

## 48 Hours 371

### Chapter 371 Master Builder (End)

“That’s why I love LEGO so much. Regardless of how typical the story is, it always ends up with a big family reunion.” Fan Meinan looked at the two men hugging each other on the other end of the shield and shrugged as she removed the Iron Man suit on her. “Some people say that such stories are terrible and childish, but it’s rather pleasant, to me at least. There are already too many sad things in life. All we can do is to seek happiness within that unhappy life and smile.”

“Is that your life’s philosophy? Your WeChat username, and those pranks... were they also because of this?” Zhang Heng asked.

“Yup. I hate seeing people looking sad,” Fan Meinan confessed. “But you are quite the strange one. I can’t see happiness or even unhappiness on your face, and you never get angry whenever I pull a prank on you. Even when you got your lost wallet back, you didn’t seem any happier... why are you like that?”

Zhang Heng kept quiet. Since a young age, he had always been much calmer than the other kids and was rarely frightened by anything. As a result, his relatives often commented that the child was a bit too quiet. His mother, however, would always answer that being quiet was a good thing and that silent people were more powerful. She insisted that quiet boys were more temperamental, so there was no need to worry about girlfriends in the future.

Ever since he received the watch on his wrist and got involved in the bizarre game, he had lived decades more than his peers. Everything he had experienced, the years that had gone by, an experience most would never be able to partake in their lifetime. Mentally, he was already in his thirties, but, emotionally, he was too reserved.

In fact, Zhang Heng could feel his mood swings diminishing. In some respects, it did not seem to be a bad thing. In the previous quest, he had to make an emergency landing in a waterspout while piloting a fighter jet. At the crux of the emergency, he was still able to execute every step of the plan without any incident accurately—he was like a machine even surviving an almost inescapable disaster.

On the other hand, however, fear and terror were human emotions, basic human instincts. Now, he was not just at the stage where he simply did not feel fear; even his other emotions were gradually muted. Zhang Heng even suspected that he was somehow suffering from some kind of mental illness.

As the both of them were conversing, Evil Scientist and Baldy had removed the quantum collider from the antenna mast and were walking towards the pair with the box.

“I’m sorry my defiance caused you all so much trouble and sorry for making the big mistake of nearly destroying the entire city,” said Evil Scientist.

“Err, I hate to interrupt your affectionate confessions and monologue... but those things above our heads look like they’re going to come out,” said Mei Nan.

“Alright, then I’ll keep this short. I’m no longer worthy of having the Infinite Block. I was going to give them to the Mobile Arsenal since he’s the most talented special builder I’ve ever seen. But since he said that he’s not interested in this thing, I’m hoping to give them to you for safekeeping.”

“But we’re not from your world,” Zhang Heng said.

“Oh, I’ve heard that from Mobile Arsenal. But never mind... I’ve already had them for so long.

Apart from the fact that it inspires me from time to time, it seems to have no other use. I’m sorry I made up that ‘prophecy’ about the chosen one, but I have actually heard of a real prophecy-one night while I was asleep, a voice whispered in my ear that if someone from another world stopped me, then I should give that person the Infinite Block. At first, I didn’t take those words to heart, but he kept repeating them in my ear every night. I’ve been suffering from insomnia. Can you see it in my bloodshot eyes?”

Evil Scientist pulled up the eyelids of his painted eyes. “Of course, part of it is thanks to me missing my wife and daughter, but... that voice is the main culprit. He was such a pain. So, can you just do me a favor and take this thing away from me? I just want to have a peaceful night of sleep.”

“Well, in that case, it is better to accept graciously than decline courteously.”

Zhang Heng opened the box, and a piece of an ordinary-looking building block was in there. However, it was different from the regular LEGO block. There was no serial number at the back of this piece, and it looked like a counterfeit.

Once he held it in his hands, the system prompt sounded in his ear. [Discovered a game item— Infinite Building Block (unidentified)]

Before it was identified, Zhang Heng had no way of knowing for sure that this was the B-grade game prop that Fan Meinan mentioned. This quest was very special-it did not count as a round, and players could enter and exit at any time. They could also choose to repeat the game, the trade-off being that players would not be rewarded with points like in ordinary quests.

So this object was his only profit from this game. When he took out the block from the quantum collider, the beam of light in the sky disappeared, and the cyclone began to rotate in a reversed direction. The monsters inside, too, cried out in disinclination. They could not get out of the cyclone, disappearing into the night sky, along with their immeasurable anger.

Instead, a bright river of stars would take their place.

Tens of thousands of onlookers had gathered below Canton Tower, recording the unusual weather with their phones and enthusiastically sharing their thoughts.

“Hey, that thing... can I take a look at it?”

Zhang Heng did not even hesitate for a second as he handed the building block to Fan Meinan.

“Tsk tsk. How unexpectedly generous. Aren’t you afraid that I would take it for myself or make a run for it?” Fan Meinan blinked.

“No. Because if you did, I would find you,” Zhang Heng answered.

“Ah, you. You really know how to spoil the mood. Most guys would look me in the eye and say that it’s because they trust me. This is a great opportunity for you to leave a good impression on girls.” “Will that method work on you?” Zhang Heng asked.

“That erm... it depends. Girls are unreasonable creatures. The right people are always right no matter what they do. On the contrary, no matter how hard they work, the ones in the wrong will only keep losing points,” Fan Meinan replied as she tossed the Infinite Building Block back to Zhang Heng. “Anyway, thank you for spending New Year’s Eve with me.”

Then Meinan retreated to the guardrail of the viewing platform before looking down. “Speaking of which, I’ve wanted to do this for a very long time now,” she continued. “What is it?”

“You’ll find out soon enough.” Fan Meinan grinned. “Hey, you have to be happy during New Year, eh?”

Before Zhang Heng realized it, she had already jumped off the 488-meter viewing deck.

Zhang Heng hurried over just in time to see Meinan’s body shoot across the night sky like a shooting star. Then, it started falling out of the sky.

The crowd below cried out in terror and covered their eyes. The figure which was about to hit the floor then suddenly disappeared. Zhang Heng knew that Meinan must have exited the game.

“Isn’t that a little sloppy?” Zhang Heng shook his head, then placed the block into his pocket. He took one last look at the city made entirely out of LEGO. He looked toward the bald man and Evil Scientist who were embracing each other before opting to leave the game too.

### **Chapter 372 New Year’s Eve**

Zhang Heng opened his eyes and found that he was back in his bedroom. He was in the same posture as he was before entering the quest, sitting cross-legged on the bed, laptop on his knees. His fingers were in the air, about to click the touchpad. The screen displayed an ‘error 404.’

Zhang Heng took a look at the watch on his wrist. In the previous quest, he was transformed into a LEGO figurine and fortunately, he was back to normal once he left the quest. The time on his watch showed 00:05. Even with the extra 24 hours, only 9 minutes had passed since he started the game. Unlike his previous games, although this one had many battles, the sense of tension was basically nonexistent, and in addition to the LEGO-styled graphics, it was also possible for Zhang Heng to withdraw from the game any time he wished. Hence, it was not so much of an adventure but more of a vacation.

That said, after staying in a world made out of building blocks for a year and a half, Zhang Heng felt an inexplicable urge to dismantle objects around him after exiting the dungeon, one of the side effects of the quest.

It was New Year’s Eve, after all. Although midnight had passed, the street was livelier than usual. Over the years, the city banned people from playing with fireworks, but some still couldn’t help but light them up secretly during the New Year.

It was hard to sleep at this hour, so Zhang Heng opened his door.

Grandpa had returned to his room, but his parents were still wide awake. The TV was turned on, but no one was watching it since the two of them were playing Monopoly on the sofa. Zhang Heng bought this board game box when he was still studying in elementary school, having had to save up for a long time before he had enough money to buy it. However, after graduating, he did not play with it anymore, putting it together with a stack of old clothes. He only found it while doing spring cleaning with his

grandpa. Zhang Heng initially planned to donate the set to impoverished children living around the mountainous areas. He did not expect that his parents would play with it.

Mother Zhang cupped her hands and shook the dice in them. To catch the fleeting good luck, she even climbed onto the back of the sofa and let the dice fall from a high spot. As a result, the two were now crawling all over the floor, looking for the 'lucky' dice.

"Hey, you've come out. Finally... are you done?" Mother Zhang looked at Zhang Heng with a mysterious smile on her face.

"What do you mean by that?"

"It doesn't matter, I was young once," Father Zhang said as if he knew very well what his wife just said.

"Ha."

Zhang Heng finally knew what they were talking about. The two obviously misunderstood when he went back to his bedroom alone and locked the door behind him. Rolling his eyes, Zhang Heng did not bother to explain the whole thing to them.

After that, Mother Zhang opened her arms wide, "Come, the first hug of the year. It's reserved for my most important people. Our family's tradition should never be broken."

"Since when did our family practice this tradition? How come I know nothing about it? Besides, the two of you haven't been back for the past two years. Even if this tradition exists, it should have been broken long ago," chided Zhang Heng rhetorically.

"Erm... I just thought about it. From this year onwards, this tradition will continue. You can hug grandpa when we are away, and you can hug your girlfriend when you get a girlfriend. Although your relationship with your girlfriend might not last long, she will be your most important person, for that moment at least. Ain't that right?" Mother Zhang asked.

"Don't deliberately say something serious and make yourself look cool," Zhang Heng said.

"Hahaha! See how my son reacts? Do you know what I thought when you looked me in the eye? I had to talk that much just to get you to hug me. Can't you take the initiative this time?"

Zhang Heng had to walk to his mother after she talked to him.

Just as the two were about to hug each other, Mother Zhang said suddenly, "Well... don't you need to wash your hands first?"

"I'm just kidding. It's okay not to wash your hands. I don't mind. You're my son, after all."

Stamping his feet in annoyance, Zhang Heng finally hugged his mother and father.

"Awesome. Now our family has a New Year tradition. You can pass this tradition on to your future sons and daughters. After that, they can pass it on to their sons and daughters. This will pass on from generation to generation, maybe even spreading around the whole world at some point in the future. It's pretty cool when you think about it... I will be remembered by everyone as the founder of this

tradition. Of course, you have to find a girlfriend first to make it possible. You are capable of getting a girlfriend, right?"

"Mind your own business." Zhang Heng bent over, picked up the dice that his parents were looking for a long time, and threw it on the table.

The dice bounced twice and finally stopped on the table.

"Ah, it's six! It's six! This is the number that I needed most. In this case, all the shops on this street are mine," Mother Zhang exclaimed in excitement.

"This doesn't count! Hengheng threw it... you'll have to throw again," Father Zhang objected.

"No, this is the choice of fate!" Mother Zhang insisted.

If embarrassing herself was a skill, Zhang Heng believed his mother must have probably achieved Level 5.

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Then, Mother Zhang turned and said, "Why don't you come play with us? The more players, the more interesting it gets. Anyway, it's too noisy outside and I don't think I can sleep tonight. Let's just stay awake for the whole night. There is a large bottle of Coke in the refrigerator and we can all play Monopoly while we finish it."

"I have no problem with that. Can the two of you two stay awake for the whole night?" asked Zhang Heng as he got comfortable on the carpet.

"Psst! My son underestimates me. Back then, when I stayed up late each night to finish my thesis, you were just a cell that my body hadn't split out. This time, let me show you my skills in this game," Mother Zhang said proudly.

It wasn't long before Mother Zhang fell asleep during the second game. She was the one who spoke loudest but fell asleep on the sofa anyhow, pride notwithstanding.

Father Zhang took the dice and a bunch of tightly held game-banknotes from her hand. Seeing his mother fast asleep, Zhang Heng went to the room and brought out a quilt to cover her. After that, the father and son cleaned up the table and divided the Coke between themselves.

"Nothing happened recently, right?" Father Zhang suddenly asked while he cleaned the living room.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm talking about your feelings, studies, life, health..." Father Zhang paused, "and you suddenly asked about Greenland and Mr. Time earlier."

"But, you didn't seem to want to talk about your Greenland scientific expedition."

"Yes," Father Zhang went through his hair, "Because nothing actually happened... You know, there are glaciers everywhere, and the impression I got from that place is coldness."

"Yes." Zhang Heng nodded in agreement.

The two stayed silent for a while, unable to land on a topic to talk about.

"I guess... I'm probably not a very good liar, especially to someone," Father Zhang was a little embarrassed.

"You have never been a good liar." Zhang Heng said, "But it doesn't matter. Just leave it be if you don't wish to talk about it. It doesn't matter."

"Maybe next time. Just you and me, father and son. Plan to come to Europe during the summer vacation? I can recommend a few good attractions and bars for you."

"Sounds good, we'll talk about it when the time comes," Zhang Heng said, "I'm heading back to my room to sleep. Want to keep the light on?"

"Just leave it on. I'll turn it off later. Good night, son." "Good night, Dad."

Zhang Heng opened the door...

### **Chapter 373 Farewell**

Much to his surprise, Zhang Heng received a greeting card from the United States the next morning.

On it were the Chinese characters for Happy New Year written in crooked hand. There was no name on it but in the lower right corner was a stick figure drawing of Moresby. When he saw that, Zhang Heng instantly knew who sent the card.

He flipped the card over and saw a small sentence written in fine handwriting. It said, "Don't worry about the cheating test. I've already fixed the bug for you, and there no need to worry about it the next time you play. Please continue working hard. Smiley face." Zhang Heng searched the sender's address and found that it came from a motel.

Although The Tang suited old man gifted Zhang Heng with an extra twenty-four hours every day, subsequently changing his life, he still found himself wary of him.

This was especially true after he came across an old photo and realized that the old man had appeared in his life as early as seventeen years ago. Now, his mistrust of the man had nearly grown to its peak. Whatever the old man said in the maid's café was no longer credible. Zhang Heng also could not figure out what the old man really wanted from him.

No one knew better than Zhang Heng just how powerful the old man really was. Within Still Time, Zhang Heng was the one and only king, making him almost invincible. What more, the old man who gave him this ability should only be so much more powerful. At such a level of power, the old man could easily get whatever he wanted. If he already had his eye on Zhang Heng seventeen years ago, why did he wait so long then?

How was him seventeen years ago different from him now? What secrets were concealed within that Greenland expedition his parents participated in? And his abating emotional fluctuations... there seemed to be some sort of hidden connection between these things...

But for now, he was still unable to connect the dots. That, however, did not prevent Zhang Heng from making preparations. The first thing he did after breakfast was to bring the Infinite Block to the game

point for identification. When that was done, he cycled to the library to look up on books related to Chronos and ancient Greek mythology.

People of modern society tended to have less social interaction, but the older generation, like Zhang Heng's grandfather, still maintained the customary Chinese New Year visitation galore. The following days would see relatives and friends visiting each other's households.

Zhang Heng made sure to check up on Tiantian's family next door, confirming that Tiantian's "curse" had really been removed and that the family's "bad luck" was over. Everything returned to normal, and Tiantian's mental state was gradually improving. As for Peng Jiating... Zhang Heng met her by chance once. She was sitting in her father's car, and they were about to go somewhere—Zhang Heng wasn't sure where to, but her stepmother and brother were not in the passenger seat. However, because of the nature of his father's work, he would only return home during the holidays and for a short period of time. As for whether the environment she was living in would change, and how it would change when he left, Zhang Heng had no idea, nor was it within the scope of his obligations to be concerned.

Three days later, Zhang Heng and his grandfather sent his parents to the airport.

His parents both lugged large and small pieces of baggage, but this time, however, the contents were different, now stuffed to the brim with various locally produced specialties that filled out the suitcases to the point they they were about to explode.

Zhang Heng's father collected the boarding passes at the self-service ticket machine, before the four embraced and bid each other farewell.

Just as they were about to leave, Zhang Heng's mother turned around and exclaimed, "Oh, yes, I almost forgot the gift!" "Gift? What gift? Haven't you already given us gifts?!"

"No, no, no. This is a different one." Zhang Heng's parents then shared a look. "Ah, I suddenly feel very self-conscious. You should tell them."

"Well... Summer and I were thinking..." Zhang Heng's grandfather interrupted, "Speak mandarin!"

"Oh, sorry. Xiao Xia and I... We want to have another child."

"So, you waited until now to tell us the most important thing?!" Zhang Heng raised an eyebrow. "Am I going to be a big brother?"

"Erm... to be precise, you are actually already a prospective brother," Zhang Heng's mother stuck out her tongue. "Because of our age problem, we actually started preparing for this pregnancy a year in advance, but it wasn't until..."

"Until two weeks ago," Zhang Heng's father continued. "It was only confirmed two weeks ago."

"So, that's why you were pestering me for ice cream in the middle of winter and even demanded to stay up all night long?" Zhang Heng gave his mother a look.

She looked sheepishly at him. "Ha... It's only the sixth week. So, it's not noticeable yet. It shouldn't be a problem. Besides, carrying a baby around is tough. If I don't eat what I want and have as much as I can while I can, then it would only be tougher later on."

"So, that's why you never told anyone before you made the decision?!" Zhang Heng's grandfather frowned. "That's just too rash. Aren't you worried that I may not be strong enough to take care of your child?"

Zhang Heng's parents looked at each other. Mother Zhang then chuckled, "Err... We decided to bring the child up ourselves."

"Overseas?"

"Yes, overseas. Mmm... since it's not a busy time for us, and we have time to care for the child. Dad, we left Zhang Heng with you at that time because we were too busy-we really didn't have the time then, and secondly, it's also so that he could accompany you. We won't trouble you anymore this time."

Zhang Heng's grandfather was silent for a moment. "Finally, you're becoming a little more like parents. It's up to the two of you as husband and wife to decide, but remember to bring the child home during Chinese New Year to visit your mother and me."

"Of course, if you want, both of you can come visit us there. We just bought a two-story house. You'll love it; it has a small garden, and you can do your gardening and all..."

"Forget about me. I've been a Communist party member my entire life; I won't be able to get used to drinking Capitalist water." Zhang Heng's grandfather shook his head. "What more, your mother is here, and I have to see her during the holidays."

"What about you?" Zhang Heng's mother looked at Zhang Heng. "Any plans after graduation? Your father and I know quite a few professors, and we could help when you apply for anything."

"I don't have any plans for the time being," Zhang Heng answered. "There are still some things I haven't resolved yet. Moreover, if we all leave, I won't be at peace, leaving grandfather behind on his own."

The games hadn't ended, the mysteries surrounding him hadn't been solved, and Zhang Heng had no interest in going abroad.

"Things... you mean, like relationships?"

Zhang Heng merely smiled in reply to his father's question.

"Alright. If you change your mind, you can always give us a call."

"Have a safe journey," Zhang Heng wished them.

Zhang Heng's mother made a 'call me' gesture before walking away with her husband toward the security gate. The pair looked back several times and waved at their son and father until they passed the gate and disappeared from sight. Zhang Heng's grandfather patted him on the shoulder and said, "Come on now. We should go home too."

## **Chapter 374 Fair Deal**



After sending off his parents, Zhang Heng and his grandfather returned home. When they got down from the car, they ran into Jia Jia outside their house.

Jia Jia was no longer dressed extravagantly like in the game checkpoint. Today, she was decent, wearing a down jacket and a pair of loose sweatpants. She also made sure that she was tightly wrapped in her clothes. Even so, a passing man couldn't help but steal glances at the attractive lass.

There seemed to be an indescribable fatal attraction to that body of hers.

Jia Jia took pulled out a cigarette from her cigarette case and stuck it in her mouth. However, she could not find a lighter in her pocket. So, she asked a passing man, "Hey, uncle, got a light?"

The man was no young and immature boy, looking like he'd been with several women already at the age that he was at now. However, When Jia Jia approached him, he still became stunned, and three seconds later, he hurriedly took out a lighter and helped her light the fag.

Jia Jia moved her face forward, resting the cigarette on the flames for a moment. She then took a drag and exhaled a huge cloud of smoke.

"Thank you," said Jia Jia lazily.

The man was lost again. Just when he mustered enough courage to say something, someone came from behind him.

"Ah, you are back."

Jia Jia ignored the man.

The voice obviously had jealous undertones and when he turned around, he saw a young and strong figure. He could only sigh in his heart. After that, he picked up the vegetables he just bought and left with a heavy heart.

Jia Jia did wasn't bothered about him, instead, proceeding to talk to Zhang Heng, "I've been waiting for you for a while."

"Your friend?" Grandpa asked.

"Uhh, I guess so," Zhang Heng said. "Then, you should continue chatting."

After that, Zhang Heng's grandpa went into the house.

The moment he closed the door, Zhang Heng spoke again. "How did you find me here?" "You left your address at the game checkpoint. I followed it, and I found you here. I ran into a kind person on the road that gave me a ride," Jia Jia said. As she spoke, she took a small bag out of her pocket. "Here is your thing."

Zhang Heng opened the black bag and saw the Infinite Building Block with an identification card inside it.

[Name: Infinite Building Block]

(Quality: B)

(Function: Assembly with other LEGO bricks will activate the item. Its effect lasts one hour. Item will return to its block state after one hour. Note: This item will only work on tangible objects and will not work on fantasized objects.]

Although he was prepared, Zhang Heng was a little surprised when he saw the identification results. This small LEGO block with no serial number turned out to be a Grade-B game item; its effects, written on the card, was definitely worthy of a Grade-B game item.

However, the conditions of using this Grade-B game item were the most unique in any game he'd ever played. In other words, its true potential depended on how good the user's LEGO fixing skills were. It appeared that Zhang Heng's Level 2 LEGO Assembly skills he had acquired in the previous quest would come in handy again.

"I didn't know you were also responsible for game item delivery."

"I'm never responsible for delivering game items," Jia Jia said, "But this time is an exception. After all, it's Grade-B. It's too dangerous to be mailed and I prefer to hand it to you personally. That said, whether the item reaches your hand safely has got nothing to do with me anyway. I was only willing to help that idiot deliver this to you to get your address and find an excuse to see you."

Unconsciously, Jia Jia had already gotten closer to Zhang Heng, and now, the two were only a few centimeters away from each other. Zhang Heng could feel Jia Jia's warm breath cascading down his cheeks.

"So, what do you think about the proposal?" Jiajia whispered into Zhang Heng's ear. "What proposal?"

"That idiot did tell you that I wanted to sleep with you," Jia Jia said. "Before you say no to me, think of the huge benefits if you say yes. I can become the perfect woman in your heart. You can experience happiness that you have never experienced before. I can also make up for the regrets you'll never be able to make up in your heart. If you think I'm moving too quickly, we can start a relationship like ordinary lovers if that's what you fancy. It's okay. I can afford to wait for you to fall in love with me." "Why?" Zhang Heng frowned upon hearing this, "Why choose me?"

Jia Jia smiled; her eyes sparkled with purity, akin to the ice on a frozen Lake Baikal. "In human terms, it is the need for reproduction. I need a descendant. As for why I chose you it's because I like you. You don't smell like some nasty, old guy. It's your own scent."

"My charm?"

Jia Jia leaned even closer to Zhang Heng's shoulder and took a deep breath. Like a gluttonous girl getting a whiff of the aroma of chocolate, a blush appeared on her cheeks. "You smell... like a lost child. Don't worry, sleeping with me won't bring you any danger, and you won't lose anything. On the contrary, you can also get the answers you've been looking for from me. You have a question about this game, right? I might be able to give you some answers you've been looking for a long time. Unlike those guys, my sisters and I are not bound by those old vows."

Jia Jia took another step forward as she spoke, her chest almost stuck to Zhang Heng's body. She then looked at Zhang Heng passionately, "Well, you can get what you want from me and I can also get what I want from you. It's a fair deal—we can even make a contract if you are really worried."

“I don’t think this is a good proposal.”

The person who said that wasn’t Zhang Heng, but the uncle in beach pants at the game checkpoint. He popped out of nowhere, and this time, he wore a green cotton coat with a pair of SpongeBob earmuffs. He had suddenly appeared outside Zhang Heng’s fence and rode a pink Emma electric bike. Although it somewhat made him look comical, the expression he had was uncharacteristically serious.

“Succubus, you have gone over the line!”

Jia Jia flicked the ash off her cigarette and returned to her cold expression. “Every time it comes to serious business, some annoying guy will always interrupt me! It’s not your right to mind my business!”

“Yes, it’s always your business when it comes to the men that you want to sleep with. Earlier I even helped you to convey the message to him, but you, of all people, should know where the boundaries are. You can’t use the information you have as a bargaining chip, intervening in matters between players. Your behavior is likely to cause unfair competition, and you don’t want to upset the gaming committee.” Jia Jia sneered, “Oh, what a loyal dog. How disappointing. Whatever.” After that, she gave Zhang Heng another sultry look and tightened her collar.

“I’ll fetch you back,” the beach pants uncle said as he revved the throttle of his e-bike.

“No, I’m not going to sit on that thing!”

Jia Jia walked to a BMW not far away from her. naturally, she had stopped and was unable to take his eyes off her.

“Can I get a ride from you?” Jia Jia asked.

“Of course, hurry up and get in. It’s cold outside,” the owner proclaimed diligently, feeling that his heart had been thumped hard by something. His pupils contracted, and his breathing accelerated. Immediately, he trotted all the way to open the door for Jia Jia.

“Uncle, you are so nice. Can I smoke in the car?”

“No problem, no problem, no problem at all!” the owner smirked.

Jia Jia sat down on the passenger seat and flipped a bird to the uncle in beach pants.

### **Chapter 375 Killing With No Risk Online Store**

After getting the Infinite Building Block, the first thing Zhang Heng did was to get to the mall and purchase a few boxes of Lego bricks for experimentation. He was granted a speedup buff while in the Lego world, and when combined with his unique pair of plier-like hands, he could achieve fantastic speeds when assembling a model. However, this speed couldn’t be replicated in the real world, even with the 10 fingers he had. Still, he had mastered the skill pretty well and could now assemble in a respectable time.

From brick to object, a Lego version of a pistol took him only four minutes to build. Zhang Heng looked at the M1911 in his hand. There was almost no difference between this one and a real M1911 and tried to load it before unlocking the safety pin and replacing the magazine. Astonishingly, an hour later, the pistol transformed back to a Lego model.

Zhang Heng retrieved the Infinite Building Block and tried to assemble the recurve bow that he used frequently. This time, it took longer to build it, considering how large it was. Thankfully, the final product did not disappoint.

After several tests, Zhang Heng was satisfied with the results.

As long as he carried a few boxes of Lego bricks with him in the future, he would be able to use his Infinite Building Block to assemble whatever he needed, basically transforming any brick object into the real thing. In other words, he could obtain different kinds of weapons anytime and anywhere, especially in sensitive locations such as airports and certain high-security areas. Naturally, weapons like bows and arrows were strictly banned from those places. It was in such places that Zhang Heng's Infinite Building Block would shine.

After all, no one would consider a pile of Lego bricks as dangerous items.

The Infinite Building Block was also one of Zhang Heng's most widely accepted game items. However, using it in a quest was another altogether. For example, if he were to teleport into a quest like Blacksail again, he would be unable to find a single piece of Lego brick, not in an ancient world like that. In other words, the Infinite Building Block would be rendered useless. Nonetheless, in terms of availability, Lego bricks were considered as easily acquired items.

After that, Zhang Heng revisited the internet cafe to browse recent postings on the forum. Recently, the hot topic of discussion among players was another Grade-B game item, the Dreamland of Death. It seemed that on New Year's Eve, word had gotten around that the perpetrator had been found. The strange thing was, more and more posts of similar fashion were continuously uploaded in the forum after that.

It appeared that the murderers were not the same person. What was more surprising was that they weren't even players. These apparent murderers did not know each other, were of different ages, lived in different cities, had different occupations, and some of them were even housewives-hardly anything in common amongst them. The only thing that tied them together, though, was the fact that they dearly wished to kill the person they hated most in their lives. According to them, they had all found an online shop on the internet called Killing With No Risk.

The establishment promised that its customers could purchase a risk-free assassination service for only ten yuan.

At first, people thought the site was the regular run-off the mill trinket store, providing their customers with innocent memorabilia like voodoo dolls. That said, some started doubting if it worked, knowing that their enemies would only be knocked down 'spiritually.' So after an order was made, they received the package from the website a week later, where detailed instructions for the dummy were enclosed.

Upon receiving the package, most customers used the doll according to the steps provided. Whether it worked or not, it was worth a try since they had paid for it anyway. Some were afraid to do it once the item actually landed in their hands. So, they threw the package aside and continued to curse the ones they hated in their hearts, hoping that it would someday take effect. Of course, there were always those who would ignore the instructions altogether and did things their own way.

Naturally, nothing happened to the second and third groups of people; the divine justice that they expected didn't materialize. The first group of people, however, were surprised and horrified when they discovered that their targets were killed in their sleep as promised by the store.

There were mixed reactions. Some were overjoyed over the outcome while some started to regret, afraid that the death of their targets would eventually be traced back to them. They also feared retribution, wondering if the owner of the online store would use the secret to threaten them someday. Not too long after all the recipients got their orders, they went online to search for the shop again and found that the website had disappeared without a trace, as if it never even existed in the first place.

Afterward, some quarters even took the initiative to surrender themselves to the police, unable to bear the enormous guilt and psychological pressure they were subjected to. Owing to the outlandish and childish confessions of curses and jinxes, the officer handling the case quickly dismissed them and recommended they consult a psychiatrist instead.

"This matter is getting more and more interesting. A new and powerful game item has appeared?"

"No. This method of killing is indeed the work of Dreamland of Death. The current situation looks more like..."

"It's like someone cloned Dreamland of Death and sold the replicas to ordinary people who knew nothing."

"Is that even possible? Someone should have found out they were receiving counterfeits all the while. Are they game items? What is its quality? And how many times can it be used?"

"It's a pity that all the Dreamland of Death clones found so far have been spent with no uses left."

The person who posted this comment claimed to be a member of one of the three major guilds, and had also participated in the investigation. At the same time, he was also a police officer in the real world.

"We sent every Dreamland of Death clone we could find for evaluation, and no surprise that they weren't game items. We even found an unopened package, but its contents weren't game items as well."

"Clay?"

"Yes, it looked like the clay that appeared at the auction during that time. It loses effect after a certain period."

A few immediately agreed to it.

"This is too much... what kind of game item is that guy holding? How did he clone a Grade-B Dreamland of Death in batches... a Grade-A game item, perhaps?"

"Only two Grade-A game items have surfaced so far. One has exceeded its number of uses, and the other one is missing."

"Wait, shouldn't we be more concerned about the killer's motive? She's now giving away the Dreamland of Death to ordinary people like an item from the Taobao bargain bin! Although they're just clones, will they do her any good?"

“I don’t know. The three major guilds have been tracking her down recently, and I believe she should be captured soon.”

The following replies were basically all sorts of conjecture, and Zhang Heng didn’t bother reading them any further. However, another post caught his attention. The title was—the guy who completed the Master Builder quest, pray I never find you.

Zhang Heng opened it up to see what it was all about. The person who started this thread was the Lego master and his team, the one Fan Meinan mentioned earlier. They were close to completing the quest as well. Out of a total of 24 teams in the Master Builder quest, they were thought to be the ones who would eventually acquire the Grade-B item, considering how skillful they were.

Nonetheless, after three months of hard work, their long, hard-fought-victory was snatched away by Zhang Heng. In the end, the Lego master didn’t get anything after spending so much energy and time. The anger and disappointment in him were beyond comprehension. However, the ones replying were obviously unable to empathize with his frustration and disenchantment. trolls be trolls, they mercilessly spewed insults and jeers without the slightest thought or consideration; seeming to greatly enjoy doing something of this sort.

### **Chapter 376 Return To School**

In the following few days, Zhang Heng didn’t reencounter anymore weird events, and Jia Jia didn’t look for him again either. However, an unfamiliar WeChat account added him as a friend. The unknown person then sent him an address with a side note, ‘Contact me if you change your mind.’ Zhang Heng had been actually doubting the identity of Jia Jia of the checkpoint for a long time. Judging by her conversations with the uncle in beach pants, it was pretty obvious the two weren’t superior and subordinate, nor were they in a cooperative relationship. On the contrary, Jia Jia appeared to be the dominant one.

Besides, the things that the beach pants uncle said vaguely revealed some clues that Jia Jia wasn’t actually human. ‘Jia Jia’ needed to find a partner every 20 years, and when he called her succubus that day, her true identity was thus confirmed.

Succubus, in Latin, meant lustful temptation. Originally derived from Greek mythology, legends about these demons were well documented in Sumerian mythology and Hispanic myths. These demons often appeared in dreams of men, absorbing their essence. Their wings, tail, and horns were signature characteristics of the type.

However, in modern stories, succubus didn’t merely appear in dreams. Their range of activities had become broader, and their imagery was more varied. At the same time, they often worked part-time at a particular place.

In addition to her fantastic charm, Jia Jia seemed to possess other abilities as well. Discounting the mysterious Einstein from the Apollo Program, she was the first person to figure out the relationship between Zhang Heng and the weird man in the Tang suit. Based on what she said about taste, she seemed to know the true identity of the peculiar man.

Unfortunately, Zhang Heng could get no clear answers from her. Although Jia Jia had been ridiculing the beach pants uncle, she still seemed to harbor a considerable degree of fear toward the gaming

committee. She only offered Zhang Heng so many benefits because of her insatiable desire to reproduce.

Seeing how she dismissed beach pants uncle, it seemed impossible to keep talking about this matter with her. However, Zhang Heng also knew that if he didn't offer himself to her, he wouldn't be able to make her tell him everything. For now, though, he had no plan for doing so.

Putting aside the history of the succubus (no matter how cute it looked, it still couldn't conceal the fact that it was some kind of demon,) and if what Jia Jia said were true that copulating would not bring Zhang Heng any harm, Zhang Heng never had a habit of using his body as a bargaining chip. After adding her on WeChat, he tossed his cellphone aside.

For the rest of the holiday, data collection aside, Zhang Heng continued to familiarize himself with the Infinite Building Block, hoping to be able to assemble the things he needed in a much faster time.

Grandpa, on the other hand, bought dinner ingredients from the supermarket. When he opened the door, he got a shock seeing an orange kitten lying on the floor.

"A stray cat in the yard?"

"No. It belongs to my friend. I'm planning to return it later." Zhang Heng picked up the tiny orange cat, still scratching its ears with his hind legs.

"Come back early for some fried noodles tonight."

"Okay."

"Oh and, are things packed?" Grandpa asked while changing slippers.

"It's almost done, only toiletries and power cords left," Zhang Heng said. The little orange cat in his hand yawned, seeming unwilling to be held. Although it had started kicking and struggling, Zhang Heng did not dare to put it on the ground. He had it tested before; a cat transformed by an Infinite Building Block was no different than an ordinary cat. To put it in other words, it was completely uncontrollable. If the cat was in a room, it could be captured no matter where it went. Once it got outside the house, though, the cat could wander in the vast, vast world. If it disappeared, it would not be fun if the cat transformed back to Lego bricks and picked it up by someone.

Nonetheless, Zhang Heng had confirmed through this experiment that he had no way to control his creations. If unnecessary, he figured it was better not to use the Infinite Building Block to assemble living things, especially those that could run fast.

"Don't forget to put it away tomorrow morning," Grandpa said. "Get up early; I'll drive you to the train station."

"Uh, I can just get a taxi."

"No, I want to see you off. Anyway, I have to go out to the flower and bird markets in the morning, and it's no trouble for me to stop by the train station."

"Okay."

Zhang Heng opened the door with one hand and cat in the other.

The little orange feline had been thinking about wandering around the outside world for a long time, and the moment the door opened, it was instantly attracted by what it saw outside. However, Zhang Heng firmly held the back of its neck and didn't let go. They then came to a place with fewer people. Zhang Heng waited a while, looked at the time on his watch, and put the little orange cat on the ground.

The cat was ridiculously energetic, like a dragon entering the sea, or a tiger rushing down a mountain. It spread its four legs and started to run like there was no tomorrow. Unfortunately, as soon as it landed on the ground with its front legs, it retransformed into its original state—a lifelike Lego kitten.

Zhang Heng first removed the Infinite Building Block from its abdomen, then dismantled the Lego cat and put the pile of bricks into his bag.

It was a quiet night, and he made use of the last hour he had here to take some pictures. They were mainly landscape photos of his junior high school and elementary school. On the way, he encountered two internet-addicted teenagers who were poised to rob passing victims. Broke and penniless, they did it to feed their internet gaming habit. Zhang Heng confiscated their clothes and threw their knives into the river two kilometers away from them.

After that, he went on visiting other spots, including a playground he liked most when he was still a child. It was demolished early last year, and in its place was a five-star hotel that was still under construction. An empty skating ring lay beside the plot.

Zhang Heng also took the time to inspect the grandpa's old Volkswagen, replacing a few old parts to make sure it was safe to drive. He finally returned home an hour earlier and opened grandpa's house's door. He sat by the bed for a while, looking at his sleeping grandfather until the hour hand pointed at twelve again. He then got up and returned to his room.

Early the next morning, Zhang Heng carried his bag and went back to school again. His grandpa drove him to the station, watched him pick up the ticket, and passing through the security check. After confirming that he did not miss anything, the elderly man turned around and left.

As opposed to when he arrived, there were no more accidents on the train on the way back. This time, Zhang Heng was surrounded by students that were ready to return to school. The atmosphere in the carriage was harmonious. No one approached him as well, thankfully. So, Zhang Heng continued to read his "Finnish Grammar," eventually falling asleep until the train reached the terminal.

### **Chapter 377 Inappropriate**

The first thing Zhang Heng did once he returned to school was to unpack his luggage and register in a driving school.

He opted for the course that would get his driver's license the fastest, but driving schools were in popular demand at the moment, and even the ordinary courses had been fully booked half a year in advance. To be able to drive legally as soon as possible, Zhang Heng decided to go with the VIP class, which he would be able to attend in two weeks.



Usually, an appointment could be made in advance for practice whenever the student was available, and once the required hours had been accumulated, they could then apply to sit for the test. One could get a driver's license as soon as 20 days, but it also cost twice that of a regular class.

Yet, although Zhang Heng's driving skill was at Level 2 and he had even sped down the Tokyo Expressway in reverse, there was no way he'd be able to obtain a driving license unless he attended a driving school. Although individuals were technically allowed to bypass driving school, they still had to have lessons. The process was also more troublesome, ultimately taking a longer period to obtain a driver's license. It wasn't as convenient as spending a little more money at a driving school.

After making the necessary payments, Zhang Heng went on to deal with the problem of parking. Because the school's management was very strict about vehicles, and since students were not allowed to apply for parking spaces, Zhang Heng's only option was to look for an underground parking lot nearby. This also meant higher expenditures since a parking fee was charged. Coupled with possible future modification costs, Zhang Heng's current pocket money was definitely insufficient. That said, he wasn't interested in taking up a part-time job

—even though he had 48 hours a day, it did not mean he was about to squander the extra time given—he would rather use the precious gift for fitness, skill training, or even resting.

Eventually, he contacted Ding Si and requested to exchange fifty points for cash.

“Let's see... right now, the exchange rate is 37,400, which makes 1.87 million for 50 points. After deducting a 1% handling fee, it's a total of 1.8513 million yuan. How would you like to receive this money?”

“Do you have any suggestions?” Zhang Heng asked.

“Of course, if you don't want to risk exposing personal information during the transfer, the least risky method would be the white card.”

“White card?”

“Yes, every chamber of commerce provides a white card, a bank card applied using the information of ordinary people. We will guarantee the safety of the funds in the card, and the original owner will not touch it. Of course, we would not be responsible for any loss or damage whatsoever incurred on your part, such as falling for text message scams. Otherwise, we will reimburse you in full if there truly is a problem with the funds. Of course, you can also choose other delivery methods, such as cash and such...”

Zhang Heng thought about it and decided he needed the white card. “How much for one?”

“Forty thousand yuan. We will also include a complimentary mobile sim card that is bound to the bank card. You may choose to change your phone number upon receiving the card,” said Ding Si. “We will directly deposit the money into the card. You'll just need to go to a game checkpoint and transfer the points to us. After that, we will set up a location for collection.” “Alright.” “Happy gaming!” After solving his funding problems, Zhang Heng contacted his mother's friend and asked for her address, heading to the place after she got off work. It was a high-end residential area located on the edge of the Fourth Ring Road. The floor area ratio was only 0.5, and the community was basically made up of low-rise

bungalows with tight security and surrounded by lush greeneries. Zhang Heng registered himself at the guardhouse, walked up to the gate, and rang the bell.

The owner of the house was clearly waiting for him, as the door opened almost immediately upon his arrival.

A middle-aged woman greeted him at the door.

“Welcome.”

From what he had heard from his mother, her name was Han Lu, a university friend of hers majoring in finance. After graduation, she returned to China and worked for a bank until she became an executive before resigning to start a private equity. She retired once again, just as she was gaining a reputation.

Then recently, with her contacts and accumulated funds, she started a venture capital firm. Although she was about Mother Zhang’s age, she seemed to look very young, appearing as if she was only in her thirties.

There was, however, a difference between the two’s youthfulness. Zhang Heng’s mother was a more carefree character who lived life as if she had never had troubles, while Han Lu’s profession was high-pressured and fast-paced, indirectly leading to her being single until now. Before this, she had simply no time and energy to fall in love, and now she was not attracted to anyone. Even those she was attracted to were already married, and thus, she had grown accustomed to living alone, abiding by the ‘quality over quantity’ principle.

In the huge mansion, there were only two occupants—she and the housekeeper. Her youthfulness was also the product of countless pricey serums and lotions. Despite the expensive solutions, one could easily see that she was also a stunning beauty in her younger days. “Zhang Heng?” Zhang Heng nodded.

“Please take a seat. This is not the first time we’ve met. I visited you when your parents brought you back to China. You were only two at that time,” said Han Lu. “I was stunned when I heard the news. Xiao Xia and I... We tell each other everything, but she never told me a word when she became pregnant. I only found out when she came back.” Han Lu called for the housekeeper to bring some fruits. “Wow, you’ve grown so much. Time really does fly,” she continued.

Zhang Heng thanked her. “Since you’re here, might as well just stay for dinner. I heard you’re studying here, and I’ve meant to see you, but your mother said that you don’t like to be disturbed? So... need my help with anything?” Although Han Lu was a woman, the fierce competition in the capital market had caused her to become a decisive and proficient person. To entrepreneurs who were in urgent need of funding, she was like God. It was true, in a sense. One word from her could determine the life or death of a company. Over time, she developed an imposing aura about her. While not deliberate, a simple gesture, such as sitting near a person would cause them to feel so uncomfortable and nervous. Most would instinctively get up to leave.

Much to her surprise, a young-un like Zhang Heng, still wet behind the ears, wasn’t walking on eggshells around her. With her experience, she was very good at reading people, and no one’s nervousness or guilt could escape her eyes. She could even accurately tell by sight who was pretending or who was genuinely calm.

Hence, Zhang Heng belonged to the latter. From the moment he set foot into the house -no-from the moment they made contact, Zhang Heng never showed the slightest bit of timidity. His posture was just the right amount of relaxed, and he was polite but yet not overly formal. He also behaved the same when they were having a casual conversation. At the same time, Han Lu was secretly surprised by how well-informed he was.

Han Lu would even sometimes forget Zhang Heng's age, as she groaned silently in her heart-she did not care about the age gap between them—there were very few men who could captivate her intrigue. What a pity this was her best friend's son.

Of course, it would be inappropriate to develop a romantic relationship with her friend's son.

### **Chapter 378 This Is... A Bug In The System, Right?**

Han Lu told Zhang Heng not to worry. He could park his Polo at her place for the time being. After all, she had three parking spaces and he could pick up the car after he received his driver's license. Nonetheless, he rejected her offer.

Zhang Heng didn't have a driver's license, and he could not drive during regular hours. This, however, didn't mean that he wasn't allowed to drive during his extra 24 hours.

In fact, public transportation was easily accessible in big cities, and there were many methods of traveling during regular hours, and it wasn't a big problem if personal transport was nonexistent. On the contrary, when Zhang Heng entered the still world, he would need a means of transportation if he wanted to move to a distant place.

In the end, Han Lu didn't force the idea on Zhang Heng. She made a phone call and got someone to drive the Polo to a parking lot near Zhang Heng's School.

"You have my address and contact information. Feel free to come and see me when you are free."  
Before they parted ways, Han Lu said to Zhang Heng, "Inform me in advance before you come. I travel far sometimes."

"Thank you, Auntie Han," Zhang Heng responded politely.

"Just call me Sister Han. It sounds younger," Han Lu smiled.

The students who took leave after the seventh day of the new year gradually began to return to school. In Zhang Heng's dormitory, Chen Huadong came back the earliest. According to him, staying at home was too dull. All he did was eat and sleep, and of course, he was warmly welcomed by his parents during the first few days, but after that, his parents would start nagging and complaining no matter what he did. When Spring Festival was over, he opted to book his tickets and return to school early. At school, he could play all the games and watch all the dramas he wanted.

Wei Jiangyang was the second to return to school. Mainly, it was because he booked drama tickets for the seventh day of the new year and wanted to watch it with his girlfriend. They both had to come back early to watch it. Zhang Heng came back after that, followed by Ma Wei, the last person to return to the dorm. He went back to his hometown late and stayed home for an extra two days. He did, however, manage to make it back right on the day before school restarted.

It was the dawn of a new semester, and the finals were still a long way away. It should be the most relaxing and exciting time for the students. Chen Huadong, however, looked as if he was about to enter a battlefield. In the early hours of the 26th, he sat in front of his computer with a serious expression, and with trembling hands, he entered a URL. When he clicked on the mouse, he quickly covered his eyes with his other hand.

After that, he looked like a girl that was about to get married. He moved his fingers nervously and reluctantly. When he saw the numbers, he couldn't help but let out an exciting wolf howl. Raising his arms and fists, he exclaimed, "Yes! I passed the test!!!"

"Your score... is kinda low," Ma Wei groaned. He was standing behind Chen Huadong and saw the eye-catching 426 points on the screen. "It's one point higher than the passing mark. Anyway, you got about 60 points for your other courses as well."

"Don't underestimate me. In our school, I'm the God of Exams. Please call me the Naked Exam Prince in the future!" Chen Huadong exclaimed while patting his chest.

Compared to the excited Chen Huadong, Wei Jiangyang, on the other hand, had a solemn look on his face. As another member of the naked exam team, his English was actually not bad, outperforming himself in the college entrance examination. He got 130 points, which wasn't too bad actually, and shouldn't have any problems taking the CET-6 examination. He did not pay much attention to the test, and besides, he needed to accompany his girlfriend as well. As a result, there wasn't much time for him to do any revising

He did not expect to fall so hard this time. Scoring only 402 points in total, it meant he needed to retake the exam in June this year. The moment Wei Jiangyang discovered his less-than-stellar results, he seemed to be in pain, wailing with his head buried in his arms on the table. At the same time, similar scenes echoed in every corner of every school across the country, where both wails and cheers concurrently resounded. Chen Huadong patted his shoulder and comforted him. "It's okay, look on the brighter side. At least you got to add the points you earned for some credits. Our friend, Mr. Zhang, will have a headache soon," he said.

Zhang Heng wasn't in the dormitory now, but everyone in there knew about his current circumstances. The teacher caught him skipping class before the CET-6 exam, and had gotten so angry that he canceled all the points Zhang Heng earned. According to the 3 to 7 conversion rule, he had to obtain a score of at least 609 in this exam to acquire the English credits. Otherwise, he would have to retake the whole subject with the freshmen next semester.

Zhang Heng's English proficiency was no secret, scoring a respectable 492 points in the previous CET-4 exam. Although it wasn't bad, it was just mediocre at best. He needed another 100 points to pass the exam, and besides, the CET-6 exam was significantly more difficult. Supposedly, Zhang Heng was more than capable of passing the CET-6 exam, but it was also unrealistic for someone to get 609 points in one go.

In fact, it was an impossible goal. Zhang Heng was genuinely unlucky. It just happened that the teacher was in a bad mood. After angering him, Zhang Heng was practically begging to retake the exam next semester. Retaking the exam was a small matter. The main point was, it was embarrassing to have to retake the exam with a group of junior girls.

Zhang Heng came back at night. As soon as he entered the door, he saw that a small table had been set up in the middle of the room. On it, there were some cold beef, chicken wings, smoked sausage, pancakes, and several other cold dishes. Chen Huadong even took out a large bucket of Coke.

“Anyone of you celebrating something?” Zhang Heng asked. “No, this is a healing dinner, specially organized by everyone to comfort you and Wei Jiangyang’s injured souls,” Chen Huadong solemnly proclaimed. He stepped forward and pulled Zhang Heng to the main seat.

“Me? Why do I need healing?” Zhang Heng asked.

“We admire your courage for braving through death. They released the CET-6 results today. Have you checked it yet?”

“Oh, I forgot about it.”

It was true that Zhang Heng had forgotten about it. Although it was only two months after the CET-6 exam, Zhang Heng had completed three quests during that period. In other words, his mind convinced him that a few years had passed since the CET-6 exam. The memories of the exam were at the back in his head, and he didn’t remember it until Chen Huadong mentioned it.

Chen Huadong handed him a pair of disposable chopsticks, saying at the same time in relief, “Think on the brighter side, at least you can snuggle up to those cute little junior girls next semester. With your looks and behavior, it’s not a problem for you to get rid of your single status. When that time comes, I might ask you to help me look for a potential partner. By the way, would you like to check your results?” “Okay,” Zhang Heng said.

Chen Huadong turned on his computer and thoughtfully helped Zhang Heng open the results webpage. Zhang Heng entered the account number, paused for a while before entering the password. The page then jumped to the query result. When they saw Zhang Heng’s results, the entire dorm room fell silent.

Chen Huadong’s jaw had fallen to the ground. After a while, he recovered, rubbed his eyes, and said, “That’s a bug in the system. It’s definitely a bug, right?!”

### **Chapter 379 Wonder Woman**

Chen Huadong took a deep breath.

“691 points? Is there something wrong with my eyes, or is there something wrong with the website?”

“248.5 points for listening. That’s ridiculously high, right? What’s the difference between this and the full score?”

“Actually, 248.5 IS the perfect score,” Ma Wei added. “Huh? Then, for the reading test, he got 241.5...”

“The full score for reading is... 248.5.”

“So he lost only 7 points for this part? Writing and translating are 201 points, which meant he’s 12 points short of the perfect score?! Wait, does that mean that only he needs 19 points to get full marks for the CET-6 exam?” As if he’d just witnessed a murder, Xu Huadong was shocked and wide-eyed. He turned to Zhang Heng, “What the hell, did you get the answers in advance?”

Ma Wei, who was beside them, also sighed loudly. He was known as one of the brightest students in the class and usually obtained excellent results in all subjects. Everyone said that he was born to study and achieve greatness. However, he knew the difference between excellence and excellence. English was his weak spot and he'd been desperately trying to improve since entering university.

He woke up every morning, diligently going to the playground to practice reading in English. He even insisted on only reading English publications and memorizing their vocabulary. To practice writing, he had used up more than a dozen notebooks. It was well worth it, all the effort he had put in to improve his English, seeing how he got a healthy 612 points when the results came out. Although quite satisfied, he didn't expect someone to get a better result."

"There is no end to learning, and the people from the old days were right about one thing. Learning this is like sailing against the current. There can be no relaxation or complacency," Ma Wei clamored with emotion.

Chen Huadong grabbed his hair in disbelief. "It's over. Ma Wei is so shocked that he's started quoting the wise words of ancient people.

"691 points... that's the highest score in the school. No. Maybe in the city. It could also be the highest score in the entire country! What do you think, Wei Jiangyang?" Chen Huadong asked as he turned to look at Wei Jiangyang. Wei Jiangyang was in no better condition and was almost in tears. "I'm dead. I'm just so sad that I didn't pass the CET-6 exam. When I see others passing with flying colors, I became even sadder. I have two friends who got more than 600 points. What evil have I committed to deserve this karma?! Why assign me to this dormitory from hell???"

"I don't usually see you doing revision. Your parents are working overseas... did you travel abroad during the winter and summer vacations? If so, it would mean you have been using English to communicate. Hold on, that's not right. You got only 492 points during the CET-4 exam. How did you get a whopping increment of 200 points in one go? This too much! You received the answers to the test in advance, right?" Chen Huadong screamed. "Damn it! Why didn't you share the good stuff with your friends?"

"Didn't you pass the test?"

Chen Huadong stood straight with his head lifted.

"Yes. I did. Hey, don't look at me like this. I have a desire for high scores as well,"

"If you are telling the truth, you wouldn't have taken the test without any preparation," Zhang Heng said.

"Well, it seems this meal is prepared for me since I'm the only one who's feeling sad tonight... let me make the toast first."

On the other side of the table, Wei Jiangyang had already sat down and poured himself a glass of Coke, which he gulped down in a second. Though it was only a carbonated drink, he was drowned in sadness and disappointment after he emptied his cup.

Seeing that Wei Jiangyang was a little depressed, Chen Huadong tried to comfort him.

“Don’t be sad. You can retake the exam in June. Your credits are good enough so you won’t have to retake the course next year. As long as you pass CET-6 before you graduate, you’ll be fine. Even I passed the test. Seeing how intelligent you are, there’s nothing for you to worry about.”

Wei Jiangyang rolled his eyes, “I joined the naked test army because I believed in you. But... you’re so lucky that you pass every time. You’re leaving me here alone.”

“Sigh. Just as the saying goes, your love life may be smooth sailing, but your academic performance will fall hard.”

Though Zhang Heng told the three of them not to tell anyone else about his CET-6 exam exults, the whole class knew about it the next day. And on the third day, the news had spread to the entire course. In the end, the entire school knew about it.

Shen Xixi even sent him a congratulatory text. She had recently been busy trying to contact several capable teams, hoping to share her ideas and discuss the possibility of working with them. The discussions focussed on dealing with the recurrence of supernatural incidents similar to Zavalcha. She wanted to be able to solve the crisis in the shortest time possible and prevent more innocent people from being harmed.

After the new forum had been set up, she adopted Wonder Woman as her username, subsequently uploading a large number of posts. She even took the initiative to share her previous fighting experience with Zavalcha and other monsters. Judging by the nature of those posts, Zhang Heng deduced that Shen Xixi must have been the one who wrote them.

She was one of the few players who was willing to risk her life to protect ordinary people. She saw this as her responsibility, offering healthy incentives to those who were willing to work with her. She also promised to distribute the loot she got to her allies according to the value of the information provided. If the team were willing to provide information, they would still be able to reap benefits in the end, even if they didn’t participate in any battles.

The game in itself was already perilous, so most players had no interest in protecting the safety of irrelevant strangers. With that in mind, nobody would push away the opportunity to earn more game points. Judging by their replies, it seemed there were many players from the same city interested in sharing their information with her. A few teams even expressed their willingness to cooperate in hunting down those monsters.

Wonder Woman... Justice League?

Although Zhang Heng could picture some of Shen Xixi’s thoughts and aspirations, the truth was that no one really knew what the outcome would be. Something sinister had been brewing between players recently. There was the turmoil at the auction, the mysterious girl with sunglasses, and the missing Grade-B Dreamland of Death. Then, there was the establishment of the new forum, the long-lost large scale communication between players, and the sudden outbreak of mass murder among ordinary people. Zhang Heng had a faint hunch that something major was about to take place. That explained why all the parties were ready to strike at any moment. Did the gaming committee know about this matter? How were they going to approach it? Or, could it be that the gaming committee was actually the one behind all of this?

Zhang Heng couldn't envision how the whole thing would develop. However, there was nothing wrong with coming down with some preparation.

Last night, he completed the transfer of game points at a checkpoint, and later, he received a white card from Fu Lou together with the 1.813 million yuan inside it. Zhang Heng deliberately chose to accept the white card one minute before midnight. This was to ensure that nothing would go wrong, and he could also take the opportunity to explore Fu Lou as well.

It was no wonder Fu Lou was worthy of being called a veteran chamber of commerce. The delivery man was just an ordinary person, and there was no way to trace him through his mobile phone. For now, Zhang Heng could at least confirm that Fu Lou wasn't doing anything terrible behind their customers' backs. In other words, he would deal with them again in the future.

Now that a fresh injection of funds had been received, modifications to the Polo could finally meet its dateline.

### **Chapter 380 Whistleblower**

Four weeks had passed since school started, and Zhang Heng had gradually resumed his previous routine. In addition to attending classes and practicing driving, he allocated the remaining time he had to maintain fitness and master other skills. At the same time, given the increasing frequency of supernatural events around him, he also began a more comprehensive study about myths and legends.

To get things moving, Zhang Heng launched a preliminary investigation into what took place in Greenland 17 years ago. Judging by his father's reaction, the incident was obviously related to him. The old man in the Tang suit had him worried, and although his father said that he would talk about it one day, Zhang Heng didn't intend to just sit by and do nothing.

Since it was non-governmental scientific research, it should have been left some breadcrumbs behind. Zhang Heng didn't know the name of the scientific expedition or members of the team, and all he had was a photo taken 17 years ago. It still held important bits of information, such as the name of the sponsors that were printed on the backpacks of the team.

Unfortunately, search results revealed that the travel agency that organized the trip filed for bankruptcy only half a year after the expedition ended. Upon checking its establishment date, he found out that it was registered only one year before the expedition, so there was a high possibility that the agency was a shell company set up specifically for this particular expedition.

This made Zhang Heng even more curious about the purpose of the research done by the old man in the Tang suit after wasting so much effort in it. There were 19 other people in the team, so Zhang Heng decided to employ a nifty little tool called Facesearch to compare their appearances. It turned out that Google's facial recognition engine did actually detect a few similar faces. It managed to identify four of them.

One was the guide of the expedition, another one was a doctor, and the final two were retired SEAL operatives.

Zhang Heng then found two of their Facebook profiles and another Twitter account. Unfortunately, a browse through Twitter found no useful information, and Facebook profiles were private. Unable to



determine their true identity, Zhang Heng remained cautious. The first phase of the investigation could be temporarily shelved for now.

One thing could be confirmed, however-the scientific research wasn't as simple as what Grandpa told him. It was no regular archaeological investigation or ruins exploration. The two former SEALs in the team were the best proof of that. What concerned Zhang Heng the most, though, was the doctor.

It was common that a doctor joined a research expedition, especially if the team headed to places that were inaccessible and had harsh environments. Medical personnel was encouraged to tag along to ensure the health and safety of the team. Strangely, the doctor in this research team was a psychiatrist.

So why would a team that had gone all the way to Greenland to research ancient ruins need a psychiatrist with them?

The mouse in Zhang Heng's hand hovered over the Facebook profile of the psychiatrist named Marshall. He knew he had to travel to Greenland to find out more. Before that, though, a new round of the game would have to be completed before the end of the month.

Zhang Heng arrived at the bar's lounge at 11:42. He chose single-player mode once again and set the alarm. After gulping down the ice-cold mojito in hand, he put down the glass.

He closed his eyes as he lay on the sofa.

The sharp taste of mint leaves and citrus filled his throat, and at the same time, a familiar dizziness swarmed within his head. A second later, Zhang Heng heard the system notification playing in his ears.

[Verifying player identity...]

(Player verified. The sixth quest will be randomly drawn for player 07958...)

(Extraction completed. Current quest Whistleblower.)

"The internet is the foundation of our society. It is a massive global network connected by a set of protocols. Its inception completely changed humanity's way of life and granted unprecedented convenience to many. Today, mankind cannot live without the internet. Controversy about cybersecurity, however, has never stopped since the very beginning. Which side will you choose?"

(Task Objective: Help Edward escape or help Number Zero capture Edward)

[Mode: Competitive mode single-player]

(Time Flow: 360) (1 hour in the real world is equivalent to 15 days in this game. After 90 days, player will be forced to return to the real world)

[Friendly reminder: the game will officially start in five seconds, please get ready!] Just before the countdown ended, the clicking sounds of slot machines gradually resounded in Zhang Heng's ears. These were mixed with the sound of footsteps, people talking, and the sound of falling chips.

A casino? Zhang Heng opened his eyes and found himself standing in a colossal casino.

A soft carpet laid beneath his feet, and two rows of slot machines were on his left. The head of a white tiger sat hanging at the upper left corner of the hall, and beneath it, four Chinese characters. The four

words were Long Teng Hu Xiao (Ascending Dragon, Roaring Tiger). A large number of what appeared to be tourists were vigorously inserting coins and pulling the levers of the slot machines. The five rows of pictures behind the glass screens would then start to spin, and when a specific combination matched up, the machine would spit out money for the player. Most of the time, the gamblers would waste all their money here.

Zhang Heng moved forward, and his eyes fell on a huge wooden roulette table in front of him. Many believed that roulette was the fairest game in the casino since nobody was there to control the odds. In theory, no matter how the player betted, the chances of winning seemed to be fixed. Supposedly, there should be no distinction between an expert or a rookie when the wheel started turning

Behind the roulette table, six people were playing blackjack, a card game that had French origins. To put it simply, the game's goal was to reach a total sum of 21 based on the value of the cards in hand. With each additional draw, players attempted to get as close as possible to 21 points without exceeding it. When the round ended, players would display their cards in a showdown to decide who won or lost.

Although the element of luck played a vital role in blackjack, it was also a highly-skilled game, where all professional gamblers were required to first master blackjack. A film called "21" was even made. It told of a group of MIT students who used mathematics to win a massive amount of money from a casino. In the movie, the Asian students used complex calculations to win a total of 5 million US. The unbelievable wins shocked and rattled the entire gaming industry.

The set of algorithms used were also published later, and it no longer became a secret. However, it required a considerable amount of mental arithmetic and continuous training to master the skill. Since casinos continually improved their methods to counter these 'counters,' it was somewhat useless for ordinary folk to know about it.

There were two players on the poker table who had already exceeded 21 points after asking for more cards. Frustrated and dejected, one even got up and left. The remaining four quickly got to their toes, hesitating if they should get more cards or not.

Zhang Heng glanced at the people nearby. Since the game started, he had been working hard to observe his surroundings. According to Miss Bartender, the chance of encountering a competitive mode single-player quest wasn't very high—odds of that being one in six. Zhang Heng also didn't expect to play two competitive mode single-player quests in a row.

That could only mean one thing—there were also other players in the vicinity, right here, right now.