

## Teacher 1321

Chapter 1321 Dual-Sage Sun!

When everyone woke up from Unrealized Dream, their faces were filled with shock.

Sun Mo had condensed a holy heart, and what was even more terrifying was that he had only used half a day to do so!

“Secondary Saint Sun, how did you do that?”

Ji Xiangdong asked respectfully. There was a tone of respect when he said it, as if he was a student asking a teacher for guidance.

“This holy book seems to have the ability to allow great teachers to look through their lives. I can be considered to have some advantages because I have experienced life and death a few years ago.”

Sun Mo didn't keep it to himself and generously answered, “It was a situation where my death could almost be confirmed.”

Everyone was stunned, not expecting such an answer. Then, they all bowed respectfully.

Even the few secondary saints competitors were no exception. At this moment, Secondary Saint Zhou looked depressed and wished that Sun Mo wouldn't speak. The competition continued. Chen Zhiming didn't want to wait any longer and took the initiative to step forward to read the holy book.

As Sun Mo left the hall, the number of onlookers decreased. After all, Chen Zhiming was not famous. It was really boring to watch him sit alone.

A day later, Chen Zhiming came out from his meditation, but nothing happened to him.

Xu Chunbo did not comment because he knew that this was already a very good performance.

Gao Ning and Du Changgong took their turns in succession, and nothing happened to them either. However, when it was Fang Hong's turn, she gained enlightenment to a great teacher halo.

It was called Heroic Beauty[1].

After this halo was performed on a lady, her battle prowess would immediately increase by several folds, to at most 10 times stronger.

“Not bad. Although Secondary Saint Fang didn't condense a holy heart, being able to comprehend a great teacher halo also means that you have a very high chance of advancing to become a saint!”

Xu Chunbo was very satisfied because this was a brand new great teacher halo.

As the only female secondary saint contending to be the sect lord, Fang Hong was very proud. She looked upon the men as if they were shit.

“I want to become a great teacher like her!”

Gu Xiuxun felt envious.

“Or maybe not. I heard that she didn't have a happy marriage!”

Jin Mujie sighed. (You don't understand. It was because Fang Hong had her heart broken by a man that she devoted all of her energy into teaching.)

By the time the sixth secondary saint, Secondary Saint Zhang Shen, took his turn, everyone was guessing what astonishing performance he'd show. However, after reading the holy book for half a day, he suddenly spurted a large mouthful of blood and a large part of his chest exploded.

Everyone was stunned.

After receiving treatment by over ten top-notch doctors, Zhang Shen's life was saved, but his 'holy heart' had shattered.

That was right. He was only one step away from condensing a holy heart. However, he still failed in the end because his will wasn't strong enough. To put it simply, as he hadn't experienced a mental state that was comparable to a life or death situation, he still had some doubts in the path he pursued and stood by.

This scene gave everyone a big scare. However, it was too embarrassing to say that they were going to withdraw, so the secondary saints continued to proceed with the competition.

The seventh person, Cui Kaizhi, closed the holy book after one day. "I'm withdrawing from the competition!"

After saying that, Cui Kaizhi left.

"Hmmm? Has he cowered?"

The spectators were all stunned. They felt that Cui Kaizhi might not have put in effort into studying the holy book for the entire day.

Xu Chunbo was the one who stood out and clarified for him. "Don't be making random guesses and doubting his character. This holy book will let one see their flaws. The fact that Secondary Saint Cui is willing to withdraw is also an elevation in his mental state!"

The holy book could let one see their truest self.

There was a good saying: 'I don't know the true face of Mount Lu, only by being on this mountain[2]. 'This was the same for everyone. People would usually be instinctively defensive toward criticisms.

Hence, the competition continued on. On the day Secondary Saint Zhou passed the round, Li Ziqi had rushed over to the Saint Gate and she saw him comprehending a Humiliated Bravery[3]!

This halo was considered a more commonly seen one, but Secondary Saint Zhou hadn't comprehended it. It was because he had always been a great genius since young and had never tasted defeat. Therefore, it was impossible for him to gain enlightenment to this great teacher halo.

However, the blow brought by Li Ziqi was too great. It had made Secondary Saint Zhou feel anxious and lost all mood for tea and food. He had constantly been left in a gloomy state, and he had a strong urge to turn back time and correct this mistake.

On this day, he experienced the same feeling of humiliation through the holy book again. Therefore, he naturally gained enlightenment to Humiliated Bravery.

The effect of this halo was that after a person was humiliated, they could experience an outburst of great potential.

“There’s such a thing?”

Qin Yaoguang felt very angry.

“Secondary Saint Zhou only made a mistake on Ziqi in this lifetime!”

Mei Ziyu thought to herself that this was the true talent of top-notch great teachers. This accident might be what allowed Secondary Saint Zhou to reach the path of saints.

The last one to go up was the oldest Bao Dewei. Although he had tried very hard to conceal it, many high star-level great teachers saw through his wavering and hesitation.

This was especially after he had started flipping through the holy book. His expression was constantly changing, switching between looking savage, horrifying, or great happiness. He was like a nutcase!

It was to the extent that everyone was starting to discuss if they should get Xu Chunbo to wake Bao Dewei up. They didn’t wish to see another secondary saint’s heart get shattered.

“Sigh, he’s a pitiful guy too!” Xu Chunbo sighed. Even though he pitied Bao Dewei, he didn’t stop him. It was because pity would make Bao Dewei feel even more inferior.

Bao Dewei had made great achievements when he was young and was also a great teacher who had broken records too. At the age of 250, he became an 8-stars great teacher, and everyone said that he’d become a secondary saint. However, the next several hundred years of his life was spent in vain. He had only crossed the secondary saints mark ten years ago.

When Bao Dewei came out from his meditation, he was drenched in sweat. In just one day, he had become so thin that only skin and bones were left of him. It was as if a gust of wind would blow him away.

His students wanted to go up to help him, but he pushed them away.

“I can walk!”

Bao Dewei was expressionless. However, when his figure disappeared from sight, everyone heard a sad and shrill howl.

He was unwilling to accept this, but there was nothing he could do!

After all, there were really times in which people were helpless!!

The second round ended. There was one heavy casualty and one withdrawal, so seven people were left.

At this moment, Xu Chunbo did not comment on the second round and directly announced the start of the third round.

“According to tradition, the content of the competition will become more and more difficult. There won’t be any deaths in this round, right?”

“That’s right. Every secondary saint is a treasure of the great teacher world. Even them becoming crippled will be a huge loss, let alone death!”

“This may be what life is! Since they have chosen to compete, they will have to face this pressure!”

Xu Chunbo meant that everyone had seen the performance of the secondary saints for themselves. After the competition ended, they would naturally know who was the most suitable candidate to be the sect lord.

However, from the looks of it, someone would be eliminated in every round. It was unknown if there would even be a single person left in the end.

The morning sunlight was exceptionally bright and beautiful. It was a good day for a competition.

“Well, saints must be filled with wisdom and speak eloquently. They don’t have to make a poem that can be passed down from generation to generation, but at least they mustn’t be too bad!”

Xu Chunbo sat in his wheelchair. After his gaze swept across the few secondary saints, it finally landed on Sun Mo. “So for this round, we’ll compete in poetry!”

Everyone was stunned. Why was the third round so childish?

“Saint, forgive me for being blunt, but Secondary Saint Sun is said to be a Dual-Sage in Calligraphy and Painting. His poems are spread throughout the entire Nine Provinces!”

“That’s right. Great Teacher Li’s hundred poems recital before the palace hall has become a legendary matter that everyone knows about.”

“Isn’t this unfair to others?”

The fact that other great teachers could say such things proved how astonishingly outstanding Sun Mo was.

“If we’re competing in poetry, I can forfeit now!”

Fang Hong smiled bitterly.

She had seen Sun Mo’s works before. All of them were great works.

“Everyone, calm down and let me finish!”

Xu Chunbo explained, “The Saint Gate’s third holy item is a brush made from the ashes and hair of the first generation Saint. The things that great teachers write with it will disappear if they are not sincere or if they are not attached with emotions!

“Even though you’ll be composing poems, it’s not a case where you can compose anything you want. It must be relevant to the ‘great teacher’ identity!”

Xu Chunbo set a limit to the topic. “Oh, right. The ink used will be your blood!”

The holy brush was brought over. It emitted a pure white glow and warmed one's heart just by looking at it.

"Which of you will go first?"

Xu Chunbo felt bad to let Sun Mo take the lead every time, not wanting to be suspected of bullying others. However, he had overestimated the guts of the others.

"Saint, who would dare to embarrass themselves in front of Dual-Sage Sun?"

Gao Ning smiled bitterly.

"That's right, I even feel like forfeiting!"

Chen Zhiming also smiled bitterly.

"Secondary Saint Sun, why don't you go first?"

Du Changgong cupped his hands.

"Everyone, you're too kind. I dare not accept such praise!"

Sun Mo cupped his hands. "I'll be the last to  
*go!*"

Sun Mo didn't step forth, so everyone froze.

There was no helping it. Everyone really felt great despair.

"Secondary Saint Zhou, why don't you go first?"

Fang Hong teased.

Secondary Saint Zhou raised his head and pretended to look at the ceiling.

Not making a move could be called hiding one's clumsiness. They'd be able to appear to have great magnanimity of being able to concede defeat. However, if they were crushed, it'd be overestimating one's abilities.

"Teacher is amazing!"

Qin Yaoguang almost shouted out. Look at their teacher's talent! It made everyone cower!

"Secondary Saint Sun, why don't you go first?"

Xu Chunbo called out.

"Alright then!"

It didn't matter to Sun Mo. After that, he walked up to the altar table, watching the female clerk lay out the paper and hand him a small knife.

Sun Mo received it and slit his finger, pouring his blood onto the ink slab. He then picked up the holy brush.

What should he write?

“Teacher, go for it!”

Li Ziqi waved her fist.

“Teacher!”

Lu Zhiruo put her palms together and prayed for Sun Mo.

An Xinhui, Gu Xiuxun, and Mei Ziyu each wore hopeful, confident, and admiring expressions.

In their hearts, Sun Mo was the best!

Soulmates by one’s side, beauties like jade!

As a man, there was no way that he could let the ladies who admired him be disappointed!

(I want to win this round!)

(No.)

(I’m bent on becoming this Saint Gate’s Sect Lord!)

A poem appeared in Sun Mo’s mind. He picked up the brush, dipped it in his blood, and then started writing on the clean paper.

Waiting for autumn to come, eighth of the ninth month, Once my flowers bloom, a hundred flowers will perish!

Bursts of fragrance soars the skies as it penetrates Chang’an. The entire city is coated in golden armory![4]

Boom!

When Sun Mo wrote down the last ‘armory’ word to express his heartfelt feelings, the entire poem suddenly emitted a golden glow. It radiated the entire hall, causing it to appear glorious.

The entire hall seemed to be filled with valor!

Chapter 1322 Birth of A New Great Teacher Halo!

“F\*ck!”

Those who were looking at the brilliant golden light from the paper, even those well-learned people, could only say the work ‘f\*ck’ to express the astonishment in their hearts, let alone those who were uneducated.

Sun Mo had written a Great Teacher Poem!

What was a Great Teacher Poem?

It meant that the great teacher’s emotions were very intense. After writing this poem, it’d come with the effect of a great teacher halo and be everlasting.

When someone read this poem, they'd be reinforced with this great teacher halo.

A work like this was a precious treasure in the great teacher world, without any exception.

Xu Chunbo's eyes opened wide, and he walked quickly toward the altar table.

"Haha, it's a sure win!"

Gu Xiuxun was elated.

As for reading the poem?

There was no hurry!

(This is my man's work. I can go for one round with Sun Mo every night while I look at it.)

(Hold on, these people will likely snatch it, right?)

Mei Ziyu and Sun Mo's students looked at him in admiration.

After the astonishment, Secondary Saint Zhou felt very gloomy. How the hell was he going to win against that?

This was the first time in his life that he had experienced a huge sense of helplessness.

Xu Chunbo recited this poem rhythmically.

Everyone's expressions were shocked by Sun Mo's valor.

Everyone here was a great teacher, so their literary capabilities weren't bad. This poem was written by Sun Mo to compare himself to a chrysanthemum. When the flower bloomed, all other flowers would wither. The towering fragrance would definitely fill the Nine Provinces.

This was saying that Sun Mo was confident and proud of the fact that he'd definitely become the Saint Gate's sect lord.

The scene of a towering fragrance filling the entire city immediately appeared and they also felt a sharp pressure.

"The effect of this great teacher halo is similar to 'Persistence'. However, compared to it, there's more vigor and valor!"

Wei Ziyu commented.

After a student was reinforced by its effect, they could study incessantly for consecutive months, as if they were injected with chicken blood. The effect of this poem was even better.

Everyone discussed this poem amongst themselves, convinced by the beautiful and majestic image it depicted.

"Sigh, Secondary Saint Sun's performances are perfect in all three rounds. How are others going to stand a chance?"

"I already said that he is a Dual-Sage in Calligraphy and Painting. This round is a free win for him!"

“Please, even if someone is a Dual-Sage in Calligraphy and Painting, it’s impossible for a great teacher halo to be born each time they compose a poem. Secondary Saint Sun is just too amazing.”

Everyone looked at the six secondary saints, feeling that they were very pitiful. It was as if they were hung up and given a harsh beating.

“Alright, everyone has admired Secondary Saint Sun’s poem. Who will go next?”

Xu Chunbo asked.

Chen Zhiming gritted his teeth and backed off. The others were also looking very dejected.

It wasn’t a problem for them to compose a poem that was above average, but when compared it against Sun Mo’s?

It’d be seeking humiliation.

“I forfeit!” Fang Hong gave up decisively.

“I forfeit too!” Gao Ning shrugged. “It’s not embarrassing to lose to Dual-Sage Sun!” The other secondary saints express their wish to forfeit too.

Sun Mo won this round without a fight.

Pa pa pa!

Sun Mo’s supporters immediately clapped. After three rounds, his performance was the best, so the position of the sect lord was his for sure.

“Don’t be anxious. I didn’t say that we’re only competing for three rounds!”

Xu Chunbo reminded them.

“Huh? There’s more?”

Qin Yaoguang felt upset.

“Of course. The sect lord is such an important position. How can it be decided through just three rounds of competition?”

Xu Chunbo rolled his eyes and was about to announce the content for the fourth round. However, he was interrupted by Bao Dewei.

“Saint, please hold on!”

After Bao Dewei stopped him, he cupped his fists toward Sun Mo.

“Secondary Saint Sun, this might be brazen of me, but I’d like to ask for a poem!”

Bao Dewei smiled awkwardly. “I’m going home, so I can’t possibly return empty-handed, right? I’d like to ask Secondary Saint Sun to help fulfill my wish!”

Sssss!



Everyone understood the hidden meaning behind Bao Dewei's words. He wasn't going to continue with the competition.

He must have been convinced by Sun Mo, right?

"It's still unknown who will win the position. Why does Secondary Saint Bao have to do this?"

Sun Mo asked.

"Sigh!"

Bao Dewei shook his head and smiled. "I'm already an old antique that's getting closer and closer to death. The reason I came to contend for the sect lord position is just to give myself some pressure to see if I have a chance to reach for the saint realm. But by the looks of it, it's just my wishful thinking."

Seeing how he had said this, Sun Mo felt bad to say anymore. He looked at Bao Dewei and thought of a poem.

"I'll be presenting my incompetence then."

Sun Mo picked up the brush once again, dipped it in his blood, and then wrote down a poem on the new piece of paper that the female clerk had laid out.

Although long lives the tortoise wise, in the end he can not but die! [1]

Although the stabled steed is old, he dreams to run for mile and mile! [1]

How happy I feel at this thought, I croon this poem as I ought! (1)

Bao Dewei watched as Sun Mo finished reading it and was stunned. His gaze was in a daze and his voice trembled. "Wha... what is it called?"

"[Though the Tortoise Lives Long]!"

Sun Mo looked at Bao Dewei. "The moment when a person dies isn't when they stop breathing but when they lose their dream and their courage to keep on fighting!"

"Secondary Saint Bao, don't you feel that it's the greatest misfortune to us great teachers when we die in our bed?"

After Sun Mo said this, the entire place fell silent.

The people watching in the hall were all high star-level great teachers and were naturally not young either. Out of which, many of them had given up on making progress and were starting to live out the rest of their lives.

They were either greedy for enjoyment or powerless. But now, after seeing Sun Mo's poem, they felt that they were still young and could still fight!

"Haha! Haha!"

Bao Dewei suddenly laughed loudly. He then raised his hand and slapped himself a few times.

(That's right!)

(So what if I'm about to die of old age soon?)

(This isn't a reason why I should feel dejected!)

(On the contrary, I should use the remaining time more meaningfully.) "In life's December heroes bold, their indomitable style unchanging! [1]"

Bao Dewei mumbled, "Well said!"

Boom!

Golden light suddenly radiated from Bao Dewei. They turned into great steeds and galloped into the distance.

Those who were affected by the halo would think that they could fight for another 500 years!

"This... He gained enlightenment to a great teacher halo?"

Ji Xiangdong felt envious.

"Moreover, it's one that hasn't appeared before!"

Many people felt extremely envious. After those golden lights disappeared, they felt the effect of this great teacher halo while looking at Sun Mo.

If it wasn't because their statuses weren't high enough and that they were still in the hall, thus not daring to create a ruckus, they'd have immediately crowded around Sun Mo to ask him for a poem.

"Thank you Teacher Sun for your guidance!" Bao Dewei performed a 90-degree bow toward Sun Mo.

Sun Mo accepted it.

Thereafter, everyone cupped their hands together and offered their congratulations to Bao Dewei.

"Congratulations Secondary Saint for comprehending a new halo!"

There were many secondary saints in history, not many could leave their names behind. However, Bao Dewei had gained an enlightenment to a brand new great teacher halo, so he'd definitely be able to leave his name behind in history.

"Thank you!"

Bao Dewei remained reserved.

After a round of polite talk, Xu Chunbo announced the start of the fourth round.

"It's a coincidence that the fourth round is to climb a sacred mountain. The sacred mountain is located on the back of a divine turtle."

This time around, Xu Chunbo personally did the job. 15 minutes later, he brought out a tortoise that was carved from white jade. It was about the size of a basketball.

Everyone exchanged glances. What was this?

“This is a secret treasure of darkness that the first generation saint brought back from the Darkness Continent. If you look into the tortoise’s eyes, your soul will be cast onto its back. After that, you’ll be able to see a stretch of heavenly stairs. What you have to do is climb all the way up to the peak of the sacred mountain!”

Xu Chunbo explained.

“The time limit for this round is seven days. Those who cannot ascend to the peak will be eliminated then. The last one to reach will also be eliminated.”

Xu Chunbo explained.

“What if no one manages to reach the peak?”

Someone asked.

“Then none of these people has the right to inherit the sect lord position. We’ll do a new round of selection!”

Xu Chunbo looked at everyone and spoke with a harsh tone, “Our Saint Gate’s objective has always been to go without than to accept shoddy options.”

“Everyone, you can start at any moment!” After Xu Chunbo said that, he then reminded them, “Time flows differently on the tortoise shell than in the Nine Provinces. One day here will be like seven years inside.”

“Huh? Then wouldn’t seven days be 49 years inside? And there’s still a possibility that one cannot reach the peak in time?”

Everyone was shocked.

After Bao Dewei forfeited, Secondary Saint Qian forfeited as well. It was because even if Sun Mo were to make a mistake, he would still have no chance to win. After all, both Secondary Saint Zhou and Secondary Saint Hong had shown outstanding performance.

Therefore, the fourth round was a competition between five people.

They followed the method Xu Chunbo taught and looked into the white jade tortoise’s eyes. Then, a figure flew out from their forehead and was cast onto the tortoise shell.

“Hmmm? Look! There’s someone on the tortoise shell now!”

There were five small figures—the miniature version of Sun Mo and the other four secondary saints. Each of them was smaller than a sesame seed.

Only then did everyone notice that those extremely fine and undetectable horizontal lines on the tortoise shells were many steps. “Everyone can go back now. You won’t be able to see the battle situation even if you were to remain here!”

After Xu Chunbo said that, he sat down cross-legged. As the judge, he had to constantly monitor the progress of the competition, preventing anyone from cheating or causing damage.

An Zaiyi stood up.

“Grandfather!”

An Xinhui was stunned. “Aren’t you going to watch anymore?”

“There’s no need to!”

After An Zaiyi said that, he left.

When everyone heard this, they were filled with admiration. This was how confident he was toward Sun Mo!

as

Only An Xinhui sensed that An Zaiyi was distant and cold toward Sun Mo.

“Everyone, I’ll be taking my leave too!”

Bao Dewei had comprehended a new great teacher halo and needed to hurry back to consolidate his state of mind.

Soon, Bao Dewei returned to the courtyard where he was staying.

As a secondary saint, he could afford such a property. It was just that he didn’t like luxurious stuff, so other than an old servant, there was no one else serving him. It thus appeared a little cold.

Walking into the study, he was about to record his thoughts when he was suddenly stunned. This was because An Zaiyi was standing in front of the bookshelf with his hands behind his back.

“Saint An?”

Bao Dewei bowed, but he felt a little uncomfortable. Wasn’t it too rude to enter someone’s study without the owner’s permission?

However, thinking about how he was indebted to Sun Mo, Bao Dewei didn’t complain.

“You have no hope of becoming a saint in this life!”

An Zaiyi went straight to the point.

“What do you mean by this?”

Bao Dewei was unhappy. He had been enlightened by Sun Mo, and it was time for his ambitions to explode. He could not tolerate such contempt.

“What I mean is that you won’t mature even if you’re kept around. Instead, you’ll rot. So it’s better to harvest now!”

An Zaiyi turned around and looked at Bao Dewei.

“It’ is very hungry now and needs to eat!”

“Who?”

Bao Dewei didn't know what this guy was talking about.

However, An Zaiyi didn't have the mood to explain anything

A short moment later, there were no traces of anyone left in the study but a great teacher attire. It soon also turned into dust and dissipated into the air.

Chapter 1323 Ascending Heavenly Stairs, Hard To Travel, Saint Appears!

One day passed in the Nine Provinces, but seven years had passed on the tortoise shell!

Sun Mo and the other four didn't say a single word as they continued to progress toward the mountain peak at steady speed.

When they looked upward from this world, it was like a stretch of steep marble steps that was one-meter in width, leading all the way to the depths of the clouds.

In the first seven years, both sides of the steps were just bare mountain slopes, but from the eighth year onward, it went through the sky.

It was truly deserving of the name heavenly stairs!

This was the 15th year.

Sun Mo panted heavily and stopped in his tracks, looking down.

Other than the blue sky and flowing clouds, the ground could no longer be seen.

"I can't take it anymore. If I continue, I'm going to die!"

Gao Ning rested his hands on his knees and panted heavily. He then looked at Sun Mo. "I really envy your body!"

"Teacher Sun is the youngest. You've really gotten the advantage in this round!"

Fang Hong felt a little resentful.

On this stretch of heavenly stairs, anyone's spirit qi and great teacher halos would be taken away from them. It was a pure competition of body and will.

This was like running a marathon. Naturally, the younger one was, the more advantageous it would be for them.

"You can't say that. Who told us to be old?"

Du Changong laughed self-deprecatingly and looked at Secondary Saint Zhou who was walking in front. "Hurry up. That guy is going to shake us off!"

"He must have been holding back his anger, wanting to defeat Teacher Sun!"

Fang Hong teased.

After everyone entered this world, they subconsciously walked together. No one wanted to explore the way first to avoid making any missteps. However, 15 years had passed and everyone had figured out the content of the test.

The five of them were hungry and tired now, but they wouldn't starve to death or die from exhaustion. Such torment on the body felt like maggots clinging to their bones, making people feel extremely uncomfortable.

"I'm a secondary saint, why do I have to go through this?"

Gao Ning was a little upset.

(Wouldn't it be enjoyable if I were to stay in my mansion, being served watermelon by maids while I read novels? If I'm bored, I can just have s\*x with my concubines with unparalleled beauty, alright?)

Gao Ning, who had long since gotten used to having a lot of power, found it extremely unbearable to suddenly become like an ordinary person

Blisters had appeared on the soles of his feet. They would burst, and then new ones would grow out. Hence, his soles were like a slab of metal, making it almost impossible for blades to pierce through them anymore.

"That's why rich people like you can't take any bit of hardship! You only rely on the backing of your clan!"

Du Changgong sneered.

He had taken off his great teacher attire and was just wearing a pair of pants made from coarse cloth. Also, his pants were rolled up to his calves and he continued to walk on firmly.

"Heh!"

Gao Ning pretended to look helpless. "I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. What can I do about that? I can't possibly go to live in a poor family by myself, right? Everyone is raised by their parents. Is it wrong for me to be lucky?"

Gao Ning looked down on Du Changgong's attitude the most. It was as if one came from an elite family and made achievements thereafter, their family background would be like a dark history and they weren't worth respecting

"Hmph!"

Du Changgong let out a cold snort. "But I'm standing here and competing on the same stage as you. This shows that you're trash!"

"Please, how many people like you are there?"

Gao Ning smiled magnanimously. "I admit that I'm inferior to you. So what?"

Gao Ning's expression made Du Changgong, who was about to 'argue', feel deflated.

"You guys are all secondary saints, so why are you still conflicted about backgrounds?"

Fang Hong was speechless.

“After I become the sect lord, I’ll definitely suppress the wealthy clans and give the benefits to those poor people!”

Du Changgong said fiercely and quickened his pace.

This was the core driving force for him to become the sect lord.

“Crazy!”

Gao Ning scolded and then turned back for a few looks. He sighed. “If it wasn’t because there are many people watching, I’d have given up long ago.”

“Only two days have passed in the real world. If you don’t give up now, you’ll have to go through a lot more!”

Fang Hong sneered.

“Forget it, I’ll continue!”

Gao Ning was someone who cared for his face, so he found it too embarrassing to shrink back from this competition.

However, after five days passed, which was 35 years in here, Gao Ning couldn’t take it anymore.

“I’m not walking anymore! I won’t be moving from this spot!”

Gao Ning sat down on his butt. “This isn’t something humans can do!”

He was now very skinny and hungry that only skin and bones were left of him. Moreover, he was aching all over. Each step he took made him feel like countless metal blades were piercing all over his body.

After taking a look at him, Sun Mo and Fang Hong didn’t say anything but continued advancing

“Xu Chunbo, let me out!”

Gao Ning, who was seated on the steps, bellowed. Thereafter, his vision blurred and he appeared in the hall.

“F\*ck!”

Gao Ning’s figure swayed intensely and he fell on the floor, landing on his butt.

“Teacher!”

His disciples were all given a scare.

“As expected of the heavenly stairs, taking each step is like going through a brutal torture.”

Gao Ning felt very regretful. “I have no hopes of advancing to become a saint in this lifetime!”

Thankfully, Gao Ning knew his limit long ago. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have come to contend for the sect lord position. Therefore, it was just a feeling of regret and not despair.

Everyone was astonished.

How brutal was this round to let a secondary saint give up?

Someone said that Gao Ning's will wasn't strong? That he had a lazy character?

No one would believe that. After all, people who could ascend to the secondary saint realm were all cream of the crop, so they could only say that ascending the heavenly stairs was really too difficult.

40 years passed by.

Sun Mo and Fang Hong were still walking alongside each other.

"Secondary Saint Zhou is bent on winning this round. Is it really alright for you to go so slowly?"

Fang Hong felt curious. If it wasn't because she had grown old, she'd have suspected that the reason Sun Mo followed her was because he had ill designs.

"It doesn't matter!"

Sun Mo chuckled. His performance was extremely good in the first three rounds. Even if Secondary Saint Zhou were to get first place once, it wouldn't affect the final results too much. Moreover, judging from Xu Chunbo's words, there'd be at least one or two more rounds later on, so he might as well conserve his energy.

"But Teacher Fang, why are you trying so hard?"

Sun Mo was very curious. The Nine Provinces was a world where men were superior to women, so it was already an amazing achievement for Fang Hong to become a secondary saint. No one had expectations that she'd become a saint.

"It's precisely because of this attitude you guys have!"

Fang Hong sneered. "I want to show the world that we women can do it too. We can be sect lords and saints. There's nothing we cannot do."

IIII

Sun Mo had accidentally rammed his toes into a steel board. He quickly shut up.

"I have a great-granddaughter who's 18 years old and as beautiful as a flower..."

Fang Hong didn't blame Sun Mo for looking down on women. After all, he was an outstanding man and had the right to look down on anyone, so it was better for her to propose a political marriage.

"I'm already 40!"

Sun Mo laughed self-deprecatingly. He wondered how badly he would be scolded if he were to marry a young girl who was three cycles[1] younger than he was.

"True love has nothing to do with age!"

Fang Hong argued.



The key was that there was no true love either!

However, Sun Mo did not dare to rebut her. When he saw that Fang Hong was starting to introduce her great-granddaughter, he quickened his pace.

The two of them walked for another half a year. On the steps, they saw Du Changgong sitting down. He had his hands on his cheeks and looked dejected.

“Teacher Du!”

Sun Mo was just about to greet him when Fang Hong stopped him.

“Don’t disturb him. Let him have some quiet time to himself!”

Fang Hong sighed. “He came from a poor family and has always been very eager to excel in his life, wanting to get first place in everything. He must be extremely upset to forfeit now.”

The fact was that Fang Hong was also clenching her teeth and hanging on with her unwillingness to lose.

Sun Mo and Fang Hong passed by Du Changgong. Du Changgong didn’t show any reaction.

(I’ve lost!)

He wanted to keep on climbing, but there was a limit to one’s strength. He was too old. Moreover, in his younger days, he had to put in several tens more times more hard work to catch up to the geniuses from well-established clans. Therefore, his body had been worn out.

(My useless legs!)

Du Changgong hammered his kneecap hard and then lay down on the steps.

(I can’t be a sect lord nor can I be a saint anymore!)

(As expected, children from poor families shouldn’t have dreams!)

Du Changgong lay on the floor and looked at the flowing clouds in the sky, feeling deep disgust toward himself. He had given up. However, at this moment, a bold and confident male voice rang out from the top of the mountain.

“A serving of spirit in a golden chalice has a price of ten thousand pence, and ten times more for delicacies dished out on a platter made of jade! [2]

“Yet in the face of such a feast I could not bring myself to taste, with wrath I drew my sword and I looked around, feeling completely at a loss! [2]”

Du Changgong’s ears perked up. The man’s voice didn’t sound very pleasant, but the lines from the poem were extremely good.

This was especially the line ‘There shall come a day with gusty winds to help cleave through the waves, for me to make full sail and an open boundless sea navigate.’ It made Du Changgong shoot up to his feet out of reflex and let out a cheer.

“Great poem!”

Fang Hong praised. "Other than being a Dual-Sage in Calligraphy and Painting, you should also have the great reputation of being Nine Provinces Poetry Sage!"

"Teacher Fang is too kind with your praise. I heard this from elsewhere!"

Sun Mo said humbly.

Fang Hong smiled and didn't continue this topic. Instead, she turned to look back down. "You admire Du Changgong?" "Every one who puts in hard work deserves respect and admiration!"

Sun Mo smiled. "If possible, I hope that he can fight to the very end!"

It could be said that Du Changgong, who came from a poor background was the role model for countless poor children. If he were to fall here, then it'd bring others despair.

Were poor people unable to win?

Fang Hong nodded and was about to say something when a large stretch of brilliant golden glow appeared from below. Thereafter, a stream of gold brushed across the air like a shooting star, heading straight for the mountain top that was covered by the clouds.

"This..."

Fang Hong was stunned. "He became a saint?"

She immediately looked toward Sun Mo, stunned. "You... You helped a secondary saint become a saint." "It's Saint Du who has gained enlightenment by himself!"

Sun Mo didn't claim the credit for himself.

"This is the Saint Hall. Under everyone's eyes, if Saint Du doesn't admit to this favor, he'll be spurned by everyone."

Fang Hong was envious. Du Changgong would be Sun Mo's natural ally in the future. "Why aren't you agitated?"

Sun Mo shrugged. (It's because I have helped a secondary saint to become a saint in the past.)

(Hmm?)

(Hold on?)

(There should have been one, right?)

(But why don't I remember that secondary saint's name?)

"Sun Mo, do you see that? The first place is mine!"

Looking down from the platform at the end of the steps, Secondary Saint Zhou laughed loudly. (I've won this round.)

Just as Secondary Saint Zhou was about to continue on and get first place, a stream of light shot up from behind him at an extremely great speed.

Swoosh!

The golden light landed on the platform and revealed Du Changgong's figure!

"What happened?"

Secondary Saint Zhou was stunned. His first reaction was that Du Changgong had cheated. But he soon sensed a tremendous saint might coming from Du Changgong!

This guy had become a saint?

In that instant, Secondary Saint Zhou's heart was filled to the brim with jealousy!

Chapter 1324 Saint Statue Inquiry

The time taken to ascend the heavenly stairs was too long, so the remaining people in the hall were mostly the five secondary saints' close supporters as well as the people working in the Saint Gate.

Therefore, they were lucky to witness this miraculous scene.

A beam of golden light also burst out of the divine tortoise's shell and soared into the sky, as if wanting to pierce through the hall's ceiling. As the golden light spots scattered down like fine rain, the spirit qi in the air turned into phoenixes, kirins, jade rabbits, and celestial plants, presenting an auspicious scene.

At this moment, a sacred and dignified singing voice rang out harmoniously, making everyone who heard it felt happy, washing away all their fatigue.

"This is... the birth of a saint?"

Everyone was surprised and immediately gathered around the divine tortoise, looking at it.

Swoosh!

A stream of golden light shot out of the tortoise's back, charging into Du Changgong's forehead. He then opened his eyes.

In that moment, divine light shot out in all directions!

"Congratulations Great Teacher Du for ascending to become an honorable saint!" Xu Chunbo offered his congratulations.

The other spectators also reacted and quickly gave their congratulations.

"Thank you!"

Du Changgong was still in a bit of a daze. He wasn't expecting to go through such a tremendous change just from listening to a poem from Sun Mo.

At that moment, when Du Changgong had heard [A Trying Journey], a heroic spirit instantly rose in his heart. He had subconsciously felt that he was a secondary saint and should have some reservations for his face, wanting to give up. However, after listening to this poem, he changed his mind.

Even if he were to crawl, he was going to crawl to the top of the mountain!

Never admit defeat! Never give up!

There was nothing easy in life.

Having resolved the burden in his heart, Du Changgong started to climb up. Then, over an hour later, his holy heart was condensed and he comprehended the profoundness, ascending to become a saint.

“Saint Du, may I be so intrusive as to ask how did you gain enlightenment?”

Some great teachers asked hesitantly, wanting to accumulate some experience.

“It’s mainly because I heard a poem from Teacher Sun!”

Du Changgong shared his experience generously.

Sssss!

Everyone was taken by great surprise to hear that it was related to Sun Mo.

Coincidentally, Secondary Saint Zhou, who had come out of the divine turtle, also heard this name and was stunned on the spot. For a moment, he started to feel regretful.

If he hadn’t offended Sun Mo and become friends with him, he might also be able to take advantage of his poems to become a saint.

It was a pity that there was no medicine for regret in this world.

Four hours later, Sun Mo and Fang Hong also came out of the tortoise shell.

Du Changgong, who had been waiting for a long time, immediately went forward and bowed to Sun Mo. “Thank you, Teacher Sun, for your guidance, allowing me to advance to become a saint!”

Fang Hong quickly dodged to the side. This was Sun Mo’s honor. Then, she looked at him and realized that it was indeed that ‘A Trying Journey’ that had enlightened Du Changgong.

“I don’t deserve this bow!”

Sun Mo helped Du Changgong up.

“Sun... Secondary Saint Sun, you’re too amazing!”

Gu Xiuxun came running over too, wanting to call Sun Mo’s name but was unable to. This made her feel very gloomy. The secondary saint title was really amazing.

Other people also quickly came over to offer their congratulations.

“F\*ck your mom! If I had known, I would have persisted for a little longer!”

Gao Ning rushed over in a hurry after hearing the news. Feeling so angry that he felt like inflicting harm on himself, he grabbed Sun Mo’s hand. “Teacher Sun, please give me a set of that poem!”

Sun Mo didn’t give Gao Ning any help, but Gao Ning had changed his way of addressing Sun Mo to Sun-laoshi just to benefit from it.

When Secondary Saint Zhou saw everyone crowding around Sun Mo like stars around the moon, he felt displeased. Therefore, he said, "Saint Xu, everyone is out now. What are the results for this round?"

The surrounding people instantly turned quiet.

That was right. Based on the rules, the last person would have to be eliminated. And for this round, Sun Mo and Fang Hong had come out at the same time.

The decision was on Xu Chunbo. Everyone thought that he'd be hesitant but didn't expect him to make a decision right away.

"Everyone has seen Sun Mo's performance in the first three rounds. It'll be such a pity for him to be eliminated!"

As soon as Xu Chunbo finished speaking, everyone nodded in unison to show their approval.

"Given Secondary Saint Sun's influence and capabilities, he's qualified to assume the sect lord position!"

Right now, no one felt that Sun Mo was too young or lacking experience for this position.

"As for Secondary Saint Fang, there are only a few female secondary saints across the entire Nine Provinces. Moreover, her performance has been good as well, so we should give her another chance!"

Xu Chunbo proposed, "Therefore, all five secondary saints can participate in the fifth round. With this, the competition will be a lot more interesting too!"

"I think that'll work. Does anyone have objections?"

Wei Ziyong smiled. "If it isn't an evenly-matched competition, what meaning would there be to this competition for the sect lord position?"

"Saint Wei is right!"

Everyone called out.

Most people didn't really have much thought over who'd be the sect lord. They just wanted to watch a few rounds of amazing competition.

Even the close supporters felt bad about saying anything else. If they were to object to this proposal, wouldn't it make them seem as if they were scared?

Even Secondary Saint Zhou, who held great hatred for Sun Mo, didn't dare to openly say that Sun Mo had been eliminated. He could only accept this result in disgust.

"Everyone, I have something to say!"

Du Changgong spoke up, "Teacher Sun was the one who helped me attain my saint title. Therefore, I don't have the right to compete on the same stage as him. As for the others, I shan't bully everyone as a new saint."

"What do you mean by this? Are we inferior to you?"

Secondary Saint Zhou sneered.

Du Changgong's expression was calm and he didn't reply. He felt that he was a saint and shouldn't get into an argument.

His attitude made Secondary Saint Zhou explode with anger and have a strong urge to kill him.

"Everyone, please go ahead!"

Du Changgong cupped his hands.

The reason he wanted to be the sect lord was to fight for more benefits for the poor. However, now that he had become a saint, he could do it too because the saint title represented too many things.

Outside the crowd, An Zaiyi looked at everything coldly, as if he was watching a bunch of ants fighting each other. Thereafter, his gaze landed on Du Changgong and nodded in approval. (This is good! I'll give him a few more years to grow!)

Seeing that the results couldn't be changed, Secondary Saint Zhou didn't care anymore. "This competition has been dragging on for many days and everyone's condition seems fine too. Why don't we just continue?"

"What are Secondary Saint Sun and Secondary Saint Fang's thoughts on this?"

Xu Chunbo also felt that it had been dragged for too long

"I'll listen to Sun Mo!"

Even though Fang Hong had pointed at him, her way of calling 'Sun Mo' emitted a hint of closeness, like she was treating him as a junior.

This scene made Secondary Saint Zhou's countenance look bad too.

It was because the connections that Sun Mo built had surpassed his.

"Any time is fine!"

Sun Mo agreed too.

"Since no one has any objections, then we'll start the fifth round!"

This time around, Xu Chunbo made a trip by himself again. He invited out a saint statue. "This is a statue that the first generation saint found in the Darkness Continent. It was said that the saint had comprehended Self-Taught Halo after seeing it."

Swoosh!

Everyone looked at the statue in surprise, only to see that it looked like a small ordinary stone statue. There was nothing special about

*it.*

However, when people looked at it, they would unconsciously remain humble, feeling as if they were as small as flies.

“This round is called the Saint Statue Inquiry. I don’t know the condition to clear this round because it will tell you the answer. The time limit is seven days. If you guys don’t have any reaction by then, it will be a draw!”

After Xu Chunbo said that, he had everyone backed off and left the first half of the hall to the three secondary saints.

Sun Mo focused and looked toward the saint statue. Instantly, his gaze seemed as if it had been swept into a vortex. He then saw the developing history of the great teacher occupation in the Nine Provinces.

Its past, present, and future!

This scene seemed to have been through a very long time, but in reality, only a few minutes had passed before Sun Mo woke up.

He walked up to the desk by the side and laid out a piece of paper. Before he picked up a brush, he nurtured his feelings and then started drawing.

At the sight of this scene, both Fang Hong and Secondary Saint Zhou immediately felt a tremendous amount of pressure.

They still didn’t get anything, but Sun Mo had started to give his answer. Could it be that their difference was so great?

“Secondary Saint Sun is drawing?”

Everyone was filled with anticipation. After all, Sun Mo was a Saint Artist whose reputation had spread through the entire Nine Provinces.

Sun Mo had become so skilled that he could draw out whatever he thought of. Moreover, his drawings would be lifelike and depict a great artistic conception.

Right now, majestic mountains appeared on the paper under the brush. The lush forest that had few traces of humans became a paradise for the birds and wild beasts.

A stream trickled down and waves seethed. Everyone’s gaze couldn’t help but follow it. Behind a big mountain, the stream of water gushed down like the Milky Way, forming a

*pool.*

Next to the pool, there were children playing with water.

There was a small village not far away. Out of which, there was a small school in a thatched cottage where a teacher was teaching the students.

“It’s Secondary Saint Sun!”

Although the characters were drawn very small, Sun Mo’s artistic skills were too amazing. Therefore, everyone could see who it was!

“Is the topic ‘dedication’?”

Just as everyone was making guesses, spirit qi suddenly trembled in the hall. Thereafter, they gathered at the tip of Sun Mo's brush tip. As the brush swept across the paper, it left behind brilliant colors.

Sssss!

To think that it was a famous painting?

"Sun Mo is really putting on such a show. How are others going to win?"

Xu Chunbo sighed. Only when one's skills and emotions had reached a pinnacle at the same time would they be able to produce a famous painting. For the Saint Statue Inquiry round, not only did Sun Mo see through himself at the greatest speed, but he also gave a perfect answer.

A short moment later, the famous painting was completed!

Boom!

A golden halo scattered out.

Every great teacher whom the light radiated on immediately had an intense feeling of 'silkworms spin till the end of their living days, burning candles turn wicks to ashes till they can no more tears of wax cry.'<sup>[1]</sup>.

As a great teacher, one should revere teaching and educating people as their lifelong goal! "I've presented my incompetency!"

Sun Mo put down the brush and cupped his hands together.

"It's really an eye-opener to be able to see Secondary Saint Sun's creation of a famous painting today. It's a great blessing!"

"I can boast about this for 100 years!"

"It's really an eye-opener. This old man can now die without regrets to have the great fortune of witnessing such a grand event!"

Everyone gave great praises. In the past, they had thought that Sun Mo's title as the number one great teacher in the Nine Provinces was like a monkey declaring to be king when there was no tiger in the mountains. However, from the looks of it now, he was both talented and capable, winning against all.

Even a saint couldn't win against him, let alone secondary saints.

Chapter 1325 Exceptional Showcase Black Doggy Sun!

The status of famous artists in the Nine Provinces was very awkward. Their greatest achievement was to become a court artist and then a Saint Artist.

If there were no wealthy and influential aristocrats to fawn over the paintings of famous artists, they would be worthless. After all, famous paintings were too distant from ordinary people.

However, great teachers were different. Even if they were just a teacher in a village, they'd receive the respect from all the villagers.



From ancient times until now, amongst those that had their names written in history, none was illiterate.

Famous artists had mediocre statuses. However, if they were to have a great teacher title, then it'd be amazing. Just like how it was now. Not only did Sun Mo draw a famous painting, but he also permanently attached a great teacher halo onto it.

That was amazing!

When great teachers admired this painting, they'd be able to experience the mental state of 'silkworms spin till the end of their living days, burning candles turn wicks to ashes till they can cry no more tears of wax.' They'd want to dedicate their lives for students.

"Not bad!"

Xu Chunbo applauded. This painting depicted a great teacher willingly withstanding poverty and loneliness to teach at a small village in the mountains that was secluded from the world, spreading the seeds of knowledge.

This was an ideology that matched the beauty of great teachers!

"I can boast about this for very long!" "How I wish I could collect a Great Teacher Famous Painting!"

"Don't even dream about it. Even saints would fight to get these things!"

The great teachers looked at that famous painting, having a strong urge to keep it for themselves.

"Secondary Saint Sun, what's the title of this famous painting?"

Wei Ziyou asked.

"(Village Great Teacher Painting). What does everyone think about it?"

Sun Mo's current mental state had some resemblance to that of a saint.

"Kindness!"

Xu Chunbo nodded. He then made a request, "Secondary Saint Sun, I have a presumptuous request. I hope to keep this Great Teacher Famous Painting in the Saint Hall to let everyone look at it in reverence, reminding the juniors not to be superficial in their learning!"

When everyone heard this, they felt extremely jealous.

An item that could be placed in this hall, other than precious and rare holy items, they'd be literary items that were well-known in the great teacher world and had a glorious achievement.

Placing Sun Mo's famous painting here was enough to show that he was on equal standings with those saints.

However, even Secondary Saint Zhou didn't dare to raise any objections. It was because Sun Mo's famous painting was really very outstanding

"It's my honor!"

Sun Mo didn't really care where his famous paintings would go. Placing it here would even help to raise his reputation!

Talking about that, the system hadn't appeared for very long and hadn't issued him a lot of rewards!

Xu Chunbo nodded and then looked toward Fang Hong and Secondary Saint Zhou. "The two of you..."

Saint Xu didn't continue with his sentence, but his meaning was clear. (Do you guys still want to continue?)

(Sun Mo's performance across the multiple rounds were indisputably outstanding. If you guys persist, you'll just be seeking humiliation onto yourselves.)

"Hmph!"

Secondary Saint Zhou's countenance sank. He walked straight up to the saint statue and sat down cross-legged. He wasn't going to admit defeat!

"What about you?"

Xu Chunbo looked toward Fang Hong.

"Sigh!"

Fang Hong shook her head and sighed. "I won't be continuing anymore! I won't be able to win!"

"Thank you Secondary Saint Fang for going easy on me."

Sun Mo was good at social networking and quickly expressed his thanks to gain some favorable impression points.

"Forget it, I didn't go easy on you. It's your capabilities that stopped me in my tracks!"

Fang Hong waved her hand and sneaked a glance toward An Xinhui. "Sun Mo, you have to consider the matter I was telling you about earlier. My great-granddaughter is beautiful, gentle, and virtuous. She's definitely a good partner!"

What?

Hearing Fang Hong openly expressing her wish to have Sun Mo as her great-grandson-in-law, everyone was stunned. (Doesn't the Fang Clan want any face?)

(It's not as if your great-granddaughter can't be married out.)

However, thinking of Sun Mo's background, everyone didn't find it surprising anymore. To be honest, Fang Hong's position couldn't match up to Sun Mo's.

"Haha!"

Sun Mo smiled awkwardly.

"Alright, we'll talk about this matter in the future. But I have a request!"

Fang Hong sighed. "I'm already so old and I don't know how many more years I have left to live. Therefore, I'd like to ask for a piece of work from you."

"A portrait?"

Sun Mo asked. Seeing Fang Hong nodding, he walked up to the table. After that, he picked up the brush and started drawing.

To be able to get someone indebted to him just by drawing a portrait... Of course, Sun Mo would do it. Anyway, he was a grandmaster artist and could easily make a painting.

However, after drawing out the silhouette, he suddenly crumpled the paper in a ball.

(This won't do!)

(I mustn't be so perfunctory!)

(Since Secondary Saint Zhou isn't giving up yet, I'll make use of this opportunity to crush him completely! I'll let everyone know that I, Sun Mo, am the world's number one and indisputably the Saint Gate's sect lord.)

(Since the responsibility of great teachers is to teach and educate people, giving them guidance, then I should let Fang Hong gain enlightenment to a great teacher halo.)

Sun Mo started to think back on his conversations with Fang Hong when they were climbing the heavenly stairs.

Although she didn't say it openly, her words were filled with pride in her career. However, she felt sad about her personal life.

The Fang Hong in the past had also wanted to be a good wife and a good mother. However, the unhappiness in her married life caused her to devote her energy to her work.

Everyone slowed down their breathing for fear of disturbing Sun Mo's thoughts

15 minutes later, Sun Mo started again.

Soon, a small city filled with rows and rows of small houses and the liveliness of the marketplace appeared on the paper. There was smoke rising into the sky and lifelike vendors dragging wheelbarrows through the streets. It was as if even the sounds of people peddling seemed to come out of the paper and into everyone's ears.

A group of married ladies were washing clothes by the river, and the elders were talking non-stop at home. There was also a rich man holding onto a cane and was chasing after his unfilial son to beat him up.

On the next street, there was a drunk man who was bitten by a wild dog. He cursed as he limped away.

Everyone didn't understand.

The painting was definitely a good one. Sun Mo had drawn each and every one of those characters the size of yellow beans very exquisitely with clear features. Even the creases on their clothes and soil on their shoes brought about a tremendous sense of realistic feeling.

This was a painting of a marketplace, similar to the [Along the River During the Qingming Festival][1]. Although it was very good, it didn't seem to match Secondary Saint Fang's request for a portrait, right?

After Sun Mo was done with the painting, it was still in black and white, without any colors. This meant that it was an ordinary painting and wasn't a famous painting.

"What should we do? Should we boast about it?"

Qin Yaoguang reached out her hand and poked Li Ziqi's arm, asking her softly.

"Why not?"

Li Ziqi rolled her eyes. How could famous paintings be created so easily? Moreover, their teacher had created one today.

"That's right, it's not as if famous paintings are like Chinese cabbages. Many famous artists may only have one famous painting in their lifetime!"

Gu Xiuxun was deliberating over her words, on how she could brag so that no one would refute her. However, someone had taken a step ahead of her.

"This painting reminds me of the small city I lived in the past. Although it's backward, it's filled with warm memories."

"Look at those people. Their every move seems to be alive!"

"That's not all. When that stream flows, I seem to be able to hear the sound of people washing their clothes there!"

The more everyone talked, the more enthusiastic they became. However, they were suddenly interrupted by a rough voice.

"Come on, don't you guys find it disgusting to be bragging like that? Given Secondary Saint Sun's achievements, no one will question his skills even if he comes up with a work that isn't a famous painting. However, it's too disgusting for you guys to blindly flatter him like this."

Secondary Saint Zhou's close supporters started lashing out.

"That's right! It's extremely disgusting!"

A high star-level great teacher had just said this and was about to continue when Fang Hong, who had been silent all this while, suddenly emitted a tremendous amount of spirit qi fluctuations.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The intense spirit pressure swept out, causing everyone to almost be unable to remain standing

"This..."

The few saints who were present were stunned.

They had experienced the process of attempting to break through to the saint tier before and thus knew it well. Fang Hong's current state was an attempt to strive for the saint realm!

"Go out! Everyone, get out!"

After Wei Ziyou urged a few times, he decided to send out holy words and forcibly drive people out. He was worried that these people might disturb Fang Hong by staying here.

Secondary Saint Zhou's gaze was in a daze. He then looked toward Sun Mo's painting. There was no doubt that this must be the effect of this painting

Everyone thought of this as well. They wanted to look at the painting, but it was already put away by Wei Ziyou. Otherwise, it'd be torn up by the turbulent spirit qi.

"Everyone, get out!"

Xu Chunbo shouted and looked toward Secondary Saint Zhou. "Sorry, your Saint Statue Inquiry will have to be postponed for a little while."

Everyone left the hall, leaving it for Fang Hong

After waiting for half an hour, the spirit qi fluctuations gradually stopped. Then, all sorts of auspicious beasts that were condensed from spirit qi flew toward the sky and circled in the air.

"This is... a success?"

Ji Xiangdong felt envious.

Creak!

The hall's doors opened and Fang Hong walked out.

A sacred, impregnable sense of beauty was emitting from her. With her very gaze, saint might was emitted, making people not dare to look at her in the eye.

"Congratulations, Teacher Fang for becoming a saint, making another progress in life!"

Everyone bowed respectfully.

Right now, Secondary Saint Zhou's heart was filled with bitterness and his bow was filled with complicated emotions.

Fang Hong paid them no need. Instead, she walked straight up to Sun Mo and bowed deeply. "Thank you, Teacher Sun for the painting. You allow me to resolve the burden in my heart and advance to become a saint!"

"Saint Fang is too kind!"

Sun Mo didn't expect this to happen either.

"Ha, I wasn't wrong, right? This isn't a famous painting, but it's comparable to one!"

“That’s right, can a famous painting help a secondary saint ascend to become a saint?”

“That’s why I say that you guys have bad judgment!”

The people who had been put in an awkward position by Secondary Saint Zhou’s close supporters earlier finally found a reason to retaliate. (What? You’re not convinced?)

(Then you can call a famous artist here and let him draw a famous painting that can help a secondary saint become a saint!)

The faces of Secondary Saint Zhou’s close supporters were flushed and they had a strong impulse to leave immediately.

Secondary Saint Zhou’s expression seemed determined. He didn’t say a single word and entered the hall once again. (If I can’t win this round, I might as well die!)

“Saint Fang, what happened?”

Xu Chunbo was curious.

“That painting might be ordinary to you guys, but to me, it’s the most beautiful memory in my life!”

Fang Hong explained, “Take a closer look. That young couple who are flying a kite on the grass plains in the suburbs, the young couple who are catching fish and prawns by the river, as well as the young couple who are on the bed in the study. Don’t they all look the same?”

Everyone admired the art once again.

Only then did they notice that this wasn’t all. This couple’s traces could be found everywhere. They were having so much fun that people looking at the painting couldn’t help but smile.

“I told Teacher Sun about my past on the heavenly stairs previously!”

Fang Hong sighed.

[1] Along the River During the Qingming Festival, is a handscroll painting by the Song dynasty painter Zhang Zeduan. It captures the daily life of people and the landscape of the capital, Bianjing during the Northern Song.

Chapter 1326 Desperate Straits Erupt, Saint Appears Again!

No one’s life was perfect. Any human, as long as they were living, would keep on having regrets!

The childhood sweetheart Fang Hong liked the most had died of an illness, so her love also got cut off. Although Fang Hong did get married and have children later on, she didn’t like that husband and thus spent all her time on her work

The greatest regret in Fang Hong’s life was that she could not grow old with her childhood sweetheart and give birth to his children.

This matter had been tormenting Fang Hong and had become a nightmare that she dreamed of every night. Just like many boys, even if they had their own family and career, they couldn’t forget about their first love.

Fang Hong knew that she shouldn't have such a mentality. However, humans were emotional creatures to begin with, and emotions couldn't be restrained by reason.

"Poison to another, dew to me!"

Fang Hong reached out her hand, wanting to touch the painting, but she stopped when she was very close to it. She was worried that she would damage it.

"To you guys, this isn't a famous painting. It's even meaningless. But to me, it's my love!"

Fang Hong's tears streaked across her cheeks and fell like pearls from a broken necklace.

Everyone fell silent.

Everyone's regrets were different, but without exception, they were unforgettable. If they could be ignored, they'd have forgotten about them long ago.

"Teacher Sun, thank you!"

In this painting, Fang Hong saw her beautiful first love and re-lived those times. Those blissful memories in her heart made her feelings burst forth, and it became an opportunity for her to step into the realm of a saint.

"Saint Fang, those memories that we don't want to forget are the most priceless gems. They either motivate us, protect us, or console us. They are proof that we are still alive in this world."

Sun Mo understood Fang Hong.

The atmosphere was a little solemn because everyone had started to reminisce about their past. Only Secondary Saint Zhou was sitting cross-legged in front of the statue, looking straight into its eyes and still making inquiries.

"I suddenly feel that Secondary Saint Zhou is so pitiful!"

"Yeah, of all people, why did he have to provoke Secondary Saint Sun? This is great. His integrity can't be guaranteed in his old age anymore!"

"No matter how much he struggles, he's sure to lose!"

In everyone's opinion, it was impossible for Secondary Saint Zhou to win. He only had a good performance on heavenly stairs. As for the other rounds, he was simply beaten up.

Not only did Sun Mo perform excellently, but he also helped others gain enlightenment to great teacher halos and even become saints. How could Secondary Saint Zhou compete with him?

"Eldest Martial Sister, have you vented your anger?"

Qin Yaoguang poked Li Ziqi with her elbow.

"Why do I feel like Teacher is a great demon king?"

Lu Zhiruo suddenly felt that the pressure her teacher gave Secondary Saint Zhou was more like the one emitted by a great demon king, making people feel despair.

“Everyone, please remain silent!”

Xu Chunbo reminded. Regardless of whether Secondary Saint Zhou had a chance to win, as long as the time limit for the round hadn’t ended, Secondary Saint Zhou still had the right to continue.

“Come, let’s go and celebrate!”

Gu Xiuxun proposed. Of course, Sun Mo wouldn’t stay here to watch Secondary Saint Zhou’s performance. As for celebrating, it really didn’t matter to him. However, many high star-level great teachers wanted to take this opportunity to connect with him.

Even if Sun Mo was unwilling, he had to maintain these social conventions.

Hence, everyone drank all night.

Secondary Saint Zhou’s close supporters were indignant. The competition clearly hadn’t ended, but everyone felt that Sun Mo had won for sure. It was really infuriating.

Over the next few days, there was a huge crowd in front of Sun Mo’s temporary residence. People were coming to visit him.

Great teachers below 6-stars were not even qualified to pay a visit. If ordinary people wanted to pay a visit, they would have to at least be a prince, princess, or at the level of a prime minister.

After sending off another batch of guests, Sun Mo felt so tired that he leaned against the chair.

“Teacher, aren’t you in the legendary realm now? You’ll still feel tired?”

Lu Zhiruo gave Sun Mo a massage while asking. “It’s not my body that’s tired! It’s my heart!” Sun Mo felt helpless. “I feel that I’ll quit the job after doing it for just a few years. Receiving and sending off guests is too troublesome.”

“Teacher, are you complaining despite getting the good end of things? Many people want to be the sect lord, but they aren’t able to!”

Qin Yaoguang teased.

“Heh heh!”

Sun Mo picked up his teacup and was about to take a sip when he suddenly sensed a huge spirit qi fluctuation.

Li Ziqi and the others also sensed it and raised their heads to look out the window.

In the direction of Saint’s Hall, a large amount of spirit qi gathered.

“This...” Qin Yaoguang was astonished. “Someone is striving for the saint realm?”

“Come, let’s go to the Saint Gate!”



Sun Mo got up and headed for the Saint Gate. Almost at the instant he just arrived, the spirit qi fluctuations disappeared too. In its place, there were all sorts of auspicious spiritual beasts condensed from spirit qi running everywhere.

Pa!

Li Ziqi stomped down on a spiritual rabbit. As she watched the spirit qi dissipating, she pouted unhappily.

It was because this phenomenon represented that Secondary Saint Zhou had succeeded.

When Sun Mo and Secondary Saint Zhou met once again, the latter cupped his hands together, looking very much at ease. He didn't wear his previous expression as if his wife had run off with a random man but was extremely confident.

"Thank you Teacher Sun for giving me pressure and helping me become a saint!"

Secondary Saint Zhou's words might look nice, but anyone who didn't have anything wrong with their heads would know that it was mockery. After all, he was considered to be archenemies with Sun Mo.

Now that Secondary Saint Zhou had become a saint, he was one notch above Sun Mo again.

In the Nine Provinces, saints were amazing and they were the sky. They'd beat you up until you're convinced by them!

"My teacher is only 40 this year!" Lu Zhiruo pouted and retorted.

(What are you feeling so proud about? Is it worth feeling proud to become a saint at such an old age?)

Secondary Saint Zhou's countenance instantly turned grim.

To be honest, if other people were to say this, they'd be lashed at for being arrogant. It was because becoming a saint wasn't something achievable just because one wanted to. However, when the same situation was placed on Sun Mo, it didn't seem right. After all, this person had broken consecutive records and became the youngest secondary saint.

Xu Chunbo felt troubled. He didn't expect that after the results had been affirmed, another unexpected situation would pop up.

"To speak a word of fairness, even if Teacher Zhou has become a saint, the sect lord position should still be given to Sun Mo!"

Ji Xiangdong spoke up.

"Why?"

Saint Zhou's close supporters were unwilling to accept this.

"Because Sun Mo is young. Moreover, a secondary saint has sufficient eligibility!"

The moment Ji Xiangdong said this, many people started to chip in too. Their voices were so loud and their numbers were so great that the voices of Saint Zhou's close supporters were drowned.

“I didn’t expect Teacher’s reputation to be so high!”

Lu Zhiruo felt happy.

Li Ziqi chuckled. These people’s thoughts were very simple. Saint Zhou was already so old, so how many years could he last? After he died, it would be Sun Mo’s world.

To put it bluntly, even if he didn’t die, he might still not be able to win against Sun Mo.

More importantly, it was because Saint Zhou had been famous for so long and had a deep-rooted network of connections. Outsiders like these people wouldn’t be able to get in.

However, Sun Mo was different. He was all alone, and this was the time to build up his influence. If they were to join him now, they’d definitely be able to get more benefits.

“Although it’s important for us great teachers to improve our own upbringing, teaching and nurturing others is our responsibility and pursuit. Compared to becoming a saint ourselves, it’s a great feat for Secondary Saint Sun to help others gain enlightenment to great teacher halos and help secondary saints become saints!”

Ji Xiangdong continued. “That’s right, Secondary Saint Sun has helped two secondary saints become saints!”

After a 7-stars great teacher said that, he was stunned.

(Hmm?)

(Hold on, two secondary saints?)

(Why is it other than Saint Fang, I can’t seem to remember the other saint’s name?)

Xu Chunbo was an old school great teacher and couldn’t stand such a noisy squabbling atmosphere. He was about to stop them but was stopped by Wei Ziyou.

“It’s good for them to quarrel it out. Everyone will know their places then.”

Wei Ziyou had taken a liking to Sun Mo. Moreover, there were so many people supporting Sun Mo, so he hoped that Saint Zhou could step down by himself.

Saint Zhou felt very upset. He didn’t expect that he still didn’t have much face even though he had become a saint. However, he understood these people’s thoughts.

“Everyone, stop arguing!”

Saint Zhou spoke out with holy words and the place fell silent. Even the insects in the corners stopped making any sounds. “I don’t care about this sect lord position!”

Previously, Saint Zhou did want this position, but now he had let it go. “The reason I was fortunate to become a saint is because I was bent on fighting it out with Secondary Saint Sun.”

“Even if I have to pay for it with my life, I don’t care!”

This was also the greatest reason why Saint Zhou had become a saint. He had risked it all.

“I hold a clear conscience in the matter concerning Li Ziqi. It’s because in my eyes, she is worth nothing.”

His words caused the little sunny egg to clench her fists tightly. It also made Sun Mo’s gaze turn sharp.

“There’s no point in talking so much! Let’s see who has the true capabilities!”

Saint Zhou proposed, “We’ll use the old method that is used to resolve conflicts in the great teacher world!”

Swoosh!

A commotion broke out and everyone became excited.

It seemed that they were going to compete in their ability to teach!

The old method mentioned was to have three rounds of matches.

In the Nine Provinces, children could enroll in schools from the age of 12. Therefore, in the first round, two great teachers would each pick a child at the age of 12 and teach them for three months. They’d then let the two children fight each other. The winner between the two would represent the better teacher!

For the second round, the two great teachers would have to pick from students who were known to be ranked at the bottom of a school. They’d teach their respective students for three months and then let them have a duel again.

Of course, if the duel ended up being a case of weaklings fighting each other, then it wouldn’t be considered a win for either party. The students must be able to show an exemplary performance.

The third round would be to each pick students of the same age in a school and have them duel each other. This round would be to compete in the two great teachers’ judgment and experience.

Sun Mo knew about this. After all, the responsibility of great teachers was to teach and nurture people. These three matches went back to the foundations.

“Secondary Saint Sun, do you dare to accept the challenge?”

Saint Zhou sounded compelling.

Mei Ziyu wanted to advise Sun Mo not to be impulsive. The stage he was on right now could be said to be the best in the Nine Provinces. Moreover, Saint Zhou’s greatest blemish was Li Ziqi. If he were to win against Sun Mo, then he could wash off the humiliation and prove that he was more outstanding than Sun Mo.

Putting aside if Sun Mo would still have the face to assume the sect lord position after he lost, even if he were to do it, others would still feel that Saint Zhou was more amazing than the sect lord.

Hence, Saint Zhou was bursting with confidence now!

Chapter 1327 Three Consecutive Battles

Sun Mo’s current reputation was on the rise, and he didn’t need to put his reputation on the line against Saint Zhou. However, he still agreed to it.

Only by defeating Saint Zhou and having him apologize would the little sunny egg be able to truly untie the knot in her heart. Moreover, this person was considered his archenemy now. Defeating him openly and fairly on the 'battlefield' would allow Sun Mo to be able to stand above heaven and the earth, no longer having any other rivals.

"Then the two of you can go back to rest first. We'll meet at the public square to pick the students in three days!"

Seeing Sun Mo agreeing, Xu Chunbo immediately announced.

"Secondary Saint Sun, see you then!"

Saint Zhou cupped his hands together and turned to leave. His group of close supporters quickly followed after him.

"Sun, you were too impulsive!"

Gu Xiuxun complained.

"You can't say that. Up till now, not only has Teacher helped secondary saints advance to become saints, but he has also defeated secondary saints before. However, he had yet to get any battle experience at the 'saint' level."

Qin Yaoguang smiled. "After Teacher finishes Saint Zhou off, then he'll really be the number one great teacher in the Nine Provinces, including the saints."

"Then let Saint Zhou be the stepping stone!"

Lu Zhiruo put her fists together. (Teacher might lose? That won't happen.)

When the news of Sun Mo and Saint Zhou's showdown spread, those well-informed wealthy and influential people went crazy. They rushed to Saint Zhou's residence with their children immediately, not caring if their expensive steeds were slogged to their deaths.

Even a 7-stars great teacher would pick through thousands or tens of thousands just to select a single personal disciple, let alone the saints.

Therefore, now that Sun Mo and Saint Zhou each had to pick three students, this was an extremely rare opportunity. All parents who lived in cities near the Saint Gate rushed over without even having the time to bring dried food along as rations.

On the third day, before the sky lit up, the public square was already overcrowded with people. Even the few streets nearby were packed with people, making it hard for people to walk.

The staff members from the Saint Gate immediately helped to group up the people and only managed to make the situation more orderly after a morning of hard work.

At noon, Sun Mo and Saint Zhou arrived at the public square in succession.

A three-meter-tall arena was set up here.

“Are both of you ready?”

Xu Chunbo was still the one being the judge. Seeing both parties nodding, he instructed in a loud voice, “12-year-old children, please head up the arena in succession!”

“Mommy, I’m scared!”

A young boy saw the packed scene and felt anxious and helpless.

“Don’t be scared. If you’re picked, our family will flourish!”

His father’s face was filled with anticipation.

The parents of the other children were either encouraging or threatening them, saying that if they weren’t selected, they wouldn’t want them anymore. These parents’ minds were really filled with nothing but their own benefits.

Very soon, the children queued up into a long row and started heading up the arena.

Sun Mo and Saint Zhou stood at the side and assessed the children seriously. If they didn’t say anything, the queue would keep on moving. If someone said something, then they’d stop.

Many parents started crying when they saw their children passing by with neither great teachers saying a word.

This meant that their children’s aptitude wasn’t good enough and they didn’t have any chance.

Sun Mo listened to all the crying and even saw some parents starting to whack their children. He couldn’t take it anymore.

“Parents!”

After applying Lingering Sound onto himself, Sun Mo’s voice rang through the entire public square. “This is a competition between Saint Zhou and myself. To win, of course we’ll need to pick the most outstanding child. However, it doesn’t mean that the children who weren’t picked don’t have any aptitude.”

“Don’t you think you’re going against your conscience by saying this?”

Saint Zhou sneered, “Mediocre people still form the majority in this world.”

“So what? Are mediocre people not worthy to have dreams?”

Sun Mo retorted.

“Great teachers have limited energy. Are you saying that you can teach every single person in this world? What we need to do is to teach the most talented children and let them become the leaders to lead this world’s progress!”

This was Saint Zhou’s teaching ideology.

“That’s such a coincidence. I don’t care how the world is. I just want every student to become more outstanding. When they’re old and look back at their respective lives, they might feel that they aren’t successful enough, but they definitely won’t feel regretful. They can proudly say ‘I have tried my best.’”

This was Sun Mo’s choice

“That’s why your mentality isn’t mature. If you’re just an ordinary great teacher, you can do whatever you want. But you’re a secondary saint and you might even become a saint. Sun Mo, you are carrying the world on your shoulders. Its weight is a lot heavier than these children’s future.”

Saint Zhou said.

All the great teachers present quietly listened to their argument, not saying anything. However, in their hearts, they were on Saint Zhou’s side.

You might not be able to let an ordinary student gain independence and achieve success even if you were to devote 200% of your effort to them. However, you’d only need to put in 100% of energy into teaching a genius for them to be able to obtain tremendous success.

To put it simply, the great teachers in the Nine Provinces went with elite education. The world’s development had nothing to do with ordinary people and was led by the elites.

“There’s no point in talking so much! Let’s see who has the true capabilities!”

Sun Mo couldn’t be bothered to argue anymore.

It was impossible for ordinary people to change their values just because of a few words from others, let alone a saint.

The selection continued, but after Sun Mo’s comforting words, the atmosphere became a lot better. At least, although the parents were disappointed, they no longer beat and scolded their children.

“Hold on!”

Saint Zhou was the first to speak. He pointed at a tall child and asked, “What’s your name?”

“Old Master, my name is Black Pig!”

The child grinned widely.

“Don’t call me Old Master, call me Teacher!” Saint Zhou frowned slightly. “I didn’t ask for your nickname.”

“I don’t have a name. This is how my father calls me!”

Black Pig scratched his head. He felt that this old man was very scary.

“Show me a few punches.”

Saint Zhou instructed.

Black Pig swung his hands around messily, and he threw a series of punches. However, everyone’s eyes lit up when they saw this. This brat’s physique was very good.

Judging from his muscles and bone structure, he was clearly a genius for martial arts.

“It’s over! Momo is going to lose!”

Gu Xiuxun felt anxious. She had also learned her lesson. As she couldn’t call out Sun Mo’s full name, she changed to calling him by his nickname.

“That’s right. How far can a student go with just three months of guidance? It’s still primarily about their potential and willpower!”

Li Ziqi was very angry. “Although this Black Pig has taken a bath and changed into clean clothes, there’s still a faint smell of blood coming from him. He’s clearly a butcher. A child like him is definitely fiercer!”

The expressions of An Xinhui, Mei Ziyu, and the others looked increasingly bad. This child clearly had the looks of a ferocious general who could hold up against ten thousand people single-handedly.

“Secondary Saint Sun, I’m your elder, so I should let you choose first. If you like him, feel free to take him!”

Saint Zhou waved one hand, putting on a magnanimous appearance.

However, Xu Chunbo threw a glance at Saint Zhou and shook his head so slightly that it was unnoticeable.

This old man was really such a schemer.

Sun Mo cared about face and would definitely not take such advantages. Moreover, even if he wished to, he wouldn’t dare because in the event that Saint Zhou lost, everyone would say that he was the one who had picked this Black Pig.

“No need!”

As expected, Sun Mo rejected.

There were still 12-year-old children on the stage. They were allowed to pick one who was younger but not older.

“My son has been picked! My son has been picked!”

Black Pig’s father was elated and shouted loudly, attracting many envious, jealous, and hateful gazes.

Time passed by slowly and seeing the queue getting increasingly shorter, Xianyu Wei became a little anxious. “What if there isn’t anyone he likes?”

Helian Beifang and her had rushed over in the last two days.

“According to the usual practice, Teacher can only choose one or forfeit. He doesn’t have the right to search from another group of children.”

Qin Yaoguang explained.

“Secondary Saint Sun, if you don’t have any children you’d like to pick, I’ll allow you to change to another batch of students!”

The more Saint Zhou looked at Black Pig, the more satisfied he felt. If his performance wasn't bad, he could take Black Pig in as his personal disciple.

Sun Mo paid him no heed and continued to look at the children. This time around, he tried using Divine Sight. It could be used, but he didn't use it. If he was going to win, he was going to clinch a flawless win.

Finally, a thin and weak little girl appeared in front of Sun Mo. Her face was dirty and her clothes were also full of patches. However, her eyes were especially bright. She was looking around.

When she noticed Sun Mo sizing her up, she even stuck out her tongue secretly, putting a face.

This was a cheerful little girl.

"What's your name?"

As Sun Mo asked this question, everyone's gazes stared over, wanting to see the child Sun Mo had picked. After all, a person's reputation was like a tree's shadow. Sun Mo was a great teacher who could even let a 'trash' like Li Ziqi become renowned.

"I'm called Coal Briquette!"

The little girl's voice didn't sound very pleasant and was a little hoarse. "Uncle, pick me please. I'll be able to do whatever you want me to do well!"

"What makes you think that you'll be able to do it well?"

Sun Mo smiled and asked.

"It's because I can work hard!"

Coal Briquette rolled up her sleeves to show her arms. "Even though I'm thin, I can pull a lot of coal every day. Even my mother said that I'm more amazing than boys."

Sun Mo had long since seen through this little girl's background through the coal ashes between her fingers as well as her teeth, skin color, and the shape of her bones. She was a child laborer who worked at the coal mines.

Even in modern days, coal mining was a very dangerous job, let alone in the Nine Provinces where productivity wasn't developed. Each time they entered a mine was a life or death experience.

However, these people had no other means of making a living other than mining coals.

What was even more dangerous than adult coal miners were child laborers working on this job. Those bosses of the coal mines often dug out passageways that were only half a meter width in order to cut costs. They'd then let children climb into mine for coals.

Their work equipment was just a shovel, a big basket that they dragged on their back with a rope, and a coal dish that they could hold with their mouths.

A coal dish referred to a plate with some oil and a wick in it. When the children went into the mine, they'd have to bite it the entire time, not letting go. If the dish were to topple over, they'd have to work in the dark.



This was also the reason why Sun Mo could tell that this little girl was a child coal miner. It was because her teeth had grown weirdly from having to bite onto the coal dish over the years.

“Uncle, please pick me!”

Coal Briquette sniffed and her large eyes flickered, looking very bright.

“How many years have you been working in the mines?”

Sun Mo felt curious.

“Three years!”

Coal Briquette was very proud. “I’m the most experienced coal miner in town!”

Many great teachers frowned, and Xu Chunbo even cursed. “It’s shameless to let such a young child mine coal!”

Chapter 1328 Selecting New Disciples!

Xu Chunbo scolded fiercely for five minutes, but there was nothing he could do in the end.

Many coal miners had no other options to survive on. If Saint Xu were to use his influence to close down the mines, even though the owners of the mines would suffer great losses, the laborers would be the first to die of hunger.

Some people would say that these people could do something else instead of mining coal, but the truth was changing jobs was extremely difficult.

Putting aside the impact of so many workers gushing into other industries, just their numbers alone would make it hard for the government to handle.

Stability was more important than anything else!

Otherwise, what would they do if someone were to call out for the coal miners who had lost their jobs to start a rebellion?

This was Saint Xu’s helplessness.

“Uncle, please pick me. Pretty please?” Coal Briquette pleaded. “I eat very little and work a lot. It’s a very worthwhile deal!”

“Do you know what I want you to do?”

Sun Mo felt curious.

“That uncle said that if I’m selected, I’ll be able to eat good food and learn some skills. But I don’t believe that. How could there be such a good thing in this world?”

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Coal Briquette pouted. “Even if there’s such a good thing, I won’t be the one to get it! I’m guessing that you must be looking for someone to do a very important matter that one would have to put their lives on the line for! I’m not scared!”

Coal Briquette was born and grew up in the mining area and had seen too many accidents including water leaks, mine collapse, and gas... Hence, it was too difficult for coal miners to want to live long lives.

Even if they didn't die in the mines, they'd die at a young age from overwork. Their bodies would be plagued with illnesses.

This time around, a far-distant uncle knew that Coal Briquette was 12 years old and came to look for her mother, asking to let him bring the child here to give it a shot. It didn't cost any money anyway! If she was selected, her life would be completely changed! Coal Briquette's thoughts were very simple. Her younger brother was about to reach the age where he'd need to enter the mines too. Hence, she wanted to use her life to exchange for some money so that her mother and younger siblings could leave the mining district.

"Teacher, why don't you pick her?"

Lu Zhiruo interjected. She felt soft-hearted.

"Don't spout rubbish!"

Qin Yaoguang tugged the papaya girl. This wasn't a time to let their emotions get the better of them.

"Saint Xu, I'll pick her!"

Sun Mo beckoned at Coal Briquette. The young lass immediately ran over with a fawning smile. She had learned this while in the mining area. Her mother said that she had to smile like this when she saw the chief. Otherwise, she'd be whipped or sent to mines where it was more difficult to mine coals from.

"Sun Mo, you'll need to think about this carefully!"

Xu Chunbo frowned. Although this young girl looked very intelligent, she wouldn't be able to win against that Black Pig. In just three months, her lean and frail body wouldn't be able to be built up.

"Although I want to win, before my victory, I'm first a great teacher. My responsibility is to help these children grow!"

Sun Mo smiled and rubbed Coal Briquette's head.

"Don't, it's dirty!"

Coal Briquette dodged, worried that she'd dirty Sun Mo's hand.

"Secondary Saint Sun is really everyone's role model!"

Li Wanjun sighed. "Regardless of what the results of this round are, I'll support you for the sect lord position!"

"Me too!"

"Count me in!"

Even though Saint Zhou had become a saint, his ideologies were a far cry from Sun Mo's. Although these high star-level great teachers would also consider the various connections relating to benefits and interest, they were kindhearted people deep down inside.

Saint Zhou instantly felt uncomfortable as if he had eaten a fly. However, he really couldn't win in this aspect.

When Sun Mo had just joined the trade, he had retorted against others for Ying Baiwu's sake. This matter had long since become an event that was worthy of admiration, being seen as a role model for many.

After the students for the first round were picked, the ones for the second round were next.

There were a lot fewer students in this category. Every student who was ranked last in their cohort across all the schools in the entire city—all seven of them, including those without a famous school title—were brought over.

There were a total of over 300 of them.

Right now, all of them looked awkward. Their heads were lowered and they didn't dare to say a word.

This could be considered a 'public execution'. After today, everyone would know that they were trash. However, it was impossible for them to not come. Putting aside that this was a saint's order, they had also yearned to be selected. Wouldn't their life be able to change then?

Saint Zhou opened his eyes wide and inspected the group of people. Although they were all trash, he had to at least pick out the best amongst them.

"Which one of them do you guys think is a bright pearl shrouded in dust?"

Qin Yaoguang was also searching, trying to find buried talents from amongst them.

"Who'd know that?"

Li Ziqi could almost be certain that all of them were trash.

"Those who don't come from famous schools, step forward!"

Saint Zhou instructed.

Many students walked out.

"Wow, Saint Zhou is so amazing. Is he going to increase the difficulty for himself?"

Someone said fawningly.

Tsk!

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Great teachers who knew their stuff felt despise in their hearts. Teachers from famous schools were more capable and thus there were extremely few cases of misjudgments, so trash was just trash. However, things were different in those trashy schools. After all, the teachers there were of lower standards and they might have missed out on a genius.

"I'll pick this one!"

Saint Zhou finally picked a student he was satisfied with.

“Secondary Saint Sun, it’s your turn next!”

Li Wanjun urged. (Why aren’t you anxious in the very least?)

(You can’t be thinking of throwing this round, could you?)

“I made a set of lots on the spot. You guys can draw lots. I’ll pick the person who draws the red lot!”

Gu Xiuxun held onto the lot holder, not wanting to go over.

(Is it a really good idea to let fate decide?)

(We can also pick like how Saint Zhou did and try out our luck.)

However, the students were all agitated.

The great teachers present were first stunned and then started applauding, looking agitated and filled with admiration. Compared to Saint Zhou, Sun Mo’s performance was undoubtedly more magnanimous.

As the saying went, there should be no discrimination in education. Sun Mo had given all the students a chance while Saint Zhou picked one for himself.

Very soon, a lucky boy picked the red lot.

He came before Sun Mo. “I... I...”

“Don’t be nervous. From today onward, you’re my student!”

Sun Mo consoled him and activated his Divine Sight to scan his data.

(Mmm, he isn’t very strong, but he isn’t all that bad either!)

(Isn’t this going to be a sure win for me?)

At this moment, the candidates for the third round queued into a long row and started heading up the arena.

These students came from various schools. Although the fight hadn’t started, the competition already had.

If they had picked a student of a low cultivation level, it’d be over.

“How is Teacher supposed to pick?”

Lu Zhiruo felt troubled.

“It’s not possible to tell one’s cultivation level, so they can only judge based on one’s height, disposition, gaze, and other aspects. It won’t be wrong to pick one who is tall and has a strong body.”

Li Ziqi explained.

Cultivation required physical strength. Low-level cultivators would basically had a strong physique. “It’s also possible to tell from their clothings. Those who dress extravagantly must definitely come from big clans and tend to have better cultivating resources!”

Mei Ziyu explained in a soft voice.

Sun Mo assumed a prestigious expression, his gaze looking sharp and domineering as he stared at each student that walked past him.

Most students were unsettled, not daring to meet him in the eyes, but some wanted to be picked and bravely met Sun Mo's gaze. However, they'd avert their gaze after being stared at by him for three seconds. Less than 1% of them could meet his gaze without turning away.

Sun Mo quietly remembered these people's appearances.

Saint Zhou clearly knew this technique too. To avoid missing out on students who were more outstanding, he didn't choose immediately. Instead, he only started to speak after everyone in the queue had passed through.

"I'll pick this one!"

Saint Zhou pointed out. It was an 18-year-old young lady!

Great teachers who knew their stuff immediately shook their heads, feeling that things were going to be bad for Sun Mo.

"What's the matter?"

Lu Zhiruo felt very nervous at the sight of this scene.

"Look carefully. That girl walks on her toes and has a unique dance-like rhythm. If my guess is right, she should be from the Gongsun Clan!"

An Xinhui frowned. This clan had a family-inherited peerless-grade saint-tier sword art and was always able to nurture the most outstanding swordswomen.

Many families sent their girls to the Gongsun Clan. Even if their children couldn't pick up the sword art, they'd be able to pick up a set of sword dance, allowing them to perform in various imperial banquets. They wouldn't have to worry about their livelihood then! "Teacher Sun, it's your turn!"

Xu Chunbo urged. "I'll pick this one!"

Sun Mo picked a boy. He wasn't tall and looked very shy and reserved. When Sun Mo said that he picked the boy, the latter didn't feel great elation but showed a puzzled expression without any confidence instead.

"Haha!"

Saint Zhou laughed loudly and left the arena.

(Sun Mo, it's over for you this time around!)

"Teacher Sun, this..."

Li Wanjun, who was a 7-stars great teacher, couldn't tell how amazing this boy was.

"Wait until three months later!"

Sun Mo smiled. He didn't use Divine Sight, but his judgment was still there. Moreover, after having touched countless bodies with his ancient massaging technique through the decades, he was now similar to those watermelon farmers who could rely just on their sight to tell if a watermelon was good.

"Everyone, the selection has ended. Three months later, Secondary Saint Sun and Saint Zhou will go through three rounds of battles. The victor shall be the Saint Gate's sect lord!"

Xu Chunbo announced.

After returning to the manor, Sun Mo first met up with the parents of his three new disciples.

Out of them, Coal Briquette didn't have a father. Her mother was also a woman who hadn't been in important situations before and was worried that she'd offend Sun Mo if she were to show any discourtesy. Therefore, she had Coal Briquette's far-distant uncle come to meet Sun Mo.

Even though this uncle could speak well at the mines, now that he met Sun Mo, he just dropped to his knees and couldn't say a single word.

This was a secondary saint, a very important figure. "You can get up. From today onward, Coal Briquette will be following me!"

Sun Mo had checked Coal Briquette with Divine Sight. Her data was very perfect and her potential value was extremely high. The only problem was that she had some ailments from overworking. However, with the ancient massaging technique, any muscle damages or bone deformations wouldn't be a problem.

"En!"

Coal Briquette's far-distant uncle had only wanted to come to try their luck, but he now felt at a loss that Coal Briquette had successfully been picked. After all, this happiness had come too quickly, catching him unaware.

"Ziqi, make arrangements for her family's future lives and help them find some work!"

Sun Mo instructed.

"I've got it!"

Li Ziqi answered.

"Huh?"

Coal Briquette's far-distant uncle was stunned. The name 'Ziqi' was well-known in every family in the Nine Provinces. The Great Tang's female emperor was personally going to make work arrangements for them?

This...

He wasn't dreaming, right?

"Coal Briquette, this is the chance for you to change your fate. It'll be up to you on whether you can catch hold of it!"

Sun Mo looked at Coal Briquette and started his first lesson. “No matter how good a teacher is at teaching, it’ll be useless if the student doesn’t put in hard work!”

“Coal Briquette’s life will be Teacher’s from today onward!”

Coal Briquette didn’t know anything about hard work. She only knew that she had been sold and if she wanted to have a good life, she’d have to get into Sun Mo’s good books.

Chapter 1329 In the End, It’s Just Beating Till Convinced!

The ‘poor-performer’ picked by Sun Mo was called Bai Xiaoquan. He was 15 years old this year and was a weakling at the third level of the body-refinement realm. As his family was rich, he managed to get into a famous school by paying a hefty sponsorship fee.

Given the Bai Clan’s financial capabilities, they couldn’t afford to feed him heavenly and earthly treasures, but they could let him soak in medicinal baths every day. However, there weren’t any improvements.

As time passed, Father Bai had given up on his son.

Bai Xiaoquan was picked by Sun Mo, but Father Bai wasn’t happy at all. It was because his son was too much of a trash and there was a high possibility that he’d be sent back.

“Don’t worry and just leave him to me!”

Sun Mo consoled him.

The third student was called Shang Li. His father was a great teacher by the name Shang Han.

“I went to find out. That girl is called Gongsun Huiying, a talented junior from the Gongsun Clan. My son is definitely not her match.”

Shang Han’s voice was very soft and he didn’t even dare to look at Sun Mo. He was trying to give Sun Mo a preventive jab first so that his son wouldn’t be complained about if he were to lose.

“There’s no need to worry. Just leave your son to me!”

Sun Mo consoled him.

Seeing how Sun Mo’s temperament was so good, Shang Han was surprised. After all, he was just a 3-stars great teacher and he didn’t have any status compared to a secondary saint like Sun Mo.

“Although the duel that will be held three months later concerns my reputation, it also concerns your future. After all, it’s a stage that will receive a lot of attention. If you guys were to win, you’d win fame. But if you were to lose, you’d become a mockery!”

Sun Mo’s tone suddenly became harsh. “Therefore, during this time, buck up and work up to improve yourself.”

His three new disciples immediately responded with yes.

The special training started.

As for Coal Briquette, Sun Mo taught her the peerless-grade saint-tier Undying Mystic Art. Because Coal Briquette was used to seeing life and death, she could pick up this cultivation art very easily. In just two days, she succeeded in refining her body and performed the first level quite well.

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After correcting Coal Briquette's minor habitual mistakes, Sun Mo had nothing more to teach her.

After all, Coal Briquette was just 12 years old and a newbie. Even if he were to teach her a lot, she wouldn't be able to receive them. However, Coal Briquette was very hardworking

The hard work she put into her training every day reminded Sun Mo of the iron-headed girl back in the days.

For Bai Xiaoquan, Sun Mo performed a detailed checkup on him. This further ascertained that his senses and vision were extremely sharp.

"You're born to be an amazing archer!"

Sun Mo praised.

"Huh?"

Although Bai Xiaoquan had received Sun Mo's recognition, he wasn't happy. It was because what he wanted to be was a sword saint.

"How can everything in the world go as you wish?" Sun Mo sighed. "You'll either waste your life away or obtain achievements in archery!"

"I... I'll pick archery!"

Bai Xiaoquan still gave in. Being an archer was still better off than being looked down on.

"However, even though I have a peerless-grade saint-tier archery art, I won't teach you that!"

Sun Mo laughed.

"Huh?" Bai Xiaoquan was stunned. "Why?"

"It's because the times have changed!"

Sun Mo teased and then started to impart Bai Xiaoquan a new battle technique.

After Sun Mo came out of the training hall, his personal disciples came up to him.

"Teacher, will this work?"

Qin Yaoguang had always been cheeky and would speak whatever was on her mind.

"Of course it will!"

Sun Mo was very certain. "Technology is the number one battle prowess!"



“Teacher, how did you tell that he has talent in archery?”

Lu Zhiruo took out a small notebook, planning to record her teacher’s experience.

“Hey hey hey, your junior martial sister is a divine archer. You don’t even know this?”

Tantai Yutang teased.

“I noticed that day that Bai Xiaoquan could find his parents in the crowd at a glance. Moreover, he also dug out a piece of dry snot and flicked it out, hitting a fly.”

Sun Mo explained.

Sun Mo’s students were all astonished.

“Teacher, isn’t your observation too fine?”

Lu Zhiruo felt great despair. This was something that she’d never be able to learn in this lifetime.

As for Shang Li, even though Sun Mo had many peak-grade cultivation arts, this disciple wouldn’t be able to make many achievements in three months. Therefore, Sun Mo had Shang Li continue to practice his Bodhi Blade Art, corrected his wrong habits, and changed some moves to make the prowess even stronger while optimizing the battle tactic.

“This stance can be changed?”

Shang Li saw Sun Mo modifying the cultivation arts that he had been cultivating for over ten years. He first held doubt but quickly realized that the stance’s prowess had increased, and this took him by great surprise.

“Why not?”

Sun Mo smiled. “Every cultivation art was invented by our ancestors!”

Right now, Saint Zhou and Sun Mo went into seclusion to teach their students, not receiving any guests. It was as if they were cut off from the rest of the world, but the outside world was in a great commotion.

Many people felt that things were going to be bad for Sun Mo this time around.

For the first round, it was the butcher’s son with a bulky physique. No matter how they looked at it, he looked much stronger than the little coal miner girl. After all, the former had often seen blood and his body was also well nurtured. On the other hand, the latter was clearly malnourished and didn’t have enough to eat. In addition, she had had to do heavy labor and it was good enough that she hadn’t died from fatigue.

For the second round, both students were weaklings, so the highest possibility was for them to come to a draw.

For the third round, Gongsun Huiying would definitely be the one to win. Gongsun Clan’s sword dance was an outstanding closing performance. Without this sword dance, the banquets’ standard would drop by a lot.

As a matter of fact, the student Sun Mo picked also had his background uncovered. Although his father was a 3-stars great teacher and he was a lot stronger than ordinary people, he was nothing compared to Gongsun Huiying.

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Various underground gambling booths that were set up didn't think highly of Sun Mo's victory either.

Amidst such nervous and busy teaching and cultivating, three months passed by in the blink of an eye.

The Saint Gate had pulled funds to rebuild the arena for this great battle between a saint and secondary saint. They even added seats around to provide esteemed guests with a better viewing experience.

Of course, those who wished to get access to those seats would have to pay money!

The better the seats, the higher the price.

However, the Saint Gate wasn't going to keep the money. They would donate it all to fund the poor students.

As Xu Chunbo's legs weren't good, he was unable to host the competition. Therefore, the host changed to the 7-stars great teacher Li Wanjun. After all, his reputation was great enough. The moment Li Wanjun went up to the arena, he revealed this matter.

"Everyone should thank Secondary Saint Sun! This is his idea!"

Li Wanjun's words caused a commotion amongst the audience. Those esteemed guests who had paid high prices to access those seats suddenly felt that they hadn't been deceived of their money.

Saint Zhou's face instantly turned grim. What was this?

Sun Mo wasn't the sect lord, but he already had the authority of one?

Moreover, didn't this make him appear to be very incapable in comparison?

"The weather is clear today and it is slightly cool without any wind. What a good day for a duel. There is no time to lose, let the first match begin!"

Li Wanjun went straight to the point!

"Can the two participants for the first match please get on the arena!?"

Black Pig took gallant strides up the arena. After three months of training, his physique appeared even more majestic and he had a hint of one who could butcher ten thousand people single handedly.

At this moment, he wore training attire and held onto a golden-ringed blade.

"As this match is a competition of the individual's capabilities, participants aren't allowed to wear armor. Their weapons can only be ordinary blades, spears, swords, or halberds!"

Li Wanjun explained and introduced the two participants.

Coal Briquette used a dagger. After walking up to the arena, she did a somersault and jumped up, looking as agile as a monkey.

“Don’t let her get close!”

Saint Zhou threw a glance at Coal Briquette and reminded Black Pig.

This was acceptable. According to the rules, personal teachers could give live guidance during the match.

“Although I butcher pigs, I’m good at killing chicken too!”

Black Pig laughed. Usually, when he caught chickens at home, he would be able to hit his target just by throwing out his butcher knife.

Coal Briquette’s lips twitched.

“Both participants, please give your greetings!”

Li Wanjun gestured for them to stand 20 meters apart.

“Duan Zhu, third level of the body-refinement realm. Please give me your guidance!”

Sssss!

When everyone heard his cultivation level, they were all astonished. Wasn’t it too amazing for him to rise to the third level in three months?

“He must have taken some medicine!”

Some people guessed. Given Saint Zhou’s background, it’d be no problem to get some heavenly and earthly treasures to help nurture the body.

“Wang Xiaohua, second level of the body-refinement realm. Please give me your guidance!”

Gasp!

Hearing Coal Briquette’s introduction, everyone was stunned too. This child wasn’t bad either!

With Sun Mo’s ancient massaging technique, in addition to all sorts of medicinal packets, speeding up the improvement to the second level of the body-refinement realm was an easy feat. If it wasn’t because Coal Briquette had been overworked too much in her younger days, resulting in her life essence receiving damage, she’d be able to rise to the third level of the body-refinement realm too.

“That Black Pig must have taken some medicine!”

Qin Yaoguang said in disdain.

“Don’t speak rubbish. Saint Zhou has this bit of integrity!”

Sun Mo activated his Divine Sight and had taken a look at Duan Zhu’s various data. He hadn’t taken any medicine and just had an exceptional aptitude.

“Teacher, just you watch. I’ll give her an instant defeat!”

Black Pig bellowed and then charged out like a wild boar, pouncing toward Coal Briquette. His blade was over two meters long and weighed 75 kilograms, but he swung it around as easily as if it was a bean sprout.

The bigger the weapon, the clumsier it was. It'd give the opponents openings. However, this wasn't the case for Black Pig. The golden-ringed blade was swung vigorously, sending out layers of blade wind.

Coal Briquette rolled and immediately dodged.

Black Pig gave chase.

Looking at this, Coal Briquette tried to get close to retaliate, but she wasn't given the chance. Her opponent's blade force was impenetrable.

"Then just wait till he gets tired!" Coal Briquette started moving around.

"Haha!"

When Saint Zhou saw Coal Briquette starting to dodge, he guessed her battle tactic too and reminded, "It's useless. His stamina is good and his spirit qi reserve also far surpasses others his age. He won't get weaker even if he were to swing the blade for half an hour. But you on the other hand, will you be able to last so long?"

"You're lying!"

Coal Briquette shouted.

When Black Pig heard his teacher's praise, in addition to Coal Briquette's contempt, he instantly went all out and attacked even more vigorously.

Five minutes passed by.

Although Coal Briquette had been put through dangerous situations a few times, she managed to dodge those attacks.

Looking at this scene, Saint Zhou's countenance sank and he couldn't help but lash out, "If one tactic doesn't work, can't you change to another?"

Sigh!

Although Black Pig's physical aptitude was better, he wasn't that smart.

"Saint Zhou has given a new instruction again!"

Li Wanjun played the role of the host.

His words infuriated Saint Zhou. If he were to keep on giving guidance, wouldn't that mean that his student wasn't that good at adapting to the situation?

Look at Sun Mo! He hadn't said a word yet!

Black Pig immediately went onto defense, waiting for a chance to attack. However, he realized that his opponent didn't attack, and this made him feel at a loss, so he looked toward Saint Zhou.

“Make the decision by yourself!”

Saint Zhou didn't dare to give any further guidance.

Chapter 1330 Brother, Times Have Changed!

“Hey, Pig Head, I'm a girl. You actually don't dare to take the initiative to attack?”

Coal Briquette tried to provoke Black Pig. Otherwise, it'd be hard to deal with this guy when he was on strict defense.

“You're the one who is a pig head!”

Boys tended to be young and impetuous. Hence, he could not stand this kind of provocation and pounced forward again. The golden-ringed blade swung around even more wildly. “What a pity. This little pig has a good physique, but his brain is a little lacking!”

All the great teachers shook their heads. Combat intelligence was sometimes more important than one's physical aptitude. On the other hand, although Coal Briquette's aptitude wasn't too good, she had continued to be in control of the situation. This was talent that couldn't be taught.

“We might be able to win this round!”

Lu Zhiruo was happy. She didn't expect such a situation to happen in the first match when no one had high hopes for it.

Saint Zhou's expression became increasingly gloomy. Finally, seeing that the situation wasn't looking good, he roared again, “Use an area-of-effect skill to force her to fight head-on!”

Black Pig was afraid of sneak attack tactics. Even if his spirit qi wouldn't last long if he were to go all out, by not giving Coal Briquette any space to dodge, the battle could be ended quickly.

Hearing his teacher's guidance, Black Pig let out an enraged bellow, and all the spirit qi in his body suddenly erupted. A blade qi that was over three-meters-long then burst out on his blade, gushing toward Coal Briquette like a strong gust of wind.

“What a powerful ultimate technique! This is definitely a saint-tier cultivation art!”

“It's over! That little girl is going to lose!”

“All schemes are useless before absolute strength. It can't be helped. No matter how high her combat intelligence is, the difference in realm and strength makes it impossible for her to unleash it.”

The great teachers sighed.

“Die!”

Seeing Coal Briquette being forced into a corner, Black Pig broke into a proud smile.

“I can't afford to lose!”

Coal Briquette felt the chill from the sharp blade and her gaze became determined. (Teacher is very kind, so it's all the more I shouldn't let him down. If I were to lose, what right would Mother and my younger siblings have to continue receiving Teacher's help?)

Coal Briquette recalled how a coal mine had collapsed when she was ten, and her father was buried in it. Half a month later, her father's almost rotting corpse was sent back by the owner of the mine. They were also given ten silver taels as burial expenses.

This was considered a huge sum of money at the coal mines areas.

If a child laborer were to die, the compensation would depend on the owner. A kindhearted one might give five taels, and that'd be considered a lot.

"It's worth it to use my life in exchange for my family's happiness for the rest of their lives!"

At the thought of this, Coal Briquette didn't hesitate anymore and pounced straight toward Black Pig. As long as he died first, it'd be considered her win, right?

"Haha, you're courting death!"

Black Pig laughed. He felt that Coal Briquette was a trapped beast putting up a fight, just like those little pigs that had nowhere to escape to when he was going to slaughter them.

Swoosh!

His golden-ringed blade chopped off one of Coal Briquette's arm and a tremendous amount of blood splattered out, some of them splashing onto Black Pig's face. It blocked his vision and his attacks slowed down.

"Don't!"

Sun Mo saw Coal Briquette's intention and quickly stopped her.

"Ahh!"

Many in the audience screamed in fright.

Li Wanjun had wanted to stop the fight to avoid Coal Briquette from being killed. However, he held it in at the next instant. Now, a hint of admiration was flashing on his face.

"This is bad!"

Saint Zhou suddenly shot up and bellowed, "Go on full defense! She's coming!"

However, it was too late!

"A chance!"

Coal Briquette gritted her teeth, bearing the pain while rolling away to dodge Black Pig's golden-ringed blade. After that, she darted to his side and stabbed her dagger into his left waist multiple times.

Pffft! Pffft!

Warm blood gushed out like flood water, splattering onto the ground.

“Ahh!”

Black Pig screamed out and swung his blade chaotically. He had lost it due to the pain.

“Hurry up and stop! The match has ended!”

Li Wanjun bellowed and appeared between Coal Briquette and Black Pig, pulling them away from each other. “Medical team! Hurry up and give them treatment!”

Swoosh!

Sun Mo jumped up onto the arena and picked up Coal Briquette’s broken arm. He then dashed up to her, trying to help her reattach

*it.*

“Teach... Teacher, I... I won!”

Coal Briquette smiled. Her little face that had been smoked black from coal fuels looked relaxed.

“You shouldn’t have fought so hard!”

Sun Mo didn’t expect Coal Briquette to go to such a degree either! “The first round, Wang Xiaohua...”

Li Wanjun was just about to announce that Coal Briquette and Sun Mo had won when Saint Zhou bellowed out fiercely.

“Sun Mo, you’re inhuman!” Saint Zhou was enraged. “To think that you went to such despicable means for the sake of victory, teaching a young child to risk her life to take another’s! Are you still human?”

“Saint Zhou, mind your words! I didn’t teach her that!”

Sun Mo was angry too.

“Saint Zhou, being afraid of pain is natural for any child. The fact that she can use a battle tactic of letting her arm be chopped off and making her blood block the vision of her opponent... how could this have been taught in a few months?”

Xu Chunbo spoke up in fairness.

“That’s right. You saw her battle style too. She’s a smart child and went to this degree in order to repay Sun Mo!”

“She must have been put through a lot of hardship. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have become so mature at such a young age.” “Coal mines are places where deaths are a common occurrence.”

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The other great teachers interjected too.

Sun Mo had won this round.

Eating heavenly and earthly treasures could nurture one's physical aptitude, but battle intelligence was inborn. No one had heard of someone being able to increase their intelligence through hard work. They'd only be able to improve their memory skills at best.

Hearing this, Saint Zhou snorted and didn't continue to pursue the matter.

He had let the anger get into his head earlier because he had lost a match that should have been a sure win.

At the sight of this scene, Saint Zhou's son sighed helplessly. He had hinted to Black Pig in private that he'd had to win no matter what price he had to pay. However, Black Pig clearly didn't dare to risk it with his life.

When he was stabbed by Coal Briquette at the end, he panicked. Otherwise, if he were to attack Coal Briquette, seeking to die together with her, it'd be a draw.

"Little Coal Briquette, you reminded me of your Senior Martial Sister Baiwu. In the past, she'd also risk her life like this!"

Li Ziqi teased. "And there's no need to worry about your arm. Teacher's Ancient Dragon Capturing Hands is very amazing. He'll definitely be able to return it to normal."

"Hehe, it's a steal to have gotten a win without paying any price!"

To be able to win by just losing an arm... To Coal Briquette, it was a great steal.

There was a medical team to attend to the injured. After Li Wanjun paid some attention to their conditions, he continued to host the competition, "Can the two participants for the second match please get on the arena!?"

"Teacher!"

Bai Xiaoquan felt a little anxious.

"It's alright! Believe in yourself!"

Sun Mo encouraged Bai Xiaoquan, patting his shoulder and then giving him a strong push on the back.

"Go prove that you aren't trash!"

As both participants were poor performers, Li Wanjun was nice to not introduce their names. Otherwise, it'd be a public execution.

"Try your best to win this round!"

Saint Zhou's son encouraged Hu Baoyu.

"Shut up!"

Saint Zhou shouted at his son and then turned to say, "Just do your best. Don't be too concerned about winning or losing. However, I hope that you can give yourself some pressure!"

"I understand!"



Hu Baoyu clenched his fists. He was going to learn from that Coal Briquette and went all out in this match.

After both of them went up and bowed, Hu Baoyu pounced toward Bai Xiaoquan, thrusting out his longsword.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

It looked like blooming plum blossoms.

“His sword art is alright!”

Everyone’s eyes lit up.

On the other hand, Bai Xiaoquan dodged and shook both his arms. As a result, two spirit rune handguns slid out from his sleeves and he caught them. Then, he rubbed them against his thighs to pull the trigger, raised his arms, and launched two shots.

Bang! Bang!

The sudden exploding gunshots gave Hu Baoyu a scare. However, seeing that he wasn’t hit, he felt at ease and continued to attack fiercely.

Bai Xiaoquan continued to dodge and move around Hu Baoyu as the latter attacked, occasionally shooting.

Those who knew their trade would cheer ‘fast draw[1]’.

“What is he doing?”

The audience couldn’t understand. It was because this duel seemed too different from what they were used to seeing. However, the great teachers started to discuss privately amongst themselves.

Five minutes later, Hu Baoyu suffered a kick from Bai Xiaoquan. However, the former also injured the latter’s wrist, causing him to drop the gun on the ground.

“Stop!”

Li Wanjun announced.

“Oh yeah! I’ve won!”

Hu Baoyu cheered happily.

“No, you lost!”

Li Wanjun interrupted Hu Baoyu. “If Bai Xiaoquan didn’t hold back, you’d have died over ten times!”

“You’re spouting rubbish!” Hu Baoyu became anxious. “I’m clearly alright!” “Saint Zhou, what do you think of this?”

Li Wanjun asked.

“What capabilities is it to rely on the advantage of a weapon?”

Saint Zhou argued.

“Saint Zhou, this is a fast draw.” Qin Yaoguang explained, “It refers to using handguns to perform close combats!”

“This is a far-distance weapon, right? Why didn’t he shoot from far?”

Someone felt baffled.

“There are long guns to be used for long-range attacks, but when the opponent gets close, it won’t be as useful. Therefore, we have to use a handgun!”

Qin Yaoguang explained as she jumped onto the arena. She then drew out a spirit rune handgun and kept shooting out while her body moved around.

Compared to a newbie like Bai Xiaoquan, when Qin Yaoguang performed a fast draw, it appeared elegant and dangerous. When using cold weapons, one wouldn’t be able to deal any damage if they didn’t hit their opponent’s bodies. However, it was different for handguns. Bullets were too difficult to defend against.

The great teachers’ countenances changed. They were all very experienced cultivators and it didn’t take them a lot of effort to understand how terrifying the fast draw was.

At this moment, Saint Zhou’s countenance turned grim. He wanted to argue, but his pride as a saint told him that he couldn’t find a suitable reason to do so.

This round might seem as if they were fighting to decide on the victor through the duel, but it was in fact competing on who would be able to help a poor-performing student improve. Bai Xiaoquan had learned fast draw, clearly opening up a new path for him.

In comparison, Hu Baoyu appeared very mediocre.

“Such weapons are too strong!”

Saint Zhou’s son found an excuse, pushing Bai Xiaoquan’s victory onto his choice of weapon.

“Brother, times have changed!”

Sun Mo chuckled. “The greatest meaning of weapons is to kill enemies in the most efficient way possible. Are you going to use blades and swords when you have guns to use?”

“Secondary Saint Sun, do you sell these guns?”

“I’ll order 1,000 of them!”

“Me too! You can call whatever price you want!”

The major characters placed their orders straightaway. These things weren’t bad and could be used for self-defense.

“Saint Zhou, you’ve lost the first two matches. Do you still want to continue?”

Li Wanjun asked.

The pressure was now on Saint Zhou. He could use the third match to expunge his humiliation. However, if he were to lose this round, he'd be utterly humiliated.

"Of course!"

Saint Zhou was very upset. If only Gongsun Huiying's match was second. But that didn't matter anymore. He must win this round. "Huiying, I want an instant win. Are you able to do that?"