

Collapse 871

Chapter 871 Bang Bang Bat Takes Down the Instructor

Now that he hears two lower-class people discussing the Upper Class People, he feels as if he's being talked about himself, and he immediately comes out to reprimand them.

The two who were being reprimanded saw it was 1868 and lowered their heads, not daring to speak.

Their thoughts were similar to those of 1868; they also felt he was already halfway an Upper Class Person, so they did not dare to confront him.

Seeing these two lower their heads in fear, 1868 was satisfied. He then straightened up and went to reprimand the supermarket employees who had spoken insolently earlier.

He was the only one present with all his limbs intact, so he was more energetic than the rest.

wanted to rush into the main entrance aggressively but was pushed to the ground by a cashier watching the commotion on the side.

Then the lower-class people inside showed them contemptuous expressions, waving their hands as if shooing flies: "Get lost to where the air is cooler, don't block the door here."

was stunned, lying on the ground, unable to understand why the lower-class people here were different from them, and not at all afraid of the Upper Class People.

"There are no Upper Class People anymore." At this moment, a muffled voice came from beside him.

He turned his head and saw a cloaked figure had somehow appeared next to them.

1868's first reaction was to see whether he was an Upper Class Person or a lower-class person, but since the person didn't reveal any skin, 1868 couldn't figure it out.

Since he couldn't discern the person's identity, he didn't dare speak rudely, only quietly asking, "What?"

As he spoke, he squinted his eyes at the cloaked figure, trying to find a seam in his clothing.

"Still afraid to face reality now," a few soft laughs came from under the cloak, "You've felt something amiss inside all along, haven't you? Not a single Upper Class Person crossed your path along the way, and the 'lower-class people' you met were nothing like normal lower-class people. Here, there is no distinction between Upper Class People and lower-class people anymore."

Indeed.

The Upper Class People have already sensed something amiss.

But they dared not think in negative terms, desperately numbing themselves within, numbing themselves that they could still return to the Upper Class People district.

The lower-class people, on the other hand, are generally not very smart, usually doing whatever the Upper Class People instruct. When facing Upper Class People, most lower-class people almost entirely lack independent thinking ability.

Of course, there are a few agile minds among them.

After hearing these words, one lower-class person in the crowd raised his head, his gaze blazing as he stared at the mysterious cloaked figure.

He was No. 1095, grouped with Gu Mian in the first phase, the only one from that group to take the stage and rally votes. Compared to other lower-class people, he was much more clever.

Upon arrival, when he came across a wounded Upper Class Person, his initial thought, just like others', was to send the Upper Class Person back to the Upper Class People district, to win their favor.

But along the way, he began detecting something amiss. It seemed there were no other Upper Class People here, and the "lower-class people" treated the Upper Class People with complete lack of reverence.

To utter a rather unrealistic sentiment, it felt as if the Upper Class People had collapsed, as if they had stepped into a fairy-tale-like new world.

Though he thought this in his heart, he dared not express it; he feared it was all a fantasy, feared that voicing this thought might land him back in the core of the Upper Class People's territory.

However, this notion had tightly taken root within him, ready to burst forth at any moment.

The appearance of this cloaked figure was a further catalyst.

As the cloaked figure spoke of this world having no more distinction between Upper Class People and lower-class people, his heart raced wildly.

Strangely enough, despite the absence of evidence to prove these words true, he instinctively chose to believe in them. He was filled with hope that they were true; no, they must be true.

"This is a brand new world." No. 1095 heard the cloaked figure say.

"What nonsense!" An Upper Class Person anxiously countered him, and had it not been for the wounds on his body, this Upper Class Person would have dashed forward to take action.

While the person protesting gazed angrily at the cloaked figure, a dull thud sounded behind him.

He turned to look.

It was a lower-class person straightening up his waist; he remembered that person originally carried a wounded Upper Class Person on his back.

But now he had straightened, and the person on his back was gone.

A cry of pain echoed from the ground.

The person who should have been on the back had been tossed onto the ground, possibly colliding with an injury. The tossed Upper Class Person gasped in pain on the floor.

"What are you doing!" The Upper Class People glared at the lower-class person who had thrown the person down.

No. 1095 did not answer them. He excitedly clenched his fists, taking deep breaths, as if making a difficult decision.

Then his gaze firmed up and he shouted: "New World, this is a New World, entirely different from the place we stood before! There are no Upper Class People left in this world!"

After speaking, without waiting for others' reactions, he turned his head and ran into the distance. As he escaped, he inadvertently stepped on the Upper Class Person lying on the ground, who cried out even more miserably.

No. 1096 was determined not to be a slave to these Upper Class People anymore, thinking to stay as far from them as possible.

Although he mostly accepted the "New World theory," the lower-class people's fear of the Upper Class People couldn't vanish instantly. He only dared to flee, not daring to act against the Upper Class People here.

One action ignited a thousand ripples.

The remaining lower-class people stared dumbfounded at No. 1095's departing figure; some looked bewildered, others scornful.

Two sets of hurried footsteps sounded, drawing attention; two more lower-class people dashed off in escape.

The Upper Class People shouted at them to stop, but hearing the voices behind them made the two run even faster. Their silhouettes quickly vanished from the sight of those left behind.

The other lower-class people also seemed eager to try but were too timid to take the plunge.

scornfully looked toward the departing direction of those few lower-class people: "Foolish, to believe others based solely on a few words. You'll regret it later."

Having said this, he once again fawned toward the Upper Class People beside him: "Don't worry, Sirs, I definitely won't run."

"Don't worry, Sirs—I also definitely won't run."

While 1868 ingratiatingly tried to please the Upper Class People, a suddenly sarcastic voice sounded nearby, with its tone stretched, making it particularly obnoxious to the Upper Class People.

Who is it?

The people turned toward the source of the voice, immediately spotting a familiar silhouette.

Upon recognizing the approaching figure, everyone's scalp tingled.

Wasn't this the "No.9" who sliced them down like chopping vegetables on the stage?

They found themselves in this ghostly place entirely thanks to this person!

However, the Upper Class People did not dare to confront Gu Mian; instead, they retreated in unison, turning and escaping.

After all, Gu Mian could pull out that shiny weapon at any moment.

The one tossed onto the ground also stopped clutching his leg and yelling in pain, swiftly shutting his mouth and fled, slipping and scrambling away for fear of being caught for even a second's delay.

Within a minute, the crowd gathered here dispersed completely.

At the deserted entrance of the supermarket, only Gu Mian and Xie Bi'an remained.

Chapter 872 Doggie Doll's Family

"Doctor, you're really impressive." Fatty came up while Gu Mian was clearing the scene from a distance.

Gu Mian watched the direction where the Upper Class People were leaving: "It's impressive for someone with severe leg injuries to still be able to run."

Xie Bi'an looked at Gu Mian and Fatty for a few moments, then turned and left.

Fatty remembered Xie Bi'an's identity and, after he left, whispered to Gu Mian: "Doctor, I think he really dislikes the Upper Class People. Maybe it's because he used to be from Paradise World..."

Xie Bi'an was a lower-class in Paradise World, probably oppressed by the Upper Class People every day.

However, unlike the majority of lower-class people in that world, he seems to harbor a grudge against the Upper Class People.

You know, even when the lower-class in Paradise are exploited and oppressed, they accept it willingly, with no untoward thoughts, believing they are destined to be like this.

But Xie Bi'an.

If Lu Yi hadn't told Gu Mian he was lower-class, Gu Mian would never have connected Xie Bi'an with lower-class.

While Gu Mian was pondering the direction Xie Bi'an had left, Fatty suddenly shouted beside him.

"It's him!"

Saying this, he dashed through the large doors.

The employees who hadn't yet dispersed after watching the commotion at the door scattered in fright when Fatty suddenly rushed in, thinking the sinister Gu Mian had his henchman ready to massacre the supermarket building.

But Fatty didn't go on a killing spree as imagined. Instead, he dashed into the crowd and grabbed someone: "Doctor, it's him!"

Gu Mian looked over and saw Fatty holding up a sales clerk with prominent ears and a big nose.

The sales clerk struggled in terror, not knowing what was happening: "What are you doing? What do you want to do?"

The surrounding employees, seeing it wasn't targeted at them, gathered at a distance, craning their necks to watch.

Gu Mian glanced at those employees, and they scattered again, fleeing in fear.

With no one around, Gu Mian finally walked up to Fatty.

The Big Nose in Fatty's hand was still struggling, but when Gu Mian approached, he froze, not daring to utter a sound, hunched his shoulders and crossed his arms over his chest in a defensive posture.

Gu Mian didn't beat around the bush, getting straight to the point: "Who told you that Paradise World is going to hold a show to judge the Upper Class People?"

Big Nose was momentarily stunned, not knowing why Gu Mian would ask such a question, nor understanding why Gu Mian would know about this matter.

But he quickly reacted and replied honestly: "It was Carnival Wharf from Paradise who called and told me, because sometimes we use their wharf for deliveries, and I'm in charge of the procurement;

"Recently, Carnival Wharf specifically called to inform me that their wharf is temporarily unavailable because Paradise World is hosting a show. All materials for setting up the venue have to go through them, so they can't handle our requests for now."

Big Nose racked his brain, trying to remember the details of that call, fearing he might miss any detail and provoke Gu Mian's displeasure, resulting in him being killed: "Then, I was curious and asked why that show needs so many materials. That's when they told me about the show's content."

Again, it's Carnival Wharf.

Gu Mian continued to ask: "What's the name of the person who called you?"

Big Nose shook his head in fear: "I don't know. When we call, we just say the company name, like 'Hello, this is the Carnival Wharf office'... after all, it's a business call, nobody cares about your name..."

That's indeed true.

Previously, when Gu Mian had the Fortune-teller pretend to be a delivery NPC to call Paradise, the Fortune-teller only reported the company's name.

We'll still have to call Carnival Wharf's office again. Luckily, he didn't throw away the notebook with the number.

Gu Mian quickly returned to his apartment and found the notebook in the storage box.

Flipping it open, two familiar lines of text caught his eye—

"Fixed the bug where players' clothes would disappear while repairing the game"

"Fixed the problem where multiple corpses in the same room would freeze and be immobile"

This was originally a programmer's bug record, but it was forcibly taken by Gu Mian.

He flipped forward two more pages and soon found the page with the telephone number.

"Carnival Wharf Recruitment, Jisan 18887250"

The phone number was found, but the phone used to call the Low-Dimensional World was missing.

Fatty bent over and searched through the cupboard: "That's strange, I clearly remember putting it here. Why is it missing?"

As Fatty was anxiously searching for the phone, a sob suddenly came from the bedroom.

The two of them stopped what they were doing and looked towards the bedroom.

A haunting? That was Fatty's first thought.

But he quickly dismissed the notion, what ghost would dare haunt a doctor's house?

Looking through the open door, they saw something green and small huddled in the corner of the room, shaking, not knowing what it was doing.

Gu Mian got up and walked towards the green object.

As he got closer, the sobbing sound became clearer, interspersed with pieces of muttered words.

"That terrible person is back... I've been discovered..."

"... must find a way to save me and bring me back..."

Turns out it wasn't a haunting.

It was the green Doggie Doll secretly making a phone call.

Gu Mian grabbed Doggie Doll by the tail and shook it, causing a black phone to fall out, and a voice still emanated from inside.

"Dog, don't worry! I will find a way to rescue you!"

The fallen phone was the one Fatty was searching for.

It seems the Doggie Doll was calling family in Paradise World, asking them to rescue it.

"No wonder we couldn't find it, turns out it was here." Fatty quickly picked up the phone from the floor, checking if it was broken.

The person on the phone with the Doggie Doll seemed to realize something was off and hung up immediately, not giving Gu Mian a chance to speak.

Though Doggie Doll was entirely green, at that moment it vividly portrayed a deathly pale expression.

It squeezed its button eyes, trying to pretend it fainted from fear, but unfortunately, its button eyes couldn't close.

Doggie Doll could only face everything before it with wide-open eyes.

Fortunately, Gu Mian wasn't in the mood to deal with Doggie Doll's issues. He took out the small notebook with the phone number and called Carnival Wharf.

"Beep, beep—" No one answered, just the sound of beeping in the call.

Fatty quietly mentioned from the side: "Doctor, aren't you having Miss Fortune-Teller pretend to be an NPC to make the call this time?"

"No need."

Gu Mian had pretty much confirmed that Old Xu was Xu Xingcheng. There's no need to conceal his identity when calling Xu Xingcheng. It's not like he'd hang up in fear just hearing it's me.

The beeping in the phone continued for a while, and it took about half a minute before someone picked up.

"Hello." Gu Mian heard a weary male voice coming from the receiver.

Chapter 873 Master Gu

Gu Mian recognized that this wasn't Old Xu's voice from the last call.

"Is this the Carnival Wharf office? I'm looking for Old Xu." Gu Mian deliberately adjusted his voice to sound less distinctive.

Fatty beside him grimaced; he had never heard Gu Mian speak in such a gentle tone.

"Old Xu?" The person on the other end hesitated upon hearing the name.

Then Gu Mian heard him shout loudly, "Has anyone seen Old Xu today? Someone's calling for him."

Gu Mian knew he wasn't talking to him but was asking others on the line.

Soon, another voice came from the other end, "Old Xu? He seemed to have left since the day the Upper Class People variety show started. He resigned that night."

"Resigned?" Gu Mian heard the caller's voice grow louder, "It's really hard for us to find a job these days, and he just quit like that?"

"Anyway, I've always thought he was quite mysterious, arriving at our wharf out of nowhere, and leaving just as mysteriously."

Two or three different voices were heard discussing Old Xu's departure, and soon it veered toward someone Gu Mian knew.

"I think such inexplicable people are better off leaving early. Did you hear? That infamous Coach Che arrived in this world, undercover. He used an Upper Class Person ID to fake an identity as a staff member for the variety show."

"Huh? I wondered why that scary guy suddenly appeared in the show. Turns out it was because of Coach Che. Coach Che must be a spy sent by that person; wherever he goes, that person follows."

"I heard that person not only made a chaotic scene in the show but also used a special item to take all the Upper Class People viewers present. It's like they were brought into the real world."

"It's terrifying. Luckily, he didn't come here. We need to be cautious about Coach Che; what if he comes to work at our wharf undercover again? We must thoroughly check identities in future hiring."

The last person's words received unanimous agreement, and everyone hummed in acknowledgment through the receiver.

Gu Mian felt like he saw a group of people nodding silently.

Fatty beside him was holding back laughter, tightly covering his mouth for fear of laughing out loud.

Finally remembering there was still someone on the other end of the phone, the caller leaned closer to the receiver and said to Gu Mian, "Old Xu resigned, do you have any business with him? If he ever returns, I can pass on your message."

Gu Mian held the phone and said expressionlessly, "Tell him I'm looking for him."

"Okay," the caller immediately agreed, then asked, "By the way, what's your name? So I can tell Old Xu when I see him."

"Gu Mian."

"Beep, beep, beep—"

Before he finished saying "Mian," the other party impatiently hung up the phone, leaving only endless busy tones.

The call ended, and Fatty finally no longer needed to suppress his laughter and burst out chuckling.

It's so funny, after all the fussing, Gu Mian didn't get any useful information. He felt his forehead thumping.

"Don't be discouraged, Doctor." Fatty cheered Gu Mian up, "At least we know Coach Che was in Paradise World before and even pretended to be a staff member. Speaking of which, isn't Nicholas Li San likely him?"

"That's highly probable." Gu Mian thought about Nicholas Li San's previous actions, and they indeed matched Coach Che's character.

"In that case, Doctor, it seems like there's an unspeakable connection between you and him." Fatty pondered, "In some ways, Coach Che is even more useful than the Dungeon Entry Ticket."

Fatty had a bold idea, "It would be nice to contact Coach Che. Doctor, wherever you want to go, just let Coach Che go there first, and you'll soon align with the instance Coach Che is in."

Gu Mian felt the same way; he thought the Dungeon Entry Ticket might as well have Coach Che's photo on it.

However, there's a question worth pondering.

Last time he saw Coach Che, he wasn't in the Paradise World. At that time, the train traveling between the seven worlds was already damaged, and NPCs couldn't visit the worlds.

Old Xu mentioned the train couldn't be repaired when he called Carnival Wharf not long ago.

How did Coach Che come to Paradise World from other worlds?

Could there be other ways allowing people to travel freely between the seven worlds? If he has the chance to meet Coach Che again, he must ask how he came to Paradise World.

Given the indescribable bond between himself and Coach Che, he might encounter Coach Che again soon.

Going to Coach Che's place all the time without ever bringing a gift, Gu Mian felt a bit embarrassed.

He decided to bring along the toy car that Xiao Hong loved to play with when he entered the instance next time. Although it's practically ruined, you can still see the shape of a car, which quite suits Coach Che's style.

"Ah," Fatty suddenly thought of something and said to Gu Mian, "Doctor, you have the Wish System now, maybe you can make a wish before entering the instance, wishing to enter an instance you're interested in."

It doesn't seem very helpful, but worth a try.

Gu Mian immediately began wishing to meet Coach Che in the next instance.

While Gu Mian and Fatty were talking, they saw a green hat peeking out from outside the door as if someone was eavesdropping.

This distinct landmark was unmistakably Mr. Green, no doubt about it.

Ever since knowing Gu Mian became a universal wishing persona, Mr. Green would cast admiring glances at Gu Mian every time they crossed paths, making him uncomfortable.

Sometimes, he'd stealthily clasp his hands behind Gu Mian, solemnly making wishes when Gu Mian wasn't looking.

"Take me back, take me back, take me back"—not only would he wish this, but he'd also say it in his sleep.

He no longer praised the Evil God like he used to; now, he had become a devotee of Gu Mian.

Mr. Green's actions influenced the already not-so-wise Xiao Hong, who imitated Mr. Green and every time met Gu Mian with clasped hands and a devout expression.

Unfortunately, Xiao Hong's face was naturally lacking, even if he tried to look devout, he appeared quite fierce.

Their actions quickly caught the attention of others, leading Liu Ruyan to jest, "Oh, isn't this our Master Gu?" every time she saw Gu Mian.

Gu Mian felt like he had become some sort of evil master now.

He silently watched Mr. Green's hat peeking at the door, then rose and quietly walked to the entrance. Sure enough, he saw the little green fellow by the door, hands clasped, eyes shut, and devoutly wishing, "Take me back, take me back, I want to be the most famous instance host..."

His demands seemed to have grown.

Though his eyes were closed, Lu Sheng instinctively felt something was off in the surroundings. He felt a pressure closing in from all sides, causing him some anxiety.

He guessed what was happening, stopped his "prayer," and sneakily peeked open one eye, only to see Gu Mian's big face smiling warmly at him.

Chapter 874 Xiao Hong Learns to Speak

Mr. Green didn't even have time to retort before Gu Mian lifted him up and threw him out of the apartment building.

When Gu Mian tossed Mr. Green out, he just happened to bump into 007 coming back from the amusement park.

Mingliang, who was accidentally pulled into Paradise World, had previously told them that there were signs of someone living in the amusement park's electrical room, leading him and 007 to naturally think of Renle Mountain, who vanished after leaving the Match Three instance.

It was too late when they returned from Paradise World yesterday, so 007 didn't have time to explore the amusement park.

So today, early in the morning, she got up and went to the amusement park to verify Mingliang's words.

"How did it go?" Gu Mian asked her as 007 had already returned.

looked a bit weary, seemingly not having slept well last night: "There are indeed signs of someone living in the electrical room. On the floor, there are two beddings, indicating at least two people lived there simultaneously."

Two people? That was likely Renle Mountain, as Gu Mian knew that after leaving the Match Three instance, a Fortune-teller had once divined Renle Mountain's whereabouts for 007.

The result at that time was that one of Renle Mountain's followers, that person named Little Saint Qi Tian, was missing, leaving only Old Liu from Victory Hardware Store beside him.

Their surroundings were very dark, probably resembling a warehouse place.

Thinking back, the amusement park's electrical room also resembled the environment the Fortune-teller had divined.

"Xiao Qiao visited the electrical room yesterday and made quite a mess, but I still managed to find some clues inside," 007 said while extending her hand to show Gu Mian what she found, "I found it under one of the beddings."

Gu Mian looked down to see a photograph.

The photo had three people on it, each with a radiant, joyful smile towards the camera.

It was a family photo.

A family photo wouldn't be out of the ordinary, but Gu Mian recognized one person in it as Old Liu from Victory Hardware, so the family photo likely belonged to him and had been dropped there.

"Something's off." Gu Mian said as he scrutinized the family photo in 007's hand, "Renle Mountain and they aren't locals but seem very familiar with the amusement park."

The electrical room of that amusement park is built very discreetly, hard for anyone to notice.

Gu Ming knew where it was because his entire class had once gone to play at that amusement park when he was a child.

Back then, except for him, all the classmates went on the roller coaster, but when the roller coaster ran to the pivotal moment, the amusement park suddenly had a power outage, causing his friends to hang upside-down and cry wretchedly.

The staff hurriedly went to check the circuit breaker in the electrical room, and Gu Mian, who hadn't ridden the roller coaster, wanted to do something for his classmates and followed the staff to the electrical room.

That's how he knew the location of the amusement park's electrical room.

Xiao Qiao and 007 knew its location because he had taken them there before.

But how did Renle Mountain and Old Liu from Victory Hardware find the electrical room?

Moreover, there were two quilts inside; who gave them the quilts?

"Someone familiar with this place is helping them escape," Gu Mian speculated aloud.

nodded, "I feel the same way."

She smoothed down a corner of the family photo that had been curled up; this corner seemed to have been tightly folded for a long time, which is why it kept curling.

glanced at the photo for a moment then asked, "Do you think the owner of the photo will come back?"

Aside from the folded corner, the photo was well-preserved, indicating its owner valued it highly.

The edges of the photo had faded, showing that Old Liu frequently took the photo out to caress it.

"Coming back for this photo?" Gu Mian pondered.

He wasn't close with Old Liu from Victory Hardware, so couldn't be sure if he'd come back for the family photo, but one thing was certain.

"Even if Old Liu from Victory Hardware returns for it, Renle Mountain will likely not come with him."

Everyone knew what happened on Renle Mountain's two floors in the Match Three instance.

A person who would ruthlessly kill their own companion wouldn't return for someone else's family photo.

sighed, understanding her thought was a bit naive.

She retracted her hand and tucked the family photo into her pocket: "When I went to the amusement park's electrical room, I passed by the jump machine..."

She hesitated, pausing for several seconds before continuing: "Hmm... saw the person on the jump machine."

Was Mr. Slaughter still up there? Xiao Qiao had returned once the power card's electricity was used up, so when the electricity was exhausted, the jump machine wouldn't have stopped at the ground.

When the machine halted, it should've remained mid-air.

Indeed, 007 continued, "That jump machine was halted halfway, but when I checked, Teacher Slaughter was no longer up there. There was only a unfamiliar-faced Upper Class Person remaining, probably dead, just lying still."

"Hanging on the middle tower of the jump machine were several pieces of torn pink clothing, stained with blood. Judging by the garment color, it was the host named Teacher Slaughter who left them; after Xiao Qiao departed, he likely climbed down by himself."

Unexpectedly, Teacher Slaughter repeatedly looked stunted but climbed down the jump machine quite agilely.

It's unsurprising though, people often unleash enormous potential when confronting danger.

Moreover, Teacher Slaughter was the only Upper Class Person on stage who hadn't become acquainted with Gu Mian's chainsaw yet, so his body was intact, allowing him a chance to climb down.

But climbing down the jump machine isn't the real skill; surviving in the future is.

This world offers no favors to Upper Class People; he can't enter instances to earn Game Coins, might starve to death unexpectedly.

"By the way, I saw some weapons on my way back... in Xiao Hong's hands," 007 gestured, "those Order Guard weapons, but they were all broken into two pieces."

Xiao Hong isn't always torturing Mr. Green or wandering outside; she probably encountered the Order Guard Upper Class People visiting this world during her wanderings and took a keen interest in their weapons.

Evidently, she seized those weapons as her new toys, forcing them from the Order Guard and played them into ruin, just like how she did with the toy car Gu Mian tried gifting to Coach Che.

It's hard to imagine what kind of ghostly expression the Order Guard would show upon witnessing Xiao Hong snatching toys empty-handed.

This is quite good too, no longer needing to worry about encountering the Order Guard during their excursions being assassinated by them.

"Where did you encounter Xiao Hong?" Gu Mian queried 007.

He still remembered Lu Yi's words—grow like a ghost.

Today he specifically asked his brother how the other developed.

But his brother only uttered two words, leading Gu Mian to hear a series of "sister."

Xiao Hong's communication skill is somewhat better than her brother's; Gu Mian originally wanted to ask her, but she vanished early in the morning.

Listening to 007's account, Gu Mian realized Xiao Hong went out to attack the evil Upper Class People.

Chapter 875 He Looks Like a Stray Dog

Gu Mian went to the location 007 mentioned to look for Xiao Hong, but upon arrival, he found nothing but a ground full of weapon fragments.

When 007 met Xiao Hong, those weapons were just split into two parts, but now—

Gu Mian looked at the scattered fragments on the ground; now these weapons could simply be used as pieces in a puzzle game.

Xiao Hong was nowhere to be found; Gu Mian guessed she probably went somewhere else seeking fun.

Nonetheless, this trip was not entirely fruitless, as Gu Mian encountered Teacher Slaughter along the way.

From afar, Gu Mian saw a luminous person in a pink shirt sneakily looking around—it was Teacher Slaughter.

He looked utterly exhausted; his clothes were torn, with large openings, stained with blood.

It seemed his body and spirit were greatly damaged.

Probably because of his dazed state, he didn't notice Gu Mian watching him from a distance and thought he was alone.

Once certain that no one was around, Teacher Slaughter stealthily squatted by a water puddle—due to lack of maintenance, the road surface had many potholes, and after it rained the day before yesterday, some water was retained; now, the water in the pit hadn't completely dried up.

Teacher Slaughter, like a stray dog, got down on all fours, stretched out his head, and extended his mouth to drink the rainwater from the puddle.

He drank hurriedly, showing his genuine thirst.

It's understandable; the Upper Class People couldn't find water or food since arriving in this world, having consumed nothing since yesterday.

Moreover, Teacher Slaughter was caught by Xiao Qiao midway and strapped to a Drop Tower, depleting his energy while climbing down from that high structure.

Teacher Slaughter really had a rough day.

But when misfortune comes, it doesn't come alone; just as he bent down to drink the rainwater from the puddle, a familiar voice suddenly sounded behind him.

"Have you fallen to this level, Teacher Slaughter?"

Who?

Teacher Slaughter immediately jumped up from the ground in panic, quickly wiped his mouth with his hand, and turned to see the person behind him, pretending as if nothing happened.

It was Lu Yi.

Gu Mian watched Lu Yi emerge from the building's shadows, indicating he was not the only one observing the scene.

"It's you!"

Seeing this familiar face, the fire in Teacher Slaughter's eyes might as well be bursting out.

He had been made to suffer twice at the hands of Lu Yi.

The first time was during the Circus, where Lu Yi conspired with that despicable No.9 to kidnap him, bomb the audience seats, and finally threw the kidnapped him down the building.

Teacher Slaughter still remembered the heart-wrenching pain when he hit the ground.

The second time is right now.

"What on earth is this place!" he almost shouted at Lu Yi, "Send me back! And those lower-class people here, that No.9, that bespectacled person, and that psycho woman, I want to punish them!"

When he mentioned the word "psycho woman," Teacher Slaughter shivered at the thought that her terror now outstripped even that of No.9.

"Still unwilling to face reality, Teacher Slaughter." Lu Yi spread his hands at him, "You've been here for almost a day now; have you met any Upper Class People who can help you?"

No.

Teacher Slaughter thought to himself, not only had he not encountered any Upper Class People who could assist him, but instead ran into some unfamiliar lower-class faces.

Those people showed no fear supposedly expected of lower-class people; instead, they stared at him curiously as if seeing something amusing.

He even overheard those lower-class people whisper about him, seemingly mentioning "albinism."

Teacher Slaughter had no idea what albinism was; he only knew this place was completely beyond his comprehension.

Despite feeling uneasy internally, Teacher Slaughter stubbornly spoke: "Quarantine Zone, this must be a Quarantine Zone! That's why I haven't met any Upper Class People."

Once I leave here, I'll still be a noble Upper Class Person, he added in his mind.

"Why would there be lower-class people in a Quarantine Zone?" Lu Yi exposed the self-deceptive lie mercilessly, "Face reality; this is no longer your previous world."

"In the former world, you were an exalted Upper Class Person, but in this new world, you had to stoop down to drink the filthy water from roadside puddles, even less than a stray dog." Lu Yi glanced at the water puddle Teacher Slaughter drank from, showing pity on his face.

"Haven't you heard of 'smuggler'?" Lu Yi looked down at the short-statured Teacher Slaughter standing only at his chest level, "Besides our own world, there are many other worlds; smuggler is the name you give to those from other worlds."

Gu Mian recalled hearing the term smuggler, first hearing it from Teacher Slaughter's own mouth.

During the slaughter game, Gu Mian didn't know the history of Paradise World and was identified as a smuggler by Teacher Slaughter at a glance.

"And now you've also become a 'smuggler', entering a world that doesn't belong to you."

The more Lu Yi spoke, the stiffer Teacher Slaughter's expression became, more incredulous.

He couldn't accept losing his noble status, sinking to the level of those lower-class people, no... even less than them.

A shadow appeared in his mind, it was Gu Mian.

"All this was caused by No.9. He brought us here, so he must know how to send us back. I have to find him!" Teacher Slaughter decided firmly.

Speak of the devil, and he will appear.

At this moment, he saw a familiar figure at the street corner not far away.

It was No.9 that Teacher Slaughter was yearning for.

Seeing the person he had been longing for appear in front of him, Teacher Slaughter's heart raced, and he instinctively took two steps forward, wanting to grab him to send himself back to his original world.

But after just two steps forward, he saw the long guitar case behind Gu Mian, and painful memories immediately resurfaced.

Teacher Slaughter abruptly stopped his running footsteps and stepped back a few paces.

This heartless lower-class person, might tie him to the jump machine like that perverted woman did.

Thinking of the jump machine, Teacher Slaughter couldn't help but shudder, he barely managed to get down from the jump machine and didn't want to relive it again.

He struggled to decide between advancing and fleeing, and after a few seconds, he finally made a decision.

Saving his life was more important! Teacher Slaughter bolted and tried to run.

But Gu Mian didn't give him the chance, before Teacher Slaughter could run far, Gu Mian was already two steps behind him, caught up, and lifted him up.

After all, as an Upper-Class Person in Paradise World, he might know some useful clues.

"Do you know the Evil God?" Gu Mian asked him.

But Teacher Slaughter didn't answer his question at all, just focused on struggling in his grasp, his struggle made Gu Mian somewhat impatient.

He leaned his face closer to Teacher Slaughter's hand, lowered his voice, and asked again: "Do you know the Evil God?"

Perhaps it was Gu Mian's expression that frightened Teacher Slaughter, he stopped struggling and spoke with a buzzing voice.

"What Evil God." I think you're evil enough.

Teacher Slaughter thought the latter sentence in his mind but didn't say it aloud.

Surprisingly, Teacher Slaughter didn't know the Evil God, seems like he knew even less than Lu Yi. Gu Mian pondered for a few seconds before asking: "Do you know the statue in the Secret Forest?"

At this point, Teacher Slaughter realized that No.9 seemed to have some questions needing his answers.

He rolled his eyes, planning to negotiate, demanding No.9 promise to send him back to his original world before he answers the questions.

But as he rolled his eyes, Teacher Slaughter glanced at the guitar case behind Gu Mian, with that thing there, proposing conditions to the person in front was simply suicidal.

Teacher Slaughter had to suppress his thoughts, grit his teeth, and speak: "I know, someone dug a dungeon for lower-class people in that forest and unearthed a statue."

"I don't know what's so precious about that useless statue, yet it has an Upper-Class Person founder personally guarding it..."

Clearly, Teacher Slaughter doesn't even know about the world's rollback, he knows less than Lu Yi.

At this moment, Teacher Slaughter suddenly noticed the leaf brooch on Gu Mian's chest.

He displayed the puzzled expression he had when he first saw the leaf brooch: "You also wore this last time! But this clearly belongs to that founder, I've seen him wear it... could it be you're colluding with the founder? Impossible, that's an Upper-Class Person founder!"

The brooch pinned to Gu Mian's chest was given by the Evil God.

Upon entering Paradise World, Slaughter also gave him another identical one, saying it was left by the Evil God in the cavern, but the new one wasn't a special item, and it's unknown what use it had.

Gu Mian initially wanted to ask Teacher Slaughter if he knew what the brooch from Slaughter was for.

But Teacher Slaughter was still fretting over whether Gu Mian and the founder had an illicit relationship, completely oblivious to Gu Mian's question.

Until Gu Mian shouted in his ear, he reacted and showed a bizarre expression as if looking at an idiot: "Other than looking nice, what use is there?"

Though that idiotic expression only lasted a second before being swiftly concealed, Gu Mian still saw it.

Finally, Gu Mian handed the useless Teacher Slaughter over to Lu Yi, the two were colleagues before, and Lu Yi happened to want to catch up with Teacher Slaughter.

As to how Lu Yi would catch up, Gu Mian didn't know. He was more concerned about what the leaf brooch Slaughter gave him was for, as it's something left by the Evil God, the Evil God surely wouldn't give him something that's just nice looking and nothing else, right.

Chapter 876 Cretaceous Cannibal Tyrant Flower

Aside from the rudimentary Wish System installed by the Evil God, the leaf brooch was the only thing Gu Mian brought out from the ancient cavern.

Gu Mian always felt this brooch should have a proper function, but unfortunately, unlike its counterpart, it doesn't have a panel to check the manual.

Gu Mian placed the two leaf brooches in front of himself; they're identical, except one is a special item that can hide names, while the other seems useless.

"Doctor, you've been examining these two brooches for days now, and still haven't found any clues?" Fatty plopped a stack of books onto the table in front of Gu Mian.

These were all "treasures" he found in the supermarket.

After discovering Gu Mian was researching the leaf brooches, Fatty went to the supermarket's book section and bought numerous books related to plants, hoping they would assist Gu Mian.

"Maybe figuring out what kind of plant leaves these are will help us," Fatty said back when he was buying the books.

Gu Mian didn't quite agree.

But Fatty was quite enthusiastic; not only did he read through the books himself, but he also rallied others in the apartment to find plants resembling the leaf brooches.

These past days, everyone in the apartment would open their eyes and start flipping through books, nearly becoming botanists.

Even Xiao Qiao, who isn't the sharpest tool in the shed, has been holding a book these days. Gu Mian was studying the two leaf brooches in his hand when he saw Xiao Qiao walk by, clutching a book.

The book's cover was a riot of colors—reds, greens, florals covered nearly 60% of the cover, with a couple snuggling affectionately among the blooms.

The couple's heads were topped with a pink book title—"Princess Love Manual: The Handsome Knight Loves Me"

The book looked brand new, clearly just purchased.

Gu Mian silently looked at Fatty, gesturing at the book in Xiao Qiao's hand: "Did you buy this great work on botany too?"

Fatty scratched his head awkwardly: "I didn't pay attention to the title when buying them. I saw plants on the cover and just tossed them all into the shopping cart."

Xiao Qiao was evidently corrupted by the book, now she pulled her head out and looked resolutely at Gu Mian: "I want to be a knight!"

Gu Mian wordlessly looked up at the sky outside the window, not wanting to engage with the eager knight-wannabe before him.

Fatty quickly tried to divert her: "Miss Xiao Qiao, have you forgotten? We've already been knights in the instance, the one at the junkyard where we had to save the princess. We entered using the Dungeon Entry Ticket."

Xiao Qiao thought for a moment, recalling the instance, but she seemed unsatisfied, as if she wanted to enter it again.

She tossed the book aside and stormed out with determination.

Watching Xiao Qiao leave, Fatty sighed with relief, but he barely had time to exhale before Xiao Qiao whipped back inside like a tornado, clutching something in her hand—a phone-like object.

But Gu Mian knew she held the special item [Big Data Search].

This special item was quite useful, having helped them find many useful things before. At this moment, Xiao Qiao was gripping the Big Data Search tightly, eyes glued to its screen.

She stared at the screen for a while, then looked up at Gu Mian, then back down at the screen, repeating the process several times before concluding: "You are the Dungeon Entry Ticket."

She directed this statement at Gu Mian.

What the heck? I am what? Gu Mian also looked at the Big Data Search in her hand.

Xiao Qiao had already input what she wanted to search for in the machine, which was "Dungeon Entry Ticket."

And on the screen appeared arrows guiding towards the Dungeon Entry Ticket, pointing right at him.

Gu Mian rotated the Big Data Search away from himself, but the screen's arrow continued pointing directly at him.

Oh no, he might really have become the Dungeon Entry Ticket.

"I know, Doctor!" Fatty suddenly exclaimed beside him, "The Dungeon Entry Ticket isn't you; it's the leaf brooch the Evil God left you."

Hearing this, Gu Mian moved the seemingly useless leaf brooch away, and the arrow on the Big Data Search actually started moving along with it, pointing toward the brooch.

That's how it is.

The Evil God gave him this new brooch as a Dungeon Entry Ticket.

However, this isn't the classic style; it must be a Dungeon Entry Ticket for a specific instance.

Like 'doctor's resentment' for the Slaughter Game instance, the clown mask for the Circus instance, and the gaming console for the Match Three instance.

Some condition must be met to enter the instance.

The clown mask's activation condition is wearing the mask on one's face, and the gaming console's condition is playing Match Three with it.

So what's the activation condition for this leaf brooch?

If only Gu Mian knew what instance the ticket was for, the trigger condition might be easier to guess, but unfortunately, Gu Mian was entirely in the dark about what instance and conditions it would trigger.

"But how do we use it to enter the instance?" Fatty pondered about the leaf brooch's activation condition too, "I think maybe we need to find out what kind of plant's leaves they are."

Fatty seemed quite fixated on researching plant leaves.

Gu Mian felt since this thing was designed by the Evil God, its trigger method must be imbued with the Evil God's unique style.

Like the trigger condition for [Key No. 108 from the Otherworld] requiring the recitation of a mortifying spell.

Perhaps the leaf brooch's triggering method involves a spell too?

Thinking of this, Gu Mian spoke to the leaf brooch in his hand, "Oh key that emanates green power, grant me your true power."

Fatty scratched his head: "Why do those words sound so familiar to me?"

Under Gu Mian's hopeful gaze, the leaf brooch remained motionless, showing no response.

Gu Mian hadn't really expected the leaf brooch to trigger, given the enormous scope of "reciting a spell," guessing the correct one was exceedingly difficult.

So, over the next few days, the residents' research topic shifted from "research the plant species for the leaf brooches" to "guess the leaf brooches' trigger condition."

Gu Mian had an eventful few days; Fatty was convinced that the leaf brooches' activation condition involved presenting the same plant in front of them, and in just a few days, Fatty bought countless potted plants from the supermarket and dug up quite a few from the green belt outside.

But nothing happened.

007, while searching for traces of Renle Mountain, also took time to strategize with Gu Mian: "Your new leaf brooch clearly forms a pair with the previous one. According to the introduction of the previous leaf brooch, the saying 'one leaf obstructs vision of the true mountain' suggests you should cover your eyes with the two leaf brooches."

Thus, Gu Mian placed the two leaf brooches over his eyes before bed, covering them the entire night, but still, nothing happened.

The Fortune-teller was more straightforward; she directly took out her divination tools, intending to perform a divination for Gu Mian to ascertain the leaf brooch's activation method.

Unfortunately, the Fortune-teller didn't divine what she intended but instead predicted Gu Mian's death date.

"You're going to die!" The Fortune-teller shouted upon seeing her divination result, "Rest in peace, it shows you'll soon be resting in peace!"

Just great, Gu Mian closed his eyes serenely amid the Fortune-teller's cries, finally able to leave this noisy world.

This whimsical disorder continued for several days in the apartment, until one day Gu Mian was shaken awake from sleep by Fatty.

"Doctor, Doctor, wake up!"

Gu Mian despondently opened his eyes. Last night, Keke had a terrible idea, suggesting Gu Mian climb a tree wearing the leaf brooch and stay all night, pretending to be a leaf.

Although the idea was abstract, Gu Mian tried it.

The result was clear; he didn't trigger the instance.

Not only did he fail to trigger the instance, but birds on the tree also left droppings on his head.

This morning, after cleaning the mess from his hair, he fell asleep on the bed and now it was almost noon.

"What's up? Are you going to show me Cretaceous Cannibal Tyrant Flower leaves again?"

Earlier, Fatty had similarly awoken him in the middle of the night to show him a potted plant saying it was Jurassic Despair Human-eating Grass, looking very similar to the leaf brooches, urging Gu Mian to take out the brooches for comparison.

Gu Mian took a deep breath; if Fatty had called him up for this, he'd definitely plant a solid kick on Fatty's behind.

"No, no," Fatty quickly waved his hands in denial, "Doctor, while cooking just now I suddenly saw the rabbit you conjured, and then remembered you inherited the Wish System at the Evil God's statue;

"Maybe the leaf brooches don't have a trigger method; perhaps if you wish for a trigger method for them to have, they'll have it."

Chapter 877 Fierce Ghost Exhibition

Gu Mian sat up from the bed, thinking Fatty's words made sense.

Even though his wish wasn't easy to fulfill, he had to try to find out.

With that thought in mind, Gu Mian started chanting to the leaf brooch: "The trigger condition is that as long as someone mentions 'Dungeon opening', it will be triggered."

"Will 'Dungeon opening' be too simple a trigger condition?" Fatty felt this trigger was too easy, prone to 'misfires'

Fatty's idea was correct; while he seriously offered suggestions, the trigger condition was already misfired.

As soon as his words landed, a giant panel appeared in front of the two.

[Congratulations! You've triggered the special dungeon 'Instance name with five characters']

"What is this?" Fatty's mouth gaped wide open.

Gu Mian silently turned to look at him: "You already triggered the condition just now."

Fatty finally realized that he had uttered the spell conjured by Gu Mian, and the one who 'misfired' was himself, lowering his head in shame.

But what kind of ghost is this dungeon? Gu Mian looked at the name 'Instance name with five characters', completely puzzled.

It seemed like a dungeon served up unfinished, perhaps it's some leftovers made by the Evil God?

He continued to read down.

[Dungeon population: No one will come here so I'll write two lines to pretend I'm working seriously]

Gu Mian: "..."

His forehead twitched twice, although it was a special dungeon, this introduction was rather too special.

[Dungeon task: Growing vegetables]

A truly down-to-earth dungeon task, Gu Mian had never seen such a relatable task in a horror dungeon.

[Dungeon reward: In a dungeon no one visits, what rewards are needed, I'll write whatever]

Great, a dungeon without a name, participation, or rewards, the task was vague, and the staff writing this was apparently careless.

"I've never seen anything like this." Next to him, Fatty also felt suffocated by the dungeon copy, having read the entire page, the only information gleaned was "Grow vegetables"

Fatty felt his mind was somewhat stuck.

Meanwhile, everyone else in the apartment felt puzzled too; when certain Dungeon Entry Ticket conditions are triggered, they pull all players nearby into the dungeon, as does this leaf brooch.

was at the apartment door watching the Fortune-teller's panicked departing figure.

She was about to go out to continue searching for Renle Mountain, but before she reached the back of the apartment door, urgent footsteps sounded behind her, turning around to see the Fortune-teller rushing out.

While rushing out, he muttered, "A great omen, a great omen, I'm in danger"

watched as the Fortune-teller overtook her outside the door, before she understood what happened with the Fortune-teller, a giant game panel suddenly jumped out in front of her.

"Instance name with five characters?" she wondered as she looked at the first line on the panel, slightly confused.

Keke felt the same way.

The panel jumped out when she was calculating her remaining Game Coins, contemplating when to enter another dungeon with Gu Mian, only to have the panel for triggering a special dungeon jump out.

Her first reaction was that Gu Mian finally triggered the leaf brooch's condition.

But upon seeing the dungeon name and the bizarre content below, Keke frowned in confusion: "What kind of dungeon is this?"

Darkness soon descended from all sides, tightly enveloping the people in the apartment.

A few seconds later, the darkness slowly receded, and when the view returned to brightness, the surroundings had changed.

They appeared in a circular hall, a bright red carpet beneath them, and not far in front was a tall display stand.

On either side of the display stand were stairs leading to the second floor, while numerous plastic models were placed all around in the hall they now stood in.

Ghost plastic models.

The place was like a wax museum, not for people, but for ghosts.

Each ghost wax figure had a unique look, and beside it stood a plaque, like an introduction sign, providing details and even scores for each wax figure.

Gu Mian looked at a ghost model closest to him and its introduction plaque, this ghost was ugly and bizarrely shaped, with three arms all sprouting from the back.

These three arms wildly flailed around the ghost, one formed into a fist, another with fingers spread open, and the last one...

"Doctor, where are we now?" Suddenly, a voice came from Fatty behind him, then it seemed he too noticed the three-handed ghost nearby.

Fatty initially let out a frightened "ah", but soon realized it was a fake model and began examining curiously, quickly noticing the different shapes of the ghost's hands: "Why is this ghost making a gesture?"

"Those are scissors." Came Keke's voice from the other side.

Gu Mian turned back to look, seeing four other people besides himself pulled into this special dungeon.

One was naturally Fatty, the other three were Keke, 007, and... Xie Bi'an.

Who would've thought he also came into this dungeon.

Chu Changge and Xiao Qiao weren't in the apartment when the leaf brooch was triggered, so they did not enter this dungeon.

"Gu Mian, did you figure out the trigger condition of the leaf brooch?" 007 asked.

"Yes," Gu Mian nodded, "I just tried it, didn't expect it to actually trigger."

Fatty sheepishly scratched his head: "It's all my fault, I'm the trigger."

"Didn't think that after the leaf brooch triggered, we'd be dragged into a dungeon like this." 007 also looked at the ghost model closest to them, "No name, no introduction, everything seems so casually slapped together."

"I have a question." Fatty raised his hand at this moment, "Without specific tasks in this dungeon, how are we supposed to get out?"

As he spoke, he cast an eye towards Gu Mian, as if already placing his hopes for leaving on him.

Well, Gu Mian felt internally, Fatty was getting more and more wild, already contemplating how to wreck this place upon entering the dungeon.

"I think first we should understand what kind of dungeon this is." Keke said while looking at the introduction plaque for the Three-Handed Ghost.

[Rock Paper Scissors Ghost]

[Introduction: A ghost who loves rock-paper-scissors, possessing three hands, each hand representing rock, paper, and scissors respectively, upon maturity it will engage in ten rounds of rock-paper-scissors with the cultivator, if the cultivator wins all, the Rock Paper Scissors Ghost will voluntarily go on display, if the cultivator loses, the Rock Paper Scissors Ghost will begin attacking]

[Cultivation difficulty is low, requires only timely watering]

[Danger level high, cultivator losing a rock-paper-scissors game will immediately trigger an attack from the Rock Paper Scissors Ghost, escape is usually difficult]

[Exhibition rating 89 points, since going on display requires the cultivator to win ten rounds of rock-paper-scissors consecutively, exhibition difficulty is extremely high, hence the high rating]

Cultivator... Exhibition...

Gu Mian felt like he had entered some strange museum, but in a proper museum, items of value are usually displayed, whereas here are ghosts who like to play games with people.

And there's scoring below? Gu Mian immediately thought of his [Mother Summoner]

Mother Summoner is a special item capable of upgrading, the upgrade condition is gaining a "perfect report card" each time it levels up, is it possible to obtain a perfect report card here? This dungeon doesn't seem like an exam type.

Fatty read the introduction for the Three-Handed Ghost, puzzled, "I don't get it, what's a cultivator? What's with the exhibition score? I thought this was a wax museum dungeon, but after reading the introduction plaque, it doesn't seem to fit."

"Not a wax museum." Keke suddenly said from the back.

Gu Mian turned to her, seeing Keke looking in a different direction behind the others. She pointed up at a banner: "Look."

Gu Mian looked up at the banner and saw it read "Fierce Ghost Exhibition"

Chapter 878 Perfect Score! Perfect Score!

The so-called exhibition means putting various things on display on shelves or behind windows for the audience to see.

It's quite similar to what Gu Mian thought a museum would be like.

Gu Mian guessed that the original name of this instance should have been "Fierce Ghost Exhibition," but for some reason, it was changed to such a strange name.

But what does the Evil God want him to do in this instance? Gu Mian was somewhat puzzled. It couldn't be that he just wanted him to admire the elegant demeanor of these ghosts.

At this moment, Gu Mian suddenly saw several doors around the walls of the hall, five in total, arranged in a peculiar human shape, tightly shut.

Each pair of doors was spaced a distance apart, like five children holding hands, surrounding the entire hall. It was unknown where the doors led to.

Other people also noticed these five strangely shaped doors.

"Doctor," Fatty leaned closer to Gu Mian with a great sense of insecurity, "these doors look strange and quite terrifying."

Just as Gu Mian was watching those five human-shaped doors, a sudden kettle-like screeching sound came from behind—a stranger's voice.

Turning their heads towards the scream, they saw a person standing at the stairway near the exhibition rack. He seemed to have just come down from the stairs and was now screaming at Gu Mian.

"Why is he screaming at us?" Fatty was puzzled, "Clearly, the ghosts in the hall look scarier."

"He's an NPC." Xie Bi'an, who had not spoken until now, finally said.

Oh, Fatty nodded and then understood why he was screaming.

"Who... who are you? Why are you here?" The NPC pointed at them with a finger, looking terrified.

Isn't it normal for players to appear in instances? That should be our question to you, Fatty mused internally.

Soon, the NPC who had just come down the stairs fixed his gaze on Gu Mian's face. He looked at Gu Mian left and right, his expression starting to blur, even slapping his face halfway through as if trying to wake himself up.

It was clear he wanted to hypnotize himself into believing he was dreaming, so when he woke up, Gu Mian would be gone.

But despite several solid slaps on his face, the dream did not end; instead, his face began to sting painfully.

The NPC finally realized he wasn't having a nightmare; the person in front of him was the living Gu Mian. His expression could no longer be maintained.

With vacant eyes, he stared at Gu Mian, muttering to himself: "How is this possible? How is this possible? I clearly closed the matching channel for this instance, and even changed the name to something strange... just to prevent anyone from using the Dungeon Entry Ticket to enter the instance name and come here. But why did someone still come? And it's a terrifying person..."

So that's how it is—Gu Mian finally understood why the instance name was so extraordinarily odd.

Apparently unable to accept reality, the NPC closed his eyes and fled upstairs, abandoning Gu Mian and the others.

"Doctor, though the Evil God gave you the Dungeon Entry Ticket for this instance, it seems he didn't leave anyone to receive us." Fatty looked at the back of the fleeing NPC, who evidently didn't know Gu Mian would come here. "And we don't know the instance task. The NPC just now seemed to have gone mad. What should we do next, Doctor?"

"He will come back." 007 spoke up from the side.

Fatty looked at her in confusion: "How does Miss 007 know that?"

"If he doesn't come back to manage the instance, then Gu Mian could stay here as long as he wants," 007 looked toward the stairs. "Anyone smart would know what the optimal solution is."

The optimal solution, of course, is to let everyone complete the instance task quickly and smoothly, and send Gu Mian, the great Buddha, out as soon as possible.

"That's right," Fatty thought aloud, "if I were the NPC, I would definitely come out immediately to issue the task and let the doctor leave early."

But then he raised another question: "But we don't even know if the instance task can still be effective. When I entered, I saw that the task introduction had been completely altered."

Even if the task could still be done, Gu Mian didn't want to finish and leave immediately. He still didn't understand why the Evil God wanted him to come to this instance, and he needed to figure things out before leaving.

The NPC apparently also realized what 007 had said, and soon there was a "thump, thump, thump" sound from the stairs, indicating someone was coming down.

Then Gu Mian saw the NPC who had left coming down again, holding a green notebook in his hand, his hair messier than before, as if he had stuck his head into some low cabinet to find something.

The green notebook he held was likely the thing he found.

"Haha." The staff member came down and squeezed out a reluctant smile at Gu Mian and the others. "Welcome to the instance 'Fierce Ghost Exhibition,' I'm the Exhibition's assessor."

Gu Mian and the others remained silent, just watching him quietly, with no one cheering him on.

He wasn't embarrassed, just kept talking to himself as he walked towards the exhibit stand next to the stairs: "Haha, I guess everyone isn't clear about the rules of this instance yet, so let me explain to everyone one by one... Ah!"

Perhaps due to being too nervous, he accidentally tripped on the steps as he was heading to the exhibit stand and fell to the ground with an "Ah" sound.

But he quickly got up, even laughing awkwardly with a "haha" as he climbed back to his feet.

Gu Mian had never seen an NPC who loved to laugh so much. They say those who laugh a lot are blessed with good luck. This NPC must have very good fortune.

"He's bleeding from the nose," Keke whispered from the side.

Gu Mian saw it too; two streams of bright red blood flowed from the NPC's nostrils. But he didn't mind and wiped his nose with his sleeve, staining a part of his white work uniform red immediately.

Finally reaching the stage, he placed the green notebook in his hand on the table slightly to the left of the exhibit stand and wanted to continue introducing, but as soon as he opened his mouth, he let out a big sneeze.

The table had not been cleaned for a long time, so a thick layer of dust had accumulated. Once the book was placed on it, the dust fluttered up into the NPC's nostrils.

Gu Mian predicted he would make that awkward laugh again any moment now.

Sure enough, soon came the "haha" sound from the stage.

"As you can see from the banner, our instance is called the Fierce Ghost Exhibition, a very vivid and lively name. Your task is to each receive a bag of seeds from me, then head to your respective greenhouses for planting. Of course, the seeds you receive are not ordinary seeds but ones that will grow into ghosts;

"When the ghost seeds mature, they will leave the soil and engage in various light-hearted mini-games with the cultivator. If the cultivator wins in the mini-games, the ghost will willingly come to the exhibit stand, and I will score it..."

Fatty, looking at the introduction on the side of the Rock Paper Scissors Ghost, saw the line "If the cultivator loses, the Rock Paper Scissors Ghost will start attacking," and whispered: "You call that an easy mini-game?"

The NPC pretended not to hear and continued on stage: "Each person is given an individual score, with a full score of 500 points. Once a cultivator's exhibition score reaches 500 points, the instance will end;

"Each seed produces a random type of ghost, but once the seed sprouts, you can basically tell the ghost type. Then, you can come to the hall to find the corresponding ghost model, check how to cultivate them, and even learn the conditions for their exhibit beforehand;

"The introduction board also lists their corresponding scores..."

At this point, the NPC paused for a moment, then continued: "Of course, the scores you get from the exhibition might not match the introduction board exactly. If the ghosts cultivated are exceptionally perfect and of high quality, as the scorer, I might give extra points."

Here, he showed a slightly happy expression, as if thinking of something good.

Fatty muttered from the side: "That's almost as good as saying outright, isn't it?"

It was implicit that if someone cultivated the first ghost to make it onto the exhibition stand, the scorer would give the cultivator 500 points right away, completing the instance task, and conveniently get Gu Mian kicked out of the instance.

The scorer announced the instance rewards: "The player who scores first in the exhibition can receive... hmm..."

He was reading from his notebook, probably because the instance had not started for so long that he forgot what the rewards were.

Seemingly unable to find the rewards section, he flipped through several pages quickly before finding the content he was looking for: "The player who scores first at the exhibition can receive a 'Perfect Score Transcript.'"

Perfect Score Transcript? Gu Mian focused on this key information.

That's the necessary item to upgrade the Mother Summoner. Just a moment ago, he was wondering if there would be such a Perfect Score Transcript in this instance, and unexpectedly, there was.

"Wait?" At this point, the scorer showed a strange expression, muttering to himself: "Is this kind of thing in the rewards? Although we have a scoring mechanism, this is not an exam-like instance after all. I don't think this was in the previous rewards..."

He hesitated for a moment, then continued to read: "First place can get a 'Perfect Score Transcript' and a 'Flower Calendar' along with two Mysterious Seeds and 500 Game Coins."

Since he hadn't gotten them yet, Gu Mian didn't know the use of the calendar and mysterious seeds.

But what he cared about most now was the "Perfect Score Transcript." Looks like it's best not to use any special means to leave this instance.

"When the first place completes the instance task, the players ranked behind can each receive a mysterious seed and one hundred Game Coins." The record keeper flipped through a few pages back and forth to ensure nothing was overlooked.

After pausing on one page for a few seconds, he indeed found an overlooked content, and the record keeper let out that awkward laugh again before continuing.

"Just to remind everyone, ghost seeds might grow into ultra-rare ghost types, which are extremely dangerous but also scored very highly. These ultra-rare ghost types don't have models and introductions in the hall, so cultivators need to figure out the conditions for them to go on stage themselves."

Chapter 879 I Like It Here, So Could You Please Leave My House Now?

After finishing his explanation, the scorer flipped his notebook from front to back, ensuring nothing was omitted, then he raised his head to look at Gu Mian and the others in the center of the hall: "The rules have all been explained, does anyone have any questions?"

"I have a question." At this moment, Gu Mian suddenly raised his hand.

Seeing Gu Mian raise his hand, the scorer wiped sweat off his forehead: "This ..."

He seemed unsure how to address Gu Mian, finally forcing out the word "person."

"This person, what question do you have?"

"Is Coach Che here?"

The scorer had mentally prepared himself to handle questions like "Can I saw off your neck?" or "I like it here, can you leave my house now?"

Unexpectedly, Gu Mian asked about Coach Che.

Of course, the scorer knew who Coach Che was, a renowned figure within the instance!

Coach Che used to be a nobody; the scorer had heard through other NPCs that he was a pitiful person whose instance was sabotaged by Gu Mian.

After his instance was sabotaged by Gu Mian, Coach Che had to wander, working in various instances to earn money to repair his own.

Initially upon hearing this, the scorer had felt deeply sympathetic for him.

But later, as Gu Mian caused more and more havoc, Coach Che's reputation also gained momentum.

People gradually discovered that wherever Coach Che went, Gu Mian would follow.

Gradually, rumors spread among the NPCs that Coach Che was an insider sent by Gu Mian.

Everyone started avoiding him, even though he charged cheap prices and worked diligently.

Of course, some didn't believe the "insider theory" and insisted on hiring Coach Che— the scorer thought these people probably valued Coach Che's low prices.

Those who didn't believe the "insider theory" all paid dearly for it, lucky enough to witness Gu the Superstar's world tour within the instance.

Over time, the names of Coach Che and Gu Mian became taboo subjects among NPCs, fearing that talking about Coach Che might summon him.

When people mention Coach Che and Gu Mian, they typically replace their names with "the treacherous fiend slapped into the earth and spiraling to the heavens" and "that person."

But obviously Coach Che hadn't come here, nor had the scorer ever mentioned his name, so how did Gu Mian sniff him out?

The scorer's mind froze for a moment, then he realized something.

"It must be the wicked Coach Che who told Gu Mian something and encouraged him to come here to steal from this poor NPC me."

Thinking this made the scorer grind his teeth with resentment towards Coach Che.

Although he felt resentful, outwardly he still had to respond harmoniously to Gu Mian's question.

"Haha, it's just me here, there's no Coach Che."

The scorer tried to lift both corners of his mouth, making himself appear more friendly and welcoming. He was afraid if his expression slipped, Gu Mian might pull...

Eh? He seemed to have forgotten the item he usually uses to reason with people today.

Realizing this, the scorer instinctively straightened his back, regaining some confidence.

But then his straightened back quickly bent down again, because he saw Gu Mian furrowing his brow, appearing angry.

At this moment, Gu Mian was pondering in his heart, he had wished to encounter Coach Che in the instance, but it seemed this wish wasn't granted. Oh well, he didn't really hope a random wish would come true after all.

Instead, the scorer's facial expression just now was ever-changing, a moment of fear, a moment of anxiety, a moment of wrath, who knows what evil plans he contemplated.

Gu Mian stared at the scorer on stage for a while, watching until the other person buried his head deeply, almost down onto the desk.

"Does anyone else have any questions?" the scorer, almost burying his head into the desk, spoke in a very small voice from the stage.

There was no response.

The scorer continued his one-man show on stage: "It seems everyone has no questions, then please come up to the stage to collect your seeds."

As he spoke, he naturally crouched down, seemingly searching for something under the desk.

The remaining few walked up on stage, seeing the scorer holding five packages wrapped in cloth, seemingly just retrieved from under the desk.

Each package was palm-sized and puffed up fully.

Gu Mian was at the front, stepping forward first to take one package and opened it for a look.

Inside the bag were seeds the size of peanuts, black in color and identical in appearance, roughly a few hundred per bag.

The other four also took turns stepping forward to take the remaining cloth bags.

"You really can't tell what kind of ghost these seeds will grow into," Fatty said as he held one of the seeds from the bag up for inspection. "They all look the same."

The evaluator cleared his throat, "Once they sprout, you'll probably be able to tell what kind of ghost they'll become."

"Seed growth takes time. Before the instance ends, you can stay on the second floor, which is specially prepared for cultivators." Though he said they should stay, the evaluator's face was full of impatience, as if he couldn't wait to help them fertilize, sow and even force the seeds to grow quickly.

"Under normal circumstances, how many days does it take for a ghost seed to mature?" 007 asked.

This was something the players were supposed to figure out on their own, but the evaluator, eager to give them more information so they would leave soon, generously explained, "That depends on the cultivation method. Seeds with low cultivation difficulty might mature in just two or three days, while those with high difficulty would take a few more days."

"For seeds with low cultivation difficulty, you only need to water them every 7 hours, and as long as you water them on time, they will grow quickly. But some seeds dislike water and only need watering once every ten hours. If you encounter a seed you're unsure how to cultivate, you can come to me and I'll help you. Do you need me to help you plant your seeds now?"

The evaluator looked eagerly at the seed bag in 007's hand, his eyes ablaze with excitement, as if he couldn't wait to snatch it and plant them himself.

clutched the seed bag and took a step back. "No, thank you."

The evaluator showed a disappointed look and pointed listlessly at the humanoid doors in the hall. "Over there are the greenhouses for growing seeds. Each greenhouse gives different bonuses to seeds. The introductions are written next to the door. Each of you gets one greenhouse and you can choose the one you want based on the bonuses."

Gu Mian walked through the hall of towering evil ghost models, stopping in front of the nearest door.

Although the doors of these five greenhouses were all humanoid, upon closer inspection, each was different.

The door roughly depicted lines of a human's limbs. The door before him showed hands clasped in a praying gesture.

Gu Mian looked down at the sign next to the door, which described the greenhouse.

[Sleeping Room]

[The cultivation difficulty of ghost seeds is increased here, but the danger is reduced, and the exhibition conditions are reduced by 50%.]

"Sleeping Room?" Fatty was curious about the name. "Does it mean lying low and bearing hardships? It's a strange name for a greenhouse. I thought it would be named something like 'Springtime Greenhouse' or 'Summer Watermelon Greenhouse'."

Keke paid more attention to the greenhouse bonus: "Exhibition conditions reduced by 50%, meaning if the Rock Paper Scissors Ghost seed is here, it only needs to win five consecutive matches to go on display."

Winning five in a row is certainly easier than ten, but still not that much easier.

Gu Mian continued forward to check out the other greenhouses.

Next, they arrived at another humanoid door, shaped like a climbing figure, with a sign beside it.

[Danger Room]

[Here, the cultivation difficulty of ghost seeds is reduced, but the danger is significantly increased, and the exhibition conditions are reduced by 50%.]

"Danger level—significantly increased," Fatty dragged out the word "significantly" as he spoke, "seems quite dangerous, not surprising it's called the risk-taking room."

"It's called the Danger Room, not the Braving Room," Gu Mian's eyebrow twitched.

They continued past the remaining three doors, which were marked as "Prayer Room," "Detachment Room," and "Jinche Room."

The Prayer Room had no changes in cultivation difficulty, danger level, or exhibition conditions, meaning no bonuses, but no side effects either.

The Detachment Room had reduced cultivation difficulty, reduced danger, and 50% reduced exhibition conditions. It was the best bonus greenhouse, so advantageous that Gu Mian suspected there must be a ghost inside.

Lastly, the Jinche Room had significantly increased cultivation difficulty, danger, and exhibition conditions. Additionally, it was easier to cultivate rare ghost species there.

Seeing three instances of "significantly increased," Fatty thought his eyes were deceiving him.

"All significantly increased, yet it's easier to cultivate rare and more dangerous ghosts. There's no benefit at all here," Fatty retreated three big steps, as if afraid a rare ghost would suddenly jump out of the Jinche Room and tear him in half.

After reviewing the greenhouse descriptions, everyone began discussing the allocation.

Under normal circumstances, each of the five players would take one greenhouse, with the best conditions in the Detachment Room making it the hot favorite, with everyone wanting it.

But the current situation was not normal.

"There's a doctor here anyway, so the NPC won't dare to say anything. We might as well all go into the best Detachment Room to plant the seeds," Fatty suggested.

"It's the Detachment Room," 007 corrected him.

"That Detach-whatever Room name is such a tongue-twister," Fatty scratched his head. "I can never remember it."

"Don't you think the conditions in the Detachment Room are too good?" Keke suddenly spoke up. "After so many instances, I always feel that the safest-looking places hide the greatest danger. The Detachment Room conditions are so good it feels like a trap."

"Then we can let the doctor go in first and clear out any danger, and then we'll go in," Fatty suggested again.

Keke was momentarily speechless.

In theory, Fatty wasn't wrong. In a place without Gu Mian, the ghost is the greatest threat. But in a place with Gu Mian, Gu Mian is the greatest threat.