

## Versatile 411

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#### Chapter 411: Humiliation to His Dignity

"Sister Mu, look, the Demon King is being himself again. He publicly called the students in Fire School trash, and even doubted the Elemental Director, Wei Rong's teaching method... HAHAHA, there's always something fun when the Demon King is around!" In the Plant School's lecture hall, Ai Tutu happily read the news on her phone to Mu Nujiao.

Most people in Pearl Institute's main campus were well-behaved. Occasionally, there were a few students acting scornfully, but Ai Tutu felt like they were just putting up a show!

Mo Fan was completely different. He would always cause something epic to happen. As expected of the Demon King, he had already stirred such chaos on the first day back. The whole school forum was discussing it!

"The people from the renowned clans always try so hard just to earn some reputation in the main campus. They would go as far as putting up all kinds of shows just to grab everyone's attention. Meanwhile, this guy who doesn't belong to any faction always manages to enter the limelight..." Mu Nujiao could not help but giggle.

"Yeah, that's so true. Last month, that Xiao Jiahe from Xiao Clan did a self-directed and fake demon beast hunting, and the so-called epic duel between the pampered sons of Zhou Clan and Li Clan... They were so weak compared to the Demon King!" Ai Tutu laughed.

"But it seems like he has overdone it this time," Mu Nujiao could not help but feel worried for Mu Nujiao.

The main campus was different from the Azure Pearl Campus. The latter was only for new students, thus everyone had just graduated from high school. They would at most just barely have achieved the Intermediate Level. Even those with a formidable background would not easily expose themselves.

Here at the main campus, not only was everyone an Intermediate Magician, they would have achieved a certain status in society. To an extent, they would be representing different parties and factions, thus there were people with outstanding talents, formidable backgrounds, and incredible strength here.

The rules for the main campus were rather simple, too. As long as they had yet to achieve the Advanced Level, they could stay at the school to cultivate for as long as they wanted.

In other words, you could easily find all sorts of maniacs below the Advanced Level here at the main campus!

In Mu Nujiao's case, this was her first year at the main campus. Even with her talents, she was only ranked one hundred and forty-fifth. She could not even get into the top one hundred.

That being said, her results were fairly outstanding among the new students.

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Mo Fan comfortably laid down on the couch and ate some fruits after going back to the apartment.

The place did not have much, except for an abundant supply of snacks and fruits, stocked up by both Mu Nujiao and Ai Tutu. Mo Fan was not so fussy about courtesy with his two beloved concubines.

He had only rested for a brief moment when he received a message from Lingling, asking him to pay a visit to the Clearsky Hunter Agency.

Mo Fan finally recalled that he had yet to report for duty to Old Bao after coming back here for quite a long time. The old man would surely know that he had returned to Magic City in one piece.

Mo Fan left his home and hailed a cab.

"When should I sort out the license for the Swift Star Wolf? It's so inconvenient to hail a cab every time I need to go somewhere... not sure if requesting a license for a Summoned beast would also need to go through a license-plate lottery?" mumbled Mo Fan.

{TL Note: License-plate lottery is a thing in Beijing. People who want to buy a new car have to submit a request to get a license plate. They would then enter a pool, and the winner of the lottery will then be granted the license plate, as a way of implementing road space rationing.}

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As he arrived at the Clearsky Hunter Agency, Old Bao looked dispirited as usual, sitting at the bar. Perhaps business was not too good lately. There were no serious jobs, and even the tea he was drinking was no longer the expensive kind.

"Old Bao, I'm back!" greeted Mo Fan with a charming smile.

"Humph, you brat should just die in the wild, so my Clearsky Hunter Agency can recruit a more reliable hunter who never skips his shifts!" replied Old Bao in an unpleasant tone.

"Hehe, please don't say things like that, I still need to earn some of my living expenses here... By the way, Old Bao, I've got some nice material to forge an armor equipment. You've got connections, introduce me to a reliable forgemaster, so I can make myself a set of armor. Otherwise, my life will always be in danger," said Mo Fan.

"An armor set doesn't come cheap, you sure you have the money?" asked Old Bao while raising his brows.

"I do have some. I just caused little trouble, so it's going to be somewhat annoying if I don't have any great equipment."

Li Man had handled the Xuanwu Giant Lizard's corpse. She had transferred nineteen million RMB to Mo Fan's account.

There was neither some rare loot nor a Soul Essence. Mo Fan was quite surprised that the corpse was still worth nineteen million RMB.

Well, a Commander-level creature was definitely not easy to hunt. One could easily lose their life fighting against them!

"I'll give my old friend a call. You just need to bring the materials and money to Dongfang Oriental Tower. Since you're back, I do have a pile of requests for you and Lingling to handle," Old Bao brought out a pile of papers.

"Not a problem!" Mo Fan beat his chest, as if he were trying to say that he was willing to take all the responsibilities.

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After receiving the requests, Mo Fan had a weird look.

It was not because the requests were extremely difficult, but seriously, what kind of requests were these?

"Head to the sewage to capture a blood-marked Colossal-eyed Ape Rat, I thought any hunter could easily do that. And this, a newly bought tamed beast has run away, a lost and found request? And what the heck is this, help us to retrieve a protection fee... Old Bao, are you seriously that poor, accepting these questionable requests?" Mo Fan almost dropped his jaw to the ground.

Old Bao coughed. "I was out a few days ago, so I asked my friend to manage the place for a while. Who knew he would accept all this rubbish? For the sake of our Clearsky Hunter Agency's completion rate, you are our only hope... since you're the weakest hunter we have," said Old Bao.

"...these requests only add up to a few tens of thousand at most. Isn't this just a waste of my time?!" cursed Mo Fan.

With his current strength, he could easily handle a request with a reward of a hundred thousand. There might be too many Intermediate Magicians in Pearl Main Campus, but in the general society, Intermediate Magicians were incredibly rare. Their entrance fee was comparable to that of the celebrities!

"Stop complaining and sort them out. I'll give you a case with big money when there's one. By the way, your little money isn't enough to ask my old friend a favor, since his fees are rather costly," said Old Bao with an awkward look. As a matter of fact, he also agreed that the quests were questionable. They were a humiliation to his gold-class service.

Doing hard labor when he just came back, and the money was only enough to pay his expensive rent and everyday expenses...

Recalling his recent glorious achievements of beating the Razortail Drake, outsmarting the Xuanwu Giant Lizard, rescuing the Black Totem Snake, chasing the Silver Skyruler, and now he had to find someone's husband's paramour, look for a lost dog, and attach advertisements on electric poles... such a humiliation to his dignity!

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**Chapter 412: Volunteer Son-in-Law**

Mo Fan began to feel like he had journeyed down a path with no turning back as he and Lingling got busy doing the questionable requests along the streets. However, when he thought about the Hunter Competition next year, in which the hunters with higher points would be grouped into different levels, he tried to comfort himself that he was doing the quests for the sake of accumulating the points he needed.

Luckily, he had the intelligence capsule, Lingling, with him, which made all the quests extremely easy. Within just a week, he had completely fulfilled all the requests, earning a total of five hundred thousand RMB from the bounties. In the past, it would be considered a huge sum to him, but unfortunately, every transaction he needed to rank up past the Intermediate Level would involve millions, or even tens of millions, for a better outcome. His hopes of finding a Soul Seed for his Shadow Element seemed rather impossible!

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After settling the quests, Mo Fan returned to school, and quickly found himself with a worse headache. The challenges sent to him had stacked up into a greater pile than the requests in his hunter agency!

Luckily, the challenges were scheduled on the second and fourth weeks of every month. Otherwise, he would have to give his resources up to the challengers.

The resources given by the school were fairly spectacular, including a chance to cultivate inside the Three Step Tower. That was the most attractive reward to Mo Fan, without a doubt. It was the sacred ground for cultivation!

The resources for the hundredth rank were rather satisfying, too. Mo Fan was quite surprised that he was given a Magic Accelerator.

The Magic Tool was fairly unique. It allowed Magicians to align their stars more adeptly, ensuring smooth and less breakable connections. Using the tool to practice would greatly improve learning efficiency. Most importantly, it could shorten the time required to draw and align the stars.

In simpler words, the tool could improve casting speed!

The battles between Magicians seemed complicated, but they were actually very simple. The ones who could cast their magic faster than their opponents would usually gain the upper hand.

If someone like Mo Fan, who had ranked up his Basic Lightning and Fire Spells to the fourth tier, could further improve his casting speed, to the extent that he could cast them by swiping his hands in the air, then he was pretty much unbeatable against Magicians on the same level.

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On a side note, Mo Fan was fairly surprised when he learned that the school also provided Fire Element Soul Seeds.

Every time the ranking was updated, the students would receive a certain amount of Soul Seed Pieces. Once they collected enough pieces, if they were lucky enough, they could smelt a Fire Soul Seed from them.

Mo Fan now had one Soul Seed Piece with him. Once he saved up to ten pieces, he would have enough pieces for the smelting.

Similarly, the smelting would require different kinds of Fire Element materials. The better the materials, the higher the success rate. If he managed to smelt a Soul Seed, it would improve his strength significantly!

Mo Fan already had the Rose Flame, thus smelting another Fire Soul Seed would not make any difference. As such, he traded the Fire Element Soul Seed Pieces for Shadow Element Soul Seed Pieces. He was eager to improve his Shadow Element with a Soul Seed.

There was no Soul Seed for the Summoning Element, but the resources a Summoner needed were comparable to other Elements, as the lineage, soul, and flesh of their beasts were already a lot to understand and master. Mo Fan's resources were still very limited. He could not even afford to buy a young beast, thus his Skill Contract Summoning was left wasted still.

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Speaking of which, Mo Fan was desperately in need of money.

Mo Fan had too many things he wanted to improve upon reaching the Intermediate Level. If he could not find a way to fully utilize all his Elements, how could he possibly conquer the school?

Therefore, Mo Fan really needed the resources that the school had given to him. There was no way he would give up on them. He had to find a way to deal with the challenges.

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"Students in the top fifty will be given two Soul Seed Pieces and a Fire Element Magic Tool. Ai Tutu, what is this Fire Element Magic Tool useful for?" asked Mo Fan.

"Are you an alien? Everyone knows that the Fire Element Magic Tool is useful for improving the efficiency of your cultivation of the Fire Element. It's sort of similar to the Nebula Tool. The Nebula Tool improves one's soul, so that the Magician's general casting speed can be improved. Meanwhile, the Fire Element Magic Tool specifically targets the Fire Element. It can stack together with the effects of the Nebula Tool. On its own, the benefit it provides is fairly ordinary, but if supported by an outstanding Nebula Tool, it would significantly improve the cultivation of a particular Element!" explained Ai Tutu, who was busy eating her banana.

"I see, so it's very useful to me. So if I were to cultivate in the Three Step Tower, with both the Nebula Tool and the Fire Element Magic Tool, and focus on the cultivation of the Fire Element, doesn't that mean it would skyrocket?" said Mo Fan with glistening eyes.

Ai Tutu nodded. Her chubby mouth was corked with half a banana as she mumbled with a blurry voice, "The problem is, it's already impressive to have either one of them, yet you're thinking of stacking them together? Isn't that too good to be true?"

"What rank would I need to get a chance of cultivating in the Three Step Tower?" asked Mo Fan.

"In your Fire School, I guess you'll need to get in the top fifty to be able to cultivate in the Three Step Tower for one day. The higher your rank is, the longer the time you'll be given. With your strength, it's

impressive enough that you can hold on to the hundredth rank. Forget about the top fifty, everyone up there is nothing but a maniac. You can only find people that are crazier and richer than you. If you don't have a complete set of equipment, you don't even have the guts to tell other people that you're ranked in the top fifty in the Fire School.

"Look at yourself, a total poyo without any presentable equipment. Your Double Innate Elements has given you lots of moves, but if someone's defensive equipment was particularly strong against your Lightning Element or Fire Element, you are going to lose for sure!" said Ai Tutu.

"That is a great reminder," Mo Fan nodded seriously.

After all, he was not an RMB player. He lacked equipment the most compared to the fuerdai. His advantage of having the Double Innate Elements was somehow non-existent against someone else's complete set of equipment. Not everyone was a fool like Dongfang Ming, who would spend a huge amount of money on Wing Magical Equipment which was not particularly useful in a head-on battle against other Magicians.

If he had used the money he spent on the Wing Magical Equipment to buy a powerful shield or magic armor, it would easily have protected him from Mo Fan's Basic Spells, making it harder for Mo Fan to win their battle!

"Why don't you volunteer yourself as the Mu Clan's son-in-law? Sister Mu's clan does put a lot of effort in training great talents. With your reputation as the demon king, I believe they would be more than willing to provide you a complete set of equipment," said Ai Tutu with a smile.

"Not a bad idea," Mo Fan wore an evil smile, as his half-squinted eyes stared at the glamorous Mu Nujiao watering the plants on the balcony.

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#### **Chapter 413: Loving One Another Wholeheartedly**

Mu Nujiao turned around, blushing, and glared at Ai Tutu who had given him the rotten idea. She snapped furiously, "Stop talking rubbish, who would want someone like him who only know how to stir up troubles? It would be a relief if he didn't ruin our clan's reputation."

Ai Tutu quickly leaned closer to Mo Fan when she saw Mu Nujiao trying to justify herself. She whispered with an evil grin, "Demon king, did you notice? Since you've come back alive, Sister Mu has been deriding and giving you lots of caustic remarks. I've never seen her treat any man like this. If she didn't actually hate you, she must have fallen in love with you. I did mention the Mu Clan's son-in-law, but I never said she would be marrying you. The Mu Clan has many daughters."

Mo Fan quickly nodded after hearing Ai Tutu's explanation.

Mu Nujiao blushed even more. She never thought the two would collude to set her up. She turned around, not willing to speak to them, while trying to escape from the awkward situation.

"Well, I guess your sacrifice to save her life is working pretty well," said Ai Tutu.

Mo Fan nodded heavily, before asking with a stern look, "If I'm going to marry her to become their son-in-law, I'll go even if they aren't offering me any equipment."

Ai Tutu rolled her eyes at him and rebuked, "In your dreams!. With Sister Mu's value, their clan would surely want a young Advanced Magician, who also needs to have a high chance of achieving the Super Level. An Intermediate Magician like you, who doesn't even have a formidable background, could only marry with an uglier, and less important daughter from one of their side families. Besides, to marry the daughter of a renowned clan, you probably need to fill this room up with high-quality equipment. There's no way they would give you equipment!"

"So what you're implying is that even if I were to join a renowned clan, I will most likely end up as a butler, who has to obey the commands of their pampered sons and daughters. Sigh, such an evil class society. Why don't they look at our wholehearted love toward one another? Why can't they let go of their feudalism for once?" exclaimed Mo Fan as he raised his head.

Ai Tutu burst out laughing while hugging her stomach when she heard this.

Mu Nujiao, who was on the balcony, could not stay any longer. She initially thought Mo Fan would reflect upon himself when discussing such a serious topic, as it would serve as a great blow to his dignity, yet he was as shameless as usual.

Who the hell loved him wholeheartedly?

Mu Nujiao quickly went back to her room, to avoid falling into their hands again.

That Ai Tutu deserved a beating. When they agreed to rent the place together, she had promised that they would stand against the smug demon king together, yet she had been colluding with him. Lately, her eyes would glisten whenever she heard news related to the demon king.

At this rate, maybe her Ai Clan would take the initiative to recruit him as their son-in-law!

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As the date of the challenges approached, Mo Fan had spent most of his time cultivating to prepare for the battles. He did not even have extra time to get his armor sorted out. Whenever he went for a meal, he would see people taking pictures of him with their phones, before muttering something like "We shall catch the Fire School's Zhao Ritian alive!" under their breaths.

{TL Note: Zhao Ritian is a meme figure from a parody song, "My name is Zhao Ritian". It's quite complicated to explain the origin, but basically, just think of someone who has done lots of evil deeds.}

Mo Fan was now referred to as the Fire School's Zhao Ritian. The whole school was well aware of his arrogance and scornful attitude.

His rate of becoming famous totally outmatched the attention seekers who desired their names to be listed on the school's leaderboard.

However, Mo Fan was the first to disagree!

Which idiot gave him such a weak nickname!

Wait and see, in less than a month, the students of Pearl Institute would know that the infamous demon king had returned!

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Afternoon, Mo Fan had just come back from the training ground.

The training ground was fairly helpful. Not only did it provide targets that moved on their own for the students to train their accuracy, it also had a small magic platform in the corner, where the students could replenish their energy quickly.

The replenishment of energy required a significant amount of time, yet it would deplete fairly quickly when the students were practicing their Spells. Therefore, the magic platform provided at the training ground greatly boosted the students' efficiency.

That being said, the training ground was only open to the top three hundred students. The others were only permitted to use the ordinary training grounds. Those who were ranked even lower could not use the training grounds with moving targets.

The special facilities were only available to those ranked highly on the leaderboard. Those ranked lower had no choice but to keep on challenging the students that were stronger if they were eager to have more resources and access to facilities.

After training at the school for the past few days, Mo Fan finally understood why those with low ranks were so keen to challenge him. Leaving the resources aside, even the access to the different facilities was tied to the students' ranking, too.

Mo Fan began to feel a headache again as soon as he left the training ground. He had learned how useful the hundredth rank was to him, thus he was reluctant to give it up. However, too many people were trying to challenge him. His energy alone was nowhere sufficient to last until he finished all the challenges. How could he possibly keep his ranking?

While walking on the street, a fairly weak-looking male student bumped into his chest around a corner.

"Sorry, sorry, I didn't mean to," said the weak-looking student.

Mo Fan was confused. He was actually at fault since he was too immersed in his thoughts, but the person kept on apologizing. Mo Fan subconsciously assumed the student to be timid.

"Aren't you Zheng Jiahui?" Mo Fan recognized the student with the lowest rank.

Zheng Jiahui raised his head and saw the infamous Mo Fan. His face immediately turned pale, who responded with a stammering voice, "Why... why is it... you.. .I... I should stay away from you."

Mo Fan's eyes glistened when he saw Zheng Jiahui. He quickly grabbed his hand and smilingly said, "What are you afraid of? They are already looking down on you. You're no different than me, the public enemy of the whole element."

"I know that the trash you were describing was me. I...I admit that I'm the weakest, but...but I don't dare to offend the teacher or challenge the students," said Zheng Jiahui in a soft tone.

Mo Fan patted heavily on the kid's back and said, "So do you want to stop yourselves from ranking last? I do agree that it's quite humiliating."

"Forget it, I've been the last for half a year. Once I finish this year, I'll leave Pearl Institute," said Zheng Jiahui.

"Don't give up on yourself, help me with a favor, and not only I will guarantee you resources that you could ever dream of, I'll also help you to get out of the last rank. As a reward, I'll also lend you the Nebula Tool that is given to the hundredth rank, how's that?" said Mo Fan with gleaming eyes.

When he saw the last ranked of the Fire School, Zheng Jiahui, he immediately came up with an idea.

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#### **Chapter 414: The Week**

Zheng Jiahui looked at Mo Fan in disbelief. In his eyes, a good Nebula Tool would only be given to someone strong who had put in a lot of effort. It was incredibly precious. He never thought someone would lend something so precious to him. His eyes stared at Mo Fan for a while, before he shook his head and said, "Don't play a joke on me, I'm on my way to the training ground for practice."

"Where is your resolution? You are already ranked last in the Fire School. What's the point of being so hardworking? You're a disgrace to the term dunce," said Mo Fan.

"If I don't work hard enough, I won't have any chance to defeat the people ranked higher than me," said Zheng Jiahui with a stern look.

"I'll make it clear, your problem is not because of your cultivation. What you lack are resources. Everyone is the same when they first enrolled into Pearl Institute. We are all Intermediate Magicians. If you really want to compare, the difference between those ranked after a thousandth is negligible. I'm sure that you're only ranked last because you completely forgot how to cast your Spell in a duel."

"Why do you know that?" asked Zheng Jiahui.

Mo Fan had no intention to waste his time anymore with this Zheng Jiahui. He took out the Nebula Tool given to the hundredth rank student and shoved it into Zheng Jiahui's hands.

Zheng Jiahui stared at the Nebula Tool for quite a while. He could not understand why someone would give their Nebula Tool to someone else.

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Time gradually passed. The challenge week had arrived. The people of the Fire School were rubbing their palms, as they could not wait to teach the asshole who scolded them a lesson.

The students of the Fire School had all gathered in the main hall. They would glance in Mo Fan's direction at times. As a matter of fact, they were quite surprised when they saw Mo Fan in the hall. Was he really not afraid of being targeted by everyone?

Mo Fan was seated at the same spot behind Huang Xingli and Ding Yuming. Unfortunately, he still did not have the chance to look at the appearance of the Fire School's goddess.

Huang Xingli turned around with a surprised look and said, "Are you really so tired of living? Today is the first day of the challenge week. Anyone who is ranked lower than you will challenge you to a duel for sure, and you have no choice but to accept them, unless you're willing to hand over your resources. Many people have set their eyes on your resources. Are you out of your mind?"

"It's only our second time meeting one another. You don't have to be so concerned about me," teased Mo Fan.

"Psycho!" Huang Xingli turned her head around.

Wei Rong stood on the stage as usual. He managed to find Mo Fan among the crowd fairly quickly. He was wearing a grin. He could not wait to see how smug the kid would be today.

"I have the list of names for the challenges that were sent out over the week. They are effective as long as the duels are taking place on the ring here. I believe everyone is well aware of the rules, so I won't be saying much. Let's begin," said Wei Rong.

Every month, the people ranked fairly high on the leaderboard would purposely initiate conflict with one another, to attract a crowd to their duel. The only way for the disciples of the renowned clans to increase their reputation was through endless challenges.

Unfortunately, those who were planning to use the challenges to increase their ranking and reputation at the same time had miscalculated, as Mo Fan had taken all the limelight for himself.

The dueling ground Mo Fan was at was fully crowded with people. In order to let everyone witness his outstanding capabilities, the Elemental Director had specifically chosen a place with a capacity of over a thousand people.

With that in mind, the place was almost fully seated with people. The students from the Fire School had taken half the spots, while the rest were taken by the students from the other Elements.

Wei Rong stood at the spot for the judge. He was here solely to see how his students would beat the crap out of the disdainful kid. Crushing a student's arrogant pride was something that Wei Rong had done a lot in the school.

"I'll be hosting the challenges today," Wei Rong took out the list of names and quickly scanned the lines as he continued, "The hundredth rank student, Mo Fan, two hundred and thirty-one people have challenged you this week. Kid, if you come up to me and apologize, write a repentance letter and apologize to everyone from the Fire School, I'll let you go, considering you've just transferred here."

"I won't need it," said Mo Fan with a firm attitude.

"Fine, first challenger, Zhang Youhe, ranked seven hundred and thirty-sixth!" Wei Rong knew that Mo Fan would not accept his condition.

Following his call, a man with a slightly slanted nose stepped forward from the preparation area. He was wearing a bright smile, whose gaze was scanning the surroundings, as if he was telling the crowd that he was the luckiest person at this moment.

The dueling ground was almost the size of a soccer field. It was also covered in green grass.

"Do you have any idea how many people are jealous of you? We've fought so hard just to get more resources, yet you've gotten them by pulling a trick with words. Unfortunately, the resources you acquired every month can be taken away when you lose the duels. Now, hand over the resources that do not belong to you. You might be able to save yourself some healing fees," said Zhang Youhe.

Wei Rong glanced at the two students on the dueling ground and said, "Mo Fan, for your information, Zhang Youhe, who's ranked seven hundred and thirty-sixth, might be one of the trashy students you mentioned before. If you can't even beat him, then you will accept my conditions, or leave the Fire School yourself. I'll admit that there might be some trash in my Fire School, but it doesn't welcome a student who's both useless and shameless at the same time, like you."

Mo Fan turned toward Wei Rong who was provoking him with a smile, "Mr. Wei, isn't it too early to say those words?"

Wei Rong responded with a cold smirk.

Mo Fan shifted his focus back to his opponent, Zhang Youhe.

His opponent was ranked seven hundred and thirty-sixth, so he should not be too much of a problem to deal with.

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"Wei Rong, what's the point of being sulky with a student? Not only did you place him at the hundredth rank, but you also spread the news across the whole school, so everyone would just challenge him on the same day. Don't you think that even those ranked in the top one hundred would have troubles preserving their energy?" said the teacher of the Fire School with the white brows, who was in charge of teaching the Materials Class.

"White Brows, you're going too easy on the students. Every student that managed to enroll into Pearl Institute has some level of pride. Besides, Dean Xiao personally transferred him to the Fire Element. He sure has an unimaginable background... He was used to being fawned upon by everyone around him, and he thinks he's unmatched because of his abundant resources. If I don't let him suffer a great fall here, he might die at the hands of the demon beasts because of his attitude," said Wei Rong, as if he were really concerned for the student.

As a matter of fact, Wei Rong was actually angry at Mo Fan. He was only pretending to be concerned about Mo Fan's future, just so he had an excuse to teach him a lesson!

How dare he condemn the Fire School and his teaching method in front of the crowd... He was definitely tired of living!

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#### **Chapter 415: The from the Weakes**

"The challenge begins now!" Wei Rong declared without listening to Bai Mei's advice.

The crowd immediately cheered. They enjoyed watching bustling scenes. Besides, Mo Fan had infuriated half of them. They wished they could take Zhang Youhe's place so they could beat all Mo Fan's teeth out.

Zhang Youhe's smile became brighter. He began to draw the Stars while mocking Mo Fan's stupidity with a carefree tone. The Stars swiftly formed a Star Pattern.

Unfortunately, the smile on his face froze when he was halfway finished with casting the Spell.

"How fast... how could this guy's casting speed be so fast!" Zhang Youhe was stunned. His eyes were fixed on the flames engulfing Mo Fan.

Hot flames burned around Mo Fan, turning him into a fiery demon. The scorching heat spread to the surroundings with him as the center, sweeping at everyone's face.

"Trash always talks too much," said Mo Fan disdainfully.

The flames burned fiercely around his wrist. Wild flickers emitting blinding glows would appear at times.

As he threw a punch, fire jetted out of Mo Fan's fist like a tiny volcano. The rolling flames turned into the shape of a fan as they journeyed through the air, landing on Zhang Youhe.

Zhang Youhe was dumbfounded. He had only finished half of the Star Pattern!

He desperately activated his defensive equipment. Unfortunately, his equipment was not enough to resist the blast. His whole person was engulfed in flames, as the blast knocked him flying...

Zhang Youhe's figure flew in an arc and slammed into the ground outside of the boundary. Scorch marks could be seen across his body.

Zhang Youhe's Fire was only ordinary flames. It did not grant him any resistance to the Fire Element. When he was caught on fire, it immediately burned through a layer of skin...

"Such a trashy student, how could he possibly be ranked seven hundred and thirty-sixth?" Mo Fan raised his fist and blew it like a cowboy, extinguishing the remaining ripples of fire.

Mo Fan was directing his words toward Wei Rong. Since the gorilla teacher was picking on him, Mo Fan had no intention to back off.

Wei Rong's lips contorted. Perhaps his lungs were expanding?

"The kid is quite impressive," Bai Mei said with a smile.

"Humph, that's all he got. There are many people who can send Zhang Youhe flying with a Fiery Fist in the Fire School," said Wei Rong.

Wei Rong never expected a single challenger alone was enough to deal with Mo Fan. A person who did not have many capabilities up their sleeves would not be so boastful!

"I'll go ahead and heal him. It looks like it's going to be a long day for me," said Bai Mei as he walked toward the boundary of the dueling ground.

"You're overestimating him!"

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The next challenger went up. Mo Fan had long prepared for it.

The second challenger was a female student ranked six hundred and forty-fifth. Her strength was not significantly greater than Zhang Youhe, but she was fairly cautious. She knew Mo Fan's casting speed was outstanding, thus she took a defensive approach right at the start.

"Fire, and Water Elements, girl, aren't you being a little bit too contradicting?" Mo Fan ignited a puff of Fire Burst in his hand and adeptly aligned the Stars.

"Why do you care?" The girl was unyielding. Water-like ribbons flowed around her.

"If you're so keen on defense, why don't you go to the Water School..." Mo Fan hurled the Fire Burst accurately at his opponent.

The female student was casting the Basic Water Spell, Water Barrier. Her Water Barrier had reached the third tier. As long as she was not being attacked continuously, a new defensive barrier would appear close to her.

Mo Fan was purposely teasing the girl. He was timing his Fire Burst perfectly, so that her Water Barrier could recover in time, yet she could not cast her attacking Spell in time.

"The kid is wasting his energy. He could easily defeat his opponent, yet he's doing this... I knew he was a proud, arrogant good-for-nothing," Wei Rong harrumphed. He despised Mo Fan's method.

A duel was a duel. How could he treat it like a joke? If he did the same against demon beasts, he would die a horrible death to creatures that were weaker than him!

The six hundred and forty-fifth ranked student was no match for Mo Fan, after all. She was also aware that Mo Fan was only teasing her. She decided to forfeit the match and left the stage. Before she left, she even glared at the man who had made her into a joke in front of the school!

"Next challenger..."

"Toilet break please!"

"..."

Mo Fan was indeed shameless. He was trying all possible reasons to delay the continuous challenges, just so he could replenish as much energy as possible.

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"What are you thinking now? If you were to delay the duels again, why don't you just concede!" snapped Wei Rong.

"Why would I concede? It's just that I've ate too much during my lunch. Are you saying that I can't have a stomachache?" said Mo Fan in a righteous manner, although it was his third time requesting to go to the restroom.

At this time, Mo Fan had defeated six challengers.

As the ranking of the challengers increased, it took Mo Fan more energy to defeat his opponent. He had already consumed a third of the energy of his Fire Nebula.

It would soon deplete after he cast a few more Intermediate Spells!

"Next one... Zheng Jiahui... mmm?" Wei Rong frowned as soon as he read the name aloud.

What is this last ranked student doing here? The challengers from before were all ranked relatively close to five hundredth, and it was clear that they were a lot weaker than Mo Fan. Zheng Jiahui could not even draw a Star Pattern correctly in a duel. Wasn't the outcome of the duel obvious?

Zheng Jiahui looked timid as usual. It was his first time standing on the stage in front of such a great crowd. His figure was still trembling as he walked onto the stage.

Mo Fan's eyes glistened when he saw him, as if he were his savior.

The kid has not let him down. If his turn only came after the attempts from two hundred challengers, wouldn't that mean he would have to defeat two hundred people before him?

"Why is he the challenger? HAHAHA, is he really serious about trying to take advantage of the situation, just like those idiots who lost?" Someone among the crowd burst into laughter.

"This Mo Fan is quite impressive. He had already defeated Zhao Pingjun who's ranked five hundred and thirty-eighth. This Zheng Jiahui is going to end up worse than Zhang Youhe!"

"I've fought that guy before. He challenged me to a duel in an aggressive manner, yet he could not even draw an Intermediate Star Pattern during the fight. I was standing stationary waiting for him to attack, but he couldn't do it. It was such a joke. Why would the Pearl Institute's main campus accept this idiot?"

The Fire School burst into laughter as soon as Zheng Jiahui went up to the stage.

Why would he try to embarrass himself? He had wasted a precious chance for the other challengers to try their luck. Besides, the challengers after him were surely ranked in the top five hundred!

Chapter 416: You've Made Me Mad

***Translator: XephiZ Editor: Aelryinth***

Wei Rong looked at Zheng Jiahui, who looked like an army deserter from a war, even if it were only a duel. He always found him to be a nuisance.

If someone were actually trashy in the Fire School, it would definitely be this Zheng Jiahui!

"Let's begin, start the battle now," said Wei Rong impatiently.

Mo Fan stood in front of Zheng Jiahui. He let out a sigh when he saw that the guy almost shrank back completely due to his fear, "What are you afraid of? It was only a show, or something has happened to you in the past, that makes you afraid of dueling."

"No... nothing like that. I'm not afraid of duels. It's just..." stammered Zheng Jiahui.

“Forget it, if you can’t cast an Intermediate Spell, use some Basic Spells then. Don’t tell me that you can’t even align the seven Stars. If you were to defeat me with bare fists, it will be too fake of an act,” Mo Fan said to Zheng Jiahui.

“Is this really fine? The students will look down on me,” said Zheng Jiahui with slight hesitation.

Mo Fan laughed when he heard the words, before saying to Zheng Jiahui, “Open your eyes and look at your surroundings. Including the teacher, do you see anyone treating you seriously? Even the girls who are fairly respectful toward everyone are looking at you pitifully. I don’t know if you have anyone you’re secretly in love with in the Fire School, but if you happened to see a hint of pity, mockery, or no emotion from her eyes, don’t you think that you’re already in the worst possible situation? You’ve overestimated yourself. You thought you still had a last hint of dignity in the Fire School, yet to the others, you’re just a laughing stock.”

Zheng Jiahui glanced at Mo Fan. He initially thought Mo Fan was trying to lend him a hand, but his heart felt a chill when he heard the words.

He tried to align the Stars, but the Nebula shattered in just a brief while!

The crowd burst out laughing, leaving Zheng Jiahui utterly embarrassed. When he repeated the casting, he made a mistake when he was aligning the fourth Star.

“Your cultivation isn’t weak at all. Why are you so nervous that you can’t even cast a Spell? Honestly, I think you should stop being a Magician. You will find yourself achieving better results when doing something else,” Mo Fan jeered Zheng Jiahui.

Zheng Jiahui pulled a long face when he heard this. His eyes glared at Mo Fan as he spoke in a slightly infuriated tone, “What do you know about me?!”

“Oh, so you desire to be a Magician?” Mo Fan smiled. His words had obviously crossed this person’s line.

He had a desire to become a Magician, yet he was so timid that he could not draw the Stars correctly.

At the training ground, he could align the Stars fairly quickly. His strength was not weak, either, but he was so nervous in front of a crowd that he could not even produce the simplest Nebula.

Nonconfident, timid, Mo Fan could even see the black cloth resembling how he was feeling inferior covering his entire figure. It was not like he had zero presence, but in the crowd’s eyes, he was the greatest laughingstock!

How was it possible for an Intermediate Magician to be so pitiful?

However, this was only possible in the Pearl Institute’s main campus, since being an Intermediate Magician was the lowest requirement to enroll.

“I have plenty of time. Take all the time you need to align the Stars,” Mo Fan was rather carefree. He simply stood there and waited patiently.

Zheng Jiahui began to draw the Stars again. He was desperately trying to overcome this fear in front of a crowd so that he could cast a Spell...

However, no matter how adept he was at the daily training, his mind turned blank when he stood in front of a crowd. Their laughter and disdainful gazes increased the burden on his shoulders when he was drawing the Star Pattern.

“Is this guy here just to enlighten us? He seriously can’t even cast a Basic Spell. How does he even have the guts to take part in the duel? If I were him, I would simply find a spot and bury myself,” cursed Zhao Ji.

“Go, be gone. Stop wasting everyone’s time.”

“Stop treating him like that. He’s only feeling nervous. Let’s give him some more time,” said a girl with a gentle voice.

Those who were hot-tempered were already stirring a scene among the crowd. Most people were simply looking at him with a cold gaze on their seats, thinking that it was fairly hilarious. However, in order to highlight their fairly well-developed control, they did not display it on the surface.

“Zheng Jiahui, if you can’t even cast a Fire Burst, you should just forfeit,” Wei Rong said in a cold voice. Every second the kid stayed on the stage lost him more face. Most importantly, he could not let Mo Fan get what he wanted!

Zheng Jiahui had gotten used to the mocking and being underestimated by the students. However, he panicked even more when he heard Wei Rong’s words. He subconsciously treated the words as an order. He bit his lips and headed for the exit.

Mo Fan immediately went up and grabbed his arm when he saw that something was not right. “What are you doing?”

“I should just give you back the Nebula Tool. I can’t do it,” Zheng Jiahui answered with a disappointed look.

“Not only are you timid, you’re extremely selfish, too. You do know that we’re currently on the same boat? You might feel better if you obey the inferior demon in your bones, but I’m in a terrible mess. If the duel only involves yourself, you can do whatever you want, but if you leave now, I would have to face all the challenges!” Mo Fan said sternly while holding Zheng Jiahui’s arm.

Mo Fan’s plan was very simple. He had asked the last ranked student to challenge him, to whom he would lose the duel.

Once Mo Fan became the last rank, no one would then be able to challenge him.

After being ranked last, he would then challenge someone in the top fifty in the final day of the challenge. That way, he could easily prevent himself from being challenged one after one another, while still improving his monthly ranking!

The plan was very simple, and its execution was not so difficult. Yet, to Mo Fan’s surprise, he did not expect Zheng Jiahui to be so useless. He could not even cast a Basic Spell.

The rules had stated that without casting any spell, even if the opponent conceded, he would not be deemed the winner!

"I...I didn't mean it, but I've tried. I really did. Sorry, Mo Fan. I know that you really want to help me, but I'm hopeless," Zheng Jiahui's voice was slightly trembling. He was on the verge of crying like a little girl.

Mo Fan had learned how timid and weak a person could be.

He glanced at Wei Rong, who had a grin on his face, before looking at the hopeless Zheng Jiahui.

He realized that the Elemental Director had spoken the words on purpose. As a judge, he should not interfere with the duel, yet he was aware of Mo Fan's plan, so he had spoken to drive the obedient Zheng Jiahui away.

"Hold it right there!" Mo Fan felt slightly angry.

"I..." Zheng Jiahui turned around. As a matter of fact, he had already left the stage.

"You have indeed infuriated me! To put me in such a situation... very well, you're really the most useless person I've ever seen. You've left me here, leaving me no choice but to fight against two hundred people.

"Fine, open your eyes and watch carefully. If I, Mo Fan, am knocked down from the stage by anyone today, I'll f\*\*king admit that I'm a coward just like you. I'll apologize to that gorilla Elemental Director, and to all the students I've condemned in the school!"

Mo Fan was utterly furious. He was not just angry about his situation, but more importantly, he was angry toward Zheng Jiahui, who assumed that everything would be fine after he withdrew from the duel.

Those who ridiculed the weak were not the most hateful, but someone useless like Zheng Jiahui who had lost himself in the midst of his inferior, self-closing and totally obedient traits, could not even show some integrity!

Mo Fan collected his thoughts after the furious speech. He glared at the Elemental Director who was so respected by the students.

"Call out the name of the next challenger now!"

## [Versatile Mage](#)

### **Chapter 417: Next, Who's Next!?**

The crowd watching the duel burst out laughing, not sure if they were laughing at Zheng Jiahui who could not even cast a Basic Spell due to his mental disorder, or Mo Fan, who was so ignorant that he assumed that he could take two hundred challengers on.

Wei Rong had a dark expression. This ruthless student dared call him a gorilla in front of the crowd!

Teacher Bai Mei tried to hold back his laughter. They did address him using that nickname among the teachers. Sometimes, the students would also call him that behind his back, yet no one had ever called him that in front of the public. This transfer student was truly fearless!

On a side note, Bai Mei was rather intrigued by Mo Fan's decision. Leaving his ruthless remarks at times, his determination to face the two hundred challengers was very impressive. He could not wait to see how he was going to last that long against so many challengers.

"Next ranked six hundred and seventy-ninth, Lin Gui!" Wei Rong called the next challenger with a furious roar.

He was staring at Mo Fan. Either way, he had to teach this arrogant kid how to control his temper. Otherwise, how could he possibly display his authority as the Elemental Director of the Fire School?

A rough-looking, tanned male student slowly approached the stage.

He glanced at Mo Fan with an expressionless face, "I do admit that as a transfer student, your strength is worthy to be placed in the top three hundredth. That being said, the ranking doesn't mean much. The duels and real battles were different, too."

"Damn it, I don't need you to teach me how to fight!" Mo Fan's right hand immediately ignited a fierce flame and hurled it forward. The Fire Burst drew a clear arc across the sky and landed on the student called Lin Gui.

Lin Gui had the same look on his face, but his eyes were filled with a hint of disdain... He did not even need to defend himself purposely from the Basic Spell!

When he saw the color of the flame that was flying in his direction, and sensed its abnormal temperature, his eyes filled with terror.

Just as he realized he had misjudged the threat, the Rose Flame: Fire Burst exploded. The scorching flames lunged at him, and the impact blew him a far distance away.

Lin Gui, who was acting as if he were giving sound advice a moment ago, had turned into half a burning man, falling to the ground at the edge of the stage!

Lin Gui tried to rise to his feet, but his whole body was covered in burning bruises. He glanced at them in pain and disbelief.

"What just happened?" Someone among the spectators yelled. Many people had wide eyes, their gazes fixed onto the seriously injured Li Gui.

"Did he just defeat him with a single attack, and it was only a Basic Spell?" exclaimed Huang Xingli.

Beside her, Ding Yuming's eyes slightly glistened. When she saw Huang Xingli looking at her as if she were waiting for an answer, she explained, "He must be using some Spirit-grade flame. Its power was a lot stronger than an ordinary Fire Burst. Lin Gui underestimated his opponent's strength. He didn't even set up any defense."

"So Sister Yuming also misjudged the situation? The Fire Burst wouldn't be this powerful, even if it was strengthened by a Spirit-grade flame," spoke up Liu Qian.

Huang Xingli turned around. Her tomboy attitude instantly disappeared, as her eyes were filled with embarrassment, and a hint of surprise.

She seemed to realize that her reaction was fairly embarrassing, thus she quickly turned back and nudged Ding Yuming with her elbow, blurting out excitedly, "It's Liu Qian. It's my first time watching him from such a close distance. He's so handsome!"

Ding Yuming was surprisingly calm. She turned around and cast a glance at Liu Qian as she asked, "Are you saying that..."

"Lin Gui was not foolish enough to not set up ANY defense. However, the armor he was wearing had no chance of resisting the power of a Fire Burst that was four times stronger than an ordinary Fire Burst. His Fire Burst has ranked up to the fourth-tier. It doubled the power of the Fire Burst, and together with his Soul Seed..." Liu Qian said with a smile.

Ding Yuming quickly came to a realization. Her eyes were looking at Mo Fan with great astonishment.

In the entire Fire School, those who had a Spirit-grade flame would be ranked close to the front. These better flames basically could not be beaten by someone using an ordinary flame.

However, in order to acquire a Spirit-grade flame from the school, one would need at least a year's worth of effort, not to mention that only those ranked high up would be given two pieces of a Fire Element Soul Seed.

As such, a Spirit-grade flame was considered rather extravagant to the students of the Fire School. Meanwhile, it was said that to cast a fourth-tier Basic Spell, one would need to strengthen all the seven Stars, and each star needing Soul Essences would cost around five million RMB.

"To rank up to the fourth-tier Fire Burst, he would need thirty-five million RMB. The money alone could get you two Soul Seeds. I never thought someone would actually spend their money like that!" said Liu Qian.

Ding Yuming nodded slightly. Regardless of one's background, she had never heard any disciple with a background formidable enough to have achieved the fourth-tier of their Basic Spells.

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"What are you waiting for, call the next one!" Mo Fan yelled at Wei Rong.

Wei Rong collected his thoughts and called the next person's name with a long face.

Where exactly did this kid come from? Even he, an Advanced Magician, was not willing to rank up his Basic Spell to the fourth-tier, but an Intermediate Magician was already so extravagant...

"Next please..."

Soon, the next challenger walked to the stage. The person was ranked fairly low, over nine hundred. It was obvious that he had followed the crowd to sign up for the challenge, too. He was not too strong, so he had no chance against Mo Fan's special Fire Burst.

"Next please..."

The next one was a student ranked four hundred and twenty-seventh, a female student whose primary Element was Fire, with the Earth Element as her secondary Element.

The defensive abilities of the Earth Element helped her to dodge Mo Fan's attacks at the start. Yet, to preserve his limited energy, Mo Fan chose not to use his Intermediate Magic. He realized that his opponent would be quite troublesome to deal with. After a slight hesitation, his left hand summoned the Lightning Mark when his opponent slightly lost her focus.

The Lightning Mark struck suddenly as the female student was trying to dodge the unexpected Fire Burst. It quickly paralyzed her.

She could no longer move freely. Mo Fan immediately blasted her down from the stage with a close-range Fire Burst. She did have defensive equipment, yet the blast of the Fire Burst was still enough to knock her flying.

The female student landed with disheveled hair. She stared at Mo Fan in disbelief.

Mo Fan was quite cunning when he cast the Lightning Strike. He utilized the explosions of the flames to pull a surprise attack on her.

"Next!" snapped Mo Fan furiously, whose anger had yet to disappear.

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#### **Chapter 418: Battle Against the Fire School, Part One**

Mo Fan was pretty much defeating the challengers with the same move.

Basically, the challengers were no match for Mo Fan's fourth-tier Fire Burst, which was also strengthened by his Soul Seed...

The Rose Flame was simply too violent. It could increase the power of his Fire Element Spells by 2.5 times. On top of that, the strength of his Fire Burst was doubled after it had reached the fourth tier.

His Fire Burst was basically five times stronger than an ordinary Fire Burst, and could instantly kill Servant-class demon beasts, let alone these students who did not even have any outstanding defensive measures.

As long as the students did not have any defensive abilities, Mo Fan could send them down with a Fire Burst. Those who were mocking him began to take a different view of him after seeing his performance.

"Has no one managed to force him to use an Intermediate Spell?" said Wei Rong, clenching his teeth furiously.

Wei Rong was absolutely panicking. The challengers until now were all ranked lower than four hundred. Not a single one of them had a Soul Seed, thus they definitely were at a disadvantage dueling against Mo Fan...

"Oh, Wei Rong, it seems like you're wrong this time," Teacher Bai Mei smiled.

Unlike the inflexible, strict Wei Rong, Bai Mei was not so demanding with the students. -Although Mo Fan was being quite disrespectful when he scolded the entire school, none of it would have happened if you, Wei Rong, did not scold him as trash at the beginning.-

"Mr. Wei, can you please be more professional as a judge? I've already knocked this student you've called up a few times into the air. Next one please!" Mo Fan's voice came from the dueling ground.

Wei Rong almost lost himself when he heard the words. If the school did not strictly forbid teachers from attacking students, he would have definitely rushed up and taught that disdainful transfer student a lesson.

"Don't be too full of yourself!" snapped Wei Rong.

"Not quite, I don't feel any sense of achievement from defeating them at all," said Mo Fan.

Wei Rong clenched his teeth and glanced at the name list. He tried to find some familiar names among them.

If Wei Rong could remember someone's name, it was highly possible that the person was capable to a certain degree. The Fire School was in an awkward position. More than thirty challenges had gone up, yet they had yet to force the transfer student to cast an Intermediate Spell. The difference between their strengths was too huge!

"Jia Zhenlong, very well, finally someone that's capable!" For once, Wei Rong had a smile on his face.

Jia Zhenlong was ranked two hundred and eightieth in Fire School. His ranking was not too remarkable, nor was he considered an expert in the school, but Wei Rong remembered his name.

Jia Zhenlong was a hunter. He did not spend much time in the school. He always went out in groups with other hunters to hunt demon beasts. He was a very experienced Fire Magician.

Unfortunately, in the month before, he had offended Liu Qian, who was ranked in the top fifty. With Liu Qian's influence, even without getting himself involved, he had let Jia Zhenlong suffer a tough month. His ranking dropped rapidly to two hundred and eighty!

"Five more until Jia Zhenlong. I hope he won't let me down," mumbled Wei Rong.

Without any surprise, the five challengers were defeated by Mo Fan with the same trick.

Magic was not as garish and diverse as many Wuxia or Xuanhuan stories. After so many years of exploration and digging, the humans had only discovered limited Magic Elements and Spells, yet each Spell required lots of efforts and time to master.

It took Mo Fan three whole years in high school to master two Basic Spells. Even though he now had learned more Spells, the Fire Burst and Lightning Strike were still his most adept moves...

Once there was a clear difference between strengths, even using just those two Spells that he had practiced all these years alone, he was still unbeatable!

"Next one, ranked two hundred and eightieth, Jia Zhenlong!" yelled Wei Rong with a flicker of anticipation in his eyes.

Jia Zhenlong obviously had some reputation in the Fire School. The crowd immediately burst into an uproar when his name was called.

"Jia Zhenlong, go and defeat that transfer student. Otherwise, he will really think that our Fire School has no expert!"

That's right, you can easily defeat him with your strength. Help us get our face back!"

"Doesn't Jia Zhenlong have a Soul Seed, too?"

"That's even better, he surely has a chance at defeating him!"

The crowd started yelling when they saw Jia Zhenlong heading to the dueling ground.

Initially, Jia Zhenlong was not so popular in the Fire School. However, when more than thirty challengers had been defeated by a transfer student with just Basic Spells, they could feel their reputation was at stake...

The spectators consisted of students from the other Elements. It was rather embarrassing when so many of them were totally outmatched by a transfer student!

Standing on the dueling ground, Jia Zhenlong was fairly surprised, too. Since when was he so popular among the students?...

"It seems like everyone feels threatened by you," said Jia Zhenlong with a smile to the fairly outstanding transfer student. "I've picked on someone's nerves, so I wasn't the popular kind."

"Ah, so we're in a pretty similar spot. Can you just cast a Spell and concede? I'll buy you a drink," said Mo Fan in a carefree voice.

"..." Jia Zhenlong was left speechless.

Damn it, he initially thought the kid was somewhat special, yet he immediately tried to make peace with him after knowing that his strength was not too weak.

"A drink alone isn't comparable to the reputation I'll get for defeating you... If I'm not mistaken, there are lots of people ranked higher than me who want to teach you a lesson. It's fairly difficult to get the teachers and students to remember your name in this school!" said Jia Zhenlong.

Jia Zhenlong was not too well-received, and after being picked on, he could not obtain the ranking he desired, nor could he acquire the resources he needed. Therefore, this served as a great opportunity for the salted fish to turn over. He had to try his best no matter what!

"Come, show me your true strength. Don't assume that the Basic Spells are enough to defeat me!" said Jia Zhenlong confidently.

"You're overestimating yourself." Mo Fan had no intention of using Intermediate Spells.

Mo Fan first cast a Fire Burst. The fierce flame quickly ignited on his right palm, with a bright red outline.

He had to say that after practicing with the Magic Accelerator, it did improve his casting speed by a significant margin.

He should buy another Magic Accelerator when he had the money, to further improve his casting speed!

Not only should he improve his Basic Spells to be able to cast them instantly, he should focus on improving the casting speed of his Intermediate Spells too! Against someone like Dongfang Ming, who had an innate talent to cast Fire Element at twice the speed of everyone else, if he had not happened to level up his Basic Spell to the fourth tier, he would surely have suffered a grave defeat!

### Versatile Mage

#### **Chapter 419: Battle Against the Fire School, Part Two**

"Same trick again? Do you really think I did not prepare anything before coming here?" said Jia Zhenlong.

Mo Fan was fast at casting his Basic Spell. He had already hurled a Fire Burst in his opponent's direction in the midst of their conversation. Jia Zhenlong did not attempt to dodge it. He stood at the same spot, slowly drawing his Star Pattern.

As the Fire Burst approached Jia Zhenlong, it was blocked in front of him by an invisible force!

The Fire Burst exploded after going out of Mo Fan's control. The Fire Burst, which was five times stronger than normal, had almost had the power of half an Intermediate Spell. However, when it collided with the invisible wall, it was as if the fierce flames were being sucked away, and they quickly disappeared briefly after the explosion.

The rest of the force turned into a gust sweeping around Jia Zhenlong. It blew his hair up, revealing his confident look.

"I told you that trick wouldn't work against me! Have a taste of my Magic! Giant Shadow Spike: Twins!" Jia Zhenlong said as the Shadow Element of the Shadow Element appeared under his feet.

A spike engulfed in the Shadow Element aura reached out from his chest. It sprang forward rapidly following his swipe, and disappeared in the air.

Jia Zhenlong was still wearing a smile. The Shadow Element was rare to begin with, and most people were unfamiliar with the Shadow Element. He had only ranked up the Giant Shadow Spike to the second-tier recently.

A first-tier Giant Shadow Spike only locked down the target's body. On the other hand, if the Giant Shadow Spike: Twins landed on the target, not only would it stop the target from moving, it would also seal its mind, disturbing the alignment of Stars.

If he could stop his opponent from casting Basic Spells, Mo Fan would no longer pose any threat to him.

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Meanwhile, Mo Fan was slightly startled when he saw the Shadow Element Spell.

"So his secondary Element is the Shadow Element. He's strange enrolling into the Fire School instead of the Shadow Element. Anyone else would have fallen for his trick, but unfortunately..." Mo Fan's lips curled up.

Mo Fan was a Shadow Element expert himself. Although his Shadow Element was a rank lower than Jia Zhenlong, he was extremely familiar with the Giant Shadow Spike.

As soon as his opponent completed the Star Pattern, Mo Fan ignited the flames again. The ground close to him was set aflame, lighting up the place brightly.

The fierce flames spread wildly with Mo Fan at the center. The illumination quickly revealed the position of the Giant Shadow Spike.

The strength of the Giant Shadow Spike was its stealth. It might seem to be flying in a certain direction at the beginning, but it might suddenly appear from the back. The key to dodging the relatively high control Spell was to locate it first.

Mo Fan could easily locate the Giant Shadow Spike with the light from the flames. When Mo Fan saw a spike flying toward him in the midst of the flames, he immediately reacted and leapt backward, dodging the Giant Shadow Spike with ease.

"Damn it, how is this guy so experienced!?" Jia Zhenlong cursed furiously.

The key to securing the victory was his Shadow Element. To his surprise, his opponent was extremely familiar with the Shadow Element.

As the spell missed, Jia Zhenlong simply engulfed himself in flames. A fiery Star Pattern was drawn rapidly under his feet. With the curtain of water defending in front of him, he was not worried that his opponent could interrupt his casting.

"Coral Flame: Fiery Fist: Groundbreak!" Jia Zhenlong finished casting his Intermediate Spell.

He had gone all out this time. Not only was he using the flames from his Soul Seed, he was also casting the second-tier Fiery Fist!

His right fist was engulfed in a purple-red ring of flames. Following his roar, the energy from his fist struck at the ground fiercely.

The dueling ground started to heat up as if lava had just sprung up underneath it!

A pillar of flame jetted out where Mo Fan was standing at. The Spirit-grade flames that Jia Zhenlong had control over were burning like a coral reef. The flames of the Groundbreak were remarkably spectacular as they burst out from the ground!

Mo Fan did not underestimate the Spell. His legs were already emitting a crimson glow, a sign that he had activated the Blood Tabi!

His legs were covered in armor the color of blood. Mo Fan leapt into the air with the strength of the Blood Beast.

The power of the Groundbreak reached its peak as its flames almost devoured Mo Fan's figure. He was scorched by the fire in the air. Fortunately, he was partially immune to Fire Element damage because of his Rose Flame. Otherwise, the fire sparks sprinkling on him would be enough to burn his skin!

After dodging the overwhelming Groundbreak, Mo Fan landed on the ground. Due to the strengthening of the Blood Tabi, the ground where he landed sank slightly. As he did, he lowered his stance, like a leopard ready to pounce at its prey.

Mo Fan sprang forward rapidly and approached Jia Zhenlong's position swiftly.

He soon discovered a completely transparent water curtain in front of Jia Zhenlong, which was blocking his Fire Burst.

"So that's all you have!" Mo Fan smiled. Drawing closer to the water curtain, he leapt over it and found himself above Jia Zhenlong.

His legs, strengthened with the power of the Blood Beast, stomped the ground after he plunged down from a height of ten meters. The grassy ground was blasted away by the impact, knocking Jia Zhenlong into the air!

Mo Fan had shown mercy by stomping the ground beside Jia Zhenlong. If he had stomped his head, he would have been crushed into minced meat by the force instantly!

Jia Zhenlong had overestimated himself. As a Shadow Element user, he chose not to hug the shadows, thus he did not even have a chance of casting Fleeing Shadow. If someone like him was fighting against demon beasts in the wild, he had only survived until now because of pure luck!

Jia Zhenlong flew out of the dueling ground under the crowd's gaze. When he landed on the ground and spat out mouthfuls of blood, everyone could feel a thud in their chests!

In the end, they still could not even force him to cast an Intermediate Spell.

"Another...another loss..." said Bai Mei with a smile. However, when he saw Wei Rong's expression, he quickly withdrew his smile.

"Such a tra..." Wei Rong was about to curse when he recalled that the term was rather sensitive. He quickly halted his tongue and waved his hand, urging Bai Mei to heal the loser. He did not bother looking at him!

-Damn it, can anyone please defeat this kid?-

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 420: Battle Against the Fire School, Part Three**

"So strong!" Zheng Jiahui glanced at Mo Fan in disbelief.

He initially thought Mo Fan's strength was not worthy to be placed at the hundredth rank, since he had to rely on his little trick to stop people from challenging him. Yet, when he saw Mo Fan had defeated almost thirty people with only Basic Spells, he could not help but have a different view of him.

When he recalled Mo Fan's furious words to him, he somehow felt like Mo Fan was going to keep his promise.

"Impossible, no way, he might be strong, but there's no way he can face two hundred challengers on his own. The ranking of the upcoming challengers would only get higher. Him defeating Jia Zhenlong doesn't mean he can handle the highly-ranked students continuously," said Zheng Jiahui, shaking his head.

In Zheng Jiahui's understanding, no one could possibly fight two hundred people consecutively!

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After Jia Zhenlong, who had a Soul Seed, was defeated, the challengers suddenly became totally one-sided, which made Wei Rong very angry. He looked at the list of names, yet he was unfamiliar with all of them. He impatiently read the name of the next challenger, "Xu Hongguang, ranked three hundred and thirty-first!"

Wei Rong no longer expected those ranked after two hundredth to defeat Mo Fan. As a matter of fact, he did not even expect them to force him to use his Intermediate Spells. He turned around and discussed some other topics with Bai Mei. Most importantly, he had no intention to see his students being crushed.

Suddenly, an uproar was heard coming from the crowd, as if something exciting were about to happen.

Wei Rong shifted his focus back to the duel. It turned out that the student called Xu Hongguang had concealed his true strength. Mo Fan was taken by surprise, and was forced to cast an Intermediate Spell.

The Star Pattern under Mo Fan's feet were brilliant, a pure blazing red. His figure was engulfed in flames with the same color.

The Fiery Fist was hurled forward. The scorching flames lunged at the student called Xu Hongguang.

It appeared that Xu Hongguang was wearing some magical armor, which perfectly resisted Mo Fan's Basic Spells. Even the Intermediate Fiery Fist's power was greatly reduced by it.

However, a brief while later, Xu Hongguang still lost the duel. That being said, the three hundred and thirty-first ranked student had given the crowd a great surprise. When everyone thought he was going to be defeated easily with Basic Spells, he had managed to force his opponent to cast an Intermediate Spell!

"How embarrassing, they've only forced him to use an Intermediate Spell. They are cheering as if he won the duel!" Bai Mei said with a smirk.

The smile on Wei Rong's face disappeared instantly.

On second thought, there was indeed nothing to be excited about. They had already sent out thirty-six challengers, yet they had only forced him to use an Intermediate Spell once. They should be embarrassed instead!

Humans were much the same. When they were being bullied to a certain degree, any improvement to the situation would bring comfort to them. Yet, when they thought about it, the situation was far from what they had hoped for.

"Who knew that this Xu Hongguang would be so impressive, he must have hidden his true strength for a very long time. Hopefully, someone ranked in the top two hundred will appear among the challengers. Someone has to teach this guy a lesson!" snapped Huang Xingli.

Ding Yuming glanced at Huang Xingli curiously and giggled, "I thought you were worried about him? Why are you crusading against him together with the rest now? How can you be so wishy-washy?"

Huang Xingli began to stammer. For some reason, she felt extremely unpleasant when she saw Mo Fan had the upper hand.

"It's reasonable. This transfer student looks rather unstoppable now. He has defeated over thirty challengers with only Basic Spells. Don't forget, he condemned us as trash to our faces. Based on how everything is turning out, our Fire School is indeed proving to be useless. In order to save us some face, everyone would prefer to see him lose," said Liu Qian.

Huang Xingli nodded. She was overjoyed, as the famous Liu Qian had just justified her weird reaction. It seemed like he was keeping an eye on her.

"That's right; if we don't defeat him soon, our Fire School will become a laughing stock to the others. We can't even handle a transfer student," said Huang Xingli.

Ding Yuming remained silent.

Liu Qian did not speak further when he saw that Ding Yuming had chosen to be silent.

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The challengers took turns fighting against the transfer student. Those who had relatively low ranks had decided to waste as much of his energy as possible rather than trying to defeat him. They did not even realize that they had lowered their stance against Mo Fan.

Finally, it was the turn of a girl ranked one hundred-ninety.

Mo Fan stood at the center of the stage and observed the rather tall girl in front of him.

Mo Fan preferred someone like Miss Tangyue, who had an outstanding physique despite being fairly tall, instead of a girl who was tall and slender. As such, he had no intention of showing her any mercy.

However, as the battle began, Mo Fan realized how naive his thoughts were.

Mo Fan could handle those who were ranked below four hundredth with Basic Spells, and those ranked higher than four hundredth did have some capabilities up in their sleeves. He would need to put in some extra effort to defeat them. Initially, he assumed that it would be similar to those ranked in the top two hundred, yet he discovered that the girl's Fire Element cultivation was already comparable to his!

He had the Rose Flame, yet his opponent also had a Fire Element Soul Seed, and one considered above average among the Soul Seeds he had seen before. Its flame had a long-lasting effect, which meant it was extremely difficult to put out.

Left with no choice, Mo Fan finally used his Lightning Element. The fourth-tier Lightning Strike produced a lightning field with paralyzing effect around the girl. She had no chance of escaping, even with her Wind Track.

Mo Fan finally gained the upper hand using his fourth-tier Lightning Strike. He abused the violent nature of the Lightning Element to defeat the female student, wasting a significant amount of his energy.

"Double Soul Seeds, this...this kid..." said Wei Rong with a blank face.

A ranking of one hundred and ninety was fairly impressive, yet Wei Rong found it unacceptable that she was defeated, just like that!

However, since he was already being extravagant by ranking up a Basic Spell to the fourth-tier, it only made sense if he also had a Soul Seed for the other Element, since the resources needed to rank up a Basic Spell to the fourth tier were more than enough to buy two ordinary Soul Seeds!

"Fire and Lightning, how violent! Two Soul Seeds, two fourth-tier Basic Spells, no wonder this transfer student dares to do something so bold. He does have a lot to back up his statement. I'm afraid those without two Soul Seeds will have trouble defeating him," Bai Mei said with an admiring gaze.