

## Teacher 601

### Chapter 601: Personal Disciples Battle, On-the-spot Guidance!

It was like how there'd be shadows in a place where there'd be light. In any world, where there was light, there'd definitely be a lot of dark existences as well.

In Middle-Earth Nine Provinces, there was the Saint Gate who managed all the great teachers in the world, setting ethics and rules, determining the standards for actions, and punishing crimes as well as evil deeds. It could be said that the Saint Gate determined what a great teacher was.

Great teachers would commit mistakes as well. After committing mistakes, they'd naturally be left to the Saint Gate to judge the matter.

Some great teachers showed behavior that brought shame to their title. However, they didn't wish to receive punishment and thus escaped.

The others liked freedom and didn't wish to be regulated by the Saint Gate. They felt that the Saint Gate was too meddlesome.

...

Amongst these great teachers, most of them joined the Dark Dawn and became dark great teachers. This power was viewed by the Saint Gate as their lifelong archenemy.

No one knew what the Dark Dawn was like at the very beginning. It was because they were mysterious and powerful. Just revealing a bit of their horns would make one shiver.

Even now, people still didn't know where Dark Dawn's headquarters was at. They didn't even know how many dark great teachers there were in total.

But over so many years, some of their secrets were exposed. The Saint Gate had found out that other than the highest ruler, Dark Dawn that no one knew about, they had three Dark Saints, five Doyens, and seven Starlords.

Out of which, it was said that each of the seven Starlords all had 9-star capabilities.

What was 9-star capabilities?

It was the level of secondary saints.

These seven Starlords didn't just have strong battle prowess but also extensive knowledge and outstanding teaching capabilities. They could nurture many talents.

The Daybreak Starlord was the most famous amongst the seven Starlords. It was because he liked to create trouble and would appear every now and then to make things difficult for the Saint Gate.

This Starlord's way of doing things was as his title suggested. Daybreak, the light at dawn, piercing through everything.

Using his way of saying things, it'd be bringing new order to Middle-Earth Nine Provinces.

“...”

After listening to Li Ruolan's explanation, Sun Mo felt speechless. He subconsciously turned his head over and looked toward the spectators stand. However, there were too many people and he didn't know which one of them was the Daybreak Starlord.

There could even be the possibility that this Starlord had mixed himself amongst the great teachers near him. No one had seen what this major character looked like.

However, why would such a major character contribute favorable impression points to him?

Could it be because the Starlord admired how outstanding he was?

A secondary saint should have seen many geniuses, right? He shouldn't be considered much.

To speak the truth, Sun Mo didn't know if he should feel happy or worried. After all, no one was certain if the Daybreak Starlord would feel that his brains weren't bad and thus planned on soaking it in formalin and putting it up as a display.

"Has that Starlord taken the initiative to contact you?"

After Li Ruolan explained things, her eyes lit up and she couldn't help but ask. If it was so, then this would be big news.

"No!"

Sun Mo shook his head.

"Then why would you mention this person?"

Li Ruolan doubted.

Given Sun Mo's current reputation, he didn't need to use the Daybreak Starlord to increase his level of controversy. Otherwise, the results might turn out to be the opposite of what he wanted.

The Saint Gate had always been on the stand of wiping out the dark great teachers they encountered, killing one to serve as a warning to the others.

"Teacher, Teacher Zhao and his disciple are waiting at the hotel!"

Li Ziqi paused and then added, "You promised that you'll help his personal disciple mend his bones after the Great Teachers Battle."

Sun Mo frowned. Was there such a thing? However, given his intelligence, he knew that the little sunny egg was trying to help him out of this situation.

As expected of a considerate girl.

"I'm sorry, I have things to do."

Sun Mo bade his goodbye.

"Teacher Sun, Teacher Sun, please answer a few more questions!"

Li Ruolan continued to give chase but was stopped by Li Ziqi and Ying Baiwu.

“Please don’t disturb our teacher’s rest!”

Li Ziqi reminded her.

Although all the great teachers who wanted to invite Sun Mo to a meal didn’t feel too happy about this, something like mending bones shouldn’t be delayed. Therefore, they gave up on it.

“Headmaster Zhang, you can’t be thinking of headhunting Teacher Sun, right?”

A big-nosed headmaster saw someone familiar and couldn’t help but ask.

“Why? Can’t I do that?”

Headmaster Zhang raised his brows.

“Hehe, don’t be wasting your time. Even the headmasters from ‘C’ grade famous schools can’t get themselves to bring this up, let alone ‘D’ Grade ones like yours.”

The big-nosed headmaster let out a snort. (Don’t you know your own value?)

“What difference would humans be from salted fish if they didn’t have dreams?”

Headmaster Zhang spurted that sentence out and then swung his sleeves, leaving. However, after he turned over, his expression turned bitter.

That was right, there’d be no way that he’d be able to headhunt Sun Mo!

Even if he were to give his position to Sun Mo, the latter might not necessarily care about that.

...

After returning to the hotel, Ma Zhang then helped Sun Mo bandage his wound.

(After I take a hot bath with the lover protection medicine, I’ll be able to recover quickly.) However, this was Ma Zhang’s kind intentions and he couldn’t get himself to refuse him.

“Sun Mo, do you want a massage? I feel that I have made small progress in the Ancient Dragon Capturing Hands!”

Gu Xiuxun moved her fingers.

“You better go and give Zhang Yanzong some guidance, preparing for the final dash.”

Sun Mo refused.

The great teacher examination was coming to an end.

Based on past years’ results, 1,000 great teachers should be able to make their way to this stage. Then, half of them would be eliminated after the personal disciples battle.

It could be said that everyone already had half a foot into getting the 2-star great teacher title and could take it a little easier.

However, that couldn’t be done this year.

In order to control the great teachers' numbers and quality, the Saint Gate had increased the difficulty of the examination. Therefore, only 500 examinees had made it this far.

Moreover, 300 more people would be eliminated in the next round.

No one dared to be too careless.

Every examinee could only send out max three personal disciples to participate in the battle.

The students would fight while the teachers could give guidance on the spot. After all, this was a great teacher examination, and it primarily tested the examinees' guidance abilities.

Seeing through the opponent's weaknesses, giving guidance to students, and even cheering for their students were included in the great teachers' guidance category.

Of course, they weren't allowed to use great teacher halos that could directly increase their students' battle prowess such as the Blue Born From Green halo.

To ensure fairness, an examinee could only choose to give guidance to one personal disciple. The other two personal disciples could only fight by themselves.

Usually, the examinees would choose the personal disciple who had the greatest chance of winning.

"Teacher, who are you going to choose?"

Li Ziqi felt curious. At the same time, she felt a little regretful that she couldn't fight for her teacher's glory.

Sun Mo looked toward his six personal disciples.

Xuanyuan Po entered the room, found a bench, and sat down. He took out a handkerchief and started to wipe his silver spear. Ying Baiwu seemed to be thinking and her face looked very solemn.

Jiang Leng looked very calm.

Back in the manor, the training that young children like them received was much more brutal than a single battle. A few people would die every month from losing.

"Xuanyuan!"

Sun Mo looked toward the combat addict.

Swoosh!

Everyone turned to look toward Xuanyuan Po. (That couldn't be. Teacher is going to fight together with the combat addict?)

Xuanyuan Po frowned.

"Hmmm? Why?"

Lu Zhiruo was perplexed. She stopped eating the melons she had just cut.

In her opinion, Xuanyuan Po had the highest chance of winning, and Jiang Leng wasn't bad either. However, Ying Baiwu required guidance.

"Jiang Leng is strong and has rich experience. He is calm and doesn't need guidance."

Sun Mo laughed.

"Of course, the most important thing is that it has been a very long time since you've gone all out in a battle because of those damaged spirit runes. Therefore, I hope that you can take this chance and get the feel of your combat style back."

"You shouldn't be imitating someone, be the real you!"

Everyone went into deep thought upon hearing Sun Mo's words.

"Teacher!"

Jiang Leng was silently in tears.

The him in the past had been thrown away by the institution head like trash. However, not only had Sun Mo taken him in as his disciple and cured him, but he even meticulously thought about his future.

He really had no way of returning this favor!

Ding!

Favorable impression points from Jiang Leng +1,000. Respect (7,500/10,000).

Tantai Yutang looked at Sun Mo with a complicated expression. He was someone who only cared about benefits. To be honest, if he was in Sun Mo's position, he'd definitely guide Jiang Leng because in his opinion, the chance of Jiang Leng getting first place was the highest. However, Sun Mo had given up on that for Jiang Leng's future.

Wasn't that too noble of him?

After Jiang Leng got first place, then Sun Mo's reputation would definitely go one notch higher.

"Then what about Martial Junior Baiwu?"

The papaya girl was perplexed.

"Out of the three of them, Baiwu is the weakest, but her will, her composure, and her courage aren't weak."

Sun Mo looked toward the iron-headed young girl with a gentle gaze. "I thought of giving you guidance, but I was afraid that it'd wear down your courage."

"What does that mean?"

The papaya girl scratched her head, looking stunned. She didn't understand.

However, Li Ziqi understood immediately. The reason why Ying Baiwu had come this far without anyone to rely on was because of her disposition of not fearing death. With Sun Mo around, it'd mean that she'd have a path to back down to.

Then, if she were to encounter problems, she wouldn't try her best to resolve them by herself. She would choose to get Sun Mo's help instead.

Sun Mo would definitely help Ying Baiwu, but he wouldn't be able to do that forever. Therefore, Sun Mo didn't wish for her to lose the mentality of 'I'll be able to fight a path for myself by myself!'

"Teacher!"

Ying Baiwu was also a smart girl and she understood that Sun Mo had given a lot of thought into it.

"Teacher, I don't need on-the-spot guidance either!"

Xuanyuan Po pouted. "Just you watch. I'll bring back the first place for you."

The combat addict felt that it'd be meaningless to win if he was given guidance.

"No need? Who was the one who would lose his rationality as he fought, relying just on his instincts?"

Sun Mo shook his head. "It's clear that your physical attributes are outstanding, but what if you were to meet another person who's even more extreme than you are?"

"Combat isn't just a fight of two dogs biting each other. It'll depend on the battle tactics as well. Even ferocious beasts know how to use techniques when hunting prey. What about you?"

"There's nothing bad with relying on instincts either!"

Xuanyuan Po's lips twitched.

"Please, if Tantai were to be given the same body you have, there's no way you'd be able to win against him!"

Li Ziqi rolled her eyes.

"What do you mean by that? That my brain isn't comparable to his?"

Xuanyuan Po felt upset.

## **Chapter 602: Can Eat Melon, But Won't Play Chess Anymore, You've Lost!**

(Your brain is no different from a decor piece.)

Li Ziqi thought about it but couldn't voice it out.

"Martial Junior, even a fool like me can tell that your brain isn't as good as Tantai's!"

After the papaya girl said that, she then looked toward Li Ziqi. "Eldest Martial Sister, I feel that even though Tantai is a sickly guy, he can still crush Martial Junior Xuanyuan!"

"I concur!"

Ying Baiwu nodded.

"I concur!"

Jiang Leng spoke up.

“Hey, hey, what do you guys mean by that? Are you hinting that I’m very sinister?”

The sickly guy complained.

“Do you dare say that you haven’t schemed a person to their death before?”

Li Ziqi asked him.

“No!”

The sickly guy denied outright.

“Tsk, I don’t believe a single punctuation you said!”

The little sunny egg didn’t like Tantai. It was because this guy wasn’t very respectful toward Sun Mo.

“Huh?”

Xuanyuan Po was stunned. “I had always thought that I’m the strongest one in your hearts!”

“There’s no contradiction between being the strongest and being brainless!”

Lu Zhiruo explained.

“To hell with no contradiction!”

Xuanyuan Po couldn’t accept it. “Where’s the Chinese chess? Bring it over here! I’m going to challenge you to 300 rounds!”

The combat addict, who had always felt good about himself, felt that he was given a great blow when he saw his martial seniors and juniors’ expressions.

(Hmph, I’ll prove myself today!)

“Let me do it!”

Li Ziqi rolled her sleeves up. She had been waiting for this day.

Other than fighting, Xuanyuan Po’s daily life was only cultivating. The reason he cultivated was so that he could win even more fights.

Other than that, the combat addict didn’t care about anything else. He didn’t even have any requests for his three meals of the day. Even if they were plain buns and salted vegetables, it was fine as long as they could fill his stomach.

As the Eldest Martial Sister, Li Ziqi had wanted to beat Xuanyuan Po down long ago, proving herself. However, she had been ignored by the combat addict all along. But now, her chance was here.

“How can I let Eldest Martial Sister go through so much hard work for such a trivial matter? Let me!”

The sickly guy also wanted to compete it out with Xuanyuan Po.

Jiang Leng opened his mouth. But when he saw Li Ziqi glaring with her big beautiful eyes, looking like a small lion that was protecting its food. He was smart and chose to stay silent.

“Why not the two of us have a round first?”

Li Ziqi stared at the sickly guy with strong battle intent. (I might not be able to win in combat, but you won't be able to win in brains!)

“Hehe, you go first!”

Tantai Yutang backed off because he was scared of trouble the most. It'd probably take three days and three nights if he were to play chess with Li Ziqi.

“I'll go get the chess set!”

Lu Zhiruo volunteered. However, before she could raise her foot, Ying Baiwu had already gone running off.

“How many people have I offended?”

Xuanyuan Po was speechless. (Do you guys really want to see me lose this much?)

Very soon, the Chinese chess was placed on the table.

“You first!”

Li Ziqi showed the courtesy and flair as the Eldest Martial Sister.

“Tsk!”

The combat addict didn't mind. He moved the cannon piece right from the start, but in less than a minute, he surrendered.

“You dare to do a quick attack given your intellect?”

The sickly guy tsked, giving him another blow.

“Again!”

Xuanyuan Po wasn't convinced.

Then, within ten minutes, he lost three consecutive rounds.

“Look, Teacher's right. When you're anxious, it gets into your head and you start to move blindly!”

Li Ziqi got up.

“Don't leave! Play again!”

Xuanyuan Po grabbed Li Ziqi's arm.

“There's no point.”

Li Ziqi shook her head, feeling exhilarated inside. “Even if we were to play for another 100 years, there's no way you'd be able to win against me!”

“...”



Xuanyuan Po wanted to rebut when Tantai Yutang sat down on the chair. "I'll play with you!"

Then, the combat addict went through ten consecutive losses!

Each time around, all of his chess pieces would be eaten up completely.

"Are you a demon?"

The papaya girl was astonished. This wasn't chess anymore. It was humiliation. Tantai'd always play until there was only the 'general' remaining before he'd deal a checkmate.

"Hehe, I can't win against him in a fight after all. So I can only have a sense of victory this way!"

The sickly guy shrugged and then got up to leave.

"Let me!"

Jiang Leng spoke up, but he was one step too slow and Ying Baiwu snatched the seat before he did. She didn't say anything but just stared at Xuanyuan Po, patting the table hard.

Her meaning was clear. (Come on!)

"F\*ck!"

Xuanyuan Po cursed and started arranging the chess pieces. (It's fine if I can't win against Li Ziqi and Tantai Yutang. After all, they are smart. But what are you?)

(Although I haven't really learned how to play Chinese chess, I've grown up watching elders play it. What about you? Before you came under Teacher's wings, all you've come into contact with are metal hammers and the toilet bowls. If I can't even beat you, I'll lick the toilet bowl in this room... no, I'll crush it and eat it up.)

20 minutes later, Xuanyuan Po held onto the 'general' piece, stared at the chess board, stunned.

There was no more move that he could make!

"Haha, I won!"

Ying Baiwu's lips curled up, breaking into a proud smile. It was true that she hadn't learned to play chess before and had only seen other people playing it. Therefore, she had some trouble winning.

However, because of this, she felt happy about it.

"..."

Kacha!

Xuanyuan Po crushed the chess piece. Why did he lose? He felt very upset but was thankful that he hadn't voiced out his boasts. Otherwise, he'd have to go lick the toilet bowl.

"Again!"

Xuanyuan Po urged.

"I'm going to prepare for the battle!"

Ying Baiwu refused. (Only a fool will play a second round with you. Moreover, I won't play against you anymore in the future. This will assure me a 100% victory record.)

"It's my turn now, right?"

Jiang Leng grinned and was about to sit down when Lu Zhiruo darted over with a swoosh, snatching the seat.

"Hmm?"

Everyone frowned.

"Martial Junior, let's have a round."

The papaya girl arranged the chess pieces excitedly and then saw everyone's gazes. She felt a little stunned. "Hmmm? What kind of gaze are you guys wearing?"

"Martial Junior!"

Li Ziqi didn't know how to persuade her. (If you were to lose to Xuanyuan Po, it'd prove that you're the most stupid one. It's better for you to hold back.)

"Hmph, I can win!"

Lu Zhiruo understood and instantly pouted her little lips, feeling aggrieved. "I played chess with my father before."

"Good luck!"

Ying Baiwu swung her fist.

Xuanyuan Po immediately stared at her. (Didn't you say that you were going to prepare for the battle? What are you still doing here?)

"Hehe!"

Ying Baiwu grinned. (You're right, I just want to see you lose until you jump around.)

"Quickly!"

Jiang Leng urged and even helped to arrange the chess pieces. He also wanted to have a go at tormenting Xuanyuan Po.

Three minutes later, Lu Zhiruo looked calm.

Ten minutes later, Lu Zhiruo looked solemn.

20 minutes later, Lu Zhiruo was breaking out in perspiration. She looked at Xuanyuan Po's hand that was holding onto the red horse piece, feeling so nervous that she was on the verge of peeing in her pants.

(Will I lose? Please, don't place it there.) Lu Zhiruo's gaze couldn't help but look over.

"Hmmm? I feel that I seem to be winning?"

Xuanyuan Po held onto the red horse piece, feeling hesitant. His instincts told him that he could checkmate his opponent in this round, but where should he make the move?

Ahhh, he still had to calculate the latter moves! It was so annoying!

At this moment, the combat addict really felt like smashing the chessboard.

Just as Xuanyuan Po was feeling irritated, he suddenly saw Lu Zhiruo staring at the chessboard. He then followed her gaze and found the most accurate spot.

“Yes! It’s here!”

Xuanyuan Po was elated and he slapped down his right hand.

Pa!

“Wuuuu, I’ve lost!”

The papaya girl immediately cried out. (What happens to the talk of being easily crushed? What happens to the talk about Xuanyuan Po being brainless? Why would I lose?)

(Could it be that I’m the most stupid one?)

“...”

Li Ziqi was speechless.

“...”

Tantai Yutang was speechless.

(The two of you are really bad chess players. The more you play, the worse things are.)

“Zhiruo, you’ve admitted your loss too quickly. Given Xuanyuan’s brains, he shouldn’t be able to find the rest of the moves. Therefore, you still have the chance of turning the tables around!”

Jiang Leng let out a sigh.

“Huh? Really?”

The papaya girl’s battle will rise again. “Then let’s do it again!”

“You’ve already admitted!”

There was no way Xuanyuan Po would do that because it was true that he couldn’t tell what the rest of the moves were. However, he mustn’t show a cowering expression. He should put up a confident pretense. “I’ve won!”

“I didn’t admit my loss!”

After saying that, the papaya girl felt embarrassed as well. That was why she wore a dodging expression, picked up a piece of watermelon, and handed it to Xuanyuan Po. “Have some melon!”

Pa!

Xuanyuan Po took the watermelon and had a bite. "I can eat the melon, but I won't play chess anymore! You've lost!"

"Ouch!"

The papaya girl felt very disappointed and bit her left thumb's nail, looking at Xuanyuan Po with an aggrieved and upset look.

"Didn't you play chess before?"

Li Ziqi was baffled. She shouldn't be that bad, right?

"That's right!"

Lu Zhiruo felt very angry. "My father is a national player. I can play 300 rounds against him without giving way to him."

"That's go not chess!"

The little sunny egg pinched her forehead.

"Is there a difference? Aren't they both chess?"

Lu Zhiruo pouted. (I'm not happy, I want to win!)

"Isn't that crap talk?"

Tantai Yutang didn't know what to say anymore. "I was wondering why you played so strange."

Jiang Leng sat down and arranged the chess pieces. He was unlike the others and did this very seriously. It was clear that this was filled with a sense of ritual.

"Teacher, I agree with it. You can give me on-the-spot guidance!"

Xuanyuan Po smacked his lips. "But I'll continue to win and not give you any chance. Silver-chan, let's go!"

After saying, the combat addict picked up his longspear and got up to leave.

"..."

Jiang Leng's hand stiffened up. Even given how he didn't like to create trouble, he had a strong urge to grab Xuanyuan Po, press him down to the seat, and have a round with him.

Sun Mo watched everything quietly, and his lips uncontrollably curled up into a smile. It was a happy thing for the martial siblings to get along amicably. (I really hope that you guys can continue to be so loving.)

Ding!

"Congratulations, you've defeated many strong foes in the Great Teachers Battle and came out first. You're rewarded with one gold treasure chest!"

“Note: As you’ve made several opponents give up due to your character and morals, this is a loftier process than winning in a battle. It meets the expectation of great teacher feats. Therefore, you’re rewarded with one great teacher emblem and one mysterious treasure chest!”

The systems congratulated and gave two consecutive rewards!

Sun Mo had the feeling as if he had been smashed by a wallet that had dropped down from the heavens.

“Zhiruo, stay behind. The rest of you can go and rest!”

Sun Mo instructed.

“Good night, Teacher!”

After the students gave their greetings, they left the room and closed the door.

The little sunny egg pouted.

The iron-headed young girl believed even more that Lu Zhiruo was their teacher’s favorite student.

“Just you wait, I’ll definitely get first place!”

Ying Baiwu swore.

“Teacher!”

The papaya girl was simpleminded and cut a slice of melon that was the reddest and juiciest, handing it to Sun Mo. “Have some melon!”

“I’m not hungry!”

Sun Mo patted Lu Zhiruo’s head and instructed the system, “Open the chests. Start with a gold one first!”

### **Chapter 603: Peak-Grade Rewards, Rarity Grade S!**

Ding!

“Congratulations, you’ve obtained one 30-year time emblem!”

Excellent, he received a top-up for the time emblem he had just depleted. It was a pity that it wasn’t a fifty-year one. But a thirty-year one wasn’t bad either.

Sun Mo thought of how those famous wines seemed to be dependent on their age. The older, the more expensive they were. Therefore, he felt a little curious. “System, is there an eighty-two-year time emblem?”

“There’s a 250-year time emblem, sold for 10,000 favorable impression points. Do you want it?”

The system promoted.

“Scram!”

Sun Mo thought to himself (I’m not a fool. You’re scolding me for being an idiot, right?[1])

"I really don't understand if you humans are real fools or not. Even if all of France were to have a great grape harvest in 1982, it wouldn't be sufficient to meet the demand of 1982 Lafites that wineries sell each year."

The system was baffled. "Moreover, ordinary people would usually not get to enjoy the really good things."

"So what if someone asked the waiter for a bottle of 1982 Lafite to act cool? Life is already so tiring. Are you still human if you were to rob away the right for someone to act cool?"

Sun Mo rolled his eyes.

"I'm sorry, I'm a system!"

The system replied coldly and mercilessly.

"Did you watch too much Infernal Affairs[2]? Alright, stop it with the crap. Quickly open another gold treasure chest."

Sun Mo urged.

Ding!

"Congratulations, you've obtained a piece of mysterious turtle shell. You currently hold four out of seven of them. Please continue to keep up the good work."

Sun Mo's lips twitched. What a waste of a gold treasure chest. He hated such collection-based rewards the most because it seemed so hopeless until the day he'd get to collect all of the parts.

"Let's continue!"

Sun Mo touched Lu Zhiruo's head. (Lucky mascot, please put in some effort.)

The highly anticipated mysterious treasure chest was opening. Purple fog shrouded around it, and it seemed like it was filled with a strange and mysterious aura.

Then, a green glow pierced through it.

"Don't let it be a time emblem!"

Sun Mo had his expectations.

Ding!

"Congratulations, you've obtained a Dark Continent's darkness species illustrated handbook. Plant section. Rarity grade S. Ten types. Proficiency index, elementary-level."

"Note: after using it, you'll grasp all the information on these ten types of darkness plants. It'd be in such great detail that there was no way to go any further."

The system explained.

"What does that mean?"

Sun Mo frowned. "Rarity grade hasn't been a thing in the past."

Moreover, it was grade S. It sounded very amazing.

"It's because the plant illustrated handbooks you obtained in the past aren't the top quality ones. Although there are several species that ordinary people are unable to see, all grandmaster-grade botanists have seen them before. It's still possible to get information on them from those top-notch academies and powers such as the Saint Gate's library."

The system explained.

Take the Central Province Academy for example. Although this academy had gone into decline, the collection of their books was still much more than many 'D' Grade academies. As for the academies that didn't have any titles, they didn't even have the right to compete against them.

This would mean that the hardworking students in the Central Province Academy would have an advantage in obtaining knowledge.

Moreover, after years of observations and experimenting, the rare darkness plants that the top academies gathered would be solely available to them.

(You want them? Sure, bring knowledge or spirit stones of equivalent value in exchange!)

Sometimes, if one belonged to the opposition group, they wouldn't be willing to make a trade with you even if you were to offer money!

It was like how material science had always been China's weakness. Even if they had a lot of money, they had nowhere to buy relevant knowledge from. They could only rely on improving their technology slowly with great effort.

In this case, it was as if Sun Mo had obtained the botany knowledge that other grandmaster-grade botanists had to go through several years of painstaking research to gather.

"Rarity grade S. Does this mean that other schools have no idea about these darkness plants at all?"

Sun Mo secretly felt a little happy.

"No, you're overthinking things."

The system immediately drenched his enthusiasm.

"Then what the hell is this useful for?"

Sun Mo pouted. (I'm not happy, I want a refund.)

"Only rarity grade SS would be something that solely you have the grasp over."

The system explained.

"But don't look down on rarity grade S. This meant that the number of organizations or individuals who had grasped such knowledge could be counted with a single hand. There won't be over two hands worth of them."

“That isn’t bad!”

Sun Mo smiled again. He could accept this.

“That’s not all. The skill books that the system gives you are the most detailed and comprehensive ones. They’d definitely be a lot more complete and accurate compared to what those people researched.”

The system’s tone was filled with pride.

Take yesterday’s Thousand Blood Vines for example. Many great teachers who majored in botany had no idea about it, and these ten species were even rarer than the Thousand Blood Vines.

That 6-star great teacher He Changfeng might have seen some of them before, but his understanding of them was definitely not higher than Sun Mo’s.

“It’s a pity that there are only ten types!” Sun Mo tsked. “Such a scrooge.”

“Scram!”

The system couldn’t take it anymore. Abilities shouldn’t be easily taught; professions shouldn’t be easily sold. The easier it was to obtain something, the more people wouldn’t treasure them. Given how the mysterious treasure chest, which was of the highest grade, could only bring ten types of grade S darkness plants, it showed how precious they were.

“There’s one more big treasure chest. Open it too!”

Sun Mo instructed.

Ding!

“Congratulations, you’ve obtained a fragmented chapter of the peerless-grade saint-tier cultivation art, Undying Mystic Art, part seven. Please keep up the good work.”

“Excellent. I’m still six parts away from getting the complete set of the Undying Mystic Art. It’s really such a long journey!”

Sun Mo gave it some thought and lost his motivation. Therefore, he told the papaya girl to go back and rest. After reinforcing himself with Encyclopedic Knowledge, he took out the skill book and smashed it with one palm.

Swoosh!

Green light spots immediately drifted into Sun Mo’s forehead like fireflies.

They instantly became like seeds, rooting in Sun Mo’s brain, then germinating and growing. In this process, all sorts of data were imprinted into his neuron, becoming a part of him.

Sun Mo felt as if he had become a plant, braving the wind and rain, toiling through the frost and snow on the Darkness Continent. He then gained a deeper comprehension of this world and of life.

In the morning, the birds chirped and the insects cried.



A light drizzle had come down last night, causing the entire Westmountain City to look like a young lady who had just taken a bath, refreshing.

Sun Mo was woken up by the system's notification.

Ding!

"Mission released. Please guide your students and let them obtain outstanding results in the personal disciples battle. The higher their ranking, the better the reward."

"Note: if your students aren't even able to pass the second round of the competition, then you'd be given some punishment."

"What punishment?"

Sun Mo frowned.

"Trust me, it's something that you'll definitely not want to see!"

The system reminded him in a roundabout manner.

After the meal, everyone gathered and headed for the Westmountain Academy, registering at the field. Sun Mo saw Jiang Yongnian. It seemed that this person had passed the earlier examinations as well.

"Teacher Sun, Teacher Gu, Teacher Xia."

Jiang Yongnian greeted them, looking awkward.

Last year, he was a great teacher who had acted superior when facing Sun Mo, having a strong sense of superiority when facing an intern. But now, there was only endless awkwardness.

After they greeted each other, Xia Yuan smiled and asked, "Teacher Jiang, are you confident?"

"I'll do my best!"

Jiang Yongnian looked at Xuanyuan Po and Ying Baiwu who were both standing behind Sun Mo. He felt so envious as if he had just swallowed 100 lemons. However, after he saw Jiang Leng, his brows furrowed, feeling a little baffled.

Why did Sun Mo bring this young man with the 'trash' word on his forehead?

From his attire, it was clear that he was going to take part in the battle.

...

"Teacher, I saw Teacher Sun and the others!"

Han Zisheng reminded his teacher softly. "Should we go over to greet them?"

"There's no need. Cough cough."

After Liu Mubai said that, he started coughing. He had suffered quite serious injuries from the Great Teachers Battle.

"Oh!"

Han Zisheng replied and after taking a few steps, added, "Teacher, I won't let you down."

"It's good that you have such thoughts, but don't give yourself too much pressure!"

Liu Mubai smiled and patted Han Zisheng's shoulder. He also wanted his personal disciple to come out on top, but there was no way he'd say something like this.

Han Zisheng smiled. His teacher was still so gentle.

Bang!

Han Zisheng, whose mind had wandered off, bumped into someone and he almost fell.

"Why don't you look at where you're going?"

Gui Jiarong glared at Han Zisheng. His teacher was seriously injured and couldn't make it, so he could only participate in the competition by himself.

Han Zisheng was stunned. He looked to the left and right. (You were the one who went in the opposite direction. Why are you cursing me?)

"What are you looking at? Don't let me meet you in the arena. Otherwise, I'll crush your eyes!"

After Gui Jiarong put up his middle finger, he left in a fury.

...

At the registration counter, Han Xi's gaze turned toward Sun Mo.

"Teacher, I'll definitely get first place!"

Hua Jianmu clenched his fists. (Since you can't defeat Sun Mo, then let me defeat his personal disciples and rectify your name.)

"Miao Rui is here!"

As a loud shout rang out, a commotion suddenly appeared in the crowd.

Very soon, everyone saw an extremely strong and handsome young man following Bai Shuang.

He was a seeded candidate, but the Saint Gate wouldn't give him any advantages such as splitting the seed candidates into different groups to prevent them from meeting each other earlier in the rounds.

Whether or not one could pass the great teacher examination would depend on one's strength. If you were to encounter a seeded candidate, you could only consider yourself unlucky.

Of course, every examinee's personal disciple would be distributed to different groups to avoid them meeting each other in the earlier rounds and fighting each other.

The Saint Gate's efficiency was really fast. Two hours later, the registration and lots drawing process were completed. Then, no preparation time would be given and they'd start the battles right away.

"Teacher, the registration is already done!"

Li Ziqi was like a competent assistant, helping Xuanyuan Po and Ying Baiwu from the beginning to the end.

Even though Jiang Leng didn't like to talk and always put on a dead-pan expression, he was very reliable. Ying Baiwu hadn't come across such things since young, and she just needed to familiarize herself with them and wouldn't need any help after that.

As for the combat addict, he was completely confused. Or rather, it could be said that he couldn't be bothered to understand the entire process.

If it hadn't been for the little sunny egg's help, Xuanyuan Po would have been disqualified.

"Very good!"

Sun Mo praised her. With Li Ziqi's help, he saved a lot of effort.

"Xuanyuan Po is number 19 in group A, Baiwu is number 67 in group B, and Jiang Leng is number 101 in group G. The competition in the different groups is held concurrently, so I plan on having myself and Tantai go with Baiwu and Jiang Leng respectively. If there are any problems, we'll rush over and report it to you."

Li Ziqi took out a small booklet that had her plan written out.

"What about me? What about me?"

Lu Zhiruo raised her hand. She wanted to help as well!

"You?"

The little sunny egg threw a glance at Lu Zhiruo. "You can eat melons!"

"All examinees and personal disciples, please take note. The battles will start in five minutes. Please head to your respective competition ground immediately. Once you're late, you'll be assessed as having given up."

Tong Yiming's voice rang through the entire school ground.

#### **Chapter 604: The heart of a great teacher**

There were two fields in the Westmountain Academy, which were now split into 18 areas. Right now, Xuanyuan Po was standing in the competition ground for group A, stretching out his body and slowly warming up, waiting for his turn.

"Aren't you going to watch how the others fight?"

An examinee, who was also waiting at the side, felt a little shy to speak to Sun Mo. After all, Sun Mo's reputation was too great, and it'd easily make others mistaken that he was lowering his stance and trying to curry up to Sun Mo. Therefore, he decided to talk to Xuanyuan Po instead.

Xuanyuan Po threw a glance at this short-haired examinee and didn't say anything.

"..."

The short-haired examinee's countenance turned a little grim as he had been ignored.

(At least one-third of the examinees who can reach this stage have the chance of becoming 2-star great teachers, so you should give some basic respect, alright?)

However, at the thought of Sun Mo's amazing results, he let out a sigh, feeling dejected.

It was normal for him to be undermined. After all, he was just a nobody. Even if he were to become a 2-star great teacher, he couldn't compare against Sun Mo.

"I'm sorry, this is the way he is!"

Sun Mo apologized.

Xuanyuan Po would suffer when he went into society in the future given his character.

"It's fine, it's fine! Teacher Sun, there's no need to mind it. I was the one who disturbed his warm-up.

The short-haired examinee didn't expect that Sun Mo would speak. He suddenly felt a little nervous.

"What number do you guys have?"

Sun Mo smiled and asked. (Getting Xuanyuan Po to go watch other people's competition? Collecting information in advance? That doesn't exist. The combat addict's style is to charge on rashly from the beginning to the end!)

"Number 25. I don't think we'll meet each other, right?"

The short-haired examinee felt a little worried, but his impression of Sun Mo became a lot better. He had come in first place in both the written examination and the Great Teachers Battle, yet he was so easy to get along with, not being haughty at all.

"It's no wonder so many of his opponents gave up!"

The short-haired examinee secretly praised.

Ding!

Favorable impression points from short-haired examinee +20. Friendly (110/1,000).

Hearing the system's notification, Sun Mo couldn't help but turn his head and assess the examinee next to him.

"System, what the hell is this nickname?"

Sun Mo was speechless. Was this person not even worth having a name?

"He's a nobody amongst nobodies. There's no need for you to waste your effort to remember him."

The system explained.

"What if he turned the tables around?"

Sun Mo asked.

“That’s impossible. The system won’t be wrong.”

The system insisted. “He’s one of those who doesn’t stand out the most in the great teachers circle. He’s going to be a 2-star for life, entering a school that isn’t that famous, marrying a wife who isn’t that pretty, and teaching a few students who aren’t that outstanding. He’ll live a very dull life.”

“Even if there were twists in his life, it’d be because his wife had found another guy.”

“Can you not be so evil with your words?”

Sun Mo frowned, looking toward the short-haired examinee once again, feeling displeased and angry toward the system.

(Why would a word from you determine someone’s prospect?)

“Don’t be nervous. Even if you can’t win in the first round, there’s still the second round!”

The short-haired examinee consoled his student.

The personal disciples battle was split into two big groups, with 16 years old being the dividing line. Those who were above this age would be in the adult group, while those who were below were in the youth group.

Although the Saint Gate didn’t restrict the lowest age for the youth group, they recommended that the youngest should be older than twelve.

Sun Mo’s students who were participating were all in the youth group.

A total of 912 students were participating and they were split into eight groups. In each group, there’d be two rounds of competition.

For the first round, after the lots were drawn, there’d be one-on-one battles. The victors would advance directly, while those who were defeated would continue to draw lots, fighting another round. If one were to be defeated once again, they would be eliminated.

The reason for there to be two rounds was to give the students another chance, avoiding the reasons such as poor condition or not performing up to standards that led to their failures.

The cycle would continue on until 100 people were left in each age group. They’d be the list of names that passed this year’s great teacher examinations.

Of course, there’d also be some unique situations. For example, if a few students who had advanced in the competition were personal disciples of the same great teacher, then the examiners would also pick out the examinees from the list of losers who were ranked further in front, adding them to the passing list.

At the end of the day, a total of 200 examinees would be chosen out fair and square.

The personal disciples battle would then continue.

64 people who performed the best would be chosen out from the youth group and the adult group respectively, going through one-on-one elimination battles until two champions emerged.

Sun Mo activated his Divine Sight and scanned the short-haired candidate's data.

His potential value was slightly lower than average. This meant that he had put in an extremely great effort to achieve his current results. He had put in more sweat than many people couldn't compare with.

"I'm Sun Mo from the Central Province Academy. Good luck. After you become a 3-star great teacher, remember to write me a letter. I'll send you a big gift."

Sun Mo smiled and patted this guy's shoulder hard.

"This is my standard. It's all due to luck that I've come this far..."

The short-haired examinee smiled bitterly. He wanted to mock himself, but when he saw that Sun Mo was looking at him with such a serious gaze, he suddenly couldn't go on.

"If even you yourself don't believe that you can do it, then all the more others won't believe in you!"

Sun Mo grabbed the short-haired examinee's hand and flipped it over. There were calluses on his fingers due to reading and copying books. His palms had even thicker calluses that were formed from training hard with his blade across all seasons.

"In terms of hard work, I'm no match for you!"

Sun Mo said with great emotions.

"What happened?"

"It's Sun Mo. He seems to do palm-reading for someone!"

"That can't be. Who is so lucky?"

The people nearby started to gush over to check it out.

The short-haired examinee's mind erupted as Sun Mo's words 'In terms of hard work, I'm no match for you!' kept ringing in his ears.

"Teacher Sun!"

Swoosh!

The short-haired examinee's eyes instantly welled up with tears. He had gone through a lot to come this far. In school, he had always been the earliest to wake up and the latest to sleep. Even after he started working and became a teacher, he didn't dare to slack.

Until now, at the age of 28, he hadn't found himself a girlfriend. He kept on working hard every day to improve himself.

But who would know his pain?

There were times when the short-haired examinee felt lost. (I'm leading such a tough life, giving up so many pleasures in life. Is it worth it?)

Now, a line of recognition from Sun Mo made the short-haired examinee feel that the life of hard work he had been through for over ten years hadn't been a waste.

This was a praise he had received from a great uprising star.

Usually, famous people like them valued their reputation a lot. However, Sun Mo actually said that he couldn't compare against him. How broadminded was that?

"Hard work is also a talent, but you must find the right direction to work hard toward. I think that you can consider spending some effort in herbology."

Sun Mo suggested, "Don't learn alchemy anymore."

"Teacher Sun..."

The short-haired examinee was completely astonished. (How do you know that I major in alchemy?) His gaze then slid toward his hand that Sun Mo was grabbing onto.

(My god, can God Hands detect even things like this?)

"Good luck!"

Sun Mo gently hammered the short-haired examinee's shoulder.

"It's useless, Sun Mo!"

The system was filled with disdain, but it felt an additional hint of recognition toward Sun Mo in its heart.

Ding!

(You didn't give up on the other party because of their poor aptitude. Instead, you encourage them. This fulfills the great teacher feats and you're rewarded with one gold treasure chest!)

Of course, the system didn't announce this congratulation and reward. It didn't want Sun Mo to become someone who only hankered after material gains and rewards in the future.

Only behavior like this, where one truly gave thought to another person's future, truly reflected the heart of a great teacher.

"Herbology?"

The short-haired examinee was stunned and many memories instantly flashed past his mind. Some details that he usually didn't notice also occurred to him.

Alchemy was the most popular job. It could allow one to earn money and some level of prestige. However, this was only if one had made some achievements. Over so many years, the short-haired examinee did have progress, but he was only at the average level.

Why did the 4-star alchemist in his academy choose him as an assistant?

The short-haired examinee suddenly thought of what that alchemist had said.

"Your talent in alchemy is mediocre. Why not change your job and try out herbology?"

Back then, the short-haired examinee was young and hot-blooded. His mind was only filled with the thought of making achievements in alchemy. Thinking back about it now, he had been too stubborn.

Moreover, he had also heard rumors of others talking bad about him, saying that he had no talent. If it wasn't because he came from the mountains and had seen many herbs since a young age and thus was able to do a good job in handling them, his teacher wouldn't have kept him by his side.

Back then, the short-haired examinee only wanted to prove himself after hearing this. Now that he thought about it, in order to stay as an alchemist, he had put in effort into learning herbology and had gotten very familiar with the discerning, storing, and handling of herbs.

"Maybe I should really give up!"

The short-haired examinee thought this and then bowed 90 degrees. "Teacher Sun, thank you for your guidance! Liang Mo has benefited from your teaching!"

Ding!

Favorable impression points from Liang Mo +1,000. Respect (1,100/10,000).

Liang Mo didn't get up even after a while. He was really thankful toward Sun Mo from the bottom of his heart. Sun Mo's words seemed to be giving him enlightenment, guiding him in the direction he should work hard in the future.

This was like how the soccer player Bale had been a left-back in the past, but after he was changed to become a winger, he gained the great reputation of being a world-class player, known to be able to pass the ball to himself three seconds later.

Therefore, when one path was blocked, why not consider changing to another?

Liang Mo's student looked at him, realizing that his teacher had become different. There was no longer struggle and the feeling of loss in his gaze, instead there was an additional hint of determination. It was like when he had first met his teacher.

"Teacher, I like the gaze that you have now!"

The guy smiled, revealing his white teeth.

"Then go and get me the first victory!"

Liang Mo rubbed his student's hair.

Li Ruolan stood in the crowd, using an image-recording stone to record this scene. After admiring it, she then kept it away happily.

As expected, she'd be able to get great news just from following Sun Mo.

"Teacher, aren't you being a little neglectful in your duties?"

Xuanyuan Po teased.

"Why do you say that?"

Sun Mo's brows furrowed slightly.



“Other teachers would either instruct their personal disciples to take note of certain things or help them observe opponents from the same group. But you end up giving guidance to another examinee.”

Xuanyuan Po’s lips twitched.

“Why?” Sun Mo assessed Xuanyuan Po. “Do you need my guidance?”

“No need!”

The combat addict raised his chin confidently. “Watch as I fight my way into the finals!”

“Number 19, Xuanyuan Po; number 52, Fei Cheng, please get up on stage!”

The main examiner announced.

“Teacher, I’ll be going!”

As Xuanyuan Po said this, all the examinees and students around him immediately looked over. Was it finally time for Sun Mo’s personal disciple to get up on stage?

(Let’s see what you’ve got!)

Li Ruolan then took out the image-recording stone she had put away earlier. After the examinees and personal disciples in the area understood what was going on, they started to squeeze their way to the front, wanting to get a clearer view.

It was Sun Mo’s student! They must study him properly!

### **Chapter 605: Isn’t Sun Mo’s Student Too Amazing?**

“Martial Junior Xuanyuan! Go for it!”

Lu Zhiruo swung her little fist and cheered for her martial junior.

Xuanyuan Po waved his hand casually, dashing up to the arena, unable to hold back. When he didn’t see anyone, he called out, “Fei Cheng, come up quickly!”

“Teach... Teacher!”

Fei Cheng felt nervous. This was the first time he had so many people watching him. Moreover, he was standing not far away from Sun Mo and had seen the scene in which Teacher Sun had given that examinee guidance.

He was really amazing. The student taught by such a great teacher should be quite sharp, right?

“I’m going to fight against Teacher Sun’s personal disciple!”

Fei Cheng felt that things wouldn’t go well for him.

“Don’t be afraid. He’s just a 16-year-old young man. No matter how strong he is, there is a limit. Don’t forget, you’re at the ninth level of the body-refinement realm.”

Fei Cheng’s teacher, who had mediocre looks but was very positive, cheered him up, “Go for it. If you win, you’ll soar to fame.”

“That’s right! Win and become famous!”

Fei Cheng took in a deep breath, regaining his confidence again. (Who doesn’t have two arms and two legs? I don’t believe that you’ll be able to crush me.)

Recalling the many years of hard work he had been through, recalling how the medicinal baths he had taken were enough to fill up a small lake. Fei Cheng felt that he could win!

“Go on!”

The positive teacher patted Fei Cheng’s back. “Go and get your first victory!”

“En!”

Fei Cheng ran a few steps forward and then jumped up the stage.

His action was quite cool, but when Fei Cheng looked at Xuanyuan Po again, his heart suddenly skipped a beat and his legs turned limp. He almost twisted his ankle.

There was no helping it. Xuanyuan Po’s gaze was too terrifying, like a berserk bear that had been starved for an entire winter seeing a sweet beehive that was glistening with golden honey.

(Are you going to eat me up?)

Fei Cheng straightened his back and mumbled, encouraging himself. “I’m at the ninth level of the body-refinement realm! I’m at the ninth level of the body-refinement realm!”

“Xuanyuan Po, spirit-refinement realm, please give me your guidance!”

Xuanyuan Po greeted.

Hicc!

Fei Cheng was so surprised that he almost bit his tongue off. He subconsciously looked toward his teacher, wearing a bitter expression.

(What happened to the talk about how there’s a limit to how strong he can be? Turns out that he is at the spirit-refinement realm! How am I going to fight him?)

“Give your greetings! Don’t just stand there!”

Xuanyuan Po urged.

“Gulp!”

Fei Cheng swallowed a mouthful of saliva, not daring to speak. He felt that after he did, his head might end up getting crushed.

“Number 19, Xuanyuan Po, please observe courtesy!”

The examiner warned, but there was a hint of surprise and curiosity on his face. For one to be at the spirit-refinement realm at the age of 16, they would either have to rely on eating alchemical pills, or they would have to be absolute geniuses.

In the youth group, it'd be no problem for such strong students to get into the top 12.

Therefore, Sun Mo was sure to get his 2-star great teacher title.

"Teacher Sun, congratulations!"

"Teacher Sun, I didn't expect that your personal disciple is so strong!"

"Spirit-refinement realm! Tsk tsk!"

The examinees nearby felt complicated feelings as they gave their praises.

There was almost no doubt that Fei Cheng was going to lose this round. Therefore, he faced extreme pressure. He had no idea if he should give up and kept on darting toward his teacher, hoping to get a reply.

After experiencing the initial feelings of upset and gloominess, the positive teacher calmed down. He looked at Fei Cheng and smiled.

"Don't think too much. If you want to accumulate experience, then go for it. Don't be concerned about me."

The moment he said this, many examinees started to show admiring expressions toward this great teacher.

According to the rules, it would be best if Fei Cheng were to give up now and reserve his energy to go all out next round. But now, his teacher was telling him not to be concerned about him and just do as he wished to.

It was really difficult for the examinees to reach this stage. They wouldn't be able to bear to do the same as he did, to be giving up so easily.

"Teacher, what's your suggestion?"

Fei Cheng suddenly calmed down after seeing his teacher's familiar smile.

"Fight. After all, you won't come across an opponent like this that often. Every battle will be an improvement for you!"

The positive teacher assessed Xuanyuan Po. His assessment of Xuanyuan Po was very high.

"Alright!"

Fei Cheng took in a deep breath and then cupped his hands together. "Fei Cheng, ninth level of the body-refinement realm. Please give me your guidance!"

Xuanyuan Po frowned. "Your cultivation level is too low and the fight won't be interesting. But this is the personal disciples battle, so I don't think you'll give up. You should go all out on defense then, in case you get hurt!"

The moment his last note ended, the combat addict dashed out.

"Is this an attempt to goad me into attacking?"

Fei Cheng guessed. He had planned on going into defense from the beginning because only then would he be able to check out more of the opponent's moves. However, before he could come up with an answer to this question, the other party had appeared before him.

The long spear suddenly pierced out.

"So fast!"

Fei Cheng was very surprised and his wrist turned abruptly, sending his long saber out, wanting to deflect the silver spear.

Ding!

An explosive sound of a clashing metal rang out and Fei Cheng's countenance changed drastically. His strength wasn't considered weak, but when the long saber hit the silver spear, it was as if it had clashed into a city gate, not moving at all.

The long spear then brushed past Fei Cheng's shoulder, turning to the right.

Bang!

Fei Cheng was like a kite with a broken string. He was sent flying out for over ten meters and falling off the arena.

"It's a win!"

Lu Zhiruo cheered.

Other than the papaya girl, everyone else was as silent as the cicadas in winter.

(Isn't... Isn't he too strong?)

Out of all the students present, at least two-thirds of them couldn't see Xuanyuan Po's attack clearly.

"Is he in the wrong age group? He should go to the adult group, right?"

It was no wonder that this student had doubts. Xuanyuan Po was really too tall and big. He must be over 1.9 meters, and his muscles looked as if they were forged from iron.

However, after the student said this, he was slapped on the head by his teacher.

"Be careful of what you say!"

Given Sun Mo's great reputation, he didn't have to let everything get destroyed by cheating. Moreover, even if this young man was placed in the adult group, he probably had a fighting chance as well.

Of course, even if Sun Mo wanted to cheat, the Saint Gate's investigators here were not for show.

"My martial junior is 15 years old this year. There's definitely no problem."

Lu Zhiruo's little ears twitched and immediately retorted. (Our victory is definitely fair and square.)

"Teacher Sun, I'm sorry!"

Hearing this, that teacher apologized once again.

“It’s fine!”

Sun Mo could understand other people’s suspicions. It was because the combat addict was really unreasonably strong. If Sun Mo hadn’t seen his data with his Divine Sight, he’d also suspect that the combat addict had lied about his age.

“Let’s go!” Sun Mo urged. This round was over, and he wanted to go watch Baiwu’s match.

Another round had started. However, even the examiner couldn’t help but glance at Xuanyuan Po’s back view, let alone those examinees.

Was Sun Mo the Lucky Goddess’s illegitimate son?

To think that he had found a personal disciple who was this powerful. Look at his iron-like body. He was born to be a massacre machine.

The examiner could guarantee that even a secondary saint would crave to have a disciple like that.

Some geniuses like Xuanyuan Po had such exceptional aptitude that even fools could tell how great they were. They were like gold nuggets that had been washed to the shores by the river. People could tell from one glance that they were of top quality.

“But if Xuanyuan Po performs too well, it’s hard to say if Sun Mo can get him to stay!”

The examiner felt a little worried. Although it wasn’t a considerate thing to be headhunting students, it wasn’t a rare occurrence in the great teachers circle.

...

When Sun Mo and Lu Zhiruo arrived at group B’s competition area, they saw that the atmosphere was exceptionally solemn. Everyone was staring at the duo in the arena.

It was because the battle was exciting yet brutal.

“Although that girl’s cultivation level is a little lower, she is ruthless enough, not caring if she were to suffer injuries in order to injure her opponent. This makes it hard for her opponent!”

An examinee gave guidance to their student on the spot. “Look, her opponent’s attacks are getting slower. This shows that her opponent is cowering.”

“Whose personal disciple is this? She is so strong, but her teacher isn’t coming to watch her battle. Is she being brought up by her stepmother?”

An examinee scolded.

“It’s Martial Junior Baiwu!”

Lu Zhiruo saw that the iron-headed young girl was bleeding and she felt anxious.

Swoosh!

Hearing the papaya girl's cry, everyone turned and saw Sun Mo. They then felt strong envy and hatred. (You're already so amazing, so why is your personal disciple so talented as well? Can you be humane and leave a mouthful of soup for others?)

"Teacher!"

Li Ziqi, Jiang Leng, and Tantai Yutang heard the commotion and came over.

"How was your competition?"

Xuanyuan Po looked at Jiang Leng and raised his brows.

"It's a small victory!"

Jiang Leng was very modest.

"Let's have a fight if an opportunity arises!"

Xuanyuan Po asked him out for a fight.

"What is this situation?"

Sun Mo asked.

"The opponent is very strong."

Li Ziqi smiled bitterly. It was a match between two at the spirit-refinement realm. It was as if the finals were brought forward.

Sun Mo looked at that guy.

Du Cu, nicknamed Ding San, 14 years old, spirit-refinement realm!

Strength 18. Outstanding!

Intellect 18. Outstanding!

Agility 18. Outstanding!

Endurance 18. Outstanding!

Will 17. This might be his only flaw.

...

High potential value.

Note: Received spirit runes surgery before, and over 70% of his skin is covered by seven major spirit runes. They provide him with absolute strength, rapid agility, long endurance, quick recovery, ability to absorb spirit qi, as well as other effects.

Note: Due to the spirit runes' existence, his strength will be exceptional before the age of 20. However, thereafter, his body will be depleted and his strength will continue to wane until his death.

Sun Mo's brows furrowed tightly. If Du Cu's teacher had decided to carve the spirit runes onto his body, then they were an inhumane bastard.

No matter what, a student wouldn't be so reckless as to carve spirit runes on so many parts of their bodies.

"Jiang Leng, are you familiar with his battle style?"

Sun Mo instantly thought of the manor that Jiang Leng had mentioned before because the person who could carve these spirit runes would definitely be a grandmaster-grade spirit rune master.

"I was just about to say that I've learned some of his battle techniques."

Jiang Leng's countenance turned even darker.

"Huh?"

Li Ziqi was given a fright, but she then lowered her voice. "Teacher, such a conversation isn't suited to be carried out in such a place."

"En!"

Sun Mo nodded and paid attention to the competition. If anything were to happen to Baiwu, he'd definitely burn down that manor.

...

"Good work!"

Li Zhuifeng praised.

"The opponent is too trashy! It's boring!"

Ding Yi pouted. "I feel that we'll be able to take the top three places!"

"That'd be too exaggerated. We'd be discovered. It'd be fine to just get the first place!"

Li Zhuifeng chuckled. When he walked over to group B's competition area and saw that Ding San was caught in a tough battle, he couldn't help but frown. Why was it that he had so much difficulty when it was only the first round?

"Martial Junior Baiwu, go for it!"

When Li Zhuifeng heard this voice, he looked over, wanting to find out whose personal disciple she was. However, his eyes instantly opened wide and he was stunned.

### **Chapter 606: Who Can Win This?**

"Brother... Brother Jiang?"

Li Zhuifeng thought that he had seen a ghost, and then he raised his hands to rub his eyes. However, he didn't see wrongly. He could recognize that face even if it had turned into ashes, let alone the fact that there was an obvious 'trash' word on his forehead.

(The way that brushstroke looks, it's definitely the work of Teacher.)

"Why would you appear here?"

Li Zhuifeng subconsciously looked over next to Jiang Leng and saw Sun Mo. His eyes then squinted.

"Have you acknowledged him as your teacher?"

"Ding San's opponent isn't weak!"

Ding Yi was planning on scolding out. (You're the work of the manor head, but you're fighting so bitterly in the first round of a mere personal disciples battle?) However, after seeing Ying Baiwu's performance, Ding Yi shut up.

It was because he wouldn't be able to get an easy win either.

Li Zhuifeng didn't pay any heed to Ding Yi but continued to stare at Jiang Leng.

Seeing Jiang Leng again after so many years, Li Zhuifeng felt extremely complicated.

Every three years, a new batch of children would arrive in the manor. Li Zhuifeng and Jiang Leng were from the same batch. Back then, the children from the previous batch would always bully them. Jiang Leng was the one who had stood out and stabbed back at them with a dagger, protecting them, who were still children.

Life in the manor was boring. Other than sleeping, they'd be training, and Jiang Leng was the most outstanding child.

Jiang Leng far surpassed others of his age regardless if it was in learning, cultivating, or even playing games.

Back then, Li Zhuifeng had admired Jiang Leng, feeling that he was very strong. He had always followed behind Jiang Leng like a fanboy. But one day, everything changed.

Jiang Leng disappeared for half a month in the manor. When he came back again, he had become weak and crippled, living like a walking corpse. The most terrifying thing was that his body was covered in mysterious spirit runes.

Every once in a while, those spirit runes would cause his spirit qi to go berserk, bringing about tremendous pain. Therefore, during that period, Jiang Leng's agonizing cries from extreme pain had cast a shadow in the children's hearts.

Then, in the following year, Jiang Leng would be brought away for a few days every month. Each time he returned, he would be covered in wounds. There'd be more and more spirit runes on his body, and they were increasingly battered.

Jiang Leng repeated this cycle of recuperating and getting injured, until one day, a year later, Jiang Leng was taken away for a month. When he was carried back once again, that 'trash' word had appeared on his forehead.

In the evening, Jiang Leng was carried away, and he never appeared in the manor ever again.



At a later time, Li Zhuifeng found out that Jiang Leng had undergone the experiment of engraving spirit runes on the human body. Based on the original plan, all the children from their batch had to go through it concurrently. However, the horrible results on Jiang Leng had led to the experiment being postponed for a year.

It could be said that Jiang Leng's pain had traded over a year of peacefulness for these children. The data gathered from his body over this period was also what led to the success of the experiment later on.

As Li Zhuifeng had an exceptional aptitude and showed outstanding talent in the study of spirit runes, he was taken in by Dean Bai as his personal disciple, and he found out about these things.

Li Zhuifeng asked himself, did he feel gratitude toward Jiang Leng?

Yes, but not much. There was more pride since the results showed that he was the most outstanding one. Thinking about it, it was ridiculous how he had been following behind Jiang Leng back then.

"Brother Jiang?"

Li Zhuifeng looked at the 'trash' word on Jiang Leng's head and chuckled. However, his eyes instantly squinted as he stared toward Jiang Leng's neck.

Why were there no signs of any spirit runes on his neck? His skin was so smooth, without any traces of spirit runes at all...

"They must be covered by some kind of pigment, right?"

Li Zhuifeng felt that if he was in Jiang Leng's shoes, he'd definitely think of ways to cover up those shattered and ugly spirit runes. However, his rationality told him otherwise.

That the spirit runes on Jiang Leng's body had been fixed.

If he was going to hide the spirit runes, why did he not do the same for the 'trash' word on his head?

"But how is it possible?"

Li Zhuifeng mumbled and his gaze couldn't help but dart toward Sun Mo. He recalled that this guy had a great reputation of God Hands.

"Should we inform Teacher on this matter?"

Li Zhuifeng thought to himself when a great alert rang out in his heart. He subconsciously hid behind an adult examinee.

Jiang Leng turned his head.

"What's wrong?"

Tantai Yutang noticed that the deadman face's expression wasn't right.

"I don't know. I suddenly feel uncomfortable!"

...

"Baiwu, don't panic, take it slowly!"

Li Ziqi couldn't help but shout out when she saw the intense battle situation.

The examiner threw a glance at the little sunny egg and didn't take any action. Firstly, she wasn't a teacher. Secondly, words like cheering and asking participants to take it slow wouldn't affect the battle situation in any way.

"Baiwu, there's no need to rush! It'll be fine as long as you win!"

Seeing that the examiner didn't do anything, Li Ziqi shouted out again.

With Sun Mo's arrival, Ying Baiwu wanted to perform well and quickly defeat her opponent to get praised for it, but she ended up being anxious.

"I'm embarrassing Teacher!"

Ying Baiwu pursed her lips and held onto her breath as she glanced over Sun Mo. Sun Mo shook his head and wore a smile, nodding.

Although he didn't say anything, the iron-headed young girl understood what her teacher meant.

"This battle tactic isn't right. Change it. It's too harmful to the body. But you fought well and you'll definitely be able to win!"

Watching Sun Mo's gentle and trusting gaze, looking at her teacher's appreciating smile, it was as if he was saying, (You're the student I admire the most.) Baiwu, who was feeling anxious, calmed down.

"How can Teacher possibly care about wins or losses? What he cares about is definitely for me to not get hurt!"

Ying Baiwu felt warm inside. She then used the Wind King Divine Steps and retreated to the edges of the arena, drawing her distance.

Ding!

Favorable impression points from Ying Baiwu +100. Respect (7,100/10,000).

"She has finally stopped!"

Ding San didn't push on the attacks but panted heavily. There was no helping it. His opponent's attacks were done in a mad-dog style, making it hard for him to take on.

(Don't you feel pain?)

Ding San had received harsh training in the manor, but the battle today still caused his heart to palpitate.

"Teacher is right. I was too bent on being above board to win against you quickly. I just need to win."

Ying Baiwu reflected.

"What the hell?"

Ding San frowned.

“I’m sorry. I’m going to win this round!”

Ying Baiwu took her longbow she was carrying on her back.

“Tsk, you want to shoot someone to death using a bow without any arrows?”

Ding San sneered in disdain. He wasn’t anxious but instead reminded Ying Baiwu, “Did you forget to bring your quiver because you were too nervous? It’s fine! I’ll wait for you!”

Discussions broke out around them. People didn’t know what Ying Baiwu wanted to do.

The examiner watched everything quietly, not stopping the iron-headed young girl from changing her weapon. It was because this was the personal disciples battle, and there were no restrictions over weapons and battle tactics. They just had to win.

Of course, although bow and arrows were meant for long-distance battles, the entire arena was only the size of half a basketball court. One would be at a disadvantage from using them.

The advantage of such weapons was to defeat opponents from a far distance. Once the distance was drawn closer, things were basically over for the user.

Given the length of the arena, in the time Ding San took to dash up to Ying Baiwu, she’d just have taken her arrow from her quiver. Moreover, if she were to miss her shot, then the longbow would just be a decor. She’d be beaten up one-sidedly.

“If you don’t charge on now, you won’t have any chance!”

Ying Baiwu held onto the Wind King Divine Bow and had it by her side. It wasn’t because she wanted to ensure fairness, but because she didn’t want to bring embarrassment to Sun Mo. Otherwise, she’d have launched a sneak attack.

“It’s fine, you can just shoot freely. It’d be considered my loss if I were to move!”

Ding San chuckled.

Ying Baiwu pursed her lips and raised the bow with her left hand, hooking onto the bowstring with her right index finger and middle finger. She then pulled it and let go.

Buzz!

The bowstring tremored, releasing a clear and crisp sound.

“Good bow!”

There was a great teacher amongst the audience who specialized in long-range shooting. When he heard the sound of the bow, he knew that this was a peak-grade longbow, and it was definitely the work of a grandmaster.

“Do you think that I... f\*ck!”

When Ding San saw Ying Baiwu pull the arrowless bow, he had wanted to ask if she had grown silly out of fear. However, his vision then blurred and he saw the spirit qi condensing into an arrow, swooshing over.

It was extremely fast.

Swoosh!

The arrow brushed past Ding San's ears.

"Admit your loss!"

Ying Baiwu urged.

Even the examiner, who had a lot of experiences, felt a little astonished now. Could this longbow condense arrows from nothing? Or was it the effect of her cultivation art?

However, this girl had a great demeanor. If she were a little ruthless and shot out at Ding San's upper thigh. That arrow would have ended the battle.

Ding San, who had lingering fears, stopped talking crap and shot out directly. He moved so fast that he left after-images after him.

Ying Baiwu didn't move and continued to pull her bow with her right hand consecutively.

Phoenix Cry Chaotic Dance!

The audience then saw many translucent arrows shooting out from the longbow like a mechanized bow.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Before Ding San could get close, an arrow pierced through his right palm. After he flicked his longsword away, it was then shattered into fragments.

Clank! Clank!

The metal pieces landed on the floor, creating noises.

The entire place was in silence.

The examinees felt their scalps turn numb and they felt a little despair.

Who could win against this?

According to the rules, one wouldn't be allowed to get off nor change their weapons after getting onto the arena. They weren't even allowed to drink water that someone else passed them.

Therefore, everyone kept thinking that Ying Baiwu had been so nervous that she had forgotten to bring her quiver. That was why she had been carrying her longbow and hadn't used it. However, only now did they understand that she didn't have any need for arrows. The reason why she had fought the way she did earlier was because she wanted to fight fair and square.

"She actually thought too much. It'd also be fair to fight this way."

"Anyone who encountered her would be unlucky!"

"That's amazing. No wonder Sun Mo doesn't come to watch her competition. It's because she's sure to win!"

Everyone discussed amongst themselves. Those who had won the first round felt tremendous pressure and started praying that they wouldn't encounter Ying Baiwu for the next round.

"Ying Baiwu wins this round!"

After the examiner announced that the iron-headed young girl had won the competition, she bowed and jumped off the arena, walking over to Sun Mo's side.

She lowered her head, ready to receive a scolding.

"Tantai, take care of her wounds first!"

Sun Mo instructed.

The sickly guy immediately opened the medicine box he always carried with him and helped Ying Baiwu stop her bleeding.

"Baiwu, don't think about things like being considerate of me. It's your battle now, so you must fight for yourself!"

Sun Mo instructed.

This girl wasn't one who'd scheme. Therefore, Sun Mo could easily guess the reason why she had done that.

Ying Baiwu continued to lower her head, not saying anything. (If I'm just fighting for myself, then I'll give up! After all, there's no money to get out of it!)

Jiang Leng looked toward that Ding San. He had lost but clearly wasn't convinced and was glaring over viciously.

### **Chapter 607: Black Doggy Sun's Three Personal Students**

"Also, you are an archery goddess, why do you have to fight close combat against him?"

Sun Mo stretched out his fingers and rapped lightly on Ying Baiwu's head. "A victory is a victory. Don't have too many random thoughts."

"I understand."

Ying Baiwu pouted.

"However, you fought very well!"

Sun Mo rubbed the iron-headed girl on her head. "Remember to protect yourself well. You are only 14 years old. There's no need for you to suffer heavy injuries and destroy your own future."

As she heard Sun Mo's concerned words, Ying Baiwu's eyes grew red. She hurriedly lifted her arm and pretended to wipe her sweat while wiping away her tears. After that, she hugged Sun Mo's arms.

"I've remembered your advice!"

The iron-headed girl felt currents of warmth in her heart. Even the minor bad feelings from earlier had vanished. She only felt intense joy.

(Maybe, the suffering I endured for the past 13 years was all in exchange for me being able to stay by the side of Teacher.)

(If that's the case, I actually have to thank the heavens for making me suffer for so many years.)

(It's really so good that I got to know Teacher!)

Ding!

Favorable impression points from Ying Baiwu +200. Respect (7,300/10,000).

"Baiwu, be careful of your wound!"

Tantai Yutang reminded her.

The iron-headed girl immediately turned and glared at him. (Don't disturb me from bettering my relationship with Teacher. Don't you know that I usually won't have any chance to hug him?)

After thinking of this, Ying Baiwu glanced at the little sunny egg and the papaya girl.

"Baiwu, well fought. Come!"

Lu Zhiruo passed a large juicy piece of watermelon over. "Eat the melon!"

Upon hearing the system notification, Sun Mo felt a little puzzled. (Why did you contribute favorable impression points? I felt that I only said a few sentences and didn't really give you any impressive pointers?)

(I can't understand it!)

After the first round ended, it was already afternoon and a total of 680 people remained. After that, they continued to draw lots and were split into eight groups to continue fighting the second round of combat.

For the first round, all three of Sun Mo's personal disciples obtained crushing victories.

There was no need to talk about Jiang Leng and Xuanyuan Po. They both won extremely cleanly. As for Ying Baiwu, she also understood now. After the exchange of greetings before the battle, she immediately took up the Wind King Divine Bow and started firing rapidly.

As a result, the opponent already lost before he could get close to the iron-headed girl.

During the first day's competition, the matches ended roughly around evening. Other than the losers and the injured, as well as those who forfeited due to various reasons, there were a total of 472 people remaining.

The personal students of Gu Xiuxun and Liu Mubai easily cleared the two rounds. However, Xia Yuan's student Zheng Hao found it much more difficult to do so.

Although he won during the second battle, his arm and ribs were broken.

...

"The bone setting is done!" Sun Mo consoled, "Don't worry, it's the same as when it was unbroken!"

In the room, Sun Mo helped Zheng Hao set his bones and also used the basic massaging technique to help him relax, helping his fatigued muscles recover more quickly.

After that, he got the students to soak in a bath because the giant medicine packet could rapidly replenish their consumed spirit qi.

“Teacher Sun, I’m really thankful to you.”

In the corridor, Xia Yuan thanked him, but she still felt somewhat awkward. This was because this favor was too huge. If it wasn’t for Sun Mo’s Ancient Dragon Capturing Hands, Zheng Hao would have no way to fight tomorrow.

This would also mean that she would fail.

Ding!

Favorable impression points from Xia Yuan +500. Friendly (770/1,000).

“Teacher Xia is too polite.”

Sun Mo smiled. He was only doing her a little favor. This was something he ought to do.

...

“How do you feel?”

In the bedroom, Liu Mubai helped Han Zisheng inspect his body.

“Not too bad!”

After Han Zisheng finished speaking, someone knocked on the door. He hurriedly opened it and discovered that Li Ziqi was standing outside.

“Is something the matter?”

Han Zisheng was curious.

“Teacher Liu!”

After Li Ziqi bowed, he sent a package over. “This is a giant medicine packet. Also, if student Han needs it, Teacher will use the Ancient Dragon Capturing Hands to give him a massage.”

“No need!”

Han Zisheng decisively rejected it as he knew that his teacher wasn’t fond of Sun Mo. However, he felt some yearning in his heart. After all, Sun Mo was the famous God Hands.

“Go on!”

Liu Mubai stopped Han Zisheng. After that, he turned to Li Ziqi. “Please help me thank Sun Mo. I will remember this favor.”

“Teacher!” Han Zisheng frowned. “There’s no need for it. I’m not injured!”

“Zisheng, you don’t have to care about the competition between teachers. What you need to do is do your best to maintain your optimal state so as to fight well and get a good result.”

Liu Mubai felt some self-reproach. “Don’t you always want to participate in the student battles and shoot to fame in a single fight? It was all because of my dream of rising 3 star ranks in a year that led to me postponing the great teacher examinations in the past. I didn’t manage to give you the opportunity.”

“Teacher, it’s not too late that I’m here now!”

Han Zisheng smiled.

“Quickly go!”

Liu Mubai waved his hands. There was some helplessness on his face.

He truly had nothing bad to say about Sun Mo’s character. Sometimes, he felt like hating Sun Mo but wasn’t able to do so. (What a pity, if you weren’t An Xinhui’s finance, I might feel very willing to be friends with you, chatting freely with no inhibitions.)

Ding!

Favorable impression points from Liu Mubai +20. Friendly (650/1,000).

Li Ziqi went out after bidding farewell. She suddenly felt that although Liu Mubai was inordinately proud of his own ability and considered everyone else beneath him, even liking her teacher’s wife, he was truly good to his students.

Sun Mo didn’t care about Liu Mubai’s attitude toward him. Hence, he didn’t mind helping Han Zisheng. This was because he was also a vice headmaster of the Central Province Academy.

After all, Liu Mubai and Han Zisheng were people from his school. The better their results, the greater the fame of the Central Province Academy would be.

The bright dawn came. The air was clean and fresh as everyone entered the gates of the Westmountain Academy.

“Does anyone need information on the personal students of the various great teachers? I’m selling a copy for 1,000 taels!”

A skinny guy suddenly walked out from the crowd and stopped Sun Mo’s group.

“The information reports on the participating students?”

Li Ziqi’s eyes brightened. She took out a banknote from her wallet. “Give me one copy!”

Actually, Li Ziqi had hired some students to collect information about it. However, for things like information reports, no one would find that they had too many.

“This student is someone who knows her stuff well. I can tell you guys that my information report is absolutely the most correct.”

The skinny guy saw how easy it was to sell things to Li Ziqi and instantly knew she was someone extremely wealthy. After that, he felt a little regretful at why he didn’t state a higher price.



“Do you mean there are others in the same business as you as well?” Li Ziqi continued to ask. “How do you guys collect the information?”

“Ziqi, this is so expensive. Let’s not buy anymore.”

Ying Baiwu tugged at the little sunny egg’s arm. “In any case, we will win for sure!”

The skinny guy involuntarily glanced at Ying Baiwu. (Who the hell is this? What audacious words!) However, in the face of this wealthy little girl, he didn’t dare to show any attitude and continued to introduce his business with a smile on his face.

“We sent professional great teachers to observe the students closely in order to gather information.”

The skinny guy lowered his voice. “Bai Shuang, Xie Cang, Zhou Xuan...these graduates from the Nine Greats must have powerful personal students. However, you guys should have heard of them before. Let me introduce some dark horses. Ding Yi, his teacher isn’t powerful, but he is one of the most powerful dark horses and his weapon is a swift blade.”

“Hua Jianmu, his teacher is Han Xi, who was defeated by Sun Mo. She is quite capable in teaching students. Hua Jianmu is using a pair of iron gloves as his weapon. I feel that no one would be his match if both sides fought bare-handed.”

“Che, I suddenly feel like fighting against that fellow!”

Xuanyuan Po mumbled.

“Fang Wuji’s personal student Duan Qiao, Gu Xiuxun’s personal student Zhang Yanzong, and Liu Mubai’s personal student Han Zisheng—they are all extremely strong. Oh right, do you guys know who Mei Ziyu is? Her mother is none other than the 6-star great teacher Mei Yazhi, and her personal student has a green cowl hiding his or her face. Up until now, no one has seen the student’s face yet.”

The skinny guy was very eloquent and could stir up everyone’s interest after speaking a few sentences. Even a few great teachers who were passing by couldn’t help but come over.

“Just these?”

Ying Baiwu frowned. “As expected, the report isn’t worth the money!”

“Don’t be anxious, the important show is yet to be revealed!”

The skinny guy coughed twice and cleared his throat. “Do you know who Sun Mo is? God Hands, One-Vote Sun, Dog in front of door Sun, but I like to call him Black Doggy Sun the most. This person is very good at cursing people, but he’s excellent in teaching students. Xuanyuan Po is unbelievably strong and as fit as a giant. Ying Baiwu is a bow-user who can shoot people without equipping arrows. There’s one more...”

The skinny guy who was excitedly talking suddenly froze. His gaze subconsciously focused on Xuanyuan Po and Ying Baiwu. After that, he looked at the longbow behind her back.

Damn!

(These three can’t possibly be Black Doggy Sun’s three personal students, right?)

“One more? Who is it? Quickly say!”

Tantai Yutang teased.

The skinny guy’s gaze turned and landed on Jiang Leng’s forehead. After that, he lifted his hand and smacked himself ruthlessly.

(There’s really the word ‘cripple’ there!)

No wonder his boss always told him to run errands and refused to give him a raise. With his bad judgment ability, he might as well dig his eyes out and stomp them until they exploded.

“Haha, have your brains gone bad? You are actually selling information reports about Sun Mo’s disciples to themselves?”

A few examinees involuntarily burst out into laughter upon seeing this.

“Great Teacher Sun, my eyes are blind!”

The skinny guy spoke and stretched out his hand to tug at the report in Li Ziqi’s hand, wanting to take them back. “However, I guarantee that the data in the information reports has no mistake!”

“Are you sure? My Teacher’s God Hands can tell if a person is lying!”

Tantai Yutang wanted to see things become even more chaotic.

“Ah?”

The skinny guy felt some doubt, but he basically didn’t believe it. Being able to tell if someone was lying? It sounded too magical.

Sun Mo didn’t wish to waste words with someone like this, but he also didn’t want them to continue cheating the money of others. Hence, he took a step forward and placed his hand on the skinny guy’s shoulder as he kneaded.

“Don’t lie anymore. This data in your information report was bought from others and reassembled.”

Putong!

The skinny guy directly knelt as cold sweat immediately dotted his forehead because Sun Mo was right.

Just last night, the skinny guy was working overtime to type and print it out. Up until now, he hadn’t caught up with his sleep yet. After all, selling information reports depended on the time factor.

It would be useless if the effectiveness was ‘expired’.

“Is this real or fake?”

The few examinees stared dumbfoundedly at Sun Mo. Could he be lying?

“Also, your aptitude isn’t bad. Although you are already 18 years old, if you find a school and work while studying for a few years, you will have a better future as compared to now.”

“My aptitude isn’t bad? Go find a school and study?”

The skinny guy was directly stunned. He had thought that Sun Mo would lecture him, hence, he didn't expect him to say such words at all.

One must know that ever since he was young until now, the skinny guy was a very mischievous kid. His family was poor and he quitted the private school he had been attending just after two years. After that, he could only work odd jobs like this to make a living.

Continue learning?

Better future?

The skinny guy had never heard such words before. Also, both his parents had long since given up on him. The words they said the most was 'don't make trouble for us.'

"I can also become a cultivator?"

The skinny guy was agitated. Sun Mo's words were like a knife that carved out a brand new door before his eyes.

Chance!

(This might be a chance that can change my life!)

At this moment, the skinny guy directly knelt and kowtowed loudly with sincerity three times.

"Teacher Sun, please show me the path!"

The skinny guy pleaded sincerely in a loud voice.

When the surrounding great teachers heard this, they directly turned over.

### **Chapter 608: This Opponent Is a Little Formidable, I Want To Fight a Little Longer!**

Sun Mo slowed his steps and frowned.

Before waiting for Sun Mo to speak, the skinny guy kowtowed again. Not only did he do so with a lot of strength, but he also didn't plan to stop.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The commotion drew more people over.

"Sun Mo, is there some trouble?"

Tong Yiming opened a path up in the crowd and walked over. He looked at the skinny guy. His gaze that was imposing without him being angry caused the skinny guy to recall how his buttocks had been whacked by a strict old man when he was studying in a private school. Hence, he began to feel very uncomfortable.

"Nope!"

Sun Mo shook his head. After that, he looked at the skinny guy. "My guidance might not be correct. Besides, even if it was right, whether or not you can complete it to a satisfactory degree would determine the level of your future achievements. It might not be what you had hoped."

The skinny guy started. After that, he lowered his head and argued, "In any case, it wouldn't be worse than my current state, right?"

Being an errand-boy, he had to work be it in the sun or rain and had to suffer contemptuous looks and disdain. Honestly speaking, if it wasn't for the fact he didn't have a choice, who would want to lead such a life?

"If you wish to live a better life, you have to work even harder!"

Sun Mo earnestly persuaded. "One doesn't simply wait around for a beautiful life. A beautiful life is obtained through your very own hands."

Swish~

A golden light radiated from Sun Mo, illuminating the surroundings.

The skinny guy's heart thumped rapidly as excitement appeared on his face. (Was this a great teacher halo? A small character like me actually has the chance to enjoy a lofty and mighty great teacher halo?)

(I can at least brag for a year now.)

However after that, the expression of the skinny guy turned tranquil as he started to contemplate.

Gu Xiuxun at the side rolled her eyes. (Is Golden Sentences 'Sun' starting his show again? Can we not watch it?)

(Do you know that if you kept acting like that, you would be beaten up?)

"Don't think about going to a famous school. Given your age and talent, you won't be competitive enough. Just join an ordinary school and be a little more humble. You should find a teacher that's not very powerful but has a kind personality and is willing to teach you. After that, do your best to learn from him or her."

Sun Mo reminded him. "Even if you achieved some results in the future, don't keep thinking about job-hopping. You should set your sights on a larger stage."

"I can't job-hop?"

The skinny guy's expression was a little bitter and depressed. After all, water flowed downward and humans headed upward. Who wouldn't want a better life?

"Look clearly at your own appearance now!"

An examinee among the spectators could no longer bear to see this. (You are just an errand boy. If you could join a school and have the tutelage of a great teacher, it would already be extremely good. Yet, you want to job-hop even before achieving it? What are you thinking?)

The skinny guy jumped in shock and hurriedly apologized. "I was being too greedy."

"When you can establish yourself in a school and after reaching the Longevity Realm, you can look for me at the Central Province Academy!"

After Sun Mo finished speaking, he turned and left. He had seen this guy's potential through Divine Sight

The skinny guy was stunned. After that, he kowtowed again.

“Thank you Teacher Sun for enlightening me. I, Wang Ming, will never forget your benevolence as long as I live!”

The skinny guy prostrated himself in Sun Mo’s direction and didn’t get up for a long time,

Ding!

Favorable impression from Wang Ming +1,000. Respect (1,125/10,000).

He knelt for a total of five minutes and only after Sun Mo’s silhouette disappeared did he finally stand up.

“I finally found the path I want to walk!”

Wang Ming was excited. He was prepared to grab his bag that was filled with information reports and smashed it onto the ground before trampling on it. But after a while, he halted his actions.

He recalled that sentence from Sun Mo.

“One doesn’t simply wait around for a beautiful life. A beautiful life is obtained through your very own hands.”

“Teacher Sun wants me to do everything seriously, right?”

Wang Ming thought and started to work even harder in selling the information reports.

This minor change eventually caused Wang Ming to sell the most information reports out of all the errand runners. Hence, he received extra rewards from the boss.

Through this sum of money he received, Wang Ming earned enough for him to travel and search for a school.

Naturally, all these would happen in the future. There was temporarily no need to mention this.

...

Tong Yiming was a main examiner and wasn’t able to get too close to the examinees. Hence, he left directly. However, Sun Mo still obtained 200 favorable impression points from him.

In the public square, the 472 personal students drew lots for their next match. After that, the third round of the competition started.

“Teacher, I’m going first!”

Ying Baiwu and Li Ziqi left.

Jiang Leng didn’t show too much emotion and merely nodded. However, Sun Mo knew that this youth used his gaze to give him a guarantee that he would win for sure.

“Let’s go!”

Sun Mo brought Xuanyuan Po and the papaya girl toward the ‘B’ group area.

A while later, it was the combat addict's turn.

"#19 Xuanyuan Po and #108 Ding Wu, please get up the stage."

The examiner announced.

As Xuanyuan Po went up the stage, the surrounding gazes turned over, and everyone couldn't help but start. This fellow was so muscular. Other than his face being slightly immature, he didn't look like a young man below 16.

The examiner subconsciously glanced at Xuanyuan Po's form to confirm his picture.

"I heard that your spear arts are very powerful?"

Ding Wu was very muscular as well, and his weapon was a two-meter-large blade. From the looks of it, it weighed at least 100 kg.

"Xuanyuan Po. Spirit-refinement realm, please guide me!"

Xuanyuan Po didn't wish to speak nonsense and only wanted to fight.

"Little Wu, don't be careless!"

Under the stage, Ding Yi warned.

Li Zhuifeng was in the crowd and sneaked a glance at Jiang Leng. (It's real, that's Elder Brother Jiang. However, why did the spirit runes on his body disappear?)

He had to investigate this.

"Ding Wu, Spirit-refinement realm. Please guide me!"

After Ding Wu spoke, the audience all exclaimed in marvel. Zeze, two spirit-refinement realm experts were fighting. This would definitely be a good show to watch.

Xuanyuan Po didn't waver at all. His right arm exerted force.

Swish~

His silver spear shot out like an arrow from a crossbow, emitting a whistling noise as it pierced through the air, flying toward Ding Wu.

"Fool!"

Ding Wu wielded his blade with a single hand and slashed it out with all his force toward the silver spear.

(He's actually throwing his spear to make a long-distance attack?)

However, at the moment the large blade clashed with the silver spear, Ding Wu's countenance drastically changed.

Ding!

An immense force traveled through the spear and jolted Ding Wu's arm so badly that it turned numb. Moreover, he didn't manage to knock the silver spear out of its trajectory and merely managed to shift it a little so it deviated slightly from his vital spots.

"Damn!"

Ding Wu cursed. He held his blade with two hands and prepared to attack, but Xuanyuan Po already charged over like a war chariot.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

His aura was as though it could crush Ding Wu.

At the next instant, a fist as big as an earthen pot blasted over.

Feeling surprised, Ding Wu lifted his right hand and slashed forth with his blade. But...

Xuanyuan Po's fist turned into a grip. He turned his wrist and grabbed the back of the blade before following up with a right kick.

"F\*\*\*!"

Ding Wu was badly shocked as cold sweat immediately oozed out of his forehead. (What sort of move is this?)

(A move that ignores your own safety?)

The vast majority of people wouldn't grab their enemies' weapons right at the start of the battle, right? If there was a mistake, at least half of their palms would be severed off.

Bang!

Ding Wu's reaction was slower by half a beat due to his thoughts. As a result, his thigh got kicked and he stumbled backward.

Xuanyuan Po followed up, moving closer in the passing. Amazingly, he stretched his arms out and coincidentally grabbed hold of the silver spear that just shot past Ding Wu. He then twisted his waist and performed a spinning attack like a pinwheel.

Bang!

The silver spear heavily smashed into Ding Wu's giant blade, causing his body to shake.

Next, Xuanyuan Po began his barrage of attack.

"..."

Ding Yi frowned. He knew that Ding Wu would most probably not win this battle.

"This person looks so strong, why is he so weak when he starts fighting?"

Lu Zhiruo couldn't understand. They just met and the other party was already suppressed?

"It's because Xuanyuan is too strong!"

Sun Mo guided. "That Ding Wu's body constitution and reaction are both excellent. If it was some other opponents, Xuanyuan's kick would have shattered their kneecaps, and the battle would have ended."

Honestly speaking, if Sun Mo was the one who encountered such an attack, he would also be flustered. This was because Xuanyuan Po didn't attack according to 'norms'. He would attack wherever he wanted to.

Naturally, his tyrannical body constitution allowed him to make all these dangerous and unimaginable moves.

"He... is actually my student?"

Sun Mo felt a little proud and also had a little sense of surrealism. In his old world, he basically wouldn't have had any chance to get such a good student in his class. Those more experienced teachers would long since have snatched such good seedlings away.

"Where did this monster come from? He's so strong and not even 16 yet? Do the rest of us still stand a chance?"

"He seems to be a student of Sun Mo?"

"F\*\*\*! Where is Sun Mo? I want to kill him. What capabilities does he have to teach such a good student?"

The examinees discussed with each other. Naturally, 'wanting to kill Sun Mo' was just spoken in jest. However, all of them truly felt a little depressed.

After all, who wouldn't want the students they nurtured to be the most outstanding ones?!

Bang!

Ding Wu stumbled. If it wasn't for his reaction being fast enough, he would have fallen off the stage.

Xuanyuan Po stood his ground. Given his pride, he didn't chase and take advantage of that stumble. Instead, he gave Ding Wu time to rest.

This opponent was a little formidable. He wanted to fight longer!

Pui!

Ding Wu spat a mouthful of saliva and glanced toward Li Zhuifeng who was in the crowd.

Li Zhuifeng nodded.

"Do you think you've won? Ha, the battle has just started!"

Ding Wu smiled malevolently. All of a sudden, the spirit qi from his body surged as his muscles swelled. His entire body grew larger by a size.

Swish~!

He shot forth like a bullet and directly appeared before Xuanyuan Po.

Hu~



His blade crashed down and slammed into the silver spear with a clanging sound.

Even with Xuanyuan Po's strength, his body was shaking. His knees grew soft and he almost knelt on the ground.

"Ah? Is Junior brother Xuanyuan going to lose?"

The papaya girl felt anxious.

Li Zhuifeng and Ding Yi, who were among the crowd, were actually exchanging shocked gazes. What the hell? Ding Wu, who activated all seven major spirit runes on his body, granting him three times more strength, agility, and eruption might, actually wasn't able to insta-defeat Xuanyuan Po?

"Is that fellow still human?"

Ding Yi was shocked.

"I don't know!"

Li Zhuifeng's eyes narrowed. His gaze stared ruthlessly at the combat addict. "But I know that my teacher would definitely want his body."

Xuanyuan Po was definitely a perfect experiment material.

The collision of the blade and spear emitted a large ear-piercing explosion. As a result, the web between their thumb and forefinger cracked as fresh blood flowed.

"How is it? Are you afraid now?"

Ding Wu mocked.

However, it seemed like Xuanyuan Po didn't feel the pain at all. On the contrary, he was laughing uproariously. "HAHA, fun! How fun is this! It has truly been a long time since I fought so happily!"

"What other moves do you have? Can you quickly use them all?"

"Don't compete with me in strength anymore. It's meaningless!"

Xuanyuan Po urged.

Ding Wu, who had exhausted all his strength, was dumbfounded. (What sort of monster am I fighting against? Yes, he must be feigning this. He is trying to trick me!)

Sun Mo's brows gradually furrowed. He was hesitating whether he should stop this battle or not!

## **Chapter 609: Seeking Guidance From the Public**

Ding Wu, Spirit Refinement Realm.

Through spirit runes, one could boost the various stats of one's body multiple times, but this eruption state could only last for slightly over ten minutes. If one's body was in the eruption state for too long, it would lead to the body being seriously damaged. One might even suffer sudden death.

This was the information Sun Mo had obtained through Divine Sight.

What did this mean?

If Ding Wu continued to go all out, his body would be crippled at the very least.

It was like an engine. There was no problem if the owner operated it at full power from time to time. But if the owner did it for a long period with no rest, it might be destroyed.

After thinking of this, Sun Mo spoke.

“Examiner, if this match continues, someone will die!”

Sun Mo didn’t suggest something like concluding the fight in a draw because there was a problem with Xuanyuan Po’s opponent.

This was because he had no authority to conclude the match. If Sun Mo suggested this, he might cause the examiner to feel that he was meddlesome, wanting to interfere in the match just because he was somewhat famous.

This might affect Sun Mo’s reputation, and if the examiner group loathed him and started to target his students, the gains wouldn’t make up for the losses.

Although the possibility wasn’t great, Sun Mo didn’t want to take the risk.

Another point was that even though Sun Mo could tell that Ding Wu’s body couldn’t endure for much longer, no one else could see this. If the match was stopped because of his suggestion, people would be doubting the integrity of the competition.

“Teacher Sun, why would you say this?”

If an ordinary examinee said these words, the examiner definitely wouldn’t care. However, Sun Mo was known as the God Hands, so his judgment would surely not be bad.

For the sake of the students, the examiner asked a question.

“If Ding Wu continues to sustain his explosive state, he might wear his body down. There might be irreversible injuries later on.”

Sun Mo explained.

“I understand now!”

The examiner nodded. After that, he spoke to the vice examiner at the side of the arena. “Go and invite a doctor over.”

There would be doctors on stand-by every match. Also, famous doctors with higher medical skills were waiting in the resting area for more serious cases. After all, they couldn’t possibly make 5-star doctors wait outside in the sun and rain until all the fights were concluded, right?

The examiner’s response was already fitting. One must know that if Ding Wu was fine, he might be scolded by the doctors.

“Teacher Sun, please remain quiet!”

The examiner reminded him.

“Thanks!”

Sun Mo nodded and shut his mouth. There was also a possibility that Ding Wu would discover his condition and chose to give up directly.

On the stage, Xuanyuan Po and Ding Wu were clashing head-on fiercely.

Their clash was a collision between power and skill. The two of them were fighting with full strength, wanting to do their utmost and defeat their opponents.

Below the stage, the surrounding examinees and students heard Sun Mo’s words and hence, they were whispering to each other.

“Someone would die? Sun Mo is referring to Ding Wu, right?”

“He shouldn’t be talking about Xuanyuan Po. Otherwise, he could just directly forfeit.”

“They have fought so far. If you were in his shoes, would you get your student to forfeit? Moreover, Sun Mo’s fame is so great. If he forfeited, it would be a great blow to his popularity.”

The examinees widened their eyes but couldn’t see any problem. On the contrary, Xuanyuan Po and Ding Wu’s fight was extremely fascinating, fitting to be a championship fight.

The examiner turned his head and cast another glance at Sun Mo, silently musing whether Sun Mo was trying to be a busybody. Although the two combatants were injured, their physical conditions were still as strong as giants. How could someone suddenly die?

As for being beaten to death?

(Please, do you think that I will be slacking as an examiner? I will definitely stop the students from unleashing a killing blow!)

“Should we get Ding Wu to give up?”

Ding Yi took out a pocket watch and glanced at it. The duration of the eruption state was a little too long.

“Let’s wait a little while more and see!”

Li Zhuifeng frowned. He was not concerned about Ding Wu as all his attention was on Xuanyuan Po.

“From my point of view, it’s clear that Sun Mo cannot see hope for his student’s victory. That’s why he tried to use such a trick!” a person spoke.

There would always be people who had darkness in their hearts and hated to see others above them. A somewhat ugly examinee started to guess evilly at Sun Mo’s motive.

Swish~

The gaze of several people turned to Sun Mo, wanting to hear his explanation.

There was no need for Sun Mo to do so because at this moment, Ding Wu's left chest suddenly emitted a 'bang' as it exploded.

His clothes ruptured, fresh blood flowing out and splattering over Xuanyuan Po's face.

Boom! Boom!

Ding Wu stumbled two steps forward and still wanted to persist, but other explosions occurred in both his arms and legs.

Bang! Bang!

Ding Wu didn't even scream in misery. He directly fell onto the ground.

The originally noisy scene instantly fell silent.

What was going on?

Clearly, the battle was near its climax and everyone watching felt their blood boiling. But why was there such a sudden change?

Swish~

Sun Mo rushed forward and leaped onto the stage.

The papaya girl munched the watermelon in her hand and tossed away the melon skin as she wanted to follow after him.

"Xuanyuan, examiner, step back. Zhiruo, don't come over!"

Sun Mo shouted loudly.

The papaya girl was very obedient to Sun Mo, but the examiner couldn't do so. He had to save the injured student immediately.

"How do you feel?"

Just when the examiner continued forward and squatted beside Ding Wu, wanting to inspect his body, another explosion occurred on Ding Wu's back. This time around, the impact was extremely great. Some flesh and blood splattered into the face of the examiner, and the explosive impact caused him to scream in pain.

"Everyone, move further back!"

The vice examiner and doctors felt their hearts trembling. Although they were worried and nervous, they still rushed over. After all, saving people was their duty.

However, after they saw Sun Mo squatting beside Ding Wu, the worries in their heart eased up by quite a bit.

After all, Sun Mo was known as God Hands.

"Are you injured?"

A doctor helped the examiner up and inspected his face.

“Save him first!”

The examiner declined. Although he felt a lot of pain, he was concerned about the safety of that student.

“Is...is Ding Wu dead?”

Some students were stunned. This scene was so frightening.

That ugly examinee, who had said that Sun Mo was scheming, felt his throat clenching as he quickly fled away. Only now did he know how bad his judgment abilities were.

“Ding Wu!”

Ding Yi roared in a low voice and just when he wanted to rush over...

“Don’t panic!”

Li Zhuifeng held Ding Yi back. “From the looks of things, Ding Wu is dead for sure. There’s no need for you to show your face then. Just let them handle it!”

“That’s my brother!”

Ding Yi cast a furious glance at Li Zhuifeng.

“Is your brother more important or are Teacher’s experiments more important? If you screw up, I will be the first to kill you.”

Li Zhuifeng’s tone suddenly turned savage.

Ding Yi felt his scalp turning numb.

“Enough. Given your judgment, can’t you tell that there’s already no hope for Ding Wu? If you are really sad, just defeat Xuanyuan Po in the finals!”

Li Zhuifeng patted Ding Yi’s shoulder and turned to leave.

Ding Yi fell silent. He cast another glance at Ding Wu and turned to follow Li Zhuifeng. However, his fists were clenched so tight that his nails dug into his palms.

(Not only Xuanyuan Po, but I will utterly crush all three of Sun Mo’s personal students!)

Ding Yi vowed ruthlessly.

“Sorry, please excuse me. I’m his personal teacher!”

A young man walked over, getting Sun Mo and the others to stand to the side.

“How would we be able to save him if we step aside?”

The doctor angrily grumbled. (Look at your attitude.)

“Can you treat him and ensure he stays alive with such injuries?”

The young man countered.

“Eh!”

The doctor started. Given his judgment, he could tell that there was no more hope. Those glaring wounds were so large that Ding Wu’s inner organs could be seen.

“Just step aside, please!”

After the young man spoke, he carried Ding Wu’s corpse and left the arena.

Everyone fell silent as a sense of surrealism permeated the atmosphere. Earlier, Ding Wu was still alive. Yet, he died just like that?

Hence, everyone turned to look at Xuanyuan Po.

“Xuanyuan, don’t feel pressured!”

“What pressure?”

Xuanyuan Po blinked.

Sun Mo turned and surveyed Xuanyuan Po. As expected of the combat addict. Other than fighting, he didn’t know and wasn’t concerned about anything else.

However, such pureness of mind that made one completely focus on one thing and ignore the views of others was truly envy-provoking!

“Junior brother Xuanyuan.”

Lu Zhiruo pulled on the combat addict’s arm and passed a melon. “Eat something. His death has nothing to do with you.”

The papaya girl could sense that the combat addict’s emotions weren’t as calm as he showed.

Usually, Xuanyuan Po wouldn’t be bothered to talk to such a weak chicken like the papaya girl. But today, he received the melon and muttered a word after taking a bite.

“Thanks.”

Although the volume of his voice wasn’t loud, it was clear that he was expressing thanks.

“I’m your elder martial sister after all!” The papaya girl smiled. “It’s only normal that I help you.”

“Qi!”

Xuanyuan Po’s lips twitched. “I, Xuanyuan Po, have never needed the help of another!”

After thinking a little, the combat addict added, “The only exception is my teacher!”

“Hehe!”

The papaya girl didn’t care about the combat addict’s cold attitude. She directly stretched out her little fist and hammered his chest. After that, she ran to Sun Mo’s side and hugged his arm.

“Is this the concern from an elder martial sister?”

Xuanyuan Po mumbled, feeling a little strange.

“Teacher, it seems that Ding Wu’s personal teacher doesn’t seem to be sad at all!”

The papaya girl doubted. “Their relationship most probably isn’t too good.”

“...”

Sun Mo was silent. He was frowning so severely that his furrowed brows could squeeze a crab to death. The spirit runes on Ding Wu’s body weren’t something a spirit rune grandmaster could create.

When Sun Mo was inspecting Ding Wu’s injuries, he took a few glances at them. As a result, he felt a headache despite his current standard in the field of spirit runes. This feeling was like when he first came in contact with calculus.

(What the hell? Why is it so difficult?)

This was definitely his mortal enemy.

That personal teacher was either a peak second-generation teacher whose father was an extremely high-rank great teacher, so awesome to the point where he could make use of his father’s influence to hire powerful spirit rune grandmasters to engrave runes on his personal student or, he was a fraud. Ding Wu’s true personal teacher was someone else.

Naturally, Sun Mo’s guess leaned toward the latter.

“Is the fight over? Nothing happened, right?”

The vice examiner who went to look for a higher-skilled doctor had returned. After seeing that no one was on the stage, he couldn’t help but ask.

“He died!”

The examiner had a gloomy look on his face.

“He died?”

The vice examiner and the doctor were astonished.

“Teacher Sun, it’s my judgment that’s not up to the mark!”

The examiner walked toward Sun Mo and clasped his fists. “Earlier, I should have listened to your suggestion and stopped the competition.”

If he was more decisive, Ding Wu wouldn’t have died.

“Actually, your judgment wasn’t wrong!”

Sun Mo consoled.

This examiner who felt self-reproach had a look of self-blame on his face. Evidently, his character wasn’t bad. He was a good teacher that would consider things for the students.

“Teacher Sun, can I be so impudent as to ask how did you manage to judge that a problem was about to happen to Ding Wu?”

After the examiner spoke, he dipped into a bow and sincerely sought guidance.

Upon seeing this scene, the several hundreds of people in the surroundings were all stunned. One must know that any examiners in the 2-star great teacher examination had at least 3 stars, and their standards were all very strong. But now, this examiner actually took the initiative to sincerely seek guidance from Sun Mo.

Sun Mo was as expected of the number one rising star in this batch. He was truly impressive!

### **Chapter 610: Advance, Student Group!**

“I made the judgment based on my student, Xuanyuan Po. His body constitution is the strongest among the students I’ve ever seen.”

Sun Mo wasn’t bragging.

The closest comparison to Xuanyuan Po would be Zhang Yanzong. When Sun Mo first joined the school, Zhang Yanzong was publicly acknowledged as the strongest person in his batch. Even An Xinhui picked him as the student leader for the last league tournament.

Zhang Yanzong’s body constitution could be considered within the top three among the students participating in the student battle. But when compared to Xuanyuan Po, he was just a little brother.

He was at least a level lower.

One must know that Xuanyuan Po was still in his youth. After he matured, it was unknown how powerful he would become.

However, why was Zhang Yanzong able to become the group leader?

Because his brain, EQ, and other aspects were considerably more outstanding. He was unlike Xuanyuan Po who ignored everything else other than fighting.

Someone like Xuanyuan Po would become a terrifying killing machine, but he would definitely never become the group leader.

As for Ding Wu, his body constitution couldn’t even be comparable to Zhang Yanzong, let alone Xuanyuan Po. But because of the support by those spirit runes, the spirit qi absorbed by his body during that short period was equal to the combat addict.

“When spirit qi circulates through the body, the energy channels have to bear the load. Although spirit runes can strengthen them, there would still be a limit.

“It is like a rubber band. After being stretched to the limits, it would eventually snap.”

Sun Mo explained. Simply speaking, it meant that Ding Wu had exerted too much force for too long. His body was overloaded.



“Indeed, although their combat strength was powerful, this tier of prowess shouldn’t have appeared at their current levels.”

The examiner was enlightened. He then nodded and felt impressed by Sun Mo. His deduction ability was so strong.

Ding!

Favorable impression points from the examiner +100. Friendly (210/1,000).

“Yes!” Sun Mo clasped his hands. “Farewell!”

He still needed to go and watch Ying Baiwu and Jiang Leng’s matches.

“Many thanks for Teacher Sun’s guidance!”

After the examiner spoke, he sighed again. “Earlier, if I had your judgment ability, that young man wouldn’t have died!”

The examiner felt a heavy sense of self-blame.

...

After Sun Mo found Ying Baiwu, he discovered that Jiang Leng and Tantai Yutang were here as well. One couldn’t help but admit that the deadman face was truly powerful.

All students who entered the third round had some capabilities, but even so, he insta-defeated his opponent.

Very soon, it was Ying Baiwu’s turn. After the two combatants exchanged greetings, the iron-headed girl instantly erupted forth with arrows and easily won the fight.

With a peerless saint-tier weapon Wind King Divine Bow and two peerless saint-tier cultivation arts, Wind King Divine Step and Wind King Divine Art, Ying Baiwu wouldn’t lose even if she wished to.

“How can the opponent stand a chance? This is too shameless!”

“Yeah, not needing arrows and firing the moment she aims the bow. Even light itself wouldn’t be able to get close to her, right?”

“The main thing is that the archery skill of this girl is extremely precise!”

The students grumbled and wailed. But despite this, they also generated a favorable impression toward Ying Baiwu.

Ever since the iron-headed girl followed Sun Mo, she could eat and sleep very well despite bitterly cultivating. The most important thing was that she was happy.

Hence, after a year plus, the abnormal sickness that was plaguing her had also weakened, and her beauty blossomed slowly. With her cool look and a hint of frosty beauty akin to the cold plum in winter, if she glanced over, many males would feel their hearts being stirred.

Other than having a beautiful appearance, Ying Baiwu's fights had always ended right on the point. She didn't injure anyone further than necessary. If not, a single arrow from her would definitely cause injuries so heavy that they wouldn't have the chance to fight their second matches.

Such kindness won much good will for Ying Baiwu.

Injuring an opponent was much easier compared to winning without injuring your opponent.

...

After the third round, other than the eliminated and injured ones, there were still a total of 312 students remaining.

With lesser people, the time they took to draw lots was naturally shortened. After that, the competition continued proceeding at a quicker pace.

Giving the students time to rest?

There wasn't such a thing!

Endurance and recovery were also aspects of the test.

For the fourth round, Sun Mo's three personal students still didn't waste much strength and easily obtained victories. Among them, Jiang Leng continued to insta-defeat his opponent. This young man with the word 'cripple' on his forehead finally attracted the attention of those in the shadows.

Right now, a total of 256 people remain.

For the fifth round, the rules changed a little. After drawing lots, the combatants would fight, and the winner would advance while the loser would be eliminated.

When the results of the lot-drawing came out, Li Ziqi inhaled deeply and heaved a sigh of relief.

"What's wrong?"

Lu Zhiruo was puzzled.

"It's stable now!"

The little sunny egg smiled and snapped her finger. This action was something she learned from Sun Mo.

"Ah?"

The papaya girl blinked. After that, she soon understood and grabbed Li Ziqi's arm. She then jumped about in excitement as she called out happily. "Do you mean that our teacher would win for sure?"

"Yes!"

Li Ziqi nodded heavily. Their luck was truly too good. "Although Xuanyuan Po's opponent was at the spirit-refinement realm, his injuries were quite serious from the previous battle. Even if he can fight in this round, his combat strength would only be half of his peak state.

"Although Baiwu's opponent won his previous match easily and his condition is pretty good, he wields dual truncheon, and the art he cultivates in is a defensive-one. Isn't he a free meal for our Baiwu?"

“As for Jiang Leng, his opponent is a lucky guy who managed to reach this step despite having a cultivation base at the seventh-level of the body-refinement realm. However, his luck is about to come to an end.”

“Is this true?”

Ying Baiwu frowned. “However, I feel we still shouldn’t be too careless as this concerned our teacher’s glory!”

“Baiwu, trust our eldest martial sister. She has a photographic memory!”

The papaya girl happily took out the largest melon in her bag. She then opened it up and passed the pieces to everyone. “Eat melons, eat melons!”

After dinner, the fifth round started.

This round was a night battle!

The tests of the Saint Gate had always been like this. They didn’t conform to a set pattern. Not used to fighting at night? Sorry then, you could only blame it on your insufficient learning and inexperience!

...

Under the bright moonlight, everything underneath was cloaked in a silvery glow.

Sun Mo stood at the side of the ‘D’ group’s match area and watched the combat on the stage.

This match had been going on for over 20 minutes. It was extremely intense.

“Who do you guys feel will win?”

Sun Mo asked.

“Their strengths are equal, it depends on luck!”

Xuanyuan Po felt that this match was between newbies. There was no worth in observing them.

“I feel #10 will win.”

Lu Zhiruo spoke, but when she saw #21 suddenly kicking out at #10 and started his retaliation, she hurriedly changed her words. “#21, that’s right I mean #21 will win.”

“...”

Sun Mo was speechless. Just when he wanted to share a few insights, the papaya girl changed her words yet again.

“Wait a minute, #10 seems to be feigning weakness to tempt #21 to attack to waste #21’s strength. #10 is very scheming, so he will win.”

And at the instant the papaya girl’s voice rang out, #10 was sent flying through the air.

“Ah? So he wasn’t feigning but is really inferior? Since that’s the case, #21 will definitely win.”

The papaya girl watched with great interest, cheering for both combatants.

(Are you doing a comical monologue?)

Sun Mo almost asked this. But after seeing the papaya girl seriously observing the battle as she offered her judgment instead of randomly making remarks, he suddenly didn't have the mood to scold her.

After all, she shouldn't be punished seeing how serious she was.

Lu Zhiruo could clearly feel Sun Mo's attitude. She, who was originally smiling as she waited for her teacher to praise her, suddenly lowered her head as her index fingers tapped each other.

The papaya girl grew nervous.

"It's fine to be mistaken. You will eventually understand more as you observe more fights. Besides, you are still young and have all the time in the world to learn."

Sun Mo comforted her and patted her head.

"Mn!"

Lu Zhiruo nodded heavily. She silently vowed in her heart that she would consult her eldest martial sister on how to train her judgment.

Xuanyuan Po glanced at Sun Mo while his lips moved. He wanted to say this 'Teacher if you continue doting on Zhiruo, she would become nothing but a waste!'

"Teacher, who do you feel will win?"

Lu Zhiruo asked.

"#21!"

Sun Mo didn't wait for the papaya girl to ask why and immediately gave the answer. "The heart of #10 is in chaos now. He originally wanted to feign weakness, but he wasn't able to execute it well. After he attacked, he wasn't able to go forward courageously and he chose to be defensive the moment he saw that #21's counter-attack wasn't weak."

"Also, his teacher is 'helping' him."

For the first time, Sun Mo didn't use Divine Sight and judged the situation based on his experience.

"Stabilize yourself, don't think too much!"

"Just win and we are done. Victory is before you, work harder!"

"Don't panic, please don't panic!"

The teacher of student #10 kept shouting below the stage.

Sun Mo glanced at the teacher. This teacher thought he was encouraging his student, but to #10, it was actually a form of immense pressure.

As the battle grew more intense, such pressure would become the last straw that crushed the camel's back.

It was a pity that the teacher of #10 didn't manage to see this point. Or maybe, his heart was also in chaos due to the 2-star ranking title.

"It is decided!"

Xuanyuan Po spoke. The next second, the #10 was sent flying through the air and directly fell out of the stage.

"Dumb! He was intentionally revealing flaws. This is so clear but you couldn't tell? Are you blind?"

The teacher of #10 directly scolded as he glared furiously at his student. His eyes were so bloodshot that they looked as though they were about to explode.

"You could win by just giving a little bit more effort. Why are you so anxious? How many times have I said to stabilize yourself? Did you not listen to me?"

"Trash! Trash! Trash!"

At the end of the scolding, the teacher rushed over and launched a slap at #10's face.

As a new great teacher that everyone had high hopes for, the goal he was aiming for was very high. Not only did he want to become a 2-star great teacher before 25 years old, but he also wanted to use this opportunity to shoot to fame so he could job-hop to a 'B' grade or even an 'A' grade famous school.

But as his personal student had lost, all his dreams were destroyed.

Let alone the Nine Greats, even 'A' grade schools wouldn't hire a great teacher who failed once in a great teacher examination. Hence, to this great teacher, he wouldn't be able to teach in an 'A' grade school anymore in his entire life.

How could he not be angry?