

## 48 Hours 1411

### Chapter 1411: Game Compensation

Four months ago, in the valley.

In his new home, Zhang Heng tried to start the engine that had been removed from the polo to recharge the battery. Then, he took out a ps4pro from his luggage.

This ps4pro was the prize he had won in the first round of the proxy war. It was limited to the top 50.

However, there was nothing special about the machine itself. It was exactly the same as the one available on the market. The only difference was that there was a pre-installed game called "Endless Journey".

Zhang Heng connected the ps4pro to the battery. The game God, Gaime, had disappeared more than a month ago. However, Zhang Heng still remembered what Gaime had said to him when they first met in the Chernobyl dungeon, it was also the last time they met.

Gaime had told him that if he wanted to contact him, he could use the ps4pro.

Without the other party's PSN account, there was no doubt that the contact information that Gaime was referring to was hidden in the game called "Endless Journey."

In fact, recently, Zhang Heng would play this Xianxia game whenever he was free.

Although the game process was surprisingly long and deserved the name endless journey, Zhang Heng himself had 24 hours more than the average person. After such a long time, he was finally close to clearing the game.

On the first night he arrived at his new home, Zhang Heng had completely cleared the game.

However, other than the words "Congratulations on clearing the game," he received nothing.

Zhang Heng put down the controller and moved his fingers and waist. After a moment of contemplation, he stood up and ate something. Then, he opened the game again and started playing the second week's game.

Zhang Heng had already realized that this was not a single-ending game. Perhaps the ending that he had played in the first week's game was not the correct answer.

Therefore, Zhang Heng deliberately made the opposite choice in the second week's game. Previously, he had chosen the path of Immortals, but this time, he chose the path of demons.

Compared to the path of Immortals, the path of demons was much simpler. There were not so many complicated main storyline quests, and the main storyline was mainly focused on combat. It was fine as long as he hacked all the way to the end. In addition, even though his level was cleared to zero., however, one piece of equipment from the first week could be inherited. The godly equipment that Zhang Heng had fought hard for half an hour against the boss finally came in handy. Other than that, he had also unlocked more powerful skills and characters.

Therefore, even though the difficulty of the second week's time had increased, it was still within an acceptable range.

However, after clearing the demonic path, other than receiving the same congratulatory words, Zhang Heng still could not find any clues related to Gaime.

Zhang Heng was not in a hurry to open the third week's time. Other than the fact that he was already a little pressed for time, it was also because he began to realize that his previous train of thought in solving the problem might not have been correct.

At this time, it had been a week since he entered the mountain. His nightmares hadn't stopped every night, and his mental state was getting worse and worse. Even at the most optimistic estimate, he would only be able to hold on for another ten days.

Furthermore, Zhang Heng didn't think that other people and gods would give him so much time, so he knew that he only had one more chance to play.

If he wanted to continue with his plan, he had to find Gaime first.

Zhang Heng boiled a pot of hot water and made a bowl of instant noodles to fill his stomach. Then, he started the game again.

In the third week, Zhang Heng did not bother with the main storyline. After he successfully created the character, he started to wander around the world. Zhang Heng had already realized that the map for the previous two weeks was very special, it wasn't unlocked along with the storyline. In other words, as long as you were willing, you could reach any corner of the world.

Of course, there was also the possibility of being instantly sent home by the monsters there.

However, after the first two weeks of the game, with Zhang Heng's observation and memory, he could already remember the actions and attacks of most of the monsters, as well as their aggro radius. Therefore, even though he ran around the map, very few of them were sent home.

After throwing away the constraints of the quest, Zhang Heng walked a considerable distance on the endless journey map this time. Finally, he found what he was looking for in a small fishing village near the East Sea.

The Sun was setting, and the afterglow of the setting sun dyed the surface of the sea orange.

A fisherman wearing a straw cape sat motionlessly on the fishing boat. From the back, it looked quite artistic.

However, when Zhang Heng controlled his character to circle in front of him, all the artistic conception he had before was destroyed. Then, Zhang Heng realized that he had also entered the game and replaced his Level 6 trumpet character.

"You're too much of a fool." Zhang Heng jumped up from another fishing boat.

In front of him, Gaime had woven a simple stand and placed the fishing rod on it. From there, he successfully freed his hands and could hold a GBA.

This was the second-generation portable game console released by Nintendo in 2001. Although it only had a shelf life of five and a half years, its sales were very impressive, it could be said that it was the birthday present that every boy dreamed of at that time.

Zhang Heng glanced at the screen and realized that Gaime was still playing Pokémon.

Gaime saw that Zhang Heng had also paused the game in his hands and said, "Congratulations on finding me in the third week." He did not immediately ask Zhang Heng why he had come, nor did he rush to discuss the situation outside, the first question was, "What do you think of my game?"

Zhang Heng told the truth, "The graphics are excellent, the attack is perfect, and the operation is smooth. I haven't encountered any bugs yet, but the plot is mediocre, and the character creation isn't that interesting. Even though it's an open map, the degree of freedom isn't that great. It's far from the Dungeon Games I've played before. Logically speaking, if it wasn't for finding you, I wouldn't have had the interest to play until the third week."

Gaime nodded. "This is also the situation of us gods."

"What situation?"

"We have great power, but we can not escape the path of fate. To put it simply, the degree of freedom is still too low." Gaime put down the GBA in his hand, "In comparison, you humans are like new characters in the game. Although the starting point is very low, it is full of growth. Later on, experience and choices will carve you into different shapes."

"I don't have many choices. Not long after I was born, my life was arranged by different people," Zhang Heng said calmly.

"But you still came here," Gaime said, "The main side quests in this world have already been written, but you still found this fishing village that has nothing to do with any quests. So, tell me, what do you want from me?"

"I found a bug for you in the Chernobyl dungeon. You said you wanted to compensate me, but I didn't want anything back then. Now I know what I want."

"What do you want? Let's be clear, I can't solve your problem," GAIME said. "After all, I'm not omnipotent."

"Don't worry, what I want is very simple," Zhang Heng said without hesitation. "I want to play another round of the game."

#### **Chapter 1412: Round 11 Of The Game**

"You want to play another round of the game?" Gaime raised his eyebrows. "But the proxy war has ended, and the game has been closed by the organizing committee."

"But you're the god of the game, so you should have a way to restart it, right?"

"That game is the most outstanding work I've made so far. No, strictly speaking, it's not my work alone. It's the result of the joint efforts of a group of gods. In order to build that almost real game world,

everyone has contributed," Gaime said, finally, he decided not to stand on ceremony anymore. He changed the topic and nodded.

"Yes, you're right. Even so, I can still restart it. However, it will consume a lot of my energy. Normally, it's fine. I basically just stay at home and play games. It doesn't matter how much energy I have, but Cthulhu will wake up from its underwater palace and use your body to descend into this world. Although I don't like to meddle in other people's business, I can't watch him destroy the world."

"I won't let him destroy the world," Zhang Heng said.

"How confident are you?"

"40%," Zhang Heng said after some thought.

"40% isn't a number that people can trust." Gaime sighed.

"Or you can choose to kill me now. If you succeed, you'll have a 100% chance," Zhang Heng said calmly.

Gaime shook his head, "This goes against the game style that I've always advocated. If everyone's first choice when facing a high-difficulty game is to cheat and take shortcuts, then naturally, they won't be able to fully enjoy the joy of conquering the game."

Zhang Heng was not surprised by this answer. This was one of the reasons why he had made up his mind to look for Gaime. Zhang Heng had long realized that the god of games had always placed more importance on the game process than the game results.

Therefore, during the three weeks of endless journey, when Zhang Heng decided to give up on the pursuit of a perfect ending, he was able to meet Gaime again in this small fishing village.

As expected, the game God before him did not hesitate for long before reaching out a hand. "Forty percent then. Since you've chosen the game route, enjoy the fun of the strategy."

"I will." Zhang Heng shook hands with Gaime. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. This is the game compensation I promised you." Gaime waved his hand. Then, he paused and asked, "Have you decided what Dungeon You Want to go to? I can help you with that too."

"No need. I've already chosen a dungeon," Zhang Heng said. "I only have one request. No matter what era the dungeon is in, I want a working computer in it."

Gaime looked at Zhang Heng after hearing this weird suggestion. Then, without further question, he picked up the GBA in his hand again, "Your eleventh round of the game will start at 11:55 pm tonight. Be prepared in advance."

..

After turning off the ps4pro, Zhang Heng looked at the starfish in his hand. There was less than 15 minutes left until 11:55 pm. He stood up to stretch his wrists and ankles.

Then, he walked to his travel bag and took out a USB flash drive.

[ name: Edward's USB flash drive ]

[ rarity: F ]

[ function: when plugged into the computer, your IP can never be traced ]

This USB flash drive was a small gadget that Zhang Heng had obtained from the leakers' dungeon. It was only of F grade. Although its function was still quite useful, it had always been the icing on the cake. Before this, it had not appeared much, however, this time, Zhang Heng put it into his pocket first.

Following that, Zhang Heng took out some small items that were relatively small and easy to carry. As for the battle-type items that he had always relied on, such as [ Parris's arrow ] , [ hidden scabbard ] , and [ plague bone bow ] .., zhang Heng didn't take any of them.

This was because Zhang Heng knew very well that Kronos must be somewhere nearby, keeping an eye on him. Zhang Heng didn't want Kronos to know that he had entered this round of the game.

The next item he took out was the [ immunity crystal ] . This d-grade item had two uses left. Zhang Heng hadn't used it since he tried it out, so he could save it for tonight, it would help him get through tonight's nightmare. This way, he wouldn't be plagued by nightmares in the next dungeon, and he would be able to focus on the game.

The last thing Zhang Heng took out was a pen.

This pen was given to him by a bearded man who looked like Conan Doyle in the deduction dungeon. However, after the appraisal, it turned out that it was not a prop.

However, this time, Zhang Heng chose to carry this pen with him when he entered the dungeon.

At 11:49, Zhang Heng made all the preparations. Lying on the bed, he fell asleep as usual. Then, the nightmare attacked him, but immediately after, the [ immunity crystal ] in his hand emitted a soft white light, it wrapped around his soul and floated all the way to a white room.

However, this time, Zhang Heng did not stay in the white room for too long. Soon, the familiar feeling of dizziness came over him.

[ player identification verified... ]

[ verified. Random 11th round of dungeon selection for player 07958... detected player's pen with special keepsake Conan Doyle. Will Link player to designated dungeon. ]

[ link completed — the current dungeon is a literary salon. ]

"You are a newbie writer who has just made a name for yourself. You have successfully published your first novel, received a few small awards and the approval of some professional book critics. You have also gained a group of readers who like you. Just when you were feeling smug about your achievements and couldn't wait to go all out, you received a letter from a mysterious club. The owner of the club invited you to join their salon. At first, you were a little hesitant, but your curiosity soon overcame the uneasiness of the unknown. You decided to join their salon to take a look."

[ mission objective: defeat all the opponents and win the Salon Story Club ]

[ mode: Single Player ]

[ time flow: 2400](one hour in the real world is equivalent to 100 days in the game. After 500 days, players will be forced to return to the real world)

Friendly Reminder: the game will officially start in five seconds. Please be prepared.

..

Zhang Heng knew that he had guessed correctly when he heard the system notification. The pen had played its role, but the contents of the dungeon still surprised him. Zhang Heng originally thought that he would meet Conan Doyle with a mustache, Zhang Heng had already planned to follow him to hone his writing skills. However, when he really heard the dungeon's description, he realized that this dungeon was even more lively than he had imagined.

However, it would be even more difficult to clear the dungeon.

### **Chapter 1413: Salon**

Zhang Heng opened his eyes and found himself in a slightly dim alley.

At the end of the road was a small brick-like building that was tall on both sides. It looked to be quite old. Zhang Heng could only infer from the construction materials and style that this was a post-19th century building.

He was not in a hurry to enter. Instead, he looked around and saw pedestrians passing by the alley in a hurry, vendors selling cigarettes, and the grocery store across the street. Just as he was about to continue looking.., suddenly, there was the sound of thunder in the sky, signaling that a storm was coming.

Zhang Heng didn't stay where he was. Finally, he made his way to the small brick building.

The building was much quieter than Zhang Heng had imagined. There was only orange light coming through the door, and there wasn't much noise.

Zhang Heng knocked on the door.

A moment later, a middle-aged man who looked like a butler poked his head out of the door. "How can I help you?"

"I've received an invitation to join the Salon." Zhang Heng paused. He looked past the middle-aged man to the living room behind him and realized that it was empty, there were no guests.

"Sorry, am I early?"

"No." The middle-aged man smiled. "The salon has already started, but it's not here. Can I see your pledge?"

"Pledge?" Zhang Heng frowned slightly. On the way here, he had already checked his pockets. Other than the props that he had brought with him, he did not find anything else. However, Zhang Heng quickly thought of something, he took out Conan Doyle's pen.

The Butler took the pen, put on his glasses, and looked at it carefully. Then, he handed it back to Zhang Heng respectfully with both hands. "Welcome to the House of geniuses. Please follow me."

Zhang Heng followed the butler-like middle-aged man into the house. Then, the two of them walked through the living room and into the courtyard, the butler-like middle-aged man opened a dark cellar that looked like the kind of cellar used by the main character in horror movies when the main character was imprisoned. Then, he made a gesture of invitation.

“Are you serious?” Zhang Heng raised his eyebrows.

“Don’t look at me. Bluffing and dramatizing have always been the authors’ favorite.” The butler-like middle-aged man shrugged. “To be honest, I’ve never really understood this kind of evil taste.”

Hearing that, Zhang Heng looked at the Big Iron Lock at his feet again. There were some red stains that looked like blood stains on it.

“Don’t worry, the paint made from ochre.”

“Very impressive,” Zhang Heng commented.

Without hesitation, he strode in.

It had to be said that although the atmosphere in front of the cellar door was scary, the environment inside was actually not bad. It was slightly damp, but the air was clear. Other than the smell of soil, there was no strange smell.

For a tunnel, there was nothing more one could ask for.

The two of them walked for about five minutes before the terrain began to rise again. Then, the middle-aged man, who looked like a butler, stopped in front of an iron ladder and handed the oil lamp in his hand to Zhang Heng for safekeeping, he pushed the cover of the well above his head open.

At this time, Raindrops had already fallen from the sky. The two of them returned to the street from underground. Just as they climbed out, Zhang Heng saw a carriage by the roadside.

The middle-aged man, who looked like a butler, took the oil lamp back from Zhang Heng’s hand. “I can only accompany you here. Next, Martin will send you to the Salon.”

“Martin? Is this a joke from ‘The Adventures of a goose’? What about you? I didn’t ask for your name before.”

“Kansel.” The middle-aged man, who looked like a butler, smiled and then bowed again. “I sincerely wish that your thoughts will flow like a fountain every day.”

“20,000 miles under the sea, as expected. Thank you.”

After bidding farewell to consel, Zhang Heng boarded the carriage. When he closed the door, the coachman, Martin, also grabbed the reins in his hands.

The moment Zhang Heng got on the carriage and smelled the fragrance of Jasmine, he began to feel drowsy. However, this kind of drowsiness was different from inhaling a large amount of anesthetic. Zhang Heng knew that he could wake up at any time, this was more like a pastime that he had prepared because he was worried that his journey would be too boring.

Therefore, Zhang Heng also relaxed his body. He leaned his head against the carriage and took a short nap.

After an unknown period of time, the carriage stopped again.

This time, it stopped on a lawn. Martin opened the door for Zhang Heng. What appeared in front of Zhang Heng was a huge mansion. This mansion was built halfway up the mountain, and it took up an astonishing amount of land.

Zhang Heng only took a quick glance, and all he saw was a garden, a swimming pool, a forest, and even a golf course.

This time, standing in front of the door to greet him was a female housekeeper, but she was exceptionally short. She was less than four feet tall, petite, and had pointy ears, but she had a pair of big feet, she moved without making a sound.

A name immediately appeared in Zhang Heng's mind.

— hobbit.

This was a fantasy race created by the English writer and poet Tolkien in his novel, the Lord of the rings.

"It seems that you have recognized my origin, the most expensive guest," the female hobbit Butler said. "I just don't know how to address you."

Without waiting for Zhang Heng to speak, she added, "There's no need to tell me your real name. Everyone here uses their pen names or the names of the characters in their books."

"Zhang Heng."

The female hobbit Butler revealed a surprised expression.

"Actually, I'm preparing a novel. This is the name of the protagonist of my new novel," Zhang Heng said lightly.

"Then I'm sure you'll find a lot of inspiration here," the female hobbit Butler said as she opened the door behind her.

This time, before entering the door, Zhang Heng heard a chaotic sound coming from inside.

"If you ask me, every popular novel is a book. They're all dog Sh \* t! The author of the popular novel is the dog that produces SH \* t. the only thing they know how to do is to wag their tails and ingratiate themselves with the public's terrible aesthetic and abnormal appreciation! "It's because of them that the threshold of this industry has been lowered infinitely," a resounding male voice said.

"I don't agree, Mr. Bastard. The purpose of our writing is not to be enemies with the public. I don't deny that some of the excellent works of the super-era were seriously underestimated at that time. However, you can't hate the authors who earn money just because you didn't earn much money when you were alive," a strong female voice said.

"No Doubt, I'm talking about you, Professor mcgonagall, and you and all that writing just proves it!"



## Chapter 1414: Argument

Zhang Heng initially thought that he would be surrounded by people as soon as he entered the room. However, he did not expect that other than the few people who had noticed him, the rest of the people did not react at all and continued to do their own things.

The argument in the room had reached its climax. Zhang Heng had already recognized a certain fantasy bestselling female writer who had spoken earlier. However, her opponent., zhang Heng did not know the background of a red-necked man who was giving pointers. He was dressed like a poet or novelist who was active in the 17th or 18th century.

In addition, a man with a full beard and a slicked-back hair joined the debate. He was also standing opposite the female author, "I've read your novel, Ma'am. Forgive me for being blunt, but I couldn't bear to read it after only three chapters. I believe that no matter what kind of writing should be based on one's own life experience, because only reality can move people. Before I wrote *moby-dick*, I was a seaman on the sea for four years, and I even went out to sea with the whaling ship.

"I watched those strong men who made a living on the sea, and watched them how to overcome their fate and how to deal with the storm. From then on, I made up my mind to write a story about them, but..."the man with a full beard lowered his voice, "The response of this book was average at that time. I guess no matter what era it was, people liked to read those strange and ordinary stories."

"My story also originated from my own life. I just put a layer of magic on it. I believe Mr. Gandalf will agree with me."The woman turned her eyes to an old man with a slim figure, he was looking for an ally with a head full of white hair.

As expected, the old man said, "Fantasy is a kind of literary theme. Behind the absurd story at the beginning, there is also the true feelings of the Creator."He seemed to have thought of something and sighed, he poured himself another glass of red wine.

"But still, the entertainment value is greater than the artistic value,"another voice said. It was a man with a Jewish appearance. He had big eyes, high nose bridge, deep eye sockets, and long thin ears, making him look a little like a vampire, "I don't care about the readability of the article, because my work is first and foremost to allow me to explore the value and meaning of life. As for whether other people can read it or not, what does it have to do with me?"

"My first teacher always told me to tell a story with a beginning and an end, with a time and place, and clear values, but to be honest, I don't care about that kind of thing at all. I agree to use cross-dressing and absurd writing techniques reasonably, but this kind of thing is not used to give the general public silver."

"That sounds too arrogant."The woman frowned.

"But geniuses are arrogant to begin with."The Jewish man spread his hands.

Just as everyone was in a heated argument, someone finally noticed Zhang Heng, who had just walked in, "That's great. There's a new face here. He should be a newcomer to the Salon. We should ask him what he thinks."

“Go ahead, I don’t care anyway,” yawned an American man who was curled up on the sofa, puffing and puffing as he hugged a girl who was dressed like a hippie.

However, other than him, there were still a lot of people waiting for Zhang Heng’s answer.

Even though he knew that his words would cause a lot of people to scoff at him, Zhang Heng did not hesitate. He had already thought of an answer to this question before entering the dungeon, “I want to write a book that everyone likes to read and that can quickly become popular.”

“Boring!”

“This child has gone astray!”

“This is too polite. It should be said that he is beyond redemption.”

“Another piece of SH \* t! Who invited him? The rookies nowadays are too utilitarian.” Some people immediately shook their heads, they looked like they were in pain, as if Zhang Heng had done something heinous.

However, there were also a few people who found Zhang Heng pleasing to the eye.

“Well said.”

“I think this young man’s wish is not bad. No one has ever said that popularity is wrong. Don’t forget that even if you guys are stubborn, your works will become popular after you die.”

“...”

Zhang Heng was already mentally prepared for this. If this was a traditional game, this would probably be a lineup selection event. After the lineup was established, the favorability of the people in the same lineup would increase. On the other hand.., the favorability of the opposing players would drop drastically.

Of course, there were also players who wanted to be able to mingle on both sides. When faced with such a situation, they could play tricks and ride down the wall. If they were able to do it well, the favorability of both sides would not drop.

However, this was not necessary for Zhang Heng because he was not lying. What he said before was his truth.

“If you want to talk about the popularity of novels, you can come to me. I’m staying in Room 207,” the fantasy best-selling female writer said enthusiastically. She paused for a moment and then said mysteriously, “Are you free tomorrow morning? I can introduce you to someone. He is the greatest writer in the history of mankind. Everyone knows him, and his plays are well-known. Until a few hundred years later, every novel we write has a shadow of his story.”

Even though professor mcgonagall did not name the person, Zhang Heng already knew who she was referring to.

William Shakespeare. Although there was always a saying that there was no first or second place in literature, Shakespeare could indeed be said to be the most influential author.

If one could listen to Shakespeare personally explain the writing method of the novel, one would definitely benefit greatly, even if Shakespeare wrote those plays based on the market environment at the time and the preferences of the audience, however, the method had something in common. Furthermore, Shakespeare's plays had been around for hundreds of years. This was probably the true popularity of Shakespeare.

Just as Zhang Heng was about to sit down and chat with the fantasy best-selling female author, the messy hall suddenly quieted down.

Then, everyone's eyes gradually focused on the fireplace. The firewood inside had unknowingly started to burn and crackle.

Zhang Heng noticed the excitement on the fantasy best-selling author's face. She sat up straight and said to Zhang Heng, "It's here, it's about to start."

"What's about to start?"

"The monthly salon story gathering." The fantasy best-selling author blinked. "The winner will be able to meet the owner of this place, have dinner with him, and then... get the right to leave."

"Leave this place?"

"Of course. Although this place is very nice, with food and drink, and we can meet many masters, including the living and the dead, everyone will gather together and talk about it. Well, of course, sometimes we will also argue with each other like we did just now. After all, every author has their own characteristics and perseverance. If it's so easy to be convinced by others, then there's no need for us to do this line of work. However, no matter how good a place is, we will get tired of living in it for a long time."

At this point, the female author seemed to have thought of something, "By the way, How's your writing? Although it's hard to have a standard for this kind of thing, the owner of this place still managed to find a way to give everyone a grade. I'm probably between LV2 and LV3. What About You?"

Zhang Heng looked at his character interface. His writing skill was still LV0.

"Looks like I'll be here for a while," Zhang Heng said.

### **Chapter 1415: The Story Club**

As the name suggests, the story club was a place where people gathered to tell stories.

However, at this moment, this mansion was filled with perhaps the best storytellers in the history of mankind. To stand out from this group of people, winning would not be any easier than mankind's first landing on the Moon.

In fact, even though Zhang Heng's fantasy best-selling female writer had become the most lucrative writer of the time due to a series of novels, she was already worth around 7 billion pounds in the past 18 years, however, with her level-3 writing skills, even if she wasn't at the bottom of the list, she would still be at the bottom of the list.

From the looks of it, it would be impossible for her to leave this place. However, Zhang Heng noticed that the best-selling fantasy author was looking forward to it after the story started.

Of course, you could interpret this as the confidence of every author. After all, her works were selling like hot cakes. Even if she didn't have confidence in herself at first, she was still a writer, now, it was time for them to be nurtured by solid sales data.

However, when this episode of the story really began, Zhang Heng finally knew where the confidence of the fantasy best-selling female author came from.

The Hobbit housekeeper walked to the fireplace and bowed to the writers in the room. "Welcome to this month's story party. Before the story begins, I would like to introduce a new friend to everyone."

The Hobbit housekeeper paused for a moment before turning to look somewhere else. "Zhang Heng, he's a rising star in the literary world. His published novels have been well received by readers and critics alike."

The applause was low. Other than the fact that no one had heard of his name, Zhang Heng had already chosen a faction the moment he entered the room. At least half of the people in the room did not like him.

Fortunately, the female author of the best-selling fantasy novel and the others clapped enthusiastically, so the atmosphere at the venue was not cold.

The female hobbit Butler did not waste any more time, "At the end of last month's story conference, the theme of this issue was announced. I believe everyone has already prepared their own stories. So, who is willing to be the first to share?"

Zhang Heng also understood. It turned out that every issue would have a theme, which would be announced in advance. Then, the writers would be able to use this as the theme for their stories for the next month.

The advantage of using this kind of thesis approach to compete was that there was a greater chance of a surprise. It didn't mean that authors with good writing skills would necessarily win, because most authors had their own themes that they were good at, if they happen to encounter a theme that they are not good at, then the strong may also fail.

On the other hand, like fantasy best-selling female writers, those who have weaker writing skills will have a greater chance of turning the tables when they encounter a suitable theme.

For example, this eye-opening theme is obviously more inclined to test the author's imagination, and fantasy best-selling female writers are famous for this, so it is no wonder that she looks eager.

However, she was not the first to go on stage. Instead, it was a French man who looked a little like Mr. Bean. He wore a jacket and a leather hat on his head, he looked like he had just jumped out of the pilot's seat and was covered in dust.

The pilot, who had a bit of melancholy in his eyes, told a strange story in the first person that he encountered on a flight mission.

His story was not flowery, nor did it have any superb rhetorical skills. It was just plain English that even children could understand easily. However, everyone in the room was listening attentively and no one interrupted him.

In their trance, they even had the illusion that there was a child's soul living in the body of the adult. Otherwise, how could the story he told be so pure and pure.

When the pilot left, many people were still immersed in his fairy tale.

But at this time, a second person also walked up..

Zhang Heng estimated that there were about 100 writers in the hall on the first floor. If all 100 of them went up to tell the story, then the story would probably take at least half a month to end.

However, according to the fantasy best-selling female writer, her story would only last for three days at most because not everyone was in a hurry to leave, after all, not everyone had billions of pounds lying in their bank accounts, especially those authors who did not have much money in their era and were not very rich.

This place was quite comfortable. Other than not being able to leave, no matter if you wanted to drink, eat delicious food, exercise, or do multiplayer sports, you could be satisfied with anything you could think of, there were even people who had decided to stay here forever.

Zhang Heng saw a man in a shirt who exuded a tough aura sitting alone at the side, drinking alone, as if he had no interest in the story.

The man seemed to have noticed Zhang Heng's gaze. He exchanged a look with Zhang Heng and raised the glass in his hand.

When the story ended, the best-selling female author did not win as expected. The final winner was a Frenchman, but he was not the first pilot to go up, the latter lost by one point to his fellow countryman, who won the title of the story with a science fiction story.

Zhang Heng was not surprised by this. After all, when it came to science fiction, the prolific nineteenth-century French writer was a monument that could not be bypassed, the theme of the story was tailor-made for him.

After the twelve-member jury announced the winner, The Hobbit housekeeper came forward again, holding an envelope in her hand.

As a result, the authors who had just been immersed in the sea of stories were immediately attracted by the small envelope.

The Hobbit housekeeper did not keep them in suspense. She neatly opened the envelope and said, "The theme of the next story will be... time."

After saying that, she turned the letter over and showed it to everyone.

For a time, some people were happy, while others were worried. Time could be said to be an eternal proposition in literary works. Many famous writers had created related works with the theme of time.

However, the more conventional the theme was, the more difficult it was to write. Because there were too many good works from before, it was not easy to write new ideas. Many people were already racking their brains.

However, Zhang Heng did not have much of a reaction. The main reason was that with his level 0 writing skills, any theme would have nothing to do with him. Coincidentally, the tough guy who had been drinking alone on the other side stood up, he grabbed the leather jacket that he had just taken off and walked to Zhang Heng. "Let's go."

"Where are we going?"

"Hunting. I know where the forest has the most prey."

### **Chapter 1416: A Hunt**

The tough man and Zhang Heng were both very efficient. Fifteen minutes later, the two of them had entered the forest with their shotguns in their hands.

When the tough man squatted down to study the footprints of the animals on the ground, Zhang Heng asked, "Why me? Is it because I chose a popular novel?"

"I don't care about that kind of boring stuff," the tough man shook his head. "I chose you because you look different from the nerds inside. You should know how to use a gun, but hunting requires a gun."

Zhang Heng found it hard to refute this reason, but after a pause, he said, "The first pilot should also know how to use a gun, so why not look for him?"

"Him? "I don't like him, just like I can tell that he doesn't like me either. To be more precise, he doesn't like all adults. Besides, don't look at how warm his story is, he's actually quite problematic here." The man pointed at his own head.

"Of course, if he hadn't been plagued by depression, he wouldn't have been able to write words that could heal people's hearts. Talent can sometimes be a form of torture, especially for people in our line of work. Most people have some mental problems, and I'm no exception. If I stay with him for too long, I'm afraid that I'll blow my head off with the shotgun in my hand."

The tough man pulled his boots out of the mud and continued, "Besides, you're a newcomer here, so I'm guessing you'll accept my invitation."

"..."

What the tough man meant was that no one who had stayed in this villa for long would accept his invitation to hunt.

However, it made sense. How could a madman come out to hunt at night when the sky was already dark? Not to mention, it had just rained heavily today, so the forest was very muddy.

The two of them walked on a small path, one deep and one shallow, following the trail left by an elk. At this time, Zhang Heng had already confirmed the identity of the tough man.

This was not difficult to guess, especially for someone like him who had excellent observation skills.

Ernest Miller Hemingway!

As an author who lived in the 20th century, Hemingway still left behind many photos. Although he had changed his hairstyle in the villa and shaved his beard, it couldn't be helped, his personality was still too strong.

As a person who experienced the first world war, he had many military marks on him. In addition, he had been a war reporter, a boxer, a bullfighter, and was even rumored to have been recruited by the KGB as a spy, unfortunately, he didn't have any talent in this field, and no valuable information had been leaked.

In his life, he had survived several disasters, including a plane crash. In a sense, his life was even more legendary than the stories he had written. In the end, this alcoholic., the man who had experienced multiple wives chose to commit suicide at the age of 62.

Many of these experiences, Zhang Heng could find evidence on his body, such as the scars left by the plane crash, and the impact of military and spy training on him, including the wedding ring on his finger..

If he couldn't figure it out, then Zhang Heng and Holmes had been living together at 221 Baker Street for so long.

Hemingway held onto a string of twigs and looked at the bite marks on them carefully. His eyes showed a rare hint of excitement. Then, he drank the whiskey he carried with him and said in a low voice, "It's nearby."

However, just as he was about to move forward under the moonlight, he heard Zhang Heng's voice from behind him. "I'm here to accompany you on a hunt. How are you going to repay me?"

"Repay?" Hemingway was stunned. "What do you mean by repay? We hunted together. Didn't you enjoy it too?"

"I'm here for business, not to accompany you on a hunt. And to be honest, I'm not interested in hunting."

"Is it because your skill level is too low and you can't catch any valuable prey?"

"No, it's the opposite. It's because my marksmanship is too good. It's not difficult to shoot anything," Zhang Heng said lightly.

Hemingway didn't say anything, but his eyes had already betrayed what he was thinking.

Zhang Heng was too lazy to waste time with him. He used his actions to prove himself and raised the shotgun in his hand.

Hemingway looked at the spot he was aiming at, but he couldn't see anything there. Even though there was moonlight tonight, it was sparse in the forest. The visibility wasn't good, so Hemingway wanted to take another look, however, the next moment, the sound of gunshots could be heard.

Then, Hemingway saw something swaying in the grass.

When the two of them walked up, the American tough guy noticed the elk lying in the grass.

Having been on the battlefield more than once, he believed that there was nothing in this world that could surprise him. After all, in this world, other than life and death, everything else was a small matter, however, when he saw the scene before him, he could not help but widen his mouth.

Hemingway himself was also a sharpshooter, but it was precisely because of this that he understood the difficulty of Zhang Heng's shot.

Under such visibility, and from such a distance, he ended up killing Zhang Heng with one shot.

"This... How did you do it? Could it be that you're the same as the housekeeper? who wrote the character, the lone sharpshooter? Or the bionic man created by the guy who wrote the Three Laws of Robotics?"

"Unfortunately, I'm just a newbie writer who accepted the invitation to come to the villa."

"Really? I've heard so many stories today, but if you want to say that it was an eye-opener, it's nothing compared to that shot you just took."

As the tough man spoke, he squatted down and carefully observed the muzzle of the gun on the head of the elk. At the same time, he was mumbling something like, "This is too unbelievable."

"How about you teach me how to write and I'll teach you how to hunt?" Seeing that he had successfully piqued Hemingway's interest, Zhang Heng put away his shotgun and said straightforwardly.

However, the tough man shook his head when he heard that. "I can't teach you how to write." After a pause, he added, "Don't get me wrong, I'm not discriminating against your fashion-oriented writing style. After all, my own novels are quite popular, but to be honest, I really don't know why they're popular. I'm just writing freely according to my own wishes."

"It's probably because humans have a lot of emotions in common," Zhang Heng said.

"You're right. For example, loneliness. Whether it's rich or poor, from the princes and nobles to the poor and homeless, this is something that no one in the world can avoid," Hemingway said, "I often feel that I'm too f \* cking lonely. This is also the reason why I've been drinking too much. I once desperately hoped to receive a letter from anyone, just to confirm that I'm not alone in this world. This is also why I don't want you to become the second me, young man."

### **Chapter 1417: A Blank Piece Of Paper**

"You might have misunderstood what I meant," Zhang Heng said. "I didn't ask for advice to become a second person. I just wanted to use these skills to write my own story."

Hemingway was surprised. "From what you said, other than me, you plan to ask a lot of people for advice?"

"Why? Are there any taboos?"

"Not really. In fact, most of the people in this manor hope that their writing style can be accepted by their peers, especially the younger generation of writers. Literature itself is passed down from generation to generation. For us, each generation is actually standing on the shoulders of our predecessors, tiptoeing and touching upwards, but..."



Hemingway changed the topic, "However, the people who can come to this manor are all authors who have formed their own style. In other words, everyone has found their own path. "Generally speaking, unless there are any major changes in the process, everyone will follow the same path to the end. This is also why I said that I don't want to teach you. After all, discussing and communicating is one thing, learning is another.

Hemingway paused, "Furthermore, my personal style is too strong. I'm worried that it will affect your path, not to mention that you're planning to ask someone else for advice. I can understand how you felt when you first came here. In fact, you're not the first person to have such a plan. After all, it's rare to have a place that can gather all the best writers in the world. There might even be people who have a deep influence on you, or even lead you on the path of literature. However, if you're confused by these things and give up on your own path, it will only be a loss."

Hemingway was not a busybody. In fact, if it weren't for Zhang Heng's good marksmanship, he would have gone out hunting with him without a second thought. Furthermore, the time they spent together was quite good for his temper, he couldn't be bothered to say so much to give him advice.

However, what he didn't expect was that his advice was only exchanged for a simple sentence from Zhang Heng. "I haven't figured out the path that belongs to me yet."

"..."

Hemingway choked on his words for half a minute before saying, "Haven't you already published a novel and achieved good results? "Even though you do look young, there is no shortage of young geniuses in this industry. No, it should be said that it is precisely because you are young enough that you were invited into this manor, which proves your talent even more."

"Actually, it was a complete accident that I was able to come in,"Zhang Heng said truthfully. "If the college entrance examination essay doesn't count, I haven't written any stories."

"A blank piece of paper."A strange expression appeared on Hemingway's face. "If you're not lying, Kid, then what happens next will be very interesting."

"How is it interesting?"

This time, Hemingway did not answer Zhang Heng's question. Instead, he said, "From today onwards, you will accompany me on Wednesdays and Saturdays to hunt. Teach me how to shoot as accurately as you."

"Uh, I'm not sure if I have enough time. And like I said before, I can't get too much fun out of hunting,"Zhang Heng said.

"You have to have enough time, because this is the tuition you have to pay to learn to write with me. And it's not just me. I'll bring my friends over to teach you as well. When I was at the party in Paris, most of the people I met were idiots, but there was no denying that there were a few of them who had real talent, and some of them came to this villa. Other than that, I've been here for a long time. Even though I don't really participate in group activities, and I've made a few new friends, the rest of the people in the villa will have to depend on you."

“Thank you.” Zhang Heng had only wanted to give it a try, but not only did Hemingway agree to it, he had also gained something from it. Not to mention the author that Hemingway knew at the villa.., if Zhang Heng remembered correctly, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald was one of his good friends in Paris.

This man’s life was very miserable. He was trapped in love all his life and died in Los Angeles at the age of 44. However, no one could deny his unparalleled talent. Haruki Murakami especially admired him, “The Great Gatsby” was mentioned several times in “Norwegian Wood” as the best novel to read.

Unlike his good friend Hemingway, whose words were concise and straightforward, Fitzgerald’s novel was elegant. Every sentence was as elegant as a poem, with a profound charm. If one were to learn rhetoric.., there was no better teacher than Fitzgerald.

..

When Zhang Heng returned to the mansion, it was already late at night. The dutiful hobbit housekeeper was still waiting for him at the door with an oil lamp in her hand.

Seeing that he had returned, she handed him a key with the room number printed on it and then led him to the room.

Zhang Heng inserted the key into the keyhole and opened the door. He found that it was a suite. There was a living room, a bedroom, and a bathroom. Other than that, there was a study room that faced the garden and could be used for writing and reading.

What surprised Zhang Heng even more was that the interior was decorated and designed in the 21st century style. Other than the computer that he had asked Gaime for, there was also a game console and a projector, the socket on the wall also had electricity.

As if she knew what he was thinking, The Hobbit housekeeper spoke again, “Every guest room here is different. The manor has always been committed to creating a perfect environment for every writer. If you have any other needs, feel free to let me know. As long as you don’t leave the manor, you can be satisfied.”

With that, she bowed again and left the room. She even closed the door behind her.

Zhang Heng didn’t think much of it. He walked straight into the bathroom to wash off the dirt and sweat on his body. He opened the closet, picked out a set of pajamas, turned off the lights, and went to bed.

The next morning, Zhang Heng first went to the fantasy best-selling female author’s room and had breakfast with the latter. Then, according to the agreement, the fantasy best-selling female author introduced Zhang Heng to a big shot.

Shakespeare, as the most well-known author in human history, had always been riddled with too many mysteries.

The 16th century was too far away from the present, after all. Later generations could only try to reconstruct the author’s legendary life from bits and pieces of history. However, even the most accepted version of Shakespeare today.., there were still many people who questioned its authenticity.

However, in this dungeon, Shakespeare was sitting in front of Zhang Heng. He was eating fruit while watching two girls playing in the water not far away.

## Chapter 1418: Not Disappointed

Shakespeare was very particular about how he ate his fruits.

Not only did he use a golden fruit plate, but he also had a special maid serving him. She fed the grapes into his mouth and used both hands to catch the fruit core that he spat out.

At first, Zhang Heng thought that it was a maid assigned to Shakespeare by the manor. It was not until the fantasy bestselling author greeted the maid-like woman that Zhang Heng realized that the latter was also the author who had been invited to the manor.

Shakespeare listened to the fantasy best-selling author introduce Zhang Heng in a respectful tone, but there was no reaction. It wasn't until a moment later that he suddenly frowned and spat out the grape that had just been fed to his mouth, "It's sour."

The female author who was serving him at the side saw this and couldn't help but panic. "I'll ask the kitchen to bring two new skewers."

"No need, that's enough. I'm almost done eating."

Shakespeare wiped his mouth elegantly with a napkin as he spoke. He then turned to look at Zhang Heng.

"You want to learn how to write from me?"

"I thought about it before, but I don't want to anymore," Zhang Heng said.

Shakespeare was a little surprised, as if he didn't expect that there would still be people in this world who would reject his guidance.

As soon as Zhang Heng said this, the two female writers on the other side also changed their expressions.

"You know who I am, right?" Just to be safe, Shakespeare confirmed again. "In your era, who was the most famous writer?"

"William Shakespeare." Zhang Heng did not deny it.

Hearing this, Shakespeare's stern face softened slightly, "Then my works, 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'King Lear,' 'Macbeth,' and of course, 'Romeo and Juliet,' are still popular, right?"

"As far as I know," Zhang Heng said.

"Interesting, then the question arises." Shakespeare looked at Zhang Heng, "I heard Professor Mag's introduction. She said that you want to write a popular novel. Is there anyone in this world more suitable to be your teacher than me?"

Without waiting for Zhang Heng to answer, Shakespeare continued, "Not to mention, I'm also one of the 12 judges. Every month, the winner of the story club is selected by me and the other 11 people. You have to know that those who can come to this villa may lack anything, but not talent. In other words..."

Shakespeare paused, "The competition for the story club will be very intense. Even though there are 12 judges, the final result may only be a small difference after the decimal point. You're still young, so you probably don't want to stay here like those old geezers."

Zhang Heng could hear the threat in the man's words.

However, his expression did not change. He only bowed slightly. "Goodbye."

After saying that, Zhang Heng did not care about Shakespeare's reaction and turned to leave.

In fact, the last time he bowed was not because of Shakespeare, who was sitting in front of him, but because of the great literary master who had left an immortal chapter in the history of literature.

When the fantasy best-selling female author who came with him saw this scene, she was so anxious that she almost jumped out of her seat. As she apologized to Shakespeare, she quickened her pace and tried to catch up with Zhang Heng.

Even though Zhang Heng looked calm, the female author did not believe that Zhang Heng's heart would be as calm as his.

She jogged to Zhang Heng's side and whispered, "I know that the real person might disappoint you a little, but it's not like I'm asking you to live with him. Can't you pretend to compliment him and get some pointers from him? If you're lucky, you'll be able to stay by his side for a period of time, and you'll learn a lot more. Think of it as the tuition fee for writing your new novel."

"I'm not disappointed." Zhang Heng slowed down a little. He did not have a bad impression of the female author of the best-selling fantasy novel. He knew that the other party was kind enough to introduce him to Shakespeare. After all, the latter's reputation was too big, in the later generations, almost everyone knew about him. Furthermore, he was one of the twelve judges. There were only benefits and no disadvantages to being able to connect with such a big shot.

However, Zhang Heng had no interest in serving others.

To put it bluntly, this manor was so big, and there was no lack of talented authors. No matter how good Shakespeare was, he wasn't irreplaceable. Furthermore, Zhang Heng felt that Hemingway's words were very good, there was no need to be scared by the fame of the people here and give up his own path just to chase after the stars.

In fact, it wasn't just his own path. His dignity and personality were the same as well. Like the female author beside Shakespeare, Zhang Heng followed his every move closely, he was willing to give his body and soul to become a planet beside a star. Zhang Heng knew that he couldn't do it. Furthermore, for the sake of his studies, he was willing to pay some tuition fees, but he wasn't willing to pay others.

However, like he said, he wasn't that disappointed.

Writing a good novel and being a good person were two different things. Zhang Heng knew this from the very beginning, not to mention that there was still a few hundred years between them, no matter what kind of person Shakespeare was, it didn't surprise him.

As for the threat, Zhang Heng didn't take it to heart.

He still had a mission failure exemption card with him. Even if he did not complete the main mission, there would be no loss. He came to this dungeon with only one goal, which was to finish the book he was going to write. The rest was not important.

The fantasy bestselling female writer saw that Zhang Heng was indeed not affected, so she was relieved. However, she still could not help but feel sorry for Zhang Heng.

On the other hand, Hemingway, who was holding a bottle of wine in his hand during the day, gave Zhang Heng a thumbs up when he saw the scene not far away. This American tough guy was getting more and more convinced of Zhang Heng's temper toward him, therefore, after Zhang Heng separated from the best-selling author, he dragged a man with long sideburns and black-rimmed glasses to stand in front of Zhang Heng.

Zhang Heng initially thought that Hemingway was going to introduce Fitzgerald to him, but to his surprise, Hemingway said to his companion, "Chemist, come take a look. Are you sure he's not a bionic man from one of your books?"

"Boxer, I think we should get someone to take a good look at the mental illness," the man with black-rimmed glasses replied. At the same time, he extended a hand to Zhang Heng and said politely, "Zhang Heng, right? I've seen you before at the story party. You can call me the double hundred."

How could Zhang Heng not know who the other party was when he heard this name? He was a little surprised. "Didn't you go up to tell the story at the eye-opening Story Party?"

"If you ask me, he's probably afraid of Fogg," Hemingway said sarcastically, taking pleasure in the other party's misfortune.

"Shut up. I'm here to stay for a while longer to learn more about the technology of the future," the duo retorted.

"Then you're in luck. This kid was born decades later than you. Maybe you two can talk more." Hemingway took the opportunity to assist Zhang Heng.

"You don't have to tell me." The duo reported their room number and sent an invitation to Zhang Heng. "When you have time, come to my room. We can have a good chat."

Of course, Zhang Heng wouldn't refuse. He didn't expect to receive another Asimov after leaving Jules Verne.

### **Chapter 1419: Room 515**

Zhang Heng didn't spend too much time on his own, and he soon blended into life at the villa.

During the day, he spent most of his time hunting with Hemingway and his group of friends, talking about poetry and literature, or listening to Asimov Ramble on about his newly constructed future world, in terms of science fiction writing, Zhang Heng was definitely not as good as Asimov. However, because he had experienced two future replicas of a leaker and a bodyguard, Zhang Heng's description of the future also piqued Asimov's interest.

The latter was also planning to pull all the sci-fi writers in the villa together to set up a small club. Zhang Heng, who had been with Asimov recently, was also invited to become the second member of the club.

In addition, Zhang Heng had accidentally connected with another strange small group because he had solved a burglary in the villa, even though the burglary turned out to be the work of that small group.

Only after Zhang Heng joined the group did he realize that such a case would be staged at least once a week, and it was arranged by a different person.

That's right, this group would be the reasoning society.

The reasoning society was formed by two men and one woman, and it was also in this society that Zhang Heng met Conan Doyle again. However, Conan Doyle had no impression of Zhang Heng at all, it was as if it was the first time he met Zhang Heng. He was very polite, but when he realized that Zhang Heng's reasoning method was actually the deductive method, Conan Doyle was obviously interested, in the end, he obediently handed in his room number.

However, Zhang Heng was also sure that this Conan Doyle in front of him was not the same person who gave him the pen in the deductive method copy.

In fact, over the past few months, Zhang Heng had already gotten a good grasp of the residents and the service staff of the villa, but the owner of the villa had never shown up.

The bored writers of the inference society were obviously interested in this issue. They had started their research before Zhang Heng, and they had come to a shocking conclusion.

"The owner of the villa is among us."

Opposite Zhang Heng, a dignified-looking lady with a sharp gaze and a necklace around her neck picked up the coffee on the table and smiled.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because if you were the owner of the villa and spent so much effort to gather all the outstanding authors in one place, it would be impossible for you to miss the excitement that will follow. No matter who he is, no matter what his purpose is, he must be observing us from somewhere," the lady with the necklace said in a low voice, at the same time, she took a sip of her coffee.

As she said this, the atmosphere suddenly turned creepy.

Well, who asked Zhang Heng to sit in front of the Queen of Detective Stories, Agatha Christie? Her detective stories, such as "Murder on the Orient Express", "Murder on the Nile", and "No one survived", were well-known, according to statistics, in this world, only the Bible and Shakespeare's works sold more than her.

And she was also one of the three leaders of the inference society.

But this time, the queen of inference was also slightly wrong. In the entire villa, perhaps only Zhang Heng knew the real intention of the owner of the villa to gather all the world's outstanding authors.

But even if he told the truth to Agatha Christie, the other party probably wouldn't believe him, and probably would think that he was too conceited.

However, Zhang Heng did want to meet the owner of this place again. It might not be now, at least before he left this dungeon. Furthermore, Zhang Heng had to admit that Agatha and the others' deduction was a little off, but it was not without reason.

Therefore, he asked humbly, "Then who do you think is the most likely person in the manor?"

"You," Agatha said without hesitation, "You are the most suspicious because you are the last to arrive, and you live in the last years. No one here has read your novels, and no one knows you. We don't even know if your identity as a novelist is true or false."

"..."

"But," Agatha changed the subject, "Now I don't think you're like him. I've heard about what happened between you and Shakespeare. If you're really the owner of this place, there's no reason that you don't know what kind of person he is, so you wouldn't have provoked him in the first place. Moreover, your clear and bright stance as soon as you came to the villa doesn't quite fit the identity of the owner of the villa. "However, we can't rule out the possibility that you deliberately did these things to distract us when you know you're the most suspicious. After all, the end of a detective novel often has an unexpected twist."

"Then what about other than me?"

"Room 515," Agatha said after some thought, "You should have heard about the room on the fifth floor that is closest to the end of the corridor. The tenant inside has never shown his face. The food and water are delivered by the waiters here. It is very mysterious. However, in a detective novel, this kind of character is basically a distraction thrown out by the author to attract the attention of the public. In comparison, I am more willing to suspect you."

"Thank you. If there's a day when I can't take it anymore and want to confess, I'll definitely come to you first." Zhang Heng expressed his gratitude to Agatha and stood up.

When he reached the entrance of the Refreshment Room, Agatha's voice came from behind him

"It's your turn to set up the next deduction game. Your previous case of the mysterious Ripper was quite good. It's as if you've experienced it yourself. I look forward to seeing you perform again."

After bidding farewell to Agatha, Zhang Heng accepted the invitation of the best-selling fantasy author to attend a popular novel seminar. Initially, Zhang Heng thought that after he had fallen out with Shakespeare, he would not be invited to similar gatherings anymore, however, reality proved that he was overthinking things.

Other than the female author who had served her at Shakespeare's side, most of the authors in the manor also admired Shakespeare's works and acknowledged his status in the literary world. However, they were far from being obedient to his every word, furthermore, his actions were also noticed by the people around him.

Although those people were not as tough as Zhang Heng appeared, there were still quite a number of people who disliked him. As a result, no one invited Zhang Heng to Shakespeare's Party, however, there were more people who invited Zhang Heng to a private party between a few of the smaller authors' friends than Shakespeare.

As a result, Zhang Heng's writing skills continued to improve as planned. Although it was not as easy to train as other skills, with the help of a group of masters, after three months., zhang Heng's writing skills finally broke through to LVL 1. He then wrote two short stories according to Hemingway's request and gave them to other authors to comment on, including the highlights and problems. Zhang Heng then revised them, this kind of growth was the fastest.

### **Chapter 1420: Stir-fried Beef River**

In the blink of an eye, Zhang Heng had been staying at the manor for three years. His writing skills had already reached Level 2 a year ago, just like the best-selling female fantasy writers.

It had to be said that the environment of the manor was perfect for practicing writing. After all, there was only one chance to live with the world's most outstanding authors.

Even though these writers had some minor flaws, such as Hemingway's addiction to alcohol, Mark Twain's venomous tongue, and the fact that they were the best writers in the world., fitzgerald felt dizzy whenever he saw a woman... but their talents could not be denied, and most importantly, there was nothing else to do in the manor, they were also willing to answer Zhang Heng's various questions and help him read his newly created article.

That afternoon, Hemingway was reading a novella that Zhang Heng had just written. After reading it, he put down the manuscript in his hand and frowned.

"How is it?"Zhang Heng asked.

"The technique is impeccable. I have nothing more to teach you, but I feel like something is missing from this article."

"Emotion."Fitzgerald hit the nail on the head.

"That's right."Hemingway lit a cigar, "Although there are some schools that emphasize that the narrator should maintain an objective perspective, this doesn't mean that there are no feelings in their article. They just place these feelings on the various characters in the book, and let them show the feelings of the author."

Hemingway paused at this point, "Speaking of which, I've always felt a little strange. When I first met you, I thought you were the type of person who didn't show emotions. However, after interacting with you for a long time, I realized that you've never been angry or especially happy. Have you always been like this? Your Spirit... rarely fluctuates?"

"Not always. I used to have normal feelings. Although they were slightly weaker than ordinary people, because of certain things, my feelings gradually disappeared and became what they are now,"Zhang Heng said.

"No offense, but if possible, I am willing to pay to let what happened to you happen to me,"Fitzgerald said gloomily.

Hemingway did not think much of it. "Without experiencing these fragile moments, it is impossible to write truly strong words."After saying that, he turned to look at Zhang Heng, "Your problem is



troublesome. Although you only pursue rapid popularity, it is impossible for any kind of literary work to be devoid of feelings.”

“It’s not completely unsolvable,” Marquez interjected, “If it’s just the level of popularity of a book, it’s enough to fake some emotion into it. Even though this kid doesn’t have any emotion, if he were to read more than a dozen novels that talk about emotion, he would still be able to imitate cats and Tigers.”

“I’m sorry, I might not have made it clear before. My new book does pursue rapid popularity, but there’s another important point. I want the readers to really believe the stories in the books,” Zhang Heng said.

“It’s hard to believe a story without a strong emotional foundation,” Fitzgerald said, “After all, reading for pleasure is one thing, but truly touching the readers is another. You need to put your own emotions into it first, so that it can resonate with your readers.”

His words also attracted the approval of several writers present.

However, Hemingway patted Zhang Heng on the shoulder. “You don’t have to worry. After all, there are so many of us here. If we work together, we can help you come up with a solution.”

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After returning from Hemingway’s author gathering, Zhang Heng did not return to his room directly.

Instead, he turned around and went to the kitchen. Ever since his writing skill had leveled up to level 2, Zhang Heng could clearly feel that it was becoming increasingly difficult to improve it further, otherwise, the best-selling female author of fantasy novels would not have been unable to reach level 3 even after so long.

This was no longer just a matter of skill. It involved a writer’s understanding and refinement of his own life, as well as his view of the world around him. Zhang Heng was not lacking in experience, or to be more precise, there was no one in this manor who had a richer life experience than him. Even the legendary Hemingway might not be as exciting as a dungeon run by Zhang Heng.

However, refining and integrating these experiences into his own writing was not something that could be accomplished overnight. It still needed a process of accumulation.

Zhang Heng was not in a hurry. After all, including his extra 24 hours, he had only stayed in this dungeon for less than a third of the time. However, before his writing skills reached Level 2, he temporarily put aside some things, he could continue.

For example, the mysterious room 515.

It was said that the most mysterious author of the entire manor lived there. No one had ever seen him walk out of his room. Even the windows of the usual room were covered tightly by curtains.

For this reason, some people could not help but tease that there lived an old vampire who had lived for hundreds of years. The people of the inference society firmly believed that the owner of the manor lived in that room.

After living in the manor for two years, Zhang Heng was more and more inclined to agree with their point of view.

The reason was simple. Zhang Heng had already eliminated all the other suspects, whether they were the guests or the service staff.

It was as if you were doing a multiple choice question. After eliminating all the wrong choices, the remaining one, no matter how bizarre, should be the correct answer.

However, Zhang Heng had been rejected several times before. Strictly speaking, after he knocked on the door and announced his name, there was no reaction. It was as if no one lived there at all.

So this time, Zhang Heng decided to use another method. He walked into the kitchen and said to the head chef, "I'd like to order a dish."

"Of course, the manor will meet all the guests' requirements," the head chef said respectfully.

"I want to eat dry-fried beef river, but the dry-fried beef river I want is more special. I remember that when I was traveling in Guangdong, I once ate a bowl of beef river at a food stall. It's the best beef river I've ever eaten. I want to eat a beef river that tastes the same as the one I had that day."

Facing this obviously difficult request, the head chef still appeared polite. "Okay, can you tell me the name of that food stall?"

"No, I've already forgotten."

Hearing this answer, the head chef's face finally revealed a troubled expression, but he was still very respectful, "Okay, we can try to make it, but I'm afraid we'll have to try it more often. Also, we need you to give us feedback in time."

"No problem," Zhang Heng said.

Two hours later, the whole kitchen was drenched in sweat. They surrounded Zhang Heng and watched nervously as he tasted the unknown number of bowls of Milky Way.

Zhang Heng picked up a stick of milky way powder with his chopsticks and placed a piece of beef into his mouth. He closed his eyes and chewed slowly. After about ten seconds, Zhang Heng put down his chopsticks and nodded. "This is the taste."

Instantly, the entire kitchen erupted in cheers. It was as if the scientists in the research institute had just solved a world problem.