

# The Road to Slaying God

## 屠神之路

Author : 罗霸道

### Synopsis :

An ordinary student, a wretched peeper, a teenager with a kind heart, in a terrorist attack, he inherited the knowledge of countless elites, embarked on a path of God Jagged Tu...

He is an artist!

He is a mathematician!

He is a psychology Doctor!

He is a master of fighting!

In fact, he is a man!

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## The Road to Slaying God Chapters 1-2

Title: 屠神之路

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Zhang Yang, male, twenty-one years old. An introverted coward and pervert that never had the courage to enact his thoughts. Though sometimes he could do something interesting. Student in C city.

A month ago, a terrorist attack happened in the coffee shop he worked in during summer break. Zhang was carried critically injured and carried to a hospital. No one knew of the month of secret treatments, including his friends and relatives. When he opened his eyes, various people of different identities came to question the situation at the time every few hours.

All he answered was 'I don't know anything. I can't remember anything.' Zhang remained silent. He never said anything else the rest of the month, whether it be toward the police or doctor. He stared ahead and gave the same reply every time.

In the end, the police and doctor concluded: He really doesn't know anything. And he's shocked.

Of course that wasn't the case. Zhang knew a lot. After that explosion, he inherited the memories of numerous people. During this month, he had been thinking of guns, machines, calculations, boxing... all fields he never thought about. He was just a normal student. But his brain right now was filled with advanced mathematics and obscure terminologies.

He was scared to say anything. Scared of becoming a guinea pig.

The train moved forward under the night sky. A young man with a pale face sat on the seventh compartment. Short hair. Eyes dazing out of the windows. A newspaper in his hand.

The young man was Zhang. The newspaper reported the list of death in that terrorist attack. He had seen this list hundreds of times. And that was how he confirmed he inherited their memories. However, he couldn't understand why elites from all over the world came to a coffee shop in C city. Furthermore, these elites were in fields not related to each other.

He couldn't think of a reason that had a singer and a boxing champion sit together for a chat. Nor the common language between a firearm specialist and a psychologist. Not to mention all of these elites sitting together.

This became an unsolvable secret. Because these people died. Zhang couldn't know despite inheriting their memories. To be more precise, their knowledge, fragmented knowledge.

Zhang sighed. He moved his body after sitting there for several hours. He had been thinking for a month but it seemed like an impossible task to think through. He folded the newspaper and glanced at the girl next to him. That was when he realized this girl was very pretty. He regretted slightly that he missed such a great opportunity. Why did his mind wander off...

Of course, even if he didn't, he wouldn't have the courage to initiate

contact with a girl.

Zhang closed his eyes a bit, trying to act tired. His body leaned slightly closer to the girl. He could smell the scent of a virgin girl from her hair. Zhang liked this scent. Furthermore, he could feel the skin on her arm was extremely smooth...

Zhang was a coward but he wouldn't pass up a chance to take advantage when neither of them knew each other. This wasn't school nor C city. They were on a train. He wasn't afraid of people finding out his disgusting actions. Of course, he was only brave enough to move slightly closer to the girl.

Just one more hour before reaching C city. Most people in the compartment had fell asleep. Those who hadn't were getting drowsy. The girl next to Zhang was quite tragic. He couldn't tell if she fell asleep or was faking sleep. She shrunk her body to the corner. Eyes closed. Eyebrows shivering. A pitiful facial expression and a little disgusted.

Zhang actually saw that disgusted expression from the corner of his eyes. However, he didn't care. No one could know him after getting off the train. Successfully getting advantage was a victory. Hehe. What was there to be afraid off? Wouldn't get you pregnant.

As he was feeling that smooth skin and thinking of evil thoughts, his ears suddenly flipped. All the hair on his body stood up. A sense of danger struck throughout every cell.

Danger!

Zhang immediately sat up straight, which scared the girl. She opened her eyes...

His idly eyes suddenly turned sharp, like an unsheathed sword. Zhang felt that he was not the Zhang Yang from the past anymore. He had turned into another person. His mind still belonged to him but his hearing and reaction wasn't his...

Zhang clenched his fist tightly then released them. Clenched and released. Finally, those trembling fingers calmed down. He looked toward the origin of danger.

As expected. Five tattooed muscular men pushed open the door to the compartment. Each of them holding onto a knife. The light reflected off the knives felt cold.

The robbery began!

The people in the compartment seemed to feel the danger. Most of them woke up. No one said a word when they looked at those knives.

These five people were very professional. They searched the passengers' bags one by one. Cut the face of the first person that resisted to suppress the crowd. The bleeding warm blood, hideous laughter, and the light reflected from the knives shut everyone.

Closer. Closer. Zhang's heart was beating violently again. He couldn't control his fear.

“Calm down. Calm down. Breathe deeply.”

Zhang kept reminding himself. However, the cowardice nature couldn't be changed with some fragmented memories. The knives were skinning off the courage he gathered in the beginning bit by bit. More importantly, it seemed as though fear was infectious as the girl's soft body was trembling. The sharpness in his eyes turned back to those of a coward. His arms and legs began trembling.

“Don... don't... don't be afraid...”

As a man, Zhang believed he had the responsibility to comfort the girl. He also took quite a bit of advantage off her so he should at least comfort her a bit. Perhaps this might turn into a beautiful encounter.

Zhang patted the girl's hands lightly. He didn't notice that his hands were trembling worse.

The girl's hands were soft and warm. He wanted to hold them and feel that skin.

Unfortunately, she didn't feel a bit of affection. It was like her hands got hit by a needle. She quickly pulled them back to her back. She rolled up her body. That made Zhang feel embarrassed.

Of course, the embarrassment only lasted for a moment. He didn't have the time for it. The muscular men's speed was fast and had reached them. One of the snake skin bags was full, denoting their spoils.

“Hand us your money!”

One man slapped his face lightly with a knife. A savage face, coldness from the knife, and blood on that edge. That was the blood of the first passenger.

Zhang didn't say anything. He looked like his mind had wandered off. No one knew that he was struggling with his thoughts. He was considering if he should attack. He had a hundred percent chance of downing these robbers in a few seconds. However, reason told him that he didn't have such certainty. This certainty was merely an assumption.

“Hehe, bro. don't be afraid. We are only after money.”

The man pulled back the knife. This young man was scared out of his mind. He could understand. He encountered the same thing many times.

“I...I... I will give...”

In the end, fear overcame his thoughts. Zhang believed that despite the top boxing techniques in his head, his weak body couldn't handle five muscular men.

“Hehe. Good. Good. Is this your girlfriend?”

The man took the wallet from him and threw it into the bag behind. His eyes gleaming with an evil intent. He raised the girl's chin with the knife. The fear prevented her from uttering any sound. Her eyes glanced to the side asking for help.

" .. "

"Yes. Yes. I am his girlfriend..."

Before Zhang could reply, the girl grabbed his arm tightly. Blood rushed to his head. He could feel the softness from his arm as her breasts pressed against it.

"Really?" The man turned to Zhang and questioned.

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"Ye...Yes... She...She's my girlfriend." Zhang stuttered.

"What's his last name?"

The man suddenly asked the girl with a hideous smile. He wouldn't actually do anything to the girl. Experience taught him that molesting a girl when the boyfriend was on the side could easily invoke resistance. They were after money, not trouble. If she didn't have a boyfriend, he would definitely molest her a bit. She was beautiful after all.

"Zhang Yang!"

The girl replied without thinking. Zhang opened his mouth wide as he looked at her. He never thought the girl knew him.

“Hehe. I say he isn’t your boyfriend.” Zhang’s expression didn’t escape the man’s eyes. That expression looked too surprising. It was obvious that the girl knew him but he didn’t know the girl.

The man’s hand reached her face. He laughed pervertedly. His hand reaching downward.

“She’s my girlfriend. Don’t you touch her.” Zhang suddenly stood up. Blood was rushing through his head. He could feel that fear from the girl through his arm. He couldn’t control that impulse of saving a princess as a hero. A poison induced by movies.

“Haha... What can you do... Ah...”

The man laughed out. Suddenly, his voice halted as if some force cut off his voice.

Everyone on the compartment was shocked. Zhang was holding a knife. Its edge pressing against the man’s neck. The most shocking thing wasn’t his action but his expression. He looked nothing like a student. A brutal and savage expression. Eyes showing a killing intent.

“You dare---” The man said two words.

"Why won't I dare!?" Zhang stared at the other four men like a wolf.

"..."

This suppressed the man's impulse. He felt this young man suddenly transformed. Intuition told him the young man was extremely dangerous. If he disobeyed him, he wouldn't hesitate in killing him. The man had been on this business for over ten years. He trusted his intuition.

Of course, the knife was the thing that shut him up. He still couldn't understand how that knife got in Zhang's hand. The knife's point pierced into his skin. He could feel his blood bleeding out. Not many people could stay calm when their life was in danger. Even if such people existed, he wouldn't be one of them.

"Give me back my wallet."

Not a big request. They satisfied him immediately. His wallet was on the top of the bag.

"Hold it for me." He signaled the man to give the wallet to the girl.

"Give her the knives!"

The atmosphere turned stressful. Air felt like it had solidified. Zhang's request touched their bottom line. They would get torn to pieces here without weapons.

“Hurry!”

The knife moved in a little. Blood had dripped down to the man’s pants and painted the blue jeans to black. Zhang’s voice was filled with a killing intent. All two hundred people in the compartment could believe that he would kill the man without hesitation if they don’t hand the knives over.

“Bro. We are just looking to feed ourselves. Spare us a chance to live...”

Sweat dripped off the man’s head as he felt that coldness from the knife. He had rid of any thoughts of resisting. He believed that the young man would pierce his neck with just a sign.

The man didn’t think of the young man as a student anymore. A student wouldn’t act so experienced. This was the performance of someone that had killed.

“This is F town, 20km from C city station. The train is traveling at 50km an hour. It takes 24 minutes to reach the station. It needs to decelerate at the second turn and also when entering the station. So there’s about half an hour before getting off the train. You robbed 13 people, 15 wallets, 53 phones, several cameras, 11 rings, 5 necklaces... You can begin returning the items now. Give the knives to my girlfriend when the train arrives. Then you can get off during the chaos at the time. How’s it?”

“...” the man stared at him in disbelief. No one would believe that the young man remembered every item they robbed.

Everyone in the compartment was looking at him with surprise. The

girl's eyes brightened. She remembered some of the items but not with the details of this pervert. Furthermore, he calculated the speed of the train and distance in such a short period of time. This wasn't just an ability in calculation.

She wouldn't know that he had been calculating the whole time on how much longer he could take advantage of her.

"Hurry. You are wasting your time." His eyes felt like the starry sky. Cold and deep.

"Hurry, you bunch of trash!" The man shouted in a low voice. He couldn't speak louder because the knife was still pressing against his neck. The young man's arm stayed still like a sculpture.

The man was obviously the leader. The other four men began returning the items. Time was their lives and freedom. The young man wasn't going to let them go if they couldn't return the items when the train arrived. He could either kill their leader or call the cops. Neither result was what they would like to see. Their only choice was to follow his direction and escape during the chaos in the station.

## The Road to Slaying God Chapters 3-4

Of course, this totally depended on the young man's credit. Though they weren't too worried since the young man wouldn't have told them to return the items otherwise. These items were evidence of their crime. In fact, they were more glad to return them at this point. Even if the police catch them afterward, they would only be detained for a few days. No one in a train would choose to stay and be witnesses, one of the reasons they chose to commit the crime on a train.

The items were mixed together in the bag so it was rather troublesome to return. To everyone's surprise, the young man could pinpoint every item's owner as they took it out. This saved them a lot of time. Half an hour wasn't short but not really enough time to return everything otherwise.

All the items were returned to the passengers under Zhang's help. The passengers looked at him with gratefulness. Felt good to recover what was once lost.

"Good. Everyone... these men were just looking to feed themselves. Since you haven't suffered any loss, why don't you give them a chance? After they give the knives to my girlfriend, please give me some face and let them go. A man should own up to his words. I have promised them... of course, if they bring out any other weapons to threaten you, you can beat them to your hearts content. We are arriving to the station and we have two hundred people here. They can't run away..."

His tone became increasingly threatening toward the end. He pressed the knife further. The pain almost made him tear up. Yet he couldn't move an inch, afraid of Zhang mistaken him for trying to run away.

No one replied but they nodded. These passengers were from all over the country. No one would want to stand up if Zhang wasn't here.

"Thanks. Hurry, hand the knives over to the girl." Their leader ordered. He just wanted to leave this place, leave this young man. The dangerous and evil pressure made him uncomfortable.

The men slowly walked over.

"Wait!" Zhang suddenly shouted. "Don't come over. Hold out your arms straight. Hold onto the blades and hand the handles to my girlfriend."

The leader sweat again. The thought of threatening the young man with the girl just came up then it was killed off. Such deliberate thoughts gave him a sense of fear. The man had been on the business for over ten years. He wasn't an important person but he couldn't bring up the courage to resist in front of this young man. The whole compartment was in the young man's control the moment the knife was pressed against his neck.

As Zhang had said. The train began decelerating as it entered the station. They could hear the noise coming from the other compartments. People were also getting their luggages ready. If it wasn't the robbers still standing here, they might have started rushing toward the doors.

"You can go... oh and... are you going to get revenge on me?" Zhang suddenly asked.

"...No. No..."

"Hehe. That's good." Zhang let out a sigh of relief and took the knife off the man's neck.

"Thanks."

The man gestured a thanks and headed over to another compartment. As they disappeared among the crowd, Zhang could faintly see them brought out black or gray vests from their pockets and put them on...

The train was still decelerating slowly. Zhang dropped to the seat exhausted. No fight happened but the expense in stamina and energy near that of a basketball game or exam.

Zhang felt a lack of energy. He didn't even reply to the thanks from the passengers. He leaned himself on the girl. It wasn't to take advantage of her this time.

"I am sorry. Zhang Yang tongxue (senpai equivalent). I have to get off..." She blushed and said in a weak voice.

"Ah..." He shoot up at once. His face turned red as he looked at her. "You are from xx school?"

"Yes. I am a sophomore in Chinese major. One year lower than you..." She didn't want to look at his face. She lowered her head and played with the knives. The scene was peculiar.

Pff... It was as though a gust swept across the compartment. Zhang disappeared among the crowd.

"Your wallet! Your wallet..."

The girl shouted from behind but Zhang was nowhere to be seen. The remaining passengers stared at the scene in confusion as they wondered what happened between this little couple.

Zhang had exited the train. The anxiousness had him walking without direction. How could he still remember about the wallet. He didn't bring any luggage. His clothes were just bought since the cafe uniform was destroyed in the explosion.

"What should I do? What should I do?... My hands reached up to my xuemei (kohai equivalent). Shit..."

He looked like as if life was hell.

"Fuck. Taking advantage isn't even such a big deal!" He raised his head and glanced around. Then immediately lowered it and ran away like he was afraid of getting caught.

When he crossed the checkpoint, five men were staring from afar.

"Leader, finish him!" One of them said with a hideous expression.

Pah! The leader gave him a slap.

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"Fuck. Can you use your brain? That guy isn't a normal person. Are you still treating him as a student? A student wouldn't have such killing intent. Didn't you feel it? It was a killing intent from actually killing people. Not people like us who only talk. He showed it when he asked if I will take revenge. If we go invoke him again, I can promise he won't show mercy..."

The leader scolded him. The other men showed agreement. The feeling that young man gave them was too powerful. An oppressive and uncomfortable feeling that made their breathing difficult, almost to the point of suffocating.

"But in the beginning... why did he seemed like a kid..." The idiot was still trying to argue.

Pah! Another clear slap.

"My god! How can I have such a stupid brother? You know? That was why he was dangerous. We wouldn't be scared if he looked like an gosu in martial art. Have you ever seem any gosu that actually looked like one?"

The leader slapped him again. He was feeling depressed. If his brother didn't look too much like him, that young man wouldn't have hold him hostage instead of the other four.

"Brother..."

"!?" Another slap on the face.

"Call me leader!"

"Leader..." He covered his face with his hand feeling wronged. He had thick skin but that didn't mean taking slaps without reason. He couldn't understand why his brother wanted him to call leader instead.

"Speak."

"Are we getting back on?" He glanced at at the train. The passengers were almost finished boarding.

"No freaking point. C city is a civilized city. Beautiful environments, not too big but prosperous. Since we have come here, we need to make a buck..."

The leader laughed as he stared into the night sky. They committed crimes as they wandered, no home, spent all they had, and think of ways when they have no money.

Zhang kept running after he left the train station. The time was midnight. Many people were training so he didn't attract any attention.

"Hu...Hu..." He finally got tired and leaned against a big tree. His body

hidden among the tree's shadow.

After he left the train station, he felt more scared as he thought about everything. His thoughts were controlled by cold blooded emotion. That reaction was an instinct. This made Zhang feel scared. The him before could never speak in front of five savage looking men.

The worst fear was he almost lost control of himself and killed that man. He didn't understand why would he had such thoughts. His subconscious back then had an intense desire to kill.

Why?

Why did I want to kill when he was no longer a threat?

Zhang racked his brain on this question. That wasn't his thought. He never even killed a chicken in his life. Definitely shouldn't have such a strong killing intent against a stranger so suddenly.

Zhang wanted to find out the source of this problem. It wasn't a problem with the memories he inherited. He had done multiple small tests in this month and confirmed those memories wouldn't affect his decisions. They would only try to instinctively protect him when in danger.

So the problem was with himself!

"Why? Why..."

Zhang muttered. He looked up at the night sky. It was still far from dawn. He had two choice. Go back to school to sleep, or sleep in a friend's house.

"Taxi..."

He chose the friend's house without a second thought. The school was probably closed by now. That old man guarding the gate was stubborn. Plus, the semester had started three days ago.

"How much does it cost to get to xx street?" Zhang knew he would get ripped off if he didn't come to a deal first.

"Twenty." The driver recognized his local accent and gave a fair price.

"Ok. Twenty. I will pay price and give me the receipt..."

The driver rolled down the window. The cold air made him feel so comfortable. He reached for his pocket. The price was fair but Zhang didn't trust the driver. Pay first and getting the receipt was the best option.

"Ah... my wallet..." He stood there in a daze. His hand froze inside the pocket. The only thing was the knife. He almost cut his finger trying to find the wallet.

"What's it? No money?"

"I left my wallet at my friend." Zhang looked as though he was going to cry. That was when he realized his wallet was still in the girl's hand.

"Hehe. I am not Leifeng (selfless). You can walk back if you don't have money... Ah..."

The driver suddenly screamed and the taxi sped off like a rocket. The tail light disappeared in just a few seconds. That speed rivaled F1.

"... Why did you run so fast? I just wanted to ask if this knife is worth the twenty dollar..."

He watched with his eyes wide open and knife in hand as the taxi drove away. It seemed like he had to go back to school. That friend's house was at least twice as far as the school.

He looked at the knife and weighted it. Hefty. Should be decent quality. He put it back in his pocket instead of throwing it away.

C city was a known city that never slept, especially during summer. Lonely or over energetic people wandered the streets through the nights. It wasn't boring walking on the street. Occasionally, half covered girls in heavy makeup came out from those shops and tease and call him. He had long heard of this but never had the chance. Unfortunately, he didn't have any money on him...

## The Road to Slaying God Chapters 5-6

He looked here and there with regret. Soon, he reached the school before an hour had gone by.

"Uncle Wang. Uncle Wang..."

He decided to go through the gate instead of climbing over the wall. It was easy to get mistaken by the security at this time of the day and get beat up.

"Stop yelling. I have been waiting for an hour. Heard you went to work in the big city during summer?" A skinny old man with glasses came out from the guard's room.

"Hehe. Hi, uncle Wang! Yes... I was late a few days to get my pay. How's your summer break?"

Zhang smiled trying to please this old man. He wasn't one that liked to talk but he couldn't not show respect to this old man who guarded the gate. They had to get his permission when they wanted head out to the net cafes.

"What is there to be happy or not as a single person..."

The old man sighed and opened the gate. The sound of friction was gnawing his heart. He never understood why the old man never get it fixed. It was as simple as a few drops of oil.

"Hehe. You should find an old mate." Zhang walked in with his head low and replied. The old man's mate died early. He was lonely so he liked to grab the students for talks, sometimes late into the nights. Zhang was a frequent victim. Worst of all, he had to listen to the old man's history with smiles.

"Hehe. I found my target..." The old man's expression suddenly brightened.

"Oh. You do?" Zhang had no choice but to stop. If he left when the old man was in the mood to talk, the old man would probably hold a grudge for his whole life.

"Yes. Yes. Professor Li who taught Chinese died." The old man said happily.

"Professor Li died?" Zhang knew about professor Li but he didn't know what that had to do with the old man finding a mate.

"Hehe. His wife is around the same age as me..." The old man said shyly.

"Ahem..." Zhang was speechless.

"Hehe." The old man felt a little embarrassed and laughed. "Sleep early. You should be tired from sitting on the train for so long. Oh, why are you so late? There was a girl on the same train as you and she came back way earlier."

"Oh... I walked here since there wasn't much to do."

He ran as if he was pardoned. He guessed that girl had come back or that old man wouldn't have said he was waiting for so long. The girl probably told the old man about him.

"Ah.. uncle Wang?" The old man's arm blocked him.

"That girl is pretty good. Why aren't you going after her?" He asked.

"Ahem... I don't even know her.." Zhang cursed this stupid old man.

"Don't know her. Then why did she ask me to tell you she's looking for you?" The old man stared at Zhang.

"Oh... I left my mone... thing at her." He faked a slap at his head and said.

"Is that so. Then go sleep. Remember don't do those things again. It's embarrassing. You should just get a regular girlfriend. I understand. Men at your age have needs."

"Right. Right. Thanks for your consideration. Good night. Uncle Wang. I am going to sleep." He ran off as soon as the old man's hand moved.

"Sigh. Such a good kid. Walked an hour to save a little taxi money. Too bad he lacks a little courage. The girl obviously likes you, yet you are too scared to advance. Even if you do those things, you shouldn't upload it to the internet. See, things gone out of hands now... Hehe. But the kid is

smart. Knows how to peep at the girls' dorm with a digital camera. Why didn't I think of this when I was young?"

The old man talked to himself as he looked at Zhang's back. In the end, he sighed and walked back to the guard's room. He began contemplating how to date professor Li's wife.

Zhang spent another round of talking getting through the dorm's door. This old man wasn't as nice as uncle Wang.

The men's dorm felt heavy in this night. The lights in the hall were dim. Zhang climbed to the fifth floor lightly. It was the last floor. He spent a few happy years here.

It was also in this fifth floor that he secretly photographed thousands of photos. The targets were in the girl's dorm on the other building.

Zhang was lucky that room 512's door was open because of the heat. In fact, most rooms opened their doors throughout the night when the days got hot.

He climbed into his bed lightly. It was still the same as when he left. He touched the mattress. A lot of dust but he still lied on it. If he woke up his roommates while cleaning, he might get beaten into the last eunuch of China.

Zhang was getting drowsy. He thought of that knife dripping with blood, that smooth and white skin, the beautiful face, and that softness... The events that happened in the train replayed in his head like a movie.

In the end, uncle Wang's face filled his head. It grew larger and larger and larger...

Finally, Zhang fell asleep dripping in saliva. He was too tired.

It was almost like an instant or just a little while. The alarm woke Zhang up. He opened his eyes to see his roommates brushing their teeth and making the bed.

"What are you doing?" Zhang sat up and asked, still slightly dizzy.

"Oh... our prince is back..." A guy came out with the toothbrush in his mouth.

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"I'm back... What are you doing?" He felt a slight burn on his face. Every time he heard this nickname, it was like a cut on his face. The roommate was nice enough to not add another adjective in front of prince.

"Dude, are you still dreaming? It's time for the morning exercise." The guy on top of the bunk bed jumped down.

"Morning exercise? Aren't we seniors already?" Zhang asked with surprise.

"..."

The room fell into silence. The guy washing face stopped, the guy brushing teeth stopped, the guy making his bed stopped. They looked at each other. No one thought of this question after coming back to school for a few days. They didn't need to do morning exercises anymore. What did seniors mean? It meant goofing around and not having to do anything.

Everyone dropped their items. The guy wiped the bubble off his face, and lay back on the bed...

The room was back to quiet again. Zhang opened his mouth but couldn't say a word.

He also closed his eyes. But in just a minute, he sighed and got up. Even though his body wanted to rest, his mind felt like being controlled by a strange force. A strong desire to go out and exercise. It seemed like one of the memories had the habit of exercising early...

"What are you doing?" The other guys said at the same time.

"Morning exercise."

"..."

He walked to the door and glanced at the open window. He suppressed the desire to peep and walked out. Wasted such a nice summer morning.

Zhang stretched by himself within the crowd. Though it was quite nice. The September breeze was cool. The sky was lit and gave people a refreshing feel.

There were many new faces in the field and many old faces gone. Zhang took a deep breath. "Good to be a senior. No more getting bullied by someone a year higher." He felt lucky that he was found out at the right time, right before summer break and the seniors graduated. Or his school life would have been darker.

"Hu...Huu... So tired."

He ran two laps after some stretching. He never liked to exercise and the month of lying in the hospital made his body worse. He could barely catch his breath.

The fact was, he came out to confirm if he inherited the stamina from those memories. But it was obviously not. His body was still so weak, actually worse than before.

"Sleep. Sleep." He felt bored and began jogging back to the dorm. He always looked forward to the senior life but then it was boring when he got it. He actually didn't know what to do in the morning. Zhang sighed.

Xx school was an extremely strange third tier school. When seniors from other schools were looking for jobs, students in this school were still motionless. Of course, the reason was it was pointless to look for jobs being students from a garbage school. Since they weren't going to get any, they might as well just wait it out. Perhaps some no name companies

would pick them near their graduation.

Don't be mistaken though. This school was third tier but admission applications were full every year. The environment was elegant and had a rather long history. The school never worried about a lack of students. Many black sheep tried to get themselves in for the beauties and environment.

"Zhang Yang?" Someone shouted as he was thinking.

"Ah..."

He was surprised to see that at least forty pairs of eyes turned to him. Most of them belonged to girls. Of course, those were tender nor love but hatred.

Run... or I will get torn to pieces!

Zhang saw a lot of movies. Experience told him that girls, especially beautiful girls were extremely dangerous when they were thinking without reasons.

He couldn't be bothered to look at who called him. He covered his head and ran. He was gone before the girls could react.

Pa!La! He ran into a girl holding books as he reached the men's dorm. The books scattered on the ground.

"I am sorry. I am sorry."

Zhang quickly got down to help her pick up the books. He couldn't even dare to look at her face in case she recognizes him and assumed he just wanted to take advantage of her. The only ones that didn't know about him was the freshmen. His photo from freshmen was shown in the newspaper and uploaded to the internet. That was how the girl on the train recognized him but he didn't know her.

This girl had long hair and a slender figure. She was going to curse but then seeing the guy apologized and began picking up the books, she became quiet. It wasn't convenient to get down in skirts so she waited for Zhang.

His hand suddenly froze in mid air as he stared at a book on the ground.

What Is Mathematics? An Elementary Approach to Ideas and Methods, a world famous mathematics book. It contained many classical ideas and concepts. Both math majors and enthusiasts could read it. It was also a great reference for middle school teachers, high school and college students.

Zhang felt a shock as he stared at the book. He heard about it long before but he never liked math. Even though he was a senior in college, he couldn't even figure out high school math. Yet, he had an intense urge to read this book. So intense that he couldn't control himself. It was like a strong force was governing his mind...

Zhang put down the books on his hand and carefully picked up this

mathematics book. He felt a summon from deep within himself. The intensity made his fingers tremble.

