

Dawn of a New Era #Chapter 34: Thrusting the Bouncy Balls - Read Dawn of a New Era Chapter 34: Thrusting the Bouncy Balls

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Wang Ruyue retreated two steps swiftly, her face flushed and her breath quickened, looking at Chen Shouyi across from her, whose face was pale and appeared shocked, but in reality had barely taken a few deep breaths.

She honestly wanted to curse, but was unsure if she should?

With such strength, he still seeks tutoring? Does he think the Martial Artist Apprentice assessment is the same as the Martial Artist assessment?

If she hadn't watched him grow rapidly right under her nose, she would suspect he was a peer trying to disrupt her class!

"Bring me my real sword?" she said coldly.

Chen Shouyi was shocked: "Teacher Wang, this could really be deadly!"

Wang Ruyue glanced at him, sneering: "What are you thinking? I only have two wooden swords and one real sword, and now the wooden sword is useless. If I don't use the real sword for teaching, what should I use?"

Chen Shouyi chuckled awkwardly, realizing he had overreacted.

But given her hostile expression, anyone would misunderstand!

Soon, Chen Shouyi fetched the alloy sword from the weapon rack and handed it over.

The beautiful teacher did not say much, and directly began teaching: "It's better to master one than to be mediocre in many. Your thrust technique is already quite effective in real combat, both defense and offense are being applied flexibly. I suggest you focus on mastering the thrust technique.

You should have heard this saying: In the world of martial arts, nothing is unbreakable but speed! As the fastest sword form, thrusting is one of the main schools of swordsmanship. Now, let me teach you the remaining thrust moves: knee lift thrust, back turn lower thrust, and hook sword thrust!

As for the other sword forms, you just need to grasp them superficially. I'll teach them in the next two classes."

...

Although the beautiful teacher seemed unfriendly, she taught with seriousness, patience, and meticulous care.

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PM.

By the time Chen Shouyi returned to the hotel from the beautiful teacher's home, it was already 10 PM, and the express delivery ordered last night had arrived.

He retrieved it from the front desk and returned to his room.

Without bothering to unpack, he immediately opened the briefcase and released the Shell Lady.

Once the tape was peeled off, the Shell Lady shouted angrily.

Today she had been lying in the pitch-black briefcase for a whole day, waking and sleeping alternately, her resentment nearly breaking through the sky.

Fortunately, no matter how great the resentment, it could not resist a glass bead.

If one bead wasn't enough, then two.

After feeding the Shell Lady honey, Chen Shouyi turned on the TV, and she soon forgot her previous grievances.

...

After settling the Shell Lady, Chen Shouyi then opened the parcel.

He first removed a long, narrow paper box, quickly discarding the outer cardboard.

Inside the sword case was a sheathed sword; the scabbard was made of some hardwood, adorned with patterns, appearing ancient and imposing.

He gripped the sword hilt and slowly drew the sword.

Suddenly, a gray-white alloy long sword was revealed before his eyes.

Although this sword was second-hand, apart from some sesame-sized serrated notches on the blade making it slightly flawed, the rest looked as good as new, clearly well-maintained.

He liked this sword at first sight.

The blade was about 90cm long, with the hilt around 1.1 meters, weighing roughly 10.1 kilograms, much heavier than the practice wooden sword.

The sword body wasn't as thin as a decorative sword, appearing rather substantial and solid. Additionally, a blood groove ran along the middle of the blade, and Chen Shouyi faintly sensed a hint of bloody aura.

This was truly a killing sword.

He casually thrust a few times in the air, finding it surprisingly handy despite its weight.

The seller also included a bottle of maintenance oil and a silk cleaning cloth.

He fondly caressed the sword body for a while, picked up the cloth, gently wiped off the possible sweat stains, then sheathed the sword again and put it in the case.

Next, he opened another package. Inside were components for a recurve bow, along with a quiver and 20 metal arrows with trihedral tips. Chen Shouyi imagined the fearsome damage these arrowheads could cause once fired.

The recurve bow was detachable and required self-assembly.

Fortunately, with the manual for guidance, he quickly assembled it.

The entire bow was about 1.7 meters long, resembling a pair of spreading wings; the bow limbs were made from multiple sets of high elasticity composite materials, and the grip was anti-slip matte-treated metal.

Testing it with force, he managed to pull it only halfway.

He realized he had been careless, as 500 pounds was already Martial Artist Level for a heavy bow, nearly doubling the Apprentice Level of 300 pounds, almost reaching his strength limit, incomparable to today's practice with the heavy bow.

His face turned serious, inhaled deeply, muscles tensed, using nearly nine-tenths of his strength, finally managing to fully draw the heavy bow.

After a moment, he slowly released the bowstring.

"Good bow, truly a good bow!"

Looking at this lethal weapon, Chen Shouyi felt exhilarated, thinking if he had this war bow yesterday, there would have been no need for close combat with those two barbarians, risking a fight with a wooden stick.

...

Before sleeping that night, he entered the Memory Space again to practice the sword techniques learned today.

The night passed without incident.

Early the next morning, he first went to a trinket shop and bought various odds and ends, then carrying two packages as cover, he returned to the alternate world.

Upon releasing the Shell Lady,

Chen Shouyi went straight to the island's peak, surveying the surrounding sea from above, confirming no barbarians were present, and even the canoe he had pushed out to sea was nowhere in sight.

He breathed a sigh of relief; this was good news.

It indicated the island was quite remote, with barbarians rarely active in this sea area.

Although he was already prepared, avoiding conflict was always best.

After all, not every barbarian was as "weak" as yesterday's encounter. In this world where the extraordinary manifests and deities dwell, the disparity in strength between individuals is as vast as if they belong to different races.

Chen Shouyi returned to his former spot, unpacked the two parcels, and assembled the war bow.

He then carried two weapons, along with the ordinary training wooden stick, to the largest tree on the island.

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This tree, though the largest, was only four to five meters high.

The trunk twisted, the bark appeared dry and dark, with sparse leaves, resembling a malnourished malformed creature.

But for Chen Shouyi's upcoming plan, the tree was tall enough.

He took out fifteen bouncy balls bought from the trinket shop earlier, drilled holes with a small screwdriver, then tied them with fine nylon strings.

Next, he climbed the tree, estimated the distance of the bouncy balls from the ground, and secured the other ends to the branches.

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A half-hour later, all the bouncy balls were tied to the branches, swaying like pendulums below.

He clapped his hands, feeling a sense of accomplishment looking at his work.

"It's finally done."

Standing amid the bouncy balls, he picked up the wooden stick from the ground, took a deep breath, and quickly struck one of the balls.

The next moment, the ball was propelled by a powerful force, swinging into the air. Taking advantage of this interval, he immediately struck another ball.

Then swiftly struck the third ball.

This drill was the most common small ball thrust exercise at the Martial Arts Academy, suggested by the beautiful teacher last night, training thrusting accuracy while enhancing physical and mental reaction abilities, as well as tracking dynamic objects.

The more balls struck, the exponentially harder it became.

As he struck the fourth ball, the foremost one quickly swung back towards him.

He timely responded, quickly turning, and aimed for the first ball again.

Unexpectedly, he missed!

Each bouncy ball was only as large as a longan, and adding to the threefold gravity, their speed was exceedingly high, making it challenging to thrust accurately with a sword.

"I didn't expect to still lack so much!"

PS: Please recommend and bookmark! Ahhhhh!

Chapter 35: Chapter 35: Tree God

Only in the details can the truth be seen.

Watching the small ball piercing the air, he suddenly realized that his seemingly powerful swordsmanship was nothing more than a surface gloss built on the Martial Artist level physique, but inwardly unstable and hollow.

Martial Arts is not like studying; it's not that just because you've understood it, you can master it.

Memory is just memory. To turn it into one's own requires repeated practice over and over, forging through intense training until it becomes muscle memory and instinct. There's no shortcut in this aspect.

The impatience in his heart faded away, quickly calming him down.

Then, he once again thrust his sword at the small ball!

...

About a hundred kilometers away from here on a small island.

This island is much larger than the one Chen Shouyi is on, measuring five to six kilometers in radius, rich in resources, with lush trees.

Especially one large tree that stands out among the others, about several hundred meters tall, with jade-like leaves spreading like a giant umbrella, covering nearly a fifth of the island's area.

Underneath the big tree, a tribe of several hundred people is settled here.

This is a rather primitive tribe, with civilization still in its infancy.

The young adults, holding higher status, are mostly clad in animal skins, while the young and women are mostly naked.

Of course, here, animal skins have transcended their meaning as clothing, becoming a symbol of martial prowess and status.

However, this tribe survives quite well, with strong men, rosy-cheeked women, and a high ratio of youth.

Under the protection of the Tree God on the island, there are no fearsome beasts or dangerous Natural Spirits, and the tribe thrives with strong vitality, with yearly births far surpassing deaths.

Since five years ago, under divine guidance, sacrificing over thirty tribe members to help the Tree God kill a Giant Beast on the island.

They have gone for exactly two years without having an abnormal death in the tribe.

Until yesterday!

Before night fell, two tribe members went fishing and never returned.

The night in this world is dangerous, while the island has the Tree God's protection preventing any Natural Spirits from harming them.

But once on the ocean, the Tree God's great power temporarily cannot extend to that area, making it likely a matter of life and death.

Regarding this matter.

Early in the morning, the tribe's Wizard, before the people headed out for hunting and gathering, summoned all tribe members for a sacrifice to the Tree God.

The Wizard is already elderly, with wrinkles all over his face, and at his age, he's already pondering matters of life after death.

In this world, death is not the end of life.

During one of his communications with the Tree God, while he was semi-conscious, he vaguely saw countless deceased tribe members continuing life there, peaceful and harmonious.

Later communications confirmed such insights from the Tree God.

And offering sacrifices to the Tree God not only highlights his transcendent status in the tribe but more importantly wins over the favor of the Tree God.

Such activities are mandatory, and if conditions don't allow, conditions must be created.

'Tree God' is quite enormous, not to mention the gigantic umbrella-like canopy, just the trunk alone has a diameter of more than ten meters, and no one knows how many years this tree has lived; its bark is akin to a dry, cracked earth, evoking a sense of ancientness.

According to status and age, all tribe members surround the Tree God, forming several circles.

The innermost circle consists of the Clan Leader and some of the strongest Warriors, followed by developmental teens, and lastly women and children; even smaller infants naturally wouldn't be brought here.

Being a primitive tribe and a 'Tree God' of nascent divinity and still awakening.

The sacrificial ritual naturally speaks of no complex ceremony, let alone formal prayers, yet despite this, the solemn atmosphere is palpable.

The elderly Wizard dances madly, gesticulating wildly, uttering strange incantations he himself doesn't understand.

Soon, a beast the size of a goat is carried by four strong men to the vicinity of the tree.

The Wizard takes out a black Stone Blade seemingly made from black obsidian, and amidst its piercing cries, slit its throat in one swift motion, causing plentiful blood to gush forth and spill onto the ground.

The moment the blood trickles down, a fresh and faint radiance emanates from the tangled roots.

The once-convulsing beast's head lolls to one side, completely silent, as though its soul has been absorbed.

Silence envelops the surroundings; all Barbarians bear faces mixed with reverence and fear, even ignorant children close their mouths in unease.

In the glow, the old Wizard sits down with closed eyes, head tilted, seemingly unconscious.

Not a single Barbarian dares disturb the Wizard's communication with the Tree God.

After a long while, the old Wizard finally opens his eyes, seemingly startled, his expression frightened and twisted:

"Danger comes from the North!"

...

Chen Shouyi was completely unaware of all this.

Once he started practicing, he continued for four to five hours straight.

With the swiftly moving small ball, he went from initially hitting two to three times out of ten to later hitting four to five times out of ten.

Of course, Chen Shouyi is also aware that it's because this is his first practice, allowing for such rapid progress; any further improvement would require significantly more effort.

It's like a test, where going from scoring in the twenties and thirties to forties and fifties is the easiest, just requires a bit of focus, maybe even just paying careful attention during the exam; but going from seventies and eighties to nineties, that's certainly not achievable with just short-term efforts.

The further he progresses, the more challenging each step becomes!

...

Feeling the hunger in his stomach, Chen Shouyi finally stopped.

Just as he returned to the passageway entrance, after half a minute, the muscle soreness quickly subsided under the Natural Healing talent's ability.

He opened his briefcase, took out the cooked beef and bread meant for lunch.

The Shell Lady flew over lightly, pointing out a newly gathered pile of golden sand in the distance while shouting:

"Gem! Gem! Gem!"

Chen Shouyi felt less excitement for the golden sand compared to before, but to encourage the Shell Lady, he went over for a look.

Weighing about thirty grams, accumulated with the previous days, now totaled over a pound.

Based on estimated weight, he immediately fished out three small Glass Beads from his pocket as a reward.

With a delighted face, the Shell Lady accepted them and held them up to the sunlight, then flew up, circling above some bushes for ages, warily keeping an eye on Chen Shouyi like a thief, quickly flying into the bushes once he's distracted.

Using the bush's cover, she squatted down, using her slender hands to dig open a small dirt pit, revealing a shell buried within.

She opened the shell and placed the three Glass Beads inside.

The Glass Beads already filled the shell completely, radiating a gleam of shimmering jewels.

Afraid of being dazzled by the glow, she squinted slightly.

Looking at this 'gigantic' treasure chest filled with gems, she felt enchanted and completely lost in thought.

After a long time, she regained her senses, closing the shell again, and covered it up with soil.

Acting nonchalantly, she swayed in front of Chen Shouyi and then energetically continued searching for golden sand.

While eating lunch, Chen Shouyi finally lifted his head and looked at her busy figure speechlessly.

PS: Asking for recommendations, ah ah ah