

I Can Grant Origin Powers To Anything #Chapter 34 You're Really Despicable - Read I Can Grant Origin Powers To Anything Chapter 34 You're Really Despicable

Chapter 34 - 34 You're Really Despicable

The next day.

Feng Zhichen boarded the plane heading for Qingzhou City.

Old age made him tremble even as he walked.

A flight attendant helped him along the way, then seated him.

When Feng Zhichen finally lay down to rest, he couldn't help but sigh. Young people these days are truly polite; I look like a decrepit old man with no strength at all, yet no one took advantage of this old fellow. Everywhere I went, people treated me with respect, and wherever I stood, they'd quickly offer me a seat.

Cars would keep their distance, afraid of accidentally brushing against me... How considerate.

Lying down, he sighed and gently pointed backward.

Although the fingertip was far from reaching, a wisp of True Qi came through...

Poking the head of the passenger behind, who was wearing sunglasses and reading a math book intently.

A sharp cry of pain.

A moment later, a sycophantic smile came over.

"Master."

Sun Lingli behind him shook the book in her hands and said, "I brought the textbook. I'll diligently review it along the way, alright? Besides, Master has such profound cultivation; you must also be proficient in academic subjects. I can seek your guidance along the way."

"Well... that's something you have to comprehend on your own. Others' guidance is merely empty talk; without personal insight, it's useless."

Feng Zhichen said helplessly, "Since we're already on the plane, there's no avoiding it. Remember to study; if you don't get into the West Origin Martial Mansion, Master will break your legs."

"Yes, Master!"

Meanwhile.

In the Imperial Capital.

The courtyard that Feng Zhichen left, a piece of land worth its weight in gold, still seemed peaceful and natural, but in the eyes of those with ulterior motives, there were significantly fewer watchful and protective gazes.

Have all the secretly dispatched guards dispersed?

The previously locked door was quietly opened.

Several figures entered the premises.

They were very careful not to damage a single blade of grass or tree, just inspecting around.

A moment later, they returned to report to their leader.

"Is that so? All his personal clothes were taken, and the money is considerably less, the amount matches... It seems he really left."

At this point.

Upon hearing that Feng Zhichen had left, everyone finally let out a sigh of relief.

The leader smirked coldly, "Heh heh heh heh, we couldn't find him even if we wore out our iron shoes, yet it was effortless. We were worried we couldn't amass troops within the Imperial Capital, and killing a Guiyuan Realm martial artist would be virtually impossible. But he himself departed on his own. Investigate where he went. He alone has caused the deaths of so many of our innocent soldiers... It's time to settle this score with him."

"Yes!"

The subordinates swiftly dispersed.

The leader remained, staring fixedly at the garden. Thinking about that old man sitting here, focused on these plants, creating countless powerful martial skills, and donating

them freely to the Polar Star Battlefield, turning those martial skills into weapons that slaughtered their people!

He couldn't bear not to burn the place down to ashes.

But he couldn't, he couldn't reveal their goals so easily.

No one should know they came to kill him.

"Let's go!"

He turned and left, carefully locking the door as he departed.

In Qingzhou City.

Every morning Xu Lingjun got up, he developed a new habit.

He would meticulously touch each of his figurines on the bedside... Though so far, due to continuously taking capsules for cultivating the "Infinite Divine Demon Body Refining Technique", the Source Value only increased by about a hundred each day, and he was still quite financially tight.

But without dreams, what difference is there between a person and a salted fish?

Especially since Wang Tiancheng promised to continue promoting and publicizing it, giving these things broader recognition.

He couldn't help but anticipate that perhaps one day when touching these items, he might hear a prompt sound.

After washing up, he went out to buy breakfast.

Having lived in Xu Lingjun's house for over a month, some of Wang Qingya's small habits had become apparent.

For example... low blood pressure.

She couldn't get up in the morning.

When she first arrived, to maintain a perfect image in front of Xu Lingjun, she forced herself to get up... But in reality, she set an alarm an hour early to get up at six and had to toss and turn in bed until she could fully wake up.

That was until they went through a life-and-death crisis together.

For the first time, they opened their hearts completely and fell asleep in each other's arms.

Though nothing happened, they undoubtedly grew closer in spirit... When facing Xu Lingjun, Wang Qingya finally gave up her perfect big sister persona.

Some small faults began to reveal themselves.

Knowing she had difficulty waking up.

Xu Lingjun made it clear he'd be responsible for breakfast from now on.

After all, Wang Qingya still helped him catch up on school work every night. If she also had to get up early... with her non-martial artist physique, she would be worn out within a month.

After breakfast.

They went to school.

With the passage of ten-plus days, the initial screams of death had already dissipated without a trace, and the crowd's fear gradually subsided.

Except for Wei Hua and Wang Jian's families, who remained trapped in grief... everyone else was pretty much back to normal.

They attended classes, studied diligently.

All the students began working hard for the Dragon Gate Examination.

The school atmosphere was one of intense learning.

In this fervent environment...

Xu Lingjun's academic scores catapulted from the twenties straight to the top ten, then third, second... and in this simulation exam, he secured first place in the whole school!

"How is this possible?!"

"Han Meimei was actually surpassed. She aimed for Xingkong College, being a super top student, yet she ended up in second place?"

"Xu Lingjun is truly impressive; not only has he become a Qi Gathering martial artist, but his academic performance has also skyrocketed. Having a good teacher to tutor you every day is such an advantage."

Wang Qingya banged on the table.

The boisterous atmosphere quieted down quickly.

"Do you think that because I tutor Xu Lingjun at home, it's unfair to you all?!"

Wang Qingya looked around and asked.

A girl timidly raised her hand, asking, "Teacher, we also want to improve our academic scores. Could we come to Xu Lingjun's house for tutoring with you?"

Saying this, she glanced at Xu Lingjun, seemingly imagining some tutoring scenes, her cheeks flushing.

"If you're willing, of course, you can. But more importantly, it depends on individual effort, not just the teacher's guidance."

Wang Qingya said earnestly, "You might not believe it, although I did tutor Xu Lingjun separately, his current achievements are mainly due to his efforts. Do you know? During this period, Xu Lingjun has been reviewing until two or three in the morning every day, sometimes too busy to even eat, needing someone to feed him, even staying focused on revising while in bed, sometimes so absorbed he'd forget to do important things and just fall asleep, requiring me to help him."

She said seriously, "I can help you review, but that's just deepening what you've learned in class. More importantly, you need to remember, understand, and associate. You need to learn more from Xu Lingjun, okay?"

"Oh~~!!!"

The class collectively exclaimed.

Their gazes at Xu Lingjun were already reverent, as if looking at celestial people.

After class...

Guo Zheng couldn't wait to grab Xu Lingjun, sighing, "Old Xu, old Xu, I didn't think you'd secretly grown up. It's too despicable of you. Fess up, is your transformation due to drinking sister's nectar? You lazy bum, not even making a move, making the teacher take the initiative? Teacher Wang isn't a martial artist; she's quite frail. Aren't you afraid of wearing her out, so she can't teach the next day?"

Xu Lingjun said, speechless, "You can never wake someone who's pretending to sleep, especially when that person is lying next to a beautiful teacher like a big sister. Sigh... If I had such a teacher who would supervise and reward me day and night, even feeding

me. Isn't it reasonable that I'd study diligently until two or three in the morning, and the teacher would bring me breakfast to reward me because I can't get up or feed myself?"

Guo Zheng sighed, "You'll tell a grouse to a sleeper beside a beautiful teacher like a sister. Sigh... If only I had a teacher like that to watch over and reward me day and night..."

In response to his old friend's musings, Xu Lingjun could only retort with exasperation.

Chapter 35: Chapter 35 Am I Proud?

After school.

Xu Lingjun stayed behind to continue leeching off Zhou Qing.

Zhou Qing was indeed a good person, different from those flamboyant harlots outside; even though Xu Lingjun had helped him many times, the Source Value he could give to Fang Zheng hadn't reduced.

It even slightly increased.

According to Xu Lingjun's estimation, it might be because, as his strength improved, he was now a Martial Artist.

As a Martial Artist, yet still respecting his teachers so heavily, it obviously made Zhou Qing recall his old dream... of having students all over the world, hence his gratitude was even more intense.

Therefore, Xu Lingjun became even more diligent in freeloading from him.

Because of this matter, another Teacher Wang was jealous, sarcastically praising Xu Lingjun at home that night... Clearly, I'm the class advisor, did you butter up the wrong person? Flattering me is the right approach, you know.

What a pity that Teacher Wang was too unyielding.

Xu Lingjun also tried to help her, but it was all taken for granted by her; whether helping with sorting assignments or handling some miscellaneous tasks, she was so stingy that she didn't give Xu Lingjun a bit of Source Value.

Xu Lingjun could only give up helplessly.

Sigh, Sister Yaya, you are really unreasonable; you can't just assume the small help I give you is a given just because I am your fiancé, can you?

By evening time.

Martial arts street quickly started to bustle up.

Especially Baoyan Martial Arts Hall, following its collaboration with Qingyang High School.

Every time after school, Baoyan Martial Arts Hall was packed with people.

Taking advantage of this collaboration, Baoyan Martial Arts Hall rapidly became the number one martial arts hall on the street, with disciple numbers so large that a queue was necessary allowing practice only on alternate days.

Lie Fenglei seemed to be motivated by Xu Lingjun.

He shed his previous decadent and dejected appearance and began seriously teaching proper Martial Skills.

He was a Martial Artist of the Middle Realm Gathering River, if he wasn't crippled, he could at least compete with Yuan Tianqing.

With such strength, guiding those who aren't even at the level of a Martial Artist, is naturally more than sufficient...

Even though he has a violent temper, losing patience easily if things don't go smoothly. Yet, with Lie Fengyun assisting alongside, those students in the hall actually managed to learn a lot of good stuff.

In just over half a month, at Qingyang High School, the number of Body Tempering Ninth Rank had doubled, reaching more than fifty people.

In this, the Lie Fenglei and Lie Fengyun brothers contributed significantly.

What's more rare was that he issued a notice.

Those previous apprentices who had registered at Baoyan Martial Arts Hall, could return and re-train if willing.

The reputation of Baoyan Martial Arts Hall also soared spectacularly, and everyone finally realized that Lie Fenglei wasn't just idling, he used to be just muddling along before, but now he's being earnest.

But this evening...

"What, someone's causing trouble?!"

Lie Fengyun, for once, had free time.

You know, these students are the most difficult to serve... Unlike ordinary apprentices, they can learn Martial Skills in the hall and theory at school, their questions often leaving him stumped.

Especially since they could also consult Xu Lingjun.

What that guy said, Lie Fengyun truly dared not refute... No kidding, though I've been practicing Flame Killing Fist for over twenty years.

But compared to Xu Lingjun, I'm just a kid.

So each time guiding these students left him mentally exhausted.

This rare moment of leisure.

He hadn't even had a chance to drink water when an apprentice reported someone causing trouble at the martial arts hall.

Lie Fengyun waved his hand, tiredly saying, "Now who dares come to the hall causing trouble? If it can be discussed, then discuss; if not, beat them out... We are a martial arts hall, not a courtroom, fists are the rules!"

"But... but the manner of their trouble-making is unique, can't beat them."

The apprentice replied with a dry laugh.

"What do you mean?!"

"That is... I'm not sure how to put it, you'd see if you take a look."

Lie Fengyun cast a puzzled glance at the apprentice, can there be a different manner of causing trouble?

"Alright, let's go and see."

He rose and headed outside.

At this time, in the vast martial arts hall.

Nearly a hundred apprentices earnestly practicing their punches.

Fist after fist, move after move, fierce and vibrant, without any shouting, yet Fist Force condensed, actions uniform and consistent, each punch and kick released accompanied by a heavy whistling.

"Hmm, not bad, not bad."

Feng Zhichen leaned silently in the corner, watching the young apprentices seriously practicing their Fist Techniques.

A satisfied smile in his eyes, he warmly asked Sun Lingli, who accompanied him, "Lingli, what do you think?"

"The actions are uniform, yet it's still just a routine, mediocre, really nothing exceptional."

Sun Lingli finally removed her gaze from her book, adjusting her glasses, evaluating earnestly, giving an 'acceptable' review.

"But these are all beginners, this is indeed quite good, seems like the apprentices have a solid foundation."

Feng Zhichen laughed, strolling over to a young man diligently practicing punches next to him and smilingly said, "Young man, you punched incorrectly."

The young man paused upon hearing, glaring at Feng Zhichen, asked, "Where was I wrong?"

Feng Zhichen, ever patient, said, "This punch, the fierce flames burn force and Qi Force erupt like a torrent, definitely allowing the exertion of battle strength surpassing oneself by 200%, yet the damage to one's body is immense, continuously executing three or four strikes within one day, and your arm would fracture."

The young man sneered, "Of course I know, this is what our Hall Master taught, he specially warned us that this is a certain-kill technique, with massive burden on the body, thus not allowing more than three executions a day, it's the characteristic of Flame Killing Fist, where's it wrong!"

Feng Zhichen kindly said, "His teaching was not wrong twenty years ago, but in reality, today's Flame Killing Fist has already been innovated by the creator, you should go like this... Qi Force condenses, starts with the hand Taiyin Lung Meridian, turns to the hand Yangming Large Intestine Meridian..."

"Nonsense, the meridians are distinctly Yin and Yang in the arms, how can they be confused?"

"Why don't you try it and see, anyway, how can the harm possibly be greater than going fully down the Yang Meridians?"

That person hesitated, looking at the kindly old grandpa Feng Zhichen, probably thinking he didn't look like a bad person.

So condensed the Fist Force, consulting Feng Zhichen's guidance... Momentarily, a punch.

Qi Force roared up without wind, in the vast martial arts hall a loud explosion echoed, albeit mixed amidst everyone's Fist Force, thus unnoticed.

But the youth was shocked, eyes wide open.

Upon trying as this elder suggested, the punch's power increased by three-tenths, and the swelling pain in the arm disappeared.

Feng Zhichen chuckled, "Was that a bit slow on the burn now? It's alright, once you get used to the Qi Force flowing, after cultivating True Qi, the speed won't lag..."

The young guy, instantly overjoyed, shouted, "Thank you, Old Sir."

Feng Zhichen warmly moved to another Martial Artist.

Sun Lingli paid him no mind, staying seated on the wooden floor, a pen in hand starting calculations, yet her tightly furrowed brows proved the introductory version of the Middle School Thousand Solutions Clever Strategies wasn't all that easy, seemed starting from scratch was not exactly an easy feat.

And when Lie Fengyun arrived, what he saw was that all the Martial Artist apprentices had stopped practicing martial arts.

Instead, they surrounded an old man, noise resounding, everyone was asking him questions.

This old man seemed extremely knowledgeable about the Flame Killing Fist, often in just two or three sentences, letting the inquirer suddenly understand, rushing to try in excitement... indeed, significant improvements.

"Young man, I saw you practicing punches just now, it seems like your foundation might not be very solid."

And at this moment.

Feng Zhichen's gaze fell on a teenager, probably sixteen or seventeen years old, concern showed, "Others' Fist Techniques are not much different, but yours seems a bit slow in Fist Force..."

"Nonsense, Old Xu specifically guided this, he said haste makes waste, Fist Force too fast, injuring others, injuring oneself too."

Guo Zheng, face indifferent, couldn't find Old Beggar, fine, couldn't comprehend the Infinite Divine Demon Body Refining Technique Xu Lingjun lent him, fine too.

Coming now to the martial hall, still have to be randomly advised by a neighborly old grandpa?

Joking... I, Guo Zheng, need advice?

The deputy hall master had admitted it himself, Xu Lingjun's expertise in Flame Killing Fist was no less than the hall master's.

Humph humph... I got a dedicated personal mentor, am I proud?

His butt swayed, turning and leaving.

Feng Zhichen: "....."

And at this moment, Lie Fengyun was already dumbfounded.

Shocked watching that old man.

In his eyes, deep shock... apparently couldn't believe that person really came here.