

Collapse 98

Chapter 98: Flying Kiss_1

The fire had long been extinguished.

When Fatty realized he was surrounded, he hastily put out the fire he had just managed to start, as if thinking that others wouldn't see him once the fire was out.

The moonlight spilled onto the road, and Gu Mian noticed shadowy figures slowly approaching from afar.

Fatty sounded a little nervous, "What are they doing in the middle of the night, robbing us?"

"Robbery, yes," Gu Mian cast a glance at him, "but you don't need to worry about them being after your charms."

Fatty seemed quite confident in his looks. He first covered his chest, then, slightly self-consciously, lowered his hand.

Gu Mian looked at the inky dark sky and then turned to Fatty. "A dark and windy night like this is perfect for highway robbery. To prevent our pretty boy Wang Panzi here from being... taken advantage of, we'd better get in the Spirit Car and run."

Chu Changge touched his hand. "Sounds good."

He still had a band-aid on his hand that was half-peeled; the cold wind blew over it, causing the loose flap to flutter.

Fatty seemed genuinely concerned. "We've stumbled into their den, haven't we? I bet even if we try to drive off, they'll block us. What if we get intercepted?"

So far, this global game had been going on for a little over a month. During this month, many players must have gone through various instances, improving their physical capabilities, and might have acquired powerful weapons or special items.

Especially large organizations that engage in highway robbery like this; they must have some confidence to dare such things.

Fatty voiced his worries, "I estimate there are quite a few of their men guarding here. If we get stopped, we're in for a rough time!"

"No kidding," Gu Mian rolled his eyes at him.

Whoever heard of robbers stopping people in the middle of the night to give them 'good fruit'?

As he spoke, Gu Mian opened the Spirit Car's door. "Let's get one thing straight. I'm a delicate healer. If the Spirit Car really gets stopped, you guys have to charge out and protect me."

Chu Changge adjusted his glasses. "Touch your conscience and say that again. What are you? A delicate healer?"

Fatty also clambered in through the rear door. "Yeah, don't underestimate our Doctor. He might look cute, but he can slap you to death..."

At this moment, Gu Mian's Saw lay quietly in the Spirit Car. Of course, it couldn't be anything but quiet, unless the thing suddenly grew a mouth.

The Chinese New Year's Eve night was bitterly cold, and the Spirit Car had no heating. Fatty shivered, pulling his clothes tighter around himself.

Chu Changge got into the passenger seat and cracked open the window a bit. "There are quite a few of them. Both sides of this road are probably blocked. We also don't know what weapons they might have brought out of instances. We should be careful."

Fatty suddenly leaned his head forward. "Brother Chu, you're overthinking it. Look at our Doctor's experiences; if this were a web novel on Qidian, he'd be classic protagonist material. Have you ever seen a Qidian protagonist die in a roadside robbery?"

Chu Changge glanced back at him. "I've never seen a Qidian protagonist die in a roadside robbery, but I have seen the protagonist's fat sidekick die that way."

Fatty was stunned by this and carefully pulled his head back.

Gu Mian said nothing, driving the Spirit Car onto the raised pedestrian walkway.

The main road hadn't been cleared yet, so Gu Mian could only drive along the raised walkway.

The headlights illuminated the path ahead. Branches from the saplings in the roadside green belt occasionally slapped against the Spirit Car's windows. From time to time, bicycles blocking their path appeared, only to be crushed under the Spirit Car's wheels.

After driving a short distance along the walkway, the road ahead suddenly opened up.

Driving on a walkway was not a pleasant experience. The ride was jarring, making their rears ache and go numb.

Seeing the road ahead was clear, Gu Mian drove the Spirit Car directly off the walkway and onto the main road.

The winter night was devoid of animal calls; the noisy chirping of cicadas belonged to summer.

The only sound on the entire road was that of the Spirit Car's tires on the pavement, an almost eerie quiet.

Of course, if they turned on the speaker on the Spirit Car's roof that usually played dirges, the scene would be entirely different. But Gu Mian had no desire to listen to music at the moment, and the other two had no interest in those mournful, lingering tunes either.

The bright headlights lit up the road, making the empty road appear stark white.

Fatty's face poked through the gap between the driver's and passenger's seats, like a ghastly white ghost face. "With a scene like this, wouldn't it be a waste if some highway robbers didn't pop out now?"

Fatty, immersed in web novels for years, knew exactly what kind of story should unfold in such circumstances.

And right on cue, the robbers he'd been half-expecting appeared.

Gu Mian saw a group of figures suddenly appear on the previously empty main road. Some stood in the middle, while others flanked the sides, all seeming to hold something in their hands.

Seeing the Spirit Car approach, the people in the middle of the road made a move, and several beams of intense light flashed into Gu Mian's vision.

They were holding high-intensity flashlights.

It's worth noting that Gu Mian never traveled far from home. He knew that with his luck, long trips would inevitably lead to trouble. For instance, a mountain path might collapse while he was hiking, a cable car's cable might snap, or he might run into robbers on a road trip.

Gu Mian had seen news reports about such highway robberies countless times. Although he'd never experienced one himself, they were common enough in the news that he felt somewhat familiar with the scenario.

Robbers usually lurked on deserted roads, generally after nightfall. They would suddenly appear in the middle of the road, shining high-intensity flashlights at drivers to force vehicles to stop for a robbery.

Don't let the name "flashlight" fool you; it's actually a very dangerous item.

Staring into its beam for too long can cause temporary blindness, making it essential gear for highway robbery.

It seemed these highway robbers weren't entirely brainless; they planned to stop passing vehicles with minimal losses to themselves.

Just as Gu Mian was mulling this over, several intense beams of light hit his face. These people were targeting the driver first.

In the middle of the road, a few men holding high-intensity flashlights were whispering.

"Haotian, I'm telling you," a slightly chubby man whispered to the tall man beside him, "I don't think it's safe for us to stand in the middle of the road. What if that driver just plows through?"

Haotian shook his head. "Don't worry. With so many flashlights in his face, he won't be able to open his eyes. He'll definitely stop."

He paused, then added, "Besides, don't underestimate how timid many people are these days, even if things are a bit chaotic. They wouldn't dare hit us standing right here. Second Brother told me the driver is some weak, frail doctor. Forget hitting someone, I bet he couldn't even kill a chicken."

As he spoke, the others saw the car approaching from the distance indeed begin to slow down.

Haotian smirked. "See? People these days are just too cowardly."

Meanwhile, Fatty, squinting anxiously at the road ahead, exclaimed, "Doctor, why are you stopping?! If we stop, we're toast!"

Gu Mian freed a hand to cover his eyes. "Their lights are too strong. I need to close my eyes for a second to recover. Then, we go all out."

All out? Fatty was startled by Gu Mian's choice of words. "All out... to charge through?"

Gu Mian squinted again. "Of course. I have no intention of getting out to fight them one-on-one."

By now, the people on the road were already moving towards them, gradually forming an encirclement.

Haotian was smugly shining his flashlight at the windshield. "See? I told you. The driver wouldn't even dare kill a chicken. He saw us from way off and didn't dare drive any closer."

As he spoke, he looked again at the white Spirit Car slowly decelerating ahead.

But just then, Haotian suddenly saw the Spirit Car begin to accelerate wildly, rushing straight at them without any hesitation.

This wasn't what he expected!

Amid the Spirit Car's roaring engine, Haotian shrieked, "HOLY SHIT! What the hell is with this driver?! Doesn't he know hitting people is against the law?!" He then scrambled desperately to the side.

Gu Mian paid no mind to the shouts from below, seizing the chance to slam the accelerator to the floor.

The men who had been standing confidently in the middle of the road scattered in an instant, their flashlights falling and clattering to the ground as they lost their grip.

The group scattered to both sides of the road, watching in stunned silence as the large white vehicle roared past. From a crack in the window, Fatty's head poked out. Did he... blow them a kiss?