

The Good 1941

Chapter 1941: Devilish Training (1)

Everyone in Deathfire Academy was discussing this huge disparity in the match.

During this period, Luoqiu increased the amount of training for his students. Many other students ran outside Luoqiu's classroom to watch the fun. When they saw Luoqiu's exciting classes, all the onlookers felt that Shen Yanxiao had no chance of winning.

Luoqiu's ordinary classes were already much better than that of other mentors, not to mention now.

Many students were curious about Shen Yanxiao's classes. However, the entire martial arts arena was sealed off, and not even a fly could fly in. They could only stand outside the closed door and listen in.

In fact, everyone felt that no matter how intense Shen Yanxiao's classes were, it was absolutely impossible for her to win the bet in a month.

A month was just too short for them. Even if they wanted to be reborn from the ashes, it would not be so fast.

In the martial arts arena, all the students were sprawled on the ground, motionless like dead dogs.

This was only the second day of their closed-door training session, but they felt as though a year had passed.

If Shen Yanxiao's previous classes could be described as cruel, then everything in the past two days could only be described as insane.

By noon, all the teenagers felt that they did not even have the strength to move their fingers.

Each of them had a ten-kilogram sandbag wrapped around their hands and feet. The weight of 40 kilograms made it difficult for them to even move. However, how could their training regiment be as simple as walking?

They could no longer remember how many laps they had been forced to run around the arena. Moreover, while they ran, the whip in Shen Yanxiao's hand would whip them mercilessly.

The whip that Shen Yanxiao was holding right now was not a replica copied by Yang Xi. She had obtained it from Kehr yesterday. Not only was it extremely tough, but there were also many barbs on the whip. If one were to be whipped by this whip, their skin and flesh would be flayed off.

What was even more bitter was that as high-level undeads, their superficial wounds recovered at an astonishing speed. The bone-deep wounds that had been inflicted on them a second ago began to heal the next second. They did not have the ability to play dead.

For the past two days, it was as if they were living in hell.

Other than eating and sleeping, they spent all their time training. Even when they were eating and sleeping, they could not take off the forty kilograms of sandbags tied to their limbs.

While carrying a bowl, there were two sandbags weighing 10 kilograms tied to their wrists. This was absolutely forcing them to their death.

However, in the face of such high-intensity training, there was still no one who begged for mercy, let alone withdraw from the class.

All the teenagers seemed to have been injected with chicken blood as they buried themselves in training. Even though their hands and feet were trembling, no one would stop before the training ended.

Shen Yanxiao sat on a chair and crossed her legs as she looked at the group of exhausted teenagers. In terms of physical fitness, these teenagers could only be regarded as average. If it were not for the foundation they had built in the previous month, she estimated that they would not have been able to last for two days.

These teenagers had overdrawn their physical strength and were now relying on their own willpower to support them to move forward.

Chapter 1942: Devilish Training (2)

“Master, I think they are dying.” Crouching in Shen Yanxiao’s body, Taotie had been observing the training of these teenagers.

For Taotie, it was a supreme honor to have Shen Yanxiao personally teach them.

Throughout the Forsaken Land, how many humans and demons had lined up for Shen Yanxiao’s guidance? However, Shen Yanxiao was as busy as a mule. Other than guiding Nangong Mengmeng in the early days, occasionally guiding Gong Jiuyin, and finally sparring with the thieves in the Silver Hands, Shen Yanxiao had little spare time to teach others.

However, no matter which side it was, as long as they were taught by Shen Yanxiao, their strength would advance by leaps and bounds.

Nangong Mengmeng had only studied under her as a Warlock for more than a year, but she had already begun to prepare to advance to a Second-Class Expert. Gong Jiuyin had grown up from an ordinary girl to a Senior Herbalist. As for those people from the Silver Hands, there was no need to mention them. They were already skilled, and with Shen Yanxiao’s guidance, they had advanced by leaps and bounds.

Taotie had seen all of this in his heart. Shen Yanxiao might not be the most traditional teacher out there. She only targeted the weakest and most crucial parts of the other party. Often, one sentence was enough to challenge the other party’s bottleneck.

If not for the fact that the cultivation methods of magical beasts and humans were completely different, Taotie would have wanted to ask his master for guidance.

However...

Looking at a group of undead teenagers who were half-dead from exhaustion, aside from slightly despising the physique of undeads, Taotie was more worried that these naughty brats would be directly trained to death by Shen Yanxiao.

It had only been two days!

These brats were already sprawled on the ground like mud. How were they to spend the next 28 days?

“No. Although the physique of undeads is not as durable as that of humans, they can recover very quickly. As long as they are given a little rest, they will recover very soon.” Shen Yanxiao looked at the group of undead teenagers and was not too worried. Before training them, Shen Yanxiao had studied in detail about the physique of undeads overnight.

Because of their race, undeads did not have the endurance of humans, but they recovered very quickly. Undeads were not good at long-drawn out fights, but as long as they were given a little rest, it was enough for them to continue to cope with the next battle.

In Shen Yanxiao’s words, humans were like long-lasting machines, while undeads were machines that could store little energy but charge quickly.

Even though she arranged high-intensity training for Zhanye and others, she also gave them enough time to rest during this period. Otherwise, these teenagers might really die of exhaustion like Taotie said.

“Get up,” Shen Yanxiao suddenly stood up and said to the group of undead teenagers.

The teenagers who were still lying on the ground a second ago immediately stood up after hearing Shen Yanxiao’s order. Even though their bodies were shaking, none of them hesitated.

Shen Yanxiao had trained her obedience to the extreme.

“Now, the training continues.” Shen Yanxiao pulled a long face. At this time, she must learn to be ruthless.

“Yes!” The voice squeezed out from their chests was so dry, but after Shen Yanxiao gave the order, all the teenagers seemed to have forgotten their fatigue and began to line up orderly, running around the periphery of the martial arts arena at a fast pace.

Chapter 1943: Devilish Training (3)

Day by day, the training in the martial arts arena continued, and the speculation about Shen Yanxiao’s training methods continued.

On the other hand, Luoqiu called Naken aside after his class.

“Mentor Luoqiu.” Naken stood obediently in front of Luoqiu, without any of his former arrogance.

A trace of satisfaction surfaced in Luoqiu’s eyes.

Naken was the best among this group of students, and Luoqiu was also interested in training him. During this period of time, Naken's progress was the fastest.

"Naken, your training these days has been quite effective." Luoqiu was not stingy with his praise.

A glint flashed past Naken's eyes before he put on a humble appearance.

"It's all thanks to Mentor Luoqiu's guidance. Otherwise, I would not have my current strength."

Luoqiu nodded with satisfaction.

"In 20 days, the match with Yan Di's group of trash will begin. Not only do I want you to win, but I also want you to beat down that group of trash and ruthlessly rub Yan Di's spirit. You are the best among this group of students, and I am also very optimistic about you. Naken, do you understand what I mean?"

Luoqiu looked at Naken with unusually sharp eyes.

He had never suffered such humiliation. A mere low-level undead almost made him lose face in front of his students. Luoqiu would never forget this grudge.

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Not only did he want Yan Di to get out of Deathfire Academy, but he also wanted to abuse her students in front of Yan Di and let her know that there was no comparison between them. In his eyes, she was just mud on the ground that could be trampled on at will.

Naken nodded at once.

"I will not let down Mentor Luoqiu's expectations. Please rest assured that none of Yan Di's students will be able to leave the stage in 20 days."

"Very well." Luoqiu smiled. He liked smart students.

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Shen Yanxiao continued to train Zhanye and others in the martial arts arena. At this moment, she did not know that a conspiracy was brewing.

The weight on the bodies of Zhanye and others had increased from the initial 40 kilograms to 80 kilograms. The increase in weight made it difficult for them to even walk. But after ten days, they found that they seemed to have gradually adapted to such a load. Even though their bodies carried a lot of weight, they could still do the most basic exercise.

When there were fifteen days left before the competition, Shen Yanxiao suddenly called for all the students.

A group of students obediently stood in front of Shen Yanxiao. They suddenly interrupted their training and waited for Shen Yanxiao's instructions. They were already numb to it. No matter what Shen Yanxiao's request was, they would not be surprised.

"How do you feel during this period of time?" Shen Yanxiao glanced at the group of teenagers in front of her with an unpredictable expression.

“We seem to have adapted. It’s much easier than at the beginning.” Zhanye scratched his head. At the beginning, they already felt that it was difficult to run with only 40 kilograms of weight on their bodies, but now they could run fast with 80 kilograms of sandbags on their backs. This progress shocked all of them.

If it were not for Shen Yanxiao’s bold attempt, they would not have known that they had such great potential to be unearthed.

However, they were still unsure how much they had improved in the past half month.

Chapter 1944: Devilish Training (4)

“What about you?” Shen Yanxiao looked at the other teenagers.

“It’s almost the same as what Zhanye said. I think we’ve all adapted to it... Mentor Yan Di, you’re not going to increase the weights on our bodies again, are you?” A group of teenagers looked nervously at Shen Yanxiao. Every time Shen Yanxiao asked them to stop over these past 15 days, she would increase the weights on their bodies. They had almost formed a conditioned reflex. As soon as Shen Yanxiao told them to stop, their hands and feet began to tremble.

“How much are the weights on your bodies now?” Shen Yanxiao asked a question instead of answering.

“80 kilograms.” The teenagers answered honestly.

However, Shen Yanxiao shook her head.

“That’s not right.”

“Wrong?” The teenagers were confused again. The sandbags on their bodies weighed ten kilograms each. With eight sandbags on their bodies, didn’t it total to 80 kilograms?

“It’s 100 kilograms.” Shen Yanxiao’s lips curled into an evil smile.

“...”

In an instant, the entire martial arts arena was silent.

“The last two sandbags I added were filled with iron sand, each weighing twenty kilograms.” Shen Yanxiao’s eyes flickered with a nasty smile.

The group of teenagers suddenly felt a dark cloud hanging over their heads...

100 kilograms...

God, this was almost equal to their own weight!

No wonder they felt that the feeling after the last weight increase was exceptionally obvious. It was not that they were thinking too much, but their savage mentor had really done something crazy!

Mentor Yan Di, can you be more wretched?

They were so obedient, but Shen Yanxiao was still playing tricks behind their backs. This made the group of exhausted teenagers feel that their days were hopeless.

Looking at the group of teenagers who wanted to cry but had no tears, Shen Yanxiao smiled and said, "If I didn't tell you, you would only think that the weights on your body are 80 kilograms. 80 kilograms is not difficult for you to accept."

Shen Yanxiao waged a psychological battle. Be it humans or undeads, there would always be psychological cues, and Shen Yanxiao gave them the wrong psychological cues so that they would silently accept all this while pushing their potential to the limit.

If she had told them from the start that she had suddenly added 40 kilograms, they would probably feel a huge mental burden. After all, the weights on their bodies had jumped from two digits to three digits. This mental burden would cause a huge shadow in their hearts.

Back then, Shen Yanxiao was also fooled by the instructors in the organization. But after she directly copied it, she found that the effect was surprisingly good.

"You are still far from your limits, so don't belittle yourself. It's not that you can't do it, but you have given yourself a mental hurdle," Shen Yanxiao said.

The group of teenagers was silent. Shen Yanxiao's words made them fall into deep thought.

As Shen Yanxiao said, the wrong psychological hint allowed them to accept everything calmly. They had been carrying the weight that seemed absolutely impossible to bear for five days, and it had changed from the initial discomfort to the present comfortable state.

"Mentor Yan Di, thank you." A group of teenagers sincerely bowed to Shen Yanxiao. They understood that Shen Yanxiao had worked hard to make them stronger.

During this half a month, Shen Yanxiao ate and lived with them. When they were training, she would also train by their side. Moreover, they also noticed that Shen Yanxiao's limbs were tied with the same sandbags as them.

Chapter 1945: Devilish Training (5)

"It's too early to thank me. It won't be too late to thank me after you win against those embroidered pillows under Luoqiu." Shen Yanxiao waved her hand. She did not think she had done much. She had only given them a direction. It was all due to their own tough wills that they could persist.

"Mentor Yan Di, you asked us to stop. Is it because you are going to continue to increase the weights on our bodies?" A group of teenagers looked at Shen Yanxiao with shining eyes.

100 kilograms, so what!

Continue if you dare!

Under Shen Yanxiao's mobilization, Zhanye and others seemed to have been injected with chicken blood. Not to mention 100 kilograms, they would even dare to try another fifty kilograms.

Looking at the group of screaming teenagers, Shen Yanxiao could not help but laugh.

"Mentor Yan Di, come on! 10 kilograms, 20 kilograms? That is just not enough. Another 40 kilograms!"

“50! I don’t want anything less!”

“Hurry up! I feel full of strength now!”

The teenagers whose blood was boiling had completely forgotten their fatigue. In half a month’s time, they had made such great progress. Now, they had nothing to fear!

“Calm down.” Shen Yanxiao helplessly stretched out her hand to calm down these excited teenagers.

“Right now, I will not add any more weights on you. I now request that you take off all the weights on your bodies,” Shen Yanxiao said.

“What?”

At this moment, the hot-blooded teenagers were somewhat dumbfounded.

“Mentor Yan Di... we can still bear it...” The expressions of the teenagers were somewhat tangled, as if they didn’t want to take off the load on their bodies.

To be honest, since they brought these sandbags with them half a month ago, they had not left the weights off for a second for the past half month. Now that they were suddenly asked to take them down... they really did not know how Shen Yanxiao intended to train them in the future.

“Take it down.” Shen Yanxiao repeated.

Shen Yanxiao’s persistence made the teenagers have no choice but to comply. One by one, they took off the sandbags from their hands and legs. Their eyes were filled with reluctance, as if the sandbags had become a part of their bodies. There were also a few teenagers whose eyes were faintly red.

Shen Yanxiao did not know whether to laugh or cry. She only asked them to remove the load on their bodies. Did these brats have to make a scene as if they were separated by their loved ones?

After all the teenagers took off their weights, Shen Yanxiao hooked her fingers at them.

“Now, run ten laps around the periphery as fast as you can.”

The group of teenagers blinked their eyes. Ten laps was such a small number that it was not even enough to fill the gap between their teeth.

Unable to figure out what Shen Yanxiao wanted to arrange for them, the teenagers could only line up and run.

But as soon as they lifted their feet, they felt that something was wrong!!!

Their weight seemed to have disappeared in an instant, and their speed had more than tripled.

They finally understood what it meant to be as light as a swallow!

Black figures passed by at an astonishing speed, so fast that even they found it hard to believe.

All the teenagers only used one-third of their usual time to run ten laps at high speed. Even after they had finished the ten laps, they still had not recovered from their stupor

“This is my current speed?” Zhanye lowered his head in disbelief and looked at his two legs. As he ran, he almost thought that his legs were not his own. His speed was so fast that it was frightening!

“I can still run so fast?” Shile swallowed his saliva and found it hard to accept his fast running speed.

Chapter 1946: Devilish Training (6)

Their speed had risen so much, which surprised these teenagers.

“Do you know the difference between you and those embroidered pillows under Luoqiu?” Shen Yanxiao looked at the surprised teenagers and asked with a smile.

For a moment, the teenagers were silent. No matter how much they had improved, they always thought that there was a big gap between themselves and Naken and the others.

“The main difference between you and them is death energy, but I don’t need you to use it in the match. What I want you to use is the physical skills you have learned during this period of time. Even though death energy is powerful, it still requires a certain amount of casting time, and your current speed is the best way to restrain it. Martial arts of the world are all about speed,” Shen Yanxiao said seriously.

“When I dealt with Luoqiu before, you were also there. I am just a low-level undead with a pitiful amount of death energy. Luoqiu was not only a purebred undead, but he was also a powerful one. But so what? It is not difficult for me to get close to him.”

Shen Yanxiao’s words rekindled the hopes of Zhanye and others.

That’s right. When Shen Yanxiao dealt with Luoqiu that day, that ghostly figure had been imprinted in their hearts. Although Luoqiu’s attacks were fierce, Shen Yanxiao could easily dodge them and dash behind Luoqiu in a very short time. If Kehr hadn’t appeared in time, Luoqiu would have been knocked down by Shen Yanxiao.

Thinking of this, Zhanye and others could not help but begin to imagine that if it were them, if they could also have the same speed as Shen Yanxiao, then it was not impossible to fight Naken and others.

“The ones you have to deal with are Luoqiu’s students. Their attack speed is much slower than Luoqiu’s. As long as you can calmly judge the direction of the other party’s attack and avoid them, you can rely on your speed to attack them at close range.” From the beginning, Shen Yanxiao did not intend to let Zhanye and others compete with Luoqiu’s students in death energy.

It was an extremely stupid move to compare one’s shortcomings with the other party’s strength.

In the end, death energy was very similar to the attack methods of magi. And among undeads, few would use physical skills to fight.

After the war between gods and devils, undeads had retreated to the Howling Abyss. Here, they had no chance to fight with other races and lacked the ability to deal with other method of attacks. Shen Yanxiao grasped this point clearly and forcefully created a group of close-range undeads with lightning-fast attacks.

As long as Zhanye and others got close, Shen Yanxiao believed that with their physical skills, it would be easy to destroy Naken and others.

“In the next period of time, I will teach you the essentials of killing with one blow. I don’t need you to carry out too many attacks. What I want is for you to hit the target with one blow. One blow is enough to make the opponent lose their fighting strength.” Shen Yanxiao’s lips curled into a confident smile. In her past and present life, she was best at close combat. She knew the methods to deal with long-range enemies like the back of her hand.

What was more, their goal this time was not an adult purebred undead, but a group of teenagers.

Death energy attacks were powerful, but at close distance, it was almost impossible for a young undead with almost no actual combat experience to win.

“Kill with one blow...” Zhanye and the others secretly gasped. These four words were imprinted in their souls.

Chapter 1947: Devilish Training (7)

Time passed day by day, and there was only one day left before the match.

On this day, Shen Yanxiao did not teach her students. Instead, she gave them a day off to adjust to their best state.

However, Shen Yanxiao’s thoughts were not the students’ thoughts.

After Shen Yanxiao left the martial arts arena, Zhanye and others continued to stay there.

A group of teenagers who had been carefully trained by Shen Yanxiao came to the chair she usually sat on during class.

All of them stared at the sandbags placed on the chairs.

“These are Mentor Yan Di’s sandbags?” Shile turned to look at his other companions. Shen Yanxiao had only taken off the weights on her today. They had always been curious about how heavy her sandbags were.

Shen Yanxiao’s sandbags looked smaller than Zhanye and others. Zhanye and others had asked her several times, but Shen Yanxiao just smiled and said nothing.

Now, they finally had the chance to check it.

“I’ll give it a try.” Zhanye stepped forward and reached out to pick up one of the sandbags.

When the sandbags were in his hands, Zhanye’s expression instantly became extremely dark.

“What’s wrong?” The other teenagers looked curiously at Zhanye, who had a strange expression on his face. They still had a respectful attitude towards Shen Yanxiao’s things and dared not touch them easily.

Zhanye’s mouth twitched as he put the sandbags back. He looked at his companions with a taut face and said, “Pick them up yourself.”

After that, Zhanye turned his head and walked back, silently ran to one side, tied the sandbags he had unloaded to his limbs again, and ran around the martial arts arena.

Zhanye's strange series of actions made the other teenagers even more curious. They finally summoned up their courage and picked up Shen Yanxiao's sandbags.

Almost at the same time, all the teenagers who had picked up Shen Yanxiao's sandbags froze in place with ashen faces. Then, they turned around without saying a word and ran towards their sandbags. One by one, they silently tied the sandbags back and gave up on going back to rest. They continued to train in the martial arts arena.

After receiving the news that the martial arts arena was still open, Kehr rushed over and found that Shen Yanxiao had already left. However, all the students in the martial arts arena were still training hard.

Did these students want to die? They were still training?

Kehr frowned slightly. He did not see Shen Yanxiao, and he did not want to disturb the training progress of this group of teenagers. He could only slip away alone and glance at the four small sandbags on the chair. Curious, Kehr picked up one at random.

As soon as he picked one of them up, a trace of shock appeared in Kehr's eyes.

"This... is not light." Kehr estimated that the small sandbag in his hand weighed at least 50 kilograms, which was completely inconsistent with its size.

He carefully poked an opening with his dagger and pieces of fine iron sand slid off from the bag and to the ground.

It was pitch-black without any impurities and the entire bag was filled with heavy iron sand.

There were four sandbags like this. Together, they weighed at least 200 kilograms.

Kehr vaguely remembered that the last few times he came to see Shen Yanxiao, she had tied these four sandbags to her limbs.

"Goodness, this little girl... is really a little savage." Even Kehr was shocked by the weight of these bags of iron sand.

Even he found it strenuous to carry 200 kilograms.

Chapter 1948: Devilish Training (8)

Shen Yanxiao returned to her room, completely unaware of what was happening in the martial arts arena.

She never thought that the small sandbags she had casually left in the martial arts arena would give those teenagers such a great stimulation.

Taotie took the opportunity to stroll out and sit on Shen Yanxiao's bed to eat the snacks she bought for him.

"Master, do you think they can win?" Taotie was aware that he was the only person Shen Yanxiao could talk honestly to right now, so he got more proactive and chatted with Shen Yanxiao more so that his master would not suffocate.

"What do you think?" Shen Yanxiao laid on the bed and was not concerned about this problem at all.

"I think so! Because Master taught them personally!" Taotie's confidence in Shen Yanxiao exploded.

Shen Yanxiao smiled and said nothing.

Just as she was about to close her eyes and rest, Taotie suddenly transformed and disappeared from Shen Yanxiao's room.

The next second, someone knocked on Shen Yanxiao's door without warning.

Shen Yanxiao got up and opened the door, only to find a pale-faced Kehr outside.

Kehr was also holding four very familiar sandbags in his hands.

"Mentor Kehr?" Shen Yanxiao looked at Kehr, wondering why he suddenly came to her with her sandbags.

"Is this yours?" Kehr looked at Shen Yanxiao and raised the sandbags in his hand.

"Yes." Shen Yanxiao nodded.

Kehr's mouth twitched slightly.

"Don't leave these in the martial arts arena," Kehr said with a stiff face.

"Err..."

"Your students have been stimulated by these four things. Right now, all of them are still training in the martial arts arena. The match is tomorrow, and it won't be good if their physical strength is overdrawn at this time." Kehr facepalmed. It seemed that this little girl did not realize how much damage her unintentional actions had caused to those fragile young minds.

It was as if those little bastards had been injected with chicken blood. One by one, they chased after each other, running and fighting at the same time. The scene directly intoxicated Kehr.

As the commander-in-chief of the undead army in the Howling Abyss, even the most elite soldiers under Kehr did not have such harsh training.

This was simply courting death.

"They're still training?" Shen Yanxiao was surprised. She remembered that she had asked them to go back and rest before she left.

"That's right. They originally thought that carrying 100 kilograms of sandbags was already the limit. In the end, they discovered that the petite teacher actually carried twice the weight they were carrying. Do

you think they still have the mood to rest?" Kehr rolled his eyes. If he had not asked Zhanye, he would not have thought of the reason for their madness.

Shen Yanxiao's existence in itself was simply too stimulating.

Shen Yanxiao was speechless. This was really not intentional.

"I'll let them go back and rest later."

"Yes." Kehr nodded. He looked at Shen Yanxiao with some hesitation. After hesitating for a moment, he said, "I didn't expect you to train them so well. Maybe the dean is right. I look forward to the performance of those students tomorrow."

High-intensity training with a load of 100 kilograms. This kind of training method was really unheard of. Shen Yanxiao's training methods really opened Kehr's eyes.

Even Kehr began to wonder how Shen Yanxiao had trained those students during this period of time. Although he had gone to check on them halfway, in order not to disturb them, he had come and gone in a hurry without seeing anything.

Chapter 1949: An Exciting Match (1)

The day that everyone in Deathfire Academy had been looking forward to finally arrived.

Early in the morning, all the students and teachers gathered in the martial arts arena.

The martial arts arena of Deathfire Academy was very wide, enough to accommodate thousands of undeads. Today, in order for other students and mentors to witness this match, all the classes in the morning had been canceled.

"I say, there's nothing interesting about this match. Why are there so many people?" An undead teenager, who had been dragged up by his companions early in the morning to watch the excitement, could not help muttering. In his opinion, the two mentors, Luoqiu and Yan Di, were incomparable. In the whole Deathfire Academy, only Kehr could be compared with Luoqiu.

As for Yan Di, who was she?

"You simply don't understand. Yan Di has always been the object of our curiosity. I heard that a month ago, she had the courage to provoke Mentor Luoqiu. Just with that display of courage, this match should be interesting," another undead teenager said with a smile. In their mouths, Luoqiu was a real mentor. As for Shen Yanxiao, they did not take her seriously at all and just called her by her name.

"Provoke Mentor Luoqiu? Has that low-level undead gone crazy?"

"I know, right? But I heard that Yan Di was personally recommended by Mentor Kehr. Her ability to enter Deathfire Academy as a low-level undead is a legend in itself. In addition, she has been doing closed-door training for her students during this period of time. Don't you want to see what this strange mentor can do?"

“Forget it. Even if she has three heads and six arms, she’s only a low-level undead. Are those students stupid? Why are they so obedient to her? If it were me, I would never let a low-level undead teach us. It is simply a disgrace.” The undead teenager’s eyes were full of disgust. He subconsciously looked to the other side of the martial arts arena.

There, two hundred resurrected undeads were cowering in a corner.

Deathfire Academy was a special school that accepted both kinds of undead, but compared with the purebred undead students, the number of resurrected undead was much smaller. Most of the time, these purebred students despised those resurrected undeads; they even disdained to talk to them.

In the Howling Abyss, the hierarchy of undeads was very strict. Low and intermediate-level undeads could not resist any orders of purebred undeads.

Resurrected undeads were equivalent to slaves of purebred undeads. It was already unbearable for them to stay in the same school as a group of slaves. Now, a low-level undead was actually a mentor of theirs. It could be imagined how great of an impact Shen Yanxiao’s entry had brought to Deathfire Academy.

What they could not understand was that other than causing some trouble on the first day, those students who were assigned to Shen Yanxiao would not say anything bad about her. Moreover, when they mocked Shen Yanxiao’s lowly status, those students would refute them.

It could be said that in the eyes of other students, Zhanye and others were a group of traitors.

As a purebred undead, it was simply a great disgrace to be willing to listen to a low-level undead.

“Don’t you know that low-level undeads are stupid? It’s one thing for her to seek death, but she even pushed her students to the teeth of the storm. Trash is trash. She has no brain at all.”

Chapter 1950: An Exciting Competition (2)

A group of teenagers laughed foolishly. It was obvious that they regarded Shen Yanxiao as a joke, an idiot who overestimated her abilities and did not know her limits.

“I heard that Luoqiu values Naken very much.” A teenager suddenly thought of something.

“Naken? You mean... I remember there’s someone called... Zhanye on Yan Di’s side? Weren’t they...” Another teenager hesitated to speak.

“Ha, I remember when Zhanye first entered Deathfire Academy, he was in the limelight. Many mentors praised him for his unlimited potential. In the end, he was beaten up by Naken, and even Mentor Luoqiu didn’t want him anymore.”

Speaking of the past, the group of teenagers became spirited again.

When Zhanye first entered the academy, his foundation was quite good, so he received the special care of many teachers. However, good times did not last long. Naken entered the academy a month later than Zhanye, and as soon as he entered the academy, the two of them were like fire and water. In the

end, Naken gave Zhanye a good beating in front of many students, forcing Zhanye to lie in bed for a long time. Perhaps it was because Naken was too heavy-handed at that time, but after Zhanye recovered, he was no longer as glorious as before. He turned into an ordinary student from a prodigy.

“I was wondering why Zhanye was so protective of that Yan Di. It seems that he gave up on himself because he could not hold on to Mentor Luoqiu’s thigh.”

Piercing burst of laughter echoed in the huge martial arts arena.

As time passed by, the entire martial arts arena was about to be filled up. All the undeads sat in their seats and stretched out their heads to look around, wishing they could find the main characters of the day as soon as possible.

Luoqiu walked in from the entrance with his students. In an instant, the whole martial arts arena was silent. All the students looked at this powerful mentor in awe.

Behind Luoqiu, Naken and his companions wore dark black tight-fitting clothes. Each and every one of them stuck out their chest and raised their heads in an imposing manner. Just their momentum alone made many students feel inferior.

“They are the elites of our Deathfire Academy.” The students who looked at Luoqiu and his students could not help but feel sour. They did not have the luck to get Luoqiu’s guidance.

“I don’t think this match will be interesting.”

They had noticed that the death energy emanating from Naken and the others was much denser than a month ago. In this month, their death energy had been greatly improved.

The other students felt that even if Naken and the others stayed where they were, Zhanye and the others would not be able to catch up. What was more, their current strength had gone up another level. Zhanye and the others definitely had no chance.

“There’s nothing interesting about the match, but the bet is good. Don’t you want to see how Mentor Luoqiu will deal with that low-level undead? The existence of that fellow is a stain on our Deathfire Academy. I’m waiting for Mentor Luoqiu to drive that stain out of Deathfire Academy.” Students who were waiting for a good show would never feel bored.

They could not stand a low-level undead as their mentor. Even if they were still young, how could a low-level undead be their opponent if they were to fight?

The group of undead teenagers talked noisily about Shen Yanxiao’s various faults. Not far away, a handsome undead teenager looked at his companions with a difficult expression.

“Iry, they’ve gone too far. Are we not going to interfere?”