

# **Hyperdimensional Universe: I have Three Thousand Ultimate Talents –**

2 Chapter 2: Perfection Once Again

After practicing Soft Fist a few more times, the improvement was minimal.

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“This fist technique is only for building a foundation and promoting vigorous blood and qi circulation!”

Jiang Ming shook his head, sat down for a drink of water, and began to delve into the essence of Military Boxing.

In his mind, it seemed as if countless tiny figures were practicing boxing and comparing it with his previous life’s cultivation experience, pondering every movement and variation, and unraveling the mysteries behind each move and form.

As the figures dwindled, they eventually merged into one.

Jiang Ming opened his eyes, now enlightened.

“Military Boxing is all about dominance. The techniques are simple and efficient, heavy and powerful. Practicing it not only hones one’s character but also forges unwavering confidence.”

He stood up, moved to the center of the living room, and assumed the stance once more.

“My teacher once said that whether it’s Soft Fist, Military Boxing, or Shock Fist, mastering them to the realm of perfection will trigger a Cleansing Marrow process. This is the profound wisdom and truth contained in these techniques, which is why they are widely promoted, and it is also my hope.”

With steady steps and whistling fists, he performed the moves.

Once finished, he had fully grasped the Minor Success level of Military Boxing.

Jiang Ming didn’t stop.

He continued, his boxing like a ferocious tiger descending the mountain and a never-ending torrential river.

After three more sessions.

“I’ve reached the Great Success level!”

“I can feel tingling in my bones too!”

Jiang Ming stopped and revealed a delighted expression, but then he rubbed his belly.

He was hungry.

Cultivation improvement came from food.

Without enough food, even the best comprehension would be useless.

Opening the refrigerator, he found a pork knuckle and a few cans of meat, which he heated up in the microwave.

While waiting, he checked his phone and saw a balance of 180,000 credit points.

“I wonder if it’ll be enough?”

By the time he finished his drink, the food was heated. He feasted, then ate an apple and drank two more cups of water.

After a brief rest, he resumed cultivation.

As the lights turned on and night fell, a peculiar force shook Jiang Ming’s body, turned into a warm current, and permeated his limbs and bones, refining his physique and strengthening his body.

Having achieved perfection in Military Boxing, the Cleansing Marrow was triggered again, this time several times more potent than reaching perfection in Soft Fist.

The tingling sensation in his bones intensified, covering his entire body.

Jiang Ming didn’t stop, continuing to practice Military Boxing.

Each session brought improvement.

This was the effect of reaching the realm of perfection in the boxing technique, which greatly delighted him.

The food in his stomach was rapidly digested.

When he finally stopped, he rubbed his belly again.

“This is true cultivation!” Jiang Ming smiled, took out his phone, opened the food delivery app, and found a restaurant sponsored by the City Lord Mansion.

“To cultivate senior high school students, there’s a 50% discount on daily orders after real-name verification, but it can’t exceed the standard for three meals.”

“Three thousand credits for a medicinal meal nourishing blood and qi, half-price still costs one thousand and five hundred.”

Jiang Ming placed the order for his three meals, equivalent to an average person’s daily intake.

He utilized this time to ponder the techniques of Shock Fist.

According to his past life knowledge, among fifty classmates, only around ten had entered the gate of Shock Fist, and merely two had reached Minor Success, one of them being Wang Fatty.

As for Great Success?

There were only a few in the entire school.

Cultivating it was too difficult.

Jiang Ming pondered and understood why it was so difficult – Shock Fist emphasized generating power from inches, using this inch-power to shock the skin, muscles, bones, internal organs, and penetrate the bone marrow.

In short, it meant generating force outwardly and shocking inwardly, infiltrating the power into the bone marrow.

If practiced incorrectly, it could easily harm the body.

According to his memory, many students had hurt themselves fundamentally by obsessively practicing this technique.

There were even cases of people vomiting blood on the spot while practicing.

Besides that, it had to be combined with a unique breathing method. The breathing and martial arts fused together, exhaling with the external fist and inhaling internally, allowed the cultivation effect to reach its peak and enabled the force to affect the internal organs and marrow.

With his eyes closed, Jiang Ming’s mind erupted in a storm of wisdom, analyzing the Shock Fist’s training method, understanding the underlying principles of the martial arts, the key points of breathing, and so on.

He stopped when there was a knock on the door.

He collected the takeaway.

Putting two of the portions aside, he opened one of them, and there was no shortage in quantity: a nourishing Ginseng soup, a dish of ferocious beast meat, a dish of spiritual vegetables, a spiritual fruit, and two meat pancakes.

In a short while, everything entered his stomach. A warm current immediately surged in his stomach and flowed to his body. He knew this was the essence of the food being absorbed.

Standing up, he adjusted his condition and began to practice.

He raised his hand, inhaled, threw a punch, exhaled, inhaled three times in a row, his breath moved around twelve layers, went up to the upper focal region, entered the middle region, reached the lower region, then punched again. Within the space of a few inches, his power shook violently.

After one round, he found the feeling, and after two rounds, he already became familiar with the rhythm.

Three rounds, and he was enlightened.

Jiang Ming felt warm all over, and the numbness in his bones became more intense.

“No wonder Wang Fatty reached Muscle and Bone Resonance at such an early stage, and his power has now reached a subtle level, striving for the Second Realm of Martial Arts.”

He understood the reason for this: talent was one factor, and the excellent cultivation effect of Shock Fist was another.

Even just entering the gate was comparable to the effect after the perfection of Military Boxing.

Most of the essence transformed by the food he had eaten had been absorbed.

“Shock Fist, harmonized with breathing, is all about the word ‘shock’, which transfers power into the body and shakes the organs inside and out. Each round of practice is like a refinement, but once an error is made, internal injuries can easily occur.”

As Jiang Ming pondered, he continued to practice.

At midnight, after eating the third portion of food, he rested briefly and resumed cultivation.

Wasting time simply meant being irresponsible to his future self.

Within the square, and in between the inches, the power shook, and it seemed as if there was a surge of Qi and blood, and a resonance of muscles and bones.

His breathing also became stronger and more forceful.

Hum...

After a long while, Jiang Ming paused slightly, and a strong and strange force surged from deep within his body, turning into a torrent that swept over his entire body.

Round after round, one after another.

This was the stimulating power of latent potential, a treasure hidden deep within the human body.

At the same time, black grease also seeped out from all the pores of his body.

“Shock Fist, Perfection!”

Jiang Ming exhaled a turbid breath, feeling exhilarated.

Was this the empowerment of Hundredfold Comprehension?

As his excitement slowly subsided, he went to the bathroom to take a shower. When he came out again, his skin was flushed and white, giving him a moist and full appearance.

Jiang Ming also felt that his whole body was transparent and much more relaxed, as if he had dispelled years of confinement.

He glanced at the crushed floor, didn't care much, then returned to the bedroom and fell into the bed to rest.

He was exhausted.

The next day, he woke up around five o'clock and rubbed his stomach.

He was starving.

After taking care of his personal hygiene, he found the milk and drank six packs before stopping.

“I can't practice at home anymore, or else, the whole place would be trampled down!”

Shaking his head, Jiang Ming opened the door and went out.

There was a park not far from the residential area.

When he arrived here, there were already many elderly men doing their morning exercises. Many of their movements seemed slow but were quite powerful.

He came to a corner, closed his eyes in contemplation, went through the content of Shock Fist again, and began to practice.

After each round, his whole body was filled with a tingling sensation, which was not uncomfortable. On the contrary, it was a greedy pleasure, much like the feeling of scratching an athlete's foot.

He couldn't get enough.

In the early morning sunlight, Jiang Ming indulged himself in his cultivation.

As he released his fist, there was even the sound of wind and thunder.