

Collapse 861

Chapter 861 Magical Girl Gu Bengbeng

"Bang"

Before the kick could solidly land on Mr. Green, the Upper Class Person in front of Gu Mian tilted his head and fainted to the ground.

007's face appeared in front of Mr. Green, holding the Replay Device that had previously been taken by Gu Mian — she had used the thick Replay Device to hit the back of the head of this Upper Class Person.

Another Upper Class Person witnessed the incident and pointed at 007: "What are you doing...?"

His words weren't finished when another "bang" sounded.

The eyewitness also fell, revealing Chu Changge behind him — Chu Changge used a real brick.

It really was the mantis catching the cicada unaware of the oriole behind. Even though the situation was critical, Mr. Green couldn't help but sigh.

Luckily, there were no more witnesses nearby; most of the audience rushed forward, with some already reaching the edge of the Pyramid.

"Gu Mian's side isn't ready yet. We need to hurry up and stop those Upper Class People." 007, holding the Archive Device, ran towards the stage.

Chu Changge followed behind.

Mr. Green ignored the pain coming from his rear and hurriedly scrambled to his feet, trying to continue running out.

But after just a few steps, he bumped into someone.

Mr. Green took a few steps back, pulled his aching face out from the other person's abdomen, and looked up to see a pale face looking down at him.

An Upper Class Person, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

"Oh, look what I've caught, a little mouse trying to sneak away." The Upper Class Person squinted but didn't kick like the other one, just lifted Mr. Green by the collar and started walking towards the stage.

Mr. Green's few ineffective struggles left him disheartened as he watched the stage get closer and closer.

On the other side, Chu Changge and 007 had already reached below the stage. The Upper Class People in front were all climbing up, but they weren't the first; the contestants who were already on stage had climbed up to the top before the audience.

But the lower-class people climbing to the top weren't there to join Gu Mian in attacking the Upper Class People — they wanted to "achieve merit."

"If we capture that rebellious 1118, we will achieve merit!"

"Catch him, hand him over to the Upper Class People!"

The lower-class people at the top of the Pyramid zealously charged at Gu Mian.

By now, most of the tracking devices had gathered around Gu Mian, clustering together as if watching a show, capturing everything around Gu Mian clearly, and displaying the advancing lower-class people on the venue's circular big screen.

007, still climbing, looked up at the scene and sighed helplessly: "I knew it would be like this."

Last time, when Gu Mian participated in the Circus reality show, he had used remote bombs to blow up most of the Upper Class People in the audience. At that time, there were lower-class people on stage trying to earn merit by grabbing Gu Mian from behind, hoping to hand him over to the Upper Class People for a reward.

And now history was repeating itself.

"There's no hope for the people of this world," Chu Changge also looked up at the scene, "whether it's the Upper Class or the lower-class."

The frail lower-class people were certainly no match for Gu Mian, and soon they fell to the ground howling, just like the staff.

Everyone rolled on the ground; at this point, there was no distinction between them. The Upper Class People didn't have the strength to scold the lower-class touching them as they rolled next to them, and the lower-class covered their wounds, not paying attention to the Upper Class they lay on.

"That's more like it." Gu Mian, satisfied, looked at this scene of harmony and friendship. "Everyone should be this close-knit and undivided."

Several tracking devices whirled above the crowd, broadcasting the intimate scene in real-time on television screens worldwide, so everyone could sing praises for this moment of peace.

Having made significant contributions to the peaceful development between the Upper Class People and the lower-class, Gu Mian emotionally resumed his work, drawing on the floor.

It's almost done. After finishing this last drawing, the door can be completely removed.

He thought and wielded the electric saw in his hand even more vigorously.

Below, 007 had climbed halfway up the Pyramid. Along the way, she stealthily grabbed and pulled several Upper Class People in front of her down.

Some of the Upper Class People had already reached the top, but with Gu Mian armed, 007 wasn't too worried about his safety.

As expected, the newly arrived Upper Class People emitted only a few screams before falling silent.

Listening to the screams, 007 quickly climbed up.

As she reached the top of the Pyramid, 007 heard something hitting the ground. Gu Mian had finally finished opening the door on the floor, and he lifted the "door" carved out of the floor and tossed it aside.

Upon hearing the sound behind her, Gu Mian expertly picked up the saw and turned to look back.

"It's us." Chu Changge had also climbed up, speaking to Gu Mian, who was holding the saw.

Gu Mian put away the electric saw: "I thought another nuisance had climbed up."

looked back down, seeing some of the Upper Class People she had pulled down still stubbornly climbing up, but the top was already crowded, with no room for more bodies.

She carefully navigated around the people on the ground, some of whose faces were already covered in blood, indistinguishable as either Upper Class or lower-class.

"Is he inside?" 007 asked, looking at the square hole Gu Mian had carved out.

Inside, it was pitch black.

"Click." Chu Changge turned on a flashlight.

The flashlight's beam illuminated the inside of the stage, and the three finally saw what was inside.

A person was tightly bound to a thick wooden stake, with tape sealing his mouth tightly.

Perhaps sensing the light above, the person looked up.

Gu Mian and the others had all used disguise tools to alter their appearances, so Lu Yi didn't recognize them and wore a puzzled expression.

"Is it him?" 007 asked.

Gu Mian looked at the familiar face: "It's him."

"Wait!" Teacher Slaughter, who had been seated among the crowd, finally reacted and rushed over, "You're here to rescue this criminal! I won't allow you to take him away!"

The chaos caused by his hosted variety show was already hard enough to manage. If these people took the criminal away... he might be the one facing judgment next!

"You two are both Upper Class People; why are you helping this lower-class person rescue that criminal underneath? Help me catch this lower-class person, and there will be plenty of rewards for you." Teacher Slaughter, knowing he alone couldn't deal with Gu Mian, played the emotional card with Chu Changge and 007.

"Unfortunately." Chu Changge took out an Upper Class Person ID card, letting go and allowing it to drift lightly to the ground as his true face emerged, "I'm not an Upper Class Person."

Teacher Slaughter's eyes widened, unable to believe what he saw.

How could this be?

What was that card? How could it disguise a lowly lower-class person as an Upper Class Person? It felt like his mind had been punched.

Next to him, 007 did the same, revealing her true appearance.

Teacher Slaughter stood there dumbfounded, in disbelief at the transformation happening right in front of him.

Then something even more shocking occurred.

The lower-class person holding the saw also pulled out a card and discarded it, tearing off a piece of his beard and transforming right before his eyes.

As the beard was pulled off, the fog in Teacher Slaughter's mind cleared up, and he finally remembered the name of this person.

"No.9! It's you!" Teacher Slaughter didn't know Gu Mian's real name, only knowing his code name in the Slaughter Game was "No.9."

Chapter 862 Collapsing the Mary Sue

After Gu Mian's transformation, Teacher Slaughter's previous arrogance vanished completely.

He took a few steps back, tripped over the body beneath his feet, and landed on the ground.

The Upper Class People shouldn't have shown panic and fear in front of lower-class people, yet facing this lower-class person, Teacher Slaughter instinctively felt terror.

At their first meeting, the opponent wrecked the forbidden zone, threatening his job security, forcing him to search for another opportunity to rise.

During their second meeting, the opponent kidnapped him and blew up almost all the Circus's audience.

If possible, Teacher Slaughter hoped he'd never meet him a third time.

Unfortunately, the third meeting had just arrived.

This time the scene was even more chaotic.

Teacher Slaughter looked around.

The Replay Device darted chaotically overhead without distinguishing friend from foe, blood-stained people fell onto the stage wailing continuously, and the audience below kept scrambling to climb up, trying to reach and fight to the death with this lower-class person wielding a saw.

Several had already climbed up, but once they got up, they froze in place, blinded by the sight of bodies everywhere.

"What's happening? Why is everyone down except the host?"

"There are two more lower-class people over there we've never seen before; they're not among the contestants."

In this brief moment, more Upper Class People climbed up, but after coming up, they were stunned just like those before, staring at the people lying around.

If Gu Mian cared deeply about it, this newly climbed group could be knocked down by him too. But as the saying goes, villains die from talking too much; Gu Mian is well aware of his role as a villain.

The newcomers didn't charge at him, so Gu Mian didn't interfere. He rummaged in his pocket and pulled out a miniature doghole-like item, precisely the [108th Key from the Mysterious World (Long Aotian Edition)] given by the Evil God.

This key could return them to the real world.

However, using it required some preparation time.

Gu Mian reached into his pocket with his other hand, feeling around for something, then pulled out a piece of paper with the spell needed to use the 108th key written on it.

"What's he doing? What's in his hand? Why are so many people down?"

"I don't know, but he won't go on for much longer. Everything here is being live broadcast; the higher-ups have surely noticed the trouble here and dispatched the Order Guard."

"Don't you think this 1118 looks different than before? And why does the more I look, the more familiar he seems?"

When Gu Mian transformed, this group was climbing up the Pyramid's middle, not noticing what happened at the top.

Gu Mian's image wielding the saw on stage was deeply ingrained. After these people came up and saw the white-clad, saw-holding person, they instinctively identified him as 1118; coupled with the striking sight of bodies all around, they didn't scrutinize Gu Mian's appearance, focusing instead on the clamoring people below.

Now the people on the ground finished observing, reacted, and began questioning.

"He's indeed holding the saw 1118 had; his clothes are like 1118's; the face... seems different yet unchanged. Anyway, I think he doesn't look the same as before."

"Wait, haven't you watched the last episode of Slaughter Game? No.9, he's the one who wrecked a mine shaft in Slaughter Game! He buried the Order Guard chasing him in the mine shaft too!"

"I recognize him too; not only did he appear in Slaughter Game's last episode, but also in the Circus variety show's final episode, where he teamed up with the traitor Lu Yi to bomb the audience dead."

"I know now; he came here to rescue that traitor; we must not let him succeed!"

Gu Mian's face stirred the painful memories of the Upper Class People.

Seeing the people's dire state on the ground, they initially hesitated, wary of Gu Mian's saw, and dared not approach. However, upon recognizing Gu Mian's familiar face, the Upper Class People couldn't contain their anger any longer, fury almost spewing from them.

"The Order Guard is here!"

Someone shouted, prompting everyone to look toward the entrance.

A squad in uniforms, armed with weapons, charged in, clearly aware of the situation and there to enforce order.

They didn't halt after entering, directly rushing forward.

Several Replay Devices approached to capture the Order Guard in footage. 007 glanced at the fully armed Order Guard and then at the Replay Device he wielded like a brick, aware he was no match for them.

"The Order Guard is here; No.9 is doomed this time."

"We overlooked him twice before; he should be grateful to have survived this long. This lowly lower-class person dared to cause such chaos."

Seeing the Order Guard arrive, the Upper Class People regained their confidence. They puffed their chests, contempt etched on their faces, staring at Gu Mian with a look that anticipated a show.

By now, Gu Mian had scanned the paper's "spell" several times, ensuring he wouldn't make a mistake while reciting.

He looked at the awaiting audience, opening awkwardly, "So many people, I feel a bit embarrassed."

The Upper Class People on stage wore ghostly expressions, baffled by Gu Mian's embarrassment.

Meanwhile, the approaching Order Guard got closer, the forefront already by the stage.

Gu Mian had once trapped a squad of Order Guard in Slaughter Game, dragging their reputation into the mud by a lower-class person.

Thus, discovering No.9's reappearance, the nearest Order Guard squad rushed over, determined to seize Gu Mian and restore their honor.

"Capture No.9, show him our might," the leading captain said as he climbed, glancing back at his team.

When looking back, he noticed an audience member holding a small, deathlike lower-class person among the spectators, eyeing this way.

Perhaps a contestant attempted to flee amid chaos, caught by this spectator.

For some reason, that person gave him a strange feeling.

The captain didn't dwell on it and continued climbing.

Then came the sound of Gu Mian's voice from above.

The voice seemed like recitation or a scripted line, completely unlike his usual speaking tone.

"Well done, you've successfully provoked my anger, prepare for my wrath..."

At these words, the captain instinctively sensed something wrong and sped up his ascent.

Meanwhile, the voice continued.

"Haha, your era has ended..."

For some inexplicable reason, those words filled the captain with anxiety; he imagined seeing a huge storm cloud brewing lightning, or perhaps a long-dormant volcanic crater preparing to erupt.

He quickened his pace, almost flying upwards.

Finally, his head emerged at the pyramid's top.

He initially saw the sparse audience standing before him, but they weren't the most attention-grabbing feature.

Through gaps between the people, extending his view forward, he saw the ground piled with bodies.

A group lay groaning softly, their faces and bodies smeared with blood, some indistinguishable from their original appearance.

The mournful cries struck the captain's eardrums, quickly drowned by another, louder voice.

The lower-class person who wrecked everything stood at the center of the fallen, holding a palm-sized, doorframe-like object and uttered the final phrase: "Next is the era belonging to me!"

Chapter 863 Tearing Off Head Flowers

As soon as the person in the center of the stage finished speaking, the captain noticed the scene in front of him beginning to change.

Everything in front of him twisted, like a winding melody, like a whirlpool in the ocean's swift currents, the heavens, the stage, the crowd—all seemed as if painted on paper.

This paper was crumpled and distorted, and everything on it deformed along with the paper, squeezed and elongated.

"What's happening! What is this!"

Someone let out a terrified voice, but soon realized that their voice was also twisted, turning into a sequence of indistinguishable syllables.

In an instant, everything in front of them was squeezed together, making it impossible to distinguish who was who.

People were dizzy in the winding world, tumbling along with the world.

But shortly afterward, like water droplets tightly squeezed from a towel, they were repelled, compressed, and finally dropped back into the world with a "boom."

The droplets were squeezed clean from the towel, and the world returned to silence.

The captain opened his mouth wide, staring at everything in front of him.

Gone, everyone was gone.

Standing, fallen, wailing, furious, all disappeared, nobody left on the stage, even the team members behind him were all gone, as if the whole world only had him left.

For a moment, he almost believed he was dreaming, a grotesque nightmare.

But the bloodstains on the ground and the deep gashes on the stage floor all reminded him that everything just now wasn't an illusion.

He felt like he was going to go insane.

The captain walked dazedly onto the stage, trying to find those who disappeared.

Where did they go? He stared blankly at the empty stage, wandering aimlessly in search.

The eerie silence here spawned many fears within him: "What the hell is going on!"

Not far from the audience seating, an Upper Class Person was raising his head looking at the nearly frenzied captain on stage, this person also hadn't been brought to the real world by Key No. 108.

If 007 were still here at this moment, he would recognize this Upper Class Person as the one sitting next to her.

At this moment, this Upper Class Person's arm was raised forward, hand still in the motion of grabbing something, not long ago he had a green little dwarf in hand, but now that little dwarf was gone.

He withdrew his empty hand, reached into his pocket to take out a card.

It's an Upper Class Person's identity card, the name on the card is "Nicholas Wu Liu," like Chu Changge and 007, he is also a member of the Nicholas family.

He released the identity card, letting it fall, his face began to change, revealing his true appearance.

His skin didn't darken, it became even more pale, resembling the snow in winter, even his hair and eyebrows lost their original color, as if merging with the skin.

"Torture." A person from behind called him.

Turning back, it's another Upper Class Person, the staff member who previously worked with Li San to bring 1868 to the champion throne.

Now the throne is empty, 1868 also disappeared with the people on stage.

The staff member similarly reached into his pocket to take out an Upper Class Person identity card, discarding it to the side.

His appearance began to change, a long scar emerged across his face, winding from the corner of his right eye down to his neck.

It's Slaughter, the one who was supposed to oversee the Evil God statue in the Secret Forest.

He walked a few steps forward, closing in on Torture.

At this moment, a gust of wind blew in, rustling a book left on the audience seat.

It's the "Birth and Development of Pleasure Heavenly City" left by Chu Changge.

This book happened to be open on the page about "Great Figures of Pleasure Heavenly City" —

"Pleasure Heavenly City is hometown to founders from two Upper Class People, who decided on racial classification systems and led Upper Class People to victory."

One of them is called "Slaughter," the other called "Torture"

Slaughter had talked to Gu Mian about the story of the two.

After Torture made a wish of "skin color division" to the Evil God statue, the two nearly went separate ways, hardly having much contact again.

Though now standing together, their expressions didn't show much familiarity.

"Even if we're old friends brought together to this world, your indifferent expression is really heartbreaking." After a silent while, Torture spoke first to break the stiff atmosphere.

While Torture spoke of Slaughter's cold expression, his own expression wasn't much warmer, only pulling a false smile that's skin-deep, making it somewhat terrifying.

Slaughter seemed uninterested in engaging further: "Did you bring me here just to watch this?"

"Isn't it exciting? You've seen that person not belonging to this world before, thanks to him this world has reset five times in a row, the Evil God statue is thoroughly shattered, Upper Class People aware of the details are almost in an uproar. By the way, the statue's wishing function has vanished completely; it's not going to transfer to some other object, right."

As Torture spoke, he eyed Slaughter, but Slaughter's face was unruffled, revealing no information.

Failing to get anything out, Torture changed the subject: "Xu Xingcheng is still quite sentimental, though he invented something that could pull people out from this world, he mercifully spared us."

Their standing position is not far from the stage, surely within the pull range of Key No. 108, yet they remained unharmed and standing.

Speaking of which...

"I remember there's a whole long passage to recite before using that thing, which was in our initial script, right." Torture turned his gaze toward the Pyramid stage.

The Order Guard sitting atop looked bewildered, only noticing the stage people disappearing, unaware of the two standing in the audience area.

"Yeah, the original plan was for him to lead lower-class people to defeat the evil us and finally recite the line he had crafted after so much effort at the climax. At that time I suggested revising that awkward line, but he insisted saying the hero saving the world could use a moment of cuteness at finale once in a

while." For once, Slaughter spoke a lot, seemingly reminiscent of past times, his face showing a few traces of a smile.

"But ultimately he didn't save the world, he let us commit evil rudely and then vanished, leaving us with our hopes in this world." Torture's icy voice came from the side "Back then every day, every second I was hoping he would appear to fulfill his responsibility, to help us leave this dirty, stinking mire. But he did not! He saw us sinking deeper in the mire, eventually turning into what, what Evil God."

Slaughter calmly replied: "You've seen those statues; you should know he didn't appear merely because of resets, he possibly already reached the end multiple times himself, freeing us from the mire countless times, but all destroyed by resets."

"Alright, so what you're saying is he saved us countless times before the resets, but what about us now? Who can save us now?"

Chapter 864 Amnesiac Male Lead of a Youth Pain Novel

The voices of the two were somewhat loud, attracting the attention of the captain on stage.

Hearing the voices, the captain looked up eagerly towards the audience, and indeed saw two people standing there.

However, both of their expressions were unpleasant, as if they were in some sort of argument.

There are still people here!

Ignoring their expressions, he excitedly waved towards them, attempting to catch their attention.

But upon hearing the commotion, the two merely glanced up, then acted as if they didn't see him and withdrew their gaze.

It was then the captain realized that the two in the audience were remarkably familiar; weren't they the founders of the Upper Class People often seen on television and in books?

Recognizing who they were, the captain's emotions surged with excitement; he hadn't expected to encounter two of the founders of the Upper Class People, the highest beings in this world.

They were gods in the eyes of the Upper Class People, revered by everyone.

The confusion in his heart was immediately dispelled, and he hurriedly ran towards where the two stood, feeling that as long as he could reach the side of the "gods," all unknowns and fears before him would be insignificant, the "gods" would protect him.

The argument over there continued.

"Your stance has completely changed, it seems you don't need anyone to pull you out of the mire anymore, you are the mire itself now." Slaughter spoke nonchalantly.

"Are you starting to mock me for not being virtuous enough to uphold my heart in such a world now? I figured it out a long time ago, rather than placing hope on others, I'd rather let go of my pride and enjoy everything here. Since the original plan can no longer be achieved, I might as well give it up and enjoy everything I painstakingly obtained."

"You're right, I'm leaving." Slaughter clearly didn't want to continue the conversation with him, casually agreeing and then turning to leave.

This time, Torture was utterly enraged: "Do you think I am wrong? How is it wrong just to want to live less agonizingly? Why must I endure the hellish waiting, hoping for someone who might never come to save me;

"We wield supreme power in this world, yet we eagerly await someone to overthrow us, it's truly laughable, and even more laughable is that these expectations are futile, the person we're waiting for will not come;

"Do you think Xu Xingcheng is really any good? If identities were swapped, if he were the one with supreme power here today, how much better would he be than me?"

"Look at him, just a small captain of the Order Guard and he's completely indulged in the identity of the Upper Class People, he still looks at us as if he's looking at an emperor."

Torture spoke while pointing a finger to the side, straight towards a member of the Upper Class People jogging from the stage towards them.

The captain had just come down from the stage and was eagerly running towards the two god-like founders, yet before he got close, he overheard their argument, during which founder Torture even pointed a finger at him.

The captain also heard the founder mention his name; he was called Xu Xingcheng.

What does it mean?

Xu Xingcheng couldn't quite grasp what the founder meant by his words, he merely felt a headache after hearing them, and his stomach churned with nausea.

"Look at him, that clueless idiot, looking just as idiotic as when he first arrived, didn't he consider giving more wisdom and memory to his clone?" Torture mocked at Xu Xingcheng.

What clone? Why does this founder seem to recognize him?

Xu Xingcheng felt his head throbbing more painfully, as though numerous unfamiliar memories flooded his mind all at once, nearly bursting his skull.

For some reason, a sense of guilt surged within him, and he found himself reluctant to face these two founders, only wanting to escape from here.

And so he did.

Xu Xingcheng no longer approached the two "gods" with anticipation, instead turning and fleeing in panic.

As he ran, unfamiliar images continued to fill his mind, and he could only clutch his head tightly with his hands, as if that could stop those images from breaking out.

The remaining two watched his figure fleeing in haste.

In the end, Torture couldn't resist adding another taunt: "Our hero is always so confident; he created many clones in this world, both Upper Class and lower-class. I think he created a memory-less Upper Class clone to see if he would be assimilated by this world, to see if, absent external intervention, he would become a cruel, disgusting Upper Class like me."

"The result is evident." He looked in the direction Xu Xingcheng disappeared, smiling, "He seems to quite enjoy it, didn't you see the expression on his face when he was charging onto the stage just now, so full of anticipation, eagerly wanting to be the first to shoot the unruly lower-class dead."

Slaughter stayed silent for a long time before speaking: "At least he's always been here, always trying to restore this world to its rightful path. Gu Mian carries hope, there will be obstacles with him at the archive, I think as long as he's around, there will come a day when the archiving issue is solved, and by then Xu Xingcheng can return to continue our preordained story."

"I still remember our agreed story where the hero, with kind-hearted lower-class, defeats the evil Upper Class. Unfortunately, just now on stage, a hero hacked down many Upper Class people, yet did the kind-hearted lower-class help that hero?"

No.

The lower-class, anxious and relentless, rushed forward, trying to take down the unruly peer to curry favor with the Upper Class.

If a hero truly appeared.

He'd first be killed by the "kind lower-class."

To have come to this point, this world is no longer suitable for the appearance of a hero.

Another cold wind blew, Slaughter opened his mouth as if to say something, but after thinking hard for a while, he couldn't think of a retort, just swallowed a mouthful of cold wind, and shut his mouth again.

"Recognized reality?" Torture looked back at him, "Even if you persist, what you hope for in your heart will never come true."

Slaughter couldn't utter a word in rebuttal.

He knew Torture was right, this world had irrevocably headed down the wrong path, it had rotted to the core, even if the archives stopped, even with the hero's arrival, nothing would change.

He exhaled a long sigh into the wind, said nothing, and turned to leave, leaving only Torture alone.

At this moment, the sun had begun to set in the west, the afterglow of the sunset making the champion's throne shimmer, and Torture stood there for a while, looking at the gleaming seat, before lifting his foot to leave.

This field became completely silent.

Chapter 865 That's Not a Person

"Doctor—" Fatty raised his melodious voice and ran towards the figure that suddenly appeared at the amusement park entrance.

He had been "waiting for the rabbit" here for a long time, just so he could welcome Gu Mian the moment he returned.

Bored, Xiao Qiao heard about Fatty waiting for the rabbit and eagerly said she wanted to see the rabbit too, happily tagging along.

The two of them had been waiting here for quite a while, and Fatty was so sleepy he started to doze off.

Just as he covered his mouth to yawn, he suddenly heard the sound of something landing at the amusement park entrance ahead.

Looking over there, he saw several figures appearing out of thin air.

The doctor is back! Fatty immediately approached happily.

But before he had run a few steps forward, a huge force from behind grabbed him, stopping him from advancing even an inch.

It was Xiao Qiao.

"It's not a rabbit."—Fatty heard Xiao Qiao say.

Of course it's not a rabbit; it's our dear doctor, Fatty thought to himself. But he quickly realized that the people who appeared ahead were neither rabbits nor the doctor, nor were they Chu Changge and 007.

Instead, they were reflective people in white, and one of them looked increasingly familiar.

"Wait, wait, wait..." Seeing the familiar person, Fatty stammered in fright, pointing at someone wearing a pink shirt in the crowd ahead, "Isn't that... isn't that..."

Fatty had been to the Slaughter game instance and had crossed paths with him once.

"Teacher Slaughter."

"Yes, that perverted host. Huh? Brother Chu, you're back, how come you suddenly appeared behind us." Hearing the familiar voice coming from behind, Fatty turned and saw Chu Changge's face.

As he spoke, Fatty craned his head to look behind Chu Changge: "Where's the doctor? Where's Miss 007?"

"When the key teleports people, it scatters them. I happened to be teleported behind you, and the two of them were probably sent somewhere else."

Fatty's eyes widened: "What should we do? If the doctor and Miss 007 are sent to the North Pole, we'll lose them forever!"

Chu Changge looked at him expressionlessly: "It's not that extreme; they won't be scattered too far."

"That's a relief," Fatty relaxed, "Let's ask the doctor where he is in the group chat later. I hope he can make it back for dinner tonight. I specially bought ingredients to make braised rabbit..."

"What are those white things?" Xiao Qiao's voice came from the side, as she pointed to Teacher Slaughter still seated on the ground, unresponsive.

Fatty hurriedly corrected her: "Those aren't things."

"Is this not a thing too?" Xiao Qiao reached out and caught a little flying thing near her head. It looked like an eyeball with wings.

She squeezed the little thing, and it felt similar to an eyeball.

"The key can bring living beings within a 500-meter radius into the real world. When Gu Mian used the key, these Upper Class People happened to be nearby," Chu Changge explained, "And in your hand, is a tracking device used as cameras in reality TV, these things came along with us."

Though he didn't know why a tracking device was categorized as "living," it indeed came along.

"Ah..." Fatty felt a bit intimidated, "I encountered these Upper Class People in the Slaughter game, they were terrifying, and now they are in the real world..."

"They are not scary anymore now." Chu Changge also looked at those Upper Class People at the amusement park entrance.

Aside from Teacher Slaughter being intact, the others were either crippled or lying on the ground, all thanks to Gu Mian's handiwork.

The privileged Upper Class People came to this world without slaves to command and without their luxurious living conditions. Now their lives are like dried reeds, breaking with a gentle force.

But they obviously weren't aware of their fragility as reeds.

Teacher Slaughter didn't know why his surroundings suddenly changed, and it was no longer his stage.

He saw a clown-painted arch nearby, but the gate was rusty from disrepair. Rain had drawn long rust streaks from the clown's head, resembling tear stains on its face.

Weeds grew between the tiles under the archway. There were rows of buildings on either side, but their signs and doors had fallen off, appearing neglected for a long time.

And beneath him was an irregular circle drawn with chalk, of which he did not know the purpose.

This was an entirely unfamiliar place.

"What exactly happened!" He had asked this question countless times in his mind over the past few days.

Based on nearby buildings, this didn't seem like a lower-class residential area, but the Upper Class People domains wouldn't be this overgrown.

Could this be a restricted area?

But no one could give him an answer.

Next to him on the ground were several Upper Class People whimpering, sporting chainsaw cuts on their bodies.

Teacher Slaughter ignored them, continuing to survey the area.

Soon, he spotted three people standing not far away.

Upon seeing Chu Changge's face, his breath caught, and with a panicked expression, he continued looking around. Seeing no one else but the three of them, Teacher Slaughter felt a weight lift from his heart.

Great, he thought to himself, although he didn't know why he ended up in this unfamiliar place, but it's good that No.9 isn't here.

As long as No.9 isn't here, everything would be manageable.

Those three lower-class people appeared to pose no threat. If I tempt them with some benefits, they'd probably obediently send me back to the Upper Class People zone.

In broad daylight, Teacher Slaughter started daydreaming.

But that bespectacled one wouldn't be so easily fooled; he's in cahoots with No.9. Come to think of it, this bespectacled guy was also in the final episode of the Slaughter game...

Because of Gu Mian's outstanding performance in the Slaughter game, Teacher Slaughter's mind was filled with thoughts of him, completely ignoring the others.

Now that he seriously considered it, this bespectacled lower-class person was very familiar, appearing to have been with that pesky No.9 in the Slaughter game.

And that fatty next to him... Teacher Slaughter stared at Fatty curiously, feeling he had seen him before. Racking his brain, he finally remembered that Fatty also appeared in the final episode of the Slaughter game.

Wasn't he dead!

Teacher Slaughter's eyes widened, watching the lively and energetic Fatty.

He remembered Fatty being fatally shot by the Order Guard who had entered, yet now he was alive right before his eyes.

Now Teacher Slaughter lost all intention of approaching to coerce them; he stepped back, attempting to distance himself from this unknown if he was human or ghost Fatty.

What kind of ghost place have I ended up in? Could it be that I'm dead too? For a moment, such a thought crossed Teacher Slaughter's mind.

Chapter 866 Xiao Qiao Is a Strapping Woman

Teacher Slaughter never imagined, even in his dreams, that there would come a day when he'd be grabbed and swung around by a lower-class person.

When he saw that Fatty—who didn't look quite human or ghost—he'd originally wanted to turn around and run on the spot.

But the female lower-class person among the three rushed up, grabbed him in one hand, and lifted him in front of her face, swinging him back and forth.

Teacher Slaughter was both shocked and furious: "How dare you! I am a noble Upper Class Person, how dare you, a lower-class person, treat me like this? Put me down at once and obediently send me back to the Upper Class People District!"

"Lantern Viewing District," Xiao Qiao doubtfully repeated Teacher Slaughter's words, then turned to ask the person behind her, "What's that?"

She actually doesn't know the Upper Class People District? Teacher Slaughter was deeply puzzled in his heart—are there really people in this world who don't know the Upper Class People District?

And why is this lower-class person so strong, able to hoist him up with one hand? Lower-class people are supposed to be frail and filthy—how could one be like this, so full of vigor!

Too strange! Far too strange!

"It's where a bunch of narcissistic little white people live," Fatty described as simply as he could. "Those little white people like to play all sorts of weird games."

"So that's how it is," Xiao Qiao nodded as if she half understood, then turned to look at the little white person in her hand. "We'll take you to play games."

With that, she happily dragged Teacher Slaughter toward the amusement park beside them.

The street echoed with Teacher Slaughter's roar: "Let go of me! You despicable, stupid lower-class person, once I get back to the Upper Class People District you're done for—you're already close to death, let go of me..."

But no matter how he roared, Teacher Slaughter couldn't break free from Xiao Qiao's iron grip. He was quickly dragged into the amusement park, his voice growing more and more distant, more and more faint.

The injured lower-class people lying on the ground stared in terror at the direction where Teacher Slaughter disappeared.

They didn't understand—they couldn't understand why the lower-class people here were like they'd mutated, showing not the slightest fear toward them, these noble Upper Class People.

They had inexplicably arrived in this unfamiliar place, their bodies still wounded and difficult to move, with no idea how to get out.

So when they saw these lower-class people in front of them, a sliver of hope rose in their hearts. They wanted to assume their Upper Class People posture and have the lower-class people escort them back to the Upper Class People District.

Normally, Upper Class People would never allow filthy lower-class people to touch them; having these lower-class people deliver them back to the Upper Class People District today would be a tremendous honor for them.

But before the Upper Class People could even put on their airs, Teacher Slaughter had already been dragged away by a burly lower-class person. Watching Teacher Slaughter struggle in vain, they quietly swallowed back the posturing they'd been about to display.

One of the Upper Class People suddenly smiled at Chu Changge and Fatty, his expression radiating goodwill.

"You must be really looking forward to a better life. As long as you send us back to the Upper Class People District, we absolutely won't shortchange the two of you."

Once these two lower-class people send us back, we'll immediately have them seized and punished for their crimes!

To see us Upper Class People and not come fawning over us with utmost humility, to actually make me personally name terms before they'll send us back—greedy and disgusting lower-class people, they must be killed! They must be killed!

His face was still projecting goodwill, but inside he was roaring in the dark.

He'd watched plenty of games where lower-class people were abused, and had even personally participated. He'd never bothered to remember the fawning faces of those lower-class people in the games, so he didn't recognize that the two in front of him were the companions of "No.9" from the last season of the Slaughter game—didn't recognize the resurrected Fatty—only feeling that the two before him looked vaguely familiar.

Fatty looked at the friendly expression on the Upper Class Person's face, shivered, and felt extremely uncomfortable.

If he hadn't seen the Upper Class People's true nature with his own eyes in the Slaughter game, he might have believed the man's words now.

"Brother Chu, look at this Upper Class Person—he's actually got some talent for acting. At a glance he looks completely harmless to people or animals." Since this was his own turf, Fatty didn't cower, openly commenting on the Upper Class Person with Chu Changge right in front of him.

At those words, the smile on the Upper Class Person's face froze instantly.

Unforgivable! Unforgivable! What's with these two lower-class people, how dare they talk about me like this!

The roar in the Upper Class Person's heart grew even louder, but he still had to maintain a friendly expression on his face.

A gash had been opened in his leg, blood still flowing out; without timely treatment, he wouldn't last long.

"We won't shortchange those who save us. As long as you send us back to the Upper Class People District, you can ask for anything," the Upper Class Person said, pressing down on the wound on his leg, a hint of anxiety in his tone.

But the two people in front of him remained unmoved.

The slightly plumper lower-class person even took out a camera and snapped a photo of him.

"An Upper Class Person with a kind expression—now that's rare. I'll snap a shot and show it to the doctor when we get back. I already asked the doctor in the group just now; he doesn't live far and will be back soon"—he heard that damn Fatty muttering like this.

Enough, this is really enough!

Usually they were the ones filming lower-class people for fun, and now he was the one being used for their amusement.

He finally couldn't hold back and roared in fury: "If you don't want to die, hurry up and send us back to the Upper Class People District. Maybe if I'm in a good mood I'll even spare your lives."

At this moment, Chu Changge, who had been silent, suddenly spoke: "There are no more Upper Class People."

"What?" The Upper Class Person was stunned, not understanding what he meant. "What do you mean?"

"Exactly what it sounds like," Chu Changge gave him one last emotionless look, then turned and left.

Fatty quickly followed, trotting along as he asked what Chu Changge wanted to eat tonight.

Their figures grew more and more distant, the Upper Class Person shouting threats after them. He yelled until his throat was hoarse, but ultimately still failed to make them stay.

Only when the two figures vanished completely did the Upper Class Person finally give up and fall silent.

This is insane, truly insane. He clutched his throat, which ached from shouting so loudly, and glared viciously in the direction they'd left: "Once I get back, I'm definitely going to find you. You're both dead."

He imagined over a hundred cruel ways to die in his heart, itching to put them into practice on these two ungrateful lower-class people right then and there.

But fantasies were fantasies; once his mood settled, he still had to face the harsh reality.

The two companions lying on the ground beside him were even more badly injured than he was, their pain so intense they'd collapsed without a sound; there was no relying on those two.

That host, though, still had all his limbs intact—maybe he could depend on him to get back to the Upper Class People residential district. Unfortunately, the host had been dragged off by a burly lower-class person.

Thinking of that burly lower-class person, a flicker of hope surfaced in his heart.

That lower-class person didn't seem as clever as the two from before—she even seemed a bit simple. Maybe she could be tricked...

But the way she'd hauled off the host just now had been truly terrifying, and the Upper Class Person felt a bit intimidated.

With that in mind, he looked toward the rusty arch painted with a clown; that lower-class person had dragged the host through that very gate. It should be an amusement park—just looking up he could see the towering rides inside, though those rides seemed no longer in operation, standing there motionless.

The venue for Trial and Crown had also been a theme park, and this place beside it was also a theme park. Maybe there was some connection between the two?

He had arrived in this place for no reason at all; maybe if he went into the amusement park next door, he could just as inexplicably get back.

The idea was far too optimistic, but he truly had no other options now.

If he didn't do something, he would bleed to death sooner or later.

With that thought, he steeled his resolve and crawled toward the archway on hands and knees.

Chapter 867 There's Another One Here

Gu Mian looked down silently at the Order Guard member lying at his feet.

They climbed the Pyramid at the last moment when he used the key, so naturally, they were brought into the real world due to the proximity.

Gu Mian had always been unlucky. Just after he returned to the real world and walked a few steps towards the apartment, he ran into an Order Guard member, who was armed.

It truly was a case of meeting love at the corner.

The member initially looked a bit confused, but as soon as he saw Gu Mian, he became excited and raised his weapon, ready to charge.

Gu Mian had intended to use the [Mother Summoner] to summon a random "mom" to block the opponent, but before he could use the Great Summoning Technique, a red figure dashed over from afar.

The figure barreled forward and soon rammed into the back of the Order Guard member in front of him, hitting him at the waist.

Gu Mian saw the poor person bend backward like a fragile plank, his upper and lower body folding, while his weapon fell to the ground and was stomped on and shattered by the crashing red figure.

After knocking over one person, the red figure aimlessly charged at Gu Mian again.

Gu Mian skillfully sidestepped, avoiding Xiao Hong's iron-headed attack.

Xiao Hong skidded a considerable distance before coming to a stop.

"Such energy," Gu Mian commented.

Meanwhile, Keke sent a message in the group chat for ten people.

[Keke]: Just now, I was downstairs in the yard with Xiao Hong, when the Fortune-Teller passed by and mentioned Gu Mian was back. Xiao Hong flew out in a flash. Did anyone see where she went?

Here she is.

Gu Mian watched Xiao Hong, who had stopped her feet and come over again.

Xiao Hong circled him twice, seemingly inspecting if he had brought back any gifts.

Last time Gu Mian entered the Match Three instance, he had brought back a strawberry necklace for her. Xiao Hong liked it very much and held it in her mouth every day until she accidentally broke the chain, leaving her upset for quite a while.

Xiao Hong touched here and there, finally reaching the bulging guitar bag.

Gu Mian suddenly remembered that aside from the guitar, there seemed to be another creature in his bag.

Xiao Hong had already opened the guitar bag first, revealing a squashed green dog toy, which emitted a wailing cry.

Because it was too squashed, Xiao Hong thought it didn't look good but reluctantly accepted the gift and grabbed the Doggie Doll's head, pulling it from the guitar bag.

The Doggie Doll's sobs grew louder.

Speaking of the Doggie Doll, it's unclear if Hei, who followed Chu Changge and 007, had come to the real world.

Fatty said in the group chat that Chu Changge had already met him, but didn't mention the mechanical dog Hei.

So it should be with 007, but 007 hasn't spoken in the group chat yet, and her whereabouts are unknown.

There's also Lu Yi, who they managed to rescue, but who knows where he was transported.

Gu Mian stopped heading for the apartment, deciding to search nearby first, trying to find them. Once he found Lu Yi, he had to discuss the Evil God wishing mechanism attached to him, as it was a constant trouble.

If he dreamed of the world ending at night and subconsciously believed the dream upon waking, who knows if the wishing mechanism would treat this subconscious thought as a wish.

It seemed that he would have to strive to save the world again.

As he thought this, he searched for 007 and Lu Yi nearby, with Xiao Hong following him, carrying the disheartened Doggie Doll.

But they didn't find 007 and Lu Yi; instead, they encountered another disheartened person.

Mr. Green lay sprawled out in front of the supermarket door, with a few shop assistants watching the spectacle inside the store.

"What's up with this little Green Dwarf? He suddenly appeared here, and when he was found, he was just lying here. He hasn't moved for so long, hasn't changed position; could he be dead?"

"He's not dead; you see his eyes still blink."

"Maybe he's tired and lying here for a rest. I remember a while ago, he seemed to follow that evil overlord around."

"Quiet, the overlord is here..."

Mr. Green lay on the ground looking at the sky, utterly disheartened.

Finally, finally, he had a chance to return to the instance, but now everything was ruined!

After all this effort, he only ended up with a "Paradise World seven-day tour" result.

Thinking about this, Mr. Green was almost heartbroken enough to cry, but then Gu Mian's face suddenly appeared in his view, forcing Teacher Slaughter's tears back.

He stumbled to his feet, about to speak, when he heard a terrified scream in the distance.

Moreover, the voice seemed familiar.

Mr. Green looked confusedly toward the source of the sound, seeing the amusement park in the distance.

Some facilities in the amusement park were very tall, even from a distance, you could see the soaring drop tower and roller coaster tracks, and not quite as tall, the Ferris wheel.

Wait, what's up with the drop tower?

He watched from afar as the drop tower was operating up and down, rising rapidly like a spring and descending just as quickly, almost leaving afterimages.

The amusement park should have been shut down, with no functioning facilities.

He seemed to see a figure in one of the seats, a pink figure, who was screaming.

But the drop tower was moving too fast for him to see who it was.

"Teacher Slaughter." Gu Mian was also looking at the bouncing drop tower over there. Fatty said in the group chat that Teacher Slaughter was taken by Xiao Qiao to the amusement park to play games.

Although the amusement park wasn't maintained, they could still turn on the equipment by bringing power cards bought from the supermarket to the power distribution room. Last time, a group of them brought power cards to the amusement park and played around.

It looks like Xiao Qiao has gotten Teacher Slaughter to play on the drop tower now.

Thanks to years of assassination experience, Gu Mian's eyesight was slightly better than Mr. Green's.

Xiao Qiao probably found pulling the safety bar too troublesome and couldn't operate it, so she tied Teacher Slaughter to the seat with several bundles of electrical wire.

Electrical wire is not as safe as a safety bar.

After a few minutes of joyful play, the wires binding Teacher Slaughter were loosening, and Gu Mian, with his keen eyes, saw some ends of the wires falling off.

Once the wires fully unraveled, Teacher Slaughter's fate would be entirely in his own hands.

This gameplay happened to be like the drop tower in a variety show, where some safety bars randomly rise at the top, then swiftly fall, ejecting anyone not protected by a safety bar.

Unfortunately, before the contestants could play this project, Teacher Slaughter had already started playing it.

As the Upper Class People, who tried to trick Xiao Qiao into sending them back to the Upper Class People area, dragged his injured leg into the amusement park, he saw this horrifying scene.

The drop tower wasn't far from the entrance, and the control room for the machine had already been blown away by previous bad weather, with the door and roof blown off. You could see the situation inside at a glance.

He saw the silly-looking lower-class person excitedly manipulating the drop tower's control lever up and down, as if playing some fun game, while the host was casually tied to the drop tower, screaming in terror at each manipulation.

Too terrifying... too terrifying...

The Upper Class People's mind went blank for a moment; he thought of nothing but escaping this nightmarish place as soon as possible, avoiding capture by this pervert.

Thinking this, he flipped over, attempting to crawl in the direction he came from without making a sound.

But then the scream from the drop tower suddenly stopped, and the machine's swift movement also came to a halt.

Then he heard a chilling voice behind him.

"Ah, there's another one here."

Chapter 868 Belated Goo

Gu Mian and Mr. Green saw the jump tower in the distance suddenly stop.

But it didn't stop for long before it started moving again. When the machine rose into the sky once more, Gu Mian saw there seemed to be an extra person on it.

Probably Xiao Qiao found some new amusement.

At this moment, Fatty sent a message in the group.

[Fatty]: Doctor, why haven't you come back yet? Miss 007 has already returned to the apartment and brought back the Upper-Class person you rescued.

and Lu Yi have returned? No wonder I couldn't find them outside.

Gu Mian stopped searching and began walking towards the apartment.

After two steps, he suddenly remembered Mr. Green behind him and turned to ask, "Are you coming back with me?"

Mr. Green had no other choice but to follow Gu Mian tearfully.

By the time they returned to the apartment, it was already dusk.

Fatty was standing at the gate, looking around. As soon as he saw Gu Mian, he happily jogged over: "Doctor, you finally returned!"

Then he noticed that there were two other people following Gu Mian.

A little green person and a little red person.

The little red one was indeed Xiao Hong, but the little green one...

"Why is Mr. Green still here?" Fatty looked at Mr. Green, who appeared dejected, in surprise.

Mr. Green glanced at Fatty lethargically, not daring to blame Gu Mian for bringing him back, and could only vent his anger on the Upper-Class people: "It's all because of those damned Upper-Class people."

He was so close to escaping but got caught by a nosy Upper-Class person!

Thinking of this made Mr. Green grind his teeth in hatred.

"Where are Lu Yi and the others now?" Gu Mian ignored Mr. Green, who was gnashing his teeth beside him, and asked Fatty.

"Lu Yi is that Upper-Class person, right? He came back with Miss 007, and now they're all in the doctor's house. I was thinking of tidying up the room next door so that the Upper-Class person can stay there," Fatty pondered for a moment before continuing, "This is the first time I've seen such a normal Upper-Class person, even more normal than normal people..."

He thought of the "normal" Xiao Qiao.

Ever since the "Twilight Gods World Incident", Xiao Qiao had become more and more irritable, occasionally breaking a few things.

The door that Xiao Qiao smashed a few days ago still wasn't fixed.

Thankfully, she found a new plaything to vent on and had no time to come back and cause trouble for them.

"By the way," Fatty suddenly remembered something, "when 007 brought Lu Yi back, they happened to run into Xie Bi'an at the door..."

Upon hearing this name, an image of a cloaked man appeared in Gu Mian's mind, which was the usual attire of Xie Bi'an.

He never revealed any skin, always covering himself tightly with a cloak, wearing gloves, with bandages wrapped around his neck.

Gu Mian suspected that he might be some kind of supernatural object turned spirit, the kind that kills whoever sees it, which is why he kept himself so covered.

Xie Bi'an is a Guardian sent by the Paradise World and is from the same place as Lu Yi.

However, he is a lower-class person in the Paradise, having no connections with upper-class Lu Yi.

"Upper-Class people have very distinct features, so pale. Xie Bi'an recognized Lu Yi as an Upper-Class person at a glance. When he saw Lu Yi, he looked a bit flustered. Hmm... he was so tightly wrapped that I couldn't see his expression, but at that moment he stepped back, so I think he was panicked."

Fatty imitated Xie Bi'an's actions, shrugging his shoulders, nervously stepping back as if caught stealing.

Gu Mian: "..."

He felt that Xie Bi'an's actions at the time shouldn't have been as comical as Fatty made them out to be.

"After stepping back like that, he fled as if running away, and hasn't returned since." Fatty spread his hands.

It was rare to see Xie Bi'an so out of character.

He usually had a mysterious air, fitting the image of a mastermind in novels.

But today, he was so out of sorts.

It was understandable, though.

In the Paradise World, fear of Upper-Class people was almost ingrained in the bones of lower-class people. Xie Bi'an never thought he'd encounter an Upper-Class person in the real world.

After lingering downstairs for a while, it was already dark when they got home.

The lights weren't on inside, and it was all dark.

As Gu Mian entered, he saw Chu Changge, 007, and Lu Yi sitting on the couch in the living room. None of them were particularly talkative, and it was the first formal encounter between Chu Changge, 007, and Lu Yi, so they were just sitting there staring at each other.

"Why aren't the lights on?" Gu Mian wondered and glanced up at the bulb.

Fatty scratched his head: "Our electric card is with Miss Xiao Qiao, and she's still at the amusement park."

Xiao Qiao was taking her sweet time, so Fatty had to take a few candles from the drawer under the table and light them, placing them on the table, making it feel quite like a candlelight dinner.

Gu Mian joined the trio sitting and staring at each other and plopped down next to Lu Yi.

Now, there were four of them staring at each other.

Finally, it was Lu Yi who first broke the awkward silence: "Thank you for coming to rescue me."

Saying this, he looked at 007 beside him: "I've seen you on the circus stage."

During the circus instance, Lu Yi had seen 007 on stage from upstairs, but 007 hadn't seen Lu Yi then.

"Really, it's a pleasure," 007 didn't know what to say and gave a textbook-perfect polite response.

At this moment, Chu Changge suddenly spoke: "Although I only had a quick glance because the situation was tense, if I'm not mistaken, when Gu Mian destroyed the stage and you glanced up, there was no surprise on your face."

He paused, as if recalling the scene: "Your face only showed some confusion, as if to say 'Why are the people rescuing me strangers?'"

At that time, Gu Mian and company had altered their appearances, and Lu Yi didn't recognize them immediately.

Gu Mian also noticed Lu Yi's expression back then, but the urgency of the situation left no time to delve deeper.

"You knew someone would come to rescue you, didn't you?" Chu Changge continued.

uneasily shifted back a bit, feeling the atmosphere growing tense.

According to the normal story progression, they should have been celebrating after a successful rescue, but before the joyful celebration could begin, Chu Changge started an intense interrogation.

"Moreover, since you arrived here until now, you haven't asked a single question; you haven't asked what this place is or how we brought you here, as if you were already aware of the circumstances," said Chu Changge as he turned to 007, "Did he ask you any questions when you met him?"

shook her head: "No."

The usual Upper-Class person's reaction should have been confused about where they were and why they were brought here, much like Teacher Slaughter.

Fatty covertly watched from the kitchen, drenched in sweat.

Chu Changge's tone wasn't exactly pleasant, and Fatty feared this Upper-Class person might become infuriated, then jump up and shout, "You foolish lower-class people, what do you know!"

But Lu Yi didn't.

He merely gave Chu Changge a long look, then took a deep breath: "It appears I'm not cut out for acting."

Chapter 869 The Crumbling Wish System—You Deserve It

"Yes, I knew Gu Mian would come to save me. An Upper Class person told me." Lu Yi spread his hands, choosing not to conceal it any longer.

"After being detained as a traitor, the Upper Class person you encountered must hold a high status." Chu Changge adjusted his glasses,

Lu Yi shook his head: "Logically, that's true, but unfortunately, I don't know him."

He lifted his head, recalling the situation at the time: "After being caught, I was imprisoned in the underground cells of Pleasure Heavenly City. I actually don't understand why there's such a cell beneath Pleasure Heavenly City. In our world, unless there's a special situation like mine, Upper Class people aren't imprisoned;

"Only lower-class people who violate the Upper-class Protection Law would be captured and imprisoned, but it has been a long time since any lower-class people violated the law..."

At this point, Lu Yi turned to glance at Gu Mian.

When Gu Mian rescued him, he was inside the stage, unable to clearly see the situation outside.

But at that time, the blood-stained chainsaw in Gu Mian's hand and the severed limbs at the opening told him what happened to Shen Mian.

Strictly speaking, Gu Mian isn't a lower-class person, and attacking Upper Class people doesn't constitute a violation of the Upper-class Protection Law.

"Even if there are lower-class people who violate the protection law, they'd be imprisoned far away from the Upper Class area. Upper Class people wouldn't want to imprison dirty lower-class people in their residential zone."

Gu Mian remembered Lu Yi mentioning during the Circus instance that the cave in the Secret Forest was originally dug as a dungeon for lower-class people by Upper Class people, indeed far from their area. But while digging, they stumbled upon the statue of the Evil God.

"So the dungeon beneath Pleasure Heavenly City is practically useless. The Upper Class there also don't understand why it was built initially. It's said that two Upper Class founders decided on its construction. Do you know the two Upper Class founders in our world?" Lu Yi looked at Gu Mian.

"One is called Slaughter, the other is Torture." Chu Changge spoke.

Gu Mian had even seen Slaughter.

Had listened to his life's story in Secret Forest. As for Torture, it's probably Slaughter's accomplice who took acid baths, Gu Mian thought.

He started to understand why the two decided to construct that dungeon back then.

Initially, the two used Pleasure Heavenly City as a base, hoping Hero Xu Xingcheng could lead lower-class people to overthrow them. But they couldn't kill all the defeated Upper Class—spare some Upper Class to reform would make the story's ending more worth spreading.

They likely feared there'd be no place to imprison defeated Upper Class, so they built a dungeon beneath Pleasure Heavenly City, preventing the Hero from having to trek far to imprison captives.

Such thorough preparations, considering everything the Hero might need.

Unfortunately, the Hero never appeared, making the dungeon remain unused until Lu Yi, the Upper Class traitor, emerged.

Lu Yi, by nature, is still an Upper Class. Imprisoning him in a lower-class cell was indeed a loss of Upper Class dignity.

"I was the only one imprisoned inside, with tight guard naturally. In the dungeon, I couldn't see the sky outside. Inside, I didn't know day from night, how long I was imprisoned, until one day while sleeping, I suddenly heard someone calling me outside the door;

"I woke up, looked outside, and saw a stranger Upper Class standing there. He told me that Gu Mian would come to rescue me and asked me to bring you a message."

At this point, Lu Yi paused.

The three others were listening intently, waiting for his next words.

Even Fatty, who wasn't in the living room, was listening keenly, anxiously wanting to know what was said.

Lu Yi furrowed his brow, looking puzzled: "He said, 'Grow like a ghost.'"

"What?" 007 wondered if he heard wrong.

"Grow like a ghost." Lu Yi repeated.

With such cryptic words, Gu Mian couldn't fathom their meaning.

Is he to undergo a second maturity, and to grow like a ghost—how would he know how ghosts grow? Maybe asking Xiao Hong or his brother might shed light?

But one is a stuttering mess who only calls for his sister, the other is a mimicker with an underdeveloped language center, so asking likely wouldn't help.

That Upper Class person was quite strange too. Why not convey the message clearly? Was it fearing the words would be overheard?

Gu Mian also furrowed his brow, contemplating the meaning of Lu Yi's words.

"What did that Upper Class person look like?" he asked Lu Yi.

"Very ordinary."

"Have you seen what the two Upper Class founders look like?"

Lu Yi knew Gu Mian's implication, so he spoke: "Their photos are everywhere in books, newspapers, TV. The person I saw wasn't the two founders."

He didn't know what Gu Mian went through in the Secret Forest, feeling puzzled about why Gu Mian would have connections to the two founders.

Chu Changge turned to Gu Mian and said, "The person must have first confirmed you knew about the variety show before deducing you'd enter Paradise World to rescue Lu Yi."

Perhaps Lu Yi being put on trial was the information originally released by that person for Gu Mian to know.

Chu Changge didn't continue speaking, instead, he looked towards Fatty nearby.

Fatty was the one who first mentioned the variety show.

Fatty understood Chu Changge's implication, his back straightened: "I was at the supermarket when the sales clerk mentioned it. I remember what he looks like too, short, protruding ears, big nose..."

He explained while gesturing, proving his innocence.

Looks like tomorrow, they'll need to go to the supermarket to find this big-nosed person to ask who told him this. Gu Mian glanced out the window; the sky had already turned completely dark, making going out unsuitable.

The armed Order Guard also arrived in this world; bumping into them in the dark could be troublesome.

"And then there's that Old Xu at Carnival Wharf. The first time I called him, he kept talking about building variety show stages, like he's trying to steer the topic towards the Trial and Crown variety show." Gu Mian recalled the calls the Fortune-teller made for him before entering Paradise World.

Moreover, the other party's surname is Xu.

It inevitably makes one think of a certain person.

The NPC's hints about Trial and Crown, the admission ticket Evil God provided to Paradise, plus five of the ninety-nine delivery tasks were near Secret Forest. Gu Mian believed Evil God had planned for him to go to Secret Forest and see the statue.

Even during the Circus lower-class uprising long ago, there might have been Evil God's involvement.

There's a high probability Evil God was behind the message Lu Yi was to deliver too.

But he went to such great lengths, only installing an immature Wish System on him, making Gu Mian wary of making any world-ending dreams when sleeping from now on.

Speaking of the Wish System.

Gu Mian looked at Lu Yi: "You once mentioned to me the Evil God statue in the underground cave. It can resist the world from reverting, but do you know if it has other functions?"

Chapter 870 Gu Mian's Distant Relative

Lu Yi shook his head: "I know the underground cavern's statue holds many secrets, but only the highest level of Upper Class People can access those. That cavern... is guarded by a founder and is usually off-limits."

Gu Mian watched the flickering flames of the candles on the table; it seemed that Lu Yi was unaware of the statue's wish-granting capabilities, so he couldn't ask him about it.

Gu Mian felt a headache; this wish-making function was too unstable, and he had hoped Lu Yi would know some inside information.

Just as his forehead pulsed with discomfort, there was a "bang" from the door.

The door, which hadn't been repaired, was abruptly slammed open, making a creaky screech as Xiao Qiao returned.

She looked somewhat guilty, quickly tossing something from her hand onto the table and then turning to flee.

Gu Mian looked toward the item on the table — it was the electric card she had taken.

It seemed she had played enough at the amusement park.

"Great, we can finally turn on the lights." Fatty joyfully picked up the card from the table, went to the door, inserted it into the slot, and pressed the light switch.

But the lamp overhead remained unresponsive.

Fatty tried several more times, but the light never turned on.

It seemed Xiao Qiao hadn't played enough; she'd exhausted the card's balance and had to return.

No wonder she looked so guilty just now.

Wondering how Teacher Slaughter and the other lucky Upper-Class person were now.

Due to the lack of electricity, Gu Mian ended up having a candlelit dinner.

Under the candle's glow, the rabbit on the plate looked exceptionally tasty, so much so that Gu Mian dreamt of a rabbit during the night.

The effort expended in chainsawing people today left Gu Mian sleeping soundly.

He dreamt that he was cutting through the stage floor at the Pyramid, trying to rescue Lu Yi, but when he dug a hole to look inside, he saw a giant rabbit below.

Gu Mian woke up instantly.

Upon waking, it was nearly noon, and he felt something fuzzy under his head, turning to see that his pillow had become a rabbit.

Gu Mian: "..."

He reached out to hold the rabbit's ears, carrying it with him outside the door.

Fatty saw and exclaimed, "Doctor, when did you secretly catch a rabbit?"

"Caught it in a dream." Gu Mian tossed the rabbit to the ground, and it hopped away out the door, coincidentally encountering the mechanical dog Hei outside. Hei imitated the rabbit's hopping, turning into a mechanical rabbit.

Hei was also brought into the real world, though Gu Mian felt it wasn't a proper "being."

Fatty had already heard from Chu Changge and 007 about Gu Mian turning into a wish machine. He scratched his head, "Doctor, it seems this could have quite an impact on your life. Might you one day turn us into rabbits too?"

As he spoke, he imagined himself as a rabbit—a one-person tall, 200-pound strong rabbit man.

That image seemed scarier than a ghost, and Fatty shivered.

Gu Mian planned to go to the supermarket to find the Big Nose clerk Fatty mentioned yesterday, to ask about where he got information about the "Trial and Crown" variety show.

Of course, the phone number for the Carnival Wharf employment place should be called to see if he could chat with Old Xu again.

If Old Xu were indeed Xu Xingcheng, he should know how to control the wish-making mechanism on him.

Gu Mian was going to the supermarket to find someone, and of course, Fatty followed along.

"I remember what he looks like crystal clear, Doctor, rest assured I will find him for sure," Fatty assured, following behind Gu Mian and patting his chest.

"By the way, Doctor." Fatty suddenly recalled something and told Gu Mian, "I saw a group of injured people supporting a bunch of Upper Class People pass by not far from here this morning. Those injured weren't dressed well and had different skin colors from the Upper Class People."

Gu Mian thought for a moment: "Those people must have been brought from the Paradise World."

People brought into the real world, whether Upper Class or lower-class, all bore some injuries.

"I thought those were lower-class people; they looked so frail, like a gust of wind could knock them over." Fatty recalled the scene he saw.

"There were a few Upper Class People being carried on the backs of lower-class people, I think those lower-class people struggled to carry them as their legs were shaking while walking. The Upper Class People on their backs were dismissive of them, loudly telling them to hurry up."

It seemed everyone hadn't realized the current situation yet.

The Upper Class People thought they were still in Paradise World and ordered the lower-class people to take them back to the upper-class area.

It was uncertain what they would do when they realized their circumstances.

By coincidence, when Gu Mian reached the supermarket's entrance, he ran into the group Fatty mentioned.

The supermarket was quite an eye-catching building, visible from afar.

Evidently, this group also saw the supermarket from a distance and rushed over.

Gu Mian watched them from afar.

In Paradise World, places like supermarkets and malls were built by Upper Class People. Seeing a supermarket, they likely thought they had returned to Upper Class territory and eagerly ordered lower-class people to bring them over.

But before they could step inside, they were stopped by the staff at the entrance.

"Tickets?" The staff member held out a hand.

In order to enter the supermarket, one needs to buy tickets at the ticket booth, something the Upper Class People were unaware of.

The foremost Upper Class person stopped was not puzzled by the mention of tickets but rather stared at the staff blocking their way.

Lower-class, he thought to himself.

Why was a lower-class person appearing in an Upper-Class exclusive supermarket? Shouldn't they stay in the filthy lower-class living areas?

Moreover, this lower-class person was dressed in work uniform, seemingly as a supermarket employee. Lower-class people working in a supermarket? Ridiculous! He felt this supermarket was all of a sudden dirty, and once he healed, he surely would complain about this supermarket.

"Move aside, you fool, can't you see we are all injured? Hurry up and let us in." He said, clutching a hastily bandaged wound on his arm, "Bring out the food and drinks, and notify the nearest hospital to come get us."

As he spoke, a sense of unease crept in.

All structures around looked fitting of an Upper-Class area, yet all were long abandoned. On their journey, no other Upper-Class person was seen, and when they finally found an operating supermarket, its staff were lower-class.

He had a sense of foreboding but instinctively avoided delving deeper, only reaching out to shove the staff member in front of him, "Fool, did you hear me? Why are you still standing there!"

Aside from Gu Mian, it was the first time the supermarket staff encountered someone so arrogant.

He opened his mouth wide, gave the speaking Upper Class person a ghost-like look from top to bottom, and then looked behind him, suspicious if the person was one of Gu Mian's relatives abusing their power.

Seeing a group of injured people with no familiar faces, the staff's worries calmed.

He rolled his eyes at the leading Upper Class person, spat out, "Lunatic."

Then turned and walked away.

This stunned not only the Upper Class People but also the lower-class people serving as beasts of burden, who stared wide-eyed in fear at the departing supermarket staff.

"Did he really dare speak to the Upper Class like that? Wasn't he afraid of dying?"

"Haven't you noticed this place is very strange? The buildings here are all nice, clearly an Upper Class territory, yet we haven't found any other Upper-Class people. It's as if there are no other Upper-Class people here at all."

Two lower-class people, with injured legs, whispered as they supported each other, trying to keep their voices low to avoid being overheard by the nearby Upper-Class people.

"Stop spouting nonsense!" At this time, someone sternly scolded them.

It was 1868, the person of the first group to win the championship seat. Since he was sitting at the very back of the audience during Gu Mian's chainsaw event, he wasn't injured.

In his mind, he was already halfway to being an Upper Class person, yet was unexpectedly brought to this place; he was anxious, eager to return to the stage to continue vying for first place and truly become an Upper-Class person.

Thus, upon encountering the transferred Upper Class People here, he was the most industrious, diligently carrying the injured Upper Class People and running errands, hoping to close the gap between them for better interaction later.