

Martial Arts 211

Chapter 211: Enter the Arena

The man with sunglasses arrived at a door with the words "Machine Room, Authorized Personnel Only" written above it.

He took out a card, swiped it on the machine beside the door, then pulled the handle and walked in.

Inside was a room of about forty to fifty square meters, with walls covered in monitors, watching everything outside.

Over a dozen people, some standing, some sitting, were watching the matches on the screens.

"Brother Hu, something interesting happened." The man with sunglasses walked over, grinning.

"What is it?"

A burly man drinking a cola looked over.

"A newcomer joined the association today and was dragged onto the stage by Zhang Jun and his buddies." The man with sunglasses smiled.

"What, a newbie just arrived?"

"Going straight to the stage? That's gutsy!"

"Hey, isn't it always like this? Newborn calves are not afraid of tigers. They'll learn the hard way soon." Others chimed in.

"Interesting."

Yang Hu grinned, "What's the stake? 100?"

"50."

Just as everyone thought the kid had some self-awareness, the man with sunglasses added, "And 50 points, he bet on himself to win."

Instantly, the room fell silent.

Moments later, laughter broke out.

"Hahaha, Old Yu, are you trying to kill me with laughter? The newbie bet 50 points on himself to win? Seriously?"

"Why would I lie?" The man with sunglasses couldn't hide his smile. "The last time we saw someone this confident was two years ago, right?"

"Yes, I remember that guy, Zhao something? Same antics and lost everything."

"I heard he died out in the wild later, right?"

"Seems so. Didn't expect another overly confident guy to show up. This should be fun."

"Indeed."

Everyone had smiles on their faces.

The match on the stage was nearing its end. The guy with Earth Element Superpower caught his opponent off guard with a Rock Spike, successfully taking him down, though he was exhausted and couldn't continue.

The loser spat curses, while the winner basked in joy.

"Number 15."

A voice came through the speakers, and a muscular man stepped onto the stage, shouting to the crowd, "200 points, who's up for a match with me?"

"It's him, no wonder he's betting 200 points."

"Yeah, this guy is a Martial Artist, rumored to have reached Transforming Force. Along with his superpower, his body can swell to over three meters. The guy with the Earth Wall wouldn't stand a chance against him."

"No one daring to step up?"

The muscular man scanned the room.

"Cui, why so cocky? Your 200 points, I'm taking it!"

A rough voice rang out as a burly man pushed his way to the stage.

"Zhu Chao, it's you again."

Cui Yan sneered, "I haven't thanked you for the 200 points you gave me last time."

"Damn it, Cui Yan, you dare say that? If I hadn't fought two matches before that, you wouldn't have won. Watch, I'm taking back double this time!"

Just then, the countdown began. If no one left the stage within ten seconds, the participants were set.

Soon, the countdown ended, and the match officially started three minutes later.

Two profiles appeared on the large screen with "pk" between them, and two columns of rapidly changing numbers below, showing ongoing bets.

The trend showed more people favoring Zhu Chao. In less than a minute, the points bet on him reached 5000.

Points bet on Cui Yan were over 3000.

Both numbers continued to rise.

Chen Fan watched quietly, then heard two familiar voices.

"All-in on Cui Yan, odds are nearly 2x. If he wins, our 50 points turn to 100!" Zhang Jun said excitedly.

"Do you think others are fools? Only you're smart? Zhu Chao lost last time because he fought two matches before the third. This time they're both at their peak. It's obvious Zhu Chao has a higher chance of winning."

"Are you dumb? I have inside info. Cui Yan has improved a lot recently; Zhu Chao might not stand a chance."

"Really?"

"Just watch."

Three minutes later, the points bet on Zhu Chao reached 9000, with odds at 1.33. Points on Cui Yan were 6000, with odds at 2.0.

Chen Fan squinted; the association took a 20% cut.

No matter who wins, the association gets 2000 points. The more bets, the higher the cut for the association.

No wonder he was targeted right after joining.

This match was more exciting than the last one, with blood-pumping action. Female Awakeners in the audience shrieked with excitement.

Two minutes later, the fight ended.

To most people's surprise, Zhu Chao lost.

"Told you so."

Beside him, Zhang Jun's voice sounded, "Good thing you listened to me. 50 points, doubled to 100. Admit it?"

"Brother Zhang, you're amazing. Good thing we listened to you."

"Of course," Zhang Jun said proudly, "I've got inside info. Watch, in no time, I'll triple these 100 points."

As Zhu Chao left, Cui Yan also stepped down.

Despite the short fight, the physical and spiritual power drained was immense.

They wanted the triple-win reward of an extra 1000 points, but lacked the energy.

"Number 16 on stage."

The speaker called out again.

Under the gaze of over a hundred people, Chen Fan stepped up, and whispers buzzed around.

"Who is this guy? Doesn't look familiar."

"Right, is he one of us? I have no impression of him."

"Looks like a new guy. I saw him with Zhang Jun and his buddies earlier."

The crowd's eyes turned to Zhang Jun and his friend.

The two were stunned, about to explain, when the man with sunglasses spoke through the speaker.

"Let me introduce, Li Ping, a newcomer who joined today, an E-level Awakened. His superpower is Speed Enhancement. He wants to spar, betting 50 points. Anyone willing to accept?"

Silence enveloped the stage, then burst into chaos.

"Damn! A newbie! Really a newbie!"

"Are newbies all this confident nowadays?"

"Speed Enhancement, sounds decent."

"So what? Just an E-level Awakened. When I joined, I was E-level too, didn't even dare speak loudly. This guy is so bold? Who gave him the courage?"

"Isn't this free points? 50 points, damn, I'm tempted."

"Shameless, bullying a newbie as a D-level Awakened?"

"Everyone has their pride, so let me."

As many hesitated, a short man with a pockmarked face stepped onto the stage, grinning at the crowd.

The audience erupted in curses.

Wang the Pockmarked, an E-level Awakened, joined the association three years ago. His power is Sound Wave Manipulation. A hit could mean a headache and fainting at best, or bleeding from orifices and death at worst.

The countdown ended quickly.

Chen Fan and Wang the Pockmarked's profiles appeared on the big screen.

It was obvious that Chen Fan had few bets, even occasional increases were just by 10 or 20 points at a time.

Wang the Pockmarked's points rose by 50s and 100s, soon reaching 1000.

Then the increase slowed, as few believed in Chen Fan, and betting on Wang had low odds, earning almost nothing after fees.

On the stage, Wang the Pockmarked smiled,

"Brother, if I don't take these 50 points, someone else will. Don't blame me. I'll go easy on you, just endure it."

Chen Fan smiled, knowing some details about his opponent through messages.

Two minutes passed, and bets reached about 200:2000.

"Zhang Jun, why did you bet all on Wang at such low odds? Even if you win, it's not much."

"Playing it safe."

Zhang Jun rolled his eyes, "High odds on newbies is usually a waste. Betting on Wang, though low odds, is a sure win. Small gains add up, got it?"

"But adding a bit to the other side? Even ten points? With nearly tenfold odds, a win is huge."

"No upsets here. Didn't I just double our 50 points? Trust me, I'm right." Zhang Jun was confident.

"Okay."

Liao Yue nodded.

Zhang Jun was right last time. If they'd listened, the 50 points would have been gone.

This time, though a win wouldn't yield much, he hoped for better odds next time, to double points again!

Three minutes passed, the bets were now 300 to 2200.

Chen Fan's odds were 7.33, meaning one point could win 7.33 points, 50 points would yield 366.

Wang the Pockmarked's odds were just 1.05, ten points bet would win only 0.5, minus fees.

"Brother Hu, the match is about to start."

The man with sunglasses said.

"Mm."

Yang Hu yawned, unimpressed by the low-level fight.

The outcome seemed clear before it started.

People around were also shaking their heads.

In the crowd, Zhang Jun looked at Chen Fan on stage with pity. Brother, I tried to warn you, but you didn't listen. You'll understand soon.

Chapter 212: I Really Didn't Go Easy

As soon as the countdown ended, Wang the Pockmarked opened his mouth and an invisible sound wave instantly enveloped Chen Fan.

Sound Wave Superpower.

It can affect the opponent's spirit, causing them to faint, go insane, or even die.

It can also compress the sound wave into substantial energy, causing explosions upon contact with objects, from shattering glass to breaking rocks and collapsing buildings.

Wang the Pockmarked often uses the former because it's more mindful of spiritual power and faster, and unlike other direct spiritual attacks, using the sound wave as a medium avoids backlash.

The people around the ring saw Wang the Pockmarked open his mouth and immediately knew what he was planning. Some even shouted for Chen Fan to dodge.

But Chen Fan didn't move an inch.

"Sigh, I knew this 50 points was given away for free," someone sighed heavily, disappointment in their eyes.

"Still too inexperienced, taking a sound wave attack from Wang the Pockmarked right at the start—what's he gonna do next?"

"Even if he's a speed-type Awakener, being controlled from the start means he can't display his abilities."

"Exactly."

These words resonated with many E-level Awakeners present.

Even they, if attacked by Wang the Pockmarked right at the start, would fall into a daze, then be passively beaten or give up; if they refuse to surrender, they'd just wait to faint.

Wang the Pockmarked's mouth was wide open, continuing his sound wave attack, his grin growing wider.

In less than three seconds, this newcomer would collapse on the ring.

He'd gladly accept those 50 points.

However, three seconds passed without anything happening. The newcomer across him remained calm, watching him silently.

"?"

Wang the Pockmarked was stunned.

Anyone else from the Association's E-level Awakeners would at least be in unbearable pain by now, if not already fainted and rolling on the ground—what's up with this guy? No reaction at all?

"What's with this newcomer?"

People outside the ring began to notice something was off.

"Why does it look like the newcomer isn't affected?"

"Not affected? Impossible, at this distance, with Wang the Pockmarked shooting blindly, he'd still hit."

"Right," someone observed the ring, which was just 100 meters by 100 meters, and the distance between the two was less than 50 meters, "He can't be missing. Is Wang the Pockmarked holding back?"

"Wang the Pockmarked, what are you doing?"

Hearing this, another person grew furious, "I bet 100 points on you, hurry up and finish this!"

"I bet 200 points on you! Wang the Pockmarked, stop holding back, finish it now!"

"Teach this newcomer a lesson, make him understand the stakes."

A crowd's uproar ensued.

On the stage, Wang the Pockmarked broke out in cold sweat upon hearing this.

He really wasn't holding back! He went all out from the start, aiming for a one-second KO.

But now, five seconds had passed, and his spiritual power was almost depleted, yet the newcomer still looked at ease.

Could it be that his attack had no effect?

In the control room, a mocking voice echoed.

"Wang the Pockmarked has been in the Association for three years, yet can't quickly handle a newcomer?" A man in sunglasses laughed.

"Really is weak."

"It's not that he's weak," Yang Hu's voice interjected, his eyes focusing on Chen Fan, "There's something odd about this newcomer."

The room fell silent, eyes all turned to Yang Hu.

"Brother Hu, you mean?"

Yang Hu watched the screen, "There's no doubt Wang the Pockmarked's sound wave hit the target. But did you notice, the newcomer didn't show any change in expression at all?"

"Hiss..."

The room collectively gasped.

It was true, his expression remained calm.

"Brother Hu, you mean the newcomer is a master?" the man in sunglasses wasn't convinced.

"Possible," Yang Hu nodded, "Either the newcomer's spiritual power far exceeds Wang the Pockmarked's, making the attack bearable, or the newcomer has strong acting skills and can endure pain without showing it."

The crowd exchanged glances, realizing either option was impressive.

Yang Hu's lips curled into a smile.

This newcomer was intriguing, to say the least.

About ten seconds passed, and the Awakeners around the ring saw something was definitely wrong.

Earlier, Wang the Pockmarked had a face full of confidence, now he was pale, sweating profusely, and even shaking—clearly signs of spiritual power depletion.

Spiritual power depletion!

Many looked at Wang the Pockmarked, thinking, seriously? Depleting your spiritual power fighting a newcomer?

Some stared at Chen Fan, pondering deeply.

This newcomer seemed to have some skills?

On the ground, Zhang Jun's face turned pale.

For some reason, he had a bad feeling.

Next moment, a shadow moved on stage.

"Wang the Pockmarked, run!"

Someone shouted in desperation.

Wang the Pockmarked also wanted to run, but the opponent's speed was too fast. He only saw a blur rushing toward him, then felt a coolness on his neck—it was a gleaming dagger.

Wang the Pockmarked turned his head, locking eyes with Chen Fan.

The crowd below watched, stunned, their minds buzzing with disbelief.

Was the fight decided?

It wasn't just about winning—the dagger on his neck meant his life now lay in the opponent's hands.

"Surrender."

A voice broke the silence.

"I-I surrender."

Wang the Pockmarked replied, struggling to swallow his shame.

His face reddened in embarrassment, wishing he could vanish from sight.

Chen Fan nodded and withdrew his dagger.

The surroundings fell into silence.

Moments later, an uproar erupted.

"Wang the Pockmarked, you bastard! You've been in the Association for years, and you can't even beat a newcomer? My 100 points are gone!"

"I bet 200 points! 200 points! And even some borrowed!"

"rnm, give me my money back!"

Zhang Jun sat dejected on the floor, with Liao Yue grabbing his collar and spitting in rage.

points, 100 points!

He had doubled his 50 points, but now it was all gone.

Wang the Pockmarked, how could he lose? It was supposed to be a sure win!

The crowd's curses poured over Wang like a wave, almost drowning him.

Finally, Wang the Pockmarked couldn't help but roar, "What are you yelling about? I didn't force you to bet on me! Also,"

He glanced at Chen Fan, "This newcomer isn't as simple as you think. Anyone here would have the same result."

The crowd fell silent briefly, then the uproar intensified.

Some even wanted to rush up and beat him.

"This newcomer might really have some skills," Cui Yan smiled, thinking he might want to challenge him if not for the bad reputation it might bring.

On the stage, Chen Fan took out his phone, checked the program, and found two emails.

Both were from the Shi City Martial Arts Association.

One was for winning the ring match, with 90 points credited.

"They sure take their cut,"

he thought, noting the 10% deduction.

The second was the betting reward, 366 points, minus a 1% fee, leaving around 363 points.

Including the 90 points, he now had a total of 453 points.

From 100 to 453 points, nearly five times; Chen Fan had to admit betting points was indeed lucrative.

Yet, this method wouldn't last. If his abilities were known, he wouldn't dare play like this. Gambling, after all, defeats most people before the game starts.

Just then, his phone rang.

It was the man in sunglasses.

"Brother Li, the points credited?"

His tone seemed a bit kinder.

"Yes."

Chen Fan nodded, "I heard winning three matches in a row gives you 1000 extra points, is that right?"

"That's right," the man in sunglasses smiled, "If you win three more after that, you'll get an additional 3000 points. Brother Li, up for the challenge?"

"Yes."

Chen Fan agreed.

As long as the stakes grow, the Association earns more points.

"Good, but there's one rule: for a continuous win challenge, each bet must be at least double the previous."

"No problem."

Chen Fan agreed.

"Great. Need a break before the second match, Brother Li?"

"No need. Let's start now."

"All right."

Soon, the announcement was made through the speaker.

The crowd was shocked to learn the newcomer wanted to start the second match immediately?

Impressive confidence.

And the bet rose from 50 to 100 points.

"I'll go!"

Someone shouted.

A burly man stepped onto the ring, glaring viciously at Chen Fan, "Kid, you made me lose 100 points earlier. Now I'll take it back from you!"

"Really?"

Chen Fan smiled slightly, "I fear you'll not only fail to recover those 100 points but lose another hundred."

"Hahaha."

The crowd burst into laughter.

"You! You!"

The burly man's face turned red, then he snorted, "Kid, you talk big. Let's see if your mouth is as tough once the fight begins!"

Chapter 213: Petrification Defense? Burst with One Punch!

The avatars of Chen Fan and the burly man appeared on the four screens around the arena.

The betting points under the latter's name were jumping rapidly, 500, 1000, 1500.

In contrast, the points under Chen Fan's name were inching up slowly, 100, 120, 130, each jump only adding 10 or 20 points.

Many people saw the odds under the burly man's name, around 1.0, and couldn't help but shake their heads.

"Sigh, it's so hard to earn points. With such low odds, even if you bet correctly, you hardly gain anything."

"Bet on the opponent then," someone suggested, "bet a little, with ten times the odds, if you bet correctly, you could make a big profit."

"That's right, actually, I just bet on that newcomer earlier, ten points, and it turned into more than sixty points."

"Haha, but that was last time, Wang the Pockmarked was a waste, Luo Kai is different. Even though he's still a W-level Awakener, his combat power is already close to D-level, right?"

"Yes, he's completed several D-level tasks with others, only missing proof of having completed a D-level task alone."

"True, with his superpower, completing the promotion task should be easy."

The crowd was discussing in small groups.

On stage, Chen Fan was viewing his opponent's information.

Luo Kai, E-level Awakener, joined the association two years ago, superpower is petrified skin.

Just these few lines, there were more details available but required paying an additional 100 points.

Chen Fan decided not to be tricked into making this expense,

Petrified skin, as the name suggests, is similar to the C-level Awakener in Anshan City whose whole body can turn into metal.

He exited the screen, glancing at the points of both sides, 600 to 5000.

Chen Fan frowned, he wished there were fewer people betting on his win, that way, he could take a majority of the points.

But others weren't foolish either, they liked betting small to win big.

He looked at his remaining points, still 353 points left, and bet all of them on himself immediately.

Thus, on the screen, the points under Chen Fan's name jumped from 600 to over 900, shocking many people.

"Who's that? Betting so heavily on an upset, aren't they afraid of losing it all at once?"

"Quite gutsy, if the newcomer loses, they'll be too devastated even to cry."

"Isn't this good? I see so many people betting on Luo Kai, the odds are shockingly low, someone betting on the newcomer pushes the odds up, right?"

"Right, the more people betting on the newcomer, the better."

In the control room, the group in sunglasses couldn't help but feel a sense of déjà vu seeing this scene.

Looking at the screen confirmed it.

"Sure enough, it's the newcomer betting on himself?"

"Going all in?"

"Very bold, this Luo Kai is not comparable to Wang the Pockmarked. With his current strength, fully petrified, he can withstand close-range rifle bullets."

"True. This newcomer is fast; what good is it if he can't break the opponent's defense? I think he's overestimating himself."

Yang Hu, legs crossed, watched the scene with great interest.

Soon, the three minutes ended, and the points ratio came to 1200 to 3600.

The odds for Chen Fan were 3.6, a successful bet would multiply each point to over 3, which was significantly lower than last time.

Luo Kai's odds were only 1.2, a successful bet would turn 100 points into 120, minus a little more than 1 point handling fee.

3,

2,

1,

At the end of the countdown, Luo Kai stomped his right foot on the ground, propelling himself like a bullet straight toward Chen Fan.

Simultaneously, he raised his right hand, exposed skin transforming into stone, the stone gathering rapidly, soon doubling its original size. His fist, initially the size of a sandbag, expanded to the size of a basin, hammering toward Chen Fan's face.

"So fast!"

Someone from the audience exclaimed.

"Luo Kai's strength has grown again?"

"Great, let's see how that newcomer can still be arrogant now!"

Many people bit their lips, resentful toward Chen Fan for causing them to lose points earlier.

Zhang Jun and Liao Yue were also among the crowd, clenching their fists, eyes wide open.

"Don't celebrate too early."

Someone said, "Don't forget, the newcomer is a speed-type Awakener. His speed during the last match against Wang the Pockmarked was so fast, dodging Luo Kai's attack shouldn't be too difficult."

This statement resonated with many around.

After all, speed-type Awakeners inherently excel in evasion.

Dodging attacks was easier compared to the average Awakeners.

Unexpectedly, as the distance closed in, Luo Kai's rocky fist almost touching Chen Fan's cheek within centimeters, the latter remained unmoving.

"What's happening?"

The audience burst out in astonishment, "Is the newcomer paralyzed with fear? Why isn't he moving?"

"No way," someone beside widened their eyes, "That guy was so arrogant before the match, now he's paralyzed with fear?"

On stage, Luo Kai revealed a grin, as though already seeing Chen Fan being sent flying, crashing into the protective shield with his single punch!

Then, an unexpected twist occurred.

He thought Chen Fan was scared stiff, but Chen Fan suddenly swung his right arm back, then, with lightning speed, swung forward.

"What is he doing? Trying to go head-on with Luo Kai?"

"He's crazy!"

"This guy?"

The crowd was stunned.

What a joke is this?

A speed-type Awakener going head-to-head with a martial artist who can petrify skin?

Luo Kai's eyes showed contempt, mocking the newcomer's overconfidence.

"Bang!"

A loud crash.

The fists made a solid collision.

"It's over!"

Many people couldn't help but have this thought, imagining Chen Fan's figure being sent flying.

"Crack!"

A crisp noise.

"Crack."

"Crack."

Consecutive sounds echoed.

"What noise is that?"

Someone looked around, puzzled.

"Don't look around, the sound is coming from the stage."

"Crack!"

With the final sound, Luo Kai's entire right arm was covered in shattered rock, fragments falling to the ground.

"Boom!"

At that moment, everyone's heads felt like they were hit by a gong, buzzing loudly.

Shattered?

Luo Kai's arm rock had been shattered?

Someone realized and quickly looked at Chen Fan. The latter's arm was still in a punching position, completely unharmed.

"This!"

In the control room, even Yang Hu, who had been sitting comfortably, jumped to his feet, wide-eyed and shocked at the sight.

Fist-to-fist collision, the newcomer, had won?

The area around the stage fell eerily silent.

"How, how could this be?" Someone looked around, hoping for an explanation.

"Speed,"

Someone said, "Don't forget, this newcomer is a speed-type Awakener. The power of a punch relates to strength, but also speed. Though the newcomer's strength is lesser than Luo Kai, his speed compensates for the lack of strength, making his punch more powerful."

"Is that really possible?"

"Speed can be used like this?"

The crowd was enlightened yet felt something was off.

"Impossible! This is impossible!"

On stage, Luo Kai's eyes turned red, staring at Chen Fan.

He couldn't accept that a speed-type Awakener could be stronger than him, even less that the opponent could break his petrified defense.

"Nothing's impossible."

Chen Fan calmly glanced at him.

Luo Kai froze, then fiercely stared at Chen Fan, "If you're man enough, do you dare to hit me again?"

"Ah?"

Hearing these words, everyone was stunned.

"This..."

Someone wanted to speak but held back.

Luo Kai's provocation seemed pretty clumsy.

"I think Luo Kai's right," someone quickly said.

"Yes, this is a man's fight, punches to the flesh. What's running around anything worth?"

"Bro, don't fall for it!" Those who bet on Chen Fan were panicking.

"Bro, you're a speed-type Awakener, it's not worth it to go head-to-head with him."

"Right, bro, the guy was just testing the waters earlier, he hasn't shown his true strength yet."

"Okay."

But Chen Fan, as if ignoring them, nodded in agreement.

"Uh..."

The people advising Chen Fan were stunned.

Those on Luo Kai's side burst with joy.

Really a newcomer, falling for a slight provocation.

"Good, you're a brave man!"

Luo Kai praised, then numerous stones emerged from his body, growing rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, his size tripled, standing close to two and a half meters tall, fists remaining basin-sized but now smooth and well-defined, fingers distinct.

"This time, if you break the stone on my arm again, you win!"

A voice echoed deeply.

Next moment, the stone giant raised the massive fist, body twisting back, leg pushing against the ground, punching toward Chen Fan. This punch was stronger and faster than ever.

In the control room, the man in sunglasses watched, "If this punch connects, it'll be deadly, right?"

"Probably could be fatal, wondering if it's still possible to dodge now?"

"Too late for that, right?"

"He seems prepared for hard confrontation?"

"Does he have a death wish?"

Under everyone's gaze, Chen Fan raised his right arm again, then punched.

"Boom!"

A loud crash.

The intense collision seemed to cause the whole stage to shake.

On stage, the large and small fists clashed.

Everyone's eyes widened.

Just when they were astonished that Chen Fan's arm didn't break.

"Crack!"

A sharp sound.

This familiar scene made everyone focus on Luo Kai.

Then they witnessed an unforgettable sight.

"Crack! Crack!"

As the crisp sounds continued, a massive crack spread from Luo Kai's fist, up to the forearm, upper arm, and split into three.

One heading towards the head.

Two paths: one down the chest, the other along the back, ending at the thighs, calves, and feet.

Crack!

With the final sound,

The stone covering Luo Kai's body collapsed completely, fragments piling up over a meter high, burying half his body, leaving only his shoulders and a stunned face visible.

"Now, will you admit defeat?"

Chen Fan asked, calmly looking at Luo Kai.

Chapter 214: Points Break Ten Thousand!

Chen Fan's words echoed in everyone's ears.

Some people couldn't help but look at Luo Kai, who was buried under the rubble.

If they remembered correctly, Luo Kai had told the newcomer earlier, "If you can break the stone on my arm, you win."

In the end, the newcomer shattered all the stones on his body...

Is this the strength of an E-level Awakener?

Impossible!

Everyone knew that while Luo Kai might not be the strongest among the dozens of E-level Awakeners present, his defense while in full petrification mode definitely ranked in the top three!

This state, however, consumed a lot of Spiritual Power and couldn't be sustained for long. Therefore, in past sparring sessions, opponents usually waited for him to exit his petrified state before making a move, easily securing victory.

But never had an opponent burst through his Petrification Armor with one punch like this.

"No wonder,"

In the control room, Yang Hu realized, "No wonder he had the confidence to participate in the ring fights and bet all his points on himself. It turns out he's a D-level Awakener."

"Brother Hu, this kid is really cunning," a man beside him said indignantly. "Taking advantage of everyone's ignorance of his strength, he unexpectedly raised his points from a hundred to over four hundred, and this time, directly to over a thousand."

"Yes, very deceitful!"

The others, feeling both envious and jealous, nodded in agreement.

A thousand points! Even if half of them were D-level Awakeners, it would still take multiple D-level tasks to earn that many points as a team.

"He's exposed his strength now. Next time, he won't be able to bet on himself and amass so many points."

"Exactly. I'd like to see if he dares to bet everything on himself again next time!"

Around the ring, everyone grasped the situation, their gazes at Chen Fan becoming more complex.

Many had lost points and were naturally displeased with Chen Fan, especially since he was just a newcomer.

But it turned out he was a D-level Awakener!

No matter how discontented they felt, they had to suppress it. Otherwise, they would only bring trouble upon themselves.

A few of the D-level Awakeners looked down on him.

Hmph,

A D-level Awakener pretending to be weak? What's the point? If he's got the guts, he shouldn't leave the ring. Picking on E-level Awakeners, what kind of skill is that? Battle with us D-level Awakeners if he dares.

On the ring.

Luo Kai was deeply regretful.

If he had known it would turn out like this, he wouldn't have gone up in the first place.

Now, he had lost another hundred points.

Thinking about this, he looked at Chen Fan with mixed feelings of defiance and fear, ultimately shaking off the stones covering him and stepping down.

At this moment, several voices rang out around him.

"You, hiding your strength and winning without any honor."

"Exactly. You were clearly a D-level Awakener but competed with us E-level Awakeners, earning our points. Do you have any shame?"

"If you have the skill, don't come down. Keep fighting."

"Right, if you're a man, compete with our D-level Awakeners!"

Hearing the shouts, Chen Fan nodded and said, "Alright, let's continue."

The surroundings instantly fell silent.

Everyone looked at each other. He agreed just like that?

They had thought he would refuse for sure.

"Great!"

At this moment, a man stepped forward with a sly smile on his face, "Since you agreed, then I'll represent the D-level Awakeners in the association to spar with you."

The surrounding crowd burst into cheers.

"Ren Xiancheng, that guy..."

A group of D-level Awakeners exchanged glances, all feeling a bit unwilling.

"I won't take advantage of you. How about this: you can rest for a while, and we can start once you're ready," Ren Xiancheng said with a smile toward Chen Fan.

He was confident that he had figured out Chen Fan's capabilities.

On the other hand, Chen Fan knew nothing about him.

"No need,"

Chen Fan shook his head. "We can start now."

"Really?"

Ren Xiancheng felt a surge of anger. "Friend, I advise you to think carefully. Otherwise, don't complain if you lose."

Chen Fan shook his head slightly.

"Fine."

Ren Xiancheng coldly snorted, thinking to himself that Chen Fan would soon regret his decision.

The voice of the man with sunglasses came over the speakers, and they entered the betting stage.

Despite Chen Fan's two consecutive victories, few people bet on him this time, as evidenced by the stagnant points.

On the other hand, Ren Xiancheng's points kept climbing rapidly, soon surpassing a thousand, then two thousand, and three thousand points.

Many frowned while watching.

Because the bet on the newcomer had less than a hundred points.

With such odds, how could anyone bet?

Of course, they could bet on the newcomer, but the probability of losing everything was 100%.

After all, the newcomer's hidden cards were already exposed.

In the control room, Yang Hu and his group watched the increasingly lopsided points ratio with meaningful smiles on their faces.

"Looks like the kid doesn't dare bet on himself this time?"

"Yeah, the guy should have around 1450 points. Discounting the 200 points wager for this round, he still has 1250 points. If he bet them all on himself, he could improve Ren Xiancheng's odds significantly."

"He wouldn't dare."

"Exactly, he's just..."

The speaking man's voice abruptly stopped.

He stared at the screen, eyes almost popping out of their sockets.

The others also turned to look and stood frozen.

Because right below Chen Fan's avatar, the points had shot up from less than 100 to over 1300! The growth was precisely 1250 points!

The identity of the bettor was now obvious.

"How... how could he dare?"

Yang Hu swallowed hard.

Outside, everyone was also stunned by the sudden, massive bet.

Over a thousand points? Betting over a thousand points in one go?

Who was this big shot? So wealthy?

And the key was, he bet on the newcomer to win! Did he have too many points, not knowing how to spend them?

"Wait a minute!"

Suddenly, someone realized, "Guys, do you remember before the previous ring fight started, someone suddenly bet over three hundred points on the newcomer?"

"I remember, so what?" someone asked, puzzled.

"Do you mean!"

"That's right, this over-a-thousand-point bet is exactly the result of the over three hundred points from winning the previous bets. In other words, these two bets came from the same person! Moreover, this person is probably..." the speaker looked at Chen Fan.

Others also looked his way.

Exactly!

This guy had hidden his strength before. Knowing he would surely win, he undoubtedly bet on himself.

This was true for the first time, the second time as well, but who would have expected that he would dare to do it again for the third time?

Was he really so confident?

Did he believe he would surely win against a D-level Awakener too?

Ren Xiancheng burned with anger upon hearing this.

"Do you really think you can win like the last two times? Betting on yourself, huh? Fine, then I'll bet on myself to win. Let's see who laughs last!"

With that, he pulled out his phone and tapped a few times.

Not only him, but others in the association, angered by Chen Fan's actions, also placed their bets.

In less than thirty seconds, the points ratio between Chen Fan and Ren Xiancheng had reached 1600 to 10000!

Chen Fan's odds rose to 6 times, meaning that if he won, one point would become six points, and 1250 points would turn into 9600 points!

Ren Xiancheng's odds were almost negligible, but the bettors didn't care.

They just wanted to see Chen Fan lose.

Because this newcomer was simply too arrogant!

"Another 2000 points taken by the association,"

Chen Fan sighed.

But if he won this round, along with the thousand points bonus for three consecutive wins, his points would definitely exceed ten thousand.

He had to admit, this method of scoring points was fast indeed.

Then, forget one True Qi Pill Formula—he could buy ten. Not to mention various Secret Manuals, he could acquire them to his heart's content. The concern would then be having enough Experience Points.

At this moment, the countdown started.

With a cold smile, Ren Xiancheng watched Chen Fan.

As soon as the countdown ended, he raised an arm, and a dozen ice cones as thick as small arms shot toward Chen Fan.

The speed was several times faster than that of the previous E-level Awakeners!

A group of D-level Awakeners exchanged looks.

They had to admit, Ren Xiancheng's control of the Ice Element was impressive; in almost an instant, he had created over a dozen ice cones to launch at his opponent.

However, the opponent was a speed-type Awakener, so dodging them shouldn't be difficult.

"Clang, clang, clang, clang!"

At this moment, a series of clear, crisp sounds rang out. Chen Fan's right hand moved like lightning, a flash of cold light in his hand, stopping all the incoming ice cones and scattering them to the ground.

This scene stunned everyone present.

They had expected that Chen Fan might dodge the attack thanks to his speed, but nobody had anticipated that he would stand his ground and knock down every ice cone directed at him!

Could this be the correct way to use speed-based superpowers?

"Damn it!"

Ren Xiancheng, seeing this, gritted his teeth and raised his other hand, aiming at Chen Fan.

In the next second, countless ice cones materialized from thin air and surged toward Chen Fan like there was no cost.

"I don't believe you can block them all this time!"

Ren Xiancheng inwardly roared.

"Ting ting ting ting..."

Clear collision sounds echoed ceaselessly.

Chen Fan stood still like an unyielding wall, blocking all the incoming ice cones, leaving them fallen on the ground without gaining an inch.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Both E-level and D-level Awakeners, Yang Hu and his crew in the control room, were all slack-jawed, staring at the increasing pile of broken ice on the ground.

So this was the power of a speed-type Awakener?

The ultimate Martial Arts in the world—nothing breaks speed?

Chapter 215: You are a C-level Awakened, Right?

"Brother Hu, is this newcomer really a D-level Awakened?" The man in sunglasses couldn't help but turn around and look at Yang Hu.

"It feels like, it feels like, he's more than that, right?"

A guy next to him swallowed his saliva. He was also a D-level Awakened.

If he were the one on the stage, it would be extremely difficult just to dodge Ren Xiancheng's attack, not to mention striking down all the Ice Cones that the opponent launched.

"I also think so. Besides, he gives me a feeling, a feeling that he hasn't used his full strength yet."

Upon hearing these words, the dozen or so people around looked at the screen again.

Yeah,

the newcomer's expression hadn't changed from beginning to end.

"Could it be, he's a C-level Awakened?"

Yang Hu was startled by the thought that sprang into his mind.

"Damn it!"

On the stage, Ren Xiancheng's face was flushed red.

He knew that the speed of his Ice Cones could reach over 600 meters per second, nearly twice the speed of sound, and they were continuous.

And the result?

They were all blocked?

This was a complete slap in his face!

"Fine, let's see if you can block this time."

He gritted his teeth, and the Ice Cones, which were once like a fierce wind and rain, suddenly disappeared, replaced by ten Ice Blades over a meter long, floating in front of him.

"Is Ren Xiancheng getting serious this time?" Seeing this scene, the crowd around the stage lit up their eyes.

"Yes, these Ice Blades, in terms of both speed and power, are far superior to the previous Ice Cones. I once saw him use just one Ice Blade to slice a High-level Fierce Beast in half."

"So fierce!"

"Great, the newcomer should lose this time."

"Let him be so arrogant. This time, he's put over a thousand points on himself. I really want to see what expression he'll have when he loses all his points."

Some who bet on Chen Fan heard this and somewhat agreed internally.

Because even if Chen Fan won, they didn't bet much and would only get fifty or sixty points at most.

But Chen Fan?

Six times 1200 points!

Seven to eight thousand points!

For these E-level and D-level Awakened, this was an astronomical figure. Watching Chen Fan earn so many points all at once made them more uncomfortable than losing those points themselves.

"Li Ping, if you admit defeat now, it's still not too late."

Ren Xiancheng stared at Chen Fan coldly.

Chen Fan shook his head slightly, and in the next moment, he disappeared from where he was.

"What the... Where did he go?"

"Where did he go!"

A chorus of cries erupted around the ring.

Ren Xiancheng's breathing turned rapid, and he spun wildly, searching for Chen Fan.

"Be careful, he's behind you!"

Someone shouted a warning.

Just as Ren Xiancheng was about to turn, a dagger glinting with cold light was at his neck.

"Don't move."

Chen Fan's voice sounded.

Ren Xiancheng felt as if he had fallen into an ice cave, unable to move.

Instantly, the surroundings fell silent.

Crushed!

Totally crushed!

They even suspected that this newcomer was letting Ren Xiancheng off a bit earlier to make his defeat less embarrassing.

"You lost."

"No, I didn't lose!"

Ren Xiancheng roared, and a bizarre scene ensued.

From his body, layers of white frost rapidly emerged. The frost quickly congealed on his surface, forming an Ice Armor nearly ten centimeters thick.

"Humph, do you think I'm as easy to deal with as your previous opponents?"

Ren Xiancheng sneered at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan gave him a look that said he was an idiot, then swiftly kicked out.

"Bang!"

A loud sound.

Ren Xiancheng was kicked flying, his Ice Armor shattering into countless pieces mid-air, flying in all directions. Just before the fragments flew out of the stage, a Protective Shield appeared around the venue, intercepting all the pieces.

With a thud.

Ren Xiancheng crashed heavily to the ground, humiliated.

The ten Ice Blades he had formed earlier also fell to the ground, breaking into pieces.

"Want to continue?"

Chen Fan looked at him indifferently.

The fact was that these E-level and even D-level Awakened were pathetically weak. He had wanted to spar with them, but they were too disappointing.

If it weren't for the points, he wouldn't want to waste time with such people.

Ren Xiancheng raised his head, a trace of fear in his eyes, and hurriedly said: "I, I admit defeat."

To know, his nearly ten-centimeter-thick Ice Armor could withstand even the charge of a High-level Fierce Beast but couldn't stand Chen Fan's kick.

Only a fool would continue to fight.

Chen Fan took out his phone and soon received two system emails.

As before, one was the reward for winning the match, 400 points; after a 10% deduction, he received 360 points.

The other was the points from betting on his victory, a whopping 9000 points! Even after a 1% handling fee, he had 8910 points.

"Something's wrong."

He frowned.

Wasn't there a consecutive win bonus?

Right at that moment, his phone vibrated.

Another email arrived.

Opening it, he saw it was the points for three consecutive wins, 1500 points, without any deductions.

His point total now was 10770!

Chen Fan nodded in satisfaction. Starting with 100 points, he had multiplied it a hundred times in three matches!

Next was the fourth round. Subtracting the 400 points he would bet, he still had 10370 points left.

Confident in his strength, he decided to bet all these points on his victory.

Even if the odds weren't as high as in the first three matches, winning a few thousand points in one match shouldn't be hard.

At that moment, his phone vibrated; a call was coming in.

"Brother Li, how's it going? Have you received the points?" It was the man in sunglasses again, his tone much more respectful this time, even with a bit of flattery.

"Yes."

Chen Fan responded.

"Brother Li, are you going to continue?" The man in sunglasses asked cautiously, "If you win two more consecutive matches, you'll get an additional 3000 points. After five more consecutive wins, you'll get 10000 points!"

"Then let's keep going."

Chen Fan nodded.

He wasn't surprised by such a "generous" promise.

As the saying goes, the wool comes from the sheep's back.

Although he had made a hundredfold profit by betting on the matches, the association had also earned quite a bit, giving out some as extra rewards was expected.

Moreover, the stronger he was, the more attention he attracted, and the more people would bet on the matches. The association's rake would increase, too. In a way, the fighters and the event organizers were on the same team.

So who lost?

Naturally, the majority of the bettors.

The man in sunglasses hung up and quickly announced the start of the next battle through the loudspeaker. The defender was still Chen Fan.

However, to Chen Fan's surprise, almost a minute passed but no one dared to enter the ring.

Even as the loudspeaker announced that anyone who defeated Chen Fan in the next round would get an extra 500-point termination reward besides the bet, no one stepped forward.

Because nobody was stupid.

Everyone here knew Ren Xiancheng's strength well.

Maybe some could defeat him, but doing so as decisively and cleanly as Chen Fan was impossible. They'd just be throwing away their points.

For these D-level Awakened, 400 points were not much, but not nothing either.

Another minute passed, and the crowd remained silent.

"Miscalculation."

Chen Fan bitterly laughed internally.

He had thought there'd be C-level Awakened here, so he ended the fight quickly, but it seemed there weren't any.

His phone vibrated again.

It was the man in sunglasses.

"Brother Li, sorry to bother you. Could you come down from the stage for now? Our Brother Hu wants to meet you. Please give him some face. Don't worry, Brother Hu won't let you come for nothing."

"Is that so?"

After hesitating for a moment, Chen Fan agreed.

He stepped down from the stage.

Immediately, the crowd parted to make way for him. Most people didn't dare to meet his eyes, even the brave ones quickly looking away after a glance.

It was only after he walked a distance that they dared to raise their heads and whisper.

"That newcomer must be a C-level Awakened! Even if he's not, he's close to it."

"Truly, people can't be judged by appearances. He's filled his points to the brim this time."

"But he's ruthless, becoming a C-level Awakened only to take the association's test?"

"Indeed."

"Brother Li, over here."

The man in sunglasses came over enthusiastically and smiled, "Brother Hu is waiting for you in the room. Please follow me."

"Who is he?"

Chen Fan asked.

"Our Brother Hu is one of Chairman Mei's men."

The man in sunglasses winked at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan understood. Chairman Mei must be the president of the Stone City Awakened Association.

He followed the man into a room. Inside, a middle-aged man sat at a table with drinks in front of him.

"Brother Li, please sit."

This man was Yang Hu, who had been in the machine room earlier. He gestured courteously for Chen Fan to take a seat opposite him.

Chen Fan walked in and sat down.

"I'm Yang Hu. You can call me Old Yang."

Yang Hu picked up a glass of wine and said, "I'm sorry if I ruined your fun. I'll punish myself with a drink."

With that, he tilted his head back and downed the glass.

Chen Fan remained expressionless.

Yang Hu smiled slightly, put down his glass, and said:

"Brother Li, apart from this, the association will also give you a thousand points as an apology."

"Oh?"

Chen Fan's expression softened at these words.

"No need for such courtesy, Yang Brother, but you must have more than just apologies in mind, right?"

"Hahaha, Brother Li is straightforward. Since you're so direct, I won't beat around the bush."

Yang Hu paused, then suddenly asked: "Brother Li, are you a C-level Awakened?"

Chapter 216: Giving You Face, Don't Reject It

"So what? If not, then what?" Chen Fan glanced at the liquor in front of him and calmly looked at the other party.

"Hahaha."

Yang Hu let out a series of laughs and said indifferently, "Brother Li, you are new here. It's understandable that you don't want to reveal your true strength. However, your performance in the ring just now has already revealed a lot of information. For example, just now, two or three minutes have passed, and no one dared to challenge you."

After saying this, Yang Hu poured himself a glass of wine and continued, "Brother Li, you really have some tricks. You took advantage of everyone's uncertainty about your strength to bet on yourself and earn a hefty sum of points. Yang Hu truly respects you. However—"

"However what?"

Chen Fan knew the other party was deliberately keeping him in suspense.

It was just a matter of a few words, so he decided to cooperate.

"However, with your strength, Brother Li, there's no need to go through such trouble to earn points."

"Oh?"

Chen Fan became interested and asked, "Listening to Brother Yang, is there a faster way to earn points?"

"Of course."

Yang Hu's lips curled into a smile. "Brother Li, do you want to know?"

Chen Fan nodded and said, "Everyone would want to know. But if Brother Yang finds it inconvenient, then forget it."

"Hahaha, no need to be so anxious, Brother Li."

Yang Hu shook his head, glanced at the door, and then lowered his voice. "Since I called you here today, I naturally want to tell you this method. However, no matter the outcome, you mustn't leak what we discuss in this room today. Otherwise, not only will I be in trouble, but you, Brother Li, will also be in danger."

"In danger?"

Chen Fan was taken aback.

"No need to be afraid, Brother Li."

Yang Hu waved his hand. "As long as you don't speak out, there will be no danger."

Chen Fan nodded and signaled that he was all ears.

"In fact, only C-level Awakened are qualified to know this."

Yang Hu smiled and said, "Have you noticed that there are no C-level Awakened around the ring?"

"That's right."

Chen Fan responded, "Are the C-level Awakened in the association all busy with cultivation and don't participate in the ring matches?"

"Not at all."

Yang Hu's lips curled up. "It's not that they don't participate. They do, and their opponents are also C-level Awakened within the association. Each person has one match per month, and each match causes a sensation, attracting a lot of Awakened to bet. There are even many Awakened from other places. Brother Li, do you know how many points these matches accumulate?"

"Ten thousand?" Chen Fan asked intentionally.

"Too low, guess again."

"Twenty thousand?"

"Brother Li, be bolder. Multiply that number by ten."

"Two hundred thousand!"

Chen Fan feigned shock.

Yang Hu's face showed a look of pride. "Correct, two hundred thousand, sometimes even reaching three hundred thousand. Brother Li, do you understand what that means? Just the commission alone makes the association's hands full, not to mention the two participating C-level Awakened, who all make a killing. Compared to that, Brother Li, your hard-earned ten thousand points is nothing."

He spoke meaningfully.

A flash of realization crossed Chen Fan's mind.

He seemed to understand a bit about why the other party came to find him.

If he guessed correctly, they wanted him to throw the match.

Yes, the so-called C-level Awakener ring matches were likely a meticulously designed scam from start to finish.

The winner and loser were predetermined, just waiting for those unaware E-level and D-level Awakened to enter and have their wallets emptied.

The two participating C-level Awakened took the largest share, the association took a cut, and the leftover scraps were divided among the Awakened who made correct bets.

"Looks like Brother Li has already guessed. It's always nice talking to someone smart." Yang Hu's smile grew wider.

Chen Fan silently lamented for a second for those outside, then said, "So, Brother Yang means to have me act in cooperation?"

"Correct."

Yang Hu smiled, "Even if Brother Li reveals some of his capabilities, it's no problem. We'll arrange a powerful C-level Awakener from the association as your opponent. At that time, Brother Li, you can bet

on yourself winning because he will undoubtedly lose to you in a completely reasonable way, and you will earn five thousand, ten thousand, perhaps even more points."

"Isn't he worried about tarnishing his reputation by losing to a newcomer like me?" Chen Fan asked.

"He can always win it back next time, can't he?"

Yang Hu dismissed it lightly. "Besides, compared to tens of thousands of points, reputation is nothing."

"That's true."

Chen Fan took a deep breath.

He had to admit, the proposal was very tempting.

How much time could a mere ring match take?

And it didn't require risking one's life against Fierce Beasts. Several thousand points could be earned in just a few minutes.

Probably, not only the Stone City Awakened Association but also other places were similar?

"Brother Li, if you agree, I can arrange such a match for you within three days," Yang Hu said, his voice full of temptation. "You are in the spotlight right now, so don't miss this great opportunity."

Chen Fan smiled. "Brother Yang, let me think about it."

Though he said that, he had no intention of agreeing.

Because a gentleman knows what to do and what not to do.

Previously, he only took advantage of information asymmetry to earn points, using a small trick where willing people took the bait.

He felt no guilt.

However, cooperating with Yang Hu would be outright fraud, swindling people. He would be no different from them.

So, he would not agree to it.

Besides, to gain experience points, he had to go out and hunt, kill high-level, or even Elite-level Fierce Beasts, thus earning points was natural.

What need was there to go against his morals?

Indeed, upon hearing Chen Fan's refusal, Yang Hu's face immediately darkened.

"Brother Li, what's there to consider?"

He put down his wine glass slowly. "You should know that such opportunities are fleeting. As long as you agree, in three days, you will have a hundred thousand points in your pocket, and we can also benefit, right?"

Chen Fan smiled without saying anything.

Yang Hu's face turned even grimmer, "Brother Li, I'm saying this because I treat you as one of our own. And I won't hide it from you; several C-level Awakeners in the association have cooperated with us. Brother Li, don't force us to drink a toast after failing to drink a forfeit."

"Is Brother Yang threatening me?" Chen Fan asked with a smile.

"If you insist on interpreting it that way, I don't mind," Yang Hu said, playing with his wine glass.
"Brother Li, sometimes it doesn't pay to be too unique; it might bring unnecessary trouble, don't you think?"

Chen Fan sighed.

When he entered, he thought Yang Hu was sincerely apologizing and offering 1,000 points as a gesture of goodwill. At that moment, he still thought Yang Hu had a broad vision and was a man who could do great things.

He was disappointed.

This man named Yang Hu had clearly already decided on him.

From the moment he entered this room, he had to choose to join their faction.

Otherwise, life could become very difficult, not to mention the possibility of life-threatening danger.

Unfortunately, Chen Fan's least favorite thing was being threatened.

"Brother Yang," Chen Fan looked at Yang Hu, "Originally, I wanted to save everyone's face and not push things too far. But you left me no choice."

"What did you say?"

Yang Hu's eyes showed a fierce light, like a tiger ready to strike.

"Say that again, if you dare!"

"Not just once, even a hundred times, my answer is the same. You want me to cooperate with your act? Impossible." Chen Fan's eyes met Yang Hu's, and the room filled with tension, ready to explode at any moment.

"Fine, very fine!"

Yang Hu was so furious he laughed, "It's been a long time since I encountered such an interesting newcomer. I wonder where you found the courage to think you're invincible after defeating a D-level Awakener?"

"Talking is pointless."

A flicker of murderous intent passed through Chen Fan's eyes.

"You look like a C-level Awakener. How about we fight, life and death match?"

Undoubtedly, from the moment he rejected the proposal, there was enmity between the two.

Since a fight was inevitable, why not settle it now?

He wanted to see the true power of a C-level battle-type Awakener and maybe earn some points as well.

"Life and death match? Life and death match? Fine!"

Next, the room erupted, causing a commotion that alarmed the Awakened around the ring, who looked over in bewilderment.

What was happening?

"Li Ping, since you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish! Yu Hai!"

Yang Hu shouted.

"Brother Hu?" A man in sunglasses ran over, trembling.

In his memory, it had been years since Brother Hu was this angry. What was happening?

"Prepare a life-and-death agreement. I'm having a life and death match with this newbie."

When he said this, everyone was stunned, and all eyes turned to Chen Fan.

What, this newbie was going to have a life and death match with Yang Hu, a C-level Awakener?

Where did he get the courage?

Chapter 217: There's Still a Plan B

"Brother Hu," the man with sunglasses looked at Chen Fan dazedly, then turned to Yang Hu and asked cautiously, "What, what the hell is going on?"

"Yeah, Brother Hu, why on earth are you issuing a life and death challenge?"

The people in the room, seeing this, all rushed out, trying to dissuade him.

"What's going on?"

Yang Hu sneered, his eyes falling on Chen Fan, "It's not me who wants to fight him to the death; it's him who wants to fight me."

"What?"

The man with sunglasses and the others were dumbfounded, staring at Chen Fan like wooden dolls.

The gazes of the surrounding people also fell synchronously on Chen Fan, their expressions filled with disbelief.

Yang Hu's voice rose,

"A few minutes ago, out of goodwill, I invited him into a private room, even offering him a thousand points as compensation, trying to build a connection with him. Who would have thought, this kid harbored ill intentions."

"Harbored ill intentions?"

"What intentions?"

The surroundings fell silent.

"What intentions?"

Yang Hu sneered, "He said he fought three matches but only earned ten thousand points, which was too little. To get more points, he wanted me to find a C-level Awakened to cooperate with him in a rigged fight."

"Find a C-level Awakened to rig a fight for him?"

"A rigged fight?"

Everyone looked at each other, utterly perplexed.

But Chen Fan already had a guess in his heart, his eyes narrowing slightly.

This guy, it seems, is planning to bite back at me to prevent me from revealing the truth.

As a confidant of the chairman of this association, everyone here naturally believes his words. Even if I speak with eloquence, no one will believe me.

Have to admit he's quite ruthless!

Yang Hu gritted his teeth, "Because he's new and his background is unclear, everyone would definitely bet most of their points on the other C-level Awakened."

"Could it be?" Someone reacted, exclaiming in surprise.

"Exactly!"

Yang Hu's gaze locked onto Chen Fan, "This guy surnamed Li wanted me to have a word with the C-level Awakened on the stage, to have him deliberately throw the fight so he could win.

Because most people would bet their points on the opponent, he would bet on himself, just like before, and win tens of thousands of points."

"What!"

"Outrageous!"

Everyone, already resentful over losing a lot of points to Chen Fan, exploded in anger, wishing to tear Chen Fan apart on the spot.

"Li, how could you do this? You hid your strength in the first three matches and won so many points from us, and now you're not satisfied and want to clean us out?"

"Li Ping, you have such a black heart!" Ren Xiancheng, who fought with Chen Fan before, ground his teeth, "Don't you feel guilty doing this?"

"Guilty? If he knew guilt, he wouldn't have come to Brother Hu with this plan. Brothers, we underestimated this newcomer. He isn't a rookie; he's a sly old fox!"

"Brother Hu, is it because you didn't agree to him that..." The man with sunglasses thought of something and asked urgently.

"That's right."

Yang Hu nodded, sighed, and said, "We're all brothers in this association. Earning points isn't easy. Some even died outside for a few hundred points without a whole body left. How could I do such a thing? So, I refused."

"What happened next?"

Someone asked.

After all, if refusing was all it took, how did things escalate to this point?

Who exactly proposed this life-and-death challenge?

"Later, he proposed it again and even threatened me, but I still refused, telling him that one must have a conscience and not go to extreme lengths just to earn points. Who knew he would fly into a rage and propose a life-and-death fight. Li," Yang Hu looked at Chen Fan, "If you're a real man, dare admit it's you who brought up the life-and-death challenge?"

Instantly, Chen Fan became the focus of everyone again.

All around, pairs of eyes burned with anger.

For an ordinary person, facing such a situation, they might turn pale and stammer, or blush and argue endlessly, but not Chen Fan.

He smiled, nodded, and said, "That's right, I proposed the life-and-death challenge with you. So, do you dare or not?"

After all, it was too late to say anything now.

And looking at his practiced performance, possibly, I'm not the first he's framed like this.

Perhaps, from the moment I refused him, he had already planned to slander me.

What he told me was a big secret; even I wouldn't let someone not on my side hold such leverage over me without some backup plan, would I?

Upon hearing this, the people around became even more enraged.

"Li, you're too rampant!"

"Rampant is too kind; he's a despicable scoundrel!"

"Exactly! Didn't you hear Brother Hu say? He gave him a thousand points, a thousand points! Let alone a thousand points, even ten points from Brother Hu would make me grateful beyond words. This guy, not only is he ungrateful but also wants to fight Brother Hu to the death. Is he even human?"

"He's a beast!"

"He thinks he's invincible after winning three matches and doesn't even respect Brother Hu."

"Indeed, Brother Hu is a C-level Awakened. He wants to fight Brother Hu to the death? Doesn't he know his limits? Purely seeking his own doom!"

"Brother Hu, sign it! Such scum is a disgrace to our association. Show him what despair means in the arena!"

Most people sided with Yang Hu, shouting crazily.

Only a very few had suspicious looks in their eyes.

They had heard some rumors about rigged fights among C-level Awakened.

And if they remembered correctly, a few years ago, one or two C-level Awakened had proposed such ideas too.

Yang Hu was the common link back then.

Adding this scene now, isn't it all a bit too coincidental?

Yang Hu looked at Chen Fan, a mocking smile on his lips.

As if to say, see, how can you match me?

When the discussions died down, Yang Hu raised his hands, signaling everyone to quiet down, then said to Chen Fan: "Li Ping, everyone makes mistakes. As long as you admit and correct them, it's okay,

Besides, you're a newcomer. If I fight you to the death and win, it doesn't reflect well on me. How about this, as long as you're willing to take all the points you have and distribute them to everyone here, I'll act like this never happened, what do you say?"

Yang Hu smiled.

He'd thought it over.

Why should he fight Chen Fan to the death?

Absolutely unnecessary.

Ruining him to the point of disgrace would be far more satisfying than killing him.

Upon hearing this, the surrounding people indeed breathed heavily.

If he guessed right, this newcomer had over ten thousand points, right?

With over a hundred people here, almost everyone could get around seventy to eighty points. That's a considerable amount.

Especially for those who lost all their points, this would be a lifesaver.

"Li, did you hear that? Do as Brother Hu said, and we can pretend nothing happened."

"Right, you won our points using dubious methods; you should give them back."

"Li Ping, Brother Hu gave you this chance; don't be ungrateful."

"Li Ping, hand over the points!"

Every voice grew louder.

"Yang Hu, stop with the useless talk," Chen Fan remained unmoved, only looking at him, "Do you dare to fight me to the death?"

The surroundings fell silent, followed by an eruption of noise like a tidal wave.

"Brother Hu, fight him!"

"Yes! Fight him! Winning three matches and thinking he's somebody?"

"Fight! Fight! Fight!"

The crowd's voice merged into one word, fight!

Even the man with sunglasses and others raised their arms and shouted.

The reason was simple, Chen Fan was too arrogant! So arrogant!

So, he must die!

And for Yang Hu, a C-level Awakened, killing him would be a piece of cake. Why not agree?

They couldn't wait to see Chen Fan being beaten to death in the arena!

"Yang Hu, if you're a man, then agree straightforwardly."

Chen Fan added fuel to the fire.

The opponent was smart, using these ignorant people to completely ruin his reputation, making him a public enemy in Stone City Awakened Association.

But he could turn it around, using these simple-minded people to corner his opponent, forcing him to agree to the life-and-death fight even if he didn't want to!

Yang Hu's face changed slightly.

He felt the situation slipping out of his control.

Why is this Li Ping so insistent on fighting to the death, is he also a C-level Awakened?

But now, there was no room for hesitation.

If he backed down today, he'd never hold his head high in the association again.

Plus,

Even if Li Ping was a C-level Awakened, so what? He'd passed the C-level Awakening task two years ago.

This fight, he would surely win!

"Humph, stop trying to provoke me."

He sneered, eyes showing pity, "I gave you a chance, but you didn't cherish it. So today, I'll rid the association of you, this scum!"

"Well said!"

"Brother Hu, you're the man!"

"Kill him!"

The surrounding Awakened cheered overwhelmingly.

As for Chen Fan?

In their eyes, he was already a dead man.

Chapter 218: He Asked for It

The news of the Life and Death Arena spread rapidly, soon reaching the entire base. Even some Awakeners who usually stayed as far away from the arena as possible were shocked when they heard it.

"What, Life and Death Arena? The kind where two people go up, and only one comes down alive?" a female Awakener exclaimed, her eyes nearly popping out of their sockets upon hearing her companion's words.

Weren't arena battles supposed to stop at the point of victory? How could this be a fight to the death?

"Chang Fei, you must have heard wrong, right?"

"Yeah, in all these years, our Stone City Awakened Association has only had a couple of Life and Death Arenas. And all of those were years ago."

"That's right."

Chang Fei's face was exhilarated. "Surely you haven't checked the group chat yet? It's going crazy in there. The Life and Death Arena is real, 100% sure! And you won't believe who the two combatants are this time."

"Who is it?" They knew Chang Fei was teasing, but they couldn't resist their curiosity and asked immediately.

Although the association had nearly two hundred Awakeners, they might not recognize the names Chang Fei mentioned.

Chang Fei seemed to have guessed their thoughts and let out a gleeful laugh.

"You'll know one of them as soon as I say his name."

"?"

The few people exchanged glances.

"Chang Fei, who is it? If you keep teasing, we're going to look at the group chat ourselves."

"Yeah, stop beating around the bush and just tell us."

"Yang Hu."

At that moment, Chang Fei finally uttered a name.

"Who?"

The few people around him almost jumped like startled cats.

"Chang Fei, did you just say Yang Hu?"

"Chang Fei, you can't be serious, right? Brother Hu is a C-level Awakener! It's rare for someone of his level to even participate in an arena match once a month. How could he be in a Life and Death Arena?"

"No, I'm not joking. You accuse me of teasing when I don't tell you, and now you think I'm joking when I do. Do I seem like someone who would lie about something this important?" Chang Fei retorted, a bit annoyed.

They were all stunned.

Yeah, a Life and Death Arena is a huge deal for the Stone City Association.

And one of the participants was Yang Hu, a C-level Awakener and a core companion of the president. No way would Chang Fei dare to spread false rumors about something this big.

"Gulp."

The female Awakener who had spoken earlier swallowed nervously, her voice lowering. "So, Chang Fei, you're saying Yang Hu is fighting in a Life and Death Arena as a C-level Awakener?"

The nearby people's expressions turned serious at this statement.

The association didn't have many C-level Awakeners.

They hadn't noticed any open conflict between them. What had happened to escalate things to a fight to the death?

"Not quite sure." Chang Fei frowned. "Yang Hu's opponent isn't one of the other C-level Awakeners in the association. It's a newcomer."

"What, a newcomer?"

"A newcomer who just joined our association?"

"Is that a joke? A newcomer daring to fight Yang Hu in a Life and Death Arena? Does he have a death wish? Are you sure you got this right?"

"Absolutely!"

Chang Fei's expression showed exasperation and a hint of laughter.

When he first saw the message in the group chat, he had been stunned for a long time before he believed it.

He had checked several times before accepting it as fact.

"You're not mistaken and neither am I. Indeed, it's a newcomer fighting Yang Hu in a Life and Death Arena. And supposedly, the newcomer requested the fight."

"!!!"

The surrounding people were once again shocked.

"I heard that this newcomer was quite the gambler, hiding his strength and betting all his points on himself during arena matches. He actually won three matches in a row..." Chang Fei explained the situation.

His companions displayed unusual expressions.

"Are newcomers getting this wild nowadays? When we joined the association, we all earned points by completing tasks honestly. It's still that way now."

"Yeah, most bets lose. Over the years, anyone who bet in the arena ended up broke."

"This newcomer must be pretty ruthless, betting this way. If he succeeds, he might earn a lot of points."

"Luckily, Brother Hu refused him. Brother Hu is loyal indeed, deserving respect as the president's right-hand man."

"Absolutely!" Chang Fei slapped his thigh. "After being refused, the newcomer got angry and insisted on a Life and Death Arena. Brother Hu had to agree. Some people just can't be reasoned with."

"Indeed."

Their words resonated with many around them.

"This match starts in ten minutes. Should we also go and take a look? Maybe place a small bet on Brother Hu?" someone suggested with excitement.

"This might not be right."

Voices of hesitation arose. "We agreed not to engage in gambling, didn't we?"

"Hey, with such guaranteed winning, how can it be gambling?"

"Exactly! We all know Brother Hu will win. That newcomer is doomed."

"True, then place a small bet, just for fun?"

"A small risk, nothing major."

Awakeners who got the news rushed toward the basement, even those outside, abandoning their tasks and hurrying back.

Even if not betting, watching could be amusing.

Such reckless newcomers were rare, maybe once in years.

Meanwhile, Vice President Wen Jian, who had assessed Chen Fan before, noticed the flurry of messages in the group chat.

"Life and Death Arena?"

He frowned.

Every community had its conflicts, and the Awakened Association was no different. This arena was an effective way to settle those.

But seeing Yang Hu's name startled him.

Of course, he knew Yang Hu.

A C-level Awakener, trusted by the president.

"He's involved in a life-and-death fight? Could it be?"

Cold sweat broke on Wen Jian's back. Every C-level Awakener was vital to the association. Losing one would be a significant blow.

If two C-level Awakeners fought, both would likely be gravely injured, and the survivor would be weakened.

"I can't let this fight happen."

He thought, but then he saw the opponent's name and paused.

"Li Ping?"

The name seemed familiar, but he couldn't place it.

Until he saw the mocking mentions of "newcomer" and realized.

Yes!

Today's newcomer evaluation, wasn't he called Li Ping?

Li Ping, speed ability, E-level Awakener.

Wait a minute!

His expression changed drastically. How could an E-level Awakener face a C-level in a life-and-death duel?

This was suicide!

After a few minutes, he pieced together the story.

"So that's it."

A cold smile crossed his lips.

He knew the arena's inner workings, having profited from it.

This newcomer had some skills, attracting Yang Hu's recruitment efforts. The talks failed.

So be it.

A lone wolf like this, defying order and being uncooperative, should be ousted early.

But was Li Ping foolish or arrogant?

After this, even if he left the association, no one would stop him or follow him to another city.

But he chose this duel.

It was like an old man hanging himself—courting death.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk."

Clicking his tongue, he pocketed his phone and thought he might as well watch this rare spectacle.

After all, with the president absent, these things fell under his domain.

The basement was packed with people.

Despite fewer than two hundred Awakeners in the Stone City Awakened Association, nearly three hundred people were present.

They evidently came from elsewhere too.

All eyes were on the screen above the ring.

The screen showed Yang Hu and Chen Fan's profiles, with their betting points below.

The countdown showed ten minutes.

Many bet on Yang Hu, with hundreds of points changing every second, totaling over fifty thousand in two or three minutes.

Chen Fan also had bets, with over ten thousand points, increasing by the tens each second.

Though everyone knew Yang Hu would win, hedging on Chen Fan offered big returns if he miraculously won.

Wagering a bit for substantial returns seemed wise.

This looped, and after three minutes, bets on Chen Fan's points reached 30,000, quadrupling the odds for Chen Fan.

Half of Chen Fan's points were his own.

Standing quietly in the ring, ignoring the taunts, Chen Fan waited for the last three minutes to pass.

Yang Hu watched Chen Fan's previous three matches in detail, ending with a cold smile.

The newcomer was merely so-so.

A waste of time.

Chapter 219:: Explodes with Just One Look!

"Crack!"

A figure opened the door and walked in.

"President!"

"President!"

The man with sunglasses and others hurriedly greeted him respectfully.

The newcomer was Wen Jian.

"President."

Yang Hu was taken aback, then he greeted Wen Jian as well.

"Hmm, you all can leave now." Wen Jian's gaze swept across the room as he calmly spoke.

"Yes."

Everyone exchanged glances and left with tacit understanding, the last one even closed the door.

Inside the room, only Wen Jian and Yang Hu were left.

"President..." Yang Hu was about to say something, but Wen Jian waved his hand and said, "I roughly guessed the specifics of the situation, no need to elaborate. In a moment, on the arena, are you confident that you can kill him?"

Yang Hu smiled at that, "President, do you really not have that much confidence in me?"

"Don't even mention whether that guy is a C-level Awakened or not, even if he is, so what? Don't you know my strength?"

"Of course I know your strength," Wen Jian smiled slightly, "but we can't be too confident just in case something unexpected happens. I heard this Life and Death Arena challenge was initiated by this newcomer. If he doesn't have some skills, would he dare do this?"

The atmosphere quieted.

"I'm saying this not to boost others' spirits and diminish our own, but to remind you to finish quickly to avoid unforeseen problems." Wen Jian said.

"Yes, President."

Yang Hu nodded repeatedly.

He knew the President was being considerate, fearing that he might be careless and make a mistake.

But, is Yang Hu really that kind of person?

When a lion hunts a rabbit, it uses its full strength. Yang Hu always understands this principle.

"Hmm, as long as you understand, I'll be waiting for your good news."

Wen Jian patted Yang Hu's shoulder and turned to leave.

He didn't go far, but stopped at the door of a room on the left, opened it, and walked in.

"President, you're here."

"President, what's going on? How did things get so ugly?"

"Yeah, I hear this newcomer just joined today? And it was you, President, who assessed him? Your judgment?"

In the room, three people, two men and one woman, acted nonchalantly upon seeing Wen Jian, unlike those outside who were extremely cautious.

One of them even had his legs crossed, swinging the glass of wine in his hand.

They were all C-level Awakened in the association, and they came with the intention of watching the drama unfold.

Wen Jian walked in, sat down in an empty seat, and said calmly, "When the forest is big, there will be all kinds of birds. This kind of thing has happened before. What surprises me a bit is this newcomer's strength."

"Indeed."

The man who looked nonchalant gulped a mouthful of wine and said, "I watched his three battles. It's definitely not the strength an E-level can have, at least D-level, possibly even close to C-level."

"From his courage to challenge Yang Hu, it's possible he is really a C-level Awakened. Otherwise, it wouldn't make sense." The short-haired woman frowned.

After all, no one is foolish enough to challenge a C-level opponent knowing they are only D-level.

"Even if he's close to C-level, so what?"

The man sitting on the east side sneered. He had long hair and an eerie aura.

"Honestly, even if we are all C-level Awakened, how many of us can win against Yang Hu?"

His words brought silence to the room.

The previous man and woman exchanged glances, looking somewhat awkward.

Wen Jian coughed lightly and said, "Indeed, even I don't have absolute confidence in defeating Yang Hu. To be frank, even if I manage to kill him, I would pay a heavy price."

"Yes."

The short-haired woman agreed, "Yang Hu's explosive superpower can cause anything around him to explode, whether it's buildings, bodies, or air. Unless he loses his senses, it's hard to dodge."

"The speed is incredibly fast and hard to guard against."

"Moreover, the power is massive." The nonchalant man, Jin Jin, now had a serious look on his face.

"Within a hundred meters, the power of one explosion is comparable to a rocket, capable of blasting a half-meter diameter hole in a 300mm concrete brick wall. If within ten meters, the power is akin to a 75mm mountain cannon, turning a small house into rubble."

"The most terrifying thing is being touched by him." The eerie man said with fear in his eyes.

"Yes," Jin Jin nodded, "If touched by him, whether hand, foot, or any part of his body, it will trigger an explosion with the power of a 120mm grenade. Even a tank would be blown to pieces; an elite-level Fierce Beast would be killed if hit at a vital point."

Upon hearing these words, the room fell silent again.

Although they were all C-level Awakened, the differences in strength were significant.

Some could only kill ordinary high-level Fierce Beasts, facing multiple high-level beasts simultaneously could be life-threatening, forcing them to retreat.

The stronger ones could kill high-level beasts like chickens, even if attacked by several high-level beasts simultaneously, they could escape unharmed, possibly killing all of them.

The strongest could kill elite-level beasts alone, and they were just one step away from becoming B-level Awakened.

Yang Hu was between the latter two, theoretically able to kill elite-level beasts but lacking a battle record.

This was something they were unwilling to admit but had to accept.

"So, is this newcomer Li Ping courting death?" Jin Jin smiled again.

"Hmm."

The short-haired woman nodded and sighed, "It's a pity for Li Ping. He just joined the association and already has this strength. Given enough time, he could become a great asset to us, aiding in the arena battles against Awakened from other cities."

"Gao Yun, you're too optimistic." The eerie man snorted, "A rebellious person like this would only cause trouble. Just like this time, Yang Hu kindly invited him to join us. As a newcomer, his benefits would be fewer, but isn't this faster than doing tasks outside? And yet, he arrogantly declined."

Gao Yun remained silent.

"Alright, let's watch how this Li Ping dies in a while." Jin Jin's face showed a cruel smile, "Hope Yang Hu leaves him an intact corpse."

Time passed by, with both sides' points rapidly increasing, the ratio nearing five to one.

Yang Hu, 250,000 points.

Chen Fan, 50,000 points.

Less than a minute until the arena fight started.

From this scene, the points betting on Yang Hu could reach 300,000!

"Haha, someone really dares to bet on that newcomer?"

Seeing Chen Fan's points increasing by several hundred at a time, someone sneered.

"Some people always think they're the smartest in the world while everyone else is foolish."

"Isn't this great? Without these bets, where do we get our points winnings?"

"Exactly."

Many people laughed.

Those who placed bets on Chen Fan didn't show anger.

Because they hadn't held much hope to begin with.

The last ten seconds.

Both sides' points soared like rockets.

As the last second ended, the points ratio reached 300,000 to 60,000, a fivefold difference.

Betting on Yang Hu's odds, 1.1 times.

Betting on Chen Fan's odds, 5.5 times.

The association takes ten percent.

At that moment, the room door opened, and a figure slowly walked in, attracting everyone's attention.

The room fell silent.

Gazes of respect, admiration, fervor, and excitement were directed towards him.

"Brother Hu!"

Someone shouted, and calls echoed from all directions.

"Brother Hu!"

"Brother Hu!"

Yang Hu remained composed, nodding to everyone before walking towards the arena.

Compared to him, Chen Fan looked quite desolate standing on the arena.

Finally, Yang Hu stepped onto the arena.

The surrounding cheers reached their peak.

"Brother Hu, kill him!"

"Kill him!"

"Kill this despicable wretch!"

The cheers lasted for half a minute before gradually quieting.

Yang Hu looked at Chen Fan and said condescendingly, "Li Ping, I gave you a chance before, but you didn't cherish it. The situation has come to this because of your choices. Even if you kneel and beg now, it's useless."

"Is that so?"

Chen Fan smiled slightly, "Sorry to disappoint you, but 'regret' isn't in my dictionary."

"Hehe."

Yang Hu's eyes filled with pity.

This guy didn't realize he was facing a terrifying opponent.

If the President hadn't specifically instructed him to finish quickly, he would've tortured this newcomer, letting him die in agony.

"Beep!"

A crisp sound rang out, signaling the countdown.

Three seconds, corresponding to three countdown beeps.

The final beep would mark the start of the fight.

"Beep!"

The second beep.

At this moment, time seemed to stand still.

Everyone held their breath, staring at the arena without blinking.

Just one more second, and this Life and Death duel would begin. Although there was no suspense, witnessing a C-level Awakened in action was worthwhile.

Chapter 220: Are You Sure This is a Speed-type Awakener

Back to the moment before the countdown begins.

Chen Fan took a deep breath.

Although he had absolute confidence in his current strength, it was still better to be cautious.

Based on the information he had, this guy named Yang Hu's superpower was explosion.

However, the specifics were unknown, as the option to spend points to purchase more information had disappeared.

In other words, the entire Stone City Awakened Association was openly and secretly targeting him.

Therefore, explosion could mean a physical explosion or, perhaps, a Spirit Bomb?

If it was the latter, he would be more than happy.

Because his Spirit Attribute had increased several times compared to the last battle with Guan Dexi, reaching over fifty thousand.

If the opponent used a Spirit Bomb, it would be self-destructive.

If it was the former, he had to be prepared.

His current Constitution was over six thousand points, and with the 1.5 times physical defense boost from Level 5 Invulnerability, his physical defense ability was comparable to a Martial Artist with over fifteen thousand points.

But it was still not enough.

At the moment the first countdown sound rang, he activated the Perfect Traits of Thirteen Grand Protectors' Cross Training, Horizontal Refining Golden Body!

Physical defense immediately increased by three times again!

In other words, his current Constitution was equivalent to that of a Martial Artist with over thirty-three thousand points. Physical defense, healing ability, and endurance were all the same.

Simultaneously, he activated the Body Protection traits, using True Qi to protect the vital points of his head. At this moment, the physical defense of his head had reached forty thousand points!

After completing all this, the last countdown sound finally arrived.

And just then, a sudden change occurred!

"Boom boom boom boom boom!!!"

A series of explosions echoed through the arena. The immense roar caused some of the Awakened near the arena to collapse onto the ground in fear. If it weren't for the protective shield around the arena, they would have been blown away.

Even those who were prepared had pale faces and trembling legs.

They could feel the ground trembling.

"Boom boom boom!"

The explosions on the arena continued.

"Hahaha!"

Yang Hu on the stage burst into laughter. His eyes were fixed tightly on Chen Fan not far away, and where his gaze landed, flames surged into the sky and smoke billowed.

He was like a bomber, dropping countless bombs on Chen Fan.

Soon, half the arena was shrouded in thick smoke from the explosions, making it impossible to see clearly.

However, the sound of explosions continued!

Inside the private room.

Watching this scene through the screen, several C-level Awakened felt a chill down their spines.

"Shouldn't that be enough?"

The woman widened her eyes, "Unless something unexpected happened, he would have been blown to pieces long ago. If the explosions continue, there won't even be ashes left."

"Indeed."

Even the always joking Jin Jin felt a chill.

The androgynous man said nothing, just narrowed his eyes, staring at the screen where Yang Hu was laughing.

If he were the one on stage, would he be able to dodge Yang Hu's initial strike?

Probably not, right?

Because he relied not only on his eyes but his five senses. In other words, he could make the entire arena fall into an explosion centered around him. In such a scenario, how could the opponent dodge? They could only choose to endure it.

At that moment, Yang Hu would pinpoint their location and unleash an even more powerful explosion!

The explosions continued for nearly ten seconds before Yang Hu ceased his actions, a smile on his face.

A near thirty-second explosion would turn even more than ten High-level Fierce Beasts into ashes.

"That poor guy; he probably never expected to step onto the arena, only to be instantly blown into smithereens, not even getting a chance to strike back, right?" someone mocked under the arena.

"Exactly, now not even his ashes could be found."

"Of all people, he chose Brother Hu as his opponent. Isn't this like lighting a lantern in a restroom, seeking death?"

"Brother Hu is incredible! I've heard that within thirty meters, his superpower's might is equivalent to five or six pounds of TNT explosives! Just now, Brother Hu must have hit him at least thirty times, nearly two hundred pounds of explosives detonating directly on him."

"Tsk tsk tsk, he's not dead yet?"

As they discussed, their gazes turned toward the direction where Chen Fan stood.

The smoke was dispersing.

A silhouette slowly emerged.

"What!"

Shouts of surprise rang out.

Many faces wore expressions as if they had seen a ghost.

Logically, shouldn't this newcomer be blown to pieces? How was he still standing there?

As the smoke cleared more, the silhouette appeared in everyone's view.

Ragged looking, his clothes blown apart, especially his upper body, exposing his skin which was clearly a previous target of explosions.

His pants were also shredded, only strips of cloth fluttering in the wind.

However, that was all.

The exposed skin, muscle chunks like granite, sparkled under the light.

Not a single inch of skin was injured, not even a hair undone.

"Is that it?"

Chen Fan's face showed a hint of disdain as he asked.

As his voice fell, everyone present was stunned, their minds blank.

What they had seen before, and now Chen Fan's tattered clothes, all testified that Yang Hu's attack had indeed hit him.

Thirty seconds, thirty straight seconds of explosions!

In the end, aside from his clothes being blown to bits, his body was completely unharmed?

"How is this possible!"

In the private room, even Vice President Wen Jian stood up, staring in disbelief.

This guy, didn't die?

Not only did he not die, but he also mocked.

"How did he do it?" Jin Jin's face changed as he looked at Wen Jian, and said: "President, didn't he just join the association? Even if he accumulated over ten thousand points, he never left the basement. How could he buy battle armor?"

Wen Jian's face darkened: "I've checked the betting odds on points; he bet all his points on himself."

"!"

Upon hearing this, the others' jaws almost hit the floor.

Gao Yun stammered: "So he blocked all those explosions with only his body? His body strength must surpass ten thousand points, comparable to Elite-level Fierce Beasts?"

"No, no way!"

The androgynous man spoke excitedly.

Fierce Beasts might be slower, but their Constitution and Power vastly surpassed humans.

That's why the association set ordinary human Constitution as the standard for body strength levels.

An ordinary human's body strength is 10 points—getting hit by a handgun at close range would be fatal.

Low-level Fierce Beasts' body strength ranges from 1-100—even a handgun could hurt them; a rifle typically has no competition.

Mid-level Fierce Beasts have body strength from 100-1000, able to withstand rifle bullets. Handguns are mere toys to these beasts.

High-level Fierce Beasts have body strength from 1000-10000, can resist machine gun bullets, and require rocket launchers or machine guns for defeat.

Ten meters away, within a hundred meters, Yang Hu's explosion impact is at this level.

Elite-level Fierce Beasts' body strength generally exceeds ten thousand points! Even being directly hit by a 75mm howitzer wouldn't harm them; only a 120 or even a 150mm howitzer could inflict damage.

What they were witnessing meant this newcomer's body strength exceeded ten thousand points, equivalent to Elite-level Fierce Beasts. Is that possible?

This isn't possible!!!

On the arena, Yang Hu stared at Chen Fan, mouth agape, enough to swallow a basket full of eggs.

This guy?

Not dead?

This?

Needless to say, if it were him, without Tier Two Alloy Battle Armor or special items, he'd have been blown to bits.

Could it be, this guy also had battle armor? No, that's not right! He saw him bet all his points on himself, and even if he had armor, there's no chance to put it on!

Because he struck immediately.

"Could it be?"

He thought of one possibility, with a trace of panic flashing through his heart.

Impossible, absolutely impossible!

It must be the distance, yes, it must be!

He clenched his fist; if he reduced the distance to within ten meters, every explosion would multiply its power!

And if he touched this guy's body, humph, even an Elite-level Fierce Beast wouldn't survive!

"Li, I don't know what tricks you're using, but I'm telling you, this ends now!"

He moved, instantly reducing the distance to within ten meters.

"Boom boom boom!!!"

A more powerful explosion sounded.

Terrifying waves swept in all directions. If not for the surrounding protective shield, the entire underground first floor would be blown up.

Even so, many Awakened were thrown to the ground, faces pale as paper.

"Is this Brother Hu's true power?"

"So strong, this explosion is ten times more powerful than before, right?"

"That guy won't survive this?"

Someone gritted their teeth.

"No."

On the stage, Yang Hu's face changed; his intuition told him this explosion didn't hit the opponent.

At that moment, a chill crept down his back.

"Crack!"

A crisp sound echoed.

The dagger in Chen Fan's hand shattered.

"Haha!"

Yang Hu laughed determinedly.

In a life-or-death battle, he wouldn't be careless. Though not wearing alloy battle armor, his Protective Talisman could block ten Elite-level Fierce Beast full-force strikes and had rebound effect.

No doubt, this Li must have tried to sneak and end the fight with a dagger.

Unfortunately, not only was he unharmed, the dagger was shattered.

He turned, grabbing at Chen Fan's head.

"Boom!"

A massive explosion sounded.

"Hit!"

In the private room, Jin Jin slapped his thigh seeing this.

He saw clearly; the explosion occurred on Li Ping's head.

What concept is this?

An explosive that could blast a one-meter-wide, half-meter-deep hole in the ground, detonating on a head, how would it end? No need to guess.

But the screen echoed the newcomer's voice, "I pretty much understand your power and fighting style now. You have quite a few life-saving items, sigh, pity my dagger."

"Hmph, instead of mourning your dagger, worry about whether your fate will be like it soon!" Yang Hu shouted fiercely.

Truthfully, he was a bit panicked.

Though he missed his strongest strike.

But a direct hit at such close range, couldn't kill this guy?

This newcomer isn't a Speed-type Awakener?

Is he not a defense type?