

48 Hours 1021

Chapter 1021: Third Passenger

Only two hours after the blazing inferno on the roof of the Four Continents Hotel was put out, the police officers completed the investigation on all the survivors. While the fire burned, the Four Continents Hotel was surrounded by police officers. There was no second exit, so by subtracting the survivors from the people who entered the hotel, the police would get the number of fire casualties.

In the end, the authorities determined that the four special operations team members and the four emergency response team members, Zhang Heng included, were killed in the fire. Other than that, all residents on the twelfth floor had been killed, and some on the thirteenth and fourteenth floors.

The authorities were still counting the number of casualties in the fire, and during the preliminary investigation, they found that at least sixty people had been killed. Some bodies were lost forever, while others were difficult to identify. The authorities could only identify them through a DNA test.

The newspapers sent their reporters to the scene as soon as they got the news. This was probably the biggest fire in New Shanghai 0297 since its completion. Generally, after an accident of such a magnitude, the public hoped to find the quarters responsible for the fire. The authorities, however, still hadn't identified the arsonist, and the party that they could blame right now was the poor fire-suppression system on the second level. For some unknown reason, the always efficient fire brigade was almost an hour late to the scene.

Therefore, many media had already thought about the following headline for the next few days: the fire protection system. After another hour, the lockdown at the station was finally lifted, and the central shuttle began to resume its operations as well.

Zhang Heng then bought two tickets with a fake citizen ID and traveled back to the first level with Feng Zi.

Before arriving at the first level, Zhang Heng sent an encrypted email to Mr. G to inform him of their location in advance.

As a result, as soon as the two left the arrival hall, a black MPV was parked in front of them.

When the car door opened, a group of heavily armed men in black came out of the car and surrounded the two of them. Immediately, everyone else at the station stopped what they were doing and moved towards Zhang Heng and Feng Zi. At least one hundred people were estimated to be watching.

Feng Zi looked around and raised her eyebrows, "Don't you have the thing with you? I thought the people here would welcome you."

"They do welcome us. However, their way of welcoming us is special," Zhang Heng said. Unlike Feng Zi, he did not look at other people. He had his eyes set on the man who came down from the co-pilot seat.

The latter was one of Mr. G's most trusted bodyguards. Besides protecting Mr. G, he was also responsible for managing other bodyguards and helping Mr. G complete essential tasks. The people around Mr. G called him Director Zheng.

Director Zheng gave a slight bow at Zhang Heng and Feng Zi. "Mr. Zhang, Miss Xia."

"How do you know my name?" Feng Zi looked a little surprised.

"You are our guest. When you came to our level as a guest, we, of course, had to investigate you in advance. Moreover, your name has spread throughout the second level tonight. So it is difficult for anyone not to know about you," Director Zheng replied.

"Really? Is that a good or a bad thing?"

"It depends on how you look at this," Zheng Zheng said.

"How should I put it. I am now wanted by the entire city, and I can never return to the second level. I don't think there are any positive aspects."

"You may have been abandoned by the old world, but because of what you've done, you can board the ship that sails to the new world."

"And where is this new world?" Feng Zi rolled her eyes.

Director Zheng then pointed at the black MPV behind him. "We have been working hard to build it. If you want, we can show it to you later."

Feng Zi looked at Zhang Heng. After getting the latter's permission, the two got into the black MPV together. After that, all the armed men were dismissed after Zhang Heng and Feng Zi entered the car.

"I've heard people talk about Mr. G before, and I heard that he is very powerful on the first level. He is so powerful that even the Shengtang Morgan Group can't do anything about him. I thought he was some kind of hero. To my surprise, his way of doing things is no different from a gang leader. He relies on the many men he has to drive fear into others," Feng Zi said directly.

Director Zheng was not angry when he heard what Feng Zi said. Instead, he explained patiently, "From the ancient time to the present, every deed we do is inseparable from people. The most important thing for someone who has a grand plan is to unite and organize his people first. With more people being gathered, it will prove that the person is extremely capable."

Feng Zi was rendered speechless. Zhang Heng, beside her, answered, "If gathering more people makes Mr. G more powerful, he doesn't have to see me again tonight. He could have just waited for his people to bring the memory encoder back to him."

This time, it was Director Zheng's turn to become silent. After a while, he said candidly, "This time, we did something wrong. Whether you believe Mr. Zhang or not, I did try to persuade Mr. G to let you become the person in charge of this express delivery. However, it was hard for Mr. G too... A man in his position has to be cautious in everything. There are only a few people who he can trust because betrayal is so common now."

Zhang Heng was too lazy to argue with Director Zheng on this. So, he said directly, "Let Mr. G come and talk to me."

"Of course. We are here to pick you and Ms. Feng from the station tonight. After that, we will bring you to meet Mr. G. But before that, I don't know if you two mind if I take a little detour and pick up another person?"

“Feel free to do so,” Zhang Heng said lightly.

Fifteen minutes later, the black MPV stopped in front of a residential complex’s gate. Director Zheng bowed at Zhang Heng and Feng Zi to excuse himself. After that, they got out of the car with the driver drawing his guns from his waist.

After a while, Zhang Heng heard two gunshots, followed by a woman’s hysterical scream. Another gunshot later, the screams died, and the place regained its previous tranquility.

Five minutes later, Director Zheng and the driver dragged a man with tied hands and feet out of the darkness. Together, they tossed the man at Zhang Heng’s and Feng Zi’s feet. They then clapped their hands and said, “Everyone is here now.”

Zhang Heng then looked down and found that the hapless guy lying on the ground turned out to be another bodyguard who used to work for Mr. G. It looked like he was sleeping in his house when they grabbed him. He had never expected his ex-colleagues to break into this house, kill his family members, and tie him up.

Chapter 1022: Chances

“So he’s the mole Shengtang Morgan Group planted?” Zhang Heng asked.

When Zhang Heng asked the question, Director Zheng and the driver had returned to the car. After closing the door, Director Zheng looked a little surprised. “It seems you already know what’s going on. Initially, I planned to let Mr. G tell you about it.”

“Yes, that’s right, he is the mole, he continued after a pause. “Although many people work for Mr. G, not every one of us believes in the future Mr. G wants to build. We are now walking on a road of thorns, and the faith of some would inevitably be shaken. Other than the first level, our opponent, Shengtang Morgan Group, could draw resources from the entire Shanghai 0297. They often offer bargaining chips hard to refuse.”

Director Zheng glanced at his ex-colleague on the ground.

“Unfortunately, his conviction was not firm enough, and he eventually lost to his greed.”

“I told you that I’m not driven by greed. They found me first and threatened me with my daughter, son, and wife. I was forced to work for them!” The bodyguard on the ground became emotional. “We have known each other for so long. You should have known what kind of person I am. I will not betray Mr. G because of money. As for you guys, you know that the people from Shengtang Morgan approached me, right? As a result, not only did you not provide me with protection, but you used me to provide false information to them. You even killed my daughter, son, and wife afterward!”

Director Zheng shook his head. “We did give you a chance to confess your crime. Just the day after Shengtang Morgan Group bought you over, I asked you several times if you have had any trouble in your life recently. But all you told me was you’re arguing with your wife if you should send your child to the elementary school at the third level.”

“A week later, we went to investigate the Bosozoku. I once again hinted at you euphemistically. I told you that no matter what mistakes you’ve made, it is not too late to turn back. However, you have no

intention to tell us everything honestly. And you even asked me why I became so naggy recently. Two hours ago, I emailed you and asked you to have barbecued food with me at a restaurant. However, you told me that you wanted to put your daughter to sleep.”

“Stop lying that I never gave you a chance to turn back to us. Your family could have survived, but in the end, they died because of you. That’s right! You are the real murderer who killed them. Not me or Mr. G.,” Director Zheng said coldly.

His words were like a sharp knife stabbing the chest of the man on the ground. In the end, he broke down and cried, “I... I really didn’t expect this matter would take a worse turn.”

“Yes. We always assume that we can get lucky. This is one of the flaws in our human genes. In the end, we all need to pay the price.”

“Give me another chance,” the man on the ground pleaded, “I am not afraid of death, but I am not willing to die as a traitor. I would be embarrassed to face my family if I die like that. Like everyone, I firmly believe that that day will come. My faith is just as strong as everyone. I don’t expect to return to Mr. G to continue to protect his safety, but now it’s time you guys need more manpower. I believe that there will be a job that suits me. Yes, even if I have to sacrifice my life, I will not take a step back!”

“I can’t call the shots on this matter. I’d better wait for you to meet Mr. G and ask him directly,” Director Zheng said, “My task tonight is to send you to him.”

Feng Zi, on the side, was completely surprised by the conversation between the two. After a while, she pulled someone’s clothes and whispered, “What the hell is going on? I thought the promise of a better future is just a slogan that they use to deceive outsiders?”

“No, what they are saying is true. But the future is probably not as good as most of them think,” Zhang Heng said casually.

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The black MPV finally stopped outside a private garden that Zhang Heng had visited before.

And Mr. G was sitting at the table where he met Zhang Heng last time. He was holding a teacup in his hand. Although it was late, he was still neatly dressed, and there was not a hint of sleepiness on his face.

What was going to happen tonight was too important to him. Even if he was lying in bed, he would not be able to shut his eyes, especially when the last person on the special operations team lost contact with him. At that time, not even Director Zheng dared to approach him.

It was not until he received another email from Zhang Heng that Mr. G’s mood improved again. And now, when he saw Zhang Heng again, the look in his eyes became a little more complicated. He had too many questions to ask Zhang Heng. For instance, how did the latter kill all of the emergency response team by himself, how did he forcibly snatch the memory encoder from his special operations team, and how did he get out from the burning Four Continents Hotel? However, all these questions didn’t seem that important anymore. In the end, Mr. G only said three words.

“Please sit down.”

Director Zheng pulled the chairs out for Zhang Heng and Feng Zi. After that, he pushed the bodyguard who betrayed Mr. G to his feet. However, Mr. G did not look at the latter. He placed his hands on the table and looked into Zhang Heng's eyes.

"Well, I admit that you have won this round. Let's negotiate."

"I need you to extract the tracking device from my head."

"No problem," agreed Mr. G. "You deserve it."

Zhang Heng then pointed at Feng Zi. "She is wanted in the city now, and she needs a new identity to start over. Other than that, you'd better help me prepare a new identity as well because one of my friends might need it."

"Are you talking about the female streamer you live with? No problem, in fact, as long as I get what I want, not only can I give them new identities, but I can also let them live on the fifth floor."

"Lastly, I want fifty shellac records. Collect them for me before you make any move," Zhang Heng continued.

This time, Mr. G was taken aback, "Shellac records... what are those?"

After that, Director Zheng whispered something into Mr. G's ear. Mr. G then frowned. "You are collecting this kind of outdated records? Why?"

"There is no reason why. I just want them. They make me happy," Zhang Heng said.

"I'm fine with all your conditions so far. As for the last one, I am not sure if I can find so many shellac records for you in such a short time. Although they are not valuable, they are indeed scarce. Maybe you can give me more time to find the shellac records for you."

"No. You seem like you need a better idea of what's happening right now. I am not here to negotiate with you." Zhang Heng did not avoid Mr. G's gaze, "Earlier, you gave me a chance to become your courier. Now, I'm also giving you a chance to do these three things that I asked for. After that, I will consider giving you the memory encoder."

Chapter 1023: Threatening

Zhang Heng's words silenced the entire garden.

The polite look on Mr. G's face disappeared as well. Instead of answering Zhang Heng immediately, he looked at the traitor bodyguard at his feet and said to the latter, "You have been with me for three years. You know I hate traitors the most. Why would you do something like that to me? I'm very disappointed in you."

"I know that I made a mistake, and I'm not asking for your forgiveness. I just want you to give me another chance to make up for my mistakes," the traitor bodyguard pleaded.

"But what you have done is not a small mistake," Mr. G said casually. "You were here the other day, and you witnessed Mr. Zhang Heng defeating all my men to complete the test. However, even if Mr. Zhang

Heng performed so well due to your existence, I still couldn't hand over this important task to him. In the end, lots of misunderstandings happened between us. We can't even trust each other."

"I..." The traitor bodyguard was left speechless.

"It's not that I'm not willing to give you another opportunity, but you should've been very clear about how important it is for us to acquire the goods. In fact, without the goods, our plan can't go on. How could I give you another chance?" Mr. G put down the teacup he held.

The traitor bodyguard looked panicked.

"In addition, I would like to remind you that you have asked the wrong person. Mr. Zhang Heng next to you is the key to the survival of our business. Begging him will be better."

The traitor bodyguard's hopes to live reignited. Immediately, he cast his expectant gaze on Zhang Heng. Before he could say anything, Zhang Heng said calmly, "I really like that phrase I heard while I was on the way here. We all need to pay for what we have done."

After talking, Zhang Heng made a please gesture.

Mr. G squinted, not saying a word. He then drew the pistol from Director Zheng's waist and fired at the traitor's bodyguard's head before everyone could react.

The latter's body fell to the ground, the guard's blood splattering at the corners of Zhang Heng's clothes. After that, Mr. G pointed his gun at Feng Zi.

"Mr. Zhang, your heart is harder than I thought. What about her? I heard she helped you a lot tonight?"

"If you lay a finger on her, you will never get to see the memory encoder again." Zhang Heng's tone remained calm. However, everyone knew that he was threatening Mr. G., And it was no doubt that he would stick to his words.

"I hate that this matter is going in this direction," Mr. G said. "Whether you believe it or not, I personally hate violence very much. However, sometimes, when the road to peace fails, we have to try to resort to violence."

"When you say that your so-called road to peace is not going to work, does it mean that your request was rejected?" Zhang Heng asked rhetorically.

Mr. G said coldly, "Should I remind you? It was you who sent me an email saying that you want to talk about the memory encoder. I agreed to it. I even asked someone to pick you up at the station and invite you here. I agreed with all your requests, and I showed you my sincerity as well. On the other hand, you showed me zero politeness when you negotiated. Let me remind you that you are at my turf."

"Well, I can see that you work very hard here," Zhang Heng ignored the gun in Mr. G's hand. He then lifted the teapot on the table and poured a cup of tea for Feng Zi and himself before continuing.

"You are worried that I might hide the memory encoder when I returned to the first level. That's why you sent your men to the station's entrance to make sure I can't play any tricks. While I was on the way here, your men took a detour to the traitor bodyguard's residence. By killing his family, you indirectly warned me of what would happen if I go against you. After that, you blamed your bodyguard for the fact

that you can't trust me. The traitor bodyguard was hoping that I would show him mercy. After you found out that I didn't sympathize with him, you decided to kill him and threaten my friend to threaten me indirectly. I guess that's what going on right now."

Zhang Heng paused and continued, "But unfortunately, the memory encoder is not with me right now. To be more precise, I will not bring it back to the first level until you complete my three requirements."

"You left the memory encoder on the second level?" This was the first time Mr. G lost his temper tonight. He was so furious that he did not even realize that he knocked over his teacup.

He did not expect that Zhang Heng would take such a significant risk. He gave up the opportunity to bring back the memory encoder after he defeated so many enemies.

"You are right. This is indeed your turf. I thought about it too. So, it's safer for me to leave it at the second level," Zhang Heng said casually. "It turns out that I made the right decision."

"You shouldn't have done this. Where did you put the memory encoder on the second level? Is it safe? Does anyone else know..." Mr. G talked like a machine gun.

"Don't worry. The federal police thought I had died in that fire."

"But once you turn off the signal blocker, the tracking device in your head will tell the Shengtang Morgan Group that you are still alive."

"Indeed. This is why you better arrange the operation for me as soon as possible," Zhang Heng said.

Mr. G was amused. "You didn't bring the memory encoder back with you, and you want me to remove the tracking device in you?!"

"Yes. You should do that if you still want to get your hands on the memory encoder," Zhang Heng said.

Mr. G did not answer. Suddenly they heard an engine roaring outside the private garden. A red motorcycle was rushing towards them from the distant street. It did not slow down until it approached the garden.

The two bodyguards outside the garden stepped forward and attempted to stop the rider. When they saw who the rider was, however, they stopped moving unanimously. In the end, the motorcycle smashed the garden's glass door. And the person stopped accelerating and braked right before it hit Mr. G's table. The bike drew a semicircle on the ground and finally came to a stop.

Miss F took off her helmet with her mechanical prosthesis and threw it in front of Mr. G.

"I will explain this to you later." Mr. G said.

Nevertheless, Miss F ignored him. In an emotionless tone, she said, "Code F has completed the task tonight, Mr. G."

Chapter 1024: Surgery

Mr. G sighed and wanted to say something, but in the end, he chose not to say it out. He just nodded instead.

"Thank you, F."

"I have kept the promise and completed my task. And now, I don't know if you can keep the promise to others like me," Miss F said casually. "I remember you once said that once a person no longer keeps their promise, they are no longer worthy of being trusted."

"It's a long story..." Mr. G looked a little helpless. "Furthermore, according to our agreement, he has to first give me the memory encoder before I can find someone to perform the surgery on him."

"But at that time, he also believed that you wanted him to be the courier for this transaction, rather than using him as bait," F said, not mincing her words.

"How did you know all these things, especially when you just came back? Who told you about this? Black, or Miyata and his gang?"

"Why ask? Are you going to treat them as moles and kill them?" F asked rhetorically.

"No. That's not what I intend to do. I don't keep secrets from you. I wasn't completely honest with you this time only because I wanted to trick the Shengtang Morgan Group," Mr. G explained.

"Let's put business aside first and extract the tracking device from his head," F pointed at Zhang Heng on the side.

"So, does that mean that you are going to choose him over me?" Mr. G said after a moment of silence.

"You are not forgetting about your past, right?"

"Yes, I will never forget my past, but this has nothing to do with that. If you want the memory encoder, he is the only person that can give it to you. You better fulfill his conditions, just like when he needed you to perform the operation on him and accepted the test you gave him. I thought you could understand such a simple matter. Or, has your pride and self-esteem affected your ability for basic judgment?" F asked unceremoniously.

Mr. G did not answer immediately. His eyes flickered in the night as if thinking about what F had said. Finally, he took a deep breath and looked at Zhang Heng, who had not spoken yet and was drinking his tea in a relaxed manner.

"This time, I broke my promise first. It's understandable that you don't trust me. I have already contacted the doctor who is in charge of the surgery as agreed. He is waiting for you in the hospital we visited before. He can perform the surgery on you anytime you want. By the way, F will go with you. Although you don't have to worry about me rewriting your memory while the doctor works on you, you might feel more at ease if she is there."

Mr. G then paused at this point. "I will prepare the new identities for your two friends right away, as well as the fifty shellac records you requested."

"When you have completed all the tasks, I will hand over the memory encoder to you." Zhang Heng put down his teacup.

"No need," Mr. G said. "You too, join us and witness the birth of a new world. F is right. Other than the memory encoder, I also need your strength."

Zhang Heng wanted to reject the offer, but Mr. G continued to talk before Zhang Heng could say anything. "Even if the tracker is removed from your head and your company can no longer track you, are you planning to remain anonymous and live forever in the darkness on the first level? "

"I don't mind it at all," Zhang Heng shrugged.

"What about your friends? Those of you who are still living in the dreams of lies, ignorance, and being used as tools? You should also be aware that the revolution is not going to move by itself, right?"

Zhang Heng smiled upon hearing the words. "After what happened tonight, are you still expecting that I will help you to bring forward the new world? You might as well just wash up and sleep earlier."

"I don't need you to bring forward the new world," Mr. G said. "Actually, I have been preparing for this grand scheme for so many years. I have almost completed it now. After you hand me the memory encoder, I will be able to complete the puzzle. By that time, the new world will be upon us, and you don't need to do anything. All you need to do is to witness it."

"However, everything new is extremely fragile at its inception. What's more, we are now carrying out a revolution. Even after the plan is executed successfully, there are still a lot of problems to be solved. If we are not careful, we may fall into a deeper abyss. By that, it means we will need your strength. Not to expand our territory, but to protect it."

"Don't say no to me first. Anyway, you still have lots of time to consider."

At the same time, F also said, "Let's proceed with your surgery first."

After speaking, she did not look at Mr. G again, turning and walking out of the garden instead.

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F then started the black MPV parked by the entrance and brought Zhang Heng and Feng Zi to the operating room.

And this time, Mr. G finally kept his promise. The surgeon was there waiting for Zhang Heng. Since the tracking device was located under the cerebral cortex, it made it extremely difficult to remove; its difficulty ranking first among all surgeries. It required the use of the latest generation Da Vinci surgical robots, and there were only so many capable of performing such surgery in New Shanghai 0297, two in this case.

Dr. Gu, who was standing in front of Zhang Heng now, was one. The director of the three-story central hospital, he was in his fifties, but his body was well maintained. His youthful appearance, however, made him look like he was in his forties.

Zhang Heng wondered how Mr. G managed to invite him here to perform the surgery on him. Dr. Gu, too, didn't ask any questions unrelated to the operation. Instead, he acted like he did not know Zhang Heng was a clone. While they were talking, Dr. Gu used another word to replace the "tracking device" word. After that, the assistant asked Zhang Heng to do a series of checkups to determine the surgical plan.

Meanwhile, Zhang Heng, on the other side, had already shaved off his hair, changed into a surgical gown, and had laid on the operating table.

He did not talk to F anymore, and the latter never promised him anything either. The two just glanced at each other.

F then said to Feng Zi on the side. "The surgery could get very bloody. You'd better go out."

"How about you?"

F did not answer the question with words. Instead, she answered this question with her actions. She took her saber and stood at the side of the operating table near the entrance. By standing there, she could stop anyone that tried to interrupt the surgery.

"Since you are not afraid, then I am not as well."

Feng Zi was a bold woman. After hearing what F said, she opened her eyes wide and watched curiously as the anesthesiologist gassed Zhang Heng.

When the anesthesia started to take effect, Dr. Gu marked the incision line on Zhang Heng's head, fixed it on the head frame. He then made an incision on the scalp with a scalpel, all the way down until the skull was exposed. He then proceeded to open up the skull using an electric drill and a milling cutter, completely ignoring the two women in the operating room.

Chapter 1025: Apologize

The tracking device in Zhang Heng's was fully optimized the moment it left the factory. Once the signal transmission had been blocked for more than eight hours, it would automatically trigger the meltdown process, causing irreversible damage to the user's cerebral cortex.

When Zhang Heng fought his enemies at the amusement park, he temporarily removed the signal blocking device because it was approaching the eight hours time limit. However, from the moment he laid down on the operating table, only five hours were left before the tracking device started to meltdown.

In order to ensure that Shengtang Morgan Group did not know Zhang Heng was still alive, Dr. Gu needed to complete the operation within five hours and extract the tracking device under Zhang Heng's cerebral cortex.

Even for Dr. Gu, who was known as one of the only two people in the new Shanghai 0297 who could perform this surgery, it was still a very challenging task for him.

Four hours had now passed, and Doctor Gu's back was completely soaked in sweat, prompting his assistant beside him to wipe the sweat off his forehead countless times. Since this surgery required a high degree of concentration, Dr. Gu often could not blink for a long time. His eyes were bloodshot.

Not far away, Feng Zi had fallen asleep against the wall. She was not afraid to watch the surgery, but she was completely exhausted after undergoing so many high-adrenaline events. Both her body and mind had reached their limits. And she fell asleep before the sunrise.

As for F, on the other side, she remained the same from the beginning to the end. She stood there like a stone statue by the operating room entrance, kept the same posture, and had not spoken a single word. The nurse in the operating room started to suspect that she was a robot.

Finally, after four hours and thirty minutes of complicated surgery, Dr. Gu controlled the surgical robot to extract a piece of metal wire only tens of microns in diameter from under Zhang Heng's cerebral cortex.

The microscopic object was designed to continuously transmit the clone's location information to the data center. It could help them to locate their clones whenever it was necessary. It acted as a choke chain around the clone's neck, prohibiting them from running away.

"This thing is like the thread used by the puppet master to manipulate his puppet," muttered Dr. Gu while looking at the wire under the tweezers.

F's pupils shrank when she saw the piece of wire.

After that, she drew the saber around her waist for the first time and cut the wire in the hands of the surgical robot into two.

"How long till the surgery is over?" F put the saber back to her waist and asked Dr. Gu.

"Soon. I just need to stitch him up."

"I shall let you continue." F bowed slightly.

Dr. Gu returned the courtesy, and his gaze fell on F's mechanical prosthesis. He seemed to be in deep thought for a moment before a flash of sorrow flashed in his eyes. But in the end, he said, "You have a lovely left arm."

"Thank you, doctor."

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Forty minutes later, in Zhang Heng's ward, F lit a cigarette and looked at the blurry street outside the window, not knowing what she was thinking.

The next moment, a voice came from behind. "Smoking should be banned in wards."

F then turned around and saw Zhang Heng with his eyes opened on the hospital bed. She was a little surprised, "I didn't expect you to wake up so early. I thought it would take some time for the anesthesia to subside."

"Well, I asked the anesthesiologist to reduce the amount of anesthetic for me." Zhang Heng then touched his head.

"Why did you do that?"

"If the surgery fails, I will have some time to deal with the police officers and assassins sent by the Shengtang Morgan Group. Anyway, the worst outcome for my action is to watch the doctor fix my skull while I'm awake," Zhang Heng said while attempting to sit up from the bed.

"I thought you wanted me to protect you."

"Yes. But I'm used to preparing for the worst." Zhang Heng put on his clothes. And he was not worried that Mr. G would do something terrible to him. After all, he was the only person that knew the

whereabouts of the memory encoder. At least before he handed over the memory encoder to him, Mr. G would not harm him. He might even protect him.

Strictly speaking, this arrangement was way better than the first agreement set between the two parties. Zhang Heng was now more cautious about the Shengtang Morgan Group. If they realized that he was not dead, they would not hesitate to send more powerful men to deal with him.

Although the emergency response team starting with the number Zero, was Shengtang Morgan Group's strongest armed force, Zhang Heng was not naive enough to think it was the only one. After all, his enemy was the owner of New Shanghai 0297. Not only did he own this new city, but it was also a well-respected behemoth in society.

As the actual ruler of the first level, Mr. G could be regarded as the overlord in New Shanghai 0297. However, to Shengtang Morgan Group, he was no different than an ant. Zhang Heng had a problem that he still could not figure out. Even if Mr. G managed to effectively promote the revolution in New Shanghai 0297, Shengtang Morgan Group would not hesitate to send their armed forces to retake New Shanghai 0297 once they felt their interests were threatened. By then, how would Mr. G plan to deal with them?

Zhang Heng had a hunch. Maybe the answer to this question lay in the memory encoder.

"Sorry."

F's voice pulled Zhang Heng back from his thoughts.

"Why say that? You weren't the one who broke the contract," Zhang Heng said. He had previously suspected F was involved in it, but F was not there among the ten couriers and the special operations team. It was then that Zhang Heng realized that F had nothing to do with this matter.

After that, the latter even broke into Mr. G's garden on a motorcycle, arguing with her fiancé over Zhang Heng, an outsider.

"You chose to accept this job because you trusted me. So, I am also responsible for introducing you to him. He is my fiancé anyway, and I naturally have to bear half of the mistakes he made," F said.

"Are you disappointed in him tonight?"

"Why do you ask?" F raised her head and looked at Zhang Heng.

"Everyone would make mistakes," she added after a pause. "Compared to others, he has done a great job. He is an excellent leader. After I reminded him, he realized his mistakes, and he is willing to make up for them. You heard what he said. I think the both of you should let go of your hostility and focus on what's important. After such a long time of preparation, we finally managed to piece all the puzzles together, and we can begin to take the first step."

Chapter 1026: Woman's Sixth Sense

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Feng Zi was awakened from her sleep by the smell of Yuxiang shredded pork. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Zhang Heng sitting at the table eating his food. The sight and smell of the food almost made her drool. Then, suddenly, she yelled, "Where is my food?! Did you buy me some?"

"Well, I also bought you a set."

Zhang Heng then placed another lunch box opposite him.

Feng Zi quickly got up from the bed. "I'm starving to death. I stayed with you all night. Not only did I skip dinner, but I also didn't have breakfast."

"You have been sleeping a long time." Zhang Heng handed out a pair of disposable chopsticks to Feng Zi.

The latter took the chopsticks and opened the lunch box as quickly as possible. She took a whiff of the food in front of her, and at the same time, she did not forget to ask about F.

"Where is the woman with mechanical prosthesis and great temperament?"

"Well, she had gone back to where she came from." Zhang Heng said.

"Speaking of which, what is the relationship between you and her?" Feng Zi curiously asked, "When you had your surgery, she stood by the door, and she didn't drink or eat. It looks like she cares about you a lot."

"We are just friends. She has a fiancé, and he is the man that we saw in the garden last night."

"That dwarf?" Feng Zi raised her eyebrows. "His name is Mr. G, right? I don't like him. And judging from the scene when they met last night, I don't see any love in the woman's eyes. But I can see that the man loves her very much. Does their relationship make you feel a little awkward?"

"What do you mean by that?" Zhang Heng frowned.

Feng Zi did not mind the low-cut shirt that she was wearing. She leaned close towards Zhang Heng and said in a low voice, "She is your friend, but you want to kill her fiancé, right?"

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"..."

Zhang Heng then put down his chopsticks, and for the first time, felt how magical a woman's sixth sense was.

"Look, I was right?" Feng Zi sat back triumphantly.

"No, I told you to stop thinking nonsense." Zhang Heng said casually.

"You lied. The woman in the red dress at the bar was gorgeous, and you pinned her hand to the table with a knife without any hesitation. Why are you hesitating to deal with a not very good-looking man now?"

"I don't kill based on how someone looks," Zhang Heng said helplessly.

"That being said, most men would hesitate to hurt a good-looking woman." Feng Zi split the chopsticks and rubbed them against each other to get rid of the splinters. "You are such a weird man, but I have to say that you are very good to your friends. Forget it, I won't sleep with you for now, mainly because I'm afraid that I can't help but think about your brain when you're lying in bed... I have to admit, no matter how good-looking you are, it's not very attractive to see your brains exposed."

"Thank you." Zhang Heng finished his last bite of the meal and threw the lunch box into the trash can at his feet.

After that, they heard a knock on the door. Zhang Heng opened the door and saw the driver who picked them up at the station last night. The latter greeted him politely and took out three bracelets.

"Mr. G asked me to come. The new citizen IDs you asked for are ready. These identities belonged to some dead guys. Rest assured, as long as no one digs deep into them, you will be fine. Other than that, payment and personal verification functions are also available. When you want to use those functions, you can activate them with your fingerprint. Of course, this is only temporary. When that day comes, you, me, and everyone can live freely under the sun."

"Thank you." Zhang Heng took the three bracelets and tossed one of them to Feng Zi. He then activated the bracelet on the spot and put the other bracelet away. After that, he noticed that the driver did not leave.

"Anything else?"

"Oh, Mr. G also said that he would like to welcome you to join us."

"His welcome is well received by me."

"Are you available now? I can drive you around the city to get a better understanding of what we are doing. And you can meet and greet the others." The driver did not expect Zhang Heng to agree after seeing the tension between him and Mr. G last night. Hence, he expected Zhang Heng would refuse Mr. G's arrangement without hesitation. Instead, Zhang Heng nodded."

Okay. Anyway, I'm recovering from my surgery. It'll do me well to go out for a walk."

"I want to go too!" Feng Zi, on the other side, also shouted. After the nap, she, too, seemed to have rejuvenated. And she did not seem to be bothered by her current situation. However, she had now obtained a new identity. Thanks to what happened last night, she could no longer go back to her past life. It was no longer possible to step foot on the second level anymore. Although she had many friends there, she did not look like she was bothered by the fact that she could not meet them again. She quickly finished the food in her lunch box and put down the chopsticks in his hand.

"Welcome. We always welcome new blood to join us," The driver said.

The three entered the black MPV, but this time, in the passenger seat was no longer Director Zheng, but Zhang Heng.

The driver introduced himself to them while driving, and Zhang Heng raised his eyebrows when he heard his code name.

"You are Black. Were you the one that told Miss F about the situation here last night?"

Black nodded and confessed. "That was me."

"Aren't you afraid of ending up like the man you guys tied up and tossed into the car last night?"

"Why say that?" Black looked a little puzzled, and he said in a solemn voice, "He is a traitor and Shengtang Morgan Group bought him over. He deserves to die. I just told Miss F what happened here in accordance with her request."

"Even if Mr. G wants you to keep it a secret?"

"Miss F is not an outsider."

"Oh, because she is Mr. G's fiancé?"

"No. That's not the reason. Of course, everyone is thrilled to see them finally get together, especially Mr. G. Everyone has seen his contribution to this cause. That's not why we trust Miss F. The reason why we trust her is that she is a very trustworthy companion."

"Is that right?" Zhang Heng's eyes flickered, "Is this thought personal, or do the others think the same of her as well?"

"As far as I know, most people do."

"How strange. I thought she's usually distant and a woman with very few words. She doesn't have too many friends too."

"Actions are more powerful than words. Indeed, when she first came, everyone thought she was difficult to get along with. And Mr. G took her very seriously. At that time, there were some, uh... rumors."

"Although Mr. G's statement was very firm, those rumors did not disappear. As time passed, more and more people saw the beating heart under her cold shell and saw what she liked. At that time, we started to accept her as one of us, especially among the young people. The boys secretly admired her, and girls imitated her. The more you understood her, the more you couldn't resist her charm. That's why she is the perfect match for Mr. G."

Chapter 1027: Visiting The Factory

Most of the time, Black was a very man with very little work to do during his working hours. However, he could be very talkative after he got off from work. Maybe, he had received orders from Mr. G so that whenever Zhang Heng asked a question, Black would try his best to answer them.

Afterward, Black brought Zhang Heng and Feng Zi to visit a weapons factory. New Shanghai 0297 had relatively loose control of weapons, and residents were allowed to carry their weapons. However, the ruling only applied to the residents on the first and second levels, where the public security wasn't as good. They were also limited to the kind of weapons they could carry. Thus, if one wanted to acquire a powerful weapon, one had to obtain it through smuggling channels.

Mr. G was about to start a revolution, and the armed forces he needed were unprecedented. Smuggling alone could no longer meet his needs for weapons. So, he had gone ahead to purchase several factories, retooled the production lines, and started to mass-produce bulletproof vests and guns.

Now, Black was bringing Zhang Heng and Feng Zi to visit one of those factories. Before they entered, they saw a large group of security guards with guns standing in front of the gate. They immediately picked up their guns whenever they saw a vehicle approaching the factory. One of them signaled Black to stop the car.

However, when Black showed them his pass, the security guards put their guns away again. After that, they took a look at the other two people in the car and opened the door.

While the guards were verifying their identities, Zhang Heng also observed the group of security guards outside the car. He found out that they all had the same tattoos on their bodies, indicating they must belong to the same gang, and were now working for Mr. G in this weapon factory.

Black knew what Zhang Heng was thinking. He then took the initiative to introduce them to him, "Oh, all these security guards are from the Greyhound gang. The Greyhound gang is a small gang that specializes in guarding the nightclubs and KTVs."

"Did Mr. G hire them to guard the factory?"

"No. They volunteered to help us. In fact, we didn't pay them a single penny. Building a new world requires the effort of everyone. Some choose to donate their money to Mr. G, and some offer their service. That's how we, together, make the new world a reality. If you know that the world is not good enough and you do nothing, it will only get worse and worse."

"Well said, but although I can see people offering their service, I don't see anyone donating money to this great cause," Feng Zi interrupted Black.

"Yes. Mr. G owns many properties and has a lucrative income. However, when it comes to his expenditure, all his properties and income are not worth mentioning. For example, in this transaction, the cost of 1g of antimatter is astronomical. If converted into monetary value, you can buy New Shanghai's first to the third level. Other than that, the raw materials needed to produce those weapons are purchased and provided by Mr. G alone. Besides that, Mr. G has to handle countless other expenses. So, please don't think Mr. G is taking advantage of everyone's desire for a new world for his personal gain. He has paid more than anyone else, and he also makes sure that every single penny is being spent on this revolution."

Feng Zi was speechless.

At that time, the black MPV had entered the factory. Black then turned off the engine and left the driver's seat. After Zhang Heng and Feng Zi got out of the car, he clapped his hands and attracted the factory floor's attention. Then, once he got the people's attention, Black grabbed the loudspeaker hanging on the wall.

This factory was different from the generic factories that relied on machines to help with production. The factories Mr. G purchased were quite old, thus requiring large manpower to run the production lines. At least one hundred workers worked in this factory right now.

After Black dropped his first sentence, all the workers stopped what they were doing and looked at Black.

"Today, I want to introduce you to two new companions," Black said as he took two steps back, allowing Zhang Heng and Feng Zi to step forward. "That's right. The two people here are our newfound allies. They risked their lives to get us an extremely essential object from Shengtang Morgan's emergency response team. Without this, we will never be able to carry out our plan. Now, they are our heroes."

After Black was finished, the workers fell into silence. Then, right after that, came a burst of enthusiastic cheers and applause.

The sudden enthusiastic applause made Feng Zi, who had always been carefree, a little embarrassed. When she thought about it, she felt that she did not do much last night. After all, Zhang Heng was the one that killed the entire emergency response team. The memory encoder he had with him would be used for the revolution, but instead, Zhang Heng wanted to use it to blackmail Mr. G. That was why Feng Zi felt that they don't deserve the praise and applause. Her cheeks were flushing.

On the other hand, Zhang Heng's expression next to her had hardly changed. Feng Zi noticed Zhang Heng was not looking at the people that were cheering for them. Instead, his attention was landed on graffiti on the factory's black wall.

"Who is that? The old Mr. G?" Feng Zi followed Zhang Heng's gaze and looked at the graffiti.

"No, that's Baudrillard," Zhang Heng said.

"Who?" The name was unfamiliar to Feng Zi.

"He is a sociologist," Zhang Heng said. "He remembered the long and dull movie he watched with Miss F in the screening hall. All the unanswered questions that he had in mind were now answered.

"So... are you going to tell me about him?"

"No. If you still want to return to your normal life, it's better that you don't understand his theories," Zhang Heng said.

"Huh... Sounds so mysterious." Feng Zi was skeptical.

When the cheers came to an end, and the workers returned to their posts, Black led Zhang Heng and Feng Zi around the factory. Like the Greyhound security guarding the factory, the people who worked in the factory were volunteers as well. They were not paid a single penny, and they came from different places. There were cooks, couriers, and even pregnant women. The one thing they shared was their extreme dedication to their work.

There was no supervisor in the entire factory because hiring someone to watch over them was unnecessary. Everyone was doing their best as though something silently motivated them. When Feng Zi heard Zhang Heng talking to some of them, she could feel the fire that burned inside their hearts.

Feng Zi was envious of them. At least at this moment, she felt that it was not a bad thing to become one of them, especially for someone who had struggled to find her life goals for such a long time now. A life with a clear goal was exactly the life that she longed for.

It made Feng Zi want to take off her coat now and join the production line. When she saw the outdated production line, she had already started to come up with many plans in her mind to improve production efficiency. So, Feng Zi asked Black, "Can I stay here for some time?"

“Of course, this is exactly what we desire.”

“How about you?” Feng Zi looked at Zhang Heng again.

The latter was still unmoved. Upon hearing that, he said, “I’m still recovering from my surgery. Let’s continue to walk around.”

Chapter 1028: Happy Nursing Home

After leaving Feng Zi at the weapons factory’s production line, Zhang Heng continued with Black on the factory tour. As they went along, he saw lots of people who worked day and night to welcome the arrival of the new world. Although many were Mr. G’s cronies, most workers were still made up of ordinary people who worked hard in their respective positions.

Like those workers in the weapons factory, they had come from different places and worked various jobs. And now, they were working towards the same goal. They were like drops of water, gathering together, eventually converging into a turbulently surging river.

But what disappointed Black a little was that Zhang Heng’s expression remained the same no matter what he saw during the tour. He was like a massive boulder in the middle of a river. No matter how the water rushed towards it, the boulder remained unmoved. It was hard for anyone to see through Zhang Heng’s mind.

At dusk, the two finally arrived at the last place.

Unlike the factories they previously visited, this factory was neither a weapon factory nor Mr. G’s secret base. Seeming to have nothing to do with the so-called New World, this should be, on the contrary, the most desolate place in New Shanghai 0297.

It was a nursing home.

Black parked the car outside the nursing home’s gate, but he did not get off this time. He then said, “I am delighted to be your temporary driver and introduce you to our companion. But now, you should go and meet your companion.”

Zhang Heng raised his eyebrows and said nothing. After that, he opened the car door and walked towards the nursing home.

The gates looked like they haven’t been maintained for years. However, Zhang Heng did not expect the interior design of the nursing home to be quite beautiful. There was a small garden that looked very cozy, with flowers and trees that were neatly trimmed. Fountains and fish ponds had also been built.

After walking through the garden, he came to the back of a four-story white building.

The sensor door opened automatically in front of him. Zhang Heng noticed that a light on his head flashed once, followed by the sound of taking pictures. Not long after that, he saw a young nurse in a blue uniform working hard in the duty room. She then ran out and gave Zhang Heng a card. “Here you go. The old man you’ll be taking care of is in Room 219. Your responsibilities and things needing attention are written on the card. Read it whenever you can. By the way, welcome to Happy Nursing Home, and I hope you can be happy too.”

Seeing Zhang Heng still standing there, the nurse explained, "Oh, that's it. Our nursing home pursues a happy elderly care approach, paying special attention to the emotional state and mental health of each elderly person. We want to encourage them to do what they really want to do. Other than that, we want to deliver as much happiness to them as possible."

"Deliver happiness?"

"Yes. We believe that happiness can be passed on. Therefore, the staff of nursing homes should also pass on their happiness to the elderly living here. It may sound a bit complicated, but the actual process is very simple. Just make yourself happy first and pass the joy to the elderly that you are taking care of."

The nurse patted her head. "Ah, I almost forgot. I haven't introduced you to the nursing home, right? Let's go. Let me tell you a little bit about the facilities here."

After speaking, the nurse grabbed Zhang Heng's hand and walked to the other side of the corridor. She then pointed to a spacious and bright room with a row of dining tables and stools. It looked like a banquet hall.

"This is the dining hall. You can tell the chef what you want."

"What do I want to eat? Or are you talking about the elderly in my care?"

"Yes. I'm talking about what you want to eat. This is the staff canteen. All the elderly people in our nursing homes usually eat in their rooms. So after the staff finished their meals here, they need to bring their food to their room. Simple, right?" the nurse said while beaming sweetly.

"Yes... It's simple."

After the two came to another room, the nurse continued to talk. "This is a game room where you can play some of the newly released video games. If you find out that some of the old games are not available, you can always inform us, and we will ask our people to purchase them. Here, you can choose to play against each other. Of course, you can also play on your own. Other than that, the game room is also equipped with a beverage machine. Don't worry. It's free."

"So, you guys allow the elderly in your nursing home to play video games as well?"

"No. This game room is designed for our staff only. The elderly here have their playrooms, and neither side interferes with each other," the nurse replied. "Let's go up to the second floor and have a look. There is also a basketball court and badminton court."

"Those are staff facilities as well, right." Zhang Heng had already thought of something.

"No. The basketball court is meant for the elderly." Seeing Zhang Heng's eyebrows raised again, the nurse burst out in laughter. "Just kidding, of course, it's for the staff. The elderly here will do, uh... less intensive workout. In addition, I also strongly recommend the spa at the third level. Believe me. You must try it at least once. After that, you will never be able to live without it."

"Don't you think the employee benefits of your nursing home are too good?" Zhang Heng asked.

"Well, you are not the first person to ask this question, and I don't think you will be the last. I have to admit that it might look a little strange, but do you still remember our motto here? We are supposed to

pass on our happiness to the elderly here. We believe that only when our staff truly feel happy can they pass on their happiness to the elderly here...”

“Thank you, Xiao Yi. You can leave the rest to me,” a voice came from the other side of the corridor, and Miss F walked out of there.

“Okay, Sister F.” The nurse named Xiao Yi stuck out her tongue and went back to the duty room to start gossiping with other nurses.

After she left, Miss F nodded at Zhang Heng, “You are here.”

Zhang Heng paused and said, “You know what you are doing here is actually meaningless, right?”

“It appears that you already know the purpose of this nursing home.” Miss F did not answer Zhang Heng’s question. Instead, she signaled him to go upstairs with her.

“Well, you sympathize with those clones who have been treated as tools. So, you rented them from their company. From the surface, you make it look like they are here to work, but the truth is you want them to come here for a good rest. The people that we take care of in this place are not the elderly but the clones. The so-called passing on the joy is just an excuse to prevent their companies from finding any anomalies when they read their memories. But...”

Zhang Heng paused.

“You should know that these clones are programmed to do odd jobs. They are considered the lowest-tier of clones. Every time they return from work, their memories will be reset. After that, they will never remember their past. What you do to them here is a waste of time.”

“I disagree with you. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have shown you that movie when we first met.” Miss F shook her head and said solemnly, “They may not remember their memories here, but this experience is real, and their happiness is real. Even if it only lasts for a short time, they at least get to live like a normal person in this world.”

Chapter 1029: Meaning Of Life

“So, is this why you support Mr. G so much, not only because he is your fiancé, or to repay him for saving you, but you want to rely on him to change clones’ fate?” Zhang Heng said.

“Yes.” Miss F nodded and confessed. “As you can see, even if I try my best, all I can do is to open a few more nursing homes like this. You’re right, in a way. I can’t change the fate of our entire population, so I need him. Mr. G is one of the few willing to treat clones and ordinary humans equally. He promised me that in the new world he created, there will be no tracking devices, memory encoders, or serial numbers; a world where clones can enjoy the same rights as ordinary people.”

“And you believe him?”

“I believe in everything worthy of trust,” Miss F said. “It’s you. I don’t know what you believe in so far. I was worried about you at one time, especially when you first awakened. I knew what you felt because I experienced a similar thing as well. You know what troubles you will encounter next, but you don’t seem to be a person in trouble at all.”

"My situation is special."

"Well, that's what you have been saying. I might have doubted you before, but now I choose to believe you. That is because the ordinary clones can't complete Mr. G's test, nor can they defeat the emergency response team. You even got the memory encoder from them. Don't get me wrong. I don't want to dig up your past, nor the secrets behind you. I just hope that you can find your direction."

Zhang Heng listened to Miss F quietly.

"You are the most powerful clone I have ever seen, and unlike me, you completely broke the shackles on your neck, singlehandedly. In other words, you broke the tragic cycle the clones are destined for and gained the freedom we all longed for. At least a part of it. What next? What do you plan to do after you gain your freedom?"

"I plan to focus on collecting shellac records."

"I'm not talking about your newly developed hobby," Miss F said. "I'm asking about the ultimate question of your life. What is the meaning of your life, and what goals you'd wish to accomplish in your next phase of life? I'm not talking about the goals programmed into your mind. I'm talking about what you really want to do."

"Do you want me to help you to liberate other clones?" Zhang Heng raised his eyebrows.

If that were the case, this journey would make perfect sense for him. Earlier, Mr. G showed Zhang Heng his grand scheme, trying to inspire him through the collective appeal displayed by the society's bottom level. And for the last stop, Miss F was there to persuade him from a similar perspective.

Even Zhang Heng had to admit that it was indeed a very effective method. If he were really a clone, coupled with his relationship with Miss F, it would be difficult for Zhang Heng to ignore the fate of other clones. However, Zhang Heng didn't expect Miss F to shake her head.

"No. I did have such a thought before, but I have given up on it."

"Why? Have you found out that I am not easily persuaded?"

"No, because I don't want to become one of those people."

"What people?"

"Those people who write the memories for us," Miss F said. "What I have been trying to do is to liberate my compatriots from the false life goals. Hence, I will not try to instill the idea of something that you don't want to do in you."

"You encourage me to do what I want to do, but you have to carry the burden of liberating the entire population? Don't you think this is self-contradictory?"

"I am different from you. It is indeed my goal in life to liberate our kind. Oh... the expression on your face, I know what you are thinking. You must be thinking that I am also one of Mr. G's fanatics influenced by him. That's why I'm devoted to what I do now. But this time, you are wrong. The reason I chose this path has nothing to do with him."

“After being rescued by Mr. G, I also experienced a long period of confusion. To be honest, I didn’t expect that I would survive the surgery until I opened my eyes, especially after discovering that my previous wishes and memories were all false. I lost one of my arms too, and I once doubted whether I had enough courage to live on.”

“For a short while, I suspected I’d never escape from that nightmare. After I ran out of the manor, I was quickly located by the people from the company. They rewrote the memories in my mind, making me think that I’m out of control and regained freedom. The moment I lowered my guard, their people would suddenly appear in front of me, enjoying the desperation on my face.”

“It’s reasonable. This is what they are good at. In that manor, these sorts of things happen again and again. Due to some accident, I got out of control that night. I live in the same fear every day. This fear and torture almost drove me mad until I start to contact our kinds in my life actively.”

“Why?”

“In the beginning, I was just trying to find out if anyone had gone through the same experience as me. From there, I tried to speculate when my nightmare will come again. However, once I get to know them in-depth, the desire to do something for them becomes stronger and stronger. It even overrides my fear of the future. I don’t have a family, and I don’t know who my parents are. But, through them, I can feel a sense of intimacy. By then, my emotions had stabilized.”

“Because of this, Mr. G bought this nursing home while he was on the verge of bankruptcy and gave it to me, so I could use it as a secret base to contact other clones. From there, I modified the place and turned it into a clone paradise. In the midst of it, I finally found my goal in life. I want to do more for them and grant them freedom. This is the belief that keeps me moving forward, and how I gained the strength I have today,” Miss F moved her mechanical arm while speaking.

“But this is my life’s goal, not yours. Thus, it would be best if you found the meaning of your existence. This may be difficult, especially for a clone, but definitely worth a try.”

Chapter 1030: Changing Minds

That night, at the weapons factory.

The workers on the assembly line had gotten off work and had gone home. However, Feng Zi and several engineers were still at the workshop, studying more about machine optimization. A few of them were arguing about replacing a certain part of the machine. Feng Zi was slapping her hands on the table, and the others’ faces were burning red. However, their argument seemed only limited to technical issues. In fact, after spending an entire afternoon with them and coupled with Feng Zi’s carefree character, she had gotten along well with everyone in the factory.

And now, everyone considered her as one of them. Besides, Feng Zi was very knowledgeable when it came to the machinery, and the suggestions she provided had been very valuable so far. However, they still needed to do some tests on her ideas to see if they would work well.

Feng Zi and the engineers didn’t realize how time flew until the roars of an engine broke the tranquility of the night. The security then released a red motorcycle, and the rider drove into the factory and finally stopped in front of Feng Zi.

As the rider removed its helmet, a look of surprise appeared on Feng Zi's face.

"I thought the woman named F is here to deal with me. Why is her motorcycle with you?"

"I met her just now. So, I asked to borrow her motorcycle to ride around," Zhang Heng said. "What's going on? Are you ready to call it a day?"

"Hmm, since you are here, let's go back together," Feng Zi said. After saying goodbye to the engineers discussing with her, she sat on the motorcycle's backseat.

Zhang Heng twisted the throttle, the motorcycle made a roar, and they sped out of the weapons factory.

Zhang Heng did not speak all the way, but Feng Zi couldn't hold back and asked, "You...have nothing to say?"

"What do you want me to say?" Zhang Heng's voice sounded muffled by the wind that was blasting them.

"I know you have always disliked Mr. G and the vision he's portrayed. So... you probably won't like what I did in the factory this afternoon."

"You have nothing to worry about because I never interfere with other people's life decisions, nor do I ask the people around me to do as I please," Zhang Heng said.

"I kind of understand why Mr. G and you are so incompatible. Both of you are at extreme ends," Feng Zi said.

"Let me correct you here. I am not incompatible with Mr. G. Our only contradiction is only about the transaction. He broke the agreement between us, and it upset me. So, now, I'm using the memory encoder to blackmail him into doing things for me. He should be distraught now. That's it."

"So, you will give him the memory encoder later?"

"After he finishes what I want him to do, I will return him the memory encoder," Zhang Heng said.

"Then, do you still want to kill him?" Feng Zi asked again.

Zhang Heng did not answer immediately. He seemed to be thinking about the question. It was only after a while that he said, "No. When this matter is over, I will concentrate on collecting shellac records no matter who wins or loses."

"You changed your mind. Why? I thought you were the kind that makes decisions without being affected by others."

Since Feng Zi asked, Zhang Heng had no intention to hide anything from her anymore. He then said bluntly, "The reason I wanted to kill him had nothing to do with the new world that he was going to create. Although I was personally skeptical about the beautiful vision he outlined, I don't actually care much about this kind of thing. I just know that he is not as generous as he presents himself to others. See, he has only treated me politely now because he needs the memory encoder that I have with me. Once I hand it over to him, I'm not ruling out the possibility that he will make me pay the price. So, I wanted to kill him before he could kill me."

“ ... ”

Feng Zi did not know what to say. So she paused and asked again, “Now how do you know that he won’t make you pay the price anymore?”

“I don’t know that. I saw that many people rely on him, hoping to change the world. Even if I still hadn’t identified his end goal, at least the enthusiasm of these people is true. I don’t want to take away their hopes. My stand remains the same, and I do not intend to join them. I have no reason to stop you from helping him too. It is better that I leave as soon as possible to do the things I want to do. No need to worry about me. Since the tracking device has been extracted from my head, no one in the entire New Shanghai 0297 would be able to locate me if I choose to go into hiding.”

...

Zhang Heng and Feng Zi had been living on the first level for three days now. During this period, Mr. G had always been very polite towards them. He would send his people every day to ask them what they needed and gave them enough credit points to cope with their expenses.

Feng Zi was now working at the weapon factory, reporting to work on time every day, while Zhang Heng continued to heal his injuries. With the help of the latest generation of medical gels, his surgical wounds healed very quickly. Soon, there was only a faint scar left. After that, Zhang Heng bought a wig for his head. By doing that, no one would be able to notice the scar.

Later, Zhang Heng asked Black to inform Mr. G that he would leave the first level for some time. Mr. G then had a video call with Zhang Heng, during which Mr. G told Zhang Heng about the current situation of New Shanghai 0297. After what happened that night, Shengtang Morgan Group could no longer stand the forces that were not within their control.

Even if this force could help with the stability of the first level, reducing their management costs, ever since Mr. G started to execute his plan, the trouble he caused exceeded the benefits Shengtang Morgan Group could reap from it. Hence, the atmosphere on the first level had only grown tenser.

Shengtang Morgan Group had successively deployed more police from the other four levels to the first level. In the name of maintaining public security, the police triggered minor skirmishes with Mr. G, and although both sides had not done something out of line at this stage, no one knew how long it would last.

After telling Zhang Heng the current situation, Mr. G also euphemistically hinted that it was safer that he stayed on the first level, especially considering that Zhang Heng would still need to bring the memory encoder to him from the second level. Mr. G could not afford to let something bad happened to his benefactor at this time.

Zhang Heng, however, still insisted on leaving. And at the same time, he rejected the bodyguard sent by Mr. G. Considering that the relationship between the two parties was still in their honeymoon phase, and Zhang Heng was strong enough to protect himself, Mr. G said nothing anything, in the end, agreeing for Zhang Heng to leave the first level temporarily. Afterward, the two reached an agreement that Zhang Heng could only leave for a maximum of three days. At the same time, if something bad happened and caused the situation at the first level to deteriorate rapidly, Zhang Heng had to bring the memory encoder back immediately.