

Great Teacher 61

Chapter 61: Sorry, I Have 5 Students Too !

The intern teachers' faces were filled with helplessness. Must they tease people like that?

"I've already said it, for someone who was crowned a graduate of one of the Nine Great famous schools, how can he not have recruited any student?"

"Sigh, if only I had been more hardworking and had been admitted to one of the Nine Greats, I would have even more opportunities now."

Many people were commenting softly and looked toward the few intern teachers who loved to be in the limelight. There was no exception; no one raised their hand.

Everyone didn't jeer because this was a normal phenomenon. After all, they couldn't treat Gu Xiuxun and the rest with conventional reasoning.

Zhang Sheng felt so awkward that he wished he could squeeze his head into the school desk. He had always been bragging that he was an elite of the same level as Gao Ben and Qin Fen. But now, he finally realized how huge the gap was between him and the true elites.

(It's ok. I still have a chance since I had made an agreement with three students. As long as I am able to go through a year of internship and become an official teacher, they would acknowledge me as their master.)

Thinking of this, Zhang Sheng instantly felt more at ease.

In any class, most of the good students would take the initiative to sit on the front rows, and the same theory could also be applied here. The most outstanding and confident intern teachers had already filled up the front-most seats.

They were trying to show their faces to the higher-ups as much as possible to get more opportunities and appreciation.

Over two hundred people were competing for fifteen vacancies and among these vacancies, some had been decided behind closed doors. After a simple calculation, the elimination ratio was twenty to one, so how could they not try hard to perform?

Ludi looked at his colleagues that were sitting on the front row. He pouted and thought, "I should behave and continue to braise the pig trotters. That way, I will get a favorable evaluation from serving Teacher Zhou well."

"Just wait and see, the victory round will only be determined one year later!"

After muttering to himself, Ludi felt balanced psychologically. After all, Gu Xiuxun and the rest were very outstanding. If he were to compare himself to them, he was simply asking for trouble. His rivals this time were the other intern teachers.

"Very good, it seems that no other intern teachers meet this requirement," muttered Ludi.

He held his pig trotters tightly and swept his eyes over the room. However, when he saw Sun Mo's figure on the left side of the same row, he was startled and almost let out a shout.

Sun Mo raised his right hand and placed it on his desk.

Oh dang, for someone who was living off a woman, what was he doing raising his hand?

Sun Mo sat in the last row, and in front of him was a man with a big build. The way he raised his hand was not similar to Gu Xiuxun and Gao Ben who had extended their arms in the air. He had only propped his elbow against the desk. Hence, other than the few people around him, the rest almost didn't see his action.

Zhang Hanfu looked at Gao Ben and felt pleased. Since Zhang Hanfu was the one poaching Gao Ben over, the latter was already tagged with his label. If Gao Ben achieved some results, then it meant that Zhang Hanfu had an eye for talents.

(Qin Fen who was poached over by An Xinhui is already out, how great. The only troublesome one left is Gu Xiuxun.)

Thinking of this, Zhang Hanfu looked at Gu Xiuxun.

It was no wonder that she was the campus queen of Myriad Daos Academy. She was indeed beautiful. If she was tactful and gave up on the wrong path, turning to a better one, he would accept her or even give her a place as the year's head. But if she was determined to follow An Xinhui's path into the dark, sorry then, he would definitely destroy her.

As for Zhang Lan, this graduate had personally handed over her job application. It was apparent that she had not been involved with An Xinhui or Wang Su at the moment; hence, Zhang Hanfu could try to recruit her at any time.

The various school leaders were whispering to each other's ears. In all honesty, the results were somewhat disappointing, but they couldn't put the blame on anyone else. Looking at the current fame of Central Province Academy, it was difficult to recruit the elite graduates from A and B Grade universities.

Even if they had any, they would be the unchosen few at the bottom of the ranking.

"Ahem ahem, since this is the case, I hereby announce that Gao Ben, Zhang Lan, and Gu Xiuxun are officially employed as teachers of Central Province Academy with immediate effect!"

Zhang Hanfu started clapping after his speech.

Regardless of whether they were sincere or not, all the intern teachers started clapping as well, except for Sun Mo whose hand was still raised.

Ludi looked at Sun Mo with a face full of surprise. Was he having diarrhea? At this point, he had to bear with it even if he couldn't hold it anymore. What if he was being misunderstood for raising his hand?

Being misunderstood by vice-headmaster Zhang for having recruited enough students when he was only raising his hand to go to the toilet, oh my god, just the thought of it was extremely awkward.

Gu Xiuxun shot a glance at An Xinhui. Before announcing the three teachers' employment, Zhang Hanfu hadn't even discussed with the various school leaders or especially listened to Headmaster An's opinions. He had seriously gone beyond his own authority.

However, An Xinhui's expression remained unchanged, and she was able to keep her composure.

"Headmaster An was indeed worthy of being admired!"

Gu Xiuxun gave a compliment in her heart but started to feel unhappy again.

(Zhang Hanfu, this bastard, how could he announce my name as the last out of the three of us? Just wait and see! I will crush Gao Ben and the rest of the teachers under his faction. He must pay dearly for looking down on me!)

Zhang Hanfu made a gesture and the applause stopped immediately.

"Alright, if the rest of you have nothing else to add, you may leave. The three of you, stay back for a while!"

Zhang Hanfu instructed.

The intern teachers started standing up one after another. At this point, a voice shouting 'Vice-headmaster Zhang' sounded across the lecture theater.

Swish!

Everyone turned their heads and looked at the back rows, following the voice.

The big guy jumped in fear and quickly dodged to the side. Then, everyone could see Sun Mo's figure and his raised right hand.

Ludi also quickly shifted to the side to not disturb anyone's line of vision.

"Sun Mo, what's the matter?" Once Zhang Hanfu finished asking, he chided impatiently, "All the school's leaders are very busy. If it's trivial things, then think of a solution yourself. Don't come looking for us every time a problem arises."

Even though Zhang Hanfu had a stern appearance, he was laughing in his heart. It seemed that his strategy had taken effect. Yang Cai, this fella, he was indeed something!

"I will settle my personal matters and will not trouble 'Vice'-headmaster Zhang."

Sun Mo talked back immediately and emphasized on the word 'vice'.

Zhang Hanfu felt as though birdshit had been thrown at his face. He had been a vice-headmaster for over ten years, but he hated the 'vice' word the most.

"Then what's the issue?"

Zhang Hanfu's tone was filled with anger.

"I'm qualified!"

Normally, when speaking to a school's leader, one should stand up out of courtesy. However, judging from Zhang Hanfu's attitude and their opposing relationship, Sun Mo couldn't care less and continued sitting down calmly.

"Qualified of what?"

Zhang Hanfu hadn't reacted fully.

Some intern teachers looked at Sun Mo with a hint of surprise.

"How could it be? Has he recruited five students?"

"Five is a little hard, but one or two was possible. I heard that Xuanyuan Po has been recruited by him!"

"Are students these days brainless? Why did they acknowledge some random intern teachers as their masters? Are they disregarding their future?"

Listening to these comments, Zhang Hanfu recalled that Sun Mo had recruited Li Ziqi. Hence, his expression became even gloomier.

If it was indeed Li Ziqi, how could a miscellaneous graduate from a D-Grade university coach her?

Thinking of Li Ziqi's background, Zhang Hanfu wished he could bite Sun Mo to death and seize her over. Hence, his voice sounded even stricter now.

"Sun Mo, in order to be employed officially, you have to recruit five students, and this condition remains unchanged. Stop hoping to cheat through it with your dishonest practices."

After Zhang Hanfu finished his words, he waved his hand impatiently. "Get out!"

Zhang Hanfu thought that Sun Mo wanted to make use of Li Ziqi's background to pressurize them into employing him. Hence, Zhang Hanfu had said those words in advance to shut Sun Mo's mouth.

Now, if Sun Mo wasn't afraid of being despised by everyone because of nepotism, he could continue talking.

"Vice-headmaster Zhang, as a great teacher and a school leader, do you not even have the patience to listen to others?"

Sun Mo asked in reply.

Swish!

Sun Mo's sentence caused a commotion in the audience.

The intern teachers stared at Sun Mo in shock. Even though he was the fiance of An Xinhui, must he be so arrogant?

Zhang Hanfu was well-known for his irritable temperament and was always spouting torrents of verbal abuse at others. Surprisingly, Sun Mo dared to question him?

No, this wasn't just questioning. It was already words of sarcasm.

As expected, Zhang Hanfu stared with eyes wide open and he roared, "I never listen to rubbish."

The intern teachers around Sun Mo quickly got out of the way as they were scared of being implicated like fish in the same pond.

“I’m qualified!”

Sun Mo repeated.

“I’ve already said it. Unless you have recruited five personal disciples, you cannot be employed. Do you think that just one Li Ziqi is enough to make up for five people?”

Zhang Hanfu ridiculed him and illuminated the topic.

“No, she can’t!”

Sun Mo smiled. “But other than her, I have another four students!”

“If she can’t, then why are you still trying to...”

Zhang Hanfu was like an old rooster with fallen feathers that was choked by a big hand. The remaining words were stifled in his throat.

An Xinhui, who had a tranquil expression all along, finally let out a smile.

The entire lecture theater felt as though it had been swept by Medusa’s petrification technique and was in absolute silence. Everyone looked at Sun Mo; their expressions were filled with surprise and a deep sense of questioning.

Sun Mo was able to recruit five students?

It was fake, right? Acknowledging a master was a major event. Even students whose aptitudes were below average would be extremely cautious when acknowledging a master.

After all, Zhang Hanfu was holding a high position as vice-headmaster and had been accustomed to various situations. He had a response very quickly. “Sun Mo, this is not a laughing matter. If it’s proven that you’re lying, even if you’re An Xinhui’s fiancée, I will fire you.”

This old fella was very cunning.

Sun Mo was cursing in his heart. Zhang Hanfu had intentionally brought up the name of ‘fiancée’ to hint to everyone that Sun Mo was relying on An Xinhui to recruit his students and not based on his own strengths.

“What do you mean by this? Are you suspecting that I’m lying?”

Even though Sun Mo spoke to Zhang Hanfu with an honorific tone, he didn’t mean to respect the latter at all. His tone was ridiculously tough and forceful.

This scene had caused many intern teachers to be in shock again. Then, they secretly glanced toward An Xinhui. If not for An Xinhui, Sun Mo wouldn’t be so daring when speaking to Zhang Hanfu.

“Since you’re not afraid, show me the proof.”

Zhang Hanfu sneered at him. (If this guy wanted to baffle me like this, he was underestimating my contingency reaction abilities as a vice-headmaster.)

“Oh, then why don’t the three of them need to provide proof?” Sun Mo focused his gaze and stared at Zhang Hanfu while baring his fangs. “Why aren’t you suspecting them for lying?”

Chapter 62: Black Doggy Sun

Pffft!

Someone broke out laughing, really wanting to say, who are you to compare with them?

“Gao Ben and Zhang Lan are both graduates from Supreme Academies. Gu Xiuxun might be a little weaker, but she graduated with top scores from the Myriad Daos Academy. What about you? You’re a graduate from the Songyang Academy, and as for your ranking, wouldn’t you feel embarrassed if I were to bring it up?”

Zhang Hanfu taunted, bringing in Gu Xiuxun as well.

[This fool Sun Mo can only rely on his handsome face to sponge off a woman. By saying this, aren’t you just giving me a chance to look down on you?]

“Oh, this means that you look down on graduates from ordinary schools like mine?”

Sun Mo made an expression as if he was struck by a realization.

Zhang Hanfu, who had been very proud, suddenly tensed up. Fury surged in him and his face turned grim.

Damn it! This Sun Mo was digging a trap for him!

The school’s leaders all appeared unconcerned, not wanting to help either side. However, after Sun Mo said this, their gazes all turned over uncontrollably, assessing him.

An Xinhui’s big spirited eyes looked at Sun Mo. She didn’t expect that the guy she had grown up with knew how to scheme against others now.

“That’s amazing. I think you should just be called Black Doggy Sun [1]. You’re really a wild dog, daring to bite anyone!”

Gu Xiuxun was speechless.

Sun Mo might look very foolish, feeling that he had been given differential treatment. That was why he asked why Gu Xiuxun and the other two didn’t need to be checked.

Of course, Zhang Hanfu would have to explain the reason.

In fact, Zhang Hanfu’s reply was accurate. How could a graduate from an ordinary school compete with graduates from Aristocratic Schools? Wasn’t this overestimating himself? It was very normal for other people to doubt you!

This was a fact that everyone recognized, but after Sun Mo asked the question, it became a problem.

How was Zhang Hanfu supposed to reply?

If he were to say yes, then it'd mean that he looked down on graduates from ordinary schools. Other than Gao Ben and Zhang Lan, everyone else had graduated from ordinary schools. They might not be able to cause any commotion, but what about the other teachers from the Central Province Academy?

Graduates from famous schools formed the minority. If Zhang Hanfu's words were to spread out, even if the other teachers might appear to treat him respectfully on the outside, there'd definitely be dissension and discord amongst them.

Showing respect to a leader who looked down on their background? How shameless must they be to do that? Therefore, if Zhang Hanfu dared to say yes, his reputation amongst the teachers would definitely plunge. If words were to spread out to a wider area, then Zhang Hanfu's character would be doubted as well.

How would the great teachers who didn't graduate from Aristocratic Schools treat Zhang Hanfu? The consequences would be within expectations.

If Zhang Hanfu were to say no, then why did he require verification from Sun Mo? Was he too bored?

Therefore, Sun Mo had managed to use just one line to drive Zhang Hanfu to a corner.

Some intern teachers had too little experience in the workforce and hadn't figured these things out yet. However, the gazes of the school's leaders when looking toward Sun Mo had become interesting.

Gao Ben continued to look at the front. However, he didn't care for small tricks like these. He felt that a person's teaching capability was what made them a teacher.

Zhang Lan started to assess Sun Mo.

Gu Xiuxun frowned. She tried to put herself in his shoes. If it was her, she'd call her students over to prove herself. She'd definitely not challenge Zhang Hanfu head-on.

How rash must a person be to do something like this?

"Hmmm? The vice-headmaster is rendered speechless? Your capabilities to express yourself and to adapt to situations aren't good enough. Could it be that when you made a speech in the past, you had to memorize it in advance?"

Sun Mo smiled and asked.

"Oh my god, he has such a sharp tongue!"

Even Ludi was shocked. Sun Mo was not someone who was willing to lose out. He secretly threw a glance at Zhang Hanfu and discovered that the latter's face had turned darker than ink.

The other intern teachers were all astonished as well. This person was really brave to dare to taunt the vice-headmaster! Tsk, as expected, someone who had backing could do whatever they wished.

"Sun Mo, that's enough."

A middle-aged man with a sharp chin spoke up. He was called Feng Zewen and was assigned by Zhang Hanfu to be the person-in-charge of the freshman teachers. Seeing that Zhang Hanfu was in a stump, he naturally had to step up to salvage the situation.

“Then am I still required to prove myself?”

Sun Mo looked at the man, noting his name down in his heart. Since this man was going to be Zhang Hanfu’s lackey, then Sun Mo wouldn’t stand on ceremony next time.

“No need. From today onward, you, as well as Gao Ben and the others, will be an official teacher.”

Feng Zewen paused for a moment before adding, “But if we were to discover that you didn’t have five personal disciples, then not only would the school fire you, but we’ll also report to the Saint Gate and get all the schools in the nine provinces to blacklist you.”

Sssss!

Hearing this threat, everyone drew in a cold gasp. This was cutting off all routes for Sun Mo. Once reported, he wouldn’t be able to have a chance to become a teacher again.

Sun Mo nodded. He then looked at Zhang Hanfu and smiled. “Teacher Zhang, we’ll be colleagues from today onward. Please provide me with your guidance!”

Sssss!

Everyone looked at Sun Mo in great shock. He was still adding fuel to the flame? Did he really think that Zhang Hanfu was a pushover and didn’t have a temper?

The teachers addressed each other by adding ‘Teacher’ before their surnames, so there wasn’t any problem with Sun Mo calling Zhang Hanfu as Teacher Zhang.

However, at this moment, this form of address had an intense taunt to it and even a hint of challenge.

(Weren’t you doubting me?)

(Didn’t you want me to prove myself?)

(Didn’t you look down on my background?)

(I’ve become an official teacher in the Central Province Academy now, sharing the same status as you, calling you ‘Teacher Zhang’. Are you angry?)

Pffft!

Gu Xiuxun couldn’t hold it in anymore. She covered her mouth with her hand and broke out laughing.

What could Zhang Hanfu do?

Even if he was so angry that he was spurting blood, he had to gulp it down. Could he possibly say that Sun Mo wasn’t fitting to address him as ‘Teacher Zhang’? Then it’d mean that he was using his status as a vice-headmaster to pressurize someone else. If he were to accept this, then his words of suspecting Sun Mo would all be crap!

Sun Mo was really someone who would either not do anything, or choose to deal a strong blow.

Zhang Hanfu fell silent. It was because no matter what reply he gave, they'd be wrong. Sun Mo might even grasp some loopholes and continue to attack him.

With nowhere to vent his frustration, Zhang Hanfu turned and glared at Feng Zewen. (It's all your fault! Why are you so meddlesome?)

Feng Zewen smiled bitterly. (Do you think that I wanted to do that?)

Such matters were very straightforward. Sun Mo really had five students. Otherwise, he'd have been given a bad shock.

Lian Zheng, who had remained silent all this while, frowned. He didn't like Sun Mo's character. He was too bent on getting revenge, not even showing the basic respect to others. Even if Zhang Hanfu was in the wrong, he was still the vice-headmaster after all, a two-star great teacher. Moreover, he was also a senior. In his view, Sun Mo should show some basic courtesy.

"Hmmm? It seems that Teacher Zhang really looks down on me, to be ignoring my question completely. Sigh, that's true. You're the vice-headmaster after all, you can throw your weight around!"

Sun Mo taunted.

Pffft!

This time around, even An Xinhui, who had been watching silently, couldn't hold it back anymore. (Sun Mo, you're still going on? Are you planning on driving Zhang Hanfu to his death?)

(But why does this feel so exhilarating? That's right, it's really a good vent after having been targeted by Zhang Hanfu for so long.)

Ding!

+1 favorable impression point from An Xinhui.

Prestige connection with An Xinhui initiated: Neutral (1/100)

The intern teachers were all speechless. They were very certain that Sun Mo and Zhang Hanfu were considered archenemies now. Sun Mo's days in the school would definitely not be good from today onward.

However, it seemed that this guy wasn't concerned at all.

Sun Mo returned to his seat, acting nonchalantly.

He wouldn't accept such treatment. If someone thought of slandering him, then they must be prepared to receive three consecutive slaps on their face.

The entire hall was filled with a strange atmosphere, and it was so silent. No, there were sounds—the sound of Zhang Hanfu's angry puffing.

Ding!

+1 favorable impression point from Gu Xiuxun.

Prestige connection with Gu Xiuxun initiated: Neutral (1/100)

After receiving two consecutive reminders, Sun Mo was a little surprised. He could see why An Xinhui would be impressed. After all, she was Zhang Hanfu's enemy. But what was it with Gu Xiuxun? After thinking for a bit, Sun Mo recalled the description that she'd feel excited about pain. Now, he could understand somehow.

One shouldn't judge a masochist like they would a normal person.

Although Zhang Sheng had been rejected by Gu Xiuxun, he didn't give up on her. Right now, he was seated on the second row behind her. He would normally admire Gu Xiuxun's graceful and beautiful back view to the fullest. But right now, he looked at Sun Mo with a dazed expression.

Sun Mo had recruited five students?

Sun Mo was employed officially as a substitute teacher?

Sun Mo could be called 'Teacher Sun' from toward onward? What kind of joke was this? When this guy was in Songyang Academy, he was like an invisible existence no one knew about.

If Zhang Sheng didn't hold on to his last hint of rationality, he would have jumped up to question Sun Mo, asking him what rights did he have?

As someone from the same dorm, he had always maintained an absolute sense of superiority. He was someone whom they'd grovel and curry up to. How could he lose out to Sun Mo now?

Zhang Sheng was unable to accept such differences.

Ludi didn't think so much. He was just surprised over how Sun Mo wasn't beaten to death after sneering at Zhang Hanfu. Vice-headmaster Zhang was well-known to have a bad temper, and it was normal to see him beat up others. To think that he had chosen to hold it in this time around?

"Wow, Sun Mo has become an official teacher? How many hairs must I pluck and how many pork trotters must I braise for Teacher Zhou to get a good review and therefore this position?"

Ludi started calculating.

Seeing that the atmosphere was awkward, Lian Zheng spoke up, "The four of you stay behind. The rest can leave."

The intern teachers found this fact a little hard to take, and all of them quickly left the classroom. However, before they left, some of them couldn't help but look back to assess Sun Mo.

They hadn't expected that this guy who sponged off a woman would be able to hide himself so well. He was really a schemer.

"Scheming dog!" One of them who was ordinarily ugly cursed, "He definitely made use of Headmaster An's reputation to recruit the five students!"

"For sure!"

An uglier one went along. If he didn't think this way, he would be mentally unstable. It was one thing to lose out to Gu Xiuxun and the other two, but who was Sun Mo?

After Sun Mo received the official employment letter from the Central Province Academy, he would be a teacher recognized by the Saint Gate. His status and salary would both receive a tremendous increment.

Ordinary intern teachers would still have to wait for another year before they got the chance to enjoy the similar treatment. If they were to make any mistakes during this time, all their previous efforts would go down the drain. How could they not feel jealous at the thought of this?

Zeng Jun's gaze flickered and he slowed down his footsteps. Given his capability, the chances of him being able to stay in school weren't high if left to normal competition. However, there was a chance placed right before him now.

Chapter 63: Teacher Sun, I Look upon You Highly !

After the intern teachers departed, the lecture theater immediately became empty.

Lian Zheng initially planned to let Gu Xiuxun and the other three sit on the first row as it would be more convenient to talk. But when he saw their guarded expressions, he decided to give up.

The interactions between arrogant geniuses were similar to the logic whereby two apex predators couldn't exist within the same hunting ground. They would view each other with hostility.

"It's good like this too. With hostility toward each other, they wouldn't be willing to admit defeat and would think of ways to suppress their opponents in other aspects. This can also be considered a form of encouragement instead."

Lian Zheng was very satisfied with the reactions of these four. He felt that improvements would only be possible with competition.

The school leaders also surveyed the four of them. There was no need to mention Gao Ben, Zhang Lan, and Gu Xiuxun. Their horizons were broad, so it was understandable that they could be calm. However, what was going on with the toxic Sun Mo? Why was he able to be so composed when he sat there?

The crucial thing was that Zhang Hanfu hadn't left yet. Also, his anger hasn't dissipated in the slightest.

Ever since the old headmaster failed to break through to the saint level, there wasn't anyone here to suppress Zhang Hanfu. He gradually gained more and more authority, and it was unknown how many teachers and students had been driven to tears by his scolding. In these three years, Sun Mo was absolutely the only one who could 'deflate' him.

"Either he has a vast heart that can endure extreme pressure or he is an idiot!"

Feng Zewen mumbled.

"Headmaster An, do you want to give them the admonition talk?"

Lian Zheng inquired.

"I'll let vice-headmaster Zhang do it!"

An Xinhui modestly declined.

“Hmph!”

Zhang Hanfu initially didn't want to speak. This was because he was afraid that the moment he opened his mouth, he wouldn't be able to control it and would lash out at Sun Mo. However, he wouldn't give An Xinhui a chance to perform either. Hence, he replied, “Zewen, you do it!”

“Cough, cough. I will do this in your place then.”

Feng Zewen didn't decline. He cleared his throat. “Firstly, I want to congratulate the four of you for joining the Central Province Academy and becoming a part of us!”

Feng Zewen applauded. The school leaders also clapped along politely, with Zhang Hanfu being the only exception.

“Good composure!”

Lian Zheng silently praised after glancing at the four.

In this type of occasion, normal intern teachers would be extremely emotional and there would be looks of joy on their faces when they heard that they managed to join the faculty. But these four, they were as calm as ever. It was as though this was something natural.

“After becoming official teachers, you guys can substitute the other teachers and give lessons. Because this is your first year, to let you all gradually adapt, the teaching missions given to you would be comparatively more simple.

“Other than guiding your personal students, each of you has to give public lessons every day that last for four hours. As for the content, you guys can decide yourself. Study of spirit runes, herbology, alchemy, you can choose anything you like. A week later, report your choices to me and I will arrange a time table and a classroom for you.”

Feng Zewen paused and after the four new teachers digested the information, he continued, “Although you have the freedom of choice, please pick the topics you are proficient in.

“When you first start to give lessons, the number of students would surely be very little. Hence, we won't make that a requirement. But half a year later, this aspect will be considered a reference as part of the criteria. One year later, if the number cannot meet the standard, your public lessons will be axed.”

As Feng Zewen spoke, his tone became solemn.

A huge wave of pressure immediately gushed toward the four.

In the various countries of the nine provinces of Middle-Earth, public classes were actually the mainstream thing.

The teachers had the choice and authority to choose their specialty and lessons, and the students similarly had the freedom to choose which lectures they wished to attend.

If a teacher could give a good lecture, the number of students listening would be abundant. Otherwise, that teacher's classes would be completely deserted. Hence, the number of students was taken as a criterion. If the number declined to the point where they hit the bottom line designated by the school, the public lectures given by that teacher would be axed.

If teachers wanted to become great teachers, they had to 'slaughter' their way out of the cruel competition. It was absolutely impossible if they wanted to earn their salary with ease and comfort, muddling through things.

It was precisely because of this mechanism that teachers would give it their all to explain things clearly and increase the quality of their lectures in order to attract students. From this, the students could also gain the most benefits.

As long as the students paid attention and put in their effort, they absolutely didn't need to worry about their teachers slacking off. Those teachers who couldn't meet the standards would already be eliminated by then.

"The Central Province Academy is really awesome!"

Sun Mo's lips twitched. Although he had just been a teacher in charge of modern physical education in the No.2 High School, he was still filled with admiration toward this teaching method.

Whether the teachers were capable or not, whether they were qualified for their jobs, these things weren't something the school or the education bureau could determine. Not even family background or having many social connections would help. The only thing that determined one's worth as a teacher was their students. This was the only fair evaluation!

"System, by the way, am I not childhood sweethearts with An Xinhui? Why does our favorable impression index start from neutral?"

Sun Mo had a question.

"The original consciousness of this body is then the childhood sweetheart of An Xinhui and you are not," the system explained.

That consciousness already died, and the one standing here was Sun Mo from another world. This was why the system wanted to recalculate the favorable impression index.

When the actions of the host caused the targets to generate favorable impressions such as closeness, being impressed, being worshipped, the host would gain favorable impression points.

The favorable impression index represented the change in a relationship between two people. However, the other more important function was that it could be used as a type of currency to purchase items from the merchant store.

Hence, the favorable impression between Sun Mo and An Xinhui naturally had to start afresh.

Gu Xiuxun raised her hand.

"Teacher Gu, please speak!"

Feng Zewen was very indulgent toward beauties.

“Teacher Feng, if we pick a specialty and find it to be unsuitable half-way, can we still change it?”

Gu Xiuxun inquired.

“Sure!”

Feng Zewen glanced at this beautiful campus queen and silently compared her with An Xinhui in his heart. “But I have to warn you that the reputation of a teacher is built up slowly through accumulation. If you change your lesson specialty, you might lose all the popularity you have worked hard to gain.”

“Thank you, Teacher Feng!”

Given Gu Xiuxun’s intelligence, she had long since thought of this point. By asking a question now, she only wanted to call out ‘Teacher Feng’ in such an official setting and hear other teachers calling her ‘Teacher Gu’.

(This is the relationship between colleagues of equal status. This type of cool greeting is truly awesome. From now onward, I’m also a teacher!)

Gu Xiuxun’s right hand, which was under the table, was clenched into a fist due to her excitement. She had achieved her first step. Next, she would try her best to become a leading character out of all the unranked teachers!

Unranked teachers referred to teachers who couldn’t become 1-star great teachers due to various reasons.

“Next, our Central Province Academy has a tradition that has been passed down for a thousand years.” Feng Zewen laughed. “Each newly joined teacher will share their teaching philosophy, their life goals, specialties, etc... for your first public lesson. You can say anything you want...”

Gu Xiuxun and the other three were originally indifferent. But as they listened to Feng Zewen’s next sentence, their expressions were no longer as calm as before.

“For the first public lesson, it will be conducted in a lecture theater, and we will inform the teachers and students of the entire school. You can almost be certain that in the lecture theater of 300 seats, it will be packed to the brim. However, the greatest test isn’t this. Any students or teachers there would have the authority to ask you questions on anything. If you cannot answer them or if your adaptability is too weak, you will shame yourself, resulting in much embarrassment.”

The gazes of the school leaders subconsciously drifted to Sun Mo. Other than Gao Ben who was sitting upright and still, Gu Xiuxun and Zhang Lan also couldn’t help but survey Sun Mo.

No matter what methods Sun Mo had used to recruit five students, it was meaningless. The first public lesson was the true battlefield.

If one didn’t have true capabilities, it would be very apparent once they were probed.

“Teacher Sun, I look upon you highly!”

Feng Zewen was praising him on the surface, but since he belonged to Zhang Hanfu's faction, everyone could tell the sarcastic intent in his words.

Zhang Hanfu coldly smiled. Sun Mo was An Xinhui's fiance. With this identity, there would surely be many teachers interested in probing him at that time.

Those teachers who hated him because of envy would surely use the opportunity to find trouble with him.

"Teacher Feng. Since this is the case, you have to prepare a few questions to test me. If you fail to trip me up, how about treating me to three months worth of meals?" Sun Mo spoke.

"Eh?"

Sun Mo's sudden reply stunned everyone. No one expected him to respond, let alone responding in such an unyielding manner.

(Don't you guys want to watch a good show? Bring it on then. I'll accept the challenge!)

An Xinhui's beautiful eyes brightened. She felt like she no longer recognized this childhood sweetheart of hers. Regardless of his capability, just his aura alone was sufficient for her to praise him.

Ding!

Favorable impression points from An Xinhui +1

Prestige connection with An Xinhui: Neutral (2/100).

Feng Zewen startled. His smile froze and he felt a little unhappy. (Who do you think you are to dare to provoke me?)

Given the current situation, it wasn't too good for him to vent his unhappiness. After all, he was the one who said that first. Hence, he could only put on a fake smile.

"Sure. At that time, I will be sure to prepare some good meals for you. However, if you fail, you don't have to treat me to anything. Just buy three vats of grape brew for me from the Ruyi Bazaar."

"Teacher Feng, the grape brew from the Ruyi Bazaar costs a few thousand taels of silver per vat. Sun Mo has just joined the school, how would he have the money to buy them for you?"

An Xinhui interjected.

"Wouldn't there be no problem as long as he wins?"

Zhang Hanfu interrupted.

Feng Zewen felt somewhat depressed. Even if Sun Mo hadn't angered Zhang Hanfu today, the vice-headmaster would still get people to find trouble with him. But now, this task seemed to have fallen onto Feng Zewen shoulders.

(No matter what, I'm a 1-star great teacher. You are asking me to personally teach him a lesson? Zhang Hanfu, do you really have the face to do that?)

It wasn't that Feng Zewen didn't dare to offend An Xinhui. Rather, he felt that he had been belittled. A 1-star teacher against a new teacher like Sun Mo?

Truly, this was using the dragon-slaying saber to kill a weak chicken!

"Since this is the case, the bet is established. However, if Teacher Feng loses, he should also buy three vats of grape brew for Teacher Sun."

Gu Xiuxun commented, not feeling scared at all. She decided that at Sun Mo's public lecture, she had to be present for sure.

At that time, when Sun Mo failed to answer the questions, she would step out and save the day. By doing so, she would definitely be able to win over all the students and teachers, letting them know how outstanding she, Gu Xiuxun, was.

Even before Feng Zewen could say anything, Sun Mo already spoke, "Let's do it like that then. Teacher Feng wouldn't be afraid, right?"

Sun Mo's personality was one where he would never allow himself to suffer any losses. He just wanted to raise the stakes and Gu Xiuxun had already helped him.

Their gazes then clashed in mid-air.

(Sorry, you should just become my stepping stone!)

Gu Xiuxun was thinking about her beautiful future, but she also had to admit that since Sun Mo was daring enough to provoke a 1-star great teacher, his courage was truly commendable.

Ding!

Favorable impression from Gu Xiuxun +1

Prestige connection with Gu Xiuxun: Neutral (2/100)

Upon hearing the notification, Sun Mo then glanced toward Zhang Lan and Gao Ben. As expected, the two of them had no reactions, completely ignoring him.

Ding!

"New mission issued. During your first public lesson, please perfectly handle all the students and teachers who intend on making things difficult for you and obtain a beautiful debut. If the results are good, you will be rewarded."

"Note: If your performance is too bad, there will be a punishment!"

"There's still a punishment?"

Sun Mo was speechless. He could imagine the scene where those male teachers were doing their best to make things difficult for him. All of them wanted to prove he was trash and not worthy of An Xinhui.

One could say that the challenge he had to face had difficulty several times higher compared to Gu Xiuxun and the other two's.

Just when Sun Mo was contemplating this, the system voice rang out once more.

Chapter 64: Sun Mo, First Level of Blood-ignition, Please Guide Me!

Ding!

“Mission issued. Please gain victory for the bet between you and Feng Zewen. Reward: 1x silver treasure chest!”

Upon seeing such a good reward, Sun Mo knew that it would be more difficult to win against Feng Zewen.

Ding!

“Mission issued. During the first public lecture, do your best to win against Gu Xiuxun, Gao Ben, and Zhang Lan. The more people you win, the better the reward will be.”

“So, it is either you don’t give a mission or you give three at one go, huh?”

Sun Mo mocked.

“If you are not confident, I can take back the third mission.”

This mission was a floating one. If Sun Mo couldn’t even win against one of the new teachers, there wouldn’t be any rewards.

“No need, what’s the point of life if there are no challenges?” Sun Mo laughed lightly. “Just clean the treasure chests properly and wait for me to claim them!”

“Alright then! I’ve said all that’s needed to be said. We are filled with anticipation for your performances three days later. Headmaster An, and Vice-Headmaster Zhang, do you guys have anything else to add?” Feng Zewen asked.

“Perform well and show us why you guys are elites. Alright, let the meeting disperse!”

After Zhang Hanfu finished speaking, he directly announced the meeting was over. He basically didn’t want to give An Xinhui any chance to speak.

Gao Ben stood up, Zhang Lan hesitated, while Gu Xiuxun remained seated. All of them turned their gaze onto An Xinhui. As for Sun Mo, he directly stood up and left from the backdoor.

The school leaders all saw this scene clearly. They had heard about Gu Xiuxun’s feeling of worship for An Xinhui. Now, it seemed that it was true. As for Zhang Lan, she was clearly neutral. Only Sun Mo’s reactions astonished everyone. By logic, he should have remained seated and waited for An Xinhui.

However, Sun Mo naturally wouldn’t care much about An Xinhui.

Although he melded with the original self’s memories and feelings and would feel his heart stir when he saw An Xinhui, he knew that this wasn’t his true feelings.

There were two reasons why Sun Mo stayed in the Central Province Academy.

Firstly, it was because of prudence. He had just arrived in this new world and wasn't familiar with the basic laws and rules of society yet. What would happen if he accidentally let the cat out from the bag that he was from another world?

Flexing hard like some of the characters he read in novels? That wasn't his Sun Mo's style. Did they feel that they wouldn't die fast enough? Sun Mo's style was to slowly grow in a familiar environment before extending his feelers out to probe the world.

If he didn't want others to discover something off about him, this should be the most correct method. He had to quickly get familiar with this world and truly integrate with it.

Secondly, it was to complete the mission the system had issued and help the Central Province Academy rise.

Sun Mo wanted to get the reward and return to his original world.

It was one thing that he had no AV films to watch or games he could play, but he felt like dying when he thought of his expensive new computer that was waiting for him in his world. How could he endure this?

As for his family, Sun Mo didn't dare to think about them. He was afraid he might cry.

Naturally, Sun Mo also felt some anger. Everyone kept calling him the 'soft-rice guy' and shot looks of contempt at him while disdaining him privately as well.

Given Sun Mo's personality, it would be a wonder if he could endure it.

Sun Mo wouldn't rebut it using words, but he would use practical actions to shut these people up. He wanted to make them envy him even more.

In that case, what should he do?

Naturally, he had to do his best and become a great teacher as quickly as possible. He had to become the number one great teacher in Jinling!

Sun Mo had the confidence due to him possessing the Grand Universe Formless Divine Art, Divine Sight, and Immemorial Vairocana.

After leaving the classroom, Sun Mo was prepared to look for Lu Zhiruo to pat the papaya girl's head. It was to raise his luck before opening the treasure chest, which he had obtained as a reward from improving the prestige connection between him and Li Gong to the friendly level.

After he walked a few steps, a male intern teacher stopped him.

"Sun Mo, I've long since admired your name. I wish to seek guidance from you!"

Zeng Jun spoke while looking straight at Sun Mo. Although his words were humble, his expression was filled with provocation.

At this moment, there were thirty other intern teachers milling around in the corridor. Some of them were here because they wanted the school leaders to remember their faces, while others had the same thoughts as Zeng Jun. They wanted to use Sun Mo as a stepping stone to climb up.

“Damn, the opportunity was snatched.”

An ugly-looking intern teacher felt depressed. Earlier, during the meeting, Sun Mo publicly angered Zhang Hanfu, and the latter would surely be extremely offended by it.

If one could use this opportunity to spar against Sun Mo and teach him a lesson by beating him up, that person would surely obtain a favorable impression of Zhang Hanfu.

These intern teachers had ordinary capabilities. If they wanted to get a slot through normal competition, it would be somewhat difficult. Hence, they began to think of some other devious means.

Zhang Hanfu walked out. Upon hearing this, he cast a glance at Feng Zewen who was standing behind him.

“Me again?”

Feng Zewen was very unhappy. (Stop asking me to do such things alright? I feel like a servant now.) But even so, he still spoke out.

“How about competing in a sparring match? We can admire Teacher Sun’s glory better in this manner,” Feng Zewen spoke.

Upon hearing this and seeing Zhang Hanfu’s attention, Zeng Jun felt even more emboldened. His tone was no longer respectful. “Teacher Sun, please guide me!”

An Xinhui and a group of people just came out and coincidentally saw this scene.

For a time, the gazes of everyone in the corridor turned to Sun Mo.

Sun Mo stared at Zeng Jun as he activated Divine Sight.

=====

Zeng Jun, 21 years old. Someone at the second level of the blood-ignition realm.

Strength 22, ordinary standard.

Intellect 23, below average to ordinary standard.

Agility 22, ordinary standard.

Will 20, unable to suffer much hardship. He depended on his innate talent to achieve his current accomplishments, but he is destined not to achieve anything much in the future.

Endurance 27, young and fit, able to last seven times per night.

Potential: above average

Note: A fellow who is always thinking of taking shortcuts. There’s no need to attach any value to him, f*** him!

=====

“System, there’s no need to belittle people so much, right? By evaluating him like this, I wouldn’t feel any satisfaction even if I won against him!”

Sun Mo was speechless. When he played games, the thing he hated most was to kill the cannon fodders.

“Please note that this is only the evaluation with regards to Zeng Jun’s talent. His true strength isn’t weak. If you judged his combat strength based on these stats, you would definitely be the one suffering a disadvantage.”

The system solemnly warned.

How inferior could a teacher with a potential value of above average be?

Above the body-refinement realm was the spirit-refinement realm. After opening up the 108 acupoints, they could then step into the blood-ignition realm.

In this realm, one’s blood would be ignited, and the flames would burn within one’s body, cleansing it of impurities. Ultimately, one would end up shedding their old mortal body and bones, gain divine strength, and eventually step into the divine force realm.

There were seven levels in the blood-ignition realm. Cultivators had to ignite their blood seven times and each time, they would undergo a qualitative transformation.

“Understood!”

Right now, Sun Mo had only ignited his blood once. He truly didn’t have the capital to look down on others.

“Why? You don’t dare to fight now?”

Seeing that Sun Mo didn’t reply, Zeng Jun took a step forward and pressed his face closer to Sun Mo while continuing to provoke the latter.

Sun Mo took a step back. He stretched out his hand and fanned the area before his nose. “Please move further away from me. Your mouth is too smelly!”

“You...”

Zeng Jun was almost angered to death. If it wasn’t for him maintaining his last bit of rationality, he would have smacked Sun Mo’s mouth rotten.

“Oi, stop your verbal attacks, come and fight me!”

It was a simple case of reverse psychology.

“Sun Mo, so many people are watching. You won’t flee, right?”

Zhang Sheng sneered, wanting nothing more than to see Sun Mo embarrass himself.

(When have I ever said that I wanted to flee?)

Sun Mo replied, “His mouth is smelly, yet he doesn’t allow others to speak. What is this?”

“You are the one whose mouth is smelly, your whole family has smelly mouths!” Zeng Jun cursed loudly.

“Zeng Jun, Sun Mo is trying to wage a psychological battle with his words. Don’t be fooled,” Feng Zewen reminded him.

From the looks of how Sun Mo usually acted, he was someone with a strong personality. When facing a challenge, he would absolutely not retreat. Moreover, in a situation where An Xinhui was present, he would definitely not cower back, or where would his face be?

Hence, seeing that he didn’t agree even after some time, it was clear that he was playing a psychological battle.

At this time, observing the opponent carefully while retaining one’s rationale was the most correct method.

After hearing Feng Zewen’s words, the hearts of the intern teachers in the surroundings all thumped. Some of them who originally looked down on Sun Mo immediately corrected their attitude.

“Is it real or fake?”

Zhang Sheng didn’t feel that Sun Mo had such intelligence. However, Feng Zewen was a 1-star great teacher, so his judgment couldn’t be wrong, right?

An Xinhui also grew increasingly curious about this childhood sweetheart of hers.

“No matter how many psychological battles you wage, it will be useless if your actual strength doesn’t make the mark!” Gu Xiuxun’s lips curled.

Zeng Jun started. After that, his gaze became serious when he looked at Sun Mo again. Also, his earlier impatient attitude changed.

“Sun Mo, do you dare to fight or not? Just tell me the answer. There’s no need to play any tricks!”

Zeng Jun sneered.

“Sure. But we don’t need to walk too far. We can simply decide the victor at the public square in front of the teaching building!”

Sun Mo calmly spoke. However, his eyes glanced toward Feng Zewen instead. This person could see through his purpose with a glance. His judgment wasn’t bad.

=====

Feng Zewen, 31 years old. Sixth level of the blood-ignition realm.

Strength 27, strength isn’t your strong point, but there are no problems for you to kill a savage beast bare-handed.

Intellect 26, insufficient. This is also the reason why you are stuck at the 1-star rank.

Agility 29, you are pretty fast, able to chase the clouds and moon.

Endurance 30, there are no problems even if you were to work every day continuously for an entire week.

Potential value: above average

Note: Too many distractions in your mind. If your thoughts could be slightly purer, you might have broken through your bottleneck long ago.

=====

Sun Mo analyzed the data. Endurance was Feng Zewen's strong point. Hence, if he were to fight against Feng Zewen, he had to do his best to avoid a prolonged battle.

"System, this 'Intellect', it doesn't simply refer to the upgrade of one's intelligence quotient, right?"

Sun Mo analyzed. If one's intelligence quotient kept going up due to breakthroughs in cultivation, wouldn't that person end up smarter than Einstein?

"That's right, you can understand the 'Intellect' here as comprehension ability. It represents the amount of brain region one has developed. The more one's brain region is developed, the more their memory power, understanding power, comprehension ability, analysis speed, etc... would be upgraded. It doesn't refer to IQ," the system explained.

"Intellect is different from strength. You will be able to exert all your strength easily, but it won't be so easy for you to exert all your intellect. One needs talent for that."

Sun Mo understood. In history, there were people who reached Einstein's level of IQ. But no matter who they were, their accomplishments weren't as high as his. This was because they weren't able to unleash the same level of their intellect.

For some people, even if you maxed out their intellect, they might still be mediocre.

Feng Zewen was at the sixth level of the blood-ignition realm. His cultivation base didn't seem to be high, but one must know that a great teacher wasn't the same as those cultivators who only pursued martial dao. It was fine as long as they concentrated on their cultivation, but they also had to study unceasingly and delve into their specialization. Just these alone would take up much of their time.

However, the status of a great teacher was definitely more noble compared to cultivators. Leaving aside profound knowledge, just their act of imparting knowledge and educating others was enough for them to gain the respect and courtesy from others in the world.

After all, even for emperors, kings, generals, ministers, sword heroes, and spear saints...they would have descendants too. Their descendants would still need the guidance of great teachers. What? The sword heroes and spear saints could guide their descendants themselves? What if their descendants had no talent in the same field as them? What if their descendant wished to become a spirit rune master or a beast tamer?

Ding!

"Mission issued. Please defeat Zeng Jun. Reward: 1x black-iron treasure chest!"

The system was encouraging Sun Mo to give it his all.

Right now, there were already over 500 people gathered at the public square before the teaching building. Some students came over upon hearing the commotion.

“Sun Mo, what weapon will you use?”

As the year head, Lian Zheng took the initiative to be the referee.

“This will do!”

Sun Mo brandished the wooden blade in his hands.

“Sun Mo, you better change your weapon. Later on, if I cripple you, don’t blame me!”

Zeng Jun took out a two-foot-long swift blade. Under the sunlight, it exuded a biting cold killing qi.

“No need!”

Sun Mo didn’t care. In any case, he hadn’t used any weapons before. Thus, he chose this wooden blade that had accompanied him for several days. It was quite handy.

Oh yea, this was also a spirit weapon.

An Xinhui wanted to say something to warn him, but she eventually bore the impulse. (Forget it, before he gets injured, I will step out to stop Zeng Jun.)

“Are the two of you ready? If you have no objections, you can start anytime!”

After Lian Zheng finished speaking, he retreated out of the public square.

“Zeng Jun, second level of blood-ignition realm. Please guide me!”

Zeng Jun spoke with confidence. Because Zhang Hanfu was in the crowd, he felt extremely excited. As long as he defeated Sun Mo, he would definitely be able to gain Zhang Hanfu’s appreciation.

“Sun Mo, first-level of blood-ignition realm. Please guide me!”

This was the first time Sun Mo said something like that. He felt a little strange and regretful. His first opponent was actually a man with many blackheads on his face. This wasn’t worthy of remembrance at all!

Chapter 65: Crushing, Divine Skill

After hearing the two of them report their cultivation level, the spectators began to discuss softly, but they weren’t too shocked.

In the Middle-Earth Nine Provinces, sparring combat between two people could proceed as long as the difference in cultivation bases didn’t surpass three minor levels.

If it was any higher, the sparring combat wouldn’t have any meaning because one of the combatants wouldn’t need to show any technique. They could simply use brute force to suppress their opponent.

Zeng Jun was already very confident. Now when he heard that Sun Mo was merely at the first level of blood-ignition, he felt even more so. He displayed the look of an expert and waggled the tip of his blade at Sun Mo.

“Teacher Sun, you can attack first!”

Xuanyuan Po was extremely interested in combat. He pushed his way through the crowd upon seeing the situation and after hearing Sun Mo’s name.

“You can go first!”

Sun Mo humbly declined. He silently praised Zeng Jun’s posturing. Through Divine Sight, the data showed that Zeng Jun was cultivating the Shattered Soul Blade Art and was proficient in defense.

This meant that Zeng Jun’s battle technique lay in defending and counter-attacking. If Sun Mo attacked first, it would benefit Zeng Jun instead.

“Sun Mo, my cultivation base is higher than yours, you can attack first.”

Zeng Jun laughed, showing everyone his magnanimous attitude.

“Alright then. I won’t tell anyone that you are proficient in defense,” Sun Mo spoke bluntly.

A clamor rang out.

The smile on Zeng Jun’s face stiffened as he felt shocked in his heart. How did this brat know what he was good at? No one could just tell by glancing at him, right?

Sun Mo wasn’t a great teacher, how could his judgment be so good?

Just when Zeng Jun was thinking about how to rebut Sun Mo and whether he should take the initiative to attack first, Sun Mo already acted. Sun Mo’s attack was like a sharp arrow shooting over!

Ding!

The black sandalwood wooden blade and swift blade collided.

“Cunning!”

Gu Xiuxun’s lips twitched. From Zeng Jun’s minute expressions, she could tell that Sun Mo was right. But evidently, Sun Mo didn’t care about attacking first or second. In other words, it meant that his words earlier were to distract Zeng Jun and launch a sneak attack.

“Che, just a minor trick!”

Gao Ben was filled with disdain.

Zhang Lan’s face was still devoid of expressions.

Successfully taking the initiative, Sun Mo’s wooden blade manifested a patch of blade shadows that enveloped Zeng Jun.

Sun Mo’s body had cultivated the Overflow Rain Sword for roughly seven years, and the sword technique had integrated into his instincts. This was why Sun Mo could casually unleash it.

Zeng Jun had lost the first-mover advantage and was also a little nervous. In the end, after exchanging a few blows, he began to relax. Sun Mo’s attack had no strength at all.

(I can win easily!)

Zeng Jun was instantly filled with confidence once more. He wasn't in a hurry to attack and was waiting for the best chance to insta-defeat Sun Mo in a single strike.

Yes. He didn't want to simply win. He wanted to win beautifully so everyone would cheer for him.

The majority of the students gathered over to watch a good show. However, given the judgment of the school leaders, they could already judge who would win or lose. So, their facial expressions were all different based on the faction they supported.

"He is quite good with his words, but it turns out that he is nothing but trash!"

Feng Zewen didn't expect Sun Mo to be so weak. His Overflow Rain Sword wasn't bad. But if he wanted to win depending on that, it was far from sufficient.

Zhang Hanfu crossed his arms before his chest, waiting for Sun Mo to be defeated. He understood Zeng Jun's intentions. However, winning Zhang Hanfu's appreciation was not an easy task. Unless of course, Zeng Jun decided to cripple Sun Mo's limbs.

However, An Xinhui would definitely prevent that!

Zhang Hanfu's attention was focused on An Xinhui. He would definitely stop her. In other words, it meant that Sun Mo would have to be crippled so he could vent his anger.

During these three years, no one had dared to speak that way to him. Sun Mo had to pay the price for his arrogance.

Lian Zheng shook his head imperceptibly. There was no way for Sun Mo to win.

Honestly speaking, Xuanyuan Po felt a little disappointed when he saw the situation. No matter how imposing Sun Mo's manner was, if his strength was only this much, it was simply not enough.

An Xinhui didn't say anything. No one knew what she was thinking about.

The spectators also fell silent, and only the sounds of weapons clanging could be heard.

"Is this the feeling of combat?"

Sun Mo's heart throbbed uncontrollably, and he felt a sense of excitement appearing in his heart. This sense of excitement spread throughout his body, making him feel like throwing his head back and roaring.

As a man, how could he not love combat?

In the past, Sun Mo had only experienced the pleasure of combat through games and movies. But now, he could personally enjoy it.

The sharp edge of his opponent's blade slashed past his nose, emitting the sense of death. The metallic clean sounds of the weapons clashing were deafening, causing his adrenaline to surge like an erupting volcano.

(Yes, it is this feeling exactly!)

There was no need to care about schemes or put in the effort to maintain interpersonal relations. Everything could be solved by combat!

Simple!

Pure!

One could live casually and freely.

At this moment, Sun Mo experienced an unprecedented feeling of freedom.

His wooden blade and his ultimate cultivation art were his capital. (What? Are you not convinced? I'll beat you till you do!)

After a short daze, Sun Mo regained his focus. He stared at Zeng Jun's face that was full of blackheads as he began laughing.

His pearly white teeth shone so brightly that they dazzled Zeng Jun's eyes.

"What the hell are you laughing at?"

Zeng Jun was frustrated. (Given your strength, I can fight three of you at the same time with no problem at all!)

Sun Mo's laughter provoked Zeng Jun, who decided not to wait anymore. But right when he was about to retaliate, Sun Mo's attacks abruptly changed.

Beauty Yu! (movement technique)

Water dragon roar!

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Sun Mo's movements suddenly became graceful and ethereal. When he slashed his wooden blade out, sounds of roaring could be heard from each of his attacks.

Eighteen Words Order!

Pak! Pak! Pak!

The wooden blade's attacks grew swifter and swifter, slashing toward Zeng Jun.

Zeng Jun felt the pressure on him increasingly greatly, and he couldn't retaliate at all.

"What?"

The first to react was the school leaders. Feng Zewen and Liang Zheng widened their eyes in surprise as they stared at Sun Mo.

"What cultivation art is this?" Zhang Hanfu frowned.

An Xinhui also felt a sense of admiration and bewilderment. How could her childhood sweetheart know such a powerful art?

Sun Mo was currently brandishing his blade and unleashing multiple attacks. He was like a scholar flicking his brush, elegantly writing out beautiful calligraphy with confidence and ease.

His light blue robes fluttered gently in the wind, seemingly flowing with immortal qi.

“Eh?”

Both Gu Xiuxun and Zhang Lan let out sounds of exclamation. Why was Sun Mo suddenly so powerful?

What the spectators saw was the scene of Sun Mo violently attacking Zeng Jun. But in Sun Mo’s eyes, another scene was playing out.

When his wooden blade came in contact with Zeng Jun’s body, Zeng Jun’s head would let out a thudding sound and emit a golden facula. At the same time, a golden page would be generated from his head.

These golden pages seemed extremely delicate. They were as light as feathers and simply hung suspended in the air.

“My divine skill is so awesome!”

Sun Mo praised this greatly in his heart. This was none other than the Immemorial Vairocana, an ultimate unique art that only Sun Mo possessed.

After being hit by this divine skill, the target’s head would generate a page that listed the cultivation arts of the target.

Because it was still at the elementary-grade, the content on each page was very little and they might not all belong to the same art. However, even if it was so, Sun Mo didn’t care. Right now, he was purely enjoying the feeling of combat.

Zeng Jun wanted to retaliate, but he basically couldn’t find a chance. Sun Mo’s attacks were too concentrated. Since there were no solutions to it, Zeng Jun could only continue to defend.

“How do you feel now?”

After Sun Mo asked, his wrist moved. The wooden blade moved like a poisonous snake, coming at a strange arc. It suddenly stabbed toward Zeng Jun’s lips.

Swish!

Upon seeing the tip of the blade shooting toward him like a flash, Zeng Jun was so alarmed that he perspired cold sweat. He could only retreat with haste to lengthen the distance between them.

Sun Mo lunged forward like a savage beast. His movements caused the clods of earth and dust to be kicked up as the pressure on Zeng Jun mounted.

Crows Crying at Night!

Colors of Autumn!

Swish!

Sun Mo's wooden blade slashed out. In that instant, in Zeng Jun's vision, that black-colored wooden blade created a dark curtain that covered the entire sky, blotting out his vision of the world.

And at the next instant, he felt himself being flung through the air. There was an immense pain from his chest.

Bang!

Zeng Jun fell onto the ground and coughed out a large mouthful of blood.

Everyone fell completely silent. Let alone the students, even the teachers didn't expect Sun Mo to win so easily!

"How is this possible?"

Ludi was dumbfounded. Sun Mo actually won?

"What kind of cultivation art is that? It's so powerful!"

"I've never seen it. Has Teacher Liu seen it before?"

"Nope!"

The teachers didn't really care about who won or lost. Instead, they felt more curiosity toward Sun Mo's cultivation art. That was definitely the reason for his victory.

"Who is that teacher?"

The students who came later didn't recognize Sun Mo.

"He is Teacher Sun Mo!"

After someone replied, several gazes turned toward Sun Mo.

An Xinhui applauded and a smile of surprise and gratification appeared on her face. This childhood sweetheart of hers caused her to see him in a new light once again.

Ding!

Favorable impression from An Xinhui +1.

Prestige connection with An Xinhui: Neutral (3/100).

Upon hearing the notification from the system, Sun Mo cast a glance at An Xinhui. Very good. Although she had no expression on her face and merely nodded at him, the system notification proved that she wasn't as cold as she appeared to be.

"Could An Xinhui be a tsundere?"

Sun Mo speculated.

"I lost? I lost so easily?"

Zeng Jun was on the ground, and his face was filled with disbelief. He hadn't unleashed his ultimate skill yet, why did he already lose? What did Sun Mo do? He completely couldn't see it clearly.

Sun Mo spun the wooden blade and inserted it back on the belt beside his waist.

“Thanks for letting me win!”

These words caused Zeng Jun’s face to turn pale immediately. Even his blackheads almost turned white.

Zeng Jun’s lips trembled. He glanced at Zhang Hanfu only to see the latter flicking his sleeves and leaving. After that, he felt nothing but despair.

Because he knew that he was finished, he planned to cripple Sun Mo in an attempt to gain Zhang Hanfu’s appreciation. However, he had lost the duel.

“I’m clearly at the second level of blood-ignition and is a level higher than you. How could I have lost?”

Zeng Jun bellowed in rage. He felt that he didn’t even have time to display his ultimate skill, and he truly lost unjustly.

Sun Mo naturally wouldn’t bother replying. He casually made a gesture and those golden pages flew over to him as they compiled into a book.

“What does Sun Mo’s gesture mean?”

Zhang Lan didn’t understand.

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s some sort of ritual?”

Gu Xiuxun guessed.

“My teacher is awesome!”

Xuanyuan Po was amazed. As a man who loved combat, his instincts told him that the power of Sun Mo’s ultimate skill was extremely great.

Ding!

Favorable impression from Xuanyuan Po +1.

Prestige connection with Xuanyuan Po established. Current state: Neutral (1/100).

Upon hearing this, Sun Mo couldn’t help but incline his head to search for Xuanyuan Po’s figure in the crowd. Excellent, the prestige connection with this combat addict was finally unlocked. It seemed that only by displaying talent in combat could he gain the admiration of Xuanyuan Po.

Chapter 66: An Xinhui’s Praise

“Interesting!”

Gao Ben stroked his chin before turning to leave. Sun Mo’s combat strength was ordinary, but his cultivation art seemed to be quite powerful. Nevertheless, he thought that Sun Mo was still far from sufficient to face him.

To Gao Ben, he basically didn’t have Sun Mo in his eyes. Liu Mubai was then his true opponent. As for Gu Xiuxun and Zhang Lan, they could only be considered half-opponents to him.

Right now, all of Gao Ben's focus was placed on the first public lecture. He had to make his preparations and amaze everyone three days later.

Gu Xiuxun had planned to leave. But when she saw An Xinhui walking toward Sun Mo, she also came over.

"Well done."

An Xinhui praised him with a smile in her eyes. Her voice had more gentleness and less pressure compared to before.

"Mn!"

Sun Mo casually responded. He didn't feel abnormally happy after getting the praise from his fiancée.

The people in the surroundings were slowly dispersing. But when those male teachers saw two great beauties standing beside Sun Mo, their eyes almost turned green from envy.

Luckily, Sun Mo could only eat one at most. No, maybe he couldn't even eat any of them!

"Sun Mo, I know you are prideful. However, you shouldn't clash head-on against Feng Zewen. No matter what, he is still a 1-star great teacher and is determined to make things difficult for you. You would suffer a disadvantage."

Gu Xiuxun had a relatively good impression of Sun Mo. Hence, she tried to persuade him in passing. Sometimes, one had to learn when to retreat.

"If I don't call out Feng Zewen, would Zhang Hanfu spare me?"

Sun Mo counter-asked.

Gu Xiuxun's lips twitched. She silently mused 'I'm warning you out of goodwill, what type of attitude is this?' However, when she saw the look of praise on An Xinhui's face, Gu Xiuxun's expression immediately turned to one of shock.

"Did I miss something out?"

Gu Xiuxun pondered.

"I'm leaving!"

Sun Mo didn't wish to waste time talking nonsense here. Thus, he waved his hands and turned to depart.

"Eh?"

Gu Xiuxun started. In the past, males would always find chances to get near her. Yet, this man actually ignored her to this extent? "Hmph, he must be playing mind games!"

An Xinhui had a puzzled look in her eyes. She found that she understood her childhood sweetheart lesser and lesser.

“Headmaster An, do you feel that he should clash against Feng Zewen?” Gu Xiuxun asked the question that was bewildering her.

“Yes.”

An Xinhui nodded.

Gu Xiuxun furrowed her brows. Ultimately, she was the honor graduate of the Myriad Daos Academy, and her intelligence wasn't low. After thinking for a while, a look of understanding finally flashed on her face.

“I understand.”

Gu Xiuxun clapped her hands. “Sun Mo offended Zhang Hanfu. Hence, Zhang Hanfu will surely arrange for someone to find trouble for Sun Mo during the first public lecture. To Sun Mo, that's an unknown enemy. He completely has no way to target the unknown opponent's weakness and prepare his own defense. But after he provoked Feng Zewen and set an arrangement with him, it is clear who his opponent is.”

With Feng Zewen taking care of Sun Mo, Zhang Hanfu naturally wouldn't find someone else to make trouble for Sun Mo. After all, the presence of a 1-star great teacher was enough to crush Sun Mo.

From Sun Mo's point of view, Feng Zewen would surely be the one making things difficult for him. In that case, he could collect Feng Zewen's information and understand his specialties until Sun Mo could launch his own 'attacks'.

“That's right!”

An Xinhui didn't expect Sun Mo to have such intellect.

Ding!

Favorable impression from An Xinhui +1.

Prestige connection with An Xinhui: Neutral (4/100).

Gu Xiuxun glanced at Sun Mo's departing back and no longer said anything. Her gaze was filled with shock. How could he calmly consider all of this when he provoked Zhang Hanfu? Wasn't his endurance to pressure a little too strong?

An ordinary intern teacher would have been so frightened by Zhang Hanfu that their legs were trembling. Wrong, for ordinary intern teachers, even if they were full of guts, they would never dare to cross a vice-headmaster with such powerful authority.

Ding!

Favorable impression from Gu Xiuxun +3.

Prestige connection with Gu Xiuxun: Neutral (5/100).

Two systems notifications rang out continuously, causing Sun Mo to feel as though he had a windfall. However, just like with Yue Rongbo and Jin Mujie, it was truly very difficult to gain their admiration.

In truth, the more talented someone was, the more prideful they would be. If he wanted to gain their admiration and praise, he had to use his capabilities and give them a stunning performance.

...

Shade covered the school's flagstone pathway.

Before Sun Mo, a golden book floated. With his will, the book flipped its pages automatically. Each of the pages was filled with robust yet beautiful and gentle words.

'Shatter Soul Blade Art, average-grade mid-tier, fragmented'

'Tongbei Long Fist, average-grade mid-tier, fragmented'

'Bodhidharma Staff Art, average-grade mid-tier, fragmented'

Because Sun Mo's Immemorial Vairocana was only at the elementary grade, he had to hit his target many times before a cultivation art could be revealed completely. Hence, all the arts he had now were fragmented.

"It's useless even if they are the completed version!"

After glancing a few times at them, Sun Mo lost his interest. But then again after thinking about it, Zeng Jun was the descendant of an ordinary family, and he depended on his talent and hard work to reach his current point. If he had some powerful ultimate skills, he would have long since become famous.

"I remember Gao Ben has quite a high attainment in spear arts. His cultivation art is the Mystic Ice Spear Art passed down by his clan. Mn, I can find a chance and try to get that from him!"

Sun Mo was considering it, but he wasn't in a rush to put his plan into action now.

The Immemorial Vairocana was truly a divine skill. Its power was immense but he also had to use it properly. If Sun Mo randomly and recklessly challenged others, he would be beaten to a pulp sooner or later.

"So, I still have to improve my cultivation and enhance my combat strength. As long as I can guarantee that, I will be in a situation where I won't die. Only then would I be able to gain the ultimate arts of my opponent while using Immemorial Vairocana."

Sun Mo touched the wooden blade as his eyes brightened.

This wooden blade was as expected of a spirit weapon. Earlier, despite the many clashes against another weapon, there was no damage to it at all. Sun Mo had thought that the wooden blade might end up cracking. However, it seemed that he was worried for nothing.

"Do you want to collect these three fragmented cultivation arts?" the system suddenly inquired.

"No need!"

Sun Mo shook his head. The cultivation manuals of these three arts could be easily found in any famous academies. There was no value in collecting them.

Pak!

The golden book immediately turned back into a golden facula before vanishing from sight completely.

Ding!

“Congratulations on defeating Zeng Jun and completing the mission. Reward: 1x black-iron treasure chest.”

A black-colored metallic chest appeared before his eyes. Even before Sun Mo could smile, another system notification rang out.

Ding!

“Congratulations. You defeated a teacher using martial might during your first actual battle and completed the hidden mission of the ‘perfect first time’. You have obtained 1x black-iron treasure chest as the reward!”

This was definitely an unexpected surprise.

Sun Mo was extremely happy. He couldn’t help but exclaim, “System, I didn’t expect you to be so generous!”

“It was just a minor accomplishment. After you are done with the initial-phase rewards, you won’t find it easy anymore.”

After pausing for a while, the system added, “Also, wasn’t it just two black-iron treasure chests? Look at how happy you are. Can you have some ambitions and get an accomplishment that would net you a golden treasure chest?”

“Scram!”

Sun Mo’s words were concise and comprehensive.

...

While the intern teachers had a meeting, the freshman students weren’t idle. Those who were prepared to join the school had to finish all the administrative procedures within two days and pay the school fee.

For those whose homes were further away and needed to stay in the school, they still needed to apply for the living essentials and register for a slot in the school’s dormitory before getting the key from the administrator so they could move in as early as possible.

If the bed or other items in the dorms had problems, the students had to report it to the administrator as quickly as possible. Either the damaged items were repaired or the student could change a dorm room. In any case, there were many administrative matters to settle.

Sun Mo was now also a teacher of Central Province Academy. Hence, he went to the administration area and said a few sentences to gain the entry list of new students. He then searched for Lu Zhiruo’s name.

In the female dormitory building, block 12, level 5, room 508...

Lu Zhiruo just drew a pail of water and was currently wiping the floor clean.

“Where are the others?”

Sun Mo cast a glance. This dorm wasn't large, but there were eight bunk beds here. Three beds already had bedding spread out, but other than Lu Zhiruo, there was no one else here.

"Teacher Sun?" Upon seeing Sun Mo, Lu Zhiruo's eyes became two crescent moons. "They went to tour the campus."

"Mn!"

Sun Mo walked in. Lu Zhiruo's clothing and other personal items were placed on a bottom bunk bed on the left side, which was by the window. That was her sleeping area. "Do you have enough money to spend?" asked Sun Mo.

"Eno...enough!"

Honestly, she didn't have enough. Luckily, Lu Zhiruo still had a dagger that was not too bad in terms of craftsmanship. She had to temporarily put that up as a loan collateral. But as long as she paid the school fees within three months, she would be able to get her dagger back.

The Central Province Academy was still quite kind to students and didn't attach too high of a value on money.

"Remember to tell me if it's not enough."

Sun Mo stroked Lu Zhiruo's head. He could tell that this girl was too embarrassed to say anything. Although the Central Province Academy was a 'D' grade school, it used to be extremely famous. Hence, the school fees weren't cheap.

From his judgment, Lu Zhiruo's clan shouldn't be a wealthy one.

"Father said that I have to learn to be self-reliant. I cannot always trouble you, sir!"

Lu Zhiruo shook her head. She was too innocent. A single sentence from her had exposed her situation. "I will go and work part-time while studying. I've also asked around and learned that there are scholarships available in the school. As long as my performance is good enough and can get into the top ten of the year in terms of results, I would be able to get the scholarship."

"..."

Sun Mo was speechless. Her potential value was extremely low, even more inferior than Qi Shengjia. It would already be not bad if she could sustain for three months and didn't quit school, yet she still wanted to think about getting a scholarship?

It seemed like it was imminent for Sun Mo to think of a way to get a source of money.

Sun Mo had a very good impression of Lu Zhiruo. Besides, she was his lucky mascot and could raise his luck stat, improving the odds whenever he opened a treasure chest. So no matter what, he had to think of a way to keep her by his side.

Upon thinking of this, Sun Mo began to stroke her head just like how one would stroke a cat. After that, his left eye blinked twice as he opened up the storage cabinet and summoned the three black-iron treasure chests out.

“Very good, you are the one then. Open!”

Males on the left, females on the right. Sun Mo chose to open the first one on the left.

A black-colored light flowed as a clicking sound rang out. The treasure chest opened and vanished, leaving behind a golden boat that quietly floated before his eyes.

“Woah!”

Sun Mo couldn't help but whistle. It was actually a skill book!

Chapter 67: Three Grand Rewards

Ding!

“Congratulations. You obtained the grandmaster-grade ‘Character Painting Technique’.”

“Note: This is one of the three great branch techniques of Traditional Painting!”

Upon hearing the reminder of the system, Sun Mo had a dumbfounded look on his face. “What? You feel that I have no future on the path of being a masseuse; hence, you want me to become a painter? When I cannot stay in school any longer, do you want me to peddle my art on the streets for a living?”

Sun Mo understood that although great teachers in Middle-Earth encompassed many types of occupations, the occupations could be classified into different grades.

There were great teachers proficient in painting, but they were considered mid to low tier. After all, painting was simply too non-mainstream.

In the ancient eras of China, the best painter could become a court artist and create a portrait for the emperor.

A few hundred years after the death of the emperor, that portrait might become popular and could be sold for millions or billions of dollars. However, this no longer had anything to do with the painter. Besides, it might not be because the artist had drawn the portrait well, the portrait might simply be a means for the wealthy merchants to launder their money.

In the various countries of the nine provinces, due to spirit qi existing, the status of painters was slightly higher. The painting they created might occasionally have some extra effects that could influence the heart of those looking at it.

Naturally, only an extremely rare few could achieve such a high level as a painter.

The majority of the time, things such as appreciating art was the interest of the rich and powerful and also a method to display their ‘elegance’ and ‘unique taste’.

“It isn't bad to have more skills. Even if you won't be able to use it in your entire life, there wouldn't be any negative points that come from learning it.”

The system's words were correct. With an additional skill in hand, one wouldn't hunger to death regardless of how difficult life was. In addition, this was a grandmaster-grade ‘Character Painting Technique’.

What was known as the grandmaster-grade?

It meant that one had very deep and solid expertise in this domain and was worthy of being called a grandmaster by everyone.

If Sun Mo mastered it, there would be no problems for him to set up a dojo and accept disciples. If someone came to challenge his drawing dojo, given his grandmaster-level of mastery, it should be sufficient to handle all sorts of challenges.

“What are the other two techniques?”

Actually, Sun Mo was very satisfied. When he was younger, interest classes were very popular. His family was poor and he couldn't afford to join any, but he could still manage to buy some ink, paper, and brush. Hence, he practiced drawing on his own for a little while. Sadly, he didn't have much talent in this field and eventually chose to give it up.

However, as for calligraphy, he did manage to persevere through, and his works could be considered not too bad. After he became a teacher in the No.2 High School, his beautiful works were deeply loved by the old headmaster as well as the students. His works helped him and deepened the impression of him in the eyes of others.

Now, as long as he read the skill book, his painting skill would be at the grandmaster-level. This was just too wonderful.

“Mountain and River Painting and the Flora and Fauna Painting Technique. Other than this, there's still western painting and traditional chinese painting,” the system explained.

“Oh.”

Sun Mo nodded. The various countries of the Nine Provinces were still in feudal times. He would have to politely decline if the skill book was one pertaining to western painting. Even if he was Van Gogh or Picasso, the people in this world would most probably treat his painting as trash, and they wouldn't be worth even a copper coin.

“So do you want to learn or not?” the system asked. If Sun Mo declined, it would take back the skill book.

“Learn, why would I not learn?”

When Lu Zhiruo went out to throw trash, Sun Mo took out the skill book and crushed it with a smack.

Pak!

When the skill book shattered, a golden light akin to fireflies flew toward the center of Sun Mo's brows, entering deep into his mind.

Some knowledge and comprehension of painting instantly spread through his brain. A few minutes later, when Sun Mo thought about 'painting', it felt like he had been painting for several tens of years and he gained many insights.

Sun Mo couldn't help it anymore. He squatted beside the pail of water. His hand dipped into the pail and he began painting on the ground. Before the water dried, an extremely vivid and life-like painting appeared on the ground.

It looked very real.

"Woah!"

Sun Mo whistled. Sadly, there was no forum in the nine provinces. If not, if he was to take a photo and sent it on the internet, he would definitely be able to show off and win respect and admiration.

Lu Zhiruo entered and glanced at Sun Mo in bewilderment. Did her teacher just pick up some money? Why was he suddenly so happy?

"Treasure chest on the right, open!"

Sun Mo felt that it would be more symmetrical and was in line with his view of aesthetics. After speaking the word 'open', he felt like an emperor choosing which concubine to sleep with during the night. How awesome.

The clicking sound rang out from the black-iron chest. When the glow disappeared, a fingernail-sized seed remained.

Ding!

"Congratulations on obtaining an unknown seed!"

Looking at the dark and swarthy seed, Sun Mo was taken aback, "You don't know its name?"

"Didn't I say it's an unknown seed? Why is your verbal comprehension ability so bad?" the system questioned.

"Of course, my verbal comprehension is good. I'm saying that you, as the unmatched Absolute Great Teacher System, actually don't know what this is?"

Sun Mo immediately shot back. At the same time, he was provoking the system, wanting to get an answer.

"Hehe, I really have no idea what plant this seed belongs to. I won't be provoked by you."

The system laughed.

"Is it possible to plant it?"

Sun Mo didn't feel that the hopes were high. This seed was withered and dehydrated. There were even a few cracks on the surface. No matter how he looked at it, it seemed to be an inferior seedling.

"No idea!"

The system's answer was simple and concise.

"Then why did you issue it as a reward? Are you not swindling me?"

Sun Mo was extremely dissatisfied. It was like he had spent a month's worth of salary and bought a beautiful s*x doll online. In the end, when he opened the wrapping, the doll was uglier than a slimeball. Would he still feel any joy or mood to play with it?

"The rewards obtained from opening treasure chests are random. How can you resent me for having bad luck?"

The system counter-asked.

"Where are the human rights for unlucky people?"

Sun Mo walked to Lu Zhiruo's side and stroked her head again. He purposely did it eight times for luck before opening the last chest.

The black-iron chest shone with a brilliant light. After it disappeared, a thick white-colored cloth bag the size of a fist appeared.

Ding!

"Congratulations, you obtained a 'giant medicine packet'. The medicine packet is brewed using secret arts and 27 different types of herbs. It has body-strengthening, vitality-boosting, fatigue-dispelling effects, etc. If you use it often, you can raise your body quality, and just like the name of the item, your constitution could become as strong as a giant."

"Note: When bathing, put this packet into the tub full of bathwater. After five minutes, the medical effect would spread through and you can begin to soak yourself for 20 minutes or more to get the full benefits."

Sun Mo felt at ease after looking at the description. At the very least, this was much better than that stupid unknown seed. The usage method wasn't complicated either. He could use it when he was bathing, it was very convenient.

"Is it for sale in the merchant store?"

Sun Mo asked. If the effects weren't bad, he could use it often.

"Since you obtained the giant medicine packet as a reward, from now on, it would be unlocked in the merchant store. It cost 100 favorable impression points per packet."

The system explained.

"The price is still alright!"

Sun Mo silently evaluated. If he accepted the honest Qi Shengjia as his disciple, he would be able to amass 100 favorable points in a short few days.

Naturally, given Sun Mo's character, he would never recruit Qi Shengjia purely for the reason of gaining favorable impression points.

After Sun Mo opened three treasure chests, Lu Zhiruo had also finished cleaning her dorm. Then, Sun Mo immediately brought the papaya girl to the Reading Veranda.

Jinling City was large and flourishing. There were many carriages for rental on the road. Sun Mo casually flagged one down and rented it for a few copper coins. He could still afford this amount of money.

Lu Zhiruo was carrying a book bag. She would occasionally cast a glance at Sun Mo and seemed as though she wanted to say something, but hesitation was holding her back.

“Read it if you want to.”

Sun Mo leaned against the carriage window. He was admiring the scenery outside while thinking about how to handle Zheng Qingfang so he could maximize his profits.

After getting the approval, the papaya girl’s eyes became crescent moons as she hurriedly and carefully took out the draft paper.

Although she read the front pages before, Lu Zhiruo couldn’t control her urge and read it again as she soon grew completely immersed.

...

“It’s time to get off!”

Sun Mo paid the carriage driver the money and called out.

Lu Zhiruo didn’t respond.

Knock, knock!

Sun Mo rapped the wall of the carriage.

Lu Zhiruo still didn’t realize it. Her entire person was hungrily reading the novel.

“Lu Zhiruo, we are here!”

Sun Mo raised his volume.

“Ah?”

The papaya girl jumped in fright. She inclined her head and stared at her surroundings blankly. Why did they reach so fast? Aiya, the [Journey to the West] was such a good read. Sun Wukong actually wreaked havoc in the celestial court, how tyrannical.

Earlier, just when Lu Zhiruo had lowered her head and had been preparing to finish reading this segment, she heard Sun Mo’s voice and she woke up from her reading daze. She then realized she had to accompany Teacher Sun to the bookstore.

For a time, Lu Zhiruo hurriedly kept the draft paper as she got off the carriage.

Sun Mo turned and entered the Reading Veranda. A faint fragrance of lavender immediately drifted into his nose.

“You are here?”

Zheng Qingfang, who was lying back on his wooden chair, sat up when he saw Sun Mo. “I’ve not seen you for many days. I thought what you said before was a joke.”

As he spoke, Zheng Qingfang's eyes drifted to Sun Mo. When he saw that Sun Mo's hands were empty, a feeling of disappointment surged his chest.

As expected, the Journey to the West, Dragon Ball, and some weird title named Transformers whose content he had no idea about, didn't appear.

He knew that young people were unreliable.

Zheng Qingfang was a person who treated books like his life. After retiring, his old friends had all died and he had no way to meet them ever again. Reading became his only pleasure in life. However, he had read so many books to the point where no books could match his interest.

Ever since he had heard Sun Mo speaking about the Journey to the West, he hadn't been able to eat or sleep well and was wondering about the content.

A good title was enough to fuel people's imagination about a good book.

"Is our previous agreement still in place?"

Sun Mo laughed lightly.

"Naturally. As long as your book is good enough and can be sold out, I will give it my all and publish 1,000 books for you. All the income shall belong to you!"

Zheng Qingfang silently grumbled. (What sort of man am I? Since I said it, I will do it.) However, he was also quite clever. Books that could be sold out were naturally popular ones. There would only be one or two of such books every year. The remaining books that were more unpopular would be stuck on the bookshelves and left there to gather dust.

"That's good then!"

Sun Mo nodded. "Zhiruo, pass him the script."

"Hmm..."

She carried the book bag in and felt some reluctance. Could she finish reading it first before passing it to this old man?

"Oh? You really managed to write it? Quickly, let me take a look!"

Seeing Lu Zhiruo hesitating, Zheng Qingfang stood up and rushed in front of her as he took the bag.

"Aiya, be careful. Don't damage it!"

Upon seeing Zheng Qingfang's actions, Lu Zhiruo felt her heart aching.

Chapter 68: Becoming a Fan

The summer wind brought with it a little heat when it blew through the room.

Sun Mo walked around the bookshelves and would occasionally take a book out and flip through it.

Meanwhile, Zheng Qingfang sat on his wooden chair as he stared unblinkingly at the manuscript on his hand. Subconsciously, his movements grew increasingly gentle, very different from his earlier absent-minded motions, like he was afraid to damage the manuscript.

Honestly speaking, when he first read the manuscript, Zheng Qingfang was filled with disdain. He felt that Sun Mo was talking big.

The paragraph was direct and accurate, but there wasn't any literary talent. To speak bluntly, it was written in vernacular.

But as he continued reading, he felt the story growing more interesting.

A divine rock that gathered and absorbed the spirit qi of heavens and earth, eventually having a spiritual fetus within it. When the spirit monkey broke out from the stone and flew up to the clouds, Zheng Qingfang was completely stunned into speechlessness.

The main character was actually a monkey?

No? The monkey should be the main character's pet, right?

The emergence of the main character was actually so novel and wondrous. Appearing from a rock? Zheng Qingfang had read books for several tens of years and had never read something like this before.

...

Zheng Qingfang could be considered as widely-read, but this opening passage alone made him give it 9 out of 10 points. He was very satisfied.

It was lacking by one point because the writing style seemed a little too crude and simple.

Thinking of this, he wanted nothing more than to modify the words himself. He felt that the literary style had messed up the opening to this piece of godly work. But as he read on, Zheng Qingfang couldn't care less about other things. He got completely immersed in the story.

Heading to the west, the Monkey King was born!

Trading to the edges of the oceans, looking for the art of longevity!

Zheng Qingfang touched his beard with joy when he read that this monkey was playing around with the monkeys in the mountains. From entering the Water Curtain Cave, to subduing the other monkeys, to self-proclaiming he was the monkey king... After that, when the monkey king saw his subjects aging and dying, he was badly shocked. The monkey king then decided to travel to distant lands by crossing the oceans and seek out the secret of eternal life. When Zheng Qingfang read until here, he couldn't help but reveal sorrow in his eyes.

Eternal life?

How hard would it be to achieve that?

On his path, the monkey king suffered a lot and was the butt of many jokes. He created many troubles as well. Zheng Qingfang couldn't help but smile when he read through its exploits.

He finally heaved a sigh of relief after reading that the monkey managed to find the Slanted Moon Three Stars Cave on Fangcun Mountain after roaming around for many years.

However, at this point, Zheng Qingfang began panting as he began to feel nervous. Because how could there be any cultivation art for eternal life in this world?

Nevertheless, the plot didn't disappoint Zheng Qingfang. The wild monkey gained the name Sun Wukong and even learned the Seventy-Two Transformation. It also got a cloud that could travel 108,000 miles with a single somersault.

At this moment, this 70-year-old elder, Zheng Qingfang, couldn't help but clap his hands and call out in excitement. He recalled his younger years.

Lu Zhiruo squatted at the side, wanting to read it again after this old man finished it. However, the old man didn't even release his hold on the pages that he had finished reading. How infuriating!

...

After that, Sun Wukong did all the unthinkable things. He was fighting the myriad of demons and seizing back the Water Curtain Cave, heading to the eastern sea and obtaining the Ruyi Golden Cudgel, invading the underworld and forcefully changing the contents of the life-and-death book, and even fighting against the generals and soldiers of the celestial court!

He read that Sun Wukong was eventually captured and placed within the alchemy cauldron of the Supreme Elder Lord and Zheng Qingfang's heart couldn't help but be filled with worry. Yet, thanks to that, Sun Wukong managed to gain the golden eyes technique. In the end, Sun Wukong wreaked havoc through the celestial court and made so much trouble that the celestial court was turned topsy-turvy.

This time around, Zheng Qingfang could no longer control himself. He stood up and forcefully smacked the table as he shouted, "Imposing!"

...

Time slowly passed. Zheng Qingfang was completely immersed in the story, accompanying Reverend Tang and his three disciples to the west to collect the holy scripture.

Unsuitable writing style?

Sorry, Zheng Qingfang had already forgotten about that. In his mind, there were only the four main characters and the 81 calamities!

All of a sudden, Zheng Qingfang's hands were empty. (Where is the manuscript? It's finished? There's actually no more?) He turned his head and glanced at Sun Mo. His hoarse voice rang out.

"Where's the latter part?"

Lu Zhiruo, who was at the side, jumped in fright and retreated a few steps back in alarm.

Sun Mo didn't reply.

Zheng Qingfang hurried over toward Sun Mo before impatiently grabbing his hand. “Where’s the latter part of the manuscript? Sun Wukong actually destroyed the Renshen Fruit Tree? He’s most probably about to engage in a battle with the Zhenyuan Grand Immortal, right?”

Sun Mo smiled and pulled his hand away from Zheng Qingfang’s grab.

“Please say something!”

Zheng Qingfang was so anxious that he almost died.

“Was it a nice read?” Sun Mo counter-asked.

“Yes!”

“Very good!”

“Too damn good!”

Zheng Qingfang affirmed it three times while stroking the draft paper with his right hand. It had truly been a very long time since he had read such a good story. It felt like drinking an excellent cup of wine.

“Right? Right?”

Half of Lu Zhiruo’s body was hidden behind the bookshelf. She smiled widely and was extremely excited.

“Didn’t I say that Teacher Sun would surely be able to write a great work?”

The papaya girl felt extremely honored now.

“Teacher Sun?” Zheng Qingfang surveyed Sun Mo. “Which school are you from?”

“Central Province Academy!”

Sun Mo formally introduced himself.

Zheng Qingfang invited Sun Mo to sit down and personally brewed a cup of tea for him. Even Lu Zhiruo who accompanied Sun Mo managed to get a cup of tea too.

“I apologize. It has been a long time since I read such an amazing book and I have forgotten the time.”

Seeing that it was already quite late at night, Zheng Qingfang felt extremely awkward.

“In that case, could you publish 1,000 books?” Sun Mo asked with a smile.

“Yes, absolutely yes!”

Zheng Qingfang immediately nodded. After that, he shook his head. “Could you polish this literary work a little more?”

“Nope.”

Sun Mo’s answer was clean and concise. What a joke, he naturally wouldn’t be able to polish this classical work with his standard.

Actually, Sun Mo’s literary talent wasn’t too bad. He had published a few articles and poems a couple of years ago. However, in the eyes of the people of the ancient era, he was sorely lacking.

“Ai, what a pity!”

Zheng Qingfang sighed as he cast a deep glance at Sun Mo. His meaning was very simple. This was such a good story, how good would it be if the writing style could be polished even more?

“Forgive me for being blunt, but why did you want to write this novel?” asked Zheng Qinfang.

Sun Mo didn’t want to be looked down on; hence, he retaliated.

“What do you think my purpose is, by writing it using this style?”

Zheng Qingfang smiled but he didn’t reply.

“By writing in vernacular, even the old aunties in the countryside can understand it. This is then the best style for this story.”

Sun Mo shrugged.

Zheng Qingfang was stunned. For a while, he didn’t know how to rebut Sun Mo’s words. That was right. This was a novel, and the purpose of a novel was to be read and enjoyed. It wasn’t those classical articles written by the sages and saints, where only those who were learned could understand it.

Sun Mo drank his tea.

Lu Zhiruo also learned from him and lifted her cup. She felt very happy when she saw the bookstore’s boss being stunned into speechlessness by her teacher!

Ding!

Favorable impression from Lu Zhiruo +5.

Prestige connection with Lu Zhiruo: Friendly (183/1,000).

“Uncle Zheng. Look, it is already quite late...”

Sun Mo didn’t say the latter part of the sentence, which was ‘I want to sign the contract and leave with the money.’

“Oh, I was too careless!”

Zheng Qingfang opened the drawer and took out a bell, shaking it.

Very soon, an old servant walked in from the backyard.

“Go, prepare a sumptuous banquet.”

Zheng Qingfang prepared to chat with Sun Mo through the night. He had to dig out the content of the story from the other party by hook or by crook. “Oh ya, also withdraw 1,000 taels of silver over!”

The old servant was very well trained and capable at his job.

Very soon, a table full of delicacies was set up.

After coming to Jinling, Sun Mo hadn’t even gone to a restaurant to eat a meal yet. Just from the looks of the dishes, he knew that the prices weren’t cheap.

There were also trays of silver ingot placed on the table. There were 50 taels of silver in a tray and a total of 20 trays. The ingots shone with luster under the glow of the candlelight.

“This is the famous brew that has been stored for many years from Laohuai Lane. Give it a taste!”

Zheng Qingfang poured a cup of wine.

“Thank you Uncle Zheng for your hospitality.”

Sun Mo drained the contents of the cup in a single gulp and also toasted Zheng Qingfang. After that, he placed the cup back on the table. “I apologize, my tolerance for alcohol isn’t great!”

Zheng Qingfang was a generous person, and he didn’t feel that Sun Mo was a sissy because of his actions. He said sure and began to enjoy the wine himself.

It was extremely rare for him to see such a good book. If he didn’t get thoroughly drunk, he felt that he would basically have let down [Journey to the West].

“Don’t feel so restrained!”

Seeing that Lu Zhiruo was still very shy, Sun Mo passed a piece of beef to her plate.

“Mn!”

The papaya girl felt warmth in her heart. However, she was very obedient. When she saw that Zheng Qingfang’s cup was empty, she hurriedly took the initiative to pour wine for him.

Zheng Qingfang was very casual. At the banquet table, there was no need to follow too many rules. It was good if everyone could enjoy themselves.

After he drank his third cup of wine, he placed the trays of ingots before Sun Mo. “Look at my bad memory. From now onward, these silver taels belong to you.”

“I said it before, I won’t sell my manuscript.”

Sun Mo rejected. This amount of money was quite a lot, but it was not enough to purchase the copyright of Journey to the West.

“Look at what you are saying. Even if I was blind, I wouldn’t think that just 1,000 taels of silver would be enough to purchase the copyright of this book. This is the living expenses I’m giving you. I hope you won’t be troubled by the necessities of life and let them delay your writing.”

Zheng Qingfang explained. “As for the cost of publishing, we will calculate that separately.”

“I can’t take it all!”

Sun Mo pushed the trays of ingots back as he ate a mouthful of food.

“Sun Mo, let me bank on my seniority and call you little friend.” Zheng Qingfang looked at Sun Mo as his emotions flowed forth. “It is simply too hard to get a good book. It is even tougher to get a book I like so much that I don’t want to let it leave my hands. Little Friend Sun, please accept my goodwill, alright? I only hope that I’ll be able to see the latter part of the story as soon as possible.”

Ding!

Favorable impression from Zheng Qingfang +10.

Prestige connection with Zheng Qingfang unlocked. Current state: Neutral (10/100).

Sun Mo was speechless. The system notification already rang out and this meant that Zheng Qingfang truly admired him. This wasn't a trick for him to get the manuscript of Journey to the West. However, wasn't the speed of him becoming a fan a little too quick?

(It wouldn't be too late if you show your goodwill after finishing the entire story, right?)

(By doing this now, I'll feel very proud!)

Although there were no major changes to the plot, the words were written by him. Thus, some details and characters were slightly modified based on his thinking. It couldn't be considered plagiarism, right?

Honestly speaking, as a teacher, Sun Mo had a very low tolerance for plagiarizing. If it wasn't for him needing money, he wouldn't have chosen to write Journey to the West.

However, from another point of view, it was also considered a good thing to let the people of Middle-Earth Nine Provinces read a classic from his previous world.

Zheng Qingfang pushed the trays over. After that, he took up the manuscript in his hands again and began to read. He couldn't help but give his praise once more. It was truly a very good read!

But after that, his expression turned into one of disappointment. Sigh... if he couldn't find another work of this quality to read in the future, wouldn't life lose all its meaning?

Actually, Zheng Qingfang had other intentions in his mind by giving Sun Mo money. Other than wanting to read the latter part of Journey to the West, he also wanted to read [Dragon Ball] and [Transformers]. From the quality of this book, the other two books most probably wouldn't be too bad either.

By thinking of the books, Zheng Qingfang who treated books like his life suddenly felt extremely excited. He wanted nothing more than to grab Sun Mo and make him write out the books for him now.

Chapter 69: Wondrous Blossom

"Uncle Zheng, there's no need to worry. I will complete writing the latter part of the story soon."

Sun Mo guaranteed.

The other party had already called him 'little friend' and he was also so generous. Hence, Sun Mo also changed his terms of address and spoke to Zheng Qingfang more respectfully.

"Alright then!"

Zheng Qingfang carefreely toasted and then continued to persuade, "However, you have to accept the ingots. Don't worry, this sum of money won't be considered in the author's remuneration. I will also print out 1,000... no, 3,000 books. At that time, when the books are sold for money, I'll deduct the capital of printing and the remainder of the money will go all to you."

"That isn't too good, right?"

Sun Mo frowned. By doing this, Zheng Qingfang would be working for free for Sun Mo.

“What’s not good about it? We must let everyone read such an amazing novel. If not, it would be the same as a bright pearl covered in dust, wasting heavenly materials.”

Zheng Qingfang spoke logically. As for the ingots, he didn’t mention anything about them.

As a high official, Zheng Qingfang naturally didn’t lack things like money. What he lacked were places to spend the ingots.

After reading Journey to the West, Zheng Qingfang instantly grew fond of the monkey king and Reverend Sanzang. If he didn’t give the ingots to Sun Mo, he wouldn’t be able to sleep well.

Zheng Qingfang had decided that when the printing was done, he would first send the books to his friends. If not, they would surely blame him for monopolizing such a good thing and keeping it a secret.

“Congratulations on obtaining your first loyal-to-the-death fan!”

The system teased.

“In that case, why don’t you give me a reward?” Sun Mo mentally spoke. (For the next book, I’m going to write my own stuff.)

The system replied, “heh heh.”

“Alright, a man must be more direct and generous. We shouldn’t be pushing a small thing like money around,” said Zheng Qingfang, his tone unyielding.

Upon seeing Zheng Qingfang grow impatient and because he was giving him the ingots out of goodwill, Sun Mo raised his cup and toasted. “Alright then, thank you Uncle Zheng for your kind intentions. In that case, it would be impolite if I still refused!”

“Don’t need to be so courteous and there’s no need to mind your etiquette. It’s too troublesome!”

Zheng Qingfang furrowed his brows as he waved his hands. “Be more free and at ease!”

What else could Sun Mo say? A loyal-to-the-death fan was simply so illogical and crazy!

From the start to the end, their topic revolved around the Journey to the West. Zheng Qingfang had the intention of digging out all the plotlines from Sun Mo.

Lu Zhiruo sat obediently at the side. She didn’t interrupt and didn’t even dare to breathe loudly. Only when she was pouring the wine would they be able to see her.

“Oh yes, if you want to publish it, we need to illustrate the book. Do you have any ideas on that?”

Zheng Qingfang asked.

This was his first time seeing something like this. Given the character of the master and the three disciples in the story, Zheng Qingfang was worried that the hired artist would have no way to capture the essence of the characters.

Sun Mo’s mind stirred. “How many illustrations do you need?”

“It depends on the context. However, the portrait of each character is a must.”

Zheng Qingfang had been an official for so many years and knew how to read people well. The moment he saw Sun Mo’s expression, he already guessed his thoughts. “Little Friend Sun is a great teacher, you most probably are a man of many talents. Could it be that you are skilled in painting as well?”

“Still passable!”

Sun Mo silently mused that during the morning, he could only draw a picture of a chick eating grains that was understandable by him and no one else. But after obtaining the painting technique, in terms of ‘character painting’, he could already be considered a grandmaster.

“Why do you need to be so humble? Do you think that the Absolute Great Teacher System doesn’t want face?” The system spoke unhappily. “Tell him loudly that you are a grandmaster painter!”

“Oh? When will you be able to hand the illustrations in?”

Zheng Qingfang was impatient. If the author of the book were to do the illustrations, the essence of the characters would definitely be captured.

“How about now?”

Sun Mo had to prepare for his lessons later on. He had to make sure that he performed well during the first public lecture. Hence, he didn’t have the time to keep running to the Reading Veranda.

“Ah?”

Zheng Qingfang revealed a puzzled expression and almost wanted to ask if Sun Mo was sure he could do it or not. Didn’t he need time to draw the character?

“You should have some ink, paper, and a brush here, right?”

Sun Mo had seen too many adaptations on the Journey of the West, and he was the one writing it in this world as well. As for the image of the characters, there was no need for him to think at all. They had long since been imprinted in his mind.

“You really don’t need some time to conceptualize?”

Zheng Qingfang gave a command to the old servant, which had been with him for tens of years, to prepare the necessary items. Forget it, he would just let Sun Mo draw what he wanted. No matter what, he still had to give Sun Mo some face as the author.

Besides, if the paintings couldn’t work out, it wouldn’t be too late for him to search for a master-class painter.

The long table was set; the ink, brush, and paper were also prepared. Meanwhile, the old servant didn’t retreat. He merely stepped two steps back and remained at the side, ready to provide assistance if they needed it.

Never look down on these two steps. They were perfect. He wouldn’t be too near to disturb the guest and wouldn’t be too far to let the guest feel slighted.

If one wasn't from a major clan, it was hard for them to understand all these intricacies.

From just a single detail, one could see the foundations of a major clan.

Lu Zhiruo prepared the ink and became the little maid.

Sun Mo took up the brush. He had thought that he would not be accustomed to it, but after a few breaths, a sense of familiarity rose in his heart. It was like he had been painting for over ten years, and each stroke he made came from his heart.

He dipped the brush in ink as he began.

For the first character, Sun Mo chose to draw Zhu Bajie.

The grandmaster-level 'Character Painting Technique' allowed Sun Mo to draw out whatever he was thinking of. There were no discrepancies at all.

The first character was Zhu Bajie, something Sun Mo intended to draw as practice. However, what came out was much better than his imagination.

When Zheng Qingfang saw a pig-headed human wielding a nine-toothed rake, the scenes of Zhu Bajie he read about immediately floated in his mind.

Vivid, the creative concept was a perfect match.

"Nice!"

Zheng Qingfang praised as he involuntarily surveyed Sun Mo.

This youth looked only about 20 years old, but he had such high attainments in the field of painting.

Did he want to become a famous artist?

Upon thinking of this, Zheng Qingfang felt it was quite a pity. After all, the statuses of painters and artists were much inferior compared to a great teacher who focused on cultivation.

Sun Mo didn't notice Zheng Qingfang's gaze. Right now, he was completely immersed in the feeling of satisfaction when he painted. If it wasn't for the current location not being suitable, he truly wanted to draw a 'Yui Hatano' out. The naked one.

There were no solutions to it. Sun Mo had never seen a clothed Yui Hatano before!

One painting, two paintings, three paintings!

Sha Wujing! Patriarch Subhuti! Little white dragon!

Sun Mo grew increasingly satisfied. It was like a new game he bought, a new movie he downloaded. If he didn't get a kick out of it first, how would he have the mood to eat a meal?

Lu Zhiruo and Zheng Qingfang also got a kick from watching him. Their minds were completely filled with the story plot. Even the old servant at the side was standing on tiptoes, staring at the xuan papers on the table.

These characters were truly life-like. It felt like they could leap out from the xuan paper!

When the moon rose to its highest point, the ninth painting was the scene of the Great Sage Equal to Heavens with his fiery golden eyes kicking the alchemy cauldron as he flew into the sky.

“AWESOME!”

Zheng Qingfang finally couldn't control his emotions and applauded while he praised.

“Yeah!”

Lu Zhiruo hurriedly nodded.

“I will rest after painting one more piece!”

Sun Mo wriggled his wrists and neck. He felt a little tired.

“How about Reverend Sanzang?”

Lu Zhiruo requested in a small voice.

“Sure!”

Sun Mo moved his brush. This time, he chose to draw Reverend Sanzang who was in the midst of journeying to the west. His cassock was no longer clean, and his body was covered in dust.

He was leading a white horse forward with a nine-ringed monk staff in his hand, bracing the desert wind while continuing forward with difficulty.

As he drew, Sun Mo recalled his path of pursuing education back then. He thought of how he had managed to stand stably in the no. 2 high school after his graduation. He took step by step as he slowly revealed his talent. In the end, he became a star teacher in high school and obtained the recognition of the old headmaster.

Now that he came to Tang Country of the Central Province, it was impossible for him not to miss home. But when he thought of Li Ziqi, Lu Zhiruo, and his newly recruited students, Sun Mo suddenly felt that he wasn't afraid of anything and would bravely overcome anything in his way.

They believed in him. Since that was the case, he would do his best to teach them. He mustn't let them down.

(Someone that ate soft rice?

A graduate from a rubbish school?

No talent? Just a salted fish that would lead an ordinary life?

Just wait and see!

Very soon, I'll become a great teacher of the school, before becoming the number one great teacher in Jinling and eventually the entire Jiangnan...

I'm unworthy of An Xinhui?

One day, I will make all of you change your words and say that An Xinhui is claiming connections with me who will be in a higher social class!)

Sun Mo's brush was like dragons and snakes, painting out the details.

Sanzang's picture was finally done.

During this period, Sun Mo was sneered and snubbed by all the people. Everyone was calling him a soft-rice guy and rolled their eyes at him every single time. Although he appeared as if he wasn't too bothered, in truth, he was unhappy from the depths of his heart.

Sun Mo was waiting for a chance, a chance to prove himself.

"Since this daddy arrived in this world and is also a teacher, I'll do my best to prove that this daddy is stronger, more elite, more outstanding than the country bumpkins of the Nine Provinces!"

Sun Mo came to Middle-Earth, but his heart was still that of a youth.

His hot-blood hadn't turned cold yet, his ambitions hadn't dissipated!

If he encountered people looking down on him and vilifying him, just f*ck them! F*ck them ruthlessly until they knelt and searched for the bits of their broken teeth on the ground. F*ck them until they completely shut up.

The spirit qi in the surroundings gathered over at the end of the brush. With each stroke Sun Mo made, they flowed into the picture scroll.

"This...this is...the realm of Wondrous Blossom?"

Zheng Qingfang exclaimed in shock.

The so-called Wondrous Blossom was a realm that only an artist could reach. At the same time, it was also a type of marvel.

It meant that the painting painted by the artist was the same as reality. One's point of view, minds, and spirits would also be swayed into intoxication when looking at it.

There were three levels to Wondrous Blossom.

The third level was the entire painting was as vivid as life. Due to spirit qi infusion, the painting would no longer be one of black and white. It would be filled with colors, brimming with a vibrant atmosphere within the painting.

As long as someone saw it, they would involuntarily halt their steps and couldn't bear to shift their gaze away.

The second level was that the admirers of the painting would be influenced by the creative concept of the painting. Their emotions would lose control, they might fall in a daze, they might become indecisive, they might feel full of love, pain, or suffering. They would be mesmerized by the painting and wish to possess it for themselves, treating it like a precious valuable.

The first level was the highest level an artist could attain.

The admirers of the painting would find themselves completely immersed in it. It was like they had become characters living in the painting and would experience everything the character had experienced. They could gain comprehension from the characters in the painting.

Those people would then completely neglect the flow of time, pausing what they were doing and staring at the painting for several days and nights. They would be immersed so deep that they wouldn't be able to extricate themselves.

Zheng Qingfang heard that there were quite a few paintings on this level. Ordinary people basically mustn't look at them. Because, once they did so, they would no longer be able to shift their eyes away. It would be like their entire souls had been drawn into the painting. They would become something like an imbecile in real life and only want to accompany the painting forever.

Chapter 70: Sun Mo Was Stunned, Ultimate Drawings

Due to the spirit qi gathering over, the entire book store lit up.

The facula of spirit qi was like the light of fireflies during midsummer. The brilliance of their glow covered the glow of the candles.

"This...so this is Wondrous Blossom?"

Lu Zhiruo covered her mouth with her tiny hands. Her face was filled with shock, and she didn't even dare to breathe too loudly like she was afraid of disturbing Sun Mo.

"For sure, look at the colors of the painting."

The old servant also spoke in a very low voice. His voice was even lower than the buzzing of a mosquito. He was also afraid of disturbing Sun Mo.

One must know that even for a famous artist, entering such a state couldn't be actively sought after and could only be encountered by chance. If Sun Mo was cut off half-way, this Sanzang's drawing would be destroyed.

At that time, let alone the old master blaming him, even he would want nothing more than to slam his head to commit suicide.

The Nine Provinces of Middle-Earth was the same as the ancient eras of China. Their production capability was extremely low. They lacked color pigments; hence, all their literary works and paintings were done on white xuan paper and using black ink. These were all considered mainstream.

These characteristics were also that of traditional chinese paintings.

When a painter entered the Wondrous Blossom state and began their creation, everything would be different.

Spirit qi would gather at the end of the brush. As the painter waved their brush to draw their creation, the strokes they made would also be filled with beautiful colors.

The famous painter would move the brush with their thoughts and will. They would control the spirit qi and draw out the colors they wished to paint. The painting would no longer be a painting of black and white.

During the evening, the glow of the sunset cast its red shade downward.

The towering mountains and precipitous ridges that were overflowing with greenery seemed a little gloomy under twilight. Reverend Sanzang, who was covered in dust, held a rope as he led his horse climbing over a giant piece of wood that was struck by lightning.

Due to the Wondrous Blossom, each of the details like the soil on Reverend Sanzang's robes, the dirt-covered fur of the white dragon horse, the shiny nine-ringed monk staff despite being covered in dust, were filled with perfect colors.

Zhang Qingfang and the other two no longer spoke. Despite them being so curious that they wanted to die, all chose to take a few steps back carefully rather than watching the painting closely.

At this moment, none of them dared to disturb Sun Mo. They were afraid of preventing the birth of a famous painting.

That was right, once a painting reached the Wondrous Blossom realm and was filled with colors, they could already be considered publicly acknowledged paintings. Even the strictest judges wouldn't be able to deny it.

Even if there was a famous artist on the scene now, they could say that Sun Mo's painting techniques were not skilled enough and that the creative concept behind this painting was still lacking. But no matter what, they wouldn't dare to say that this painting was not considered a famous painting.

Because Wondrous Blossom was the absolute criterion for a famous painting!

If this painting was sold, it would definitely be able to fetch a high price. Even if those nobles and wealthy merchants, who were fond of traditional Chinese paintings, didn't understand how to appreciate a painting, they would still want to collect this piece. They didn't need to be worried about being swindled because the vibrant colors of the painting could already prove its value.

After a long time, Sun Mo retreated and put down the brush. He placed his hands before his chest as he stared at this painting.

At this moment, the atmosphere in the bookstore suddenly lightened.

Only then did Zheng Qingfang and the other two dare to breathe loudly. Only then did they dare to applaud and issue their own opinions.

It was then the time to appreciate the painting.

Clap, clap, clap!

Zheng Qingfang excitedly applauded. As he walked over, he kept singing praises.

"Good painting!"

"Good painting!"

“It’s a really good painting!”

Zheng Qingfang stared at the Sanzang’s painting as he praised it thrice.

The colors of this painting were not that vibrant since the hues of grey were needed to denote the dust. Hence, one would feel a sense of struggle when looking at it. The tense atmosphere in the painting would weigh heavily in one’s heart, causing discomfort. But all the discomfort would melt like ice in summer the moment one turned their focus onto Reverend Sanzang.

The gaze of Sanzang was determined and bright, staring into the distance!

The steps of Sanzang were light, filled with force, capable of trudging through all calamities!

The demeanor of Sanzang emanated determination and stubbornness that he would get the true scriptures no matter what. For this journey to the west, regardless of how tough or how far the roads ahead were, he would never step back!

Already old and grey?

No, when looking at this painting, Zhen Qingfang felt that as long as he continued trudging forward in determination, he could fight for another twenty years?

Lu Zhiruo’s fists were tightly clenched, and perspiration could be seen on her nose. The feelings of inferiority and cowardice in her heart vanished at this moment, being replaced by an intense feeling of persistence.

“I want to become a person that would make my father proud. I must definitely get his recognition one day!”

Lu Zhiruo recalled the vow she made when she left home.

“Old master!”

The old servant involuntarily called out. When he thought of him accompanying Zheng Qingfang as he sank and floated in the vast sea of officialdom for so many years, his tears couldn’t help but fall. “You have not succeeded yet!”

“Yes, I haven’t succeeded!”

Zheng Qingfang shook his head. He blamed his body for being too weak. If he could break through his bottleneck and step into the Longevity Realm, even if the boost in his lifespan was just ten years, it was still better than nothing.

“This is what I drew?”

Gradually, a look of disbelief appeared on Sun Mo’s face.

“Yes!”

The tone of the system was calm. But at this moment, it was also badly shocked.

Although the grandmaster-level character painting technique was bestowed to this young man and it could be used effortlessly, if one wanted to reach the point of perfection when using it, they would definitely need time to temper themselves.

Being able to paint something to this extent despite having just obtained the character painting technique, even managing to enter the realm of Wondrous Blossom, it was sufficient to say that Sun Mo had an outstanding talent in the field of painting.

“Could it be that Sun Mo was an artist in his previous life until he took an arrow to his knee?”

The system guessed.

“This is the Wondrous Blossom!”

Zheng Qingfang exclaimed in admiration. After that, he turned to Sun Mo as he hesitated. “Little Friend Sun, may I be so bold as to ask you for a favor?”

Ding!

Favorable impression points from Zheng Qingfang +30.

Prestige connection with Zheng Qingfang: Neutral (40/100)

“Uncle Zheng is too serious. Please speak!”

Sun Mo didn't dare to put on airs. He added another sentence in explanation, “This painting was able to reach such a height in terms of mastery due to chance. If you want me to draw another painting of the same level, I'm afraid I won't be able to do it.”

Zheng Qingfang's eyes brightened as he laughed. “Hehe, due to chance? You are too humble!”

“Teacher is so awesome!”

Lu Zhiruo finally had a chance to praise her teacher.

Ding!

Favorable impression points from Lu Zhiruo +30.

Prestige connection with Lu Zhiruo: Friendly (213/1,000).

Ding!

Favorable impression points from the old servant +30.

Prestige connection with the old servant unlocked. Current state: Neutral (30/100)

The old servant didn't speak, but the favorable impression points he gave already showed his admiration toward Sun Mo.

“Little Friend Sun, I wonder if you are willing to part with this painting and give it to me?”

After Zheng Qingfang finished speaking, he hurriedly added, “I won't let you suffer a disadvantage. As to how much money you want, Little Friend Sun can feel free to state it!”

“Let’s forget about money. If Uncle Zheng likes it, just feel free to take it!”

Sun Mo laughed lightly.

Honestly speaking, this painting was wonderful and it was also the first painting he drew, which made it full of commemoration value. He was truly reluctant to give it away, but when facing his loyal-to-the-death fan, Sun Mo was absolutely willing to part with it.

Who was Zheng Qingfang?

As a retired high official, it was unknown how many talented youths he had met before. Being able to give 30 favorable impression points as gauged by the system indicated that he truly admired Sun Mo a lot.

Also, as for the 1,000 ingots of silver earlier, he didn’t say anything more and simply gifted it to Sun Mo to free him from worries and encourage him to finish writing [Journey to the West].

What sort of person was this? This was the act of an intimate friend!

Sun Mo wasn’t someone petty. Now that he encountered such a situation, he definitely wouldn’t want the other party’s money.

“How can we do that? This is a famous painting. Its value is worth tens of thousands of gold!”

Zheng Qingfang shook his head. Given his status, he also had quite a few paintings as collectibles in his home. But for paintings that reached the level of Wondrous Blossoms, he only had three of them.

There were no solutions for it. For paintings of this level, everyone would snatch it madly once one appeared in the market. It could truly influence the heart state of the admirers.

For example, just like this Sanzang’s painting, when one felt that their life was filled with difficulty or impatience due to work and had lost their ambitions, they would immediately burn with fighting spirit and fervor after glancing at the painting.

This was the charm of a famous painting!

“Uncle Zheng, if you regard me highly, don’t say things like that anymore.”

Sun Mo went back to his seat at the table. “Come, let’s drink up!”

Zheng Qingfang hesitated for a moment before turning to give an order to the old servant. “Go and take my chasing cloud dagger over!”

“Old master!”

The old servant evidently managed to guess Zheng Qingfang’s thoughts. He hurriedly called out.

“Go and take it.”

Zheng Qingfang berated. After that, he returned to the banquet table and drank a cup of wine. He couldn’t control himself and stood up again to admire Sanzang’s painting.

The demeanor of Reverend Sanzang in this painting, who was heading to the west to obtain the true scriptures, was filled with an imposing spirit and immense determination. It would easily influence the heart of those who looked at it.

Very soon, the old servant brought an old box over.

“Little Friend Sun, this is just a small gift for you.”

Zheng Qingfang took the box. He opened it and revealed a dagger within. “This a dagger bestowed to me by King Tang during my early years.”

King Tang was the king of Tang Country.

This dagger looked extremely gorgeous. Rather than a weapon that killed, it looked more like a work of art instead. Its hilt had many valuable gems embedded within. Its body was engraved with beautiful patterns and there was a string of pearls attached to the end of the hilt.

After hearing Zheng Qingfang’s introduction, Sun Mo glanced at the dagger as he activated Divine Sight.

“Chasing Cloud Dagger. Length: 17 cm. It is a superior-grade spirit weapon. This dagger has the summoning effect. If you chant the spell words, you would be able to summon a soul beast.”

Zheng Qingfang touched the dagger, and he was filled with a myriad of emotions.

“This dagger once saved my life!” Zheng Qingfang revealed a fond expression as he recalled his memories. “Back then when I was surrounded by the army of Wu Country, I only managed to escape due to this dagger summoning a divine colt.”

“Use this dagger to slice the skin on your finger and chant the spell words. You will then be able to summon a divine colt with the name ‘Chasing Cloud’. It can travel 1,000 miles per day without feeling fatigued,” the old servant explained. He really felt a sense of reluctance seeing his old master want to give out this dagger, which had accompanied him for over thirty years.

The so-called soul beast meant that it had already had its own intelligence. After the wild beasts died, those who had the spirit qi of heavens and earth in their bodies, in addition to their consciousness being firmly attached to this world, might be able to become soul beasts under a series of fortunate coincidences.

The rate of a soul beast appearing was too low. Hence, the price for each one was invaluable. The value of Sun Mo’s painting couldn’t even compare with it.

The divine colt Chasing Cloud was a Ferghana Horse. It was the mount of the previous generation King Tang and was heavily dotted on. After it died, because of its deep feelings for King Tang, it transformed into a soul beast and was willing to accompany him for as long as he lived.

Because Chasing Cloud was now a soul beast, it wouldn’t know fatigue. It didn’t need to eat or drink. Its body was as light as a swallow and when it galloped, it could even catch up to the fleeting clouds in the sky. Hence, it has the name ‘Chasing Cloud’.

“This dagger is a superior-grade spirit weapon. It hasn’t reached the tier of a saint-weapon because its attack power is too low. But if you are talking about fleeing, this item is absolutely an item of the highest quality.”

Zheng Qingfang passed the dagger to Sun Mo. “As long as you ride it, neither the white clouds in the sky and the gentle breeze on the ground will be able to catch up to you!”