

I Am Loaded with Passive Skills

Chapter 6: Manically Drawing Aggro

Xu Xiaoshou was on his way. He had one foot facing toward him and the other facing outward. He trudged on, bearing the elements.

He had woken up an hour early to rush over to the arena, and he still wasn't there yet, even after walking for so long. "That darned Breathing Technique..."

An old man in a straw hat walked past him on crutches. The old man wasn't walking fast, but he breezed past Xu Xiaoshou.

Sometime later, the old man turned back, as if he thought it weird that a young man was walking slower than a tortoise.

"You're from the outer yard?"

"Lad, are you not going to participate in the Windcloud Competition?"

Xu Xiaoshou's teeth were chattering. "I... I'm on my way!" he stammered.

The old man lowered his gaze and looked at Xu Xiaoshou's feet, then smiled meaningfully. "You can't overdo things, young man!"

4

Xu Xiaoshou's expression turned dark. He nearly staggered and fell. All he could do was curse internally, "That darned Spiritual Cultivation Pill..."

This was all because of the terrifying combination of the Breathing Technique and the Spiritual Cultivation Pill.

During these three days of preparation, Xu Xiaoshou had suppressed the high... a weird sensation, and absorbed the 20 Spirit Crystals. His cultivation level had instantly jumped to the peak of Level Four.

He'd ascertained that there were no side effects to such a cultivation method and understood how powerful the Breathing Technique was. Even though its rate of absorption wasn't fast, he could absorb a large amount of energy in one go.

He'd gotten more and more engrossed in his training and had been one step away from reaching Spiritual Cultivation Level Five. How could he stop there?

So he'd dragged his trembling body, thinking about how he still had one night before the start of the competition. How could he waste that time?

Time was money. Time was life!

Thus, he had dug out the Spiritual Cultivation Pill and given it some thought. Afraid that the effects of the pill wouldn't be enough for him to achieve a breakthrough, he had thus cleared his lungs and taken a deep breath with his nose close to the pill.

1

That deep breath had caused him a world of trouble!

He couldn't absorb much energy from a palm-sized Spirit Crystal. The Spiritual Cultivation Pill was only the size of a fingernail. With his deep breath, the pill had shrunk to nearly half its original size.

What did that mean?

Well, ordinarily, 99% of the Spiritual Cultivation Pill's spiritual energy would be scattered into the surroundings when a Spiritual Cultivator absorbed the pill. Even so, the amount of spiritual energy they absorbed was enough to boost the speed of their cultivation by several times.

The Breathing Technique absorbed 100% of the energy...

Thus, by the time he had realized that something was off, his body had already been assaulted by a high that had been amplified several hundred times. Who could last against that?

8

It was no longer a high at that point. It felt more like he'd consumed an explosive.

His back went ramrod straight, and his heart suddenly stopped. He immediately became unconscious!

7

That breath was equivalent to an ordinary person consuming dozens of Spiritual Cultivation Pills. The pill's powerful effect reflected this.

2

During his coma, Xu Xiaoshou not only broke through to the next level, but his cultivation level even shot up to the peak of Level Five, and he nearly hit Level Six.

When he'd regained consciousness, he'd felt like his body had been through the wringer, and like he was floating on air. His eyes were murky, his teeth chattered...

It was as though he'd been... in a coma.

1

And he'd only taken a small whiff of the pill, darn it!

8

He was walking by pushing his right foot forward with his left foot, then stabilizing himself with his right foot.

He would fall on his butt if he didn't get this under control!

Xu Xiaoshou quickly consumed the other half of the pill orally and absorbed it using a normal cultivation method. He felt a little better.

Even though it was a waste of resources, he had no other choice at this moment. Being able to participate in the competition was the most important thing right now.

1

“Dong...”

A long, melancholic ring of a bell broke the silence.

Xu Xiaoshou bade his goodbyes to the old man and quickened his footsteps as he walked toward the Chuyun Platform.

The old man wearing a straw hat watched Xu Xiaoshou stagger and shook his head. “It’s good to be young!” he exclaimed.

3

...

On the Chuyun Platform, at arena number 12.

“For the last time!”

“Number 1130, Xu Xiaoshou!”

Everyone eagerly craned their necks. A young man carrying a sword behind his back staggered over under the intense sun.

“Here... Wait a moment!” His voice was weak.

The young lady in the white shirt in the spectator seats, Su Qianqian, looked incredibly excited. “Brother Little Beast!”

“That’s him?”

Rao Yinyin was a little curious. However, she became giddy when she saw how the young man was walking. “Sister Su, what did you do to him?”

22

“Huh?”

Su Qianqian didn’t understand what she meant. But her face immediately turned red when she looked at Xu Xiaoshou again and saw how he was walking. She clenched her fists and pounded on the chest of the lady in the red dress. “Hmph, I’m ignoring you!”

Further away, Elder Qiao also heaved a sigh of relief when he saw Xu Xiaoshou. “You’ve finally come, lad...”

1

“Hng, look at how he’s walking. He must have gone to do something bad.”

...

In the arena.

Xu Xiaoshou weakly clasped his hands together before the judge. “Sorry. I was held up by something.”

He tightened his legs after speaking.

The judge was speechless. “From the way you’re acting, people could easily think you were held up because you were doing something bad,” he thought.

7

At the same time, another ring from the bell echoed out from the horizon.

“Dong...”

1

The judge sliced his hand downward. "The competition starts now!"

As soon as he said this, the scene erupted into activity.

Some took advantage of the fact that the people around them were distracted by Xu Xiaoshou to throw them out of the arena. A few people were immediately eliminated.

"You're asking for death!"

4

The people who didn't fall for the surprise attack immediately became furious and engaged in a furious battle with their attacker.

Xu Xiaoshou had just entered the arena and was leaning by the edge. He was far away from the battlefield. He became anxious when he saw the number of people on the battlefield gradually dwindle.

Those were headcounts!

He needed those headcounts for his plan to strike it rich. All of them were Passive Points. How could they eliminate each other like that?

"Stop!"

A forceful shout reverberated throughout the arena. Despite being forceful, his gusto couldn't hide the weakness in his voice. However, that shout caused everyone in the arena to stop fighting.

Everyone was dazed. They turned back to look at Xu Xiaoshou, not understanding why they'd been frightened in their tracks.

What did that person want to do? Could it be that he was arrogant because he was a little further away from everyone else?

A few people shifted over, wanting to beat Xu Xiaoshou up.

The judge was also confused. He didn't expect this late person to harbor the power of the Innate Stage.

He looked at Xu Xiaoshou's level. Spiritual Cultivation Level Five? Hng, was he seeing things?

The three people in the spectator seats were also dazed. Elder Qiao was incredibly anxious and didn't notice anything. He wallowed in his anxiety. "That Xu Xiaoshou. What does he want to do? Is he not afraid of death?"

Rao Yinyin turned to look at the young lady. "Your Brother Little Beast sure has a spirit of self-sacrifice. He's giving up to allow others to advance to the next stage?"

Su Qianqian didn't speak. She grabbed onto the giant sword on her lap tightly, her eyes filled with worry.

In the arena, Xu Xiaoshou's legs immediately trembled after he shouted. He quickly covered them with his long sleeves.

2

He looked around and saw that the most powerful fighter here was only Level Eight. That person shouldn't be as strong as him.

"How lucky. I didn't encounter any of the bosses. Otherwise, I might've had to end my plan to get rich before I even started," Xu Xiaoshou said to himself.

"Cough, cough!" He let out a few light coughs to attract everyone's attention. He then pierced his black sword into the ground of the arena and leaned by the side of the barrier. He forcefully calmed himself down and said:

1

"Ladies and gentleman!

“I’ve learned an invincible technique and have a body that’s strong without parallel. As the saying goes, one has to practice what he’s learned after coming out of seclusion...”

1

“So let’s skip the nonsense. I’ll fight all 100 of you alone, come!

4

“All of you have been surrounded by me, Xu Xiaoshou!”

14

Everyone in the arena had been a little shocked at being shouted at just now. However, all of them erupted into roaring laughter when they heard Xu Xiaoshou’s words.

“Fight all 100 of us?”

“You must have forgotten to take a p*ss when you woke up this morning. Haven’t you looked at yourself in a mirror?”

1

“Do you think we can’t see your trembling legs and chattering teeth? Well, didn’t you say you’re going to fight all 100 of us alone? So what are you afraid of?”

“A limp prawn like you fight us? Do you not know your own ability?”

“...”

Xu Xiaoshou looked down at his legs. The term “limp prawn” was rather apt!

He had attracted all their aggression. A wave of shouts entered his ears. Even the judge wanted to have a go at him.

3

However, it was clear that he was a stoic judge. He forcefully pushed down his desire to battle.

1

“Got mocked. Passive Points +42.”

“Got mocked. Passive Points +21.”

The notification panel in his mind updated. Xu Xiaoshou raised his eyebrows. Indeed, a place with a lot of people was a great battlefield for Xu Xiaoshou!

Good mockery!

Please abuse me more!

33

Xu Xiaoshou was throbbing with the desire to battle. It looked like everyone around him was charging over to attack him. He pointed to the black sword at his side and said, “This is a ninth-grade spiritual sword. Whoever can defeat me...

“Hey, why are you fighting over there. Listen to me speak!

“Hey, hey!

“Here, look at me!”

He was halfway through his speech when the crowd thought that he was insane. They ignored him and continued with their battle.

Xu Xiaoshou was furious. He hit the few people approaching him to the ground with a few slaps.

“All of you stop!”

When his furious roar rang out, everyone could once again sense the power of an Innate Stage Fighter, and they all felt intimidated, a chill

running down their spines. What was going on? Why had they strangely stopped once again?

When they turned their heads again, all they saw was a few people kneeling in front of Xu Xiaoshou, clutching their faces.

Level Five, Level Six, Level Seven...

What was going on? Why were they kneeling?

Everything had happened so fast. Even the people who'd been slapped were confused. "Didn't I come to beat him up?" they thought. "Why did my face suddenly hurt before I knelt?"

The people who had seen everything the most clearly were the three people in the spectator seats.

There was a look of shock on Rao Yinyin's face. She said, startled, "Xu Xiaoshou sure is strong. To think that he has such speed and power despite only being Level Five."

Su Qianqian repeatedly nodded. "That's right!"

The judge was confused. He had turned his head and wasn't paying attention. Why was there another Innate aura? Who was releasing that?!

3

There were no such experts in his line of sight!

As a judge, he felt that he had to put a stop to Xu Xiaoshou's method of interrupting the competition. Thus, he opened his mouth and said coldly, "Candidate, please do not disrupt the battle. Otherwise, I'll have to take action and make you leave!"

"How am I disrupting the battle?" Xu Xiaoshou countered. "I'm also in the field. I'm a candidate!"

The judge didn't have a rebuttal. What Xu Xiaoshou said made sense!

“However, the competition has to continue!” the judge rejoined.

Xu Xiaoshou was dumbfounded. “Isn’t the competition still going on!?”

He turned to look at the crowd, his eyes incredibly sincere. “All I wanted to say was...

“I’ll give whoever can break through my defenses with their bare fists this ninth-grade spiritual sword!”

4

He pulled out the black sword and activated his spiritual strength. A spiritual glow circled the black sword as the sword’s aura spread throughout the surroundings.

This has to move them.

“Got doubted. Passive Points +86.”

Xu Xiaoshou was speechless. Why did no one believe him?

He looked at the judge and tossed him the sword. “You can be my witness!”

The judge was confused.

Did I agree to your request? Why did you toss the sword over to me?

“The responsibility of the judge is to prevent any candidate from being injured or killed,” Xu Xiaoshou said before the judge could say anything. “There’s no rule preventing me from doing this in the arena, right?!”

The judge was speechless.

“That’s right!”

Someone in the crowd suddenly spoke up. “I agree with what Xu Xiaoshou said!” It was a tall man with a cultivation level of Level Seven. However, his eyes were glued to the black sword.

“I also agree!”

“Agreed!”

The scene changed instantly. A few dozen people stared at the ninth grade spiritual sword, all of them almost drooling.

The tall man who was the first to speak looked at Xu Xiaoshou. “Is what you said true?”

“Yes, truer than anything else in the world!” Xu Xiaoshou immediately said loudly when he saw that someone agreed with him.

This group of people would never be moved by something that didn’t interest them. They were all birds from the same feather!

1

The three people in the spectator seats were taken aback by Xu Xiaoshou’s actions. They looked at the rest of the arenas. The battles there were extremely heated. Each one of them seemed to be a fight to the death.

As for arena number 12... It now looked more like an auction house.

The host, Xu Xiaoshou, had captivated the crowd with his devilish words. The auction assistant, the judge, was holding the spiritual sword in hand. A group of people looked at him with hungry eyes.

1

Rao Yinyin covered her forehead with her palm and sighed, “What a weird development!”

“Brother Little Beast is so impressive!” Su Qianqian balled her hands into fists.

3

Elder Qiao was dumbfounded. He picked his jaw up off the floor.

“That lad, just what on earth is he doing!”

3