

48 Hours 341

Chapter 341 Not So Happy Today

Even though Zhang Heng removed the Leviathan's eggs from Peng Jiating's body, he still couldn't change the way she viewed the world. Peng Jiating's grim demeanor was the result of years of neglect and serious family issues. All Zhang Heng could do was remind her father to be attentive to any changes on Peng Jiating and hope that it wasn't too late.

According to the uncle in beach shorts, the accidents that had happened around Tian Tian were brought on by Leviathan's eggs. The more unfortunate she became, the more pleasure Peng Jiating would obtain, all working to smoothen out the hatching process. While Peng Jiating destroyed the target of her jealousy, she was unconsciously destroying herself.

Now that the eggs were removed, Tian Tian's misfortunes would also finally stop.

On his way back, Zhang Heng made a stop outside Tian Tian's window and placed the Yasimba tribe's guardian amulet on the window sill, thereby returning it to its rightful owner. Now that the issue was resolved, Zhang Heng made himself a cup of coffee and went out to take pictures of the city's night scene. Twenty-four hours later, he checked out of the hotel and returned home. As he gently pushed the door open, he was greeted by the sight of his grandfather sitting at the table.

Grandpa put down the newspaper in his hand and looked at him from behind the lens.

"I'm sorry," Zhang Heng whispered. "Are they asleep?"

"No, I'm still waiting for that orange ice cream of yours," Zhang Heng's mother yawned as she walked out of the bedroom, her husband right next to her. "You said that you'd be back before twelve. You could have at least given us a call to tell us... So, you'd better have been out on a date, or I don't know how to cover for you."

"I'm sorry. I didn't think it would take that long."

Stopping time was indeed a very useful ability. The more it was used, the more it could be felt. Imagine watching the entire world stopping in its tracks, and you'd have all the time you to train, study, observe, and think. It was certainly a good feeling, albeit, not an omnipotent one.

Take right now, for example. When time stopped, Zhang Heng actually returned home once, made coffee, and grabbed his camera. He saw his grandfather at the table and noticed his parents were breathing heavily in their bedroom, clearly not asleep.

So, he knew what was about to happen when he came back for real, but he could not change the outcome. In fact, he even had to feign ignorance and pretend he was clueless. But no matter what, knowing that someone in the world still cared for you was very reassuring. Especially after seeing Peng Jiating's family situation, Zhang Heng felt grateful to have had a very different childhood experience.

Even though his parents left when he was still very little, they would always come back to spend a few months at home, doing nothing but staying by his side. They'd be telling him those fairy tales and legends or dragging him along to the movies for some boring horror flick. They would mindlessly laugh at the poor videography, chaotic script, and terrible props.

And whenever they were away, Zhang Heng's grandfather would faithfully fulfill his duties as a guardian, playing two roles at the same time. He was a better parent than them on his own right, and compared to his peers; Zhang Heng was never neglected or unloved as a child.

So, when he was all grown up, other than preferring to be on his own, Zhang Heng didn't possess any other obvious flaw in his character.

Now that the accidents surrounding Tian Tian's family were resolved entirely, Zhang Heng's life returned to its previous peaceful state. Except for the extra twenty-four hours each day, this year's New Year celebration was no different from the usual affair.

On the evening of New Year's Eve, the family gathered at the table to wrap dumplings. In addition to the four main dishes prepared by grandpa, Father Zhang contributed a baked lobster with cheese and a plate of vegetable salad. Zhang Heng also whipped up two specialty dishes that he had just learned.

In the end, his unique Caribbean-style grilled jerk chicken won the best dish award of the night. Undoubtedly, both the judge and award presenter were Mrs. Zhang.

As they watched the Spring Festival Gala on the couch, Zhang Heng received quite a few New Year's greetings. Apart from his three dorm mates, Shen Xixi also sent him a text. Although comprising only a few simple words, it was clear that the message wasn't the regular forwarded affair. Hayase Asuka, far away in Tokyo, had also sent her blessings attached with two photos of her bathing in a hot spring.

After the Meiji Restoration, Japan abolished the Lunar calendar and switched to the Gregorian one, thus causing many feudal customs to disappear. Except for a few remote places, no one really celebrated Lunar New Year. Hayase Asuka, on the other hand, had apparently studied the situation in China and sent the greetings at eight in the evening.

Those were the initial greetings. It wasn't long before a barrage of messages from other friends and classmates, even various websites that he had renewed his membership with, started bombarding his phone. Through the continuous bombardment of greetings, Zhang Heng suddenly noticed that there was no activity at all from the most active person with the Aqua profile picture.

Zhang Heng clicked on the conversation. Their last text was two days ago. Why Do You Always Look Unhappy (#'O') had mysteriously told him that she'd gone alone to fish at a river, and had finally caught a grouper. Five minutes later, she sent a picture of a toy grouper hanging from a fish hook.

That was the last time he heard from her. There was nothing after that.

Since he had already opened the conversation, Zhang Heng sent her a New Year's greeting. About ten minutes later, she replied to him.

— Not very happy today.

Why?

— Can you come somewhere with me? It won't take long. I just can't go back alone. Zhang Heng could sense that Why Do You Always Look Unhappy (#'O') wasn't very happy today and did not press her for details. He simply answered with, "Alright, how do I find you?"

– Have you heard of a way to log into the game without using game points? Word is, you'll need a place where nobody can disturb you, then find something that connects to the internet; a computer, laptop, or tablet, for instance. If you don't have any of that, a mobile phone will suffice. The game committee will then send you an email.

– So? I've used up my game quota for this month.

Zhang Heng typed.

– It's okay. I will forge a similar email that can bring you to a very special quest. Don't worry; this quest won't use up your points quota. There's no login limit, and there is no danger to this game. As I said, it's very special. I can even enter games even though I'm banned. Plus, it won't take up too much of your time. In fact, I am not playing to move to the next level or anything, I just want to... take a look inside. I usually go by myself, but I don't know if I can do it tonight.

Chapter 342 Master Builder

At eleven o'clock, Zhang Heng excused himself and retired to his room. He locked the door before taking out his Dell laptop. When he logged in to his account, he saw that he had a new email.

The section under the sender was blank, and the subject was login.

Zhang Heng clicked on it.

'Player number 06992 invites you to form a team to join a new round of game. Please ensure that you are alone in a private space with no one else around. Click on the link below to start the game when you are ready. Have a wonderful time!'

There was no need to mull over it. Even if Why Do You Always Look Unhappy (# O') was pulling some trick again, he had a mission failure exemption card, ensuring that he wouldn't encounter too great a danger in the quest.

Zhang Heng clicked on the link at the end of the email.

The next thing he knew, he was hit by that familiar dizziness, and the system prompt echoed in his ears.

[Verifying player's identity...] [Verification confirmed. Players 06992 and 07958 are holders of component 300501. Connecting players to the quest]

(Extraction complete-Current Quest: Master Builder (Special))

"An evil ruler is planning to destroy the entire city. The world is at stake and it awaits its savior. This game will not be added to your count. You can exit the game at any time and start again." [Mission objective: Save the World]

(Mode: Multiplayer)

[Time flow rate: 480]

(One hour in the real world is equivalent to 20 days in this game. Players can terminate the game at any time and return to the real world)

[Friendly reminder, the game will begin in 5 seconds. Player, please get ready.]

It was Zhang Heng's first time hearing that a quest's main objective was to save the world. Judging by its description, he thought he would be sent into a dystopian wasteland or to the eve of the apocalypse. When he opened his eyes, he found himself standing in a train station, surrounded by a bustling crowd.

Everything looked normal... except that everything around him was made out of blocks.

Lego? Zhang Heng raised an eyebrow. Lego, a building block toy, was invented by Ole Kirk Christiansen, father of Lego. The word came from the Danish phrase "LEg Godt", which translates as "play well." Food-grade plastic was used to manufacture the parts, with protrusions on one side and corresponding indents on the other. The pieces are assembled according to instruction manuals to form a variety of models, or the player could set the manual aside and build whatever they please according to their own personal preferences. In the world of Lego, nothing was impossible, and the possibilities were endless. Zhang Heng had seen many Lego fanatics build life-size Lego models on the Internet and in exhibits, including a full-scale Bugatti Veyron (engine also made out of Lego bricks, and could be driven on the road at low speed

– no more than 30km/h), all sorts of bricked-out animals, and even houses. In this game he was in, however, he was literally in a world formed by bricks. This was the first time he had seen something like this.

He was standing in a massive railway station, where even the glass roof above, the marble floor beneath his feet, the cake shops, and convenience stores were bricks. Every single detail, from the ticket vending machines to the entrance of the subway station; they were all constructed from millions upon millions of colorful Lego bricks.

In fact, all the passersbys were also brick people. Suddenly, Zhang Heng had a premonition. He looked down at his own hands and, as he suspected, saw that his palms had turned into the classic C-shaped hands of the Lego minifigures.

Just then, someone patted him on the shoulder. He turned around and saw a nerdy girl in black-rimmed glasses, braided hair, and an old-fashioned sweater.

Zhang Heng furrowed his brows. He did not recognize her until she spoke.

"Under normal circumstances, most people would choose to look left in such a situation."

"Why Do You Always Look Unhappy?"

"Yup. I know I look funny right now. You can laugh at my appearance, but remember; you're no better than me. You look like a rectangular potato cake. But the good news is, you are yellower, and you've still got eyes, nose, and mouth... although they are merely paintings on your face..." While Why Do You Always Look Unhappy (#O') was trying her best to conceal the excitement in her tone. Zhang Heng could hear that she was in a very good mood, which meant that this wasn't a prank. Something did happen to her.

"What is this place? Why aren't you with your family during New Year's Eve?" Zhang Heng asked.

"Because this is my hometown, and my family is here."

Zhang Heng's eyes widened. He was taken aback. "So, you're actually a plastic block?"

"Who's the plastic block here?! I meant to say that this place is exactly the same as my hometown. Err... except its all made out of Lego. Anyway, welcome to Guangzhou, the city of flowers! We are now at South Railway Station, and we'll grab a cab to West Square. Come on, walk first, talk later."

Why Do You Always Look Unhappy (#'O') led the way. Together, they hailed a cab, which was also made out of Lego. Except for that, the system ran the exact same way as it did in the real world, whereby taking a cab from a different direction would mean getting dropped at a different area, and passengers still had to line up board the vehicle.

Some Lego minifigures even jumped the queue when no one was paying attention-it was all uncannily similar to real life.

The taxis at the front of the row left one by one, and at the same time, a new batch of cabs took their places. An officer in charge let about a dozen people through, Zhang Heng included, and the passengers freely boarded cabs that were still unoccupied.

Why Do You Always Look Unhappy (#'O'). opened the door, sat in the front passenger seat, and said something in Cantonese.

The driver nodded and asked them to put their seatbelts on before pulling away.

"So, you're Cantonese?" Zhang Heng asked.

"Yes."

"Why are we going North?"

The driver craned his neck and asked, "North?"

"It's none of your business. You just need to drive."

Why Do You Always Look Unhappy (#'O'). rolled her eyes, then switched to English when she spoke to Zhang Heng. "It's better not to talk about other places in front of them. Even though the place is almost exactly the same as the real Guangzhou, there are still minute differences. They don't know that there are places outside."

"But we just came from the train station."

"Yes, but they only have a very vague idea about the outside."

Chapter 343 Save It For Yourself

The cab drove along the highway, and through the car window, Zhang Heng saw could see the lush trees and tall transmission tower passing by him. The white clouds that floated in the sky looked like they were made up of Lego bricks.

It was all rather convincing if one didn't take a closer look at it. At the same time, Zhang Heng took the opportunity to check his character panel and found something very different. His skills and item bar were grayed out this time, and the unavailable status was displayed next to him.

Why Do You Always Look Unhappy (#O') seemed to be aware of what he was thinking. Shen then explained to him in English, "As I said, this quest is extraordinary. Your game items and skills are unavailable here. Just relax, and stop worrying so much. Consider this trip as a vacation."

Before Zhang Heng got to speak, the driver interrupted again. This time he spoke in Mandarin, "About your vacation, do you want me to recommend a few good places?"

"Don't look at me like this. I learned English before, as well. I can handle those foreigners perfectly fine." The driver laughed triumphantly, his eyes turning into small slits. He then cleared his throat and started speaking in English, "Gu De Mao Ning, Shi, Wei Er You Wang Te Tu Go, Mani Mani, Mani Mani, Mo Mani. Wan Te Ful." (Good morning, sir. Where do you want to go? Money, money, money, more money. Wonderful.)

You Always Look Unhappy (# O') placed her hands on her forehead, and with a helpless expression, she said, "I suggest we wait until we reach our destination before we talk..."

"Okay."

However, even if the two passengers around him were speechless, they still couldn't stop the enthusiastic driver from talking, especially after he discovered that this was Zhang Heng's first time in Guangzhou. He quickly volunteered to be their tour guide.

"Now, on your right, it the Changlong Bird Paradise. There are many varieties, including cranes, cranes, cranes, and cranes."

"Uh, you just repeated the crane four times."

The driver pretended not to hear that and continued introducing the place enthusiastically.

"Ahead of us is the Pearl River... further ahead, you can see the iconic Guangzhou Round Building. Look at how round it is. Does it resemble a copper coin? It's also the ugliest building in the entire city..."

"...now we have finally come to Zhujiang New Town, the most expensive area in Guangzhou. This is considered to be the center of the whole city. An inch of land here is measurable by gold. On the other hand, the Yuexiu district across the street is a little less exaggerated."

"F*cking... what a f*cktard... Watch the road when you drive! By the way, where were we?"

An hour later, the taxi finally stopped by the curb.

After they paid the driver, You Always Look Unhappy (#'O') clutched her belly and squatted on the curb beside the road.

"Phew. Wait for me. Let me rest for a while. It's been a long time since I've met such a talkative person."

Zhang Heng looked around and saw the shopping malls next to each other on both sides of the road. Billboards large and small were everywhere, and the streets were alive with an endless stream of vehicles. "What is this place?" he asked.

"Grandview Plaza, Tianhe's largest commercial center."

"So, you entered this quest to satisfy your shopping cravings?"

“Of course not. I’m just used to having a drink here before I go home. Though I have been back several times, I still can’t get used to it, especially on days like today. Thank you for your willingness to come with me this time. After all those terrible things I’ve done to you, I didn’t expect you to still believe me. To be honest, I’m truly touched. In return, I will let you take a look at my breasts. Although they are completely flat now... there are only two circles and dots in the center, which is strange; I can’t feel their existence at all.”

“Thank you; you should keep it for yourself.”

You Always Look Unhappy (#’O’) scratched her head.

“I remember that there was a Starbucks next to me, shall we sit there for a while?”

The two came to the counter of the coffee shop and saw the barista expertly pulling a cup containing brown and blue cylindrical pellets from the coffee machine. Zhang Heng guessed that this represented the water and coffee.

It took Zhang Heng a while to accept this magical setting, but once he did, he felt pretty good.

When the waiter handed the mug over, though, there was a small problem. Zhang Heng found that he could not hold the Starbucks coffee cup with his claws even after stretching it as wide as possible.

“Uh, there is a tab under it which can be inserted into your hand.”

You Always Look Unhappy (#’O’) guided Zhang Heng like an experienced customer to make sure he got his coffee.

“It took me a little while to get used to these things when I came in here for the first time.”

Zhang Heng tried to suck through the straw, but couldn’t inhale anything. However, he miraculously felt he was drinking actual coffee, and the straw would squeak when he sucked it hard.

At the same time, an accident had happened on the road in front of them. Two cars collided with each other, and blocks were scattered all over the floor. The despicable driver that rear-ended the vehicle in front of him pretended to be hurt, leaning, and groaning on the steering wheel. He made himself look like he was about to die. A crowd was beginning to form, where some took pictures, and others recorded videos to upload to their TikTok account. Other kind-hearted ones contacted the hospital.

Just when everyone’s attention was attracted by the car accident outside, a bald man put down the “Harry Potter” in his hand and walked towards the two. He then cleared his throat.

“Don’t look at him, don’t say anything to him. He is related to the main quest. As long as we ignore him, he will walk away when he finds us boring.”

“Main quest?”

“Yes, the main quest is to save this world. If you don’t do anything, this city will be destroyed in three days. But if you had to do something, you’d be required to go through some really complicated and troublesome process. Basically, you have to keep running to look for various key items. And in the end, you will find out that you still can’t stop the end of the world. What we need to do right now is to ignore it.” You Always Look Unhappy (#’O’) took a big sip of coffee.

The bald man then walked towards them and politely asked if they wanted to hear a story. After getting no answer, he walked away in disappointment. While he was leaving, he stole a mug from the shelf.

After he left, You Always Look Unhappy (# O') put down the coffee cup in her hand and stared out the window, seeming to be lost in thought, and not knowing what she was thinking. After a long time, she spoke again. "When I passed by here a long time ago, I always envied the people inside. I thought those people wearing suits going in and out of the office drinking Starbucks every day was very cool. I wanted to be like them. I know this idea of mine is ridiculous, but it was my dream for a good period of time. I have been working hard for it. When other girls chatted which nail polish looked good and which drama was wonderful, I was studying hard. So, yes, this dumb thing was who I used to be."

Chapter 344 It's Me, Mom

"I still remember when I was a kid, the village used to be here."

You Always Look Unhappy (#O') pointed to Yang Ji Village, which wasn't too far away, and the two walked along Guangli Road after coming out of Starbucks. Soon, they came up to Guangzhou Avenue.

This was one of the busiest roads in Huacheng, a spot in the city where the traffic jams were the worst in the morning and evening. Lego drivers on the road impatiently honked at the cars in front of them while inching forward at the speed of a wheelchair.

When the pedestrian light turned green, the traffic stopped, and the two mounted the overpass to get to the other side of the road.

"At that time, I was probably still in elementary school, and I felt that the place was a mess. There were shanty houses everywhere, haphazardly stacked with maze-like alleys, and the wires that hung above me were like spiderwebs. There were also clothes hanging on the wires, and I had to always look out for bicycles! The cyclists would always run through a puddle and splash mud on my pants!"

"Do you still live in this area?"

"Our family rented a house for some time but they demolished the place seven or eight years ago, and we had to move out. I am not a Guangzhou native. My parents came here to work when they were young."

Now that the resettled houses and office buildings had been newly built here, Zhang Heng gave them a simple inspection. Each building was over thirty stories tall, and a group of aunties sat by the roadside outside the building with rental leaflets placed by their feet. They chatted and sunbathed while waiting for potential tenants to inquire about their properties.

You Always Look Unhappy (#"O') squatted down to scratch the chin of a stray cat. The feline seemed to enjoy it a lot, purring and wagging its tail. "My father works in a restaurant on the second floor of this office building. He usually gets off at 11:30 at night. He's a great guy! Once you see him, you'll know that he never stops smiling for a second. When my final exam results came out, he made me his specialty noodles and celebrated it with me."

"Are you going to wait for him?"

“No need for that,” You Always Look Unhappy (#0’) took a deep breath and stood up. “It’s getting late, and I’m hungry. My mother should be preparing dinner now, just in time for you to have a delicious meal. But before that, there’s still something I need to do.”

“What’s the matter?”

You Always Look Unhappy (#0’) looked at Zhang Heng.

“Kill me,” she said with a wink.

A high school girl carrying a backpack holding onto an English book as she walked past a male infertility treatment bunting, seizing every minute to memorize as many English words as possible. She did not notice the two people following her from behind.

Earlier, Zhang Heng walked in front of her on purpose and took a quick look at the girl. He found out that she looked almost exactly the same as the person next to him, except she looked more innocent. She lacked the cynical temperament that You Always Look Unhappy (#0’) had.

“Are you sure you want to kill yourself?” Zhang Heng turned to look at her.

The latter shrugged, “If I don’t kill her, I can’t go home. After all, my mother is just an ordinary woman. Even if she is now a Lego brick, she won’t be able to accept that she has two daughters that look exactly the same. I alone am enough to make her worry. It will be a disaster if the two of us come into her life at the same time. There are too many people right now. We can’t kill her here. Let’s wait until she passes through a more deserted place. There are lots of abandoned cars over there. After killing her, stuff her body into one of the trunks. Don’t worry about the police... this world will be destroyed in three days anyway.” The two followed the innocent girl for a while, and as expected, they came to a place where the traffic was as slow as a trickle. Besides, it was night, and the lights were dim. It was indeed a perfect place to commit a crime, much like the one in the anime Detective Conan.

Zhang Heng took a 1*1 blue Lego brick from the roadside, held it in his hand, and waved it twice. There was also a string of numbers, 300523 printed on it, where every LEGO brick had its own serial number.

“Are you going to do it, or do you want me to do it?”

“You do it... Aren’t you really pissed by my pranks? Here’s your chance for revenge. Just kill me. I hope you can gain some joy out of it.”

Zhang Heng did not say a word. He carried the blue LEGO brick and walked towards the girl. However, he was still not used to acting in LEGO mode. The strange sound of his footsteps quickly caught the attention of the girl in front of him. She was still trying to memorize the English words in the book under the dim light. Immediately, she raised her head and turned to look behind her.

Before she could even open her mouth, a 1*1 blue LEGO brick greeted her face!

“Owww!!!” gasped You Always Look Unhappy (#00’). “It hurts!!!” “Do you also share her pain?” Zhang Heng frowned. “No, I’m just adding the sound effects. I hope you’ll get a more... immersive experience.”

Zhang Heng was speechless, “Go and open the trunk.”

“Yes, Mr. Killer.”

Zhang Heng had no experience killing LEGO high school girls. He looked at the motionless girl in the trunk with a (° 2°) expression. He then asked You Always Look Unhappy (#'O'), "Is... is she dead?"

"Who knows. How about stabbing her two more times?"

"Forget it... that's it." Zhang Heng closed the trunk, "What now?"

"We are not far from my home. You can just say that you are my classmate... but you seem a little too mature for that."

You Always Look Unhappy (#'O') picked up the schoolbag that her dead another-me dropped on the ground and handed it to Zhang Heng, "Carry it on your back. Fix your hair a little. It should be messier. Studying at school is a difficult task. No one has the time to live so delicately."

Ten minutes later, the two came up to a dilapidated apartment. Since there no elevators were installed, they had to climb all the way up to the sixth floor, passing through white sheets and a few shirts on the way. Finally, they arrived in front of a humble-looking entrance.

You Always Look Unhappy (# O') was talking nonstop earlier. Now, she had suddenly become quiet. She stared blankly at the brick wall in front of her, lost in thought. It was obvious she wanted to return here for a very long time but for some reason, she seemed too afraid. It was why she had coffee first after she left the train station. After that, she went to the place she lived as a child. The last place she went to was her father's workplace, though she didn't go in to look for him. All the cold jokes she'd been telling Zhang Heng was actually her way to suppress the nervousness in her heart.

After a while, she hesitantly stretched out her hand and knocked on the door twice.

"Who?" a voice that sounded like a middle-aged woman came from inside.

"It's me, mom!"

Chapter 345 Happy Chinese New Year Eve

"Mei Nan, school is over?"

The girl called Mei Nan showed Zhang Heng a threatening look, warning him not to laugh at her name. She whispered, "Don't talk during dinner later. Although you say you're my classmate, you don't know my school well. You also don't know much about my high school as well. Talk less, and my mother won't be suspicious."

As soon as she was done talking, the door opened.

The woman standing at the door smiled. "Give me your schoolbag, take off your shoes, and eat first," she said warmly. She was stunned, though, when she saw Zhang Heng.

"This is..."

"He is my classmate. About that... His parents are doing something important, and he can't go home for now. There's nowhere for him to go, which is why I brought him home first."

Mei Nan quickly explained the situation before Zhang Heng could say anything.

“Oh, oh, oh, welcome, welcome! It just so happened that I cooked a lot. Let’s eat together.”

“Thank you, auntie,” Zhang Heng replied as he followed the two of them into the house.

There were only two rooms and a living room in the entire house. Cramped and looking in dire need of a revamp, the ceiling was so low that Zhang Heng hit his head on the incandescent lamp when he entered the house.

Mei Nan’s mother immediately apologized, “I’m sorry... I’m sorry! Are you all right?”

“It’s okay. His head is made of iron. You should worry about the light instead,” Mei Nan jibed.

Through the aisle, Zhang Heng could see the kitchen. Some kind of meat was stewing in the iron pot above the gas stove, its fragrant aroma instantly hitting him in the nose. He also saw a little boy who looked only about three or four years of age, lying on the dinner table doing his homework.

The little boy shouted immediately when he saw Zhang Heng, “Mom, sister’s got herself a boyfriend from school!”

“You little bastard! Do you want more homework or are you looking for a good beating?” Mei Nan growled and rewarded the little boy with a punch at the back of his head. “My brother... he is a fool,” she sneered.

The little boy then cried while clutching his head, “Mom!!! Sister’s talking too much, and she beat me as well!”

Mei Nan’s mother brought the food out of the kitchen and reprimanded them, “Stop messing around! Mei Nan, come help me scoop the rice.”

After that, she turned around and enthusiastically spoke to Zhang Heng. “Why are you still standing there? This place is a mess! I hope you don’t mind.” “Nope, it’s all good here.” Zhang Heng grabbed a stool beside the table and sat down. At the same time, Mei Nan’s younger brother pretended to do his homework, but his eyes were curiously eyeing the stranger.

Seeing that his sister and mother were in the kitchen, he leaned over and asked in a low tone, “Big brother, my sister is ugly and bad-tempered. Why do you like her?”

Zhang Heng then informed the boy, “Your sister is standing behind you now.” The little boy was shocked when he heard this. “You are going to lose your brother-in-law, big brother...”

“...you know what? I’m not going to wait until the end of the world. I think I might just kill him now!” Mei Nan threw her bowl in front of the little boy and said to Zhang Heng, “There are no chopsticks here. You can’t use them in your current state anyway. Just use your hand to eat later.”

Zhang Heng nodded.

Mei Nan’s mother still seemed a little curious about Zhang Heng. However, she was very polite, where all she did was to ask his name and where he lived. She even kept making him eat more, worried that the food she cooked didn’t suit Zhang Heng’s taste. Only when she saw her guest heartily finishing two bowls of rice did she put on a smile.

Mei Nan was still helping Zhang Heng to cover his story, but gradually, her attention shifted to her mother and younger brother. Zhang Heng was soon ignored by her. A while later, after finishing the food, Zhang Heng got up. "Thank you for the dinner. The food was delicious. My parents should be home now, and I think I should make a move," he said.

"Let me send you off." Mei Nan put down the rice bowl in her hand and stood up. The two then walked downstairs. Mei Nan's younger brother was peeping from the window upstairs, prompting a slitting-throat gesture from his sister and a flash of gritted teeth. Her little brother was so startled he almost fell off the stool.

"Thank you for coming back with me. I didn't expect a family reunion on New Year's Eve even though it's not New Year's Eve in this quest."

"What happened?" Zhang Heng asked, "Why haven't you been home for such a long time?" "Well, because I needed to send you off and guide you to a nearby hotel?"

"I'm talking about the real world. What happened to your parents or your brother?" Zhang Heng asked as he looked into Mei Nan's eyes.

"Oh, they are all okay. Actually, I'm the problem..." Mei Nan said, but she appeared uncomfortable and didn't want to elaborate. "Don't worry. The problem will be solved soon. By that time, I will be able to reunite with them. I know there several good hotels nearby. You can stay there for two days, or you can stroll around the city. Other than Canto Tower, you can go in any direction you wish. I will find you when the world is destroyed..."

"See you at the end," Zhang Heng interrupted Mei Nan. "You should go home and accompany your family. I can take care of myself."

"Okay," Mei Nan nodded.

"Happy New Year's Eve." Zhang Heng said.

"Happy New Year's Eve."

Zhang Heng waved and walked back to the alley they passed. After bidding farewell to Mei Nan, he decided to look for a place to stay. This quest wouldn't last too long. After converting three days in the quest to real-world time, it was only 9 minutes. Since it would be many hours till midnight arrived, it meant Zhang Heng wouldn't get to use his extra 24 hours. Besides, the quest's mechanism allowed players to leave anytime they wanted. In fact, he could have returned to the real world right after accompanying Mei Nan home if he wanted to.

But then again, it was a rare opportunity to live in a world built entirely out of LEGO. Just like what Mei Nan had told him, he could consider this trip as a vacation. Zhang Heng enquired a few ladies nearby who were square dancing, and they directed him to a hotel with relatively convenient transportation.

Just as he walked in, he saw the bald man who was reading Harry Potter at Starbucks that afternoon. This time, he was holding a copy of Yangcheng Evening Newspaper in his hand, pretending to read it.

Sitting on the sofa in the lobby with an automatic piano in front of him, he seemed to be waiting for Zhang Heng to approach. Instead, the boy went straight to the front desk.

“Can I have a business suite?” Zhang Heng asked the receptionist.

“Of course, sir. Please wait a moment.”

The bald man’s plan to wait for Zhang Heng failed. He had to get up from the sofa. As he cleared his throat, he walked toward Zhang Heng, consciously attempting to maintain his calm and composed demeneour. Before he could get to him, Zhang Heng had already gotten his room card and was walking to the elevator.

The bald man finally got a little anxious when he saw this. He quickly ran to the elevator and squeezed himself in before the doors closed.

“Are you following us?” Zhang Heng raised his eyebrows.

“Give me 15 minutes to explain everything.” The bald man looked gravely serious.

“Because the world will be destroyed in three days?”

“How did you know this?!” The bald man was shocked, but continued, “You are the chosen one, so come and save the world with me!”

Chapter 346 End of The World

Zhang Heng learned about the background of this quest from the bald man.

It was just like what he expected of a Lego game. The introduction of the main quest was crude and straightforward, where even kids could understand the bald man’s explanation. In short, in three days, an evil scientist would open a space portal on top of the tallest building in Guangzhou, the Canton Tower. He would then summon a monster capable of destroying Earth. Players from another world (the chosen one) had to prevent the monster from destroying the city. According to Mei Nan, there would be a lot of troublesome side quests, but all these served to complete the final quest.

However, Zhang Heng also noticed that his skills and game items were sealed in this quest, including his physical fitness. His strength and agility had become very different after turning into a Lego man. Zhang Heng initially speculated that the physical fitness of all the players who entered this quest would be standardized, thereby minimizing the advantages and disadvantages caused by those differences.

It meant there was only one crucial skill needed for this quest. “Building skills, you must use your building skills to save the world!” the bald man said with a serious look, before showing Zhang Heng a demonstration. He removed a leg from the couch. When mated to the TV and a nail clipper, he created a Gatling gun.

He then demonstrated how to use towels, soapboxes, and keychains to make grenades.

Zhang Heng raised his eyebrows, “Can these things really work?” “Of course.” The bald man nodded and placed the grenade in Zhang Heng’s hand. “Be careful; don’t pull the pin. In our world, you can use everything you build. Of course, you will have to learn the quintessence of the things around you. Only a very small number of people can do that. For these people, we generally call them master builders...” He coughed twice, “...and I happen to be a master builder. If you must become my disciple and learn my skills, I can consider it.”

“Thank you. I shouldn’t have any need to learn building skills for the time being.”

Zhang Heng opened the door of the house, bowing a little as a gesture of sending the guest off.

The smile on the bald man’s face froze. “Are you confident enough in your building skills?”

“No.”

“Have other great builders approached you?”

“No.”

“So... how will you and your companion plan to save the world?”

“I haven’t thought about it.”

“Huh?”

A question mark appeared on the bald man’s head.

“Good night.”

Seeing that the bald man had subconsciously walked out the door, Zhang Heng went to close it. He now had a preliminary understanding of the main quest. Just like Mei Nan told him, the main quest of this dungeon seemed to be quite tricky, and the process was complicated. Besides, the final skill that was required of the players didn’t make much sense as well. This so-called building skill was only related to assembling Lego blocks.

In terms of practicality, it was far more inferior to the skills that he learned in the previous quests. Zhang Heng wasn’t too interested in this quest. It was better for him to spend some time exploring this world. He did this for the next two days, visiting the Changlong Wildlife Park, took a night cruise on the Pearl River, and tasted Cantonese breakfast. Although it was all technically Lego blocks, they tasted unexpectedly good. Finally, Mei Nan came to the hotel to find him in the afternoon of the third day.

“You’re done spending time with your family?” “Yes,” Mei Nan took out a bottle of cold mineral water from the refrigerator in the guest room, took two sips, and pointed to the direction of Canton Tower. About an hour ago, a beam of light went straight to the dome, and at the end of the beam, a huge air vortex appeared.

The peculiar phenomenon attracted many curious onlookers. They had taken out their mobile phones, taking pictures, and recording videos. Unbeknownst to them, a catastrophe was just near the corner. Reporters were also rushing into the scene to report this strange event. However, they were not allowed to enter the Canton Tower, where a bunch of heavily armed men wearing black guarded the entrance.

“The space portal has been opened, and the monster should appear in ten minutes. We should leave now.”

Zhang Heng nodded and put down the unfinished rice noodle roll in his hand.

“If you want to come back again, I can accompany you.”

“I don’t think I’ll be back here again,” Mei Nan shook her head.

“Why?”

“The key to enter this dungeon is a game item I own.”

“Block 300501?” Zhang Heng remembered the system notification when he entered the game.

“Yes, but I am not the only one who has the item to enter this world. As far as I know, there are a total of 24 game items that allow the players to play this quest. When you enter this world for the first time, the system will choose your favorite place as the starting place. That’s why I am here. For others, it may be somewhere else. We will play the game separately, and it can be either a single-player game or a multiplayer game. The tasks are the same, but there can only be one winner. Once someone completed the game, the game items to enter this world will disappear from the other players. So, this is actually a competition.

“I did try to complete the main quest, but as I said, the difficulty of this quest is very high, and your success rate largely depends on your Lego building skills. But... Well, how should I put it? This skill is useless to most players. It is rare that players would spend their precious time practicing building Lego. I have been training on the skill for a month, but it is still LVO. Of course, there is another way where you can make use of the time flow in the real world to practice the skill. After all, three days here are only equivalent to nine minutes in the real world.”

“But?”

“Although players can theoretically repeat this game, there is actually a limiter on the key to enter this world. After using it ten times, the key in your hand will become invalid. So, if you count the time need to fight the monster, a player only has 30 days in total. Thirty days is far from enough for you to be good enough to complete the game. Including this time, I have used this key four times. The bad news is that I just got a piece of new information. One of the teams has just recruited a Lego master, and they are very close to clearing the final stage of this dungeon. Therefore, I don’t think I can fully utilize the remaining uses of this game item.”

Zhang Heng frowned, “You wanted to complete this game because you wanted to use the remaining uses of this key to visit your parents and family. What about other people, why then would they be willing to spend their time and energy on what’s basically a useless skill?”

Mei Nan raised his eyebrows, “Because there is a rumor that there is a grade-B game item hidden in this world.”

Chapter 347 Let Me Read The Manual

“So. You want to play the game again?”

Zhang Heng nodded, “I may have a way to help you clear the level.”

“I know you want that Grade-B game item, but... forgive me for being straightforward. Although Lego is just a toy, assembling it is actually challenging!” Even those who are extraordinarily talented won’t be able to become a Lego master in just three days. What more, we still have many side tasks to do. You don’t have much time to brush up your LEGO building skills.”

“Anyway, as you said before, the remaining uses of the key will be wasted if we don’t use it, so why don’t we try again?”

“If you insist...” Mei Nan shrugged.

Zhang Heng glanced at the watch around his wrist, “The time now is 11:15 at night. I’ll go ahead and do some preparations. Wait until 11:58 to send me the email.”

“Okay, what do you need to prepare?”

“I’m going to read a Lego manual.”

II

11

Although there was no time limit for the Master Builder Quest, there were three days for the players to move around. This world would be destroyed after those three days. The rules of time, however, did not apply to Zhang Heng. He noticed that the time flow rate of this quest was 480, which meant that if he counted the extra 24 hours he had, his time in this quest could reach a staggering 483 days, more than enough for him to improve his LEGO-building skills by a considerable margin.

Under normal circumstances, even extremely enthusiastic Lego fans wouldn’t spend more than a year assembling LEGO day and night. Although Zhang Heng had the extra time, it did not mean that he would spend all 483 days putting bricks together, not to mention that he was already living in a city entirely built by LEGO. However, the Grade-B game item was worth the trouble, and Zhang Heng was confident that he could overcome all those difficulties. After all, he had survived 520 days alone on a deserted island.

Zhang Heng used the remaining time to read up about LEGO on the internet, looking up as many videos as he could. It gave him a better understanding of the level of the top players in the world of LEGO.

Then at 11:58, Mei Nan sent an email to Zhang Heng. Closing the other web pages, he clicked on the link in the email.

When he opened his eyes again, he had returned to the South Station. It was still the same Lego roof, the same bakery, and electronic cards. The only difference was that Mei Nan was now wearing what she usually wore; a pair of jeans, sport shirt, and a Dodgers cap.

Since she didn’t need to go home anymore, she didn’t need to dress like a high school girl.

“How’s your LEGO tutorials going?”

“It’s not bad. I got to know that they just launched the “Overwatch” series.”

“...forget it. Let me take you to check out the difficulty of this dungeon.” Mei Nan sighed, “Come with me; I will bring you to complete the first side quest.”

“Don’t we need to get to Starbucks to meet that bald guy?”

“Don’t worry about him, that guy sticks around like a piece of chewing gum. Even if you don’t want to see him, he’ll pop out when the time comes. In fact, he should have spotted us already when we

appeared at the train station. Anyway, he'll spend some time to make sure that we are the chosen ones before he comes to talk to us."

Mei Nan walked toward the subway entrance as she spoke. "Let's go. It's faster to take the subway to get to where we are going."

After half an hour, the two came to a bar called Metal Rose. It wasn't night and there seemed to be no one in the bar.

When they came up to the glass door, Mei Nan took the initiative to knock. After a short while, someone walked and spoke from behind it.

"Sorry we only open at 6 o'clock."

"It doesn't matter; we are not eating here," Mei Nan said. "We are here to find the Demon Butcher."

"Would someone really call themselves something so embarrassing?" Zhang Heng asked.

The waiter at the door also shook his head and said, "Sounds like a lame name to me. You should go to the anime city next door if you're looking for those types."

"No, I'm pretty sure that he is here," insisted Mei Nan. "Tell him that the chosen one has appeared."

The waiter's face changed the moment he heard those words.

"Wait a minute."

Less than two minutes later, he came back again. This time, his tone had become more respectful, "The Devil Butcher asked you first to prove that you're the chosen one."

"I was stuck in this side quest when I first came here," Mei Nan said to Zhang Heng. Be that as it may, with her previous experience, she had become familiar with the quest, swiftly disassembling the parterre and bicycle by the roadside and put a motorcycle together.

During this period, the waiter looked at the timer in his hand. When Mei Nan finished her work, he stopped it.

"3 minutes and 24 seconds, not bad." Then he turned his attention to Zhang Heng, "What about you?"

"Me too?" Zhang Heng raised his eyebrows.

"According to the rules, it's enough for one person to prove themselves to the Demon Butcher. However, the Demon Butcher wants to see each of your potentials," the waiter continued.

"Okay."

Zhang Heng scanned the surroundings and looked for parts that he could use. Soon, he squatted down and started to create something. He finished in a shorter time than Mei Nan, only taking him less than two minutes to complete the task. The waiter behind the glass door was taken aback, speechless, when he saw Zhang Heng's creation.

"...What the hell is this? A piece of French bread with a fishtail? What was your previous occupation? An abstract artist or a performance coordinator?"

“In fact, this is a sword, and the fish’s tail is actually the grip.” Zhang Heng said.

“Uh... is it because my imagination is not good enough? But it doesn’t matter... the chosen one is here. Consider it a buy one, free one deal.”

The waiter finally opened the doors. “You are looking for the master builder, Demon Butcher? Congratulations, you found him. I am the one you seek.”

The waiter stood up straight when he spoke, but unfortunately, he didn’t manage to surprise them.

“After watching the same thriller movie a few times, it’s hard to be surprised by anything,” said Mei Nan.

“Are all the master builders in this world this arrogant?” Zhang Heng asked.

“Of course not,” someone replied in a solemn voice. “I am not that kind of person.”

The bald man appeared from behind Zhang Heng and Mei Nan, looking at them like a ghost. With piercing eyes, he said, “I finally found you, chosen one. The survival of this world lies on your shoulders.”

“Mobile Arsenal?” the waiter frowned. “I thought you died three years ago. I didn’t expect you to be still alive.”

“It’s not so easy for a Master Builder to die. Of course, except for those who actually died.”

Chapter 348 Infinite Building Block

“In short... only the chosen one can stop the Evil Scientist.”

All four of them entered the bar. The waiter poured a glass of water for Zhang Heng and Mei Nan, and the bald man repeated what he said before. It appeared that the main quest basically remained unchanged.

After remaining silent for a while, the Demon Butcher finally spoke up. “I never thought that the Evil Scientist would choose this path. For an unrealistic fantasy, he is willing to bet the lives of an entire city.”

“Even if there is only a ten-thousandth chance that his wife and daughter can be resurrected, he would still walk this path of no return without hesitation.” The bald man’s expression remained solemn. “This is probably a husband and a father’s obsession.”

Pausing for a moment, he continued, “But we all know the consequences of doing this. Once the space-time portal is opened, monsters would be attracted by it and enter our world. In the tragedy three years ago, all the master builders had to work together to save the city. We lost more than half our companions in that battle.”

The waiter also seemed to recall the tragic battle, and a hint of fear lingered in his eyes. “After the war, the Evil Scientist was so angry that he began to hunt down the remaining master builders. During that time, I heard he killed many of my old acquaintances. Rumour has it that once the Evil Scientist catches you, he would dismember you into pieces! He would finally hang your ass on the advertising board of Wanda Studios. It served as a bloody and cruel warning to the remaining master builders.”

“Uh... that’s actually Ninjago’s ass. Just two days ago, Ninjago, his girlfriend and me watched “Tiny Times” together. After we came out of the cinema, they broke up. I still remember Ninjago’s last words... ‘trash movie, eat my (BEEP)!’ I didn’t expect his wish to come true in such a way.” The bald man’s eyes were full of sadness.

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“Yeah, that dangling ass scared a lot of people. So the rest of them chose to remain anonymous, just like me. By the way, I now help the boss sell liquor to rich women, and I’m actually earning more than before. But it doesn’t matter... forget what I said.”

“In recent years, our power has weakened, but at the same time, the Evil Scientist gets stronger day by day. His technology of cloning bionic humans has also made a major breakthrough recently. Now, he has an army. But we cannot just give up. What more, its all different this time,” said the bald man as he got rid of the sadness in his eyes. His gaze turned to Zhang Heng, and Mei Nan, who were beside him. “We have the chosen ones with us.”

“You’re right.” The waiter who was depressed at first heard those words and became excited again.

“With the leadership of the chosen ones, we will survive this crisis.”

“Wait, we’ve been talking about this matter for a long time, but you guys haven’t mentioned who the Evil Scientist is,” frowned Zhang Heng.

The waiter and the bald man stopped talking and looked at Zhang Heng with their heads cocked.

“Well, I see now. I guess like the Demon Butcher and the Mobile Arsenal; the Evil Scientist is just a nickname.”

The bald man nodded, “Everyone who becomes a master builder will have a new and cool name. Don’t underestimate it; it’s the best representation of the master builder’s characteristics.”

“Yes, the characteristics are very important. Every master builder, in their own right, is an outstanding artist. We can build many things, but we all have our own specialties and weaknesses,” the waiter added on. “For example, my name is the Demon Butcher because my best creation is ‘the butcher.’ These are hell creatures created from the corpses of demons, equipped with amazing attack power and invulnerability, and a powerful tackle.”

“I am called a Mobile Arsenal because I am the best at making ammunition.” The bald man grabbed the ashtray on the table. He then picked up a toothpick box and a fork. His hands started twisting until it became a blur, and in the blink of an eye, a mini-missile appeared on the table.

“As for the Evil Scientist...” the bald man sighed, “He was originally our leader, and he was also the strongest, most creative, and most charismatic person among us. At that time, he was known as the scientist. His forte was to create all kinds of high-tech gadgets. The smart toilet bowl in my house is a gift from him. Oh my goodness, that thing is such a blessing. Every time I’m done using the toilet, a small detector would stick out. When the water hits my butt, I can feel my soul being cleansed! Did you know that it can even heat up the spot where it touches your skin? I once thought it was the greatest invention that humanity...”

“Ahem, stay on the right topic, Mobile Arsenal,” the waiter coughed twice and reminded him.

“Oh, sorry, I just remembered the good times when we worked together. You know, I come from a single-family. Although our age gap isn’t very large, he was like my father, and he means a lot to me. Of course, it’s just a metaphor,” the bald man sighed. “But later, the accidental death of his wife and daughter changed him drastically, turning him into the Evil Scientist. After he killed so many master builders... I don’t think I can forgive him anymore. So when I see him again this time, I will return the smart toilet bowl that he gave me. From then on, I want to have nothing to do with him.”

The waiter patted the bald man on the shoulder, comforting him.

“So what we have to do is prevent him from opening the space portal?” Zhang Heng asked.

“No, we have to close the space portal after he opens it and before the monsters are summoned. Timing is crucial,” the bald man continued, regaining his energy a little after being comforted. “I may not have made it clear before, but to activate the space portal, two things are needed: The quantum collider and the Infinite Building Block. Based on my understanding of the evil scientist, he should have installed the quantum collider in Canto Tower. It’s the tallest building in the city.”

“Why? Is there a height requirement to open the space portal?” “As far as I know, there aren’t any... but it is more compelling to put it at the highest place. The Evil Scientist has always been a man with a sense of ritual in his life. In fact, he’s still a little bit superstitious. We played a gacha game together before, and while we pulled the cards, he insisted on taking a shower before doing it. This is a very essential operation for him, and he will try his best to increase his probability of success. Unfortunately, we can’t sneak into Canto Tower and destroy the quantum collider now. I know that he must have prepared a backup quantum collider in case things don’t go his way. And we don’t know where that one is as well. In fact, the more important thing here is the Infinite Building Block. Without it, the quantum collider is just a pile of scrap. There is only one Infinite Building Block in the entire world!”

Chapter 349 Building Something

“The Evil Scientist always carried the Infinite Building Block with him, resulting in him becoming more and more powerful. Now, he’s unstoppable. Technically, we, too, will get our opportunity to strike when he opens the space portal this time since he’ll place the Infinite Building Block into the quantum collider. The moment the quantum collider starts to work, it will be impossible for him to take out the Infinite Building Block. There will be no such problem for us, though. Extracting the Infinite Building Block will also stop the quantum collider and save the whole city.”

“Let me start from the beginning. To open the space portal, we will need a quantum collider and an Infinite Building Block. Now, there are two quantum colliders. One is installed in Canto Tower, and the other, we have no idea where it is. So the best way to deal with it is to wait for the Evil Scientist to activate the quantum collider on Canto Tower. His power will be at its weakest at that time. Then, we defeat him, extract the Infinite Building Block from the quantum collider, close the space portal, and finally save the city?”

“Don’t forget that I need to return the smart toilet bowl that he gave me personally. And yes, that’s basically everything we need to do,” the bald man nodded.

“The Evil Scientist is mighty, and a group of bionics also fights alongside him. The few of us here are not powerful enough to defeat the Evil Scientist. We can’t even sneak into the Canto Tower,” the waiter replied in a worried tone.

“You’re right. It’s not enough to only have the chosen ones help us. We still need to find more allies,” the bald man said while looking at the waiter. “Actually, after finding the chosen one, I was planning to bring them to see you first.”

“You want to gather all the other surviving master builders to fight the Evil Scientists together?” The waiter was surprised. He frowned, continuing, “It’s a good idea, no doubt, but how are we supposed to achieve that? To avoid the Evil Scientist, everyone has chosen to stay hidden in recent years. I do have some of their contacts. Do you want me to help you find the Messenger?”

The bald man nodded, “The animal messengers built by the Messenger can help us to contact everyone in the shortest time possible. However, she seldom interacts with the other master builders. You have been on good terms with her since the beginning. We have to admit that many of us took wild guesses on the nature of your relationship.”

“Well, I do know where she lives,” the waiter scratched his head.

“Excellent, it shouldn’t be too late to go and look for her now,” smirked the bald man while smoothly taking a plate from the table next to him.

“The second test is coming.” Mei Nan said to Zhang Heng, “When we get to the Messenger’s house, we will run into the bionics that will attempt to catch her. There will be a battle.”

“Battle?” Zhang Heng raised his eyebrows. “But we are now with two master builders. They should be more powerful than me, right?” he said.

Mei Nan nodded, “Yes, although I didn’t commit to building LEGO, I have at least done it for a month. However, my current LEGO skills are still at Level 0. These two guys might look weak, but don’t be fooled. Their LEGO building skills are now least at LV2 since they acquired the title of master builder. In other words, they are equivalent to full-time LEGO players in the real world. They can assemble any LEGO model by themselves, shoot a short video, upload it on the Internet, attract a large number of fans, and become Internet celebrities. They are stronger than us, but...”

“But?”

“You will know later,” Mei Nan sighed.

The four soon came up to a residential area that seemed to be quite old; its residents mainly elderly people. Every household had flowers and potted plants on the balcony. The waiter then pointed to the top floor of an old apartment with a pigeon loft.

“The Messenger lives there, and the pigeons in the loft are all created by her.”

“Uhh... did you tell the Messenger in advance that we’re coming for a visit? Is she planning to kill a few pigeons to serve us?” The bald man squinted. He was very observant. The pigeons in the loft were all stumbling around and there was also blood spattered on the cages.

“Not good.”

The waiter's expression changed. As soon as the bald man was done talking, he saw a hooded person jumping out of the window. The person stepped on the raised edge of the window sill and attempted to climb over to the balcony next door. A man in black was following her from behind.

The bald man's expression changed. "Those are the bionics serving the Evil Scientist. It seems that they are a step ahead of us; they found the Messenger first. The Evil Scientist must be worried that she might contact other master builders in this city to stop him."

As he spoke, the waiter was already rushing over to her. He disassembled the plants, wall tiles, and fitness equipment along the way as he ran, and when he was downstairs, he already had an inflatable cushion with an image of Hello Kitty with him.

At this time, the hooded person was in a massive predicament. She tried her best to stick her body to the wall and moved step by step to the opposite balcony. However, the man in black extended his body out of the window and attempted to grab her.

The waiter yelled at the top of his lungs, "Jump, Messenger, jump!!!"

The Messenger looked down and hesitated. After all, she lived on the seventh floor. The man in black took the opportunity, managing to grab her shoulder. A grin broke on his face the moment he caught her, but the next moment, he only found a hooded jacket in his hand.

The Messenger gritted her teeth, closed her eyes, and jumped from the stairs, landing on the freshly made inflatable cushion. Before everyone could take a breath, more people in black rushed out of the corridor towards the waiter and the Messenger.

Seconds later, there was the loud rattling of machine guns firing. The bald man made use of the time to build a Gatling gun and was shooting at the enemies. The LEGO bullets were larger than the usual, as big as a fist. However, they traveled slower and could be seen by the naked eye. That said, they were just as deadly as real bullets.

As soon as the bald man joined the fight, he immediately suppressed the men in black who were going after them. But as the first attack subsided, the surviving black-clothed bionic men began to look for shelter and drew their guns to fight back. Now, it was the bald man's turn to feel the pressure. He said to the waiter, "Let the butcher out. There are too many of them!"

However, the waiter shook his head when he heard the suggestion. "No, the butcher's combat power is too great, and I won't be able to control him once I summon him. Besides, there are too many civilians in this place."

In fact, not too far away from their battle, there was an older man who was sunbathing. At the beginning of the battle, he attempted to run for his life with a look of horror on his face. Unfortunately, his legs seemed to have lost their potency, only managing to move 50 centimeters after a long while.

The two of them seemed to have discussed the battle plan in advance. They turned around to look at Zhang Heng and Mei Nan. "Hurry up, build something. Whatever that can help to stop the enemies!" they shouted.

"I... I can't hold them off for much longer. Are you guys done yet?!" the bald man urged anxiously. His tone implied that if Zhang Heng and Mei Nan didn't do something now, he was a goner for sure.

Mei Nan wasn't convinced, though. "Ignore him. He's far from doomed – we still have about seven minutes. Even though they said we could build anything, it's useless to build weapons right now. The Evil Scientist has taken complete control of the city, and his minions are everywhere. More bionics attack us if the battle continues, which is why we need to leave here as soon as possible," she said.

"A vehicle?"

"That's right. We need to build a vehicle." "Can't we just use the existing vehicles?"

"I thought about it, but unfortunately, have you seen any reliable means of transport on your way here?"

Zhang Heng looked around. Not a single bicycle could be seen in the entire community, much less a car. The only transport available was probably that wheelchair next to the old man with a terrified look on his face. Obviously, that wasn't the most reliable means to help them fight their way out.

Mei Nan said, "I only know how to build a Smart Fortwo. Because of its compact body, it will require the least amount of blocks, and it's relatively simple. But even so, it took me more than half a month of practice – seven minutes is just enough for me to build one Smart Fortwo or two motorcycles... but then we'll have a problem." Zhang Heng understood what the problem was. The Smart Fortwo only had two seats; one for the driver and the other for the passenger. Even if there was space in the trunk, it could only fit a maximum of four people at its very limit.

Earlier on, there was only Mei Nan, the messenger, the bald man, and the waiter, which would have been just right. Right now, they had one more person – Zhang Heng. Even if they switched to making the motorcycles, they would still face the same dilemma.

"Go ahead and build that Smart Fortwo. I'll think about how to solve the problem of the extra person."

They were running out of time, so Zhang Heng and Mei Nan divided the work. The latter nodded and immediately dove into the intense process of constructing the vehicle, while Zhang Heng tried to come up with more solutions.

He had watched the entire process of Mei Nan building the motorcycle, and it didn't look too complicated – but understanding it and being able to do it were two very different things.

Right now, judging by his skills, he couldn't even build the simplest sword. The waiter even commented unsparingly that Zhang Heng's sword looked like a French baguette with a fishtail. For Zhang Heng, building a motorcycle would be harder than scaling the Himalayas.

As the seconds and minutes trickled by, more and more men in black began to appear. The bald man's cries got even more desperate, and although he was doing nothing to help ease the situation, it didn't stop him from bugging Zhang Heng and Mei Nan. "Are you done? When will you be done? Is it not done yet? If it's not done soon, our ass will be on the line!!!"

Fortunately, Mei Nan was immune to the constant urging, and she was nearly finished with the construction of her Smart Fortwo. She was now assembling the car's exhaust pipe.

On the other side, after six long minutes, all Zhang Heng had managed to build was a rope.

He was supposed to make a bicycle since it had a much simpler structure than a motorcycle, but somehow, a few joints must have been wrongly assembled, or perhaps it was all wrong that at the end, he had accidentally created a nylon rope.

The waiter did not waste the opportunity to say something mean. "Heavens! Is your plan for us to end our own lives with that rope?"

By that time, Mei Nan had already completed the Smart Fortwo, taking her a total of six minutes and twenty-three seconds. She did pretty well this time, much faster than her usual. Mei Nan slid into the driver's seat, started up the engine, and called out to her group, "Hurry up and get in the car! At the very worst, we'll have to abandon one person."

The bald man and the waiter gasped sharply as soon as she said that. Not Zhang Heng, though. "No need for that. I have an idea!" he said.

He then opened the trunk of the car and said to the waiter and the messenger, "Get inside first, and hold on to this nylon rope."

There was no time for questions, so the two did as they were told and climbed into the trunk.

The bald man opened fire at the enemy as he retreated to the passenger seat. But halfway there, Zhang Heng blocked his path. "This is not your seat."

Zhang Heng moved the wheelchair next to the old man and then tied the other end of the nylon rope onto it. "Are you kidding? I'd rather kill myself with that rope." Even though he said that, when he saw the throng of enemies pouring in from all directions, the bald man reluctantly but obediently settled down in the wheelchair. "You should've made me a seat belt," he was complaining.

When Zhang Heng hopped into the car, Mei Nan said, "Sit tight, everyone. This trip might get a little bumpy."

"Oh, that's just great! There're bumps. Seriously, has no one noticed that I am in urgent need of a seatbelt?" The only answer to his question, however, was the roar of the Smart Fortwo's engine. Mei Nan stepped on the gas pedal and the car charged out of the gate like a wild horse.

Almost at the same time, two bionics rushed out from the front corner in an attempt to stop the car. However, the Smart Fortwo didn't slow down and rammed right into them, sending them slamming into a wall.

The bald man behind the car did not keep himself unoccupied. He had the Gatling gun with him, and as he rode the high-speed wheelchair, he sent a rain of bullets flying at whoever was giving chase.

Once they entered a narrower area, Mei Nan ignored the red light and drove straight into the intersection. However, when she saw a large truck coming from the left, honking incessantly at them, she immediately took a sharp right.

The bald man's face turned a sickly green. He grabbed the rope, desperately trying to shorten the distance between the wheelchair and the car. The messenger and the waiter pitched in, and in the end,

they managed to catch the wheelchair. The sad tragedy of having a person flinging off a wheelchair while drifting was thereby avoided.

“So, what use is the rope?!” The bald man gasped, clutching his chest. “We should’ve just had the Demon Butcher and the Messenger grab the wheelchair. Wouldn’t that have been better?”

“I’m sorry... that’s the first object I actually made. It would be a pity not to use it.”

“Where are we going now?” Demon Butcher asked.

The Smart Fortwo running the red light caused a series of traffic accidents, and the resulting pileup happened to block the road. Unable to get through the blockade, the bionics chasing after the car could only stand and watch as the car drove away.

“I know a place where you can avoid these annoying little tails,” the bald man said, disassembling the useless Gatling in his hand and fashioned himself the seat belt he had been thinking about the whole time.