

Collapse 95

Chapter 95: The Gentle Wet Nurse_1

[Leaf Brooch]

[Introduction: A gift from a certain Evil God who, for some magical reasons, is always being pursued by enemies, so this item was specially created.]

[Function: As the saying goes, 'a single leaf can block the view of Mount Taishan.' Of course, this item can't cover Mount Taishan, but it can very well conceal the wearer's identity, specifically by hiding the player's nickname.]

Looking at this object, Gu Mian was reminded of his name on the wanted list. He'd been worrying about it, but now, the problem was solved.

However, for this item to appear before me now... it's probably not a coincidence, right? I feel like that damn Evil God is scheming something, Gu Mian thought.

Lost in thought, Gu Mian pinned the emerald green brooch that had appeared in his hand to his coat. Sure enough, his nickname was gone, replaced by a blank space.

Because the profession system had been activated, Gu Mian's nickname previously had two large, bright green words attached to it—"Doctor."

Now, however, his game nickname was gone, leaving only the words "Doctor" in that same bright green. The font and color were distinct from other players' game nicknames.

"Why is this profession font so green... Is it hinting at something?" Gu Mian wondered, rubbing his chin while looking at his panel.

He still hadn't left the instance and had no idea about the other players' situations.

A cold wind blew in from the window in front. He didn't know what season it was, but Gu Mian felt a distinct chill in the air.

Large groups of monsters surged outside the restricted area. Gu Mian thought he heard the blare of horns in the distance, accompanied by loud screams.

Amidst the cacophony, Gu Mian noticed his panel seemed to have changed slightly.

The words on the panel began to disappear as if someone had hit the delete key, the bright red characters vanishing one by one from the end.

Gu Mian watched as the words gradually vanished, deleted all the way to the first line. The instant the very first word was erased, he seemed to hear a bloodcurdling scream from outside the restricted area.

He looked out the window. It was pitch black outside, making it impossible to see clearly into the distance.

Not that he needed to see the distant scene clearly anyway; amidst the terrifying cries, Gu Mian noticed that normal text had reappeared on his panel.

[Slaughter Game Instance Ended]

[Successfully granted one player the 'Doctor' profession, this instance will not open again]

What the hell? Gu Mian paused. The Doctor profession instance just closed, like that?

Before Gu Mian could process it, his vision went black. Perhaps the screams were too horrifying, because even as darkness enveloped him, they continued to echo incessantly.

Accompanied by these relentless screams, Gu Mian finally left the instance, utterly bewildered.

When light returned to his vision, he shielded his eyes.

When he looked up, the same group of dejected policemen was still there. Gu Mian remembered entering the Slaughter Game instance with them.

But now, the expressions of these policemen had undergone a sea change.

Previously, a high-difficulty game instance covering the entire city had left them all utterly exhausted. Now, however, though still haggard, their eyes were practically glowing with hope.

To put it one way, their expressions resembled those of farmers, long oppressed by a landlord, who finally saw a glimmer of hope for overthrowing him.

And, of course, this particular landlord had already been overthrown.

Gu Mian ignored this group of disheveled men whose eyes were practically radiating light, and instead scanned his surroundings.

Chu Changge stood behind him, an eerie light twinkling in his eyes.

He didn't see Fatty. Fatty should have exited the instance much earlier, Gu Mian thought.

He scanned the area again but still couldn't find Fatty. It's as if he really died in the instance.

At that moment, the eerie glow in Chu Changge's eyes intensified.

Gu Mian looked at him, and just as he was about to ask what was happening, he heard faint snores coming from beneath his feet.

Gu Mian had never heard a pig snore, but this sound was probably pretty close.

He slowly lowered his gaze to his feet.

There, at his feet, lay Fatty, sleeping soundly. If not for the glistening drool about to escape his lips, Gu Mian might have mistaken him for dead.

Fatty had diligently remembered Gu Mian's instructions: take a nap, and upon waking, he'd see the Doctor and Brother Chu again.

And so, he had slept exceptionally peacefully.

"Get up! Sleeping in the middle of the road—aren't you afraid of being run over?" Gu Mian's brow twitched as he delivered a swift kick to Fatty's backside.

Fatty, who seemed to be dreaming, shot up with a "YELP!" from the kick, then warily scanned his surroundings. Only upon seeing Gu Mian's and Chu Changge's faces did he visibly relax.

"Doctor, you weren't kidding!" Fatty exclaimed, patting his chest. "Just like you said, a nap and I get to see you both again!"

"Stop patting your chest," Gu Mian said, glancing at the chainsaw that had returned to him. "Check if you're missing anything."

Dying in an instance could result in losing attributes, special items, or even other things.

This mechanism made players like raid bosses in an MMORPG; die, and you'd drop equipment.

Hearing this, Fatty instinctively clapped a hand to his crotch before quickly realizing, giving an embarrassed smile, and opening his panel.

"Attributes, no drop. Special items, no drop. Game Coins... What the fuck?!"

Hearing those last two words, Gu Mian had a bad feeling.

Sure enough, Fatty paused, then said, "This instance took a cut of my Game Coins."

Gu Mian instinctively asked, "How big a cut?"

Fatty pursed his lips, looking like he wanted to cry but couldn't shed a tear. "Down to a third."

Fatty had always been deeply obsessed with Game Coins. In the word-guessing instance, he hadn't even chosen special items, only Game Coins.

As a result, this Mr. Fatty was considered a minor tycoon in the game. But the death penalty was too severe; it had slashed Fatty's remaining two thousand-plus Game Coins to a mere 699.

Now, even Chu Changge beside him was wealthier. Chu Changge currently had 1,563 Game Coins.

Gu Mian was the poorest of them all.

He had just bought the Spirit Car and hadn't received any compensation the last time around. He was so broke he could only scrape together 90 Game Coins, not even a three-digit amount.

As Gu Mian was lamenting his poverty, a familiar voice suddenly spoke up from nearby. It was the police team leader, Dominate the world.

"Excuse me..." Dominate the world began. Wow, he's even using 'excuse me' now, Gu Mian noted.

"Was it you who cleared that instance just now?" Dominate the world asked.

Dominate the world had clearly checked Gu Mian's player information and seen the two large, bright green words "Doctor" hovering above his head.

He hadn't known before what profession the Slaughter Game instance would unlock, but now he did.

Doctors, commonly known in games as healers, typically had low HP, were physically weak—couldn't even truss a chicken—and were absolute trash in combat, desperately needing team protection.

Generally, it was a profession incapable of self-preservation, often chased all over the map by monsters. However, it was an indispensable role for team raids into instances, playing an extremely significant part.

With such a healer, Dominate the world mused, letting his imagination run wild, if we're about to die in a horror instance, wouldn't a quick heal get us right back up?