.

It was a long time before Gu Mian finally heard Slaughter's voice coming down from the eyeball above his head: "Yeah... yeah... why didn't I think of all this from the start..."

There was a bit of a quiver in his tone, and what he said sounded a little off.

The little eyeball on the tree branch had already come down. It seemed to want to land on top of Slaughter's head to have a rest. It buzzed around Slaughter's head twice, but just couldn't find a place to set itself down.

Slaughter's entire head was encased in a round helmet, and the round eyeball would just gurgle and slide right off if it tried to sit on it.

So it took a step back, so to speak, and rolled its gaze over to Gu Mian's head.

Gu Mian's hair was very fluffy, looking soft and warm, perfectly suited for a round little thing to perch on.

The little eyeball stared at the top of Gu Mian's head with some hesitation, very much wanting to land there.

Gu Mian noticed its gaze, turned his head, and gave it a kindly smile. The little eyeball took one look and flew off in fright.

"I should have realized sooner..." Slaughter, holding his head, was still muttering to himself.

Gu Mian had just opened his mouth to ask him what he meant by that when he saw a large swath of light appear ahead.

He turned to look. A few searchlights were set up in the distance, illuminating an area, and beneath the searchlights was something strung together that looked like a fence.

These "Iron fence" segments were linked together into a large arc, and you couldn't see where the fence ended at a glance.

They seemed to encircle the entire forest.

And every so often along the fence, a gun barrel protruded; the noise from earlier had likely come from these barrels.

He saw his little companions standing still outside the fence, not moving forward anymore.

Right, what Gu Mian had wanted back then was for everyone to charge up together and knock over the Upper Class People.

But he swept his gaze around and didn't see any other Upper Class People here; the only one was still in his own hands.

With that in mind, he looked again at the gun barrels jutting out from the Iron fence.

These weapons had to be automated; once they detected a living creature nearby, they would wake up and extend, shooting any creature that wandered close to death.

If he hadn't heard the gunshots at the very beginning and had just driven the delivery truck straight through, he and the mechanical dog would probably already be riddled with holes.

Right now the gun barrels were all drooping, in sleep mode; when Slaughter came out, he had given them a ceasefire command.

Gu Mian asked the person beside him, "It's just you here?"

"Yeah, just me;" Slaughter was also looking at those drooping gun muzzles. "Because of how special that statue is, it's not suitable to station too many people here. Just now you asked me why I'm wearing this helmet—this helmet is for isolating consciousness."

Isolating consciousness...

By now the two of them had crossed that automated firing line and entered the forest.

As soon as he stepped in, Gu Mian saw that underfoot was a smooth stone path, leading straight ahead.

On both sides of the stone path stood street lamps for lighting.

The big trees on either side were very dense, their branches and leaves overhead almost completely blocking out the sky so that not a single ray of moonlight from outside could get in.

If it weren't for the street lamps, this place would definitely be pitch-black right now.

Gu Mian followed the path with his eyes, but couldn't see where it ended.

The two of them continued walking forward.

"After we unearthed that statue and realized this world might have gone through countless reloads, some people fell into a panic;

'Oh! We Upper Class People spent so long finally separating ourselves completely from that lot of lower-class people. If everything suddenly rewinds and the lower-class get to rise up, wouldn't all our efforts be for nothing?'—someone said that at the time."

Gu Mian had discussed this with Lu Yi back in the Circus instance.

At the very beginning, the relationship between the Upper Class People and the lower-class, while hostile, was at most like that between landlord and the exploited.

But now, the gap between the Upper Class People and the lower-class was wider than the gap between humans and dogs.

The two sides were now completely separated.

But that Upper Class Person Slaughter mentioned was clearly overthinking it; Earth controlled the Paradise World's rewinds precisely to intensify the conflict between the Upper Class People and the lower-class, to widen the rift between them.

Even if it rewound again, the conflict would only deepen. The lower-class were never going to get a chance to turn things around.

However, the Upper Class People didn't know about this; only Lu Yi had vaguely guessed it.

"When they saw that statue itself could be immune to the world's rewinds, they wanted to move it out to study it, to see if they could find a way to stop the world from rewinding. Deep down, they didn't want time to roll back;

"But no matter what methods they used, they couldn't move that intact statue an inch, so they had to settle for second best and transport those fragments out instead;

"They took the fragments out to study them, but didn't figure out anything at all. Someone suggested they could try remaking those fragments into new statues and placing them all over the world. Maybe once the statues were spread across the globe, they'd bless this world so it would stop rewinding...

"Of course, this place still needed someone to guard it, in case anything happened to the most precious intact statue inside. My status was very high, and I volunteered to stay here; naturally, no one had any objections."

"Your status was very high?" Gu Mian repeated.

Slaughter froze for a moment, clearly not expecting Gu Mian to start discussing something like status with him.

He spaced out for a bit, then answered, "Yeah, my status was very high. I was almost one of the very first 'Upper Class People'. The Upper Class People—lower-class division plan was my proposal, and that slaughter game you once took part in was also my idea."

When he said this, there was a deep powerlessness in Slaughter's tone, as if someone had their hands around his throat and had forced him to do all this.

Gu Mian also found his statement strange.

Coming up with a plan to divide Upper Class People and lower-class, and creating a bloody, brutal show like the slaughter game—just from the deeds alone, Gu Mian would definitely have thought this man was utterly deranged.

Yet the person who had pulled off such glorious achievements was currently being held at Saw-point by him, looking every bit like a pitiful, demure "good housewife," with no sign of a madman anywhere.

Truly, you can't judge a book by its cover, nor measure the sea with a bucket.

The good housewife continued, "Very soon, while guarding this place, I discovered other unusual things about that statue. I'm someone who dreams a lot, and my first night here was no exception. That night, I dreamed that the lower-class people launched a fierce uprising—they were finally going to resist the Upper Class People;

"In the dream, countless wars broke out between lower-class and Upper Class People, and in the end the Upper Class People were defeated. I dreamed that the leader of the lower-class led a group of them into my residence, and with one stroke cut off my head. I was so terrified that I woke up immediately, and the moment I opened my eyes I got scared all over again by what was in front of me. You have no idea what I saw..."

Gu Mian knew the function of that intact Evil God statue was probably something along the lines of "wish fulfillment."

"When you opened your eyes, you saw your own body without a head?" he guessed.

Slaughter's helmet moved a little; Gu Mian figured his head was probably shaking inside.

"I saw that lower-class leader from my dream standing at the foot of my bed, holding a blade and grinning at me."

The little buzzing eyeball finally found a good spot. It hovered back and forth a few times over Slaughter's shoulder, then carefully landed on it.

The smooth suit fabric sank into a shallow dent under its weight. The eyeball tilted left and right, and only when it was sure it wouldn't roll off did it fold its wings away.

Only then did Gu Mian notice several small holes on the back of the eyeball; Slaughter's voice was coming out from there.

"When I saw him, I even thought I was still dreaming. I pinched my thigh hard, and the stabbing pain made me realize everything in front of me was real, that I was already awake;

"Luckily, he didn't slice my head off with one stroke like in the dream. He just stood there smiling, like a mannequin, not moving at all. I questioned him, shook him, and he didn't react."

Shadows flickered on the ground.

Gu Mian looked up to see several moths circling the streetlamp. One particularly bold moth beat its wings and threw itself at the blinding light, its hot blood seemingly surging toward the brightest future.

With a dull little thud, it drifted down like a leaf, swaying side to side, and landed by Gu Mian's feet.

Gu Mian lowered his head to look at the moth. "You questioned him? Shook him?"

How strange.

Most people's reaction wouldn't be "questioning" and "shaking."

Gu Mian tried putting himself in Teacher Slaughter's shoes. If Teacher Slaughter woke up to find a lower-class person about to cut off his head, he would most likely be scared out of his wits and curl up against the wall, scared stiff yet still mouthing off.

He'd probably say things like, "What do you think you're doing, you lowly lower-class?" "Just wait till they rescue me, you'll be sorry," and so on.

This kind of "shaking" action rarely happens between strangers.

Gu Mian had seen in dramas where the male lead shakes the female lead while demanding, "Why don't you love me?"

But he'd never seen a male lead grab some random passerby by the shoulders to shake and question them.

"Yes, but he was like a statue, not moving at all. I had no choice but to tie him up and put him in the corner. That day, I kept trying to make him speak, or at least move a little, but he didn't twitch a muscle;

"I was worried and anxious, and only fell asleep again near dawn. Guess what? I dreamed of him again. I dreamed he sliced my head off with one stroke again. I woke up in terror, and as soon as I opened my eyes, I saw him standing at the head of my bed, grinning at me with the blade."

What a never-ending nightmare.

"I thought he'd broken free of the rope, but when I looked over at the corner, I found another him there, still tied up and exactly the same;

"Then I thought I had to still be dreaming. I pinched my thigh hard, wanting to wake myself up, but the pain once again told me I wasn't dreaming. Tell me that's not bizarre—two identical people in my room, even the curve of their smiles was exactly the same. It was terrifying!"

Chapter 797 Problems Collapsing

"I'm not a fool. After these strange occurrences persisted for several days, I figured out that all this eerie business was probably caused by that statue. I found that whatever I dreamed of at night would most likely appear the next morning;

"At first, I guessed that the statue could manifest people's dreams, but later I realized I had underestimated it. It didn't manifest dreams; it realized people's wishes...

"That's right, wishes. It's like a wish machine, turning people's thoughts into reality, but the things that become reality always have flaws. Like the two people I conjured, they stand still like wooden sculptures;

"It's troublesome, for people cannot control their thoughts, and the less you want to think about something, the more likely you are to think about it. At the time, there were other Upper Class People staying here with me, and upon discovering that the statue could realize thoughts, they involuntarily imagined dangerous things;

"Someone ate rusty nails in his food for four consecutive days, and someone had a sudden thought while bathing: what if the bath water turned into sulfuric acid?—then his bath water really turned into sulfuric acid;

"It's too dangerous. The fewer people who stay here, the better, as more people lead to more imagined dangers. As I mentioned earlier, I have a high status among the Upper Class People, so I decided to send the others away and stay here myself, and no one opposed me;

"For my safety, we made this helmet out of special materials, which can isolate my thoughts within the helmet, preventing the statue from receiving them." Slaughter said, tapping on his helmet, the crisp sound echoing through the forest.

"We also built a house using the same special materials. When I'm inside that house, I don't have to wear this. Look, we're almost there."

As he spoke, Gu Mian saw a building appear ahead.

At this moment, Slaughter quickened his pace and walked forward.

Gu Mian kept up, holding his saw.

As he approached, he realized what lay before him was a two-story building, but unlike ordinary buildings, the exterior seemed to be coated with a layer of steel.

The smooth silver-gray reflected the light from the street lamps, and Gu Mian squinted upward along the steel wall.

This building had no windows, not even a crack.

Gu Mian couldn't find the location of its door.

Suddenly, Slaughter, beside him, lowered a hand and inserted it into his suit pants pocket.

Gu Mian turned to look, only to see him pull out something resembling a remote control from his pocket.

The remote control had quite a few buttons, and he watched Slaughter press the red button at the top.

Immediately, the building before them rumbled, and a door slowly opened in front of them.

"Once inside, I can take off the helmet." Slaughter, seemingly tired of wearing the helmet, sped up and walked through the door.

Gu Mian followed him into the building.

He set down the saw and surveyed the interior decor.

From the outside, this two-story building appeared very high-tech. Gu Mian initially thought the interior would be similar, with cold experiment tables, high-tech mechanical creations, and walls full of physical data.

But the reality was different.

It was a warm, cozy residence.

All four walls were a warm, light yellow, and a projector hung from the ceiling, casting videos on the wall.

Upon entering, to the right was a set of gray fabric sofas, with a tea table covered by a floral tablecloth in front of them.

A huge round sunflower carpet covered the floor, with an open balcony directly opposite the door.

Outside the balcony, it was daytime.

"That's an electronic screen, not a real window," Slaughter's voice came from behind.

At the same time, Gu Mian heard a 'pop' sound.

He turned to look, seeing Slaughter pulling his head out of the helmet: "Fortunately, in here I don't have to wear the helmet; otherwise wearing it all day would drive me crazy."

His hair was a bit messy, not quite matching his neat suit.

Gu Mian looked at Slaughter's face; his skin was deathly pale, a characteristic of Upper Class People.

Aside from his skin color, Slaughter's appearance wasn't bad.

Gu Mian, accustomed to seeing the twisted, ugly faces of lower-class people, found this person's looks relatively striking by comparison.

The only blemish was a scar running vertically across his face, from the corner of his right eye down to his neck.

The deathly pale skin made the scar more glaring and prominent, adding a trace of ferocity to his delicate face.

Noticing Gu Mian staring at his face, Slaughter touched his cheek and smiled: "Actually, I didn't used to have this skin color... I wasn't this pale."

Can people's skin be bleached later here? Gu Mian was a bit puzzled.

Seeing Gu Mian's question, Slaughter patiently explained: "Initially, there wasn't any difference in appearance between Upper Class People and lower-class people; we were distinguished by birth and assets, until we discovered that statue."

Speaking of the statue...

Gu Mian had already surveyed the entire ground floor, not seeing any sign of the statue.

If he remembered correctly, Slaughter seemed to have brought him to see the statue, right?

Beside the fabric sofas was a staircase leading to the second floor; perhaps the statue was upstairs.

"That statue can realize wishes, though most of the time there's a flaw, but it's better than nothing, isn't it?" Slaughter crouched down and lifted the sunflower carpet at his feet, revealing a hinged door under it, secured with a lock.

Then he put his hand into his suit pants pocket again, seemingly searching for something.

He felt around both pockets, but didn't find what he sought.

Slaughter's expression immediately became bewildered, like a Fatty who couldn't find his keys.

Just as Gu Mian was pondering, a huge figure suddenly appeared beside him.

What's going on?

He turned to look, seeing that what had just appeared out of thin air was a person.

A Fatty.

Upon closer inspection of his face, well, he looked exactly like Fatty.

He appeared bewildered, rummaging through his jacket pockets with both hands: "Where are my keys? Where are my keys? Where are my keys?"

Even Slaughter was startled by the sudden appearance of Fatty, he even forgot to search for the keys, pointing at Fatty with a finger: "He...he...this...this...this..."

"Your house doesn't work, doesn't it say it can shield consciousness." Gu Mian also paused, then began to disdainfully survey the house, turning to Fatty beside him, "Such a big Fatty can squeeze in here, the flaw is too big, clearly a jerry-built project."

"No, impossible, I've been here for so long, never had such a problem before..." Slaughter was stuttering, with one hand holding his head, evidently unable to believe what he was seeing.

Gu Mian saw him pinch his thigh hard with his other hand.

A gasp sounded in the room, clearly he hurt himself.

"I know, I know." Slaughter, gasping, suddenly understood something, turning to Gu Mian, "If it's not me with the problem, then it must be you causing the problem!"

Chapter 798 Yiwu Small Commodity City Goes Bankrupt, Evil God Figurines for Only 99 Cents!

"Nonsense!" Gu Mian immediately retorted, "Your instance is a disaster, so the houses you build are also shoddy, which is perfectly reasonable."

Slaughter was pacing anxiously and didn't have time to listen to his arguments, only searching the house for the loose-leaf door key to send Gu Mian down, as if the house would collapse if he stayed a second longer.

Gu Mian watched as Slaughter approached the sofa, reaching into the gap between the couch cushions.

When at home, he often couldn't find the remote control, and there were many times when Fatty found it in the sofa crevice.

Just then, while groping the sofa crevice, Slaughter suddenly touched something rectangular.

What is this?

He puzzledly pulled it out from the gap, finding a remote control in his hand.

A strange remote control.

Slaughter froze for two seconds, then immediately turned around to look at Gu Mian: "What are you thinking again? I beg you, stop imagining things!"

Gu Mian, embarrassed, turned his head away.

It seemed Slaughter was quite afraid he'd think of something dangerous, like a bomb detonated by remote control, a giant excavator that could level this place, or a direct earthquake reducing it to rubble.

Just as he was pondering, Gu Mian suddenly felt the ground seem to shake.

Slaughter finally found the key behind the cushion, but before he could relax, he suddenly felt the sofa seemed to be shaking.

No, it's not just the sofa.

His shadow cast on the ground was also shaking, and he turned around in astonishment to see the entire room beginning to vibrate slightly. The projector on the ceiling trembled left and right, and the electronic display on the balcony turned pitch black due to the shaking.

And the instigator was standing awkwardly in the center of the living room, pretending to look at the scenery outside the balcony.

The mechanical dog that came in with him was also wobbling around on the ground, bumping its head against Gu Mian's leg.

"You, you..." Slaughter's hand holding the key began to tremble, he stared at Gu Mian, uttering two "you" without managing to say anything further.

No need to think, it's certainly Gu Mian causing the shaking.

He was so angry he couldn't speak, his pallid face flushing with a thin layer of redness from anger.

Luckily, the earthquake wasn't very destructive, the ground seemed like a reluctant employee, merely shook symbolically, then settled down.

"Immediately, get down this instant!" Slaughter clutched the key in one hand, grabbed the helmet with the other, and swiftly walked to the loose-leaf door beneath the carpet, his voice trembling from excitement, "If you stay here any longer, this... it'll be the end of me. We must go down immediately and see that statue, once you've seen it, hurry and get lost!"

If this place collapsed, the helmet would have to be welded onto his head until he constructed another house to isolate consciousness.

He said, trembling slightly, as he inserted the newly found key into the keyhole.

Since his emotions hadn't calmed, Slaughter had to align several times before fully inserting the key, then he twisted it, a "click" sounded from the lock hole.

The specialized material of the loose-leaf door slowly rose, transforming into a staircase leading downward.

Gu Mian curiously leaned over to look, "This thing is quite smart."

Slaughter put on the helmet and descended the stairs, then impatiently beckoned Gu Mian, "The Evil God statue is right below, hurry and come down with me."

He felt his house couldn't endure another hit from Gu Mian.

Gu Mian also ascended the stairs with the mechanical dog by his feet.

Then the loose-leaf door slowly descended, leaving only 'Fatty' in the living room muttering to himself, "Where's my key? Where's my key? Where's my key?"

Watching the loose-leaf door close overhead, Slaughter finally breathed a sigh of relief, now Gu Mian couldn't continue wrecking his house.

"The statue is at the very bottom, just follow the stairs all the way down and you'll see it." He spoke feeling better.

The underground was unlike above, taking a few seconds for Gu Mian to adjust to the lighting here.

This was a cylindrical, vertically downward space, like an expanded well.

The stone staircase underfoot spiraled down along the wall, Gu Mian took a glance down from the stairs, below was a deep black hole, even with wall lamps illuminating the walls, the bottom of the cavern was invisible.

The air here was somewhat moist, and the stone steps underfoot even had moss growing on them, with no railing at the staircase edge, descending carefully to avoid slipping and falling.

A person dying was trivial, but damaging the Evil God statue would be bad.

This downward cavern wasn't made of special material, unable to block thought lines, so Slaughter donned a helmet upon entering.

"Going down these stairs is really tedious, why not listen to the story I hadn't finished earlier. Ah! Where did I leave off... Oh right, I mentioned my skin color wasn't like this before." Gu Mian had only taken two steps down when he heard exaggerated, insincere voices nearby.

Slaughter didn't seem to have anything to say but chatted endlessly, probably fearing Gu Mian might think up some brilliant idea out of boredom.

"Previously, there was no difference in appearance between the Upper Class People and lower-class people, standing together they couldn't be distinguished by the naked eye, until that statue appeared." At this point, Slaughter's exaggerated voice became somewhat somber, seemingly recalling something unpleasant.

"That statue can fulfill wishes, often people would wish upon it. Although most of the wishes it fulfilled were failures or simple, there were one or two surprises, and an Upper Class Person's wish was perfectly realized by the statue."

Saying this, he instinctively lowered his head to look at his hands, hands reflecting a deathly white glow beneath the nearby wall lamp, a color Gu Mian often saw on corpses.

He continued descending while listening to Slaughter tell stories.

"The one who bathed in acid... just now I mentioned about the Upper Class Person whose bath suddenly became acid, thanks to others' timely discovery he managed to survive, but his skin was eroded by acid, even his face was no exception;

"When first rescued, he looked like a melting monster, his skin drooping layer by layer, even affecting his facial features, can you imagine, one of his eyes was in the normal position, but the other was nearly drooping to the nose. No, he didn't have a nose anymore then, where his nose had been were merely two holes for breathing;

"He became something not quite human nor ghostly, yet didn't resent the statue. Knowing that it was due to the statue that he ended up looking that way, he not only refrained from blame but also frequently came here to solemnly wish;

"He believed firmly that the statue was the work of a god, since a god could turn him into that wretched state, surely the god could restore him to his original form. At first he came almost daily, wishing to be restored, wishing to return to how he was before;

"Day after day, day after day, 'the god' never fulfilled his wishes. Over time, his piety slowly turned to doubt, he grew angry, questioned, covered his face with his nearly melted hands and sobbed, but to no avail."

Slaughter's eyes appeared somewhat vacant, his mind wandered back to those distant memories:

"Later, for quite a long time, I didn't see him again. When we met again two years later, I was genuinely startled, not knowing what he had experienced, he had cast off his previous despair, becoming crazed yet confident;

"He told me this time 'the god' would surely hear his plea, he had thoroughly understood the deity's intentions, figured out how to induce the god's blessings;

"So I led him to the statue, I also hoped he could return to how he used to be, ever since he became like that, he changed in many ways, in every aspect I hoped he could revert to his old self;

"But I never imagined his wish wasn't to return to the past, but a grand, terrifying wish encompassing the entire world."

Chapter 799 Sexy Little Xing Online Making a Wish

"Oh god, I have clearly and fully realized the mistakes I made. In the past, I did not realize that God had changed His will, foolishly wishing to return to the past; such a foolish me could of course not receive any response from God;

"Now I fully understand that the old ideas of the past should have been abandoned long ago, and what we should pray for is a brand-new future, a brand-new future for this world;

"This time I no longer seek to return to the past, but only hope to move toward the future You are expecting;

"We will follow the trend of the world, comply with Your will, and dig a gulf that cannot be surpassed. So I pray that God will grant us a brand-new, noble, upper-class 'skin,' completely distinguish us from the lower class, and make the gulf deeper and darker until it becomes an abyss."

The sound of slaughter echoed in the bottomless cavern.

The word "abyss" bounced back several times against the walls before falling to the bottomless depths below.

Gu Mian looked at Slaughter's pale exposed hands: "So after that person made such a wish, you began to 'mutate'?"

"Yes, he realized his wish." Slaughter nodded, "After that I found my skin got whiter day by day, and all the Upper Class People were like this. So far, this 'mutation' has not stopped, haven't you noticed that our hair color is also lighter than that of ordinary people?"

Hearing this, Gu Mian looked up to observe his hair.

But the round helmet blocked Gu Mian's view, preventing him from observing the color of Slaughter's hair.

Recalling the Upper Class People he had seen before, it seemed indeed their hair color was somewhat lighter.

"After the skin was completely whitened, I found my hair, and eyeballs also began to lighten day by day, I think at this rate I will turn into a 'Paper Man' sooner or later."

All white, indeed like a man made of paper.

"But the others did not have my worries, they only saw it as a gift from God, enjoying all of it, and began to oppress and exploit the lower class even more aggressively after the 'mutation,' making the gulf between Upper Class People and lower class grow larger and larger until it became what it is today."

When talking about this, Slaughter's tone was somewhat low, mentioning the disparity between Upper Class People and lower class, he was not as smug as other Upper Class People, instead, there was a touch of imperceptible regret.

Gu Mian stared at him for a while and now raised his question: "You are different from other Upper Class People, you seem..."

Gu Mian thought about the wording: "You seem not to wish for the current situation between Upper Class People and the lower class, you don't wish for such a large gap between them. More accurately, you seem somewhat hopeful that the Upper Class People can be overthrown by the lower class."

Slaughter repeatedly dreamed of the lower class uprising slicing his head off with a knife, but when he woke up and found the enemy right in front of him, his first reaction was not to kill the other to ensure his safety, but to shake and question them.

But he is the one who proposed the division between Upper Class People and the lower class, and the one who came up with the idea of the slaughter game was also him.

On one hand, he eagerly proposed a hierarchical system, oppressing the lower class, yet on the other, he regretted that the gap between Upper Class People and the lower class was growing larger, hoping the lower class would overthrow their rule.

Listening to Gu Mian's words, Slaughter remained silent for a long time.

He looked down at the moss-covered stone steps under his feet, silently walking down step by step. For a time, in that bottomless cave, only the sound of footsteps of the two people and a dog could be heard.

Gu Mian also didn't speak, patiently waiting for the other to open his mouth.

At this time, the two had already been walking on the stairs for almost ten minutes, but they still could not see the bottom, unsure of how deep this cave was.

After walking down a bit further, Gu Mian finally heard a small eyeball on Slaughter's shoulder speaking: "Yes, your observation is very sharp, I indeed do not wish for such a large gap between Upper Class People and the lower class, and I indeed hope for the lower class to overthrow our rule."

"Why?" Gu Mian asked.

Was he using a villain script, forced to play an evil upper-class character?

At this moment, Slaughter finally raised his head, he turned to look at Gu Mian.

Through a layer of glass, Gu Mian could not see his eyes, only seeing blurry lights reflected in the glass, like flickering flames.

"You know, every world at its inception hopes to have a bright and positive future."

Bright, positive future.

Currently, the Paradise World can be said to have nothing to do with those two words.

Slaughter continued: "When this world was just born, we were there."

"You all?"

"Yes, us. We are not the creators of this world but the ones holding the script, hoping to guide this world toward a bright future. The name of this world is Paradise, which is the name we gave, and our initial intention, hoping to transform here into a world like paradise."

Gu Mian was somewhat puzzled.

Judging from Slaughter's words, he meant "we" were the first residents of the Paradise World, holding wonderful wishes, carrying pre-planned scripts, hoping to construct here into a genuine paradise.

Were Slaughter and the others prepared? Did they already know a new world would be born here so they planned their script in advance and descended directly with the script? Why did they do this, was someone commanding them?

Gu Mian had many questions in his heart, his mind was racing.

"Stability and happiness obtained easily will not be cherished, this point we already experienced in the Old World."

"Wait," Gu Mian frowned, "the Old World?"

Slaughter and the others have experienced more than one world.

"Yes, the Old World." Slaughter looked at Gu Mian, "You know we have seven low-dimensional worlds, right? Heard you scared the conductor of the Time Escape train so much that he didn't sleep well for several months."

Gu Mian obtained a copy of the Record of the History of Seven Major Worlds from the train conductor, which the conductor wrote under Gu Mian's coercion.

Inside, there are general introductions of the seven worlds.

As Gu Mian was recalling that Record of the History of Seven Major Worlds, Slaughter spoke again: "We come from the Old World."

The Old World? The Old World is the third world; Paradise is the fourth world.

These two worlds are adjacent.

Gu Mian began to recall the Record of the History of Seven Major Worlds regarding the description of the Old World: "The initial intention of the Old World was to create a society without crime, where citizens abide by laws harmoniously and lovingly. Thus, right from the start, strict laws were set to ensure the guilty are always punished and contributors are surely rewarded, ensuring everyone lived in a happy, satisfying, worry-free world from the beginning."

Although the seedlings were very upright, they later grew crooked.

The "Metamorphosis" variety show in the Old World and the "Slaughter Game" and "Circus" were on par if not worse, wonder how such a correct idea evolved into the current situation.

But did Slaughter say he came from the Old World? How did he go from the Old World to Paradise World?

"We are from the Old World, naturally knowing not to repeat the Old World's old path; following the old path will only lead to repeating the same mistakes;

"We think the Old World became that way because the world's happiness and stability came too easily, once people stop struggling for these two things, their exuberant energy will shift to other matters and cause extraneous problems;

"So this time we devised a new path, dividing everyone in the world into two groups, 'oppressors' and 'resistors,' we need the Evil Dragon, and we need the Hero, we need heroes to lead the people to defeat the Evil Dragon, the process must be extremely arduous, with sacrifices and tears, only then will the happiness obtained at the end be cherished by the people."

Chapter 800 - Save Point Is a Corrupt Civilization!

Ideals are often grand, but when it comes to realization, they face numerous difficulties.

There's no need to even think about it; Slaughter chose a path that was littered with obstacles, so much so that even today his beautiful ideals haven't come true.

"Now it seems your choice has failed," Gu Mian said as he walked down.

In the current Paradise World, no hero has emerged to defeat the Evil Dragon, instead, the dragon rules the world.

"Didn't you allocate the roles properly? Or was it that the person playing the Evil Dragon couldn't bear to give up their status and power halfway through?" Gu Mian thought of these two possibilities, as they seemed the most likely.

He looked at Slaughter, waiting for him to respond.

But a bitter smile came from his small eyes, and then Slaughter shook his head, denying Gu Mian's guesses: "It's not like that. We made thorough preparations. We edited the most inspiring instance, and selected the most suitable actors;

"One person would play the hero. There didn't need to be too many in the lead role, as long as he could bring hope to everyone. The rest would play the Evil Dragons; everyone was one of us, and when necessary, they would showcase excellent acting and exit the scene, so there was no need to worry about the hero being outnumbered by a group of dragons.

"Like a spring that compresses all the way down will eventually bounce the highest, we set up a 'crisis beginning' where the dragons would first engage in massive oppression and exploitation;

"The hero didn't need to rush onto the scene; he needed to blend into the crowd and wait until people were completely helpless in despair, trapped in a dire situation where they saw no light. At this moment, the hero would emerge as the guiding light in their hearts, leading them step by step to overthrow evil and move towards a future full of brightness;

"Following the normal procedure, it should have gone this way, but a major mistake occurred in the middle."

As he spoke, Slaughter furrowed his brow, and Gu Mian could see his deeply knitted eyebrows through the glass.

"After deciding the plot, the hero separated from us, waiting for the right opportunity to appear and defeat us. Everything went smoothly on the dragon side—centralization, oppression, exploitation—the kind of things we were accustomed to in the Old World, making their application effortless;

"Having a goal gave us vigor in our actions, and we acted swiftly, gathering some local capitalists. Through oppression and exploitation, we soon ruled half the world. Of course, those local capitalists weren't aware of our plan, they thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of being in high positions, even more motivated than us;

"Until the hero still hadn't appeared, I thought perhaps we hadn't done enough; the spring hadn't fully compressed. So we expanded our oppression even more eagerly, until the entire Paradise was shadowed by us;

"But still, the hero never appeared."

Speaking of this, there was a hint of confusion in Slaughter's eyes, as if he was back in the days when he waited hopelessly for the hero to appear.

The dragon, hoping to be killed by the hero, the hero who mysteriously disappeared, Gu Mian contemplated Slaughter's words and a vague possibility surfaced in his mind.

"Is our oppression insufficient? Can people still get by somehow?" he said, with a tone tinged with uncertainty, "Honestly, we don't relish killing nor do we love exploiting. Many innocents were driven to despair due to our exploitation and oppression, and whenever we see this, it causes us deep agony;

"We anticipate the hero's arrival every day, we're anxious to the point where we can't eat or sleep; sometimes when we shut our eyes, we see faces filled with despair and numbness, those who died because of our oppression;

"In hopes of liberation soon, we could only resort to even more perverse and insane actions, trying to completely plunge people into desperation, hoping the hero would emerge soon. For this, I proposed to distinguish between Upper Class People and lower-class, clearly defining the roles of exploiters and the oppressed, I put oppression openly in the spotlight! Surely the hero should appear then!

"Hero, isn't this world absurd enough for you? Isn't the oppression of ordinary people heavy enough? Why haven't you appeared?

"Enough! I've had enough of this life. You know, at one point I didn't even dare to connect with the outside, didn't dare to hear any external news; I only dared to indulge in pleasure and numb myself in a luxurious castle, afraid to hear about more people falling into despair because of us, afraid to see eyes filled with suffering!"

Slaughter grew more agitated as he spoke, raising his arms as if he wanted to tear his hair, but before his hands could touch his hair, he felt a cold helmet.

Feeling the cold helmet, he became slightly calmer, and his voice cooled down, as if a hysterical person finally accepted reality: "But that person, never appeared."

Upon hearing this, Gu Mian finally understood.

He realized why the "hero" had failed to show.

"We suspected he died, but it's impossible. We came from the Old World; we couldn't possibly die here. At the time, I thought perhaps he abandoned his role halfway for some unknown reason;

"We have endured enough of this torment; since the hero abandoned his role, let's create another hero. It doesn't matter who it is, as long as he can overthrow this world, as long as he can free us from oppression and exploitation;

"But by then it was too late, the power of the Upper Class People had become unshakeable. You must know, among the actors in the Upper Class People, there were only a few of us, the rest were truly locally assembled real Upper Class People;

"Things reached an uncontrollable stage, I could only go wrong to right, and watch as the world drifted into the current state;

"Sometimes I naively wished the hero would come back and save us from this endless hell; it's through this wish I managed to endure amidst the filthy, disgusting Upper Class People. But after discovering that statue, all my hopes shattered, I realized the hero would never appear."

"Because he transformed into the Evil God, right?" Gu Mian suddenly spoke, without looking at Slaughter, just staring at the stairs ahead.

And he used the name "Slaughter."

Ever since meeting outside the forest, when Slaughter introduced himself, Gu Mian already suspected he was connected to the Evil God, and now it seemed for sure.

Slaughter clenched his hands tightly and turned to look at him.

The wall lamp cast light on Gu Mian's face, illuminating half of it, while the other half dissolved into darkness, merging as if with an abyss that was unfathomable.

After a long silence, Slaughter spoke with difficulty, his voice tinged with bitterness: "Yes, he became the Evil God."

Only then did Gu Mian turn his head to look at him: "And after seeing that statue, you also understood why the hero hadn't appeared all this time."

Slaughter's voice grew more bitter: "Yes..."

"Because of the resets," Gu Mian fixated on him, "The hero didn't fail to act; on the contrary, he tried tirelessly countless times, even overthrowing you countless times. He led people toward the light innumerable times, only for that light to be extinguished during the resets."