

Ancient 208

Chapter 208 - 103 I'll Go Kill Him_3

This punch, if the other side still refused to surrender, could end up killing him on the spot!

But for some reason, Wild Dog stared at him intently, a cruel smile dancing on his lips.

The force of the punch roared forward, yet it halted abruptly in the final moment.

Vulture's fist froze in mid-air, trembling slightly.

The entire venue fell into silence, many holding their breath in extreme tension!

Boom!

Overhead, a metallic cage suddenly came crashing down, engulfing the entire boxing ring.

Wild Dog burst into an insane fit of laughter, turned, and leapt down, slapping the cage door wildly: "Let me out, let me out! I won! I won! Hahahaha!"

He spat out a mouthful of bloody foam: "Boss, I won!"

As the metallic door cracked open, he stormed out furiously, collapsed to his knees, bellowing with all his might.

Someone immediately came forward to attend to him, providing emergency treatment.

Meanwhile, in the audience, Zhu Cheng's face lit up with a rich, delighted smile.

In contrast, Zhang Miao stood completely frozen as if turned to stone.

"Tsk, what a pity."

Mr. Liu sighed: "Miss Yue Ji's judgment is as sharp as ever."

Behind the black silk curtains, Miss Lan let out a faint snort: "How boring."

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In this fight, Vulture only needed one more punch to beat Wild Dog to death.

But in the end, when the iron cage fell, everything changed.

Because Vulture on the platform let out an anguished howl, his muscles tearing apart, white bone spiking through his skin, spreading across his upper body and consuming his features.

His pupils trembled violently, morphing into terrifying compound eyes.

At the critical moment, he lost control and underwent a grotesque deformation!

The mechanism on the metal cage activated, wires shot out from all directions, piercing his limbs, releasing immense electric currents to control the mutated man.

Electric shocks wracked his body, wrenching him into unbearable agony.

Simultaneously, the wire tips were coated with a certain black liquid.

Injecting toxins into his system.

Vulture howled with unbearable anguish once more; his cries were harrowing.

"I hereby announce, in the Black Spade championship semifinals, Wild Dog versus Vulture—Wild Dog wins!"

The host cheered loudly, and the crowd erupted into applause and deafening roars.

Especially the gamblers who bet on Wild Dog to win, they stormed into jubilant celebration.

Amidst the chaos, Zhong Guoqing staggered back step by step, his face pale as a ghost, his eyes vacant.

Like a wandering lost soul.

Zhong Li froze in place, clutching her mouth in disbelief as silent tears streamed down her eyes.

Gu Jianlin observed the father and daughter's expressions silently, saying nothing.

Wild Dog was the winner; Vulture was the relative of this father-daughter pair.

So this is what the Black Spade Bar's underground fighting matches are like.

Once the deformation spirals out of control, it means defeat.

The Fallen can be subdued with drugs, and the Unclean rely on Heavenly Born Grass to suppress their mutations.

But when the deformation becomes uncontrollable, it signifies there's no hope for recovery.

Vulture's dominance over Wild Dog in the fight was due to one critical factor.

He was nearing a complete deformation!

His power grew stronger, his speed faster.

It seemed Wild Dog had anticipated this all along, enduring until the very end.

"Next, please allow the victorious contestant Wild Dog to step down and rest as we move into tonight's final segment—caged beast fighting!"

The host raised the microphone, hyping up the crowd with enthusiasm: "Does anyone want to step up and try? If you can last thirty seconds against this Fallen, you'll win a reward of ten thousand yuan! If you manage to kill this Fallen, there will be a mysterious prize! Don't miss this chance, seize the moment!"

He pointed toward a red button in front of the metal cage: "Press it, and the challenge begins!"

Inside the cage, Vulture knelt like a wild beast, writhing from the electric shocks and poisons tormenting him.

As for the audience below, their faces gleamed with excitement.

But recalling Vulture's savagery earlier, no one dared to step forward.

After waiting for about a minute with no challengers, the host chuckled lightly, unbothered: "Well then, since no one's stepping up, let's have a thrilling conclusion!"

The Black Spade Bar erupted once more in cheers, passionate cries seemingly shaking the heavens.

Someone emerged from the crowd, slapped one hundred yuan on the table.

Instantly, someone handed them a pistol.

The person took it and fired directly at the monster in the cage!

Bang!

Vulture's knee took the hit, spurting blood as his roar abruptly ceased.

Another person put down another hundred yuan, received a gun, and fired at his shoulder!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Those present watched the monster in the cage with brutal expressions in their eyes.

They spent money on bullets to slowly torture him.

Once Vulture lost control and mutated, he seemed to lose his humanity entirely.

Now, he served as an outlet for these people's pent-up frustrations and darkness.

Outside the crowd, Zhong Guoqing looked panicked, clutching his helpless daughter as they prepared to leave.

The old man trembled all over, his legs seeming to buckle, stumbling with every step.

"Don't look, don't look, it's fine, everything's fine..."

Zhong Guoqing's aged face twitched, his lips trembling: "Sweet girl, don't look. Listen to Dad, don't look."

Zhong Li clung to his embrace, lifeless like a fragile paper flower.

The old father and daughter gradually faded from sight.

They knew that once the deformation spiraled out of control, the end was inevitable.

But an end doesn't always mean death.

The things that follow... those were what they couldn't bear to face.

Gu Jianlin silently watched the monster on the stage, considering whether to step into the ring himself.

He had no interest in this perverse torture.

Yet as he turned to leave, he suddenly stopped in his tracks.

In the cage, the man already reduced to a monster twisted in torment from electric shocks and poison injections, convulsing and struggling painfully on the ground. Bullets occasionally crashed into his body, eliciting beastly howls.

Once a mighty prizefighter on stage.

But now, deprived even of the dignity to die, subjected instead to endless humiliation and suffering.

But perhaps it was a trick of the light—his blood-red compound eyes seemed to swivel to his right.

Fixating on the father and daughter fleeing so miserably.

His cracked lips moved slightly.

As if he had spoken three words.

Just then, the host declared: "Seems this monster's life force is rather resilient, so next we'll switch to stronger alchemy bullets—one shot can blow up its limbs. Want to experience the thrill of flesh and blood exploding? The price is five hundred yuan per bullet, any takers..."

Graceful and alluring Bunny Girl strutted forward carrying specialty pistols and alchemy bullets, her charming smile captivating.

Many exchanged glances, eager and tempted.

In the audience, Zhu Cheng attended to Wild Dog's conditions, his smile unwavering.

Zhang Miao, however, wore a grim face, preparing to leave the scene with his subordinates.

Such was the rule of the Black Spade Bar—to humiliate and torment those Fallen reduced to monsters.

Even in metaphorical terms, it smacked the faces of the losers.

No point watching further.

Butcher blinked in surprise: "Hey, Boss? Where're you going?"

Moon Princess drifted downward expressionlessly, heading straight for the red button. Her intent seemed to be ending this dull and twisted game.

Suddenly, a piercing alarm echoed through the venue, silencing all cheers and cries.

The red button had been pressed.

The host froze in shock.

"Open the cage."

Gu Jianlin said coldly: "I'll go finish him."

Not every match ends with someone deforming.

He needed to hurry, and at the same time, send this man off.