

# Hyperdimensional Universe: I have Three Thousand Ultimate Talents –

## 7 Chapter Seven: Return to the Origin

The certification was simple, it just involved measuring one's strength, and then record and archive it.

Continue reading On

From then on, Jiang Ming became a martial artist of the Martial Arts Second Realm, and enjoyed various benefits. Social welfare: for those who reached the Second Realm of Martial Arts before 24, housing would be half-priced, as well as half-priced food and goods in certain places, and so on.

There were also rewards inside the school, such as being awarded a cultivation skill, a combat skill, and a weapon of choice, and so forth.

The benefits of being a powerful martial artist were beyond imagination.

Class Four.

Jiang Ming entered the classroom, which was sparsely populated with students.

"How come you're here, youngster?" Wang Fatty was flabbergasted.

"Missed you, didn't I?" Jiang Ming said with a smile.

"I'm not a beautiful woman, stop talking nonsense," Wang Fatty lowered his voice and glanced at a delicate girl in front of him, "Are you missing the class flower?"

The girl's ears twitched and she shot a warning glance at them.

A round face, delicate but mixed with humor.

Her name was Qin Zhiyan, her cheeks flushed and implied the fluctuation of primal qi around her.

Wang Fatty retracted his neck.

Jiang Ming smiled and pointed at Wang Fatty, then shrugged his shoulders.

The girl snorted lightly, grinding her teeth.

At this point, school was over. Most of the students in the classroom either came back to rest after practicing in the school practice room, or were preparing for the literary exam as they felt they couldn't make it into Martial Arts University.

People like Wang Fatty were rare.

"What are you always doing in class?" Jiang Ming was genuinely puzzled.

"Ah!" Wang Fatty sighed softly, "Once I leave, I won't be able to come back. This is the final attachment, the last unwillingness to let go of youth, and the ultimate farewell to carefreeness."

"I don't believe you!" Jiang Ming frowned, "You're not going to try for a breakthrough?"

"Even if I try, could I possibly open the qi sea!"

"You come and see!"

Jiang Ming raised his hand and qi flowed from his fingertips. Although it was invisible, it could be clearly sensed.

"Damn!" Wang Fatty almost jumped up, "Jiang Ming, you've actually opened your Qi Sea, this, this..."

All the other students looked over.

Their look was one of confusion.

They were all from the same class, they knew each other's strength, Jiang Ming opening his Qi Sea? What nonsense.

He had not even achieved Muscle and Bone Resonance, it was impossible to open the Qi Sea.

Even if he had reached the realm of entering the microcosm, it would take more than a day or two to break through.

At this point, the phones all chimed with notifications.

It was a message from the teacher in the class group: "Congratulations, let's celebrate! Our classmate Jiang Ming has opened his Dantian Qi Sea and stepped into the Martial Arts Second Realm. Let's celebrate again. Fellow students, time is running out, don't waste more time, keep working hard, you might be the next Jiang Ming!"

The classroom was instantly abuzz.

Wang Fatty rubbed his eyes, looked at his phone, then looked at his deskmate, blurted out, "Demon, reveal yourself, when else are you going to wait!"

Jiang Ming was speechless.

"You are definitely a demon!" Qin Zhiyan walked over with a face full of curiosity and disbelief, "How did you open the Qi Sea? I remember that last time one slap nearly disassembled you. Say, have you been possessed by a demon?"

"I even dual cultivated with a demon!" Jiang Ming said impatiently.

"So it's the merit of dual cultivation!" Wang Fatty suddenly realized, "Speak, which demon is it? Does she have sisters?"

Jiang Ming was left speechless.

However, Qin Zhiyan patted his shoulder. The first pat was heavy, the second even heavier, and at the third, seeing that Jiang Ming was unmoving, she nodded approvingly but her face was particularly serious.

She looked at Jiang Ming with more confusion, but simply offered, "Work hard to achieve a good result at the Martial Exam."

After saying that she returned to her seat.

Jiang Ming watched her go, noting that this girl was unusual.

With those three pats, the first was heavy enough for his usual self to bear; the second was much heavier, and the third was clearly enhanced with Qi.

As for exposing himself, and the teacher revealing the situation in the class chat group, he didn't care at all as it could not be hidden anyway.

There wasn't a need to.

After all, it's a martial world; the stronger you are, the more benefits you obtain, which is a different story from concealing one's mental power.

Not wanting to stay in class any longer, he dragged Wang Fatty out with him.

"I still can't believe you've entered the Qi Sea Realm." Wang Fatty scratched his head, obviously perplexed.

No one knew his desk mate better than he did.

"I swallowed a Peiyuan Pill, and then I broke through step by step, directly opening my Dantian!" explained Jiang Ming.

"Even with the Peiyuan Pill, you shouldn't be able to!" Wang Fatty protested, "Look at me, I've been in the microscopic realm for a long time, but I just can't grasp the opportunity to break through. To achieve this, one must sense heaven and earth's rhythm, feel Primal Qi, slowly disturb the solid-as-mountain Qi Sea, draw in heaven and earth's rhythm, and let Qi enter the body to open the Dantian! Normally, this process requires at least half a year of preparation."

"That's because I'm a genius!"

"If you're a genius, then I'm a demon."

"Demon, reveal your true form so the old monk can capture you."

"Piss off."

Jokingly, Jiang Ming went to the equipment center to get a blade, a cross-blade type to be exact. As for cultivation methods? He could simply claim them online; it wasn't so troublesome.

"How do you feel?" Jiang Ming took out the long blade, spun it around, raised an eyebrow, and smiled, "You're 195 cm tall and weigh 300 kg, been in the microscopic realm for three months now. What has resulted from it? Weren't you surpassed by me? Are you envious? Are you jealous?"

"I even hate it!" Wang Fatty hummed, gritted his teeth, and said, "No, you have surpassed me, this is embarrassing. I'm going home to train right away, I'll close the door and train, I won't come out until I break through."

"Kid, you better not play around. Breaking through is vital; if you make a slight mistake, it will be a lifelong matter!"

"Rest assured!"

They parted ways, each heading home.

At home.

Jiang Ming sat on the sofa, a cross-blade on his lap, eyes closed. In his mind, the method of Thunderstorm Nine Slashes practice flowed.

His mind was whirring, wisdom sparking.

It seemed as if a virtual space truly manifested in his mind, where numerous avatars, condensed from his powerful spirit, began to rehearse the blade technique.

It was far more intuitive than when he was deducing the cultivation method before.

Though the name Thunderstorm Nine Slashes sounded powerful, its actual practice was simple — it was domineering, fearless, quick to strike, its force deep, using power to suppress opponents.

In no time, Jiang Ming opened his eyes again.

With a clang.

He stood up, pulled out the long blade, and slashed, splitting the air in half.

He was practicing right in the living room.

In less than ten minutes, he reached a pitch-perfect level of performance.

Blade skills, perfected.

It was already understood theoretically when he was deducing in his mind, but in actuality, he still needed to practice, adjusting his muscles and exertion, in order for illusion and reality to come together as one.

In short, it's all about theory and practice.

Comprehension was the theory, and training was the practice.

When the two are combined, one reaches the grand path.

“Now I can comprehend the cultivation skill even faster!”

Apart from Hundredfold Comprehension, the Soul Dominator talent certainly gave a boost.

Sheathed the blade, opened his phone, and checked the class group chat. Good grief, there were thousands of unread messages already!

“They're all youngsters; their hands move way too fast!”

A swift glance, many of them were talking about him, expressing shock, confusion, misunderstanding, Wang Fatty's comment on how he ate a Peiyuan Pill, causing most classmates to denounce him as a 'rich bastard'.

Jiang Ming exited the chat group, logged into the school's intranet, and started to select cultivation skills.

"Choose the cultivation skill carefully."

"Those chosen by the most people are usually universal, even though they might not be the best, they are certainly not bad."

"Alright, Guiyuan Sutra it is!"

"Combat skill? Still sticking with weapons, definitely blade technique then. Huh, this blade technique... Thunderstorm Nine Slashes, according to the description, is the sequential evolution of Thunderstorm Nine Slashes, one leading to another, interesting, I'll take it!"

After selecting, he received the two cultivation techniques in his mailbox swiftly. Instead of diving right in, Jiang Ming looked up Qi Sea Realm on the school's intranet, browsed various martial arts posts, and researched information about Ten Thousand Realms Tower.

As for Ten Thousand Realms Tower, he might really have to give it a try.

8 Chapter 8: Entering the Small World

The sun slanted, and a gentle breeze blew.

Continue reading On

It was the lazy afternoon time.

In an exquisitely beautiful courtyard, two elders sat facing each other, drinking tea.

"Old Tang, you said there was good news and insisted I come over. I've come, and we've had two cups of tea, but you're still all smiles. What's the good news? If you don't tell me, I'll leave. You're here for a vacation, but what about me? I have tons of things to deal with!"

"Old Song, look at you getting so anxious. At this age, can't you take it easy?" Old Tang chuckled.

"I'm not like you, all accomplished. I'm just a tired soul." Old Song snorted, "These days, taking care of you has really worn me out. You, old man, should never have come back!"

“Alright, alright. You’re still the same hot-tempered person after all these years! Old Song, let me tell you, I’ve found a great talent, really amazing! You’d never guess how good he is.”

“A talent? There aren’t any outstanding immortal second generations in the city. If there were any good talents, how could I not know?”

“That’s exactly it, you don’t know. I’ve been wandering around and this morning, I saw a kid at Jinshui Park. He’s perfected the Shock Fist, yet managed not to achieve the Muscle and Bone Resonance.”

“Could it be that he’s only seven or eight years old, with weak bones, and a heaven-defying comprehension?”

“He’s a senior high school student.”

“Impossible, absolutely impossible! Old Tang, your cultivation level is stronger than mine, but you can’t talk nonsense. If he’s perfected the Shock Fist, then he would have definitely perfected Soft Fist and Military Boxing as well. Even if he has a weak constitution or a not-so-good family background, the school would have certainly provided him assistance once they found out. Even if he cultivates low-key, he would be able to reach Muscle and Bone Resonance. No, that’s not it. You wouldn’t be this happy just because he’s perfected Shock Fist.”

“But that’s the truth. The kid said he has just started recently. Of course, I didn’t really believe him, so I made a bet with him. I demonstrated Yin Yang Fist, and if he could achieve Minor Success within a day, I’d give him a Peiyuan Pill.”

“Recently started? Such a situation isn’t unheard of—a sudden enlightenment, and a great increase in comprehension. It’s possible. But Old Tang, Yin Yang Fist isn’t easy to practice. It contains the principles of hardness and softness, complementary and contradictory. If he achieves Minor Success in a day, it’s indeed rare talent, but it wouldn’t make you this happy. Could it be in half a day? If it’s just half a day, you wouldn’t call me over. Could it be he achieved Great Success in half a day? If that’s the case, he really is a good talent.”

“You really underestimate me. If it was just half a day and Great Success, would I call you to share?”

“So go ahead and tell me, don’t just drop your pants without farting!”

“Vulgar!” Old Tang put on a serious face, “He watched me once and understood, and after practicing ten times, he reached perfection.”

“Holy shit, that’s impossible!” Old Song was astonished, “Are you sure he’s just a senior high school student, hasn’t achieved Muscle and Bone Resonance, and has never practiced Yin Yang Fist before?”

“Do you think he could deceive me?” Old Tang snorted, “That’s not even the key point. The key is that after taking the Peiyuan Pill, he went straight to Muscle and Bone Resonance, then breakthrough to enter the Sea of Qi in his Dantian.”

“Damn, he really is a gem. It’s no wonder you’ve gone through so much trouble, Old Tang. Did you take him as your disciple? Call him over someday so I can have a look.”

“Don’t be so anxious, we’re far from there yet!”

“I hope you’re not telling me he’s also awakened Spiritual Power. That’s a one in ten thousand chance!”

“No! But when he opened his Dantian, he merged into Heaven and Earth, and directly established a two-zhang-wide Sea of Qi.”

“Merging into Heaven and Earth? A two-zhang Sea of Qi?” Old Song shouted in surprise, his breathing quickening, “How is this even possible? Old Tang, you’ve taken him as your disciple, haven’t you?”

“No!”

“Holy shit, you old man, don’t tell me you don’t even value such a talent! If you don’t take him, I will. Just tell me, who is he?”

“If I’m afraid of teaching someone wrongly, what about you?” Old Tang snorted and then said seriously, “Once such a genius takes off, he will soar straight up into the sky. Just keep an eye on him for the time being, try to protect him as much as possible. No matter what, he is still from Pingyang.”

The two chatted quietly.

At home.

Jiang Ming looked up a lot of information and began to memorize the content of Guiyuan Sutra and Thunderous Nine Heavens Strike in his heart, closing his eyes to sort it out.

He also began to comprehend Guiyuan Sutra.

This was the fundamental way of practicing cultivation skills.



When a martial artist breaks through to the Martial Arts Second Realm, they can merge their mind with Heaven and Earth and draw Primal qi into their bodies, a very special state.

Once the breakthrough is made, manipulating qi into the body requires cultivation skills.

After a while, Jiang Ming opened his eyes, a spark of understanding in them.

The method of absorbing elemental qi into true qi as described in the Guiyuan Sutra, he had comprehended its essence.

“But with the size of my Dantian space, filling it up with true qi is going to be very difficult!”

Not very difficult, but rather, extremely difficult.

Most of the Primal qi absorbed during the breakthrough has been used to expand the Dantian, which is now empty.

What kind of concept is ten zhang square radius?

It’s a circle with a radius of thirty-three meters, no, a sphere!

As he thought about it, Jiang Ming couldn’t help but feel goosebumps.

“I’ll take it one step at a time!”

Sighing, he sat cross-legged on the sofa, cycling his Qi through his Dantian Sea of Qi, forming a peculiar circulation within his body, drawing the fluctuations of the surrounding Qi, and then flowing into his Dantian Sea of Qi.

At first, it was slow.

One strand at a time flowed in and was refined into true Qi in the Sea of Qi.

As he cultivated, Jiang Ming’s soul vibrated, and his spirit radiated, unconsciously merging with the pulsations of Heaven and Earth, causing his body to seemingly melt into nature. His limbs, body, and every pore absorbed Qi from Heaven and Earth.

At this moment, he truly became a ravenous behemoth.

The sun set in the evening twilight.

Jiang Ming opened his eyes, a streak of intelligence flowing through them, then disappearing. “My cultivation speed should be fast. No, not just fast, but extremely fast. But for me, it’s still too slow.”

His Dantian space was too vast.

He felt his stomach, but wasn't too hungry.

That was one of the advantages of entering Martial Arts Second Realm, which allowed him to absorb the energy of Heaven and Earth for his own use, naturally reducing his need for food.

After going out to eat dinner, he began to comprehend the Wild Thunder Ninth Slash.

It wasn't difficult for him.

A silent night.

Tianwu Calendar 9918, May 28th, 9 AM.

Jiang Ming, carrying his blade, arrived in front of Ten Thousand Realms Tower.

It was a nine-story building, with the City Lord Mansion next to it. There were many martial artists coming and going, and some people were carrying weapons.

The hall on the first floor was very large.

It was similar to a leisure area, offering drinks, food, and more. Many martial artists were sitting and chatting, exchanging experiences.

On one side were several elevators, each leading to a single floor. There was also a service staff member in front of the elevator.

Jiang Ming walked towards the elevator leading to the second floor.

"Please verify your identity!" The service girl smiled and pointed to the nearby machine.

"Alright!" Jiang Ming took out his mobile phone, pulled up his identity information, and started to verify it. At the same time, a beam of light fell on him for scanning.

"Martial Arts Second Realm, verification passed!"

There was a prompt sound nearby, and the elevator automatically opened. Jiang Ming entered.

There were a few scattered people sitting in the spacious second floor.

A few middle-aged people looked hesitant, as if they wanted to take a risk but were very cautious.

Jiang Ming, however, unexpectedly saw someone he knew.

“Qin Zhiyan, what are you doing here?” he walked over.

The familiar face was his Class Monitor and class flower, Miss Qin.

He was genuinely surprised.

“Jiang Ming!” Qin Zhiyan was also surprised. Hesitating, she said, “I want to give it a shot.”

“There’s no need!” Jiang Ming sat across from her, “Given your situation, it’s difficult for martial arts prestigious schools, but first-tier ones are still within reach. Why would you take such a risk? I’ve looked up some information, and most of us recently-advanced students who enter the World Secret Realm to take risks have a very high chance of dying, while the benefits are extremely rare.”

“Then why did you come!” Qin Zhiyan said unhappily.

“I have special circumstances!” Jiang Ming hesitated for a moment, raised his hand, and placed it on her shoulder before she could react.

Qin Zhiyan suddenly felt a heavy weight on her shoulder, as if a mountain was pressing down on her. She couldn’t bear it even if she tried to resist it with her cultivation skills. Jiang Ming, on the other hand, seemed unbothered.

She immediately showed a shocked expression, her face full of disbelief: “You, how is this possible? Didn’t you just break through yesterday?”

Her voice was very low.

“Didn’t I say my situation is special?” Jiang Ming removed his hand, “Do you have a reason to go in?”

“No, I just want to try my luck and get into a prestigious school.”

“At the cost of your life? Don’t forget you have parents!”

After hearing this, Qin Zhiyan fell silent, and then bitter laughed, “You’re usually a closed-up person, but I didn’t expect you to be so persuasive. Sigh, I really shouldn’t have come! What about you? Do you have a reason to go in?”

“Yes!” Jiang Ming nodded.

“You don’t need to, either. Like you advised me, you can cultivate step by step, and your future achievements will definitely be impressive. Even if you have any grievances, you can easily solve them with your future status. There’s no need to risk your life!”

“Since I’m here, I’ve made all the preparations! Qin Zhiyan, if I don’t come back, bring my belongings to Wang Fatty and let him deal with them as he pleases.”

Jiang Ming stood up and walked towards the mysterious World Gate, which was only a frame and filled with darkness inside.

A middle-aged man was sitting in front of the World Gate, swiping his phone. Hearing the commotion, he raised his head and frowned upon seeing Jiang Ming: “You’re still young, do you really want to take this risk? People die there!”

“Since I came here, I’m prepared to take all the consequences!” Jiang Ming bowed his hand, “Please proceed with the procedure!”

“Alright!” The middle-aged man nodded, pointing to a nearby machine, “First, scan your identity. If it’s your first time entering the World Secret Realm, it’s free. Otherwise, there’s a handling fee of 100,000 credit points.”

“Sign a will in case of death, and put your belongings in the locker.”

“There are ancient clothes in the room next door, and you can choose a set for free. There are also some small accessories! If you have money, you can ask the people inside to tailor-make a set for you, plus a wig.”

“Read the instruction manual before entering!”

“Let me remind you again, past experiences are not reliable because the world you enter is random and constantly developing. There may even be new World Secret Realms emerging.”

The middle-aged man said tirelessly.

Jiang Ming had already verified his identity, put his mobile phone and other items in the locker, and after hesitating for a moment, even placed his blade inside. He entered the room next door and came out after a while, wearing a set of white Confucian robes, with a jade pendant hanging from his waist, and holding a folding fan in his hand. His short hair was now long, but it was meticulously arranged so that it didn’t look like a wig.

It gave people an astonishing feeling, like a peerless young master with jade-like appearance.

Qin Zhiyan, who was walking by, couldn’t help but stare and take a few more glances. Then, with a serious look on her face, she asked, “Do you really have to go?”

“I must!” Jiang Ming smiled, “I put my stuff in the locker. If I don’t return in an hour, you take it. Anyway, I have no worries.”

With a bow of his hand, he stepped into the World Gate without hesitation. His figure disappeared without a trace.

Qin Zhiyan was lost in a daze.

9 Chapter 9: Nine Yin and Nine Yang

Worlds differ, rules differ.

Continue reading On

The moment Jiang Ming stepped into the World Gate, his head was slightly dizzy. Astral travelling had brought him to another one-party world, appearing beside a mountain road.

Immediately, he showed caution, observing his surroundings and carefully sensing for any dangers before relaxing a bit.

At the same time, some information about the World of Secret Realm surfaced in his mind.

The World Secret Realm that those in the Martial Arts Second Realm enter are usually second-tier secret realms. The strongest within them are at the Martial Arts Third layer, and at the most can reach the quasi-fourth layer.

This is a limitation of power.

To escape and leave the Secret Realm, and simultaneously gain all the learning, there are two known criteria that apply to most worlds: Become the acknowledged strongest in the Secret Realm World or become the Supreme of Ninety-five.

The strongest power, the strongest authority.

Other conditions depend on the specific world or the degree of evolution.

At this moment, a distorted screen appeared before his eyes, displaying lines of text.

Secret Realm: Nine Yin and Nine Yang World.

Limitations: The survival limit is three years. In the last year, the world’s will rebel and powerful beings of this world will sense the general location of the outsiders and hunt them down in the name of exterminating demons and protecting the Dao. Note: Only the general location can be sensed.

Exit conditions: First, persevere for three years; second, obtain five top-secret books; third, comprehend a brand-new top secret skill. Note: Completing the first condition allows you to leave at any time, but everything gained in this place will be erased.

Achievement conditions: First, become the recognized strongest; second, become the Emperor; third, comprehend a martial arts realm; fourth, obtain the Nine Yin Divine Art and Nine Yang True Scripture. Note: Achieving any of these allows you to leave at any time while keeping all non-material gains intact.

There were two grey buttons at the bottom: Leave, Achieve.

The content was actually very simple, surviving in this place for three years.

If it wasn't for the last year when the Heaven and Earth's will repelling him, and being hunted by powerful beings sensing his location in this world, there would be no difficulty.

But it's obvious, coming here is asking for trouble.

Exit conditions are difficult.

Achievement conditions are even more difficult.

"Is the intention of the World Secret Realm to cultivate and select the powerful?"

Jiang Ming pondered secretly.

Becoming the strongest or the Emperor within three years? It's as difficult as reaching the heavens. He isn't familiar with the Nine Yin and Nine Yang cultivation skills, but comprehending an entirely new realm?

That's even more difficult than becoming the Emperor.

If he reached the Third layer of martial arts and comprehended the realm, he would be equivalent to a quasi-fourth level powerhouse.

"No wonder so few people can truly benefit."

Let alone gaining benefits, even the exit conditions are not simple.

Comprehending secret skills? For those in the Martial Arts Second Realm, it's like a fantasy. The key is that the time is too short, only two years of development before a final year of fighting.

Collecting top martial arts? Without the power of the third layer, it's very difficult to achieve.

As for achievements?

He's not too worried about that. With his comprehension, creating a new law is not difficult, at least he can get the condition to leave at any time, and stand invincible in the innate realm.

While thinking, he also examined the surrounding environment.

Below his feet was the mountain road, flanked by high mountains on the left and right.

After carefully sensing it again, he discovered something unexpected: the gravity in this world seemed lighter, no, restriction would be more accurate.

As he circulated the Guiyuan Sutra, there was no feeling of stagnation, he could continue his cultivation.

"It's just that the absorption of primal qi is slower, far less than that in the Main World. No, it's because of the low vitality concentration in this world."

Jiang Ming couldn't help but frown.

For him, this was not good news.

"The most important thing now is to figure out the situation here."

As Jiang Ming was considering his situation, he heard the sound of horseshoes getting closer, accompanied by laughter and conversation.

"Haha, we made a fortune this time."

"Yeah, I didn't expect this group of merchants to have three thousand taels of silver hidden in their midst. That's enough to eat for a year."

"Damn it, there are no women around. It's killing me. Boss, should we raid a village, kill them all, and keep the women for some fun?"

"Fun my ass. If word gets out, those other bandit groups will definitely hunt us down. They're all heartless, rotten scoundrels."

Jiang Ming's hearing was extraordinary, which made him frown slightly.

"Robbers? No, they should be mountain bandits."

"They even want to slaughter villages, truly evil!"

“This world isn’t peaceful; otherwise, these bandits wouldn’t dare to run rampant, let alone massacre villages.”

Jiang Ming shook his head, feeling somewhat uneasy.

Soon, a group of more than twenty people appeared in front, all riding horses, like a sweeping gale, roaring as they came.

He focused on their senses, and felt slightly relieved.

None of them were strong.

Even the one at the front hadn’t reached the stage of communicating with the outer world through Qi, which meant they hadn’t reached even Martial Arts Second Realm.

Their blood qi wasn’t strong either, and in his eyes, they all had a thick killing aura, with only two of them having less.

Whinny!

The horse neighed, stopping abruptly.

“A white-faced scholar? Tsk tsk, that face is so pale, even paler than a woman’s chest.” The leader at the front stared at Jiang Ming and couldn’t help but lick his lips, revealing a wicked grin.

“Haha, boss, this is what you like, isn’t it? Do you want us to catch him and send him to your room?”

“Get lost, with your filthy claws, don’t dirty my sweetheart! I can’t take it anymore. I’ll peel him to have some fun!”

Jiang Ming couldn’t help but shudder, tightening his buttocks.

“Sweetheart, come, come, sing that song ‘Backyard Flower’ with me!” The leader was quite burly, but his skin was extremely rough.

He got off his horse and walked over.

“Damn it, such bad luck!” Jiang Ming spat, feeling disgusted, “You want to lay your hands on me? I’ll take you down first!”

Without another word, he moved, shooting forward like an arrow.

Fast, very fast.



The mountain bandit leader's pupils shrank in shock, quickly retreating while trying to draw his Mountain-cutting Blade from his back. However, just as he had pulled out halfway, Jiang Ming had already arrived, landing a punch on his shoulder.

Bang...

His shoulder exploded, blood and flesh flying everywhere.

His left shoulder was completely shattered.

The mountain bandit leader screamed as he was sent flying backward, crashing in front of a horse and spitting out a mouthful of blood. He hurriedly yelled, "This brat is tough! All of you, attack!"

Being hardened criminals, they all jumped up and charged forward.

The blades whistled, faces ferocious.

Jiang Ming's eyes narrowed, causing their speed to slow down a bit, as he exhaled a foul breath and attacked again.

His fists were like dragons, accompanied by thunder and lightning.

Bang...

With a single punch, he turned the closest attacker and his weapon into a bloody mist, causing the remaining bandits to pause, then shriek in horror and fear.

Even Jiang Ming was surprised, but he didn't stop.

He alternated between Military Boxing and Domineering Boxing, like a wolf among sheep. In just a short time, everyone else, except for the two who hadn't dismounted, lay on the ground.

The horses neighed in pain and anguish.

Jiang Ming looked at the last two.

"Hero, please spare us!" One of them, an elder with a goatee, and small, rolling eyes fell to his knees after rolling off his horse. "This old man has not committed any evil, please spare my life!"

The other one was a young man, who bowed with a clenched fist, cautious yet fearful, with a hint of satisfaction.

"Interesting!" Jiang Ming laughed.

## 10 Chapter 10: Great Village Master

Someone behind him seemed to see an opportunity, forcibly suppressing the pain from his severed arm, and pulled out a dagger, pouncing at his waist.

Continue reading On

Thud...

Jiang Ming didn't look back; with a slight twist of his body, he sent his opponent flying. The man landed far away, his chest completely collapsed.

The bearded goat old man trembled and grew even more respectful.

"What's your name? Why didn't you take action?" Jiang Ming asked.

Before the man could answer, the previous leader yelled angrily, "Hu Laosan, are you fucking betraying me? Did you find these people? Screw your ancestors!"

Hu Laosan's mouth twitched slightly, but he ignored his leader and instead respectfully said to Jiang Ming, "Hero, I am Hu Tu, the third-ranked leader of the Three Villages, known as Hu Laosan. I was originally a scholar who knew a bit of martial arts. One year, I was framed and had no choice but to run away. I was caught and brought up the mountain, and since I was versed in both literature and martial arts, I was made the third leader. I didn't want to do it, I really didn't, but even a tiny ant clings to life, so I could only follow the flow."

"But, hero, I've never actively taken someone's life!" Hu Laosan pleaded earnestly.

"What about you?" Jiang Ming looked at the young man.

"My grandfather was a mountain bandit, and my father was a mountain bandit. After our village was destroyed, I was captured and brought here. I had no choice but to become a mountain bandit, but I don't want to be one, and I don't want my son to become one either," the young man said a bit excitedly. "My name is Chang Qing, and I've always wanted to leave the mountain village but never had the chance."

"I can testify to that!" Hu Laosan hurriedly said, "He can't stand people killing each other, so he's been ostracized by his fellow mountain thieves. However, his skills are exceptional, and he's always chosen to accompany them on missions, but he avoids taking action when possible. If it weren't for my covert support, he would surely suffer at the hands of Big Boss Ma."

Jiang Ming remained noncommittal but asked, "You want to live or die?"

“Live! Of course, I want to live!” Hu Laosan said, “Ahem, I may not be a good person, but I don’t think I’m a bad person either. At least not intentionally.”

Jiang Ming couldn’t help but laugh out loud.

As expected of a scholar, eloquent with his words.

“Go and kill Big Boss Ma, and kill all those you think are incorrigible. I’ll spare your lives!” Jiang Ming pointed at the severely injured Ma bandit leader.

Hu Laosan hesitated slightly, stood up, and drew his knife to walk over.

But Chang Qing was even faster, stabbing his knife directly into Big Boss Ma’s heart. Hu Laosan also gave a stab, and amidst unwillingness and pain, Big Boss Ma died with his eyes wide open.

The two men killed several more people before stopping.

“The remaining people are basically not evil, they were all forced!” Hu Laosan’s voice was faint, and he crouched down.

“Fine!” Jiang Ming nodded and looked at Chang Qing. “You go and bandage them up, but they can’t run away; whoever runs away will die. Then dispose of the bodies. Hu Laosan, come here!”

Jiang Ming gestured to the front.

Hu Laosan had no choice but to follow.

“I just left my clan, wandering through the mountains and rivers, observing the world, honing my martial arts, and also learning about the customs of the people in various parts of the world.” Jiang Ming stated a brief, vague origin before asking, “Tell me about the surrounding situation.”

“Yes!” Hu Laosan breathed a sigh of relief upon learning that the youth was a member of a prominent clan. “This is Black Cloud Mountain. There are several bandit hideouts on the surrounding mountains: Black Wind Village, where I am; Black Dragon Village, Black Saber Village, and Black Tiger Village.”

The four villages had similar strengths and had been fighting overtly and covertly. They all had one commonality: they engaged in banditry and carried out all sorts of evil deeds. At one time, the four villages had even collaborated to discuss attacking a nearby county town.

“No wonder they’re so wild!” Jiang Ming couldn’t help but blurt out.

“Sigh!” Hu Laosan sighed, “The emperor is incompetent and corrupt, selling official positions, and the court is dark. High and low officials collude together, their hearts turning black like maggots. The common people have nothing to live on, especially last year’s flood in Jiangzhou, which displaced countless people. The court not only failed to provide relief but also prevented people from fleeing the disaster. It was a tragedy! In the first half of this year, Yunzhou suffered a severe drought, and some people even resorted to cannibalism. Sigh...”

Jiang Ming’s eyebrows twitched as he listened.

– “Clan powers grow, dividing lands and nations.”

– “Noble families divide territory amongst themselves, creating countries within the country.”

– “Bandits roam the land, leaving a trail of woe.”

– “Sigh, the common people’s suffering is great. Many people were forced to join the ranks of bandits out of desperation.”,

Jiang Ming couldn’t help but express his thoughts: “Prosperity brings suffering to the people; decline brings suffering to the people.”

Hu Laosan’s eyes lit up: “The young master has such literary talent!”

Jiang Ming continued to ask questions and gradually learned more about this world.

The Great Yan Dynasty ruled the world, with the northern barbarians known as Beimang, which used to be insignificant, now posed a great threat.

The three hundred year-old dynasty had declined and was nearing its end.

In the world of martial artists, the prominent sects included the Dalin Temple, Zhen Wu Sect, Chunyang Sect, Lengyue Palace, Divine Sword Villa, Sun and Moon Demon Sect, and Divine Fist Sect.

The Sun and Moon Demon Sect once stirred up the martial world, and although they are low-key now, they remain very powerful.

The martial world is still divided into good and evil factions.

The martial arts realm is rather peculiar, divided into: Not Ranked, Third-tier, Second-tier, First-tier, Innate, Grandmaster, and Great Grandmaster.

‘Not Ranked’ are those who know some basic martial arts techniques, like farmers.

At the Initial stage, one cultivates their qi; opening up the Dantian and the Sea of Qi makes one a Third-tier practitioner, unblocking all twelve meridians elevates one to the Second-tier, and opening up the extraordinary vessels makes one a First-tier practitioner.

Breaking through the Governor and Conception vessels and absorbing the power of Heaven and Earth transforms one's true Qi into that of an Innate warrior.

"As for Grandmasters and Great Grandmasters, I'm not sure!" Hu Laosan shook his head. He looked slightly puzzled: why would someone ask about such common knowledge?

He didn't think too much about it.

Jiang Ming's expression was quite strange.

In the Main World, cultivation starts with refining the body and directly drawing the breath of heaven and earth into the body to open up the Dantian, with Qi circulating throughout the body, and the strength leaving the body. There is no need to open up meridians.

But here, the process starts from the inside out, requiring the opening of the twelve meridians and the Eight Extraordinary Meridians, only after stepping into the Innate realm can one absorb the Primal Qi of Heaven and Earth.

"In the Main World, all the meridians are opened, which can directly save the process of opening meridians and directly draw the energy of Heaven and Earth into the body, equivalent to the Innate here. Starting from Innate, because the Primal Qi is violent, a powerful body is required to withstand it, which results in the Bone Forging Realm?"

Jiang Ming speculated in secret.

However, to be sure, he needs to find the cultivation skills of this world and verify them through textual research.

"Is the Bone Forging Realm equivalent to Third-tier, Second-tier, and First-tier? Is the Qi Sea Realm equivalent to Innate, and the Martial Arts Realm of the Third Layer of Gang Qi equivalent to Grandmaster?"

Jiang Ming suppressed the idea.

He would look for an opportunity to explore it thoroughly later on.

"Come on, follow me to Black Wind Village!"

He made a decision.

“To Black Wind Village?” Hu Laosan was momentarily stunned.

“I want to be a Village Master and play, also leading you to change from evil to good, finding a way for you to live!” Jiang Ming laughed, “Go, lead the way.”

“Okay, okay!” Hu Laosan nodded in amazement.

Being a Village Master just for fun?

Changing from evil to good?

If changing from evil to good could provide a way to survive, who would become a mountain thief?

Chang Qing was also a bit confused, he thought they would be released and leave the mountain village to wander around the world.

But they were still going up the mountain.

Dammit!

“Young Master, now the second Village Master is on the mountain, and there is also the junior Village Master. I have no say in it. I usually just give advice and manage food and drink issues.” Hu Laosan whispered.

“My surname is Jiang, you can call me Great Village Master from now on. As for the two of them? Leave them to me!” Jiang Ming waved his hand, and he jumped onto a horse, “Go!”

He could ride a horse.

It is a required course for students in the Main World, so basically, everyone knows it.

It didn't take long for them to arrive at the foot of the mountain village.

Hu Laosan was in the lead, Jiang Ming followed behind.

“Third Boss, you're back. Where is the big boss?”

The mountain thief guarding the village gate asked.

“The big boss has something to do and told me to come back first. Watch the door carefully, or you'll be robbed!” Hu Laosan patted the other's shoulder and continued up the mountain.

Without any accidents, they directly arrived outside Juyi Hall, where the second boss and the junior Village Master had already come out.

“Hu Laosan, where’s the big boss?” The second boss was fat and disdainful of Hu Laosan, just slanting his eyes to ask.

“Didn’t you bring me a few young girls?” The junior Village Master was also full of resentment.

“The big boss is waiting for you. As for the young girls?” Jiang Ming walked forward, revealing a hint of coldness.

“You brat, it’s not your place to speak here!” The second Village Master glared and was about to take action.

Overbearing and domineering.

Slap...

Jiang Ming stepped forward, a roundhouse kick sent his opponent flying before he could react, crashing into a nearby stone wall. His face was a mess of blood and brain matter.

The bewildered Junior Village Master was also sent flying, dying on the spot.

The others began to stir restlessly.

“Brothers, be quiet, be quiet!” Hu Laosan knew it was time for him to show up and waved his hand, shouting, “Ma Guang is a tyrant, the second boss is cruel, and the Junior Village Master always beats and scolds us, even killing us and taking our wives if he’s unhappy. I’ve had enough. But under their cruel threats, we can only endure. Now, our savior is here, I have invited Young Master Jiang, who killed the big boss, and wiped out the second boss and Junior Village Master, saving us from the fire and water, and helping us in times of crisis. He can be regarded as our rebirth parents.”

“From today, Young Master Jiang is our Great Village Master, our sky, our king!”

“He will bring us good food and drink and teach us the real martial arts skills.”

“Everyone, follow me to pay homage to the Great Village Master!”

Without further ado, Hu Tu knelt down on one knee.

Many brothers hesitated, but many smart guys knew that the times changed, they better be smart and also knelt down one by one.

“Hu Laosan, you traitor...” One of them was furious, but before he could finish, he was stabbed from behind by Chang Qing.