

The Good 111

Chapter 111: Obsolete Path of a Warlock (1)

Shen Yanxiao pursed her lips and said, "Your family helped me sell those things. Your family had also spent the money that you earned from those transactions."

'Therefore, if you want money, there is nothing. If you want my life, that is even more impossible!'

Qi Xia looked at her quick-witted eyes and lightly chuckled. That lad was too adorable. What thief would not tremble in fear when they were caught? However, that young lad even had the mood to chitchat.

"Rest assured that we will not do anything to you."

"So?" 'Hurry and remove your claws already!'

"So, even though they do not intend to investigate, but we are classmates now. As classmates, should you not do something to compensate for their wounded and frail hearts?" Qi Xia's smile seemed exceptionally crafty.

Shen Yanxiao looked at Tang Nazhi who sat with his legs crossed while he was in deep thoughts. Then she looked at the expressionless Yang Xi who had propped his chin with one hand. Lastly, she looked at Yan Yu, who sat at the table with a smile on his face.

'Please tell me, do these bastards look like quails with weak hearts to you?'

"Do you not think that it is unethical to reveal your employer's information and that it would defame your business' reputation?" For some reason, her instincts told her that those young men would not do anything to harm her.

Qi Xia shrugged his shoulders and calmly said, "The rules of Qilin Auction House – as long as then money is in place, all problems are not a problem at all."

That was to say, those bastards had given him tons of money, and he had sold her out while he acted as if it was a matter of course!

'Shameless! Too shameless!'

Shen Yanxiao had always thought that she was a rather shameless person herself. Evidently, Qi Xia was worse than her. His shamelessness made her feel so pure and innocent then.

"What compensation?" It was not her principles to set herself against four of the five great aristocratic families. Even if she had Xiu and the Vermillion Bird's protection, she doubted that she would survive if the four families worked against her together.

"Are your thieving skills any good?" Qi Xia raised his eyebrows.

Shen Yanxiao lips curled as she lifted her hand to show the seven deeds with the Qilin Family's crest that she had.

"..." Qi Xia's eternally smiling face finally cracked for the first time.

Were those not the deeds to the seven auction houses that he had taken out earlier for the stakes in the game? When did those get into that young lad's hands? He remembered that he had placed those deeds into his interspatial ring...

Sh*t! Where was the interspatial ring on his finger?

Qi Xia looked at his smooth claws before he saw the familiar-looking interspatial rings on Shen Yanxiao's right hand.

"Hahaha! To think someone had managed to pluck feathers from this cheapskate? Oh my, I cannot take it anymore, I am about to die from laughter!!" Tang Nazhi collapsed from as he laughed without any care for his image.

Yang Xi and Yan Yu's lips also slightly curved upward.

Clearly, no one had noticed Shen Yanxiao's movements and were unaware when she had stolen those items. The young lad had stood right in front of them and still managed to display her superb skills. If she did not deliberately reveal her victory gains, they would probably still be in the dark.

"What do you think?" Shen Yanxiao quirked her eyebrows and looked at a certain crafty fox somewhat disdainfully.

Qi Xia's mentality was so strong that he immediately recovered his usual smiling appearance.

"Very skillful. Then as compensation, are you willing to join us?"

"Join you?" Shen Yanxiao was somewhat puzzled.

Chapter 112: Obsolete Path of a Warlock (2)

Qi Xia reached out and pointed to the others before he explained. "Life in the academy is too boring, and so we have started a small group. I am responsible for finances, and Yang Xi is responsible for weapons and such. We also have Yan Yu, a future advanced priest, who is in charge of any logistic assistance. As for Tang Nanzi, he deals with any retaliation because he is a simple-minded blockhead with a huge and developed physique. What we lack now is someone with superb thieving skills and so, I wonder if you are interested."

Shen Yanxiao looked at the four young masters with a complicated look. Regardless of their family background or their personal strength, they were some of the very best in the Empire. As for the group that they had started, it had huge potentials no matter which field they decided to stick their hands into. She was quite interested because she knew she would be limited if she were to fight alone. The items that she required to undo the seal would also get increasingly difficult to acquire and it would be a great help to her if she were to make friends with those bastards. Furthermore, if they could utilize their families' influence to help her to gather more demonic cores, then the third seal would be undone much sooner too.

However, she had to ascertain the reason for the establishment of the group before that.

"What are the commitments required, or any rules and regulations?"

Qi Xia smiled when he realized that Shen Yanxiao was interested. "There are no commitments or rules. Everything is based on personal happiness. Rest assured that we do not do murder and arson, and we only wanted our boring school life to become more interesting."

Shen Yanxiao considered it for a few more moments before she looked toward the four youths and slowly quirked her lips. "I will join your group."

Qi Xia stretched out his hand toward Shen Yanxiao on behalf of the other three.

"Welcome to Phantom."

"I look forward to my future days with you." Shen Yanxiao shook hands with Qi Xia as she smiled like a flower.

The five youths were not aware that their gathering that day was the catalyst of a terrifying influence in the future.

The 'Phantom' that would cause the Brilliance Continent reputation to spread far and wide in the future had been established in an empty casino just like that.

After she joined the Phantom, Shen Yanxiao's portion of the winnings was inevitably taken by Qi Xia, the profiteer, as development funds. As for what he intended to use the casino for, she was too lazy to care about that.

The class allocation examination was delayed for one month, and that was a crucial period for her. She did not only have to study herbalism, but she also had to make trips to the Warlock Division and the Archer Division to 'borrow' some skill books for her personal enrichment. Her accumulated battle aura and magic was about to burst out, but she had yet to take the first step in the two respective professions.

After they returned to the dormitory, Tang Nazhi's attitude toward Shen Yanxiao was even more unrestrained than before!

Lin Xuan was a hundred percent good student and also a first-year student. So, he was completely oblivious about the casino and did not know that those two villains have conspired with each other as they had genuinely become comrade-in-arms.

He merely quietly stood aside and looked at both of their camaraderie from afar.

Tang Nazhi thought that Shen Jue was a genius. He did not only excel in herbalism, but he was also a thief god. Just the thought of Qi Xia's defeated appearance made him feel refreshed, and so, he found Shen Yanxiao more and more pleasing to the eye.

Throughout the whole day, Shen Yanxiao forced herself to study those herbalism books under Tang Nazhi's revered gaze and that had lasted until nighttime before Tang Nazhi let her off.

The pitch-black night time was the best time for the heartless thief to take action.

She waited until Tang Nazhi, and Lin Xuan were in a deep sleep before she carefully snuck out of the dormitory.

Chapter 113: Obsolete Path of a Warlock (3)

Shen Yanxiao had found her way to the Warlock Division with little effort because Tang Nanzhi had informed her about the position of various divisions in the Saint Laurent Academy.

The Warlock Division was an awkward existence in the academy. The people in the Brilliance Continent did not have a favorable impression of that profession, and it had been many years since the division recruited any students. Compared to the other divisions that bustled with activity, not only did the Warlock Division have a secluded location, it also looked quite shabby.

The place was utterly pitch-black, and a statue that represented the Warlock Division stood in the empty plaza. Under the faint moonlight, Shen Yanxiao looked at those slightly damaged statues.

As warlocks were not welcomed, they could not enroll any new students. Thus, the division was unable to obtain any funds from the Saint Laurent Academy. The entire division seemed mismatched with the luxurious academy.

The facial features of the statue had become indistinct with wear and tear, but an unmoving aerial magical beast could still be seen on the shoulder of the statue.

The profession of the warlock was not at fault. It was merely the fact that the world did not truly understand them, and that ended a great profession in its infancy. Shen Yanxiao could not help but sigh. Even though she lamented the profession's fate, she was aware of her motive there that day. According to Tang Nanzhi's description, Shen Yanxiao had arrived at the building of the Warlock Division. The tall building silently towered under the moonlight, and as she looked up, she could see that the whole tower was over thirty stories high.

Shen Yanxiao knew that when compared to a hundred over levels of the library collection other divisions had, the Warlock Division's tower was excessively miserable.

Perhaps due to the lack of students, the Warlock tower was not as tightly guarded as the other divisions.

She could see that the first level of the tower was only lit with a crystal lamp from the widely opened door. Under the light, a white-bearded old man with his hunched back stood there as he repaired some damaged books.

"Xiu, what is the strength of that old man?" Shen Yanxiao chose to be cautious and asked Xiu. There were an uncountable number of experts in the Saint Laurent Academy and who knew if that old watchman was a concealed expert or not.

"He is only an ordinary human. I cannot sense any magic or battle aura from him."

Shen Yanxiao relaxed. It seemed like that old man was only a caretaker who managed the Warlock's tower. It was apparent that the academy neglected that division when they sent an ordinary human to guard over it.

The libraries in each of the divisions contained many skill books. All students, even those from different divisions, could enter the first few levels of the library with the teacher's approval. Anything beyond the tenth-level would require the student to pass a specific test before they could get a pass to enter it.

They must not have expected anyone to be interested in that obsolete profession as they had left gates to the Warlock Tower opened.

Since that old man did not pose any threat, Shen Yanxiao decided to sneak inside.

As a thief goddess, it was her specialty to gain entry into a building without a sound.

In the blink of an eye, Shen Yanxiao had managed to sneak onto the stairs of the first level from the outside. She briefly turned toward the old man, but his attention was still on the damaged books. So she went toward the second level with ease.

The second-level was pitch-black dark, so Shen Yanxiao took out the light crystal that she had prepared beforehand and illuminated the path.

Chapter 114: Mysterious Old Man (1)

She stood in front of a bookcase that was filled with books. Those books were covered in dust as they quietly laid there and it had also been a long time since anyone had touched them.

Shen Yanxiao walked to the nearest bookshelf and took out an introductory book for warlocks.

Since she had chosen the path of a warlock, she had decided to do it more steadily and precisely. So what if it was a profession that was already forgotten by people? She would make it reappear again to regain its glory in the Brilliance Continent one day!

In the following days, Shen Yanxiao basically stayed in the dormitory and studied her herbalism books during the day and sneaked into the Warlock Division at night to secretly study the skill books.

As usual, Shen Yanxiao slipped into the Warlock Division in the dead of night. The reason she decided to place more importance on the warlock skill books instead of archery was due to the lax management of the Warlock Division. The old man was the only one there throughout the day, and so it was much more convenient for her and in contrary to that, the library in the Archer Division was more tightly guarded. She had snuck in there once before, and discovered that several teachers had kept watch during the night. So she decided to go with the one that was more convenient for her.

Shen Yanxiao snuck into the Warlock Tower and the old man who looked after the library was still there. He still quietly sat under the lamp as he repaired the damaged books.

She went up to the second level without any hesitations. Shen Yanxiao had been there for ten days, and with her photographic memory, she already memorized most of the contents in the books. The problem that she had was that she did not really have much understanding about warlocks, and Xiu was the same. And so, her progressed slowed down because she had no systematic instruction.

Shen Yanxiao took out a book about curses that she had yet to finish from the night before and took a seat at a corner that she had deemed comfortable.

Warlocks had peculiar skills, and there were many hand gestures that one would have to remember. Furthermore, the method of attack was not only restricted to slow curses. Many special curses could cause the opponent's strength to decrease for a short period, and that was great as a secret attack.

However, the records for curses from that category were very scattered. Shen Yanxiao had flipped through many books, and she had only managed to find a few of those.

“These curses require other curses as a foundation. Damn it. I have not managed to locate all of the fundamental curses yet.” Shen Yanxiao threw the book in her hand to the side before she took another book from the bookshelf in hopes to find the fundamental curses that she needed.

“The warlock is an extremely complicated profession. Besides, as long as one knows which skills to use, a one-star warlock would be sufficient to deal with three collaborating opponents from the other professions. Do you know why are they so powerful? It is because the skills are very challenging to learn,” Xiu said to comfort Shen Yanxiao. As a matter of fact, she had actually learned quite a few things for those few days. For example, she realized that curses like the blood curses were as easy as lifting a finger. However, she still had yet to master any of the skills that required a combination of curses.

“If grandfather did not want me to enroll in the Herbalist Division, I would have taken the exam for the Warlock Division. At least I would have guidance from a teacher, and learning would be much easier too.” Shen Yanxiao was quite vexed. Some things could be self-studied while there were some that one just could not.

It would make a huge difference in her progress if she had some guidance in her studies. However, she was not able to find anyone that could guide her in the path of a warlock.

“If this does not work, I shall make a trip to the Archer Division to steal a few skill books tomorrow. The skills for warlocks are too disgustingly hard. A random combination curse requires seven to eight singular curse. How can I possibly find all of them?”

She felt distressed. She possessed the talent to cultivate in both magic and battle aura, but her progress had slowed down because she did not have any guidance and she felt very depressed about that.

Chapter 115: The Mysterious Old Man (2)

“It is better to familiarize yourself with more warlock skills first. It is not wise to be greedy. If you want to make use of these two professions together, you need to have a better understanding of the two.” Xiu instructed.

Shen Yanxiao could only drop the subject and continued to memorize those warlock books.

Just then, footsteps could be heard from the second-floor stairs.

Shen Yanxiao immediately covered the light crystal and hid in the dark.

The old man who guarded the tower walked up to the pitch-black second level with a crystal lamp in his hand. He quietly walked to one of the bookshelves and carefully slotted a pile of books into it before he returned to the first level.

As Shen Yanxiao saw the old man’s back view, she could not help but feel moved.

The old man was the only person who managed the huge tower, and he seemed to repair the books daily. He put his heart into the care of those books that had not been read for many years.

Shen Yanxiao walked to where that old man had placed the books previously and took out a few of them.

Some of them were skill books for curses, and there were also a few notebooks.

An old sheepskin attracted Shen Yanxiao's gaze. Different phases for the path of a warlock were clearly recorded down on the age-old book. There were also detailed combination curses and detailed information about its required singular curses written down on the margin of the book.

For Shen Yanxiao, the notebook was practically a timely help and something that she had urgently needed.

When she flipped to the last page of the book, she saw a bold and powerful signature.

'Yun Qi.'

It was apparent that someone named Yun Qi hand wrote the notebook. The old sheepskin on it showed that it was at least fifty to sixty years old.

Could that old man be...?

Shen Yanxiao quickly rejected her own theory. Xiu had verified that the old man did not possess any magic or battle aura and that he was just an ordinary old man. If he were an expert, then it would be impossible for him to miss her presence while she was there for the past few days.

No matter who Yun Qi was, that notebook was essential for Shen Yanxiao. She immediately kept the book in her interspatial ring and quietly left the Warlock Tower.

The moment Shen Yanxiao left, the Warlock Tower welcomed a rarely seen guest.

"It had been so many years, are you not tired yet?" The guest was an old man with white beard who looked to be about sixty to seventy years old. He wore a white robe, and he seemed exceptionally noble and elegant. His face was weathered, but there was a trace of a smile in his eyes.

The caretaker, who was buried in a pile of books in the library, slowly looked up and casually glanced at the guest before he looked down again to continue with his reparation works.

"Why would I be tired? These are all precious treasures of warlocks, and I cannot let them disappear in my hands. How are you so free to grace me with your presence here today, dean Ouyang Huanyu?"

The sudden guest was none other than the world-famous dean of the Saint Laurent Academy, Ouyang Huanyu. He was also the most powerful Magus in Longxuan Empire.

"I came to see if a stubborn old man still persisted with meaningless things." Ouyang Huanyu looked at the empty Warlock Tower and lightly sighed.

The place once brimmed with talents, but as the profession of warlock became obsolete, it had been decades since the Warlock Division enrolled a single student.

Chapter 116: Mysterious Old Man (3)

The caretaker of the library coldly snorted, but he did not look up.

“Meaningless? The people in this continent are too narrow-minded that they treated warlocks like great scourges and avoided them like the plague. Those good-for-nothings do not even understand how powerful warlocks are.” The old man’s tone was filled with passion for the warlocks.

“That is only your understanding. Now that the path of a warlock has become obsolete, you can no longer find anyone who would want to study to become a warlock in the entire Brilliance Continent.” Ouyang Huanyu could not help but feel a trace of regret.

“Why? Do you want to tear down the Warlock Division? Do not assume that I am not aware of the situation. The Magus Division is overpopulated, and you are thinking about demolishing the Warlock Division for those students.” The old man looked up, and his keen eyes were filled with fury.

The path of a warlock would die in the hands of those ignorant people.

Ouyang Huanyu smiled and said, “Do not be anxious. I remember what I had promised you. As long as you are in the Saint Laurent Academy, the Warlock Division will never be removed from the academy.

The old man lowered his head only after he heard Ouyang Huanyu’s guarantee and continued to busy himself with his reparation works.

If someone had overheard their conversation, their jaw would probably drop from the shock.

The world-renowned Ouyang Huanyu was so polite toward that ordinary old man. It was honestly hard to believe.

Even if he were to meet the Emperor of the Longxuan Empire, Ouyang Huanyu probably would not have been as polite.

“If there is nothing else, you can leave. Other than warlocks, we do not welcome outsiders, especially Magus.” The old man rudely chased him out.

Ouyang Huanyu was met with a cold shoulder, but he was not angry with the caretaker’s impoliteness. However, before he left, he said, “The Herbalist Division has had some success. I believe they would successfully produce that thing if they were given more time.”

After he said that, Ouyang Huanyu left the empty Warlock Tower.

Even if they had managed to produce it, so what? The old man looked at the books within the room, and his eyes looked bleak. The profession that was once the most powerful in the Brilliance Continent had fallen to such plight then. He knew better than anyone about the abundance of skill books within the entire Warlock Tower. As long as there was one student who was willing to walk the path of a warlock, he had absolute confidence he could nurture that student into someone that surpassed all the elites in the Saint Laurent Academy.

However...

Was there anyone who would still be willing to become a warlock?

The old man frowned. He had a sudden thought and walked to the second level of the Warlock Tower in quick steps. He wanted to check on the pile of books that he had placed on the bookshelf earlier that night.

All the books were in their correct spot, except for an unremarkable-looking notebook.

“That young lad really took it away?” The old man was slightly shocked, but intense joy surfaced in his muddled eyes the very next second.

If he did not know the location of every book in the Warlock Tower, he never would have discovered that two books were in the wrong spot about ten days ago. From then onward, he knew that the Warlock Tower had welcomed its first student after so many years. If he did not pay attention to the books that were carefully returned to its original location, he would never discover that they had been moved.

He observed the situation for a few more days before he confirmed his thoughts.

From then on, he started to pay attention to the skill books that youth had chosen to read. Then he realized that the unsolicited youth was like a newborn who had just stepped onto the path of a warlock.

Chapter 117: Class Allocation Test (1)

The old man was very excited, but he became worried soon after. It had been many years since the Warlock Division had any students. Without a doubt, that student was from another division. It would be challenging for a student from another division to walk the path of a warlock, especially if they tried to do it without the guidance of a teacher.

It was precisely why he had placed that sheepskin notebook in a conspicuous place.

That ordinary-looking notebook was not something that belonged on the second floor.

Instead, it was a precious treasure that one would find on the twentieth floor, the highest level in the library.

“Take it away! Take it away! Those books ought to be handed to people who can use them. It is the meaning of their existence.” The old man revealed a joyous smile for the first time, and his expression was filled with expectation.

“Young lad, I hope that you would not let my painstaking efforts go to waste.”

Shen Yanxiao thought that the sheepskin notebook was a great item.

She was puzzled as to why the detailed and systematic notebook was placed only on the second floor.

With the item in hand, Shen Yanxiao impatiently read up on the two combination curses that were recorded in the book. One of the curses was called the Enervation. It was made up of five singular curses – slow, weak, blood, blind, and distortion. The produced effect was to weaken the enemy and to cause them to become inferior to even ordinary people. The intensity of the curse depended on the difference

between the strengths of both the caster and the victim. If the opponent were weaker or equal to the caster, then they would immediately become a slow-moving, powerless trash that could not attack.

As long as the opponent's level did not exceed three levels higher than the caster, then they could still enervate them. However, if the opponent were five levels above the caster, then the curse would be completely ineffective.

The other curse was called the Illusion Construct, and it was made up of four singular curses – distortion, blur, confusion, and illusion. The effect of a curse would be more powerful if they had more singular curses in its combination. The Illusion Construct allowed the caster to cause the opponent to have false illusions and to be controlled by the warlock for a short period.

Compared to the Enervation curse, the Illusion Construct was slightly easier. However, if it was utilized well, it was capable of stealthy murder.

Shen Yanxiao could easily end a person's life with a casual infliction of the Illusion Construct curse.

Even though the two curses would not inflict severe damage on its victim, its after-effects were rather astonishing. It was an essential tool that could be used to launch sneak attacks on unsuspecting victims. It was no wonder the people in the Brilliance Continent loathed warlocks. What if one was careless and allowed an enemy's warlock to inflict the Enervation curse on them? A peerless expert would be instantly turned into a useless person that could neither retaliate nor control their deaths. It was even worse if they were inflicted with the Illusion Construct curse. They would obediently kill themselves without any interference from their opponent.

Shen Yanxiao had only one word to describe those combination curses, and that was 'disgusting.'

Even though she felt disgusted, she was happy to have learned it as well.

Shen Yanxiao did not realize that those seemingly low-attack combination curses were actually advanced skills that a warlock could have.

Junior warlocks would learn singular curses first before they would continue with combinations curses that were made of only two singular ones. To skip past combination curses made up of two to three singular curses and progress to fourth or fifth level of combination curses was the same as to invite death due to reckless behavior.

Chapter 118: Class Allocation Test (2)

It was similar to a child who had just enrolled in the first grade and then suddenly snuck into the fourth or fifth grade. Of course, the student would have to face an increase in the lessons' difficulties.

Shen Yanxiao did not know the different levels for the combination curses and relied entirely on her interest to study them.

The more singular curses required for a combination curse, the more hand gestures were needed too.

For one to swiftly complete four to five hand gestures, it relied on the speed of the warlock's hand and the degree of proficiency that they had with the singular curses.

It was a good thing that Shen Yanxiao was a thief!

A thief would need to have excellent skills with their hands. Since they would need to steal something right under the noses of their victims, they needed to be quick with their hands.

Even though it was tricky, Shen Yanxiao did not have any problems with the speed of her hands. She did, however, have problems with her proficiency in the singular curses.

Even so, it took her twenty days to learn those two combination curses.

The Saint Laurent Academy's class allocation test unfolded in a large scale event the second day after she could skillfully complete the hand gestures for the Enervation and the Illusion Construct curses in thirty seconds.

Early in the morning, the Herbalist Division's first-year students were brought to the public square in the academy. The square was tightly packed with students from various divisions.

During the one month preparation time, Shen Yanxiao and the first-year students underwent a unified training for herbalism. Some talented first-year students could already produce one to two simple supplementary potions.

"Tsk tsk, there are many people present here today. It seems like not only the first-year students from the various divisions would be participating in the class allocation test, but also some of the senior students." Tang Nazhi propped his hand on She Yanxiao's shoulders and relied on his height advantage to scan his eyes across the overcrowded public square.

"Senior students also have to be reallocated?" Shen Yanxiao was somewhat surprised.

Tang Nazhi laughed.

"Of course, what did you expect? It's not easy to occupy the seats in the violet class just because they passed the test when they enrolled. Students from all divisions and levels will have to undergo another test at the start of every semester. Unqualified students would be brushed down from good classes while students who have improved would replace their positions. Survival of the fittest is the most critical point in this academy." Tang Nazhi seemed to be very familiar with Saint Laurent Academy's system.

"Survival of the fittest... this is good." Shen Yanxiao raised her eyebrows. The Saint Laurent Academy's method was very wise. It not only prevented students from complacency after they had entered a good class, but it also motivated the students from other classes to improve themselves so that they could seize a place in the violet class. It seemed that tactics for stimulation could be applied everywhere.

"Hey, I see Qian Shanni of the Priest Division." Tang Nazhi's eyes suddenly brightened.

Shen Yanxiao saw a young lady in a dark violet long robe when she followed Tang Nazhi's line of sight. She had flawless fair skin and a slender waistline. Her bright and beautiful eyes were exceptionally alluring. Even though she stood in a packed crowd, one could spot a beauty like her in an instant.

"Do not look down on her just because she is a lady. She has steadily occupied the second position at the Priest Division for a year now, and her abilities are only inferior to that ass, Yan Yu." Tang Nazhi smiled loosely and casually as the hot-blooded youth instantly transformed into a playboy.

“She is also the campus belle of the Priest Division! So, what do you think? She is pretty, right? I had taken a fancy to her when I enrolled in this school.”

Chapter 119: Class Allocation Test (3)

Shen Yanxiao’s lips twitched. She always had the impression that Tang Nazhi was a passionate young man with dreams and aspirations. However, she discovered that he was also a pervert!

‘Are you drooling just by looking at a senior from the Priest Division? Enough, please!’

Tang Nazhi shook his head and stared at Shen Yanxiao’s frail little physique when he did not get any reaction from her.

“You are still too young. You do not understand the world of adults! When you are older, I will bring you around to experience the world of sensual pleasures, and feel the gentleness of the beauties...”

Before Tang Nazhi could finish his sentences, Shen Yanxiao had already slapped the hand that he had on her shoulder.

One might even get pregnant if one held hands with such pervert!

Shen Yanxiao was not interested in any beauties. Even though Qian Shanni looked delicate and charming, Shen Yanxiao thought that she was absolutely prettier than her if she gave herself a good wash and wiped away the paint on her face. If she wanted to, she could hug the mirror every day to drool over her appearance.

Shen Yanxiao then discovered a few familiar-looking faces among the crowd, but a group of people surrounded them. She pointed at Qi Xia, Yan Yu, and Yang Xi, and asked, “Why are those people surrounding them?”

Tang Nazhi shot them a glance before he clicked his tongue.

“Why else? Those group of idiots are delusional, and wanted to depend on someone powerful that is out of their league. Even though those three are irritating, everyone knows how powerful they are. Those students from their respective divisions would naturally want to get on their good side in case they could get some help from them during the class allocation test.”

Shen Yanxiao looked at the scene and saw a few beauties with gorgeous appearance and curvy figure from various divisions who practically threw themselves at those three. Some of them even stuck out the two lumps of meat on their chest to rub against their arms.

The welfare of a super scholar!

Soon after, she noticed another group of people who had surrounded a few other youths.

“Who is he?” Shen Yanxiao pointed toward an arrogant young man with an archer badge pinned on his chest.

“The boss of the Archer Division, Meng Yiheng. A moron who thinks he is the number one in the world.” Tang Nazhi snorted.

“What about him?” Shen Yanxiao pointed to another young man that was crowded around by second and third-year seniors of the Herbalist Division.

“The number one in our division, Shangguan Xiao. A pervert with a severe case of mysophobia.”

“What about him?”

“The current most outstanding talent in the Knight Division, Cao Xu. He could not have claimed the number one spot if there were more people in that division.” One could hear the disdain in Tang Nazhi’s voice as he described Cao Xu.

Shen Yanxiao knew that Tang Nazhi was arrogant at times, but he only ridiculed Meng Yiheng and Shangguan Xiao in one or two sentences. However, it seemed like he had nothing but open contempt and disdain for Cao Xu.

Shen Yanxiao guessed that there had to be something complicated between those two.

“I do wonder about the contents of this test. In the previous years, the class allocation tests were conducted independently within the divisions. However, it seemed like they are doing it differently this year.” Tang Nazhi continued to look around him. Alas, other than the beauties, nothing else caught his attention.

“What rumors have you heard?” She did not know why, but Shen Yanxiao had always thought that Tang Nazhi was pretty well-informed about the academy’s inside scoop.

“Just a little one. I heard that they are expecting the students from various divisions to collaborate. I wonder if they have had a brain fart. We all know that different professions have different specialties. They had even gathered students from all six divisions. Did they think that we are a stew that you can just mix everything together?” Tang Nazhi groaned.

Chapter 120: Crazy Test (1)

“There’s no one from the Warlock Division?” Shen Yanxiao looked around and did not spot any students who wore a warlock’s badge.

Tang Nazhi’s expression was somewhat odd. He softly said, “It has been many years since the Saint Laurent Academy’s Warlock Division has recruited a single student. Not only here, but you basically cannot find more than a few warlocks throughout the entire Brilliance Continent. It will not be long before the warlocks become extinct.”

“Extinct.” Shen Yanxiao frowned. She had learned a few things about the warlocks in that one month. She felt that it was a good profession with huge potentials. So why was it reduced to such a miserable state?

Tang Nazhi checked his surroundings, and after he ensured that no one paid any attention to them, he spoke in a low voice, “You are probably unaware of this, but the warlocks were not as miserable a hundred years ago. At that time, they were very popular. However, two of the three most powerful warlocks in the continent started to use the forbidden curses for research on humans. They caused the

deaths of many powerful experts and when the research was exposed, the God Realm dispatched men to round them up. Ever since then, the warlocks have become a synonym for evil.”

“Forbidden curses?” Were there even anything like that among the warlock’s skills?

“Yes, they used the curses to remodel humans. I heard that they have attempted to join magical beasts with humans... yuck! Just the thought of it is disgusting. Let’s stop talking about this. In any case, the warlocks will become extinct soon.” Tang Nazhi pursed his lips. He decided to stop that conversation as he did not want to spook the frail-looking young lad.

Since he was not willing to share more about the subject, naturally, Shen Yanxiao would not continue to ask about it. However, she finally understood why the Brilliance Continent despised that powerful profession.

“Ah! The dean is here!” Cries of surprise echoed among the students.

Under everyone’s attention, a long-robed Ouyang Huanyu slowly walked onto the high platform in the public square. He was as imposing as a god, and there was not the slightest trace of weariness on his aged face. Even the students who stood the furthest from the platform could sense his aura.

The noisy public plaza instantly stilled in silence as everyone looked at Ouyang Huanyu.

Tang Nazhi was so excited, that his eyes emitted light. If the subject of his attention was a beauty instead of the old man, Shen Yanxiao wondered if he would pounce towards that direction.

“Can you be more calm and collected please?” Shen Yanxiao frowned. Tang Nazhi had such unusual tastes...

Tang Nazhi lightly slapped Shen Yanxiao’s head. “You know nothing! Do you know who that old man on the stage is? He is the dean of the Saint Laurent Academy and also the most powerful magus in the Longxuan Empire. The only teacher who has attained the level of a three-star great archmagus!”

Great archmagus?

It had been some time since Shen Yanxiao arrived at that world. Even though she still lacked in general knowledge, she was no stranger to that term. Every profession had its level division. After the sixth rank in magic and battle aura, everything would start from zero again. Every five levels meant one would advance one rank higher. For the Magus profession, the levels would begin from the Magician Apprentice. It would then be followed by the Junior Magus, the Intermediate Magus, the Senior Magus, and the Great Magus. If one could hit the breaking-point of that profession, then they would achieve the rank of the Archmagus. However, Ouyang Huanyu was a Great Archmagus, a position that was one notch higher than the Archmagus.