

Global Collapse

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Going to Vomit Blood....._1

There were only six players here, and none of them went by the name Zhang Ping.

At this moment, Chu Changge also came over to look at the extra desk. "Was this an original teacher of the school?"

The instance content only mentioned twenty-nine resentful spirits, all of whom were students. So, where did this Teacher Zhang Ping come from? What connection did she have with the deaths of these students years ago?

"If she's a teacher, she should also come to class," Gu Mian said, rubbing his chin.

After all, she's a language teacher. He remembered not missing a single language class when he was in junior high.

Chu Changge nodded. "Hmm, let's leave it for now. We should study the class schedule."

The electronic watch showed the date: November 26, 2018.

"Today is Monday," Gu Mian said, glancing at the electronic watch. "So, we need to follow the Monday class schedule."

At this moment, the others had gathered around, staring at the class schedule on the table.

"On Mondays, the first period is... P.E. (indoors), starting at eight o'clock. Each period is forty-five minutes long."

The first period on Monday is P.E.; this is the most reasonably scheduled school Gu Mian has ever seen.

Fatty's face instantly fell.

He asked nervously, "Can I not go?"

"You can," Gu Mian said. "Then you'll get slaughtered on the spot."

The bitter expression on his face grew even more bitter, his chubby face crumpled in worry. "But I'm scared..."

Gu Mian patted him. "Don't be scared. I'll be right behind you."

As he spoke, he pointed at the class schedule. Right under "P.E." was the large word "Politics."

There were only two periods in the morning and just one in the afternoon: History, taught by Xun Li.

The two female players breathed a sigh of relief because their classes weren't scheduled for the first day.

Just as Fatty seemed about to say something else, there was a KNOCK, KNOCK at the office door. He flinched and looked towards the entrance.

A boy in a school uniform stood outside; his identity was obvious.

He didn't look any different from an ordinary person. The boy stood pressed against the office door, grinning mischievously at the people inside.

If the mission hadn't stated it so clearly, Gu Mian wouldn't have suspected this was a resentful spirit.

As a teacher, he couldn't just turn someone away. Gu Mian plopped down on a nearby chair and said, "Come in."

The student outside then pushed the door open and entered.

After entering, he looked up. "You must be the new teachers, right? My name is Liu Li. I'm the class representative and P.E. representative for Year Two, Class Four. I'm here to remind the P.E. teacher that it's time for class."

As Liu Li spoke, he looked at the people in the office, apparently trying to guess who the P.E. teacher was.

However, when he saw Gu Mian sitting at the seventh desk with the others gathered around it, his expression froze.

After a few seconds, Liu Li's expression relaxed. "Teacher, you're sitting in the wrong seat. Oh, that's Teacher Zhang's desk."

The two female players and Xun Li awkwardly moved away from the desk, but Gu Mian remained firmly seated, saying in a measured tone, "I know."

Hearing this, a strange expression crossed Liu Li's face. He stared intently at Gu Mian for a moment before shifting his gaze to the others.

"So, may I ask who the P.E. teacher is?"

Fatty swayed slightly, a trembling voice squeezed out from his throat, "I... I am..."

The other players all looked at Fatty, who was supposed to teach the first class.

Fatty's forehead was beaded with cold sweat, his expression slightly panicked, and his legs were trembling a little.

Fortunately, the P.E. representative didn't stay long. He slowly walked over to Fatty's desk, picked up the P.E. textbook, and looked at Fatty.

"Teacher, I'll help you take the textbook to the classroom then. Please don't be late, okay?"

With that, he turned and left, not forgetting to cast another strange glance at Gu Mian before exiting.

Gu Mian found it strange. "This boy... he seems to care a lot about this Teacher Zhang Ping."

"Hmm," Chu Changge nodded. "Perhaps this teacher is connected to the accident that caused the deaths of all the students years ago."

So, is she also in this instance? As an NPC, or as a departed soul?

Fatty, however, wasn't considering that much; he was pacing anxiously.

"Dr. Gu, that student just said he's in Year Two, Class Four, but where is Year Two, Class Four? I don't know!"

Gu Mian spoke, "It shouldn't be hard to find. From what I observed earlier, all the first-year classes are on the first floor, so the second-year classes should be on the second or third floor. We should be able to find it with a quick search."

This school only has two buildings.

One is this academic building. The other, visible from the corridor windows, is slightly shorter and looks like a dormitory.

A large sports field separates the two buildings, and a fence surrounds the entire school.

Looking out the office window, you can just see the school's main gate. It seems to have some seals pasted on it; *I wonder what they say*. Outside the gate is a road, piled

high with at least ten centimeters of fallen leaves, looking like it hasn't been swept in a very long time.

Fatty was desperately taking deep breaths beside Gu Mian.

After a few deep breaths, he finally mustered his courage. "Dr. Gu... should I go look for it now?"

It was currently 7:45 AM. Class would start in fifteen minutes; that should be enough time to find the classroom.

Gu Mian nodded. "Go on. The next period is Politics. I'll come get you when your class is about to end."

He actually wanted to observe secretly, but then thought he'd likely be discovered, so he gave up the idea.

Fatty, as if he had taken a calming pill, finally puffed out his chest and, with his short legs trembling, stepped out of the office door.

Watching Fatty leave, Chu Changge said, "I guess nothing too excessive will happen during the first class."

That's not necessarily true, thought Gu Mian.

He looked down and opened the drawer of the desk labeled "Zhang Ping." Inside, there was only a note written in elegant handwriting:

"Love is the best education."

Other than that, there was nothing else.

There must be some secret between Zhang Ping and the deceased students. Perhaps she was a key factor in the deaths of the entire class, Gu Mian mused.

Of course, making assumptions without evidence is just reckless. Even if a wild guess happens to be correct, it doesn't count as completing the main quest. The mystery must be solved through reasoning within the instance. Ordinary people have two ways to leave an instance: one is to complete the main quest, and the other is to die. But Gu Mian wasn't an ordinary person. If he died in an instance, he would die for real. So, he had to desperately complete the main quest.

Gu Mian sighed as he thought about this.

As Gu Mian sighed, Fatty reached the third floor.

The academic building had six floors in total: the first and second floors were for the first year, the third and fourth for the second year, and the floors above that for the third year.

The school had clearly been abandoned for a long time. The empty classrooms were all locked, and the desks and chairs were covered in a thick layer of dust.

The corridors were littered with trash blown in through the windows—leaves, soda cans, and other debris were scattered everywhere. Fatty even found a dead rabbit at the third-floor stairwell.

Covered in wounds, it seemed to have been dead for a long time; it was rotting to the bone and exuded a peculiar stench. It was trapped beneath a flat box, which Fatty accidentally stepped on.

Looking at the decaying rabbit on the ground, he instinctively covered his nose.

Just then, a clear voice called out from the other end of the corridor, "Teacher—"

He stiffly turned his head to look in that direction.

It was the P.E. representative, Liu Li, standing in front of a classroom door, waving at him.

Fatty instantly stiffened. He nodded, silently hid his slightly trembling hands, and then walked towards that classroom.

CREAK— The decaying wooden door made a withered sound.

Dust cascaded from the top of the door, nearly making him cough.

The wooden desks and chairs in the classroom, dust-laden for ages, had already begun to warp and swell from dampness and mold. Opening the door released a gust of musty air, mingled with the stench of rot.

But the people sitting inside seemed completely oblivious.

They were wearing school uniforms, sitting perfectly upright, and all looking at the new teacher who had just pushed open the door and entered.

The first class had begun.