

Technician's Manual - Chapter 17

The first impression of the Death Fight Club on Ya Xiu was that it was dim.

Unlike other places in the prison, there are very few lights in the deathmatch club. Except for the deathmatch arena in the middle, which is illuminated by incandescent lamps, there are almost no lights in the surrounding high platforms. The spectators seem to be submerged in darkness. The two remaining fighting in the ring.

This is also the place where Ah Xiu has seen the most prisoners. He followed Langner all the way and only met a few prisoners on the road. As he passed the library and gymnasium, Ya Xiu also saw a dozen prisoners; however, he was entering the death match. After the club, even if there is no bright light, but only by the whispers heard in the ears and the shadowy silhouette in the dark, Ya Xiu can tell that there are almost a hundred people in the death fight club!

“Lang brought you here?”

“Newcomer?...Oh, the head of the Four Pillars God. Mighty young man, even the Four Pillars God dare to touch.”

“Gourmet Lang brought it!”

“Lonah, is that your little boyfriend? It's a different taste!” A strong man grinned.

“Desmond, if you talk about this kind of nonsense to destroy the relationship between me and my boyfriend, believe it or not, I will kill you!” Ron scolded violently. It didn't sound like he was really angry, but it seemed like Kind of shy.

However, the laughter around was quiet, and the strong man named Desmond hurriedly apologized: “Hahalang didn’t mean that to me. Would you like to introduce the newcomer?”

Langna snorted, as if he didn’t intend to pursue it, Desmond was relieved and hurriedly shrank into the crowd.

Seeing this, Ya Xiu quietly moved away from Lang Na.

He already felt it. He casually found a bald passerby who seemed ‘weak to be bullied’. He was probably the notorious murderer in this prison.

“Axiu Heath, a newcomer who has only come in these two days, he wants to participate in a death match, so I will take him to see.” Langner smiled and said, “Who is fighting now?”

“‘Diamond’ Tiger and ‘Blind Beast’ Rudor.”

“What about Lu Duo... Ah, Tiger is also an old man anyway, so why didn’t he let this point of contribution go. Didn’t you ask Lu Duo to challenge him?”

“We are definitely not willing to let go of this fat, but Ruduo has never seen Tiger to death. He feels that Tiger is more bullied, and Tiger’s stakes are higher, so...”

Yaxiu leaned in front of the audience and watched the unilateral killings in the ring below—the old white-haired man and the muscular green-skinned orcs were fighting with their bare hands.

Yes, unilaterally torture, obviously both sides beat each other offensively and undefendedly, but the white-haired old man was not shaken by a casserole-big fist, not breathing, and even the red mark on his skin could not be left, as if green skin. The orc just hammered his chest with the force of a baby.

But on the other hand, every fist of the white-haired old man was as heavy as every punch, hitting the green-skinned orc with a rock cracking sound, which made his scalp numb when he heard it.

When Ah Xiu came, the green-skinned orc had been beaten to blood, there was no good meat all over his body, a few teeth had fallen, and his eyes were swollen like squinting.

With a heavy hammer blow, the green-skinned orc was knocked into the air several meters away, hit the wall with a slap, dragged a smear of blood on the wall, and could not get up after sitting on the ground.

However, the old gray-haired man glanced at the top of his head, then rushed over and continued to punch the green-skinned orc.

He is like a bath worker rubbing old mud, rubbing the flesh and blood of the green-skinned orc with one punch and one punch.

Ya Xiu looked a little unbearable: "Isn't this the result is already divided? Why isn't it over yet?"

"The outcome is divided? Not yet." Someone next to him smiled and said: "Try to reach out."

Yaxiu stretched his hand forward when he heard the words, but found that he had touched an invisible wall of air, causing waves of ripples. Four invisible barriers emerged in the air, completely isolating the lower arena from the surrounding auditorium.

"Only when one of the parties is dead or completely unconscious, the isolation barrier will be released, and then the medical therapist will appear from that door and drag the corpse back to the medical room for treatment."

The man pointed to a very inconspicuous door in the ring: “As long as the barrier has not disappeared, we must not relax our vigilance, we must continue to suppress the crush and kill the opponent.”

“Moreover, there is no surrender in a death match. There are only two possibilities for the loser: death or loss of consciousness.”

“I don’t know how many fools who are self-reliant and brave despising their opponents are because they regard this as the second stage of the friendship first match. They stop when they are halfway through the game, and then they are killed by the opponent backhand, losing a lot of contribution, and rising to the trial in one fell swoop. The upper rank of the sequence... But this is also the meaning of the Death Fight Club: transfer the contribution that is not yours to someone who is more worthy of it.”

咚!

Hearing this dull fist, Ya Xiu felt that even the hot pot bottoms had been exploded, and couldn’t help asking: “Can this really be saved?”

“He hasn’t lost consciousness yet, but even if he can be saved, it is no different from death. Look at the above.”

Ya Xiu raised his head, only to find that the luminous spot on the ceiling was originally a display light screen with battle information written on it:

“Tiger Norris bets 35 contributions”

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“Lu Duo tooth attack bet 5 contributions”

Ya Xiu said in surprise: "This bet is not equal, why does Tiger take so many bets?"

"As long as both parties agree, even unequal bets can be established." The person said: "And there are very few death matches with equal bets. According to the rules, every time you participate in a death match, you must bet more than the previous one. A little more bet, Tiger has fought 34 deathmatches before, so he must bet 35 contribution points this time."

"Then this is Lu Duo's fifth death fight?"

"No, this is his tenth game. Each prisoner initially has 50 points of contribution. According to each additional bet, he bet a total of 45 points of contribution in the first nine games, and in the tenth game there is only remaining It's five o'clock next."

The person next to him sneered.

"So, as long as Ludor loses this time, he will have no contribution at all, and he will no longer be able to earn contribution through deathmatch. Unless he can take out gold coins from his stomach, otherwise he will always be judged. First in the sequence."

Ya Xiu screamed, and suddenly realized something: "Wait, that means he lost the first nine games!?"

"That's why he is called Rudor the Blind Beast. Every time he chooses an opponent he can't beat."

咚!

With a burst of hammer, the green-skinned orc's head seemed to explode, and at the same time, the ceiling light curtain rang out, indicating that the words "winner or loser are divided".

The barrier of the ring instantly dissipated, and the door in the ring also opened. Three men in black robes wearing crow masks entered the ring, and without a stretcher, they dragged the green-skinned orc away.

“The old man is too bad for his contribution to pretending to be a pig, eating a tiger, and deceiving an orc.”

“What is cheating? I knew from the beginning that the old man was not easy to deal with-Lu Duo not only had a bad vision, but also a bad brain. You can think about it with your toenails, and you can know that the old people and women who can stay in the death fight club, Kids, which one will get along well?”

“How many people the old man carried away?”

“Just counting from the day I came in, the old man has carried at least five people away.”

“Master, you have so much contribution. Next time, we should leave this opportunity to young people like us. That beast is also true. Anyway, it’s all about contribution. How good is it for me.”

In the darkness, the crowd was full of hustle and bustle. The white-haired old man wiped the blood from his fist with a towel. He suddenly coughed twice and coughed up several mouthfuls of **** sputum. He said in horror: “That orc’s fist is quite vigorous. I seem to have suffered internal injuries. ...”

“Who believes you!”

The crowd roared in unison. It seems that they had seen someone be deceived and then the old man played a pig and eat a tiger.

“He is very strong in this arena.”

Ya Xiu looked to the right and found that Jian Ji suddenly appeared again.

And unlike other people, the dim light has no effect on her. She seems to be able to self-illuminate to drive away the darkness, sitting very abruptly on the railing.

But what's even more amazing is that she actually changed into a set of clothes, which looked like a tight-fitting kendo suit for training, with long red hair **** and turned into a sassy female swordsman.

Ya Xiu directly blurted out subconsciously and asked: "Why is he strong?"

"Because of this arena, only attack permissions are opened, but mana output is still restricted."

The person next to Jian Ji said in unison.

Jian Ji glanced at Ya Xiu who was covering her mouth, and then said, "There are many types of magicians, craftsmen, warriors, scholars, physicians... But most of the magicians can only use their magical power to drive the magical spirits. Just limit them. The power output of the magician is no different from ordinary people."

"But there are a small number of magicians, even if they don't have magic spirits, they still have the strength that surpasses mortals-that is, the magicians."

"Generally speaking, all practitioners involved in physical training can be called somaculturists, such as swordsman, boxer, gunman, spearman, and axeman... as long as they have the right weapons, they can also be called somanists. An enemy. But compared to their physical fitness, they only have the advantage of 'skills'. In terms of physical fitness, they are no better than ordinary people."

"There is a type of somatographer, but by continuously strengthening the body, and even using the magic spirit to modify the qualitative and fleshy structure, acting as a weapon, so as to obtain almost

crushing level of violence. Even if there is no such kind of somatographer. Shu Ling, but the strengthening effect in the body will not disappear. It doesn't matter if they are placed elsewhere, but in this prison where Shu Ling is forbidden, their advantage can be maximized!"

"This type of somatographer is called-the weak and the weak."

"The flesh and blood are bitter and weak, their bodies are no longer flesh and blood structures."

Yaxiu looked over and found that when the old white-haired man was leaving the ring, his fingers crossed the railing, and he actually scratched the railing!

"Diamond" Tiger... So that's what it meant!

"Since you are here, UU Reading www.uukanshu.com should start fighting as soon as possible." Jian Ji said, "As long as you don't fight the old man. Well, by the way, you'd better choose a bare-handed man in your first battle. Opponent, and you better yourself with bare hands."

"Why?"

"Because your body is too weak. If you take the real sword directly, you will probably be maimed before you swipe it a few times; and if your opponent also uses fists, you will at least be able to deal with the opponent for a few rounds and fight for the transfer of experience. Time." Jian Ji said with her hands in her arms, "I'm actually more afraid that you will be taken away by your opponent and then a sword owl-in order to avoid such a harsh eye picture, your first empty-fist fight."

"I don't expect you to fight, but you will always get beaten, right?"

Ya Xiu Cong Shan Ru Liu accepted Jian Ji's suggestion, turned around and asked the person next to him who had been chatting with him: "I want to participate in a death match. The opponent should be empty-handed. Do you have any recommendations?"

“Empty-handed fighting? Then you are really asking the right person, brother, I just play empty-handed fighting, come with me, I promise not to bully you.”

“Okay, okay, but this is my first death fight. I will only bet on 1 point of contribution. Even if you want to pretend to be a pig and eat a tiger, you can’t make much.” Ya Xiu joked.

“Don’t worry, brother, not only will I not earn your contribution, but I will also give you contribution. I am very weak, after all—”

At this time, the lights in the death fight club suddenly turned on, and the darkness of the auditorium was swallowed up by the light, and it was bright.

At this time, Ya Xiu discovered that the ‘good-hearted man’ who had been chatting with him was actually an acquaintance he had met not long ago.

“—even you want to punch me in the face.”

Igola looked at Ya Xiu and smiled and said, “I’m seeing you again, classmate Ya Xiu with cute fists.”