

Collapse 85

Chapter 85: Slaughter Game (Part 14)_1

Arrows zipped through the darkness from the front.

Every now and then, arrows flew close to the carriage walls.

Within seconds, Gu Mian heard the team up front shouting several times.

"Captain, the front car has passed! The driver is out of shooting range!"

"There are still two people in the back. Get ready to shoot."

The minecart was rushing forward, and Gu Mian heard the voices getting closer and closer.

"Ready—"

The two of them were still climbing, and the voices were already nearly upon them.

From the sound of it, in just a few seconds, they would be directly facing the armed group.

Gu Mian didn't want several arrows in his butt, so he desperately scrambled upward.

Just as a head wearing a gas mask appeared in Gu Mian's peripheral vision, he suddenly leaped upward and tumbled into the open carriage.

At the same time, he saw an arrow fly horizontally across the top of the ladder, right where his head should have been.

The carriage was loaded with numerous coal blocks, so Gu Mian had to lie prone to avoid exposing his head.

At this moment, one of Fatty's hands slapped onto the carriage, followed by several pained screams; he had likely been hit by more arrows.

Gu Mian reached out, grabbed Fatty's plump hand, and with a strong pull, yanked the entire Fatty into the carriage.

By now, Fatty's back looked like a pincushion.

Well, perhaps not that exaggerated.

He just had two arrows in his buttocks, one in his calf, and another in his left shoulder.

If hawthorn berries were skewered onto these long arrows, Fatty would look like a living display rack for Tanghulu.

Luckily, no vital spots were hit. If Gu Mian hadn't pulled him up so quickly, he might have been shot in the head.

"Ouch, ouch..." Fatty didn't dare to turn over, just lay prone in the carriage, tears welling in his eyes. "Doctor, find a Priest to heal me... I'm dying."

Gu Mian glanced at Fatty's wounds. "Cut the dramatics. If you're sick, see a doctor."

As he spoke, he gripped the long arrow protruding from Fatty's buttock and gently wiggled it. "Does it hurt?"

Fatty yelped, "Damn right it hurts!"

"I'm asking what it feels like."

The minecart sped onward. Gu Mian heard the group they had left behind rapidly approaching, and then he heard something smack against the back wall of the carriage.

Arrows continued to fly over their heads intermittently.

But Gu Mian had no time to worry about that now.

Fatty clutched his buttock with one hand. "It's painful... when you just moved it, it felt like a whole chunk of flesh was about to be ripped out..."

Gu Mian was silent for a moment. "Then this arrow must have barbs."

Fatty became agitated upon hearing this. "Those bastards!"

Gu Mian pressed him down. "Don't move. I'll break off the shaft first. Once we're out of here, I'll dig out the arrowhead."

"Wait, wait!" Fatty was terrified by the word 'dig'. "Actually, I'm not in that much pain. Can't we just pull it out?"

"The ones in your buttocks, maybe. But not the one in your shoulder. If it's barbed, pulling it out could tear a ligament."

Fatty shuddered at his words.

Before he could say anything, Chu Changge's voice came from the front of the minecart, "They've caught up."

They've caught up?

Gu Mian looked toward the rear of the cart. How could they catch up to a minecart on foot?

But one glance at the back of the cart and he understood why the group behind them was so fast.

Lying prone in the carriage, Gu Mian could only see the rear wall of their cart when looking backward. He now noticed a hook latched onto the top edge of that wall.

The hook resembled those used by ancient assassins in TV dramas to scale city walls. A rope was attached to it; once the hook caught onto a wall, they could climb up the rope.

Presumably, the group behind was being dragged forward by these hooks.

How sophisticated... Gu Mian muttered, trying to dislodge the hooks from the back of the cart.

But they were lodged too firmly, and someone was pulling hard from the other end. Gu Mian couldn't dislodge them.

"Doctor!" Gu Mian suddenly heard Fatty call from behind him.

He turned his head and saw Fatty holding a round object.

"SSS... I found this in the carriage. The description says it's a bomb," Fatty said, clutching his buttock and hissing in pain.

Gu Mian took it, and a panel immediately appeared before him.

[Abandoned Bomb]

[Description: A locally-made bomb from a Slaughter Game instance. Military-grade with immense power, capable of collapsing an entire mine tunnel (Cannot be taken out of the instance).]

[Usage: Emits white smoke upon impact, explodes after fifteen seconds.]

[Note: This bomb has malfunctioned and cannot be used.]

A bomb in the minecart? Are they planning to self-destruct in here?

Gu Mian scanned his surroundings and found quite a few of these objects scattered in the carriage. Some were wedged between coal blocks and seemed impossible to retrieve.

These dark objects nearly blended in with the coal, making them hard to spot without a closer look.

"Doctor, can we use this thing to blow up those people behind us?" Fatty's voice trembled as he spoke, clearly in great pain.

Gu Mian quickly felt for any other bombs within reach. "Forget it. These things are just for show; they're utterly useless!"

All of them were abandoned bombs; not a single one worked.

And even if they did work, he wouldn't dare use them here. If it could collapse the entire mine tunnel, wouldn't that mean burying themselves along with it?

Although Gu Mian dearly wished to blow up the group pursuing them, it would be a terrible loss if he got caught in it himself.

「At this moment, Mr. Slaughter was in the broadcast room, communicating with the squad leader of the Order Guard in the mine.」

He held his communicator and said, "Order Guard, Squad Three Leader?"

A CRACKLE of static came from the other end, followed by a somewhat sharp male voice.

"Yes, we are carrying out a special task according to the viewers' request, pursuing three participants in the mine."

Mr. Slaughter stared at the screen. "Oh—the viewers are clamoring for these participants to be killed. But it seems they've boarded a minecart, and you're having trouble catching up."

The other end of the communicator was silent for a few seconds before the voice resumed, "Don't worry. We'll stay right behind them. The minecart is bound to stop at the tunnel exit. They can't escape. If necessary, we'll use firearms."

At this point, he chuckled. "The Order Guard has never failed. We will definitely provide a spectacle that satisfies the viewers."