

# **When 'God' Decides To Start Over #Chapter 39 Razor Ball - Read When 'God' Decides To Start Over Chapter 39 Razor Ball**

## **Chapter 39: Chapter 39 Razor Ball**

Baal's tank-like body was already in motion, performing agile movements that belied his physique.

His whole body leaned to the side, with his entire weight pressed onto his left leg, as his right leg lifted back to its limit, maximizing the distance between his foot and the ball.

Bang!

The moment his foot made contact with the ball, it rocketed towards Li Xiu like a cannon shot.

The ball flew low, and as it passed, the grass on the ground was blown aside by the airflow. In an instant, it was at Li Xiu's abdomen.

With the ball at this height, it was impossible to use the previous lifting method, and Li Xiu didn't have time to dodge.

The Fat Man was already ready to call for medical personnel, but then saw Li Xiu suddenly clench his hands together like a sledgehammer, smashing the ball in front of him.

The soccer ball's trajectory was altered by the impact, bouncing off the ground and flying out.

"Such quick reflexes, but unfortunately, the strength was lacking," The Fat Man was a bit surprised since Baal's cannon-like shot wasn't something just anyone could handle.

For Li Xiu to deal with it this way was already quite impressive.

Baal's eyes became increasingly fierce, as he directly grabbed another ball and placed it at the penalty spot.

"Baal, don't mess around..." The Fat Man knew what Baal was up to and quickly tried to stop him.

Li Xiu's performance was already excellent. While his physical attributes as a goalkeeper were still lacking, he could still be a good substitute.

If Baal really injured him, not only would they lose a potential income-generating player, but there would also be some trouble.

After all, Tyrone City had laws, and it wasn't possible to just kill or cripple someone in public.

Baal, however, didn't care at all, ignoring the Fat Man entirely, and kicked the soccer ball again.

This kick was even more ferocious, and at the same time, the imprint of the Skill Ring glowed on his fingers, with rings of blood patterns appearing on his thumb.

Buzz!

The soccer ball, with intense spinning, cut through the air like a streak of light, shooting towards Li Xiu.

"Get out of the way..." The Fat Man shouted at Li Xiu, knowing all too well the terror of Baal's shot.

But Li Xiu had no intention of dodging, reaching out his hands once again, preparing to deflect the ball.

However, the moment his hands touched the ball, he immediately realized something was wrong.

The ball carried a violent spin, not only negating his lifting force but also curling downward towards Li Xiu's face.

"It's over, the boss is going to yell at me again!" The Fat Man couldn't help covering his face, not wanting to witness Li Xiu's impending disaster.

Baal's skill is the B-grade "Razor Ball." In general, a "Razor Ball" is still a curve ball, but the speed and curve are more exaggerated than normal ones.

However, Baal's Razor Ball skill is lethal; the soccer spins forward at high speed, and upon impact, attacks with a downward spin.

Using a deflecting method like Li Xiu's, the ball would head straight for his face. The intense spinning ball striking his face would generate friction, grinding his face raw.

Once, in the Tyrone City Football League, a goalkeeper was left with his face a bloody pulp by Baal's Razor Ball, with his nose and brow bones shaved flat and his eyes gouged out.

Not only was his career destroyed, but he also became a disfigured, blind man with a brain that went haywire from the violent impact.

Bang!

The sound of the soccer ball striking resonated, forcing the Fat Man to lower his hand, ready to run over and handle the ensuing trouble.

However, just as he took a step, he froze in place because Li Xiu was standing well in front of the goal, while the ball Baal shot rebounded out of bounds.

"What's going on?" The Fat Man asked incredulously, unable to believe that Li Xiu had blocked Baal's Razor Ball unscathed.

"Fat Man, where did you find this guy? He's incredible!"

"To defuse Baal's Razor Ball like that is quite something."

"With these skills, he's much better than the previous guy. Now that we don't have a suitable starting goalkeeper, I think he's great."

The players all began discussing, looking quite satisfied with Li Xiu's performance.

"What's going on? What is really going on?" The Fat Man was baffled, deeply regretting not seeing that ball, feeling very frustrated.

Baal wanted to shoot again, but the Fat Man didn't care anymore and quickly ran over to stop Baal.

"Baal, cut it out. This is our own goalkeeper. If you want to make a scene, do it on the pitch and take out the opponent's keeper for me," The Fat Man said while pulling Baal.

"Hmph." Baal gave Li Xiu a hard glare before turning around and heading to the rest area.

"Not satisfied? Then keep shooting until you are," Li Xiu suddenly spoke, addressing Baal's retreating figure.

Li Xiu was there to attract the Tyrone City Lord's attention as quickly as possible, not to quietly make money. So he couldn't be low-key, he had to be high-profile, and the higher, the better.

Upon hearing Li Xiu's words, Baal turned around immediately, without a word, taking his place at the penalty spot again.

The Fat Man tried to stop him but couldn't, as Baal shrugged him off and kicked the ball towards Li Xiu again, still using the Razor Ball.

This time, the Fat Man finally saw how Li Xiu blocked the Razor Ball. He placed his hands under the spinning ball, which fiercely aimed for his face.

At that moment, Li Xiu suddenly ducked forward, his legs kicking upwards like a scorpion's tail.

The Razor Ball rolled over his back and was kicked by his scorpion-like feet, sending the ball flying away.

"Holy crap, is that even possible?" The Fat Man gaped, unable to close his mouth for a while.

Baal was already livid, dragging over a tub of training balls, bombarding Li Xiu's side one after another.

However, the B-grade skill had a limited duration, and after kicking several Razor Balls that were all blocked, he could only kick regular powerful shots.

Li Xiu repeatedly blocked Baal's shots, and eventually, Baal stopped trying to hit him, focusing instead on scoring a goal.

At such close range, the penalty kick had a much higher chance of scoring than being saved, but no matter how Baal kicked, Li Xiu managed to deflect his shots.

Everyone watched in amazement, having never seen a goalkeeper like this.

There are plenty of strong goalkeepers in the alliance who can completely neutralize Baal.

But those goalkeepers all have one thing in common: physically, they are stronger than Baal, or they have special Trial Skills.

No one had ever seen a goalkeeper like Li Xiu, who had a significantly weaker physique than Baal, hadn't used any skills, yet managed to block all of Baal's close shots.

The Fat Man suddenly realized he might have discovered a gem.

## **Chapter 40: Chapter 40: Competitive Job Placement**

Baal stood in front of the goal, panting and looking at Li Xiu. The ferocity and agitation in his eyes had significantly diminished.

At this moment, Li Xiu appeared much taller in his eyes, like a mountain blocking the goal.

"Still want to kick?" Li Xiu stood in front of the goal, looking at Baal as he calmly asked.

Baal's pupils shrank, and the corners of his eyes twitched. Just as the others thought Baal was about to lose his temper and engage in a real fight, Baal suddenly grinned.

"No more, you're a freaking monster." Baal said, turning around and walking toward the rest area without looking back.

"Bro, come on, come to my office, let's go over the contract..." The fat guy warmly pulled Li Xiu inside.

The other team members looked at Li Xiu with curiosity. Kun Sha was lying on a bench in the rest area, covering his face with a towel, as if he had fallen asleep long ago.

...

"Boss, I've found a gem. We've got our starting goalkeeper." The fat guy excitedly pushed the door open and burst into the boss's office.

He found two other people inside and quickly stood up straight, restraining his excitement, standing there like a well-behaved child.

Sha Chu frowned but didn't scold the fat guy. Instead, he said to him, "This is Pa Shan and his agent, Miss Zheng. From now on, Pa Shan will be our team's starting goalkeeper. Work well together."

"Goalkeeper?" The fat guy was taken aback, sizing up the man and woman sitting on the sofa.

The woman was beautiful, with typical Tyrone features. Her facial features were prominent, angular, and not very soft.

The man also had the common Tyrone features, with a rugged yet fierce demeanor, a tall but not bulky figure, giving off an impression of explosive strength.

"Sha Chu, although we are good friends, friendship is one thing, and soccer is another. If the position of the goalkeeper for the Madmen team has other options, Pa Shan can compete for the spot. Whoever is more suitable for the position should be the starter," Zheng Xiu said somewhat aggressively.

"No need. I'm well aware of Pa Shan's abilities. Since he's willing to join my team, the starting goalkeeper spot naturally belongs to him," Sha Chu said flatly.

"Boss, Miss Zheng means well. Why not let them try out?" The fat guy said in a low voice.

He wasn't sure about the background of Pa Shan and Miss Zheng, but he had high hopes for Li Xiu. Today's performance by Li Xiu had completely won him over.

Normally, if Sha Chu said one thing, he wouldn't dare to say another. But today, he really wanted to keep Li Xiu.

Because Li Xiu made it very clear that if they wanted him to stay on the team, he must be the starter; otherwise, there was no deal.

Sha Chu looked at the fat guy with some surprise. This guy was usually just a smiling tiger, never disobeying her will.

Today, surprisingly, he stood up for a newcomer who hadn't even signed yet, especially after she had already stated that Pa Shan would be the starting goalkeeper. It caught Sha Chu off guard.

"Fair competition sounds reasonable," Zheng Xiu raised her eyebrows, speaking in a calm tone.

"Who is the goalkeeper you want to sign?" Sha Chu pondered and asked.

"His name is Li Xiu, a newcomer to Tyrone City," the fat guy quickly replied.

"What's his physical enhancement level? What trial skills does he have?" Sha Chu asked further.

"His physical enhancement level is similar to a regular player, but his skill level is exceptionally high, unbelievably high." In fact, the fat guy had embellished Li Xiu a bit, as Li Xiu's physical fitness was only mid to low among regular players.

Zheng Xiu laughed hearing the fat guy say this, "Good technique is a plus, but are you sure someone with regular player fitness can handle the goalkeeper position?"

"Well..." The fat guy dared not make any guarantees. Li Xiu's technique was very impressive, but he was well aware of the league's intensity, and there were people even tougher than Baal.

He couldn't guarantee that with Li Xiu's physical condition, he could last a whole season.

"How about this, sign the person you chose and let him be Pa Shan's backup," Sha Chu suggested.

"He said he wants the starting position if we sign him," the fat guy said with a wry smile. He really wanted to sign Li Xiu but didn't want to sacrifice anything because of him.

"Sha Chu, don't stress over it. Let's just have them both try out and see who's up for the starting spot," Zheng Xiu confidently proposed, having absolute confidence in Pa Shan.

"Alright, let it also be an opportunity for Pa Shan to meet the other players on the team," Sha Chu said, then instructed the fat guy, "Arrange a tryout for that person with Pa Shan."

The fat guy opened his mouth to say something but ended up saying nothing. He turned and went out to make arrangements.

"Sha Chu, if I may say, no wonder your team's performance has been lacking recently. Look at these people. You can't keep indulging them. If you had paid more attention, with someone like Kun Sha, the team wouldn't be in this state," Zheng Xiu said with a smile.

"They are old-timers left by my father. Even if they haven't achieved much, they've worked hard," Sha Chu replied faintly.

"You care too much about old ties," Zheng Xiu laughed.

"Let's go, let Pa Shan meet everyone. Kun Sha is here today too, Pa Shan, I'm sure you're eager to meet him," Sha Chu said, standing up.

Hearing Kun Sha's name, Pa Shan's eyes immediately lit up, and he stood up as well.

Sha Chu, standing at over 1.7 meters, was not short, but Pa Shan was even taller, exuding an imposing presence.

When the fat guy returned to his office, Li Xiu was sitting in a chair waiting for him.

"Uh, bro, there's a bit of a problem. I didn't know the boss had also brought in another goalkeeper. It might be a bit tricky this time," the fat guy scratched his head, a bit embarrassed.

"In that case, I'll take my leave," Li Xiu said upon hearing that the boss had already found someone, realizing there wasn't much chance for him. He stood up to go.

"No, no, no, that's not what I meant. I think highly of you. But since it's someone the boss brought in, my hands are tied. The boss wants you and this Pa Shan guy to participate in a tryout. She'll watch personally to see who's more suitable for the starting position," the fat guy quickly stopped Li Xiu.

"Another trial?" Li Xiu frowned slightly.

"Yes, another trial. I promise that if you perform well enough, the starting position will definitely be yours," the fat guy painted an optimistic picture for Li Xiu.

"Since I'm already here, let's give it another try," Li Xiu said nonchalantly. Trying out with other teams would also take time.

Moreover, being able to showcase his skills directly in front of the team's boss was an excellent opportunity for Li Xiu.

Following the fat guy back to the field, who knew the place was already in chaos.

"Is that Pa Shan, THE Pa Shan?" Many of the team members pointed and talked about Pa Shan, who was standing in front of Kun Sha in the rest area.