

# SO THE GOD OF LEARNING HAS A CRUSH ON ME - CHAPTER 2 REBIRTH?

"Bang!"

A huge pain swept through his whole body, Shi Qi's consciousness slowly dissipated, and in a trance, a black figure ran over...

"Toki! Time Qi..." the cold voice with some urgency... whose voice was it?

Toki fell into darkness.

Hiss...it hurts.

"Toki! It's late!"

Time Qi snapped open his eyes, only to be confronted with a familiar face that was a bit younger.

"Mom?"

"Hurry up and eat, it's already time, you won't wake up until I call you, right?"

"Did you play with your phone again last night and read a novel?"

"I've told you several times, don't play with your phone and go to bed early, look what time it is!"

When she saw that there was no movement, she looked back and met her daughter who was looking at her in a daze, "What are you doing? Do not hurry up and eat to school!"

When Qi was immediately stunned, did not react to what the situation, hurriedly turned out of bed and rushed out of the room ...

Behind him came the sound of his mother's chanting, "All you do is play with your phone and read novels all day long, and you're late for school today..."

"You don't know how to be more conscious, you make me worry about this and that all day long!"

"And your hair! Go straighten it for me today, girls don't know how to dress up, what do they look like!"

"You're embarrassing me!"

When Dicky was confused, until he walked out of the house and waited for the elevator, he saw himself reflected in the elevator door, a school uniform, curly hair, black thick-framed near-sighted glasses...

Who is this?

She moved her left hand, and then her right hand, and the ugly bastard reflected on the elevator door was herself?

Wait...something looks familiar.

This...this! Isn't this what you looked like in high school?

Naturally curly hair!

The natural curly hair! The cheesy thick-framed myopia glasses!

The first thing you need to do is to get a good idea of what you're doing.

The same wearing the school uniform of the seventh middle school, when Qi hastily stand up.

The company has been in the entertainment industry for several years, and has a good habit of maintaining its image at all times.

Even if you are dreaming, you can't lose face in your dreams.

Wait a minute...in high school, the same student who lived on the same floor as yourself...

Si Eucalyptus!

When Qi looked towards the elevator door, since she graduated from high school she went for myopia surgery, at this time to wear glasses again, with feel some discomfort.

She held up the frame, wide-eyed look, the elevator door reflection, the person next to himself, a head higher than himself, but for a moment, she could not see what he looked like.

After a while, the elevator door opened, Shi Qi hurriedly walked in, fingertips trembling slightly, pressed the elevator button, the other party had a momentary daze, then walked in with steps.

Silence.

To the first floor, when Qi pressed the elevator, waiting for the other side out of the elevator, only to go out themselves, and then look over, a shadow of a person is no longer.

Surely it was just a dream.

When Qi followed the memory of the road, riding a bicycle, in the last minute, rushed into the campus.

Sure enough even if it is a dream, this kind of card point not late, or so exciting.

She hurriedly followed the sign held high on the playground to find the line at the back of the line.

The leaders on the stage were talking, off stage when Qi had been immersed in his own thoughts, this dream is not also a little too real.

After a while, she saw that the figure she was familiar with walked towards the stage, it was Si Eucalyptus.

She could not hear what he was saying, but only saw the familiar man, standing there, high up on the stage, extraordinarily dazzling...

The man who was the most intimidating god of learning in his own memory, matched up in minutes.

All of a sudden, when Qi was hit by the person next to him, fell to the ground, his hand was abraded by the gravel on the ground.

Hiss...it hurts.

Wait...it hurts?

She stared incredulously at the blood seeping out of her skinned palm, it hurt and it wasn't a dream.

Could it be that she was not dreaming, but... crossing over?

No...no, she was clearly hit by a car.

The commonplace plot in novels, but one is addicted to reading them, one after the other...

Rebirth?