

Ad Infinitum 731

Chapter 731: Planning

In midair, Shang Jianyao stretched his arms as if he were a giant bird in flight. He didn't mind that he would really fall to his death from being 'pushed' off the rooftop for no reason. He was abnormally certain with a heart of steel.

Genava—who was originally worried that Shang Jianyao's scream would attract attention—had already stretched out his left hand and planned on covering his mouth. He also sighed with emotion in the main chip.

Even if he was 'acting,' it couldn't hide the fact that Hey was a mental patient!

With Shang Jianyao's cooperation and Genava's meticulous selection of lesson time and a relatively hidden corner, the two of them didn't attract anyone's attention as they 'proceeded' down.

In such a surreal scene, Genava didn't want to attract the attention of others because of Shang Jianyao's 'jump' and 'flight.' This might very well bring about an unknown and dangerous accident.

After firmly landing, Genava continued carrying Shang Jianyao by his back. He sneaked along the outer walls of the teaching building and the office building toward the door.

He sometimes straightened his body and pressed his back against the wall to avoid the gazes of the people passing by in front of him. Sometimes, he squatted behind the flower bed to hide his figure.

Although the teachers, students, and school employees in this high school couldn't see him, they could discover Shang Jianyao's abnormality!

At this moment, Shang Jianyao acted as if he had obtained superpowers. He completely ignored the situation of him being lifted by an invisible object and staying suspended in midair. He spread his arms, flailed his feet, and started doing freestyle swimming.

After he 'swam' to the automatic extendable gate, Genava exerted strength with his arm and threw him outside.

Shang Jianyao—who had suddenly flown up—calmly adjusted his condition and did the action of a triple Axel jump. His posture left an impression, and the scene was beautiful.

Bang!

He failed to complete the last half of the spin and fell to the ground, eating dirt.

The high-schooler Shang Jianyao—whose focus was to study—wasn't Pangu Biology employee Shang Jianyao, who had plenty of combat experience. Therefore, it was difficult for him to complete relatively difficult tasks with his body and lacking skills.

The next second, Geneva—who had jumped over the gate before the guard could look over—picked up Shang Jianyao again and ran to the side.

He soon ran 400 to 500 meters away and distanced himself from Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School.

When he turned around, Geneva saw that the school had become dilapidated again. It was overgrown with weeds and dead silent.

“Wow!” Shang Jianyao turned his head with difficulty and looked behind. “Robot!”

“Hey! I'm Old Ge!” Geneva put down his companion.

At this moment, Shang Jianyao's clothes had returned to normal. He was no longer wearing an ancient school uniform with blue and white colors.

His tactical backpack was still on his back.

“Old Ge...” Shang Jianyao had a confused expression, but he seemed to recall something.

Although Geneva had never personally cracked abilities like Inference Clowning and Thought Implantation, he had watched their combat training many times and felt that it was somewhat similar to the current situation. Therefore, he mimicked the situation and tried to shake him out of it.

“You’re Shang Jianyao, a member of Pangu Biology’s Investigation Unit for the Cause of the Old World’s Destruction! I’m your companion, Geneva!”

Shang Jianyao muttered to himself in confusion, “I’m Shang Jianyao...”

Before he could finish his sentence, his eyes lit up as he came to a realization. “The me today isn’t the one you know!”

Geneva instantly felt deflated.

Shang Jianyao smiled brightly. “Old Ge, I’ve already recovered. I was just joking.”

His expression gradually turned serious as his right hand unconsciously stroked his chin. “It was as if a complete, logical, and self-consistent train of thought had been implanted in me just now. It made me sincerely believe that I was a student from Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School. I had excellent grades and was great at sports, but I liked to mix around with the bad students. I had a mischievous personality, was audacious, and dared to prank anyone. Uh, I added the latter half of the sentence myself. That set of logic doesn’t include that. Due to my personality and experience, I subconsciously gained the self-awareness that I’m ‘audacious and dared to prank anyone.’”

Geneva quickly extracted the key points. “It’s very similar to Thought Implantation—a higher, more terrifying, and complete Thought Implantation?”

“I think so. It might also be a Personality Implantation.” The calm and rational Shang Jianyao was very restrained and clear-headed. He didn’t believe that his guess was definitely right.

Geneva helped him finish his sentence. “Thought Implantation and its similar abilities belong to Master Zhuang. The influence on one’s personality lies in the Last Man domain. Buddhism’s Lokevara-Tathāgata is another name for the Kalendaria, Master Zhuang. Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School is one of Buddhism’s Holy Lands...”

When he listed the situations he was aware of, the answer seemed vaguely obvious.

The rash Shang Jianyao blurted out, “Is Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School related to the Kalendaria, Master Zhuang? All humans who enter will have a complete set of thoughts implanted in them and act as a certain person?”

Genava moved his metal neck up and down. “The premise is that what you encountered was indeed an ability related to Thought Implantation.”

The honest Shang Jianyao scoffed. “Since it’s a Buddhist Holy Land, we can definitely only choose between Master Zhuang and Subhuti. The encounter just now doesn’t have the characteristics of the Subhuti domain.”

“Not necessarily,” the honest Genava replied. “What if it’s a divine power related to Destiny Reincarnation? How do you know that you don’t have a previous or previous-previous life? And how do you know that you didn’t study at Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School in your previous and previous-previous life?”

The honest Shang Jianyao didn’t admit defeat. He pointed at Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School and said, “It’s impossible that the four of us studied here in our previous lives, right? How can there be such a coincidence!?”

“Maybe it’s because you guys studied here in your previous lives that you met in this life, became teammates, and were chosen by certain Kalendarium.” Genava combined reality and preached the Buddhist Dharma.

Shang Jianyao was immediately overwhelmed by shock. “Old Ge, when did you join the Monks Conclave? You’re more like a monk than our Zen Master Redemption!”

“I’m being pragmatic. This possibility can’t be ruled out,” Genava replied seriously.

The Shang Jianyaos pushed out the one who valued relationships.

He looked at Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School and said, “We have to save Big White, Little White, and Little Red as soon as possible. I’m afraid that they will completely assimilate with their characters if they stay inside for too long and won’t be able to escape. As for the essence of our previous encounter, we’ll discuss it later.”

“Alright.” Genava agreed. He then said to Shang Jianyao, “Before figuring out the truth and grasping the corresponding principles, you might play a new role once you enter. It’s better for me to do it alone.”

The cautious and cold Shang Jianyao had no objections.

Genava then voiced his dilemma. “Bringing you out should violate the illusion’s rules, so the entire operation can’t be seen by other characters in the school. From my analysis, this might very well trigger an accident.”

“Here’s the problem.” Shang Jianyao—who sought novelty—smiled and helped Genava finish his sentence. “Big White, Little White, and Little Red aren’t like me, who will stay on the rooftop alone so that you have a chance to drag them away. How can you silently get them out?”

“Yes.” Genava sincerely said, “Especially Big White. Although she has entered a role and has the characteristics of a 17 or 18-year-old girl who likes to fantasize, I don’t think her essence will change much. Just like you—you will subconsciously follow your original personality in places that those thoughts can’t handle.

“Such a Big White occasionally feels like she has a fortuitous encounter, allowing her to generate these fantasies. There’s no problem with that. In any case, it doesn’t affect her physical health and lifestyle. But if we want to induce her to go somewhere or do something because of this, she will definitely be suspicious and vigilant. It’s impossible for her to do as we say.”

As a result, it was very difficult for Genava to avoid the teachers, school workers, and other students and bring Jiang Baimian out of Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School.

The honest Shang Jianyao scoffed again. “That’s what normal people do except those like me.”

He was rather proud. He meant that normal people would be vigilant when facing the strange slap from behind. Only he accepted it without any vigilance.

He then changed the topic as his brain spasmed. “It’s easy for Little Red. Figure out the name of Little White’s role and use her to lure Little Red to the gate.”

“That’s my plan.” Genava also believed that this was the best way to ‘deal with’ Long Yuehong.

Shang Jianyao tersely acknowledged it, and his expression gradually turned cold. “Big White and Little White are indeed difficult to deceive, but we can create an opportunity to trick them or create an environment that’s conducive for you to use.”

The corners of his mouth curled up bit by bit. “A simple example is: Set that building on fire and fish in troubled waters to achieve victory amidst the chaos! Since you can make contact with people in school, you have the ability to start a fire!”

Chapter 732: Doesn't Feel Right

In Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School, Genova easily crossed the automatic extendable gate and returned to the cement-paved square.

Dark clouds covered the sky again. The classrooms were lit up, and the windows reflected the figures listening to the lectures.

After confirming Grade 12 Class 5's location, Genova entered the teaching building in front of him and walked along the stairs to his designated spot.

Previously, Zen Master Redemption Shang Jianyao and the Shang Jianyao that abhorred evil and was responsible for saving all of humanity had teamed up to suppress the sinister and ruthless one and rejected his suggestion of setting fire to the building to create chaos.

However, the best reason for not doing it wasn't suggested by the two of them but the calm and rational Shang Jianyao. He hit the nail on the head and said, “The fire Old Ge produces in the illusion will definitely reflect in reality. It's equivalent to setting fire to Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School, a Buddhist Holy Land.

“In a situation where the anomaly hasn't been discovered and eliminated, such stimulation will most likely bring about negative changes and create dangerous accidents. When the time comes, not only will Big White, Little White, and Little Red—who are playing different roles—be in an illusion, but they might also be affected outside.”

Due to this, Genova didn't consider the method of 'arson.' He drafted a series of plans from different angles, planning to try them one by one going from the easiest to the most difficult.

After finding Grade 12 Class 5 and 'openly' walking into the classroom, Genova went straight to Jiang Baimian's seat.

He observed the classmates and the teacher on the podium and carefully picked up the rollerball pen that Jiang Baimian had placed beside her right hand.

Jiang Baimian's peripheral vision froze—she saw the pen stand up shakily!

There's a ghost!? Jiang Baimian was first shocked before she recalled the baffling slap. She subconsciously looked out the window and realized that although the sky was relatively dark, it was still morning.?What kind of ghost will act so brazenly in broad daylight?

After calming down, she saw the rollerball pen float to her open book as if it wanted to write something. However, no traces of ink appeared.

Through Jiang Baimian's reaction, Geneva confirmed that she couldn't see the content he had written at all. In other words, he couldn't tell Jiang Baimian the truth through this method and wake her memories that had been 'sealed' in her subconscious to help her escape her acting.

Changing to the second option...?As a smart bot, Geneva calmly stopped this attempt and placed the rollerball pen back in its original spot.

Hey had once said that this was politeness.

The invisible existence that previously patted my back wants to tell me something through writing or impart some cultivation method to me, but it hasn't succeeded??Jiang Baimian fell into deep thought.

Geneva tried to write on Jiang Baimian's back, and Jiang Baimian seemed to realize something as she worked hard to restore the strokes.

But no matter how Geneva chose simple words, she always deviated midway through the replication as if a certain force was interfering with the communications between two different 'worlds.'

After deducing this, Geneva gave up on the plan.

To Jiang Baimian, everything seemed to have returned to normal. In order not to show any abnormalities, she cast her gaze at the blackboard and nodded from time to time as the teacher explained.

Genava took the opportunity to take out a small white pill from his black military uniform.

This was a synthetic drug that Shang Jianyao had taken out of his tactical backpack. It was produced by Pangu Biology and was used to treat certain diseases brought about by mosquito bites in the wilderness.

It had a relatively obvious side effect: diuresis.

Genava quietly unscrewed the thermos that Jiang Baimian had placed in the drawer and accurately reduced one-fifth of the small tablet to powder before scattering it into the thermos by crushing it with his metal palm.

He believed that such a drug couldn't affect Jiang Baimian's health given her physique.

After doing this, Genava recalled his actions and inexplicably felt that something was amiss.

Jiang Baimian didn't discover any subsequent paranormal developments after waiting for a long time. She heaved a sigh of relief and lifted the thermos in disappointment, unscrewing the cap and gulping down a mouthful.

Genava began to wait patiently, but Jiang Baimian still had no intention of going to the bathroom after waiting for nearly 15 minutes. Furthermore, she didn't show any signs of urgency.

He decided to follow the plan and change to another method.

He took out the waterskin he had borrowed from Shang Jianyao and poured a lot of water into the porcelain cup he carried. He then crushed one-fifth of the previous pill and let the powder mix into the cup.

After completing his preparations, Genava entered a waiting state again.

After another five minutes, Jiang Baimian—who had just stood up to answer the teacher’s question—habitually picked up the thermos, unscrewed the cap, and planned on taking a sip.

Before she could tilt the thermos and bring the edge to her mouth, Genova quickly poured about 10 ml of the liquid in his cup into her mouth.

Jiang Baimian felt something strange, but she didn’t think too much of it. She gulped down the warm water.

This time, she couldn’t hold it in any longer after six to seven minutes.

There were still more than ten minutes before class ended.

Jiang Baimian held it in until she couldn’t take it any longer. She raised her hand and signaled to the teacher that she wanted to use the bathroom.

She was considered a top student in the entire grade, so the teacher smiled and agreed to her request.

Genava followed Jiang Baimian out of the classroom.

Classes were still being held, so nobody walked along the corridors.

After arriving outside the female bathroom, Genova hesitated for a moment before following her in. He remembered that he had a conversation with Hey back then.

“Old Ge, you’re a smart bot. Why are you concerned about this?”

“No, my preset gender is male. Rushing into the female bathroom is an act of perverted, vulgar, and ungentlemanly behavior.”

“Is that so... Old Ge, do you have a program to install a virtual machine?”

“That’s basic.”

“Then, you can temporarily virtualize a female personality. You can call her Genadale. Won’t the problem be resolved?”

“It still feels strange. It feels like I’m lying to myself.”

“It’s fine, it’s fine. After all, there are cubicles in the women’s bathroom.”

In order to save his companions, Genova finally entered the female bathroom.

After confirming that Jiang Baimian was the only one inside, he chose to wait near the sink.

Before long, Jiang Baimian walked over. She turned on the tap, bent down, and washed her hands.

A previous scene instantly appeared in Genova’s main chip: Shang Jianyao eagerly said, “When you find an opportunity, give Big White a Golden Millet Dream punch. Pay attention to your strength. Her physique is so strong that it’s impossible to knock her out if it’s too light, but having it too heavy won’t work either. Aren’t you usually gathering information on our conditions and building a model? Figure out the most suitable strength and choose the best spot. I trust you!”

For Genova, such a calculation only needed some fraction of a second. He suddenly swung his bowl-sized iron fist.

Bang!

Jiang Baimian fainted.

After checking her physical condition and finding that not much damage was dealt to her, Genova carried his companion, left the female bathroom, and crawled along the corridor.

He had to avoid the gazes that occasionally cast out from the classroom windows.

Genava was like a lizard as he quickly carried Jiang Baimian to the side of the current teaching building. Below him was a corner that few people usually passed.

He easily jumped to the ground and prepared to sneak out like how he had brought Shang Jianyao out. He stuck close to the outer walls of the teaching building and the office building.

At this moment, a figure suddenly appeared from a window in front of him—it was a male student in a blue and white school uniform.

The male student immediately stared at Geneva.

No, he couldn't see Geneva. He could only see Jiang Baimian—who was standing awkwardly.

Oh no! I've been discovered! Geneva predicted what accidents would happen and how to respond by calculating an unknown amount of data every second. He had no confidence in facing this strange Buddhist Holy Land.

At this moment, Geneva extracted the scene reflected in the male student's eyes and realized that he only saw Jiang Baimian with her head lowered and a strange 'standing posture.'

In a flash, Geneva had a plan. He gripped Jiang Baimian's wrist and strode forward, allowing his companion's 'fist' to swing under the target's ear.

This looked like Jiang Baimian had suddenly lunged forward and struck the other party.

Bang!

The boy fainted.

Geneva warily observed his surroundings and realized that nothing had changed.

After resolving this accident, he repeated his previous route and sneaked to the automatic extendable gate with Jiang Baimian. He then used a diversion strategy to jump out and disappear from the school entrance in a few jumps.

Geneva quickly met up with Shang Jianyao, woke Jiang Baimian up, and helped her regain her self-awareness.

Jiang Baimian rubbed her head, turned around, and looked at Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School. "This is stranger and more dangerous than the three Buddhist Holy Lands we previously encountered..."

She had already roughly learned of their encounter from Shang Jianyao and Geneva.

Without waiting for her two companions' response, she thoughtfully continued, "I recalled a saying."

"It's never too late for revenge?" Shang Jianyao tried to answer.

Jiang Baimian rolled her eyes at him, and her expression gradually turned solemn. "Master Zhuang's dream of being a butterfly."

Geneva immediately analyzed the situation. "You mean that this Buddhist Holy Land is essentially Master Zhuang's dream?"

Jiang Baimian nodded.. "I suspect that we broke into Master Zhuang's dream as if we opened the door that represents Master Zhuang in the Mind Corridor."

Chapter 733: Guess

Regarding Jiang Baimian's guess, the red glow in Geneva's eyes flickered as usual.

"When Buddhism talks about Loke?vara-Tathāgata, it always says that this world is 'His' dream. In many of the books related to Daoism, there is also the saying that Master Zhuang dreamed of a butterfly... Therefore, I think it's a relatively reasonable deduction to associate Master Zhuang with dreams."

This was different from the Dawn domain's ability to make people dream. It was to materialize one's dream and affect others.

Coupled with the information that Master Zhuang was Buddha Loke?vara-Tathāgata and that this was one of Buddhism's Holy Lands, Jiang Baimian's guess that the Old Task Force had entered Master Zhuang's dream after entering Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School had a relatively high probability.

Shang Jianyao's expression gradually became excited. "Master Zhuang's dream has its own rules. People who don't conform to the rules will be forcefully modified and have their corresponding thoughts implanted. This is so that they can have a suitable identity in Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School in the Old World, allowing the dream's plot to continue. As for silicon-based humans like Old Ge, he's in a loophole in the dreamscape's rules. It's equivalent to him escaping the Three Realms and not being bound by the Five Elements..."

Although it sounds mystical, it seems to make sense...?Jiang Baimian nodded and said to Genava, "To be safe, Old Ge, bring Little Red and Little White out as soon as possible..."

As she spoke, her expression suddenly turned strange.

The honest Genava sincerely suggested, "Relieve yourself if you need to."

"..." Jiang Baimian rubbed her head. "What method did you use to bring me out?"

"That's a long story," Shang Jianyao—who liked to joke—replied before Genava could. "In short, drink more water."

Jiang Baimian's eyes flickered as she vaguely guessed what she had encountered, and she secretly gritted her teeth. "Old Ge, enter the school. Don't waste any more time. The exact plan will be as you previously formulated. Oh right, don't use too many diuretics. Their physiques are inferior to mine."

When discussing serious matters, she was open and didn't hide anything.

After Genava entered Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School again and walked straight to the teaching building ahead, Shang Jianyao suddenly jumped back a few feet.

"Am I such a petty person?" Jiang Baimian rolled her eyes at him. "I still know the principle of expediency. Keep a look out; I'll relieve myself."

She briskly ran toward an abandoned building nearby.

“Wait!” Shang Jianyao shouted.

“What?” Jiang Baimian had an expression that said: “I’ll kill you if you can’t come up with a good reason.”

Shang Jianyao explained seriously, “According to the team’s tactical rules, we can’t act alone in a city ruin unless there are special circumstances.”

Jiang Baimian slowly exhaled. “I was too urgent. Yes... I’ll find a place nearby. You’re in charge of guarding the area.”

The subsequent matters went relatively smoothly. Geneva followed the plan and led Bai Chen and Long Yuehong out of Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School one after another, finding a way to wake them up.

“So we entered Master Zhuang’s dream.” Bai Chen firmly believed Jiang Baimian’s guess. She felt that it couldn’t be anything else.

Long Yuehong—who was beside her—remained silent.

Upon seeing this, Shang Jianyao waved his hand in front of him. “What are you thinking about? You still think you’re that student?”

Jiang Baimian’s expression became a little solemn when she heard that. This was because if a normal person couldn’t completely escape their implanted thoughts, they would be confused about whether Master Zhuang had dreamed of the butterfly or whether the butterfly had dreamed of Master Zhuang. Over time, they would definitely contract a mental illness.

Long Yuehong shook his head and secretly glanced at Bai Chen. “I’m just wondering how nice it would be if I knew Little White from high school and studied with her...”

Jiang Baimian's mouth opened slightly as a thought flashed across her mind. "Have I really done something bad recently to suffer such punishment?"

"Woof, woof, woof," Shang Jianyao replied expressionlessly.

The honest Geneva pointed out Long Yuehong's mistake. "That might not be a good thing. Only by encountering the right person at the right time can there be a good follow-up. Meeting them too early or too late might result in a tragedy."

Long Yuehong couldn't help but cough.

Bai Chen gazed at the distant Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School and said, "The problem now is how to resolve the anomaly in this Buddhist Holy Land."

"Then, we have to figure out why this place is enveloped by Master Zhuang's dream," Long Yuehong quickly echoed.

Jiang Baimian thought for a moment and said, "The Crystal Consciousness Church said that the Five Great Holy Lands of Buddhism are related to Subhuti and Lokeshvara-Tathāgata. Some are where 'They' passed on, some are where 'They' descended, and some are where 'They' preached in the Old World's ancient times. Which type is Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School?"

Smack!?

Shang Jianyao clenched his right fist and punched his left palm. "I get it. The reason why this place is abnormally corporeal and clearly stronger than other Buddhist Holy Lands is that it's a trinity!"

"What trinity?" Long Yuehong asked in confusion.

Shang Jianyao explained smugly, "This is the place where Master Zhuang descended, the place 'He' passed on, and the place where 'His' preaching was held."

"Such a high school can barely be connected to preaching." Long Yuehong thought for a moment and objected.

Shang Jianyao explained sincerely, “Haven’t you seen the news in the Old World’s entertainment? Students giving birth in bathrooms and teachers spreading extremism. Some people jump off a building due to excessive pressure. Doesn’t this match a place of descent, where the preachings were made, and where they passed on? Uh, why did you guys take two steps back?”

Aren’t we worried that we’d be implicated when Master Zhuang smites you with lightning??Jiang Baimian cleared her throat and said, “Maybe Master Zhuang studied in this high school or was a teacher after the descent. Therefore, the scene from back then replayed in the dream.”

Clang! Clang! Clang!?

Genava clapped this time.

At this moment, Shang Jianyao added gloomily, “There’s another possibility. Since Master Zhuang descended into this world, ‘He’ must have been to many places. Why did he only dream of this place? Maybe ‘His’ corpse is buried somewhere in this high school.”

Hiss...?Long Yuehong’s heart palpitated as he felt inexplicably scared. He gulped and said, “Why don’t we come here later? It seems very dangerous.”

In order to show that he wasn’t just a coward, he quickly added, “We investigate the Five Great Holy Lands of Buddhism to figure out the reason for the Old World’s destruction and the Heartless disease’s origins. It’s not to figure out the anomaly or destroy the target. We can’t put the cart before the horse.”

“That makes sense.” Jiang Baimian smiled. “But how can we figure out what happened in the Old World if we don’t resolve the anomaly? Don’t worry. We’ll take it one step at a time. If we really feel that it involves the Kalendaria’s secret and can’t deal with it, we’ll stop immediately. We’ll do it again when we have the ability in the future.”

Just as she said that, Shang Jianyao stroked his chin. “Back in Ubei, did a certain existence go through all the trouble to get us a nuclear warhead because it wanted us to blow up this place?”

There was no need to bring the nuclear bomb in. It could still destroy the entire Tai City’s First High School by leaving it by the gates.

“Maybe.” Bai Chen nodded slightly.

The Old Task Force members fell silent.

After a few seconds, Jiang Baimian suddenly smiled. “First, we have to retrieve the nuclear warhead.”

Their jeep was still parked in Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School. Once a carbon-based human entered, they would lose their senses. When a silicon-based human entered, they would be affected by the ‘dream’ and be unable to find the vehicle.

Jiang Baimian looked at the jeep parked not far behind the automatic extendable gate and deliberated before saying, “Old Ge, Little Red, think of a way to fire grappling hooks and suction cups in and drag the car out with a rope.”

The core of this plan was that they wouldn’t enter Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School.

After a series of attempts, Genova and Long Yuehong dragged the jeep out of the school.

Everything was normal.

Jiang Baimian nodded slightly. “From the looks of it, one can do certain things in this dream as long as they follow the rules.”

The operation just now was not only to ‘save’ the team’s jeep but also to verify some of her guesses.

She then said to Genova seriously, “Old Ge, we can’t go in for the time being. Sorry to trouble you next. You need to do two things: First, go to the principal or the dean’s office, turn on their computers, and scan and memorize all the students and teachers. Since you can touch us and slap our backs, you can theoretically use a computer.

“Second, if you really can’t operate the computer, you’ll have to get your hands dirty. Go to each classroom and office and memorize the appearances and names of every student, teacher, and school employee. Yes, the latter can be found in workbooks, employee passes, and documents that require signatures.”

As a smart bot, Geneva's 'memorization' was equivalent to taking photos.

After giving Geneva instructions, Jiang Baimian looked around and said, "Then, let's compare the names we gathered from the previous Buddhist Holy Lands and see if there are any matches."

This included but wasn't limited to the names on Iron Mountain City's Second Food Company's employee board and the names of the academic lecturers at the Holm Fertility Center.. Once they overlapped, it meant that the corresponding person might be the Kalendaria—Master Zhuang—that symbolized the entire year.

Chapter 734: Investigator Geneva

Mechanical Paradise had plenty of information on the Old World. This allowed Geneva to lock onto the principal's office without much effort.

After a few trial-and-error attempts, he pushed open the right door. Of course, he had already used various methods to confirm that there was nobody in the office. Otherwise, he would patiently wait for someone to report their work to the principal. He would take the opportunity to tailgate them or circle to the back of the building and climb in through the window.

After entering the office and gently closing the door, Geneva went straight to the mahogany desk with a computer.

He was in no rush to turn on the computer. He first picked up the photo frame on the table and 'memorized' the faces of the principal's family of three into his storage drives.

During this process, he 'retrieved' the data he had previously saved and 'recalled' the principal—who had been fuming because of Shang Jianyao during morning assembly—and compared it to the photo.

The similarity is only 86%... Removing the wig on his head boosts the similarity to 10%... Preliminary judgment indicates that this is the principal...?Geneva—who had no hair—actually found it a little difficult to understand a human's obsession with hair. But as a smart bot, he only needed to understand this fact.

After putting down the photo frame, Genova stood in front of the office chair in a horse stance.

With a gentle tap, the computer's various components began operating.

I can indeed turn on a computer.?Genova followed his programming and made a simple judgment.

After the system was completely booted up, he held the mouse and tried to click on different documents. However, the computer appeared to be infected with a virus. The mouse didn't listen to his instructions at all; it jumped right and left randomly.

Genova finally clicked open a document with great difficulty, and it was filled with content that wasn't related to the filename. The only valuable thing was that they weren't random characters.

After linking this matter to Shang Jianyao's recording of his patting into a stick figure, how Jiang Baimian couldn't determine the words written on her back, and how he couldn't leave any marks despite using a pen, Genova came to a conclusion: The dreamscape's rules or hidden powers prevented him from directly exchanging information with the dreamscape.

Of course, the other possibility was that even if this place really belonged to Master Zhuang's dream—which was lifelike and virtually impossible to determine its authenticity—there were still things that couldn't be completely detailed. For example, the data on the principal's computer, the list of all the students in the school, and the teachers and employees' resumes. If Master Zhuang—who had descended back then—hadn't seen it, it probably wouldn't be replicated in the dream. Or rather, there would definitely be a large number of repeats.

After making a few more attempts and confirming that it was impossible to obtain any information from the computer, Genova picked up a signed document to the side and recorded the principal's name: "Wang Ande."

Genova then flipped through the various information in the office, and his main program quickly plummeted into chaos.

Every piece of information here was rather detailed and looked real! This was completely contradictory to the other possibility that Genova had guessed.

He didn't waste any time because of this and instead headed to the teacher's office.

In those places, Genova memorized the looks and names of most teachers and grasped the names of all the students in the different classes from the workbooks piled on their table. Yes, except for those who didn't hand in their homework.

There were few names that repeated, and they had their own meaning. They didn't seem to be randomly produced or copied and pasted.

After 'taking' photos of all the teachers in the corresponding office, Genova left and jogged to the teaching building opposite the main gates.

He went to one classroom after another—one table after another—adding 'photos' of different students to his storage drives. For this reason, he specially established a model database.

At the same time, he used the textbooks, the teachings, and the names on the scratchpads to connect the different photos with the content he had memorized in the teacher's office.

Only a robot could cover such complicated, detailed, and shocking amounts of data in a short period of time. If Jiang Baimian were here, it would be impossible for her to complete this mission in a few hours even if she relied on the auxiliary chip in her electric eel-like biomechanical limb.

Genava—who did repetitive labor in each classroom—entered Grade 12, Class 5 again.

He realized that the desk that originally belonged to Jiang Baimian had been 'appropriated' by an unfamiliar girl.

She was tall and had a ponytail. She wore an old-fashioned school uniform with blue and white colors, and she often received the teacher's affirmation. Apart from that, she didn't have any similarities to Jiang Baimian.

This made Genova suspect that she was the real owner of the desk—a student of Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School, Grade 12's Class 5.

After the Old Task Force entered Master Zhuang's dream, the different members were matched to the person most similar to them and had their corresponding thoughts implanted.

As this high school only had a few thousand people, and there was a relatively limited sample of humans, it was impossible for the matches to be perfect. Most of the time, there were only three to four that shared similarities.

Xu Qiao. Genava memorized the girl's name.

He then went to the classroom where Bai Chen and Long Yuehong had been. He saw an empty seat and a short boy sitting in the other.

The male student matched to Little Red is called Zhang Huadong... His deskmate seems to be on leave and didn't come to class today... I can't determine her name by elimination for the time being. I need to figure out the other classmates' situation in the classroom first... Genava recorded these questions.

When comparing the previous classrooms one by one, he had already realized that not all students attended school today. The homework on the teacher's desks that came from yesterday or the day before didn't match the number of students in the corresponding classrooms.

Genava then repeated his previous work.

Even as a smart bot, he busied until the sun was about to set before he finished gathering all the data.

During this time, Jiang Baimian, Shang Jianyao, Bai Chen, and Long Yuehong had a simple dinner. They filled their stomachs in advance to deal with any subsequent accidents.

Long Yuehong heaved a sigh of relief when he saw Genava jump out of the automatic extendable gate that had long been opened while Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School remained the same.

Jiang Baimian went forward and asked, "How was it? Any progress?"

Compared to manual screening and comparison, she felt that Genava had many times better identification and database matching abilities.

Genava moved his metal neck from side to side. "None of the names correspond to the ones that appeared in the other three Buddhist Holy Lands; this includes students who didn't come to class

today and teachers on leave. However, a small number of students might not have handed in their homework all along while also missing classes today, so I can't gather their data."

Long Yuehong thought for a few seconds and said, "Those who aren't in school today should have nothing to do with Master Zhuang. Otherwise, the scene displayed in the dream wouldn't be that day's scene."

Bai Chen had just nodded when Shang Jianyao scoffed. "Have you ever had a dream? Don't we sometimes have dreams that have a bird's-eye view?"

"But it's impossible to have such a dream repeatedly appear," Jiang Baimian retorted simply.

As she thought, she said, "More haste, less speed. We'll come back tomorrow and come back the day after tomorrow. Old Ge will confirm if the dreams played out here are different. If they are different, what's the greatest difference... The detailed experimental data is an important premise for any further discussion."

Bai Chen said, "After we grasp enough information, we have a chance of distinguishing Master Zhuang's identity in the mortal world. This should be the key to cracking the dream."

At this moment, Long Yuehong hesitated for a moment and said, "Why don't we wait a few days for the monks from the Asceticism Department to arrive and observe how they worship the Holy Land? This might contain very important clues."

Jiang Baimian nodded slightly. "If we fail to find any valuable information in the next two days, we can consider this plan."

She turned her head to glance at the abandoned and dead Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School and waved her hand. "Let's retreat from this city ruin before it's completely dark. We'll come back tomorrow morning."

Just as she said that, Shang Jianyao suddenly laughed. "Give me a few minutes to do another experiment."

"What experiment?" Jiang Baimian asked in anticipation and worry.

Shang Jianyao pointed at the gates of Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School and stroked his chin. "I want to enter the Mind Corridor at the edge of the dream and see if the surrounding rooms will be affected by the Kalendaria's aura and produce the corresponding changes. Yes, if this is really Master Zhuang's dream."

This train of thought... That's right! Some rooms in the Mind Corridor have the Kalendaria's dream, and they definitely include Master Zhuang's. This place is suspected to be a dream left behind by Master Zhuang in reality. The two are essentially the same. It might really produce a certain 'chemical reaction' and bring about some unpredictable changes...?Jiang Baimian slowly nodded. "We can give it a try."

Shang Jianyao immediately ran toward the automatic extendable gate like a wild horse that had escaped its reins. He then sat cross-legged at the gate without crossing the line.

After some adjustments, Shang Jianyao raised his right hand and massaged his temples.

In the Mind Corridor, his figure appeared in Room 131.

Although Jiang Baimian had previously requested him to explore the depths of the corridor before arriving in Tai City, this matter wasn't that simple even with a strategy guide. All kinds of accidents would happen. Therefore, Shang Jianyao had only explored eight rooms incompletely. He was still two rooms away from his target.

This was an inaccurate estimate because he had counted the trauma of Iron Mountain City Ruin and the cruise ship as two.

Shang Jianyao straightened his clothes and conjured a small speaker. He pushed open the door and walked out before sizing up the surrounding rooms.

After turning his body and turning his head, his gaze suddenly froze. His expression gradually mixed with excitement and fear.

Beside his 131, there was an additional room that didn't exist nearby.

The room quietly stood there. Golden numbers labeled the corresponding door number: "102"

‘102!’?

The last Mind Corridor room Yama Tiger had entered before sleeping!

Chapter 735: The Same Dream

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Nine heads appeared from different parts of Shang Jianyao’s body. A total of 20 eyes stared at 102’s door in unison.

After a few seconds, the rash Shang Jianyao said smugly, “Haha, it didn’t take much effort to find it!”

He controlled the legs and walked to the door that looked no different from the ones surrounding it.

Swoosh!?

Many arms stretched out from Shang Jianyao’s waist. They either gripped or pressed down, forcefully holding back the legs.

“If you want to die, don’t implicate everyone!” The cautious Shang Jianyao cursed the rash one.

“That’s right, that’s right,” another Shang Jianyao echoed.

“Does he really think he’s Yama Tiger? Back then, Yama Tiger was already an Awakened who had explored the Mind Corridor’s depths. Even if he accidentally entered the Kalendaria’s dream, he had a chance of discovering the door that led to the New World and escaping.” The honest Shang Jianyao scoffed.

The Old Task Force had preliminarily determined that Yama Tiger had already entered the New World. However, he was trapped by an existence for some reason and couldn’t return to the Ashlands freely.

It was impossible for him to be trapped in the Kalendaria's dream and be unable to escape. If that happened, he would truly become a vegetable. Without the support of medical equipment, his body couldn't maintain its vitals all this while.

At present, only powerhouses who had entered the New World could show such uniqueness.

The Shang Jianyao that sought novelty deliberated for a moment and said, "We can still open the door, but don't be in a rush to enter. Observe the situation inside from the door."

The calm and rational Shang Jianyao nodded. "If we aren't doing anything, why did we come in? To prove that the dream that enveloped Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School is indeed a Kalendaria's dream?"

He didn't say that it was Master Zhuang. After all, Subhuti was also a Kalendaria. Furthermore, he was in charge of January. The room corresponding to 'Him' in the Mind Corridor also started with '1.'

After a round of nervous voting, the Shang Jianyaos barely came to a consensus.

The additional heads and limbs on his body retracted at the same time, returning him to his normal human form.

As the Democratic Association had already decided, Zen Master Redemption—who was calm and benevolent—had no choice but to represent the collective. He walked to Room 102 and gripped the brass handle.

He gently twisted it, and the vermilion wooden door slowly opened, producing a faint creaking sound.

It was dark inside, and he couldn't see anything. Zen Master Redemption Shang Jianyao tried to take a step forward.

The world in front of him suddenly opened up as if he had come to another world. Above his head was the dark, gloomy, and indescribable sky. In front of him was a square made of cement. Behind

him was an automatic extendable gate that was slowly closing. Opposite him and on both sides were teaching buildings and offices...

Without needing to recall, Shang Jianyao immediately recognized this scene—Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School!

He had just seen it, and it had left a deep impression on him.

Upon seeing that the gates behind him were about to close, Shang Jianyao quickly took two steps back.

He retreated to the Mind Corridor.

The vermilion door to Room 102 had closed at some point in time.

After staring at it for a moment, Shang Jianyao chose to return to the real world. He stood up from the gates of Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School, walked back to Jiang Baimian and the others, and roughly described his experience in the Mind Corridor.

"102 leads to Master Zhuang's dreamscape..." Bai Chen muttered to herself.

Jiang Baimian nodded and looked at Shang Jianyao. She thoughtfully said, "If you didn't come out in time or if you took a few more steps forward, would you have fallen into a dream like we previously did? Would the corresponding thoughts be implanted into you, causing you to play a certain role inside? Then, you wouldn't be able to escape, be unable to find your self-awareness, and be completely lost?"

"Definitely," the calm and rational Shang Jianyao replied without hesitation. He believed that since the two dreams were identical in both the real world and the Mind Corridor, there wouldn't be much of a difference in their effects.

"This is the danger of a Kalendaria's dream." Long Yuehong didn't hide his fear.

This was different from the psychological trauma in other rooms.

Jiang Baimian made a terse grunt. “I’m wondering how Yama Tiger found himself in Room 102—Master Zhuang’s dream—and discovered the door to the New World?”

At the very least, Yama Tiger was still ‘fine’ in the New World and hadn’t been lost in Room 102’s dreamscape.

“He might’ve been lucky and stumbled into a certain key point, allowing him to find himself. It’s also possible that he made some preparations in advance. When acting as a student or teacher, he would always dream about the various scenes on the Ashlands in his fugue. Therefore, he had doubts and gradually realized the fakeness of the dream.” Geneva gave the two situations that he believed were most likely the case after analysis.

Jiang Baimian suddenly sighed. “That’s not the point. The point is that if we have a way to contact Yama Tiger, we can grasp the secret to clearing this. Not only can this allow us to eliminate the anomaly in this Buddhist Holy Land more easily, but it can also help Hey clear a Kalendaria’s dream in the Mind Corridor. If that happens, it should be equivalent to him exploring the Mind Corridor’s depths.”

“What a pity!” Shang Jianyao immediately thumped his chest and stomped his feet. “Back then, I didn’t ask Yama Tiger for a way to contact him! He only knew how to shout ‘save me!’”

“It’s too late now,” Long Yuehong calmly pointed out. “Redstone Collection is far in the south.”

Jiang Baimian nodded slightly. “If we really can’t resolve the anomaly brought about by Master Zhuang’s dream this time, we should circle around to Redstone Collection when we set off from the company after we get some R&R.”

At this point, she looked at the sky. “Retreat from this city ruin first. We’ll come back tomorrow morning.”

The Old Task Force left Tai City Ruin through the entrance they took before night completely fell and found a place with a clean water source to camp at.

As they assigned night duty, Jiang Baimian suddenly recalled something and asked Geneva, “Old Ge, what’s the name of the original character I played in that dream? I remember you mentioning that my name is Xu Qiao, right?”

“Yes.” The red glow in Genava’s eyes flickered as he proactively gave the names of the others. “Little Red is Zhang Huadong. Little White is Lin Yan. Hey is Du Shaochong.”

Lin Yan and Du Shaochong were the names he had confirmed through a process of comparison and elimination.

“Every character has a name. Every student and teacher there has a name, and it doesn’t seem to be randomly generated...” Jiang Baimian slowly said in a confused tone, “Even if the former Master Zhuang descended into this world and had really studied or lectured in Tai City’s First High School, it’s impossible for him to remember everyone’s names. After all, most of the people here are people he has never come into contact with directly. It’s impossible for him to know the other party’s name. Even the Kalendaria can’t make something out of nothing, right?”

Long Yuehong had such questions as well. Even though Pangu Biology had a school on every floor with very few people, he only knew his classmates and some of his schoolmates from other grades. It was impossible for him to know the names of all the students, teachers, and school workers.

“Don’t try to understand a Kalendaria’s power with a mortal’s mind!” The honest Shang Jianyao began to mock them. “Just because we can’t do it doesn’t mean that the Kalendaria can’t. Something as trivial as memorizing all the names of everyone in the school isn’t difficult for Old Ge.”

How can Old Ge be the same as us??Jiang Baimian wanted to reply, but she realized that this could naturally result in the words ‘how can the Kalendaria be the same as us’ after some thought. Therefore, she chose to shut up.

The scene immediately became a little awkward. Long Yuehong, Bai Chen, and Genava suspected that Jiang Baimian would throw a heavy punch the next second.

After a while, Jiang Baimian deliberated and said, “The reason I suddenly asked Old Ge about the name of the role I played was that I realized that the remaining implanted thoughts contained some of the character’s memories when I recalled today’s encounter.”

Everyone’s thought patterns and behavioral styles couldn’t be separated from their past memories.

In the quiet camp, Jiang Baimian’s voice sounded ethereal beside the crackling bonfire. “I remember that the character always ranks in the top three in the cohort during exams. However,

she's relatively introverted because she has always been separated from her parents as she had been studying out-of-town and staying with relatives...

"I don't remember any more. When I found myself, most of the implanted thoughts naturally dissipated."

Bai Chen nodded indiscernibly. "Now that I think about it, my character has always been in poor health. She often suffers from a cold and a headache, so she takes leave to stay at home..."

"My character has an inferiority complex, a result of bullying from his primary school days..." Long Yuehong began to recall.

Shang Jianyao smiled. "I've mentioned it already. My character has excellent grades and is in the top ten all year round. He's also very good at sports, but he likes to mix around with the bad students. He has a mischievous personality, is audacious, and dares to prank anyone."

"Not only does every character have a name and a corresponding train of thought, but they also have background stories and past experiences..." Geneva helped summarize. "Even for me, it's not easy to assign more than a decade or decades' worth of lives for thousands of people."

Isn't Master Zhuang's dream too realistic?

Once one fell into it, it was virtually impossible to tell if it was 'Master Zhuang dreaming of a butterfly or a butterfly dreaming of Master Zhuang.'

"That's one thing." Jiang Baimian nodded slightly and looked around. "The other thing is that these characters are more or less similar to us."

"I call this a matching principle." Geneva voiced his guess.

Long Yuehong, Bai Chen, and the others thought for a moment and felt that it should be the case.

Jiang Baimian was just about to end the meeting when an idea flashed in her mind. She suddenly looked at Shang Jianyao.

“Don’t slap the face!” Shang Jianyao thought of something and raised his hands to protect his face.

Jiang Baimian ignored him and continued muttering to herself, “Logically speaking, there’s another point on Hey that can be used for a match, and there’s someone who is a match.”

“Which point?” Long Yuehong asked in confusion.

Jiang Baimian’s expression was abnormally solemn.. “Him being an Awakened in the Master Zhuang domain.”

Chapter 736: Fighting Fire with Fire

Long Yuehong, Bai Chen, and Genava understood Jiang Baimian’s meaning immediately, but this didn’t stop their expressions from changing.

Until now, nobody had found any basis for the existence of Awakened before the Old World was destroyed. Therefore, it was impossible for there to be Awakened in Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School, which represented one of the Old World’s scenes.

Under such circumstances, there were very few characteristics that matched Shang Jianyao’s identity as an Awakened in the Master Zhuang domain. There was only one answer: The body that the Kalendaria—Master Zhuang—had used in ‘His’ descent!

“The Du Shaochong played by Hey is the protagonist of the dream and represents the entire year’s Kalendaria, Master Zhuang?” Long Yuehong muttered to himself in a tone of deep reverence and baffling fear.

“It’s the identity used by Master Zhuang when ‘He’ descended into the world,” Shang Jianyao corrected him.

Upon seeing the tense atmosphere, Jiang Baimian deliberately joked, “How do we know that it wasn’t Du Shaochong who dreamed that he became Master Zhuang and not Master Zhuang who dreamed that he became Du Shaochong?”

Then, I'd rather it be the latter possibility. The former means that we are all illusory people in Du Shaochong's dream...?Long Yuehong muttered.

At this moment, Shang Jianyao spread his hands, raised his body slightly, and looked at the sky. "Everything is but a dream. Why so serious?"

After such a comedic routine, Genova took the initiative to say, "I think the possibility that Du Shaochong is Master Zhuang's body of descent is very low."

He further explained, "I already brought Hey out of Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School back then, but nothing happened to the dream."

Bai Chen found an explanation. "Maybe Hey's role was naturally stripped away when he left Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School."

Genava still insisted on his opinion. "If Du Shaochong is really Master Zhuang's body of descent, he will definitely be a key point in the dream. I interacted with him and even jumped off a building with him, but nothing happened. I believe there should be a hidden premise for a match: Choose something with more similar characteristics.

"And between Master Zhuang's body of descent and Hey, there's only one similarity—being in Master Zhuang's domain. It can't compare to Du Shaochong."

Jiang Baimian slowly nodded. "It might also imply a premise: 'I' am an exception."

This 'I' referred to the source of the dream—Master Zhuang's body of descent. 'He' wouldn't match with any outsider.

"Yes." Genova agreed.

Shang Jianyao immediately looked disappointed. "What a pity."

He seemed to want to experience the feeling of being possessed by a Kalendaria.

Jiang Baimian turned her head and said to him, “Although the probability of Du Shaochong being Master Zhuang’s body of descent is very low, we still can’t ignore this possibility. After all, there are too few clues that can help resolve Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School anomaly. We have to try everything. Yes, what other memories do you have of Du Shaochong?”

This referred to memories that were entangled with the implanted thoughts.

“I forgot most of it.” Shang Jianyao recalled and said, “Apart from what I just mentioned, Du Shaochong seems to have transferred here from elsewhere. Also, I remember where his home in Tai City is...”

“Where was it?”

“Where did he transfer from?”

Long Yuehong and Jiang Baimian asked one after another.

“In Building 6 of Yangliu Residence, Unit 1801.” Shang Jianyao first answered Long Yuehong’s question before shaking his head at Jiang Baimian. “I don’t remember.”

Jiang Baimian made a terse grunt. “Let’s search for Du Shaochong’s house before we head to Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School tomorrow.”

...

“This estate is much higher-end than Harbour Homeland...” The next morning, Jiang Baimian stood at Yangliu Residence’s entrance. She raised her head slightly and looked at the high-rise buildings in front of her.

The facade seemed to be made of marble. Even though it was now covered in dust and water stains, and clumps of greenery grew out of the cracks, it couldn’t hide the original material.

Bai Chen said, “Du Shaochong’s family background seems pretty good.”

“Isn’t this the configuration of a protagonist?” Shang Jianyao said excitedly.

The honest Shang Jianyao then mocked himself. “In the Old World’s entertainment, don’t most protagonists come from poor backgrounds with ordinary qualifications?”

“I’m referring to the male lead in romance novels,” replied the Shang Jianyao that liked to joke in a joking manner.

Then, Du Shaochong’s family background doesn’t seem good enough...?Jiang Baimian muttered and rubbed her temples. “Head straight to Building 6, Unit 1801. Let’s get this over with.”

After a series of searches, the Old Task Force was surprised to discover that the people living in Building 6 weren’t Du Shaochong’s family but another unrelated family.

“Did you remember wrong?” Long Yuehong looked at Shang Jianyao.

“The ten of us remember it. There’s definitely nothing wrong!” The Shang Jianyaos shook their heads confidently.

Jiang Baimian thoughtfully said, “If Master Zhuang really descended to be Du Shaochong, ‘He’ will undoubtedly be only a student in the dreamscape of Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School. Subsequently, it will be about ‘Him’ preaching or passing away. In other words, that dream is still many years away from the Old World’s destruction. It’s completely possible for Du Shaochong’s family to move away after he graduated from high school.”

Bai Chen pursed her lips and said, “Du Shaochong’s trail seems broken.”

“Sigh...” Long Yuehong sighed in agreement.

Jiang Baimian—who was standing in Unit 1801—thought for a moment and asked Geneva, “Do you have Du Shaochong’s photo?”

“No.” Geneva shook his metal neck. “In yesterday’s dream, Du Shaochong probably skipped class and didn’t come to school. The exact reason is unknown.”

Jiang Baimian paced back and forth before suddenly turning her head to look at Shang Jianyao.

Shang Jianyao immediately took a step back and raised his hand to cover his face.

Ignoring his overreaction, Jiang Baimian asked everyone in a questioning tone, “If Hey enters Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School again, gets matched to Du Shaochong, and plays this role, will he grasp more memories?”

“Definitely,” Geneva, Long Yuehong, and Bai Chen replied in unison.

The remaining characters’ memories in the four carbon-based Old Task Force members’ minds came from the thoughts implanted. Most of those thoughts naturally dissipated when they left Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School and were jolted awake by someone to find themselves. This resulted in them only being able to recall a few things.

If the entire set of thoughts was implanted again, the inseparable memories would definitely be injected into his mind again. Of course, the premise was that Shang Jianyao didn’t leave Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School and that it would still be Du Shaochong.

Shang Jianyao lowered his palm and said to Jiang Baimian with abnormal sincerity, “Perhaps it’s better to slap my face.”

Jiang Baimian shot him a glance. “We’re talking business now!”

She quickly restrained her expression and said seriously, “I have a plan. Hey and I will enter Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School again and make him become Du Shaochong once more to obtain the other party’s memories, train of thought, and behavioral traits. Then, I’ll find an opportunity to ask him face-to-face. At the same time, Old Ge will listen in and record the answers.”

Long Yuehong revealed a confused expression. “But Team Leader, you will become Xu Qiao after you enter. How will you remember to ask Du Shaochong certain questions...”

“Yes.” Bai Chen indicated that it wasn’t entirely feasible.

The corners of Jiang Baimian’s mouth gradually curled up. “This requires implanting a certain level of thought in advance.”

Fighting fire with fire??This phrase suddenly appeared in Long Yuehong's mind.

Jiang Baimian looked around and explained with a smile, "Du Shaochong is also a third-year student. His grades are very good, so Xu Qiao definitely knows him. However, Xu Qiao is introverted. It's impossible for her to speak to Du Shaochong under normal circumstances.

"If we follow the train of thought implanted in the dream, it will be very difficult for the two of them to intersect. However, we can add some details that benefit us without violating that train of thought.

"For example, Xu Qiao is introverted, but she's still a little curious about Du Shaochong—who has good grades and is sporty. One day, they might suddenly encounter each other in an empty place—uh, a place that resembles a rooftop. That's when Xu Qiao impulsively asks Du Shaochong a few questions.

"As long as Xu Qiao doesn't have a crush on anyone, this thought process won't have any conflict with what the dream gives. Even if we implant it in advance, it won't be covered and replaced—it will be activated under specific circumstances. To put it simply, we should add some of the content we want in advance in the places where the dream isn't detailed enough."

This was similar to Jiang Baimian, Shang Jianyao, Bai Chen, and Long Yuehong showing some of their characteristics when they played the corresponding roles. Now, they could only replace some of their characteristics with the corresponding thoughts that had been implanted in them in advance. The only thing they needed to pay attention to was that this didn't conflict with the identity they played.

Clap! Clap! Clap!?

Shang Jianyao clapped

Genava nodded in agreement.

They then began to resolve how to let Du Shaochong and Xu Qiao meet in a deserted place.

After some discussion, Shang Jianyao implanted the idea 'I don't want to go to class today and want to relax on the rooftop' in advance. Jiang Baimian, on the other hand, was: 'Xu Qiao is too

introverted and doesn't have many friends. Her senior year is rather stressful, causing her some problems. Therefore, she plans on taking a breather on the rooftop after finishing one lesson.'

This way, Du Shaochong and Xu Qiao would meet on the rooftop. The premise was that Genava helped 'eliminate' the factors that affected their corresponding actions.

Before implanting the question, Long Yuehong curiously asked Jiang Baimian, "Team Leader, what are you going to ask Du Shaochong?"

"Where did you transfer from? Where's your hometown? Do you know Li Hui, Fan Wensi, Li Jinlong, Lin Sui, Oak, Richard, Du Heng, and the others..." Jiang Baimian gave a bunch of questions in one breath.

After Shang Jianyao heard that, he clicked his tongue and shook his head. "With my understanding of Du Shaochong, he will only reply with 'are you a toddler who keeps asking questions?'"

Jiang Baimian thought for a moment. "That's true. Then, I'll only ask the first three questions—uh, the first two. Only if it works will we do it a second time."

Shang Jianyao then smiled at her, and his eyes turned deep and dark.. His voice sounded magnetic. "When you believe you're Xu Qiao..."

Chapter 737: Answer

Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School, Grade 12, Class 5.

Jiang Baimian sat in her seat and watched her classmates laughing and joking around her. However, she couldn't seem to blend in. It was as if she was in a world that only had her; she felt stifled.

At this moment, she had the urge to cover her ears and scream in the classroom.

She had self-control and didn't let her urges become a reality. She stood up and planned on finding a place to breathe some fresh air.

As for where she was going, she had yet to figure it out. She only felt uncomfortable staying in the classroom.

After arriving at the corridor, Jiang Baimian's gaze swept across the students chatting and laughing as they leaned against the railings. She swept her gaze across the people chasing after each other and bantering from time to time and felt that this wasn't the place she wanted to stay.

Where should I go??She hesitated.

Soon, a place flashed across her mind:Rooftop.

Before starting Grade 12, she still had time to watch television dramas and read novels during weekends. And in stories with schools, regardless of whether one was the main character, they would go to the rooftop for a breather from time to time.

Of course, before she had this urge today, Jiang Baimian felt that it was all cooked up by novels. Who would go to the rooftop at a normal school?

The principal would definitely get people to guard the area tightly and prevent students from going to such a dangerous place!

After hesitating for a moment, Jiang Baimian strode toward the stairwell.

At this moment, she saw her deskmate, Chen Shenshen, walking over. She had just finished using the bathroom.

Although she didn't consider her deskmate to be a good friend or a bestie, they had been sitting together for almost a year. They still chatted a little every day, and her relationship with her was better compared to the other classmates.

In other words, if Chen Shenshen saw her, she would definitely ask where she was going. She didn't want anyone in her class to know that she planned on going to the rooftop to enjoy the breeze.

Should I say that I'm going to the bathroom? Maybe I should skip the rooftop?

?Jiang Baimian hesitated.

At this moment, the two male students chasing each other in the corridor slipped and fell to the ground. Chen Shenshen heard the commotion and turned her head to watch this scene. She first checked if the sorry fellow was injured before laughing until she couldn't straighten her back after confirming that nothing had happened.

Upon seeing that she had completely ignored her, Jiang Baimian heaved a sigh of relief and quickened her pace, walking past Chen Shenshen's back. She went straight to the stairwell and went up.

As she walked, Jiang Baimian realized that her form teacher was walking down the stairs.

Two Grade 12 Class 10 students walked behind him, each carrying a stack of workbooks.

Jiang Baimian couldn't help but frown. She wasn't surprised by this encounter at all because her form teacher was also a physics teacher for Grade 12 Class 10. She was worried that her form teacher would ask why she was walking upstairs for no reason once she saw her.

As the top seeded candidate of the class and an outstanding student with great competitiveness in the cohort, Jiang Baimian was inevitably thought of highly by her form teacher and even the teachers of the various subjects.

Being quiet and reserved, she wouldn't leave her class for no special reason, and her form teacher attached great importance to a student's mental health.

Jiang Baimian had second thoughts again when she suddenly heard a crashing sound. She saw that the two students behind the form teacher didn't seem to have neatly stacked the homework.

At this moment, their flailing hands were useless; all they could do was watch the books scatter all over the stairs.

They hurriedly bent down to pick the homework up.

Jiang Baimian's form teacher didn't choose to stand by and watch. She also bent her back and tried to pick up a few workbooks by her feet.

Jiang Baimian retracted her gaze and walked past them without causing a stir.

Afraid of encountering someone she knew again, she walked faster. Before long, she arrived on the sixth floor.

Beyond that was the door to the rooftop.

As she swept her gaze, Jiang Baimian saw a roguish figure walking over.

He was a very famous delinquent in school. His name was Deng Tong, and he committed all kinds of crimes such as fighting. If not for his family's connections, he would've long been expelled.

"Let's head to the rooftop to get some air!" Deng Tong shouted at the classroom closest to the stairwell.

Inside were his bunch of riffraff.

Jiang Baimian stopped walking. She didn't want to share a deserted rooftop with such a delinquent.

This was a person's most basic instinct for self-preservation or to avoid harm.

For a moment, Jiang Baimian's depression worsened. Why am I so unlucky today? I just want to go to the rooftop to enjoy the breeze, but I keep encountering so many things!

Just as she was about to turn around and return to her class, a blackboard eraser flew out of the nearest classroom's door and smashed into Deng Tong's face, making him see stars and dizzy.

"Who is it? Who the f*ck threw it at me!?" Deng Tong roared as he recovered slightly and rushed into the classroom.

It immediately became chaotic.

Jiang Baimian flipped her wrist and looked at her watch. She realized that there were only five minutes left before class started.

She was certain that Deng Tong didn't have time to enjoy the breeze on the rooftop before class started.

She only planned on taking three minutes of fresh air on the rooftop. From the looks of it, it was unlikely that she would encounter the likes of Deng Tong.

Jiang Baimian heaved a sigh of relief and jogged to the door that led to the rooftop—its lock had been broken.

Jiang Baimian tried to open the door and walk to the rooftop. As the cold wind blew, she felt much more refreshed and less down.

When she identified her bearings, she was surprised to see a student—a sloppy male—standing by the parapet facing the school gates.

Du Shaochong...?Jiang Baimian knew him and knew that he was a classmate with a contradictory reputation.

His grades were clearly very good, and he could sometimes threaten her ranking. He was also very sporty—he was good at everything, be it running, long jumping, street dancing, or basketball. However, he didn't look like a good student at all; he always hung out with Deng Tong and the others. It was said that he even participated in gang fights.

What a strange person...?Jiang Baimian muttered silently and walked to the parapet beside Du Shaochong.

Upon seeing this, Genova—who was behind her—suddenly felt like he could finally heave a sigh of relief. Although it was very simple and easy for 'Xu Qiao'—who was also Jiang Baimian—to reach the rooftop, Genova had racked his brains and had done a lot of work 'secretly.'

He tripped the running student and attracted Xu Qiao's deskmate's attention to prevent her from interfering with Jiang Baimian's sudden urge to head to the rooftop to enjoy the breeze.

He pushed the workbooks in the hands of the two students and prevented Xu Qiao's form teacher from stopping Jiang Baimian for a heart-to-heart talk.

He quickly entered the nearest classroom, found a chalk eraser, and smashed it at Deng Tong to lure the delinquent away to prevent him from affecting Jiang Baimian's mood for a breeze at the rooftop.

All the calmness and serenity couldn't have happened without the hard work of the person behind the scenes!

After arriving by the parapet, looking at the distant scenery, and inhaling the cold wind, Jiang Baimian realized that this could really make her forget a lot of her worries. It opened her up.

Yes, it was spring when we came in yesterday, and it's late autumn today. Xu Qiao and Du Shaochong are still in their third year of high school...?Genava took the opportunity to organize his previous observations.

As Xu Qiao and Du Shaochong were very outstanding students, it was unlikely that they would be retained even if they got into an early relationship. Therefore, there was only one answer: Time had reversed.

In other words, time in the 'dreamscape' was jumpy and chaotic. This matched the concept of a dreamscape very well.

After a while, Jiang Baimian turned her head and looked at Du Shaochong—who wasn't far away.

The other party wasn't surprised that she had come to the rooftop to enjoy the breeze!

What kind of person is he?

?Jiang Baimian suddenly felt intense curiosity. This made her do something she usually wouldn't do.

She actually mustered her courage to speak to him. "Hey!"

Shang Jianyao—who was acting as Du Shaochong—turned to glance at her. "My name isn't Hey."

Jiang Baimian blushed and paused. “I know you—you’re Du Shaochong. I heard that you were transferred to our school during your second year in high school?”

“In the second semester of the first year,” Du Shaochong replied expressionlessly.

Jiang Baimian asked, “Where did you study previously?”

“Why do you have so many questions...” Du Shaochong muttered. He replied reluctantly, “I transferred here from Dajiang City.”

Dajiang City...?Genava recorded this keyword. At the same time, he matched the relevant information: Dajiang City, Linhe Village, under the old pagoda tree at the village entrance.

This was another Buddhist Holy Land!

The red light in Genava’s eyes suddenly lit up as he came to a preliminary conclusion: Du Shaochong—who was related to the two Holy Lands—might really be the Kalendaria, Master Zhuang’s body of descent!

But why didn’t this ‘dreamscape’ produce any changes when I grabbed Du Shaochong and jumped off the building with him? This doesn’t make sense!Genava immediately felt intense confusion as if he had encountered a bug.

At this moment, someone entered the rooftop.

It was the delinquent, Deng Tong, who had been hit by the blackboard eraser. He seemed to have already beaten up the person who had ambushed him and planned on taking a breather on the rooftop.

Upon seeing Xu Qiao standing beside Du Shaochong, Deng Tong whistled. “Yo, she’s your chick?”

“I chanced upon her,” Du Shaochong explained simply.

Deng Tong chuckled. “Then, what were you guys talking about?”

Du Shaochong glanced at Jiang Baimian. “She asked me where I studied previously.”

“Tsk, why did she only ask you and not me?” Deng Tong wore an expression that said: “Don’t explain; explaining is only a cover.”

Jiang Baimian’s face flushed red. In order to prove her innocence, she quickly asked, “Where did you study previously?”

Deng Tong thought for a moment and said seriously, “Dajiang City.”

Dajiang City...?The red glow in Geneva’s eyes flickered even more.?Why is there another one from Dajiang City?

At this moment, Deng Tong casually asked, “What about you? Which middle school did you graduate from?”

Xu Qiao—who was acting as Jiang Baimian—was confused for a second before answering seriously, “Dajiang City’s Elite Middle School.”

What??Genava began to suspect that something had happened to his audio capture device.

The next second, Du Shaochong and Deng Tong looked at Xu Qiao and smiled. “Me too.”

“I also graduated from Dajiang City’s Elite Middle School.”

Chapter 738: Spreading

How can it be so coincidental? They are all graduates of Dajiang City’s Elite Middle School... Furthermore, they’ve never heard of each other before...?All the analysis models established by Geneva told him that the scene in front of him was very problematic and illogical.

Strings of data interweaved in his core module and constantly calculated all kinds of results. Shang Jianyao—who played Du Shaochong, Jiang Baimian—who played Xu Qiao, and Deng Tong—who

belonged to the dreamscape—slowly turned their heads and looked at the spot where Geneva was standing.

According to the original rules, they couldn't see the smart bot, Geneva, or interact with him directly. But now, their gazes seemed to be focused on the area that should've been blank.

The red glow in Geneva's eyes froze for a second.

...

Outside the gates to Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School, Bai Chen and Long Yuehong guarded the jeep and waited for their team leader and the others to come out after verifying the effectiveness of the plan.

Long Yuehong suddenly felt the light dim a little. He subconsciously looked up at the sky and realized that the light-blue color of the sky was occupied by dark clouds.

"It's going to rain..." Long Yuehong muttered to himself.

Bai Chen looked at the sky. "That's right."

In just two sentences, the sun was covered by dark clouds, and it seemed like evening had arrived.

Long Yuehong and Bai Chen were just about to discuss if there was anything wrong with the sudden change in the weather when lights suddenly lit up in front of them.

In the abandoned Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School, lamps were lit, be it the teaching buildings or the office building.

In an instant, the place was brightly lit as if the galaxy was reflected there. This didn't hide the green plants that grew between the cracks in the walls and the desolate weeds.

"This..." Long Yuehong's first reaction was that Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School had transmigrated from the Old World's 'dreamscape' to reality!

Ding ring ring!

The school bell signifying the end of classes echoed in their ears. Students and teachers walked down from different buildings and gathered in the square.

They either rode bicycles or chose to walk. They surged out of the open automatic gates and headed for different parts of Tai City.

“They’ve come to life. They’re really alive...” Long Yuehong took a diagonal step forward and shielded Bai Chen.

At this moment, some students passed by them. They cast curious gazes at the modified, dust-covered jeep and the two people in grayish-green camouflage uniforms with firearms slung over their shoulders.

They could see Bai Chen, Long Yuehong, and the jeep. Their eyes were clear and spirited as they questioned which film crew was shooting amongst themselves.

Ring! Ring! Ring!?

Bicycles sped along the nearby streets into the distance.

Bai Chen pursed her lips and said with a solemn expression, “What’s fake can’t be real... Have we been pulled into the dream again?”

She vaguely remembered that something similar had happened when she fell into Master Zhuang’s dream. However, she still clearly recognized herself as Bai Chen, a member of Pangu Biology’s Investigation Unit for the Cause of the Old World’s Destruction.

“No way. We’re outside the school.” Long Yuehong felt that the two of them were in a safe area.

Bai Chen looked around and saw the backs of the students leaving the school gradually disappear at the end of the road. She deliberated and said, “Maybe the dreamscape expanded. The experiment carried out by Team Leader and company has caused certain changes to the dreamscape.”

Long Yuehong was just about to say that it might just be a slight leak in powers when his gaze froze. He saw that the weeds and abandoned buildings growing in Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School were gradually being replaced by noisy, lively scenes of school after classes.

Their traces were gradually being wiped out. This was a sign that the dreamscape was 'devouring' reality.

"I wonder how far it will spread..." Long Yuehong muttered solemnly. He suddenly turned his head and said to Bai Chen, "Let's retreat first and escape the area enveloped by the dreamscape. I'm afraid that we will play a certain role again if we stay here for too long—that will be troublesome. Don't worry about Team Leader and Hey. With Old Ge around, he won't be affected by the dream."

Bai Chen slowly shook her head. "I'm afraid that such a change has made Old Ge lose himself inside and incapable of dealing with it. Do you still remember how the Tarnan robot guards met with an accident in the mountains? They were also affected by certain hallucinatory abilities."

Bai Chen paused and said, "Before we lose ourselves and can play any role, I think we should make the best use of our time to bring Team Leader, Hey, and Old Ge out and wake them up. There's no time to lose; let's go now!"

She had no intention of retreating as if she didn't want to give up on her companions without making any attempts.

Long Yuehong hesitated for a moment and said, "But we aren't sure if we will immediately lose ourselves once we step past the gates and enter the school."

Without waiting for Bai Chen's response, he turned around and said seriously, "I'll try to walk in. Observe from here. If I disappear or appear abnormal, it means that this plan isn't feasible. Drive away from Tai City immediately and request help from the company."

Bai Chen looked into Long Yuehong's eyes and fell silent for a few seconds. "Alright."

She didn't attempt to persuade him as if she could see an unshakeable determination in his eyes.

Long Yuehong didn't waste any more time. He slung the Berserker assault rifle over his shoulder and prepared to walk to the gates of Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School.

Suddenly, Bai Chen shouted at him, “Leave the gun here. Also, try your best not to be discovered by the guard when you enter. Old Ge previously said that he suspects that interactions with people in the dream that exceed some normality will trigger a very terrifying change.”

The reason for leaving the gun behind was the latter. Otherwise, the students wouldn't turn a blind eye to a fully armed person's attempt to enter the high school, even if the guard didn't see him.

Long Yuehong nodded and placed the Berserker assault rifle down. He also pulled up his clothes and covered the various items on his belt.

He soon entered Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School against the crowd. With the help of the people coming and going, he hid from the guards.

After moving forward for a while, he realized that he could still think. He also knew that he was Long Yuehong. As he sighed inwardly at the changes in the dream rules, he turned around and waved at Bai Chen.

At this moment, there weren't many students at the gates. Bai Chen could only circle to the side and skillfully climb over the wall.

The two of them met in the shadows to the side of a teaching building and discussed where to find Jiang Baimian and the others next. The answer was very obvious: on the rooftop of the teaching building straight ahead!

It was the designated spot for Xu Qiao to question Du Shaochong!

Bai Chen and Long Yuehong knew that they had to race against time because they didn't know when they would lose themselves in a dream and lose the ability to save their teammates and themselves.

The two of them pretended to be parents here to find their child. They walked along the corridors, aisles, and stairs that were mostly devoid of students and approached the rooftop of the first teaching building.

On the way, they encountered many students in the dreamscape. Fortunately, the students only curiously sized the duo up and didn't question them.

However, Long Yuehong and Bai Chen couldn't be sure if these students would inform their teachers about their encounter with someone in strange clothes later. They could only speed up and head straight to their destination covertly.

Finally, they waited for two minutes. After the remaining students went downstairs, they found an opportunity to enter the stairs that led to the rooftop.

They ran.

In the time it took a few breaths, they saw an ajar iron door.

After arriving on the rooftop, Bai Chen and Long Yuehong quickly examined their surroundings. However, there was nobody in their field of vision.

Be it Xu Qiao, Du Shaochong, or Genava, they weren't here!

Long Yuehong retracted his gaze and calmly said, "We probably don't have time to search the entire school."

He meant that since they couldn't find Shang Jianyao, Jiang Baimian, and Genava on the rooftop, they could only evacuate temporarily and come back later.

Bai Chen fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "Alright. Before that, search every corner here."

Here referred to the rooftop.

"Okay." Long Yuehong didn't object.

The two of them kept their backs together and prepared to circle around the few obstacles on the rooftop to observe the areas that had been blocked and couldn't be seen in detail.

Bai Chen and Long Yuehong had just circled around the cement protrusion that led down to the iron door and arrived on the other side of the rooftop when their eyes lit up. They saw the silver-black smart bot, Genava!

Genava was circling in his spot. The red glow in his eyes constantly flickered, but he didn't make a sound.

"Old Ge!" Long Yuehong called out.

Genava stopped and looked at them.

After the red light flickered for a while, Genava looked around.

"What's wrong?" Bai Chen asked warily.

Genava's slightly synthetic voice revealed a hint of confusion. "I've been walking for so long, but I never left this place... Why did you come in? How aren't you lost?"

Bai Chen replied concisely, "Something abnormal happened to the dreamscape. We came in to find you. Where's Team Leader and Hey?"

The red glow in Genava's eyes flickered brighter as if he had encountered a bug and was stuck processing an invalid calculation.. A few seconds later, he finally said in a deep voice, "They left by themselves. I don't know where they went..."

Chapter 739: One After Another

Long Yuehong's heart sank as an idea came to him. "Is there a possibility that they returned home after school?"

School's out for Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School!

Before Geneva could give the analysis results, Bai Chen shook her head and denied Long Yuehong's guess. "Impossible. We've been waiting for Team Leader and Hey at the door the entire time. Even though the dreamscape expanded, I didn't miss out on my observations."

If they could see Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao walk out of the school gate, why would they have taken the risk to enter?

"Maybe it was when we infiltrated the school and headed here?" Long Yuehong didn't blindly agree with Bai Chen.

During the corresponding process, they couldn't fully observe the students leaving the school.

Bai Chen tersely acknowledged it. "The probability isn't high; there weren't many students left back then. However, this possibility can't be ruled out."

Geneva quickly suggested, "If we don't find Team Leader and Hey in school, should we visit Du Shaochong's house?"

Long Yuehong expressed a different opinion. "The anomaly in the dream is still ongoing. I'm afraid something will go wrong if we stay too long."

Geneva turned his head 360 degrees and checked his surroundings as he said, "You should indeed evacuate. I'm no longer affected by the illusion, so I can stay a little longer."

"Stop wasting time." Bai Chen was accustomed to facing danger when she was still a wilderness nomad. She knew that one had to make a swift decision in such situations; otherwise, everyone would die together with barely a few lucky people surviving.

She was the lucky one once.

Bai Chen didn't stop and quickly explained her plan. "After searching the rooftop area, we'll go to Grade 12's Class 5 and Grade 12's Class 1 to see if Team Leader and Hey are in the classroom. If not, we'll leave the school where the dreamscape is at its strongest. There should still be a buffer period when we are outside. Let's take advantage of the buffer period to visit Du Shaochong's house. If we don't discover anything, we'll evacuate Tai City and request help from the company."

She didn't ask Genova and Long Yuehong if they agreed. She turned around and checked the areas she couldn't see previously.

Genava and Long Yuehong didn't argue any further. They followed Bai Chen's plan and worked as a team.

There weren't many obstacles on the rooftop, so they quickly confirmed that Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao weren't there.

As they headed down the stairs, Genova—who was never worried that running would affect his speech—briefly recounted his previous encounter.

Dajiang City... Another Buddhist Holy Land... But why are they all from Dajiang City's Elite Middle School?? Long Yuehong frowned slightly. He felt that his team leader and Hey's experiment had indeed found the key, but for some reason, it resulted in such a strange follow-up.

Bai Chen also couldn't understand what had happened. She only knew that the dreamscape had mutated after the key information was obtained.

Thud! Thud! Thud!?

They ran to Grade 12, Class 5's classroom.

Long Yuehong and Bai Chen looked over with joy because Xu Qiao—who Jiang Baimian was acting as—was sitting in her seat with a dazed expression.

Although Long Yuehong didn't understand his team leader's current state, he felt that it was better to find her than not!

The three of them accelerated and rushed into Grade 12, Class 5.

Xu Qiao—who was acting as Jiang Baimian—looked up when she heard the commotion. Clear panic first appeared on her face before her entire face darkened.

She propped herself up with her hands, stood up, and ran to the window on the other side of the classroom. At this moment, she seemed to have erupted with her original physical qualities. She was as fast as a cheetah as she jumped onto the windowsill.

She suddenly pushed open the glass window, planning to jump down the building to commit suicide!

Bai Chen and Long Yuehong saw that they couldn't save her in time, and Genava lost the best trajectory to leap due to their and the ceiling's obstruction.

Bam!

A syringe-like anesthetic bullet flew out of Genava's palm, passed through the gap, and stabbed into Jiang Baimian's back.

Jiang Baimian swayed, and her eyes quickly glazed over. Even if she had an outstanding physique and was as strong as an ox, she couldn't withstand the anesthetic round that hadn't been diluted.

Jiang Baimian's attempt to jump off the building quickly became a feeble attempt as she tottered. Half of her body slammed into the window frame, and she bounced back before collapsing backward.

Bai Chen took a stride forward and caught Jiang Baimian. After a brief inspection, she carried her team leader and said, "Let's go! Grade 12, Class 1!"

This was on the floor below.

Genava and Long Yuehong turned around and ran toward the corridor.

Upon seeing that there were no more students in the school, they flipped over the wall railing and easily jumped to the next floor.

Just below Grade 12, Class 5 was Grade 12, Class 1.

Long Yuehong looked over, and Shang Jianyao's figure was reflected in his eyes.

The latter wore an old school uniform with blue and white colors as he paced back and forth.

Shang Jianyao picked up a pen and gestured at his neck twice as if he were searching for a carotid artery in a bid to stab it in.

At this moment, he raised his left hand and slapped himself. His face swelled up as his pen flew out.

His split personality is resisting the suicidal thought??This thought flashed across Long Yuehong's mind. He didn't expect an advantage to come from the Shang Jianyaos' disagreements.

However, the one who looked like he wanted to commit suicide now had the upper hand. It might not be long before he succeeded.

At this moment, Genova jumped over and landed behind Shang Jianyao. The next second, he raised his bowl-sized iron fist.

Bang!

Genava knocked Shang Jianyao out with one hand and picked him up with the other, placing him in a fireman's carry.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

He ran with Long Yuehong and Bai Chen—who had rushed down the stairs.

After leaving the teaching building, they surreptitiously proceeded before climbing over the wall that Bai Chen took.

Of course, Genova had already used radar, infrared, and other functions to confirm that there was nobody outside.

Long Yuehong heaved a sigh of relief when they got into the jeep and placed Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao down. He watched Bai Chen start the car and return the way the team had used to enter Tai City.

On the way, they didn't say a word.

Bai Chen focused on driving.

As Long Yuehong guarded against any possible accidents, he thought solemnly about how Du Shaochong, Xu Qiao, and Deng Tong had said that they came from Dajiang City's Elite Middle School.

Genava gave Jiang Baimian a simple treatment, worried that he had injected excessive amounts of anesthetic due to his haste.

To Genava's surprise, Jiang Baimian showed signs of stirring when the jeep was about to leave Tai City. This meant that her physique was stronger than Genava's estimates!

From the rearview mirror, Bai Chen saw that Tai City appeared to be buried by a landslide again. She slowed down the car and drove toward last night's campsite.

At this moment, Jiang Baimian and Shang Jianyao had completely woken up. They found their self-awareness under Genava's stern shouts.

After returning to camp, Jiang Baimian pushed open the door, alighted, and said, "I'll wash my face to clear my head. We'll discuss the anomaly in the dream later..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she suddenly saw the small river in front of her turn abnormally blurry.

Teaching buildings, office buildings, experiment buildings, cement squares, automatic extendable gates, and other things appeared at the same time. Students and teachers were walking out of the school gate and going their separate ways.

The Old Task Force had 'returned' to Tai City's No. 1 Senior High School!

"It—it can run by itself?" Shang Jianyao had a look of surprise.

Jiang Baimian stared at him for a few seconds before saying in a deep voice, “It’s also possible that we’ve never escaped the dreamscape and have been circling around the school despite appearing to have left Tai City.”

Long Yuehong and Bai Chen felt their blood run cold. As their thoughts raced, Shang Jianyao took out the Six Senses Beads and the small jade Buddha and chanted the Buddhist proclamation, “Namo Annutara-Samyak-Subhuti.”

Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School was still there, and the teachers and students—who were either riding bicycles or walking—were still around.

Upon seeing Shang Jianyao take out the Blessings from all Kalendarium again, Jiang Baimian shook her head. “It’s useless. If they were useful, they would’ve reacted to a certain extent when we first fell into the dreamscape and played different roles. This Buddhist Holy Land doesn’t belong to Subhuti. The Six Senses Beads and the small jade Buddha shouldn’t be of much use.”

Nobody had any expectations for the Blessings from all Kalendarium.

Although Jiang Baimian said that, she still took out her Chaotic Right Hand and tried everything she could. Unfortunately, she failed.

Shang Jianyao thought for a moment and said, “I remember obtaining white light at the Holm Fertility Center. It’s different from the previous green or lake-green colors. Then, it seems like it belongs to Master Zhuang. Only by using it can we be dispelled from this dreamscape’s anomaly?”

“Maybe.” Long Yuehong’s eyes lit up.

Shang Jianyao revealed a troubled expression. “However, it fused with Xiaochong’s rift and has gone silent. Do you think Xiaochong is related to Du Shaochong?”

This leap in logic...? Jiang Baimian thought for a moment and said, “Enter your Sea of Origins and see if there are any changes to the rift. Don’t make rash attempts.”

Shang Jianyao wanted to sit down excitedly, but Jiang Baimian pushed him back into the jeep.

If he sat on the streets, he would definitely attract the attention of the teachers and students.

In the Sea of Origins, Shang Jianyao flapped himself and flew to the dim rift.

“Xiaochong! Xiaochong!” He shouted twice, but there was no response. He then tried to touch the ‘dimness’ formed by the white light and black shadows, but he didn’t trigger any changes.

After leaving the Sea of Origins, Shang Jianyao suggested to Jiang Baimian, “Why don’t I try to widen the rift?”

“Let’s leave it as a last resort.” Jiang Baimian observed her surroundings.

Long Yuehong deliberated and said, “In any case, we’re already out of school, so we won’t be too affected. Why don’t we wait until the anomaly ends?”

Just as he said that, Shang Jianyao pointed at his legs. “That’s not what they think.”

“Ah...” Long Yuehong looked down and realized that his camouflage pants had turned into a blue and white school uniform at some point in time!

Bai Chen witnessed this change and pursed her lips. “Are we slowly being assimilated by the dream until we become one of the characters?”

Even though they had left the school, they were still affected!

Genava let out a slightly synthetic voice. “I’ll wake you up again...”

As he spoke, he saw his lower body disappear!

The rash Shang Jianyao blurted out angrily, “There are only two solutions now. The first is for me to tear open the rift in the Sea of Origins. The second is to detonate the nuclear warhead. In short, we will die together!”

Jiang Baimian frowned and thought for a few seconds before turning to look at Genava. “There’s another way—call the mysterious number obtained from Avia. This might give us a chance of survival.”

Shang Jianyao immediately agreed. “Then, do it one after another. Call the mysterious number first. If it doesn’t work, I’ll tear open the rift. If none of these two methods help us but bring about more danger, detonate the nuclear bomb and blow this motherf*cker up!”

Bai Chen—who was listening quietly—nodded. “Alright.”

Long Yuehong thought for a moment and suggested, “Why don’t we send a telegram to the company first? What if it can be sent out in a dream?”

“Sure.” Geneva believed that there was no problem.

Upon seeing that all her team members had expressed their opinions, Jiang Baimian no longer hesitated. “Then, send a telegram first.. If there’s no response or if it feels like there’s no time, do as Hey says.”

Chapter 740: Ringing

Time waited for no one. Shang Jianyao volunteered to move the radio transceiver out of the jeep’s trunk.

Jiang Baimian took the opportunity to quickly draft a message. As she translated the words into code, she sent the telegram.

Amidst the tapping sounds, Long Yuehong couldn’t help but mutter, “Is it possible that we can’t send it out at all...”

They were now trapped in Master Zhuang’s dream, and the act of sending the telegram might just be their hallucination.

Upon hearing Long Yuehong’s worry, the honest Shang Jianyao scoffed. “Why don’t you say that the attempt to call the mysterious number later might be useless because it’s an illusion? Why don’t you say that detonating the nuclear warhead only exists in our dreams and can’t be reflected in reality?”

Long Yuehong—who was already vexed and uneasy—didn't shrink back and replied, "I just didn't have the time to say it."

At this moment, anything they did—which was enveloped in a dreamscape—might not be real.

Bai Chen interrupted their conversation and expressed her opinion. "But no matter what, we have to work hard and save ourselves. We can't just stay where we are and wait for death because we feel that it's useless."

Long Yuehong immediately agreed. "That's right. I'm only raising a question, not objecting to it being done. Only by doing so will there be a chance of survival. If we don't do anything, we will definitely be lost."

"It's mainly because there's no other way." This was Geneva's conclusion after careful analysis.

If the Old Task Force could escape the dream by evacuating Tai City like before, things would be much simpler.

As they conversed, Jiang Baimian finished sending the telegram, stood up, and waited for an answer. She looked around and said, "I said in the telegram that we would only wait a minute."

"One minute? That's not even enough time for the telegraph operator to ask for instructions..." Long Yuehong didn't understand.

Not to mention drafting a message and translating it into code. That would take a lot of time.

Jiang Baimian casually explained, "I requested the company to immediately give a simple reply if they received the telegram and let us know that it's effective. That way, we can patiently wait for the subsequent reply."

As for whether it would take too much time for Pangu Biology to translate the code, Jiang Baimian wasn't worried at all because it was connected to a computer and processed quickly.

At this moment, Shang Jianyao stroked his chin and chuckled. “Will the dreamscape give us a fake reply so that we can waste time waiting?”

I don't think it's that smart... Who can be so ruthless and vicious in their dreams??This thought subconsciously flashed across Long Yuehong's mind.

He didn't say such words because he didn't know if the Kalendaria was capable of that. After all, 'He' was fundamentally different from ordinary people.

Jiang Baimian nodded slightly and said, “There are limits to the waiting I'm talking about. If the situation is really urgent and we have to immediately take countermeasures, we definitely won't wait any longer! Even a dog knows how to jump over a wall when cornered, much less us humans.”

She didn't deliberately distinguish between carbon-based humans and smart bots.

Bai Chen, Geneva, and the others nodded one after another and paid attention to the changes in each other.

The carbon-based beings were slowly changing into a student's appearance, and the smart bot was disappearing inch by inch from bottom to top.

When this relatively slow change was completed, they would completely lose themselves in Master Zhuang's dream.

The students in blue and white uniforms and the teachers of varying ages passed by, ignoring the changes they were undergoing as if nothing had happened.

A minute quickly passed. The Old Task Force's radio transceiver remained silent.

Jiang Baimian flipped her wrist and looked at her watch. She remained silent and seemed a little hesitant.

According to the plan and procedure they had previously discussed, it was time for Geneva to call the mysterious number provided by Avia.

It was left behind by the Third Research Institute's Chief Scientist—First City's former emperor. He instructed his descendants not to call the number unless absolutely necessary, treating it as something very dangerous.

Once Genava called that number, the subsequent changes were completely out of the Old Task Force's control. Life and death depended on luck.

If they were in a critical situation and had to make a decision in a split second, Jiang Baimian would definitely give the order without hesitation. She wasn't a rookie who didn't dare to take a risk because of her hesitancy or fear.

But now, from the dreamscape's rate of assimilation, the Old Task Force still had about three to four minutes left. There was still room for development.

To do something that couldn't be stopped once they set things in motion, one that was fraught with danger with unknown outcomes, would stress out anyone. There would be some level of wavering.

Jiang Baimian knew that she was afraid of death. There were so many beautiful places in life. Who was willing to die when they had a choice?

She was the same, and so were the others. Long Yuehong's breathing became heavy. For a moment, he hoped that his team leader would quickly give the order and end things once and for all while waiting for the outcome. In the next moment, he would feel that they could still be saved and that they could still wait for the company. There was no need to be in such a rush to enter a process filled with suicidal tendencies.

He just felt that his future was beautiful and was filled with anticipation. He really didn't want to lose himself in Tai City and die in the dreamscape bit by bit.

In the seemingly frozen atmosphere, someone suddenly said loudly, "All men must die. Some deaths weigh heavily, while others are lighter than a down feather."

Jiang Baimian, Long Yuehong, Bai Chen, and Genava turned their heads in unison and saw Shang Jianyao reciting an ancient text with a solemn expression.

He paused and said with an unchanged expression, "We came to Tai City today to investigate the cause for the Old World's destruction and the Heartless disease's source. It's to give all of humanity

a future. Even if we die here, we will die a meaningful death that weighs heavily! The Salvation Army's spirit will never perish!"

With that said, Shang Jianyao stretched out his right hand and pressed it to his left chest. "For all of humanity!"

Some deaths weigh heavily, while others are lighter than a down feather...?Jiang Baimian frowned and repeated this sentence in her heart.

After experiencing so many dangers and still actively investigating the cause of the Old World's destruction, it was definitely impossible for her to be described as extremely timid and afraid of death.

Step by step, she came to Tai City, an indication that she had long overcome her fear of death time and time again. Or rather, she believed that certain things were more important than life.

She wasn't an inexperienced recruit; she had experienced the feeling of being on the brink of death and knew the taste of despair. The reason she chose to continue investigating the Old World's destruction was that she knew how dangerous it was, not because she was blindly confident in her strength.

If she was extremely afraid, she could've chosen to be transferred out of her current position with her background. However, she didn't do so.

She was afraid that she would die meaninglessly, afraid that she would suddenly contract the Heartless disease like some employees in the company without being able to put up any resistance before her investigations bore fruit.

At this moment, the song she had heard often in the past few months suddenly echoed in Jiang Baimian's mind."Do you remember the dreams of your youth? Like a flower in eternal bloom..."

As she hummed the melody silently, Jiang Baimian turned to look at Long Yuehong and Bai Chen.

Long Yuehong remained a little uneasy, but his left hand had already quietly gripped Bai Chen's right palm.

The two of them stood very close as if they wanted to face the unknown danger and the unpredictable future together.

Upon sensing Jiang Baimian's gaze, Bai Chen pursed her lips and smiled. "Maybe I should've died in First City. I'm very satisfied that I can live to this day with so many companions accompanying me and have Little Red hold my hand to face it together."

Long Yuehong tightened his grip on Bai Chen's right palm upon hearing that.

Bai Chen tightened her grip and lowered her head slightly, looking at the ground ahead. "I won't let go."

Jiang Baimian retracted her gaze and nodded at Shang Jianyao before saying to Genava, "Old Ge, call the mysterious number provided by Avia now. Be quick; we need to give the other solutions enough time."

Her tone was calm, and her voice was neither loud nor soft.

"Wait!" Shang Jianyao suddenly said in anticipation. "Old Ge, remember to be on speaker mode so that everyone can know what stage in the development we are in."

"Alright." Genava pulled out the mysterious string of code from his database.

Ring... Ring... Ring...

The dial tone sounded from Genava's mouth.

Ding ring ring!

Suddenly, a ringtone sounded as if it was connected to a phone. The sky turned darker as if it were about to turn completely black.

Ding ring ring! Ding ring ring! Ding ring ring!

The next second, Jiang Baimian and the others felt as though cell phones were ringing in every direction.

They looked over in surprise and realized that the students and teachers beside them had stopped in their tracks at the same time. They reached into their pant pockets, shirt pockets, and bags before taking out phones of different makes.

The phones were emitting the same ringtone!

Shang Jianyao was stunned for a moment. “Master Zhuang’s condition is worse than mine...”

Jiang Baimian had an idea and knew what was going on.

The mysterious number that Avia had given pointed to the all-year Kalendaria—Master Zhuang! Everyone in the dream of Tai City’s No. 1 Senior High School was Master Zhuang—one of ‘His’ personalities!

‘He’ had a split personality worse than Shang Jianyao’s!