

# CHAPTER 1

"Mo Fan, six points!"

After the Math teacher—Deng Yongchuan—had said this, the class began to laugh loudly.

Nearly everyone turned their heads around to look at the short, black-haired youth who was sitting at the very back of the classroom. This youth was Mo Fan, the one who only got a single-digit score on the exam.

"Mo Fan, you should learn from Mu Bai. He was able to score 96 despite the exam being this hard. How could you only get a single digit score on the exams? Don't sully your own name," Deng Yongchuan sighed.

How could such a troublesome student be in my class? When he first entered the school, his grades were top notch. However—after entering high school—his grades quickly fell, and with his exam scores being such a tragic sight, it caused the class average to drop as well.

"Teacher, he doesn't even live up to his name: Mo Fan. Mo Fan... he's not average at all! He's levels lower than average—he's practically a dreg. 1" the student called Mu Bai called.

"Hahaha"

"He really is!"

"Mu Bai truly lives up to his reputation, he can insult people without swearing. Mo Fan is indeed not average, he has already become trash!"

The entire class began to laugh and it wasn't until Deng Yongchuan began his lecture that they finally stopped.

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"This Mu Bai makes me sick. He thinks he's amazing just because he's handsome, has good grades, and knows how to play musical instruments!"

The person who sits next to Mo Fan—Guan Gu—said.

"He's just a childish \*\*\*\*." Mo Fan said with disdain.

"Do you want to play volleyball when the school ends?"

"Can't go, I've got stuff to do."

"You're going to help Old Man Ying again? After all, you're the only one who dares to go to the thatched cottage behind the mountains. Oh right, I got me some Xuanhuan and Mohuan novels, do you want me to lend one to you?"

"You can put it in my bag, however, you should read less novels. You're addicted." Mo Fan said.

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To a student, the most beautiful bell sound is naturally the one signaling the end of class. After the end of an entire day filled with dull classes, Mo Fan yawned as he carried his bag while walking to the back of the mountain.

The back of the mountain was the back entrance of the academy; basically, no one actually used it.

Old Man Ying who Guan Gu mentioned was the guard of the academy's back mountain. In order to ensure the safety of the students—and prevent students from sneaking out to internet cafes—the school had appointed Old Man Ying as the keeper of the back entrance.

Old Man Ying had no relatives nor friends. When he had passed away, there were no questions asked about him; thus, the school carelessly buried him.

Mo Fan and Old Man Ying were quite familiar with each other. Before the old man passed away, he had also left some stuff for Mo Fan. He only remembered the old man's good intentions today, hence he decided to take a look at the thatched cottage.

Old Man Ying had always said that he was the descendent of some historical big-shot, so he was in possession of a five thousand year old antique ring. Mo Fan had seen that ring before; it was completely pitch black, and didn't look like some antique. However, the most important thing was that he had brought it to an appraiser to get appraised; the owner had thrown Mo Fan out while questioning how he could have the face to say that this copper ring—smelted from a charcoal stove—was an "antique". Ever since then, Mo Fan stopped believing in Old Man Ying's bragging.

Mo Fan wanted to take the things Old Man Ying had left behind as something to remember him by.

Old Man Ying was a magnanimous gatekeeper; he was very indifferent toward the topics of life and death. Mo Fan wished for him to pass away in peace. Death was not the end of everything, perhaps you can start your life over somewhere else?

"Would you believe me if I said that in this plane that holds science in high regards, there is another parallel plane that practises magic? In that plane, you don't study science, but magic..."

This was the kind of crazy talk that Old Man Ying would always tell Mo Fan, which was why Mo Fan firmly believed that when he passed away, Old Man Ying had gone to a different plane to restart his life—and live a more extravagant one while he was at it.

The ring was easily found within the wooden box under his bamboo bed. As Mo Fan opened it, he felt a faint obscure aura emanating from the box—it did indeed feel quite mysterious. However, Mo Fan is fifteen-sixteen years old, he didn't believe that there would be something like a cultivation technique in this world. He definitely did not believe the recluse who said that if Mo Fan wore this ring, and practised this cultivation technique, he would be able to save the universe.

The pitch-black ring was an ordinary looking ring. If one wanted to know the most peculiar thing about the ring, it would be that the interior had eight very small holes—which any artisan was able to make.

The moment Mo Fan put it on, he felt a heart-freezing chill. This thing that made him shake in the heat of summer was quite strange.

"Strange my ass." As Mo Fan thought this over, he denied the idea in his head. Mo Fan was struck with a sudden sleepiness, but he still had to work that night. Thus, he arranged the the bamboo mat and laid down inside the house to sleep first. At 10 PM, he would have to go to the 24/7 supermarket to be a clerk, and he would work till 6 in the morning...

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He was extremely sleepy, thus he fell asleep very quickly.

A sliver of blood-red light shone through the mountain cracks from the setting sun, dying the forest behind the mountains and the small, thatched cottage red with it's glow.

It was like a colossal door in the dark that was slowly closing. The radiating light in the darkness was slowly being sucked inside the door. As the sunset completely disappeared beneath the mountains and as dusk came to rule the world, the back of the mountain seemed as though it was covered with a misty layer of a bizarre color.

From far away, this area seemed like it continued into nothingness. Beneath the blood sun was an indistinct scene around the water, like a mirage!

The youth sleeping inside the thatched cottage was still snoring, little did he know that the ring on his finger was emitting an ear-piercing humming sound.

It was as if it was reacting to the reflection of the mirage that revealed the world's true calling.

"Bum~~~~~"

As it trembled, so did the entire space!

Shui Nan Middle School was located in Nanshan in the city. Nanshan was much taller than the rest of Xia City.

The city was already brightly lit up; the streets, shops, buildings, the Grand City of Xia was radiating a magnificent brilliance. Old people who were taking walks after dinner, older ladies who were dancing in the public squares, the children who chased each other in the small valleys, and lovers who were having dates in the park....

The evening didn't leave people with any insecurity or fear. On the contrary, they were actually enjoying getting off classes for the day, getting off work, and relaxing after dinner. However, if one were to look closely toward the location of Shui Nan Middle School—the south side of the mountain—they would have discovered that the campus that should have been shining bright had been shrouded in a muddled layer.

This space was originally peaceful like the water's surface, but at this moment, a Spatial Tunnel appeared—spiralling like it was being devoured—causing it to be increasingly fierce, although silent!

On one side was a peaceful city with glorious lights!

On the other was half a mountain swallowed by the black spiral!

The northern city that had just entered its summer eve became an incomparably astonishing scene!

The entire space-time had changed, and the cause of it was this tunnel that was unexplainable in scientific terms.

The center of the Spatial Tunnel was the thatched cottage behind the mountains.

The colossal whirlpool suddenly diffused followed by it vanishing into nothingness. It was as if nothing had happened at all.

A certain person who was still sleeping soundly had no idea about the colossal changes to the world, that he had fallen into a parallel world.

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The empty mountain experienced a sudden rain, which gave the scorching summer day a fierce cold punch, suppressing the overwhelming heat.

The air in the morning was particularly good, and the warm meat-buns by the school gates released an alluring smell. The dazzling golden youtiao gave a mouth-watering scent.

"Seventh Uncle, I'd like some soymilk and youtiao." A youth with a messy appearance sat down on the stool as he said this to the old man who sold youtiao.

"Coming." The old youtiao man swiftly served the soymilk, purposely filling up the cup as a smile radiated across his face, "Mo Fan, you are about to take the magic exams, you should put some effort and strive to get into the University of Magicians so you can bring our Clan some face."

Mo Fan blankly stared at the Seventh Uncle who was selling breakfast by the school gates. He carefully thought to himself and reckoned that he probably misheard, thus he nodded as he ate.

Yesterday, he slept so much that his head felt dizzy; he felt as though he had dreamt about a journey that took several centuries. When he woke up, he felt like a lifetime had passed; he didn't know where east, south, west, and north were, nor whether it was morning or noon.

Mo Fan wolfed down his food, his hand holding half of the youtiao. As he was about to bite into the youtiao, he suddenly felt something heavy at his side. A half-bald man in his thirtys sat down next to him, his body reeking of cigarettes.

"Mo Fan, eating breakfast, eh?" The bald man smiled as he greeted Mo Fan.

"Good morning, Superintendent Hu." Mo Fan hastily smiled as he greeted him back.

This man was the prominent Superintendent Hu, he wore a suit that didn't suit him every day and his forehead shone brightly.

"I'm not wearing my watch, what time is it?" Superintendent Hu asked, exposing his yellow teeth.

Mo Fan took out his broken Nokia to look, "Still another fifteen minutes before the bell rings."

"Crap, I'm late. I still haven't finished my Magic Theory PPT—I don't have time to finish my breakfast..." As Superintendent Hu stood up all of a sudden, Mo Fan suddenly tilted over.

"Boss, I don't need the soymilk...Walking to the office is far too slow—whatever—it doesn't matter if I use some magic." Superintendent Hu stood there talking to himself.

Mo Fan was very puzzled, he felt like Superintendent Hu was speaking in an alien language.

Just as he thought he heard wrong, the soymilk shop's canopy turned over in an incomparably strange way. It was as though compressed air had bubbled forth from within the soymilk shop...

As the evil wind came by, it messed up Mo Fan's hair and rustled his clothes.

"Wind Trail, Fast Stride!"

As Superintendent Hu suddenly muttered to himself, his misfitted suit began to move on his body in an indescribable way—it was as if there was a gale inside his clothes.

His tie fluttered, and his trousers began oscillating. How could there be wind on a calm morning such as this, and it ruthlessly blow toward Superintendent Hu?

"Ssssh~~~~"

An azure light flashed. Mo Fan could see an indistinct thread of a beautiful starlight moving to surround Superintendent Hu's whole body. The starlight flashed as it moved.

"Student Mo Fan, teacher will leave first. Do your best in studying!"

Superintendent Hu turned around and exposed his yellow-toothed smile to Mo Fan.

Mo Fan seemed a bit taken back. Before he could come back to his senses, he heard a "swoosh" sound!

The slightly plump, bald Superintendent Hu—with the suit that seemed out of place—followed the dust trajectory from the swirling wind and hastily made his way toward the school!

His stride was exceptionally quick. The students wearing their student uniforms seemed immobile, which let Superintendent Hu travel in high speed through them, leaving behind a shocking dust trail...

During this short period of time, Mo Fan felt like the Superintendent's face was still in front of him. However—at this moment—Superintendent Hu had already disappeared into the depths of the school, and he was no longer able to see his shadow.

The words "Do your best in studying!" still resonated in his ears; however, the person was already gone without a trace. He was chewing on half the youtiao. As the chewing came to a stop, the other youtiao slid from Mo Fan's hands! Superintendent Hu, are you the successor of Duan Yu, using his ultimate technique of Ripple Tiny Steps???

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"This is just an illusion, this is definitely just an illusion." Mo Fan rubbed his eyes after a long while.

It must be because I didn't sleep well last night. It must've pressured my cranial nerves or something, how else am I imagining this kind of scene?

Let's finish this breakfast quickly and go back to the classroom to get some more sleep. Heavens, what is this? A bald and prominent Superintendent who can use Ripple Tiny Step?



After arriving at the classroom, he lay down onto the desk immediately without saying anything, so he could mitigate the illusion he had seen before. From the front of his desk came the two small voices of the student representatives, one said, "There's only one month left, what do I do if I don't get into a good high school?"

"You're really smart though, I'm sure you can enter the Tian Lan Magic High School."

"What, you're the smart one. Your grades for theory classes are so high, I could practically pull out any Magical Beast and you would recognize them and their weaknesses."

Mo Fan creased his eyebrows, this wasn't his first time hearing this whole concept of magic.

What happened? Is it possible that I'm having another illusion?

I don't take drugs nor do I smoke!

Forget it, it must be because I haven't had a proper sleep.

Mo Fan ignored the crazy talk of the two lads in front of him and quickly entered a deep state of sleep.

Mo Fan's many years of experience in studying gave him a superior ability to fall asleep on his desk in just a single second.

"Students, open your textbooks. Today, we will continue to learn about Magic Release's preliminary requirements. Do you still remember what I told you before? To complete Primary rank magic, you have to first make the stars in your Magic Stardust link to each other. By doing this, you will be able to form a Star Path and then utilize the power of Magic. I have already explained this theory to you many times before, while at same time, this is also the most important part of the exam," the Math teacher—Su Qingzhi—said as he maintained his intonation.

In the past, Mo Fan could enter a state of deep sleep as he followed the voice of the teacher. However, as he once again heard 'Magic Release' and 'Star', he was immediately woken up.

"Mo Fan, you better listen in class. There's less than a month's time, yet you're still neglecting yourself!" Su Qingzhi saw Mo Fan and immediately reprimanded him.

The classmates also turned their heads around and quietly laughed to themselves. Laughing at the trash had already become their favorite thing to do in class.

"Open your textbook." Su Qingzhi said in continuation.

Mo Fan felt helpless as he opened up his textbook...

"Shit, what is this??" Mo Fan couldn't help himself from swearing.

The pictures, functions, and formulas that were contained in the math book were all gone. Instead, there was a "Star Path" which he didn't understand at all, the picture of the Star had something that looked like a connecting line with streaking meteors. It looked like.... like... just like a f\*\*king Magic Formation!

Mo Fan forcefully suppressed the astonishment in his heart, and then came to another realization.

When the math teacher stopped observing him, Mo Fan kicked his seatmate, Guan Gu, below the table and said, "Are you messing with me? What the heck did you switch out my book for, hurry up and give me back my math book."

"Big brother, what math book are you talking about?" The tanned faced Guan Gu felt wronged—he didn't try to provoke anyone.

"Come take a look at this crap. Hurry up and give me my book back." Mo Fan opened up his book and pointed at the strange Star Path, Magic symbols, and the odd incantations.

"Big Brother Mo Fan, this is the Magic book for this class. What's Math? Did you stay up all night again reading Science novels? You're even saying I'm

reading so much that it's like I am possessed—you're the same as me." Guan Gu said.

As Mo Fan heard Guan Gu's retort, his chin almost couldn't help but drop down to the floor.

What is this, and what now?

"Stop bullshitting me." Mo Fan said in anger. This brat sure is good at acting, the real question is whether I'm gonna believe you like a madman.

"Boss, the novels have actually caused you to go mad. We are in the magic world alright, how could we possibly have something as incredible and mysterious as Math. If there really was, then I wouldn't be spending everyday studying something as boring as Magic Theory, Elemental Systems, or Magical Beasts. I would have studied Mathematics, Literature, and all these interesting things a long time ago." Guan Gu said—with a sincere expression and a heartfelt tone—to Mo Fan.

As Mo Fa looked at Guan Gu's expression, he thought to himself, This bastard actually did not even reveal a little bit of a mistake as he said this crazy stuff. It really seemed like it was real.

My seatmate has gone mad, not only has he gone mad, but he's even trying to turn me into a madman!

Learning something as boring as Magic Theory, Elemental Systems and Magical Beasts....

Hehe! It's impressive you can even say that out loud!

"If you don't believe me, then just listen to what the teacher is saying." Guan Gu said indifferently as he saw Mo Fan's peculiar expression.

As Mo Fan heard this, he finally carefully listened to what the math teacher, Su Qingzhi, was saying. However, one part was like an alien language—there were terms which Mo Fan had no idea about— which caused him to feel unwell.

Su Qingzhi didn't mention the familiar 'Functions' nor 'Formulas' at all. On the contrary, he had said the words 'Star Path' and 'Star Diagram' numerous times, he even mentioned things like 'Fire- Ice- Water Elements'.

"Crazy—they've all gone crazy."

Mo Fan's belief was solemn, he would not believe these words.

The next class was with his favorite Literature teacher: Mrs Qin. Beautiful, sexy, mature, gentle, big and perky boobs, her very round buttocks won't use this kind of nonsense to deceive me.

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After going through the incomprehensible math class, Mrs Qin—with her slender body and formal black dress—walked into the classroom.

Just like before, she gave a slight smile that illuminated the entire classroom.

The boys of the class became like kindergarteners; excitement filled their faces as they greeted the teacher.

"Students, today we will be discussing the pros and cons of black magic.

Everyone should already know that black magic is divided into three different types; Spectre Type, Curse Type, and Shadow Type. Then, what's the difference in these three types of Magic?" Mrs Qin said with a gentle and elegant voice.

In the past, Mo Fan would have been able to attentively look and listen.

However, after hearing these words, his expression made it seem as though he had eaten a housefly.

While the crazy seatmate to the side of him made a "See, what did I tell you?" kind of expression.

Shit, you're not wrong, then your father, I, must be sick!

Impossible!

Mo Fan finally couldn't take it anymore and quickly slid off his chair and stood up.

"Mrs Qin, aren't we supposed to have Literature class?" Mo Fan asked.

As his seatmate Guan Gu realized what Mo Fan was going to stand up and ask, he tried to pull him away but failed to do so. After hearing what Mo Fan had asked, he facepalmed himself while saying "Oh mai gah".

As the words were said, a roar of laughter arose within the quiet classroom. The whole class, consisting of forty students, were swaying with laughter. Especially Mu Bai—he laughed so much that he began to tear up.

Mrs Qin did not laugh. She pushed her glasses with gold traces to the side while maintaining a slight smile. Her clear cat-like eyes looked at Mo Fan as she earnestly said, "Mo Fan, this literature you're talking about is Science, right? Science doesn't exist here; you must have immersed yourself in those non-existent things instead of earnestly studying magic. You have to become an useful Mage for society, alright?"

One could imagine the Literature teacher was very sincere. When such earnest words were being spoken out loud, one could imagine the expression of a certain youth changing greatly.

God, please kill me already!!

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Eh, hold on. How come the words Mrs Qin just said was exactly the same as what the already passed, Old Man Ying, had said?

Is it possible that there really is a magic plane? And I have actually been dropped right into the magic plane?

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Mo Fan had originally thought that this was all just a dream; however, the following few days were exactly the same.

While at same time, his clear conscious had also been telling him that this was definitely not a dream.

On the morning of the fourth day, he was once again sitting at Uncle Seven's place eating youtiao, while feeling conflicted.

The two male students next to him were discussing Magical Tools. Mo Fan was unclear on what kind of things these Magical Tools were, however, listening to the way they spoke about it, it seemed to be something incredible. Not only that, it also sounded expensive, roughly about the same price as a car.

"Mo Fan, why do you seem so down? How about I—your Uncle—buy you something to energize you? The exams are coming up, whether you are able to become a Mage depends on this exam..." The youtiao vendor, Uncle Seven, said with concern.

Mo Fan automatically assumed what Uncle Seven had said was related to his grades in school.

"Huhuhu~~~~~"

A bizarre wind blew onto the small vendor. It swirled some dust onto Mo Fan's soymilk, thus, he quickly poured it down his throat. His entire being looked dispirited.

The wind got stronger and stronger and Mo Fan felt a strange pressure slowly spiralling down on him.

The grass was swaying wildly and the dirt particles were flying everywhere.

The girls covered and held their skirts down as they let out astonished cries.

Mo Fan had gotten used to it. It was that teacher again using the "Wind Trail" magic to stride, and there was more activity among the people this time.

"What...what in the heavens, what is that??"

"Oh crap, that's so cool!"

"Wings, that person actually has wings behind him. It's exactly the same as the video in Super Kugen!"

"Wind Wings, dear lords, I have actually seen the high-level Wind Element magic 'Wind Wings' with my own eyes!"

Mo Fan was unable to eat his breakfast peacefully with the surroundings being this noisy.

Mo Fan assumed a calm face as he raised his head, however, in the next moment, it was as if his entire being sustained a lightning shock as he stood there. His drowsy eyes widened all of a sudden, unable to move away from what he was seeing!

Against a bright blue sky, at the corner of a rooftop, by the swaying trees, and the fluttering flag of the school....

This man who was wearing a silver gown looked like a spirit from a dream; he flew past these exceedingly remote locations and streaked across the sky in a breathtaking arc!

Mo Fan sat in the back row in the classroom, so when he was bored he tended to stare at the cloud, the sky, the trees, the flagpole, and the birds who are flying free in the sky. However, he never thought that there would actually be people who would have illusory wings to swoop past him for an unimaginable visual impact.

This should be something that only exists in movies, but now it has actually appeared in front of his own eyes!!

"Wind.....wind....wind wings!" Mo Fan stared at the silver man with wings in the sky as he mouthed the magic name out loud.

Unlike the time he witnessed the Wind Trail, Mo Fan could feel something moving fiercely within his heart; this was him breaking out of the shell of his original mindset, giving birth to a thirst.

That's right, in the past few days, he was unable to accept the changes to everything. Only now did he suddenly realize the great changes, and contrary to one's expectations, it made his heart race violently. It was as though he fell in love with someone at first sight!

After the shock from the silver man flying by had passed, Mo Fan had already stated to himself within his heart: Even if this is a dream, I'll still learn Wind Wings and hover across the horizon freely before I wake up!

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The time that Mo Fan had at hand was very short.

If he were to look at things from the perspective of his former world, nine years worth of mandatory graduation testing was happening in twenty days. In the remaining twenty days, all Mo Fan did was confirm some crucial points:

The courses were divided into:

Magic Foundation Theory – based on the setup of the subject, it seems to be Literature

Magic Star Path – should be geometry

Magical Beast Knowledge – should be biology

Magical Tools and Devices Knowledge – should be physics

Materials Knowledge – should be chemistry

Magic History and Magic Geography should be self explanatory.

Naturally, Mo Fan also understood one very important piece of information.

Basically, there were no students who could release magic yet. This was because what the students had studied during the nine years compulsory education were general theories, concepts, and abilities.

This was actually the same as Junior High School graduates in the former world—no survival skills whatsoever.

To Mo Fan, this is definitely good news. After all, this world of magic was completely alien to him—he practically had to relearn everything.

The most crucial point to become a Mage as a Magic student was the “Magic Awakening”.

The “Magic Awakening” was similar to an opening ceremony. During the opening ceremony of Magic High School, every magic students were to receive their one-time “Magic Baptism” which was the Magic Awakening!

Different people awakened different elements. Mo Fan had heard from Guan Gu that the awakened elements were mostly chemical elements. These were the ones you usually learn in class: Wind Element, Fire Element, Water Element, Light Element, Lightning Element, Ice Element, and Earth Element.



The ones Mo Fan had witnessed before, "Wind Trail" and "Wind Wings" were divided into low rank magic and high rank magic. If the people who awakened the Wind Element were to strive hard, then it was possible that they could learn this magic.

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Thus, if one wanted to become like the Mage who could fly, then the first thing one needed to do was to get admitted into high school and receive what every high school magic students got—the Magic Awakening!

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"Mo Fan, don't tell me you actually want to take the exams for Magic High School, and become a Mage?" Guan Gu asked sincerely.

In Guan Gu's opinion, Mo Fan never struck him as a person who loved studying, but suddenly he seemed to be genuinely studying magic. This was an atrocious matter.

Mo Fan was too lazy to explain to his classmate. However, he had already decided that he would definitely be admitted into the Magic High School and obtain the extremely precious opportunity to awaken.

"Even if you were to study now, it'd be useless. You should just stop wasting the time, after all, you've missed several years of homework." Guan Gu said in persuasion.

Guan Gu was very clear on the fact that Mo Fan only got six points on the last Magic mock exam—the lowest of the entire year group. How could he get admitted with this kind of grade?

"You've already messed up, there's no use to put in effort now, just accept it."

"Guan Gu, you should be the one to study more."

Having Guan Gu chattering in his ears made Mo Fan feel somewhat irritated.

"Why?" Guan Gu asked.

"Guan Gu, did you know that you look ugly?"

"I did," Guan Gu admitted with a sincere face.

"Yeah, then there's a saying that you should know: If one is ugly then one should have more....hiccups, if one is ugly then one should learn Magic!" Mo Fan said these heartfelt words with sincerity.

"F\*\*k off mate!"

Guan Gu wasn't wrong, however. There was only twenty something days left, even if one was a genius, they still wouldn't be able to compensate for all the classes from years past. Additionally, the content of the exams and what was learned were two different concepts.

Mo Fan knew that he didn't have much hope left, but the reason for him cramming was not because of exams. It was because he was genuinely moved by Magic, causing him to feel an intense desire to study.

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The time passed quickly, twenty or so days flew past in a flash.

Mo Fan did not wake up from his so-called Magic Dream, instead, he began to believe in the real existence of this world. Furthermore, he welcomed the Junior High Exam which had turned into the Magic Junior High Exam.

On the day of the exams, the people outside of the school were filled with worry. It didn't matter whether they were having exams on Magic, or Science, the parents of children were still coming to pick them up; those who drove cars came in cars and those who drove pedicab came in pedicabs. This was because the parents were very clear on the fact that the exams this time were going to decide whether their children would come in cars to pick up the next generation, or in pedicabs.

As Mo Fan walked out of the exam room, he saw the endless streams of people, and in his heart he thought, "Why are there cars and electric scooters in a Magic World?" He walked out as he was puzzled over this, but his thoughts quickly returned back to the contents of the exams.

After twenty or so days of studying hard, Mo Fan have finally reached the level where he can understand the subjects of the exams. However, whether the answer was correct or not—— Sigh, as long as I am happy.

“Mo Fan, Mo Fan.....” Among the crowd, a yellow-faced middle-aged man looked toward Mo Fan with his left hand raised above his head.

As Mo Fan saw this familiar face, he accidentally called out, “Father, why did you come here?”

“To pick you up of course. After you’ve finished your exams, you have basically graduated. I found you a job in the next city district as a construction worker, you’ll be under Uncle Guang Feng. Once you’ve worked there for a few years and gained experience, then you can start doing it on your own. If you’re lucky, then there shouldn’t be a problem for you to earn up to four to five thousand RMB. It’s also better if you start working early.” Mo Jiaying said as he smiled wholeheartedly.

The world has changed, but Mo Fan remained bad at studying. Whereas Dad was still Dad; Mo Fan felt like he had retained an unchanged family.

If Mo Jiaying had mentioned the matter of becoming a construction worker to Mo Fan about a month ago, Mo Fan would choose the road his father had arranged for him without hesitation—this was because he had to walk this road to enter the society.

However, the Mo Fan of now was different.

In this society, there are cars, mobiles, computers and even refrigerators.

However, scientific merchandise didn’t exist because it was replaced by Magic.

If you don’t become a Mage, then you will become a worker that handles and produces those kinds of things. Damn, that’s no different than the former world, thus, I will definitely study magic!

“Dad, I want to continue studying.” Mo Fan remained silent for a long period time before he told Mo Jiaying about the thought in his mind.

"I thought you didn't like studying magic?" Mo Jiaying said, with a raised eyebrow and his face filled with surprise.

"Uh...." Mo Fan felt caught between a rock and a hard place. How was he supposed to explain this thing. He was so screwed.

Mo Jiaying looked at his almost sixteen year old son as his face once again contained a straight and honest smile, while he said, "Don't worry, your father won't blame you for not putting effort into studying magic. Every individual has their own ambitions."

"No, I genuinely want to study."

"Are you able to pass the exams?" Mo Jiaying asked.

"No." Mo Fan said in in certainty.

Whether it is having exams in English language or Magic, Mo Fan would definitely not pass, there was no doubting this point.

"Then that's that. Don't worry, Although the ancient people have said, 'Magic is above everything,' there's also a saying for those who are a jack of all trades."

As Mo Fan finished listening to this, he unconsciously smacked his lips.

At the moment, there was a lot of information that Mo Fan had to process.

However, during the period of time he was processing this information, Mo Fan was particularly silent. For example, Mo Fan remembered there was one time where the history teacher had told the students, "The Light Element Magic's earliest user was "Edison", and at that time, it had caused Mo Fan to curse over and over again in his mind.

When Mo Jiaying patted Mo Fan's shoulders to console him, he suddenly realised that his son maintained his silence. His son's expression showed he was not in a normal state.

No one understood their son like their father. Mo Jiaying slowly retracted his smile, his voice turned lower pitched as he asked, "Are you for real?"

"Yeah, I want to obtain the opportunity to awaken. I do understand that it's already too late, but I genuinely want to study and become a Mage." Mo Fan sincerely said.

Mo Jiaying remained silent.

Mo Fan also didn't say anything.

"You really want to continue studying?" Mo Jiaying confirmed once more.

"I do." Mo Fan nodded his head without hesitation.

Originally, Mo Fan also thought it was on impulse. However, it has been a month and the restless sensation the Wild Wings had brought into his heart had yet to cool down. He really was not kidding, he seriously wanted to study!

"In that case, alright, I'll think of something." Mo Jiaying said no more.

"Dad, I found a temporary job at the Tian Lan Magic High School, looking after the library. It starts the day after tomorrow." Mo Fan said.

Since he has decided to study magic, Mo Fan had no intentions of giving up due to himself being unable to properly study. Whether he could enter the Magic High School and obtain the opportunity to awaken would have to depend on his father, while he would depend on himself to fill in the knowledge that he was lacking. He was very clear on the fact that he had no hope to be admitted into Magic High School—thus, Mo Fan found this job in advance.

There was practically no salary, just food and residence. However, to Mo Fan, this was very important as he could find many things he lacked in the library. Mo Jiaying was astonished, he didn't know what had caused his son's great change of mind. However, since Mo Fan has wholeheartedly begged for magic, then he had no reason to be unhappy. After all, in this society, the ones who truly held a status were the Mages. A construction worker could get a house and a car, but their value and respect still couldn't be compared to a Mage who graduated from a Magic School.

"Let's go home first, we'll talk at home." Mo Jiaying nodded his head, no longer saying anything else. Mo Jiaying did not worry about his son at all. Mo Fan wasn't sixteen yet, but in Mo Jiaying's heart, Mo Fan had already entered adulthood.

1. Mo Fan's 'Fan' is also used in the Chinese 'Ping Fan' which means mediocre/average

2. Duan Yu is a famous character in the Jin Yong novel of Tian Long Ba Bu