

Dawn of a New Era

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Memory Space

After dinner, Chen Shouyi quickly returned to his bedroom.

After racking his brains to finish today's homework, he pulled out the wooden sword from under the bed and continued his repeated thrusts. But perhaps because his talent was really lacking, he still couldn't find the linkage point for all the muscles in his body.

As for asking his genius sister for advice, that was impossible, it would never happen in this lifetime.

As the only remaining piece of self-respect for an older brother, he would never bow to his sister.

Even though the training was ineffective, he still practiced for an hour, but the level of his swordsmanship remained (novice), with no progress at all.

Chen Shouyi suddenly felt that life was inherently unequal. Why are some people smart while others are dumb, why are some people born with athletic talent while others are clumsy like a stubborn stone? Like his sister, he never saw her trying harder than him, yet she easily outclassed her peers and was now on the brink of becoming a Martial Artist Apprentice.

He felt a bit dejected, but just thinking about the "Book of Knowledge" within him, the gloom in his heart was swiftly dispelled as if by a blazing sun, filling him with motivation.

Now, he had the "Book of Knowledge"

The energy accumulation had reached 0.32.

If calculated from the time point of optimizing by consuming energy yesterday evening to now, ten o'clock in the evening, in nearly thirty hours, the energy accumulation of the Book of Knowledge had increased by 0.12, which meant you could increase approximately 0.1 points every twenty-four hours.

In just ten more days, he would be able to optimize again.

His eyes sparkled, radiant and glowing!

Afterwards, he exhausted all his strength to practice two sets of eight times of the thirty-six exercises of body refinement.

He rested for a while, went to the bathroom to take a shower, and then lay down on the bed.

He called upon the Book of Knowledge, and his body once again entered the Gray Mist Space.

He curiously looked around; although he had been here once before, everything still felt extraordinarily novel.

He looked toward the small tree in the center, quickly finding the knowledge fruit representing the thirty-six body refinement exercises, which indeed had grown larger, from the size of a sesame seed to that of a mung bean.

With an intense curiosity, he looked at the leaf representing today's memory on the top.

The memories of the day were unremarkable, as if he were watching a dull and lengthy movie starring himself, with no climax, no twists and turns, no joy or sorrow, no love or hatred, as plain as a cup of bland boiled water.

However, Chen Shouyi watched with great interest. To some extent, this was a way for him to examine his life from another perspective.

Perhaps because he was too engrossed in watching.

He felt the scene around him changing, and he suddenly found himself back in the classroom.

On the lectern, the middle-aged bald math teacher was passionately explaining a complex geometry problem. He found that less than ten hours had passed, and this geometry problem, which he had understood before, now felt slightly dull.

He resisted the curiosity for this Memory Space, listened carefully for a while, finally understanding it again, and then couldn't help but try to look around.

But the next moment, he was shocked to find that he couldn't control his body at all.

"Is it because memories cannot be changed?" he thought to himself.

"I wonder if I can switch perspectives?" As soon as the thought came to him, he found himself already out of his body, looking down at the classroom from above.

He felt like an invisible ghost, floating several meters above, with no one able to detect him.

Perhaps his range of vision came from the original memory; he could only see about half of the classroom and one-third of the students, with everything else filled with black mist.

For some reason, the black mist gave him a terrifying feeling, as if entering it would bring him great danger.

Chen Shouyi had no desire to take any risks, immediately withdrawing his gaze, and with a thought, slowly drifting around the classroom.

Some people were sneakily reading a novel under the cover of their books, some were dozing off, and others were sneaking snacks into their mouths when the teacher wasn't looking.

He felt like a god, looking down on all beings.

As he continued to wander, becoming aware that his actions in this Memory Space had no restraints, he grew bolder and more reckless.

He even leaned closely to stare at the delightful scenery under the skirt of a girl he had always admired from afar. Such behavior was something he would never have imagined in the past, but now he did it without a second thought.

After seeing enough and satisfying his curiosity, Chen Shouyi began to feel a sense of boredom.

He kept wandering around and accidentally bumped into a classmate in the aisle. At that moment, something unexpected happened—his consciousness quickly merged into it.

"Huh!"

He was shocked to find that he could sense this classmate's body, a feeling both familiar and strange, quite wonderful.

He immediately retreated, then tried entering others' bodies, discovering he could enter all of them.

Some bodies felt comfortable, some awkward (females), and others uncomfortable to him.

For instance, Teacher Sun's middle-aged bald body left him feeling suffocated and short of breath, with a strong smell of smoke in his nose, and it felt like there was phlegm stuck in his throat.

"Indeed, Teacher Sun's lungs were always poor, frequently coughing."

...

As he continued to explore, Chen Shouyi found he could control the flow of time in the memory world and even capture specific segments.

A thought crossed his mind, and suddenly he had a bold idea.

Soon, the scene switched.

It was the scene of the afternoon Martial Arts Class.

"The lunge thrust is the most basic move in swordsmanship, and also the most commonly used technique. If you master the lunge thrust, you've learned half of swordsmanship. Do you know who is the vice president of the Dongning City Martial Arts Association?"

The class monitor, Zhang Xiaoyue, immediately said: "It's Zhou Shaofeng."

Floating in the sky, Chen Shouyi couldn't help but glance at Zhang Xiaoyue. Just a moment ago, he had sneakily admired the scenery under her skirt.

"Correct, the so-called 'A unique skill can dominate the world.' Two years ago, it was with this single move of the ultimate lunge thrust that Zhou Shaofeng consecutively killed two Barbarian Race warriors who secretly came to Earth to scout through hidden space wormholes, all just using a single lunge thrust."

Since the integration with the other world, countless space wormholes have been generated on Earth's side, varying in size from several kilometers to barely detectable.

Some are positioned in the lower sky, while others penetrate deep underground. The former is naturally discovered upon emergence, but the latter is extremely concealed and hard to detect. Often, powerful Barbarian Race entities from the other world sneak through these hidden wormholes to Earth, not only stealing information but even engaging in reckless slaughter.

Of course, there are more wormholes in outer space, but for people from the other world, these wormholes are deadly—coming out is a certain death.

"Now, everyone watch me demonstrate a standard lunge thrust!" The Martial Arts Teacher said, and then picked up a wooden sword, walking to the human model.

"I've been waiting for your words!" Chen Shouyi thought to himself.

With a movement, he swiftly merged into the body of the Martial Arts Teacher.

Suddenly, an immense feeling of strength emerged from the bottom of his heart.

"Is this the body of a Martial Artist Apprentice?"

He could feel the powerful heartbeat of this body, with muscles brimming with a terrifying explosive force.

He quickly collected his thoughts, as the demonstration was about to start.

"He" stood in front of the model, feet aligned just right, muscles relaxed yet loose, but as he raised the long sword, his whole body's muscles started to operate.

Because it was a demonstration, the Martial Arts Teacher's moves were slow, making every effort to let all students see clearly. This also allowed Chen Shouyi to better feel the intricate operation of this bodily machine.

As the foot stepped out, power traveled from the toes, rapidly transmitting accumulated force upward, continuously amplifying it.

Just like a whip gently swung, able to create a sonic boom at its tip, by the time it reached the arm, he even felt a kind of irresistible force—if he didn't thrust, his insides might suffer from the impact.

The next moment, it heavily struck the model's head.

The tremendous force almost made this standard 80-kilogram model's head hit the ground, shifting it a meter, then causing it to sway violently.

"This feeling is simply too wonderful, the whole body feels like a precisely structured and perfectly controlled machine. When will I reach this level?" Chen Shouyi marveled in his heart.

Next, the Martial Arts Teacher continued to demonstrate twice, one slow and one fast, then asked everyone to practice on their own.

Fortunately, here it was only his memory and he could control it as he pleased.

He immediately rewound the memory scene, in the Memory Space, this "poor" Martial Arts Teacher repeated the previous actions once more.

Again and again, Chen Shouyi carefully experienced the secret of exerting force until after hundreds of times his memory became ingrained, he even developed the illusion that he had known how to do it all along. Even with his eyes closed, he could vividly recall the wondrous synchronization and coordination of the muscles through his entire body.

PS: As a young seedling with aspirations, how could I not ask for recommendations and collections? Also, more review votes are welcome. Currently, the new book ranking is already at forty-first, and fourth in the fantasy new book section.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Breaking Through Oneself

Early the next morning, while it was still barely light, Chen Shouyi was already awake.

The muscle memory of last night's practice with the lunge and straight sword was still vividly etched in his mind. As soon as he got up, he eagerly picked up the wooden sword to practice, thinking he would easily master the essential points of the lunge and thrust.

But when he actually practiced, he found it was not the case at all.

Memory is nothing more than memory.

He felt his muscles were stiff and awkward, extremely difficult to control.

This was different from practicing the optimized Thirty-Six Body Refining Techniques. The optimized version had only small changes compared to the original, and the exertion followed normal human habits.

Chen Shouyi quickly adapted after practicing a few times and even became proficient.

But the lunge and thrust seemed like forcing a low-power, poorly made machine to transform into a high-power machine with tight precision. Not only did each muscle require precise control, but they also needed to coordinate smoothly to unleash full-body power seamlessly.

Fortunately, compared to others, he possessed the memory of the Martial Arts Teacher's lunge and straight thrust, which was a huge advantage, like someone who already knew how to do it just had a different body to train with.

This meant he didn't have to take detours.

...

Days passed steadily, and for Chen Shouyi, life was plain yet fulfilling.

His appetite improved, and his body grew stronger day by day. His thin and skinny chest began to become sturdier.

By the third day, his physical and willpower attributes both increased by 0.1. By the fourth day, his strength gained an increase of 0.1, followed by agility...

Do not underestimate an attribute increase of only 0.1. From the base of a typical attribute of 10, it may seem trivial.

But in fact, each major attribute in the Book of Knowledge is calculated as a 1.5 times multiplier between each point.

A strength of 10 equates to about one hundred kilograms, while an 11 would be one hundred fifty kilograms, and a twelve would be two hundred twenty-five kilograms.

Increasing by 0.1 above a base of ten roughly corresponds to five kilograms.

This is just the result of a few days' effort.

Moreover, his attributes were almost wholly improving, with various attributes complementing each other, significantly enhancing a person's combat power.

...

Yet another day of Martial Arts Class.

The Martial Arts Teacher patrolled among the group, and upon seeing Chen Shouyi's practice, his eyes lit up, clapping his hands, loudly saying,

"Chen Shouyi's lunge and straight thrust is already at the introductory level. Come here and demonstrate for everyone."

With the teacher's loud praise, numerous eyes turned towards him at once.

These gazes were like focused sunlight, making Chen Shouyi's face feel flush and somewhat at a loss, especially with a few curious stares from pretty girls making him feel even more suffocated.

Since childhood, he had been timid and self-conscious, afraid of being exposed in front of others. Even answering questions would make him blush and stutter, let alone now.

"Chen Shouyi, a bit shy, aren't you?" The teacher said with a kind smile, "How can you practice martial arts without some courage?"

A burst of laughter ensued.

The classmates' laughter was like sharp swords, piercing his fragile spirit.

Chen Shouyi lowered his head, secretly clenched his fist, his sharp nails digging deep into his palm, roaring internally:

"What are you afraid of? Chen Shouyi, what exactly are you afraid of?"

"These are just classmates, what's there to fear?"

"Even if you embarrass yourself and don't do well, what can happen?"

"From childhood to now, none of these people genuinely care about you, and no one looks up to you. Even if you lose face, they'll forget in no time!"

Under continuous self-hypnosis, a strong will seemed to surge through his heart, and suddenly Chen Shouyi said, "Yes, teacher!"

Once he spoke, he felt as though he had broken free from some internal bondage, and everything seemed different.

The air inside the indoor basketball court became fresher.

The afternoon sunlight filtered through the leaves outside, passing through glass windows, casting scattered patches of light.

As Chen Shouyi started walking forward, at first, his head was slightly lowered, shoulders hunched, face flushed, yet as he stepped forward, he slowly lifted his head, his steps became firmer, his posture grew straighter, and the redness on his face slowly faded away.

"I didn't realize Chen Shouyi was this tall!" a girl softly exclaimed, as if discovering a new world.

"Me neither, I never noticed before!" another girl quietly echoed as if they found common ground.

...

"I bet he's going to cry later!" muttered Zhao Yifeng, his best friend, in his heart.

He felt somewhat uncomfortable, seeing a seemingly unfamiliar Chen Shouyi.

After all, they were both in the same miserable state, so no one could mock anyone, but when someone tried to leap out of the mire, the intense jealousy and self-doubt instinctively made him want to stop it all.

Sun Xin didn't speak, just quietly pressed his lips. As deskmates, he could clearly feel the change in Chen Shouyi.

These days, Chen Shouyi has been studying hard every day, more diligently than anyone else. Sometimes he even wonders if the other party has been stimulated by something.

...

Chen Shouyi stood still in front of the model demonstrated by the teacher.

"You can begin!" the Martial Arts Teacher said.

"Alright, teacher!" Chen Shouyi responded respectfully.

Holding his sword, under the gaze of fifty-three people in the class, he felt incredibly calm, with sharp and confident eyes.

Six days ago, he finally reached the entry-level in swordsmanship.

For him, the hardest part of swordsmanship was getting started. Once taking the first step, with the school's Martial Arts Teacher's body memory as a reference, he completely made tremendous progress. In just a few days, the forward lunge stab became increasingly familiar, approaching the point where he could perform a standard stab without thinking.

In the next moment, he moved instantly, his body flowing like clouds and water, like a phantom or mist, and the long sword seemed to pierce through the storm as a sea swallow.

"Bang!" A loud noise!

The tip of the sword heavily hit the brow of the model, knocked it to a thirty-degree angle with the ground, and the base shifted nearly half a meter.

Silence fell around, followed by collective gasps.

Out of the fifty-four people, including himself, fewer than five had reached entry-level swordsmanship, yet none could do it so perfectly while also moving the model nearly half a meter.

...

Returning after his demonstration, he found things had changed. From a quiet, almost invisible figure, he suddenly seemed to become the center of attention.

Many were secretly analyzing him, among them quite a few were girls.

As he followed these gazes, they immediately evaded.

"Hmph, women, just like that."

With strange thoughts flooding his mind, any slight nervousness gradually calmed down.

"I didn't expect your martial arts to be so impressive!" A classmate punched him lightly in the chest, laughing.

He remembered the other person's name was Huang Kai, a student ranked in the top ten in class, belonging to a different circle, never having spoken to him before, but now treating him warmly, as if they were friends.

Chen Shouyi was momentarily taken aback and quickly replied, "Just been practicing more lately."

He thought he would be flattered, but in the end, he said an unusually calm sentence.

It seemed he really was different now!

On the way after Martial Arts Class ended, Chen Shouyi habitually wanted to meet with the trio.

Instead, he was surrounded by a group.

"Chen Shouyi, how do you practice? Is there any secret?"

Many might never pass the Martial Arts Apprentice assessment, but how many young people don't love martial arts?

Secrets, of course, exist, but you wouldn't be able to use them. Chen Shouyi thought inwardly, while externally sharing martial arts tips seen online: "You first dissect and refine the actions, practice step by step. Once you master all steps, combine them for sequential practice."

"I practice like that too, but it doesn't yield much effect," a classmate questioned.

"This method varies from person to person. What suits you best is the best method, but first you must have patience. Without patience, nothing can be learned successfully," Chen Shouyi said with a steady tone.

"Patience is indeed essential; I just can't settle down," the questioning classmate agreed.

...

Chen Shouyi realized that he was quick-witted and articulate today; even casual words had people's attention and agreement.

His heart was filled with excitement, enjoying being the focus, being valued, rather than being an insignificant, easily overlooked transparent person.

Returning to the classroom, Chen Shouyi walked to his seat.

Sun Xin embraced him tightly, exclaiming with envy.

"Did you take a stimulant today or something, so fierce!"

"I've always said I will definitely get into the Martial Arts Academy!" Chen Shouyi boasted softly.

Chen Shouyi had initially expected the usual sarcasm and discouragement.

He was still far from becoming a Martial Artist Apprentice, like separated by a deep chasm, and even Chen Shouyi himself wasn't confident, thinking it unlikely to pass the assessment within a year.

But it did not happen.

"Once you're successful, don't forget about me," Sun Xin said shamelessly.

At the beginning of the semester, when Sun Xin heard similar words, it felt like friends joking around, where taking it seriously means losing. But in today's Martial Arts Class, the eye-catching performance instinctively made Sun Xin believe that he truly had potential.

"You actually believed it; I myself don't even have the confidence," Chen Shouyi said, surprised.

PS: Next Chapter, around three o'clock. Seeking recommendation votes.

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: The Power of the Thrusting Sword

After school, Chen Shouyi secretly opened his attributes panel.

"Willpower: 11"

He widened his eyes in disbelief. He had checked in the morning, and at that time his willpower attribute was only 10.0. But in just one afternoon, it had leaped to 11, making it the first of all his attributes to reach this level.

Chen Shouyi recalled the Martial Arts class where he seemed to have overcome his deep-seated cowardice and inferiority complex, boldly stepping forward, engaging with classmates effortlessly afterward, his mind sharp...

Looking back now, it was unbelievable. He felt like he had changed into another person.

This is what willpower is!

He pondered a lot.

He had indeed changed.

Feeling himself habitually slouching again, he suddenly raised his head, looking straight ahead.

...

Sun Xin, walking beside him, didn't notice the subtle change in Chen Shouyi. He scratched his head vigorously, causing dandruff to fly, then wiped his greasy hand on his pants, and asked them: "What are you planning to do this weekend?"

"Sleep, play games, what else?" Zhao Yifeng replied.

"I haven't decided yet. I might sign up for a cram class." Chen Shouyi thought for a moment and said.

At Dongning's No. 5 School, Martial Arts wasn't very popular, and the Martial Arts class mainly served to exercise students' bodies, with very little content. Learning just the basic sword thrust would take a whole year, along with some short sprints and strength training, hardly meeting personal needs.

Moreover, his current bow-step thrust was already on the right track, the only thing lacking was muscle reaction speed, which required thousands, tens of thousands of repetitions to hone.

To make the muscle exertion process and body completely integrate and solidify, letting the bow-step thrust become bodily instinct, but this couldn't be achieved in a short time.

He felt it was time to learn other basic sword forms.

"You two are so boring!" Sun Xin rolled his eyes and said.

...

For some reason, Zhao Yifeng was unusually silent today, hardly speaking all the way, but Chen Shouyi wasn't particularly sensitive, so he didn't feel anything odd.

His route was different from theirs, so after grabbing his bicycle, they parted ways.

...

"Dad, Mom, I'm back!"

After parking his bike in the garage, he entered the restaurant, but no one responded. His dad and mom were in the dining room watching TV, along with several other shop owners.

"What happened?" His heart skipped a beat.

He quickly looked at the TV, which was broadcasting news, the pretty news anchor's face solemn and serious:

"According to information gathered by our station's reporters, this fierce bird from another world came from the large wormhole No. 13541, 15,000 meters above ground. It broke through the military's firepower blockade, flew hundreds of kilometers while wounded, and was shot down by fighter jets, ultimately crashing in Zhongming Street, Ningzhou City..."

Chen Shouyi was startled; Ningzhou was the prefecture-level city to which Dongning belonged, only dozens of kilometers away.

He looked at the video, the camera shaking violently. An ominous-looking fierce bird was struggling on a bustling street, surrounded by countless people fleeing in terror, screams echoing incessantly.

This was a massive giant bird, occupying two lanes with just its body size. No bird on Earth could be this large; even the biggest terrestrial creature, the African elephant, was insignificant in comparison.

Its body was seriously wounded, with many areas mangled and bleeding profusely. However, these terrible injuries seemed to have further stimulated its ferocity, pouncing on the fleeing crowds incessantly, leaving behind a ground full of corpses.

...

Since Earth's fusion with another world two decades ago, incidents of various fierce beasts and barbarians breaking through military blockades have emerged around the globe.

The gravity of the other world is three times that of Earth, so even an ordinary creature becomes incredibly dangerous on Earth, causing human panic upon each appearance.

In fact, the most dangerous aren't these creatures, but the viruses and bacteria from the other world.

In the first few years of fusion with the other world, a total of more than a dozen lethal acute infectious diseases of Class A broke out globally, with billions dying unnatural deaths, some small countries even becoming entirely extinct.

Fortunately, with the rapid development of medical technology in recent years, coupled with humans gradually developing relevant antibodies, such widespread deaths have gradually disappeared, and are now rarely heard of.

...

A few minutes later, perhaps due to its bloody nature, the news segment was quickly cut off, and the crowd in the restaurant began dissipating while discussing.

"Back already." Mrs. Chen, looking somewhat pale, finally noticed Chen Shouyi's return.

"Yes!"

"Don't think too much about it. Are you hungry? What do you want to eat? I'll make it for you." Chen Dawei, pretending nothing happened, turned off the TV and forced a smile.

...

Chen Shouyi opened his mouth, wanting to ask, but sensed his parents clearly didn't want him bringing it up.

"Just vegetable and pork rib rice!"

After saying this, he paused and continued, "I want to enroll in a prep class this Saturday."

Faced with his rare ambition, Mrs. Chen was overwhelmed with joy despite the unsettling news: "As long as it helps with your college entrance exam, your dad and I support it. We work hard every day for what reason, if not for you all to live a bit easier and have decent jobs in the future."

"But I want to sign up for a Martial Arts prep class!"

Mrs. Chen was slightly stunned upon hearing this, her smiling face quickly changing expression.

"What, you're in the third year of high school now and still want to practice Martial Arts?"

It's okay to set aside some time to exercise daily, but you can't let it become your main focus.

This field depends on talent, and if you had your sister's talent, your mom wouldn't hesitate to let you study. While we're not wealthy, we aren't short of money either. But can you afford to waste time?"

Chen Dawei remained silent beside them, evidently not supporting wasting time on this either. If their son worked hard in college, there was hope, but in Martial Arts, there wasn't even a glimmer.

Chen Shouyi fell silent. If it were before, under his mother's oppressive authority, he used to be so submissive. Although unwilling, he could only silently obey. But today, a strong urge seemed to drive him to prove something:

"Mom, I haven't slacked off on my studies. These days I've been studying diligently. I just want to squeeze out some time to prepare for dual paths in Martial Arts as a backup.

Lately, I've felt great progress, and my body is becoming stronger. Today, the Martial Arts teacher even praised me, so I feel hopeful.

Dad, Mom, I've always obeyed you. You tell me to go east, and I never go west. I know you mean well, but today I wish you'd consider my thoughts."

Mrs. Chen listened, her mouth slightly open, exchanging a look with Chen Dawei, both seeing surprise in each other's eyes.

Is this still the reticent son who wouldn't speak up even after three prods?

"Then tell me, why did your Martial Arts teacher praise you?" Mrs. Chen's attitude softened but she remained skeptical. She knew her son best; what had he ever done well?

"Because my bow-step thrust is the best in the class," Chen Shouyi said with a slight feeling of pride.

To prove it, he picked up a chopstick from the dining table, treating it as a sword.

Rarely having a chance to showcase himself before his parents, he couldn't help getting carried away and, without thinking, thrust towards the wall.

From the toes pushing off, power transmitting through, to the thrust, it was executed seamlessly, swift as lightning, textbook standard.

With a "pfft" sound,

the wooden chopstick penetrated the surface of the tile, embedding halfway into the wall.

"Uh!" Chen Shouyi was dumbfounded, not expecting his bow-step thrust to be so powerful. He thought the chopstick would just snap, given the tile-covered wall being so hard, how could a wooden chopstick pierce it?

ps: Please recommend

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Entering Stillness to Refine the Body

"You spendthrift! Of all places to stab, you stab the wall. Do you know how much money it costs to renovate?" A moment later, Mrs. Chen's slightly sharp voice rang out in the dining room.

"Mom, what did my brother do again?"

Just then, Chen Xingyue also returned.

As soon as she spoke, Chen Shouyi's face turned black with anger. What do you mean, what did I do again?

Although I was indeed a bit careless this time, who would have thought I could actually pierce the wall?

"Look at what your brother did." Mrs. Chen indicated angrily.

At that moment, the wooden chopstick was still embedded in the wall, Chen Xingyue took a closer look and exclaimed in surprise, "My brother did this?"

"Who else could it be? He said he was demonstrating a forward lunge thrust, but his head wasn't clear, and he stabbed right into the wall."

Chen Xingyue was puzzled yet a bit shocked. As they say, outsiders watch the fun, insiders see the expertise. There are plenty of such demonstrations on TV shows, it seems like any martial artist can do it.

But those who can perform aren't just ordinary people.

They don't know how difficult it truly is to pierce a wall with tiles using a wooden chopstick. It's not just about strength and speed.

The angle must be perfectly perpendicular to the wall. Even a slight deviation would cause the chopstick to break immediately. Even for her, a prospective martial artist apprentice, it's difficult to succeed one out of ten times.

But how could her brother, who has no martial arts talent, manage to do this?

In fact, even Chen Shouyi himself didn't know. The middle-aged martial arts teacher in the memory space from whom he absorbed swordsmanship experience, although only a martial arts apprentice and might never become a martial artist, seemed incomparable to someone like Chen Xingyue with a promising future in martial arts.

However, this martial arts apprentice, through over a decade of repeated daily practice, wasn't something ordinary. Especially since he only taught the forward lunge thrust in swordsmanship classes, this move alone had been practiced countless thousands of times, far beyond what a young prospective martial artist like Chen Xingyue could compare to.

"Alright, alright! But since it's damaged, I'll call someone to replace the tile tomorrow morning," Chen Dawei said jovially. Compared to this little bit of money, he was more pleased with his son's change.

"This time I'm making the decision. If you want to attend the martial arts tutoring class, you can; tell us how much money you need, and your mom will transfer it to you."

The financial control of the household lay with Mrs. Chen, and his pockets were even emptier than Chen Shouyi's.

"You're acting generous with my money," Mrs. Chen rolled her eyes at him but didn't argue further.

Although Mrs. Chen didn't verbally agree, Chen Shouyi understood and quickly said, "I want to enroll in an advanced swordsmanship class, which includes twenty sessions for about six to seven thousand!"

The family wasn't wealthy, but they were at least comfortable.

Their family-owned shop didn't require rent, and the yearly income was around two hundred thousand, plus private lending interests, which was no small figure, making their finances rather manageable.

"I'll transfer seven thousand to you then, but you won't have any living expenses this month," Mrs. Chen snorted coldly.

Chen Xingyue, standing beside them, unusually stayed silent, her big eyes blinking as she watched Chen Shouyi, her thoughts unknown.

...

During dinner, Chen Shouyi secretly opened the attribute panel and was pleasantly surprised to find that his energy accumulation had finally surpassed one. He quickly finished eating and was eager to return to his bedroom. However, as soon as he opened the door, he was intercepted by Chen Xingyue.

"Brother, when did you learn the forward lunge thrust?" Chen Xingyue asked with a voice as sweet as honey.

"A few days ago, why?" Chen Shouyi replied impatiently, "Anything else? I need to do my homework. Unlike you, I've not received a direct entry, so I have to work hard."

"Oh! It's nothing, I'm just curious."

"Then I'll head back to my room." As soon as Chen Shouyi finished speaking, he closed the door.

Chen Xingyue stared at the door that had just been shut, biting her lip secretly. "A few days ago? Who are you kidding!"

...

When Chen Shouyi felt that Chen Xingyue had left, he immediately locked the door.

His heart was pounding as he hurriedly summoned the Book of Knowledge.

Name: Chen Shouyi

Attributes

Strength: 10.5

Agility: 10.5

Constitution: 10.4

Intelligence: 10.3

Perception: 10.3

Willpower: 11.0

Knowledge: Chinese (Mastery 6); Physics (Proficient 12); Chemistry (Proficient 11); Biology (Proficient 10); Mathematics (Proficient 9); English (Proficient 6); Computer Science (Beginner 6); Cooking (Beginner 5); Body Refinement Thirty-Six Forms (Proficient 2); Meditation Training (Not Started); Swordsmanship (Beginner 8); Archery (Not Started)

Energy Accumulation: 1.05

In the past few days, not only have his physical attributes increased significantly, but even his knowledge and skills have improved, such as his English, which has improved by one point.

But the greatest progress is still in Martial Arts.

His Body Refinement Thirty-Six Forms advanced from (Beginner 5) to (Proficient 2), and at the same time, Swordsmanship moved from not started to beginner (8). This is only the result of mastering one Sword Form, if discussing Spear Foot Thrust in the sword techniques, the level is at least proficient or above.

He looked at the attribute panel, hesitating a bit, planning the next optimization of knowledge skills, excluding learning knowledge classes right away—it's still far from his college entrance exam, even optimizing one to two months prior would not be too late.

Moreover, in his heart, he is still more passionate about Martial Arts.

Next, he also excluded Swordsmanship.

He only mastered the Spear Foot Thrust in Swordsmanship, optimizing it is not cost-effective, and he can quickly learn it through Memory Space, unless he reaches a level impossible to advance, only then he would spend energy points for optimization.

As for Archery, which is not even started, naturally it doesn't need consideration.

Chen Shouyi felt his physical attributes were far from the Martial Artist Apprentice standard, decided to continue optimizing the Body Refinement Thirty-Six Forms.

"Optimizing the Body Refinement Thirty-Six Forms again, already so powerful, optimizing it once more, wouldn't the effect be even better."

Sharpening the axe will not delay the work of chopping wood, only when the physical quality meets the standards, can other considerations be made, otherwise, practicing other areas more won't be useful.

Just as he was ready to optimize, he was informed by feedback from the Book of Knowledge that the energy wasn't sufficient.

"The second optimization would consume more energy?"

Chen Shouyi was stunned, hesitating a bit in his heart.

"Should I wait for the Book of Knowledge to accumulate enough energy, or optimize the Meditation Training?"

For the former, the time is unknown, while the latter would show an immediate effect, Chen Shouyi didn't consider much before deciding on the latter.

He couldn't afford to waste this time, rather than wait, he opted for what he could get immediately.

Furthermore, Meditation Training is also extremely important, it helps in easier body control, controlling the usage of every bit of muscle force in the body.

Swordsmanship is extremely difficult for many to start, and extremely difficult to improve after starting.

The main reason is the inability to finely control the muscles of the body, but for someone who has initially completed "Meditation Training—Body Refinement", it would be effortless, with virtually no difficulty.

Simultaneously, it's also one of the important marks of a Martial Artist.

If through diligent practice and a good understanding ability one can become a Martial Artist Apprentice, then to become a Martial Artist, one must use the Meditation Training to refine all muscles in the body.

Without hesitation, Chen Shouyi immediately selected "Meditation Training", choosing optimization.

In the next moment, the familiar dream appeared again, in the dream he sat cross-legged, practicing meditation over and over again, from the initial restless state, with floating thoughts, to gradually becoming calm and serene.

With countless repetitions and attempts, his mind became increasingly calm, subconsciously neither thinking nor thinking, as if falling into a realm of complete silence.

Everything external interference was completely blocked, only the sound of the human body activities was magnified intensely.

Breathing was long and distant, heartbeats were like resonant drumbeats, the stomach stirred like rinsing water, he could even vaguely hear the flow of blood in the vessels.

But in the dream, his mind remained a bit clear, he focused his senses, blocking all sounds, concentrating awareness on the body's extremities.

He first sensed from the toes, at first the presence of the toes was very vague, he could easily feel them, but without specific shape, resembling chaos.

The reason being at this time, his thinking was near to a halt, leaving only the subconscious mind, imagination as well as memories being isolated.

Here and now, he seemed to be stuck, practicing repeatedly.

In the dream, his thoughts grew quieter, gradually sinking into the deepest meditation, and suddenly a change occurred.

Sensing that somewhere, matter seemed to be born from the dark void, numerous interwoven grey lines appeared, these lines divided into several intertwining strands, resembling the complex texture of muscles, beautiful and quite awe-inspiring.

As if it was a signal, the lines soon slowly began to spread around, the shape of a complete toe was gradually being constructed. Soon it was the whole foot, then the legs, followed by the entire complete body.

Gradually, changes in light and shade appeared between the lines, dull lines became rich and three-dimensional, as if transforming from a two-dimensional illustration to three-dimensional.

Simultaneously, more and more details began to manifest, Chen Shouyi saw small blood vessels between muscles, watched various nerve endings, and the lymphatic tissues.

At the end of the dream, the sensing range started to spread across the whole body, he saw the heart and lungs, saw the bones and spine...

Chapter 10: Chapter 10: Basic Steps

"Hoo!" Chen Shouyi awoke from the dream with a start.

"Why is it different from the descriptions of those practitioners online?" Recalling everything from the dream, a hint of doubt flashed through his heart.

On entering tranquility and refining oneself for the first time, isn't the perception of muscles supposed to be "chaotic" and "a mixture of light and dark"? How come, after optimization, you can clearly see the muscle outline?

The thought flashed through his mind, regardless, it was best to try first.

He couldn't wait and sat cross-legged, and as soon as he sat down, his mind calmed down, as if he was already extremely proficient in entering tranquility.

About half an hour later, Chen Shouyi opened his eyes, feeling exhausted and filled with disbelief.

"How is this possible?"

It's just the first practice, and his sensing range had already expanded below the chest and abdomen, to the entire lower body.

According to the experience shared by online practitioners, an ordinary person sensing their body for the first time can only sense the muscles of the toes or fingers at most, and even those born with strong spiritual power can sense only one foot at most.

If someone claimed his spiritual power was extraordinarily gifted, Chen Shouyi would never believe it. If he truly had remarkable talent, he wouldn't have struggled to master entering tranquility for self-refinement.

The attributes on the Book of Knowledge most probably represent the legendary spiritual power, which involves perception and will. His will might be slightly stronger than average, but as for perception, it is rather ordinary and unremarkable.

At this moment, he suddenly recalled the difference in his perception image compared to others.

"Could it be because the amount of information I perceive is smaller?"

The more Chen Shouyi thought about it, the more likely it seemed. It was like painting a watercolor portrait, where the optimized self-refinement sketched the human outline first and then filled in colors. In contrast, the ordinary self-refinement filled in colors directly with the first stroke.

With the same number of pixels, the former can quickly outline the desired image, while the latter might not even be able to complete a single stroke.

He got out of bed, picked up a wooden sword, practiced a few lunges and thrusts, carefully sensing any difference, only to find it was no different than usual.

Then he chuckled at himself. After all, it was the first practice; how could there possibly be a noticeable effect?

Refining oneself through entering tranquility consumes a lot of spiritual energy. At this point, he felt a slight swelling in his temples, making it difficult to concentrate. So, doing homework afterwards was out of the question.

Luckily, tomorrow was the weekend, so he didn't need to rush with homework. But next time, he would only practice before sleep.

He picked up the wooden sword again and continued practicing lunges and thrusts.

The next morning, Chen Shouyi walked into the Youth Martial Arts Training Center.

Even before entering the lobby, a handful of flyers were thrust into his hands. He glanced at them; the flyers boasted of splendid offers, about authentic martial artist guidance and expertise accumulated over twenty years.

One of them was from the Martial Arts refresher class he took during summer vacation.

Recalling the effectiveness of the summer tutoring, his expression twisted slightly.

"Bullshit!"

Seeing a trash can ahead, he crammed all the flyers into it.

Before coming here, he had gathered a lot of information online and already had a target in mind. However, before enrolling, he had to conduct some field investigation.

He quickly took the elevator to the fifth floor.

Before reaching the door, a melodious female voice reached his ears:

"Do you know why martial artist apprentice assessments have such high requirements for swordsmanship? Everyone knows the gravity in the other world is three times that of Earth, causing even a random barbarian's physical attributes to surpass those of human martial artists.

We lack the innate physical talent of barbarians, so we can only compensate with skills.

The 5.0 version of swordsmanship we are learning now was developed using supercomputers for modeling and analysis of human muscles. Every muscle movement is precisely calculated, considering biomechanics and aerodynamics, maximizing speed and strength without injury.

An apprentice martial artist can explode with three times their strength, while a martial artist can reach five times, and even greater power for those above..."

Chen Shouyi found it hard to believe but recalled his amazing performance yesterday when he stabbed chopsticks into the wall. Suddenly, it seemed true. When practicing lunges, every thrust was incredibly fast.

If the sword is likened to a bullet, then the power amplified and transferred from each muscle in the body through various biomechanical levers is its powerful driving force.

This enables an ordinary portion of strength to have multiple times of amplification.

The training room door was half open, and Chen Shouyi peered through the gap, spotting a woman wearing shorts with a striking figure.

"The online posts aren't false. This training teacher is indeed a beauty. I heard she recently graduated from the Martial Arts Academy, just a step away from being a martial artist, and she is gentle and patient."

"What's the matter, student?" The beauty perceived his presence just seconds after, swiftly turning to look at him.

Her words carried a smile, and her tone was gentle, as serene as a blooming lily.

This quickly relieved Chen Shouyi's tension from being caught peeping, and he hastily replied, "I...I came to sign up for the swordsmanship refresher class."

"Oh, I'm teaching right now. Could you wait a moment?" she said with a smile.

"Sure, no problem!" Chen Shouyi waved his hands repeatedly.

"I wonder if I could come in and listen?"

The beauty was slightly taken aback, glanced at him, then nodded, "Hmm, okay!"

Chen Shouyi immediately took off his shoes and walked in quickly.

The refresher class had ten students, six males and four females, mostly around the same age as Chen Shouyi, and an obvious middle schooler.

They gave Chen Shouyi a brief glance before losing interest.

Chen Shouyi noticed several benches for resting and went over to sit down.

Soon, the tutor continued with the lesson.

"Today, I'm teaching the 'slash' in swordsmanship. 'Slash' can be further divided into Static Slash, Small Step Slash, and Big Step Slash. With different grips, they can also be single-handed or double-handed slashes."

"Static Slash involves no significant movement of the feet, yet the legs still exert force. Everyone, look at my legs!"

As she held the wooden sword, ready to slash, the previously smooth and fair thighs immediately revealed numerous well-defined muscles, which began rhythmically tensing, as if a force originated from the ground, traveled through the legs to the spine, and then to the arms.

In the next moment, her body sprung like a spring, delivering an elegant and satisfying slash, full of strong aesthetics.

During the following time, she demonstrated Small Step Slash, Big Step Slash, and moves with both hands holding the sword.

Especially during the Big Step Slash, it seemed unintentional, as if a simple step leaped nearly three meters, with the slash almost resembling the legendary art of condensing the earth beneath one's feet.

Chen Shouyi had watched many videos of martial artists and knew this was a basic step—a unique footwork for martial artists and apprentices in combat, contrasting typical walking where the toes exert little force.

In basic stepping, the soles perform a clear 'gripping' or 'digging' motion, and the spine sways gently with this force, balancing the body's center of gravity and providing propulsion.

It is quite strenuous and difficult to master.

Using basic steps appears to outsiders like slightly floating or traversing space magically.

It allows for explosive speed in an instant, replacing ordinary stepping in combat situations.

Her performance was simple, fluid, and unhurried, every move precise, giving a sense of massive power.

Chen Shouyi felt that even if she cut with a wooden sword, if hit, his body might truly be split open.

He felt a burning excitement in his heart, knowing today was well worth it, just this move alone was worth the price of admission.

PS: Requesting recommendations.