

## CHAPTER 11

Mo Fan was in a mood while humming 'Little Apple' as he walked toward Mingwen Middle School.

Mingwen Middle School was a private All-Girl school. The most delicate and fashionable girls were assembled there.

The difference between this and other schools was this school doesn't use the dull Magic Theory education, and they definitely didn't have fools who only knew how to write exams in Magic books. These girls came from families with magic backgrounds, thus, they naturally knew more than the magic students who had to go through nine years of compulsory Magic education. For an instance, some of them would frequently wear a Magic Tool ornament around their chest.

This Magic second generation has been wearing Magical Tools that enhance their Spiritual Force since the day they were born. Compared to these people, Mo Fan was just a peasant who has to climb his way up, step by step.

The small roads around the school were filled with luxurious vehicles as it was just in time for the end of school. Mo Fan was very clear about Xinxia's character; she would definitely go around the girls with limousines and go along the small road in the alley. as she smelled the fragrance of the small bamboo by the window which was planted by the residents.

Mo Fan walked around the main entrance as he planned to wait for the little sister, Ye Xinxia, by the end of the road in the alley.

There weren't many people who would use the road in the alley. Mo Fan passed through other people's courtyards as he entered the familiar road.

Although the world has changed, the city with which he was so familiar hadn't changed, neither had the bamboo by the window.

Thinking about it, Ye Xinxia shouldn't have changed either.

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Mo Fan stood in the middle of the alley with his back leaning onto a wall. He looked like a gangster waiting for an opportunity to extort arcade tokens from primary students. He would occasionally raise his eyes to look at the entrance of the alley, hoping to surprise the girl who was about to come over. Who would've thought that the beautiful silhouette would not appear for half the day?

\_How come she's not coming?\_

The pose in which Mo Fan was standing made him feel numb.

As he slightly closed his eyes, Mo Fan was practically about to enter meditation out of habit.

Suddenly, Mo Fan heard a noise coming from the entrance of the alley in the direction of the small hill. Usually, these noises and clamors would be deafened by the high walls of the alley. For some reason, these noises ended up in his ears.

\_Could it be the side effects of Meditation\_ \_has\_ \_increased perception?\_

Mo Fan began walking toward the direction of the small hill in curiosity.

As he walked in the direction of the small hill, it became clear all of a sudden.

The front side, at the foot of the hill, was roughly a kilometer away from the house that Mo Fan's family recently sold.

Down the hill was a small lawn that looked like a small park. Near an air vent was a swing made of twisted vines.

The swing was standing still, without the slightest bit of movement.

Sitting on top of the swing was a girl with long, black hair. The winter wind messed her hair, revealing a silky white and delicate face. She had long eyelashes, exquisite nose, and lips glossy like jade.

She attentively looked forward in silence. It was as though she perfectly blended in as a portrait with the winter swings and delicate lotus. Cold and lovely, yet alone as her unique temperament blossomed.

Mo Fan's steps halted suddenly, without realizing when he started to enjoy looking at her like this. Seeing her sitting caused a warm current to surge within Mo Fan, flowing down the deepest part of his heart. At which point, he couldn't help but allow the corner of his mouth to curve.

However, in this moment, Mo Fan felt something wasn't right.

His eyebrows immediately creased as he walked toward the elegant girl sitting on the swing.

The girl also felt someone walking over; however, as she saw it was Mo Fan, her face didn't appear surprised at all. She only gently laughed, as though she knew this person would be coming and she was here waiting for him.

"Big Brother Mo Fan." The girl called out with a sweet voice.

"It's that crap again, isn't it?" As Mo Fan walked over, a faint anger crept up his face.

Xinxia didn't say anything.

"Today, I will definitely deal with them; they're a group of degenerates!" Mo Fan's anger multiplied, and he gazed at the staircase on the hill.

"There's a lot of them; forget it." Xinxia shook her head, advising Mo Fan to drop his anger.

"It's not possible to forget about it. I'm going to deal with these dregs." Mo Fan said no more and followed the staircase up.

Xinxia, who was sitting on the swing, wanted to pull Mo Fan away, but Mo Fan was already climbing up the mountain, seething in anger.

Xinxia was familiar with Mo Fan's temper. He has always fought the neighborhood bullies and ruffians for reasons related to her. He would fight against multiple people every time and return with wounds all over his body... This was something she wants to see the least.

The ones bothering her this time weren't some small ruffian or bullies. It was clear these people had long ago dropped out of school. The people who messed around in this area were known as the Azure Bear Gang. They were for hire to the wealthy girls living around here; whoever they didn't like, they'd step on them.

There were at least five people over there, and two of them had very sturdy bodies; their bodies were several times bigger than Mo Fan's. If Mo Fan were to go up there to find them, he would definitely be beaten badly.

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On the pavilion, on the hill.

"Xu Bing, don't you think we lack elegance if we do it like this...." A youth said with a cigarette hanging from his mouth and poker cards in his hands.

"How are we lacking elegance? This is my sixteenth time expressing my sincere feelings to her, allowing her to become my girlfriend.... Can't I sit here on the pavilion playing cards as she considers this?" The young man called Xu Bing responded.

On Xu Bing's neck was a clear azure colored tattoo and, due to his short jacket that covered half of the tattoo on his neck, it seemed extremely eye-catching. You could tell with a single glance that he was a character that was hard to provoke.

"Yeah, if she wants to reject you, she would've walked away already.... King Flash, hahaha. Give me the money, double up!" Sitting on the other side, a young man wearing a cowboy hat with a hole said.

"Damn, this bullshit luck of yours."

"One more round, one more round. We'll play till the sky turns dark. I don't believe the girl won't panic." Xu Bing narrowed his eyes, enjoying the position of someone on top.

Towards girls, one had to be unyielding. A girl's natural disposition was to be shy; if one isn't a bit unyielding, then one would not be able to do anything.

This girl Xinxia was becoming prettier with time; seeing her really made one excited. \_There's actually someone who would say that I'm like a toad who wants to eat the meat of a swan. Today, I will claim this girl, and then see who would dare to say anything\_.

"Oh right, I remember this little girl still has a brother; that's annoying." The young man in cowboy adornments commented.

"His battle prowess is lacking. Other than having an unyielding character, he is just a meat bag. You can beat him up however you want." Xu Bing said without caring much.

"That's right. Before, I would be enough to deal with him. Now, I've gained some muscle I'd like try beating that thing up!"

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Translator: Tofu

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\*[advantage]: by having their erection in contact with her

\*[ cent bills]: China has cents in bills called jiao

\*[Guoshu]: Guo here means country and shu means technique

\*[ 190 centimeters]: Over 6ft tall

\*[Lake Cui]: Cui Hu, also means Green Lake

\*[hundred dyuan bills]: 100yuan is their biggest bill

\*[Daoist Fierce Tiger]: The author of this novel

\*[Noodles]: made of wheat

\*[Rice Noodles]: made of rice

\*[Zhang Tian Tian]: Tian means sweet

\*[Bajiquan]: Also known as Eight Extremities Fist, but Bajiquan sounds nicer to me

\*[Long Taos]: side characters in Chinese operas who perform acrobatics and fight scenes

\*[12.47 to 13.07]: don't ask me about the tree sap

