

Complete Martial Arts Attributes

Chapter 11: Walk The Fatty~

2

There were many students on the second floor of the training building.

Wang Teng scanned his surroundings, and his eyes suddenly lit up when he saw a familiar figure.

It was that agile fatty!

5

At this moment, just like the last time, he was sprinting on the running track.

So, the fatty had also become an intermediate stage martial disciple. No wonder Wang Teng didn't see him yesterday on the first floor. He had come to the second floor.

1

"Fatty, good morning!"

Wang Teng greeted the other party as though he was an old friend.

The fatty turned around when he heard the voice. His expression then instantly changed. "Why is it this fellow!"

He pretended to ignore Wang Teng and didn't reply to him. Instead, he started running faster.

Wang Teng watched him run like a madman. This fellow didn't know that he was dropping attributes behind him. But it made Wang Teng elated.

He executed his Basic Footwork and followed behind the fatty, picking up the attributes along the way.

Speed*6

Speed*7

Basic Footwork*3

Speed*6

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After becoming an intermediate stage martial disciple, the fatty's dropping even more attributes. So, the more powerful you are, the more attribute bubbles you drop?

Wang Teng thought to himself.

In that case, he would definitely be able to pick up more attributes on the second floor. After all, everyone here was an intermediate stage martial disciple.

He believed that it wouldn't take long for him to break through and become an advanced stage martial disciple. He would be one step closer to becoming an official martial warrior then.

"Why are you following me so closely like a medicinal plaster? Is there an end to this?"

2

The indignant voice of the fatty in front pulled Wang Teng out of his deep thoughts.

"Haha, where's the fun in training alone? Why don't we have a competition? Let's see who can run ten rounds in the shortest time. What do you think? Do you want to compete?" asked Wang Teng.

The fatty wanted to reject him. But, he had a sudden thought, so he replied, "If you lose, you will stay away from me and let me train alone."

"Okay!"

Wang Teng agreed and continued, “What if you lose?”

“What a joke! How can I lose!” The fatty scoffed.

“Confidence is a good thing. However, since you raised a bet, I have mine too. Competition must be fair, right?” Wang Teng said.

“What do you want?” The fatty frowned and asked.

“Very simple. If you lose, you will sing this song ‘Zhen Fu’ (which means conquer in Chinese). What do you think?” Wang Teng asked.

“Alright. As long as you win, I can sing anything for you. Don’t talk about one ‘Zhen Fu’. I can sing ten songs for you.” The fatty patted his chest and agreed.

Wang Teng sniggered in his heart. *Ten songs? You would definitely be crying later.*

“There’s a timer at the side. Let me find someone to help us check the time.”

The fatty walked to one side after he finished speaking and spoke a few sentences to a student who was training. He asked the student for help.

The student nodded and followed the fatty to the side of the running track.

“Both of you can prepare first. When I shout ‘start’, you will start running,” the student standing beside the timer said.

The two participants nodded.

The fatty started preparing for the sprint. He shook his legs to relax his muscles, but in the end, only his fat shuddered violently.

The other students also gathered around the running track when they saw two students having a competition.

However, they couldn't help but laugh upon seeing the fatty's fats shaking.

"This fatty went to learn footwork and speed even though he is so fat. I wonder what he's thinking."

"But, honestly speaking, he does have some ability. He's faster than a rabbit when he runs."

1

...

Upon hearing the discussions from the side, the fatty felt pleased with himself. He gave Wang Teng a provocative look and stood up straight without moving. He didn't even get into the starting position.

Wang Teng smiled. He copied his actions, standing still on the spot. At the same time, he asked casually, "Fatty, what's your name?"

"My name is Wu Liang!" The fatty pointed to his nose and said, "You must remember it in case you don't even know who you lost to."

After he finished, he continued asking, "What about you?"

"Wang Teng. Remember to sing 'Zhen Fu' after you lose!" Wang Teng smiled and said.

1

"Tsk!" Wu Liang rolled his eyes in contempt.

Right then, a shout was suddenly heard from the side.

"Ready... start!"

Wang Teng and the fatty were talking to each other, but the moment the voice fell, they dashed out simultaneously.

The expressions of the people at the side changed slightly. Both of them had moved like lightning. In an instant, they were more than ten meters away.

They maintained their high speed as they continued running. They didn't bother to save their stamina for the last burst of fire just because they were running ten rounds.

This was a timed competition, and they were competing based on time. Also, people who practiced martial arts had great stamina. Running ten rounds wasn't a big deal to them.

Wu Liang might be fat, but he wasn't slow at all. Instead, his speed exceeded the spectators'. There weren't many who could practice their footwork and speed to his stage.

This was the reason why everyone's expression changed instantly.

As expected of a fatty who ran like the wind.

This was the exclamation in many people's minds.

But, when they looked at Wang Teng, they looked extra shocked.

They understood the fatty's abilities, so they accepted his speed as a matter of fact, even though they were surprised. However, Wang Teng was an unfamiliar face. It was highly likely he had just become an intermediate stage martial disciple.

Yet, this newly advanced intermediate stage martial disciple's speed was on par with Wu Liang. This was amazing.

Wait, they remembered that Wu Liang had also just become an intermediate stage martial disciple!

He only came to the second floor yesterday.

In that case, these two people were both fresh newbies!

Were the newbies all the fierce nowadays?

How were old people like them supposed to live?

It was indeed true; the younger generations would excel the older generation, leaving no paths for the older generation.

A wave of sorrow surged through the hearts of a few intermediate stage martial disciples.

“This newbie is slightly weaker than Wu Liang,” someone commented.

“That’s hard to say. Although he’s lagging, the distance between him and the fatty is the same. Didn’t you notice that he’s never more than 20 meters behind the fatty?”

“Hey, if you hadn’t said it, I wouldn’t have noticed.”

They looked at Wang Teng in astonishment. When they observed him carefully, they could tell that he didn’t seem tired at all.

Indeed, Wang Teng wasn’t giving it his all. He was trailing Wu Liang because he wanted to pick up the attribute bubbles.

Also, the whole purpose of this competition was to let Wu Liang drop more attributes.

He had gotten some basic understanding of his bug. If he wanted to let these ‘small monsters’ drop more attributes, he needed to make them train harder. Or...

He could hit them. The harder he hit them, the more attributes they might drop!

He had received the inspiration for the last point from the sinister-looking youth. But, this hypothesis still needed affirmation.

After all, he couldn’t find a random person and beat him up, right?

To get rid of Wang Teng, Wu Liang was exceptionally serious about this competition. He used more effort, so naturally, more attributes dropped. He was dropping them like laying eggs the entire way.

4

Basic Footwork*2

Speed*5

Speed*6

Basic Footwork*4

Speed*7

...

Wang Teng felt that he was playing 'Temple Run', and the attribute bubbles were like the gold coins.

2

He could almost hear the ringing sounds when he collected a bubble.

As Wang Teng ran and collected the attributes, his own attributes kept rising. He didn't feel tired the entire way. Instead, he felt more and more energetic.

This was why he dared to compete with the fatty. He was cheating, and it would be embarrassing if he still lost.

When the onlookers saw Wang Teng revealing a smile on the corners of his lips, their expressions turned strange.

This fellow was walking a dog—no wait, he was walking the fatty!

All he lacked was a chain.

Wu Liang didn't notice anything weird, though. When he saw that Wang Teng was always lagging behind him, he looked back and laughed. "This is so simple. I told you that you're not my match. Why are you making yourself suffer!"

Swoosh~

The moment he finished speaking, a figure dashed past beside him.

The smile on the fatty's face froze. His mouth dropped, and he opened his eyes wide. He couldn't say anything for a long while.

"F**k!"

