

The Growth 49

Chapter 49 - 1: 749th Bureau

The next day, early in the morning, Li Hao was dragged into the office by "Old Donkey" due to yesterday's absence issue.

After a somewhat lenient reprimand and persuasion, the homeroom teacher of the senior high sprint class reluctantly accepted Li Hao's excuse that he had missed the call yesterday because of a high fever.

Yes, Li Hao could tell that his homeroom teacher didn't really believe his explanation.

But as long as the teacher didn't press further, Li Hao didn't care to delve into what the teacher was thinking.

After all, upon arriving at school, Li Hao could hear the thoughts of many students.

The kind of thoughts that didn't belong to him but forced their way into his ears made Li Hao quite annoyed.

However, Li Hao knew that it was because his ability had further upgraded.

As long as he remained the Creator of another world, this ability to hear prayers would always exist.

The more devout and persistent people were, the clearer their voices became.

Li Hao had to learn to adapt to all this to qualify as a more competent God.

Until he returned to his seat, feeling something was amiss, Li Hao glanced back at Meng Yao's seat, only to find that she still wasn't in class today?

[Is it just my illusion?]

Unable to help but frown slightly, Li Hao cast his gaze towards the school gate outside the window.

There, he saw a few men whose demeanor was distinctly different from ordinary security guards, standing guard at the security room entrance.

Those men gave Li Hao a subtle feeling, almost like active-duty professional soldiers, making it apparent at a glance that they weren't ordinary people.

No, that subtle demeanor went beyond the range of ordinary professional soldiers.

Li Hao thought perhaps only the elite from special forces in TV movies could have such a penetrating aura.

To be honest, Li Hao considered the possibility that his identity might have been exposed, which then attracted the attention of certain government agencies.

But from those men's behavior, Li Hao's speculation seemed almost impossible.

They seemed to be merely acting as security personnel at the school, not professional agents.

Just as Li Hao pondered whether to check on those men's identities later, Meng Yao appeared at the school gate.

"Huh?"

Under Li Hao's surprised gaze, Meng Yao greeted those men first before entering the school.

Seeing this, Li Hao was almost certain that Meng Yao was acquainted with those men.

Or more precisely, those men had come for Meng Yao.

[Was it not me who was exposed?]

Unable to help but raise an eyebrow, a rather absurd feeling emerged in Li Hao's heart.

Had he become a substitute for Meng Yao?

Or had Meng Yao become his substitute?

.....

Ring!

When the bell rang for the end of the class.

Meng Yao, contrary to her usual good girl image, directly walked up to Li Hao's seat under the surprised eyes of classmates.

"Do you mind changing seats? I need to have a chat with Li Hao."

Li Hao's deskmate was visibly dumbfounded for a moment, then shot him a significant glance.

"No problem, you can talk as long as you need!"

Eagerly giving up his seat, the deskmate added with a look that seemed to enjoy the drama,

"By the way, next class is Old Chen's!"

"She usually doesn't care about seating. Should I sit in your seat for a class?"

Old Chen is the English teacher of this class, notoriously known for caring only about grades.

Not only in Li Hao's class, even in her own class as a homeroom teacher, she never cared about students switching seats privately.

As long as you could keep up with her teaching pace, she would even tacitly approve of some male and female students sitting together as deskmates.

This kind of maverick educational style doesn't seem to fit well in this conservative school.

Yet, it's undeniable that Old Chen's teaching ability is indeed outstanding, or she wouldn't be one of the main teachers of the senior high sprint class.

"Thank you!"

Showing a rare sweet smile.

Today's Meng Yao completely shattered the class's stereotypical understanding of her.

Is she still the same reclusive, study-focused Meng Yao?

Could it be that love really changes a person's personality?

With such suspicion and confusion, the deskmate decisively went to Meng Yao's seat, completely ignoring Li Hao's eye-roll that seemed to reach the sky.

"What benefit does creating a rumor like this bring to you?"

With a touch of helplessness, Li Hao quietly asked Meng Yao sitting beside him.

Heaven knows what impact Meng Yao's bold move today will have in this dull senior high sprint class.

Anyway, Li Hao's experience from two lifetimes told him most classmates enjoyed discussing such gossip, breaking the tense, oppressive study atmosphere.

"Because it's the most straightforward, and no one will care about what we're talking about."

Switching from the sweet smile, Meng Yao spoke in a somewhat serious tone.

"Last night, a woman came to see me."

"She said she was from the 749th Bureau because she found some anomalies on me, which is why she approached me."

Seeing Li Hao seemingly bewildered, Meng Yao further explained.

"According to her, the 749th Bureau, also known as the Supernatural Phenomena Research Center, is a special agency specializing in studying 'Human Factor Conscious Energy'..."

With some surprise and a sense that this seemed inevitable...

Li Hao knew there were more "fortunate" ones in this world than just him and Meng Yao.

"But don't worry, I didn't expose you."

"I finally just said that the snake left for some unknown reason, and I hid at your place for a night."

For some reason, Li Hao felt Meng Yao's expression was somewhat strange when she said this.

After all, upon learning the details about herself from that woman, it was hard for Meng Yao not to suspect Li Hao's true identity.

Is the boy before her really human?

It was terrifying enough being targeted by a snake.

So, can someone targeted by a dragon really shake off its grip?

Could it be that the dragon had long replaced Li Hao's will?

Is this boy, who is chatting with her now, essentially an indescribable monster?

Using the woman's words, this was actually an Ancient God who was reborn by borrowing a body!?