

Collapse 99

Chapter 99: The Last Bus on Route 444_1

As is well known, highway robbers generally set up multiple roadblocks.

It's like playing a web game where the player must pass many levels to successfully complete the game.

Now, the second roadblock appeared right in front of them.

The road ahead was blocked by obstacles—to be precise, piled-up cars—sealing off the entire cross-section with only a slight gap at the edge.

The gap was just wide enough for one person to pass through, though certainly not someone of Fatty's size.

Fatty squeezed his head back in through the car window. "Thank goodness we can fly."

Gu Mian stepped on the gas pedal. "Are you sure what you just said makes any sense?"

As he criticized Fatty, he reached for the jumping lever beside him. The moment he pulled that thing, they would truly take to the skies.

Just then, Chu Changge, in the passenger seat, suddenly spoke up. "If we keep going, we're about to enter the city, aren't we?"

The road they were on was still technically outside the city. If they continued forward, they would officially enter it.

There were already small groups intercepting them outside the city; who knew if the city itself was a den of bandits.

Gu Mian paused slightly at this. "I remember I was heading out of the city..."

As he spoke, he glanced at the compass placed before the steering wheel. It was wobbling slightly from the bumpy ride, but the direction it pointed indicated that Gu Mian had indeed gone the wrong way.

Fatty's previously relieved expression froze on his face. "Damn it, I really thought you drove in here to take out this bandits' den, Doctor!"

And here I was blowing kisses at them, attracting their hostility!

"We probably don't have time to turn around now." Gu Mian glanced at the rearview mirror, seeing the people they had left behind racing after them on motorcycles.

It wasn't the pursuit that prevented them from turning around, but rather the car's high speed and the proximity of the obstacles ahead, leaving no room for a forced turn.

"No choice. We'll have to fly into the bandits' den." Gu Mian touched the jumping lever beside him.

Fatty, in the back seat with tears welling up, looked up at the sky at a forty-five-degree angle. He didn't see the sky, only the dull gray roof of the car. "Today was supposed to be a happy day. Why am I so sad?"

Gu Mian glanced at him in the rearview mirror. "I'm afraid you're feeling sad a little too early."

As soon as he finished speaking, he abruptly pulled the lever beside him.

At the end of the year, on New Year's Eve, driving their somewhat rickety Spirit Car, they resolutely leaped into the bandits' den.

After they cleared the obstacles, they realized that the streets of this city had been mostly cleared.

All the cars on the roads had been moved to the side. Looking closely, there seemed to be a considerable number of bodies along the roadside, some fresh, some already decayed.

"Holy shit?" Fatty exclaimed as he looked at the corpses by the roadside. "This is a bit scary."

"I'm afraid this place has been completely occupied by this organization," Chu Changge said, also looking out the car window.

Fatty, now sitting squarely in the back seat, asked, "So this place really is a bandits' den?"

It turned out this wasn't just a bandits' den; they also seemed to possess some kind of long-range weaponry.

Gu Mian hadn't been driving the Spirit Car on the ground for long when a group of people suddenly appeared at an intersection ahead, rushing straight for them. It seemed they had been tipped off by those outside.

With a few BANGS, Gu Mian felt like his tires were deflating.

"Looks like this Spirit Car doesn't have a warranty!" Gu Mian was concerned about this. "If it breaks down, won't I have to spend 998 to buy a new one?"

Fatty roared from the back, "Is this the time to discuss this?! Run, Doctor!"

Chu Changge was looking at the map beside him. "We're heading north at the moment. Gu Mian, turn east at the intersection ahead. We can take that eastern road straight out of here."

Of course, even if Chu Changge hadn't said anything, Gu Mian wouldn't have charged straight into their line of fire.

The group ahead weren't great shots; otherwise, Gu Mian's head would have been blown off by now.

He spun the steering wheel, turning at the crossroads. Then, a few more BANGS resounded against the car's body.

It didn't sound like gunfire, but Gu Mian didn't have the leisure to care what kind of weapons they were wielding.

The three successfully turned onto the eastward road. A large blue sign with white text flashed overhead, seemingly reading "Mingliang East Street."

Following this road would lead them directly out of the city.

But soon, Gu Mian discovered things weren't that simple.

People were hot on their tail, and the sound of BANGS echoed continuously from the rear of the Spirit Car. Its back was probably riddled like a hornet's nest by now.

Under this relentless pursuit, Gu Mian drove forward for more than a minute.

But an obstacle soon appeared.

A particularly eerie-looking bus had somehow been parked horizontally across the road ahead.

The bus was very long, completely blocking the already narrow road.

Even more bizarrely, the bus looked incredibly supernatural, not like the kind they usually rode. Its body was battered, and it was dripping wet, as if water was continuously seeping out.

A large pool of liquid could be seen under the bus; in the dead of night, it was hard to tell if it was water or something else.

The side of the bus looked dented, as if from an impact. Several numbers were painted in bright red on its blue body—or rather, it was just one number repeated.

"444?" Gu Mian read the numbers on the bus aloud, somewhat puzzled.

They were getting closer and closer to the bus. The Spirit Car's headlights now shone into its dark windows.

Through those windows, they saw countless swollen, deathly pale faces pressed against the glass. From the window by the driver's seat, a man in red clothes was sticking his head out, grinning at them.

Gu Mian reached out to pull the jumping lever, but it was useless.

Fatty, aghast at the scene before them, stammered, "Holy shit? I know this one! The Route 444 last bus, it's supposedly a special instance. I heard that basically everyone who enters this instance gets wiped out..."

He hadn't finished speaking when a panel suddenly appeared before each of them.

[Triggered Special Instance: 'Route 444 Last Bus']

A special instance?

Gu Mian was overjoyed. Entering a special instance would temporarily get rid of the pursuers behind them. Although they couldn't get rid of them completely, it could at least buy some time, right?

[Instance Content: Route 444 Last Bus. One night, this last bus, carrying over a dozen passengers, mysteriously disappeared. It has never been seen again...]

The panel's content obstructed Gu Mian's view. He slammed on the brakes, intending to stop and enter the special instance immediately.

But disaster always struck so quickly.

Gu Mian was shocked to find the brakes had, at some point, secretly failed again.

Seemingly noticing his predicament, Chu Changge, beside him, remarked, "Brake failure when you're driving— isn't that just normal for you?"

Usually, it wouldn't matter, but now of all times?! With a special instance ahead and a group of weapon-wielding pursuers behind, this was clearly another of life's assassination attempts on him.

Turning around now was impossible; Gu Mian was quite afraid of getting his head blown off.

He could only manage a strained smile as he looked at the Route 444 last bus, which was now very close.

Seemingly sensing their arrival, the pale faces inside the bus stirred with excitement. Their horrifying faces twisted into eerie smiles, as if eagerly anticipating the players' arrival.

The bus driver seemed even more excited, craning his neck.

His eyes were cloudy and blurred, like cataracts, and his facial skin looked as if it were about to peel off. Even so, he wore a crazed, ear-to-ear grin as he stared intently at the three of them.

It was chilling.

Fatty shivered. "I've heard of this special instance. Almost no one makes it out alive..."

But before he could finish, he noticed Gu Mian in the driver's seat making an exaggerated movement.

He saw Gu Mian also crane his neck, his face nearly plastered to the windshield, then shout with all his might, "Run!"

The red-clothed bus driver twisted his neck slightly, an even more horrifying grin spreading across his face.

Seeing the bus ahead showed no signs of moving, Gu Mian shouted again, "The brakes are shot! You guys, run!"