

Collapse 851

Chapter 851 Nicholas Li San!

Just as Teacher Slaughter was roaring inwardly, the two staff members who had originally been standing under the Pyramid walked up.

"What the hell are you doing?" Seeing staff come up, Teacher Slaughter hurriedly asked them in a low voice; these staff members were clearly in the know.

"We're taking the first place to the champion's seat." The staff member also spoke in a voice so low only the two of them could hear.

Many follow-cams hovered around the two of them, nosily edging closer, wanting to hear what secrets the pair were whispering.

"But that's not in my hosting rundown!" Teacher Slaughter was a bit anxious; as a host, the last thing you want is something unexpected.

The rundown he received certainly included the ranking seats, but those seats were all under the Pyramid; once someone obtained the corresponding rank, the seat would rise from beneath the Pyramid, just like the nine-grid that had just risen—this Pyramid under their feet was hollow, with quite a bit of space inside.

The higher the rank, the closer the seat was to the tip of the tower; in theory, the first-place seat was on the level right next to the tip, the very level where 0175 and 1868 had just been standing and waiting.

But instead of the expected seat rising up, one popped up over in the audience section.

And judging from the looks of it, that ranking seat in the audience section was probably not the only one. Were they really going to let these lowly lower-class people sit together with the noble audience?

What's more, the ranking seat that rose in the audience section was far more luxurious than the ones that had long been prepared under the Pyramid, even more luxurious than the audience's own seats.

Teacher Slaughter frowned; a lower-class person's seat being better than an Upper Class Person's, this was simply...

He didn't even know what to say.

By now, one staff member had already led 1868 toward that luxurious seat in the audience section, while the other, having fallen a few steps behind because he'd been answering Teacher Slaughter, said, "This is something the organizers added temporarily this morning, so it never made it into your hosting rundown."

Having said that, he turned around as well and left together with the other staff member and 1868.

was completely in the dark, not knowing what was going on. In that instant his mind raced through countless possibilities; he even thought maybe the Judge's forfeiture really had been a trap and he was being taken away for execution—he had no idea what that raised seat in the audience was for.

Not knowing what was about to happen, 1868 was terrified, so he walked very slowly, trying to stretch out the time on the way as much as possible.

The tall, skinny staff member beside him saw he was moving far too slowly and grabbed his arm, dragging him toward the seat.

That hand had the Upper Class People's distinctive skin tone, deathly pale, and against 1868's filthy sleeve it stood out even more.

was flattered and overwhelmed as he stared at the hand gripping his arm.

Upper Class People never touched them directly, because they lower-class were cheap and filthy; most of the time Upper Class People weren't even willing to stand too close to them.

Even back in the first stage of the show, the Upper Class cameramen hadn't gotten too close, filming from as far away as possible.

But now this Upper Class Person was actually grabbing his arm!

In an instant 1868 forgot the fear he'd felt just moments ago. He stared unblinkingly at the hand gripping him, his face showing a kind of honored expression, like a kid who can't suppress his joy after being praised by a teacher.

The audience members on the seats also stared in surprise at 1868 and the staff member, their expressions strange.

In their eyes, having physical contact with a lower-class person was no different from stepping in a pile of shit on the street.

The contestants still on stage were stirred up as well; they craned their necks to look at the arm 1868 had been grabbed by, faces tinged with longing.

"They're heading for that especially pretty seat—are they going to let 1868 sit there?"

"That seat has a 1 on it, it should be the champion's seat. He's the first to advance, so he really is the champion."

"Then he'll be sitting together with the Upper Class People. Weren't they saying only the champion of the final third stage would have their identity changed to become an Upper Class Person? How come he's already sitting with them now!"

Mr. Green had shuffled right up next to Gu Mian, also watching 1868 walking toward the champion's seat: "I thought there'd be some kind of trap. Looks like if one side gives up, the other really does advance directly. I don't know what the people who designed this were going for. Back when I was a host, I designed a ton of levels that looked easy to clear but were actually traps..."

Mr. Green had started reminiscing again.

Unfortunately, he was no longer a host; his role had flipped from host to show participant.

When they reached the champion's seat, 1868 finally understood; he looked nervously at the seat in front of him and stammered as he asked the staff member beside him, "This is... mine? I'm supposed to sit here?"

"Yes." The staff member nodded without much expression. "This is the champion's seat. It's yours."

looked at the seat in disbelief, then at the audience in front, and asked again, uncertain, "It's mine? But... but I'm just a lower-class person, and here... it's all Upper Class People..."

The more he spoke, the softer his voice became. He saw the Upper Class People in the audience seats ahead looking at him with eyes full of disgust. Fortunately the champion's seat was in the very back, a separate row all by itself, so he didn't have to endure strange looks from his left and right.

"You already successfully advanced to the top ten in the second stage; you're now a Candidate Upper-class, completely different from those lower-class people still on stage. The third stage has no danger at all—just get first place and you can become an Upper Class Person." As the staff member spoke, he guided 1868 to the seat and had him sit down.

His tone barely fluctuated, like an actor with bad skills reciting lines, face blank.

Hearing this, 1868 dazedly sat down. The feeling of being in the audience section really was different; the view was so clear and open that with one glance he could take in the entire stage.

Even those amusement facilities that had looked so terrifying before now appeared friendly to him, because he no longer had to go through them. He could even sit in the audience and leisurely watch others struggle on the verge of death up there.

I'm already a Candidate Upper-class. The third stage has no danger; as long as I get first place I can become a real Upper Class Person!

I'm no longer the same as those people on stage! I'm sitting in the noble audience section now!

Thinking of this, he straightened his back and imitated the smug expressions of those Upper Class People, but his imitation was clumsy.

The Upper Class People in the audience felt nauseated just seeing that expression on his face.

At this moment, the staff member who had seated 1868 in the champion's seat was walking back. An audience member suddenly grabbed him and shouted in anger, "What the hell is your show doing, letting a lower-class person sit with us? Look at that expression of his, it's disgusting."

The staffer ignored him, merely pulling his clothes free and continuing back.

The audience member who had grabbed him was a bit annoyed: "Hey, did you hear me talking to you?"

He reached out again to grab the staff member's clothes and yanked him back; this time he used a lot of strength and pulled the man back in one go.

"What's with that attitude? I'm going to file a complaint against you." As he spoke, he looked down at the staff badge on the man's chest, which had their names on it.

"What's your name? Let me see your badge... Nicholas Li San?"

Who?

Their argument was loud enough that 007 and Chu Changge, not far away, heard it too.

The moment she heard the name, 007 straightened up and instinctively felt for the Upper Class identity card in her pocket.

That staff member's name was Nicholas Li San?

What a coincidence. The name on her identity card was King Nicholas Wang Er, while Chu Changge's was King Nicholas Zhao Si, and Mingliang's identity card name was King Nicholas Zhang Yi.

When they first got those identity cards, she'd even silently mocked them as some sort of Nicholas family, and now another Nicholas Li San had appeared.

She stared at the quarreling pair for a while, but couldn't see anything off, so she looked to Chu Changge beside her: "Did you hear that guy's name?"

Chu Changge nodded.

was puzzled: "It's too much of a coincidence. His name is way too similar to the ones on our identity cards. Could he also be using an identity card to pose as an Upper Class Person..."

But that shouldn't be. That Li San was a staff member on the show. It would be one thing for a member of the audience, but you don't just become staff on this show because you feel like it; they definitely conduct identity checks.

And if this Li Si was someone else in disguise, who would it be?

Lower-class people couldn't possibly get identity cards, and this wasn't an instance, so no players would be coming in.

That would only leave NPCs.

But what NPC would be so bored they'd pose as an Upper Class Person just to come here and work staff!

Chapter 852 Rebar-Piercing Roller Coaster

Just speaking of it, there was a staff member beside Li San earlier, accompanying him. It's unclear what they were saying to Teacher Slaughter after they went on stage.

Is he also pretending to be an upper class person using an identity card?

Thinking about this, 007 turned to look around but couldn't find the trace of that staff member.

She had no choice but to put her gaze back on Li San, who indeed looked different from the other upper class people, both in behavior and tone.

He seemed like an actor pushed on stage without understanding the script, stiffly reciting lines. Now caught by an audience member, he didn't explain but anxiously grabbed his clothes, trying to snatch them back from the other person's hand.

Clearly, he wanted to leave the audience area quickly.

Seeing the sweat on his forehead and his increasingly worried expression, 007 became more certain that this person was a disguised upper class person.

Who is he truly? What purpose does he have here? 007 pondered calmly.

Of course, Teacher Slaughter wouldn't let this dispute continue; a quarrel in the audience doesn't look good for him as the host.

"Everyone, calm down!" Teacher Slaughter spoke again, in his usual confident tone, "Is everyone already anxious over just an appetizer? Don't worry, the real excitement is yet to come."

Though his expression was confident and his tone firm, he felt weak inside.

He cursed the person who designed the progression rules in his heart, then hurriedly proceeded with the next steps.

Quickly end this damn second stage and enter the third stage; the third stage will definitely make the audience happy.

While thinking this, Teacher Slaughter glanced at 0175 standing blankly beside him; now it was 1868's turn to choose a project for 0175.

The two had long agreed to waive their turns alternately; had there not been a glitch earlier, 1868 would have waived his turn already.

Teacher Slaughter held no hope for the next developments, he focused his gaze forward, looking at 1868 sitting straight-backed behind the audience, 1868 was a bit far, so he'd have to shout to host the next part.

Teacher Slaughter took a deep breath and loudly said to 1868 behind the audience, "Now, it's your turn to choose a project for 0175."

Hurry up, just waive your turn.

It would be best if the next four groups waiving would also quickly move along, lest the audience's anger grows increasingly intense, Teacher Slaughter sensed a dark future ahead.

stared blankly at 1868 sitting on the luxurious champion seat, he was eagerly anticipating, anticipating sitting on such a seat himself, becoming a "Candidate Upper-class."

Mixed in the anticipation was some urgency, as soon as Teacher Slaughter finished speaking, he couldn't wait to shout at 1868: "Hurry up and waive your turn! We agreed, I waived mine, and you have to waive yours too."

was immersed in the beautiful fantasy of becoming an upper class person and was somewhat annoyed when he heard 0175 calling him from the stage.

He sincerely felt different from those people on stage now; he was the champion, a candidate upper class! Sitting together with the upper class people!

His former humble self would become a thing of the past; what awaited him was the most glorious future.

But on stage, 0175 when talking about "we" seemed to imply his status was as high as his, shouting it before so many upper class people was simply tarnishing his reputation. 1868 found it especially grating, keeping silent for a moment.

Seeing 1868 remain silent, 0175 became anxious, raising his voice: "Why aren't you speaking, hurry up and waive your turn! I waived mine so you could become the champion, now it's your turn to waive!"

felt even more displeased upon hearing this, what made 0175 feel so entitled to command him?

He decided to ignore 0175 on stage.

Teacher Slaughter was originally quite hopeless, not expecting anything from the results, but seeing 1868's delay in waiving his turn reignited a small spark of hope in his heart.

He looked at 1868, who sat upright in his champion seat, his demeanor slightly annoyed.

Meanwhile, 0175 kept talking on stage about 1868 waiving his turn, each sentence adding to 1868's displeasure.

So that's how it is, Teacher Slaughter understood something internally, a smile stretched on his lips.

A person of originally low status suddenly gaining a high position will experience a significant psychological change; they would detest their previous identity, look down upon friends sharing their former status.

If they're then treated with an old familiar attitude, they'd become angered.

"My status is now far beyond yours, how dare you still speak to me like that, have you no consciousness? Or do you still see me as that insignificant, humble person I once was?"

Yes, that's exactly how he should think, the smile on Teacher Slaughter's face widened.

1868's silence made 0175 anxious and caught the audience's attention.

"Why hasn't he waived his turn yet? We thought he'd waive it immediately so we could skip this boring segment."

"Look at him, it's disgusting."

"Quickly end this dull phase, better yet, let the first five groups all waive their turns so we don't suffer watching this."

Chu Changge quietly watched 1868 in the rear, after looking for a while, he then withdrew his gaze.

had been observing the situation, she sharply sensed things were about to take a different turn.

"He's about to change his mind." Mr. Green whispered to Gu Mian on stage, "One glance at his expression and I knew, I've seen plenty of players with expressions like this in the instances; some mean they're about to act unreasonably."

Gu Mian didn't expect Mr. Green to be a microexpression psychologist, he said to Mr. Green: "Then take another look at the host above, analyze his current state of mind."

Upon hearing this, Mr. Green turned his head to look towards the top of the pyramid.

Since they stood in the lowest layer, Mr. Green had to tiptoe to see Teacher Slaughter at the very top.

At this moment, Teacher Slaughter's face held a genuine smile, as he squinted his eyes looking at 1868 behind the audience, he spoke in an exaggerated tone:

"Champion of the Merry Carnival, Candidate Upper-class, you are now completely different from these contestants on stage, come, make your decision;

"Come decide the fate of this lowly lower-class person next to me, as your first exercise of power since becoming a Candidate Upper-class, it's significant, the audience is watching you, your choice can decide the life and death of others."

"We agreed to waive together!" 0175 continued shouting, but no one on site paid attention, everyone's eyes were on 1868.

sat in his chair, feeling somewhat floaty; he realized all eyes were on him, now he was the focus of the entire scene.

Everyone was waiting for his decision.

So wonderful! So wonderful! He enjoyed the feeling of being the center of attention, savoring the anticipation of everyone as he exercised power.

The sensation of power was so marvelous, the voice of power so delightful.

He would use it to its fullest, never again humble or servile, needing no compromise, and certainly wouldn't abide by the ridiculous agreement with a lowly person.

1868's face showed a radiant smile, now indistinguishable from that of the upper class people.

He stood up, his posture and every movement resembling a true upper-class person, people watched as he raised his finger pointing to the grid at the pyramid's apex, deciding 0175's tragic fate—

"Steel Piercing Roller Coaster"

Chapter 853 Another Fierce Warrior Joins the Nicholas Family

As soon as 1868's voice sounded, the entire venue fell silent.

Things were moving in a direction people hadn't anticipated.

Some audience members even suspected they had misheard and asked those beside them, "What did he just say? Isn't it withdrawal?"

Even the Upper Class Person holding Li San froze, turning his head in confusion to look at 1868 at the very back, whose face brimming with happiness. Taking the opportunity, Nicholas Li San escaped from his grasp and ran back to the bottom of the stage.

Gu Mian and Mr. Green were positioned at the base of the Pyramid, standing nearby when Li San returned.

Gu Mian naturally heard the name shouted by the Upper Class Person.

Li San? The same series as the names on the identity cards of Chu Changge and the others. Gu Mian looked at Li San not far away, brushing off his clothes. Why is this show so interesting to many, with so many sneaking in using identity cards?

Who exactly is this Li San anyway?

Some Upper Class People in the audience continued their discussion, but most had already started cheering, eagerly anticipating the next performance by 0175. They didn't care why 1868 suddenly changed his mind; they only knew that the show was finally something of interest to them.

The Upper Class Person next to 007 did not cheer along with the majority.

After 1868's words fell, the Upper Class Person audience next to 007 suddenly leaned closer, "What is his choice?"

The sudden proximity startled 007. After calming down, she carefully regarded the person, feeling that his tone was somewhat peculiar.

"He chose...steel pierce roller coaster." 007 repeated the name of the project 1868 selected for 0175, then looked up at the sky.

The roller coaster tracks were not far from the audience seats, and she saw circular rings welded with sharp steel rods standing on the tracks.

At that moment, the roller coaster swooshed through one of the steel rings, leaving several deep scratches on its body—marks left by the sharp steels.

The unmanned roller coaster had already run several laps on the track, its seats scarred by the protruding steel rods, making it hard to imagine what fate would befall anyone riding it.

Upon hearing 007's answer, the adjacent Upper Class Person nodded thoughtfully, "Oh, didn't adhere to the previous withdrawal agreement. The people on stage originally hoped they could advance, only to turn into despair in the blink of an eye."

How odd.

Once again, 007 felt a strange sense of dissonance from the person next to her.

But upon further thought, she couldn't pinpoint where the dissonance lay; his attitude and tone were entirely normal...

No, that's it!

suddenly realized it was precisely because this person was too normal that she felt the dissonance.

The Upper Class People in this world mostly talk to others using a condescending manner, often portraying an all-knowing, high and mighty attitude.

Even when speaking with fellow Upper Class People, their expressions remained exceptionally arrogant.

Yet the person talking beside her was frighteningly normal in his speech.

cautiously edged her body back a few inches, warily observing the man in front of her.

Chu Changge, seated on 007's other side, also noticed their conversation and turned his head around.

But neither of the three spoke, creating an eerie atmosphere.

The man did not continue speaking with 007; he turned his head toward the front, where the stage was, and 0175's terrified voice emanated from above.

"I chose withdrawal! We all chose withdrawal! He must have made a mistake, a mistake..."

The staff member named Nicholas Li San again went on stage, this time to take 0175 for a roller coaster ride.

"Speak up! Wasn't it a withdrawal?" The staff had already grabbed 0175, and he began to tremble in fear, screaming toward 1868 in the audience.

But the person in the champion's seat didn't respond to him at all, merely glancing at him disdainfully before averting his gaze like he was looking at something dirty.

Seeing this, 0175 finally understood he wouldn't hear the word "withdrawal" from his mouth.

A surge of intense regret flooded his heart. He hated 1868's treachery and cold indifference and also regretted his own past decision.

If he had directly let 1868 participate in the project, 1868 wouldn't have survived, and the one seated in the champion's position now should have been him.

grew increasingly remorseful, eventually shouting loudly on stage, "I'm not withdrawing! I'm not withdrawing! Let him participate in the project!"

His eyes reddened as he reached out to point at 1868, wanting to retract his withdrawal statement and try again.

"You are already withdrawn; you cannot retract." Teacher Slaughter's icy words made him come to terms with reality.

"Now, please have the staff escort this contestant to sit on the roller coaster. The roller coaster has stopped, just waiting for this contestant to board." Teacher Slaughter spoke with a tone of amusement.

Originally feeling hopeless about this second phase, he hadn't anticipated 1868's sudden change of choice, which sent 0175—the one helping him advance—to his execution.

Brilliant, simply brilliant.

He should have foreseen that the organizers wouldn't set up useless arrangements without cause; the person who conceived the withdrawal advancement rule had long anticipated the thoughts of these foolish lower-class people, knowing that such people would flip their stance at the slightest hint of power.

didn't want to go to the roller coaster.

His feet seemed nailed to the stage, refusing to budge regardless of how Li San pulled him.

The audience, eager for a spectacle, grew impatient, "Hurry up. Get him to the roller coaster!"

Teacher Slaughter had no choice but to call more staff from below the stage to assist.

The newly arrived staff were not as gentle as Li San; they looked at 0175 with disdain, not wanting to touch him, just pulling out a prepared rope to loop around 0175's neck, tightening it, and leading him like a dog off the stage.

"Better wash hands later." Even without direct contact with 0175, the Upper Class person leading the rope felt their hands dirty, muttering about needing to wash their hands later.

Initially, 0175 attempted to resist the rope looped around his neck. He dared not act against the Upper Class staff, using all his strength to try to stay put on stage, dreading the terrifying roller coaster.

However, as the staff exerted force, the rope around his neck tightened further. After a while, 0175 found it difficult to breathe, resisting wildly for a moment until his eyes protruded slightly from lack of oxygen.

Eventually, he lost all strength, his brain lost consciousness due to oxygen deprivation, resembling a dead dog as he collapsed, dragged down the steps by the staff.

He was dragged along, passing by groups of contestants. With each layer of steps he descended, he emitted a muffled groan of pain.

Soon, he was dragged from the tower's peak to the bottom layer, with Li San following him all the while.

Upon being entirely removed from the stage, 0175 regained a modicum of consciousness; the rope around his neck tightened, turning his face red, almost suffocating him. He reached a hand to loosen the rope, yet lacking strength, unable to resist the staff dragging him slowly toward the roller coaster's starting point.

He shifted his eyes, struggling to gaze regretfully at 1868 sitting on the luxurious champion's seat.

That seat should've been his originally, but now waiting for him was another seat, one that would claim his life.

"It's here, you can put him on." Finally reaching the track's starting point, the staff ahead tossed the rope to the ground, rotating his wrist to look at Nicholas Li San, trailing behind.

Li San said nothing, silently extending his hand to lift 1868 from the ground, carrying him over to the roller coaster's seat, already tattered and torn.

Chapter 854 Teacher Slaughter's Final Host Career

Li San tried his best to place the person in the middle, and after seating him, he pulled down the safety bar to cover the seat, so the person wouldn't be thrown out when the car started.

In fact, whether the safety bar is down, the outcome is the same.

"If he flies out, maybe he'll die quicker," the staff next to him sneered, looking at the half-dead 0175.

Li San looked at the ring closest to them on the track nearby. It was welded with steel bars pointing towards the center. The car would soon pass through this forest of steel. He hesitated for a moment, then reached out and untied the noose tightly bound around 0175's neck.

0175, finally free from the torture of the noose, could breathe normally.

"Anyway, he's going to die soon. Why bother untying the rope?" The staff beside him glanced at Li San.

The two photographers behind them came forward to capture 0175's half-dead expression. Several body cams also descended onto the roller coaster to follow the ride—of course, the photographers wouldn't be doing this job on the ride.

"The rope will affect the roller coaster's operation." Li San threw the rope onto the ground and explained.

"You don't mind them and are willing to interact with them," the staff said as he stepped back, keeping away from the rope on the ground as if it were covered in filth, "Let's go, the work is done. Let's watch from below the stage."

After 0175 boarded the ride, the facility did not start immediately. The host on stage was still building the atmosphere, waiting for the audience's excitement to reach its peak before starting the roller coaster.

Li San glanced one last time at 0175 on the ride, then turned and followed the Upper Class People behind him.

"Look! The contestant is in position, how lucky, he's the first to experience the ride today. I wonder if he'll successfully advance through the roller coaster challenge?"

There's no suspense in that last question; anyone with common sense could guess the ending for the person on the roller coaster.

"Let's count down from ten; when the countdown ends, the roller coaster will officially start!"

At this moment, the seven air pillar machines surrounding the stage spewed celebratory flames, powered by Teacher Slaughter.

"Ten, nine..."

With each countdown number, the flames leapt higher, and the audience's excitement soared alongside them.

The entire audience enthusiastically counted down with Teacher Slaughter, their voices thundering, echoing throughout the arena, bombarding each contestant's eardrums.

Mingliang, standing next to Chu Changge, was pale. Ever since arriving here and seeing those terrifying amusement facilities, his expression had been grim.

He longed for the safety and stability in Crazy Game City, wishing to stay in this world, but Dai Huanhuan told him if he stayed, once others left, he would surely be thrown from the Game City by the NPCs, becoming a lower-class citizen.

"Tomorrow you should see how the lower-class live in this world. If you can accept that lifestyle, you can stay" — that was what Dai Huanhuan told him yesterday.

Before coming here, Mingliang thought, how bad could the lower-class here really be? Just poorer conditions, less food, and thinner clothing.

But looking at the roller coaster track filled with steel bars and the half-dead contestant on it, Mingliang was lost for words.

"...Three, two, one!"

The excited, thrilled, and expectant voices merged together, as if forming a clock, with ticking seconds akin to the lower-class people's constantly flowing life.

"Roller coaster, start!" Teacher Slaughter shouted excitedly on the stage, the flames from the seven air pillar machines spurted to their fullest, nearly surpassing the tip of the Pyramid.

Amidst the roaring flames and audience cries, the roller coaster began to move slowly.

Initially, it climbed uphill slowly. Several steel ring structures were set up on the uphill track symbolically. Considering that the contestant dying too early might affect the audience's interest, the steel bars were not long and didn't extend to the car seats, only brushing against the car body, leaving deep scratches on the roller coaster's surface.

Soon the roller coaster sluggishly reached the first peak, and ahead was a nearly vertical descent, where the car paused briefly at the top before rushing downward at speed.

In the blink of an eye, the car shot through the first steel ring.

Here, the steel bars were no longer child's play; they were long and sharp, already extending into the seating area.

The rapid roller coaster collided with the sharp steel bars, one seat was violently sliced by the bars, nearly splitting the frame in two.

Since 0175's position was near the center, the bars temporarily did not cut into him.

Then, the roller coaster sped through the second and third steel bar-filled rings without incident, the steel bars on the third ring brushed his shoulder, tearing his clothing.

At this point, the dazed 0175 finally regained consciousness, but upon waking, he immediately faced the impending fourth steel ring.

"Ah—"

Screams rang from the roller coaster, echoing throughout the venue.

The track had dozens of steel rings, narrowly escaping a few did not mean continued luck.

was caught by the incoming fourth ring; a steel bar stabbed him, not fatally, but creating a gash on his body, causing him to scream in pain.

This was the first scream, but not the last.

Dozens more rings awaited him.

The designers must have carefully calculated the distance between the steel bars and the roller coaster seats; those bars always narrowly sliced past the human body.

They weren't instantly lethal, but they left marks on the body, allowing participants to "endure" longer.

Screams repeatedly rang out on the roller coaster.

Initially, the screams were loud and horrid, but gradually the volume faded, like a voice box doll slowly losing battery power, the sound became intermittent and muffled.

Ultimately, 0175 no longer made a sound; replacing him were the audience's cheers, each time the roller coaster passed through a ring, they erupted into loud applause.

looked at the frenzied crowd around her and then at 1868, still smiling broadly at the back. She knew most people in this world were beyond saving, whether Upper Class People or lower-class citizens.

Mingliang, separated by a Chu Changge, was even more pale-faced. He dared not look at the broken shadow on the roller coaster, or the surrounding screens, so he buried his head deeply, trying to shut out everything around.

When the roller coaster finally came to a complete stop, 0175 was already beyond dead.

"What a pity," Teacher Slaughter said in a regretful tone, "it seems the first challenger failed, but don't worry, we have plenty more challengers here."

With that, he turned and looked down at the lower-class beneath him.

Chapter 855 Little Beng Beng Looks for Lu Yi

"Let's forfeit! I'm not like that 1868, if you forfeit I'll definitely forfeit too, really!" At this moment, on the second tier from the top of the Pyramid, a contestant was waving his hands animatedly at another contestant.

It was 1003 talking to 1766.

The two of them were in the same group, the second group to appear.

According to the previous individual rankings, the one ranked higher in the group became the Judge.

And since 1766 ranked ahead of 1003, in this group 1766 was the Judge, and he had to first designate 1003's game attraction.

After seeing the carnage on the roller coaster, 1003 didn't dare go near any of those attractions, and hurried to negotiate with the Judge, hoping they could forfeit together.

But 1766 had also been frightened by the carnage on the roller coaster; the previous cautionary tale of forfeiting was still right there in front of him. How would he dare to repeat the last Judge's mistake.

His face turned ashen, and no matter how 1003 begged, he refused.

The Judge was actually the safest position; as long as he forfeited and didn't hand over the right to choose the attraction to someone else, he would remain undefeated.

Of course, the Executor might possibly pass the attraction chosen by the Judge, but that possibility was very, very small.

With that in mind, 1766 turned his gaze back to the distant roller coaster; the mangled human shapes on it only steeled his resolve, and he firmly ignored the person beside him desperately begging him to forfeit.

"Ah, looks like the trust between everyone has collapsed, huh? The last group was just so harmonious and friendly, deciding to forfeit together..." Teacher Slaughter said in a malicious tone. "Well then, let's invite our second group—1761 and 1003—to the stage."

"Forfeit, please, I'm begging you." Even as they climbed up toward the tip of the Pyramid, 1003 was still pleading bitterly with 1761, but 1761 was unmoved.

From the moment the contestants were split into two identities, an unbridgeable chasm had opened up between them.

The Judge stood high above, and the Executor was utterly humble.

Mr. Green watched the second group climbing to the top of the Pyramid while worrying about his own future: "With this promotion rule, the number of promoted people will probably be full before it's even our turn. I don't know what they'll do with those of us who never get to go on stage once the promotion quota is filled."

He was afraid that once the promotion quota was full, the ones who hadn't gone on stage would all be sent to those attractions to entertain the Upper Class People.

in the audience seats was worried about this too.

If Gu Mian and Mr. Green had been grouped earlier, the two of them could have simply forfeited together and both advanced.

She certainly wasn't worried about Gu Mian and Mr. Green repeating the first group's mistake. Mr. Green practically wished he could graft himself onto Gu Mian right now; he still needed Gu Mian to take him out of this place. If Gu Mian died now, Mr. Green would definitely cry harder than Fatty.

And Gu Mian was even less likely to pick an attraction for Mr. Green. If he wanted Mr. Green's life, he could just pull out his Saw and saw through the man's neck; there was no need to go through all this trouble.

Unfortunately, their group was scheduled last; they wouldn't get their turn until everyone in front had gone on stage.

But according to the promotion rules, the top ten slots had already been locked in by the first ten groups.

"If things follow the normal course, Gu Mian has absolutely no chance of advancing to the next stage. If he's eliminated without ever going on stage, can he still stay here?" Because the Upper Class Person beside her was a bit strange, 007 lowered her voice when she spoke to Chu Changge, not wanting to draw that person's attention.

"We don't know where Lu Yi is right now." Chu Changge looked at the pyramid-shaped stage in front. "If Lu Yi were on site, Gu Mian could use the key right now and take us all away."

They were sitting in the front row of the audience, very close to Gu Mian; the range of Key No.108 easily covered them.

"If he is here, that's the only place you could hide someone." 007 also looked toward the Pyramid stage.

There seemed to be a large space under the stage. Lu Yi might directly rise up from beneath it later.

"So to confirm whether Lu Yi is inside or not, this host definitely knows." 007 watched Teacher Slaughter on stage, his face alight with excitement as he hosted the show.

"1761, your rank is higher, so you're the Judge for this group. What attraction are you going to choose for your dear companion next? Or perhaps... a friendly forfeit?"

When he said the words "friendly forfeit," Teacher Slaughter glanced meaningfully at 1868 in the audience.

had really brought a dramatic twist to this show, but there wouldn't be a second 1868. The Judges were on guard now; they weren't going to forfeit and throw themselves into danger again.

Under 1003's pleading gaze, 1761 made his choice.

"The Ferris wheel, I choose that Ferris wheel soaking in water." When he made his choice, he didn't dare look at the person opposite him. He kept his head turned toward the nine-grid board beside Teacher Slaughter. In fact, he couldn't read the words on it; he'd just picked something from the floor that was lethal but looked relatively mild.

The lower half of that Ferris wheel was submerged in water, and it turned extremely slowly. Once one side's cabin sank into the water, it would take over ten minutes to rise up from the other side.

That meant the person inside would be unable to breathe for at least ten minutes, which was absolutely fatal.

But at least it was milder than the roller coaster, he told himself.

On hearing 1761's choice, the light in 1003's eyes went completely dark.

Just like the last guy, he didn't want to leave here, so the staff repeated their old trick: they brought a rope loop, slipped it around his neck, and dragged him away.

was smarter than the last person who'd been dragged off.

He knew resistance was pointless; better to save his strength for the Ferris wheel.

He could try to take a few extra breaths when the cabin first went under... The water wouldn't rush in that fast; there'd be a little space for him to breathe right after it sank...

Once the rope tightened around his neck, he stopped struggling. He forced himself to calm down, obediently followed the staff down, and kept silently psyching himself up inside.

Seeing that he wasn't panicking much, Teacher Slaughter was a little surprised. This kind of calm expression was not what the audience wanted to see.

But the greater the hope, the greater the disappointment. He must be deluding himself now, thinking he can survive that Ferris wheel. Who knows how wonderful the expression on his face will be when death actually comes.

Teacher Slaughter felt it was a pity—a pity he wouldn't get to see 1003's struggles at the moment of death. If you died underwater, no matter how you thrashed down there, the audience above couldn't see a thing.

The follow cams couldn't go underwater either; they'd malfunction if they got wet.

"What a pity, what a pity. This Ferris wheel is very creative, but the audience can't see what's happening underwater. If we get the chance in future, maybe we can modify it—add a water-sealed glass cover to each cabin so the follow cams can go in, or just build an underwater gallery so the audience can watch through the glass."

Thinking of this, Teacher Slaughter nodded in satisfaction.

standing beside him, however, was feeling uneasy. He watched 1003 calmly walking with the staff toward the Ferris wheel, a bit worried inside.

But he wasn't worried about his dear companion's safety.

Why did he look that calm? Did he have some way to last ten minutes underwater? Among all the attractions, this flooded Ferris wheel seemed to be the easiest to pass. What if the cabin he chose was too well sealed and the water couldn't get in?

The more 1761 thought about it, the more he regretted it. He shouldn't have let his guilty conscience push him into picking such a mild attraction; he should've chosen something that guaranteed death. The roller coaster the last guy took was great—any way you looked at it, you couldn't survive that.

With that thought, he looked up at Teacher Slaughter, hesitating, wanting to retract his earlier choice and pick a more lethal project for 1003—but he didn't dare to speak up and go back on his word. Faced with the Upper Class People, he didn't even have the courage to initiate a conversation.

By this time, 1003 had already been brought to the Ferris wheel's boarding platform.

The boarding platform was built on the edge of an artificial lake, raised some distance above the water.

On a normal Ferris wheel, after entering, the cabins always went up, but here the boarding platform was built on the downward side.

Because the audience didn't have the patience to watch a lower-class person ride half a circle on the Ferris wheel before going into the water; it was best if the person sank as soon as they entered the cabin.

"Pick one, see which cabin you want to sit in." The rope-handling staff member stood off to one side impatiently, telling 1003 to hurry up and choose.

Li San was also beside him. He looked down at the Ferris wheel cabins rolling downward one by one. Once you boarded here, you'd sink with the cabin, and in less than ten seconds you'd be submerged in the lake below.

The water looked bottomless, like the gaping maw of some man-eating beast. He nervously backed up a couple steps, wanting to get further away from it.

forced himself to stay calm and carefully examined each cabin door at the boarding platform, trying to find one that was well sealed, one that could block out the water as much as possible.

But only up close did he see that each cabin had windows covered with wire mesh. Once it went under, the water would flow in through every mesh hole, flooding into his mouth and nose.

"Hurry up, stop dawdling and wasting time." The staff beside him was already extremely impatient.

Chapter 856 The Mad Mr. Green

Even though 1003 wanted to delay boarding this deadly Ferris wheel, the staff behind him was already quite impatient. Not daring to stall any longer, he simply closed his eyes, steeled his resolve, and stepped into the gondola in front of him.

Seeing him step in, the person behind immediately came forward to close the door tightly.

Each Ferris wheel cabin door has a lock; once closed, it can only be unlocked from the outside. This is to protect the safety of the riders, preventing them from accidentally opening the door and falling when the cabin rises to a high altitude — that's the reason for this design in the real world.

However, this Ferris wheel in front of him also can only be unlocked from the outside, not to protect the people inside, but to prevent contestants from not being able to hold their breath underwater and opening the door themselves to swim up.

The lock's switch is outside, and no matter what, the people inside cannot open the door; they can only obediently die inside.

As soon as 1766 stepped into the cabin, he took a deep breath.

As soon as he inhaled, the cabin sank underwater.

Water rushed into the cabin through the iron mesh on the window, and a large stream of bubbles rose from the spot where the cabin had just submerged.

The staff member who closed the door stared at the bubbles with interest, trying to see what was happening underwater.

But he could only see the opaque top cover of the Ferris wheel and lost interest, turning to Li San: "Let's go back to the side of the stage; there's nothing to see here."

There's nothing to see from the audience seats either, but the suspense left by 1766's entry into the water piqued the Upper Class People's curiosity, so they didn't find the ten-minute wait too dull.

"This half-turn takes at least ten minutes," 007 said, watching the slowly rotating Ferris wheel. Ten minutes is not short, and there's only a small chance the people inside will survive. Even if they're not completely dead, they'll be in a coma due to brain hypoxia, and they'll still die if not rushed to a hospital for rescue.

But the Upper Class People won't be kind enough to take the contestants to the hospital. It's estimated that when 1766's cabin comes up from the water and they see him motionless inside, they'll just announce that he failed to pass, and then continue with the next group.

At this point, Li San had returned from the Ferris wheel entry point and stood beside the stage again, very close to Gu Mian.

glanced at Li San and noticed that Gu Mian was also looking at him.

"Oh, right," 007 suddenly remembered something, "That Li San seemed to know what the third phase is. After taking 1868 to the champion's seat, he told him the third phase was not dangerous."

The staff obviously knows the program's process, which means they probably know if Lu Yi is present, or even where Lu Yi is hidden.

If he passes by the audience seats again, 007 thought, take the opportunity to ask him indirectly.

While 007 was contemplating how to subtly inquire about the third phase from Li San, Gu Mian had already boldly called out his name: "Li San, Nicholas Li San."

The variety show staff are all Upper Class People, and they don't like being too close to the stage, not wanting to breathe air polluted by lower-class people.

But Nicholas Li San is different from the others; compared to the lower-class, he seems even more unwilling to approach the Upper Class People. His standing position is very close to the Pyramid stage but far from other Upper Class staff.

Gu Mian was almost sure that his Upper Class identity was fake.

At this moment, the attention of the other Upper Class People was on the Ferris wheel, with only Li San uninterested, looking down and lost in thought.

Hearing someone calling him, he looked up and around, and soon saw Gu Mian at the bottom level of the Pyramid, calling for him.

"Damn it," he thought, looking at the enthusiastic lower-class person waving at him, "What does this lower-class want with me? And when did lower-class people become this brave? Normally, they wouldn't dare call an Upper Class person's name like this."

When lower-class people see Upper Class People, they usually cower, not daring to lift their heads, let alone call names cheerfully. They barely dare to make a sound.

He looked around, noticing he was far from other staff, and since the audience's gaze was attracted to the Ferris wheel, no one noticed what was happening here.

Li San glanced at the lower-class person calling him, deciding to pretend not to hear.

His identity was a disguise, and it wouldn't do to create problems. Talking to a lower-class contestant didn't align with the Upper Class persona.

However, for some reason, whenever he saw this contestant, he got the jitters, and there was a strange sense of familiarity about him. The more he looked at that lower-class person, the more familiar they seemed, but he couldn't recall where he had seen them before.

"Must be an illusion, right?" he thought, "How could I find a lower-class person familiar? After all, I just arrived here recently and have never seen any lower-class people before."

Mr. Green was also puzzled, and he secretly tugged at Gu Mian's sleeve: "How dare you call that Upper Class person's name directly? If you anger him, we..."

Mr. Green was about to say "we'll be done for," but then remembered that Gu Mian could always pull out a big baby from the guitar case, which gave him some sense of security, but he still reminded Gu Mian not to provoke the Upper Class People.

He also sneaked a look at Li San, whose name Gu Mian had called, and surprisingly, even though he was called by name by a lower-class person, Li San didn't get angry. Instead, he turned his head as if he hadn't heard.

Mr. Green didn't know about the "Nicholas family" affair and didn't know that this Li San most likely used an Upper Class identity card.

Gu Mian didn't listen to Mr. Green's advice; instead, he raised his voice and called Li San's name cordially.

Fearing that Gu Mian's voice would attract attention from others, Li San turned and glared fiercely in this direction, putting on an aggressive face: "What do you want!"

With this response, Mr. Green also noticed something was amiss.

If an Upper Class Person were directly called by a lower-class person, they would never respond this way, asking what they needed. They would likely take action to show the lower-class person.

This Li San, despite his fierce expression, spoke with a weak voice, deliberately lowering it, as if afraid the conversation would be overheard by others.

Recalling all of Li San's previous behaviors that did not fit with the Upper Class persona, Mr. Green couldn't help but doubt, is this person really Upper Class?

"Hello, Nicholas Li San," seeing Li San looking over, Gu Mian began to introduce himself, "My name is Nicholas Wang Er."

Mr. Green looked at Gu Mian with a look of surprise and uncertainty, not understanding since when he became Nicholas Wang Er, and how he had a name similar to this Li San, almost like they were a couple's name.

"What are you up to! And what is Wang Er?" Mr. Green couldn't help but ask quietly.

Wang Er is the name on 007's identity card, part of the same series as Li San. Gu Mian's lower-class identity card didn't have a name, so he had to use 007's name to signal Li San.

Upon hearing the name "Nicholas Wang Er," Li San's expression changed immediately, his face full of surprise and doubt, sizing up Gu Mian, and finally tentatively asking: "Are you also..."

"Yes, I'm also an NPC." Using Mr. Green's hat to think, he could have guessed that this isn't an instance, and players can't enter. The lower-class doesn't have the means to get an Upper Class identity card, and there's no need for Upper Class People to disguise themselves further, so the person masquerading as Li San could only be an NPC. Gu Mian pretended to be an NPC to build rapport with him.

Li San's expression was a colorful spectacle. He hesitated for a moment: "Which instance were you from before?"

Gu Mian lowered his head to look at Mr. Green, then looked up at Li San: "Crazy Guessing Words."

Mr. Green heard the long-lost name of his hometown and felt a lump in his throat.

Chapter 857 The Ineffable Collapse

Upon hearing this familiar name, Mr. Green's eyes welled up, his eyes becoming moist.

The Li San opposite didn't notice Mr. Green's expression and was slightly taken aback: "I remember, wasn't that unlucky host taken outside by Gu... by what's-his-name."

It was obvious he initially wanted to say "Gu Mian," but midway through he thought it inappropriate and changed "Gu Mian" to "what's-his-name."

Now it was Gu Mian's turn to feel choked, was he already something indescribable in this Low-Dimensional World? Even mentioning his name required caution.

Thinking this in his heart, he put on a pained expression on his face: "Yes, I used to be a logistical employee of the Crazy Guessing Words, had a stable job, but who would have thought that damned what's-his-name would one day get matched into our instance and take the host away. The Guessing Words instance went bankrupt, so I wandered around and ended up here..."

Mr. Green beside him looked at Gu Mian as if he were a ghost, seemingly shocked at Gu Mian's shamelessness. He didn't know why Gu Mian was pretending to be part of his instance's logistics, but he sensibly chose to keep quiet and not expose Gu Mian.

Gu Mian had already thought of the subsequent plot, nothing more than after the Guessing Words instance closed, he came to this world, and not knowing the place or people, he was mistakenly thrown into the lower-class residential area.

But before he could continue with his plot, Li San over there spoke first: "I understand, you're also a helper he found."

"Who is he?"

"Yes." Although Gu Mian didn't know who Li San referred to as "he," he decisively agreed.

Such a masterful performance, Mr. Green secretly criticized Gu Mian in his heart.

"I get it, he had me pretend as staff to help him work. Having you pretend as a lower-class contestant is to enliven the atmosphere, right? I've seen the first stage voting rankings; you were a clear number one. I was thinking your actions in the first stage were truly shocking, not something a lower-class person could do, I had no idea you weren't lower-class, but his plant in the show."

Encountering a fellow NPC in a place like this, Li San felt a kindred spirit meeting another, and subconsciously spoke more.

While speaking, he cautiously looked around, afraid that others would see this harmonious exchange between the Upper Class People and lower-class people.

Fortunately, everyone's attention was drawn to the Ferris wheel, and even the contestants' line of sight was firmly grasped by it, not noticing this side.

Unexpectedly, Li San's imagination was so strong and logical. From what he said, it seems that the person who arranged for him to act as staff had significant power.

Gu Mian couldn't ask who "he" was, instead focused on the most urgent issue now.

"Do you know what the third stage is about?" Li San, being staff here, should know the subsequent process.

"He didn't tell you?" Li San asked in surprise.

"To ensure I have a more genuine reaction, he didn't tell me," Gu Mian bluffed, "Can you tell me what the third stage is?"

Listening to Gu Mian's words, Li San recalled what he knew about the third stage, taking a deep breath: "The third stage is simple, the judged person comes on stage, then the top ten sequentially, according to rankings, come forward with axes for beheading..."

Beheading? So bloody? Mr. Green perked up his ears to listen.

Gu Mian rubbed his chin.

The contestants are lower-class people who are often underfed and poorly clothed, weak and powerless, and you expect them to behead? That's really funny; they might not even be able to lift the beheading axe.

The human neck bone is very hard, difficult to chop off.

Even ancient executioners have failed at times, needing several hits to behead, let alone these long-term malnourished lower-class people.

"They use rope to tie the judged person to a central wooden stake, and the contestants take turns hacking with a blunt axe," Li San supplemented, "These lower-class people certainly don't have the strength to cut a person's neck in one go, especially with a blunt axe. Upper Class People designed it this way to maximize the judged person's suffering before death."

Chopping on the neck one strike at a time without dying is indeed a huge torture.

The one who finally severs the judged person's neck among the ten lower-class people becomes the champion." Li San lowered his voice, as if he too found the show too perverse, "Then it's time to make the coronation, which means sewing the chopped-off head onto the champion's head..."

Upon saying this, Li San's expression twisted uncomfortably, becoming unable to continue: "That's basically it."

Mr. Green's expression also twisted along, lowering his impression of the Upper Class People further.

Gu Mian remembered that the show's promotion stated that the champion's reward was "to become an Upper Class Person," sewing an Upper Class Person's head onto a lower-class person's was truly turning into an Upper Class Person.

Gu Mian pondered for a few seconds: "Is the third stage also taking place here?"

Li San nodded: "Yes, on this platform. The judged person was brought to the bottom of this platform this morning; when the third stage begins, he will be lifted to the tip of the Pyramid, right where the host is standing now."

"Oh—" Gu Mian elongated his voice, so Lu Yi was right beneath the stage.

But this person's words shouldn't be fully trusted; he'd still have to see for himself if Lu Yi was actually there.

Li San found the person in front of him suddenly becoming strange, with both expression and tone suddenly changing.

He felt something odd but thought perhaps he was overthinking.

"Eleven minutes have passed, the capsule carrying 1003 is surfacing, truly a spectacle! I wonder if 1003 will successfully pass the Ferris wheel test..." Teacher Slaughter's voice came from above; he had been counting the surfaced capsules ahead of 1003's, and as it was about to appear, he immediately reminded the audience to watch.

Li San, too, was attracted by Teacher Slaughter's voice and turned to look towards the Ferris wheel.

The Ferris wheel was indeed the most likely place to survive among these projects, he watched the slowly rotating big wheel with complex emotions, somewhat hoping that 1003 would survive.

Finally, the capsule of 1003 surfaced.

The capsule was filled with water, and once it surfaced, the water began gushing outwards from the wire mesh at the window position.

As the capsule rose higher, the spectators could also see the scene inside—

was floating with eyes wide open in the water, both hands tightly grasping one side of the wire mesh.

His face was motionless, with no light in his eyes, only his body floating up and down within the capsule along with the flowing water.

He was dead, beyond any doubt.

It was clear that at the brink of death, he had desperately tried to pry open the wire mesh and crawl out of the capsule, but the mesh was simply too strong, with no possibility of being destroyed.

As the water level continued to fall, his body gradually lay on the capsule floor, but his hands remained tightly clutching the unopenable wire mesh.

The staff below stood motionless, no one stepped forward to remove his body from the capsule.

He lay there on the capsule floor with clouded eyes, and in ten minutes, he would be submerged again into the place that ended his life.

"Ah, what a pity..." Teacher Slaughter's fake lamentation echoed, "1003 failed, but he brought an exciting show and died a worthy death."

"Since 1003 failed, Judge 1766 is about to advance, but before proceeding, I must ask—" Teacher Slaughter said, slightly bending down, facing the top of the Pyramid to see all contestants, "People in the groups below have the opportunity to relay, you can come on stage and replace 1003 as the executor of this group, it's a golden opportunity."

People from subsequent groups theoretically had no chance to get on stage unless they came forward to actively replace the deceased executor and become the new executor.

But with only two groups having performed, the remaining advance quota wasn't that tense, contestants from latter groups still wanted to wait and see.

understood this and wasn't nervous.

Teacher Slaughter wasn't expecting much either, it was just a routine question, but something unexpected occurred.

Chapter 858 Who Is the Old Acquaintance?

"I'll do it."

A voice reached his ears, somewhat familiar and slightly annoying, causing him to frown and look toward the source of the voice.

It was 1118, the one who ranked first in votes and popularity in the first stage.

Teacher Slaughter still remembered what 1118 did in the first stage, and thinking of this made him even more displeased with 1118.

However, since 1118 voluntarily offered to take the place of the executioner, Teacher Slaughter was happy to see it happen. If he wanted to replace 1003, he would have to complete the two projects chosen by 1766, with the chances of survival being extremely slim.

"Oh, it's our number 1118, huh? Do you want to replace 1003 as the executor for the second group?" Teacher Slaughter looked at Gu Mian with disdain.

"Yes," Gu Mian showed a hesitant expression on his face, "Although those facilities look terrifying, I'm even more afraid of being eliminated without even having the chance to go on stage."

The sudden change made everyone's eyes turn to Gu Mian, no longer caring about the corpse of 1766 in the Ferris wheel, which silently lay in the cabin, rising to the sky as the wheel turned.

"Gu Mian talked with Li San for quite a while, probably asked him where Lu Yi is." 007 kept an eye on Gu Mian's situation, watching the exchange between Gu Mian and Li San, "Being able to communicate normally with lower-class people, this Li San is indeed not a true upper-class person."

"Li San likely told Gu Mian that Lu Yi is hidden in the stage, and Gu Mian went on stage to confirm Li San's words." Chu Changge didn't look at Gu Mian on the stage but focused on Li San not far from the stage.

After all, Li San's identity was uncertain, there's always the chance he might be lying, and the key insurance should be used only after verifying that Lu Yi is truly under the stage.

"The stage's top can open and close, the tic-tac-toe grid rises from the top of the stage through the elevator platform. To see inside the stage, from the top is the best option." 007 pondered, "But the upper-class people definitely won't let him destroy the stage without obstruction, some upper-class people will certainly go up to stop him."

When the time comes, it will be their turn to step in, and Chu Changge still had many "atmosphere creation eggs," all supplied by Crazy Tower Chief.

was thinking about what might happen next, clenching her fists and quietly preparing in her heart.

She suddenly thought of something, turning to look at Mingliang beside Chu Changge.

Mingliang always wanted to stay in this world, but staying here meant he would become a lower-class person and live the life of a lower-class person for the rest of his life. The length of this "rest of his life" was uncertain—if lucky, it could last years; if unlucky, it might only be a few days.

Crazy Tower Chief had mentioned to them that lower-class people in this world had very short lifespans, growing up in extremely poor conditions, if not starving or freezing to death along the way, they'd be taken by upper-class people and thrown into various "entertainment venues" as adults, most lower-class people never return.

A hunting ground was nearby Crazy Game City, where the prey was not animals but lower-class people, hunted for fun by upper-class people.

And there were many similar places.

At this moment, Gu Mian, at Teacher Slaughter's invitation, was walking toward the top of the Pyramid—once he confirmed Lu Yi was inside the stage, he would use the key.

"If you want to leave, you'd better do it soon, Gu Mian is about to bring us back to the real world." 007 watched Mingliang's head bowed down, ever since the roller coaster, Mingliang had buried his head deeply, not daring to witness the lower-class people's fate.

Now, not only was his head lowered, he even covered his ears, creating a sense of self-deception.

Though Mingliang covered his ears, 007 knew he could hear her speaking.

saw his lips move slightly, as if wanting to say something, but no sound came out.

It was indeed a dilemma whether the ghost or the upper-class was scarier.

On the stage, Gu Mian was stepping closer and closer to Teacher Slaughter, yet Mingliang still hadn't moved.

Just when 007 thought he had given up staying here, Mingliang suddenly raised his head with a jerk, tears glistening in his eyes: "I'm really afraid of ghosts! I hate this, hate living in constant fear, hate the outside world;

"Outside, I haven't had a good night's sleep, always worried about what to do tomorrow, what to do in the next instance, spending every day and every moment in worry;

"I really want to end this life, no longer frightened by ghosts, even if only for a few days..."

As he spoke, Mingliang suddenly stood up.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry—" he dared not look at Chu Changge and 007's expressions, only kept bowing, apologizing, then turned and ran outside.

He made his choice.

"He wants to stay here." Chu Changge looked at Mingliang's retreating figure.

That silhouette grew more distant, passing through the cheering crowd, through one entertainment project after another, heading toward the door.

His figure grew smaller, finally disappearing at the door of the venue.

He set his mind to not return to his homeland.

"With an upper-class identity card, he can still enjoy happiness for a while here." Chu Changge didn't look at Mingliang leaving but stayed focused on the stage.

Even if Mingliang had an upper-class identity card, he can't be happy for long.

The identity card only made him look like an upper-class person, it didn't truly establish his identity. With an upper-class identity card, in this world, he was like a black household—no residence, no identity, no money, he'd soon be noticed by other upper-class people.

sighed and looked at the stage.

Meanwhile, Li San was not far from the stage, watching Gu Mian ascend to the tower top with his mouth wide open.

He thought that person just wanted 1118 to liven up the atmosphere in the first stage.

The second stage's level of danger was too high, with 1118's ranking placing him at the back, allowing him to not be required to go on stage, leading to a natural elimination, yet that guy unexpectedly volunteered to step up.

Before 1118 volunteered to step up, he left him a message—"If you don't want to end up like the unlucky host of the guess the word instance, you better leave now."

With this message thrown, 1118 went on stage.

Li San was dumbfounded at the moment.

He had a foreboding feeling in his heart, but now everyone's eyes were focused on 1118, making it hard for him to call out to 1118, only able to watch him go up with wide eyes.

In no time, Gu Mian reached the tower tip.

"Why aren't you leaving yet?" Seeing Gu Mian had gone up and he still hadn't moved, Mr. Green asked him.

"What did he mean by that?" Li San asked uncertainly.

Mr. Green rolled his eyes: "It means if you don't leave now, you'll end up having a loving relationship with that unlucky host in the real world."

Upon hearing this, Li San staggered back a step, momentarily unable to accept Mr. Green's words.

A malicious thought popped into his mind, yet it seemed impossible.

Who exactly was 1118? He didn't seem like the logistics personnel from the guess the word instance...besides, his recent words were strange, what did "end up like that unlucky host" mean?

Listening to this green dwarf's words, it seemed like if he didn't leave soon, he'd be taken to the real world.

But that's simply not possible!

Even if that person came, they didn't have such means. Back then, that unlucky host was taken out of the instance due to global gaming just starting, and there being loopholes.

Thinking of that person made Li San involuntarily take several steps back again.

Should he leave? Listen to 1118 and leave now?

His legs wanted to walk, but his rationality made him stay.

"1118's words aren't necessarily trustworthy, but I spent a long time finding this job."

Chapter 859

"1118, you know the rules. If you want to succeed 1003 as the executor of the second group, you must complete two projects chosen by the Judge. Are you sure you want to replace 1003?"

On the tip of the tower, Gu Mian and Teacher Slaughter faced each other.

stood not far from the two, watching Gu Mian with a gloomy expression. He had thought his advancement was a done deal, but unexpectedly, 1118 emerged on the scene.

Of course, he knew this person. This person was first in votes and popularity in the first phase, while he was near the bottom.

Aboard the cruise, he envied the big room and gourmet food 1118 enjoyed and had imagined what it would be like if he became first.

Unexpectedly, the second phase began with a reversal. The new voting placed him at the top, while 1118, previously first, was moved to last place.

Though 1118 had done nothing to offend him, he inexplicably felt a sense of revenge, as if he had finally avenged a great grudge.

"You used to be first, flaunting your superiority before me. But now the roles have reversed; my ranking is higher than yours, and you can only eat dust below" - he often thought to himself after the second phase started.

Yet he hadn't expected the arrogant 1118 would jump out at this moment, becoming his obstacle.

On the stage, Gu Mian took two steps forward, trying to get closer to the nine-square grid at the center of the tower tip: "I am sure I want to become 1003's successor."

While speaking, Gu Mian secretly paid attention to the ground beneath him. The nine-square grid had risen from below, so there must be some kind of opening mechanism on this tower tip, generally weaker than other places.

He quickly found a straight seam on the floor below, which should be the opening position where the nine-square grid would rise. The principle is like an elevator door; when something needs to rise from below, the two doors move aside, revealing the inside of the pyramid.

Starting to saw from this seam, Gu Mian thought to himself.

"It seems our 1118 is really brave, perhaps his courage swelled after winning first place in the first phase. Even though the two previous heroes died tragically, 1118 still steps on stage with beautiful illusions, believing he can successfully clear two projects, truly touching," Teacher Slaughter sneered at Gu Mian during the hosting.

Even Teacher Slaughter himself didn't know why, but seeing 1118 made him quite displeased.

However, thinking about soon watching 1118's tragic death, he happily looked at 1766: "Today, 1118 is confirmed as the successor, so it's your turn to select the projects for him, choosing two of course. Ideally, choose projects everyone can watch."

He wanted to witness 1118's death personally. Although the previous Ferris wheel was interesting, the process couldn't be seen, somewhat reducing the audience's enjoyment.

Gu Mian was quite popular among the Upper Class People and was the first in the second phase to replace the deceased executor, so the audience below cheered merrily.

They thought 1118 was off the stage, unexpectedly he jumped into the snare himself, how could this not make them delighted.

Unlike the audience, Judge 1766 gritted his teeth at Gu Mian; theoretically, the probability of the executor successfully clearing two consecutive projects is extremely small, so he didn't need to worry at all.

But 1766 was still uneasy. 1118 was the first in the previous phase; he couldn't underestimate the opponent.

His gaze wandered constantly in the venue, seemingly considering which projects could ensure a complete death.

After hesitating for a long time, he finally made a decision.

"I choose the roller coaster, twice." Previous experiences indeed proved useful; 1766 decided not to test projects that hadn't been tried, but chose ones with a history of brutal death.

Two roller coaster rides, aiming to ensure the executor dies thoroughly.

The audience seats resound with "boo" sounds, seemingly dissatisfied with his choice.

Everyone wanted to see new stories, not programs already performed before.

"I want him to sit in the seat model 0175 sat in." Finally, 1766 added, thinking it would guarantee 1118's death.

This point counts as his extra requirement, making 1766's voice somewhat guilty when stating it, glancing at Teacher Slaughter beside the nine-square grid, afraid he might find him meddlesome.

Although not liking 1766's verbosity, Teacher Slaughter was, of course, pleased to trip up 1118.

"Of course, of course, you have the right to choose a seat for 1118," Teacher Slaughter said to 1766 before squinting to look at Gu Mian.

He wanted to take another good look at 1118. Once 1118 died, he wouldn't get another chance to see such a lively version of him.

"So, 1118," Teacher Slaughter subconsciously wanted to chat more, mock him a bit more, unsure why 1118 attracted him so, "Do you have any words to inspire yourself?"

"After all, this could be your last chance to speak in your lifetime, you must make the most of it."

Teacher Slaughter's malicious intent almost overflowed, blatantly indicating that Gu Mian was on a one-way trip.

He wanted to see Gu Mian flustered, frightened.

The audience wanted the same, the camera drone thoroughly understood the audience's desires, buzzing around Gu Mian, capturing every angle.

Two photographers from the Upper Class People not far away carried cameras, also aiming lenses at Gu Mian to capture the most candid reaction.

But Gu Mian's demeanor did not match everyone's expectation; he kept his head down, staring at the ground, seemingly watching something.

Despite being spoken to, he ignored it, focused intently on the floor.

"What are you doing?" Teacher Slaughter asked unhappily.

"I am hoping this stage would be a tofu-dreg project."

What?

Teacher Slaughter felt he must have misheard, not understanding why 1118 would inexplicably say such a thing.

As he doubted his ears, the person in front suddenly raised his head, leaning in: "I feel very sad because you don't remember me anymore. I thought the previous two meetings already left a deep impression on you."

Teacher Slaughter hurriedly stepped back a few steps, lest the suddenly approaching lower-class individual clings to him.

Retreating, he angrily spoke: "What nonsense are you talking about, you're just a lower-class person, meeting me? Twice? I think you're brainsick!"

Around them gathered many camera drones; these drones now converged like gossiping ladies at the village entrance, unwilling to miss any information.

The audience was also intrigued, craning their necks to watch the duo.

Seeing Gu Mian's words draw everyone's attention, Teacher Slaughter promptly calmed himself to clarify: "Poor 1118, probably driven mad wanting to become Upper Class, incapable of distinguishing dream from reality."

Chapter 860 Magic Pen Ma Beng

"You've changed, you've really changed, you actually don't remember me anymore. Come take a look at this, I think it'll help you get your memory back." At this point Gu Mian had already taken the guitar bag off his back and was reaching for the zipper.

Seeing Gu Mian take the bag off his back, Teacher Slaughter felt a bit confused.

Come to think of it, this lower-class guy seemed to have been carrying this big bag on his back the whole time. It'd been on him ever since the first stage started.

In theory, contestants aren't allowed to bring such large personal items into the game, so why has no one questioned it from the beginning till now?

He himself had clearly noticed the big bag on 1118's back a long time ago, yet never went after him over it.

Teacher Slaughter didn't know Gu Mian had the [Holy Disguise Item "Eight Characters" Moustache] stuck to his face. This thing makes people fail to recognize someone even face-to-face; even if Gu Mian's features were already extremely obvious, everyone would still be like idiots, unable to remember who he was or recognize the clothes on him.

"And why does this bag look more and more familiar, but I just can't remember where I've seen it before." Staring at the guitar bag in Gu Mian's hands, Teacher Slaughter had an inexplicable sense of déjà vu, but no matter how hard he racked his brains, he couldn't recall when he'd seen it in the past.

While Teacher Slaughter was busy being puzzled, Gu Mian had already pulled the zipper all the way open. A cold flash of light shot toward Teacher Slaughter's face, and he finally saw what was inside the bag.

Chainsaw!

How could a lower-class person have something like this?

Wait, chainsaw? Teacher Slaughter suddenly thought of something bad, of memories he didn't want to remember.

"You... you, you, you..." He stuck out a hand and pointed at Gu Mian. A familiar figure surfaced in his mind, but he couldn't recall the name at all, couldn't link that figure in his head to the person in front of him.

It was like his brain was covered with a layer of paper on a window, hazy and muddled. The truth was clearly right within reach, yet no matter what he did he just couldn't poke through that layer of paper.

Down below, Li San had the exact same feeling.

Looking at that chainsaw that was both familiar and terrifying, the name in his heart had already come to his lips but just wouldn't come out. That name was shrouded in mist; Li San's whole mind held only one sentence: "Who is he?"

"Who is he?" the other staff members were saying the same thing.

"Is that a chainsaw? How can a lower-class person have a chainsaw?"

"Get up there and grab the chainsaw away, is he trying to take the host hostage?!"

The staff immediately reacted, gathering together and rushing toward the stage.

When the chainsaw appeared, Teacher Slaughter's first reaction was also to think Gu Mian wanted to take him hostage. He didn't expect the other party to have zero interest in him; Gu Mian yanked the chainsaw to life and started sawing at the floor under his feet.

The rumbling roar echoed across the stage like a motorcycle doing stunt tricks on it.

"What are you doing! How dare you destroy the stage!" The moment he saw his beloved stage being damaged, Teacher Slaughter couldn't care about anything else; he immediately rushed forward to try and stop Gu Mian.

In this world, whenever lower-class people face Upper Class People, they are always humble and ingratiating, as if they were born to be that way.

Teacher Slaughter had long since gotten used to the lower-class' fawning humility. So even when facing this nameless lower-class person, he still kept that lofty attitude.

Even though Gu Mian was holding a vicious-looking chainsaw, Teacher Slaughter didn't believe he had the guts to put the chainsaw on him.

Gu Mian was not about to put up with Teacher Slaughter's crap. He lifted a foot and kicked the man who'd come over to condemn him, sending him flying.

Teacher Slaughter was short; after getting kicked over, he rolled several times across the stage. His clothes got wrinkled, the mic clipped to his ear fell off, his head was buzzing, and his face was full of disbelief.

When Gu Mian first drew the chainsaw, the audience thought it was some kind of special segment.

But what happened next got more and more wrong. Only when Teacher Slaughter was kicked over by Gu Mian did the audience finally lose their composure.

"Wait, what's that lower-class guy doing?"

"He dares to treat an Upper Class Person like that?"

"What the hell is going on?"

While the audience was still confused, Gu Mian had already sawed a three-meter-long crack into the floor under his feet.

The stage was hollow inside, and the floor was only six or seven centimeters thick. Sawing with a chainsaw was as easy as slicing tofu.

He straightened up and gestured at the big crack he'd sawed out. "Looks like you can see below through this gap."

But it was too dark below. Looking down into it you could only see a patch of pitch-black; better to open up a whole door.

So Gu Mian bent down again, selflessly dedicated, and started "drawing a door" on the floor, just like that upright and kind Ma Liang with the magic brush in the fairy tale.

If nothing unexpected happened, the next step should be for the villain to come on stage and stop Ma Liang's artistic creation.

Sure enough, a rapid stomping of footsteps sounded by his ears, as if someone was coming up from the bottom of the Pyramid. Mixed in with the footsteps were a few curses, all the usual "damned lower-class scum" stuff.

Gu Mian raised his head and looked toward the source of the sound, only to see a large group of staff clamber up. Faces dark, they charged toward him.

Gu Mian had wrecked the second stage; the staff were furious, full of fire with nowhere to vent it. They wished they could tie Gu Mian up like a pig and force him to go through every single event on the field, best if he could die a few hundred times.

That unique arrogance of the Upper Class People meant they didn't take the weapon in Gu Mian's hands seriously at all. Just like Teacher Slaughter, they all thought that even if a lower-class person had the heart of a thief, he wouldn't have the guts; even with a chainsaw in his hands, he wouldn't dare hurt them.

And so, clutching these beautiful fantasies, the staff charged at the man standing in the center of the stage.

But before their wish could come true, they were each hit once by Gu Mian, who was swinging the saw around.

"Insane." Gu Mian sawed as he grumbled, "Who the hell sees someone swinging a chainsaw and still dares to rush up? Got a pig's head stuffed between those two ears or what."

The staff collapsed onto the stage wailing, while Teacher Slaughter—who'd been kicked over in advance—became the only uninjured Upper Class Person on stage.

He had finally recovered from that kick and was scrambling up from the floor on all fours, staring blankly at the scene before him.

Who am I? Where am I? Is this still a world ruled by the Upper Class People? That's what he was thinking.

His thoughts were exactly what most people were thinking right now.

When they saw the staff rush up, the audience were still imagining that once they caught 1118, they'd let him live long enough to try every torture in existence.

But in the next second, the staff who had rushed up were felled like watermelons and cabbages chopped up and tossed onto the ground. The audience didn't react for a moment; they just gaped at the stage, hardly believing their eyes.

The expressions on the lower-class contestants' faces were no better than those of the Upper Class People.

The most spectacular expression belonged to 1766 at the top of the tower.

When Gu Mian whipped a chainsaw out of the guitar bag and started sawing the floor, his face was full of shock; when Gu Mian kicked over Teacher Slaughter, who had rushed forward to stop him, his mouth opened so wide you could almost fit two light bulbs in; when he saw the staff come on stage, intending to punish Gu Mian, he relaxed and put on a "time to watch a good show" expression; when the staff dropped one after another, his facial muscles had gone completely numb.

The place was a total mess, and in a corner where no one was paying attention, Li San was sneaking toward the main exit of the venue on tiptoe.

He hadn't joined the others in charging onto the stage; he followed his heart and chose to slip away instead.

"Run! Gotta run!" By now he believed every word Gu Mian had said. He was terrified that if he ran a step slower, he'd end up like that host from the word-guessing instance.

And in another unnoticed corner, Mr. Green was also quietly slipping away.

"Now's the time! Run!"

Mr. Green was short and unremarkable. The unlucky part was that the stage was in the middle of the stands, so no matter which way he left, he had to pass through the Upper Class People in the audience.

He could only hunch over and keep his head down, inching forward, terrified that the nearby Upper Class People would notice something was off.

"This is outrageous!"

"Get up there and grab that lower-class bastard!"

The stands had already boiled over as well. The Upper Class People had forgotten they were supposed to be spectators here to watch a show; they all stood up and surged angrily toward the stage.

The petite Mr. Green was knocked flat to the ground by an Upper Class Person who rammed into him out of nowhere, sending him falling backward.

"Lower-class trash? Trying to slip away?" The Upper Class Person who'd knocked him over saw Mr. Green's face, furrowed his brows viciously, and lifted his foot to kick him hard.