

A World Worth Protecting

Chapter 11: Teacher, Count Me In

The meatball was simply too fast. Due to it being red in color, it appeared even more eye-catching under the sunlight. Its rapid movement stirred up strong winds as it directly overtook the Combat faculty students and proceeded far into the distance.

The Combat faculty teacher was taken aback. The students, who were about to shout, were stupefied. What should have been uniform gusto singing instantly turned into a mess.

“What the heck was that?”

“Is that a newly invented hot-air balloon?”

The Combat faculty’s students broke out into a discussion. Only the teacher hesitated for a moment as he revealed a suspicious look. However, when he saw some students trying to sneak off, his eyes suddenly locked onto them.

“What are you looking at? What happened to running?” With his shout, the students quickly stopped looking and began running while questions hung over their heads. Slowly, those questions dissipated as they shouted with gusto.

At that moment, Wang Baole was completely oblivious to his surroundings. He was covered in sweat, and his mind was occupied with the thoughts of losing weight. It was as though a group of Fatso Forefathers was chasing after him, and if he ran any slower, he would reunite with them.

Another four hours passed, and it was already noon. The Combat faculty students were completely exhausted at the beach of the Lower Academy Island. However, with the teacher whipping them into shape, they continued running, shouting their slogans non-stop.

“Combat Faculty is invincible!”

“Combat...” But before they could finish their chant, they heard booming footsteps behind them once again. The exhausted students saw a gigantic red meatball rolling past them at breakneck speed. This time, it appeared even faster as the sand that it stirred in its wake inundated them.

“It’s that hot-air balloon again! It looks a little smaller.”

“What do you mean hot-air balloon? It’s a person. Heavens, did he finish one round!”

Immediately, the entire Combat faculty was astounded as a series of exclamations thundered. All they could see was the rapidly departing red meatball.

By the side, their teacher drew a gasp as well. He rubbed his eyes as though in disbelief. While feeling perplexed, he saw the students discussing. He berated them once again before they began running. Only when the students were truly exhausted did he allow them to rest on the ground.

As for himself, he sat by the side. His mind kept thinking about the red meatball. As for the students, they were engaged in discussion.

“Was that really a person?”

“Heavens, how did he run so fast? That’s way too fast...”

“That’s not right. His clothes look somewhat familiar...”

While the crowd was discussing, Chen Ziheng had a suspicious look. He vaguely felt that the red figure looked familiar. However, he could not immediately put his finger on who it was. He knit his brows in deep thought.

Even when they began running once again after their rest, Chen Ziheng had yet to recall the reason for that sense of familiarity. However, soon

after they began running, they heard the rumbling sound behind them again.

This time, everyone including the teacher turned their heads instantaneously. What they saw was the red meatball that had passed them twice. It whistled over whilst stirring up a strong wind, quickly passing by once more.

And this time, the meatball was clearly smaller again. They could now determine that it was indeed a person. In addition, they could hear cries from the meatball.

It appeared as though the person was extremely deranged, letting out cries subconsciously. Under the Combat faculty's astounded looks, the meatball left.

"Wang Baole!" exclaimed Chen Ziheng when he finally recognized the meatball. Many people around him had also recognized the meatball. After they heard Chen Ziheng's exclamation, all of them nearly jumped up.

"It really is Wang Baole!"

"I was wondering why the clothes looked so familiar. Aren't those the robes of a specially-recruited student? To think that it was Wang Baole. He actually became that fat!"

The exclamations grew more intense. The meatball's identity had set back the Combat faculty students too much. After all... Wang Baole was as they called, a weakling from the Dharmic Armament faculty.

Even the teacher drew a gasp. His astonishment was filled with embarrassment, and he felt an indescribable anger as he acted out by suddenly looking at the rowdy students.

"You bunch of trash!"

"Look, you can't even match someone from the Dharmic Armament faculty. How dare you call yourself members of the Combat faculty! Our

Combat faculty is first when it comes to speed and our fists! Our bodies are invincible!

“You pile of trash, listen up. All of you are to double your training. If you do not overtake Wang Baole, none of you are to sleep. Run the entire night!” the teacher roared. The students all turned furious as well.

Even they felt disgraced that they had been overtaken by someone from the Dharmic Armament faculty. They refused to take it lying down for, from their point of view, the fatty must have rested midway, probably not running the outer circle. Instead, he must have taken shortcuts to provoke them.

How could they tolerate such acts of provocation? It was more heartfelt for Zhuo Yifan and Chen Ziheng. Although they did not say a word, they exchanged looks for they were unconvinced of Wang Baole’s prowess. Although they were competitors, Wang Baole’s appearance had immediately given them direction. They united in the face of a common enemy.

Therefore, all the members of the Combat faculty were filled with rage, eager to prove themselves. Their hearts burned with fighting spirit as they waited for Wang Baole to appear once more. They had decided to let Wang Baole know that their Combat faculty was first when it came to speed!

Soon, the sky turned dark. At dusk, Wang Baole appeared once again with his rumbling footsteps. Immersed in his deranged state of swearing to lose weight, he did not sense the Combat faculty’s anger at all. After he flew past them, he did not even look back. All the students from the Combat faculty roared and chased him with everything they had.

“Wang Baole, you will definitely lose!”

“Wang Baole, how dare you compete in running with our Combat faculty. We’ll let you know who’s king!”

Belligerent shouts continued incessantly as the Combat faculty students ran at full speed with their eyes reddened. From afar, the group of

people thinned out into a long line as their shouting sounded. It was quite a sight to behold, so much so that it caught the attention of the other faculties.

Gradually, they finished one round. The bright moon hung high in the sky as the shouts were replaced by heavy breathing. All the Combat faculty students had despair in their eyes.

“Is that fellow even human? How is he so good at running?”

“Is he some sort of beast?”

Everyone was infuriated as their paces slowed down. Their bodies were trembling, and their legs were turning limp. More and more people failed to keep up with Wang Baole. Only a handful managed to barely do so, but eventually, only Chen Ziheng and Zhuo Yifan remained as they gritted their teeth.

However, even they were close to their limits. Chen Ziheng had even used his Physical Seal realm’s cultivation level, but the gap between him and Wang Baole only widened. After finishing one round, he collapsed to the ground, panting. He became depressed when he saw that the sky was brightening.

“Which of us is from the Combat faculty? Me or him?”

The final person to collapse was Zhuo Yifan. Even though he was indignant and his eyes were crimson-red like blood in his fervent state, he only managed to keep up for half a round. As morning broke, his feet turned limp, and he collapsed to the ground with a thud.

“We are from the Combat faculty. We can’t let those weaklings from the Dharmic Armament faculty who refine artifacts beat us. Zhuo Yifan, unleash your strength once more. Overtake him!”

The teacher had been accompanying him all this while. He, too, was exhausted, but he could not release the gloom in him. As he looked at Wang Baole’s seemingly untired figure distance itself from them, he could not help but bellow angrily.

“Teacher, I really can’t take it.” Zhuo Yifan wanted to keep going, but when he saw Wang Baole’s rapidly departing figure, he felt an unprecedented sense of defeat. He smiled bitterly.

The teacher widened his mouth again, but he realized that he had nothing but bitter things to say. He recollected how the Dharmic Armament faculty had always been weak. *How did it produce such a freak?*

“What an insult!” He let out a disheartening cry. From that day forth, he would see Wang Baole dash past them while he led the students daily. It was as though Wang Baole had never stopped once.

This experience had dealt a great blow to him as a teacher, needless to mention the students’ reactions. Eventually, he gave up making the Combat faculty students run around the island.

Out of sight, out of mind! He sighed as he led his students, who heaved a sigh of relief, away. He planned on letting these students familiarize themselves with the equipment so that they could begin strength training.

Even Zhuo Yifan felt that the teacher’s arrangement was brilliant. The blows that he had been dealt over the past few days could be said to have been the strongest in his entire life.

At that moment, Wang Baole had finally slimmed down greatly after running for one week. He was filled with excitement, but also regret. He recalled vaguely that he had seen runners like him early on, but they had gradually disappeared.

Persistence is a quality. Amid his wistfulness, Wang Baole discovered that his body was clearly stronger than before. He did not seem too far from the Blood Qi realm either. This feeling was very intense. In fact, while running over the past week, he had realized that he was nearly immune to fatigue, as though he had an inexhaustible supply of energy.

Amid his pleasant surprise, Wang Baole ran for a few more days. Eventually, he was sad to realize that running no longer showed an

effect. In his frustration, he happened to pass by a training area. He also saw that the students from the Combat faculty were engaged in weight training as well as strength and endurance tests there.

When he saw these people working up a sweat, his eyes lit up. He hurriedly ran over.

“Teacher, Teacher! My name is Wang Baole. Can I use this place for training?” Wang Baole said immediately, his eyes filled with yearning anticipation.

His appearance immediately caused the ground that was filled with grunting sounds to fall silent. All the Combat faculty students instantly looked at the red-robed Wang Baole.