

48 Hours 1061

Chapter 1061: Gearing Up For Battle

Zhang Heng found a secluded spot and waited for Feng Zi and Qiu Ming to find a place to hide. Then, he pulled out the Hidden Scabbard from his waist.

This time, since he wasn't in his combat state right from the start, Zhang Heng had more time to prepare and adjust. He held the saber with both hands and slowly raised it above his head, forming a starting position.

On the other side, Qiu Ming's eyes were wide open. He didn't want to miss Zhang Heng's attack like before.

However, even though Qiu Ming focused all his attention, he still couldn't catch Zhang Heng's attack trajectory. All he saw was a blur. Then, sparks flew from the position of the Type-VI Hunting Robot's control center. A 20-cm-long gash sliced open in the metal shell.

This slash was also immensely powerful, instantly cutting halfway through the heavy shell of the robot.

The Type-VI that had been attacked immediately switched to defensive mode. Its left arm moved to aim at Zhang Heng, and at the same time, the sickles on its two legs tried to slash at him.

This time around, Zhang Heng didn't use the Hidden Scabbard to cut them off. He needed to maintain the robot's integrity as much as possible so it could unleash its full power in the upcoming battle.

Accordingly, Zhang Heng chose to increase his movement speed, using the technique to dodge the two scythe-like legs. At the same time, he slashed out a second time before the heavy machine gun could aim at him.

If Qiu Ming hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he would've never believed that a man's knife techniques could've reached such levels.

The point of impact of Zhang Heng's high-speed swing perfectly and accurately coincided with the first cut. It was pinpoint precise as if measured with a ruler!

Qiu Ming even wondered if this was just a coincidence in probability. As if to answer his question, Zhang Heng followed up with a third, then a fourth... each cut precisely administered at the perfect spot. Although the next few cuts weren't as strong as the first, little by little, they still cut through the robot's metal shell.

And this time, Qiu Ming saw it clearly enough. He realized that the most troublesome self-healing function of the Type-VI had actually failed. The metal around the cuts Zhang Heng made had obviously changed, and for some unknown reason, was unable to heal.

Zhang Heng's knife landed like a storm on the robot's metal shell. This time, he only used five slashes to completely cut through the metal shell. On the other side, the Type-VI had already put away the heavy machine gun in its left hand.

The main thing was that Zhang Heng was right in front of it, the distance between the two now less than half a meter. At such close proximity, the artificial logic of the Type-VI would prioritize melee weapons—the giant sword in its right hand and the eight legs under its body attacked.

Zhang Heng, however, did not give it another chance.

On the sixth cut, Zhang Heng used the Hidden Scabbard to probe the 20cm-long wound, cutting off the main circuits next to the control center. Suddenly, the Type-VI seemed to hit a pause button the next moment, all of its movements freezing abruptly.

One of its sickle legs was less than an inch away from Zhang Heng's chest, but in the end, it could no longer move forward.

He then cut open the robot's chest with the Hidden Scabbard and took out its signal receiver from within. When all of that was done, Feng Zi and Qiu Ming walked out from behind the cover once more.

"I'll go reprogram the signal receiver," Zhang Heng said to Feng Zi. "I'll leave this to you. Help change the circuits that I cut off, but don't hurry to reconnect them. Wait for me to put the signal receiver in before reconnecting it. It's the same as the last tungsten plate welding."

"Whatever you say, boss." Feng Zi removed the wrench from her waist and asked curiously, "How can you be so sure that I will stand on your side and not Mr. G's? After all, I was doing well in the military factory."

Feng Zi blinked a couple of times, seeming as if she really wanted to hear someone say something tender and affectionate. After all, in most movies and novels, this was usually the most opportune moment for the male lead to express his deep love for the female lead before launching his fatal attack. Sweet words were usually uttered, for instance, "I know your heart will be with me" or "Love has given me the answer."

However, Zhang Heng only said calmly, "Mr. G has pointed a gun at you."

"..."

"What saddens me the most is that I can't seem to refute you," Feng Zi said with a sigh. "I do like the new world he describes... I like the people working hard for this dream in the military factory. But I don't have a good impression of Mr. G himself. It doesn't matter to me whether he's in the future or not. Besides, I believe in you, and I'm willing to believe everything you say."

"Thank you," Zhang Heng replied.

"Actually, I can tell that the woman named F also believes in you," Feng Zi continued. "She just has too many things to carry on her shoulders... the gratitude Mr. G showed her for saving her life, the fate of her own kind, and the people who had fought alongside her. This makes it impossible for her to make a choice like mine."

"I know," Zhang Heng said calmly. "It doesn't matter. I'll help her fix everything."

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Half an hour later, Feng Zi started to rewire the Type-VI that had been rewired with a signal receiver. Before that, Zhang Heng had already removed the shielding wristband from the Type-VI's neck and waited for Feng Zi to connect the circuit. He also used his bracelet to order the robot in front of him to enter standby mode.

Feng Zi then welded the tungsten plate to its chest. This could cover the two wounds on its body and protect the control center and the signal receiver behind it.

Zhang Heng handed over control of the Type-VI to Feng Zi. The latter controlled her new toy, making it jump and roll. It made all sorts of movements and became a novelty of sorts.

"Find a safe place to hide. It's good as long as you support us from a distance. Don't let Mr. G's people find you."

After that, Zhang Heng turned to Qiu Ming.

Qiu Ming looked a little helpless. "I still prefer the suggestion I gave you, but from the looks of it, you've already made up your mind to kill Mr. G no matter what, so I don't seem to have a choice."

If Qiu Ming had a choice, of course, he didn't want to take the risk with Zhang Heng. After all, he was quite happy that Mr. G and the management team were at a disadvantage, so it wouldn't hinder him from watching the show. He didn't forget his own situation as well, knowing he was still Zhang Heng's captive and had little power to decide.

"Stop worrying so much. If you don't die this time, you might just get back your lost position..." said Zhang Heng. "But you'll have to change your service provider."

Chapter 1062: Signal Tower

Zhang Heng stepped on the accelerator and drove Qiu Ming to the red dot on the electronic map.

That was the location of the locator, and it had been parked there for a long time. If everything had gone according to plan, Mr. G should be there.

On the other side was Qiu Ming in the passenger seat. He fastened his seatbelt, grabbed the armrest, and leaned back. Initially hoping the operation would be exhilarating, he never expected it to be so exciting before the battle even began.

As Zhang Heng drove the car onto the main road, however, Qiu Ming's attention finally shifted from the vehicle's speed to another place.

Previously, because their police team had taken a slightly different route, other than the group of people who had been scouting the police at the grocery store, they had only encountered seven or eight enemies behind them. As a result, it wasn't a very intense battle.

Now, this street should be the area Mr. G's men had set up their defenses. With a sentry post every 100 meters, many armed forces had also been deployed to guard it in an attempt to stop anyone from passing through.

Unfortunately, they could not stop anyone now.

Even with Qiu Ming's mental endurance, he could not help but frown when he saw the scene along the way.

The entire street was dead silent like a cemetery. Corpses were everywhere on the roadside, in the sentry posts, and in the nearby buildings. Not only were the rioters who followed Mr. G lying on the ground... there were even several unarmed civilians who had lost their breath. Only the bullet-riddled bunkers, broken glass windows, and the burning vehicles told the story of what happened here not long ago.

"I thought my heart was tough enough. After all, what I'm doing now is equivalent to erasing a person's soul. Compared to Mr. G, however, I'm still far from that," Qiu Ming lamented, "For his own goal, he even sacrificed tens of thousands of people. Moreover, these people would probably still believe in him until the day they die. This is because they believe in the future that he's promised."

"You created him," Zhang Heng reminded.

"No, I only opened the door, so he saw the outside world. As for whether a demon or angel comes out from behind that door was never something I could control," Qiu Ming shrugged.

"At least now you have a chance to put the devil you released back into the box."

"I hope I live to see the end of this," Qiu Ming said as he checked the rifle in his hand.

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After driving only two blocks, Zhang Heng already saw the end of the trip through the car window.

It was a white signal tower, about 400 meters tall. It provided the signal exchange service for the entire first-floor space. Since, according to the official records, the height of the entire first-floor space was only 486 meters, it meant this signal tower was already close to the foundation of the second floor.

And now, right above the top of the tower, there was actually a huge thread probe that was about 20 meters in diameter. From top to bottom, it drilled through the projection screen that simulated the sky.

"F*ck!" Upon seeing this, even Qiu Ming couldn't help but curse.

"Even this f*cking works?!"

As everyone knew, New Shanghai 0297 was divided into five layers of space, and the only thing that connected them was the central shuttle in the city center. However, Shengtang Morgan had long since suspended the central shuttle on the first floor, and it was only when police were transported to the first floor would a vehicle be authorized to pass through. At the same time, heavy troops were also deployed at the station on the first floor.

In Qiu Ming's previous speculation, Mr. G used the riot to attract the Shengtang Morgan's Type-VI Hunting Robots to the first floor, thus creating the condition for a sneak attack on the base. However, even if his team of exoskeleton warriors really succeeded in capturing the management, it wouldn't be easy to take a captive back to the next level and encode the memory.

But now, Mr. G had shown Mr. Qiu that his fears were misplaced.

Mr. G's men did not choose to take the central shuttle back to the first floor. Instead, they directly drilled a hole in the second floor with the drilling machine, and it was facing the place where the memory was encoded. Whether it was from the perspective of imagination or the angle of operation, Qiu Ming was astounded.

After the drill broke through the ground, it was pulled back up again. Then, two soft ladders hung down from above. Qiu Ming saw someone climbing down the ladder, but because of the distance, he could not see the person's face clearly.

After that, he clearly felt the car speed up again. This time, even if he closed his eyes, he could feel his heart jumping out of his throat.

At the same time, Zhang Heng lowered the window on the other side. Holding the steering wheel with one hand, he stuck a gun out the window with the other before firing a salvo of rounds at the sentry post in the middle of the road ahead.

The checkpoint had also been baptized by the Type-VI robot. The people who initially manned the checkpoint had already died, but Mr. G had probably sent another team to restore order in the surrounding area. Just as the group was setting up a new roadblock, who would have thought that a car would suddenly appear from the other end of the street.

The car was speeding, and in the blink of an eye, it was right in front of them. Before they could determine if it were a friend or a foe, the people on top had already opened fire.

Zhang Heng remained merciful. He had basically aimed at their lower bodies. Those who had been shot would not have died, but at least, they would not be able to move now. Lying on the ground, groaning in pain, they could only watch as the car pass through the checkpoint and sped forward.

Despite all that, however, they did not panic. They knew they were merely the first group of guards. There were other people behind them, and unlike them, having just arrived at the checkpoint, the roadblocks there had already been completely restored. If the car that had appeared out of nowhere tried to break through those, it would only end in destruction and death.

Furthermore, when the car passed them by, they saw only two people. Heaving a sigh of relief, they quickly relayed the news to the people behind them.

Zhang Heng didn't slow down at all after passing through the first checkpoint. One kilometer ahead, the people there had already gotten the news and had prepared in advance. They took cover and set up their guns.

However, before they could see the target vehicle, another Asura-like demon was already there.

A black figure with eight legs and the shape of a human jumped down from the mall next door and landed behind them. Without saying a word, it swung the giant sword in its hand at them.

They were completely caught off-guard.

Two unlucky men were sent flying on the spot by the giant sword. Suffering several broken ribs, they rolled on the ground a good bit before losing consciousness.

The rest of the guards did not care about the car anymore. They hastily turned their guns and pulled the trigger on the killer droid in front of them. However, when the bullets landed on the robot's body, other than sparks, they caused almost no damage to it.

Chapter 1063: Decoy Trap

After Feng Zi ordered the Type-VI Hunting Robot to send everyone flying, she removed the obstacles in the middle of the road to allow Zhang Heng's car to pass by. Then, she charged the robot to move forward again.

With the massive droid ahead of him, clearing the way like a snowplow, Zhang Heng rushed through four sentry posts in one go. Finally, he was getting closer and closer to the white signal tower. However, this was also the furthest he could go. After passing the fourth checkpoint, the excavator directly cut off the road in front of him.

Zhang Heng stopped the car and alighted with all his equipment.

A little further ahead, the Type-VI Feng Zi was controlling was already engaged in a battle with the guards. The sound of gunfire and the shouts of some people could be heard. Soon, nonetheless, everything returned to normal.

Qiu Ming followed closely behind with a gun in his hand. He got up and ran with Zhang Heng, ducking in and out and to the left and right through the road that had been dug out, keeping a lookout for their surroundings.

So far, everything was going smoothly. With the modified Type-VI, the two of them didn't encounter much trouble. All that said, the situation wouldn't be so optimistic in the future.

In fact, Qiu Ming had already seen a destroyed Type-VI. In order to kill this robot, Mr. G's side had obviously invested a lot of money. They used an unknown amount of explosives to directly blow up a massive 10-meter-crater into the ground. Other than the robot in the center being directly blown up, many human corpses were also strewn around the surroundings. It seemed that they were unlucky ones who didn't make it to safety in time, buried together with the machine.

At this moment, the two heard the sound of an explosion in front of them. It wasn't that terrifying, though, and should indicate that the Type-VI Feng Zi was controlling had got hit by a rocket launcher or something. Fortunately, with the droid's defensive and self-healing abilities, there shouldn't be too much of a problem.

Sure enough, not long after that, the sound of the explosion quickly disappeared.

Feng Zi, who was 30 kilometers away, was now in her complete bloodthirst mode. She sat cross-legged in an underground warehouse, surrounded by all kinds of cheap pirated dolls. Beside her feet was a bottle of coke she bought from the vending machine, but because she had been fighting, she didn't have time to drink it.

Admittedly, Feng Zi had been cautious when she first took over the robot. More than once, she would subconsciously give the order to dodge an attack, and as time passed, and she experienced more and more battles, she finally understood what Zhang Heng meant when he said, "Don't worry, just focus on the attack and not the defense."

Because of the Type-VI Hunting Robot's exceeding robustness, Feng Zi realized that normal attacks would cause it to suffer little or no damage. Even if it took a rocket launcher hit, the deformed metal shell would quickly recover.

Feng Zi couldn't be blamed for being overly cautious. She had seen Zhang Heng fight the Type-VI before, and from the looks of it, Zhang Heng had only used a knife to cut the robot into pieces. Thus, she had some doubts about the robot's strength in the beginning.

She was, however, experiencing a completely different thing now. She felt like a brave warrior who had picked up a god's equipment in a game, gone from being a noob in the beginner village to a ruthless experience harvester. This excited her completely—the commands were becoming more and more unrestrained, and she had unknowingly pulled away from Zhang Heng and Qiu Ming.

As Feng Zi continued to drive the Type-VI Hunting Robot on a test run, Zhang Heng and Qiu Ming finally encountered their first battle. As they walked, Zhang Heng suddenly opened his mouth and said to Qiu Ming, "Squat."

Although the latter did not know why Zhang Heng said that, Qiu Ming, unlike Feng Zi, clearly understood Zhang Heng's strength. Therefore, as soon as Zhang Heng opened his mouth, he immediately squatted without hesitation.

The next moment, a sniper round landed on the concrete road behind him.

Sniper!!!

Qiu Ming had already found some cover and crawled into it without needing Zhang Heng to remind him. On the other side, Zhang Heng was also hiding behind a stone slab.

"Do we need to recall the robot?" Qiu Ming asked.

"No need. We can solve this small problem ourselves." Zhang Heng shook his head. Then, he took out Lego blocks from his bag and spent two minutes assembling them into a sniper rifle. Upon inserting the Infinite Building Block, he completed the last step of its materialization.

Qiu Ming's eyes almost popped out of their sockets when he saw this. He didn't know what words to use to describe his feelings anymore. He was already beyond shocked to see Mr. G's men drill a hole in the second floor, but at least he knew how the other party did it. Zhang Heng's building block turning into a sniper was the real wild card. He had no idea how it worked.

With a gun in his hand, Zhang Heng immediately set a simple trap. He took off his coat, put it on the barrel of the gun, and pushed it out of his hiding spot. About three seconds later, a bullet pierced the coat and left a hole in it.

Zhang Heng had roughly figured out the other party's position from the hole and the previous shot. He then gave Qiu Ming a look, asking the latter to help him attract attention.

Therefore, Qiu Ming extended his gun-wielding hand out of cover and fired wildly in the direction of the bullets. This time, the sniper from afar did not fall for the decoy. He ignored Qiu Ming, who was shooting away happily. Instead, he turned the muzzle to the area Zhang Heng was hiding and held his breath.

In the end, his efforts paid off. In the next moment, he saw a figure jump out from behind the stone slab.

“Got you!” The sniper’s eyes flashed with joy as he pulled the trigger in his hand.

However, when the bullet from the gun’s barrel hit the target, the sniper was shocked to realize that it was still just a coat. There was no one underneath it.

For a moment there, he felt smug, thinking he had seen through Zhang Heng’s tactic. He did not expect to trip over the same stone twice in the next moment. Furthermore, this trip would actually prove fatal.

After the gunshot, Zhang Heng had already dashed out from the opposite direction. He spent a second and a half locking onto the target in the distance, and another half a second to adjust his posture and breathing.

Then, he pulled the trigger.

Zhang Heng aimed at the sniper’s arm, but because of the terrifying kinetic energy the bullet generated, not only could the sniper not shoot again, but he could also lose his entire arm. If he was sent to the hospital late, he might even die from excessive blood loss.

However, considering how he hadn’t been polite with his previous three shots, Zhang Heng had already shown mercy on account of Miss F.

Chapter 1064: Bullet Rain

After dealing with the sniper, Zhang Heng called out to Qiu Ming. The two continued forward and encountered two more waves of ambushes. Although there were quite a number of them, they were not as good as the previous sniper, and in the end, they did not encounter any danger. As for the larger group of enemies, Feng Zi had dealt with them in advance with the Type-VI Hunting Robot.

Ten minutes later, the two arrived outside the signal tower and met up with the robot again. Just as they were about to attack the east gate of the signal tower, the glass door opened automatically on both sides.

Director Zheng, already changed into his combat uniform, walked out. When he saw Zhang Heng, he bowed politely before asking, “Is there something wrong with our previous deal?”

“No, the deal went quite smoothly this time,” Zhang Heng replied.

“Are there any areas that we fared poorly during the transaction that might have offended you?”

“No, I’m very grateful to Miss F for her timely assistance. I received a good amount of shellac records from you, and in addition, received Mr. G’s compensation of three million dollars.”

Manager Zheng nodded and continued, “Then I don’t understand. We’ve clearly shown enough sincerity from the beginning to the end. You’ve fulfilled every request and didn’t do anything wrong. Why did you turn around and start a massacre and chase us all the way here?”

“Because I thought about everything that happened after I came here, and I suddenly understood a principle.”

“What’s that?”

“My biggest weakness is that I’m too reasonable,” Zhang Heng said calmly. “So this time, I’m not going to be reasonable. My deal with Mr. G has been completed. What’s going to happen next is just a personal grudge.”

“Do you really realize what you’re doing? If you insist on stepping through this door today, what will happen next will far exceed your personal grudge between Mr. G. Miss F is your friend, isn’t she? Aren’t you afraid of hurting her heart? And Miss Xia Fengzi... even though she has chosen to stand on your side, from what I know, she has been enjoying herself these past few days. She has made many friends too. Other than that, many more people you don’t know look forward to living in the New World. Some of them have already sacrificed their lives, while others are still fighting for their ideals somewhere. Do you want to become their enemy too?”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m just a passerby anyway. I don’t have time to earn any reputation,” Zhang Heng said.

Supervisor Zheng didn’t know what he meant, but he saw Zhang Heng reach out his right hand to grab the knife’s hilt. The latter was using his actions to express his position.

“That’s really regrettable,” supervisor Zheng sighed, but then his temperament changed. He was no longer as polite as before, and his gaze turned extremely cold. “Since you’re not giving any room to be reasonable, we won’t be polite to you anymore.”

With that, he snapped his fingers. In the next moment, Every spot that could hide a man in the signal tower’s hall popped out with guns. At least 50 guns simultaneously before finally converging into a flame and shattering the glass curtain wall.

Swarms of bullets rained with a fury toward Zhang Heng and Qiu Ming. There was no cover where the two of them were standing, but there was no panic on their faces. They immediately jumped onto the Type-VI’s back and used its massive body almost twice the size of an ordinary person to block the rain of bullets.

Meanwhile, Feng Zi controlled the Type-VI, raising the heavy machine gun in its left hand before firing wildly at the hall.

This time, she wasn’t in the mood to show any mercy. The main reason for that was that there were simply too many enemies. Some people even carried rocket launchers—the grenades that were fired exploded on the robot’s body, causing it to continuously retreat. Able to withstand the onslaught of such overwhelming firepower, the Type-VI was indeed worthy of being Shengtang-Morgan’s top-notch piece of tech. Moreover, once the heavy machine gun began to exert its power, the enemy would immediately be turned upside down.

A 14.5 mm machine gun bullet could easily punch through a steel plate, not to mention an ordinary bulletproof vest. Faced with the destructive power of a bullet of such a large caliber, the bulletproof vest on the enemy’s body was rendered completely useless. Being hit basically meant certain death.

On the other side, Zhang Heng and Qiu Ming took advantage of the retreating robot to roll into a flower bed at the side. Zhang Heng took out his sniper rifle from his back and started firing back. Although he

didn't fire that frequently, a target would fall every time his finger touched the trigger. It was as precise as the call of death.

Furthermore, Zhang Heng chose enemies with heavy weapons such as rocket launchers and heavy machine guns to attack first. In addition to the Type-VI that was on a killing spree, the enemy's firepower quickly weakened. It was then that Qiu Ming could stick his head out and start shooting.

However, after Zhang Heng had dealt with the most threatening targets, he turned around and realized that director Zheng had disappeared. Zhang Heng frowned. Director Zheng's attack seemed to be quite fierce, but for Zhang Heng, who had the Type-VI robots to kill, it was actually not much of a threat.

On the contrary, more than half the men he ambushed had died in the short span of two minutes. Although the remaining men were still fearless and did not back down, it was only a matter of time before they were eliminated.

As someone who had personally fought the Type-VI and had just blown up one of them, Mr. G shouldn't have made such a mistake unless he had other plans from the very beginning.

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In the revolving restaurant on the middle floor of the signal tower, the projection screen was broadcasting the battle situation below. However, the person in charge was not Mr. G, but Hei, who had driven Zhang Heng's car before. He saw that his side had suffered heavy casualties, he was redirecting manpower from various places to continue the battle below.

However, the situation was still not optimistic. The Type-VI wasn't something ordinary people could stop. Previously, they had used a large amount of explosives to kill one, but since they were below the signal tower this time, they naturally could not use explosives. Fortunately, after killing over a hundred people, the heavy machine gun on the Type-VI finally ran out of bullets. There was still the huge sword in his right hand, though, making him invincible among the crowd.

Black's forehead was covered in sweat. Obviously, he was under a lot of pressure after losing so many people. However, he still had a trump card in his hand. Previously, a team and a half of exoskeleton warriors had directly descended from the second level. Hence, Mr. G had also given him their assignments. Now, he had used up all his bullets to kill the Type-VI. Whether or not he could really block that crazy robot would now be up to these exoskeleton warriors.

Chapter 1065: Kitchenware and Weapons

Seeing on the screen that the Type-VI was out of bullets, Black turned to look at the special ops team repairing itself.

Not long ago, they finished a fierce battle on the fifth floor and had lost half of their men. Every Special Ops team member was more or less wounded, and in the end, rested for less than 20 minutes before entering the heat of battle again.

They did not complain, though, nor did they have any expression on their faces. The team leader nodded at Black and led his team members to the elevator.

However, just as they were about to board, a voice came from behind.

“Wait.”

Miss F stood up from the sofa. “I’ll go with you.”

Black was a little surprised. “Aren’t you and Zhang Heng friends? Mr. G has informed me that you can stay out of this.”

“If he thinks that I’m someone who puts personal feelings above the organization’s survival, then he doesn’t know me that well yet,” Miss F said calmly. “Besides, your special ops might be able to stop that robot, but they won’t be able to stop Zhang Heng. You need me.”

After a pause, she added, “Also, never do anything like this again. If Mr. G wants me to take action, just give me an order. There’s no need to use a dead person to provoke me.”

“...”

This time, Black’s back was drenched in cold sweat. He opened his mouth to say something, but at that moment, Miss F and the Special Ops team were already in the elevator.

The battle below was nearing its end. Zhang Heng and Qiu Ming had already dealt with two waves of reinforcements, while Feng Zi’s Type-VI finally charged into the hall.

Zhang Heng, on the other hand, suddenly stopped in his tracks. He looked up and saw more than a dozen figures descending from the steel frame outside the signal tower. As they landed, they released the steel cables around their waists.

They wore the exact attire as the two exoskeleton warriors Zhang Heng had met in the hotel corridor. Each of them was the military’s latest generation exoskeleton equipment, and their movements were well-coordinated.

However, after the group landed, they completely ignored Zhang Heng. Most of them were focused on the Type-VI Hunting Robot in the lobby. Only one of them was focused on Qiu Ming, who was on the other side.

Zhang Heng did not move either because his gaze was completely focused on the other figure above him—Miss F.

She didn’t land on the ground with the others. Still standing on the steel frame, she held the steel beam beside her with one hand and her alloy sword with the other. Her figure was blurred by the smoke.

Like Zhang Heng, she didn’t pay attention to the battle elsewhere. Her eyes were fixed on him.

The two of them stared at each other for about two seconds.

Then, Zhang Heng saw Miss F switch the alloy sword to her normal hand. After doing that, she took a step forward and fell from the steel frame!

There was no steel cable around her waist like the members of the special forces. In fact, she didn’t have anything on her other than a sword. She simply jumped straight down from the steel frame.

Her body continued to accelerate under the force of gravity. Other than one mechanical prosthetic limb, her other organs were still that of an ordinary human. She would definitely die if she jumped down like that.

However, there was no fear on Miss F's face. Seeing that she was only 20 meters away from hitting the ground, she started to move, using her mechanical prosthetic limb to hold the outermost steel pillar.

The next moment, sparks flew everywhere where her palm made contact with the steel pillar.

However, at the same time, Miss F's did slow down. In the end, she bent her knees slightly to remove the remaining strength and finally stood before Zhang Heng safe and sound.

It had been less than two hours since the last time the two of them met.

At that time, Zhang Heng and Miss F were still working together to deal with a Type-VI that had gone berserk, but now, the two of them had become enemies.

Miss F looked at Zhang Heng with a complicated gaze, but she quickly regained her composure. She did not ask Zhang Heng why he was here, nor did she ask him for an explanation. Instead, she only said three words, "Draw your knife."

However, she did not expect Zhang Heng to shake his head. "This knife is not meant to be used against friends."

After saying that, Zhang Heng inserted the Hidden Scabbard into the empty space beside his feet and said to Miss F, "Wait a moment."

Miss F frowned, but she did not say anything. She just stood there and watched Zhang Heng walk into a restaurant that was already closed. Three minutes later, Zhang Heng walked out again with a full bag of knives of different shapes.

"This is a kitchen utensil, not a weapon," Miss F reminded a certain someone.

"To me, this is a weapon," Zhang Heng replied.

"I have a tungsten steel alloy sword. It's incredibly hard, and it's not something an ordinary weapon can withstand, not to mention the knives in your hands."

"I know. That's why I took such a big bag."

Zhang Heng wrapped the knives in cloth and hung them on both sides of his body. He first picked out two boning knives from inside and held them in his hands. Then, he gestured for Miss F to come over.

The latter did not waste any more time, switching the tungsten steel sword back to the mechanical prosthesis. Then, her body started to move, and she slashed at Zhang Heng's right arm.

Like her people, Miss F's swordsmanship was not fancy. It was purely a demonstration of speed. With the help of modern technology, her movements had already exceeded the limits of the human body. From drawing the sword to swinging it, it only took 0.1 seconds, where the whole set of movements was completed in one go.

An ordinary person facing her attack might not even have time to blink before being hit by the sword.

However, this time, her opponent was Zhang Heng. With a ding, Zhang Heng used the boning knife in his hand to block Miss F's lightning-fast sword.

Then, Zhang Heng's body moved. The other boning knife drew a strange arc in his hand and stabbed towards Miss F's throat. However, the latter had already retracted her tungsten sword, and the two swords clashed again!

After a short pause, it was time for an even fiercer attack!!!

Miss F's tungsten sword had already turned into a ball of green light, and the clanging had also become denser. Finally, after blocking the attack about four times, the boning knife in Zhang Heng's left hand let out a mournful cry, and it completely broke. The boning knife in his right hand followed closely behind, he followed in the footsteps of his companion, but Zhang Heng was still unflustered. As he retreated, he reached into the bag and pulled out two more cooking knives to meet Miss F's sword once more.

Chapter 1066: No Room For Negotiation

In the battle between Zhang Heng and Miss F, the person who felt the most heartache was probably the owner of the Western restaurant next door.

This was because all his kitchen knives had practically been used by Zhang Heng, leaving behind an astounding trail of damage. In just two minutes, Zhang Heng had already used more than a dozen knives.

Even though he had lots of knives with him, he couldn't withstand such a rate of scrappage.

This also proved Miss F was not holding back. She had, after all, taken out a Type-VI Hunting Robot on her own before, though she was out of ammunition and the battle had not lasted long.

But at least for that half a minute, Miss F still showed her strength.

This was especially true for her mechanical prosthesis, a contraption made of obviously the most advanced technology. The exoskeleton warriors that Zhang Heng had fought before also used equipment to increase their strength and speed but paled in comparison to Miss F's overpowering mechanical prosthetic.

That said, Miss F wasn't someone who relied solely on her attributes to overpower others. She had clearly put in a lot of effort in her knife skills—although her moves seemed very rudimentary, it was only because her fighting style looked like that. In actual combat, Zhang Heng realized that her prediction and reflexes were quite outstanding.

These were not qualities a mechanical prosthesis could bestow upon her. They could only come from the hard work she had put in the day after tomorrow. She had gone from being the most popular female live streamer on the internet to her current strength. How much sweat she had put in during this period—only she could've known how many setbacks she must've encountered.

After the other three virtues saber in Zhang Heng's hand was cut off, there were only three sabers left on Zhang Heng's body.

However, Miss F suddenly stopped what she was doing and said, "I can give you one last chance to pick up your own knife."

To her surprise, Zhang Heng shook his head. "Thank you for your kindness, but I said that the knife is too dangerous and is not used to deal with friends."

"But I'll never consider you a friend anymore." Miss F's eyes turned cold. "Our plan is about to succeed. Presently, I can't let Mr. G die in your hands no matter what."

"I know what you're doing," Zhang Heng said as he took out a small knife from his bag, "You used this riot to attract Shengtang Morgan's armed forces and then kidnapped the management team. You plan to encode their memories so that they can help you realize the future you want. This is a brilliant move, and it won't attract the attention of Shengtang headquarters."

"This is also the only way to give clones the same rights and benefits as ordinary people," Miss F rebuked. "So, you should know how important this matter is to me, in New Shanghai 0297, at least."

"I understand," Zhang Heng nodded.

"We need Mr. G, not only because he has led us all the way here, but also because we still need his leadership after this. Even if management relents and is willing to grant the clones the same rights as ordinary New Shanghai 0297 people, this will not go smoothly. The people here are already used to the clones' existence and treating them as objects that can be arbitrarily altered, rather than residents that share an equal relationship. It will not be easy to change their views, and this will be a very long process.

"Yes, but Your New World deserves a better leader."

"Who, you?" For the first time, Miss F looked at Zhang Heng with a hint of disappointment.

Zhang Heng bothered to explain nothing. He simply said, "Your strength is not bad, but you're still a little lacking if you want to stop me."

"Is that so? Then let me see your true strength," grunted Miss F as she tightened her grip on the tungsten sword.

The two closed the distance again. Miss F focused her attention like before and swung the tungsten sword. This time around, after paying the price of more than a dozen blades, Zhang Heng did not receive the sword head-on. Having had basically figured out Miss F's combat habits, he dodged the sword, then quickly took a big step forward to dash in front of Miss F.

While Zhang Heng was studying her, Miss F was also trying to figure out Zhang Heng's combat style. The latter's knife skills were flexible. Even though nowhere as rapid as her mechanical prosthetic limbs, Zhang Heng was always able to rely on his excellent foresight and the initiative to reduce the range of his defense to block her attacks.

Zhang Heng's main defense area was about a foot in front of him. Because there was enough space for him to defend, his blades would need to travel a shorter distance. To a certain extent, it made up for his disadvantage in terms of speed, and although the situation sometimes looked dangerous, he always turned the situation around.

However, after fighting for so long, Miss F had a rough idea of Zhang Heng's speed and strength. She didn't know if she was imagining things, but when the two of them fought again, Miss F was surprised to find that Zhang Heng's speed was much higher than before.

Miss F's first reaction was that Zhang Heng had hidden his strength, but she quickly realized the real reason. The large bag of knives that Zhang Heng had tied around his waist was also quite heavy.

However, as the battle continued, more and more broken knives were thrown away by Zhang Heng, and the number of knives in the bag decreased. The weight on his body naturally became lighter, so his movement speed became faster.

The next moment, the distance between Zhang Heng and Miss F was less than half a meter. At this time, the shorter knife in Zhang Heng's hand finally began to show its true power.

On Miss F's side, because she had misjudged Zhang Heng's speed, she did not have time to react. By the time she realized what had happened, Zhang Heng was already close to her. Even though Miss F did not panic at all, she immediately withdrew the tungsten sword in her hand in an attempt to force Zhang Heng to retreat again. However, a hair's breadth had already separated the two.

Other than speed, what surprised Miss F more was that Zhang Heng's fighting style had changed. No longer was he agile, and his moves were becoming more and more mysterious.

In Miss F's opinion, this was almost impossible. The formation of a fighting style wasn't something that happened overnight. Everyone had their own fighting style that they were more familiar with and proficient in, and save for Zhang Heng, who had played in various training halls in the capital, probably no one else could so freely swap combat styles.

Although Miss F was already trying her best to salvage the situation, making a mistake would be inevitable in the face of this huge contrast. When her next sword was taken by Zhang Heng, she knew that things were not going well. Sure enough, the knife in Zhang Heng's left hand was already aimed at her heart.

At the last moment, Miss F had no choice but to drop the tungsten steel sword in her hand and reluctantly put her mechanical prosthesis back in front of her chest. However, the next moment, the knife in Zhang Heng's hand suddenly disappeared—Miss F felt a heavy blow to her head. Her vision darkened, and everything around her became black.

Chapter 1067: Memory Coding Room

On the projection screen, Black witnessed the entire battle between Miss F and Zhang Heng. Even though he wasn't sure what transpired between the two, he could tell that Miss F hadn't held back.

However, the final result was still a loss to Zhang Heng. Furthermore, it was under the circumstances where the weapon had the upper hand. After that, Black saw Zhang Heng pull out the Hidden Scabbard from the ground and walk towards the hall.

Over there, the Type-VI Hunting Robot controlled by Feng Zi was engaged in a bitter skirmish. Though the 15 exoskeleton warriors of the enemy were no match for the Type-VI Hunting Robot in a one-on-one fight, their speed and strength were still above that of ordinary people. The exoskeletons they wore also provided them with decent defense, and with their outstanding coordination, they were finally able to suppress the Type-VI before them.

However, the Type-VI's terrifying self-healing ability gave them a headache too. Without using explosives, completely eliminating this enemy in front of them would prove a daunting task. Fortunately, they came prepared for this—alloy chains.

Under the circumstances where they could not destroy the Type-VI, the Special Ops team would take the second-best option. They chose to use the chains to restrict the movements of the target. Of course, it was not easy to do this, especially considering that the Type-VI had eight legs and was very flexible. However, after the team's tireless efforts, all but three legs of the Type-VI had been chained.

A Special Ops team member sneaked to the back of the robot and was about to put a chain on his fourth leg when something cut his waist. He did not expect to be targeted first but finally realized that he had been attacked.

However, when he determined that the enemy's weapon was only a knife, he relaxed again.

From what he knew, the defense of the exoskeleton equipment wasn't as good as the Type-VI robot, but it wasn't something a cold weapon could break. He probably wouldn't have thought so if he had watched the previous battle between Zhang Heng and the Type-VI.

He quickly paid the price for his carelessness.

After being attacked, he hesitated for a moment before deciding to stick to his original plan. After binding one of the Type-VI's legs with the chain, he wanted to turn around and deal with the attacker behind him, but he realized that he had lost control of his exoskeleton—he was completely unable to move.

It was only then that he realized that his control center had been destroyed.

Zhang Heng did not stand on ceremony. Facing his immobile opponent, he stabbed the Hidden Scabbard into his stunned eye. After pulling out the bloody blade, Zhang Heng started to search for his next prey.

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Black watched the members of the Special Ops team fall one by one. With Zhang Heng sharing the burden, the previously suppressed Type-VI robot finally regained its energy. A new lease of life invigorated Black. More and more cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Then, before he could come up with a solution, the projection screen in front of him turned black.

This was because the camera set up below had been found and destroyed by Zhang Heng. This time, Black completely lost control of the situation. Not caring anymore about Mr. G's instructions that he was not to be disturbed, he hurriedly ran to the elevator at the side. Because he was too nervous, he even pressed the down when he was supposed to go up. Then, he quickly canceled the press again.

As early as two months ago, Mr. G had completed the transformation of the signal tower. He used the top floor to build the memory coding room, but memory coding was very complicated and focused work. Mr. G had set strict rules that no one else was allowed to enter the memory coding room on the top floor without permission.

Therefore, Black was also very nervous on the way up. He knew that he had technically disobeyed Mr. G's orders, but he had no choice but to come because he was afraid that he would be a little late due to the current situation. The people standing outside the door were Zhang Heng and his Type-VI robot.

Black trotted out of the elevator and ran all the way to a metal door at the end of the corridor. Then, he pressed the doorbell in a panic. About half a minute later, Mr. G's face appeared on the security screen. "Didn't I tell you to lead the battle? Don't disturb me," he growled and frowned.

"I'm afraid you have to know this," Black said anxiously. "I followed your plan, and Miss F finally agreed to take action. However, she and the Special Ops team were unable to stop Zhang Heng and the robot... The rest of them won't be able to hold out much longer. Perhaps in a few minutes, the enemy will arrive."

There was no expression on Mr. G's face. "Is that all you have to say?"

Black was a little dumbfounded. He didn't know what Mr. G meant. Zhang Heng was about to attack, and his first target was Mr. G, but when the latter received the news, he still seemed a little impatient. He seemed to think that Black was making too much of a fuss over such a trivial matter.

"I understand." Mr. G saw through Hei's confusion and added, "You can continue with your work."

"Err... but I don't seem to have anything else to do now."

Black was both ashamed and afraid. The people Mr. G had entrusted him had all been killed. To make matters worse, in the end, they couldn't stop Zhang Heng. Besides, he didn't know what else he could do other than wait for his death.

Behind the door, Mr. G seemed to ponder for half a second before saying, "Forget it, you can come in."

After he said that, the metal door of the memory encoding room opened. Black took two steps back to make room for the door to open, and he walked in.

This was the first time he had walked into a room Mr. G classified as top secret.

However, as soon as he entered the room, he was shocked by the scene before him. He even temporarily forgot about the fear that Zhang Heng was going to attack him.

He saw a large hall surrounded by countless screens, both large and small. Each played a video—its main character: a middle-aged man in a suit was played on one screen, while on the left-hand screens, he was sitting at a dining table and eating a steak. Then, on another side, he was having a meeting in a conference room.

Black even saw a strange-looking base in a valley. It looked like a giant ship sailing in the wind. Countless overlapping sounds could be heard in the room—the honking of cars, the rustling of paper, chewing gum, and the sound of news broadcasts—all gathering to the point they were going to drown him out.

Chapter 1068: Half For Each

"Are all of these a person's memories?"

Black was stunned for half a minute before he asked.

“All of his memory? No, this is only a small part of it,” Mr. G said. “What you see is less than a week’s worth at most. It’s not easy to find the particular memory we need to modify. We need to constantly fish in the sea of memories. Most ordinary people do not have any patterns in their memory storage. Moreover, sometimes we have to distinguish between the target’s imagination and reality.”

As Mr. G spoke, he pointed to a screen. There, Mr. G was kneeling at the feet of the middle-aged man, begging for the latter’s forgiveness with tears in his eyes. “See? This is his imagination. He’s probably dreaming about this day. Unfortunately, he’s now lying in my memory coding room.”

Black also noticed the five people lying on the ground nearby. He initially thought they were all corpses but realized that they were merely unconscious when he walked in.

In addition, on the screen was a single bed was in the middle of the room, where on it lay the middle-aged man. He was wearing a somewhat ridiculous helmet that almost covered his entire face. At the same time, a tube had been inserted at the back, connecting all the way to a peculiar oval-shaped six-meter in diameter machine.

There were four people in blue uniforms sitting around the machine. All four of them were wearing the same funny helmets.

Black had heard of memory coding before, but this was the first time he witnessed the process. Needless to say, the four people in blue uniforms were the staff responsible for memory coding.

Just as Black wanted to observe the machine more carefully, an electronic synthesizer buzzed.

“R9041. Memory. Re-search... Keywords: board of directors, artificial reproduction plan.”

As a core member of Mr. G’s organization, Black knew more about his plan than anyone else. He knew that to successfully realize New Shanghai 0297’s uprising, he still needed to solve the problem from Shengtang Morgan’s headquarters. It was also why Mr. G went to so much trouble to kidnap the management here.

Through memory coding, branch management could be on their side from now, finding a reasonable excuse for the change of New Shanghai 0297 to deal with the board of directors at the headquarters. But he didn’t know what the artificial reproduction plan thing meant.

A second later, he noticed that the screens around him suddenly turned black, but after about five seconds, they lit up again.

This time, the scene before Black became a little difficult to understand. Everyone was looking for job opportunities in a city with an exploding population and extreme division of wealth, asking where the new city was built. In order to get a job, they were willing to accept memory coding. Shengtang Morgan’s financial report, where the middle-aged man was, had been increasing year after year, repeatedly hitting a new high.

The management team was celebrating the completion of the new project—New Shanghai 0297. Shengtang Morgan had touted this as a paradise, a place eager applicants could get multiple job opportunities. Not only would they be able to reside in this New Shanghai 0297, but if lucky, could reach

the third or fourth floor, directly living the life of an elite. Throngs rushed to sign up, racking their brains to enter New Shanghai 0297. Meanwhile, the middle-aged man had also been sent here to work.

"This is also his imagination, right?" Black couldn't fully fathom the content of the images, but he still felt a chill as if grasping at a life-saving straw. He could not wait to ask.

However, the few words Mr. G uttered next were like a hammer hitting his chest. "No, this is reality. What you are desperately trying to overthrow is exactly what the people outside are extremely envious of."

"How is this possible?" Black found it hard to understand. "Wait, have you already known about these things?"

"That's right," Mr. G admitted bluntly. "I know New Shanghai 0297 is just a city made of lies."

"Why then, are you still leading us to resist that unfairness?"

"I used to be like you, a member of this city. I played my role conscientiously in the day-to-day cycle until someone above me, due to some kind of prank, woke me up from this long nightmare, allowing me to see the real way the world worked. However, at that time, I didn't have the ability to change everything. In order to let the current me live, I came to an agreement with Shengtang Morgan to play the role of Mr. G here and manage order for them. But now that I've seen the real world, I can't stay in this false paradise forever."

Mr. G shook his head. "What you're pursuing is still too small. Of course, it's not your fault because you can only see what's in front of you. But I, I have a bigger blueprint. New Shanghai 0297 is just my starting point. Since they can use memory coding to control ordinary people to work for them, I can also use it to make them work for me. Not only the management of the New Shanghai 0297 but also the board of directors, the entire Earth Federation... and in the process, I will also need some like-minded partners."

Black was still trying to digest the news when he heard the last sentence.

"Are you inviting me to be your partner?"

"No, he's talking to me."

A voice came from the door.

Black turned around and realized that Zhang Heng was standing behind him. He was shocked. Previously, he had been so absorbed by the images on the screen that he had forgotten about the battle downstairs. Even though the outcome was already set in stone, Zhang Heng's arrival still surprised him.

As if knowing what he was thinking, Zhang Heng explained, "The battle downstairs is not over yet, but since the rest should be able to deal with the Type-VI, I took the liberty to come up."

Mr. G nodded. "I'm very cautious myself in choosing my partners. As the only two people who've broken into Shengtang Morgan's secret base in New Shanghai 0297 since its establishment, you've proven your ability to be my partner. Moreover, since you already know the truth about this city, you should also know the meaning of my actions. We don't need to dwell on past grudges because the real new era still awaits us."

“You have quite the bold idea,” said Zhang Heng. “Before this, I only knew that you had other plans, but I didn’t expect you to have such a big goal. You even wanted to use the memory encoder to control all of Shengtang Morgan’s top management.”

“The riot this time definitely can’t be hidden. The top management will send people to investigate this matter. At that time, with the help of branch management, we can easily encode their memories and make them listen to us. When they return, we can trick more top management to come here,” said Mr. G. “As long as we do it discreetly, we have a good chance of winning. As far as I know, in addition to New Shanghai 0297, there are 15 new cities under Shengtang Morgan management. We can split them 50-50.”

Chapter 1069: It’s Getting Late

It could be said that Mr. G’s offer of cooperation sounded very sincere. Even Black couldn’t help but be moved by his gesture.

He had initially found it difficult to accept Mr. G’s deception. Still, after hearing the latter’s broader picture of the future and looking back at what had happened in New Shanghai 0297, his initial feelings didn’t matter that much anymore.

New Shanghai 0297 was a city built on lies, and Mr. G had only added one more. If what he saw on the screen was true, then even if they had followed the original plan, they would still be living another lie.

Mr. G had now, however, provided a real way out of this city of lies. Then, after leaving, instead of living like most ordinary people on the screen, he could control his own fate and even the fate of thousands of people. The mere thought of such power was already an exciting prospect.

This was perhaps why Mr. G wasn’t worried about Zhang Heng from beginning to end. He was simply confident enough that he could convince the latter to join his cause.

To Black’s surprise, Zhang Heng shook his head.

“Sorry. Not interested.”

“Why?” Mr. G was also stunned. “You’ve been to Shengtang Morgan’s secret base yourself, so you should know the situation. Are you willing to live a lie the rest of your life?”

“It doesn’t matter. I won’t be staying here long anyway.” Zhang Heng Shrugged. “Speaking of which, I have to thank you. After your unremitting efforts, you provided me with 50 shellac records in the shortest time possible. My goal here has been accomplished... so whatever happens next is purely my personal preference.”

“...”

Mr. G’s biggest mistake was to treat Zhang Heng as an average person from the beginning. At first, he treated Zhang Heng as one of the thousands of residents who diligently played their role in the city. After that, he placed Zhang Heng in the same position as himself; hence he really could not think of any reason for Zhang Heng to reject him.

However, Zhang Heng was different from anyone he had ever met. If New Shanghai 0297 was just a fabricated lie in the eyes of Mr. G and Shengtang Morgan, then in Zhang Heng's eyes... everything from Shengtang Morgan to the so-called outside world was just a dungeon. Therefore, to him, there was no essential difference between here and the outside world.

He had obtained 50 shellac records from Mr. G and 16 from Old Man Geng. He had already obtained 660 points from this dungeon, enough to advance to the next round of the game. Moreover, if nothing unexpected happened, he could smoothly enter the top 50 and receive the small gift the bartender mentioned.

Naturally, there was no need for Zhang Heng to risk it and open up a new map. Moreover, even though Mr. G said it was easy, it was, in reality, nowhere near that. In the era of memory coding, the board of directors would not be helpless against such a crisis. Mr. G's move might work in new Shanghai 0297, but it might not in the face of a higher existence.

Even if he succeeded, it would be useless for Zhang Heng to be assigned to eight new cities. After all, he would still leave when the game time was up.

Mr. G obviously could not understand Zhang Heng's obsession with shellac records, just as he could not understand how a person lacked any thought whatsoever about power. Nevertheless, he still did not give up trying to convince Zhang Heng. Before he could open his mouth again, however, Zhang Heng had already waved his hand to stop him from continuing.

"It's getting late. After this matter is settled, I still plan to take a good look around the city."

Zhang Heng held the Hidden Scabbard in his hand and smiled at Mr. G. "Next, please try not to get hit by me."

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Miss F didn't know how long she had been unconscious. When she opened her eyes again, she found that the signal tower not far away had become a sea of fire. The people below were busy putting out the blaze, but since the elevator had been burned to a crisp, they were unable to find any other way to get up, leaving most of them anxious.

"You're awake?" Black saw Miss F open her eyes and said happily.

The first thing Miss F said after she woke up was, "Where is he?"

"Mr. G is still up there. He did not escape." Black thought Miss F was asking about her fiancé, and his eyes dimmed.

"I'm not talking about him." Miss F paused. "Wait, you said Mr. G is still up there. Is he dead?"

"Although I too hope for a miracle, the possibility of him surviving the fire is indeed close to zero." In order to avoid Miss F's excessive grief, black tried to put it more tactfully.

"Were you there as well? What exactly happened up there?" Miss F asked.

"Everything was going according to plan. Mr. G was almost done coding the management's memory, but Zhang Heng barged in at that moment. There was a big fight between the two of them. Mr. G told me to

take the management and leave first. He blocked Zhang Heng, but when I sent him to a safe place, this place... this place would have turned into a sea of fire.”

Even though Black’s words were reasonable, Miss F still felt that something was wrong. However, when she looked into Black’s eyes when he spoke, she could not find any signs of him lying. In other words, everything he said was true. At least, he believed that everything he said was true.

“Where is Zhang Heng Now?” Miss F asked again.

“I don’t know. I haven’t seen him since I came back. He should have left already, right?” Black looked a little lost. “You’ve finally woken up. What should we do now?”

He didn’t know whether the uprising was a success or not. They had kidnapped the management team according to the original plan and coded the latter’s memory. Although a success, their leader, Mr. G, had unfortunately perished in the fire. They had no idea what happened after that.

Black said to Miss F, “Everyone is waiting for you to make a decision.”

“Wait for me to make a decision?” Miss F frowned. “Why? where is Chief Zheng?”

“Chief Zheng’s body was just found in the sewer across the street. We suffered heavy losses this time. The rest of the people have already discussed it and hope that you can lead us. Not only is your prestige now at its highest, but you are also Mr. G’s fiancée. He has been guiding us all this time and has finally given his life for our cause. No one can replace his position in our hearts. Therefore, no one other than you can inherit the legacy he left behind.”

Black paused for a moment, probably worried that Miss F had just woken up from her coma and was still in a daze, so he reminded her again. “The most important thing now is how to get the police to rescue the management team in a reasonable manner. Also, we need to take revenge for Mr. G. Please issue an open-ended death warrant for Zhang Heng. The initial reward will be set at five million, and it will be increased by one million credits every month. Although we are not his match, New Shanghai 0297 is so vast, in it lurk crouching tigers and hidden dragons. As long as the reward is high enough, there will naturally be people who can deal with him.”

Miss F fell silent. She had always felt that there was something wrong with him, but she simply couldn’t put her finger on it. Finally, after a long silence, she nodded.

“Let’s do it.”

Chapter 1070: Bodyguard [End]

In a small hotel on the second floor.

Feng Zi’s wristband vibrated twice. It showed that she had received an email. After seeing the title, she instantly jumped up from the bed, bending to pick up the clothes that had been thrown everywhere.

The man on the other side also opened his eyes and saw Feng Zi’s back that had not the slightest tripe of fat and the beautiful curves that followed. He, however, couldn’t appreciate it for long. The latter had already put on her pants and shirt and tidied up her hair.

“What time is it now?”

“Six o’clock,” Feng Zi replied as she poured two glasses of water—one for himself and the other for the man on the bed.

“Why so early?”

“On the surface, I’m swamped this morning. I just received a big order, and I have a flower arrangement class at 10 o’clock.”

“Flower arrangement class? Are you serious?”

“What’s wrong? Can’t I learn how to arrange flowers with my wrench hand?”

“You know that’s not what I meant.” The man took the cup. “By the way, how’s your machine repair shop business coming?”

“It’s okay. So-so. Last week, I beat up two shifty-eyed guys that asked us to fix their partner’s robot doll.”

“If you don’t want to fix it, then don’t fix it. Why did you have to beat them up?”

“Because they thought I was an idiot and couldn’t see that they were actually coming for you,” Feng Zi sneered. “They thought I would really treat them like little white rabbits just because I brought a companion doll. Also, the real reason why I had to leave at six in the morning was that I didn’t want to see a few burly bounty hunters rush to my bed again.”

“That was an accident... and didn’t I kill them all?” The man took out the pistol under his pillow and shook it twice. “I killed all the people who saw you naked, not a single one.”

“Heh.” Feng Zi snorted coldly.

“What? I remember you loved looking for thrills.”

“That was because I could only live according to the established path, and every day was boring,” Feng Zi said. “But now, Shengtang Morgan has announced a series of new regulations, allowing the clones to enjoy the same rights and interests as ordinary people. They have completely removed the restrictions on the first and fourth floors, raised the minimum wage and basic living security, reduced advertising, and tried to limit the expansion of large enterprises and protect the rights and interests of small and medium-sized enterprises... Everyone has found a new direction of life.”

“Sounds good,” the man said.

“What about you? Are you really not going to see her before you leave?”

“See who?”

“Miss F. You know she’s been waiting for you, right?” Feng Zi said. “Why are you still unwilling to tell her all the truth and explain what happened on the top floor of the signal tower that day? At first, you said you were worried she’d just taken over Mr. G’s position and was still unstable. You had to put up a bounty to kill you to show your attitude and get the people below to accept her. But now, she’s in a stable enough position, right? Why are you still not going to see her?”

“I didn’t tell anyone the truth,” the man said calmly. “And I said that since Mr. G kept saying that he wanted to create a new world, I’d help him. Isn’t he doing well now? Everyone who has a new life is

remembering him. Now, he can replace Baudrillard and become the most popular and respected person in this city. Last week, I went to buy a mug with his face on it.”

“...”

“You’ll never reach the truth. All you’ll get is a set of carefully designed narratives.” Feng Zi put on her clothes, but she didn’t leave immediately. Instead, she sat back on the man’s body and wrapped her arms around his neck. “I was delighted when I slept with you for the first time, but sleeping too much seems to be the same thing. But I’ll probably still miss you after you leave.”

“In that case, why don’t you just close the shop today?” the man asked.

“Good idea, but I don’t think you can last that long.” Feng Zi raised her eyebrows.

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An hour later, Feng Zi still left the small hotel, and the man was no longer sleepy. He got up, took a shower, made a phone call, and went downstairs for breakfast. He then drove around the city with a trunk full of shellac records in the trunk.

After making a few turns, he drove to Grand Central Station, bought a ticket to the first floor, and checked all the shellac records in the trunk.

Ten minutes later, the man walked out of the station.

He hadn’t been here since he killed Mr. G, the main reason not wanting to cause trouble for himself. After all, Mr. G had always been a totem-like figure on the first floor. He was even more powerful after he died, many young people who idolized him even chose to tattoo his head on their bodies to show their nostalgia and longing for him, he was now completely portrayed as a revolutionary pioneer who exuded idealism and humanistic care.

“Reality is always more absurd than literary works.” When the man walked to a coffee shop, a voice sounded behind him.

Qiu Ming, wearing a windbreaker, handed the two cones in his hands to the man opposite him. “Try it. It’s Mr. G’s 44th birthday special. Unfortunately, the number is not very auspicious.”

The man took the ice cream, but he did not eat it. Instead, he directly threw it into the trash can at the side.

“As expected, you still don’t trust me at all. How heartless. I have already helped you with so many things.” Qiu Ming smiled bitterly. “I’ve been keeping an eye on the management team for you, and the people sent by headquarters were also sent by me. I thought you already regarded me as a friend.”

“Forget about friends. You’ll be thankful if you don’t cause any trouble after I leave,” the man said.

“I wouldn’t dare! You’re the famous Zhang Heng. Even Mr. G died at your hands. Furthermore, in the next year or so, not a single bounty hunter was able to kill you and receive a bounty. This is the first time I’ve seen someone who can singlehandedly kill a Type-VI robot. If I screwed up, who knows where you’ll come from to kill me,” Qiu Ming said with a shrug. “Besides, no one gave me a commemorative ice cream after my death.”

“After I leave, you’ll be the only one who knows the truth behind New Shanghai 0297,” said Zhang Heng.

“That’s not true. There’s also E-Goat and Xu Qian.” Qiu Ming paused. “To be honest, I didn’t expect you to make such a choice in the end.”

“They have already sacrificed enough and deserve the future they look forward to, regardless if this future is based on lies. As for whether someone will break into the secret base of Shengtang Morgan, it’s none of my business,” Zhang Heng said. “Also, remember, you’ll never reach the truth. All you’ll get is a set of meticulously designed narratives.”

Qiu Ming opened his mouth, a confused expression on his face.

However, Zhang Heng did not explain further. Instead, he walked into the cafe, followed by Qiu Ming. Zhang Heng picked a table by the window and sat down, just in time to see the movie theater outside.

A figure wearing a qipao and a mechanical prosthesis on her left arm walked out about twenty minutes later. She was talking to the person next to her, but her footsteps suddenly stopped. She seemed to have sensed something and looked up at the coffee shop across the street, only to see a man with a stunned face, staring at the empty seat in front of him with his eyes wide open.