

48 Hours 451

Chapter 451 Eletrocuted

Zhang Heng said nothing after that. The moment the enemy took out the Plasticine, he knew it was useless explaining anything to them. The group allegedly believed that Fan Meinan was the mysterious woman in sunglasses who had appeared at the auction that day—the three powerful guilds and the players' chamber of commerce offered handsome and lavish rewards for her capture, and as of now, she was like a walking cash bag that would make any player go after her.

The jacketed man with the bleeding nose took out a white glove from his pocket and slipped it over his hand. He snapped his fingers, and blue electrical arcs started dancing around them. The leader who was standing nearby swallowed a pill. Ten seconds later, the muscles of his left arm began to bulge, ripping his sleeves apart. His arm's size had now tripled, brawny and strapping like a world weightlifting champion.

"If I were you, I wouldn't fight back. Otherwise, things might turn ugly," scowled the jacketed man. "Just save us all that trouble and surrender now."

"Is that so? I'm afraid you will be troubled for a while, then." Zhang Heng pulled a folding knife from his backpack's side pocket. Although he had fought multiple enemies in one go before, this was his first time going up against numerous players simultaneously. "In that case, let's fight. Once we capture you, we'll become the richest players on the planet."

The leader then lifted a decorative stone on the grass beside him and hurled it at Zhang Heng. It was hard to describe just how powerful his left arm was, seeing how the rock he threw flew towards Zhang Heng like a smoking cannonball. To avoid the incoming blow, Zhang Heng ducked immediately and rolled on the ground.

Simultaneously, the jacketed man made his move as well, undoing a copper chain accessory that was on his jacket and held it in his gloved hand. He instantly conducted the electricity on his hand to the copper chain. Then, he threw it at Zhang Heng in a fury, who had thankfully blocked the electrified metal with this backpack. At the same time, the second enemy on the other side charged at Zhang Heng as well.

It appeared that this little team must have been together for a while now, seeing how they executed almost perfect teamwork. Generally, a team like that wouldn't carry too many game items on them, allowing them to focus on bringing out the items' full potential. Just like the glove that could generate electricity, the jacketed man had figured how to use a copper chain to carry out a mid-ranged attack. Besides, a chain would be a lot more challenging to defend than bare palms.

However, Zhang Heng's skills went beyond their expectations. As they didn't use too many game items to fight, Zhang Heng managed to block a joint attack from two assailants with his folding knife—though it seemed Zhang Heng was on the losing side, it was worth noting that he was fighting two opponents that were using supernatural powers against him.

A player who relied purely on his combat skills?!

The leader and the jacketed man glanced at each other, surprised by Zhang Heng's expertise. At the same time, they were relieved. Battles between players were notoriously unpredictable, especially when

they encountered unfamiliar players with unfamiliar game items. Even a single game item could drastically change the outcome of a battle.

Initially, they planned to become invisible by using a game item, hoping to keep Zhang Heng under control. Unfortunately, instead of getting their bounty, Zhang Heng managed to free himself, and the jacketed man's nose had been bleeding until now. To stop the bleeding, he had stuffed tissue up his nostrils. What worried them the worst, however, were the unique game items that Zhang Heng possessed.

For now, they might just be overthinking it. When Zhang Heng appeared before them, he held a longbow. Supposedly, that was supposed to be his most potent weapon. The game items he possessed were most likely related to bows and arrows. To block the frontal assault, he had to drop his bow earlier.

After that, he switched weapons to a small knife, and although Zhang Heng's skills were more than adequate, a simple folding knife wasn't quite enough to defeat enemies of that level. He also faced the charged chain and empowered arm, gaining no subsequent advantage in the battle. His enemies overpowered him from the beginning, and if he was carrying any powerful items, he would have used it long ago.

Now that they figured out the whole thing, the four wanted the battle to drag on for no longer. They weren't worried that they couldn't capture Zhang Heng. They were instead concerned that other players would know their whereabouts and come here to share their victory. So one of the men who was restraining Fan Meinan let her go. He took out a dart from his pocket and aimed at Zhang Heng's eyes.

However, the situation suddenly changed. The knife in Zhang Heng's hand disappeared, and a look of horror flashed through the leader's eyes. Moments later, he held his neck and stumbled two steps backward. The knife that disappeared from Zhang Heng's hand was now stuck in his throat. This sudden turn of events had rent the group speechless. No one knew how Zhang Heng, supposedly losing, had managed to strike a lethal attack.

When that happened, a thought seemed to cross the player's mind with the dart, and he immediately aimed it at Fan Meinan. Right before he could do that, the sound of a gunshot rang in the air. Zhang Heng pulled out a Lego M1911 infused with the Infinite Building Block from the backpack. The first thing he did was to eliminate the darted man. When another enemy realized what was happening, he reacted instantly, running toward Fan Meinan and hiding behind her. He then reached into his pocket and drew out a knife.

Zhang Heng did not hesitate. He pointed his gun at Fan Meinan and pulled the trigger again.

Fan Mei Nan closed her eyes, and the next moment she felt something warm splattering on her neck.

At this point, she could finally free herself from her captors. Zhang Heng had just solved the most troublesome part of the battle, always confident that he was good enough to defeat his opponents. It would be pointless if he won and Fan Meinan was still held hostage. They could easily use her to threaten him.

However, after Fan Meinan had been rescued, Zhang Heng found his other arm entangled with the copper chain. A cruel look flashed through the jacketed man's eyes, and a powerful electric current ran through the copper chain directly to Zhang Heng's heart. It was his first time getting electrocuted. As the

powerful current coursed through his cells, his muscles convulsed, his pupils dilated, and he was unable to react. His limbs lost all strength, and he felt as if his heart had stopped beating.

This process lasted for about a few seconds, but it was then that a knife pierced into the jacketed man's chest. Subsequently, the man fell to the ground.

Fan Meinan was lying on the jacketed man's chest, and she was trembling. This was her first murder, but she couldn't care less about how she felt right now. She dropped the knife in her hand and ran to where Zhang Heng fell.

"Hey, are you okay?!"

Chapter 452 Telepathy

When Zhang Heng opened his eyes again, he was back on the rear bench of the Lexus. Fan Meinan and Han Lu were both staring at him.

"Did we leave the park?"

The first thing Zhang Heng did was to check his body. Except for feeling a little weak, there were no apparent injuries since he wasn't electrocuted for too long. He was much relieved when he saw that no permanent damage had been done.

"Yes," Fan Meinan nodded and looked a little guilty. "Sorry, it is my fault this time. I almost caused you a great deal of trouble. I knew she never liked me, but I didn't expect her to go to this extent. She plans for me to take the blame."

"What is really going on between you and that woman?"

"About that... It's hard to explain the whole thing to you, but let's just say that we are from the same faction," Fan Meinan smiled bitterly. "She has always regarded me as competition, though, and we have way different personalities as well."

Zhang Heng looked at Han Lu. "Can you leave us for a bit?"

"Of course." Han Lu opened the door and walked out of the car, leaving only Zhang Heng and Fan Meinan.

After Han Lu left, Zhang Heng looked at Fan Meinan. "What is your relationship with the god Loki in Norse mythology?"

Fan Meinan raised his eyebrows and looked surprised. "When did you find out?"

"Since the mysterious woman appeared at the auction. I had a vague conjecture, but things got clearer once I understood the game. Your acting is very close to the god of lies and tricks. Are you his agent?"

"No, we are not his agents. At best, we are regarded as backup," Fan Meinan sighed. "You can say that we are all on the inspection list."

"And you trust your competition?" "Uhh... our relationship is kind of complicated," Fan Meinan hesitated. "...well, she is my sister." "Sister? What kind of sister?"

“The kind of sister bonded by blood, but she was given away by my parents when she was very young, so I can probably understand her resentment towards me. But it doesn’t change the fact that she is my sister. Besides, I just learned about that not too long ago. She is also the one who introduced me to the god.”

“Were you a player before this?”

“No, I was just an ordinary person before that. No one understood the rules when giving out those invitations. In theory, anyone could get an invitation and participate in the game. But if you don’t have one, you can’t enter the game. There is another way to enter the game in this world, and that is to become an agent.”

“But you said you are not an agent.”

“Yes, but that god is extraordinary. Ancient and sacred vows do not work on him, and he can turn the impossible into possible.”

“Since you haven’t received the invitation letter, why did you want to enter this world, and why did you have to become Loki’s agent?” “I have my reasons, of course.” Fan Meinan tried to squeeze a smile. “I’ve said too much; I can’t go on. Trust me; I can take care of myself.”

“Considering what happened, I doubt it,” said Zhang Heng, but that was all he said, not asking any further. He paused for a while. “Can you still contact your sister? We haven’t resolved the problems caused by the Dreamland of Death.”

“Based on what I know about her, she usually disappears after doing that, but I can give it a try.”

“How do you plan to do it? You said you don’t know where she is, and you can only try asking her out.”

“Actually, we used to communicate telepathically with each other when we were small, but I didn’t pay much attention to it at that time,” Fan Meinan replied. “I always thought they were hallucinations. When I was in fourth grade, I accidentally fell from the stairs and hit my head real hard. I fell into a coma, and it was then that I experienced something phenomenal. I felt my soul entering another body. I was conscious, but I couldn’t control that strange body, much like a bystander.

“... it happened another time when I was in high school. I got hit by a football flying from a distance, and they brought me to the infirmary. A similar thing happened again. This time I saw my face in the mirror. Hold on, to be exact; it was my sister’s face. A man hugged her waist from behind, and I could feel his breath on my neck. It itched, and I almost lost my first kiss. Fortunately, I regained consciousness as soon as I was taken into the ward. I never told anyone about this, including my sister.”

“It seems that your sister didn’t like telepathy, or she wouldn’t have let you take the blame. It’s because you can use the ability to lead the three major guilds to her capture,” said Zhang Heng. “What should I do to knock you out?”

“Uhh... now here’s the problem. My telepathy doesn’t work every time I become comatose,” Fan Meinan said bitterly. “And I am afraid of getting beaten as well.”

“What should we do then?” “I read up a little about telepathy, and many theories suggested that the closer a person was to death, the greater the probability of triggering the telepathic abilities.”

“Hmm?”

Fan Meinan sighed, “Try drowning me.”

“Are you sure? It won’t be pleasant.” “For a one-million-dollar luxury car, it’s worth trying. Nah, I’m kidding. Isn’t she your friend? I can’t just watch her die like that.” Fan Meinan shrugged, “Besides, there is still you. You’ll make sure I won’t die, right?”

Han Lu opened the door.

“How’s the talk going? Do I need to wait a little longer?”

“No, we are done with our discussion. Can I visit your mansion next? I have always been curious about the life of the rich. And I can sign the transfer agreement for this car as well,” said Fan Meinan.

“No problem, welcome to my place,” Han Lu nodded. “The sun is coming up soon... I’ll get the maid to cook us some breakfast.”

“I think I shouldn’t be eating anything as I don’t want to be throwing up all over your bathroom.”

An hour later, the three arrived at Han Lu’s residence. Fan Meinan looked calm and composed, still in the mood to admire the wall’s oil paintings. Zhang Heng noticed, however, that her right hand was holding her sports clothes. It seemed like she wasn’t as calm as she appeared to be.

“Where is the bathroom?”

“I’ll bring you there,” Han Lu said. However, she didn’t expect Fan Meinan to look at Zhang Heng nervously instead of going straight to the toilet.

Zhang Heng turned around to look at Han Lu. “Give me a clean towel, and don’t let anybody come in.”

Chapter 453 Drowning

After closing the bathroom door, Zhang Heng did not turn on the faucet right away. Instead, he looked at Fan Meinan with worried eyes.

“We may be able to find other ways. You don’t have to do this...”

“Yes, you are right, but your friend probably can’t wait that long,” Fan Meinan insisted. She took a deep breath and turned on the faucet of the bathtub faucet. “I will struggle, and I might try to catch a breath. You, however, have to make sure that my nose and mouth do not leave the water...”

Fan Meinan paused. “Set the time to 4 minutes. If it is too short, I may not be able to look for anything valuable. If it is too long...”

“If it is too long, you may suffer irreparable brain damage. Even if I manage to save you, you’ll probably be a vegetable forever,” Zhang Heng went on. “When a person is in a hypoxic state, it only takes five minutes before the brain cells start dying off. So, I have to resuscitate you within five minutes.”

“Well, glad you know,” Fan Meinan replied. “Okay...I have nothing else to say.”

She glanced at the bathtub again, but it was only filled halfway.

Fan Meinan then unbuttoned her coat, leaving only her innermost vest. Although she tried her best to behave like she usually did, her aggravated breathing exposed her inner feelings in such moments.

Zhang Heng was carrying her away from the monster when the two first met, and he realized then that Fan Meinan was very light. She usually preferred to wear loose clothes, and it wasn't easy to see the shape of her body. Now that she had taken off her top, Zhang Heng found the girl to be extremely skinny. There was almost no flesh around her bony arms.

Fan Meinan wasn't used to being stared at like this. She turned around, hugging her arms around herself. "Why is it so cold," she muttered.

"I'll ask if there is anything that can warm you up," said Zhang Heng as he opened the door.

Fan Meinan stopped him before he could leave. "No, this is fine. It won't take long anyway."

After that, the two spoke no more until the bathtub was filled. Fan Meinan reached out to test the water temperature.

"Let's begin," she replied with clenched teeth.

Zhang Heng nodded. Fan Meinan rarely had such a grave expression on her face. Since she had made up her mind, there was no delaying it. As she immersed herself in the water, the entire world around her fell silent. Her black hair floated like algae, and she exhaled a string of bubbles from her mouth. From the top, she looked like a mermaid living at the bottom of the sea.

This beautiful picture didn't last too long, though.

Soon, Fan Meinan started to choke for breath. Her survival instincts pushed her to keep raising her head, but her decision kept her in the water. Her lungs were bursting for air, and Fan Meinan struggled harder than she ever did before.

When she simply couldn't do it anymore and was about to resurface, a steady hand kept her head below the water.

The water in the bathtub started to splash around violently.

Fan Meinan's flailing became more and more intense. In the end, her desire to breathe surpassed everything. She desperately tried to push Zhang Heng's arm away, clenching it with her dying breath until blood started oozing out from the wounds. Despite her best, or rather, dying efforts, she was still unable to raise her head. As quickly as it began, Fan Meinan's struggles became lesser, as she used up the last of the oxygen in her lungs.

It was also an absolutely tormenting process for Zhang Heng, especially when Fan Meinan was drowning in the bathtub, and he had to watch her desperate struggles. Not only could he not help her, but he had to shove her into the abyss with his own hands. Those who had a weak heart would have collapsed in a moment like this. However, Zhang Heng managed to place his arm on Fan Meinan's head from the beginning to the end, even after she caused him to bleed.

However, in the end, Zhang Heng hesitated for a while and grabbed Fan Meinan's hand. It seemed the girl had had exhausted all strength. Her struggling finally slowed, and when she finally stopped moving,

Zhang Heng pulled her head out after five seconds. It appeared she was no longer breathing at that time.

A minute and a half passed.

Zhang Heng swiftly laid Fan Meinan's body on bath towels that had been placed on the floor. She looked like she was asleep, and with her wet dripping hair stuck to her forehead, she seemed like a frail and beautiful creature.

Zhang Heng then stared at the minute hand on his watch.

Four minutes seemed like forever to him.

Zhang Heng began to bring her back twenty seconds earlier than the agreed time. He placed both hands on Fan Meinan's chest and gave her cardiopulmonary resuscitation. However, she didn't respond even after some vigorous pumping.

Her eyes were still tightly shut, and she wasn't breathing. Immediately, Zhang Heng put Fan Meinan's head on his knees, blowing air into her mouth while pumping her chest as he went along. He repeated the process...

After a few minutes, Fan Meinan's carotid artery finally began pulsating, albeit faintly. Zhang Heng gave up on pumping her chest and continued to blow into her lungs.

When both of their lips separated, Zhang Heng reached out again to check Fan Meinan's pulse. She slowly opened her eyes, and the two looked at each other. Then, without warning, Fan Meinan began to cough violently, and she couldn't help but retch her guts out on Zhang Heng's thigh. She hadn't eaten much since the evening, only chugging down some beer and having two bags of sunflower seeds at the KTV. Hence, she regurgitated the undigested parts of the snacks.

Zhang Heng was surprisingly not disgusted. He quickly propped Fan Meinan against the bathroom wall, before wiping her hair and cheeks with a clean towel.

"I saw her. I saw her..." Fan Meinan whispered weakly.

"We can talk about it later," Zhang Heng shushed and brought the girl he had just killed and raised some water again. "Let's rinse your mouth first."

Fan Meinan stretched out her hands, but she almost dropped the glass. Thankfully, Zhang Heng managed to catch it before it landed with a crash.

Zhang Heng fed Fan Meinan some water. "Let me help you."

Fan Meinan took a sip, rinsed her mouth, and spat it out into the toilet bowl next to her. "Sorry about your pants... I didn't mean it."

"It's nothing compared to keeping your head in the water," said Zhang Heng.

"For a moment, I was distraught that you won't save me, or you didn't save me in time, and my brain suffers from irreversible damage." Fan Meinan took two breaths of air greedily, "I'm pretty sure that I won't do such crazy things again."

Chapter 454 Journey

Fan Meinan plopped onto the sofa, holding a cup of hot coffee.

“So, she just boarded and went straight to the first-class cabin? Erm...it’s probably first class, I guess. I have never flown first-class before, but it looked pretty luxurious, and there were many snacks on the table, and it made me hungry. Speaking of which, when can we have breakfast?”

“Soon. The maid’s getting it done,” answered Han Lu, as she wondered what must have taken place between Zhang Heng and Fan Meinan in the bathroom.

Something had definitely happened between them, and although they did their best to behave as normally as they could, Han Lu could sense that Fan Meinan’s attitude towards Zhang Heng had shifted slightly.

“A plane. Know where she’s headed to?” Zhang Heng asked.

Fan Meinan subconsciously made a small gesture, blocking Zhang Heng’s view with the cup, but after realizing that it may have been inappropriate, she abruptly took a sip, nearly burning her tongue in the process. “Mm, a map was spread out in front of her, and she was probably studying the itinerary. There was a place on the map marked with red ink —that’s probably where she’s headed.”

“Well, it seems like we’ll need to take a trip,” said Zhang Heng. “We don’t know if she will be staying for a few days or leave immediately after a quick day trip, so we must hurry—the sooner we leave, the better. In fact, we can book the tickets now.”

“My assistant will take care of that. Just give me your identification and address, and she’ll book us the earliest flight.” Han Lu stood up and turned to Fan Meinan. “You don’t look so good. Get yourself a good rest before we hit the road. And you...” she turned to Zhang Heng. “What is the measurement of your waist? I’ll get you some new pants.”

“Ah, no, no, I’m good,” Fan Meinan protested.

“Well, why not? I’m the one who can’t sleep here,” Han Lu retorted. “If you guys are not well-rested and refreshed, how are you going to help me solve my problem?”

After Zhang Heng and Fan Meinan wrote down their personal information, Han Lu excused herself as a phone call came in.

The two remaining people in the room looked at each other.

The atmosphere began to feel a little awkward.

Both Fan Meinan and Zhang Heng had consciously tried to forget everything that had happened in the bathroom. The chest compression and artificial ventilation were both standard procedures of cardiopulmonary resuscitation. Zhang Heng did not overthink it, but whenever his lips left hers, their eyes would meet, and any well-endowed human being would start thinking about something else.

Fan Meinan wanted to say something witty to hide her own feelings, but she had no idea what to say since she was never one to speak first.

Thankfully, it wasn't too long before the housekeeper began serving breakfast. The sumptuous feast incorporated fresh fried eggs, bacon, salad, cheese omelet, and hot milk. There were even Chinese soy milk and fried dough sticks. At the sight of the minor banquet, Fan Meinan squealed in delight. She had not eaten much since last night, not to mention how she belched everything out after the less-than-comfortable 'dive.' Right about then, Han Lu was finished with the phone call and went to join them.

"I didn't know what you fancied, so I had the housekeeper prepare a little bit of everything. Go ahead and help yourselves. The plane tickets are booked. The driver will pick us up in twenty minutes."

Fan Meinan was still a little weak from her near-death experience and last night's and lack of sleep, and as soon as she sat on the plane's seat, her eyes shut almost immediately.

Han Lu tossed Zhang Heng a bottle of iodine and a pack of cotton swabs and pointed at the wound on his arm.

"The world that you both live in... Do you come across danger every day?"

"No. We're no different than the average person most of the time. I'd consider this an out-of-the-ordinary condition." Zhang Heng tore open the packet of swabs.

If he hadn't discovered that Han Lu was a Dreamland of Death target by accident, Zhang Heng wouldn't have taken the initiative to find the mysterious woman through Fan Meinan, nor would he have involved himself in the affairs of the three major guilds.

Fortunately, when Zhang Heng visited the player forum later, he found no further developments in the small park last night. Fan Meinan had disposed of the four bodies, and she was going to give Zhang Heng the game items, but he refused to accept them. As of now, Zhang Heng didn't know how many people knew about the team of players looking for the mysterious girl, and the game items they had seemed to be quite distinctive as well. So, if someone did recognize them, it would mean nothing but trouble, which was why Zhang Heng decided that Fan Meinan should hold on to them for now. He would wait for the whole thing to subside before dealing with the game props accordingly.

"How do you feel now?" Zhang Heng asked Han Lu.

"What else could I be feeling? It's been 24 hours since I last slept. I can only say... well, I'm still hanging on." Han Lu shrugged and took out a cosmetic bag to fix her makeup. The dark circles under her eyes and the paleness of her skin were barely visible under the concealer, but the tiredness in her eyes was plain to see. "You can sleep if you're tired. Don't worry about me."

"Don't worry. All we have to do is find that woman. She should know how to solve your problem," Zhang Heng comforted.

Han Lu smiled. "This a very unusual trip for me. I have a crucial meeting to attend later, and I have an appointment this afternoon with two friends. But since last night, it seems as the only thing accompanying me is good 'ol caffeine."

"My mother kept saying how you're a natural-born fighter, the strongest woman she had ever met," said Zhang Heng.

oman

“No, that’s actually your mom. She has never been able to beat me at backgammon, yet she still enjoys the game.” Han Lu took a sip of tea. “I have never been much of a believer of the notion that taking a trip or climbing a mountain could cleanse the soul and change a person’s view, but I have friends who completely changed after going through certain experiences. There was this friend of mine who climbed Mount Everest and was nearly killed by an avalanche. After returning, he completely switched from being a lavish young man to a vegetarian and a devout Buddhist.”

Han Lu paused. “Only when facing life and death situations will people realize what is truly important to them, right? And maybe this is it for me, I just hope I can survive to tell the tale.”

“You will,” Zhang Heng answered conclusively.

An hour and a half later, the plane landed.

It was drizzling outside, and the temperature was low.

Fan Meinan woke up from her sleep and found herself covered with several blankets. “Have we arrived?” she rubbed her eyes and asked.

“Yes. I checked the local news while you were sleeping, and I’m afraid it ain’t good,” Zhang Heng said.

Chapter 455 The Flu

“So? Hit it. What’s the bad news?”

After having a well-deserved rest, Fan Meinan finally seemed to be in better spirits. She pulled off the blankets shrouding her body. “I found the city that we need to go to. Recently, there has been a significant rise of patients over there.”

“Huh?” Fan Meinan raised her eyebrows. “So... We got caught in a flu outbreak? Now, when is that seasonal flu again?”

“If I remember correctly, the peak of seasonal flu period is from December to March or May next year,” said Han Lu.

Fan Meinan looked at Zhang Heng. “I hope I’m worried for nothing.” Zhang Heng said nothing more after that.

However, Fan Meinan became vigilant after hearing the news. “Well, maybe your worries are not unfounded after all. Based on my understanding of her, she hardly goes out unless there is something significant. This time, she happens to be heading to be a hospital.” “Wait, you’re not telling me that... this flu has something to do with her, right?” Han Lu had this incredulous look on her face. “Influenza is a respiratory disease caused by influenza viruses. It usually spreads by close human contact and pollutants around us. It’s just a common infection...”

Han Lu suddenly paused. “Sorry, I’m still trying to understand your world. Before this, I never thought someone could kill me in my sleep.”

“Welcome to this bizarre world,” Fan Meinan said. “Anyway, we better be prepared. Let’s buy some facemasks when we get off the plane.”

After disembarking, the three people discovered that the actual situation was a little more severe than they initially thought.

One-third of the people they met on the road had masks on, and every last stock of Isatis Indigotica and Vitamin-C were sold out in pharmacies. There was, however, insufficient clinical data to prove that these two supplements could indeed prevent colds, but most people still had the impression that the over-the-counter remedy would help in some way.

The three bought the last two boxes of masks on the shelf after hopping around four different pharmacies. The masks' price had increased by at least tenfold, but a woman busy stockpiling up medical products succumbed to the obscene amount of money Han Lu offered. Grabbing the cash, she hurriedly left the place and went to a different pharmacy. So finally, the three of them managed to purchase the necessary medical equipment to protect themselves.

"You are right," said Fan Meinan. "This flu is abnormal. If we are right about it, the source of the problem is probably that hospital."

"We only need to find your sister this time and get the Dreamland of Death's cure from her. It is best not to be distracted unrelated issues," Zhang Heng said.

"Roger that," concurred Fan Meinan. Since their target had arrived an hour and a half before them, there was no time for a little R & R. After purchasing the masks; they immediately rushed to the hospital. The hospital was also the busiest during flu season every year, and to cope with the sudden influx of the sick, many extra doctors had been drafted in. And this year's situation was unique. Thanks to the prolonged working hours and insufficient rest, the medical staff's immunity was also declining, especially when facing so many infected patients were all in a day's work. As a result, a large number of doctors and nurses started to fall sick.

The hospital was short-staffed of staff, where each day, where the number of patients in the hospital's lobby now rivaled a large-scale Spring Festival event.

There were parents with children, young with the elderly, and even couples cuddling with each other. The corridors were filled with a pungent mix of body odor and powerful disinfectant. Not helping with the situation were the incessant wailing and crying of little kids.

"It is not easy to find someone in a place like this," Han Lu lamented. "What does your sister look like? Can you at least give us a simple description?" "Telling you how she looks is practically useless," said Fan Meinan. "As long as she puts the Plasticine on her face, she can have a brand new look. It's how she has evaded capture from almost everyone from the three major guilds."

"It seems like we have to carry out Plan B," said Zhang Heng.

"Err, I don't know we still have a Plan B... wait... What is plan B again?" Fan Meinan stuck her scrawny body to Zhang Heng as much as possible to prevent her from being shoved around by the overwhelming crowd.

"What is your sister looking for? She seems to have done lots of research before she came to this hospital."

“Yeah. I saw her notes and the map. She eliminated a few places, compared them with some markers before finally circling this place. She seemed to be looking for something or someone.”

“In other words, we can find her as long as we find what she is looking for,” Zhang Heng concluded.

“You are right, but didn’t you say we shouldn’t get distracted?” “As I said, the plan has changed.” “Okay, no harm giving it a go,” Fan Meinan shrugged.

Han Lu frowned. “Sorry, but I don’t get it. If we are not looking for your sister now, then what should we be looking for?”

“Assuming my sister is related to this large-scale outbreak, we will most probably find her as long as we find the source of the

flu.

“I can understand this part. I mean, what is this source that you are talking about?”

“It could be anything. A book, a piece of expired cheese, a plant that makes you sneeze, or perhaps even a rag. I don’t know, But the good news is, my sister doesn’t know the source of the infection as well. It’s like a treasure hunt. Let’s see who can find it faster. Bear in mind that she has done more research than us, and she’s ahead of us by an hour and a half.”

“Try to look for patient zero,” Zhang Heng said. “Even if the patient is not the source, he must have come into contact with the source somehow.”

“That’s right, but how are we going to find this ‘patient-zero?’ After all, many people come to the hospital every day because of the flu.”

“Well, we can narrow down the suspects. Since your sister targeted this hospital, there is a high probability that the first patient is still here. I can try hacking into the hospital’s local area network, check the records, and look for those admitted because of flu?” replied Zhang Heng.

“I didn’t see you during the winter holidays, and have you acquired a new skill?” Fan Meinan asked in surprise. “Could you be a true genius, then? Now, why I can’t see it in you?”

“Instead of teasing me, why don’t you think about what your sister would do in the face of such a situation. Did we miss anything?”

Chapter 456 Sick Bed

The three found themselves an empty office and sneaked into it. When Zhang Heng turned on the computer to check the hospital records, Fan Meinan used her Plasticine to make a new face for herself. Han Lu was the most nervous among them. Although she had encountered all kinds of incidents in the capital world, this was her first time sneaking into somebody’s office. She was asked to stand by the door to keep a lookout for anybody that might come knocking.

“It’s okay,” Zhang Heng told her. “If someone comes in, knock them out before they can scream.”

Han Lu took a glance around anxiously, picking up the lamp beside the examination bed without hesitation.

After a while, Fan Meinan had finished constructing a new look for herself. Now, she looked like a completely different person. Zhang Heng's eyes opened wide at the female version of "Ma Wei" in front of him, and he was at a loss for words.

"Can't you... change to a more... normal look?"

"Fine." Fan Meinan reconstructed her 'face' again, and when she raised her head, the person looking at him now very much resembled Hayase Asuka. She then blinked at Zhang Heng.

"bid. 5~."

"Do whatever you want as long as you are happy." Zhang Heng's hands were still on the keyboard, and soon, he managed to enter the hospital's patient management system.

After a thorough search, he singled-out a little girl named Wang Shuangshuang. She was admitted two weeks ago, just when the number of flu patients in the hospital started to rise significantly. She had been here for more than ten days, and her condition had only gone from bad to worse. Each time she was about to get better, her condition would worsen again, and this situation had repeated twice.

Her attending doctor could not figure out an effective way to cure her completely, so the hospital called on all of the resident doctors to try to find a way. Nonetheless, despite pooling together some of the brightest minds on site, they failed to improve her current predicament.

Zhang Heng tore off a post-it note and wrote down the girl's ward and bed, as well as three other seemingly suspicious patients. Suddenly there was the sound of a key being inserted into a keyhole.

A chubby man in a white coat opened the office door, and he just walked in naturally without any second thoughts.

However, the sight of Zhang Heng and Fan Meinan inside his office had him startled. When he wanted to look at the sign outside the door, a lamp hit him hard on the head, and he fell to the ground without getting the chance to say a word. Han Lu closed the door behind her as quickly as she could, then dragged the man to the sofa. She noticed that Zhang Heng and Fan Meinan were staring at her.

"What's wrong, is there something on my face?" Han Lu asked.

"No, this is my first time seeing a rich person beating someone up. That was awesome!" Fan Meinan said truthfully.

Zhang Heng got up and checked the unlucky man on the sofa. Since the back of a human head was a very fragile part, those who had not received professional training in that area could cause paralysis or even death when hitting somebody at the back of their head. Fortunately, Han Lu was female, and she had also not slept in a long time. Hence, there wasn't much energy left in her when she hit the man. The hapless guy was out cold and would probably only wake up after a while.

Initially, Zhang Heng mentioned that he wanted to do it himself, but he did not expect Han Lu to react so quickly. Luckily, she caused no major trouble.

Zhang Heng put away the post-it note. "Let's go," he said.

The three slipped out of the office again, and Han Lu still seemed a little excited while they were on the way to the ward, probably intrigued by the way that she knocked the man out. The fatigue on her face had been reduced as well. After a while, they passed the nurses' station. At the moment, the hospital was short-staffed, and all nurses were all busy with their tasks, so there was nobody to notice them when they passed it. Zhang Heng followed the signs and found Wang Shuangshuang's ward. According to the patient management system records, Wang Shuangshuang was 13 years old this year, and she should be in junior high. Her classmates were all in school, but the girl could only lie on the hospital bed with her schoolbag lying silently on the bedside table. A woman who seemed to be her mother sat by her bedside.

Zhang Heng looked at Fan Meinan. She was carefully observing them through the window for a long time. She then shook her head. "It can't be her. Her appearance might change, but the way a mother looks at her daughter can't be faked."

"We've found the target now. What should we do next?" Han Lu asked.

"Good question. It seems like my sister hasn't found it yet. We should find a less conspicuous spot and wait for her to show up," Fan Meinan replied. "Well? Any suggestions?" she turned to ask Zhang Heng.

Zhang Heng did not answer in a hurry, only answering after a while. "This is a twin-bedded ward. Who is the patient next to her bed?"

To maintain the patients' privacy, a curtain acted as a partition in the middle of the room. Since it was drawn, it was impossible to look at the other bed from the window.

"About this... I'm afraid I'll have to ask the nurse before we can know," Fan Meinan said.

"Forget it. I'll go in and take a look myself," replied Zhang Heng. He then walked into a ward next to him. A nurse had just pushed the medicine cart in. She quickly bent over, tied a rubber tube around the patient's wrist before applying some iodophor on the back of the patient's hand.

While the nurse was concentrating on treating the patient in front of her, Zhang Heng quietly sneaked out a bottle of Levofloxacin, a pair of syringes, and two infusion stickers from the cart. He took the syringe apart by removing the needle, and once that was done, he put it on the back of his hand and stuck an IV infusion sticker on it.

He connected the other end with the Levofloxacin, held it, and pretended to walk into the wrong ward. He walked into Wang Shuangshuang's ward without paying attention to the girl and her mother near the door. Zhang Heng lowered his head and drew the curtains open.

To make it seem as if he'd entered the ward by mistake, Zhang Heng put on a stunned expression. He took the opportunity to look at the patient on the bed next to Wang Shuangshuang. He found an elderly old man who was asleep, and his wife sitting next to him on the visitors' chair. She was peeling an apple, and when she saw Zhang Heng, she was taken aback.

Zhang Heng apologized to the grandmother, drew the curtains shut, and walked out of the ward.

“How did it go?” asked Fan Meinan. Zhang Heng tore off the infusion sticker from his hand and threw the syringe and levofloxacin into the trash can next to the bathroom.

“I’m not sure, but the patient next to Wang Shuangshuang doesn’t look right to me. It shouldn’t be bedtime now. Even if the old man is a deep sleeper, he should have woken up during the infusion. I saw his IV infusion bottle. The bottle was new, and the drip just started. The wife, knowing that her husband has fallen asleep, is still peeling the apple. She looks suspicious to me as well..”

But as Zhang Heng walking, he saw a nearby woman in a hospital gown holding a thermos flask secretly watching them not far away. When Zhang Heng looked at her, she instantly threw away the flask in her hand and bolted toward the stairs.

Chapter 457 Elevator

The commotion in the corridor didn’t last long, and the situation soon calmed down. After that, the old woman peeling the apple stood up and walked to the door with a hunched back. Placing her wrinkled face on the glass, she looked left and right, ensuring there were no threats in the corridor. After that, she straightened her back a little bit and nodded, stretching out her hand, and pushing the door open.

However, something cold and hard stopped on her waist.

“Don’t shout, and don’t do anything unnecessary,” Zhang Heng said. “We are not from the three major guilds. We just want to ask you a few questions.”

The old woman began trembling. She then turned her head with a smile on her face. It was as if she didn’t understand what Zhang Heng said and hoped he could repeat it.

“You can continue your acting, but believe me, you are not going to like what happens next,” Zhang Heng said. He had completely kept the old woman under control by holding her hand tightly. With that, she wouldn’t be able to use any game items.

After that, Zhang Heng led the lady to get the elevator. To the regular passerby, Zhang Heng looked like a kind young man helping an elder. This time, however, the expression on the old woman’s face finally changed. She opened her mouth and was about to yell for help, but she felt a knife slicing through her right arm. Zhang Heng then used the remaining infusion patch and stuck it on the small wound, “As I said, you will receive a more severe injury if you don’t behave.” After seeing blood, the old woman became compliant again.

Zhang Heng pressed the down button on the elevator, planning to take the old woman out of the hospital first. To avoid the other target’s suspicion, Han Lu and Fan Meinan were tasked to go after him. Zhang Heng was the only one remaining in the ward area. They agreed to rejoin outside the west gate of the hospital afterward.

So far, things were going well. According to Fan Meinan, the woman in sunglasses was different from other players. She had always been alone and had no other companions. The woman who ran away suddenly was just an ordinary person she had hired for help.

From here, they realized that she was cautious and cunning. No matter where she was or what she was doing, she would always leave a safe exit for herself. There was a high probability that the old woman was her only way to escape this hospital. This was a city she wasn’t familiar with, after all. She had only

arrived an hour and a half before Zhang Heng and Fan Meinan. Hence, there was not much room for preparation.

Zhang Heng didn't understand one thing. She had found Wang Shuangshuang one step ahead of them, but she did nothing about it, pretending to be the patient's family next to Wang Shuangshuang's bed instead. Fortunately, such things weren't that important anymore. For now, Zhang Heng wasn't concerned about what happened in this hospital. The most urgent thing was to make the woman in sunglasses spit out the method on lifting the Dreamland of Death's curse.

The elevator indicator lit up, and the doors slid open.

A male doctor and two nurses pushed an electric hospital bed towards the elevator. The patient on the bed seemed to be in poor condition, and so were the expressions on the faces of the doctor and the nurses. They looked anxious and unsettled. The male doctor accidentally bumped into Zhang Heng, immediately grabbing him and apologizing.

Zhang Heng told him that it was fine. He stepped aside to let them enter the elevator first before he and the old woman entered.

The cramped conditions inside the elevator did no help to the worsening air quality. Zhang Heng's throat started to itch as well, now that he'd been in this hospital for some time. He could not help but start to cough. Instead of getting better, though, the discomfort in his throat only got worse. Zhang Heng kept hacking more frequently, and at the same time, his temperature began to rise as well, coupled with a pounding headache.

The old woman next to him looked at him in surprise. Something seemed to cross her mind, and she suddenly became excited. Zhang Heng realized that there was something wrong with his body. At the same time, he ruled out the possibility that he was attacked by the girl wearing shades. Zhang Heng held on to her hands all the time, and she shouldn't have possibly gained access to any game items. Besides, the outbreak had broken out here even before she came to this hospital.

Zhang Heng quickly thought about what happened earlier. Something wasn't right when the male doctor bumped into him. The doctor had grabbed his arm to 'stop him from falling.' Immediately, Zhang Heng lowered his head and looked at his wrist. That was the only spot that the doctor touched him, and now, the area had turned a purplish-black color.

Zhang Heng realized that he could no longer remember the male doctor's face, but he still remembered his tag, feeling like he had seen the name before. After he captured the girl with shades, he didn't think much about other things. It was then that he remembered where he saw the doctor's name.

He was Wang Shuangshuang's attending doctor. At this point, Zhang Heng finally figured out what the woman with shades was waiting for in the ward. Her target wasn't Wang Shuangshuang, but her attending doctor.

He was probably the source of this flu.

It did not take long for Zhang Heng to sort out everything. The elevator had just gone past two floors, and a patient at the back was trying to squeeze forward, obviously trying to get out of the elevator as

soon as possible. Once everyone had gotten off the elevator. Zhang Heng suddenly stretched out his hand to block the elevator door. He pulled the girl with shades out.

Until now, Zhang Heng had no idea what the doctor did to him. The only thing that he knew was that his current condition wasn't just the simple flu. His condition had deteriorated faster than he expected, where his temperature had been rising steadily, and now, his vision was beginning to blur as well. At the same time, his lower abdomen was hurting too. He was gradually becoming weaker and weaker, and quickly too.

The moment Zhang Heng got off the elevator, he immediately pressed the up button again. The top priority now was to return to the previous floor and find the male doctor who did this to him before his strength was utterly depleted.

"Unfortunately, it's too late." The old woman finally spoke again. She eyeballed Zhang Heng with a hint of mockery.

"Who is that guy?"

"Have you heard of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?" the old woman leisurely asked.

"The white horse rider in the New Testament, Revelation-Pestilence?"

Zhang Heng felt nauseous when he heard that. "Is that guy an agent of the plague?"

"Agent? No, no, that's the Pestilence himself." There was a growing excitement in her eyes. "I have been looking for him for a long time, and I would like to thank you. Otherwise, I don't think I would have found him."

At that very moment, the intense cramps in the abdomen had blurred Zhang Heng's thinking. In less than two minutes, he had almost lost all strength to stand.

The old woman looked at him with a touch of pity. "Well, you aren't the first to die in his hands, nor would you be the last."

Chapter 458 Rider of the White Horse

"I watched as the Lamb opened the first of the seven seals. Then I heard one of the four living creatures say in a voice like thunder, 'Come!' I looked, and there before me was a white horse! Its rider held a bow, and he was given a crown, and he rode out as a conqueror bent on conquest."

– "New Testament of the Bible – Revelation, John"

It wasn't Zhang Heng's first time encountering a biblical creature. Before this, he'd dealt with the mess left by the jealous Leviathan, one of the seven deadly sins, but he never actually saw the monster.

Compared to demons like the Seven Deadly Sins, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse were even more famous. These Four Horsemen were super big bosses who would only appear before the end of the world, each representing plague, war, famine, and death.

Their appearance marked the demise of humankind and the dawn of judgment day.

Zhang Heng was in horrible shape right now. He could see the other elevator arriving on this floor, but even simple movements proved a gargantuan task for him. Rather than saying that the lady in shades was still under his control, he was the one relying on her to keep him from falling over.

Even if he successfully made it upstairs, he was helpless against the horseman in his current state.

The lady in shades reached into Zhang Heng's pocket, took out his phone, and tossed it into the nearest bin. He was so weak that he could not even stop her.

"Sorry, but it looks like I won't be answering your questions."

Zhang Heng could not deal with her right now. The moment the elevator door opened, he attempted to step forward, but his legs were so heavy they might as well have been made out of the lead. He exerted nearly every ounce of strength in his body and only managed to make one small step, his feet barely touching the ground as it landed.

Losing his balance, he stumbled to the floor. His vision was getting blurry, and his forehead was burning. It felt as if his brain was about to crack open.

The woman in shades played along and put on an expression of dismay. Seeing the dismal situation, other patients quickly called for doctors and nurses.

Zhang Heng could hear the sound of a stretcher rolling on the tiled floor, but he could barely see anything. His lips were moving, but he could scarcely utter a single word.

Fortunately, he was quickly carried onto a stretcher. A stethoscope was pressed against his chest, with the doctor asking him for his name and emergency contact. There seemed to be many onlookers, but no one noticed that the elderly lady with him disappeared.

The latter had slipped into the bathroom amid the commotion, and when she re-emerged, she had become another person. She watched as the doctors wheeled Zhang Heng into the emergency room before she left through a safe route and returned to the sixth floor.

Now, she was standing outside Wang Shuangshuang's ward, and through the glass, she could see that the male doctor from the elevator wasn't inside.

But the lady in shades was in no hurry. The doctor had arrived on this floor not too long ago, and it was improbable that he would leave so soon. But since she knew his identity now, finding him shouldn't be too difficult anymore.

So, she hopped from one ward to another, searching for the man. Nonetheless, even as she approached the end of the corridor, she still had not found him.

Just as she was beginning to doubt her suspicions, she spotted the doctor walking out of the male restroom, shaking the water off his hands before stepping into the treatment room.

The lady in shades did not hesitate, immediately following behind him. When she pushed the door open, however, the room was empty.

While she was still swallowing down her shock, the door suddenly shut behind her.

The doctor appeared behind her like a ghost. He then released the doorknob. "Are you looking for me?"

"Yes, my lord."

The lady in shades turned around with excitement glaming in her eyes. She had waited for this moment for far too long now.

"Aren't you with Loki? Does he know that you're here looking for me?" the doctor asked, removing the surgical gloves on his hand.

"No, coming here was my own idea. It had nothing to do with Lord Loki."

"If you know me well enough, you should know that my three friends and I prefer taking from people rather than giving," said the doctor in a very condescending tone. "Whatever it is that you want from me, my advice is for you to forget that stupid and unrealistic idea as soon as possible."

The lady in shades went down on her knees. "Look! I'm not asking for your kindness. I came here to make a deal with you?"

"Who are you to make a deal with me?" the doctor sniffed. "I'm not one of those Northern European guys, and I don't need to give a face to Loki."

"I know what you want, and what I want, only you can give," said the lady in shades

Han Lu and Fan Meinan had been waiting for an hour outside the hospital, and still, there was no sign of Zhang Heng. Concerned, Fan Meinan called his cellphone, but no one picked up.

"Could something have happened to him?" Han Lu asked, worried.

"Err... that's very unlikely. With that guy's skill and composure, he's always the one who gets to beat people up-I've never seen anyone taking advantage of him. Even my sister is no match for him."

The assurance managed to put Han Lu's mine at ease, albeit just by a little.

"But then... he couldn't possibly be so indisposed that he couldn't pick up the phone." Fan Meinan paused to think, and since she was unsure, she called again.

Ten seconds later, someone finally picked up.

Fan Meinan exhaled in relief, but alas, it was the voice of a stranger that greeted her. "Who are you?" the voice on the other line demanded.

"And who are you?" Fan Meinan asked in return.

"Even if I tell you my name, I'm afraid you wouldn't know who I am. I found this phone in the bin. Are you a friend of this phone's owner?"

"Where did you say you found the phone again?" Fan Meinan's eyebrows furrowed.

"In the hospital's trash can. If you made those calls earlier, I wouldn't have found out that there was a phone in there," said the person on the other end. "If you're a friend of this phone's owner, then you better come get it quick. I'm here with my wife for a pregnancy check-up. We'll be leaving in about twenty minutes."

“Give me five. I’ll be right there.” Fan Meinan hung up.

“What happened?” Han Lu asked.

Fan Meinan bit her lip. “I don’t know... Zhang Heng’s phone was found in the trash can, but I don’t know if this is a trap from my sister or not.”

“Huh?”

“Anyway, that guy is probably in trouble. I’m going back to find out. You stay right here.” “We better go together,” Han Lu said. “If anything happens, I could be of help. I believe I’ve proven myself in the office.”

Chapter 459 Split Up

“You... are his family?”

The lady doctor looked at the two people standing in front of her.

“Close enough. I am his sister, and she is his...” Fan Meinan hesitated.

“...girlfriend.” Han Lu continued.

“Great! We have been looking for his family. He’s not in good condition now,” the doctor went on. “His fever is not dropping, and his temperature has exceeded 40 degrees Celcius. I’ve just given him an injection bring the fever down. Who will pay for his consultation and treatment?”

“Give me the bill.”

Han Lu took the bill and hurried to the payment counter.

“We just heard the broadcast? What happened to him?” asked Fan Meinan. “He was fine when we separated ten minutes ago.”

“That’s what we are trying to figure out. Since you are his sister, do you know anything about his medical history? Anyone in your family experienced something like this before?”

“As far as I know, he’s always been in good health.”

“I can see the looks healthy as well. When we found him, he had fainted outside the elevator. So we’ve done some checks on him, but I can’t give you an answer before the results come out. It would be best if you prepare for the worst. He’s really not looking good.”

As soon as the doctor was done talking, a nurse ran towards her. “Doctor Zhou, the patient is critical! His temperature is still rising, and his breathing is becoming more and more difficult as well.”

“Sorry, I’ll have to check on my patient now.”

The doctor put on a mask and strode into the emergency room. “What happened?” Han Lu asked after settling the bills.

"I don't know, but I believe he needs our help right now. Whatever or whoever that made him sick, the source should still be in the hospital. Modern medical procedures may not solve this problem. We must find that thing that dropped this grave illness on him. Only that thing can save him." Fan Meinan frowned. "I strongly recommend that you stay here this time because this matter is far more dangerous than we could ever imagine."

"How do you know what I imagine?" Han Lu said calmly.

"Did you think you could understand the truth of this world with just a few words from us?" Fan Meinan shook her head. "This world is far crazier and a hell lot more dangerous than you think."

"I haven't closed my eyes for nearly forty hours. Whether this incident happened or not, I'll be like a crazy woman anyway." Han Lu gulped down another can of coffee in an increasingly futile attempt to keep herself awake.

"Fine."

Time was quickly running out, and no one knew how long Zhang Heng could last. So Fan Meinan did not try to talk her out of it anymore. She rubbed her chin in contemplation. "First of all, we must determine where Zhang Heng was attacked. Before we went after the bait, and, let's assume Zhang Heng found my sister and successfully kept her under control... wasn't he supposed to meet up with us after that? So the question is, why did he come to this floor?"

"Because he realized in the elevator that something was wrong with his body?"

"You might be right. Zhang Heng is usually very calm and cautious. He wanted to get off the elevator after realizing that something was wrong, which explains why he wanted to return to the previous floor. In the end, he passed out in front of the elevator." Fan Meinan bit her lips and continued to analyze, "So the thing that caused his sickness should still be on the floor where Wang Shuangshuang is. And this thing apparently didn't attract his attention in the beginning. Hold on. There are still many areas that we need to cover. We'd better check the surveillance video to find out what happened to him."

"How do we get the surveillance video?"

"I'll take care of it." Fan Meinan said.

"In that case, let's split up. I will go up and see what I find first. Your sister doesn't know of my existence. It should be safer if it's me," said Han Lu.

"Okay, be careful."

Ten minutes later, Fan Meinan looked at the male security guard who fell into a coma in the men's toilet cubicle. She took off the clothes from him and put it on. Now, she had wholly transformed into the security guard. Fan Meinan locked the door, put up a Cleaning-Under-Process sign at the toilet entrance, and returned to the monitoring room. The guard's partner saw him come in. "What took you so long? Something wrong with your kidneys?"

"No, I ran into Doctor Zhou. Someone passed out in the corridor just now. Doctor Zhou wanted to know why, so she asked us to send her a copy of the surveillance video."

His partner showed a look of surprise. "Unless the chairman approves, no one is allowed to view the surveillance video. Doctor Zhou should know about this."

"Yes... I know the rules, but we have an urgent situation now. A patient is in grave danger, and he might die if Doctor Zhou can't find the cause quickly. We can talk about the approval later," said Fan Meinan.

"Wow... did you take the wrong pills today?" The eyes of the guard's partner widened. "Don't you know that rules are rules? Doing this will cost us our jobs!" He paused. "I don't want to see someone dying either, but this is a hospital, and people die here every day. All we have to do is to do our jobs well."

"You're right," Fan Meinan sighed. "Trust me; I don't want to do this to you either." The partner was a little puzzled. "Huh?" Without warning, the paddles of a defibrillator suddenly landed on his chest.

"Sorry, nothing personal." Fan Meinan flipped the switch, and the security guard started going into a violent fit.

When Fan Meiman turned off the switch, the guard's body dropped off the stool like a rock.

At the same time, Han Lu had also arrived on the floor where Wang Shuangshuang's ward was located. The atmosphere on this floor hadn't changed much since they left. The corridor was swarming with patients and their family members. A matron was scolding a young nurse loudly for apparently losing a patient's medicine.

There were tears in the nurse's eyes. She was giving an injection to a patient earlier, and when she turned around, a bottle of levofloxacin and a syringe had strangely gone missing. The head nurse was after her now, demanding for the poor junior to pay up for the missing items.

Han Lu walked towards them and asked, "How much is it? I will pay for it."

The head nurse seemed a little surprised, "It's not about the money. I want her to remember this lesson..."

"I don't think she has done anything wrong. There are so many people in the hospital now; it is impossible to pay attention to every single person around you all the time." Han Lu took out her purse and drew a thousand yuan from it. "Will this be enough?"

The nurse seemed a little embarrassed. "No, no, no. I'm the one who lost the medicine. Let me pay for it. And according to the hospital's regulations, we can't take money from others." "It's okay; consider it a donation then. After you pay for the medication, you can give the rest of the money to those who need it." Han Lu then put the money on the nurse's desk. "Hey, let me ask you a question."

"Sure, ask away. What is it?" Thanks to Han Lu's timely interruption amid the argument, the nurse's mood had improved a lot. She now felt that there were still many good people in this world.

"Have you been at the nurse's desk recently? Have you seen any new visitors?"

"Uhh... new visitor. We have it in the registration system, but I am afraid I can't show it to you," the nurse apologized.

"Can't you, perhaps, do something?" Han Lu asked. "You can ask me to register too, then pretend to let me take a quick peek of the records. You don't have to take any responsibility."

While the two were talking, the treatment room door opened, and a woman walked out of it.

Chapter 460 Heart!!!

The junior nurse was stunned since the other person didn't look like a patient at all. After coming out, he did not walk to the ward but instead headed directly to the elevator. The nurse opened her mouth to say something in an attempt to stop the woman but hesitated the moment she remembered the mistake she made not too long ago. She wasn't about to shoot herself in the foot again.

However, the expression on her face had captured Han Lu's attention. She noticed something wasn't right. So, she turned behind. "What's wrong?"

Just then, another person walked out of the treatment room.

The nurse breathed a sigh of relief when she saw the man with a sweet smile on her face. "Director Kuang!"

The doctor with the surname of Kuang nodded at the greeting.

Seeing that the nurse's expressions had returned to normal, Han Lu did not ask any further questions. She continued focusing on the visitor list, still thinking about looking through all those names as quickly as possible. Suddenly, her heart skipped a beat, and an inexplicable sense of fear surged through her body.

That sense of fear came and went quickly, passing by like a flash of light. Had it not been for the horror that Han Lu saw in the nurse's eyes, she would have suspected that the fear wasn't real.

The doctor then asked in a deep voice, "How is the patient in bed 203?"

The nurse patted her chest. "She seems better today. I took her temperature just now, and the fever has subsided. I hope she is okay," said the nurse with concern.

Han Lu shuddered a little when she heard that, but nonetheless, she kept her feelings under control.

No. 203 was Wang Shuangshuang's bed. The identity of the doctor in front of her with the surname Kuang was revealed. He was Wang Shuangshuang's attending doctor, and his sudden appearance made him a suspicious person. With his presence, it wasn't hard to connect what happened between him and Zhang Heng. Han Lu's heart started beating faster. It should have hit her a long time ago. All the while, she had been focusing on the visitor list to the point she forgot that hospital staff was obviously free to leave the hospital whenever they wanted.

Han Lu tried her best to remain as calm as possible, not forgetting what Fan Meinan told her before this. If Zhang Heng was on the verge of death because of this Director Kuang, it meant this person was extremely dangerous.

Just then, the phone in Han Lu's pocket started ringing

Han Lu glanced at the caller ID. It was Fan Meinan.

Grabbing the opportunity, she walked away, finding herself a corner that no one noticed, and answered the phone. The two of them almost said the same thing together—"I might have found him!"

Han Lu paused, "You first..."

"I watched the surveillance video. Zhang Heng bumped into a male doctor before getting into the elevator. After that, something bad happened to him. After descending two floors, he exited the elevator with my sister. I think he wanted to head back to look for the doctor, but his body wouldn't allow it. Soon after that, he lost consciousness on the ground," said Fan Meinan.

"Did Wang Shuangshuang's attending doctor go by the surname of Kuang? He's standing next to me right now," whispered Han Lu.

"Yes! that's why I called you quickly."

"It means the person who walked out of the same room with him was your sister."

Fan Meinan hesitated. "That's right."

Right now, her sister was planning to leave the hospital, and Zhang Heng was in a critical situation. It was time for her to make a decision.

Han Lu quickly came up with an idea. "I'm keeping my eyes on him. Come here quickly." "Okay."

Fan Meinan said nothing after that, knowing that although Han Lu was in a sticky situation, it was her utmost priority to rescue Zhang Heng first. "Wait for me," she said and hung up the phone. On the other side, Han Lu pretended to talk while secretly keeping her eyes on Director Kuang. It seemed Director Kuang didn't notice her at all, and once he was done talking to the nurse, he walked directly to Wang Shuangshuang's ward. Han Lu breathed a sigh of relief as she saw the director walking away. She swiftly put away her phone.

Now, she only needed to wait until Fan Meinan arrived. The next moment, however, something slapped her neck from behind. Han Lu had no idea what happened, and before she knew it, she was dragged through the wall into the ward and slammed heavily to the ground. When Han Lu saw the expressionless face of "Director Kuang" staring down at her, the fear in her heart quadrupled. She could not help but let out a loud scream.

"Director Kuang" remained in his position, looking at her with indifference. There wasn't a hint of emotion in his eyes, causing an endless chill of despair to run through Han Lu's heart. She became even more horrified when she realized that no one could hear her scream. The two patients on the bed were in a deep sleep, let alone those outside the ward. This happened a mere 5 seconds after Fan Meinan hung up the phone. No one could hear her cries for help, so naturally, no one would come and save her.

Han Lu crawled towards the door, trying to escape the ward. But when she wanted to grab the doorknob, she found out that the door couldn't be opened no matter how hard she tugged at it. Banging the door desperately with all her strength, she attempted to attract the attention of those outside the ward. Alas, it was as if the world had forgotten her.

After that, Han Lu heard the neighing of horses. The ward lights were dimmed, and "Director Kuang" had a crown on his head. He was holding a peculiarly shaped longbow made of human bones. He spoke with a voice so loud, it was as if the entire earth could hear his bellows.

"The day I descend on earth will be the day the plague goes rampant, and all humans will suffer!"

He then slowly raised the longbow and aimed it at Han Lu, now completely overcome by terror. However, neither Pestilence nor Han Lu noticed a dark figure sneaking in from the window.

“Director Kuang” pulled on the empty bowstring. Although there was no arrow, Han Lu felt the unprecedented fear of death haunting her very being.

Just when she was sure that she was about to die, a sharp scalpel stabbed into “Director Kuang’s” back. Ironically, not a drop of blood came out of the wound. “Director Kuang” frowned, slowly turning around to see who this brazen attacker was.

Zhang Heng, however, did wasn’t bothered to look at “Director Kuang” at all.

He held the scalpel tightly, seemingly focussed on his actions completely. Zhang Heng pulled the knife all the way down, slicing the target’s back wide open. A few seconds later, something magical happened. The top part of the wound had already begun healing, and it was obvious that some supernatural power was repairing the “director’s” body. The part that recovered was as smooth as a mirror, and there wasn’t even a scar.

“Director Kuang” sneered at Zhang Heng as if to mock his inability to maim his target. However, Zhang Heng would soon do something really unforgettable. Without warning, Zhang Heng shoved his entire hand into “Director Kuang’s” open wound as if probing for something. “Director Kuang”’s expression changed for the first time. After a while, Zhang Heng’s right hand stopped. He had finally found what he was looking for!

“Director Kuang” roared furiously, “How dare you...”

But before he could finish, he was put to a stop!

Zhang Heng’s right hand left his body abruptly, and on the palm of his hand, there was a beating black heart.