

# THE GROWTH OF A GOD

## Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Mind-Reading Ability?

The next day, early in the morning.

As Li Hao walked into the classroom as usual and started his day of learning.

He only then realized that the aftermath of the dragon's death was gradually unfolding before him.

[Dear heavens, please don't let Old Donkey Head find my 'treasure'!]

Flipping through the textbook in his hands which he already knew by heart.

Just as Li Hao was about to start his daily recitations, a familiar yet unfamiliar voice suddenly resonated in his mind.

Instinctively raising his head, Li Hao swiftly turned to look at the classmate seated behind him, as if realizing something.

Even though they had been together for a year, Li Hao did not know this classmate's name.

On one hand, it was due to Li Hao's continuous near-death experiences over the past year.

But on the other hand, it was also due to the unique nature of this class itself.

For various reasons, the classmates in this class were temporarily gathered for a final sprint towards the college entrance exams.

Once this year of preparation was over, the classmates would naturally head towards different life paths, never to meet or reunite.

They had no interactions before, nor would they in the future.

In this environment, indifference became the norm in this class.

"Was it just an illusion?"

Just as Li Hao thought he was experiencing auditory hallucinations, that voice once again echoed in his mind.

And this time, Li Hao clearly saw that the classmate behind him hadn't opened his mouth to speak.

[Oh no! I forgot that Old Donkey Head is doing dorm inspections today!]

[This is bad, I pray that Old Donkey Head won't inspect my dorm!]

Silently observing the suddenly tense expression of the other, Li Hao finally confirmed that he was indeed hearing the other's inner thoughts.

Because "Old Donkey Head" was the nickname for this special third-year class's head teacher.

Due to his stubborn personality, along with his surname Lü.

A considerable number of students privately referred to him as "Old Donkey Head."

Thus, throughout the entire day of learning ahead, Li Hao seemed a little distracted.

Not only because of the intermittent inner voices from the classmate behind him but also because he heard the thoughts of other classmates.

A year's worth of continuous near-death experience had caused significant deviations in Li Hao's thinking and understanding abilities.

It took him an entire day to roughly figure out this new special ability of his.

Firstly, it's certain that Li Hao couldn't hear everyone's thoughts.

Li Hao could only hear the thoughts of those inherently active-minded people.

Secondly, Li Hao couldn't hear all of these people's thoughts.

Li Hao could only catch fragments of thoughts, and often only when they were intensely willing.

Finally, through Li Hao's own summary and observation.

He found that the thoughts he could hear seemed to carry a certain strong inclination or purpose.

[It's like praying...]

These thoughts carried a strong sense of purpose, mixed with intense desire.

According to Li Hao's observation, students with excellent academic performance and who usually appeared reserved often had the clearest thoughts.

They wanted to get into a good college, they wanted to succeed, they wanted their parents' hard work not to be in vain...

These students from impoverished rural backgrounds, although outwardly silent, had minds far more active than those excitable classmates.

Among them, the one standing out the most was the learning monitor who consistently ranked first in the class — Meng Yao.

However, her wish was different from other top students who aspired to get into good colleges.

Meng Yao... she just didn't want to die!

.....

Meng Yao was a repeater, and had been repeating for four years.

But the reason Meng Yao repeated wasn't because of failing grades, but because her family was too poor and she was too young.

She started school at five, dropped out for a few years, yet still got admitted to high school with excellent scores at thirteen.

However, Meng Yao wasn't happy about this.

Because she had known from a young age that she wasn't normal; she could hear those voices that ordinary people couldn't.

Initially, Meng Yao thought it was just ordinary auditory hallucinations.

But as she grew older, Meng Yao realized this was her gift, her innate ability.

She could hear voices beyond the world, the omnipresent, unspeakable horrific sounds.

Like the whispers of demons, yet seemingly the whispers of gods...

Every time Meng Yao heard the voices from beyond the world, she felt unprecedented fear.

Those whispering unseen existences couldn't detect Meng Yao's eavesdropping.

They only murmured amongst themselves, announcing their presence to the world.

If anyone heard and responded to these voices, they would be discovered by those inherently gifted listeners.

In fact, Meng Yao had responded to those voices more than once as a child, yet nothing terrifying ever happened to her.

This made Meng Yao temporarily believe those voices were mere hallucinations.

But not long ago, one of the voices' owners discovered Meng Yao, who was eavesdropping.

[I found you!]

When that voice genuinely appeared in Meng Yao's mind, deep within her arose a new personality.

That personality was a manifestation of the voice, an unspeakable presence destined to bring about destruction.

Instinctively, Meng Yao knew that once that personality descended to the world, the first to be sacrificed might be her beloved grandmother.

Thus, the frightened, panicked Meng Yao decided to commit suicide to prevent the disaster from occurring.

However, even though teenage Meng Yao could make the decision to end her life.

When truly facing death, she found herself hesitating.

Meng Yao didn't want to die, at least not that way.

She hadn't fully experienced her youthful years, hadn't tasted college life.

Why should she die?

Why didn't anyone believe her?

She hadn't done anything wrong; she had always been truthful.

[I don't want to die...]

[Whoever you are, please save me!]

Inwardly weeping, Meng Yao was desperate, her heartfelt wails heard by no one.

"..."

When the class bell rang, and when Li Hao, who had never spoken to her before, gently walked to her desk, Meng Yao looked up in surprise at the boy.

Without any verbal exchange, without any offending actions.

Seemingly hearing her inner voice, Li Hao just bowed his head, sighed with a deep yet sympathetic tone.

"Actually, you are already dead."

As he spoke, Li Hao's gaze swept over Meng Yao's neck — there was a very clear bloodstain.

"If you want to confide, I am willing to be your Listener."

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