

Wow 371

Chapter 371 No fight, no acquaintance

Nova didn't even glance in that direction, just carelessly pursed her lips, her small hand rested on her knee, patting it with "pats". "What's it to us? Whenever Bai decides to come, he'll come, he'll come..."

It was as if a demon's chant filled their ears.

The acting team leader had never imagined that their own leader could be such a chatterbox.

But just as the leader had said, what was it to them?

Only if the other party wouldn't actively cause trouble, would they be bothered to pay any attention to anything like local customs around Blackwater City.

And if they really were looking to pick a fight... against the formidable special squad leader of Blackwater City, they might stand no chance of retaliating, but against ordinary people, they had never been intimidated.

So, after one last glance in that direction, the two from Grey Iron City stopped paying attention and let the others surveil them.

...

"Did they notice us?"

"Could they be enforcers sent by some other power?"

Kuang Xin and his group lay hidden in the bushes, peering through the dense foliage at three distant figures fragmented by the evening shadows.

They were there to complete a task.

Black Street was undergoing major construction and development.

It wasn't just from their own boss that they could accept tasks; they could receive various assignments from many residents of Black Street, even including the spokespeople for the "Black Street" power.

The spokesperson wasn't just the old butler—many ongoing projects had their own main person in charge, who were key NPCs they could interact with on a regular basis.

Of course, even if their roles had already reversed, and even if when they met in Black Street, almost all the residents, including those project managers, had to respectfully address them with a title of honor.

But just as players find it hard to truly revere the game world, they didn't have much genuine feeling of respect or fear for game characters.

As long as one could assign tasks, that made for a qualified NPC.

Completing additional tasks from other NPCs to supplement their experiences and skills, as well as to unlock new content, was all part of the game for them when their own boss wasn't around or after they had completed his missions.

Not to mention, Black Street was, in some psychological sense, their own property.

Since it was all work that needed to be done, having their own people issue tasks to their own people, and then rewarding their own people, offered a certain privilege and thrill of the left hand passing to the right.

Right now, they had returned to their old profession—chopping wood.

But it seemed there might be an unexpected new find.

"They don't look like good people..."

"Their uniforms are uniform; they look like part of a significant power."

Since Black Street came under the jurisdiction of the adults, its main style had changed drastically, and this naturally attracted the attention of forces from nearby, even farther away gathering spots.

The endless tests of various sizes, and the possible unrest from the "outside" in the tasks released by the adults, came from those ambitious grey forces.

After all, in this barbaric age of production, reason is never as effective as a fist.

In recent days, they had already repelled quite a few "enemies" who had been provocatively keen.

Now, whenever they encountered someone suspicious, labeling them an "enemy" was almost never wrong.

And now, was this another group of strangers they had not encountered before?

With the way they eyed Black Street with that despicable look, were they secretly hatching some vile plan against it?

Kuang Xin tightened his grip on the axe, unwilling to wait any longer, "Who cares what they're planning, let's just go up and ask!"

"But the adult instructed us not to start trouble." Gong Yan gently advised from behind.

This wasn't Black Street territory; they weren't so brazen as to impose their will out in the wild.

Kuang Xin waved his hand dismissively, "We'll definitely start with courtesy before resorting to force, if talks fail, then we'll fight."

"I actually agree with that," Gu Lan rose to her feet, her slender legs faintly visible amid the shade, "A chat isn't stirring trouble."

"Exactly!" Kuang Xin, hefting his axe, strode out, "Hey, buddy!"

To avoid any misunderstanding, he revealed his presence from afar with a loud voice, "What are you looking at over there?"

...

"They're coming out..."

"What should we do now?"

"Bai said not to talk to strangers arbitrarily."

... The two from Grey Iron City looked at their own team leader with strange expressions.

Were the leader's words an instruction? Or an instruction? Or an instruction?

In fact, when it came to dealing with their current leader, they were uncertain of how to proceed.

The fact that their leader seemed to switch personalities at the drop of a hat was already baffling, but this new personality was even more unpredictable than their usual erratic one.

In fact, compared to the team leader of Blackwater City, it was these two who had spent more time with their own leader since the change, so they felt they had a deeper understanding of their leader than others.

To say she was dumb... there were occasions where she seemed quite the opposite.

To say she wasn't dumb... her behavior always resembled that of a simple and naive child.

What mattered most, though, was power.

As long as the leader's power wasn't stripped away, she'd always be the leader; that was an unchanging truth.

When the leader was indecisive, they could naturally do as they wished.

But now that the leader had spoken, it seemed they had to follow orders.

"Ignore them," the acting team leader instructed the little boy.

The boy nodded, "Yeah! Ignore them."

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...

...

"Hey!"

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"Can you see us?"

"Hello hello hello?"

Kuang Xin jumped in front of the three people, but found these three living persons were like three logs.

"We mean no harm."

"Are you guys bad guys?"

"Are you harboring ill intentions towards Black Street?"

"Are you brewing some evil plan?"

The other party remained silent, and Kuang Xin's self-amusement grew.

After all, this was a game world, and their actions as players need not be so by the book.

"We are the Guardians of Black Street, and if you have any ideas about Black Street, I might have to attack you, rawr."

The seemingly daydreaming eyeballs rotated.

Nova kept silent, and the acting team leader finally couldn't help it.

"Why are you getting all excited, you little chick?"

"Huh? Who are you calling a little chick?"

"I'm calling you a little chick." The acting team leader looked disdainfully at the little man holding an axe.

He looked so charming and delicate, not at all like a rugged, muscular man, yet he was wielding such a big weapon. Who was he trying to scare?

Believe it or not, I'll go after you tonight?

Mocked by an NPC?

Could he endure it?

Kuang Xin glared at the other person, "Come on! Let's spar!"

Cautiously glancing at his own team leader, seeing she made no sign, the acting team leader then stood up, spitting the dead grass he was chewing out of his mouth.

"Just bored out of my mind. I'll use you for some exercise!"

"Tsch!" Kuang Xin suddenly smashed the battle axe down, the blade deeply chopping into an older stump beside him.

The confrontation was only verbal, there was no need for weapons. Barehanded combat was more suitable for a friendly sparring match.

The axe cutting three inches into the wood made the acting team leader raise his eyebrows.

It seemed it wasn't just for show, and that axe wasn't some cheap toy, but...

So what?

The little chicks from Blackwater City are just that, little chicks. Except for the leader from Blackwater City... oh, and that blonde woman under him, the rest... are all weaklings.

"Smack smack smack!"

The sounds of physical collision resonated on the edge of the Black Forest, intense at times and gentle at others.

Both being strong contenders who favored powerful and unrestrained styles, the collisions between them were very spectating and full of conflict.

Moreover, resilience was the primary asset for these types of power fighters; even if they fell slightly short in occasional exchanges, as long as they promptly distanced themselves, both could quickly recover.

Yet subtly, Kuang Xin seemed to be at a slight disadvantage.

The three players behind him watched with some surprise. Everyone had seen Kuang Xin's growth, and his close combat strength had far surpassed the others after training every night at the Underground Colosseum.

While the underground colosseum might not have many masters, it still collected quite a few elites that were accessible at their current stage.

The starting point for a task target or mob resources would have to be an elite of a small boss level, and Kuang Xin had made a name for himself there. His strength was considered outstanding even among NPCs.

Yet now, he bumped into an unknown NPC and was still being pressured.

The power that could casually dispatch a fighter of this level of strength must be an unimaginable opponent.

Not to mention... the female warrior who appeared, didn't seem to be the strongest amongst them, at least not the leader.

...

Gong Yan's gaze drifted, finally settling on the seemingly leading white-haired woman in the trio.

The delicate contours of her face and the smooth white hair spoke volumes of her distinctiveness; to maintain such a striking appearance in this era suggested her strength was anything but ordinary...

Only Kuang Xin, engrossed in battle, was completely focused, without distraction.

[Triggered sparring mission—Provocation.]

[Provocation: A stranger's challenge is brimming with contempt. You've decided to knock down this opponent to clear up who is really the boss! Note, your opponent is unlike any you've faced before. You must adapt to their attack rhythm and learn from their combat experience to win this battle. No hero is always victorious, nor is a spectator always defeated! Mission Requirements: Learn the opponent's combat philosophy in the sparring 0/? Reward for Completion: Special Experience *?]

[Sparring Mode: You observe an opponent whose skills surpass your own, studying their attack patterns and are willing to pay a certain price (Combat Experience/General Experience) to learn their fighting style. You can initiate a learning path by allocating 20 experience points/min (with a chance to learn the opponent's personal fighting style) and trade every 2 points of Combat/General Experience for 1 point of corresponding Special Experience (to improve your specialized skill level). Both must be carried out simultaneously, or the current mode cannot stand.]

A brand new mode, undoubtedly a significant discovery in the game content.

Is it special because of this opponent, or did I meet some special built-in criteria?

Kuang Xin had no time to ponder during combat, as the pressure from the opponent was intense; he had to give it his all to barely maintain an unbeaten stance under such duress.

Experience points drained away swiftly like water. Of course... alongside it, his specialized combat experience was rapidly improving.

"Snap! Snap! Snap!"

Fists and feet were as fast as lightning.

Fists, palms, elbows, knees, foreheads—all could be weapons.

Agility honed through unscripted brawls on the wild streets met its match, needle against wheat stalk.

Sadly, the needle was a touch too soft...

But it was quickly hardening.

The acting team leader could sense that the opponent was growing swiftly through the fight. The desire to play a little longer with this handsome fellow faded.

The right hand, like a soft whip, teasingly brushed the opponent's chin. The next moment, the acting team leader suddenly released their full strength, as the modified organs inside her body began providing an overabundance of power. The already surging force became like a flood bursting its banks, thundering forth.

"Bang!"

The dull thud of impact was piercing to the ears; the unprepared Kuang Xin was blasted away.

"Pfft!"

"Cough, cough!"

With his chest feeling heavy, Kuang Xin clutched at it, struggling to his feet, his eyes blazing with fervour,
"Again!"

In that brief moment, he'd acquired a special attribute bonus for his combat specialization—Damage Resistance.

A special NPC capable of uncovering treasures, her efficiency in teaching the special attribute even surpassed that of his own master. He couldn't let her get away.

The acting team leader eyed Kuang Xin's face, and licked her lips with greed, "You're done for today, kid. Maybe later we could have another go somewhere else."

"???"

Was that an indecent proposal she just made?

It must have been an indecent proposal!

Kuang Xin wasn't sure, but Gu Lan had already curled her lip in disdain, sneering, "Pervert!"

With Kuang Xin, their strongest combatant, unable to beat even one of the opponents, Dai Lian, with furrowed brows, stepped forward to the one he took to be in charge. He spoke evenly, neither servile nor overbearing, "We mean no harm. We're only here to fulfill our duty to guard that street. If you have no interest in that street, we'll leave immediately and won't trouble you. If you have any demands, we can convey your messages."

Nova looked at Dai Lian, who had positioned himself in front of her, and her calm facade finally fell, "I've already said not to talk to strangers! Why do you insist on bothering me!"

"Boom!"

A tremendous pressure abruptly fell upon everyone, as if an invisible mountain were pressing down on their backs.

Even the triumphant acting team leader, caught in this indiscriminate assault, bent her waist instantaneously, her lips struggling to form words, "Captain, friendly... friendly..."

She dared not resist. To resist the materialization of Spiritual Energy was to pit her own physical strength against the will of the captain.

Not resisting was bad enough, but resisting might prompt the captain to intensify the pressure... She had learned that the hard way.

However, the inherently proud players wouldn't concede easily. The initial oppression nearly brought them to their knees before they rallied all their strength in defiance.

While Gong Yan and Gu Lan may not have been able to project their Spiritual Energy outward, still, in the face of this substantial spiritual oppression, their own Spiritual Energy could well be combined with their physical strength to resist, and they ended up performing the best.

The pair, both practitioners of Spiritual Energy, exchanged a glance, their eyes conveying a single message: "So strong!"

Where did this white-haired woman come from?

Chapter 373 Gladiatorial Doubt

Undoubtedly, in the face of Nova's Spiritual Energy release field, Kuang Xin, who had just fought a tough battle with the acting captain, was the most disheveled, pressed heavily by an invisible force to the point where his limbs were almost touching the ground, his eyes burning with strong discontent—

Spiritual Energy again! Spiritual Energy again!

The damn yellow-haired rebel from Black Street had used Spiritual Energy to completely overthrow him once before, and now, Spiritual Energy again!

As his time playing in this game gradually lengthened, his pursuit within the game became clear—

An invincible War God!

Power, treasures, technology—none of those were what he sought.

To become the supreme War God with a human body, unbeatable, invincible! That was his pursuit.

The power of Spiritual Energy... Even if he couldn't achieve greatness in this area, he was determined not to be powerless against it ever again!

...

"Isn't... don't you know each other?"

A gentle voice suddenly sounded not far away.

Bai E, steadying his breath from the sprint he had just taken, calmly interrupted the minor dispute between the two groups of strangers.

He could certainly tell that their first encounter in his absence might not have been the most cordial, so he now introduced them naturally, as if he had noticed nothing, "I was about to introduce you all to each other, but since you've already met, that's even better."

The moment they saw Bai E, the suppressive Spiritual Energy pressure atop everyone vanished instantly, Nova's face as tranquil as if nothing had happened.

But she suddenly jumped up and rushed to Bai E, hanging a sweet smile on her face and looking up innocently, "You're finally here?"

The players, relieved of the pressure, finally caught their breath, looking with uncertain glances at the white-haired woman who was now acting docile before Bai E.

Was this really the same terrifying enemy who had effortlessly suppressed them all, making resistance difficult?

Was such a powerful Spiritual Energy user... really just like this in front of their own boss?

Our organization really is a place full of hidden dragons and crouching tigers...

"My lord..." Dai Lian hesitantly stepped forward, his eyes glancing at the white-haired woman in front of Bai E, speaking with a tone of doubt.

Bai E smiled calmly, explaining without mentioning the conflict that had just occurred, "She is also a member of our organization and might be stationed near Black Street from now on. I had planned to introduce her to you today."

"She's also a member of our organization!" Gu Lan blinked in surprise from a distance.

Though she had anticipated this from the demeanor her boss had shown from the moment he appeared, hearing the confirmation from him still caught her off guard.

Bai E's might was well-known to all, but other members of the organization, even those like Kuang Xin who had joined earlier, had rarely been seen.

There were only the old butler and the rat people.

It was said these two joined after Kuang Xin and the others, and privately, they even speculated that their lord's organization might really be just him by himself.

Who could have imagined there really were such significant figures, even such strong presences.

And to be stationed near Black Street in the future... Does that mean, besides our lord, they finally had a strong leg to cling to any time?

Joyous news! Exceptional joyous news!

Bai E pursed his lips and scanned the four players, softly introducing to Nova, "These four are my favorite core members at the moment. You'll be stationed around here in the future, and you can ask them if there's anything you don't understand or need."

"Mhm~ okay."

Bai E looked at Nova, who now appeared very obedient, with a smiling gaze and then led the way, "Come on, let me take you to see your new home."

"New home?" Nova's eyes lit up, following closely behind Bai E with a little jog, "Our new home?"

"It's everyone's home."

The underground base...

The players hadn't neglected the base just because they completed the construction phase; the entrance had gone from the rough wooden boards of their last visit to a thick iron door covered with turf.

The rope ladder that led into the base had been removed, replaced by a newly constructed steel staircase.

The inside of the base was cleaned and even had a layer of limewash over the rough concrete walls.

It might not look incredibly high-end, but at least it was more formal and didn't resemble a child's playhouse anymore.

The players were quite thoughtful, weren't they?

Bai E nodded satisfactorily and promptly distributed some rewards—

[Task Reward (Phase): Organization Contribution Points (Dawn) +50, Distributed.]×4

The amount of the reward wasn't the important part, but rather to let the players know he saw their effort.

Feedback must be timely; no attempt is meaningless, for that motivates them to work harder.

Indeed, the faces of the players who received the reward notification lit up with joy.

Gu Lan's face showed the most pride, glancing at the others as though claiming credit.

Having joined the organization last, she missed the initial large-scale development phase, so she looked for ways to catch up from any possible angle. It was her idea to improve the base's construction.

Now it seemed her decision was absolutely right.

The more formal base was not only satisfactory to Nova, seeing it for the first time, but also to everyone else.

Sufficiently secretive, sufficiently safe.

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Although they did not say it aloud, they had ultimately "defected" from Grey Iron City. Having such a hideout far from prying eyes, and one that seemed to have relatively decent conditions, was naturally a cause for joy.

"Later, we'll dig out a few more living quarters," Bai E instructed casually.

The task quota was still posted on Black Street, but even if it was just a verbal command, he could issue rewards too, providing they were willing to trust and take action, they would not be at a loss.

"As you command, my lord!" Dai Lian hesitated slightly, but Gong Yan had already agreed without delay.

The fact led by Gu Lan had already been verified once, and it seemed that occasionally acting beyond the scope of their tasks did not result in being shortchanged.

Hearing the players' affirmative answers, Bai E nodded in satisfaction before turning to Nova to explain, "This is actually just a warehouse. If you guys are going to stay here regularly, we'll need to dig out another dwelling next to it."

"Okay, we'll do as you say," Nova simply stared at Bai E, her face full of a compliant, beaming smile.

Utter trust could also be quite pressuring. Bai E took a deep breath before gesturing to one side, "...You must be tired after the long journey, find a place to rest for now."

In the corner, there were soft mattresses and bedding left by Kuang Xin and the others, prepared for those occasional moments when they wanted to lie down and rest in a clean spot.

Although Bai E did not quite understand why they needed to "rest" in the game...

"Sure~" The clever Nova knew that Bai E had instructions to give his subordinates, so she consciously stepped aside.

In fact, within this sealed warehouse, it would be very difficult for any sounds to avoid the attention of others.

Looking back at the four players standing obediently in front of him, Bai E's expression became somewhat serious, "In the days of my absence, has anything happened?"

The responsibilities of Xu Ruoguang could not simply be a line of text displayed on the panel.

Dai Lian took the initiative to speak, "We dealt with some potential heretic risks and probes from outside forces. However, it seems that the attitudes of two forces are somewhat ambiguous, presenting themselves under the guise of collaboration. The steward said that we should wait for your return to make a decision."

The four of them, unlike Xu Ruoguang who was bound to Black Street, were free to roam, but they would still make trips there twice a day. After all, they were all tasked with maintaining the order of Black Street.

As it was related to contributions, they would not entirely wash their hands of the matter, so they were informed about the affairs of both the steward and Xu Ruoguang.

"Hmm," Bai E nodded, "Later, I will meet with him to understand the situation in detail..."

Since there were no special significant events, he could now proceed with the plans he had previously set in motion.

"I have a task for you to carry out... You should all know about the Underground Colosseum where Kuang Xin has been competing in the boxing matches, right?"

[Task description auto-generating...]

[Side Mission—Colosseum Suspicions (Combat Assignment): The largest Underground Colosseum in the nearby region always gathers characters from all places. Each time a match occurs, the atmosphere in the arena is filled with a strange vibe, and the hosts of the Colosseum seem to be intentionally leading something...]

Mission Requirements: Investigate the truth of the Colosseum 0/1, and if the host of the Colosseum is plotting something evil, you will also need to completely destroy their schemes 0/1.

Mission Rewards: General Experience 100~200 points (adjustable), item rewards (undetermined).]

(Note: "Auto-complete" allowed; upon confirming the release of the assignment, "authorization" and "expenses" will be deducted and locked.)

[Do you wish to issue the current assignment?]

With two potential outcomes for the mission, there was no way to widen the gap just through experience rewards; the difference could only be reflected in the tangible rewards.

Bai E searched his own person, finding suitable items that could be offered as rewards... a bio-component, and a sub-par bio-component—the drive comes from comparison.

[Confirm Release!]

Brand-new tasks always invigorated players eager for something fresh.

"It's getting late, you can start your mission now," Bai E said as he took out a signal gun from within his clothes, the same model as the old steward's, both of which were extra supplies he had redeemed with military merits, "Take this with you. If you encounter any enemy you truly cannot defeat, use it to notify me."

[You have obtained the mission item: Signal Gun.]

...

[Signal Flare: A one-time use item that can be used to request help from the indigenous population in critical moments. This opportunity can only be seized once, so handle with care! (Not limited to the current mission, can be retained if not used in the current mission.)]

Clutching the signal flare, Dai Lian's face lit up with excitement, having snagged another powerful item.

The signal flare itself wasn't much, but the character it could summon was the key.

Even if it wasn't needed for this mission, wouldn't he just breeze through any tough boss in the future by summoning his own boss directly?

"I will not let you down, my lord!"

Bai E nodded slightly, "Go."

Following his eager teammates who were rushing out of the underground base, Kuang Xin suddenly hesitated, "Wait, I was planning to learn some skills from the lord..."

Dai Lian asked with some curiosity, "What skills do you want to learn?"

They had exchanged information on the abilities each could learn from one another, and Dai Lian knew that Kuang Xin had already learned nearly all the skills that were suitable for him from their lord. The rest of the contribution points could be completely saved for the fourth-floor store or for exchanging goods in the warehouse.

"Self-restraint," Kuang Xin stated firmly.

He had been hindered by Spiritual Energy when facing opponents with such abilities on several occasions. The protection offered against Spiritual Energy in the self-restraint skill was something he valued.

It was the only ability they had encountered so far that could strengthen their protection in this regard, and it was also the foundation for learning the path of Spiritual Energy.

With the contribution points he had saved up over the past few days, plus the 50 points just awarded by the lord, his contribution points had once again reached 140, more than enough for the 100 points needed to exchange for the self-restraint skill.

As it involved factors of Spiritual Energy, Dai Lian did not dare to make a decision lightly.

Kuang Xin's close-combat strength was indeed fierce, and he was a qualified Vanguard Shield, but when facing opponents with Spiritual Energy, his combat abilities were significantly diminished under their suppression.

It was difficult for them to judge at the moment whether it was better to specialize in one area or to dabble in every aspect with their current understanding of the world.

And Spiritual Energy wasn't something you could just learn on a whim, could you?

None of their initial attributes included a special focus on "Mystery," and according to the indigenous people of this world, this meant they had no talent for it. They weren't like Gong Yan and Gu Lan, who had improved their "Mystery" attributes and could awaken their Spiritual Energy on their own.

Even with effort, mastering Spiritual Energy was still uncertain.

"Let's ask the lord for advice when we get back..." pulling Kuang Xin along, Dai Lian said, "It's getting late, let's do the mission first."

"Oh, right~" Kuang Xin immediately switched his train of thought, "So, what should we do later on?"

The lord's mission provided only the basic objectives and offered no completion strategy.

With no constraints, there was also no guidance.

How to complete the mission would depend on their own wit.

"We'll see when we get there..." Dai Lian shook his head. Aside from Kuang Xin, the others hadn't visited the Underground Colosseum much. Counting on Kuang Xin to come up with a combat plan wasn't very realistic. They would need to observe the situation on-site before making a decision. "Just register for the competition as usual, and we'll play it by ear. Pay attention to the cues we give you from outside the arena."

"Got it!"

...

After making arrangements for the players, Bai E returned to the three individuals from Grey Iron City.

Seeing their expectant looks, Bai E smiled warmly at them, "Since you're idle anyway, I'm in need of a real manager for my warehouse right now, any of you interested?"

This was originally Gilder's job, but ever since he was reassigned to Black Street to deal with various tasks, it became difficult for him to handle the warehousing duties as well. It was necessary to find a replacement to facilitate the functioning of the warehouse.

Existing functions couldn't just be discontinued, even if they might not be needed often. Otherwise, it would amount to a breach of trust with the players.

One should always be prepared for any eventuality. Bai E had far more to consider every day than what appeared on the surface.

Chapter 375 Death fight?

"I'll handle it," said the proxy team leader, his eyes lighting up. "Captain Bai, those people need to collect things from the warehouse, and I'm in charge, right?"

"Yes..."

"Great! I'll do it!" The proxy team leader seemed quite eager, even licking his lips with an impatient look.

With such enthusiasm from the other party, Bai E naturally wouldn't disappoint him. "Alright, I'll leave it to you."

Immediately, Bai E began to "come to life."

The bio-components that had burst forth earlier and the 8000 units of steel materials had been piled up in the system space all this time.

Virtual items never provide the same satisfaction as having the actual materials in front of you, and this time Bai E intended to fill the warehouse to the brim, making it truly worthy of its name.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!"

Accompanied by slight ripples of spatial distortion, large quantities of finished steel material materialized out of thin air and were systematically stacked on the concrete floor of the warehouse.

The high-quality steel materials reflected the warm yellow light illuminated in the warehouse, the metallic sheen showing an oily glint that suggested their reliable quality.

Two henchmen from Grey Iron City watched the scene with their mouths agape in astonishment...

The materials themselves were secondary; although having them pile up before one's eyes was impressive, their value did not amount to much for any high-ranking official in any city.

What truly surprised them was the way Bai E took out these materials—Spiritual Energy storage!

In their minds, the ability to conjure materials out of thin air from the void could only be done in one way, through Spiritual Energy storage.

And the capacity of Spiritual Energy storage wasn't measured by the same value judgment in human eyes; in the realm of Spiritual Energy, the only factor involved in Spiritual Energy storage was "size."

Large swathes of steel that could take up half the warehouse appeared before them, not only appearing massively and simultaneously, but this continued at a pace that filled much of the warehouse.

Observing Captain Bai's relaxed demeanor, it seemed that if it weren't for the limited space of the warehouse, he could have produced even more.

Just how monstrous must the level of his Spiritual Energy strength be?

No wonder even their own team leader couldn't suppress this Captain Bai from Blackwater City with their strong Spiritual Energy. They wondered what kind of high-ranking official Captain Bai would be considered in their own military camp...

But with such a person around to solve their problems, it should be a piece of cake, right?

"It's done," Bai E said, clapping his hands in satisfaction.

Filling half the warehouse didn't even use up a small fraction of the steel he had obtained, and these large chunks of steel could be used in various aspects of the construction after further processing.

Whether it was for building this secret base or constructing Black Street, they would come in handy.

Bai E set a relatively low exchange price for it but restricted it to non-tradeable binding to individuals, with immediate expulsion from the organization upon any discovered trading activity.

"Let's leave it at that for now, I have things to do, so I'm off."

Although the mission was assigned to players, Bai himself was also considering his breakthrough in Spiritual Energy, so naturally he intended to check it out.

If the Underground Colosseum didn't have any hidden troubles, or just a few small fries, it would be fine.

But if there was something big...

Then he would give it a try.

"Uh..." The boy who wanted to say something as he watched Bai E climb the stairs got pulled back by the proxy team leader.

"What are you doing?"

The boy's lips moved nervously. "I wanted to ask Captain Bai about our Stabilizing Liquid."

"No need to ask; Captain Bai knows what he's doing," the proxy team leader waved dismissively, his aged face exuding convincing maturity.

"Huh?" The boy looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Captain Bai has even arranged work for us; he can't just be using us temporarily." When the regular captain didn't switch to a wisdom type persona, she usually acted as the core brain of the team. Although not extremely cunning, she had some experience.

Captain Bai's treatment of them clearly showed that he saw them as comrades with whom he could continue the journey.

Therefore, naturally, as a leader, he would also consider the welfare and lives of his team members.

Just trust and it's settled.

Maybe, that was also their own team leader's choice...

"It seems Bai and the others are off to do something big," said Nova, her eyes sparkling bright, "Should we go check it out?"

"..." The proxy team leader's expression stiffened. "We're new here and don't understand much; isn't that a bit too rash?"

"It's because we don't understand that we need to go out and get in touch more!" Nova said, hands on hips, full of righteous vigor.

"But Captain Bai said before the details of Grey Iron City are settled, it's better not to show our faces..."

"Then we cover our faces!" Nova grabbed a head covering from beside her. "Look, this is what Bai prepared for us; he wants us to go out and explore on our own."

They were planning on going out, and just then there happened to be head coverings at hand—what were the chances?

The proxy team leader looked on resentfully, his heart noting that just a moment ago there had been none.

It was you who materialized them with your Spiritual Energy storage skills, wasn't it?

...

Between seven and eight in the evening, the Underground Colosseum reached its peak of excitement.

No matter the day, it always seemed to be a scene of cacophony and hormonal explosions.

Any terrible mood could be unleashed without restraint here, and the same went for the violent urges—others' flesh-and-bone skirmishes could be the outlet for a complete venting of aggression.

Chapter 376 Death fight?_2

Whether it was Gong Yan, Gu Lan or Kuang Xin, they were all too conspicuous in such a place, so they all donned disguises.

"You go straight in to compete, we'll wander around and see if we can find a chance to mix into their backstage," Dai Lian made a general plan outside the door.

"Okay." Kuang Xin clenched his fists, and upon hearing those familiar restive tunes, his body had already begun to excite subconsciously.

But on second thought, the few people he was most familiar with in this game would also see his performance on stage, and he felt somewhat resistant.

What should he do if he couldn't completely let himself go?

Before the little thought could even ferment, Kuang Xin's steps had already habitually carried him to the registration desk.

The weird headdress on his head declared his identity, and during the days he had been competing, the idea that "the Gladiator never takes off his mask" had echoed in people's hearts, even spawning many crazy imitators.

But the original and most abstract headdress that belonged uniquely to Kuang Xin, no one dared to imitate.

It had become his personal unique symbol here.

Upon seeing the familiar headdress appear before him, the registration staff immediately perked up, sitting up straight and alert.

"Gladiator sir."

"Hmm~," Kuang Xin, not in the arena, seemed somewhat reticent; in such chaotic situations his "cautious" nature always took the upper hand, now simply nodding briefly with a lift of his chin, "Register."

"Right away!" The staff members nodded and bowed, responding eagerly, then looked up to ask, "Sir, will you be participating in a deathmatch today?"

For every regular and slightly famous Gladiator, as long as they weren't the kind that could explode in anger from one question, the registration staff would casually ask this during the registration.

After all, compared to regular matches that only determine the victor, deathmatches that disregard means and solely decide life or death have better spectatorship, they are more bloody and violent, and they more easily stir up the audience's emotions.

"No..." Kuang Xin habitually wanted to refuse, but as the word reached his lips, he suddenly hesitated.

Today he was here on a mission, and perhaps the deathmatch he had been refusing all along was the real key to starting this mission?

Once away from the others, his keen gamer's instincts as a veteran began to work, his brain whirring at high speed.

After a moment of hesitation, Kuang Xin still cautiously asked, "Do I need to decide now?"

"Not at all, not at all!" The staff member's face was piled with a fawning smile, "You can change your mind anytime before you go on stage, deathmatches have the highest priority."

Whether or not he truly agreed wasn't important; that the Gladiator's attitude softened was what the Colosseum's staff were most eager to see.

Through daily data collection, the management of the Colosseum had their judgments on the personal circumstances of each regular star competitor—

Generally, there were only three kinds of people who came to the Underground Colosseum to compete—those who honed their skills, released their desires, and earned money.

The Gladiator's strength wasn't great at first, but it was clearly growing rapidly through competition.

At the same time, he wasn't lacking money, having a quite casual attitude towards it.

Violent in battle, yet seemingly restrained in speech and actions at other times.

In summary, he was a warrior who came here to improve his skills while venturing to a certain extent to vent his suppressed desires.

Such a person being moved by the idea of a deathmatch now definitely wasn't for the higher prize money of a deathmatch; it was either to seek more improvement from the battle itself, which is more stimulating, or... it was the craving for slaughter and blood.

Many of the long-term fighters here eventually take this path.

The rampant expectations of all the spectators were like poison slowly seeping into the marrow; rather than say that those who participated in deathmatches were of their own personal will, it was more like they were a collective embodiment of everyone's violent desires.

Now, another powerful warrior had taken his first true step towards ascension under this subtle, long-term influence.

The staff member's face radiated with an enthusiastic red glow, so fiery it was hard to believe, "We haven't had a deathmatch for several days now, the accumulated prize pot is much larger than the prize money of previous deathmatches. If you're willing to participate, we can start promoting you immediately."

Deathmatch participants not only enjoyed a fixed prize, but they also got a share of the betting pool; the more spectators there were, the larger the bets, and the more considerable the winner's monetary reward would be.

Even fighters who weren't short on money cared about the "more than others", a kind of invisible honor.

Money sometimes derives its significance not from itself, but from the emotions it brings about.

"Mobilization?" Kuang Xin muttered to himself.

Another key term.

A grand performance always needs an audience, and mobilization means more spectators.

A duel to the death? Could that be the true heart of activating this mission?

Indeed!

Why else would his lord have had him constantly compete here since so early on?

Bear in mind that not just anyone can participate in a death duel, or rather, not everyone is worthy of the term "mobilization."

Or to put it another way, even if ordinary people wanted to join, they're merely considered expendable fodder, sent to slaughter like pigs.

Only the long-established star contestants have the credentials to be heavily promoted and mobilized by the Colosseum organizers.

In truth, his seniority wasn't all that great, but it was his unique and insane fighting style, and the remarkably swift progress he made in combat, that allowed him to rise rapidly in this Colosseum.

Therefore, the reputation he built in the Colosseum might also be a hidden condition to trigger this mission.

Everything was in his lord's plan!

"I need to consider it further." Even though he was almost certain, the cautious instinct still dominated Kuang Xin's actions under normal circumstances, "If I don't participate in the death duel, how long will it take for me to get into the ring?"

"Currently, there are three matches before yours, my lord," the staff member checked the schedule before giving an accurate answer.

"Then I'll come back later," Kuang Xin turned to leave; he needed to discuss with Dai Lian and the others.

"No problem, my lord! Just keep an eye on the time, my lord!" the staff member called out respectfully from behind.

Normal registered contestants are expected to wait backstage obediently, but those familiar star contestants always have more privileges.

As the staff watched the "Bullfighter's" back disappear into the crowd, the smile on his face immediately faded, and he turned to activate his headset, contacting the person truly in charge of the Colosseum, "Boss, 'Bullfighter' seemed somewhat inclined to join the death duel today..."

"Oh?"

There was silence on the line for a while, as if weighing the pros and cons.

After a moment, the reply came, "Stabilize him, I'll figure something out."

It had been too long since there had been any blood brave enough to serve as a sacrifice...

The last great hope, the "Blood God," who had undergone a meticulously crafted sublime battle, had not been heard from since that event. According to some informal sources from soldiers with whom they had decent relations in certain military camps, it seems the Blood God had unfortunately died in combat on an external mission.

For a master's loyal soldier to die in the material world is not entirely bad news, since being able to return to the master's embrace allows the soldier to feel the master's glory even more.

But the master seemed... not quite "pleased"?

As the master's most loyal servant, he certainly did not dare to speculate upon the master's mood, but judging from the blessings he himself had received, it appeared the master had not been granted any special favor for acquiring the Blood God's soul.

Therefore, he, of course, must work doubly hard.

Yet, unfortunately, the Blood God's battle had killed several of his aces, and recently no particularly promising star contenders had emerged.

The ones he had previously pinned his hopes on, "White Ghost" and "Wild Lion," had not been seen since their battle against each other, leaving him quite troubled.

If things continued like this, his Colosseum's reputation and popularity might be snatched away by the other arenas.

And now, this "Bullfighter," though not the most senior, had quickly attracted a fanatical following owing to his strong and distinctive fighting style.

Using him as the first blood to please the master after such a long interval might be a good idea?

Chapter 377: Fight!

Kuang Xin found Dai Lian and the others weaving through the crowd.

"Let's talk outside." As they brushed past each other, Dai Lian's lips barely moved as he delivered his words into Kuang Xin's ears.

They had never appeared together at the arena, so the people there were unaware of their connection.

Keeping their relationship hidden might give them an advantage in their operations; it was always better to keep some cards close to the chest.

"Hmm." Kuang Xin nodded in agreement and moved past.

After circling around aimlessly for a while, they left the arena, resembling a drafty, abandoned factory, from different directions, and made their way to the prearranged meeting point.

"What's the word?" Dai Lian, who had been waiting, asked softly as soon as he saw Kuang Xin.

They had wandered the venue for a bit and noticed that although there were many bystanders roaming chaotically around the venue, appearing completely ungoverned, the control in certain areas was actually very strict—a floor above, underground... Any average visitor trying to head in those directions for whatever reason would be explicitly forbidden to proceed.

The upper floor seemed to be the management center of the organizers, where, through the completely open gaps between floors, one could glimpse the edges of monitors and figures moving about.

But as for below ground... it was unclear what purpose it served.

Even when they intentionally observed, they felt as though they were being watched... In the chaotic gladiatorial venue where one appeared able to act without restraint, the situation was complex, with countless eyes watching.

In the short term, they couldn't think of a way to sneak in and investigate.

Seeing Kuang Xin approaching them on his own volition, Dai Lian knew that the big brute must have come across some findings of his own.

"An idea, not necessarily correct." Before speaking, Kuang Xin braced himself to avoid being ruthlessly dissed.

"To have an idea is already impressive." Gong Yan looked at Kuang Xin, encouraging him with a smile, "We haven't even got a clue yet."

"Hmm..." Kuang Xin pursed his lips and shared the thought he had just come up with, then looked at the group with hopeful eyes, "Does it seem feasible?"

"Can you fight?" Instead of addressing the issue directly, Dai Lian looked at Kuang Xin with contempt, "It's a fight to the death. The opponent they arrange for you is likely to be of the same level. Don't you go dying in the arena..."

Players weren't overly fearful of their characters' deaths in games, but that didn't mean they could die at will.

Especially in this game, with its severe death penalty; not to mention the three-day cooldown period, one had to start all over again.

All the attributes and skills acquired would vanish, and one had to start from scratch as a blank slate character; the punishment couldn't be more severe.

When Dai Lian first started playing the game, he couldn't understand why the publishers designed such harsh death penalties; wasn't it pushing players away?

But the longer he spent in the game, the more he felt he was grasping the publishers' mindset—

To ensure the game's lifespan.

The world was so real that if there existed a mass who could challenge everything without fearing death, using countless lives, it would be an unimaginable shock to the world.

Under the impact of players who didn't fear death, either the world couldn't maintain its reality, or the game's progress would accelerate drastically.

Intentionally controlling death was undoubtedly the most beneficial tactic... It wasn't likely due to the publishers' technical limitations, right?

Besides, in this game, it wasn't easy to die, provided one got past the initial stage where a stray bullet could ambush and headshot. After a slight advancement in physical fitness, whether it was defensive power, recovery ability, or stamina, all were greatly enhanced.

If you couldn't beat them, run—that's it. There was no set sequence in the game, no mandatory bosses to fight, and rewards came from a variety of sources, all waiting to be discovered.

In such a world that was both realistic and entertaining, not wanting to die was not hard at all.

So the punishment for death wasn't really a big deal.

But now... what was Kuang Xin facing?

A fight to the death!

This was the first mission they encountered in the game that forced a direct link between the player and death.

Once on the arena, life and death were out of one's hands.

A 50% chance applied equally to both contestants.

Setting aside the thoughts of the mission strategy and success rate, Dai Lian's immediate concern for Kuang Xin's personal safety jumped to the forefront of the conversation.

After playing together for so long, he had grown fond of this dependable and somewhat goofy companion.

Kuang Xin looked at Dai Lian strangely, raised his arm, and showed off his aesthetically pleasing, streamlined muscles, "Look! Pure War God right here. Think I'll lose? Just tell me if the plan sounds solid."

"It does..." Dai Lian furrowed his brow, seriously analyzing the situation.

There hadn't been a death match for a while, and the timing of the big man's mission release probably wasn't random.

Perhaps this truly was a breakthrough point, that could lead to discovering more of the "truth" about this gladiatorial arena.

"It's worth a shot, but if you die..."

"As long as it's possible." Kuang Xin turned and ran off, waving his hands dismissively behind him, "If I die and restart, I'll still come find you guys. I hope the big man will still want me then, haha~"

Upon hearing Kuang Xin's willingness to participate in the death match, the staff member in charge of registration was immediately overjoyed, "I'll arrange it for you right away!"

Chapter 378 Fight!_2

The main characters of a death match must, of course, be star players with a certain weight, but the supporting roles are never a concern.

If both sides have main characters, that's certainly better, but the desperate struggle of nobodies is equally fascinating.

The crowd doesn't care, they just want fiery blood!

"Publicity needs a little time, sir. Why not watch a few preliminaries backstage to get in the mood?"

"Hmm," the cold-faced bovine warrior nodded and walked steadily toward the backstage, disappearing from the distant watching eyes.

Bai E donned a disguise and squeezed into a corner of the arena.

Surrounded by spectators who howled and roared senselessly as if mad, each effective strike and bloodshed on stage triggered wave after wave of climax.

The atmosphere of the entire arena was filled with the stench of sweat and boiling emotions.

Bai E, blending in among them, swayed his body rhythmically with the crowd as if part of the performance.

He let out a shriek, "Ooh~"

You know, once you get into this style, it seems rather intoxicating.

"Ooh~ Ooh~ Ooh~ Ooh!"

The defeated, exhausted gladiator was dragged away like a dead dog, fresh but not yet dry bloodstains already underfoot of a fresh pair of feet.

The two beast-like gladiators eyed their opponents with a cold gaze, the ferocious glint in their eyes eager to burst forth at any moment.

"This is our..." The host's voice was always so impassioned, even if it was just two gladiators with no significant reputation.

Because they were ordinary, they fought all the more fiercely.

Behind the host's echoing voice, two new gladiators had already violently collided.

Strength, stamina, will...

In the most basic and primal confrontation between people, it was these fundamental elements that influenced each combatant's performance.

Foreheads, elbows, knees, and even teeth.

Every part of the body could be used as a weapon.

Bai E squinted his eyes, feeling that the intensity of this match was even greater.

He wasn't new here; having already watched two matches, he subconsciously made his own intuitive judgment about what was happening in the arena.

Neither side was particularly strong, so the vicious moves typical of the desperate struggle of the underdogs, like groin kicks and eye gouges, were all fair game.

In order to win, this was beyond reproach.

But the combatants were fighting too recklessly.

This wasn't a death match, which the organizers would have announced in advance.

It was just an ordinary gladiator fight, and even if core interests were involved, the combatants' attitude was too aggressive, as if determined to bring about each other's demise.

It was even madness.

A gladiator who bit into his opponent's neck finally seized upon a fatal mistake by the other, ignoring the retaliatory punches smashing into his stomach regardless of the blows he received. With no special technique at close range, it was hard to cause enough impact, but his teeth, yellowed with stains, once clenched, did not let go.

The biting force of a human mouth might be far less than that of a wild beast, but in a frenzy of tearing, it could still rip apart the not-so-tough skin and muscle tissue of a fellow human.

"Pfft!" A small chunk of flesh and blood was torn off in one bite, and acute pain struck every sensory neuron throughout the body like lightning.

The pain did not lead to collapse; the retaliation intensified under the influence of a crazed vengeance.

Disregarding the bleeding wound on his neck, the injured gladiator pounced on his opponent in a rage, pummeling him with a flurry of punches, blood droplets splattering.

"Wow!" The whole arena erupted instantly, even the host's voice, boosted by a dozen huge speakers, being drowned out by the roar of the now frenzied crowd.

Bai E squinted his eyes, focusing intently on the body being pinned down in the arena.

It was gradually becoming motionless...

The first to be severely injured, the gladiator's ferocious counterattack, had snatched the final victory.

But why hadn't the staff intervened?

The fact that the losing party had completely lost the ability to resist was evident, so was this neglect on the part of the staff or deliberate indulgence?

Blood oozed from all around... The enhanced attributes allowed Bai E, even far up in the spectator stands, to see the dark red trails flowing from the gradually softening, motionless body.

On the arena floor, blood meandered and slowly congealed...

The molecules of blood dissolved into the air, as if coating the entire venue with a faint layer of pink, blood-stained air.

Sweet and tantalizing... it was intoxicating.

"Huff!" Realizing that his opponent had been completely smashed into a heap of flesh after a furious outburst, the gladiator stood up abruptly and raised his right hand, declaring his victory to the audience.

Thus, he received an enthusiastic response, "Wow!"

His head pounded with excitement as blood unceasingly gushed from the wound on his neck, leading to a sudden bout of severe dizziness. The victor, after staggering with his arm raised, suddenly crashed backward.

It was only then that the arena staff belatedly appeared, jogging to drag away the two figures that showed little signs of life, leaving behind only two dark red streaks of blood.

"Without a doubt, it was an exceedingly spectacular performance!" the host finally had the chance to make his announcement. "Now, I have some good news—tonight, our always mysterious masked 'Bull Warrior' will face his first fight to the death! And if he can make it to the end, it will be the first time he removes his mask in front of everyone!"

"Huh?" Kuang Xin looked bewildered in the rest area, glancing at the attendant standing by, ready to serve at any moment. "I never said that."

The attendant's face bore the standard smile, "It's just promotion; whether you agree is up to you."

"Oh~" He wasn't really opposed.

The good-looking face he had chosen was meant to be seen, and besides, he was a player... he wasn't scared at all!

Kuang Xin sat back down.

"Before the Bull Warrior's true fight to the death arrives, let us continue to watch a few more exciting matches!"

...

Another pair of relatively unknown gladiators stepped onto the bloody arena.

The hazy heat in the air did not recede, so much so that under the extremely high temperatures, Bai E could almost see the muscles of the two gladiators swell through the distorted air.

He blinked, and the illusion disappeared immediately.

The battle kicked off swiftly, with the two competitors not disappointing the audience whose blood was already boiling with excitement.

From the get-go, the situation plunged into frenzied chaos.

"Just like this..." Bai E squinted, muttering to himself.

His soft question melted into the surrounding fervor, so even the closest spectators couldn't hear him.

It shouldn't be like this.

He himself had participated in arena competitions, although he stopped attending later on because the gains were too insignificant to warrant participation.

But to his understanding, the arena did not need to indulge every gladiator in a battle to the death like this.

After all, the arena doesn't produce its own gladiators; besides the audience, it has to attract competitors.

If every battle was fought to the death like this, a few times wouldn't matter, but multiple times...it would scare away more competitors.

A normal gladiator's fight wouldn't be so utterly insane, just like the ones he participated in himself. Even if everyone wanted to win, they weren't as wholly lost to madness as they were now.

Were these purposely trained death fighters by the arena?

No.

Rather than training, they could simply choose.

This was deliberate.

The purpose...was it for the fight to the death involving "Bull Warrior" that had just been announced?

How similar was the frenzied atmosphere around him to the battle with the Blood God that day?

Back then, the Blood God, no matter how reluctant to fight to the death, was forced into a one against three real combat by the organizers that was no different from a death match.

Now...was the chosen one "Bull Warrior"?

Or rather, Kuang Xin?

Bai E raised an eyebrow, pressing on the retractable composite bow hidden beneath his wide robe.

The rules and rhetoric of a place like this were not his concern; should the situation truly turn dire, he would naturally take action.

Chapter 379 Provokes the whole arena!

One bloody and exciting deathmatch after another pushed the atmosphere to its peak, and the multitude of spectators who rushed to hear the news added another layer of heat to the scene.

When the "Bull Warrior", wearing a mysterious mask, slowly walked out of the preparation tunnel, the chanting in the arena almost reached its climax.

The opponent appeared too... facing two against one.

One was a muscular man with tattoos all over his bare upper body, and the other was a tall and skinny man dressed in shiny studded clothing that screamed hip-hop style, looking like a hippie.

It was hard to say who had the advantage, but since the opponents were not of an exceptionally high level, it was exactly this kind of pressure-heavy match that made for the most thrilling deathmatches.

Having obtained Kuang Xin's consent in advance, it couldn't be considered particularly fair or unfair.

Only a few companions scattered throughout the spectator stands had visibly worried looks in their eyes.

In this game, the penalty for death was extremely severe, so the emotions associated with life-and-death partings were that much more intense.

"He doesn't even discuss such dangerous things with us... This big dummy is still laughing!" Dai Lian narrowed his eyes, somewhat annoyed.

In the arena, seeing that he was up against two opponents, Kuang Xin's face broke into an uncontrollable, joyous smile that was particularly striking against the mask that only exposed his mouth.

Knowing that his companions were watching him from the stands, Kuang Xin didn't want to indulge too much.

But the moment his feet stepped onto this stage, and as the calls from the audience swept over him like a tidal wave, his mind seemed to instantly forget everything.

All etiquette, all companions... The only purpose of standing in this arena was to fight.

To knock out the opponent, or be knocked out by the opponent!

Beyond that, everything else was irrelevant!

Useless! Just do it and it's all over!

It was just a game after all, where else in reality could one find such a stage to vent one's frustrations so freely and to exhibit one's martial prowess as if experiencing it firsthand?

[Triggered sparring quest--Deathmatch.]

[Deathmatch: ...]

[Sparring Mode: ...]

The familiar mode interwove line by line like flowing water in the faint blue subtitles before his eyes, and Kuang Xin's lips curved up into a somewhat sinister smile.

Despite facing two against one, he charged into the fray!

A deathmatch, as the name implies, means to take down the opponent by any means necessary.

The "Bull Warrior" had a reputation, but the two opponents weren't to be trifled with either.

Just as Bai E had guessed, the organizers of the arena certainly didn't have the ability to sustain a roster of gladiators who could be continuously consumed in battle, but they could choose.

Their biggest job was to select suitable opponents for each participant, ensuring basic fairness and entertainment value in every match.

Being chosen as one of the fighters for a deathmatch after many days signified that even if it was a two-against-one situation, it didn't mean both of the opponents were easy to provoke.

It was just that due to factors like combat records and fighting styles, they didn't attract as much attention as others.

One alone could probably give the "Bull Warrior" a run for his money, and if two worked together...

"Could he be killed outright..." The staff member who had made the arrangement was the most aware of the gap in strength between the two sides on paper, and he watched his boss with some concern.

The man of imposing stature, wearing a black suit without a shirt underneath, leaned back in a comfortable armchair, idly swaying his body, "No matter, as long as he's resilient enough, even if he's killed, it's acceptable."

The master only wants blood, not caring whose it is.

As long as there's no retreat, the blood of a warrior is the greatest offering to the master!

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Smack smack smack!"

The fight between the three men was fraught with danger, their powerful physical strength sending bodies flying now and then.

Even players who had grown rapidly couldn't become invincible at this stage, where the most capable and boldest natives had gathered.

There were no cowards!

Bruised and battered, covered in blood.

But this did not affect Kuang Xin's resolve for the deathmatch, in fact, it only excited him more.

Players didn't fear pain, as pain mechanisms serve to protect the body, warning it not to continue with dangerous behavior... it could lead to death!

But players had a different kind of feedback, a pain protection mechanism that felt almost like euphoria.

The more severe the injury, the more they were exhilarated.

Any blow that didn't instantly kill the player would trigger their frenzied counterattack.

"Hehehehe~" Under immense pressure, Kuang Xin couldn't let out a loud laugh, but the excitement in the depths of his soul made his vocal cords tremble uncontrollably.

Thump! Thump! His heart beat furiously, his veins throbbing, but perhaps only the spirit controlling the will truly belonged to him.

Feverish battle will took over his body, infusing his blood.

As he was knocked down by a punch once again, the blood that trailed along the contour of his cheek spilled onto the steel floor of the arena.

Just as Kuang Xin was judged to have entered a dizzy state and had not been up for half a second, he rose again under the newly activated specialty—"Fervor."

Before the battle ended, no abnormal state could affect his combat movements!

Fight!

"Roar!"

With his face covered in blood, Kuang Xin slapped the ground with his palm, propelling his body into the air.

A heavy punch struck out!

"So cool!" The acting team leader, who had just met the handsome young man that day and now had eyes full of admiration, stared at the figure engaged in the bloody fight in the arena.

A familiar style, familiar moves... and an even more evident wildness.

She loved such wild men!

This Blackwater City, she had made the right decision to come!

Nova, who stood beside her, remained silent. Her hopes of finding Bai E had been dashed, and amidst the vast sea of people, there was no trace of him to be found.

Chapter 380 Provokes the whole arena!_2

And yet... the atmosphere here always exudes an ominous feeling.

As if it were nurturing some kind of evil seed?

What is it? Where is it?

Nova's gaze wandered and finally settled on the focus of everyone's attention—the combat arena.

No! Not there.

It's still below!

The will of everyone converged, forming an abundant flow of Spiritual Energy, creating ripples in the coexistent higher-dimensional space. An evil presence was slowly taking shape.

"Should we just leave..."

Feeling somewhat cowardly and added to the distress of not finding Bai, Nova was already thinking of fleeing...

"Ah, Captain? You don't want to stay a bit longer in such a fun place?" The acting captain's eyes were firmly hooked on the figures in the arena, even prepared to burst into action and snatch someone if things went awry, hardly willing to leave at such a time.

"Ah!" An exclamation of alarm escaped the acting captain during their conversation.

No matter how explosive Kuang Xin was in battle, taking on two almost equal opponents, he was inevitably given an opening by his enemies.

The man, much more imposing than Kuang Xin, locked onto Kuang Xin's limbs from behind with his own, while his tall and gaunt comrade revealed his weapon—the modified claw blade attached to his amputated arm.

The reflective steel blade cut through the scorching air, aimed to completely eviscerate Kuang Xin's stomach.

Scattered about the area, Kuang Xin's three companions instantly reacted as they had previously agreed upon. They would never stand by and watch Kuang Xin sacrificed in such an expendable deathmatch; the consequences of offending the indigenous people of this combat arena had never been within their considerations.

Gu Lan, who was adept at close combat and prepared for medical emergencies, and Gong Yan rushed toward the iron net that separated the spectators from the arena. Already close to it, they covered the distance in just a few strides. Gu Lan's sword gleamed with the misty light of Spiritual Energy, and the iron net that seemed so solid might not withstand her blade.

Dai Lian also drew his longbow from a distance, pulling back the bowstring harshly under the incredulous stares of the nearby audience.

The mesh was fine; the shot must be precise. He hoped the net wouldn't disturb the trajectory, causing a miss or accidental injury...

With these thoughts in mind, Dai Lian aimed at the target as best he could.

"Pfft!" No matter how quickly they acted from the outside, it was ultimately difficult to keep up with the ever-changing situation inside the arena.

The modified claw blade inevitably and remorselessly pierced into Kuang Xin's abdomen, viciously churning inside.

"We concede." Unnoticed, Bai E had lifted his disguise, revealing his attire from when he had previously competed in the arena. Standing by the referee's side, he spoke to them evenly.

"Concede?"

"Who are you?"

The referees, upon hearing Bai E speak, smirked dismissively. Some even sneered, too indifferent to reward him with a glance.

This was a deathmatch—the kind not meant for child's play that could just be stopped on a whim.

Only when one side was completely downed would the match truly end; nothing else could interrupt the continuation of the deathmatch.

Bai E sighed softly, but he knew this was expected.

So he wasted no further words, slightly raising the Compound Bow in his left hand, flicked an arrow, and shot it into the arena.

"Whoosh!"

The arrow flew through the air too rapidly for anyone to react.

With a "ding," as everyone came to their senses, the tall, thin man in the arena's modified claw blade had vanished from his wrist, the wound dripping with fresh blood.

Clutching his severed limb, the man's face was covered with painful sweat.

Only then did the referees—or rather the organizers—seriously turn their attention to the sensually dressed man before them.

Perhaps due to that seriousness, memories began to resurface in their minds, and someone in the referees' seat recalled the familiar attire from a hazy memory.

The name slipped out, "White Ghost?!"

Although he had only appeared once, this contestant had already been marked by the boss for special attention. It was just a shame he hadn't been seen since that time.

And now, he reappeared...

"What do you want to do?!"

Under the watchful words, even more fully-armed henchmen were closing in.

As for those who broke the rules of the gladiatorial arena, the organizers never left an impression of being easily bullied.

Instructions from the higher-ups then started to come through in everyone's headset at the referee's seat, "What's happened?"

"Boss, there is some troublemaker..." The referee's staff gazed intently at Bai E, who appeared unafraid, as someone quietly reported to their boss through the headset.

"Who is it?"

"Seems like the White Ghost..."

Although the attire was the same, there were subtle differences.

Last time, the White Ghost wore a mask, but this time, he showed his true face—

A face unknown to them.

"The White Ghost?" The arena's boss spoke with confusion, and it took a moment to recall the person associated with that name from his memory.

"Is it him?" The contestant once considered to be on the same level as the Blood God, he's back?

This could be good news, "Find out what he wants?"

No one would challenge the gladiatorial arena without reason, even minions sent from competing arenas wouldn't act so senselessly.

He must have his own objective!

"What do you want to do?" The referee's staff, upon receiving the boss's instruction, stared coldly at Bai E, as the surrounding henchmen pressed him for an immediate response.

Bai E scoffed with the same arrogant demeanor he had shown before and glanced at the henchmen, "I am disgusted."

"Ah?"

Bai E pointed towards the stage, "It's been a while since I've been here; I thought there would be some decent opponents by now. But to see such a level in a duel to the death after being gone so long, it's disappointing!"

"Hmm?" The staff looked on, puzzled, at Bai E.

"I want to join the competition!" Bai E leant forward slightly, his lips curled in a haughty sneer, "Get those losers off the stage! Understand?"

"..." The referee's staff were momentarily dumbfounded by such an outrageous way to sign up.

This guy seemed even more arrogant than the last time he appeared. Had he made swift progress during his absence?

Only strength was the core of confidence.

"Boss, he says he wants to sign up for a duel to the death..."

"Is that all?"

It wasn't enough! Nowhere near enough!

The reputation of their gladiatorial arena mustn't be dragged through the mud; even if they were keen on the individual contestant White Ghost, for the sake of the arena's long-term development, such a meager reason was insufficient grounds for his challenge to the rules of the arena.

He had to pay a price!

"Everyone!" Bai E rounded on them with a scoff, his finger sweeping past nearly every visible figure.

"All the henchmen, all the contestants, anyone who disagrees, they can all come at me at once." Bai E pulled out all his black water coins, the currency players had handed over to exchange for faction funds, along with his winnings from the last contest, amounting to thousands of paper notes, "Whoever takes me down, all this money will belong to them! I declare war on everyone, tonight... belongs solely to me!"

It had to be said, the atmosphere crafted by the arena was wicked, but it had a real bewitching effect on the psyche.

Even Bai E could sense something was off, yet the fervor also got his blood boiling.

Maybe being reckless on occasion could help one find their true essence.

The real self shouldn't always be suppressed; he was never a character to tread carefully or be overly compliant.

If it's a fight they want, then fight it will be!

Without waiting for a response, Bai E strode to the edge of the arena, tore through the iron net in front of him and stepped boldly inside.

The unexpected turn of events stunned everyone into silence, save for the jarring music. For a moment, there was complete stillness.

As the person in charge of the duel arena stood up abruptly upon receiving the report from his subordinate through the headset, his expression was electrified, "Grant his request!"