

Logging 10,000 Years into the Future #Chapter 31: Blowing up! - Read Logging 10,000 Years into the Future Chapter 31: Blowing up! Chapter 31: Blowing up!

Chapter 31 — Blowing up!

"Zhao Changfeng!" The examiner read out a name.

A sturdy figure slowly stood up, it was the fierce looking man with a scar on his face.

"Did he not come later? Why is he the second one up?" Someone shouted in disbelief.

The examiner looked at the person coldly and spoke, "Because I only saw his application form right now, he was supposed to go first ..."

The people in the room froze, not understanding what the examiner meant by this statement.

Then they heard the examiner read out the rest of the words.

Then they heard the examiner read out the details for the test, "Level 3 Martial Artist Assessment."

Hiss!

A sound of people sucking in cold air resounded in the room.

Everyone looked at the scarred man with a shocked face and a hint of awe in their eyes.

Level 3 Martial Artist Assessment.

In other words, this man possessed the strength of a Level 2 and was close to a Level 3 Martial Artist. No wonder the examiner said that he should have been the first to undergo the assessment.

In the world of martial artists, strength is paramount, and the strong deserve to enjoy their respective privileges.

The scarred man walked silently to the testing apparatus, he took his blood, and tested.

A number quickly popped up on the BQV apparatus.

107.256

The people in the room looked astonished. A BQV of over 100 meant that the scarred man had met the standard of a Level 3 Martial Artist in the blood and Qi category.

Then came the Combat Power Index.

The scarred man faced the testing machine and threw a punch.

The speed of this punch was so fast that many people didn't see it clearly, they only felt a blur in front of their eyes, and it ended with a muffled sound in their ears.

Lu Sheng's eyes flickered for a moment. He saw the man's punch clearly.

The stance and the way the punch was thrown looked like it came from some kind of fist or hand-combat technique.

10831!

A value popped up on the gauge.

The stifled with sounds of shock and disbelief.

It's over!

The Combat Power Index had exceeded the standard for a Level 3 Martial Artist.

This also meant that from now on, the scarred man was an official Level 3 Martial Artist who was recognized by the Martial Arts Association.

The way everyone looked at the scarred man changed a bit at this point.

Admiration, but also with a hint of envy.

Only a handful of people in the entire Baihe city could be counted among the ranks of Level 3 Martial Artists.

Wherever they went, they would be treated very well.

"Congratulations, Zhao Changfeng. From now on, you are a Level 3 Martial Artist recognized by our Baihe City's Martial Arts Association, and you can enjoy a martial cultivation allowance of 30,000 yuan every month from now on ..."

A bright smile appeared on the examiner's face for the first time, and as he recounted, the people in the room looked at the scarred man with more and more envy.

The scarred man silently listened to the examiner's words, then walked back to his original position and sat down.

Lu Sheng gave the other party a bit of a strange look.

This guy did not leave after the examination, he looked like he wanted to spectate the rest of the assessments.

Of course, no one would have a problem with this.

If he was fine with it, it wouldn't matter if a Level 3 Martial Artist wanted to sit here until it went completely dark.

The next few people went up, all of them cleared the assessment and were now Level 1 Martial Artists.

Some passed, and some failed like the lanky youth.

Finally ...

"Lu Sheng, Level 1 Martial Artist Assessment."

It was Lu Sheng's turn.

Lu Sheng calmly stood up, he noticed that the eyes of everyone in the room were focused on him. The scarred man and the girl with the purple hairband also looked at him.

Even the examiner looked at him a couple of times.

After all, not many examinees were of Lu Sheng's age, which in itself represented talent.

"Don't be nervous, just do what you usually do."

The examiner spoke gently in a rare moment.

Lu Sheng nodded, then picked up the needle to sample his blood.

The crimson blood gently rolled down in the groove of the apparatus and blue light fell.

Everyone looked at the display on the instrument.

Some serious, some casual.

The next moment, the value was displayed.

15.701

Boom!

The whole room instantly exploded.

More than half of the people jumped straight up from their positions, and the scarred man and the girl with the purple hairband also stood up as a show of agitation.

One of the guys with a casual face even slid straight to the floor on his butt.

"Crap! Really, I'm not mistaken, right? 15 points?"

"Level 2 Martial Artist?!"

"The machine is broken, right? I think it's broken ..."

Everyone stared at the value on the apparatus with disbelief, their eyes sliding back and forth between the gauge and Lu Sheng's body.

Even the examiner's hand holding the form shook fiercely for a moment, then he quickly checked the machine.

Then in an incomparably serious tone he said to Lu Sheng: "This student, could you take a retest?"

It was reasonable to argue that there was only a single chance to test one's BQV during an assessment, but the result Lu Sheng displayed was so amazing that the examiner had to confirm it again.

Lu Sheng nodded his head, picked up the blood extraction needle and retrieved a drop of blood to conduct the test.

15.693

It was almost the same as the first time, fluctuating up and down by no more than 0.01.

This proved that the instrument was normal, and also proves that ... Lu Sheng's result's bona fide!

The room fell into an inexplicable silence.

After that, the sound of labored breathing resounded one after another.

The look in people's eyes changed when they looked at Lu Sheng. It was as if they were looking at a monster.

“His dad must be the richest man in Baihe City, right? How tonic pills did he gobble down to get this result?” A person in the room said. His face was full of complicated emotions.

Others also had similar expressions on their faces. Like they were constipated.

Lu Sheng was simply too young. At a glance, he looked like he belonged in high school.

How old can a high school student be?

17? 18? Similar in age to their brothers, nephews, or even sons. Yet, his BQV was as high as an outrageous 15 points!

“This guy must’ve been taking tonic pills from the time he was in his mother’s womb, right?” Someone spoke sourly.

A person next to him muttered: “Even if he has a high BQV, as long as his CPI measures up to the 15 points ... tsk, tsk, tsk. An 18-year-old, Level 2 Martial Artist ...” The others stopped talking.

The actual fact was that even if Lu Sheng really a pill junkie, with a BQV of 15.7 his CPI wouldn’t that far from or worse. In other words, Lu Sheng had basically passed the assessment with flying colors.

It was very likely that he’d clear the Level 2 Martial Artist Assessment.

A high school student becoming a Level 2 Martial Artist at his age.

These people almost groaned out.

Chapter 32: Exaggerated Combat Power Index! Etiquette of the Strong

Chapter 32 — Exaggerated Combat Power Index! Etiquette of the Strong

The scarred man and the purple hairband girl also had incomparably complicated expressions.

Both of them were considered calm among everyone, but the shock in their faces and eyes still couldn't be hidden.

At this point the examiner's attitude towards Lu Sheng once again went up a notch.

It became incomparably gentle.

"Don't be nervous, just relax. The CPI test can be done as many times as you want, hit the one you are most satisfied with ..."

The others listened with a twitch in their faces.

Twitch.

Did he not say that each person can only try out thrice? What does he mean by “as many times as you want”?!

Lu Sheng took a deep breath and said to the examiner, "No, one will be more than enough."

The examiner was flabbergasted and had yet to give out any reaction.

Then he saw the action of Lu Sheng's fist. The others too saw the initial posture Lu Sheng took.

Only the scarred man had a change go through him when he looked at Lu Sheng; a fierce burst of astonishment shone in his eyes. He subconsciously took two steps forward.

Boom!

A dull and loud sound, louder than the sound made by the scarred man during the test just now.

Everybody's heart jumped at the sound. They eagerly looked towards the gauge, waiting for the result to be displayed.

However, the eagerness only lasted a moment. Just a moment.

Then they froze in their spots.

Their mouths were wide open, their eyes were dull, and their expressions were as if they had just seen a ghost.

"1 ... 1 ... 1 ..."

The examiner's expression was dull as he tried to announce the result.

He soon realized that he was repeating the number 1. He quickly shut up and then quickly read it again.

"15,709!"

Five digits!

CPI of over 10,000!

Over 15,700, close to 16,000!

Far beyond the standard CPI of a Level 2 Martial Artist, and single-handedly beating the previous full-fledged Level 3 Martial Artist's—the scar face martial artist—previous result by a full 5000 points!

The room was deathly silent.

All of them stood up, and went still.

The scarred man's bony palms were fiercely clenched into fists, and his eyes were wide with disbelief.

The girl with the purple hairband had one hand over her mouth, afraid she would scream.

Others were even brain buzzed. They seemed to have lacked oxygen, making them lose the ability to think.

When something was too beyond their knowledge and understanding, the human brain would temporarily, as a protection mechanism, put them in a state similar to death. Many a people found themselves in this state.

Lu Sheng was not surprised by this result.

He had already measured his CPI once earlier at the Red River Martial Arts Academy. However, his previous result had been a bit lower than 15,600. Making the current score his highest yet.

“After breaking through in my fist and hand combat skills, together with Stellar Power Generation and Natural Breathing Technique, my CPI had directly increased 10x the standard BQV. Is this fruit of my martial arts technique ...” Lu Sheng sighed in his heart.

After admiring his achievement, Lu Sheng turned his head to look at the examiner.

"That's fine, you don't need to demonstrate it again."

The examiner woke up from the dream-like state, subconsciously nodded his head, and then read out his usual lines.

"Congratulations, student Lu Sheng, you have successfully passed the Level 1 Martial Artist Assessment. Henceforth, you'll be a ... you'll be ... you'll be ..."

The examiner couldn't continue reading halfway through.

The reason being that he was unsure how many levels he should clear him for.

Lu Sheng had declared—indirectly through his application—that he was a Level 1 Martial Artist, but his real strength was far beyond Level 1 or even a few Level 2 Martial Artists.

His CPI was at an exaggerated Level 3 standard.

How should he be graded?

Level 1, 2, or 3?

The examiner had an anguished expression.

This kind of situation, if not handled well, will probably cause Lu Sheng's discontent.

If he did not handle the situation well, it would end in Lu Sheng's discontent. And to offend such a promising genius martial artist, that was just like him saying goodbye to his job.

Thinking of this, the examiner ran to Lu Sheng and said: "About your grading, I need to report it first. Don't worry, Lu Sheng, the Martial Arts Association won't bury any talents ... oh no, a genius. Especially a genius like you."

Lu Sheng was a bit stunned, but soon accepted the result. It meant that he'd have to head back and wait for the official announcement.

"... Then I'll get back, first ..."

Lu Sheng still had questions he wanted to ask him, but the examiner had already run out of the assessment room. Leaving behind the rest of the examinees who had yet to undergo their individual assessments.

Lu Sheng was helpless. He could only shake his head as he prepared to leave. But, when he reached the door, a figure suddenly jumped in front of him, blocking his way.

It was the man with a scar on his face.

"Zhao Changfeng! "

The man extended a hand to him, his gaze burning.

Lu Sheng hesitated for a moment, then extended his hand to shake the extended hand.

"Lu Sheng."

After Lu Sheng said his name, a trace of suppressed excitement flashed through the scarred man's eyes, as if he had received some kind of glory. He nodded his head and took the initiative to make a way for Lu Sheng.

Lu Sheng pondered.

Is this a gesture of goodwill?

Or was it a friendship?

He did not know much about the rules between martial artists, but he subconsciously associated with a point of knowledge that he read in history books.

In the ancient martial arts era, every martial artist saw it as an honor to befriend a more powerful martial artist.

Was this what Zhao Changfeng meant?

"Wang Dafeng ..." From the side, Lu Sheng noticed another person running towards him with his hand outstretched, seemingly following Zhao Changfeng's example. Yet, behind him the rest of the occupants of the room also charged, with their hands outstretched, following the trend.

He hurriedly fled out of the assessment room, almost flying out of there.

This etiquette was amusing if it was just one person who followed and observed it, but it was no longer funny if too many people did it.

Moreover, the rest were more like a bunch of cats and dogs than respectable martial artists.

Looking at Lu Sheng's running figure, many showed a look of remorse and regret, slapping their thighs in frustration.

Like Lu Sheng, a genius with such a terrifying talent.

Lu Sheng, a genius with terrifying talent. Even a person with butt for a head would know that he was someone whose name would surely resound in Baihe City. And they had missed an opportunity to get to know such a—future—influential figure for nothing.

Their intestines churned with regret.

Some people couldn't help cast remorseful glances at Zhao Changfeng. They were secretly jealous of how he had jumped at the opportunity.

Zhao Changfeng's fierce face regained its former calm. The hidden joy in them was for all to see.

They sighed once more.

He is worthy of being a Level 3 Martial Artist! His brain is so quick on the uptake!

Chapter 33: I Saw Your Brother Walk Out of the Assessment Room

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Lu Sheng went around the Martial Association and felt that there was really nothing more to do, so he was ready to go home.

Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly heard someone call out to him from behind.

"Lu Sheng!"

Lu Sheng turned his head and saw three girls standing playfully not far away.

The three girls were about the same age, all a little younger than him, and the one standing in the middle looked at him with a complicated expression on her face.

Who would it be if not his sister, Lu Qinghe.

"Lu Qinghe? Why are you here?" Lu Sheng walked over towards the three girls.

"I should be the one asking you this question."

Lu Qinghe retorted in a good-natured manner, "Skipping classes, sleeping in your room every day, and now what are you doing here in the Martial Arts Association?"

Lu Qinghe regarded Lu Sheng with a very investigative look.

Lu Sheng was slightly embarrassed. Even if he skipped school, even if he spent most of his time in his room sleeping, how did Lu Qinghe know about it?

It looked like his sister was paying him much attention lately.

Lu Sheng replied casually: "I had something to do around here. Now that it's done, I'm leaving."

"Who'll believe that?" Lu Qinghe scoffed.

At the same time, an oval-faced girl wearing a pink hairpin, next to Lu Qinghe glanced at Lu Sheng, and said: "Qinghe, is this your brother? Quite handsome ..."

The girl blushed and kept her eyes on him.

Another girl with a slimmer figure also agreed: "Yes, he isn't as frustrating as you usually paint him as. He is obviously your older brother ... a *very good* old brother ..."

"You two ..."

Lu Qinghe looked at her two girlfriends who betrayed her one after another and fumed almost to the point of being speechless.

Seeing Lu Qinghe deflate, Lu Sheng took the initiative to introduce himself: "Hello, I'm Lu Sheng, Lu Qinghe's older brother. Qinghe seemed to cause you a lot of trouble all the time."

"You're the one causing trouble ..." Lu Qinghe became angry and retorted.

The two little girls were very nice to talk to, and the slim one nodded her head with a smile.

"Hello Brother Lu Sheng, my name is Feng Fanfan, my friends call me Fan Fan. This is Xu Nuo. It's true that Qinghe keeps causing trouble, but we're good friends, it's only right that we take care of her."

"Feng Fanfan!" Lu Qinghe had a shocked, mad expression.

It's really just an excuse to take advantage of the situation.

It was just an excuse to take advantage of the situation.

What do you mean by "causing trouble"? Who is the one who looks after you at school?

The most crucial point was that even if she did keep causing trouble they did not have to spill it out all in front of her most hated brother.

Lu Sheng smilingly greeted the two girls.

After chatting for a few minutes, the conversation came back to the initial topic.

"What are you guys doing here?" Lu Qinghe handed him a blank stare, obviously unwilling to answer.

It was the girl named Xu Nuo who quickly explained, "We are here to accompany Senior Sister Yang Yuan, who is our senior in the martial arts club. We are very close to her ..."

"Yes. Senior Sister Yang Yuan is very powerful. She is ranked among the top three geniuses in our school. She is here to participate in the Level 1 Martial Artist Certification Test."

"Sister Yang Yuan will definitely pass." The two girls chimed.

After Lu Sheng had a better understanding of the situation, he looked at the time, and said, "Since you guys are waiting for someone, I won't get in your way. I'll treat you to dinner the next time we meet."

"Okay Brother Lu Sheng."

"Who wants your dinner ..."

The two cheerful voices were interspersed with Lu Qinghe's impotent mendacious comments.

Lu Sheng smiled faintly and stretched out his hand to rub on Lu Qinghe's head, causing Lu Qinghe's face to blush and have an urge to hit him. But before she could react he was gone.

...

"I'm so pissed off!"

Lu Qinghe tidied her hair that had been ruffled by Lu Sheng and said with a huff. But a strange ripple rose in her heart.

She vaguely remembered the time when she was small, Lu Sheng would often ruffle her hair like this; they shared a pretty good relationship.

Later, she did not when, the relationship started to fade ...

But just now, his simple action dug those memories from the past.

"Qinghe, your brother's so damn good-looking, ah. So tall, fair, and handsome, not delicate, but very sunny ..."

Feng Fanfan looked at the direction Lu Sheng left, smacked her lips and sighed, as if she was still reminiscing the moment.

"Yeah, yeah."

Next to Xu Nuo also nodded frantically and echoed, "He's simply a male god!"

"You two are blind ..." Lu Qinghe felt powerless.

"Oh right ..."

Feng Fanfan suddenly remembered something and spoke: "What exactly do you think your brother is doing here at the Martial Arts Association? I just saw him walk out of the assessment room ..."

"Your brother wouldn't have come to take the Martial Artist Certification test, like Senior Sister Yang Yu—"

"How is that possible!" Xu Nuo interjected.

Lu Qinghe looked at two as if they were sick in their heads and were without cure, said: My brother is a student of Baihe Third High School, and isn't regular to classes, how can he participate in the certification test? If that was possible even pigs will start climbing trees. It's simply impossible!"

Feng Fanfan muttered, "But I did just see your brother walk out of the assessment room ..."

"That's because you saw wrong."

Lu Qinghe's tone was incomparably certain.

Feng Fanfan still wanted to say something, at this time, Xu Nuo looked at a direction and shouted in surprise: "Senior Sister Yang Yuan has come out!"

Chapter 34: What is the Name of That Monster?

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Lu Qinghe's trio quickly greeted a tall, pretty-looking girl with a purple hairband on her hair.

"Sister Yang Yuan, how was it? Is it over?"

As soon as they met, Lu Qinghe couldn't wait to ask, her pretty little face full of expectation.

Yang Yuan was the person Lu Qinghe admired the most in school, there was no one else who could compare to her.

The top genius of Baihe First Middle School, the demon whose BQV and CPI reached the stand of a Level 1 Martial Artist at the age of 18, the strongest woman of the martial arts club ...

Numerous halos, titles, and other achievements surrounded this senior sister in front of them.

Feng Fanfan and Xu Nuo's faces were also full of expectation and a hint of nervousness.

From the looks of it, Yang Yuan's results seemed more important to them than their own affairs.

Yang Yuan's expression, however, was somewhat strange.

It was a kind of unspeakable complexity.

"Don't mention it, there was an accident, the examination was suspended, I guess we have to wait for the afternoon schedule." Yang Yuan shook her head.

"Ah?"

The Lu Qinghe trio were a bit surprised, and quickly asked: "What accident? What kind of accident can suspend the examination?"

Yang Yuan said with a bitter smile: "A monster, demon. He scared the examiner into fleeing. Without him the examinations cannot be proceeded."

"What monster ...? Demon ... "

The Lu Qinghe trio listened to her with rapt attention.

Yang Yuan sighed, her eyes a stir of complex emotions, saying: "In fact, the boy about the same age as me, or maybe a bit younger than me, I don't know. During the test his measured BQV was 15.7, and more shocking was his CPI, which was around 15,700 ... Don't you think that's scary? I always took myself as a bit of genius, now thanks to that guy I see the truth."

Yang Yuan sighed, and continued: "... I know what a real genius is like now."

After hearing Yang Yuan's words, the Lu Qinghe trio's small mouths opened wide, eyes rounded, as if they were all stuck.

They were so shocked that they didn't know what expression to use.

About the same age as Senior Sister Yang Yuan. BQV of 15.7 ... CPI of 15,700 ... Is there really such a thing in the world? Or rather, can such a person be really considered human?

They now finally knew why the examination was suspended.

If such a monster emerged from the examination, it is estimated that the whole Martial Arts Association will be in a state of sensation, and it will be on the morning news tomorrow!

"Sister Yang ..."

Feng Fanfan suddenly reacted and asked curiously, "What is this person's name? Do you know?"

Lu Qinghe and Xu Nuo immediately perked up their ears and stared closely at Yang Yuan.

Yang nodded and opened her mouth to say it.

"Lu Sheng! His name is Lu Sheng. That said, I had a chance to meet him just now, but I was so shocked that I was too slow in reacting and missed the opportunity to introduce myself to him. Heh ... I don't know if I'll ever meet him again ..."

Yang Yuan sighed, with a face filled with regret and lamentation.

As she spoke, she suddenly realized that something was wrong.

When she looked up, she saw that the expressions on the Lu Qinghe trio had become incredibly strange.

Especially Lu Qinghe, her whole person seemed utterly flabbergasted.

Yang Yuan blinked, feeling amazed, and was about to ask.

Suddenly, she heard a sentence floating weakly out of Xu Nuo's mouth.

"Qinghe, your brother's name is Lu Sheng, right? And he just walked out of the assessment room ..."

This time, it was Yang Yuan's turn to freeze.

...

Lu Sheng walked all the way back home. On the way back, he felt a bit hungry and incidentally bought home a dozen or so meat buns. He went while munching on a few of them.

Almost to the entrance of the community, Lu Sheng saw a group of people hurriedly running ahead in front of him.

Lu Sheng felt the uniform they wore to be a bit familiar, then he recalled seeing them in the Red River Martial Arts Academy.

A few residents stood at the entrance of the community looking at the hustle-bustle while discussing by themselves.

"Who are these people?"

"The Red River Martial Arts Academy. I heard they are looking for someone. They've already searched several neighborhoods already. They went door-to-door ..."

"Who dare mess with the Red River Martial Arts Academy? Ah, they really are unlucky. This situation, I'm afraid, won't be resolved with just a few broken legs ..."

"Yes, these martial artists seem pretty fierce ..."

Lu Sheng listened to the general gossip going around, but did not pay the situation much attention.

He only knew of the Red River Martial Arts Academy loosely, and had been there only a couple of times. If the academy was looking for revenge, they simply were. It had nothing to do with him.

Lu Sheng finished his last bun when he paced back into his house.

Lu Sheng had a rare opportunity to just relax, so he sat on the sofa and just rested for a while.

Suddenly, his phone began ringing. Lu Sheng picked it up and looked at caller ID and saw that it was the guy from Xingshan Tang and cut the call.

Although the Spirit Muscle and Blood Strengthening Soup was almost finished, he was not worried.

The other side had been trying to get in touch with him with increasing urgency and fervency. The guy must need him for something. As for what, Lu Sheng had an idea. He guessed that it must be related to the Spirit Muscle and Blood Strengthening Soup.

He remembered that he had left in a hurry and left the flask unwashed. Furthermore, he estimated that the other party must've analyzed the residue and had found something interesting and was eager to contact him.

When that Spirit Muscle and Blood Strengthening Soup was to come to fruition, he had already had an idea in his mind.

His martial arts cultivation required a lot of money to support it, and as his strength increased he would need more and more.

How this money would come, naturally, he had to rely on those prescriptions in his head.

Without bragging, Lu Sheng casually took a pair of futuristic medicine prescriptions out and could easily exchange them for a large amount of wealth.

But the how, when, and whom matter most. All aspects must be deliberated.

All aspects need to be deliberate.

Xingshan Tang did not qualify, but with or without the prescriptions, he still needed to consider a lot before coming to a decision.

As of now, Lu Sheng desperately wanted to verify a conjecture he had in mind; an idea.

This matter was very crucial and was directly related to his subsequent martial part and how he'd proceed in the future.

Chapter 35: The Changed Future, Xiao Yuhe

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In the Dream World.

Base 1359.

Lu Sheng faced the light brain and spoke calmly: "Call up my biography. "

Lu Sheng looked at the Optical Mind and spoke calmly: "Pull up my biography."

[Retrieving ...].

In the next second, a large amount of information was presented in front of Lu Sheng.

The moment he saw his picture, Lu Sheng's heart beat hard.

Then he knew that his thoughts, were right.

On the photo, the original handsome and resolute middle-aged "Lu Sheng" has disappeared.

In its place, there was an emaciated old man with white hair and a vigorous spirit.

[Name: Lu Sheng]. [Gender: Male]. [Lifespan: June, 297 M.C.- July, 383 M.C.]. [Martial Prowess: Level 6 Martial Artist]. [Life Summary: ... Became a Level 2 Martial Artist at the age 18 and became a sensation in Baihe City. Later, on the recommendation of the Baihe City Martial Arts Association, he participated in the Dongning Province Prodigy Training Camp and entered top 20 while in training.]. [In the same year, he entered Dongning University of Martial Arts, ranking 1st in the city, 32nd in the province and 145th in the country ...]. [Three years later, he graduated from Dongning University of Martial Arts and served in the military. Five years later, he was honorably retired with a rank of lieutenant and founded the Sacred Martial Arts Academy in Baihe city ...]. [Was promoted to a Level 6 Martial Artist at the age of 45. Failed to qualify as a Level 7 Master in the same year.]. [He died on July, 383, at the age of 87 in an attack from the foreign beats on Baihe city.]. [Lu Sheng was married and had 2 daughters and 1 son.]. [Available Authority: Level 2].

After this point, Lu Sheng's life history became much richer, and Lu Sheng read through it carefully. Finishing it, he found that his character rating underneath had increased by half a star, becoming two and half stars.

Of course, the authority was still only Level 2.

"Sure enough, the future can be changed, or at least, my future can be changed!

"A week ago, I was a Level 4 Martial Artist who died at the age of 37, and a week later I successfully managed to be in my 80s. My strength hit the roof at Level 6, and If I hadn't met with an accident, I might've lived even longer ...

"The difference between the two lives lies in my strength that has improved within the week! My strength changed, the college entrance exams results changed, university changed, and my end was also changed.

"Earlier, it was shown that I had graduated from Baihe Martial Arts University and chose to join military. Now I've graduated from Dongning Martial Arts University and chose to open my own martial arts school, and finally had even touched the threshold for Level 7 Master ...

"Effort is of prime importance. The saying "Choice determines fate" really does make sense now ..."

In addition, Lu Sheng found one more thing.

"This biography doesn't mention any information related to Stellar Body Refining Technique, Natural Breathing Technique or the Crystal Contemplation Method, it seems that the techniques I obtained in the Dream World will not have any effect on the subsequent life as long as I don't choose to expose them ..."

Closing the interface of the Optical Mind, a determined look appeared in Lu Sheng's eyes.

“Through this verification I can be sure that my idea is valid. Fate can be changed, indeed. But to truly change the fate of the human race, and shift the trajectory of the entire world for the next 10,000 years ... the strength I have now is far from enough to achieve that.

“Level 6 Past Master is insignificant, but Level 7 Master, Level 8 Grandmaster, or even a Level 9 Martial Sage is just too unreachable. Perhaps when I reach the peak of Level 10, or even Level 11 in this era ... only then will I have the slightest possibility of saving what needs to be saved.”

Even in the future—10,000 years later—the Level 11 martial powerhouses were a rare sight, let alone in the current age with only a martial cultivation history of just over 300 years.

The path that Lu Sheng chose was simply impossibly difficult. However, he was resolved to give it his best.

...

Baihe city, Martial Artists Association.

Chairman's office.

The fifty-nine-year-old Xiao Yuhe had black hair and a rosy complexion, and there were hardly any wrinkles on his face, so he could not be seen as an old man who would be a sexagenarian soon.

But for a peak Level 6 Martial Artist who was about to enter the realm of a Level 7 Master, this was not surprising.

Xiao Yuhe was writing the character "God" with a brush, and he was concentrating on it.

Xiao Yuhe once met with an old master, who said that he had accumulated enough in all other aspects, but only his spiritual cultivation was falling short.

As long as he wrote 100,000 "God" characters, it was possible for him to reach the realm of a Master.

[TN: 神 *shén*
].

So far, Xiao Yuhe had already written 46,721, and this was the 46,722nd character.

"Chairman!"

The door was suddenly opened, and a man dashed in.

Xiao Yuhe's hand shook and a bit of ink fell on the paper, and the half-written character was ruined.

Xiao Yuhe glanced at the character with some regret, casually put down the pen, picked up the towel at hand and wiped his hands, and spoke, "What is it? What caused you to be so in a panic that you even forget how to knock before you enter."

The person who came in was Xiao Yuhe's secretary. She was in her 30s, wearing a pair of glasses, she looked svelte.

"Sorry President, I'll make sure to pay attention next time ..." The secretary apologized embarrassed, and then her expression became serious.

"There is something important to report."

"Speak."

The secretary picked up the document in her hands and reported the matter briefly.

Xiao Yuhe's face was calm at first, and gradually his expression began to change when they were at the meat of the report. His hand that picked up the cup shook fiercely, hot tea spilling on the table.

"Bring the data here. Quick!"

Xiao Yuhe couldn't care less about clearing the table and urged quickly. The secretary hurriedly handed up the documents in her hands.

Xiao Yuhe took the document and carefully flipped through it.

Soon, his eyes began to gradually widen, and there were small involuntary twitches of muscles at the corners of his eyes and mouth.

In the end, a huge splash of surprise bloomed out from his face.

"Yes! Bravo!"

Xiao Yuhe fiercely stood up and blurted out with an excited expression, "I never thought that our Baihe City could produce such a genius ..."

After a short bout of excitement, Xiao Yuhe's emotions gradually calmed down.

He lowered his head for a moment and calmly spoke, "Bring me up the video of this student's assessment, I'll watch it at once."

"As you wish."

Chapter 36: Perfection Realm Fist Technique, Gifted Martial Artist!

Chapter 36 — Perfection Realm Fist Technique, Gifted Martial Artist!

Soon, an up-to-date laptop was placed on Xiao Yuhe's desk, and the assessment began to play on the screen. Xiao Yuhe found the youngster named Lu Sheng with a glance.

In the picture, Lu Sheng, with an upright posture and handsome appearance, gave a calm and confident feeling when he moved his hands and feet.

Xiao Yuhe's eyes lit up, and he couldn't help but open his mouth to praise: "The young man is calm and steady, with the style of a great general ..."

The secretary next to him hurriedly echoed and nodded her head.

Afterwards, the video moved to the scene where Lu Sheng began taking his BQV test.

Xiao Yuhe already knew the results from the data, but when he really saw the "15.701" value appear in front of his eyes, his expression still could not help but slightly shaken.

The main thing was that this Lu Sheng was still too young.

According to the data, this young man named Lu Sheng, was 17 years and a month old. He had just become a senior in high school not long ago.

He had such high BQV at his age ... The implication and impact were simply too great.

One must know that most high schoolers would at most have BQV of about 1, which was not bad.

When Baihe city had conducted a census of high school, the average BQV they found was only around 0.783.

Lu Sheng was twenty times higher than the average.

Even in the best high school in Baihe city, Baihe First High School, the most outstanding geniuses there, how much would've been their BQV?

No more than 2.0.

"President, do you think this Lu Sheng has taken a lot of tonic pills to get this result? ..."

The secretary interjected at the side.

Xiao Yuhe shook his head, "Impossible. You understand Lu Sheng's family conditions. His parents are ordinary people. They simply cannot afford to buy many tonic pills ..."

The secretary thought for a moment and said, "What if someone else financed it?"

Xiao Yuhe gave the secretary a look.

"Considering his age, do you know how many tonic pills he would need to take to make his BQV reach 15.7?"

Xiao Yuhe held out a finger and answered, "Let me give you an example. It would bankrupt a family with over a billion yuan in assets, and yet that too would not necessarily be enough ... Moreover, even if an ordinary person does ingest that many pills, it is no guarantee that it'll increase his BQV and make it reach that height. A genius cannot be buried with money!"

However, Xiao Yuhe had yet to mention the most crucial point. As a peak Level 6 Martial Artist he knew how vain it was to raise one's BQV with the help of pills. And the strength brought by it would be like an empty glass.

But this Lu Sheng was solid and steady like no other.

Then again, Lu Sheng's Combat Power Index results later were a perfect testament to his genuine strength.

Boom!

A muffled sound came from the screen, that was the sound of Lu Sheng throwing a punch.

"15,700 plus ..."

The secretary sighed almost groaning, "If I wasn't personally responsible for the maintenance of the association's instruments every week, I would have suspected that this was an instrument malfunction ..."

Xiao Yuhe did not say anything, his eyes were glued to the computer screen, and his fingers kept pressing on the slow playback button of the video.

After a while, Xiao Yuhe's body slowly leaned back and made an obvious inhaling motion.

"Perfection realm ... fist technique ..."

He said word by word.

"Perfection realm fist technique ..."

The secretary froze for a moment, her expression somewhat confused.

Xiao Yuhe waved his hand and said, "This is the terminology of our martial arts world, you are not a martial artist, so you don't understand ... You just need a little ..."

Xiao Yuhe spoke with a complicated face: "What I know, the ones who have trained their fist to the perfection realm at his age ... are no more than ten!"

The secretary was shocked.

There was a feeling of uncertainty.

"17 years old, Perfection realm fist technique ... *tsk-tsk-tsk* ..." Xiao Yuhe lampooned for a while.

"But even with the help of a Perfection realm fist technique, it's quite hard to score a CPI of more than 15,000 with a BQV of 15.7, ah ... the increase in combat power from Perfection realm fist techniques are only twice at most ..." Xiao Yuhe's eyebrows furrowed fiercely.

He rewound the video and rewatched it again.

After watching it, then rewinding it back again ...

During this process, Xiao Yuhe's eyes widened little by little.

"15.7 BQV ... Ten times the standard CPI proportional to BQV ... Ordinary family ..."

Finally, when he saw it for the fifth time, Xiao Yuhe violently stood up from his seat, startling the secretary next to him.

"That must be it, it must be! Otherwise, it's simply unexplainable!"

Xiao Yuhe could not suppress his excitement and clenched his fist tightly, his excitement and elation far surpassing any precedence.

The secretary quietly swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

She had been Xiao Yuhe's secretary for several years and had never seen Xiao Yuhe behave like this.

It was as if ...

It was as if he had won a lottery ticket!

"Chairman ..." The secretary cautiously called out.

He was soon done exclaiming and had finished his hysterical laugh.

"Haha, Xiao Xu. This time, our Baihe Martial Arts Association has really picked up a treasure! A gifted martial artist ah! How rare are gifted martial artists, ah? It's amazing that one has emerged in our Baihe city. Plus, he is so young and has such an outstanding talent in fist techniques ... Hahaha ..."

The information showed that this student named Lu Sheng, who was in his senior year, his grades in all aspects were still mediocre, or even said to be low.

The information showed that this student named Lu Sheng, who was in his senior year of high school had mediocre grades, or you could even call them low. But just after entering his senior year, within a short period of one or two months, his BQV surged and his abilities in all aspects skyrocketed. Reaching the peak of Level 2, and was almost a Level 3 Martial Artist.

Such a phenomenon, Xiao Yuhe could only associate this with a special group of martial artists: Talented Martial Artists!

[TN: Really? "Talented Martial Artist"? A little on the nose don't you think, author?]

Chapter 37: Reverberation

Chapter 37 — Reverberation

Martial cultivation is, in essence, the process of constantly tapping into the latent potential of the human body. In this process, a few might awaken powerful abilities that are beyond imagination. These individuals, as a collective, were simply called Talent Martial Artists.

"This is the only possible explanation. Talented Martial Artists will experience a surge in BQV at the initial stage of them awakening their talent, which just so happened to coincide with the events that surround Lu Sheng. As for his outrageous combat power, that far exceeds that of a normal martial artist, it should be the natural ability that he has awakened, it might be strength related or something similar."

Xiao Yuhe's thoughts were clear; all his doubts about Lu Sheng dissolved, leaving behind only a sense of gratitude and joy.

As a Level 6 powerhouse, he was naturally well aware of how valuable a Talented Martial Artist was.

It was said that 1 official martial artist came from one out of thousand ordinary people, and then out of a thousand martial artists you couldn't be sure that even one among them was a Talented Martial Artist. By this, one could imagine how precious they were.

Not to mention a gifted martial artist like Lu Sheng.

Xiao Yuhe had been in office as the president of the Baihe City's Martial Arts Association for almost eight years. He had come to a conclusion that career had come to an end, and he would honestly continue retaining his position for a few more years before retiring.

But—Xiao Yuhe now saw hope for promotion!

"If ... I can nurture this seedling, Lu Sheng, properly, then when he grows to a certain height, the rewards he brings might take me to greater heights, putting me back on the social ladder ..."

Xiao Yuhe was not obsessed with power, what he really cared for was what came along that power—*Recourses*.

If he could advance just one more level [through the social rung], the resources he could get were not something that could be compared to a mere president of the Baihe City Martial Arts Association. With the help of these resources, Xiao Yuhe could even possibly hope to step into that realm that he always dreamed.

Level 7, Master!

"If I had enough resources, why would I need to bury myself in my office and write every day? Fuck these hundred-thousand ["God"] characters!"

Xiao Yuhe had long been tired of writing.

Xiao Yuhe had long since been tired of writing the character. Now he'd wished to puke whenever he came across the character "God".

Thinking of this, Xiao Yuhe could hardly hold back his excitement and joy, and quickly arranged for his secretary to proceed.

"Quick. Make haste and arrange a car for me. I wish to personally visit Lu Sheng at his home, pay my respects to his parents, and thank them for giving birth to such a good son ..."

"Yes, President."

...

Ni Shuang stood at the entrance of the martial arts academy, pacing back and forth, looking a bit annoyed.

A sturdy young man wearing a Red River Martial Arts Academy's martial arts uniform ran in, panting.

"Senior Sister Ni ..."

"How did it go? "

Ni Shuang's eyes instantly lit up with a bit of expectation and urgency in her voice as she asked, "Any news?"

The youth wiped the sweat on his forehead and nodded, "Yes. His name is Lu Sheng. A student of Baihe Third High School, a senior in high school. His father works as a porter in Shen Xing Logistics, his mother works as a cashier in Jia Jia Fu supermarket. He has a younger sister, and the family lives in the 15th building of Bilan district ..."

"Good! "

Ni Shuang clenched her fist hard, her face showing a pleased look.

The young man next to her was a bit puzzled and couldn't help but ask curiously, "Sister Ni, why are you looking for this Lu Sheng? Did he piss you off? Senior Sister, he's just a child, you don't need to push him to the brink ..."

"Shut up! "

Ni Shuang couldn't listen to him anymore and interrupted; it was hindering her good mood.

What is this? I'm the kind of person who would call a group of people to make trouble for someone and their family because of a personal grudge? It really made her speechless.

The youth meekly shut up and did not dare to say more.

After all, Ni Shuang was the establishment's owner's daughter, and she was strong. Almost no one in the academy could beat her. She was without doubt their Senior Sister.

While the youth stared, Ni Shuang's phone rang.

"Got it."

Ni Shuang hung up. Her beautiful face was a canvas of complexity.

The call was from her friend in the Martial Arts Association.

"I knew it would be soon, but I didn't expect it to be so soon ..." Ni Shuang took a deep breath, her usual calm returned to her eyes, then she strode towards the door with big steps.

"Take me to his [Lu Sheng's] house. By the way, ask my juniors to buy some presents suitable for elders and 16 to 17-year-old girl. Let it be a bit expensive ..."

...

"Teacher Zhong, I must see this student named Lu Sheng in person tomorrow. The school board will approve of the scholarship without seeing his results with their own eyes. And ..."

The vice principal sitting behind the desk pushed the glasses on the bridge of his nose and said coldly, "As far as I know, this student named Lu Sheng has not come to school for almost two weeks. Have you contacted his parents? "

Zhong Zhengguo frowned and said, "Vice Principal, you still don't believe my words? "

"With that grade report form you turned in? Sorry, it's really not enough." The vice principal shook his head.

A trace of anger flashed in Zhong Zhengguo's eyes, but more than that, he was helpless.

He had always thought that he had some say in the school, but now he knew that he was only a Level 2 Martial Artist in strength, and in the eyes of those on the school committee, he was nothing. He was just an ordinary school teacher who trained students in practical combat. There were many who could fill up that position.

After a moment of silence, Zhong Zhengguo compromised.

"Okay, I promise that Lu Sheng will certainly be back in school within this week. But at his own request, can we not notify his parents?"

"No way. "

The vice principal denied. "Being truant to school for more than a week is already a very serious breach of school discipline. I have given you face by not choosing to directly expel him from our school immediately. Besides, Teacher Zhong, I have to remind you that the way you handled this issue is very wrong. You are harboring a delinquent. ..."

Zhong Zhengguo wanted to say something, but the vice principal waved his hand, dismissing him, indicating the termination of the conversation.

Zhong Zhengguo stood up. "Then, vice principal, I'll head back first."

The vice principal indifferently hummed and looked down at his papers without even attempting any half-hearted greeting to see him off.

Zhong Zhengguo sighed softly and was about to prepare to leave.

Right at the moment, a man barged in through the door running.

"There good news! Great news! Haha ..."

Chapter 38: Door-to-Door Visit

The one to enter was an old man with a head full of white hair.

Seeing the old man come in, the vice principal sitting behind his desk immediately stood up.

"Principal Ding, what brings you here?"

Zhong Zhengguo also hurriedly opened his mouth to greet him, "Hello, Principal Ding. "

The old man with the surname Ding was the principal of Baihe Third High School. Notwithstanding his position as the principal of the school, he held office in the Baihe City Education Bureau, and the Martial Arts Association, and was a powerful Level 5 Martial Artist himself. He was a person of great standing in Baihe City.

At the moment, Principal Ding, was full of sprite, and his old face full of folds almost bloomed into a beautiful flower of a smile.

"Principal, what is it that you are so happy about?"

Principal Ding's face was full of hidden joy as he explained with a harrumph, "I just received a call from President Xiao, saying that our school has a martial arts genius named Lu Sheng. Tsk, tsk, tsk, 17-year-old with a BQV of 15.7, CPI of an astounding 15, 700, meeting out the standard for a Level 3 Martial Artist. If not it being President Xiao, who informed me of the matter personally, I would've taken such a thing to be a mere joke ... He says he is a Talented Martial Artist."

Principal Ding rambled to himself, unaware of the expressions on the faces of the two standing in front of him.

"Principal, did you just say that the Talented Martial Artist is— What's his name?" Zhong Zhengguo stammered and spoke.

"Lu Sheng!"

Principal Ding repeated the name, then smiled and patted Zhong Zhengguo on his shoulder approvingly. "Speaking of which, Teacher Zhong also gets a part of the credit. If I remember correctly, you led Lu Sheng's combat class, right ...?"

Lu Sheng ... Blood-Qi Value of 15.7 ... Combat Power Index of 15,700 ... Level 3 ... Talented Martial Artist ...

Zhong Zhengguo felt his entire body turn lethargic, he felt woozy, and he couldn't even stand straight. It was as if he was drunk, and as if he was living in a dream. As for the vice principal next to him, his eyes were open wide; mouth open so wide that you could stuff a teacup in it.

They were simply too shocked to even say a word.

...

Lu Sheng woke up to a sharp knock on the door, and had to end his training in the Dream World early.

"Brother ... Brother, come out quick, someone is looking for you!" His sister, Lu Qinghe, shouted at the door, her tone a bit anxious.

"Got it, will be out right away," Lu Sheng answered. A thoughtful look on his face.

Lu Qinghe's behaved quite oddly, today. Her knock was too gentle to her usual calls. She did not stick to her usual apathetic words, instead called him by his given name, which later appended with "someone is looking for you"

Lu Sheng had a guess on what it was about. He tidied his room a bit before walking out.

The Lu's lived in a quite small house. The bathroom faced the living room, and was flanked by both Lu Qinghe and Lu Sheng's room on both sides of the bathroom, respectively.

He ran a quick glance around the room and saw Lu Hai, Zheng Yufeng, and Lu Qinghe in the living room. Along with them, there was a man and woman sitting beside them. Strangers.

Next to the sofa were placed a pile of gifts that looked pricey from the look fo the packaging.

"Little Saint, come on!"

Seeing Lu Sheng come walk out, the bewildered Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen immediately asked him over.

Others also turned their heads towards him.

Lu Sheng a complicated look in Lu Qinghe's, while the other two had an ingratiating smile plastered on their faces.

"Mom. Dad." Lu Sheng calmly walked over, and Lu Qinghe quickly gave him a seat. "These two are ..." Lu Sheng looked towards the man and the woman sitting on the sofa.

Zheng Yufen hurriedly introduced.

"This is President Xiao Yuhe from the Baihe City Martial Arts Association, and this is ..." Zheng Yufen had a thoughtful look on her face.

Ni Shuang hastily added: "Red River Martial Arts Academy."

"Right, right!"

Zheng Yufen remembered, "Miss Ni of the Red River Martial Arts Academy."

"Student Lu Sheng can be considered our regular patron. He should be no stranger to our academy. That said, we have even met once, student Lu Sheng." Ni Shuang smiled, exuding poise and comport when she addressed everyone.

Lu Sheng nodded.

"Hello, President Xiao. Hello, Miss Ni. I'm Lu Sheng."

Looking at Lu Sheng's calm face, Ni Shuang couldn't help but secretly sigh in her heart. *How worthy of being the top genius of our Baihe City. He indeed is different!*

The people outside were going hysterical when they found out about his results at the Martial Arts Association this morning, but he, the person in question, acted as if nothing had happened.

He was even sleeping in his room earlier. How able minded.

Xiao Yuhe's heart was equally full of appreciation for Lu Sheng. He had seen many geniuses, but none like Lu Sheng, calm and collected, unbothered by anything. This alone put him leagues ahead of ordinary people who didn't know any better.

Simply put, he was an innate martial arts seedling!

“You two are here to see me because ...”

Ni Shuang wisely did not say anything and conceded to Xiao Yuhe.

Although the Red River Martial Arts Academy had some reputation in Baihe City, it was far worse than Xiao Yuhe, the president of the Martial Arts Association, who was a big shot that even her father, Ni Hongchuan, had to look up to. A casual stomp from an existence such as him could make the entire Baihe City tremble thrice.*

[*TL: I'm not sure if that was literal or just hyperbolic.]

And such a big brother, now can personally come to Lu Sheng home, nestled in a small house of less than ninety square feet.

And such a big shot had now personally come to Lu Sheng's home. A small house less than 90 sq. meters. This showed the amount of importance he placed on Lu Sheng.

With a smile, Xiao Yuhe spoke, “I came here on official business on behalf of the Baihe City Martial Arts Association. I've come here to present you, Lu Sheng, with an official martial artist badge.”

Lu Sheng's eyes lit up slightly, he had gone to the Martial Arts Association today to take the test for this very purpose.

On the other hand, when Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen, the clueless couple, heard Xiao Yuhe they became confused for a moment.

Official martial artist badge?

For Lu Sheng?

What the hell?

Chapter 39: Million Yuan Bonus, Prodigy Training Camp

Chapter 39 – Million Yuan Bonus, Prodigy Training Camp

Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen had only just returned, when the two people came to their front door.

One claimed to be the president of the Martial Arts Association, and the other said she was from some martial arts school.

If this were just that, Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen would've already kicked them both out of their house while calling them liars, but whether it was Xiao Yuhe or Ni Shuang, the way they presented themselves did not indicate in any way like that of ordinary miscreants, rather they seemed like genuinely important people.

Especially Xiao Yuhe. Along with the strength of a peak Level 6 Past Master with his temperament that was forged from experience and years of cultivation, he simply exuded an extremely powerful aura, the kind that ordinary people like them had only ever seen something alike on TV. Plus, Ni Shuang had come with a lot of gifts.

This confused them to a great extent and had them sat and chat for a while.

In fact, Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen did not have any clue what business the two even had with Lu Sheng, and were instead anxious thinking Lu Sheng had created some sort of trouble outside.

As a result, now, Xiao Yuhe actually said that he came to give Lu Sheng an official martial artist badge?

And now, Xiao Yuhe was saying he was here to award Lu Sheng with an official martial arts badge?

Lu Hai was dumbfounded and spoke cautiously, "Xiao ... Chairman Xiao, have you made a mistake, our Lu Sheng is still a high school student ..."

Xiao Yuhe laughed and said, "It is because he is so outstanding despite being in high school, that I'm here to award him and deliver the news." Saying that, Xiao Yuhe took out a beautiful brass badge from his pocket and put it in front of Lu Sheng.

"Little friend Lu Sheng, I am now officially informing you on behalf of the Baihe City Martial Artists Association that you have successfully passed the examination of an official Level 2 Martial Artist. From now on, you are an official Level 2 Martial Artist certified by the Martial Arts Association ..."

Xiao Yuhe said pleasantly: "Due to your outstanding performance on the CPI test, you have far exceeded the category of Level 2 Martial Artist, so we've decided that your monthly martial arts allowance will be paid according to the standard of a Level 3 Martial Artist ... Not only that, due to your outstanding talent in martial arts, our Baihe Martial Arts Association will also give you a bonus of one million yuan, hoping that you will continue to strive for further glory in martial arts in the future ... "

Boom!

When Xiao Yuhe delivered his piece, Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen, who were sitting on the sofa besides him blanked out directly.

Their eyes were narrowed, mouths wide open, and a buzz whipping around their brains.

If they weren't sitting on the sofa, they probably would have collapsed on the floor.

Lu Sheng ... Level 2 Martial Artist? Treatment of a Level 3 Martial Artist? One million yuan martial cultivation bonus?

Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen wondered if they were dreaming.

"One million ... "

"You, pinch me. Am I still awake ...?"

Next to them, Lu Qinghe also had a shocked expression on her face, but was in better shape than the couple.

Lu Sheng was calm.

Except for the one million yuan bonus, everything else was within his expectation.

"Many thanks to President Xiao. "

Lu Sheng nonchalantly put away the badge and the bonus check on the table.

The check, there was nothing much to speak about it, but it was mainly the badge that attracted him. Lu Sheng had previously learned about it online. The badges of martial artists from Level 1-3 were yellow; Level 4-6 being silver; Level 7, Masters, gold; and Level 8, Grandmasters, having a diamond badge.

Lu Sheng wasn't clear on the system further up.

Level 9 Martial Sages were only a handful few that were scattered across the world, and they did not need to prove their identities.

While holding the badge, he looked at the circular possession with patterns around the number "2" that represented his level. It seems to be made of brass, in fact, it is also mixed with many rare precious metals, the value of it being even higher than gold.

"Oh yes, there is one more thing I want to inform you," Xiao Yuhe said, "In two days, there'll be a provincial training camp for high school candidates that is about to open. The association is inclined to recommend you—"

"Is President Xiao talking about the Prodigy Training Camp held by the provincial association?" Ni Shuang, sitting next to him, interjected, cautiously.

Xiao Yuhe turned to look at her, "You know about this camp?"

Ni Shuang nodded and said, "I've heard of it, it's said that only the most talented martial arts geniuses in the entire Dongning Province are qualified to participate, and less than ten people from each city will be taken in."

"Right."

Xiao Yuhe nodded and turned to look at Lu Sheng with a gentle face, "What do you think, are you interested?"

Ni Shuang took the scene in front of her eyes, and her heart couldn't help be filled with unpleasantness.

She had not only heard of it, she had also enrolled in it back then.

She had not only heard of it, she had even signed up for it back then. Ni Hongchuan had made use of his extensive contacts, spent gifts, but yet it all in vain. She did not get in.

One could imagine how difficult it was to be enrolled in this camp. Just how many people were trying to get in every year, ah. But now with Lu Sheng, not only did the president of the Martial Arts Association personally invite him, but he was also fishing to see how Lu Sheng felt about it.

As if ...

It was as if he were begging him to go.

"Yes."

Lu Sheng nodded his head.

From what he took from Ni Shuang and Xiao Yuhe's conversation, this Prodigy Training Camp must be all benefits with no downsides. Since that was the case, there was no harm in going for a bit.

"Good!"

Xiao Yuhe looked quite happy, then stood up from the sofa.

"Since my purpose here is achieved. I shall not be a bother anymore."

Before Xiao Yuhe left, he deliberately shook hands with Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen, and said with solemnity: "Thank you for raising such an outstanding son."

Lu Hai and Zheng Yufen, on the other hand, saw Xiao Yuhe off, their brains still not registering what had happened.

“Is it real or not? A Level 2 Martial Artist. A million yuan bonus ... Is it not some mistake? Could it be that there is someone else with the given name and family name as our son, Lu Sheng ...”

Lu Hai turned Lu Sheng’s martial artist badge over and over again in his hands.

Ni Frost couldn't help but smile, saying, "Uncle, aunty, you do not need to doubt it. It is your son Lu Sheng. Lu Sheng went to the Martial Arts Association this morning for an assessment, the results he got were very excellent. Did you not see that even President Xiao was alarmed? I estimate the story to be on news tomorrow ...”

“On the news ...?” Lu Hai froze.

On the other side, Zheng Yufen who was on her phone looked up in a hurry: “It truly was the president of our Baihe City Martial Arts Association, Xiao Yuhe! It’s all over the internet, there are even photos ...”

Chapter 40: Honorary Disciple, Lu Qinghes Shock

Chapter 40 – Honorary Disciple, Lu Qinghe's Shock

“I think it is time to reveal what you are here for.” Lu Sheng’s gaze landed on Ni Shuang, and said in a calm tone.

Ni Shaung looked stunned.

At the moment she suddenly felt Lu Sheng’s temperament shift completely. If before he seemed introverted, now he looked slightly liberated. Like a reticent lion that inadvertently bared its fangs. The aura he radiated, for a moment, made her fall into the illusion that she was facing her own father, Ni Hongchuan.

A small feeling of oppressive tension rose within her.

This being her, who was an official Level 3 Martial Artist.

"I came here to ...”

After all, Ni Shuang was someone who usually directed the academy, so she quickly calmed her nerves and spoke, “I’m here to invite you, student Lu Sheng, to become an honorary disciple of our Red River Martial Arts Academy.”

"Honorary disciple?"

Lu Sheng frowned, "What is that?"

"It's like any other disciple, really. You need not come every day, but of course you come anytime and whenever you feel like. All the courses and equipment are free to use. You can even have Father personally instruct you. You'll also enjoy the highest level treatment comparable to a head instructor ... In fact, the title is just nominal, you do not have any actual obligations to fulfill ..." Ni Shuang hurriedly explained. This honorary disciple title was something she had just come up with.

There had always been only honorary instructors and honorary trainers, there had never been any honorary disciples.

But Lu Sheng was too young to be hired as a head instructor, and the martial arts academy valued him mainly for his terrifying talent, so Ni Shuang came up with this title.

A seventeen-year-old Level 2 Martial Artist, with a CPI on par with a Level 3 Martial Artist.

If such a sign was put out, will the Red River Martial Arts Academy not blow up in Baihe City? How many parents would rush to send their children to their academy? The effect of such a step was better than finding a Level 4 or even Level 5 Martial Artist to instruct.

This is what Ni Shuang thought.

"No."

Lu Sheng decisively refused.

"The treatment can be negotiated ..." Ni Frost hastily conceded.

Lu Sheng, however, turned her words around and continued, "I'm fine with an honorary membership. You can advertise that I usually come practice in your Martial Arts Academy, which is indeed true ..."

The word "disciple" involved too many implications.

The director of the Red River Martial Arts Academy, Ni Hongchuan, Lu Sheng had never even met him, how could he possibly admit to being a disciple of a person, even if it was just titular. He did not want someone using his name to swindle.

Though he had a good impression of the Red River Martial Arts Academy, at the end of the day, it was just that—a good impression.

"If you can accept it, so be it, if not, then I'm sorry ..." Lu Sheng said indifferently, "Of course I will probably still go to your academy to do tests in the future."

After all, it was closer to home.

Ni Shuang's eyes struggled for a moment and eventually softened.

"Okay, honorary membership it is. The previous terms apply here as well. Just that I want this honorary title to be exclusive to our Red River Martial Arts Academy."

"OK." Lu Sheng nodded.

This meant that in the future, the Red River Martial Arts Academy would have to pay Lu Sheng a sum of money every month, equivalent to the salary of the highest ranked instructor of their institute, which was about 100,000 yuan.

The only thing Lu Sheng needed to do was to admit to the public that he frequented the Red River Martial Arts Academy. Lu Sheng felt that it was okay to do such a business.

"Then I won't bother everyone anymore." Ni Shuang stood up and bid farewell. Although the final result was a bit different from what she expected, it was not entirely unacceptable.

Ni Frost was very clear on her part. After Lu Sheng's test results spread in Baihe City, when the time came, they would make more than what they had spent on this "honorary membership".

Speaking of which, their Red River Martial Arts Academy can also be considered lucky. The location of the academy just happened to be in the neighborhood of Lu Sheng's home which granted them this chance.

After sending Ni Shuang away, the family cleaned up.

Lu Sheng took a look at his parents who were still fiddling with the badge and check, and told them, "I'll head back to my room. Call me when it's time for dinner."

After saying that, he turned around and left.

The badge and the million yuan check seemed not to faze him as he strode back into his room.

...

Lu Qinghe was in a state of deep shock. This had begun when she was in the Martial Arts Association in the morning. When Yang Yuan had brought up the name, Lu Qinghe thought she might've heard it wrong. Or rather, she had assumed they were two people who just shared the same name.

It was the first time Lu Qinghe had seen Senior Sister Yang Yuan give such an expression. In her heart, Senior Sister Yang Yuan should be beautiful, high, and cold, always proud, always the genius, the idol she always worshiped.

But at that moment Yang Yuan displayed strong frustration, powerlessness, helplessness, and lack of confidence. It was the first time she saw Senior Sister Yang Yuan look up to a person. And that person was her own brother?

How is this possible! Even if Lu Sheng did change a lot this time. Starting from his looks, image, temperament, meal size, grades and other aspects, he had become almost unrecognizable to her.

But.

No matter how many changes he may undergo, it was impossible for him to reach such a height to make Senior Sister Yang Yuan idolize him!

Impossible! Absolutely impossible! It is definitely a similar name; just a technical error. Lu Qinghe kept telling herself this. As a result, after returning home, something even more outrageous happened.

The president of the Baihe City Martial Arts Association, Xiao Yuhe, actually personally visited home because of Lu Sheng.

Lu Qinghe knew Xiao Yuhe.

Once Baihe First Middle School held a school-wide event, the school specially invited this pivotal figure.

The principal and director on both sides were smiling, their faces full of glory, as if it was a matter of great honor to invite Xiao Yuhe.

Lu Qinghe was completely confused.

Then this big shot, who usually can only be seen on TV, cheerfully began to praise and encourage Lu Sheng, and even personally gave him a martial arts badge and a bonus ... This situation was all too familiar to Lu Qinghe.

Since childhood, every time after the examination results, the class teacher called her on stage to shower her with praise, and she'd have a face brimming with joy.

It was that kind of situation.