

# I Am Loaded with Passive Skills

## Chapter 7: Valuable Farming Tool

2

The judge looked melancholically up at the sky. This was the first time he had encountered such a difficult candidate.

The judge couldn't stop him. Xu Xiaoshou was a candidate, after all. Even though it was a little crazy to want to fight a hundred people alone, it didn't go against the rules of the competition.

However, if the judge didn't stop him, he felt that this situation would devolve into a slapstick drama. Would the group-stage competition be reduced to a large-scale casino?

1

"So what do you think?"

The judge felt a little giddy when faced with Xu Xiaoshou's question and the expectant gazes of the other people in the group. He didn't know what to do with the black sword in his hand.

In the air, the chief judge, Xiao Qixiu, noticed what was happening in arena number 12.

He couldn't help but notice what was going on. The rest of the participants had started battling in the other arenas. However, this arena was still silent, as though a class was in session.

One person was talking while a group of people listened...

Xiao Qixiu smiled and projected his voice over to the arena. "Good, a brazen youth! Agree with his request. Let him suffer a little."

Now that the judge had approval from his superior, he immediately waved his hand and said, "Agreed. Continue the competition!"

A glimmer immediately appeared in the tall, muscular man's eyes. He flew out of the crowd before anybody else could, his eyes greedy.

"I have a technique called the Hundred-Step Beast King Fist. Your sword is mine!"

1

The group behind him, who was still hesitating, suddenly became frustrated when they saw that someone had already taken the initiative to go after Xu Xiaoshou.

Indeed, the opportunity always goes to the person who seizes it first. What a waste of such a great sword. The sword had just sat collecting dust in Xu Xiaoshou's hands, and now it was being wagered as a bet. It would fall in the hands of a pugilist now.

"Senior Liu, do you want to give it a try? Your Great Darkness Calamity Fist..." Zhou Zuo was a little tempted to take action. However, he knew where his strengths lay and didn't dare to attack.

5

Liu Zhen hid within the crowd and shook his head slightly. "Even though I've also achieved a breakthrough, that Xu Xiaoshou seems to have transformed into something extraordinary. Let's just observe the situation for the time being."

2

Looking at the familiar scene, he remembered how Xu Xiaoshou had made the corpse collectors cower that day he'd come out of his seclusion. Had he really achieved such a great breakthrough after only undergoing one death seclusion?

1

“Got doubted. Passive Points +12.”

2

Xu Xiaoshou didn't know what the crowd was thinking. He looked at the muscular man approaching him with raised fists. The man was laughing into the air, looking incredibly prideful.

“Haha, come!”

As soon as he said this, an illusory image of a tiger and an accompanying roar swept over the arena, making everyone tremble. When they came to their senses, they saw a barrage of heavy punches thrown at Xu Xiaoshou in less than a second under the illusory figure.

“Boom, boom, boom...”

Xu Xiaoshou didn't use any techniques. He put up his bare fists, intending to take on the Hundred-Step Beast King Fist, a spiritual technique at the peak of the Acquired Stage, with his naked fists!

1

The spectators instantly erupted into exclamations.

“His bare fists?”

“He must be mad!”

“What's the source of his confidence? He wants to take on Qiu Wei's Hundred-Step Beast King Fist alone?”

“Hng, doesn't that Xu Xiaoshou only know that one White Cloud Sword Technique? I heard that he only managed to learn the first stroke after practicing it for three years...”

5

The crowd saw the four fists hit each other, and the sound of fists clashing rang out hundreds of times over, shaking the eardrums of everyone present.

Everyone saw Xu Xiaoshou, who was under the barrage of Qiu Wei's fists, striking back indiscriminately. All of his punches landed on thin air. On the other hand, the muscular man got out several tens of punches with every breath, each one of them connecting with Xu Xiaoshou's face.

"Oh God, how brutal. I can't look on anymore!"

"That Xu Xiaoshou must have come here to be funny. Does he really not know any fist techniques?"

Even the judge was shocked. This person...

"At first I thought he came here to just joke around," he thought. "Then later I felt that he was a powerful fighter. Now, it seems like he really did come here just to joke around!"

2

Every punch hit Xu Xiaoshou's face, and he was beaten around so much that he couldn't tell left from right. He looked like he was about to fall, but he didn't take a single step backward.

He couldn't move back. He'd exit the arena if he took another step backward.

Just as the others had said, Xu Xiaoshou didn't know any fist techniques. He'd also never heard of the so-called Hundred-Step Beast King Fist.

"However, why should that affect my combat ability?" he thought. "I'm strong, so I can be willful!"

1

The punches that landed on his face only caused him slight pain. In fact, it'd even punched away the weird sensation lingering in his body from yesterday night. The punches didn't injure him at all!

2

As the flurry of punches continued to rain down on him, the notification panel in his mind constantly updated itself.

"Got attacked. Passive Points +34."

"Got attacked. Passive Points +46."

"Got attacked. Passive Points +32."

"Got attacked. Passive Points +42."

"..."

1

Xu Xiaoshou was elated. He saw the notification panel update like crazy while he took the fist technique head-on. This fist technique was blasting him with a hundred punches every second. He was loving all the Passive Points he was amassing!

9

Just as he'd expected, a person who only knew an Acquired-stage fist technique couldn't break through the defenses of Strengthen at the Innate Stage.

Even if the cultivation level of the other party was Level Seven!

"Are you helping me scratch my itch?" Xu Xiaoshou said, taking advantage of a lull in his opponent's attack. His mouth was hit by a flurry of punches the next second.

The muscular man, Qiu Wei, became increasingly shocked the more he attacked him. He was already starting to feel tired. Why was it that this person didn't seem to sustain any damage from his punches?

"Die!" he shouted in fury when he heard Xu Xiaoshou. His body suddenly turned red and released white smoke. The speed of his fists doubled.

2

"Blood Ignition Technique?"

"He's gone mad. Qiu Wei has gone mad!"

Everyone was captivated by the battle, their blood boiling. The current speed of Qiu Wei's fists could allow him to rival a Spiritual Cultivation Level Nine fighter!

"Got attacked. Passive Points +94."

"Got attacked. Passive Points +88."

"Got attacked. Passive Points +102."

2

"..."

Xu Xiaoshou was elated. He was completely overcome with joy!

The Passive Points continued to skyrocket on the notification panel in his mind. 500, 700, 900, 1000...

He shouted as he got hit, constantly goading on Qiu Wei. "Your attacks are great!"

1

"Faster!"

"Yes, just like that. Keep going!"

8

“It feels great, oh!” His fists landed on his throat.

15

The crowd was speechless.

The judge was speechless.

The spectators were standing quite far away from the battle and couldn't hear what the two people were saying. However, they were all shocked by the brutal scene.

“Will your Brother Little Beast's head turn into a pig's?” Rao Yinyin smiled as she asked this.

She looked at Su Qianqian. The young lady was staring intently at Qiu Wei, her eyes filled with murderous rage.

Rao Yinyin didn't know what to say.

The crowd's blood was boiling with the desire to take Qiu Wei's place and be the one to give the brazen Xu Xiaoshou a beating. It only took one of Xu Xiaoshou's fists flying toward someone close by to ignite a large battle.

All of them were young and hot-blooded, so they'd naturally become impatient after waiting for such a long time. Furthermore, hearing Xu Xiaoshou's cries had fueled their bloodlust.

A portion of the crowd started fighting each other off to the side, while another portion chose to continue waiting.

In actuality, Xu Xiaoshou and Qiu Wei hadn't been battling for that long at the edge of the arena, but the hundreds of blows they'd exchanged in a matter of seconds had thrilled the spectators.

“Look, that Xu Xiaoshou’s legs... It doesn’t look like he’s moved from his original position,” a weak voice suddenly came from within the spectating crowd.

3

Everyone immediately looked at his legs. Indeed, under the fast fists, Xu Xiaoshou was like unanchored duckweed. He was shaking and looked like he was about to fall.

He looked a little off-center, but in actuality, he hadn’t moved from his original position.

“This...”

“How’s that possible?”

“Could it be like Xu Xiaoshou said and that it’s true that he learned an invincible technique?”

The Level Seven fighter who’d been slapped by Xu Xiaoshou into kneeling just now cradled his face and said indignantly, “I said before that he’s very powerful, but you guys didn’t believe me...”

“Oh? Did you say something just now?”

The Level Seven fighter was speechless.

He was a Level Seven fighter, yet he didn’t even seem to exist in this group-stage competition... That darned Xu Xiaoshou had stolen the show.

Through the gaps between the flurry of punches, Xu Xiaoshou accidentally saw that a few battles had broken out in front of him. There went a good number of passive points. He became anxious again.

Why are you guys so anxious? Can’t you wait a little before fighting?

He felt that he had to change his strategy!



Qiu Wei was unleashing a torrent of attacks. He suddenly saw Xu Xiaoshou, who looked like he was about to fall at any second, stand up straight. Xu Xiaoshou said calmly amidst the barrage of punches, "You're tired. You need to rest."

The next moment, an ordinary punch landed on Qiu Wei.

1

Boom!

The air crackled. Qiu Wei was instantly sent flying and crashed into the crowd.

"Take a rest. We can fight again later. Wait for me!" Xu Xiaoshou shouted at him from far away.

Qiu Wei was immensely useful for farming Passive Points. He must not lose him.

Qiu Wei was dumbfounded!

"What is that?" he thought. "I attacked you for what felt like half a day and tired myself out, yet you didn't sustain any damage, and you even asked me to take a rest?"

1

The rest of the people saw Qiu Wei get flown back into the ground from the ordinary punch, and took a few steps back in retreat.

Everyone now knew that Xu Xiaoshou had merely been pretending to be weak. He was a terrifying boss with an incredibly powerful body!

"My God, is he really only Level Five?"

"His body is more terrifyingly strong than that of a Level Eight or Level Nine fighter!"

"What kind of spiritual technique is that? Why have I never heard of it?"

“It’s not a spiritual technique,” Xu Xiaoshou laughed calmly. “It’s Strengthen at the Innate Stage!”

The crowd was speechless.

Like we’d believe you! Was Strengthen at the Innate Stage really as powerful as this?

5

“Got doubted. Passive Points +32.”

Sigh. Why was it that no one believed him when he told the truth!?

Xu Xiaoshou waved his hands in frustration.

“I was telling you guys the truth,” he thought. “I can’t do anything if you don’t believe me.”

He scanned the crowd and saw the battles happening at the back. “You guys over there, stop fighting. I’m your opponent!”

“I’ll fight you!”

A man with a nose like a beak flew forward. He was Ye Zhongting and had a cultivation level of Level Eight.

1

“I have a technique called the Sun Offering Fist,” he shouted crisply. “Do you dare to take it head-on?”

6

Without waiting for Xu Xiaoshou’s reply, he threw a punch at Xu Xiaoshou. His fist flew at him, blazing with flames and billowing thick clouds of smoke.

Sun Offering Fist?

Xu Xiaoshou knew of this fist technique. It had to be charged for a long time and emphasized using one strike to neutralize an opponent.

He tilted his body to the side to avoid the frontal assault. He chopped his palm down toward the other party's wrist and took advantage of his opponent being in pain to grab his neck. He then made use of his opponent's momentum and sent him hurdling out of the arena.

Ye Zhongting was speechless.

"You've changed," he thought. "You weren't like that when fighting Qiu Wei just now."

2

He nearly started bawling.

He was Level Eight. He was a powerful force who was a contender for the number one spot in the group. However, he'd been thrown out of the arena because he'd been careless.

"Didn't you say that you were going to take the attack head-on? You big liar!" Xu Xiaoshou thought.

2

He clapped and said calmly, "I'm sorry. I'm more interested in fist techniques that can blast me with hundreds of punches in a second. Don't approach me with a technique like the Sun Offering Fist. Go and fight somewhere else!"

1

He glanced at the notification panel after he spoke and trembled.

Passive Points: 1766.

That meant that just Qiu Wei alone had given him over a thousand Passive Points!

With that as a precedent, why would he waste his time on a fist technique that could only hit him once?

4

The crowd looked at Ye Zhongting outside the arena and felt that they were now no longer the hunters but the hunted.

“Stop!”

Xu Xiaoshou shouted again. Everyone weirdly stopped fighting. The arena, which had been ablaze with fighting, instantly became deathly quiet.

The judge had a few failures on his hands. He was suddenly interrupted halfway through his job. His fury soared!

He constantly told himself not to be impulsive. That person was also a candidate...

Xu Xiaoshou looked around with a belittling gaze, once again igniting the fury in everyone’s hearts. He then suddenly flicked his sleeves and grabbed his legs, which had largely stopped trembling. He took on a fighting stance.

“Time is limited. All of you can attack me at once!”

1