

A World Worth Protecting

Chapter 20: Fight Club

Sparring with the junior partner does not enhance my twisting technique at all! Wang Baole left the Hallucination realm with anger and helplessness after having his finger bent. He began eating his snacks and pondering. Finally, he clenched his teeth and left the cave abode while munching on the snacks. He departed Ethereal Dao College and headed for Ethereal City.

To Wang Baole, he was in desperate need of actual combat. He had been driven crazy by the senior sparring partner, and more importantly, he realized that although the Great Void Twisting Technique was shameless, it was very powerful in actual combat.

To truly grasp it without being tortured by the senior sparring partner, the only way was for him to spar with other real people. By doing so, he could speed up his mastery.

Therefore, he instantly thought of the fight club.

With this thought in mind, Wang Baole entered Ethereal City and went straight to the fight club. When he passed by a toy shop on the way, he stopped in his tracks as an idea came to him. After entering and exiting, he was no longer in his school robes, and he had an additional... rabbit mask.

I'm a specially-recruited student of the Dao College after all. It's best if I keep a low profile. Wang Baole felt that he had been appropriately prudent. As he touched the mask close to his chest, he felt rather pleased.

The mask made him feel affectionate. By wearing it on his face, he immediately felt that a domineering air could be felt because of his cuteness. It looked quite mighty.

Feeling pleased, Wang Baole walked toward the fight club with his hands held behind his back.

Fight clubs existed in the seventeen main cities of the Federation. Each of them covered a huge area and contained many battle arenas. Everyone was provided with a platform for freestyle fighting. Be it in the past or after the Spirit Inception Era, fighting remained a popular sport.

Ancient Martial Arts underwent a renaissance particularly with the dawn of the Spirit Inception Era. All of humanity began cultivating, causing freestyle fighting to become a popular sport across the Federation.

There were even quite a number of experts with all sorts of Ancient Martial Arts techniques.

No matter the city or time of the day, the fight club was always the loudest spot in the city.

Ethereal City was no exception.

It was exemplified by the very moment Wang Baole arrived. The oval building in Ethereal City, which looked like a giant fist from afar but like an ancient Roman Colosseum close up, had excited shouts erupting from its open roof.

“Come on, let’s fight again!”

“Is anyone challenging me? As long as you win, you can take away ten Spirit Stones!”

Uncountable voices filled with belligerence and excitement constantly emanated out of the area. It made pedestrians who passed the fight club involuntarily halt and take a look. Occasionally, there were people eager to try as they stepped into the club.

Wang Baole felt pumped when he heard the thundering voices in the club. A sense of excitement rose in him for no reason as he hastened his footsteps to step into the club.

The moment he walked in, tumultuous voices almost overwhelmed him. In front of him was a massive hall.

The hall was so huge that the ends could not be seen from Wang Baole's position. All he saw in the distance was what appeared to be the hall's center. Erected there was a gigantic crystal ball that was about a thousand feet wide. It was very eye-catching.

Surrounding the crystal ball were countless men and women dressed in different attires. They were chatting with each other while others were looking up information beside the crystal ball.

Apart from that, there were crowds everywhere. The sounds that arose from discussions and cheers made anyone who entered the club feel like they had arrived at a market.

Wang Baole also noticed countless doors in the massive hall. Some were closed shut, and others were open. Any door that was opened would close once someone stepped in. Clearly, those doors permitted entry to only one person.

This place is huge! Wang Baole drew a gasp. Even though he had mentally braced himself while outside, he was still shocked by the interior's sheer size. He squeezed into the crowd after a while. After some probing, he realized that the fight club was split into three levels.

The first level was the hall. The second level was the true combat area of the fight club. As for the third level, it was seldom opened to the public. It was only opened when an important match was held.

There were two methods to get to the second floor. One of them was to enter through one of the four big entrances to the second floor. The other way was to rent an arena. That way, one could accept challenges from others on the second floor as well as challenge others. The doors in the hall were prepared for the latter.

Out of the two methods, the former was easier, but it did not provide for privacy. The latter was clearly safer and more private, but it cost more.

Regardless of which method was chosen, one had to register at the crystal ball in the middle of the hall and pay the requisite Spirit Stones.

If it were anyone else, they might have chosen the method that required less money, but for the Dharmic Armament faculty's Wang Baole, who could write IOUs like it was money, it was nothing. Hence, he walked toward the crystal ball with hands by his back.

I came here to practice the bending of fingers. Spirit Stones and stuff like that just mean putting on a little more meat. With this thought in mind, Wang Baole was increasingly convinced by how extraordinary he was. He registered his identity at the crystal ball and obtained information from it. After learning of the rules, he paid a number of Spirit Stones to rent an arena.

He looked around and saw an open arena door. He directly stepped in, and the moment he entered, the identity verification he had obtained from the crystal ball was recognized. The arena door closed as a gentle female voice echoed.

“Dear customer, welcome to the freestyle fight club. Please take note of your anonymity while in here. If necessary, please mask your face before you enter battle. Regardless of whether you begin a battle or return, all you need is to specify your location and shout ‘begin combat’ or ‘return’.” The voice explained the club’s rules and raised certain matters that needed his attention.

“It’s quite anthropomorphic. Not bad, not bad at all.” Wang Baole was very pleased with the implementation as he walked forward.

In front of him was a passageway with the lights around him producing a soft glow. It looked very comforting, and at the end of the passageway was a chamber. Inside it was a bed, a simple table, a chair, and a mirror. The main purpose of this place was for resting. Another purpose was for the visitor to change their clothes or hide their identity.

Standing inside the chamber, Wang Baole regulated his breathing. He felt like he was a general about to head to war as his eyes were filled with a determined look.

This place shall be where I, Wang Baole, shall have my first battle at bending fingers! Wang Baole patted his belly as he took out the rabbit mask. As he slowly put it on, the bearing he exuded changed completely. The adorable rabbit mask and his rotund body were quite jarring.

But Wang Baole was very pleased with his image. After looking at himself in the mirror, he walked straight to the middle of the chamber and looked up before saying two words softly.

“Begin combat!”

The instant he said those words, the ceiling above him opened, and the platform beneath his feet raised him high up, making him appear on the second floor of the fight club!

Boisterous roars louder than the first level immediately inundated him. In front of Wang Baole was an arena enveloped in transparent glass!

The arena was a hundred meters wide. Standing there, one could see countless crowds as well as other similar arenas through the glass!

The arenas on the second floor probably numbered in the hundreds, perhaps above a thousand. There were constant battles taking place in them.

The spectators’ cheers and fighters’ roars spread out like heat waves. The people there were mostly masked, clearly unwilling to expose themselves.

Wang Baole took a deep breath and looked at his surroundings. His heart could not help but race. This environment was both unfamiliar and stimulating to him. He had learned the rules from the crystal ball previously, so he understood that after renting an arena, he could set the number of Spirit Stones offered and wait for challengers. If the

challenger clinched victory, they would win the Spirit Stones offered. Furthermore, one could restrict the challengers' cultivation realm.

And once the challenger was defeated, they would have to pay an equivalent number of Spirit Stones. Similarly, they could also walk out to challenge others. This is what made this place a freestyle fight club.

However, this place did not permit killing. They placed even greater emphasis on the privacy and freedom of their customers. If anyone broke the rules, the club would expeditiously resolve the matter.

As he repressed the excitement in him, Wang Baole quickly set the number of Spirit Stones for his arena. After some thought, he decided to set ten Spirit Stones to attract the attention of others and increase the frequency of his training. He sat to one side and began waiting eagerly for a challenger.

But after waiting for quite a while, no one challenged him despite many people sweeping their gaze over. Many people felt suspicious when they saw Wang Baole's appearance and the ten Spirit Stones. They found it odd.

After all, ten Spirit Stones was quite a sizable amount of wealth.

How long will I have to wait? Wang Baole began losing his patience five minutes later. He looked around and decided to leave the arena and join the crowd. Since no one was challenging him, he might as well challenge others.

I should begin simple. Wang Baole worked his way through the crowds and saw the glass-encased platforms around him. Finally, he chose an arena that awarded one Spirit Stone and walked over.

Sitting cross-legged in the arena was a stout man with a keen glint in his eye. He had a burly body and a cultivation level at the Blood Qi realm. He gave the crowd a hawkish look, and when he noticed Wang Baole's eager eyes, he sneered and curled his fingers at Wang Baole.

"Bunny, come. Spar with me, your grandfather."

Wang Baole glared widely as he directly leaped up and stepped into the arena. Although there was a crowd around him, many of them were not interested in a battle of such a level. However, many people halted to take a look when they saw the burly man's stout figure and Wang Baole's rabbit image.

Upon seeing Wang Baole accept his challenge, the man's eyes immediately lit up. He roared with laughter as he stood up. His ordinary Blood Qi cultivation instantly rose to that of the Physical Seal realm. With a sinister grin, he charged at Wang Baole.

The crowd outside the arena were stunned. The man's cultivation levels before and after were just too disparate.

"I love lowering my cultivation level to lure in bunnies like you. I'll teach you a good lesson today!" The man's laughter echoed as his Blood Qi emanated. He came close to Wang Baole and raised his thick, fleshy palm and smacked at Wang Baole's mask.

Wang Baole almost instinctively raised his right hand as the devouring seed within him activated. He directly used the twisting technique that had distressed him greatly in recent days. As the suction force spread out, the man's body was pulled toward him. The direction of his palm attack changed as he stumbled a few steps.

Wang Baole nearly grabbed the man, but his reaction was extremely fast. With a low growl, he quickly turned his body and successfully took a step to dodge Wang Baole's grasp.

He actually managed to dodge! This infuriated Wang Baole. He closed in on the man, and at that moment, the man was gasping for air. The man could tell that something was amiss as he immediately retreated. At the same time, he gave a soft bellow and clenched his fists before unleashing a barrage of fist blows in a bid to avoid Wang Baole.

Soon, the two were exchanging blows in the arena. To Wang Baole, this was his first battle in all senses of the word, and this man made a very suitable sparring partner. Gradually, Wang Baole began moving faster. The way he attacked also began to change from what it was before. It

could be said that he was undergoing a metamorphic change. The glint in his eyes turned brighter as it was filled with excitement.

In contrast, the man's forehead was sweating bullets. He looked like he had seen a ghost, and he had already realized that Wang Baole, who appeared inexperienced, was rapidly improving.

He was even forced to seal off his sweat pores to prevent his Blood Qi from spreading to exchange for greater speed and strength. Even so, he was still no match for Wang Baole, who only effused a cultivation level of the Blood Qi realm.

"Darn it. Where did this bunny come from!" The man became increasingly alarmed. He clenched his teeth, and with a light grunt, he leaped up and extended his right palm. As though he was using a single palm to prop up his entire body, he came charging at Wang Baole. It was the only combat technique he had grasped.

"Cosmic Hand!"

The surrounding spectators were immediately attracted by the battle. Many people exclaimed when they saw the appearance of the Cosmic Hand. But the instant they exclaimed, the situation in the arena changed drastically!

When the stocky man's Cosmic Hand approached, Wang Baole's eyes flashed. The senior sparring partner in the Hallucination realm surfaced in his mind as he directly took one step forward. The devouring seed's suction force instantly emanated as he attempted a snatch!

This attempt made the stocky man's expression change as his palm was once again dragged aside. And this time, he failed to dodge. Instantly, his finger was grabbed by Wang Baole and bent backward ruthlessly!

A tragic cry came out of the man's mouth as his body quivered. His legs went limp as he nearly knelt down. He instinctively tried to pull his finger away, but Wang Baole's hand was like a pincer. Due to the suction force, his struggles were futile. A string of curses ran through his mind as his voice changed in pitch.

“Ouch! It hurts! Let go...”

“Haha, do you admit defeat?” At that moment, Wang Baole was brimming with excitement. He looked at the burly man in front of him and seemed to see a tragic reflection of his recent self. The feeling of bending fingers was excellent and made him feel invincible. He immediately fell in love with the twisting technique.

The crowd outside the arena watched in shock with mouths agape. Moments later, they drew gasps when the burly man pleaded for mercy as he admitted defeat, resulting in an uproar.

“Did... Did he just bend his opponent’s fingers?”

“Heavens, to think this can be done... That’s just too shameless.”