

Collapse 821

Chapter 821 Nicholas Breakdown

For some reason, Gu Mian detected a sense of vindictive pleasure in Crazy Tower Chief's tone.

Before he could turn around to look, Crazy Tower Chief had already walked up and plopped down next to Gu Mian on his own.

Then he pushed aside the interfering plates on the table and laid out a few identity cards one by one.

"Your identity cards have arrived."

Gu Mian looked down at the identity cards on the table.

They looked somewhat like playing cards, a total of six cards, five of which depicted a figure resembling a king wearing a crown.

The remaining card illustrated a gaunt, shackled slave.

The identities were clear.

The five king cards were for the Upper Class, and the remaining slave card was for the lower-class.

"There are five of you in total, but to avoid any surprises, I purchased six identity cards from the Toy Goose Special Item Processing Factory."

Crazy Tower Chief counted Dai Huanhuan in as well.

In reality, Gu Mian didn't intend to take Dai Huanhuan into the main area; she only needed to steal and sell something outside to pay off debts.

Gu Mian reached out for one of the king identity cards and, the moment he touched it, an introduction panel appeared before him.

[Paradise World Upper Class Identity Card (In-app Purchases Version)]

[Introduction: So tiring, there are always NPCs who think Paradise World is fun and want to go there to experience life, but everyone's appearance looks outright lower-class there, so I made this identity card. With it, you can deceive everyone, transforming your appearance and status into a legal Upper Class person.]

[Function: The moment you carry it, you become Nicholas Zhao Si, naturally blending in as Upper Class in Paradise World. The disguise disappears when it's away from your side (can be reused).]

The in-app purchases version was likely specifically for low-dimensional world NPCs to purchase.

Perhaps since these items were for their own people, the item descriptions were exceptionally perfunctory, as if filled with the casualness of an employee lunch.

Gu Mian then looked at the introductions for the other four Upper Class identity cards. Except for the names, everything else was the same.

"Nicholas Zhao Si, Nicholas Wang Er, Nicholas Chen Wu..." what a grand Nicholas family.

As for the sole lower-class identity card, the introduction was even more ridiculous.

[Paradise World Spider's Foot No. 1 Street Lower-Class Identity Card (In-app Purchases Version)]

[Introduction: Honestly, I don't know why I made this thing. Everyone's appearance dumped into Paradise World is already that of a lower-class person. Why even use an identity card to disguise? I guess it might soon be discontinued.]

[Function: The moment you carry it, you become a lower-class person. No one will notice a lower-class person's name, call yourself whatever you like. The disguise disappears when it's away from your side (can be reused).]

The numbers of upper and lower-class identity cards weren't equal, Crazy Tower Chief voluntarily explained to Gu Mian: "I don't recommend anyone but you using the lower-class identity card. This is for the benefit of your companions. Using a lower-class identity to participate in a TV show will involve many dangers, and you wouldn't want your companions to get hurt..."

Having spent considerable time in this world, he naturally knew how despised lower-class people were in Paradise.

Of course, the sole lower-class identity card had other reasons too. Crazy Tower Chief coughed awkwardly twice: "The lower-class identity card was discontinued early due to poor sales. I worked hard to get you this one."

Gu Mian knew Crazy Tower Chief wasn't so thoughtful; surely the reason below was the main one.

It's worth mentioning that the lower-class identity card also came with matching items—a vaccine certificate.

It was a simple green-covered booklet, printed with "Spider's Foot No. 1 Street Lower-Class Vaccine Certificate."

Somewhat like a vaccine certificate made for pets by their owners before the global game began.

"The lower-class chosen to participate in the TV show are not randomly selected. For viewership effects, the Upper Class selects lower-class people from relatively clean lower-class residential areas, and Spider's Foot No. 1 Street is within the selection range;

"And to prevent the selected lower-class from carrying infectious diseases that could spread to viewers, only those with complete vaccinations qualify for selection. I have also prepared the vaccine booklet for you;

"I'll help you sneak in, but whether you're picked is entirely up to you."

Gu Mian opened the vaccine booklet.

It contained no name, no gender, no personal introduction, just a few lines of vaccine records.

[Plague vaccine administered]

[Black Blood Disease vaccine administered]

[Mutation Fever vaccine administered]

Even with a vaccine booklet, the Upper Class couldn't be bothered to register a lower-class person's name on it.

"So can you leave now?" Crazy Tower Chief had offered everything he could, now hoping that Gu Mian and his group would hurry and leave.

But under his eager gaze, Gu Mian shook his head and pointed to the flyer on the table: "Not yet, the TV show starts in six days."

Thus began a nightmarish week for Crazy Tower Chief.

In these days, Gu Mian and his gang of hangers-on wandered around his Game City, frightening countless customers who came to shop.

After a few days, the number of customers in Game City noticeably dwindled, but the number of complaint letters in the "Chief's Mailbox" notably increased, to the point where the small mailbox was overflowing by the end of each day, almost unable to take in more complaint letters.

Everyone complained about Gu Mian roaming Game City, hoping the Chief would justly punish him.

Even more outrageous was the fact that one of these complaint letters was written by Gu Mian himself.

Complaining about there being no store in Game City selling photo frames and chin prosthetics, and urging Crazy Tower Chief to open one soon.

Furthermore, every day, Gu Mian would go into store after store asking if they had restocked any photo frames and chin prosthetics today.

The store managers, overwhelmed with complaints, went in droves to Crazy Tower Chief to grumble about it.

Having no other choice, Crazy Tower Chief had to personally find the items Gu Mian wanted and hand them over to him, hoping he would be more restrained.

With the Upper Class identity cards and delivery tasks to be done.

The ten photo frames for the Inferior Sightseeing Park and five chin prosthetics from Crazy Plastic Surgery tasks were completed without much hindrance.

"Tomorrow is the date the TV show begins. By then, the Upper Class will surely come to Spider's Foot No. 1 Street to pick lower-class participants. Gu Mian, you can go today." In a bookstore, Gu Mian, Chu Changge, and 007 sat at a long table discussing the upcoming TV show procedures.

During these days, Gu Mian had already learned about the stage layout and general procedure of the TV show from Crazy Tower Chief.

"This is the TV show venue map Crazy Tower Chief provided." Gu Mian spread out a venue layout map on the table. "It used to be a sports stadium, later abandoned, and just right for the Upper Class to convert into the current TV show venue."

Despite the reconstruction, it still retained its original general outline.

"The original venue was roughly elliptical, with the stage here, right in the center." Gu Mian pointed to the center of the layout with a small wooden stick, then pointed around the ellipse, "Around the stage was an oval-shaped audience area."

"However, the original audience area was too large, and the venue too vast, making it hard for those at the back to see the central stage. So the Upper Class demolished the original audience area and built a total of nine rows of seats around the central stage."

The small wooden stick had mysteriously been pulled from his pocket, looking like a tool the Fortune-teller had used in the food processing plant to ask for directions. Gu Mian guessed Xiao Hong might have stealthily slipped it into his pocket.

However, it was quite useful.

Gu Mian navigated effortlessly on the layout with the Fortune-teller's stick.

Meanwhile, back in the apartment, the Fortune-teller was going through his clothes, checking each pocket: "Weird, where's my divining stick? I clearly remember putting it in my pocket..."

Chapter 822 The Nicholas Family

"For a better viewing experience, the audience seats are not far from the stage. If I use the No. 108 key above, it can cover the entire audience seating and take you all along without you having to exert effort to run to the stage area to join me," Gu Mian explained to Chu Changge and 007.

"And the Crazy Tower Chief thoughtfully assigned the Nicholas family to the very front of the audience section, so I would only be about a hundred meters from you when on stage," Gu Mian pointed with a small stick at the diagram linking the center stage with the first row of the audience, marking the distance between them.

"One hundred and fifty meters," Chu Changge commented, looking at the marked distance on the diagram.

The stage alone has a radius of one hundred and thirty meters, with a twenty-meter-wide aisle separating it from the first row of seats.

The transmission range of the No. 108 key is within five hundred meters, fully covering the few front rows, alleviating any concerns about range.

"Speaking of which," 007 proposed a question, "in this world, using the No. 108 key would transport all living beings within a five hundred meter range back to the real world. So, if Chu Changge and I are transported back, wouldn't those Upper Class People around us..."

Wouldn't those Upper Class People be transported to the real world as well?

Saying so, she glanced at the diagram linking the center stage to the outermost row of the audience.

Because those nine rows were reserved for the esteemed Upper Class People, the seating was configured spaciouly, emulating the original audience structure of a stadium, with the rear seats built higher to ensure a good view of the dazzling stage.

"Trial and Crown" is broadcast live, viewable worldwide on television in real time. The organizers sold very few live tickets, only about four hundred, considering overcrowded audiences aren't visually appealing when captured on TV.

But none of these were the most crucial elements, as 007 gazed at the center stage line linked to the outer audience row, indicating a distance of two hundred fifty meters.

Thus, if Gu Mian were to use No. 108 key from the stage, all Upper Class People seated in rows would not be spared, being transported together into the real world.

"That's right, just as you thought," Gu Mian nodded at her, affirming 007's notion. He had no leisure to alert the Upper Class audience to run before using the key, subsequently taking them to Earth.

Therefore, Gu Mian previously assured Dai Huanhuan that stealing from Upper Class People would never be exposed, as the victims would be swept away and packaged back to Earth.

How does this not count as a fervent otherworldly adventure?

Hundreds of courageous Upper Class People venturing into the earthly world, just thinking about it feels exhilarating.

In Paradise World, Upper Class People held absolute authority, but when placed on Earth, they were merely ordinary people, perhaps even experiencing something like Mr. Green being mugged by passersby.

Recalling Mr. Green's mugging, 007 suddenly thought of Renle Mountain.

Currently, he was uncertain about where he might be, though Mingliang mentioned evidence of habitation in Lianhua Amusement Park's power distribution room. Following departure, Mingliang must be queried for more details, and a thorough search in the room is needed.

Gu Mian remembered Mr. Green too: "He entered here with us, but I've yet to see a shadow of him."

Gu Mian wandered around Game City these past days, never catching sight of Mr. Green.

Also in NPC Street, Mr. Green was nowhere to be found.

The two prominent NPC congregation zones in Paradise World were Game City and NPC Street, with Mr. Green absent from these places; he was likely within the lower-class residential area.

And being absent from the ten-people group chat, Gu Mian couldn't discern his situation.

"Yesterday, I inquired with Crazy Tower Chief regarding Mr. Green, and he claims not to have seen him," 007 shook her head.

Coincidentally, yesterday, Gu Mian also searched for Crazy Tower Chief regarding someone encountered in NPC Street, a fortunetelling man.

Crazy Tower Chief's reply was "I'm overwhelmingly busy with errands, who cares about people on that soon-to-be-bankrupt street!"

This person pointed him into the lockdown zone, encountered slaughter, triggering world rewind, akin to an old task-triggering man in a game village entrance.

Dai Huanhuan, however, stated she's never seen this person in NPC Street.

Gu Mian even took out the Doggie Doll from the guitar case for inquiry, but it sobbed, claiming no knowledge of any fortune-teller, pleading tearfully not to be shut back into the case with that terrifying Saw again.

"Was he intentionally leading me to the lockdown zone, a thing left by Evil God?"

Gu Mian felt it unlikely, as people left by Evil God wouldn't sneakily guide him in such a manner.

Eager to explore the person's identity, though the variety show was starting tomorrow, Gu Mian could not afford any diversion.

"When next time encountering Evil God, inquire whether he knows the old man's identity," Gu Mian pondered.

Then Chu Changge's voice arrived from across the table: "In Paradise's courier tasks, an address involving Spectator No. 1058's delivery assignment remains undone, involving sending half a bucket of leftovers. I checked maps, locating Spectator No. 1058 just outside Spider Leg No. 1 Street's vicinity."

"I've also searched in the library regarding the function of this 'Spectator', take a look." Opposite, Chu Changge pushed an open book forward.

The cover of the book was a hard paperboard, featuring the golden printed title "Paradise Encyclopedia, Helping You Faster Understand This World."

Apparently published specifically for NPC workers entering this world.

Chu Changge unfolded a particular page detailing "Spectator", complemented with a photo.

"It's a mobile food station for lower-class citizens, consisting of a smart iron box and a tray, equipped with movable wheels under the tray. The Spectator measures two meters long, one meter wide, and waist-high, featuring cameras on all sides for real-time broadcasting of surrounding conditions..."

also examined the Spectator's introduction: "Upper Class People typically deposit leftovers into the iron box, then operate the Spectator within the lower-class residential areas, signaling food arrival to lower-class citizens, who endeavor fiercely for exclusive access;

"Upon witnessing spectacular conflicts through cameras, Upper Class People often laugh heartily, remotely triggering the release of food from the iron box. Of course, should the battle prove unexciting, or if an Upper Class Person's mood sours, the Spectator won't dispense food;

"Numerous Spectators abound in Paradise World, named numerically; previously, almost every lower-class residential area contained a Spectator, though some lower-class citizens, lacking gratitude, would damage the cameras during skirmishes or cause unsanitary conditions, making them difficult to clean;

"Upper Class People gradually pulled Spectators out in batches, leaving clean, orderly Spider Street as the only area still featuring Spectators."

Chapter 823 Happy Qixi Festival!

"The scenes recorded by these Spectator cameras are broadcast live on one of the television channels for Upper Class People." As 007 read this from the encyclopedia, Chu Changge on the other side of the long table suddenly pulled out a remote control.

It was a television remote control.

He pressed it towards the television hanging above the library wall, and the TV promptly displayed a picture.

Actually, when Gu Mian first entered this library, he noticed the television hanging above the wall. He didn't quite understand why there would be such a thing in a library, but he didn't ask, maybe it was the personal preference of the librarian.

Speaking, Gu Mian looked towards the librarian at the counter by the door.

The library should be a quiet place, yet here Gu Mian and the other two were loudly plotting about the judgement variety show, the librarian was angrily enduring but couldn't speak out, forced to tolerate.

And now Chu Changge went even further by turning on the television, the librarian's fury grew, but could only pretend not to see.

"On the viewing platform, there are live recordings of these Spectator cameras." Chu Changge manipulated the remote control, skillfully switching to the viewing platform channel, and explained to Gu Mian, "I've been coming here to observe these Spectator cameras for a few days, finding that at ten every morning they wait outside the lower-class residential areas to be loaded with food, and then they precisely enter their respective lower-class residential areas."

The viewing platform consists of countless small screens, like the multitude of surveillance screens seen in a control room.

Above is a row of digital number selection areas, Chu Changge manipulated the remote control to choose the upper area: "For the convenience of the audience to find the Spectator camera they want to watch, the Upper Class People specially divided layers of digital areas."

Chu Changge first clicked into the range of "Spectator cameras 1000 to 2000."

Then clicked into the range of "Spectator cameras 1000 to 1500."

Finally clicked into the range of "Spectator cameras 1000 to 1100."

Soon, they found the live footage of Spectator camera 1058.

The time was 9:05 in the morning, these Spectator cameras were not yet loaded with food, and had not started working.

"Through these few days of observation, the working area of Spectator camera 1058 happens to be Spider Leg Street No. 1, the lower-class area under your identity in the show starts tomorrow, today you must go to Spider Leg Street No. 1 to complete Spectator camera 1058's delivery task." Chu Changge had already planned it for Gu Mian.

"It's decided then, it's already five past nine, the Spectator camera is about to begin work, we must hurry to deliver the half bucket of leftover food to No. 1058." Gu Mian originally planned to hide in Spider Leg Street today.

He let Chu Changge and 007 remain in Crazy Game City until the third stage of the show begins, then follow the Upper Class People audience to the scene.

But Spider Leg Street is different from Mantis Street and Rat Street, it belongs to a relatively tight lower-class residential area, lower-class people cannot freely enter and exit, so to get in, Crazy Tower Chief must escort Gu Mian inside.

Of course, Crazy Tower Chief was more than willing to do this, he's been waiting for this day for a long time.

"Really! You're leaving today!" When Gu Mian found him on the first floor, Crazy Tower Chief's eyes shone with hope, sweeping away the gloom from his face.

"Then let's hurry and go!" Without waiting for Gu Mian's reply, Crazy Tower Chief eagerly grabbed Gu Mian's hand, excitedly rushed towards the building's exit, "Although I'm reluctant, my car is ready at the door!"

As they left, he unexpectedly put on an act with Gu Mian, saying things like "reluctant" and "bond," but never saying "come again next time."

People in the surrounding shops also heard their conversation and poked their heads out to see Gu Mian off with eager eyes; these past few days Gu Mian stayed in Crazy Game City, making its patrons hesitant to come, causing shop owners to sigh daily dreaming of when Gu Mian would leave.

Some were happy, yet some felt reluctance.

By the railing on the second floor, Dai Huanhuan watched Gu Mian leaving with Crazy Tower Chief, feeling anxious inside.

Gu Mian had told him to steal the wealth of Upper Class People audience members after the third phase of the show starts; storage lockers surround the show venue, and their valuables would be deposited there, to avoid loss on the audience seats.

Although Gu Mian reassured Dai Huanhuan he wouldn't be held accountable afterward, Dai Huanhuan was still skeptical.

He didn't know Gu Mian planned to take all the people in the audience seats together, hence was conflicted.

"It's really great here..." A voice came from beside.

Dai Huanhuan's attention was drawn to the man next to him.

The person beside him was Mingliang, accidentally brought into this world by Gu Mian; when he came in, his clothes were already dirty and messy, his hair tangled, looking just like a beggar.

The past few days Gu Mian entrusted him to Dai Huanhuan, who took Mingliang to cut his hair, take a bath, and change into clean clothes.

Mingliang finally revealed his true appearance, a young man in his twenties, yet his face carried an aging beyond his years.

Mingliang hadn't noticed Gu Mian leaving below, instead was marveling at the safety and warmth of Crazy Game City.

In the real world, he was hungry and inadequately clothed, needing to enter terrifying instances to gain minimal resources, his girlfriend thus died in a horrifying instance.

Yet the resources obtained from entering an instance once couldn't maintain his sustenance for long, requiring repeated entries, repeated escapes, and repeated battles with ghosts for survival.

He no longer wished to recall how many instances he had been through, whenever he thought of the experiences within, profound fear haunted him.

Mingliang once thought he'd spend his whole life like this until dying in an instance or starving in the real world.

But now he found a shelter, a Paradise!

Here, there were no ghosts, no threats.

Though some were oddly shaped, they carried no hostility towards him.

How he wished to stay here forever.

He didn't want to return to the real world anymore.

Thinking this, Mingliang turned to look at Dai Huanhuan opposite, hesitating to speak.

He wanted to ask someone to let him stay here, but for a moment didn't know whom to ask.

Dai Huanhuan noticed the longing in his eyes and inquired, "Do you want to stay here?"

Mingliang's eyes brightened, nodding expectantly.

"No." Dai Huanhuan rejected Mingliang's thought.

Knowing Mingliang was from the real world, the NPCs here actually disliked him, now they didn't find trouble for Mingliang only due to Gu Mian's deterrence, after all, he came with Gu Mian, who wanted to court death by troubling him.

But once Gu Mian left Paradise, Mingliang probably would be thrown into the lower-class heap by the NPCs, given they were sworn enemies with Earth.

Mingliang didn't know the status of lower-class people in this world, nor what it meant to become one.

Though...

Dai Huanhuan thought of something.

On Earth, risking life in instances, was it truly worse than being a lower-class person here?

He couldn't discern which was worse, the choice remained with Mingliang.

He knew if Mingliang wanted to stay, Gu Mian wouldn't forcefully take Mingliang away.

"Let's wait and see," Dai Huanhuan said to Mingliang, "Wait for the show that begins tomorrow."

So Mingliang could clearly understand the situation for lower-class people in this world, he could make the choice then without haste.

Chapter 824 Hearing That Gu Mian Is Leaving, Everyone Cries Sadly

A dilapidated van is parked outside Crazy Game City.

The van is a colorful mess, painted with bright colors, and on its side is a huge advertisement painted in vibrant paint—Crazy Game City welcomes you.

This is probably the vehicle the Game City uses for business, but it clearly has been through quite an accident.

The doors are dented, the front is peeling, and a taillight is broken.

This broken-down vehicle forms a stark contrast with the Game City behind it, exuding an aura of commerce and money.

Gu Mian looked at the broken vehicle in front of him, then at the Crazy Tower Chief beside him.

He must have put in quite a bit of effort to find such a beat-up car.

The Crazy Tower Chief pretended not to notice the gaze Gu Mian projected on his face, he coughed softly twice to cover his embarrassment: "The half-barrel of rice you needed is already prepared for you and placed in the trunk of the car..."

As he spoke, he became a bit embarrassed, turned his face away, not facing Gu Mian directly: "Don't look at me like that, everyone knows about your luck, how can I bear to bring out a new car to drive you."

Even a brand new car, after carrying Gu Mian, would probably have to go to the junkyard.

The three Spirit Cars in the driving exam center are the best examples, I heard they were all thrown into the junkyard instance.

The losses Gu Mian brought to the Game City these days weren't small, the Crazy Tower Chief really couldn't bear to lose another car, so he had to retune this car that hadn't been used in a long time from the garage.

Time was tight, Gu Mian didn't kick up a fuss demanding the Crazy Tower Chief for another car.

He's just very skeptical whether this car could reach its destination safely.

Hopefully, the wheels won't fall off before reaching the place.

At this moment, the body's car suddenly shook a bit, and the left rear wheel squeaked as it twisted.

The Crazy Tower Chief's eyes widened, he hurriedly spoke stiltedly to cover it up: "Haha although this car looks broken from the outside, it is actually the sturdiest among all cars, I specially retuned this most robust one from the garage for you, the jinx. Alright, let's get in the car now!"

Gu Mian's train of thought was interrupted, and the wheels of the car were saved by the bell.

The Crazy Tower Chief enthusiastically stuffed Gu Mian into the back seat of the car and personally fastened his seatbelt.

However, the seatbelt had previously snapped and was tied back together with a dead knot at the fracture point.

Gu Mian looked silently down at the dead knot on his chest: "Is this the sturdiest car among all your cars?"

The Crazy Tower Chief pretended not to hear, quickly got into the front door, sat in the driver's seat, and stepped on the accelerator.

The van struggled to make a starting sound, carrying the two gradually away.

They hadn't driven too far, when Gu Mian heard a series of noises from the back of the car, he looked back strangely and saw the gate of Crazy Game City not far behind.

This car looks shaky from the outside, and the inside condition is precarious as well.

Even though the Crazy Tower Chief stepped on the accelerator to the end, the car's speed was still not impressive.

At this time, the car hadn't gone very far, Gu Mian could still clearly see the scene at the entrance of Game City.

He saw a group of people gathering there at some point, Gu Mian had wandered in the Game City for a day, he recognized that group were the managers of various shops in the Game City.

They were setting off firecrackers in celebration, some were crying with joy, embracing each other tightly in pairs.

The Crazy Tower Chief coughed awkwardly a few times, explaining: "They are expressing their reluctance for you, look, someone is crying in sadness."

Gu Mian: "..."

He decided that when he next visits Paradise World, he must stay a few more days in the Game City to give everyone a surprise.

Spider Leg First Street is not far from the Game City, and the van surprisingly made it to the destination without incident.

When he saw Spider Leg First Street from a distance, the Crazy Tower Chief at the driver's seat visibly let out a breath of relief.

He stepped on the brake, pointed to a street ahead: "See those buildings up front? That's Spider Leg First Street."

Gu Mian followed his finger, seeing the dilapidated buildings standing ahead from afar, but a high wall blocked Gu Mian's direct path.

"Spider Leg First Street is a closed lower-class residential area, you'll have to follow them to get in." The Crazy Tower Chief turned his gaze to one side again.

Gu Mian followed his gaze and saw a long line of spectators made up of metal boxes and pallets, lined up neatly by the wall.

Chu Changge had shown Gu Mian pictures of spectators, and Gu Mian recognized them immediately.

At this moment, there was a long line of mechanical dogs carrying buckets or basins heading to the row of spectators, the buckets and basins filled with leftovers, clearly these mechanical dogs were replenishing resources for the spectators.

The Crazy Tower Chief explained: "The Upper Class People disdain to do this kind of work, so these Happiness Survey Mechanical Dogs are handling it, once they replenish enough food into the spectators, they'll follow the spectators into the lower-class residential area to conduct happiness surveys."

Going to the lower-class area to conduct happiness surveys?

The first mechanical dog Gu Mian encountered was Hei, at NPC Street.

At that time, the fortune-telling old man told Gu Mian that Hei was originally a Happiness Survey Mechanical Dog.

He thought Hei was conducting happiness surveys in the upper-class area, but he didn't expect he worked in the lower-class area.

Gu Mian looked at the group of mechanical dogs replenishing food for the spectators, they looked exactly like Hei, with big cameras on top of their mechanical bodies acting as their heads.

They carried the buckets or basins on their backs, using a forelimb to maintain balance, the remaining three mechanical legs used for walking.

No wonder Bird Bandit Express could repurpose Hei as a package sorting clerk, turns out he used to do this kind of hauling work as well.

However, these mechanical dogs evidently weren't as empathetic as Hei, they were pure machines, devoid of extra emotions, unlike Hei who had feelings of fear and happiness.

Did the lady boss of the Bird Bandit Express add an emotion module to Hei when modifying him?

"Do the Upper Class People still care about the happiness of the lower-class?" Gu Mian inquired to the Crazy Tower Chief in the driver's seat.

These mechanical dogs couldn't have been created by the lower-class for their own happiness surveys, in Paradise World, only the Upper Class People had the ability to make such a large batch of mechanical dogs.

But what Upper Class Person would have the time to do this kind of thing?

The Crazy Tower Chief said he was not clear either: "I don't know any of those Upper Class People, besides, when I came to this world, the lower-class residential areas already had these Happiness Survey Mechanical Dogs, you came to this world to rescue the traitor Louis, didn't you? You can ask him, he might know."

Hearing the Crazy Tower Chief mention Louis.

Gu Mian figured this well-fed and bored Upper Class person might just be him, but Louis was an anomaly in Paradise.

But it might not be certain.

What if there are other Upper Class anomalies in this world.

Chapter 825 Van Tire Blows Out in Anger, Crazy Tower Chief Steps on the Gas in Panic

"After these mechanical dogs have loaded the food into the Spectator, they will enter Spider Leg No. 1 Street together with it through a hidden side door. There are no guards at any of the entrances here, so you can go in without worry." Crazy Tower Chief gathered a lot of information to help Gu Mian enter Spider Leg No. 1 Street smoothly.

He pointed to the high wall in front of them, saying, "Of course, you could also climb the wall or use other methods to enter. After all, there won't be any guards to stop you. But going in with these mechanical dogs is the simplest method."

Gu Mian wasn't idle enough to climb over the wall when he could go through the front door.

A half bucket of leftover food, meant for Spectator No. 1058, was in the van's trunk.

Gu Mian got out of the car and opened the trunk. Inside was a very clean bucket, filled with equally clean leftovers, mostly rice and fried foods, with not much sauce.

These leftovers were prepared by a store on the Crazy Game City's snack street. Although Gu Mian requested leftovers, the store owner didn't dare to actually give him half a bucket of slop.

So, they selected the cleanest bucket in the shop and added some decent-looking, not easily spoiled food, fearing that Gu Mian might get mad and smash the shop.

By this time, Gu Mian was already carrying the bucket to Spectator No. 1058.

The Spectators were arranged in order by number, so he easily found his target.

After pouring the leftovers into the metal bin, the delivery task panel showed he had completed another task, bringing his total to eighteen delivery tasks.

Just as Gu Mian was looking at the delivery task panel, he suddenly heard the sound of a car engine behind him.

Turning around, he saw Crazy Tower Chief driving away swiftly, fearing that if he slowed down even a bit, he would get entangled with him again.

The Crazy Tower Chief in the car was probably overjoyed, happy to have shaken off Gu Mian, the troublemaker.

But good times didn't last long.

Gu Mian saw the left rear wheel of the old car wobble while driving, then "bang," it burst out an arc in mid-air, finally landed solidly on the ground, bounced twice, and rolled away, parting ways with the van.

Gu Mian's initial worries became reality, but fortunately, he was already off the car.

The runaway left rear wheel did not hinder Crazy Tower Chief's escape. He likely thought it was Gu Mian's bad luck at play, driving the now three-wheeled van away even faster, soon disappearing from sight.

No wonder it's a product of Crazy Game City, running on three wheels.

Gu Mian retracted his gaze, focusing on the Spectator in front of him.

Before entering the lower-class residential area, the live broadcast camera on the Spectator was still off, so Gu Mian wasn't worried about being captured by it.

At this moment, the leading Spectator had already started moving towards a certain direction, with the mechanical dogs following along.

Gu Mian followed at the end behind this group of Spectators and dogs.

These cold machines were not curious about Gu Mian behind them and continued doing their task as usual.

Soon, this team of Spectators reached an iron gate, which automatically opened after detecting objects outside the door.

He noticed a small dog hole under the gate, not knowing what it was for.

Gu Mian quickly averted his eyes and followed the little dogs through this iron gate.

But behind the iron gate was not directly the lower-class residential area, but a long alley with high walls on both sides and not a single person in sight.

After walking for about five minutes, Gu Mian saw a tall fence gate up ahead.

Through the fence, he could see figures moving behind the gate, presumably the entrance to Spider Leg No. 1 Street.

Gu Mian cautiously kept a certain distance from the mechanical convoy ahead to avoid being discovered by the figures behind the gate.

But he was clearly overthinking it.

The fence gate detected objects outside and automatically opened, letting the Spectators and mechanical dogs in.

The Spectator immediately caught the attention of the lower-class people; Gu Mian thought although the living conditions here were slightly better, they probably still struggled to get enough food. The food in the Spectators was a part of their food source.

After entering the fenced area, the Spectators scattered, heading in different directions.

Chu Changge told Gu Mian that each Spectator had its fixed work area, to provide better live broadcast effects.

If all Spectators gathered together, it would be too crowded, unable to capture much footage of lower-class people scrambling for food, only capturing a bunch of other Spectators.

The mechanical dogs seemed to have their designated areas as well, dispersing after entering the fence gate.

The lower-class people who had originally been hovering near the gate also followed the Spectators away, and soon no one was left behind the gate.

Taking advantage of this moment, Gu Mian slipped through the gate, successfully entering Spider Leg No. 1 Street.

Once inside, he surveyed the surroundings; this place was similar to where he landed on Mantis Tail Street, but cleaner and tidier, without lower-class people's bedding on the roads, indicating that the residents here each had a place to stay without having to sleep on the streets.

Although the accommodations here weren't great either.

Gu Mian looked at the houses on this street.

Most were buildings, very old and worn, some had broken window glass, covered with cardboard to block the wind, but at least they weren't like the dangerous buildings on Mantis Tail Street.

Each house here had a number; the one closest to Gu Mian had "165" spray-painted in blue on the outer wall.

"Looks like this is House No. 165." Gu Mian looked at the number sprayed in blue paint.

When Crazy Tower Chief prepared a lower-class identification card for Gu Mian, he also thoughtfully arranged accommodation for him, probably afraid that Gu Mian would come back and give him a negative review.

"The first phase of the 'Trial and Crown' variety show starts tomorrow. Crazy Tower Chief told me I can stay in House No. 98 tonight. Let's find a place to stay first."

With that, Gu Mian started to move.

The house numbers on Spider Leg No. 1 Street were all marked in order, so as long as he followed the numbers downward, he would find House No. 98.

Since there was only one street here, Gu Mian quickly figured out the direction and walked along that path.

Along the way, he passed by many Spectators and lower-class people, and even encountered a few Happiness Survey Mechanical Dogs.

The lower-class people here were not very barbaric; there was no robbery or coercion, and most of them were quite clever, knowing how to act cute and pathetic in front of the Spectators to please the Upper Class People beyond the cameras.

If they managed to please the Upper Class People, a food donation would be thrown from the Spectator, and though not appealing, it could at least fill the stomach.

Their eating manners weren't too unpleasant, ensuring that the "mukbang" didn't get too messy.

Meanwhile, the Happiness Survey Mechanical Dogs constantly pestered the lower-class people performing in front of the cameras, asking them, "Are you happy?"

Most of the lower-class people ignored these mechanical dogs, while a few with a penchant for performing acted happy for the cameras, telling the Upper Class People, "I am very happy."

However, none of the mechanical dogs came to ask Gu Mian if he was happy.

Perhaps the dogs' sensitivity made them realize that Gu Mian didn't belong here, even though they weren't real dogs.

Chapter 826 Lü'er! Is That You, Lü'er!

It didn't take long for Gu Mian to find his own house No. 98.

A crooked sign was stuck in front of a slightly raised mound, with the number "98" written on it.

Upon closer inspection, one could see that a low hole served as a door in this mound, with a few air vents on the side that were hard to notice unless looked at closely.

This was a house.

Looking through the completely doorless entrance inside, the base of the mound had been dug out to create some space, allowing a person to at least stand inside.

However, the ground inside and the threshold were not at the same level; to go in, one had to jump in, and to exit, one had to climb out.

Gu Mian jumped in and spun around twice; this mini earthen house contained only an earthen bed and a yellowing rectangular carpet.

Although small, at least he didn't have to "co-rent" with others.

There were quite a few lower-class people in Mantis Tail Street, and slightly larger houses usually housed three to five lower-class people together.

He circled a few times in the small earthen house and then climbed out from the entrance, feeling somewhat breathless inside.

Gu Mian stood at the entrance, taking a couple of breaths of fresh air, then looked up into the sky. From NPC Street, one could see the Inverted City, though it wasn't the one near here. Instead, it was the one he first saw upon entering this world.

When he was on Mantis Tail Street, he could clearly see the expressions of people in the Inverted City, but not here.

Here, it was a bit far from the Inverted City, and he could only vaguely see the comings and goings.

Gu Mian recalled the happy expressions of the lower-class people upon first seeing that city.

He was reminiscing when a voice defending itself suddenly came from not far away.

"I'm not a lower-class person! I'm not a lower-class person! I'm an Advanced NPC managing instances, quickly let me out of here!"

"Huh? This familiar voice is?" Gu Mian turned his head toward the person making the noise, and indeed, saw a little green guy gesturing angrily at a surveillance camera with a resentful expression.

It turned out to be Mr. Green.

Who would have thought he'd end up here right after entering this world.

His words carried no weight, even deemed by the Upper Class as a deliberate act of a lower-class person.

His antics evidently amused an Upper Class person watching the live broadcast, and the spectator device spat out some food.

But Mr. Green didn't even glance at the food.

A nearby lower-class person seized this "reward", stuffing it in his mouth and rushing away, while Mr. Green didn't give chase but continued angrily gesturing at the camera.

Few among the Upper Class in Paradise knew the truth about the Low-Dimensional World, so those watching the screen probably had no idea what an NPC or instance was, just thinking the little guy was being comical.

But indeed, it was quite funny...

Gu Mian forcibly resisted the urge to laugh, kindly calling Mr. Green from behind: "Lü'er..."

What Lü'er?

Mr. Green, performing comically in front of the lens, was startled by the call from behind, not immediately realizing it was addressed to him.

He only found the voice very familiar, reminding him of someone.

Could it be...

Mr. Green abruptly stopped his performance, turning around to look.

But he didn't see the person he thought of, only a stranger dressed in a white robe with a guitar case on his back standing behind him.

Gu Mian had not only used a lower-class identity card, but he also had the "Eight Characters" Moustache, a Holy Disguise Item, affixed to his eyebrows.

The effect of the "Eight Characters" Moustache was so good that even though Gu Mian was wearing his signature outfit with his signature guitar case, those looking at him couldn't associate his current appearance with "Gu Mian" at all.

Mr. Green looked at the stranger before him in confusion: "You are..."

And at this time, the two's figures were being live-streamed through the camera to the "viewing station".

In the bookstore of Crazy Game City, Chu Changge and 007 were watching Gu Mian on screen.

After Gu Mian left, Chu Changge and 007 waited for the viewing station's live broadcast to start at ten o'clock. Once the broadcast began, it didn't take long for them to see Gu Mian on one of the spider's leg streets' spectator device broadcasts.

Since Gu Mian's position kept changing, they had to keep switching between different surveillance camera live feeds until they saw Gu Mian stop on one of them.

But the most eye-catching thing in that frame wasn't Gu Mian; it was Mr. Green, making various funny moves toward the camera.

"I didn't expect Mr. Green to be here." 007 was somewhat surprised looking at the screen, then quickly turned to Chu Changge who was also watching the broadcast.

Today was 007's first time watching the viewing station's live broadcast.

Chu Changge, however, was different. According to him, he'd been here watching for several consecutive days, and had been particularly observing the surveillance devices on Spider Leg Street No. 1.

Clearly, Mr. Green had not been proving himself on camera for just one day, so Chu Changge probably saw him on earlier broadcasts.

Yet he hadn't told Gu Mian.

understood his reasoning. Mr. Green was of no use to them, and if they told Gu Mian that he was trapped in the lower-class area, he might feel obligated to rescue Mr. Green before saving Lu Yi, and would probably have to drag along the useless Mr. Green afterward.

This was a burden for Gu Mian.

Chu Changge deemed it unnecessary to rescue Mr. Green.

So he simply didn't mention Mr. Green.

If Gu Mian didn't run into him, that's one less problem. However, Mr. Green was fortunate to be performing right near Gu Mian's house No. 98 today.

Now that the two had met, what happened next was out of reach for those outside the screen.

Perhaps because 007's gaze was too obvious, Chu Changge glanced at her, his expression completely normal, without a hint of guilt from being caught doing something wrong.

silently turned her head back to the screen in front of her. The top left showed the live feed of Gu Mian and Mr. Green from Surveillance Device No. 1066, while the bottom right displayed the real-time viewer count for that device.

Thanks to Mr. Green, the viewership of Surveillance Device No. 1066's live broadcast was notably higher than that of other devices. Who doesn't love watching Mr. Green comically shout, "I'm not a lower-class person"?

However, the comic act had ended, leaving only Mr. Green's green back in the viewers' sight.

Mr. Green had already briskly run up to Gu Mian, cautiously asking: "You... are you..."

He suspected this person might be Gu Mian, so he asked in a deliberately low voice, knowing Gu Mian's special identity made it inappropriate to directly call out his name on the broadcast feed.

He hopefully looked up at the person before him. If this really was Gu Mian, then he'd have a chance to leave!

Immediately, Mr. Green saw the person before him lower his head, lips moving: "Yo, isn't this Xiao Lv? Haven't seen you in a few days and you're already a mess?"

Chapter 827 Killing the Deputy Enemy

Although he was immediately met with some face-to-face sarcasm, Mr. Green's expression did not show any displeasure. Instead, he displayed an overwhelmingly joyful expression when Gu Mian began to retort.

"It's really you!" Mr. Green lit up with excitement, even straightening his previously hunched back.

His face was radiating the joy of seeing a fellow countryman, as he grabbed Gu Mian's sleeve, "This is great, you can definitely rescue me from this damned place."

Gu Mian looked down at Mr. Green, who had lost a noticeable amount of weight in just a few days.

No wonder there was no news from Mr. Green these past days; it turns out he was born in a lower-class residential area. Moreover, it was in the closed-off Spider Leg No. 1 Street, making it impossible to leave freely.

He's really had bad luck.

Seeing the person in front of him remain silent, Mr. Green anxiously shook Gu Mian's coat, "You... you can definitely get me out of this damned lower-class area, I know this place can't hold you back;

"I researched this world before I entered. Just take me to those NPC gatherings, be it Crazy Game City or the NPC Street, or even some scattered NPC gathering spots, I just don't want to stay here any longer!"

As he spoke, it seemed he recalled his difficult experiences from the past few days, and he was about to burst into tears at any moment.

However, Gu Mian had managed to sneak in here with great difficulty, and the talent show selection was starting tomorrow. Clearly, he couldn't just play the hero and run off with Mr. Green now.

With this in mind, Gu Mian flashed a confident smile to the short fellow clutching his collar, "Stick with me and you'll definitely get out of this place, but not right now."

"Really?" Mr. Green's eyes lit up with hope, greatly moved, "Okay, okay, as long as you can take me out, waiting a bit longer isn't a problem."

With that, he used Gu Mian's sleeve to wipe away his tears, sniffing as he said, "I knew you were a good person."

It seemed he had already forgotten that Gu Mian was his enemy.

Just as Mr. Green was clutching Gu Mian's sleeve and sniffing, he suddenly heard a "whimpering" sound coming from Gu Mian's guitar case.

Upon closer inspection, there was a strange bulge at the bottom of the guitar case, as if it contained more than just a "guitar."

Mr. Green was shocked, "Is there a ghost in your guitar case?"

Next, he saw Gu Mian swing a fist towards the bulging part of the guitar case, abruptly stopping the crying sounds.

Mr. Green looked at the guitar case with suspicion but didn't dare to ask more, just in case Gu Mian got impatient and gave him a punch as well.

"Speaking of which, the Doggie Doll seems to still be in Gu Mian's guitar case." In the Crazy Game City library, 007 and Chu Changge were still watching Gu Mian and Mr. Green on the TV screen.

At this moment, another lower-class person had come in front of the camera to perform, taking up most of the screen, while Gu Mian and Mr. Green had faded into the background.

But both Chu Changge and 007's attention was on Gu Mian, and they naturally noticed Mr. Green staring at the guitar case behind Gu Mian with a bewildered expression.

They couldn't hear the conversation on the screen, but seeing Mr. Green's shocked expression towards the guitar case, they could guess what was happening.

glanced at the viewing count at the bottom right corner, which had increased again compared to when Mr. Green was performing earlier.

But soon, Gu Mian and Mr. Green's figures disappeared from the screen as the two left.

And 007 noticed that the viewing count began to decrease gradually after Gu Mian left the scene.

How strange.

Gu Mian clearly hadn't shown his true face, but as soon as he appeared, the Upper Class People's gaze would naturally be drawn to him.

speculated that there might be some peculiar telepathic connection between Gu Mian and the Upper Class People, such that no matter how Gu Mian changed his appearance, the Upper Class People would involuntarily "fall for him."

"Let's stay here tonight," Gu Mian had already brought Mr. Green back to his small, humble home number 98.

The house wasn't big, but it was enough to fit two people.

Mr. Green sat on the dirt bed, rubbing his eyes, "Do you know what I've been through in these days? As soon as I was transported, I found myself in this damned lower-class residential area. I barely ate anything in these few days and hardly slept..."

Without an identity here, Mr. Green naturally didn't have a house of his own.

Even if he managed to find an empty house, he risked being driven out by the returning owner in the middle of the night.

This time, however, the exhausted Mr. Green could finally close his eyes and rest in peace.

Yet, he wasn't completely at ease.

He sat on the bed leaning against it, dozing off, only to be startled awake shortly after to check if Gu Mian was still there.

It seemed he feared that Gu Mian would abandon him while he was asleep.

He jolted awake several times like this until he finally succumbed to exhaustion and fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Gu Mian sat on his guitar case, pondering the process of the first stage of the talent show.

That's right, he was sitting on his guitar case.

The small, humble house was sparse, with nothing but a dirt bed and a dirty carpet.

Gu Mian had no choice but to use the guitar case as a makeshift stool. A few whimpering sounds came from the case but soon faded away.

"The show 'Trial and Crown' has three stages, and tomorrow marks the start of the first stage..." Gu Mian thought about the information provided by the Crazy Tower Chief.

The Crazy Tower Chief was not familiar with the Upper Class People, so the information given was limited, though it was better than what could be gleaned from flyers.

"The first stage is the preliminary round. The Upper Class People will visit various lower-class residential areas to select suitable candidates and transport them to multiple voting points set up in the Upper Class districts for speeches and vote soliciting. The surrounding Upper Class People can then choose their favored candidates to vote for;

Each Upper Class Person has two votes, which they can cast for two different people or allocate both votes to one person; the top fifty vote-getters will advance to the second stage."

According to the Crazy Tower Chief, about three thousand lower-class people are expected to compete in the first stage.

Only the top fifty out of three thousand can enter the second stage...

The competition was intense.

However, earlier, 007 had pointed out in [The Ten-Person Chat] room that Gu Mian was highly attractive to the Upper Class People.

Even appearing on camera in disguise seemed to attract a large viewership among the Upper Class, like mosquitoes drawn to blood.

If what 007 said was true, then Gu Mian did not have to worry about his ranking, but he should be concerned about Mr. Green.

He planned to take Mr. Green to the talent show with him, and if Mr. Green couldn't advance to the second stage, it would be problematic.

At this moment, Mr. Green was snoring soundly on the bed, completely unaware of Gu Mian's intention to take him to the talent show.

Just then, Gu Mian suddenly heard the noisy sounds of a crowd outside.

This house didn't have any windows, so Gu Mian could only look outside through the low door.

He saw a large truck slowly approaching from the distance.

Chapter 828 Rise Again, People's Goor!

The truck tires screeched unpleasantly on the uneven ground.

Gu Mian saw several trucks enter the street, but only one was heading towards them.

The vehicle screeched to a halt not far from his number 98 house.

Mr. Green awoke from his sleep with a start at the sound of the screeching brakes, jumping up from the bed with his first instinct being to check if Gu Mian was still there. Seeing Gu Mian still inside, he then investigated the source of the noise that woke him.

"What happened?" He jumped off the bed and joined Gu Mian at the doorway, peering outside side by side.

But the threshold of this earthen house was a bit high, even surpassing Mr. Green's height.

He had to take a few steps forward to reach the threshold, grabbing on with both hands, and tiptoeing to look outside with difficulty.

Finally, he saw the large truck parked nearby.

At this point, a glowing white man stepped out of the cabin, an Upper Class Person, displaying the exclusive noble skin of the Upper Class People.

The man held a stack of something in his hand, impatiently yelling at the surrounding timidly gathered lower-class people: "Get on the truck! Everyone wanting to show off their skills on the reality show, step up!"

As he spoke, he waved the air in front of his nose with his other hand, as if trying to swat away some stench.

"It's that reality show!" Mr. Green exclaimed, "That reality show's here to scout candidates."

Saying this, he climbed up hand over foot, attempting to scale the tall threshold in front of him.

Gu Mian watched Mr. Green scrambling to climb: "Are you that eager to join that reality show?"

"What nonsense!" Mr. Green retorted amidst his climbing, "He's an Upper Class Person, seeing me face-to-face he'd definitely recognize I'm an Advanced NPC, I'm completely different from the lower-class people here, he'd surely distinguish me immediately face-to-face!"

But most Upper Class People are unaware of the existence of NPCs here.

Gu Mian didn't dampen Mr. Green's spirits; instead, he reached out a hand to support him, enabling the little man to successfully climb over the threshold. Mr. Green genuinely, touched, glanced back at Gu Mian emotionally, then trotted over to the large truck.

Gu Mian believed his hopeful aspirations were destined to fall through.

He also climbed over the threshold and followed along.

By now, a long line of lower-class people had queued up behind the truck cargo compartment, their expressions joyful, their anticipated looks akin to queuing for a marriage certificate.

Of course, there were those unhappy.

Not everyone could board that broken truck; Gu Mian estimated the vehicle could only hold dozens, yet already more than a hundred were lined up.

Now it was a matter of luck.

Those who didn't appeal to the white glow man's eye were screened out, the screened lower-class people departed gloomily, not daring to utter a word on their own behalf.

While those selected beamed with pride, they often glanced back at the remaining queuing crowd, as if to say "Look, I got chosen."

Then, they received something from the Upper Class man, puffed their chests, and walked into the truck's compartment.

"Number 1115."

"Number 1116, step up."

The man handed out slips to the lower-class people passing through while calling out numbers.

Gu Mian guessed they were probably number tags or something similar; the Upper Class People had no interest in knowing names, so addressing them by numbers would be preferable.

At this point, Mr. Green was already waving his hand and rushing forward: "Hi! Hi!"

Without queuing, he dashed to the front of the compartment, immediately drawing the discontent of the lower-class people in line, who protested and fidgeted, wanting to grab Mr. Green and throw him to the end of the line.

Yet, the Upper Class man holding number tags gave Mr. Green a meaningful look: "It's you, I know you."

This halted the lower-class people's movements; their protests waned, eyes widening as they watched the Upper Class man with the little fellow.

"I knew it! I knew it!" Mr. Green ran over, barely catching his breath, hearing the Upper Class Person say this, he felt assured the other had recognized him, "You must have recognized me; I'm an Advanced..."

"You are an Advanced NPC." The Upper Class Person suddenly laughed.

This isn't easy; the white gleaming man hadn't shown a good expression since stepping into lower-class territory, yet now he suddenly laughed, causing the queued lower-class people to be startled by his change.

Mr. Green became even more exuberant.

"Yes!" He was so excited, he stuttered slightly, "I know there's someone discerning here, now that you've recognized me, quickly take me out, you know, I don't originally belong here."

At this point, Mr. Green's expression turned slightly arrogant, as if returning to his days of pointing things out in his own instance.

"Of course, I even fed you," the man took out a number tag, slapped it on Mr. Green's chest, "Number 1117 Upper Class NPC, go wait in the truck for the reality show."

What?

Mr. Green's expression turned stunned, mouth agape, finding his voice after a few seconds: "I'm an Advanced NPC; you should take me away, not to join that...that reality show!"

"Your foolish performance should end; you've got the reality show opportunity already, yet are still unsatisfied?" The Upper Class Person grew somewhat irritated.

At this moment, Gu Mian also reached near the compartment.

He wandered aimlessly nearby, quickly attracting the Upper Class man's attention.

His gaze shifted from Mr. Green, eyes glued to Gu Mian.

Gu Mian clung to his vision like sticky toffee.

He felt like he'd seen this lower-class person with a guitar case somewhere, but for the life of him, couldn't recall any memory of this person.

A rush of strong expectation rose within him, feeling an urge to send this person to the reality show.

He greatly wanted to see this person on the competitive reality stage.

His mouth involuntarily opened: "That person, come over!"

"Gu Mian's allure to Upper Class People remains the same," 007 noted from her position in front of the TV screen.

They too, through the nearby Spectator camera, saw Gu Mian and Mr. Green's situation, even overhearing bits of their conversation.

Now Gu Mian had just obtained a number tag as he'd wished.

One hand holding the number tag marked "1118," the other grabbing the arguing Mr. Green, he pulled him into the compartment.

"Let go of me, let go! He knows I'm an Advanced NPC, but he still...this is such an insult, when I get back to my world..." Mr. Green's voice trailed off, realizing that returning to his original world was difficult.

The inter-world trains have ceased running, unsure when they might start again.

"Don't you get it yet," Gu Mian put Mr. Green down on the compartment floor, with them two among now only eight inside, space was still ample, "He knows nothing of NPCs, merely sees you as a clown eager for a performance, performing just for the reality show slot."

Apparently, more than just the Upper Class man held this view.

Gu Mian heard a voice outside the compartment—"I...I'm an Advanced NPC! Let me out, I want to leave here!"

Truly learning by doing.

The remaining lower-class people flawlessly copied Mr. Green's path, yet their result differed.

Just as Lu Xun once said—a genius likened a woman to a flower, the second was merely ordinary, the third was foolish.

Mr. Green wasn't a woman, nor a flower.

But the outsider was indeed ordinary.

The Upper Class Person lost interest in the slightly stale line.

Gu Mian inside the truck overheard that "Advanced NPC" outside self-introducing, only to receive the Upper Class man's solitary word.

"Scram!"

Chapter 829 The - That Puts Mr. Green Most at Ease

Mr. Green felt that his life had lost all hope. Already quite unlucky, now he was forced to participate in that damned reality show.

He'd heard a bit about this world's reality shows before, knowing how cruel entertainment programs could be for the lower-class people, where one false move could cost you your life.

When the guessing word instances were still around before, he wanted to take a moment to visit this world for observation and study, making his own guessing word instances more thrilling and exciting.

Unfortunately, he came to this world, but his identity changed from host to participant.

He was already on the pirate ship with no way to get off now.

Thinking of this, Mr. Green stayed close to Gu Mian, looking up at him with anticipation: "You'll protect me, right?"

Gu Mian looked down and smiled at him, "Of course."

After all, Mr. Green was Xiao Hong's old toy, a frequent guest tossed around by her. Gu Mian would definitely strive to protect her beloved toy.

With Gu Mian's promise, Mr. Green breathed a sigh of relief.

This was the most reassuring episode for him with Gu Mian.

At this point, counting them, there were eight people in the car already.

Gu Mian looked at the few who had entered before them, noticing some clutching their number cards while others had them hanging on their chests.

"1111, 1112..." Gu Mian looked at their number cards, seemingly assigned in the order they boarded the compartment, with Mr. Green and him being the seventh and eighth to enter.

Gu Mian took Mr. Green to a quiet corner to sit down.

The compartment had no chairs or benches for people to rest. They could only sit on the ground. Moreover, the iron-skin compartment was quite stuffy without much ventilation, making it a bit warm inside; it would probably get even warmer when more people came.

But the lower-class inside didn't mind; each face bore expressions of excitement and longing, with some whispering to each other.

"I heard we're going to the Upper Class People's place to canvass, but who knows how big and good their place is."

"I'm sure their place is full of food, and everyone has two beds to sleep on, one for the first half of the night and another for the second. Do you know what a bed is?"

"1119"

"1110"

Outside the sound of Upper Class People issuing number cards came again, and one by one, people streamed into the compartment, making the already small space feel a bit cramped.

Gu Mian gently protected Mr. Green, putting him in front to bravely shield against the enemies filling the compartment.

Mr. Green, squashed and deformed, coughed with a rattling sound.

"History always seems eerily similar," Gu Mian remarked.

The last time he came to Paradise World to participate in the Circus reality show, the scene on the bus was almost the same, though this time Mr. Green joined the party of being twisted and deformed.

Last time Lu Yi was the lofty Circus Director; this time, he's become a prisoner.

"Save, save... me..." Mr. Green struggled to voice out.

Gu Mian finally pulled him out from the crowded throng.

He was simply too short, his head squeezed by others' behinds, making his hair a mess.

"1150, that's enough people, the rest can scram." Outside came the voice of an Upper-Class Person.

It seemed a truck only transported fifty lower-class people; any more would've been too much to fit.

Upon hearing the number was filled and the truck was about to depart, the people inside grew excited, exchanging discussions, expressing their anticipation for the Upper Class People's residential area.

"I heard the winner of this reality show would have the chance to become an Upper-Class Person. Oh, imagine how wonderful life would be as an Upper-Class Person."

What a familiar twist.

Gu Mian remembered that Lu Yi's reality show offered the same reward, but it was just a scam.

Just then a lower-class person spoke the words in Gu Mian's heart.

"I heard the previous Circus reality show also offered the chance for the winner to become an Upper-Class Person, but later that show disappeared."

"It's said that during that program, the Circus Director colluded with outsiders, killing many Upper-Class People, and later the show was terminated. Though I'm lower-class, I've heard a bit about it." The speaking lower-class person wore a slightly smug expression, "For this show, the person we're judging is that Circus Director, Lu Yi."

The compartment was filled with various gasps and sounds of surprise.

"Our truck has fifty people, but I've seen many trucks drive into our living area; if each contains fifty, wouldn't it require competing with hundreds to secure first place?"

"I saw in the flyers that the first stage is for us to canvass in the Upper Class People's residential area, with several hundred people definitely not fitting in. They'll probably split us into different parts, placing us into different Upper Class People's residential areas..."

As the people inside the compartment were chattering about the upcoming reality show, they arrived at their destination.

The wheels screeched against the ground, emitting that piercing brake sound again.

The brakes were so sudden, with no consideration for the "passengers" inside.

Due to inertia, everyone stumbled forward. Luckily, Gu Mian had the foresight to put Mr. Green in front, cushioning himself. Mr. Green let out a painful groan, tears welling up in his eyes.

Next, Gu Mian heard the sound of the cab door opening and someone jumping down, dragging footsteps towards the back of the compartment.

With a "slash," the iron door of the compartment opened, and long-missed sunlight streamed in.

"Get out, you trash," the Upper Class Person who wouldn't want to interact much with them said, leaving while brushing his sleeves as if something filthy clung to them.

The lower-class people descended the truck one by one, confused.

"Is this where the Upper Class People live? No, it doesn't seem right."

"What should we do next? There's not a single Upper-Class Person here."

"Look over there, there are other trucks, and people are getting off from the compartments."

Gu Mian also grasped Mr. Green and jumped off the truck.

What lay before them was a vast concrete ground, densely packed with various colored tents. These tents weren't new; some had collapsed halfway, suggesting they'd been here for quite some time.

He looked around and saw four trucks parked in this open space, while far away stood a magnificent Upper-Class People's residential area.

Gu Mian also spotted a card leaning to one side, with the words "Waiting Area" on it.

He understood.

The reality show would begin tomorrow; in the eyes of Upper-Class People, lower-class people were so disgraceful, hardly better than dried feces by the roadside.

They wouldn't tolerate a pile of feces spending the night where they lived.

So these lower-class people were just brought near the Upper-Class People's residential area ahead of time but couldn't enter until tomorrow when the show officially began.

However, the Upper-Class People clearly overestimated the lower-class people's literacy.

The lower-class people mostly couldn't read, making the card somewhat redundant.

But the spread of tents helped some lower-class people to understand.

Someone shouted, "The show starts tomorrow; looks like we'll be spending the night here."

No one objected; excitedly or worriedly, they picked out their tents, curling up inside to ponder tomorrow's reality show.

The number of tents was clearly insufficient; not every lower-class person had a place to stay.

Some weak, small lower-class people were driven elsewhere, some heading to the compartment to sleep. When the compartment couldn't accommodate them, they nestled under the truck to sleep—at least there's something overhead.

The unluckiest ones didn't even secure a spot under the truck. They could only sleep on the open concrete ground.

Mr. Green originally belonged to the "weak, small" group, but by sticking with Gu Mian, he got a tent to rest in.

Gu Mian didn't know what season it was in Paradise World now, but he knew the night temperatures were very low.

In the middle of the night, there was a heavy rain.

Nested inside the tent, Mr. Green was hit by the cold, sneezing loudly.

Gu Mian looked at shivering Mr. Green, pondered for a moment, then took out a green thing from his guitar bag, covering him: "This color suits you."

Mr. Green stared puzzled at the toy placed on him by Gu Mian: "What's the use of putting a toy on me?"

"At least it seems like you've got something covering you."

Chapter 830 How Did That Side Catch It?

[007]: How are things on your end?

[Fatty]: How are things over there?

[Xiao Qiao]: How's it going over there for Mian?

In the ten-person group chat, 007 was inquiring about Gu Mian's situation.

The lively Fatty and the echo-chamber-like Xiao Qiao joined in.

These two hadn't entered Paradise World together, probably bored out of their minds outside.

[Gu Mian]: Living in a temporary tent area, not far from here is an upper-class residential area.

[007]: Chu Changge and I saw the truck transporting you and Mr. Green on the spectator screen. We asked Crazy Tower Chief to check the license plate of that truck. After he checked, he told us that your truck was transporting lower-class people to a place called 'Pleasure Heavenly City,' an upper-class residential area. The upper-class area you saw is most likely Pleasure Heavenly City.

Pleasure Heavenly City...

Gu Mian said the name in his heart, just hearing it, you know the place is very joyous.

But even though he's left Crazy Game City, Crazy Tower Chief would still help him.

Gu Mian suspected that Chu Changge had uttered some nasty threats at Crazy Tower Chief.

[007]: Chu Changge and I plan to use upper-class identities to visit Pleasure Heavenly City tomorrow and cast a vote for you.

[Fatty]: It's like being apart for ages though it's been a day. Miss 007 and Brother Chu couldn't wait to visit the doctor even after just half a day's absence. How should we, who've been outside for so long without seeing the doctor, cope? Doctor, when will you come back!

Fatty always sends some pointless messages in the ten-person group chat. Over time, others have learned to instinctively filter out Fatty's information, treating him as background noise.

glanced at the two tickets on the table in front of her. She and Chu Changge have upper-class identity cards, and tonight they've already received the ballots for tomorrow—Crazy Tower Chief delivered them.

Each of them got two tickets, which can be cast for one favored lower-class person, or split.

The tickets and the size of paper currency were similar, with an exquisite crown drawn in the middle. When touched, the areas where the crown was encrusted with jewels had precise protrusions.

Below the exquisite crown, there was also a small figure in shadow.

This figure was so small that you couldn't notice it without looking closely.

He knelt at the bottom of the crown, head down, as if the exquisite crown above him was a thick cloud.

guessed this figure represented Lu Yi.

It was because Lu Yi taught 007 the profession of Beast Tamer, and seeing the small kneeling figure in shadow made her feel somewhat conflicted.

Now, Lu Yi no longer possessed the glory of being a Beast Tamer.

He seemed to have become a "beast" for people's amusement, just as he used to handle.

If Gu Mian saw this small figure on the voting ticket, he would surely say it was Mr. Green.

Because Mr. Green's posture right now was identical to that of the small figure.

"Achoo—" He caught a cold, sneezed all night in the latter half.

Then he said as soon as he lay down his head hurt. Gu Mian explained it was intracranial pressure increased by the cold, sleeping upright would help.

He thoughtfully pulled down a hanging rope from the tent's peak, suggesting Mr. Green put his neck in it to sleep upright.

Mr. Green politely refused Gu Mian's kind gesture, choosing to lean against the tent wall to see if he could fall asleep.

Fortunately, the tents here were tightly packed, allowing the adjacent tent to support Mr. Green when he leaned against the tent wall, preventing it from collapsing.

But the truth proved that kneeling was unfeasible for sleeping.

Mr. Green spent a tormenting night, hearing raindrops outside go from dense to sparse, eventually stopping altogether, with the scent of rain-soaked earth in the air.

Then he heard unknown insects chirping outside.

Finally, a few melodious bird calls came from outside, signaling him that daybreak had arrived.

Opening the tent's flap, indeed, the sky was bright, with the sun half-risen in the east.

Other lower-class people also began getting up, some were arguing, others sat before their tents lost in thought.

This was not a hotel, breakfast was not provided.

Mr. Green's stomach growled with hunger.

In fact, he had been hungry for days, enduring the elements and not having enough to eat, which is why he fell ill easily.

At this moment, he heard Gu Mian's voice from behind.

Looking back, Gu Mian was already awake, putting the green dog plush from last night back into his guitar bag.

The green dog plush whimpered two sounds in protest but was ultimately forced back by Gu Mian.

Suddenly, Mr. Green heard the sound of people outside becoming noisy.

Turning around, he saw two bright figures approaching from the upper-class residential area.

"Are they here to take us to the upper-class area?" Mr. Green craned his neck, observing them.

Lower-class people from the tent area swarmed up, people from under and around the trucks all crawled out, flocking towards those two upper-class people.

These two seemed displeased with the work. They loudly ordered the lower-class people not to approach them and to line up according to the number plates.

This was quite a task.

There were four trucks on this open ground, meaning at least two hundred lower-class people were present.

"Number 1000 at the front, the rest line up behind!" one of the upper-class people yelled.

"I'm number 1000! I'm number 1000!" Immediately a lower-class person in the crowd jumped up with the number plate.

Number 1000 struggled through the crowd, donning a flattering smile, reached the two upper-class people, and repeated: "I'm number 1000."

The upper-class person scowled, directing number 1000 to stand three meters away, then shouted to the crowd behind him: "Hurry up, you fools, don't you even know how to queue."

Gu Mian was number 1118, Mr. Green was 1117.

They both were positioned towards the back of the line.

Lower-class people adopted the counting method, with each number representing the corresponding lower-class person moving to the end of the queue.

This task was conducted by the foremost number 1000.

Starting from 1001, it took considerable time before reaching Gu Mian and Mr. Green.

After Gu Mian and Mr. Green queued up, about half an hour later, their troupe of two hundred was fully assembled.

The two upper-class individuals had long grown impatient; once the queue formed, they immediately set off with the lengthy line toward Pleasure Heavenly City.

Along the way, Gu Mian saw other similar lines, though their destination wasn't the same direction. They must be heading to other upper-class residential areas for voting.

By now, the two upper-class people led Gu Mian's group to a grand gate.

It's no exaggeration to say, this gate was like the door to a castle for princesses and princes in fairy tales.