

48 Hours 981

Chapter 981: Second Level

Zhang Heng did not leave immediately after obtaining the location and time of the transaction and declined the transportation and lounge Mr. G provided. Instead, he found himself a small hotel to complete his transformation.

When he left the hotel, his appearance had changed considerably. He had turned into this shaggy busker with a bowler hat and a huge guitar case on his back.

He put the metal bottle and the game items he might need later inside the huge guitar case, but he could not carry his Pestilence Bone Bow and Paris Arrow due to its limitations. Other than that, Zhang Heng also rented a pug from a pet shop to follow him around.

Now, he looked exactly like the vagrant singer at squares and stations. The most amazing part was that not only had his appearance changed, but he had also undergone a massive temperament adjustment.

Zhang Heng learned his makeup skill from the Deductive Reasoning quest, which improved dramatically after he combined it with the assassin and camouflage skill he learned from the Roman dungeon. Although he did not increase the skill to Lv3, his current transformation was almost flawless.

After that, Zhang Heng and the dog quietly blended into the crowd.

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Zhang Heng arrived at the second level at 5:42 pm.

There was still an hour and three minutes before the trade was slated to take place.

The location was somewhat different from what he imagined. When he arrived at the central shuttle station on the second level, he realized that the place was nothing out of the ordinary. There was no increase in the number of security guards at the station, and they didn't check the passengers as well. Instead, most of the guards strolled lazily in the waiting hall, chatting about last night's drinking game last night and eyeballed attractive female passengers that passed by them.

Although Mr. G repeatedly emphasized the strength of the emergency response team before Zhang Heng departed, there were only ten of them. Moreover, without knowing the transaction details, it was impossible for them to spot Zhang Heng. Hence, they would need the assistance of peripheral personnel.

With Shengtang Morgan's power in New Shanghai 0297, the city's armed forces could be quickly mobilized with the help of the government agencies. The armed forces were also the most powerful force in the entire second level. However, what surprised Zhang Heng was that the zero emergency response team didn't make use of them.

This might not necessarily come as good news considering they might have other means to identify the courier. It also appeared that they had a lot of confidence in their means.

If Mr. G was the uncrowned king of the first level, Zhang Heng's opponent this time owned the entire New Shanghai 0297. So, not only did they have the trump card up their sleeve, but they also had unlimited resources courtesy of Shengtang Morgan.

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This was why Zhang Heng had to be extremely cautious.

As soon as he exited the station, he turned off his bracelet and put on a signal jammer on it. He had asked Miss F about the feasibility of removing the tracking device without going through the surgery but by using a signal jammer instead. Unfortunately, according to Miss F, an awakened clone had thought of this method before. So, the manufacturer included a self-fusion function in the tracking device.

Once the transmission signal was blocked for more than eight hours, the tracking device would automatically melt down, causing severe and irreversible damage to the cerebral cortex. Therefore, Zhang Heng's idea of blocking the tracking device's signal was no longer viable.

But the good news was that the signal blocker could indeed make him untraceable for a short amount of time. Thus, eight hours should be more than enough to complete the transaction and return to the first level.

Zhang Heng had checked out the location of the Singularity Bar when he was on the shuttle. It was quite a distance from the station, but Zhang Heng didn't choose to take a taxi there. That was because it did not match his current identity as a street performer. Fortunately, there was plenty of time left, so he decided to walk to his destination with his pug. And at the same time, he could also find out if he was being followed.

This was the peak time for the people to get off work; hence many people were walking around. The streets bustled with activity.

The second level was probably the most overlooked level in the entire New Shanghai 0297. The elite white-collar employees on the third level were nowhere to be seen, and it wasn't as luxurious and mysterious as the fourth and fifth either. Public security here, however, wasn't as bad as the first level.

Most residents living on the second level were blue-collar. In 2077, very few blue-collar engaged in repetitive manual labor. Most of them were technicians, each possessing a specific set of skills that would help them excel in their workstations. However, once they left the companies, it would be hard for them to survive in society.

Just like this high division of labor in production, each individual was a trivial cog. Only when combined would they be transformed into a highly efficient machine. Hard work and compliance were probably the second-level residents' most notable trademarks.

Xu Qian also lived at the second level for a while when she started to work as a streamer. According to her, this was an incredibly dull place. The people here did not understand the value of entertainment. All they knew was work, which made them no different than robots.

However, this was clearly an inaccurate statement. Once its residents got off work, the second level roared to life. Crowds in work attire fervently discussed their next destination to relax after work. Many fancied dining at the first level because the food there was cheaper. Second-level residents also made it

a point to know the prices at different places, enabling them to find the most cost-effective route for their strained pockets. Such was an essential skill for all second-level residents.

There was an old saying in New Shanghai 0297: If you want to know which store sells the lowest-priced, highest-quality items, just look for a second-level resident.

Other than the young guns who were eager for dinner, singing, and playing games together, many married middle-aged individuals traversed the streets as well. Seemingly more mature and stable, most of them would rush home after work. Some even bought small gifts for their daughters and sons.

After walking for some distance, Zhang Heng did not see anyone following him. As for the emergency response team, he spotted not a single one. The latter seemed completely unaware that the courier had reached the second level. However, Zhang Heng never thought this was all his enemy was capable of.

Earlier, when he accompanied Old Man Geng to meet with Mr. G, mobsters ambushed him shortly after leaving the cinema. And they were at Mr. G's turf. With the level of intelligence displayed by the other party, it would make no sense that they knew nothing about the deal.

Since he did not know the enemies' plan, Zhang Heng had no other option but to follow the plan and head to the rendezvous point.

Chapter 982: Feng Zi

The Singularity Bar was located in an alley behind a large appliance repair shop.

It was originally a small fan club organized by a group of football-loving workers from the repair shop. However, more and more people joined the club afterward, so it was transformed into a bar opened to the public. Later, due to the overflowing guests, the bar's owner had to rent the two nearby shops to expand the bar. And finally, it became the bar Zhang Heng visited today. Other than the workers from the factory, some non-football fans visited this bar from time to time.

The interior and design of this bar, however, made it a typical football-fan bar.

Its founders hardcore Pandaren fans, the bar's walls were covered with Pandaren football stars, including current and retired players. There were pictures of their favorite football players who scored their goals. Other than that, the bar would also sell some Pandaren merchandise, including the team T-shirts and keychains. The names of the dishes in the restaurant were inspired by the common words used by the Pandaren fans. Any Pandaren fan would instantly feel at home the moment they stepped into the bar.

And whenever there was a Pandaren game, the bar would go through its busiest time. The bar owner would use a large projector to broadcast the game. Zhang Heng came to the bar at 6:16, which happened to coincide with the football match today.

Tonight, the flow of people in the bar was three times as usual. Almost every corner was crowded. Those that came late would not be able to get a seat, and those that came earlier had no intention to leave as well. Zhang Heng looked around and estimated that there must be at least two to three hundred people in the bar now. It was not easy to find the trader among so many people, especially because he knew nothing about the trader other than the tattoo on the lower abdomen.

Since there were so many people in the bar, Zhang Heng had to squat down and lift the pug from the ground. As soon as he got up, a guy dressed as a bartender walked towards him. The latter did not speak but pointed at the door. The sign said no pets were allowed inside the bar.

Before Zhang Heng could speak, he heard someone talking, "Forget it, Xiao Wu. They are also fans of the Pandaren. They came all the way here to watch the game."

"You guys know each other?" Xiao Wu asked the person that talked to him.

The latter nodded, "I have seen him a few times."

Xiao Wu did not say a word after that. He turned around to deal with a table of drinkers who just ordered the snacks.

After Xiao Wu left, Zhang Heng said to the person who helped him earlier, "Thank you."

It was a tall woman with ear-length hair, and she had no makeup on her face. However, the foundation on her face was good enough for her. Her skin did look a little rough. Zhang Heng also noticed that there was grease on her hands like most men in the bar. At the same time, a set of wrenches hung on her waist, clinking as she walked along.

"You're welcome." The short-haired woman raised the wine glass in her hand.

"But have we met somewhere before?" Zhang Heng asked afterward.

"Of course not. I'm just using this method to strike up a conversation with you," the short-haired woman said and threw a brooch to Zhang Heng, "This is the Pandaren team logo. Put it on. If not, that depressed-looking waiter is going to kick you out later."

Zhang Heng then took the brooch and pinned it to his chest.

"This place might not allow their customers to bring pets or smoke. However, as long as you are a die-hard Pandaren fan, they will treat you closer than their blood-related brothers. After that, they would forget about all the rules and regulations." The short-haired woman then yelled, "Pandaren must win!"

When the crowd heard her yelling, everyone suddenly put a pause to what they were doing. After that, a group of drinkers and bartenders shouted together, "The Pandaren must win! The Pandaren must win!" After they shouted, everyone began to sing the Pandaren team song "We are Pandaren" in the bar.

"A bunch of idiots. Men will never grow up." The short-haired woman raised her glass and drank all the beer in the glass.

She then burped and then pushed the glass to the bartender, "fill it up, and give this handsome young man that looks like a poet a glass of beer too."

The bartender raised his eyebrows when he heard what she said. He then picked up an empty glass from the table, filled it up with stout, and handed it to Zhang Heng. "Be careful, buddy. Not everyone can handle this woman."

“Oh, so cute. Are you feeling jealous because I didn’t like you?” The short-haired woman took the glass of beer before Zhang Heng and drank half of it before handing it to Zhang Heng, “Feng Zi .”

“Huh?” The noise around them was getting louder because the boss had just turned on the projector. And the two announcers on the screen were introducing the teams.

“Feng Zi. Feng means the peak of a mountain. People around me sometimes call me a lunatic.” Feng Zi approached Zhang Heng’s ear and said.

“Oh, I’m Simon.” Zhang Heng took the beer glass from the lady.

Feng Zi raised her eyebrows, “What kind of name is that? Is that your stage name? Feng Zi is my real name. My full name is Xia Fengzi. But it doesn’t matter. Why are you here, Simon? You are clearly not a Pandaren fan.”

“Just tired of walking, and I want to find a place to have a drink.”

“Huh,” Feng Zi looked at Zhang Heng with a faint smile.

“What’s happening?”

“Nothing.” Feng Zi had no intention to continue to talk. She then grabbed the glass that was refilled with beer from the bartender. The latter warned, “Hold your horses, sister. The game hasn’t even started yet.”

“Nosy, I don’t drink for the game.” Feng Zi looked like she was in a good mood. She then casually hummed a short tune.

Since Zhang Heng was so close to her, he heard a few intermittent lyrics. It was an English song, and it sounded like a song that one would sing during hunting. Basically, the song talked about the prey falling into the hunter’s trap, and it also talked about the good harvest. It amused Zhang Heng greatly.

The bartender on the other side looked at Zhang Heng with an aggressive look, and then deliberately asked loudly, “Sister Feng Zi, what about the college student that you met before? You said that he is as meek as a little sheep. Are you still together with him?”

“I broke up with him a long time ago,” Feng Zi waved her hand. “We drank all night that night, and we woke up in the same bed the next morning. I didn’t say a word about it. And he started to cover his face and cry, saying that he had disappointed his girlfriend. What a sissy. He’s an eyesore to me.” Finally, Feng Zi seemed to have thought of something and glared at the bartender. “Mind your own business. Don’t you have better things to do?” she growled.

“Yes. Yes,” The bartender quickly turned around and went to serve other customers.

After that, Feng Zi glanced at Zhang Heng next to him and raised his glass, “Come on, let’s drink. Bottoms up. I have drunk half of it earlier. You should be able to handle the rest of it.”

“Hmm.” Zhang Heng raised the beer glass in his hand and said, “Cheers.”

Chapter 983: Small Excitement

Feng Zi said nothing when Zhang Heng showed up. The first thing she did was make him drink two pints of beer. Fortunately, Zhang Heng was used to chugging rum when he was in the Black Sail dungeon. It was mainly because of the lack of clean water on the ship after spending a long time at sea. Rum was alcohol, after all, and it could be stored longer in the barrel. Drinking two pints of beer would not affect Zhang Heng.

Despite his high tolerance, Zhang Heng did not forget that he was still in a dangerous situation and that there was a mission that needed to be completed. Still oblivious to the exact location of the emergency response team, Zhang Heng did not continue drinking after the two pints.

Feng Zi frowned, looking very disappointed.

“You are not as poetic as you seem.”

“Why do you say that?”

“A long time ago, I met a street singer like you. He was an extremely good drinker. Have you ever seen a buffalo drinking water? I personally haven’t, but I think a buffalo drinks water like how he drank his beer. It was as if he put his head into the barrel and drank as much as he could. Then, as he got tipsy, he started bemoaning loudly, telling me about his first love. Afterward, he played a song he wrote her. That scene... was really poetic.”

“If you want to listen to me talk about my first love, I am afraid you will be disappointed,” Zhang Heng said.

“Why?” Feng Zi asked, “Don’t you have a first love?”

“That’s not the case.”

“Tsk tsk... I see. You are the kind who buries all your stories in your heart, right? I have time. As long as one has had enough alcohol, I believe he’d open up eventually .”

Feng Zi placed another pint of beer in front of Zhang Heng. “Come on, let’s continue.”

However, Zhang Heng did not reach out to grab the beer. Instead, he looked at the Pandaren team championship clock on the wall.

The time now was 6:26. In less than twenty minutes, he was supposed to carry out the transaction with the seller. However, Zhang Heng did not even know who the seller was. Moreover, after the match started, most people in the bar were focused on the game. Therefore, spotting the seller through observation would be extremely difficult.

It seemed Feng Zi was determined to sleep with Zhang Heng tonight. She crept up real close to him and said, “If you don’t want to talk about your first love, we can talk about something else. What’s your dog’s name?”

Zhang Heng made up a name casually.

“Wednesday.”

“Ha! Now, that’s quite unique.”

Feng Zi scratched the pug's chin. She then started to call it Wednesday repeatedly, but it did not respond. It was as if the pug had Alzheimer's.

Feng Zi teased the dog for a while and quickly turned her attention to Zhang Heng. She fanned her face with her hand and asked him. "Aren't you feeling hot? I don't know why, but I am feeling a little hot now."

At the same time, the pundit's voice suddenly turned high-pitched.

"...Guo Song! No. 11 Guo Song has broken into the penalty area with the ball! A quick dodge and Baker fails to get to him. Facing veteran Gaboudia, Guo Song chooses not to go for a breakthrough, but he immediately passes the ball back to Ma Liang. Ma Liang doesn't stop the ball, resorting for a long shot! Oh, what a pity! The ball hits the goalpost... But! It's not over yet. The ball bounces back to Guo Song... Guo Song's not hesitating... he raises his foot to kick the ball! Aaaaand.... the goalkeeper fails to recover!!! Goal! Goal! Less than eight minutes into the game, Pandaren has scored their first goal!"

The fans who had been biting their teeth in bated breath erupted in a mighty cheer the moment Pandaran scored their first goal. The entire Singularity Bar transformed into a sea of joy.

Zhang Heng's eyes suddenly lit up. Instantly, he planted a kiss on Feng Zi's face and said, "Thank you."

"Thank you? What are you thanking for? Haven't you already thanked me for buying you a drink? And you should know what I really want. That kiss wasn't all that bad." Feng Zi touched her cheek and broke out a silly smile.

"If you want to sleep with me, then wait until I return. I have some unfinished business."

Zhang Heng did not wait for Fengzi to answer, but he smashed the beer glass in his hand on the ground.

When the glass shattered, everyone almost unanimously turned their attention to Zhang Heng.

The bar owner was about to say something, but Zhang Heng suddenly jumped onto the bar and tore off his shirt. After that, he raised his hand and shouted, "Victory belongs to Pandaran!!!"

The first person that reacted to Zhang Heng's silly stunt was Feng Zi. She was probably the only person in the bar who knew his secrets. She felt a little strange when she saw what he did, not sure as to why Simon, a non-Pandaren fan, would suddenly turn into a team die-hard fan. That said, she was no a fool. She knew Simon pulled such a stunt for a reason.

Feng Zi suddenly took off her coat and threw it aside. She then jumped onto the bar counter and shouted with Zhang Heng, "Pandaren must win!!!"

With Zhang Heng taking the lead and Feng Zi following suit, the whole bar ignited with joy. The crowd rushed to jump on the table, took off their coats as well, and shouted Pandaren's victory slogan with Zhang Heng.

At the same time, Zhang Heng took the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to take a good look at the bellies of the crowd, trying to spot anyone with Apollo tattoos. He then lowered his voice and said sincerely to Feng Zi, "Thank you, you helped me again."

"No big deal."

Feng Zi raised her eyebrows, not bothering for a second the lewd gazes of the men. Instead, she licked her lips and said to Zhang Heng, "Remember your promise to sleep with me."

"..."

Although the Singularity Bar had completely broken into pandemonium after Pandaren's score, Zhang Heng still managed to employ his excellent observation ability and take a good look at everyone in the shortest possible time.

Now, although he didn't spot anyone with Apollo tattoos, this didn't mean what he just did was meaningless. On the contrary, it helped eliminate a large number of people, enabling Zhang Heng to focus on a few suspicious targets.

But before Zhang Heng had time to walk over, he saw the bar owner, a middle-aged man with gloomy eyes approaching him.

Zhang Heng initially thought that the bar owner would reprimand him for breaking the glass, jumping the bar, and causing the insanity. However, the middle-aged man stopped five meters away from him and nodded solemnly. He then tore off his shirt, revealing a tattoo of Pandaren's crest on his chest and the top ten players of the Pandaren team. Then, without warning, he broke into a roar, jumping onto the side of the table at the same time.

Feng Zi smiled and said, "See? I told you. From the owner to the bar's patrons, they are just a group of kids. As long as you support Pandaren, you are considered their brother from a different mother."

"I feel this brotherhood now," Zhang Heng said.

"..."

Chapter 984: The People You Look For

Less than eight minutes into the game, Pandaren scored a goal, plunging the entire Singularity Bar into a sea of jubilation. Zhang Heng took advantage of the fans' enthusiasm, causing most of the men in the bar to take off their shirts. Finally, he managed to lock onto three suspected targets.

Ranked highest to lowest possibility, there was; first, an office worker wearing a white shirt, drinking alone. His briefcase was between his back and the chair, and although he was relaxing in the bar, he seemed particularly concerned about the briefcase. With his back upright, he leaned as close as he could on the chair, ensuring no one would slip away with his bag away while he was drinking.

Then, there was this young woman in a red dress who sat in the corner. Bringing nothing with her, all she did was order a glass of juice, and she looked to be waiting for someone. During this time, several men attempted to chat her up, but she rejected them all.

As for the final suspect—an old man looking to be about 70 years old. He was also the oldest person in the whole bar. Dressed like an intellectual, he had been glancing around since he stepped into the bar. He was one of the few not paying attention to the ongoing match.

"Are you serious?" Feng Zi followed Zhang Heng's gaze. "You're more interested in an old man than me?"

“I said, I have some business to attend to first.”

Zhang Heng put down his beer glass.

“What’s the business? Are you planning to drag the poor old man out of the bar, all the way to where there is no one, and rob all of his belongings?”

“Something like that,” Zhang Heng replied.

After a pause, Feng Zi suddenly put on an over-the-top expression and let out an incredulous laugh.

“Aren’t you afraid? If you invite me to your home for the night, I might do the same to you,” Zhang Heng said.

“Hmm, that’s it? After thinking on it for so long, you’ve only managed to come up with the worst excuse for me to give up sleeping with you? I think you should just stop dreaming.”

Feng Zi put her thigh on Zhang Heng’s legs. She then stretched out her hands and stroked the latter’s chest, “Why do you think I come to this bar every night? Am I really here to look for someone to settle my physical needs? I have a pair of hands with me. What I am looking for is an adventure; an adventure that allows me to forget the smell of motor oil on my body and my mundane life. Can you give it to me?”

“If you are here to take risks tonight, then you might have come to the right place,” Zhang Heng said.

“Do me a favor. Can you find a way to get the man in the white shirt over there to take off his shirt in ten minutes?”

“What is this? Is it a test?”

“Perhaps.”

“Wow... It’s really not easy to sleep with you. I’m like a knight who wants to marry a princess. And now I’m going through layers of tests,” Feng Zi bit her lip and smirked. “But I’m willing to accept your challenge because it’s a piece of cake.”

Feng Zi put on her coat again and walked towards the office man with her beer glass. The two spoke for a while, but the office man shook his head. Feng Zi wasn’t angry but she then said something to the other men around her. After that, everyone started to cheer for him, and finally, the office man had to take off his shirt under peer pressure. After that, the two began to play the drinking game. Zhang Heng had witnessed Feng Zi’s alcohol tolerance, and even if she were placed among men, she could easily outdrink most. But at the end of the first round, she lost to the office man and took off her shoes.

Zhang Heng stopped looking at them afterward. He knew that Feng Zi could easily beat the office man. She lost the first game on purpose because she wanted to control the game’s flow, lower the opponent’s guard, and give her opponent false hope that he could win the game. Zhang Heng then focused on the old man on the other side.

He did not follow the order and check on the young woman in the red dress first because the next thing he was about to do did not apply to females. Zhang Heng moved behind the old man and waited patiently until a bartender passed by before he stretched his leg to trip the bartender.

The bartender lost his balance, spilling all the drinks on the tray onto the old man. Capitalizing on the chaos, Zhang Heng quietly left where he stood. By the time the bartender realized what happened, he had lost sight of the person that tripped him. On the other hand, the three glasses of beer had completely soaked the old man's shirt.

At that time, the bartender wasn't bothered to look for the culprit. The first thing that he did was to apologize to the old man quickly. The old man had a cool temper, and he did not blame the bartender for what happened to him, comforting the latter instead. It looked like he could not stay in the bar anymore. So, he grabbed the towel from the bartender, wiped his clothes, and left the bar.

Although Zhang Heng could not see his lower abdomen, the fact that he was leaving the bar meant that he was not the seller.

On the other hand, the battle between Feng Zi and the office man had already entered a white-hot stage. Judging from the clothes they had on them, it was apparent who the winner was.

Although Zhang Heng had seen the office man's lower abdomen, Feng Zi had no intention of stopping the drinking game. It seemed she had gotten very excited, determined to make the office man take off every single piece of his cloth on his body.

Zhang Heng did not want to interrupt her. He had caught a glimpse of the office worker's lower abdomen, and there was no Apollo tattoo on him. So far, two out of the three targets were eliminated. In other words, there was only one target left for him to check on.

Now that there were only less than five minutes left before the start of the transaction, Zhang Heng walked up to the woman in the red dress.

Before he started to talk, the latter said, "I know what you want to say, but I have already had a date tonight. So if you can let me be here alone, I will be very grateful..."

However, Zhang Heng did not leave her alone like other men. Instead, he pulled out the chair and sat down. The woman in the red dress shook her head, "Why bother? Doesn't the lady over there like you very much? I saw she getting very close to you. You know she's going to eat you up tonight. So why not go and look for her?"

"Because she is not the person I am looking for tonight," Zhang Heng replied.

"And what makes you think that I am the person you are looking for?" the woman in the red dress asked.

"It's up to you to tell me." Zhang Heng said, "You said you are waiting for someone. When is your appointment time?"

"Why should I answer your question?" The red dress woman frowned.

"Because I want to know how long I can sit here. That's not too much of a request, is it?" Zhang Heng said.

"The person is coming soon."

The woman in the red dress crossed her arms.

After that, her gaze also fell on the Pandaren team's championship clock, and the hands finally pointed at 6:45.

Chapter 985: Red

The woman in the red skirt retracted her gaze and looked at Zhang Heng. "Have you found the person you were looking for?"

Zhang Heng did not answer, asking instead, "What about you? Have you met the person you've been waiting for?"

In the end, it was the red skirt woman who surrendered first. She gave up going around in circles and went straight to the point.

"So you are the courier?"

Zhang Heng nodded.

"Are you the one supposed to trade with me?"

"Yes. You can call me Red," replied the woman in the red skirt. Afterward, she seemed to know what Zhang Heng was thinking. So, she added, "I am not a seller. Just like you, I'm just a courier."

"Simon." Zhang Heng stretched out his hand and shook Red's hand. Red wasted no time and cut to the chase.

"Did you bring the payment, Simon?"

"I brought it, but I don't see you carrying anything," Zhang Heng said.

"Don't worry. The thing is not on me right now. You know Shengtang Morgan is trying to intercept this transaction, and I have to be more cautious," Red said. "Hand me the payment first. After I check on it, I will bring you to get the item you want."

However, after she finished talking, she realized that Zhang Heng wasn't budging.

"This is not what we agreed on."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I was told before I set off that I should pay and receive the goods at the same time," Zhang Heng said.

"Don't be silly, Simon. The content of the transaction has already been negotiated. We are just couriers. Don't make a fool of yourself. Hand me the 1 gram of antimatter, and I will take you to get the goods. After that, we can call it a day and go home. We can all complete our own work."

"I don't know your trading style, but we, couriers, should stick by the agreement. Only by doing that, will we be able to proceed smoothly."

Zhang Heng remained unmoved.

Since Red could do nothing about Zhang Heng's stand, she took a deep breath and finally gave in. "Well, I respect your professional ethics. Let's go to the place where the goods are. Once we get there, I will check the antimatter. Are you happy with that?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Let's not wait any longer," Red said as she stood up from her seat. Zhang Heng, who was sitting opposite of her, however, reminded her about something.

"You forget one thing."

Red was surprised.

"What thing?" she asked.

"Let me see the tattoo on your lower abdomen."

"Really? Here?"

Red raised her eyebrows.

"You got a problem with that?"

"Of course. Can't you see that I'm wearing a dress?" Red snapped coldly.

"Oh, if you find it inconvenient, we can go to the toilet together."

"Even if I have no problem with it, aren't you worried your girlfriend will get jealous of us?" Red then looked at Feng Zi.

Having already won the drinking game, the latter left the office worker in only his underwear. However, when she turned her head and looked at Zhang Heng, the joy of winning suddenly disappeared. She looked disappointed. While she was putting on her socks, she looked at Red with a hostile stare. It seemed like she was going to question her after she put her clothes on.

"She is not my girlfriend." Zhang Heng said, "Besides, my relationships are not your concern."

Red seemed to be caught in a dilemma. Finally, after a long while, she gritted her teeth and pulled down the zipper on her back, and pulled the dress to his waist, exposing the Apollo tattoo on her lower abdomen.

"Are you happy now?" she growled, her tone icy.

Her bold move had garnered the whistles and wolf calls of many men. No one in the bar expected how exciting things would get tonight. Earlier, Feng Zi had just allowed the men to feast their eyes on her body. And now, they received another big gift.

As the pioneer for showing the men a good time, Feng Zi was irritated when she saw what Red did. She thought Red was taunting her. Unbothered about her undone shoelaces, she rushed over to Red with long strides.

However, Zhang Heng, who was in the center of the conflict, appeared calm. He stared at the Red's tattoo for two seconds and said, "Okay, I've finished reading it. It seems like the zero emergency response team is no threat to me."

"What did you just say?" Red's pupils shrank suddenly.

"I heard that you are all elites selected from tens of thousands of clones. Their body proportions are supposed to be perfect. And they are not supposed to have extra fat on them."

"Just because of my great figure, and you suspect that I am from the emergency response team?" Red sneered.

"Of course not. I noticed you a long time ago. You sat at one of the few spots in the bar that's out of sight of the snipers. I know that you have a lot of counter-sniper experience in your memory. So choosing this spot upon entering the bar has become your instinctive reaction."

Red's face changed slightly upon Zhang Heng's deduction, never expecting her excellent instincts for risk aversion would actually expose her identity.

Zhang Heng continued, "You have been keeping an eye on me for some time, right? YOU might've thought you were stealthy, but I still noticed you observing me. I actually tripped the bartender earlier to see your reaction. No doubt, you've noticed it too. However, you didn't mention it once I sat opposite you. Is it because you didn't want me to find out about your outstanding observation ability? At the same time, you put on an act that you were annoyed by me so I'd underestimate you, right?"

"You have a wonderful imagination; I can't help but applaud you."

Red regained her calm after a brief gaffe.

"Unfortunately, the tattoo on my lower abdomen proves that you are delusional. "

"Are you serious about that tattoo?" Zhang Heng asked rhetorically, "You really think I can't tell whether your tattoo has been pierced or is simply a temporary print?"

Red's look finally changed this time. She then pulled out a pocket pistol from her inner thigh at an incredible speed and aimed at Zhang Heng's chest. The entire series of moves was done in one go. At this time, the bar's patrons were still applauding her unrestrained behavior. Only a few realized that soon, there would be bloodshed.

Unfortunately for Red, her opponent was not an ordinary person. Just as she drew her gun, Zhang Heng had also moved and grabbed a knife on the table. As Red was raising her gun to aim at him, she saw a flash of light. Before she could pull the trigger, Zhang Heng had pinned her hand to the table with the knife.

Red growled while enduring the red-hot pain pulsating in her hand. But the next moment, a fierce look flashed across her eyes. She pulled up the knife and slashed at Zhang Heng's throat with it.

"It's unwise, using a knife to fight me!" Zhang Heng jerked to the side, escaping the lethal strike. His body landed at the seat next to him. Immediately, he grabbed a steak knife from the table.

Chapter 986: Knife vs Knife

Red forced Zhang Heng back with a knife, but she did not follow up afterward. Instead, she threw away the knife in her hand. Her goal was obvious. Wanting to end the battle with the pocket pistol on the table, she threw the knife at Zhang Heng to buy her more time.

However, if one underestimated the power of that throw, the person would have to pay a painful price.

In fact, every single member of the emergency response team, starting with the number zero, was a true all-rounder. With a skillful throwing technique, the knife was sent flying at Zhang Heng's heart. It was fast and accurate, and they weren't very far apart from each other either. If Zhang Heng failed to dodge the knife, he could die here.

Red was very confident in her throwing skills. However, she also believed that even if Zhang Heng could dodge the knife, he definitely wouldn't stop her from taking the gun.

The expression on her face, however, froze the next moment.

Zhang Heng did not slow down at all, the steak knife in his hand fluttering and revolving at his fingertips like performing magic. He then caught the flying knife midair.

Red stared on with bulging eyes. Highly confident in her throwing skills, almost every known sword skill was programmed into her memory, more than sufficient to help her cope with whatever situation fate threw her way. However, when she looked through her memory, she could not find Zhang Heng's knifeplay method.

In fact, the moment Zhang Heng started to play with the knife, she had failed to identify the skill that Zhang Heng was using. Red's instincts shot her neurons with a strong sense of crisis. Reacting almost instantly, she gave up picking the pistol on the table because the plan to block Zhang Heng had failed. In this short half-second, she figured she couldn't pull the trigger before Zhang Heng approached her.

So, Red made a decisive decision to kick over the table in front of her. After that, she held on to her injured hand and plunged into the crowd beside her.

And it was not until then that the onlookers in the bar realized what had happened.

They did not expect that the scene that looked like a young couple arguing with each other would eventually turn into something so bloody.

The moment Red took out the pocket pistol from her thigh, the situation went completely out of control. After Zhang Heng pinned Red's hand to the table with a knife, Red pulled out the knife to throw at Zhang Heng. The entire bar had plunged into chaos. None of them knew who they should help.

However, Red, as a female, still had the advantage at this time. After all, Singularity was mostly a male-dominated bar. When men didn't have a clear idea of what was going on, they'd usually take the women's side. There were several strong men prepared to pin Zhang Heng on the ground.

Feng Zi was taken aback, and the sorrow on her face had disappeared. Not only did she show no fear, but she looked rather happy. This time, she got even more excited when she looked at Zhang Heng.

Since there were too many people in front of her, she took a lot of time to squeeze through the crowd. Fortunately, after all that, she finally managed to get closer to Zhang Heng. Just as she was about to

open her mouth to say something, she realized that she had lost track of Zhang Heng, and he was nowhere to be seen.

Feng Zi rubbed her eyes hard and took a good look at her surroundings again. Zhang Heng had indeed disappeared right in front of her. Just like her, the few drunkards who were prepared to pin Zhang Heng down were left baffled too. Everyone was looking around, trying to spot Zhang Heng.

Suddenly, Feng Zi's heart tightened. She was worried that Zhang Heng would take the opportunity to leave the bar at this time. Tonight, she finally found the kind of adventure that she dreamed of, and her woman's intuition told her that Zhang Heng was a man with many stories to tell. The last thing she wanted was to let go of him so easily.

Feng Zi had no idea that when she looked around anxiously, trying to find Zhang Heng, a figure quietly approached her from behind.

As soon as Red rushed into the crowd, she took off her wig and stuck a paper-thin mask on her face. Of course, such a disposable mask would be useless upon closer inspection, but it proved extremely useful in such a chaotic environment.

After that, Red took off her red dress and wore it inside out. The red dress had now become a black dress, allowing her to blend into the crowd completely. After doing all that, she tore off the corner of her dress and wrapped it around the wound on her right hand to stop the bleeding. Finally, she let out a sigh of relief.

Strictly speaking, Red didn't engage in close-quarters combat with Zhang Heng. As a member of the zero emergency response team, Red had a considerably potent close-quarters combat skill, typically resorting to this method in such a situation. However, after she witnessed Zhang Heng's swordsmanship, she had to admit that her confidence was shaken.

This was also her first time fleeing her opponent, even before the fight began. Although she felt that Zhang Heng's swordsmanship was far more superior than hers, it didn't mean she was afraid of him. It was because Red could use more than just one type of weapon.

Since she could not defeat Zhang Heng at close quarters, she would be better off changing combat methods.

Such was the forte of the emergency response team. Each was equipped with dozens of combat skills, allowing them to deal with all situations with relative ease. Then, a chaotic bar situation was undoubtedly the most suitable place for a killer to execute their task.

After a deep breath, Red had already switched herself into killer mode. However, she also realized that she had lost track of Zhang Heng. Just like her, Zhang Heng also took advantage of the crowd to hide.

Despite all that, Red was in no rush. She had a way to force Zhang Heng to show up.

Red then quietly walked behind Feng Zi.

To draw their targets out, most killers usually set up a decoy. Thus, Red now intended to turn Feng Zi into her decoy. Although she wasn't sure what relationship Zhang Heng and Feng Zi shared, the two

obviously knew each other. Hence, it meant Zhang Heng would definitely care about Feng Zi's life and death.

It was more than enough for Red. She had already grabbed a table knife when she passed by a table. As Red crept closer, she planned to stab Feng Zi's belly with the table knife. The specific spot that she wanted to stab was the upper left side of the abdominal cavity. If it went well, the knife should rupture the spleen and cause hemorrhage.

At that time, Feng Zi would cry for help and lose consciousness for a short time. She believed that as long as Zhang Heng was still in the bar, such an incident would definitely attract his attention. By that time, Red would've figured out Zhang Heng's position.

In such a short time, Red had cooked up an entire plan in her mind. Soon afterward, Red got closer to Feng Zi. When she quietly raised her knife and aimed at Fengzi's spleen as planned, she felt a small knife touching her neck.

Red did not know when the knife appeared on her neck. When she reacted, her neck had already been slashed. After that, she heard Zhang Heng's voice again.

"I told it's not the wisest idea to use a melee weapon to fight me," Zhang Heng paused for a while and added, "It's the same with assassination."

Chapter 987: An Email

Feng Zi was still standing on tiptoes, looking around for Zhang Heng. Then, suddenly, someone tapped her shoulder. After that, she heard someone speak to her.

"Let's get out of here first," the voice said.

Feng Zi was overjoyed when she heard Zhang Heng. However, when she turned around, she saw an unfamiliar face. Earlier, Red had to mix into the crowd by putting on a mask and changing her clothes. As for Zhang Heng, his solution was simpler. All he needed to do was to wipe off his makeup and restore his original appearance.

"Huh?" Feng Zi reacted quickly. "So this is how you really look? What about that woman? Aren't you going after her? Wait, are you the one going after her or is it the other way round? By the way, are you guys assassins?"

"This matter has nothing to do with you. Just leave this place, go home, and have a good night's sleep," Zhang Heng said.

The moment she heard Zhang Heng asking her to go home to have a good sleep, Feng Zi regained her energy. "Sure, let's go to bed now. Tell me your stories when we are on the bed," she said with a nod.

"..."

"That's not what I meant." Zhang Heng was speechless.

Although Red was dead, Zhang Heng didn't lower his guard. On the contrary, he knew he was in serious trouble tonight.

The emergency response team came here, pretending to be the courier to ambush him. However, after seeing the tattoo on Red's body, Zhang Heng realized that his enemies had figured out the exact time and place of the transaction, as well as the characteristics of the courier. It meant the details of the transaction must've been leaked to the enemies in advance.

All the while, the enemies had been waiting for him to show up.

Zhang Heng still didn't know if it was the seller or Mr. G who leaked the transaction details to the enemy. Zhang Heng preferred to think that there was a mole in Mr. G's gang. That was because he and Old Man Geng were ambushed when they were on the first floor, proving that there were indeed moles in Mr. G's clan.

However, Zhang Heng didn't specifically remind Mr. G about this matter because he believed the latter surely was capable of figuring this problem out. He expected Mr. G to deal with the mole before the transaction.

Zhang Heng now realized that he was wrong. Mr. G knew that there was a mole in his clan, and he could have dealt with it easily. However, he had no intention to settle the problem. Instead, he wanted the moles to leak the transaction information to the enemies.

If Zhang Heng was right, then he was supposed to play the bait in this transaction. Mr. G wanted him to fight with the emergency response team to draw attention.

Moreover, Mr. G still didn't trust Zhang Heng, an outsider. It wasn't possible that he would hand such an important task to him. The so-called test was actually a display for the moles to see. After Zhang Heng thought through the whole thing, everything made sense to him now. Hence, only one question lay unanswered. What was Miss F's role in this transaction? He wasn't surprised by the fact that Mr. G betrayed him and used him as bait, but based on what he knew about Miss F, he believed Ms. F knew nothing about it. She wouldn't have brought him to check out the restoration storage point otherwise.

In other words, Mr. G wanted to hide this plan from his fiancée. Mr. G trusted his fiancée, but he also knew that she would definitely tell Zhang Heng all she knew.

In order to verify his doubt, all Zhang Heng needed to do was to find out if Ms. F was among the ten couriers Mr. G sent tonight. Undeniably, this transaction was extremely important to Mr. G. If Ms. F had nothing else to do, she would've definitely been assigned to oversee this transaction.

Those, however, were things Zhang Heng would only deal with later. His top priority now was to deal with the emergency response team. His fight with Red in the bar just now could be regarded as testing the team's capability. Just like what Zhang Heng expected, everyone in the team an expert in various combat-related skills.

If one were to measure their power level, Red's swordsmanship and assassination skills should be at the peak of Lv2. It was also safe to say that she'd be achieving Lv3 very soon. The most important thing was that they hardly needed any training. All their employer had to do was to program all these skills into their memories. It was no wonder they were called the monsters.

It was a pity that these monsters met Zhang Heng, a far scarier monster than all of them. Zhang Heng's Lv4 swordsmanship and Lv3 mid-stage assassination skills completely overpowered Red. The latter probably never dreamed that someone would possess richer and more profound combat skills than her.

Unlike the mass-produced clones, Zhang Heng had actually put in a lot of hard work to master those skills. Even among the players, Zhang Heng was unique. Only by enduring up to ten times the quest time would Zhang Heng's skill bars break the character panel. All those skills were burned into his memories, something he would never forget till the day he died. Even though the emergency response team mastered all those skills with little effort whatsoever, they could never compare to Zhang Heng.

However, Zhang Heng's other problem was that Red wasn't his only opponent. There were nine other clones like her. Besides, with Shengtang Morgan's massive hold over New Shanghai 0297, Zhang Heng would be too naïve to think the emergency response team would only send one enemy.

Thus, after Zhang Heng slit Red's neck with a knife, he immediately held on to her, covered her mouth, dragged her to a corner, and draped her body with some clothes, hoping to buy more time.

After that, he had to persuade Feng Zi to go home. The latter had helped him a lot tonight. Even if he wanted to thank her, it would be inappropriate to continue dragging her into his problem.

So after the two of them walked out of the bar, Zhang Heng said straightforwardly, "I have other things to do tonight. It would be best if you go home first. I will find you later."

"You are a liar," Feng Zi shook her head. "I'll never believe what a man tells me. Whenever they tell me that they will come looking for me, 80% chance they'll never contact me again."

"..."

"You saw what just happened. I still have to fight lots of enemies. You are going to end up dead if you keep sticking with me," Zhang Heng explained patiently.

"There will be risks involved if I want more adventure," Feng Zi said. "Don't worry. I won't slow you down. And with one more teammate, your chances of winning should be higher."

"This is not a game. And you don't know who my enemy is. Even if you don't lose your life, you will lose your job and everything you have," Zhang Heng warned.

"Anyway, I don't care too much about those things." Feng Zi shrugged and put her hand on Zhang Heng's shoulder.

"Come on, bring me along, Mr. Assassin. Or, we can go back to my house and have a nap."

Zhang Heng did not say a word. It was then that Feng Zi's bracelet suddenly vibrated, reminding her that she had received an email.

After glancing at the email's title, she ignored it. She was still racking her brain about how to trick Zhang Heng into going home with her. However, the next moment she heard Zhang Heng ask, "Aren't you going to read the email you just received?"

Chapter 988: Wanted By The Entire City

“Oh, that email is from the trade union. There’s an 80% chance the email is talking about the distribution of labor insurance supplies or changing my working hours.” Feng Zi didn’t seem to care too much about it.

“Does your union usually send these messages to the entire group of people?” Zhang Heng asked afterward.

“That’s how they usually work. What’s the matter?” Feng Zi was a little confused by Zhang Heng’s question. She looked up, only to discover that almost everyone’s bracelets were vibrating right now. Through the bar’s glass window, Zhang Heng could see that the Singularity Bar’s patrons were looking at their bracelets and checking the email that they just received.

Feng Zi frowned. “What’s going on?” She then clicked on the email that she received and instantly froze.

There was a video attached to the email.

The video showed her leaning onto Zhang Heng’s body, pressing her thigh against his, and stroking the latter’s chest while saying something.

“That’s what I did to you at the bar earlier.” Feng Zi did not blush after she watched the video. Instead, she was rendered speechless. “Whoever that recorded us must’ve had nothing better to do. Why did the person send the clip to the union? And why did the union send it to everyone?”

On the other hand, Zhang Heng had located the camera’s location from the shooting angle. It was the seat where Red sat on. Zhang Heng then looked at Feng Zi. “Do you really like your current life? I am afraid you are about to say goodbye to it completely.”

“What do you mean?” Feng Zi received another email from the union as soon as she finished asking. This one had an emergency tag on it.

Subject: Looking for the man and a woman in the video

To: All workers

Contents: This man and woman stole our factory’s trade secrets and hid them on the second level. We are now requesting all second-level employees to find out the whereabouts of these two people. Those who can provide us with any leads will be rewarded a three-story apartment, your current salary doubled, and a one-off, 100,000 credits will be awarded to the person that locates them. (Note: They are both extremely dangerous. You should not approach them once you find them. The targets may have the ability to disguise themselves. You can check their true identities through your bracelet)

The citizen IDs of Zhang Heng and Feng Zi were posted at the bottom of the email.

Feng Zi’s eyes bulged after she read it.

“We are wanted?! What kind of trade secrets did you steal from the factory? It seems serious enough for them to issue a reward. And it’s a huge one at that. I am afraid the workers from the entire factory will come looking for us.”

“Not just the factory you work at. All the factories from the second level will come looking for us,” Zhang Heng corrected. “Some people on this street are not from your factory, but I bet they received the same email like everyone else.”

“Have you stolen trade secrets from other factories?” Feng Zi was surprised.

“The trade secrets they mention are just a cover. It’s better for you not to know about the details of this matter. Also, we’d better leave here now.”

Zhang Heng noticed that passerbys were already glancing at them suspiciously, constantly comparing them to the man and woman in the video. Other than that, customers from the Singularity Bar were also looking at them through the glass window.

Zhang Heng had to admit that he had underestimated the emergency response team. After he fought Red, he did a comprehensive evaluation of the latter’s abilities. He thought he knew them well enough. Little did he expect that they would coin up such a plan.

Zhang Heng recalled the scene of his fight with Red. When he slit her throat, Red did not subconsciously cover her neck with her hands to stop the bleeding like most would’ve done. Instead, she decided to take a short walk forward. She then dropped the knife in her hand to the ground, and Zhang Heng quickly held onto her and covered her mouth to prevent her from calling for help.

Unfortunately, Red’s bracelet was out of Zhang Heng’s line of sight. She had probably sent out an SOS signal at that time.

The other members of the emergency response team responded in mere seconds. Earlier, Zhang Heng wondered why Shengtang Morgan did not utilize the second-level police force to capture them. Now, he finally got the answer. Almost all the residents from the second level were blue-collar workers. Therefore, no organization here was more powerful than the union.

Shengtang Morgan knew very well that no matter what the police did, they would never be as effective as mobilizing the entire second-level. They didn’t want to let anyone know about the memory encoder, so they told people that Zhang Heng stole some trade secrets.

“Uh, well, we have to leave now.” Feng Zi also noticed the bystanders who had started to surround them.

Someone took pictures of them with their bracelets. Feng Zi immediately covered her face and hastily followed Zhang Heng to the other side of the alley. The moment they started to run, they exposed their true identities. The bystanders immediately became very excited. In the face of irresistible temptation, they even forgot that the two were supposedly extremely dangerous. The crowd of people then started to go after them. The two people in front of them also stretched out their hands to prevent Zhang Heng and Feng Zi from leaving.

In the next moment, Zhang Heng grabbed one of their arms and broke his ulna. The latter let out a scream like a pig for slaughter. The scream calmed the people blinded by the rewards a little. The other person that tried to stop them from leaving quickly took a step back. He then watched as Zhang Heng and Feng Zi ran past him. However, he did not want them to run away just like that. He continued taking their pictures and sent emails while trying to keep some distance behind them.

“What should we do?” Feng Zi asked while looking at the people that were coming after them.

“Since you work here, do you know any complicated terrain nearby?”

“Complicated terrain?” Feng Zi thought for a while, “There is a night market in front of us, with stalls that sell all kinds of things. Usually, the place is crowded every night.”

“Very well. Lead the way. We will go there.”

Five minutes later, the two arrived at the night market. Not only did they fail to stop the people from chasing them, but they started to attract more and more attention.

“No way. Did the people here also receive the email?!” Feng Zi asked in disbelief.

“As I said, I estimate that all the workers in the entire second level received the email,” Zhang Heng said. “But it doesn’t matter. We will get rid of them soon.”

As he spoke, Zhang Heng plunged into the night market with Feng Zi. While running, he picked up two wigs from a small stall. After that, Feng Zi saw the items in Zhang Heng’s hands constantly increasing, from shirts to knee pads. However, those things did not stay in Zhang Heng’s hands for too long. The two hurriedly slipped on all those items as they went along.

After that, Zhang Heng used makeup brushes, eyeliner, and powder puff to change their appearances. Then, he threw away the guitar case and transferred the contents to his backpack. He also held the Shrouded Sheath in his hand. The two had completely changed their appearances, and they finally temporarily getting rid of the people going after them.

Chapter 989: Asking For Help Through Email

Feng Zi stopped and panted as she leaned on the street lamp on the side of the road. The work clothes on her body were gone, replaced instead by a Lolita dress with a pair of small leather shoes and a bow on top of her head. It transformed her from an unruly mechanic lady into a shy and lovely Lolita.

Not even her co-workers could recognize her if she was standing in front of them. Feng Zi walked towards the mirror at the stall next door and took a look at her current appearance. Suddenly, she felt her stomach churn, and she complained to Zhang Heng, “Why did you make me look like a little girl?”

“...”

“Weren’t you supposed to be a woman originally?”

“Have you ever seen a woman who can fix a hydraulic pipe and put thirty kilograms of mechanical parts on her shoulder?” Feng Zi sneered.

“That is precisely why I had to transform you into a Lolita. The stronger the contrast, the harder it is for you to be recognized by others,” Zhang Heng reminded. “The way you act should also match your outlook. Don’t put your feet on the lamp post anymore. Try to stand with both of your legs close together.”

“Next, do you want to ask me to add eek, eek, eek to every sentence that I said?”

“No harm trying, I guess.”

Feng Zi rolled her eyes.

“Forget it. I would rather let them catch me.”

“Trust me. You don’t want to fall into the hands of those people,” Zhang Heng said. “They are willing to use whatever means necessary to draw me out.”

Zhang Heng was not trying to scare Feng Zi. If he hadn’t shown up in the pub just in time, her spleen would’ve suffered severe bleeding by now.

“So, who exactly did you provoke?” Feng Zi curiously asked. “The entire second-level is trying to catch us now.”

“The Shengtang Morgan Group.”

“Shengtang Morgan?!” Feng Zi raised her eyebrows, and she was about to put on her iconic laughter. However, when she saw that Zhang Heng did not look like he was telling a joke. The smile on her face gradually disappeared. “Do you know that New Shanghai 0297 was built by Shengtang Morgan? Although the federal government governs this place, Shengtang Morgan Group is actually the true ruler of this entire city.”

“I know about that too.”

“Why did you provoke the king of this city then?”

“If I had a choice, I wouldn’t have gone this far,” Zhang Heng said. “Shengtang Morgan might not be my only enemy. I’m sorry to involve you. Initially, I just wanted you to help me with two small favors.”

“Hmph,” Feng Zi snorted.

“So... don’t you have anything to say?”

“What do you want me to say?” Feng Zi was puzzled. “Haven’t you asked me a similar question before, and I have given you the answer.”

Zhang Heng knew that Feng Zi was talking about the warning that he gave her earlier. Once she got involved in this problem, she might lose her job, life, and everything she had. However, the latter’s reply at the time was, “I don’t care much about those things anyway.”

“I don’t know if you feel this way,” Feng Zi loosened the collar of her dress. “This city is like a huge cage, imprisoning everyone who lives in it.”

“Why do you feel like that?”

“I don’t know. Consider me having a little too much to drink tonight,” Feng Zi paused. “Have you ever seen those clones? It is said that they are raised like animals before they become adults. After that, they will be given a set of memories and the tasks they are supposed to complete. They are like the blindfolded donkeys that keep spinning around the millstone.”

“Hmm.”

“In fact, when you think about it, ordinary people like us are the same too. The difference is that our goals are given by society. It defines our success, what is good and what is bad, what we need, and what we don’t need. Those media advertisements and news propaganda always affect how we judge our values, constantly reshaping us. They are like a piece of cloth blinding our eyes, making us believe that we should live like this. And the funniest part is that some of our memories are not as good as the clones’ memories.”

Feng Zi laughed at herself and looked at Zhang Heng. “I am actually a person without much courage. I came up with ideas to end this predetermined life countless times, but I always fail to take the first step. So, I can only wait for someone to show up in the small bar, hoping that the person can give me the courage to take risks. Strictly speaking, I should probably thank you for ruining my life.”

“I did more than just ruin your life,” Zhang Heng said. “You really got into big trouble this time. If we can’t solve this, not only will you fail to return to your original life, but it will also be impossible for you to start a new one.”

Feng Zi was taken aback, “Is it really that serious? But I didn’t do anything. All I ever did was flirt with you in the bar.”

Even though Feng Zi received an email from the union earlier, she was not too worried about it. To her, it was just a misunderstanding. At most, she would lose her job if the authorities caught her. If that happened, it would make her more determined to change her life. However, after she heard what Zhang Heng told her, the whole thing seemed more complicated than she thought.

“Do you have a way to solve this trouble?” Feng Zi asked.

“It’s just a rough plan. We need a bit of luck. Since the enemies made their move already, of course, we have to fight back,” Zhang Heng said while removing the signal blocker. He then sent a simple message to Mr. G.

[I’m being targeted by the emergency response team. The parcel has been transferred to other couriers. I will continue to attract the attention of the emergency response team.]

After he finished typing the message, Zhang Heng clicked send and put on the signal blocker again.

“Are you asking for help?”

When Zhang Heng typed the message, he did not mind letting Feng Zi take a look at it from the side. The latter was confused, and she did not understand what Zhang Heng meant by couriers and the emergency response team.

“No. This email is not meant for the recipient,” Zhang Heng said.

Now that the emergency response team had known his citizen ID, it should be easy for them to intercept his emails. Therefore, Zhang Heng was actually sending the email to them. He did not expect an email was enough to make them give up on chasing him and look for other couriers instead. Without having to face the entire emergency response team alone, Zhang Heng would be less pressurized.

At the same time, the message would also affect Mr. G’s wishful thinking. The latter wanted to use him as bait to attract the attention of the emergency response team so that his men could successfully

complete the transaction. When the emergency response team intercepted Zhang Heng's email, they would surely go and look for the other couriers. And Zhang Heng's real purpose was to make sure the memory encoder stayed at the second level.

Chapter 990: Fork

Less than five minutes after Zhang Heng and Feng Zi left the Singularity Bar, a shuttle stopped outside the bar. A teenager took off his baseball cap, and walked into the bar while chewing gum.

He then walked past the hardcore Pandaren fans who were watching the football match. Not saying hello to anyone, he directly walked towards a corner on the west side, where a person was sleeping on the deck.

The noisy environment in the bar did not seem to affect his sleep at all. Even though there were many people around him, he still managed to sleep soundly, and he even covered his head with clothes.

The boy in the baseball cap stretched out two fingers, clamped the collar with it, and removed the clothes from the person that was sleeping, revealing Red's body underneath the clothes. The latter's eyes were open, and an angry look of disbelief was permanently plastered on her face.

"Tsk... Tsk... You should have agreed to be my girlfriend. You could've at least tasted of the joy of being a woman before you died." The boy in the baseball cap muttered while chewing the gum in his mouth.

He then put the coat aside, picked up Red's injured hand, and looked at it, "The depth of this knife wound shows that a steak knife caused it. The person that hurt her is very good with a bladed weapon, and he sure can move fast. There are wounds on her index finger too. It looked like she was pierced by the knife when she wanted to grab the gun. The opponent that she encountered was unexpectedly fierce, and he showed no mercy even to a beauty like you."

The boy in the baseball cap paused for a while and said, "And this outfit on her. After she was hurt, she realized that she was not powerful enough to defeat his enemy. So, she planned to blend into the crowd immediately. It seemed like she managed to pull that off successfully. When it comes to the assassination skill, it looked like she was no match to her enemy as well."

The boy in the baseball cap raised his red chin as he said, and his eyes finally moved to the wound on Red's throat, "Ah. That's a merciless slash. Not even our captain could pull off such a clean kill. It is no wonder Red had such a look on her. Red, I don't think you expect to face someone so powerful here. You turned from a hunter to prey. The captain had already told you that your pride would kill you sooner or later. You should have wiped your memory for good. Look what happened to you now. Your life is gone because of your pride.

"Well, this is how it ends. Dead, unhappy, and useless. Come on, let's take a selfie. Although you have never admitted it, you are still my first love." The young man leaned his body against Red's chest and deliberately pulled down the latter's dress to show her cleavage. After that, he made a V gesture and pressed the camera button on his bracelet.

Almost at the same moment, he received a call request. The boy in the baseball cap accepted the call, and a deep voice came from the headset, "What's going on? What happened to Six?"

"It's a pity that she is dead, but the good news is that she didn't refuse to take the last photo with me."

“Don’t talk nonsense. I want something useful.”

The voice on the other end of the bracelet did not speak in a harsh tone. However, the boy in the baseball cap changed his previous frivolous attitude and said seriously, “The enemy is a master at using a bladed weapon. And his attack was fast and clean. However, the two did not fight for too long. And Six made a quick decision to get away from her opponent. This shows that the gap between the two is probably large. The wound that caused her life was the wound on her throat. Her throat was slit by a knife—a classic, typical way for an assassin to eliminate his target. The expression on Six’s face is wonderful. It meant she didn’t realize that her opponent had gotten closer to her before her throat was slit.”

“A master?”

“He is absolutely a master. No. 6 won the jackpot,” said the boy in the baseball cap. “The time of death was probably... well, ten minutes ago. In other words, the man that killed her hadn’t gone far yet. I didn’t expect that the man named Mr. G still has such a powerful subordinate. This man is even better than the woman named F.”

The captain, on the other end, did not make any comments. Instead, he said, “Got it. I received a message from the union saying that they are moving in the direction of Wufang Street. There is a night market there. I think they are heading there to get rid of the people going after them.”

“Understood. I’ll go there and check it out, captain.” The boy with a baseball cap responded respectfully.

“Yes. Remember not to mess around, and don’t make any rash moves. No. 7 and No. 5 will rush there to meet you soon.”

“Understood.”

The boy in the baseball cap hung up the call and stood up, only to find that others had surrounded him.

After he lifted the clothes covering Red’s corpse, the people nearby noticed the murder that took place here. They were taken aback, and they quickly called the police. After that, several stronger Pandaren fans surrounded the boy, who looked like the biggest suspect.

“Oh, are you all blind?” The boy in the baseball cap sighed. “You guys let the real murderer left the bar under your watch, and now you are trying to stop me from going after the murderer.”

“Anyway, you are the closest person to the corpse. We can’t believe what you told us. The police are on the way anyway. Why don’t you wait until the police come here and explain to them that you are innocent? If you are right, the police will naturally let you go.” The owner of the bar walked out from behind the crowd and said.

“That’s a reasonable proposal,” the boy in the baseball cap nodded. However, he changed the conversation’s direction immediately, “But, I don’t have time to play this game with you guys.”

After speaking, he grabbed a fork from the table and looked at it twice, “Now, I am politely requesting you to make way for me.”

“What if we don’t?” the boss asked, “Are you going to kill everyone in the bar with this fork?”

Everyone was laughing at the threat that he made.

“I won’t go as far as to kill you guys, but it will help you guys learn a lesson.” After the baseball cap boy finished talking, he blinked at the bar owner, “If it hurts too much, remember to shout it out.”

At the next second, the fork in his hand had already penetrated the bar owner’s thigh. After that, the boy in the baseball cap pulled out the fork and used it to stab the person’s fist that was coming at him. One after another, the people in the bar started to scream. Within ten seconds, more than a dozen people were hurt by the young man in a baseball cap. Immediately, the rest of them retreated after witnessing how bad the situation turned out. Finally, they made their way and let him leave.

The boy in the baseball cap shook off the drop of blood on the fork, looked at the bar owner who was lying on the ground, holding his thigh, and asked, “Why?”

The latter was quite tough. He was the only one that did not scream. However, he did not dare to talk back this time. The boy with a baseball cap walked past the crowd to the bar entrance and put down the fork on the table. He then smiled at the people behind him, “Thank you for your hospitality. Hope we will meet soon.”