

So Pure, So Flirtatious

Chapter 5: An Amazing Discovery

-- --

“Ah, quiz again. Didn’t we just have a quiz last week ...”

“That’s right. I didn’t even read the textbook yet ...”

The students below began to complain. The students had a decent relationship with this freshly graduated mathematics teacher, so they complained openly in class.

“Hehe, that’s right. Hurry up. You’ve got forty minutes,” spoke Zhao Ying with a smile. Although she wasn’t much older than a common university student, she could still easily handle these students.

“Ah!” Everyone no longer complained about it as they quickly cleaned up the textbooks on the table, took out rulers, ball-point pens, and a stack of scrap paper.

Yang Ming slowly put away the algebra textbook, thinking if it was possible to cheat later on and to falsify higher marks.

In fact, Yang Ming knew that cheating on this sort of exam didn’t have any benefits for him. Although he could get higher marks, it was nearly impossible for him to copy others during the final exam.

The reason why Yang Ming tried to get a higher mark was to let his father feel better. As for the final exam, he still had a few more months to go. He would do something about it by then.

The quiz paper was given out. Looking at the quiz paper with ink fragrance, Yang Ming really had no idea how to answer it. He couldn’t recognize even the first question. Trigonometric function \cos ? Yang Ming could recognize cosine because cosine sounded like the “Hussein” who was killed by big ol’ America. Yang Ming really had no idea what it meant.

By habit, Yang Ming took out the spectacles case from his pocket. This was his cheating tool. Normally, it was only used for snooker or exams. He belatedly realized that the spectacles were smashed by those punks after he took it out.

Oh shit! Don't let me see you next time! If I ever see you again, I will surely cut off your d*ck and hang it on the TV tower! Yang Ming cursed them in his mind.

Yang Ming was a typical example of a bad student in class. The teacher arranged for him to sit alone at the far end of the classroom to prevent him from disturbing the others.

Zhang Bing who sat in front of Yang Ming was not much better either. He was still ahead when compared to Yang Ming. At least he managed to pass all the quizzes. Yang Ming didn't even know how to solve one question.

The relationship between Zhang Bing and Yang Ming wasn't that bad during previous exams. Yang Ming copied Zhang Bing's answers by wearing the spectacles. Zhang Bing would put his exam paper at the edge of the table after he finished it so that it would be easier for Yang Ming to copy. Now that he didn't have the spectacles, even Yang Ming wouldn't be able to see it no matter how great his eyesight was.

Just when Yang Ming was about to give up, he suddenly remembered that the old man had gifted him a pair of contact lenses. He couldn't help but put in his final effort.

Yang Ming took out his contact lens case from his pocket ...

"Yang Ming, what are you doing?!" The exam proctor, Zhao Ying, had walked by Yang Ming's seat and she saw Yang Ming taking out something sneakily from his pocket. She thought that Yang Ming was attempting to cheat, so she called him out immediately.

If it was another teacher, the teacher might have let it slide. But Zhao Ying had just graduated from "Normal University" as a mathematics teacher. Since Yang Ming was in her first batch of students, she felt very responsible for them. Moreover, she never discriminated against Yang Ming just because he had bad results. She previously saw in Yang Ming's records his first prize award for the National Olympics Mathematics Competition for Grade 8 students. This impressive result couldn't be achieved by normal students. Her instinct told her that Yang Ming was a good student, possibly even an intelligent one. Something must have happened that made him fall apart.

In the past, Zhao Ying wanted to talk with Yang Ming after school. After all, since their ages didn't have much of a gap, it was easier for them to communicate. She was helpless because Yang Ming always appeared at one moment and disappeared the next.

Yang Ming panicked. His shaking hands dropped the contact lens case on the floor. He looked up and saw Zhao Ying staring at him. He nervously said, "Teacher Zhao."

"What are you holding in your hand?" asked Zhao Ying as she pointed at the thing in Yang Ming's hand.

"This?" Yang Ming passed the spectacles case to Zhao Ying and said, "They are only spectacles!"

Zhao Ying grabbed and opened the case. It really was just a pair of spectacles. She passed it back to Yang Ming and said, "Why act so suspicious while taking out some spectacles? Quickly work on the quiz!"

"I will," nodded Yang Ming as he got back the spectacles case.

Zhao Ying was Yang Ming's favorite teacher because she was young and pretty. However, the key point was that she never looked at him through rose-colored glasses unlike other teachers. She patiently asked him whether or not he understood and welcomed questions when he didn't understand.

These were the reasons that he took out the mathematics textbook when he thought of studying. First, he felt sorry for his father, then for his teacher, Zhao Ying.

Yang Ming had an indescribable feeling towards Zhao Ying. Like? Love? Admiration? His feelings toward Chen Mengyan were clear, but what were they for Zhao Ying?

Yang Ming couldn't figure it out either. Zhao Ying had a sexier body than Chen Mengyan and could somewhat be considered his dream girl. When comparing Chen Mengyan with Zhao Ying, there wasn't much of a difference in physical appearance. Although Chen Mengyan lacked maturity and charm, she had the sentiment of a teenage girl.

Yang Ming shook his head to be rid of these dirty thoughts, and took out the contact lens tagged with "L". No matter how uneducated Yang Ming was, he still knew it meant "left eye".

This was his first time wearing contact lenses. This stuff was twice the price of a pair of normal spectacles. He saw people wearing contact lenses before, so he put them on like how he saw others do it.

After he wore the lenses, Yang Ming blinked his eyes. He felt good and there wasn't any sign of discomfort. He thought that the lenses were fake but it appeared that the old man wasn't fooling him.

He wasn't sure if it was at the right prescription so Yang Ming lifted up his head and looked towards Zhang Bing's table. Zhang Bing had already finished the multiple choice questions on the first page and left it at the corner for Yang Ming to copy.

Why can't I see things clearly? Yang Ming complained in his mind. This is not much different from not wearing spectacles, right?

Yang Ming focused in front of him and tried to see Zhang Bing's handwriting clearly. All of sudden, a miracle happened! Yang Ming's eyes lost focus and just like a stupid camera with the autofocus function, the words on the paper became clearer. Surprisingly, Yang Ming could now see it clearly!