

## CHAPTER 2

On one half of the mountain lay a residential area. If one were to follow the road with the iron fences, and walk to the end of that small road, one would find Mo Fan's home.

It was a small, one-and-a-half-story house; the exterior wall had cracked paint, which revealed the red bricks underneath. There was junk in the houses surrounding it.

The other houses in the neighborhood were all about three-and-a-half-story tall. After going through renovations and after being decorated, the houses looked more like actual homes. Whereas Mo Fan's house—furthest away in the corner—seemed even more like a wretched and old-fashioned house.

"Brother Mo Fan, you're back.... I brought you some good news." As Mo Fan arrived at the entrance to his home, a monkey-like youth sprung out, his face filled with joy.

This monkey was Zhang Hou, one of the children of the families that lived near this block. One could say that he grew up with Mo Fan.

"What's the good news?" Mo Fan asked.

"Little Princess is back, I saw her when I was by the entrance to the mansion. Wow, you have no idea how much prettier Little Princess has gotten—she's just like a little angel." Zhang Hou said with some excitement.

Mo Fan glanced at the mansion across the street. The mansion was exquisite to the point where it caused everyone to feel envious. Every inch of the flowers, plants, and trees had been through careful enhancement, causing it to reach the level of a real garden park.

However, the beautiful mansion's garden was currently being surrounded by tall iron fences.

When he reminisced back to his childhood, the iron fences were not there. He had regularly brought along the kids from this street to the mansion's garden to play.

At the highest location of the residency, there existed many extremely exquisite european-style villas. In the eyes of these children, they looked like a castle from a fairytale, and within the castle was indeed a Princess so beautiful that made them forget to breathe. She was at a similar age to them and Mo Fan would frequently sneak the Princess out to play with them.....

He couldn't remember when the iron fences appeared around the residency, and the adults in the neighborhood no longer allowed their children to go into the mansion. In addition the make-believe Princess had turned into a real Princess in the castle. Following the passage of age, they became more and more distant, and the number of times they met became less and less.

"Did you know? I heard that Little Princess is currently the Ace of the renowned Imperial Magic School, her innate talent toward Ice elements is simply incomparable with her peers. She is able to utilize Ice magic at the tender age of 15." Zhang Hou said in mystery.

Mo Fan was astonished. If Zhang Hou were to tell him that the Little Princess received a medal in the Olympics, then he probably wouldn't feel anything. However, if it was about becoming an Ice Element Mage, then that was something completely different!

Most people had to wait until they turned sixteen—in their first year of High School—to receive awakening before obtaining their first Elemental Magic. After obtaining that, it didn't mean you had become a real Mage yet. You had to go through a long process of training, obtaining a Magic Book, and diligently practicing before being able to release magic. \_Little Princess sure was impressive, she became a real Magician at the age of 15!\_

\_Could it be that she is the so-called Child Prodigy? The Child Prodigy of the Magic World!\_

"Brother Mo Fan, I feel sorry for you. If only you put in more effort to take away the naive and innocent Little Princess back when we were younger. Now she's talented and good looking, tsk tsk tsk... it sure makes us quite envious."

Zhang Hou said as he raised his eyebrow.

"That was when we were young, stop talking about useless things." Mo Fan said cluelessly.

As Mo Jiaying heard the two youths talk about this, he coughed and dragged Mo Fan back home.

As he just returned back home, Mo Jiaying said, "I'm going out for a bit. Xin Xia is living with your aunt, she's probably not coming home."

"Alright, I understand."

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After Mo Jiaying left in a haste, Mo Fan walked around his house and realized his home hadn't changed at all.

Although the world had changed, the bitterness of being poor hadn't changed. \_How come my family didn't trade with the family with the mansion? Really God? You went through all that trouble to turn Science into Magic but you couldn't do something as small as changing this?\_

The only thing he rejoiced over was the fact that his own appearance did not change—it was still as outstanding and elegant as before!

Sitting at home was boring—there was nothing to do. Mo Fan was so bored that he decided to go out and take a stroll. He also wanted to see what else had changed.

As he followed the mossy road that no one walked on, he saw his father's pickup truck as he was about to meet the main street.

His Old Man was a chauffeur. He used to drive the Master of that Mansion; however, he didn't know how his father ended up being transferred into the

logistics section. There was a day where he went to purchase things on the behalf of the Mansion, and ever since then, the family's condition had gradually gotten worse.

"Jiaxing, this request of yours is a bit rude, isn't it. You should know that I treated your family quite well in the past. Despite the kid from your family committing such a deed, I still left some work for you to do. If it was someone else's family, I'd just have had them pack up and leave immediately." A middle-aged man's tone slowly sounded.

"Brother Mu He, just look at this as the last time I request help from you. If I were to try and buy our way into Tian Lan Magic High, then that'd be too expensive. You should already know of the situation of my family, we really can't afford it." Mo Jiaxing said, slowly and humbly.

"You—why are you doing this for your failure of a son. He himself doesn't have the qualifications to pass the exams to enter the Magic High so you might as well let fate run its course, he's almost 16. Besides, even if I were to help you get your son into Magic High, just based on his character, he will definitely slack and not become a genuine Magician. Becoming a Magician is not that easy, not only do you require talent and hard-work, but those Magic Books, Magical Devices and Magical Tools are not something your family can afford. Without these things to support him, he can't even become a Primary-level Magician...." The man called Mu He said with sincere tone, but Mo Fan could hear a sliver of arrogance in it.

"This time, he genuinely wants to study. Brother Mu He, if you help me out this time, then I will move far away from Master Mu per his demand. This way, we would also make Master Mu feel at ease, and I will also guarantee that my little brat will certainly not interact with Lady Mu Zhuxue." Mo Jiaxing's voice sounded.

"Oh, in that case, I'd have to consider it."

As soon as he heard they were willing to move away, this man called Mu He seemed to have more interest in the discussion.

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A youth leaned onto a wall as he listened to the conversation; his heart felt incredibly complicated.

He thought that when the world changed, the many terrible connections he had would also have changed. However...it seemed like nothing had changed. Like a ruler, the rich people of the Mu Mansion were at the very top, whereas the very bottom was this father who had to go through hard work and needed help from other people. This Mu He was the Chairman of Tian Lan Magic High, and the truth was that he only needed to say a single word and it'd allow Mo Fan to enter Tian Lan Magic High.

However, after hearing his own father—Mo Jiaying—being willing to move away, Mu He quickly agreed with a heavy sigh.

At the end of the conversation, his father was incessantly thanking Mu He. While Mu He got into his luxurious car and left, he left behind the seemingly old pick-up truck with dust, and his seemingly as dusty and old father, Mo Jiaying.

\_How is this a dream?\_

This cruelty was exactly the same as his previous reality. The Mo Fan who was leaning onto the wall with a serious look, he was very aware of the fact that his own family's condition had not changed at all. Their low status had also not changed at all.

In olden times, the older family in the society had power and status; there was no difference at all in the modern world; some families have more heritage, longer history, and their family still occupies positions and identities with power. Even if the common people were no longer called servants to the rich; they were now called workers; and although they no longer needed to kneel and salute, the fates of these common people was still below those of the rich,

and their fates could be manipulated easily at the fingertips of these rich people.

Mo Fan himself was born into a family at the very bottom, and they were being completely domesticated by a wealthy family called 'Mu'.

Within his heart, it felt like there was something violently surging—he grasped his fist tighter and repeatedly smashed it against the azure-colored wall.

"Your Mu Family took advantage of me when I was young, and when I was lying down!"

"When I am powerful, I will definitely return the favor tenfold—no, a hundredfold!"

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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