

48 Hours 461

Chapter 461 Killing God

Zhang Heng clenched his fist and squeezed the black heart with no vacillation, and bright, black, blood oozed out of it. At the same time, the horse stopped neighing as well and the previously dim room was now bright again. It was at that time, Han Lu felt as if she reconnected with the world again. The sinking feeling of desolation and loneliness had disappeared. The shock that she experienced, however, would never fade.

Director Kuang's body seemed to be frozen; the anger on his face sealed-in forever; his mouth wide open like a roaring lion. And behind him stood a man covered in black blood. It was like David facing Goliath—Every inch of his body was bathed in black.

Han Lu's heart started thumping in her chest again.

In the end, "Director Kuang" lost his vitality, and his body plopped to the ground. It also indicated that this short but perilous battle was finally over. "Zhang Heng?" Han Lu finally recognized the person who rescued her during the critical moment.

Zhang Heng stood there with his eyes closed, motionless as if he had not heard his name being called at all.

When Han Lu started getting worried, Zhang Heng suddenly spoke up. "Can you help me find some clothes?"

"Okay..."

Han Lu was back to normal when she heard Zhang Heng speaking. She was reluctant to take her eyes away from him. Being the woman she was, Han Lu had dated all kinds of young and handsome men, including a club's young master, a buff young man from the gym, and even several celebrities. All of them were in excellent shape, to say the least, but for whatever reason, their muscles seemed to lack a sense of beauty, not unlike expensive and fragile glass toys displayed before a store's window.

Han Lu opened the cabinet beside her, finding a set of sportswear that belonged to one of the patients. She quickly grabbed it and handed it to Zhang Heng. "How did you end up like this?"

"I climbed from the window in the emergency room. My clothes are still there." Zhang Heng tore off the infusion sticker on his hand, turned on the faucet in the bathroom, and washed off the blood on his body.

"Are you... okay? The doctor told us you weren't doing so well."

Before Zhang Heng could reply, Han Lu's phone rang again. She immediately answered the call, where a very anxious Fan Meinan came over the line. "Where are you??? I didn't see you in the hallway. What happened?!"

"Uhh, I'm in Ward 207, and the situation is a bit... well... It's hard to explain in words," said Han Lu.

As soon as she finished speaking, the door of the ward pushed open from the outside.

Fan Meinan saw the corpse of "Director Kuang" on the floor. After that, she saw Zhang Heng, stark naked and wet, coming out of the bathroom. Suddenly, her cheeks turned red.

"Seems you are enjoying what you see too?" Han Lu handed over the sportswear to Zhang Heng, and he quickly put on the pants and jacket. The showcase of nudity was finally over.

Fan Meinan closed the door behind her immediately. "...Who can explain to me what in the world is going on here? How did you get yourself into the rescue room, and how did you get out?"

She turned to look at Zhang Heng.

"The person your sister wanted to meet here is Pestilence, one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," said Zhang Heng as he picked up the bone bow on the ground. "We met outside the elevator, and he touched my skin. After that, I felt like smallpox, flu, and the plague all attacked me at the same time."

"The Four Horsemen of Apocalypse? Pestilence himself? This... how did you defeat him?" Fan Meinan asked in bewilderment.

"I'm not so sure myself. I thought I was going to die too. I almost expired in the emergency room... My respiratory system was failing, the temperature kept rising, and my head hurt like hell. I couldn't speak, and even opening my eyes was almost impossible. All I could hear was people walking around me and talking," related Zhang Heng. "Then my heart stopped for a few seconds... it felt like the whole world had quieted down. I vaguely saw that the heart rate monitor had flatlined. But the best thing? I didn't actually feel sorry for my own death. In fact, I felt nothing during that time." "You were dead?"

"For a while, I believe." Zhang Heng said. "Who saved you after that?"

"No one. I don't remember what happened in those few seconds, but somehow, I opened my eyes and I found myself to be healthy again. I had no fever, headache, or nausea, and my strength had recovered. However, I also saw a doctor holding defibrillator paddles in her hand, and she was about to place them on my chest. I didn't want to get shocked, so I had to knock her out and the nurses around her as well. After that, I climbed through the window and returned to this floor. I happened to see that Han Lu was in danger from outside the window, so I quickly crawled in to help." "You survived the plague? How is that even possible? The Four Horsemen of Apocalypse are supposed to be powerful enough to destroy the world!" Fan Meinan's eyes widened as if they were about to pop out of their sockets. "But compared to that... I can't believe that you managed to kill Pestilence! How the hell did you do that? How did you know what his weakness was, and how did you accurately pinpoint it?"

"I wish I can answer all your questions, but unfortunately, I can only tell you that I wasn't thinking back then. I acted entirely by instinct. When I was young, though, my parents told me stories of many myths. Maybe one or two of those mentioned the weakness of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," said Zhang Heng. He squatted down and picked up the crown on and the peculiar bone bow from the ground.

The bone bow was his most significant yield yet after a fight. However, there was no way of knowing what it could do before it was sent to be appraised. But being equipment of a Horsemen of the Apocalypse, he couldn't be wrong about its prowess. "Director Kuang's" body had decayed and melted at an incredible speed before finally turning into a pile of ashes.

If it were not for the black blood on the ground, it was as if the situation never occurred at all.

After that, Zhang Heng and Han Lu stayed behind to ensure no one would enter the room. At the same time, Fan Meinan stole a few detergent bottles and brushes, and the three of them started cleaning up the blood on the ground.

The two ladies were still in shock after witnessing what happened earlier. Han Lu witnessed the battle with her own two eyes, and when the bone bow was pointed at her, she almost stopped breathing. This was her first time getting that close to a celestial being, and before the scalpel stabbed Pestilence's back, she thought that this was the day she would die. The scene where Zhang Heng extracted Pestilence's heart would now be forever imprinted in her mind.

Although Fan Meinan did not witness the battle, she experienced a greater shock than Han Lu since she knew exactly how powerful the Four Horsemen of Apocalypse was. They were different from those so-called gods that had lost most of their supernatural powers over time. The world had not forgotten the existence of the Four Horsemen of Apocalypse. Looking at the flu that had affected the entire city, one could witness just how mighty these demigods were.

It would be nothing less but an incredible feat if a mortal killed one of them, even if it was a sneak attack.

Chapter 462 Reasonable Inference

The three quickly cleaned up the ward as soon as they could. After that, Han Lu and Fan Meinan took the bone bow and the crown, wrapped them in sheets, and left the hospital with the elevator. Zhang Heng, on the other hand, climbed through the window and returned to the emergency room to take back his clothes and personal belongings. He then left the hospital quietly.

The three regrouped in the car once outside the hospital. Han Lu still seemed a little shocked.

"I still can't believe that you killed a Horsemen of the Apocalypse..." said Fan Meinan as Zhang Heng opened the door.

Zhang Heng sat down, closed the door, but only shook his head. "It is meaningless discussing stuff like these at the moment. We came here to find your sister, but it appears we have lost her again."

"That's the problem! To be honest, I don't want to be fooled again. This doesn't feel good." Fan Meinan smiled bitterly.

"We may still have another chance," said Zhang Heng

"What do you mean?"

"Why did your sister come to find Pestilence?"

"The three major guilds wish to bring her in, and she obviously became furious about it. Is she trying to eliminate the three major guilds with the help of Pestilence?" Fan Meinan fell into deep thought while touching her chin. "It's not easy to kill so many players in one go. Even when it comes to deities, only a few of them could carry out such a feat. And Pestilence is one of them. She may have gotten what she wanted from the deity... Hold on. It's not easy to ask for the Pestilence's help, and I'm afraid it must

have cost her dearly in exchange for whatever favor she needed. Their first contact is only a speculation. There should be follow-up contacts.”

“This is our most reasonable inference for now,” Zhang Heng said, pulling out a Samsung Galaxy while at it. “I got Pestilence’s mobile phone.”

“They may contact each other again, but why must they do it through mobile phones?”

“Because it is our only clue now.” Zhang Heng turned on the laptop beside him. “I can hack through the phone’s lock screen password and check out his contact list.”

Since it was all about Han Lu’s fate, she was naturally nervous and on edge. “When did you see them coming out of the room,” Zhang Heng asked Han Lu.

“Uh... about 11:03 or 04?” replied Han Lu. She closed her eyes, rummaging through her memories. “It was 11:03... I looked at the wall clock at the nurse’s station.

“The last incoming call on the phone was at 10:20 in the morning. It couldn’t have been her.” Zhang Heng turned to the contact list and continued to scroll through it. “Most of the contacts here are colleagues from the hospital. I don’t see anything suspicious. If this is the case, we can only wait for the person to contact us.”

“I didn’t expect Pestilence to be so dedicated in his hospital work.”

Zhang Heng turned to Fan Meinan. “You have the ability to change your voice when you pretend to be someone else. Can you imitate Pestilence’s voice?”

“Yes, but I have to hear him speak first.”

“It’s easy to acquire his voice. Since he was the director of this hospital, he should have some videos on the Internet.” Zhang Heng quickly found a panel of experts on infectious disease and epidemiology organized by the Municipal Health Ministry. Pestilence had been invited as an expert to speak at the summit. The whole situation seemed like an ironic piece of black humor.

Fan Meinan paid attention to the video. After a while, she cleared her throat, and she started to speak in the voice of “Director Kuang.”

“Under the leadership of Deputy Mayor Guo, we shall build a harmonious and caring doctor-patient relationship together...”

Han Lu nodded. “Overall, you sound just like him. However, I think you should carry a more indifferent tone.”

“Roger that.”

“For now, we’ll just wait for your sister to contact Pestilence again. Can you still take it?” Zhang Heng asked Han Lu.

“Erm... I’m still fine,” Han Lu said, “I did some research earlier, and I found out that the longest time somebody didn’t sleep is ten days. However, it also said that I’ll start hallucinating after five days, and brain damage will kick in after seven. I can become completely delirious as well.”

“We will find a way to lift the curse within five days,” said Zhang Heng.

“If it doesn’t work, It seems I’ll be swallowing more water in your luxurious bathtub,” Fan Meinan sighed.

“Then... where should we go now?” Han Lu drank another can of coffee again. Before the curse could be lifted, she had to drink coffee as if it was drinking water.

“Let’s head back,” Zhang Heng insisted, taking a can of coffee for himself. “You need to rest, but that doesn’t mean you can fall asleep... If Pestilence plans to deal with the three major guilds that we are going after, the battlefield would be in the city where we live.”

“Okay, then I will ask my assistant to book the return tickets.”

“Give me some time to deal with my own stuff. I’ll meet you at the airport later.”

Zhang Heng contacted the bartender lady and asked for the address of the city’s checkpoint.

Having just acquired two pieces of equipment from Pestilence, he could bring the crown onto the airplane but not the bone bow. He also knew that using a commercial courier service to deliver the bone bow was unreliable as well. Hence, he decided to employ the special logistics service offered by the checkpoint. The advantages of using this service were clear-it was guaranteed to be safe and fast. There were zero chances that the package would be lost in transit. Of course, such perks always had the same setback. Similar to the services offered by all checkpoints, it was extremely costly.

The delivery of one game item required 15 game points, and two things needed 20 game points, which was almost equivalent to a whopping 800,000 yuan. It was very much like daylight robbery, and fortunately, Zhang Heng had earned many game points from the Whistleblower quest.

Fan Meinan and Zhang Heng then went to the checkpoint together. After Zhang Heng paid the fee, Fan Meinan pulled him to a corner.

“You know that even if you did find my sister, she might not know how to deal with the Dreamland of Death, or maybe there’s really just no way to lift the curse.”

Zhang Heng nodded, “I’ve taken that possibility into account.”

“So...Should we tell her about it?”

“I will wait until the time is right,” Zhang Heng said.

“When is the right time, then?”

“When we are sure that we have no way to lift the curse.”

“She may die of pain.”

“It’s still better than giving up at the last minute right before she gets saved,” Zhang Heng said. “Now, the only thing that keeps her alive is the faith that we can save her. If we tell her the truth now, she may not even last five days.”

“You’re the boss. You have the final say.” Fan Meinan shrugged and stopped arguing. “Thanks.” Zhang Heng paused and looked into Fan Meinan’s eyes, “For what you did for me before, I haven’t had the chance to say thank you...”

“Oh, are you talking about the time when I stuck my head into a bathtub full of water and almost drowned? It’s a pity that I couldn’t find my sister in the end, not to mention how we almost got killed by Pestilence.”

“If you need any help at all, please remember to come to me.”

“Wow, this sounds sweet.” Fan Meinan blinked. “Then, I’ll take it seriously... Is it true that you are powerful enough to kill the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse? How could I have not found out about this? Are you really that good?”

Chapter 463 Changes

Upon returning to Beijing, the three went their separate ways for the time being. Zhang Heng was pretty lucky—there had been no roll call on that one day he missed class, and once he arrived at the campus, he headed straight for the showers.

It was around three in the afternoon, so the public bath was barely occupied. Zhang Heng stood under the shower, letting the water wash away the residual black blood on his body. Though his body had recovered, it was still better to be safe than sorry since the blood belonged to one of the four horsemen.

Zhang Heng lathered himself up with a grand amount of soap, then rinsed himself with warm water. He repeated the whole process twice for good measure.

He looked at his right arm—the needle mark had disappeared, only less than five hours since he pulled it out.

Zhang Heng did not tell Fan Meinan and Han Lu the entire truth—after surviving that deadly plague, he experienced... changes, to put it simply, especially during the few seconds when he stopped breathing.

He did not entirely lose consciousness, and during that time, he witnessed something so bizarre it couldn’t even put it into words.

After he opened his eyes, other than his body’s self-healing property becoming stronger than the ordinary person, he did not sense any other differences. His strength, agility, and reflexes were the same as before, and other than taking advantage of a sneak attack, he was able to kill the horseman mainly because the latter underestimated him.

The horseman did not expect Zhang Heng to rip his heart out like that, which explained the trace of anger and confusion in his eyes.

Zhang Heng had no way of knowing what happened to himself or what was happening. Thankfully, his new self-healing ability wasn’t nearly as exaggerated as the horseman; not noticeable unless one paid close attention. As for any other hidden changes, Zhang Heng would need to keep an eye out for the time being.

After his shower, he set aside the worries about his body, put on a pair of slippers, and went to the market to buy a bottle of black tea. During checkout, however, he realized that he had left his campus

card in the public shower. With furrowed eyebrows, he reached into his pocket for his mobile phone, but then, a hand with a campus card reached out from behind him to pay for the drink.

Zhang Heng turned around and found himself standing face to face with Shen Xixi.

She smiled at him. "It's on me."

"Thank you." Since a bottle of tea wasn't that expensive, Zhang Heng didn't refuse the offer.

"How have you been?" Shen Xixi asked.

"About the same-attending classes, playing games, and reading books in the library." Zhang Heng twisted open the cap of the bottle and took a sip.

"Really? But I didn't see you during Computer Essentials class."

"Erm..."

"Hey, I'm not implying anything. It's just that... I heard from Xiao Xiao that you happened to pick the same elective as I did."

"Oh, something was going on with my mother's friend, and I couldn't make it," answered Zhang Heng.

"Your mother's friend... Han Lu?" Shen Xixi raised an eyebrow.

"How did you know?"

"What you should have asked is who doesn't know? Your two roommates have been telling everyone that you know Han Lu... they might as well have printed flyers for it."

"Okay, okay... I'm just kidding. It was Xiao Xiao. She probably heard it from Wei Jiangyang," Shen Xixi said. "Well, I gotta go. I have a class in the evening, and I've got assignments waiting for me. I need to head to the library."

She took out her phone as she got up. "Oh, by the way, a few friends and I set up a WeChat group for dealing with... that kinda stuff we faced before. You can recommend it to anyone who needs help. If they are facing any difficulties whatsoever, they can always leave us a message. When our people see it, they will offer advice, or even help if necessary."

Zhang Heng received the QR code Shen Xixi sent. When he scanned it, it led him to a WeChat group called Stranger Things. God knew if the player forums had inspired Shen Xixi, but it was evident that she was moving farther and farther along the path she carved for herself.

Whether it was the Anti-Alien-Invasion welfare organization or the WeChat group, her desire to help ordinary people hadn't changed since the beginning. And according to Fan Meinan, more and more players have agreed to join her, and they have even attracted the attention of several local guilds, which had also added to her workload. This meant that for Shen Xixi, getting some time to study quietly in the library was becoming a rarity. She even considered taking a break from school.

Zhang Heng signed up for a WeChat account with the phone that Ding Si had bounded to his bank card and left a message in Stranger Things. – I have a friend who received an extraordinary picture. What should we do?

In less than two minutes, he received a reply.

-What kind of picture?

When Zhang Heng briefly described the picture that Han Lu received, the other party suddenly sounded anxious. They replied in mere seconds.

– From now on, please do not allow her to close her eyes. Where is your friend?

Zhang Heng began to type something, but a thought crossed his mind, and he scrapped it. He put his phone back into his pocket. From the way the person reacted, it was apparent that nobody had any ideas on how to solve it.

Zhang Heng was only giving it a try, though. The Dreamland of Death was recognized among the players as an incomprehensible killer. Even after the three significant guilds invested enormous amounts of manpower and material into investigating it, they had yet to develop any concrete solutions. Other people aside, if Shen Xixi had found a solution, she would have published it on the internet as soon as possible to keep more people from being harmed.

At present, the most reliable solution was to find the lady in shades. But Fan Meinan still had not contacted him yet. Obviously, she hadn't yet heard anything about it.

Zhang Heng failed to think of a better solution, and all he could do now was to keep waiting.

What he did not expect was that the wait would last as long as two days.

It had been three days since Han Lu last slept. Eighty hours without any sleep was causing her to feel increasingly anxious and depressed.

Han Lu was mentally more substantial than most people, but even so, her patience was running out, and the endless doses of caffeine gave her a weary look. She was almost at wits' end.

When Zhang Heng arrived at her place after class, she threw a tantrum, throwing things around the house because the housekeeper was 'too noisy' while preparing food. Han Lu's eyes were bloodshot, and the moment she saw Zhang Heng, she collapsed on the sofa as if she had lost every ounce of energy. She slowly rubbed her temples in despair and despondency. Zhang Heng noticed a pile of documents on the coffee table. "Are you still working?"

"What choice do I have?! I have to keep myself busy." Han Lu smiled bitterly. "Otherwise, it would be just too difficult. I am at the point where I'm willing to exchange half of my assets for one hour of sleep. Just one hour would suffice."

Chapter 464 Dating

Zhang Heng took the coffee pot from the maid and poured a cup for Han Lu.

"Interesting. I used to like coffee. I even flew all the way to bloody Ethiopia to buy coffee beans. But now, the very smell of it makes me feel like puking." Han Lu lifted the cup, only to put it down moments later. She looked into Zhang Heng's eyes. "I need you to tell me the truth. Do you really have a way to help me? If I can choose how I die, I don't want to die at work suddenly. At the very least, I should get

four or five young and ripped men to keep me company, perhaps lie in the bathtub with me. Might as well spend some money and pamper me before I die.”

“I’m trying...”

“You know well enough that an answer as such is not good enough for me,” said Han Lu.

Zhang Heng opened his mouth, but his phone vibrated at the same time. It was a WeChat message by Fan Meinan. There was only one sentence, and he could see it without unlocking his phone.

(She called me!)

Zhang Heng got up. “Let’s hold on for a little longer. We’ll be getting an answer soon. You have been holding on for so long, and if you give up now, all that suffering will be wasted.”

“I know what a sunken cost is.” Zhang Heng walked to the door, and Han Lu spoke again. “If you still can’t catch her this time, can you take a few days off from school?”

“Why?”

“I have many friends, but none I want to see before my funeral. And your mother may not be able to come back in time. I don’t want to leave this world alone.”

“You are not going to die yet,” Zhang Heng said. “Since you managed to escape from Pestilence, there is no reason why you can’t survive this crisis.”

Late at night, in the suburbs~

Although there were still vehicles passing by the overpass, the streets were practically deserted, and there wasn’t a soul to be seen.

The lady in shades emerged from the darkness. Her red high heels tapped the ground with a distinctive click, and from the steady but slow steps, it was apparent she wasn’t in a rush. The first thing that she did was to take out a pair of night-vision goggles from her handbag. After putting it on, she strolled around the area, making sure that no one would ambush her. Only after she was certain did she take off the goggles, tidy up her clothes, and walk towards the meeting spot.

Pestilence had agreed to meet her in front of a newsstand that was now closed.

The lady in shades reexamined whatever she wanted to say in her mind. Compared to their first meeting, she was now more relaxed. Since Pestilence had agreed to meet up with her, it meant that he was interested in making a deal. However, she was about to come face to face with a demon of sorts, and regardless of how much she wished she could put her mind at ease, there was no way she could fully relax.

The lady in shades arrived at the newsstand five minutes earlier, and at the same time, left an escape route for herself. To do that, she had paid 10,000 yuan to hire an amateur driver, who could come and get her within 120 seconds if something went wrong.

After becoming public enemy numero-uno of the three powerful guilds, many thought that she would be found after going into hiding. For now, however, she was very much alive and well, and in addition to

her superb ability to disguise herself, being extremely meticulous had also helped a lot with her cause as well.

Right now, she wasn't even trying to defend herself against Pestilence. After witnessing first-hand the creature's power in the hospital, she knew there was nothing she could really do if the celestial being really wanted her life.

She continued waiting before the newsstand, taking constant glances at her watch. Only less than two minutes were left before the meeting commenced. She didn't have to wait long before faintly seeing a dark figure wearing a crown and holding a longbow coming to her from a distance.

The silhouette looked just like one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, not to mention how it looked down on her in condescension. Then, in just a few seconds, it turned away, disappearing into the night.

Now, the lady in shades became increasingly nervous. She then noticed another figure walking toward her. Pestilence had changed his appearance to "Director Kuang," and considering the human image the creature carried, it made most situations less stressful for the unexpected spectator. The teleportation she witnessed earlier had also left her deeply impressed.

No wonder Pestilence was known as an entity powerful enough to destroy the world. His otherworldly powers were simply unfathomable to most.

"My Lord," cooed the lady in shades, her greeting as respectful as ever. "Director Kuang" had a blank look written across his face. He kept the same pace, walking to her a step at a time. "Have you made up your mind? Just follow my method, and we can reproduce the Spanish flu of 1918. Your name will definitely be remembered by the world again," said the lady in shades before pausing for a moment. "I'm not talking about the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. I'm talking about you, Pestilence. You will become everyone's worst nightmare. In fact, you're the first Horseman that walked the earth, which is why you deserve to become the leader of the four. Whether Death or War, how could they compare to you..."

"Extend your hand..." Director Kuang interrupted her with a commanding tone.

The lady in shades didn't hesitate and immediately stretched out her right hand.

"Director Kuang" took out something from his pocket, leaving a hint of confusion in the lady's eyes. The object looked a little strange. Based on its design, it looked like a regular everyday item, square-ish in shape, and looked a lot like a power bank of sorts.

Anyone would pass off unnoticed if they had such an object in their hands. However, it was odd to see Pestilence holding it. Before she had time to ask anything, "Director Kuang," who was opposite her, suddenly put on a weird smile, and at the same time, pressed the switch on the device. What turned out to be taser instantly generated a high-voltage pulse through its built-in transformer, throwing the lady into a brief fit before rendering her unconscious.

She had fainted before she even had a chance to call her emergency driver.

After that, "Director Kuang" bounded her hands and feet with cuffs. Before she took out her mobile phone to call Zhang Heng, he had already appeared in front of her.

Fan Meinan was stunned, "What the hell. How did you get here so soon? Are you Liu Xiang?"

Zhang Heng did not say anything. He dragged the lady in shades on the ground and carried her into the Polo's back seat. Zhang Heng had not obtained his driver's license yet, but it shouldn't be a big problem if he drove at night. Of course, he could have easily called for a cab, but he didn't do it for obvious reasons since he was with an unconscious girl.

Not wanting things to go bad like the last time, he specifically instructed Fan Meinan to set the meeting at midnight. This time, no matter what the lady in shades did, it wouldn't affect Zhang Heng because his world would stop at midnight.

The plan went smoother than expected. Thanks to the good amount of preparation, the lady in shades didn't suspect that the "Director Kuang" she met was actually a disguised Fan Meinan. Of course, the most important thing to note was that she didn't expect Pestilence to have been killed by Zhang Heng

Zhang Heng avoided the path that the amateur driver would take, driving the Polo to the overpass instead. Now, all he needed to do was make the lady in shades spill out the method to neutralize the curse of the Dreamland of Death.

Chapter 465 Seth

The lady in shades opened her eyes, finding herself on a chair with her hands strapped to the back in an old abandoned workshop. The person who tied her on the chair had to be an expert. No matter how hard she tried to break free, all her attempts were to no avail. Her fingers could not reach her pockets, as well. "Are you looking for these?" asked Fan Meinan while holding a bag of Plasticine.

"It's you???" snorted the lady in shades coldly. "You seem to have gotten braver after I haven't seen you for a few months. How dare you pretend to be a Horsemen of the Apocalypse? Aren't you afraid that Pestilence will come looking for you?"

"Hmm... I don't think he has the time to retaliate against me," said Fan Meinan, letting out a long sigh. "Let's talk about our problems. You know I harbor no bad intentions against you. Why can't you sit down and have a good talk? I just want to ask you a few questions."

"What then? Are you going to hand me over to the three major guilds?"

"Of course not. As long as you answer my questions, I will let you go."

"What if I don't cooperate?" The lady in shades raised her eyebrows, her tone filled with angst and aggression.

"I'm doing this for your own good..." Fan Meinan smiled bitterly. "If you don't want to cooperate with me, the person behind me will come and interrogate you personally. Trust me. You wouldn't want to see him in person."

"When you mentioned that it's for my own good, you meant bringing in more people to catch me?"

"You have also made me your scapegoat several times. So, if you really want to talk about this, you still owe me more at the end of the day," said Fan Meinan.

"Don't forget who introduced you to Loki; without me, you will still be..."

Fan Meinan interrupted the lady in shades. "Okay, let's not dwell on the topic anymore, okay?"

A strange expression appeared on the face of the lady in shades. "You don't want your companion to know your past identity, huh? Didn't you tell your partner about your past? Hehe! How pathetic...'

"And that's the end of our chat. Let us focus on what we are supposed to be doing now," said Fan Meinan. "You took the Dreamland of Death from the three major guilds, so you must also know how to lift the curse."

"Should I have known?"

Fan Meinan walked to the lady in shades and looked her into her eyes. "I know you and the three major guilds are conflicted, and I don't know what plans you have in mind, but I have never interfered with your endeavors. This time, the victim is an ordinary person, and it has nothing to do with those three guilds. Tell me the way to lift the curse. I swear I'll only use it to save people, and I'll not tell anybody about it."

The girl in shades lifted her head, looked at Fan Meinan, and said softly, "No... you know nothing, sister."

"So, this is personal?" Fan Meinan was starting to get a little annoyed too. "Is it because you were taken away as a kid, and now, you hold a grudge? Are you angry because of this?"

"Is that what you think of me?" The lady in shades shook her head. "You keep complaining that I don't trust you, but the irony is that you've never trusted me either. When we first met, I told you that I willingly left the house. I blame no one for it. Otherwise, I wouldn't have recommended you to Loki. However, you, on the other hand, have never stopped wondering if I held a grudge or not. The exciting thing is, I can no longer remember the faces of those two people..."

"...after you asked me if I knew a way to lift the curse, I told you that I don't know anything, but yet, you didn't believe me. You assumed that I wasn't talking because I have a beef with the three major guilds, which was why I played along and said that I had a way to lift the curse. I could have asked you to do me a favor as well, but I didn't expect that group to be so unhelpful. You went after me nonstop, and you almost ruined my plan. Now, you've come up with a plan to capture... Damn it! Now, tell me, who's the one being bullied here?"

"Impossible, the Dreamland of Death was in your possession for so long. Are you trying to tell me that you didn't open it?..." Fan Meinan frowned.

"As I said, it was all business for me. I'm not the one who wanted the Dreamland of Death. I am just the middleman."

"Who actually took away the Dreamland of Death, then?" Fan Meinan asked.

"You've asked me before, and my answer remains the same. It's better that you know nothing about it."

"You're still reluctant to talk at a time like this?"

"I'm doing it for your own good. That guy is not someone that you want to mess with. You pretended to be Pestilence, and yes, there is a chance that he will let you off the hook since it's nothing serious. However, if you mess with the person I just talked about, he will definitely make you pay for it."

“Tell me who took the Dreamland of Death!” repeated Fan Meinan, looking serious this time. “Tell me his name, and don’t take any chances. You know you will have to say it sooner or later.”

The lady in shades simply shrugged and blurted the name out. “Well, okay. As you wish. His name is Seth.”

“Who is that?”

“In Ancient Egyptian mythology, the child of the twin gods Gabor and Nuit were said to have brutally torn open their mother’s womb before they were due. Seth was born that way. In the early days, he was known as the God of Strength and was worshipped by many people. His status in Egypt was unquestionable, but with Osiris gaining Egypt’s kingship, Seth’s status was challenged. In the end, Seth became jealous of Osiris, and he killed him. After that, Osiris’ child, Horus, sought Seth in a duel to avenge his father. During the battle, Seth had Horus’ eyes gouged out, but Horus also tore off Seth’s leg and testicles. Finally, the gods exiled Seth to the desert... “...after that, he lived with the Sun God for a while. During that time, he managed to kill Apache, the giant snake. He was known by the people of that time as the protector of the sun. However, as Horus became the country’s main god, Seth became the rebels’ representative at the same time. In the end, he fell into darkness and turned into the God of Chaos. He acquired the Dreamland of Death through me and made a dozen copies of it to spread the chaos.” “Where can we find Seth?” “How would I know? He is the God of Chaos. How could he be at a fixed place?” the lady in shades continued. “To be honest, I don’t want to deal with that guy anymore. If only he gave me a Dreamland of Death copy as promised, I wouldn’t even need to look for Pestilence. Speaking of which, why do you have Pestilence’s cellphone? I already figured out the trick on the bridge, but how did you answer my call to Pestilence?”.

Fan Meinan shook her head and ignored the lady in shades. Instead, she spoke into her communicator. “It’s not ringing. Did you hear me?”

Chapter 466 This Is It

Fan Meinan grabbed the bronze rings from the hands of the lady in shades, throwing it to Zhang Heng, coming down from the second floor.

(Name: Oath Rings]

(Grade: F]

(Effect: If one of the two bearers breaks an oath, the other will know about it.)

Zhang Heng obtained this Grade-F game item from Mr. Coffee during the previous quest. The identification results just came in that afternoon, and it happened to come in handy during the interrogation process.

The conditions of activating the Oath Rings were straightforward. All the wearer needed to do was mix both wearers’ blood, write the vows on parchment, then put on the ring. If one were to violate the vow, the other wearer would be instantly notified-the ring of the one who broke the vow would start to heat up. Once the ring was removed, the oath would become invalid.

Styx was more than just the goddess who lived in the underworld and ruled the river. She was also known as the goddess of oaths and hatred. Since Mr. Coffee was her agent, it was no surprise that he had this pair of rings on him.

Although the Oath Rings were only Grade-F game items, they were actually quite useful in certain situations, doubling up as an effective lie detector after a vow had been written. Other than that, the identification results of the USB drive from Edward had also been released. The drive was also a Grade-F game item, where it would make the user's IP address untraceable when plugged into a computer.

The two items that he acquired in his previous game were not only super powerful, but they were also practical enough to be used in certain situations. However, these were in no way helpful in removing Han Lu's curse.

Zhang Heng had once put all his hopes on the lady in shades, but now, it proved a wrong strategy. Fan Meinan watched as Zhang Heng drew a knife and walked toward the lady in shades. "She... she has told us everything she knows..." Fan Meinan muttered nervously.

"Yes, so it doesn't make much sense for us to keep her around." Zhang Heng then cut the rope binding the lady in shades. The latter rubbed her wrists, stared at the masked Zhang Heng, and sensibly bowed her head. Happy to be alive, she silently walked out of the factory without uttering a single threat or harsh word.

But just as she was about to reach the gate, Fan Meinan voiced out. "You'd better not contact Pestilence again."

The lady in shades stopped, seeming a little surprised. "Why?" she asked.

"Because he can't reply to you anymore."

"Oh, is this an early April Fool's joke?"

"I thought the same as well when I saw what happened. Consider it as a friendly reminder from a close relative."

Afterward, the lady in shades seemed to have understood something. She looked at Zhang Heng for another second, then turned around and walked out of the old workshop without uttering another word.

Fan Meinan was a little sad, but she quickly cheered herself up. "It seems we have reached an impasse. My sister does not know how to lift the curse, and we are not about to locate Seth anytime soon. I'm sorry I lead you to a dead end."

Zhang Heng shook his head. "You have already helped us so much, so leave the rest to me. Great. I'll be the one that gets to break the bad news to her. Let's go. I'll drive you to your place first."

It was three in the morning when Zhang Heng returned to Han Lu's house, the only one in the entire area that was still lit up. Han Lu opened the door after she heard a knock. There was loud music, and cigarette butts were scattered all over the floor. An open bottle of plum wine was also lying on the table.

“Don’t worry. I drank too much coffee and tea. I needed a change of taste, hence the plum wine. I won’t be getting drunk if that’s what you’re thinking.”

“Where is the maid?” asked Zhang Heng, looking around the messy living room as he let out a long sigh.

“I gave her some money and put her up at a hotel. So... it appears we are the only ones left in this house.” Han Lu exhaled a puff of smoke and put her finger on Zhang Heng’s lips. “Shh! Don’t tell me the results just yet. Come have a drink with me.”

Zhang Heng closed the door, taking a seat opposite Han Lu.

Han Lu brought a glass with a Mount Fuji engraving at its bottom and poured some plum wine into it. Zhang Heng then took a sip from the glass. The freshness and sweetness of fruits mixed with strong distilled spirits brought on a distinct tasting experience. “So, how did it go?” Han Lu asked.

“We found her.”

“I’m not asking about that. I’m asking you how the wine is.” Han Lu frowned and threw the half-finished cigarette on the floor.

Zhang Heng took Han Lu’s glass away from her. “At least listen to me before you drink this.”

“No, I don’t want to listen to you now!” replied Han Lu, shaking her head. After two tries, she failed to get the glass back from Zhang Heng. So, she picked up the bottle instead.

“We found her and asked her about the Dreamland of Death, she...”

Without warning, Han Lu suddenly threw the wine bottle against the wall, interrupting Zhang Heng midway. The bottle was shattered, painting the wall with splashes of purple. “I said, I don’t want to hear this now! You thought I didn’t know the outcome when I first opened the door? Why can’t we pretend that we don’t know anything and have a glass of wine first?!” she bellowed in a fury.

“Sorry,” Zhang Heng muttered under his breath.

“No, I should be the one to apologize. The thought of dying at this age crossed my mind before, and I always thought I would be brave enough to face it. I thought, if death came knocking on my door one day, I would confront it with calm and finesse before I meet my maker. I want to be able to leave this world gracefully. This is very important to me... perhaps we can’t defeat death, but at least, we can retain our dignity in the face of it. I don’t want to be who I am right now—a hysterical crazy woman... But until death is right at your doorstep, who knows what kind of mood you will be in, right?”

“You have done well,” said Zhang Heng.

“But I want to do more, and I still want to live. That’s the problem... I don’t want to die like this. It’s not an outcome I want, which is why I’m so... angry!” said Han Lu, her eyes turning red in frustration and hopelessness.

Zhang Heng was silent for a moment. “There is still time... Perhaps I can find another way to help you.”

“Did you know, the worst part of this whole ordeal is not the feeling of despair, but getting your hopes shattered one after the other. I don’t want to experience this kind of thing again,” she went on in exasperation.

Han Lu looked extremely tired, very much like a traveler trekking the desert for days without a sip of water. a

“That’s it, stop right here.” “Is there anything that you’d like to do?” asked Zhang Heng.

“I originally planned to make love with you, but I changed my mind. I have never missed sex in my life. With one phone call, I can get men of all shapes and sizes to sleep with me... Right now, it’s impossible to get what I want.” Han Lu shook her head. “The girl who was with us before...”

“What about her?”

“She always seemed as if she didn’t care about those around her. She looked just like me when I was young, but I saw that she cares about you. She doesn’t want you to know about it... From my experience, she’ll be hurt by such thoughts sooner or later.”

Han Lu’s mind suddenly became crystal clear, as if he could see through Zhang Heng’s heart.

“It’s because... you don’t have much emotion left in you, right?”

Chapter 467 Plot Twist

Zhang Heng wasn’t sure why Han Lu would say something like that. In retrospect, he realized that he wasn’t all that perfect too. Since he was a child, he had been a quiet person, and when compared to other children who liked to group up and play, he preferred to be alone, reading his books and properly allocating his time. Of course, it wasn’t some sort of mental illness he was suffering from.

When it came to emotions, he wasn’t all that different from his childhood peers. Once he got involved in the game, all his abilities began improving rapidly. However, his emotions fluctuated less frequently, allowing him to remain calm during a battle and always making the right choices. Unfortunately, it came at a price. He wasn’t sure if he could still be classified as a human. Especially after this incident, he realized that his body had also undergone some changes...

Han Lu’s was done venting her anger after she tossed the bottle. After that, she sat on the ground while hugging her knees, seemingly in great despair.

Just then, Zhang Heng received another WeChat message. It wasn’t from Fan Meinan but the Stranger Things group.

(Are you there? Did your friend close her eyes?)

Zhang Heng was in no mood to reply to any messages, but seeing how the sender had actually messaged in the early hours of the morning, the person must have been paying close attention to this matter. Out of courtesy, Zhang Heng typed in a reply.

[It’s over for her. Thanks.]

[It’s over? Don’t give up. Maybe I can solve your friend’s problem.]

(What do you mean?)

The other person did not reply, sending a WeChat ID instead. Zhang Heng took a look at it and realized that it was Shen Xixi. It meant the person from the group who texted him should be Shen Xixi as well.

Zhang Heng added the WeChat ID with another phone number.

Shen Xixi didn't say anything unnecessary, going straight to the point. (You are a player, right? I saw your previous message. However, you didn't reply to us after that. Do you believe that we can save your friend?)

(Have you people figured out a way?)

[It's all less complicated now since you are a player. Even without us explaining that much, you must know how terrifying the Dreamland of Death could be. The worst thing is, we found out that it's a frequently used item. We have been studying it for a long time.]

Before Zhang Heng could reply, Shen Xixi's sent another message to him.

[I know what you're about to say. The three major guilds and other players have also been studying the Dreamland of Death, but they haven't gotten anything out of it so far. You really think we can achieve what they can't?]

(Why not?) (Have you heard of Morpheus?) (Onirii, one of the three thousand dream gods in Greek mythology. How is the Dreamland of Death related to him?)

[No. So far, several theories have been circulating among the players on the Dreamland of Death's origins. For now, most of them are leaning toward the idea that the Dreamland of Death is related to Hypnos. Hypnos is the twin brother of Thanatos, the personification of death. The sea nymph, Pasithea, gave birth to three children, who were also the leaders of the three thousand dream gods. One of the three happened to be Morpheus.

Shen Xixi pondered for a while before she replied again.

(Half a month ago, our people acquired a game item related to Morpheus. It allowed us to enter the dreams of a person. We still don't know the Dreamland of Death's mechanism, but judging from its name, it has something to do with killing the person in their dreams.)

(Name your price.)

[It's not that valuable, being a D-Grade item. We thought of using it to deal with the Dreamland of Death, but the plan was never actually put into action. Hence, we don't know what will happen in an actual situation. Even if we can enter the victim's dream, I'm not sure if it might be too late by then. We have no idea what the dreamer dreams about as well. The worst thing is that we can find no Dreamland of Death survivors. There is simply no way to delve deeper into it even if we wanted to.)

(What do you want then?)

(We don't want anything. We just want to enter the victim's dreams and observe the Dreamland of Death from a closer vantage point. From there, we hope that we can learn methods to prevent it from

doing more harm . Of course, if you are worried about the danger, you don't have to follow us. Just give us your friend's address and contact information, and we can go to her directly.]

[How many people are allowed to enter the dreamland together?]

[In theory, the thing allows up to four people to enter the dream.]

(Save a spot for me.)

[Sure.]

Shen Xixi didn't hesitate when Zhang Heng asked to enter the dream with them.

[Give me the address. If it's not too far away from where we are, we will arrive in about an hour.]

Zhang Heng sent Han Lu's address to Shen Xixi. In such desperate times, he saw no reason to continue concealing his identity from her. He could choose to wear a mask, but that too was no longer necessary. When Shen Xixi saw Han Lu, she would automatically think of Zhang Heng. The two had just met in the school supermarket in the afternoon, and Shen Xixi knew that he skipped class because of Han Lu. It was a little too obvious at this point.

Forty-five minutes later, the doorbell rang, and Zhang Heng got up to open the door. Shen Xixi was outside the door with two people. The moment she saw Zhang Heng, her expression changed immediately. "Why are you here?!" she blurted without thinking.

Then, something seemed to cross her mind, and she hesitated a bit. "Are you the Simon that I added on WeChat?"

Zhang Heng nodded.

"How do you guys know each other?" asked a ponytailed girl standing behind Shen Xixi.

"I always thought we knew each other, but it seems we haven't really met," said Shen Xixi.

"I must apologize for not telling you the truth before this," said Zhang Heng. "I trust you, but I'm not sure if I can do the same for your buddies."

"I understand your concerns," replied Shen Xixi. "Huang Yu withdrew from our team after that incident, so there's nothing to worry about. These people here are my old teammates. They have been with me for a long time."

Shen Xixi then briefly introduced her three teammates to Zhang Heng.

The ponytailed girl was called Rabbit, and the boy next to her with a small head and holding a flowerpot was called Li Bai. Once they entered the house, they began admiring the luxurious decorations sprawling all over the floor. It was a shame that they had to see the wall splashed with plum wine. Shen Xixi quickly snapped back to reality and soon entered her working mood.

"Han Lu is the person targeted by the Dreamland of Death?"

Zhang Heng nodded. "She hasn't closed her eyes for four days."

"That explains the mess here," said the girl named Rabbit.

"Where is she now?" Shen Xixi asked.

"In the bedroom, I told her about the situation, and she agreed to cooperate with us for the last fight."

Chapter 468 See You On The Other Side

"Okay. What do I need to do?" Han Lu asked Shen Xixi.

Shen Xixi simply smiled, picking a small black flower from the flowerpot. She tore off a petal and handed it to Han Lu. "Swallow this petal and just go to sleep."

"Well! What do you know. This is exactly what I want to do before I die!" Han Lu laughed at herself and took the petal. "What will I see when I close my eyes? Will it be a nightmare, or perhaps hell?"

"We are about to find out." Shen Xixi paused for a moment. "I don't know if he told you, but you may not be able to wake up after you close your eyes, so..."

"I've left a suicide note and a video. Don't worry, if an accident happens along the way, the police won't suspect you."

"What I actually want to say is, do you have anything else to say?"

"I have written my will in the suicide note, and since I've already said too much tonight, I don't think I need to say anymore," said Han Lu, before turning to Zhang Heng. "I've had a bit of a drink. What I said earlier... I hope you don't take it to heart."

Zhang Heng nodded, "I wish you the sweetest of dreams."

Han Lu changed into her pajamas, lit a stick incense, washed the flower petal down her throat with warm water, and laid down on her big bed. Three minutes later, her eyes popped open again. "You guys are standing around my bed! I can't sleep even if I'm sleepy." "We'll head out first then. Anyway, the average killing time for the Dreamland of Death is two hours," said Shen Xixi.

After that, the four quickly retreated to the living room outside.

While waiting, the young boy called Li Bai began exploring the place like a curious baby.

"Sister Xixi. I think a large piece of china like this could be worth tens of thousands."

"I don't know much about porcelain, but the ones Han Lu collects usually costs millions of yuan," replied Shen Xixi, shaking her head as she gave the place a once over.

Li Bai was shocked to the bone when he heard that.

"Hey, this china is worth the points I can earn in a round of the game? Is this woman as rich as Jack Ma or what?"

"There are far more wealthy people in this world than you know," snapped Rabbit. "You exchange your game points with money every day, but I bet you can't imagine someone buying 3,000 game points in one go."

Li Bai was flabbergasted. "Let me calculate how much it costs... Err... Wow! At least 100 million yuan!" he said, his tone a notch higher than it already was. "But must say. though, I am quite satisfied with

what I currently have. I used to work as a barber's apprentice at a hairdresser's, washing the hair of customers. I worked so hard that the skin on my fingers almost peeled off, and for that, I earned only 1,500 yuan every month. Now, at least I'm capable of sending my family some money every month. I also covered my sister's tuition-fees and brother's wedding cost."

"Idiot. It would help if you treat yourself better as well. Everyone is working hard to accumulate game points and exchange them for game items to strengthen themselves. You are the only one that failed to save up any game points so far. All you've done is spend them all," lamented Rabbit, seemingly a little annoyed.

Li Bai scratched his head and chuckled. "I still have Sister Xixi and you. Don't worry. I won't hold you back. Just leave the threats to me. I've been fighting since I was a kid, and even if I'm outnumbered, I'll never make a run for

it."

"...see that's the problem over there. Normal people would be smart enough to escape if their enemies are more powerful than them. No matter how reckless you are, you will only have one life. If you lose it, you won't get it back," Rabbit went on with a frown.

On the other side, Shen Xixi was looking at Zhang Heng

"What's the matter?" Zhang Heng asked.

"So, about the monster capable of melting the wall... was it defeated by you?"

Zhang Heng did not deny it. "Oh, you mean Zavilcha? Yeah, I killed that thing."

"It looks like you saved me again, huh."

"Again?"

"When we went camping before, didn't you help us drive away some bastard?"

"At that time, I didn't know you were a player. Even if I didn't make a move, you could have easily handled it," said Zhang Heng. "As for Zavilcha... If you didn't buy me time, I wouldn't have gotten back to the hostel for my game items. Besides, you also helped me this time. I guess we are even now."

Shen Xixi shook her head. "As I said, we don't know the mechanism of the Dreamland of Death. All we have is a general idea. I needed to run some experiments on it, but unfortunately, we never got the opportunity to do so. This time, we are just taking what we need."

After the topic, the two did not know what else to talk about.

Shen Xixi and Zhang Heng shared a somewhat awkward relationship. They both went to the same school and were classmates and friends, but they were actually acquaintances. They didn't know each other very well, and within a regular semester, they barely spoke to each other.

Now that she knew Zhang Heng was a player, they seemed to have gotten a little closer. That said, being players, they automatically remained mum about their current circumstance to a player of another team if they didn't know each other well.

Zhang Heng suddenly remembered something. He then passed Piercings' contact with Shen Xixi. "Have you people been recruiting recently? You can try to contact him. He was with me in the previous quest. I think he's a police officer. He has skills and integrity. You might want to talk to him."

Shen Xixi thanked him and took the number. "What about you? Are you interested in joining us?" she asked. "We are not a guild, and our management is not as strict as well. We only gather when a problem occurs. We aim to work hard to protect this city."

"Sorry, I'm used to running solo," said Zhang Heng, "But you can come to me for help if you encounter something tricky. I'll see what I can do."

Despite knowing how valuable a person like Zhang Heng was on the team, Shen Xixi did not force Zhang Heng to join her. Fifteen minutes had passed since Han Lu swallowed the petal. Noticing the time, Shen Xixi opened the bedroom door, and the four walked toward Han Lu's bed. This time Han Lu's eyes remained closed. Her breathing was steady, and her cheeks were still a little flushed after all that drinking. Shen Xixi stretched out her hand and nudged Han Lu's body. As expected, Han Lu did not respond exactly like the middle-aged man Zhang Heng encountered on the train.

Shen Xixi slowly retracted her hand. "It's time to start," she told the three people beside her.

There were four petals left on the little black flower that had been just picked. Rabbit carefully tore off the four petals, passing one to each.

"Swallow the petal, and you can enter her dreams," said Xixi to Zhang Heng. Beside them, Li Bai was already on the floor after he swallowed the petal. Rabbit, on the other hand, had moved to a couch. She shifted around until she was comfortable, then ate the petal too.

Shen Xixi found a spot to lie beside Han Lu, "The bed large. You can lie next to me."

Zhang Heng wasted no time and laid right beside Shen Xixi.

Shen Xixi put the petal in her mouth. "See you on the other side," she said.

Chapter 469 Dreamland

Zhang Heng didn't expect the petal to actually taste good. It had a strange sweetness to it. Before he could enjoy its taste, though, drowsiness quickly crept in, conquering his body. Then, without him doing anything, his mind started fighting back the drowsiness. His brain went quiet for a moment, focusing all his attention in fighting the sleep. The next few seconds were confusing. After seemingly losing consciousness for a short while, Zhang Heng opened his eyes again. The first thing he saw was the ceiling of the bedroom.

Did it fail? Zhang Heng frowned. He didn't deliberately try to stay awake. It was his brain's natural reaction to combat the drowsiness. Gradually, Zhang Heng started to notice the changes around his atmosphere. Han Lu, Shen Xixi, and others were no longer there. He was the only one left in the bedroom. Since light was coming in from the window, it was already daytime.

Zhang Heng got up, walked to the bed, and glanced at the garden below. A man wearing Under Armour sportswear was jogging by the street. He ran past an older man walking a dog, and the two even said hello to each other.

Nothing looked out of the ordinary.

He then moved toward the dressing table, finding an open box containing foundation and mascara. Women of any age significantly cherished their cosmetics, and in the state they were in, it could only indicate that Han Lu must have left in a mighty hurry.

Why was she so hasty to leave? Could she have been startled? Was she perhaps, running from something?

Zhang Heng touched his pocket, quickly realizing that all his game items were gone, except for the watch on his right wrist. He proceeded to pick up the floor lamp from the corner and opened the door. It seemed like someone had cleaned up the place, where the once messy living room was spick and span. The odd thing about was the door was left ajar. A person of Han Lu's stature would never leave the door unlocked, much less having it unattended like that. Something was definitely not right.

Now

Zhang Heng was almost sure that he was now within the confines of Han Lu's dream. There was a problem, though. Shen Xixi and her team were now missing.

He instinctively pulled out his mobile phone and found that there was no signal. It meant there was no way of contacting Shen Xixi. Weighing his options, Zhang Heng hesitated and decided that he wouldn't just wait there. He still preferred to work alone, anyway. So, he wrote a note and stuck it on the door. If Shen Xixi and her teammates did come back, they would be notified of his presence.

After riding the elevator downstairs, he walked out of the complex. This was his first time entering the dreams of someone, and since nobody really knew the inner workings of the Dreamland of Death, Shen Xixi couldn't instruct anybody before they went to sleep. That said, since Han Lu was the first to sleep, she was evidently the one who should be found first.

Zhang Heng planned to check out Han Lu's office to see if she was there.

For now, the world in Han Lu's dreams almost matched reality one-for-one. Even minor details, such as the scratches on the elevator buttons and flowers on a lot that had been trampled over by kids, were all preserved. There was a chance that Han Lu herself, might not remember such minute details.

A fascinating anecdote went like this Every ordinary person absorbs massive quantities of information each day through their eyes, nose, and ears. Unfortunately, the human's memory is limited, and the brain chooses to receive only useful information. This however didn't mean that the useless information the brain filtered out would disappear completely. Instead, bits and pieces would be buried in the person's subconscious. It was just seeing a snake in the countryside when you were three years old. As you grew older, the incident's memory gave way to the "more important" things in your consciousness. Now, although the piece of memory seemed to have disappeared, it would, in fact, lurk quietly in the corner of the mind, untouched and literally, unremembered.

Some quarters attempted hypnosis and meditation to awaken this part of the memory that apparently no longer existed. There was an easier way to do it, though, and that was via a person's dreams. In a sense, dreams were like keys to unlock a mountain of treasure buried within the subconscious mind.

Zhang Heng plucked a flower from the flowerbed and placed it under his nose, and strangely, she smelt nothing. It must be because Han Lu had rhinitis since she was a child, and she rarely tried to smell flowers. This indicated that no matter how surreal the surroundings were, this place was, after all, a fragment of the dreamer's mind and not the real world.

Considering how Han Lu was most likely in some danger at this moment, Zhang Heng did not waste any time. He walked out of the community, reached out to hail a cab, and headed to the central business district where most of the office buildings were located.

Han Lu had leased an office in the most expensive area to welcome enthusiastic entrepreneurs who wished to work with her. She had a large professional team, each responsible for juggling legal issues, analyzing project feasibility, and taking over project management when necessary. Zhang Heng registered at the reception desk downstairs, and the receptionist politely informed him that Han Lu wasn't in right now. The young girl smiled sweetly. After all, she couldn't know if the ordinarily-dressed bald man she welcomed today would become a billionaire tomorrow. At the same time, he noticed that the girl's hands were hidden under the table, playing a mobile game.

This showed that Han Lu must have known about her receptionist's behavior at work.

Zhang Heng spent half a second feeling sorry for the receptionist. "So, any idea where Han Lu could be?"

The girl shook her head. "Sorry, I have no idea what Ms. Han's schedule is. Did you make an appointment in advance?"

Zhang Heng waved his mobile phone in front of her. "I have an urgent matter to discuss with her. But since my mobile phone has no signal, I cannot contact her."

The receptionist should be the same age as Zhang Heng. She relaxed a little and stuck her tongue out. "My phone has been out of signal too, for two hours, in fact! It's just so strange. Thanks to that, I didn't get to have breakfast. I don't have cash with me, and I attempted to win a rice ball at the convenience store. Yeah, I failed."

While the two were talking, the lights suddenly dimmed. Both in officewear, a man and a woman held their coffees as they curiously looked at something near the French window.

Zhang Heng walked over and saw that a vast cloud had now hidden the sun behind it.

"Is it going to rain?" asked the office guy.

"Ah, this is so annoying. Why does it always have to rain on the day I don't bring my umbrella?!" complained his colleague beside him.

"Don't worry. The rain won't last long. Besides, I can drive you home when we get off work."

"Ugh, elementary flirting. How cliché. I'm no fresh-grad, man," sneered the lady.

"Wow, we are sensitive, aren't we? I was just trying to help a colleague."

“I don’t care what your intentions are. Office romance is on top of Ms. Han’s hate-list. I’m more than satisfied with this job and current income. I still have two houses to pay for. You should try your advances on someone else.”

Chapter 470 Our City Does Not Face The Sea

Zhang Heng could easily break into Han Lu’s office to see if she was there or not. Nonetheless, he gave up on the thought. The girl at the front desk seemed to be telling the truth. Han Lu emphasized efficiency, and if she were to be here, the two employees wouldn’t have had the chance to be so relaxed, drinking coffee while admiring the clouds.

Zhang Heng wasn’t sure what the ramifications in the dream world would be if he disrupted these memories. In such unknown territory, it was best to remain cautious. So, resorting to the safest way, he returned to the front desk. “Are there any places that she usually goes to?”

When asked, the receptionist found herself in a tough spot. As a professional receptionist, she knew all too well that disclosing the boss’ whereabouts to a stranger was a definite no-no.

“About that...” she stuttered, not knowing if it was right to divulge any information.

What more, a large number of people loved to hate Han Lu. Not too long ago, a disgruntled entrepreneur who lost in an investment held a banner to protest at the entrance of the office. Rumor was that he even blocked Han Lu off at the parking lot, and after getting nabbed by the police, he unfortunately took his own life. The depressing incident had caused jitters among the company’s employees for some time.

Han Lu, on the other hand, was barely affected. The project proceeded in an orderly manner, and after the incident, she got all her employees to attend self-protection training courses, company-sponsored, of course. With that in mind, although the receptionist had a good impression of Zhang Heng, all she could do was show a helpless smile on her face.

Not wanting to cause unwanted changes to the dream world, Zhang Heng did not force the receptionist to divulge Han Lu’s whereabouts, simply thanking her and leaving the office complex after that.

Compared to the day’s good weather when he arrived at Han Lu’s company, the wind was now blowing a tad stronger. The parasols set up in front of Starbucks fluttered noisily with the drafting gusts, and women walking by the streets let out muffled screams as they held down to their miniskirts. Dark clouds had now completely blocked off the sun, and it now looked as if it was six or seven in the evening.

Although most people on the roadside felt that heavy rain was about to come, Zhang Heng sensed that it was a foretelling of something ominous. So far, the most bizarre thing in Han Lu’s dream was this formation of dark clouds.

Curious as it may seem, he didn’t think that the drastic change in weather had something to do with Han Lu. He soon came to realize, though, that time was running out. He felt lost, not knowing where he should go next or how he should proceed. After all, his understanding of Han Lu was limited. Other than her residence and company, he had no idea where else she would go to.

Zhang Heng stood there, pondering for half a minute. He stretched out his hand as a cab pulled by the sidewalk. The driver had a sharp, thin face, and his trousers were unzipped. He also noticed an adult

magazine lying on the seat beside him, its front cover featuring a rather racy image of a seductive woman.

Zhang Heng opened the rear door and sat in the passenger seat.

Now that he was in Han Lu's dream, he could feel everything she experienced and imagined. The taxi driver was no exception, where it was probably a fragment of her memory. This was especially true for minute details such as the driver's appearance and the license plate. It was hard to make up something like that.

Everything Zhang Heng experienced right now was how Han Lu once felt, including her perceptions and opinions toward a certain subject. For example, the taxi driver may not be a pervert, but since Zhang Heng saw and felt him through her eyes, he automatically had a bad impression toward him.

Having these things in mind, he more or less figured how he should find Han Lu. So far, his entire experience since he opened his eyes were the compilation of memories hidden deep within Han Lu's subconscious. There were clues strewn about everywhere. On one particular grey and stormy day, Han Lu did not drive her car for some reason. Instead, she got on a taxi after she left her office.

The driver looked at Zhang Heng as he got in the car, nodding in greeting. "Where to, brother?" he smirked.

"Hey bro, I need to ask you about someone," Zhang Heng asked instead.

"You're asking me about someone?" The driver paused, seemingly bewildered. "A man or a woman?"

"Woman."

"I know many women," the driver tapped his chest. "Want me to introduce you to some nice girls? Thai, Vietnamese... or Russian?"

"No, I'm just looking for a customer that entered your car."

Zhang Heng went on, describing Han Lu's appearance in detail to the driver.

The driver frowned and thought for a while, "I might or might not remember her. It's just been so long and, I can't possibly remember every lady I picked up. You know, I was given the nickname Seven Wonders when I was young. I could reach the top of the mountain seven times a night. Let me tell 'ya, I have seen all kinds of women. It's impossible you ask me to remember one."

"Oh, I don't think you have seen her type before. She is unique," smiled Zhang Heng as he took out his wallet, withdrawing 500 yuan from it. "...tell me where she went, and this is all yours."

The moment he saw the money in Zhang Heng's hand, the driver became excited. He patted his head and chuckled delightfully. "Oh, hoho, I finally remember her now! Sure! I'll take you to her."

The driver clicked on the meter and stepped on the gas as Zhang Heng buckled his seat belt. Half an hour later, Zhang Heng frowned and asked, "Where are you bringing me?"

"We are going to the airport. Didn't you ask me to take you to where she went?" the driver replied with a smile.

Zhang Heng was speechless. Since Han Lu was heading to the airport, there was a good chance she wouldn't drive there, hence the cab. It also meant that whatever he was doing now was meaningless.

"Pull to the side." Zhang Heng unfastened his seat belt. He planned to hop on to another taxi to try his luck. Suddenly, the car in front of them stopped abruptly, prompting the driver to slam his foot on the brake.

"No way! Isn't it past the morning peak hours? What's with the jam?!" he muttered under his breath. "God damn useless urban planners, eh? I don't see the road conditions getting any better." Zhang Heng did not respond to him. Instead, his attention was fixed on the people who came out of the car in front of him. They began climbing on their car's roof.

"What the hell is wrong with these people? Aren't they going to move their cars?" The taxi driver vented his dissatisfaction by blowing the horn, but the very next moment, he saw Zhang Heng opening the door and walking out. Suddenly, the road was swarming with people, and the situation ahead became unclear.

To get a better view, Zhang Heng stepped on the roof of the taxi, and that was when he saw the most magical scene in his life.

At the end of the road in the distance, what appeared to be a massive white wall was sweeping toward his direction, overturning and uprooting trees that were along its path. Everyone at the front began to flee in panic while those at the back of the queue still wondered what was going on.

"Why did you climb on my car?!" the taxi driver got out of the car and screamed in a fury,

"Leave your car behind," said Zhang Heng. "A tsunami is coming. Run for your life!"

"Are you trying to be funny? Our city doesn't face the sea... Hey, now you have to pay me for standing on my car!"

Zhang Heng ignored him. Although the tsunami seemed to be far away, the massive tidal wave could reach a blinding speed of 700-800 kilometers per hour, fast enough to catch up with a modern jetliner. Every single second from now was precious. It was impossible to leave by car since they were locked in a traffic jam that wasn't going away. It was unrealistic to turn around, as well. Even if he started running as fast as possible, it was nearly impossible to outrun the speeding tsunami.

So, Zhang Heng quickly looked around to find a high place.