

# Complete Martial Arts Attributes

Chapter 10: The Gaze Of Love From A Father

2

The moment Wang Teng and his friends left the pub, the staff looked at the mess on the ground and turned to ask a 30-year-old man wearing a fitting suit.

“Manager, are we going to let them go just like that?”

The suited man glared at the staff member who had asked the question and replied furiously, “What else can I do? Do you want to ask them to stay?”

“You’re not observant at all!”

“That Zhao Gangbao is a beginner-stage martial disciple, and his brother is an advanced-stage martial disciple.

1

“As for the rich second generations, all of them come from wealthy families with assets of over a hundred million. Most importantly, there are two martial disciples among them. Let’s not talk about the one that got beaten. The one that acted just now should be an intermediate stage martial disciple.

“He became an intermediate stage martial disciple at such a young age. Do you know what that means?”

“He would at least become an advanced stage martial disciple. Idiot! If you want to die, don’t pull me along.”

The staff member was speechless. A second later, he started admiring the young man from the bottom of his heart... His manager had already investigated the backgrounds of these people.

No wonder he could become the manager while he was only an unimportant low-level worker.

The moment they met a problem, the difference between them was evident as night and day.

“What do we do now?” The staff immediately asked for advice modestly.

“Let’s wait for some time. Didn’t that Zhao Gangbao say that he will call for reinforcements? He is revengeful in nature, so he will definitely come back. He might break some things again, so we can calculate the losses after they leave.

“That bastard. Why does he have to provoke the rich second generations? Do you believe that he won’t be able to get away with his revenge this time?”

“Even if his elder brother comes, it might be useless.” The man in the suit started cursing the troublemaker.

He thought for a moment and continued, “We will put all the losses on him. Also, we must preserve the surveillance images in the pub. They are our evidence, so we can’t lose them. I’ll make a copy later and send them to our boss through WeChat.

2

“Since this matter is linked to a few martial disciples, normal people like us can’t deal with it. We can only let the boss make the decision.”

...

After Wang Teng and the other people left, they didn’t have the mood to go anywhere else. Hence, they went back home.

It was past 10 pm when they reached their homes.

Wang Teng didn’t go to the Jixin Martial House after that. Instead, he surfed the Internet at home and flipped through pieces of information to strengthen his understanding of the martial arts era.

What happened tonight was a warning to him.

He had just met a random gangster, but this gangster’s ability was already close to the intermediate stage.

Had he not collected attributes furiously for the past two days and leveled up, he wouldn’t have been able to settle today’s affair. It would have led to a huge disaster.

The percentage of people practicing martial arts wasn’t high within the population of a few billion.

4

But, the problem was, when they were thrown into the sea of humans, you wouldn't know when you would be unlucky and meet one of them.

What if he offended a real martial warrior in the future?

The other party could injure him and the Wang family with just a flick of their fingers.

He never wanted to experience the lesson from his past life again.

When Wang Teng just got reborn, he had felt a sense of danger in his heart. Now, the premonition was getting stronger.

He must become a real martial warrior as quickly as possible.

Martial disciple—even an advanced stage martial disciple—wasn't enough. He would only have some ability to protect himself if he became a martial warrior.

A little later than 11 pm, Wang Teng finished bathing and prepared to hit the bed. He picked up his phone to set an alarm. He needed to wake up early tomorrow.

When he turned on his phone, he noticed that he had received two messages on WeChat.

Although it was still 2009 in this world, WeChat already existed here and was popularized. Everyone would post some moments on their WeChat when they had nothing to do.

There were many followers of the martial warriors' friend circle, and it was extremely popular. This was because the martial warriors could enter the Xingwu Continent through the dimensional rifts.

Thus, they took photos of many amazing sceneries and wonders in the Xingwu Continent, as well as the exotic beauties there...

Nowadays, showcasing clothes, bags, and luxurious cars was all too low!

The high-class and classy trend now was posting photos of the other world!

Wang Teng looked at his two messages. One was sent more than an hour ago.

Brother Wang Teng, I'm home. —From Bai Wei.

There was a cute emoticon at the end of the sentence.

The other message was sent three minutes ago.

Brother Wang Teng, I'm sleeping soon. Goodnight. —From Bai Wei.

She had added a sleeping emoticon at the end.

“Why is this little girl so polite? I understand her message after she reached home, but why does she have to message me before she sleeps?” Wang Teng had a weird expression on his face.

4

He pondered for a moment. This message was sent three minutes ago. She should be asleep now, right?

Oh, it was sent four minutes ago.

He decided that he shouldn't reply to her to prevent disturbing her.

9

Wang Teng scrolled through a few of his friends' posts. Nothing piqued his fancy, so he put down his phone and closed his eyes to get some rest.

Within a minute, his breathing stabilized, and he entered deep sleep.

On the other end of the phone, in a pink princess room, Bai Wei waited for a long time but didn't receive any reply. Disappointment appeared uncontrollably on her face.

1

“Slap!” She threw her phone and almost went crazy. After rolling around a few times on her bed, she felt frustrated.

7

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The next day, Sunday.

Wang Teng woke up early in the morning. After having his breakfast, he left the house under the contented gaze of his father, Wang Shengguo.

“Finally, I don't feel that gaze anymore.”

After the sports car drove a long distance, Wang Teng shivered.

“Could this be the legendary gaze of love?”

2

“Ssss... That was so scary!”

After some time, Wang Teng arrived at the Jixin Martial House.

A few attribute bubbles were scattered on the grass field and the pathways in the martial arts academy. He picked them up along the way and walked into the martial disciple training building.

Some students were practicing in the training lobby on the first floor.

Wang Teng took a look around briefly. Most of them were those who came the earliest yesterday.

Wang Teng had a deep impression of them. He thought that he was early enough, but these people were even earlier than him. They were indeed hardworking.

*However, on this path of diligence, I, Wang Teng, will not admit defeat.*

Wang Teng walked over and greeted them politely. He also collected the attributes these people had dropped.

1

Basic Sword Skill\*1

Basic Footwork\*1

Strength\*3

Basic Fist Skill\*2

Speed\*5

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“This is a good start! I’m so happy!”

After collecting the attributes, Wang Teng didn’t stop moving. He walked straight up the stairs to the second floor.

His actions attracted the attention of a few students.

The young man practicing his sword skill kindly reminded him, "Based on the rules of the martial arts academy, a beginner stage martial disciple isn't allowed to go up to the second floor."

"I know. Thank you for your reminder." Wang Teng turned around and smiled. "But, yesterday night, I accidentally broke through and became an intermediate-stage martial disciple."

When he finished speaking, he had already climbed the second fleet of stairs. His figure couldn't be seen anymore.

He boasted so calmly and even flicked his sleeves, not leaving anything behind.

1

The young man practicing his sword skill froze on the spot.

"He, what did he say?" He asked the other students in disbelief.

"This brat just came yesterday, right?"

The students didn't answer him directly. Instead, they retorted with another question.

"That's not right. He came on Friday night. I saw him," another student suddenly said.

"He became an intermediate stage martial disciple after practicing for two days? Are you kidding!"

"That's definitely impossible. He must have practiced martial arts before he came to the martial arts academy. Look at him. He's obviously a rich second generation. The poor study while the wealthy learn martial arts. His family is influential, so he definitely learned martial arts earlier than us. It's easier for him too."

Everyone agreed with this explanation.

No one believed that someone in this world could turn from a weak, useless human being into a beginner stage martial disciple and then an intermediate stage martial disciple within two days.

This was impossible.

Genius wasn't enough to describe such a person. You could only call him a monster!

—Of course, that was excluding those people who cheated and had bugs!

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

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

It was that agile fatty!

5

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

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

1

"Fatty, good morning!"

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

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

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

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

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

Speed\*6

Speed\*7

Basic Footwork\*3

Speed\*6

...

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

Wang Teng thought to himself.

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

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

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

2

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

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

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

"Okay!"

Wang Teng agreed and continued, "What if you lose?"

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

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

"What do you want?" The fatty frowned and asked.

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

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

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

"There's a timer at the side. Let me find someone to help us check the time."

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

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



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

The two participants nodded.

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

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

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

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

“But, honestly speaking, he does have some ability. He’s faster than a rabbit when he runs.”

1

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

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

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

After he finished, he continued asking, “What about you?”

“Wang Teng. Remember to sing ‘Zhen Fu’ after you lose!” Wang Teng smiled and said.

1

“Tsk!” Wu Liang rolled his eyes in contempt.

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

“Ready... start!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

As expected of a fatty who ran like the wind.

This was the exclamation in many people's minds.

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

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

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

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

He only came to the second floor yesterday.

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

Were the newbies all the fierce nowadays?

How were old people like them supposed to live?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

4

Basic Footwork\*2

Speed\*5

Speed\*6

Basic Footwork\*4

Speed\*7

...

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

2

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

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

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

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

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

All he lacked was a chain.

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

Swoosh~

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

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

"F\*\*k!"