

## **Martial Arts 351**

### **Chapter 351 This Is Definitely A Brutal Man!**

Most of the audience didn't know what had happened. The last attack had formed airwaves that swept across the entire arena, so ordinary people couldn't see what went on inside.

"This result was a bit unexpected. Mao Na from The First University lost to Wang Teng!"

"Let's rewind the video and see what happened just now."

The fight on the screen was played back. Everyone widened their eyes as they stared at it.

The images were a little blurry, but they were able to see Wang Teng appearing behind Mao Na and smashing the brick on her head mercilessly...

Bang!

A dull thud came from the big screen.

The spectators' lips twitched uncontrollably when they heard the sound. For some reason, they felt the back of their heads hurting.

Ruthless!

This young man was too ruthless!

This was a vicious man!

As the first live streamer to broadcast Wang Teng's matches, General Bai was attracting more and more viewers into his live stream room. It was exceptionally lively.

After the round of 'The brick maniac, the invincible presence!' comments, the comments in the live stream room erupted again.

Boom!

"Kicking Mountain Nan Kindergarten With My Leg has sent 20 consecutive rockets!" "What a ruthless young man!"

"Swordsman from Mobei has sent 20 consecutive rockets!" "What a ruthless young man!"

"Whiny Monster has sent 20 consecutive rockets!" "What a ruthless young man!"

"Hallelujah has sent 10 consecutive rockets!" "What a ruthless young man!"

"Destroyer Husky has sent 10 consecutive rockets!" "What a ruthless young man!"

General Bai was elated.

Another two wealthy viewers had joined them!

These wealthy IDs would attract more viewers. Within a few seconds, more people entered his live stream room to see the rockets. The number of viewers skyrocketed.

The live stream room was like a party.

“2333[1] all the bosses have agreed that this young man is a ruthless one!”

“There are so many bosses here. Why?”

“That brick sure is impressive!”

“How can he bear to smash this beautiful lady’s head? So cold-blooded. From now on, I will... recognize Wang Teng as my boss. Boss, please accept a bow from your subordinate.” “Boss, please accept a bow from your subordinate.”

“Boss, please accept a bow from your subordinate.”

“Boss, please accept a bow from your subordinate.”

The live stream room got flooded with the same comment again. General Bai was laughing helplessly. These cheeky viewers were all abnormal beings.

In the Dragon’s Den, Wang Teng scanned the arenas with his spiritual power and picked up all the attribute bubbles on the ground.

Spirit\*20

Enlightenment\*28

Wind Force\*76

Wind Presence\*30

As expected, he got another round of wind presence. This was a good match. He had everything to gain and nothing to lose.

In the Xingwu Continent, his wind presence had already reached ninth-level, just a step away from wind conscious. Increasing his wind presence gave him plenty of benefits.

Instantly, a deeper understanding of wind power appeared in his mind. It was profound and interesting.

Others might need many years to enlighten their presence. They were heavily reliant on their enlightenment and opportunity, but Wang Teng only needed to pick up attributes. It felt so good and refreshing. At the same time, his wind Force increased too. Wind element martial warriors were rare, so he needed to grab as many attributes as he could whenever he had the chance. This was pure luck.

Fortunately, this time, Lady Luck was showering him with attention. He met a talented wind element martial warrior in the competition.

If he had the chance, he would find her again in the future.

Wang Teng ended his match and came down the arena calmly, completely disregarding the strange gazes around him.

The students from The First University were already waiting for him below the arena. They glared at Wang Teng as if they wanted to tear him into pieces.

Many of the female martial warriors had ordinary looks. Therefore, it was hard to find someone who was powerful and beautiful like Mao Na.

She was very popular in The First University, and many young men wanted to chase her.

Among the male students who came to participate in the National Number One Martial Arts Competition, a few of them were her admirers.

Wang Teng's actions had infuriated them. They tried their best not to rush towards him immediately and beat him up.

A handsome young man from The First University blocked Wang Teng's path and growled, "Let's hope we don't meet in the arena."

"Who are you?" Wang Teng was speechless. He didn't know this person at all. "Second in ranking from The First University, Yu Tao!" The young man's voice was calm. He had a reserved arrogance around him, as if he was only second to heaven and earth. "Oh..." Wang Teng felt enlightened. He nodded and replied, "Oh, so you're second-in-rank."

"Second-in-rank?" Yu Tao was stunned, looking confused and perplexed. However, he regained his senses an instant later. Wang Teng was obviously referring to him. His face turned black.

The people around him held back their laughter forcefully, including the students from The First University.

Mind you, Yu Tao was a male idol figure in The First University. No one dared to call him that.

Wang Teng was so cheeky.

Being the second in The First University was an honor. The only person above him was Ji Xiuming. In the other universities, he would, without a doubt, be a powerful figure. But, through Wang Teng's mouth, he became second-in-rank.

Second-in-rank, second-in-rank, forever the second-in-rank!

He was no. 2, but he didn't like people calling him that.

"Do... you know how to speak?" Yu Tao asked furiously with a cold face.

"Do you know how to listen?" Wang Teng retorted.

"You..." Yu Tao didn't know what to say.

"Please make way," Wang Teng continued calmly. "I hope that you can continue being so arrogant in the arena." Yu Tao stared at Wang Teng indignantly.

"Whatever." Wang Teng smiled. He walked past the young man without feeling anything.

Honestly, the only person he felt was a challenge was Ji Xiuming. No one else had the right to be arrogant in front of him.

Yu Tao's expression turned ugly as he stared at Wang Teng's back.

“This fellow is so rude,” someone beside him said in an angry tone.

“Hmph, let him be. I’ll take care of him in the arena.” Yu Tao snorted with a sinister look in his eyes.

Wang Teng went back to the Huanghai Military Academy resting area. Han Zhu was waiting for his match to start, so he was sitting alone. He didn’t know whether he should laugh or cry when he saw Wang Teng. “There are many ways to defeat your opponent. Do you have to use this... unique method?”

“Erm... I’m just used to it.” Wang Teng was at a loss for words for a moment. He randomly found an excuse for himself. He couldn’t tell Han Zhu that smashing the head would give him spirit and enlightenment attributes.

These participants were all talented students. It would be a waste not to hit their heads.

“Used, used to it?” Han Zhu went speechless, staring at Wang Teng in a daze. He didn’t understand what this guy was thinking. Maybe there was a wrong connection in his brain when he was developing in his mother’s womb? He said with a strange expression, “As long as you are happy.” “When is your match with Zhao Yuanwu starting?” Wang Teng changed the topic. “Soon. The match in arena 12 is ending. We’ll go up after that,” Han Zhu said.

[1] Chinese slang meaning laughter

### **Chapter 352 Defeated But Still Standing**

“Be careful.” Wang Teng hesitated, but in the end, that was all he said.

He wanted to persuade Han Zhu to admit defeat if he couldn’t win. However, after thinking it through, he didn’t voice his thoughts.

Some decisions could only be made by the person. It was not his place to interfere.

Besides, a fight between men didn’t need any interference.

After some time, the match in arena 12 finally ended.

Han Zhu slowly stood up. He held his golden long rod in his hand and walked straight up the arena without speaking to Wang Teng again.

On the other side, Zhao Yuanwu wore a faint smile on his face as he came forward. He was highly confident and didn’t take the match to heart.

They arrived at the arena simultaneously.

“Start!”

The judge announced the start of the match.

Han Zhu didn’t hesitate. He waved his long rod, and earth Force congregated on it. He swung his long rod at Zhao Yuanwu.

Zhao Yuanwu remained calm and composed. He held his battle sword and exerted fire Force on it, knocking Han Zhu’s rod away.

He was a fire element martial warrior!

The long rod and the battle sword collided without stopping, forming sparks in the air.

Boom!

The powerful strength behind the long rod caused Zhao Yuanwu's heart to skip a beat. He realized that he had underestimated Han Zhu. This strength felt like a huge rock smashing on him. It was exceptionally heavy.

Every single hit caused his battle sword to vibrate. His palm hurt as the force flowed to his hand. He could already feel his skin cracking from the repeated impacts. "Go away!"

Zhao Yuanwu's gaze turned aggressive as he evaded Han Zhu's attack. He then threw his attack out. Fiery red blade glow flew towards Han Zhu, carrying a frightening power with it.

Han Zhu's expression turned grave, and a thick yellow glow flashed on his rod. He roared and blocked the attack.

Clang!

When the blade glow smashed into the long rod, violent tremors shook the arena.

Han Zhu's expression changed. The powerful impact forced him to retreat involuntarily.

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

Wherever his feet landed, they formed shallow pits on the hard arena floor...

Blood seeped out from the corner of his lips.

He had suffered internal injuries from this attack.

Zhao Yuanwu followed up his victory with hot pursuit, swinging his blade at him. Han Zhu blocked his advances while retreating. His face had turned pale by now. Soon, he was forced to the edge of the arena.

The injury to his organs had become more serious after the round of attacks. This wasn't good.

"How can you take revenge for others with this little ability?" Zhao Yuanwu recognized Han Zhu's strength, but he didn't go easy on his words. He still scoffed and mocked the other party. At the same time, his attacks became more vigorous. Han Zhu gritted his teeth, and a sharp glint flashed past his eyes. He stopped defending even though the blade auras were lacerating his skin. He waved his long rod, disregarding his injury, and started battling with Zhao Yuanwu, replacing defense with offense.

The two of them fought from the edge to the center of the arena.

After a few seconds, they had exchanged multiple blows. Despite fighting with all his might, Han Zhu was still at a disadvantage.

Boom!

A severe collision of Forces resulted in a loud explosion. Han Zhu flew out and landed on the ground. He stabbed his rod into the floor and forcefully stopped himself from moving back. However, he still vomited blood and stumbled to regain his footing

He shifted his center of gravity closer to the ground and stomped the floor until it cracked. Finally, he stopped!

The blade injury in front of his chest was exceptionally glaring. Fresh blood was flowing out, and his skin was badly mutilated. It was a serious injury.

Han Zhu wanted to continue fighting, but he felt weak all over. His vision was turning black. He clenched his long rod, not wanting to fall. Then, his head dropped, and he lost consciousness.

Zhao Yuanwu strode forward, wanting to continue his barrage of attacks.

Wang Teng's expression underwent a huge change. He was prepared to rush up and stop him.

At that moment, the judge blocked Zhao Yuanwu's path and said expressionlessly, "He has fainted. You won!"

"Hmph!" Zhao Yuanwu squinted at the judge. Then, he snorted and gave up his advance.

"Sigh!" Many people in the audience were focusing on this match. Once the battle ended, they were finally able to let out the breath they had been holding.

Amazing!

Intense!

This match was an eye-opener for many people.

Han Zhu and Zhao Yuanwu's dramatic battle gave them the impression that this was a match between two real men. It was fierce and violent. They couldn't help but feel anxious for them.

Even though Han Zhu lost, no one felt that he was weak.

On the other hand, all of them silently acknowledged Han Zhu's powerful ability. His strength exceeded a majority of the participants they had seen so far. "As expected of a top university. Han Zhu from Huanghai Military Academy isn't weak at all."

"Of course. Huanghai Military Academy is a famous military academy in our country."

"What a pity. He lost to Zhao Yuanwu." "Hmph, I hope someone will teach that unbridled fellow a lesson."

In the Capital Military Academy resting area, Luo Cheng looked at the figure half-kneeling on the arena and shook his head. He felt pity for Han Zhu.

"I'm afraid Huanghai Military Academy won't be able to fight with us anymore after this defeat," a participant from Capital Military Academy said.

"If Han Zhu is able to fight his way into the finals in the revival rounds, we might have a chance to meet them again," another person said.

"I hope that they won't be dispirited," Luo Cheng folded his arms in front of his chest and said calmly.

A dispirited opponent wasn't a good opponent.

On the second floor of the audience stand, Peng Yuanshan remained expressionless while the other five heads looked stern. They stood up slowly.

"I'm going down to take a look," Tong Hu said with a grim face.

"Let's go together." Su Jing and the other three heads walked down one after another.

"Old Peng, your strongest student has lost. I'm afraid your ranking will be affected." Yan Kang, the president of the martial arts academy in Jinlin University, gloated in his misfortune.

"In a competition, victory and defeat are common. We can fight back in the competition next year. Huanghai isn't afraid of losing," Peng Yuanshan replied calmly. "Also, there are revival rounds. With Han Zhu's ability, it's not difficult for him to make a comeback." "You're right." Yan Kang smiled. He didn't continue speaking, though. They weren't enemies. He knew when to stop during a verbal dispute.

In the arena, the medical personnel wanted to bring Han Zhu down for treatment, but they met an awkward situation.

They couldn't move Han Zhu.

Han Zhu's hand was glued to his long rod, which had penetrated deep into the floor of the arena. They couldn't get it out at all.

The judge came forward to help upon seeing this situation. He wanted to pry Han Zhu's fingers open and take the long rod out. But he couldn't move Han Zhu's fingers, and the long rod remained firmly stuck. "Erm..." The judge was a 5-star soldier-level martial warrior. He used all his strength but to no avail. His face turned a little pink.

"What's wrong?" The audience was puzzled when they saw this, questioning each other.

"It looks like Han Zhu gripped his rod fiercely to prevent himself from falling. He even stabbed the rod deep into the area in his last move. The judge can't lift it up," the commentator explained with astonishment. "Let me do it." Wang Teng came forward. "Can you?" The judge was skeptical.

"Let me try." Wang Teng took a step and signaled the judge to move away. Then, he slowly pried Han Zhu's fingers open.

The judge's eyes opened wide...

### **Chapter 353 They Chose Him So They Must Guide Him To The End!**

This fellow's strength is incredible!

He made it look so easy!

How is that possible?

Did Han Zhu release his grip because he subconsciously knew that his comrade was here?

Yes, that must be it!

The judge started comforting himself...

Wang Teng didn't know what the judge was thinking. After passing Han Zhu to the medical personnel, he grabbed the long rod with one hand.

"Don't pull a stunt. How can you lift it with one hand?" the judge reminded him speechlessly.

Wang Teng didn't reply to him. Strength surged into his arm, and he lifted it up.

Crack!

An ear-piercing sound of friction rang out as the long rod got forcefully pulled out by him. He turned and said to the judge, "What did you say just now?"

The judge: ... He started questioning the world.

"Hahaha... you are very strong." The judge laughed awkwardly.

The audience found this scene funny for some reason.

"I wonder what the judge is thinking now."

"Haha, this judge is funny." "But Wang Teng seems really strong."

"I think so too. Could his ability..."

"It's hard to say. I'm suddenly anticipating his future matches."

The commentator said in surprise, "Wang Teng's strength is powerful. I thought that after Han Zhu lost, Huanghai had no more chances. But, it looks like they still have Wang Teng!"

"I have high hopes for Wang Teng now," the other commentator, Su Xiao, laughed and said.

Because of their appreciative words, the audience's attention towards Wang Teng increased. Those that didn't care about him started commenting too. In the arena, Zhao Yuanwu's gaze flickered a little as he sized up Wang Teng seriously.

He had personally experienced Han Zhu's power. Wang Teng was able to pry his fingers easily and move the rod. This meant that his ability wasn't lower than Han Zhu's. He might even be stronger.

At this moment, he started to consider Wang Teng on equal footing. Their gazes collided in mid-air momentarily, but they didn't say anything.

Wang Teng held Han Zhu's long rod and walked down. Pick! Pick!

He swept the arena with his spiritual power and picked up the various attribute bubbles.

Earth Force\*70

Fire Force\*86

Flaming Blade Presence\*35



Flaming blade presence? Another presence attribute.

There were indeed many talents in the National Number One Martial Arts Competition. A typical martial warrior wouldn't be able to enlighten his presence easily, yet many participants here had achieved it.

Wang Teng already possessed a ninth-level blade presence, so when the presence attribute merged into his body, he had a deeper understanding of his blade presence.

By the time he walked down the arena, he understood everything.

No one noticed the fiery red glow flashing past his eyes. There seemed to be flames burning in them.

On the other side, Zhao Yuanwu, who was also walking down the arena, sensed something and turned to look at Wang Teng's back.

He frowned and muttered to himself, "That feeling just now... Was it an illusion?"

When the competition ended, everyone went back.

At night, in the hotel.

Peng Yuanshan gathered everyone.

Wang Teng scanned the crowd. He noticed that many of his teammates were wounded. Wan Baiqiu and Han Zhu had suffered the most grievous injuries. They were still pale and looked frail. Injuries were inevitable during a martial warrior's battle. However, not many people fought fiercely and mercilessly like Zhao Yuanwu.

Of course, this wasn't controllable. When two parties were on par in terms of ability, they would try their best to win, and in the process, serious injuries might occur.

Peng Yuanshan noticed that everyone had arrived, so he opened his mouth and said, "Today, Huanghai... suffered a crushing defeat."

Everyone lowered their heads in embarrassment.

They came full of confidence. However, they weren't even halfway through the competition, but they had already had a sound beating. "Wan Baiqiu!" Peng Yuanshan suddenly called her name.

"Yes." Wan Baiqiu raised her head. Her face was white.

"Do you know your mistake?" Peng Yuanshan asked.

"I'm not strong enough. I shouldn't have persevered. It angered my opponent," Wan Baiqiu said.

"You're wrong." Peng Yuanshan shook his head. "Your mistake is you didn't recognize the difference between your opponent and you. If it's a war and you meet an enemy who's much stronger than you, you should run immediately. Even if you were given an explicit order and had to fight, you should think of other methods and not collide head-on, making unnecessary sacrifices. That is useless."

"I..." Wan Baiqiu's face turned paler. She went into deep thought.

“Think about it properly.” Peng Yuanshan didn’t continue. He told everyone to recuperate properly before waving his hand and asking them to leave.

However, he kept Wang Teng back.

In the room, Peng Yuanshan and the other five heads stared at Wang Teng intently.

In a competition, victory and defeat were common.

This was what Peng Yuanshan had said earlier in the day. But if there was a choice, who wanted to lose?

Now, all of them placed their hopes on Wang Teng.

“Heads, please don’t look at me like this. I’m not gay,” Wang Teng suddenly said.

Peng Yuanshan: ...

Tong Hu: ...

Su Jing: ...

What do you mean by you’re not gay!

What do you think we want to do? Peng Yuanshan and the others had a breakdown, feeling tired in their hearts.

Why did they have such an abnormal student in their university?

Suddenly, they remembered that they were the ones who had spent much effort to get him into their school.

So this was the consequence of their doings?

Since they chose him, they must guide him until the end!

After a moment of silence, Peng Yuanshan gathered his shattered mentality and pieced them back together. Then, he said, “How confident are you in this competition?”

“Do you mean the ranking?” Wang Teng touched his chin and asked.

“Oh, what do you have to say?” Peng Yuanshan asked with interest.

He thought that Wang Teng would give an ambiguous answer. He didn’t expect him to ask this question.

Tong Hu and the others looked at Wang Teng curiously too.

“100% for third place.

“90% confident of getting second.

“As for the championship, probably... 80%,” Wang Teng replied confidently.

Tong Hu and the others were speechless. This fellow sure knew how to boast. He spoke about the top three rankings so casually, and the confidence was frighteningly high.

He was even 80% certain on getting the championship title.

Are you sure you're not playing with us? "Are you sure?" Even Peng Yuanshan didn't believe him. He rubbed his forehead and asked in a tired tone.

He realized that speaking to Wang Teng was quite exhausting.

This fellow never followed the script!

"Actually, I was afraid of scaring you all, so I didn't say that I'm 100% confident on getting first place." Wang Teng chuckled humbly when he noticed the heads and the president getting stunned by his words.

### **Chapter 354 Senior, I Will Be Gentle!**

In the room, Peng Yuanshan turned silent while Tong Hu and the other heads glanced at one another.

They had already asked Wang Teng to leave.

"Do you believe what that brat said?" Peng Yuanshan sighed and asked.

"He doesn't have a reason to lie to us," Tong Hu frowned as he replied.

"It will be great if it's true," Su Jing said.

"The principal might be clearer on this, but she will only come during the finals." Peng Yuanshan shook his head. "Never mind, having some hope is not bad. It looks like our Huanghai isn't defeated yet."

Wang Teng returned to his room and sat cross-legged on his bed. He didn't care what Peng Yuanshan and the heads were thinking.

His gaze shone as he recalled his gains after participating in the National Number One Martial Arts Competition. He was deep in thought.

Upon recalling the move Mao Na made today, he felt particularly enlightened.

Mao Na had merged the two wind presences and turned them into a tornado. It was a powerful move.

Her method had inspired him.

He had many 'presences' now, including two conscious. Maybe he could try and merge them together.

If I can merge them, the result might be formidable.

For instance, if I merge wind presence and flaming sword presence, I might get a flaming sword tornado!

Wang Teng was excited. He started deducing in his heart.

The knowledge he received from Mao Na's wind presence in the morning floated into his mind. It allowed him to gain some understanding of the merging method.

First, Wang Teng decided to merge his presences. If he succeeded, he would move on to merging his conscious.

The more powerful it was, the harder it was to merge them. That was mostly the case.

He played out the process in his heart and felt that it wasn't too difficult. Hence, he stood up and went to the training room. A benefit of this hotel was its well-equipped facilities.

The walls and floor of the training room were enhanced with runes. Besides providing a higher resistance towards damage and impact, it was also sound-proof.

Of course, the construction cost wasn't cheap!

Most hotels didn't have the capital to do this.

Wang Teng stood in the training room. To start out, he added a layer of earth Force to protect his hands.

Then, he gathered wind presence in one hand and slowly twirled it. As for the other hand, he stuck out two fingers. Sword aura intertwined around his fingers.

Then, the two forces gradually got closer...

Bang!

A small eruption occurred in the training room. At the instant the forces made contact, they exploded.

Wang Teng's expression froze.

To hell with not too difficult.

He didn't even do anything, yet they exploded at a single touch.

Fail!

What a tight slap in his face.

Furthermore, no one slapped him. He slapped his own face... how painful!

Fortunately, he was cautious and protected his hands with earth Force. In addition, he didn't use much Force when he attempted to merge the two. The power was limited, so he didn't hurt himself.

Wang Teng furrowed his brows. He contemplated his actions and realized something

He was combining two different types of presence while Mao Na had merged two wind presences. There was a huge difference in their methods.

If he followed Mao Na's method to a tee, it would be a miracle if he succeeded!

There was a strong repulsion between the two different Forces. They might start fighting with each other if they were in the same area, much less trying to combine them.

Wait, in the same area.

Wang Teng suddenly thought of something. There were multiple Forces in his Force nucleus. However, they were in harmony with one another with the help of the system.

Wang Teng closed his eyes and calmed down his heart. He started feeling his Force nucleus.

His eyes remained closed for half an hour.

Half an hour later, when he slowly opened his shut eyes, there was a confident glint in them.

He was extremely confident for his next try.

Once again, he gathered two 'presences' on each of his hands, one wind and one fire, and pushed them together slowly. His eyes were shining. He would definitely succeed this time...

Bang!

Explosion!

Why did it explode again?!

Why?

He had already understood the crux of the problem. He then found a way to let them live in harmony. Why did they still explode?

Wang Teng was puzzled. This was another slap in his face. He felt his cheeks getting swollen.

"I don't believe that I can't do it!" He vowed to himself. He gathered his wind and fire presence and made another attempt.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Three hours later, Wang Teng laid on the floor with his arms and legs spread out. He felt like killing himself.

This is too difficult!

Why is it so difficult? He couldn't find the reason at all. Wasn't he a genius in martial arts? His confidence had taken a severe hit. He felt so inferior that he was starting to question his life.

After a few seconds, he crawled up stubbornly.

He would never admit defeat!

Then...

Bang!

Bang!

The entire night, explosions kept occurring in Wang Teng's training room. It only stopped past midnight.

The following day, everyone gathered in the restaurant for breakfast.

"Du Yu, why are your dark eye circles so obvious?" Han Zhu suddenly asked.

Before Du Yu could open his mouth, the students from Donghai University walked past them. Someone asked the same question.

“Yunfan, why are your dark eye circles so obvious?” the person beside Xiao Yunfan asked.

“Don’t ask. Some idiot was playing with explosives in the middle of the night. I couldn’t sleep properly,” Xiao Yunfan said furiously.

Wang Teng: {(°C°111)}\_\_ “You too?” Han Zhu and the others looked at Du Yu strangely.

Du Yu nodded in frustration.

“That’s so inconsiderate. Is he one of our competitors? Is he trying to use this method to affect your condition?” the Donghai University student asked.

“Who knows? He better hope that I don’t find out who he is. If not, I’ll hit him until his parents can’t recognize him,” Xiao Yunfan replied before walking away.

Wang Teng: (:)

They finished breakfast and went to the Dragon’s Den. The competition would start at 8 am.

The name list for the morning matches flashed on the screen.

Wang Teng versus Xiao Yunfan “Hahaha.” Wang Teng laughed immediately. What is this called? Do enemies always meet? The battle between an elder and a cute newbie?

So far, the competition had been smooth sailing for Xiao Yunfan. He didn’t meet any strong opponents and arrived at this stage without any obstacles. He even defeated a candidate from The First University. This made him extremely confident.

Even though he knew that Wang Teng had defeated Mao Na, he still felt that he could win.

Once they arrived in the arena, he smiled and said, “Junior Wang Teng, I didn’t expect us to meet each other.”

“I didn’t expect it either.” Wang Teng smiled, feeling elated.

“Don’t worry. We are both from Donghai, so I’ll be gentle,” Xiao Yunfan waved his hands and said.

In the audience stand, Xu Wantong glanced at Lin Chuhan. “Xiao Yunfan versus Wang Teng. Is this fate?”

“I think that it’s fatal attraction,” Tian Xiaoxiao muttered.

“Shut up!” Lin Chuhan and Xu Wantong glared at her.

“I wonder if Wang Teng is Xiao Yunfan’s match?” Lin Chuhan was a little worried.

In the arena, the judge announced the start of the match. Xiao Yunfan was very confident in himself. He said calmly, “Junior Wang Teng, you can make your move first.”

“I won’t be polite then.” Wang Teng smiled. He didn’t stand on ceremony.

After he finished speaking, he darted out and headed straight for Xiao Yunfan, hurling his fist at him.

The audience started commenting on this scene.

“Wang Teng is too full of himself.”

“Donghai University’s Xiao Yunfan isn’t weak. He won’t stand there and wait for him to hit him.”

As expected, he lacks battle experience. Xiao Yunfan thought to himself with contempt as he looked at Wang Teng charging towards him. He raised his fists and punched Wang Teng.

He said that he would show mercy, but in the actual fight, he didn’t hold back at all. He exerted all his strength and wanted to finish Wang Teng with a single punch.

A mocking smile appeared at the edge of his lips.

Han Zhu was already defeated. If he defeated Wang Teng, he wouldn’t have to worry about the other participants from Huanghai. It meant that Donghai University could turn the tides for the next three years.

Bang!

The next second, a terrifying explosion erupted when the two fists collided.

Xiao Yunfan’s expression froze. His fist seemed to have hit a towering mountain. Frightening force surged towards him, causing him to fly back.

“Pfft!” He was already vomiting blood in mid-air.

Wang Teng moved and appeared above Xiao Yunfan. He gave him a sinister smile and said, “Senior, I’ll be gentle.”

“??” Xiao Yunfan was confused. This sentence is so vague. Do you have to sound so loving when you say it?

Before he could complain, he saw it. He saw the golden brick smashing down on his face. It enlarged in front of his eyes.

No! Noooo! Xiao Yunfan screamed bitterly in his heart.

### **Chapter 355: Normally, I’ll Take Care Of Ladies**

After a round of beating, Xiao Yunfan laid in the arena, unconscious. His face was severely bruised and swollen, and his body was still twitching slightly.

...

The surroundings were quiet. The audience was silent.

The judge stared blankly at Xiao Yunfan and stood in silent tribute for three seconds.

What a poor child!

The other contestants from Donghai University had gathered below the arena. At first, they came to watch Wang Teng get beaten up, but the result was reversed.

Xiao Yunfan... how unfortunate!

He was the leading figure of Donghai University, yet he lost completely. Everyone found the result unreal.

The script wasn't right!

Shouldn't Wang Teng be defeated? Shouldn't Xiao Yunfan win?

The students from Donghai University lost their voices, their eyes filled with bitterness. Donghai University still lost to Huanghai Military Academy in the end.

In the audience stand, Xu Wantong and Tian Xiaoxiao were also silent. Honestly, this result was out of their expectations.

Xiao Yunfan was a famous figure at Donghai University. Everyone had placed their hopes on him and thought that he would be able to squeeze into the top ten. However, he got beaten mercilessly by Wang Teng.

Who was Wang Teng?

He was a freshman, the top scholar for the martial arts exam in Donghai this year.

He was renowned in Donghai.

A model example of the counterattack of a bottom-feeder.

Ever since he became the top scholar, everyone felt that he should be highly talented in martial arts.

But the thing was, he actually won in a duel between a freshman and a fourth-year martial arts student.

Was this even possible?

There was a four-year gap between them. How talented did he have to be to leap over this gap!

"Shouldn't you be happy?" Xu Wantong gave a bitter smile as she looked at Lin Chuhan.

"I should be, but Xiao Yunfan is our university's representative. I can't be happy after knowing my school got defeated. This is complicated," Lin Chuhan frowned and replied.

"That's right. I didn't even dare to cheer for Little Brother Wang Teng earlier. I was afraid they would call me a traitor," Tian Xiaoxiao said.

"Erm... forget it. We have no control over this anyway. Let them fight among themselves." Xu Wantong waved her hands.

...

After the match ended, the commentator's voice resounded in the stadium, "This battle between Donghai University and Huanghai Military Academy has ended... in a surprise.

"Xiao Yunfan lost to Wang Teng, and Huanghai Military Academy has emerged as the winner. Their match was... spectacular.

"However, the injury on Xiao Yunfan's face is a little serious. Someone, please take him down for treatment..."

The audience was caught between laughter and tears. The commentator couldn't bear to see his swollen face either.



The leaders from Donghai University sitting on the second floor of the audience seat suddenly felt a tinge of regret.

They should have snatched Wang Teng if they knew this was going to happen. Based on his current performance, it was worth paying any price to get him.

Regret!

Regret!

...

As Wang Teng defeated more and more opponents, many people had started to take notice of him. Even more, these competitors weren't nobodies. They felt that he might not be here purely for the experience. Han Zhu might have lost, but Wang Teng could progress further.

His attacks might be a little strange and indecent, but one couldn't deny his ability.

...

Earth Force\*58

Spirit\*36

Enlightenment\*48

Wang Teng picked up the attribute bubbles Xiao Yunfan had dropped before walking down the arena. He went to Huanghai's resting area and sat down quietly to continue his attribute picking business.

His spiritual power spread around the venue, pulling all the huge and transparent bubbles as they rolled and bounced over.

Water Force\*35

Wood Force\*66

Spirit\*25

Enlightenment\*20

...

Just as Wang Teng was focused on picking up attributes, a pair of long legs appeared in front of him...

Hmm?

They looked a little familiar!

He raised his head and followed the legs up. When he saw the person, he blinked and smiled involuntarily. "Beautiful lady, what business do you have with me?"

Mao Na touched the back of her head and said expressionlessly, "You're vicious."

"Not at all, not at all." Wang Teng laughed awkwardly.

Mao Na looked at the irritating face in front of her and took a deep breath to calm herself. She said, "I still have to thank you for not treating me like Xiao Yunfan."

"Of course. I normally take care of ladies," Wang Teng replied shamelessly.

Mao Na took another deep breath before spilling out two words, "Get lost!"

"Haha." Wang Teng smiled in embarrassment. Suddenly, he saw a scene appearing on the big screen. "The second-in-rank from your school is fighting with Zhao Yuanwu. He came to speak up for you yesterday. I think he's your admirer."

"Second-in-rank?" Mao Na wanted to leave, but she stopped in her tracks upon hearing this sentence. She turned and looked at the screen. "Oh, it's Yu Tao!"

She felt speechless, her expression weird.

Second-in-rank?

She could imagine how infuriated Yu Tao would have been yesterday.

"It looks like he's not Zhao Yuanwu's match." Wang Teng's expression changed slightly as he looked at the match playing on the screen.

Mao Na couldn't be bothered to scold Wang Teng anymore. She hurriedly looked at the arena, and her expression turned grave. "Yu Tao is strong, but he still can't beat Zhao Yuanwu. It looks like he is hiding his ability."

"This is the first time the sects are joining this competition. Many candidates from the sects have performed well, and Zhao Yuanwu has stood out among them all." Usually, Wang Teng appeared as if he wasn't watching the matches, but he was aware of the overall situation.

"Since they entered the competition, it means they want to fight for resources. The members of the sects have to go on the battlefield too. It's understandable," Mao Na said. "However, Zhao Yuanwu is too brutal. It's alright if he was on the battlefield, but this is an internal competition."

Wang Teng didn't reply. He just watched Zhao Yuanwu and Yu Tao's match with interest.

Boom!

Continuous explosions rang out in the arena. It was a fierce match. Yu Tao tried his best, but he couldn't defeat Zhao Yuanwu.

A fiery red light flashed past the screen, almost blinding the viewers. It was glamorous.

Yu Tao was thrown out by the blast. His chest had split open, revealing the white bones underneath. Fresh blood was spurting out of his mouth without a stop, and his face was as white as a ghost. He had lost.

"This is... ninth-level flaming blade presence!" Mao Na exclaimed with a grim expression.

She wasn't the only one. Many people at the scene were looking at Zhao Yuanwu absent-mindedly. They were stunned by his blade attack.

“Why is Zhao Yuanwu so powerful?”

“Even Yu Tao from The First University isn’t his match.”

“He’s really strong. Only Ji Xiuming and Ren Qingcang might have a chance against him.”

...

Many people started comparing Zhao Yuanwu with Ji Xiuming and Ren Qingcang. They felt that he had a chance to fight for the top three.

Below the arena, Wang Teng’s gaze flickered. A smile appeared at the edge of his lips as he looked at the gigantic attribute bubbles floating in the arena.

Pick! Pick!

Flaming Blade Presence\*126

Fire Force\*88

...

*Good people, you’re all good people.*

### **Chapter 356: What Monster Is This?**

Flaming Blade Presence\*126

As the flaming blade presence merged into his body, relevant knowledge surged into Wang Teng’s mind. The streams of information collided and intertwined with each other, flashing through his mind like sharp blades.

Then, he felt a qualitative change occur as a force more potent than blade presence was born.

Flaming blade conscious!

Wang Teng’s flaming blade conscious was completed!

If Zhao Yuanwu knew that his blade presence had lent a helping hand to the birth of Wang Teng’s blade conscious, he might die from anger.

Mao Na, who was standing beside Wang Teng, suddenly sensed something. She turned her head and looked at Wang Teng. However, she only saw his calm expression. There was nothing amiss with him. That feeling earlier seemed to be her illusion.

She felt puzzled in her heart, staring at Wang Teng’s face for a long time.

“Why are you looking at me? Am I too handsome?” Wang Teng asked.

“There’s a boogie in your eyes,” Mao Na said expressionlessly.

Wang Teng: ...

Mao Na disregarded Wang Teng and walked away arrogantly.

Wang Teng shook his head and shifted his gaze back to the arena. He picked up the attribute bubbles Yu Tao had dropped.

Wood Force\*50

Spirit\*8

Enlightenment\*14

The morning matches soon ended. Everyone went back to the hotel for lunch and waited for the afternoon matches to start.

In the afternoon, the competition continued. The list of matches was shown on the screen.

Wang Teng versus Zhao Yuanwu!

The moment this match was revealed, many people were astounded. Surprise flashed across their faces.

Wang Teng met Zhao Yuanwu? There would be a good show to watch later.

Many schools and factions were keeping an eye on Wang Teng.

They felt that this was the furthest Wang Teng could go. Between him and Zhao Yuanwu, he would definitely lose.

They didn't approve of Zhao Yuanwu's actions, but his performance had been eye-catching all along. He might even be on par with Ji Xiuming and Ren Qingcang.

Also, no one knew if he had other hidden abilities or trump cards.

The expressions of the students in the Huanghai resting area changed slightly. They looked at Wang Teng and opened their mouths. In the end, all they could say was, "Try your best."

"Don't worry." Wang Teng stood up with a gentle smile at the edge of his lips. He walked to the arena without showing any distress.

Lin Chuhan felt worried for him. "This is troublesome. Wang Teng actually encountered a ruthless fellow like Zhao Yuanwu."

"I wonder if Little Brother Wang Teng can withstand him," Tian Xiaoxiao said.

"I hope he won't be stubborn. Zhao Yuanwu is a savage," Xu Wantong shook her head and said.

None of the three ladies thought that Wang Teng would win this match. Based on Zhao Yuanwu's past performance, they knew that he was a mighty contender for the championship title. Ordinary martial warriors weren't his match at all.

...

The two young men stood in the arena.

Zhao Yuanwu looked at Wang Teng with contempt. "You still have time to admit defeat if you don't want to get beaten like your seniors."

“You seem very confident.” Wang Teng looked at him calmly.

Zhao Yuanwu frowned when he saw Wang Teng’s composed manner. He shook his head and said, “Why do I have to act personally every time? People like you refuse to be convinced until you’re faced with the grim reality.”

The judge beside them blew his whistle. “Start!”

Wang Teng and Zhao Yuanwu exchanged glances with each other. Then, they disappeared simultaneously.

Boom!

They cut across the sky like a pair of scissors cutting white silk before colliding together. The lingering shadows of fists and blades intertwined in the air and dazzled the spectators.

The audience could only see faint shadows colliding and separating continuously in the arena, creating a thunderous echo.

“They’re so powerful!” The audience widened their eyes in surprise.

This match was on a completely different level compared to the matches before.

“Wang Teng is on par with Zhao Yuanwu!”

They were flabbergasted, especially with the strength Wang Teng had displayed. He was a worthy rival of Zhao Yuanwu. He wasn’t at any disadvantage at all.

This was totally unexpected!

General Bai’s live steam room experienced a few seconds of silence before comments erupted like a volcano.

“Oh my god, what did I just see? Wang Teng is so powerful!”

“Wang Teng never used his full strength before. He only showed it when he met Zhao Yuanwu.”

“Exhilarating! Impressive!”

“Amazing!”

...

Most people here were attracted by Wang Teng’s brick because they found it interesting. But now, the stark contrast between his serious and interesting fighting styles enchanted them even more. From the initial interest, they had turned into his fans.

On the second floor of the audience stand, Peng Yuanshan smiled.

“Good riddance!”

The other heads looked at each other with excitement in their eyes. Their understanding of Wang Teng’s ability was refreshed time and again.

This felt invigorating for some reason!

Yan Kang, the president of the martial arts academy of Jinlin University, was dumbstruck. He completely lost his cool. How was this possible?

Was Wang Teng really a freshman? How could he be so strong?

How did Huanghai groom him?

Yan Kang felt frustrated in his heart. He should have fought harder to get Wang Teng into their school. Well, it was hard not to regret now.

Wang Teng used his bare fists to destroy all the flaming blade attacks Zhao Yuanwu threw at him.

The Eight Level Devil Scripture trained the physical body, making it indomitable. Even if Wang Teng did not have any weapons, Zhao Yuanwu wouldn't be able to hurt him.

Despite looking like a normal human with an average body, he seemed tall and towering at this moment.

He was like an ape that had gone berserk. He strode forward, suppressing Zhao Yuanwu's raging attacks.

Everyone felt their blood boiling with excitement as they watched this scene.

Zhao Yuanwu was infuriated. He had never received such treatment ever since the start of the competition. He was always the one who gave other people a thrashing. Yet, he was the one getting trashed now.

By someone whom he had never taken to heart to boot.

"Move!" There was no way he could stomach this humiliation. Zhao Yuanwu bellowed in rage, and a ferocious blade presence erupted from his body. He waved his blade and swung it at Wang Teng.

The terrifying flaming blade presence swept through the arena. Roaring flames attempted to swallow Wang Teng and burn him to ashes.

*I was waiting for this move.* A sinister smile appeared at the corner of Wang Teng's lips. At the same time, a battle blade appeared in his hand, and he swung it down.

An equally formidable flaming blade presence exploded from the blade. It collided with Zhao Yuanwu's blade presence like a tsunami.

Boom!

The flames burst and soared into the sky.

Two gigantic blade glows started corroding one another. In the end, Wang Teng's blade glow won and chopped Zhao Yuanwu's blade aura into two.

"How is this possible?"

Zhao Yuanwu widened his eyes in disbelief. In his stupor, he couldn't dodge in time and got hit by the blade attack. At that moment, he felt as if he was struck by lightning. He flew back abruptly and vomited a mouthful of blood in mid-air.

"Zhao Yuanwu... was defeated!"

The audience found this incredible.

"Wang Teng's blade presence is close to blade conscious!" Some people saw through his attack, and the conclusion left them thunderstruck.

Blade conscious was much more powerful than blade presence. It was harder to understand too.

Yet, Wang Teng was close to enlightening his blade conscious.

How old was he!

What kind of a monster was he?

Wang Teng had merely revealed a fraction of his ability, but it was enough to make everyone's jaws drop to the floor. They found it unbelievable.

He was only a freshman, but he was a worthy opponent of a talent like Zhao Yuanwu. He even won against him, displaying incredible talent.

Everyone was mind blown!

### **Chapter 357: What The F\*\*k, This Fellow Snatched The Weapon Of The Eight Arms Devil General?**

Zhao Yuanwu was thrown off his feet by Wang Teng's attack and slammed to the ground.

However, the powerful impact forced him to continue moving back.

Slash!

Zhao Yuanwu made a prompt decision and stabbed his battle blade on the floor. After taking three steps back, he finally managed to stop his retreat.

Splurt!

He vomited another mouthful of blood.

Zhao Yuanwu's face was pale. He lowered his head and looked at the blade wound on his chest.

This scene was extremely familiar. He had done the same thing when he attacked Han Zhu. Wang Teng was giving him a taste of his own medicine.

"Hahaha." Zhao Yuanwu started laughing in a low voice.

"This is getting more and more interesting."

He raised his head suddenly and stared at Wang Teng opposite him. There was an evil red glint in his eyes. "I underestimated you."

Wang Teng squinted as he stared back at Zhao Yuanwu.

This wasn't the tone of a loser. Did Zhao Yuanwu have other methods to turn the tides around?

"What trump cards do you have? Execute all of them. I'll let you lose wholeheartedly," Wang Teng replied calmly.

"Hmph!" Zhao Yuanwu sneered. "I planned to leave this for Ji Xiuming and Ren Qingcang, but I guess I have to use it on you first."

As he spoke, the red glow in his eyes got brighter, and the blood in his body started churning. His veins were squirming like little snakes.

"This is..." Wang Teng frowned.

Zhao Yuanwu seemed to be using a secret skill that allowed him to release his potential.

Wang Teng had read about such secret skills before. All of them had severe repercussions. One might suffer a deficiency of qi and blood, as well as the exhaustion of Force. On the serious side, their veins and muscles would rupture, and their potential could be impaired. This meant that their future in the martial arts world would be destroyed.

But the greater the implications, the bigger the benefits. For instance, you could increase your strength multiple times!

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Many explosions came from Zhao Yuanwu's body. His muscles were growing at a visible speed.

The wound in front of his chest appeared to have healed due to the squeezing of the muscles. The blood on his body evaporated because of the high heat, disappearing in an instant.

The audience saw this scene clearly through the big screens. Many people gasped in shock.

Especially ordinary people. They had never seen anything like this. Zhao Yuanwu had gotten weak after suffering Wang Teng's attack. How did he gather his strength in such a short time? His aura also seemed more powerful than before. It was unimaginable.

The commentator's voice immediately resonated in the venue. He spoke in excitement, "Zhao Yuanwu hasn't lost yet. He seems to have used some secret skill that makes him more powerful than before. Will he be able to turn defeat into victory?"

The sect leader of Qianyuan Sect, Zhao Zhixing, said with a change of expression, "Yuanwu is too impulsive. Even if he loses, there are still the revival rounds. There's no need to use our 'Tyrant Blood Secret Skill'!"

"You can't blame Yuanwu. Who thought that this Wang Teng possessed such a powerful ability? Who knew that he had been hiding his power all along? How can Yuanwu accept getting defeated by him?" the Third Elder from Qianyuan Sect replied.



“It’s normal for a young man to be competitive. Yuanwu has never met any obstacles in his life. Once he suffers a defeat, he will definitely lose his cool,” another old man chimed in. This was the Second Elder from Qianyuan Sect.

“There are many talents from the universities. Besides Ji Xiuming and Ren Qingcang, Wang Teng is also eye-catching. Universities are the proper route now. Sects are outdated.” Zhao Zhixing couldn’t help but sigh.

The Second Elder and the Third Elder glanced at each other.

In the arena.

Boom!

A terrifying force spilled out of Zhao Yuanwu’s body.

“Die!”

Zhao Yuanwu exploded in anger, his blood boiling as he charged towards Wang Teng. The entire arena seemed to be shaking under his heavy footsteps.

He arrived in front of Wang Teng in a blink of an eye and chopped his blade down.

Slash!

Flames engulfed his blade, distorting the air around it because of its heat.

Wang Teng blinked. He raised his blade to block the attack, but Zhao Yuanwu didn’t let him go. The blade rained down on Wang Teng, again and again, forcing him to step back.

Bang, bang, bang!

Whenever the two blades collided, sparks flew everywhere.

Wang Teng noticed a nick on his blade after multiple clashes. Cracks were starting to appear too. His blade was going to break.

“Zhao Yuanwu’s attacks are too fierce and swift. We can only see his lingering shadows. Wang Teng seems to be on the losing end here. Are the tables going to turn?” Zhang Jun’s voice rang out at this moment.

“Wang Teng appears to be in a bad state!” the other commentator, Su Xiao, continued.

The moment her voice faded, a clear sound rang through the big screen.

Crack!

The next instant, the audience noticed that Zhao Yuanwu had forcefully broken Wang Teng’s battle blade with his violent attacks. The blade shattered into pieces and scattered on the floor.

“Let me see how you’re going to block me now!” A hideous expression flashed across Zhao Yuanwu’s face. He swung his blade right at Wang Teng’s forehead.

Many people closed their eyes involuntarily at this scene.

Lin Chuhan's face turned pale. Wang Teng's win was almost certain, but then this accident happened. No one had expected this turn of events.

Peng Yuanshan squinted as he stared intently at the arena.

Everyone held their breath, feeling anxious for Wang Teng.

Clang!

At this moment, a dull sound resonated in the arena.

It sounded like something hitting a solid and thick metal board!

But... this wasn't right!

Zhao Yuanwu was stunned. He looked ahead of him. A gigantic pitch-black weapon had appeared in Wang Teng's hand at some point.

Everyone regained their senses and quickly looked at the arena. Their gazes landed on the weapon unconsciously.

"What is that?"

Everyone stared at the strange weapon absentmindedly, Zhao Yuanwu included.

It looked like a blade and a sword, and it was humongous!

They didn't know such a strange weapon even existed in this world.

Too flamboyant!

"This is... devil pattern black gold!"

The important figures at the scene were able to discern what material this weapon was made up of.

This was a divine weapon made of devil pattern black gold!

And a huge piece too!

Some big shots started swallowing their saliva. Their eyes were glistening.

*F\*\*K!*

*What a waste of rare materials! This is a crime!*

This piece of devil pattern black gold was large enough to make multiple normal-sized weapons. However, it was only used to forge the weird-looking weapon in Wang Teng's hand. What a waste, what a waste.

"Why do I find that weapon a little... familiar?" The president of Jixin Martial House, Ye Jixin, muttered to himself.

"Have you forgotten about the war a year ago? That Eight Arms Devil General Zurz's weapon looks like this," Lei Zhenting said unconsciously.

After he finished speaking, he realized what he had said. His eyes widened as he looked at Ye Jixin.

“F\*\*k, this fellow snatched the weapon of the Eight Arms Devil General?!”

Chapter 358: I’ve Disliked You For Some Time!

Translator: Henyee Translations Editor: Henyee Translations

This was a rude shock for Ye Jixin and Lei Zhenting.

The two of them stared at each other for a long time without moving. They were utterly dumbstruck.

“Who is this Eight Arms Devil General you’re referring to?” Mr. Ma couldn’t help but ask when he heard their discussion.

The two principals immediately regained their senses.

Ye Jixin said, “The Eight Arms Devil General, Zurz, is one of the general-stage martial warriors from the Eight Arms Devil race.”

It was Mr. Ma’s turn to drop his jaws.

Thunder roared in his mind once he understood the Eight Arms Devil General’s identity. He found it unbelievable.

“Wang Teng snatched a general-stage martial warrior’s weapon... Haha, this joke isn’t funny at all.” Mr. Ma laughed awkwardly.

“I think we’re right. Old Ye, look. The words ‘Mo Que’ are carved on the weapon. This is the name of Zurz’s weapon.” Lei Zhenting took a deep breath before he opened his mouth.

“Oh my god!” Ye Jixin focused on the weapon from afar. General-stage martial warriors had keen eyesight, so he was able to see the two words instantly.

“How did he snatch it?” Mr. Ma asked in disbelief.

“Who knows!” Ye Jixin shrugged.

“What a mysterious young brat.” Lei Zhenting lamented.

...

While they were discussing this matter, the atmosphere in the arena froze for a second.

Then, Wang Teng opened his mouth. “Continue chopping. Chop all you want. You won’t have to compensate even if it breaks. Really, I’m not lying to you.”

Zhao Yuanwu: ...

As he gazed at the weapon, a sense of helplessness surged into his heart.

F\*\*K!

How was he supposed to chop that!

The next moment, Zhao Yuanwu flew into a rage. He felt that Wang Teng was playing with him. His attacks bordered on mania.

His secret skill had a time limit, so he must finish the battle as soon as possible.

Bang, bang, bang!

Wang Teng fought with Zhao Yuanwu with Mo Que in his hand. Explosions kept resounding whenever their weapons met.

Very soon, Zhao Yuanwu realized that cracks were starting to appear on his battle blade.

Every dog had its day!

This time, it was his.

Zhao Yuanwu's expression changed. He knew that he couldn't win with strength, so he retreated abruptly. He panted as he said, "You should be proud that you forced me to this state."

Boom!

A formidable blade aura swept across the arena, and flames covered the sky.

A ten-foot-long flaming blade glow shot up into the air.

Everyone looked at the sword glow with amazement. They were dumbfounded.

Wang Teng remained calm, though. No one noticed the flames burning in the depth of his eyes.

A flaming blade was getting restless in him. It was itching to get out of its sheath.

On the other side, Zhao Yuanwu was enveloped in flames, looking like the son of fire. He stood there with a battle blade in one hand, majestic and arrogant.

Big Dipper Flaming Blade!

He waved his blade violently. The ten feet blade glow descended from the sky like a dragon. Flames pummeled towards Wang Teng, attempting to swallow him.

Wang Teng is in danger! This was what everyone was thinking.

Lin Chuhan bit her lips tightly. Her hands had turned white because she was clenching them too tightly.

"Sky-rank low-class battle technique!" Peng Yuanshan jumped to his feet. He stood at the edge of the audience stand and looked down.

1

...

Boom!

At that moment, a terrifying force of presence erupted from Wang Teng's body. Fire rose from the ground and spiraled up into the sky.

Clang!

A fiery glow slowly revealed itself from the flames, like a blade leaving its sheath.

The blade glow cut right through the horizon.

The flames from Zhao Yuanwu's attack were attracted and merged into the blade glow, turning into fertilizer for the formation of the blade glow.

If Zhao Yuanwu was the son of flames, Wang Teng was the king of fire.

Everyone had to bow down to the king!

Clang!

A deafening sound of a long blade unsheathing shook the spectators.

Blade conscious!

Flaming blade conscious!

Wang Teng no longer hid his ability. He released his flaming blade conscious.

All of this happened within a few seconds.

When Zhao Yuanwu's blade glow was inches away from his head, Wang Teng finally moved. In a split second, the growing blade conscious unraveled itself entirely and split the air into two...

Zhao Yuanwu's blade glow was destroyed.

Peace resumed.

...

Silence!

There was only silence.

It felt as if the flames and blade glow had never appeared. Only the scars on the arena floor and the burnt patches proved that the scene they just saw wasn't a dream.

The audience had turned dumb from astonishment. They couldn't recover their thoughts for a long time.

Phew!

Someone sighed, and the entire Dragon's Den finally woke up again. The clamor almost tore the place down.

"Incredible!"

"Is this how frightening a real martial warrior can be?"

"Is this attack done by a human?"

...

Ji Xiuming had watched the entire match from The First University's resting area. At the start, he didn't care, but he slowly started paying more attention. Now, he was amazed. He couldn't help but sigh.

"Blade conscious!"

He had no choice but to take Wang Teng seriously now.

Mao Na touched the back of her head as she exclaimed, "I didn't know he was so powerful! It looks like my defeat wasn't unjustified."

Yu Tao's face was pale. He felt bitter in his heart. He wanted to teach Wang Teng a good lesson in the arena for Mao Na's sake.

Now, he felt fortunate that he wasn't given a chance. If not, he would have died a terrible death.

He lost to Zhao Yuanwu, and Zhao Yuanwu lost to Wang Teng. As Zhao Yuanwu's defeated opponent, he didn't have the right to teach Wang Teng a lesson.

On the other side, Ren Qingcang watched the match without any expressions on his face. However, an eerie glint flashed past his eyes, and he snorted.

Ye Jixin was baffled. "It's astonishing how this young man could enlighten his blade conscious at such a young age. What a pity. I should have asked him to represent my Jixin Martial House."

"Don't even think about it. He will definitely represent Huanghai Military Academy. Why would he choose you?" Lei Zhenting mocked.

"Even so, he's still a part of my Jixin Martial House. The SSS contract is proof of my foresight. I'm not as stingy as you. You didn't even want to give an SS-grade contract," Ye Jixin rebutted.

...

Mr. Ma didn't know whether he should laugh or cry when he saw the two important figures bickering like two aunties in the market.

Zhao Yuanwu stood in the arena, covered with wounds. His body was full of blade marks, and blood was oozing out of them.

Splurt!

He vomited a mouth of blood. He couldn't believe he had lost. In an instant, he turned berserk and shouted madly, "How is this possible? How could I lose to a clown like you? This is impossible..."

The long blade in his hand was already broken. He stumbled but was still unwilling to admit defeat. He dashed towards Wang Teng, waving his broken blade haphazardly. His expression was forlorn and bitter. You could tell that this was a massive blow to him.

"Why do you have to do this?" Wang Teng placed his hands behind his back and shook his head. His eyes were filled with compassion.

After Zhao Yuanwu came closer, he slowly pulled out his hand from behind his back.

The shining golden brick in his hand dazzled everyone's eyes.

"Stop!" A shout came from the audience stand.

Wang Teng was slightly stunned. However, he still smashed the brick down without any hesitation.

Bang!

The brick slammed on the face.

He had especially aimed at the face.

Bang, bang, bang...

After some time, Wang Teng stood up gradually and flicked his hair. He let out a long sigh.. "I've disliked you for some time."

### **Chapter 359: Model Youth!**

Dead silence. The audience stared at Zhao Yuanwu. They couldn't recognize his face anymore, so their expressions turned weird.

That arrogant and unbridled Zhao Yuanwu was bruised and swollen at the moment. He looked like a pig's head!

The before-and-after difference was too glaring.

But for some reason, they felt refreshed.

A majority of the audience was suppressing their laughter. They felt invigorated. Wan Baiqiu and Mao Na even burst out laughing, not giving a hoot about Zhao Yuanwu's identity.

"He deserves it. Only an evil person can deal with an evil person," Mao Na said amid her laughter.

Yu Tao touched his face unconsciously. Once again, he felt fortunate that he didn't meet Wang Teng.

He mustn't meet him in the future either. If he did, he would turn into a pig's head. The consequences were too frightening.

Ji Xiuming felt his lips twitching. Suddenly, he didn't want to compete with Wang Teng anymore.

Anyone that met him would turn into a pig's head.

Even though he was confident in himself, he still felt his head turning numb.

Scary!

"Show off!" Ren Qingcang pouted in contempt. However, his furrowed eyebrows exposed his true thoughts.

That brick left an ineffable trauma in many people's minds.

Even though they hadn't experienced it personally, they were still scared. They knew that it wouldn't feel good to get beaten like Zhao Yuanwu.

...

Lin Chuhan heaved a long sigh of relief, and a tinge of red gradually appeared on her pale face. She could finally relax.

She was really frightened when Zhao Yuanwu executed that ten-foot-long blade glow. Thinking that the match would end with Wang Teng getting heavily injured, she almost fainted from fright.

However, another reversal happened, and Wang Teng still won in the end.

"This fellow sure likes to scare people." Lin Chuhan looked at the young man below a little angrily.

"Little Brother Wang Teng is so strong. Even Zhao Yuanwu couldn't beat him," Tian Xiaoxiao said with an infatuated expression.

Lin Chuhan: ... *He likes to flirt and steal ladies' hearts too!*

"Indeed, he's very powerful. Zhao Yuanwu is the representative of all the sects. Yet he still lost to Wang Teng." Xu Wantong sighed.

...

Another round of rocket rain occurred in General Bai's live stream room, and numerous comments flashed past the screen.

"666, superb!"

"My mom asked me why I'm kneeling with my phone. I really want to bow to him!"

"This is a real powerhouse. Zhao Yuanwu can only stand at the side."

"Amazing. I'm going crazy over Wang Teng!"

"The brick maniac, the invincible presence!"

"The brick maniac, the invincible presence!"

"The brick maniac, the invincible presence!"

...

There was a ruckus in the live stream room. Many people had become Wang Teng's fans after that fight. They wished that they were at the competition venue so that they could experience the heated battle personally.

In the arena, Wang Teng glanced at the audience stands. Someone had asked him to stop just now, and the voice came from that direction.

A middle-aged man was standing on the edge of the audience stand on the second floor. He was glaring at Wang Teng.

Wang Teng smiled at him, disregarding him completely.

This was the National Number One Martial Arts Competition. What could he do to him?



Also, he had Huanghai supporting him. Would the man dare to pester him?

At the other end of the audience stand, Peng Yuanshan also stood at the edge and stared at the middle-aged man expressionlessly.

His gaze was fixed on the other party. Although the man was indignant, he didn't dare to act. In the end, he snorted and flicked his sleeve before returning to his seat.

After Wang Teng retracted his gaze, he scanned the attribute bubbles in the arena. There were many of them. He immediately picked them up.

Fire Force\*140

Advanced Stage Fire Talent\*12

Big Dipper Flaming Blade\*1

Enlightenment\*36

Spirit\*42

...

As the bubbles merged into Wang Teng's body, his eyes started shining like diamonds.

Good stuff!

That was a lot of fire Force. But most importantly, after the fire Force entered his body, Wang Teng... achieved a breakthrough!

He had reached the 6-star soldier level when he was in the Xingwu Continent. He wasn't far off from the 7-star soldier level either.

During the competition in the Dragon's Den, the contestants dropped a sizable number of attribute bubbles, including fire Force. While he collected the attributes, it allowed him to get closer and closer to the 7-star soldier level.

Finally, Zhao Yuanwu's 140 points of fire Force helped him to overcome the obstacle.

The seventh Force nucleus on his spine lit up.

Fire Force surged into the nucleus...

Achievement unlocked! 7-star soldier level!

Fire Force: 60/5000 (7-star)

This breakthrough was a little sudden, catching Wang Teng off guard. He felt a little complicated in his heart.

He silently advanced while watching the competitions.

Wasn't this a little too simple?

It was already atrocious for him to participate in this National Number One Martial Arts Competition as a 6-star soldier-level martial warrior. Yet, he advanced again.

Yes, the use of the word 'yet' was accurate.

But this wasn't the main point.

The main thing was, how were the other contestants supposed to play when he was a 7-star soldier-level martial warrior?

Right now, if Peng Yuanshan and the heads asked him how confident he was, Wang Teng would tell them...

Probably... 120%!

Even 120% was too little. He should say 180%, but he was a humble guy.

A person must be humble!

Wang Teng always kept this sentence in mind. He was a humble person.

There were 12 points of advanced stage fire talent too. His fire talent was already at the advanced stage, so his fire talent strengthened when the attributes merged into his body.

There were also many enlightenment and spirit attributes. It was worth the effort smashing the head... Hey, it was very tiring.

His reputation was ruined along the way, though.

Everyone probably felt that he was a bit mental. He always hit his opponent until their faces were swollen. He didn't hit ladies as badly, but he smashed their heads too.

Honestly, Wang Teng didn't want to do this. He wanted to be a model youth who was decent, righteous, honest, and normal.

*Hey, this Big Dipper Flaming Blade seems powerful.*

It was a sky-rank low-class battle technique!

Not bad, not bad at all.

A stick figure wielding a blade appeared in his mind. Flames circled around the figure, and the flaming blade glow slit through the air. It was formidable.

In an instant, Wang Teng understood the technique.

This was indeed a powerful blade battle technique.

He lacked a fire-element blade battle technique, so this skill filled up the gap perfectly. With his flaming blade conscious, the force of this move would increase multiple times.

After picking up the attributes, Wang Teng felt refreshed. He glanced at Zhao Yuanwu amiably.

He suddenly felt emotional.

Zhao Yuanwu was his lucky star!

He had helped him to enlighten his blade conscious and break through to the 7-star soldier level. While at it, he also gave him the sky-rank low-class battle technique. Was there a better person than him?

Once the judge announced Wang Teng's victory, the medical personnel came up and carried Zhao Yuanwu on the stretcher.

"Thank you for your hard work. You must treat him properly." Wang Teng looked at the medical personnel sincerely.

The medical personnel were confused. What was Wang Teng doing as his opponent?

Was this the kindness of the winner?

No... Suddenly, they understood his intention. He wanted them to treat Zhao Yuanwu so that he could beat him up again.

He was a devil!

Chapter 360: Top 16!

Translator: Henyee Translations Editor: Henyee Translations

When Wang Teng walked down the arena, he felt that the medical personnel were looking at him strangely.

However, he didn't have the time to think about their gazes. The medical personnel carried Zhao Yuanwu away as if they were hiding from him.

He didn't even see their eyes clearly, so he couldn't understand their real intention.

Feeling a little confused, he shook his head and stopped thinking about it.

It probably wasn't anything important.

The competition in the afternoon ended quickly. However, many people were still talking about Wang Teng and Zhao Yuanwu's match with interest.

"I feel that their match isn't at the same level as other contestants' matches."

"Yes, they're so powerful!"

"I heard their battle was a contest between 5-star soldier-level martial warriors. 5-star soldier-level martial warriors are able to form wings with their Force. They can fly in the air. It's a pity we couldn't see it."

"Force wings! I've never seen them before. Martial warriors are so powerful. They can even fly!"

"Sigh, in the past, I had a chance to become a martial warrior too..."

"Stop boasting. Uncle, you're almost 50 years old. Stop dreaming..."

The crowd flooded out of the Dragon's Den, and their noise soared up the sky. Everyone was exhilarated. Some even turned red in anger as they engaged in a heated argument. The whole place was lively.

...

Wang Teng and the other students returned to the hotel. Along the way, his teammates stared at him as though they were looking at a ghost.

"Enough, you have been ogling me for the entire journey. Haven't you seen enough?" Wang Teng glared at them. He couldn't stand it anymore.

No one would feel comfortable getting stared at like a monster.

"Cough." Han Zhu coughed awkwardly. He said, "Are you really a freshman? Or did you stay back for three years?"

Wang Teng was speechless.

Look at this, look at this!

Is this something you should be asking?

Stay back for three years? Was he so useless?

"If I had stayed back for three years, you would have recognized me," Wang Teng retorted.

"Erm... You're right." Han Zhu regained his senses, feeling that he had asked a stupid question. "In that case, calling you brat a monster is not an exaggeration."

Even a humble man like Han Zhu was cursing out loud. One could tell how stunned he must be.

"Senior, if you slander me again, I'll pull you into the arena to fight with you," Wang Teng said indifferently.

...(◉\_◉);...

1

Brick...

A drop of sweat fell from Han Zhu's forehead. He smiled in embarrassment and said, "Hahaha, Junior Wang Teng, how can you be a monster? You're so handsome. I made an indiscreet remark just now. Please don't take it to heart."

1

Wan Baiqiu: ...

Du Yu: ...

Everyone: ...

They had never seen Han Zhu acting so shamelessly before.

“Haha.” Wang Teng scoffed.

“Either way, Junior Wang Teng, thank you for helping me take revenge,” Wan Baiqiu said earnestly.

“You don’t have to. I didn’t like Zhao Yuanwu either,” Wang Teng waved his hands and said.

Wan Baiqiu smiled, remaining quiet. There was no need to be too explicit about certain matters.

After dinner, Peng Yuanshan gathered everyone. He opened his mouth and said, “Fight to your heart’s content during the competition. The school will help you with other matters. Don’t worry.”

He waved his hand after he finished speaking and dismissed everyone.

“Alright, go back and have a good rest to prepare for tomorrow’s matches.”

Everyone was puzzled. They didn’t know why their president had suddenly said that sentence. After leaving the room, they went back and got some rest.

Unlike his companions, Wang Teng was smiling happily. Peng Yuanshan was referring to the afternoon competition.

He knew that he didn’t have to worry about the Qianyuan Sect anymore.

Huanghai would help him deal with them!

This was how confident he could be when he had powerful support.

Huanghai Military Academy was powerful, and its alumni were scattered across all the important military departments in the country. Many of them held real power. Some were also in the business industry and had become leading figures in the business world.

In terms of power, how many factions could fight with them?

Qianyuan Sect didn’t have a chance of beating Huanghai.

Even if the Qianyuan Sect was furious, they had to swallow their anger.

...

The next day, the competition continued.

Another two days passed. The competition was in full swing.

Wang Teng continued to maintain his winning streak. Whenever he met an opponent, he would smash their heads with his brick, further cementing his position as the brick maniac.

The following day, the Dragon’s Den was packed with people, and the atmosphere remained as bustling as ever. As the finals approached, the audience got more and more enthusiastic.

At 8 am sharp, the screen didn’t display the list of matches like usual. Instead, the commentator’s voice rang out in the stadium. “We’re finally at the stage of finalizing our top 16!”

Everyone was shocked. For the past few days, they had watched the competition with much interest. They didn’t realize that the knockouts were already here.

“The top 16 consists of Ji Xiuming from The First University, Ren Qingcang from Leiting Martial House, Luo Cheng from Capital Military Academy, Wang Teng from Huanghai Military Academy, Zhao Yuanwu from Qianyuan Sect...”

The commentator announced all the names of the top 16 candidates. Every time he called a name, the screen would display the image of the student.

Finally, all 16 students appeared together on the screen.

Ji Xiuming, Ren Qingcang, and Luo Cheng were in the first row, while Wang Teng was the first of the second row.

This arrangement was based on the past performances and battle results of the contestants.

Although Wang Teng was placed in the fourth position, after Ji Xiuming and the other two candidates, it was already a high rank.

After all, he was the youngest among all the contestants. No one even imagined that he could reach this state. Yet, Wang Teng’s performance each time caused everyone to look at him in a new light.

Victory all the way!

No defeat at all!

Even though he was a little cheeky and indecent, he still astounded the audience. Some even felt that he was a potential contender for the championship title, the fourth person after Ji Xiuming and the other two hot favorites.

Zhao Yuanwu might have lost to Wang Teng, but his overall battle results were enough to put him in the top 16.

It was also worth mentioning that Han Zhu was among the top 16. He was at no. 13, not that low a ranking overall.

If he performed well during the rest of the competition, his ranking might improve. There was a chance that he could squeeze into the top 10.

If he did, Huanghai would have two students in the top 10. That would be an outstanding result.

“I’m sure everyone feels impatient after I introduced the top 16 candidates. Now, let’s start with our finals. Everyone, please look at the big screen.”

After the commentator finished speaking, the images of the top 16 students on the screen got jumbled up and randomly grouped together...

Finally, everything stopped moving.

The audience held their breaths as they looked at the big screen.

Wang Teng wasn’t worried. He raised his head slowly after the images stopped. It was a random allocation, so he didn’t care who he met.

But when he saw the name of his opponent, he was still stunned.

Wang Teng versus Luo Cheng!

His opponent was Luo Cheng from Capital Military Academy.

From a certain point of view, this was the battle between the top two military academies in the country, Huanghai Military Academy and Capital Military Academy.