

## Ability 151

Chapter 151: Major National Movements, Is This the Influence of a Cultivator?\_2

Then, he flipped open the hidden compartment on the side of the box.

Suddenly!

Three sections appeared on the side of the box.

On the far left was a row of numeric buttons, in the middle was a square matte touch screen, and on the far right was a rectangular lens.

"Beep—Beep—Beep—"

The sound of pressing the numeric buttons echoed clearly in the silent gymnasium.

After the middle-aged man entered the password, he pressed his left thumb on the touch screen, slightly bent over, and aligned his eyes with the rectangular lens.

"Click—"

As a few red lights flashed through the lens, the box opened in response.

He then turned around and said, "Alright, give it to me."

"Here."

"Thank you."

The middle-aged man carefully took the notebook that Lin Beichen handed over, placed it inside the box, and then closed the box.

"???"

Witnessing all this, Cui Dapeng, Bai Yan, and Li Shiting were completely stunned, thinking, these people must be sent from above, right?

With armed helicopters and sci-fi looking boxes...

To be treated with such caution by the higher-ups...

What kind of content is in that notebook?!

At this moment, a thought surfaced in their minds, one they couldn't even believe themselves.

"Inside..."

"Could it be the methods of a Cultivator?!"

While the three were daydreaming.

The middle-aged man bid farewell to Lin Beichen, took the box, and exited the gymnasium under the protection of four agents.

Immediately.

Agents surrounding the gymnasium swiftly gathered.

In an instant, the box vanished from everyone's sight.

When the agents dispersed.

"Rat-tat-tat—"

Amidst the roar, the armed helicopter quickly ascended.

Simultaneously.

The agents also left the scene swiftly, returning to their vehicles and departing the empty lot in front of the gymnasium.

During this time...

The box seemed to vanish into thin air.

With no trace left!

Soon, before anyone realized.

The sound of the roar diminished.

Until...

Completely inaudible.

The armed helicopter and the red-flag sedans disappeared from their sight, nowhere to be seen.

For a moment, the somber atmosphere on-site turned somewhat desolate.

The crowded surroundings turned empty in an instant.

This made them feel...

As if what just happened was all a dream.

Now the dream was over, and everything was gone!

"Were they really here for Lin Beichen?"

"Did they leave so quickly? Such a big operation, and they left within two or three minutes?"

"What did they come for Lin Beichen for, did anyone see what happened in the gymnasium just now?"

"..."

Spontaneous discussions arose around the gymnasium.

At this moment.

Someone among the crowd said, "Is it possible that Lin Beichen developed something and the state came to retrieve his research results?"

This immediately sparked more discussions.

"Hey, it could really be like that!"

"Indeed, despite Lin Beichen's recent ridiculous statements, as the top scorer in history, he's quite capable. This is undeniable."

"But it's only been a few days since school started, what could he have researched?"

"Maybe he was researching it earlier?"

"..."

Before anyone could say a few more words.

Another voice from the crowd said, "Hey, look, someone is talking about this on Weibo's local section!"

At this moment, Weibo.

In the city's forum section.

Many Weibo accounts were posting similar videos and photos.

In the videos and photos...

Either the armed helicopter flew into Imperial Capital University campus, or the red-flag sedans drove into the campus.

Additionally, they shared their thoughts:

[Transient]: "What the heck is happening, why did an armed helicopter fly to Imperial Capital University?"

[Spitting grape skins]: "Armed helicopter, red-flag sedans, is there a higher-up on an inspection at Imperial Capital University today?"

[Camellia]: "What a scene, what's going on at Imperial Capital University?"

"..."

Although this topic was far from trending, it was quite lively within the city's forum section.

Spectating students saw these posts on Weibo and thought: Is this not asking for trouble?

"Those armed helicopters and red-flag sedans came for Lin Beichen!"

"Speculation is, Lin Beichen achieved a breakthrough in research, and the state came to retrieve the research results!"

"..."

They edited their replies.

However, as soon as they posted in the comment section.

A prompt appeared on their phone screens—

"Comments contain sensitive content, post restricted."

"???"

Students were bewildered.

"Hey, I just posted a comment, why does it say sensitive content and restricts my post?"

"Same here!"

"What's going on, why is it sensitive? I was just posting normally!"

"..."

Before anyone could say much.

Another voice rose in the crowd.

"I tried posting on Weibo, showing everyone the scene, why did it say content violation and immediately delete my post?"

"Yes, the same happened to me!"

"What's going on, why is it a violation?"

"..."

Upon sharing this information.

Everyone immediately understood what was happening. The on-site situation was likely restricted from being shared outside. The so-called sensitive and violating content was likely intercepted by the online monitoring mechanisms!

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For a moment, they looked at each other.

Four eyes met.

In their eyes was nothing but shock and confusion.

"Lin Beichen... The nation..."

"What does all this involve?"

"Is it necessary to control the spread of information?!"

"To make it so tight and mysterious!"

...

...

Safety Bureau.

Conference Room.

Song Xiangdong and a number of leaders from the Safety Bureau were all present, including the middle-aged man who took a military helicopter to Imperial Capital University to retrieve Lin Beichen's cultivation insights and experiences.

At this moment, the box containing Lin Beichen's notebook was already open, placed right in front of Song Xiangdong.

Song Xiangdong lifted his eyes to scan the crowd, then turned the box so that Lin Beichen's notebook faced everyone, and slowly said, "This notebook contains all of Lin Beichen's insights and experiences in cultivation up to now. Now that we have it, we need to consider the next step: who will study it?"

No sooner had he spoken.

A leader said, "Director, I have considered this matter before. My thought is to select candidates from both the military and police to come to the Safety Bureau for studies."

Upon hearing his suggestion,

the other leaders nodded one after another.

"I think this suggestion is very good."

"I also think it's good."

"..."

Like them,

Song Xiangdong also thought the suggestion was good, but immediately another problem arose.

He looked up and signaled everyone to quiet down, then said, "Selecting candidates from both the military and police is indeed a good idea, and I agree, but the problem is, what kind of people should be chosen? In other words, how do we know if someone is suitable to be a cultivator?"

"..."

Quiet.

The conference room fell silent all of a sudden.

The leaders of the Safety Bureau were dumbfounded.

This question had been asked to Lin Beichen before. Lin Beichen also answered, but the answer was too vague.

It could be understood, but was difficult to express in words.

There was no definitive standard!

A non-specific standard...

naturally makes selection a problem.

Moments later, a leader suddenly thought of something and suggested, "Why not let the military and police choose the people they think are outstanding and send them to the Safety Bureau, and then ask Lin Beichen to come and pick them personally?"

Hearing this,

Song Xiangdong's eyes lit up. This wasn't a bad idea!

He nodded approvingly and immediately decided, "Let's do it that way."

Then, under the chairmanship of Song Xiangdong, the leaders of the Safety Bureau quickly settled more detailed issues.

Seeing everything was in order,

Song Xiangdong did not delay and immediately conveyed this message to the top leaders of the military and police.

Soon, almost simultaneously,

the local military districts and city police departments received such an order from their superiors—

[Select three warriors/police officers, with no restrictions, to report to the Safety Bureau no later than three days from now.]

"???"

Whether it was a local military district or a city police department, they were all bewildered upon seeing this order.

What is this about?

Selecting three people...

No restrictions?

It would be easier if there were selection criteria; they could just follow the criteria.

Having no restrictions is the most restrictive condition!

This made them feel quite troubled.

However, they soon caught the key point from the order—Safety Bureau!

Associated with the Safety Bureau...

No matter what it is.

It must be a big deal!

Thinking of this, they came up with an idea: regardless of restrictions, sending the three best individuals from their side would certainly not go wrong!

...

...

Imperial Capital University, Gymnasium.

There were no more onlookers around the gymnasium, and everything inside remained as before.

As if...

The Safety Bureau took away not only Lin Beichen's cultivation insights and experiences but also everyone's shock and confusion.

At this moment, Lin Beichen saw it was almost mealtime, so he said to the three still persisting in visualization, "It's about time. Let's go eat."

After speaking, he thought of something and asked, "Do you have classes this afternoon, will you come back?"

"President, look at you, getting confused."

Cui Dapeng laughed heartily and reminded, "Today is Saturday. If you come this afternoon, I'll come too."

Saturday?

Lin Beichen realized that so much had happened in the past two days that he had forgotten the days.

After asking Li Shiting and Bai Yan, it was confirmed they would also come in the afternoon.

Lin Beichen decided to have lunch with the three, and then directly brought them back to the gymnasium.

He continued cultivating Thunder Skill while they persisted in visualization.

Soon.

Lin Beichen felt he had reached the upper limit of Thunder Skill cultivation for the day, so he stopped cultivating Thunder Skill and started practicing Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks.

"Pa—!"

"Pa—!"

"..."

The moves were executed with great vigor!

The sound of each move was clearly echoing through the originally quiet gymnasium, reaching the ears of Li Shiting and the other two.

The three instinctively opened their eyes, only to see Lin Beichen finishing the last set of Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks.

Cui Dapeng saw this and asked suspiciously, "President, why are you practicing martial arts?"

"This is part of cultivation."

Lin Beichen didn't hide, explaining, "However, this is a matter for later. As for you, it's not time to practice martial arts yet. You should first be able to visualize the energy I described before anything else. Don't aim too high."

"I see."

Cui Dapeng thought that he hadn't even started yet, so he didn't ponder much. He, Bai Yan, and Li Shiting continued with their visualizations.

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In the following days.

Lin Beichen came to the gymnasium every day, first practicing Thunder Skill, then martial arts, and finally the horse stance.

As for Li Shiting and the other two, they came whenever they didn't have classes, spending their time meditating. Although they hadn't made any breakthroughs, the three who were fated for cultivation were delighted to continue.

On this day, Li Shiting and the others were all in class.

The vast gymnasium was left with only Lin Beichen.

After finishing his Thunder Skill practice, he began practicing the Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks as usual.

One time...

Two times...

Three times...

...

He practiced over and over again.

He didn't know how many times he had repeated it.

Suddenly!

Lin Beichen stopped, his expression showing some astonishment.

Just now, during the last round of practicing the Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks...

He felt his legs becoming as hard as steel while performing the leg technique!

"This change..."

Lin Beichen clearly understood that the change in his legs was not due to practicing the Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks.

The real reason...

Was because of the Gold Element!

"But I can't even perceive the Gold Element. How did it act on my legs?"

"Maybe..."

"Is it related to the Electric Element?"

"What connection could there be?"

A series of questions instantly filled his mind.

He couldn't figure it out at the moment.

But...

A sudden thought came to his mind.

"Is it possible..."

"That the change in my legs came from my martial arts cultivation reaching a certain level, allowing me to perceive the Gold Element?"

With this thought, Lin Beichen's eyes lit up, and he eagerly started to meditate on the Gold Element.

However, only a moment had passed.

He shook his head helplessly.

It still didn't work!

He couldn't perceive the existence of the Gold Element at all!

"Huh?!"

At this moment, a flash of inspiration struck Lin Beichen's mind. He thought, if he looked at it from a different angle, could it be that once his entire body was strengthened to a certain level, he would be able to perceive the Gold Element?

The more he thought about it...

The more he felt this was the case!

"Then..."

"Which part should I strengthen next?"

Lin Beichen felt that his legs almost no longer needed strengthening and were nearly at their limit.

He reviewed the martial arts videos he had watched before in his mind.

He couldn't help but shake his head.

He had no motivation to practice any of them.

Let alone deciding which part to strengthen.

"How about..."

At this moment, an idea surfaced in his mind—

Ask the government to see if they had any highly confidential traditional martial arts?

Lin Beichen understood that the martial arts videos available online were for the public. Even if he could grasp the essence with his exceptional enlightenment, it would only be the most common basics of traditional martial arts.

Traditional martial arts also had different levels!

He didn't have the resources before, so he had no choice.

But now...

Since he was cooperating with the government.

Why not try to choose something better?

As he was pondering this.

Suddenly!

"Ring... Ring..."

His phone rang.

Lin Beichen glanced at it. It was Song Xiangdong!

Director Song?

What a coincidence?

He was just about to call him...

But Song called first!

He answered the phone and politely greeted, "Director Song."

"Student Lin Beichen."

"Is there something you need from me?"

"Indeed, there's something." Song Xiangdong didn't like beating around the bush and stated his purpose directly, "It's like this. A few days ago, I received your cultivation insights and experiences, and I've started gathering people to study it. Now I've found quite a few people, but I don't know who among them is suitable for cultivation, so I wanted to ask you to come to the security bureau and help select the suitable cultivators."

Lin Beichen wanted to tell him that no one else could learn his cultivation method. In other words, there were no suitable cultivators.

He himself wasn't even sure...

What would happen if others tried his cultivation method.

He was still using the three members in the club as "guinea pigs."

However, from what Song Xiangdong said, he knew that a lot of effort had gone into preparing this matter, so he couldn't quite tell the truth.

Besides...

He also needed more "guinea pigs."

"Then..."

"Let's choose some who seem to have high enlightenment." Lin Beichen had already decided his selection criteria in his mind.

At the same time, thinking about the martial arts matter, he could take this opportunity to ask the government for help, killing two birds with one stone.

Lin Beichen agreed, "Alright, no problem."

"Good." Song Xiangdong's voice revealed his pleasure, "Wait at your school for a while, someone will come to pick you up shortly."

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National Security Bureau, an enclosed internal location.

The area is roughly the size of a soccer field.

At this moment, hundreds of people are densely standing on the field, and they are none others but the soldiers and police officers elected from local military districts and municipal police departments across the country.

"Judging by your uniforms, you must be from the military district?"

"Are you from the municipal bureau?"

"Both military and police personnel, why has the National Security Bureau gathered so many people here?"

"What we don't know is why we are here, but what we do know is that it must be a big operation."

"..."

This is their first meeting.

Seeing so many people around them, from both the police and military, they become increasingly confused and curious about why they have been called here.

Just at that moment.

Suddenly!

The door of the closed venue slowly opens.

Immediately!

The scene falls silent.

No one continues to speak; they quickly straighten up, standing at attention with eyes looking straight ahead.

A figure steps into their view.

Song Xiangdong walks in slowly.

"Welcome everyone to this place."

Song Xiangdong scans around before continuing, "I know you are all wondering why you have been brought here. I will tell you, but before that..."

Upon saying this, he gestures with his hand.

Immediately!

Countless agents enter the enclosed area in sequence and distribute the documents they are holding to the soldiers and police officers.

Almost simultaneously.

The soldiers and police officers take the documents from their hands.

"!!!!"

With just one look, they are all shocked.

[Secrecy Agreement]

[sss-level]

The highest level of secrecy agreement?!

The soldiers and police officers certainly know what the document in front of them is. They involuntarily glance around.

Eyes meet with eyes...

Their gazes are filled with gravity and seriousness.

"Could it be..."

"Are we going to carry out a top-secret mission?"

At this thought, no one shows a trace of panic or fear on their faces. Instead, they exude a spirit of readiness to sacrifice their lives.

This is the essence of the soldiers and police officers of Great Xia!

And at this moment.

Song Xiangdong's voice continues to echo in their ears, "Before proceeding, you must sign this secrecy agreement."

Without the slightest hesitation.

To hesitate even for one second would be disrespectful to themselves.

The soldiers and police officers immediately sign their names on the sss-level secrecy agreement and solemnly hand it to the agents beside them.

In their view...

They see this as not merely a secrecy agreement but also as a pledge to Great Xia, even as their very lives!

Soon, the agents, holding the signed agreements, exit the enclosed area.

Immediately after.

The door closes slowly.

It is only now that Song Xiangdong starts to speak again, "I know all of you are outstanding, but being called here does not mean that everyone will be involved. We will select among you."

Upon hearing this, the soldiers and police officers instantly stand tall, fearing they might be overlooked.

They are the most exceptional members of their respective military districts or municipal bureaus.

For them...

Not being selected would be a disgrace.

They are not afraid of dying; they are afraid of not qualifying!

Meanwhile.

Song Xiangdong continues, "The reason for possibly involving you in this matter can arguably be said to be the most important event in Great Xia's history, even without exaggeration, one that could overturn the entire world!"

"?!"

His words leave everyone trembling with excitement, constantly speculating in their minds...

What exactly is the mission?!

He doesn't keep them guessing for long.

In the next second.

Song Xiangdong gives them the answer.

"This mission is cultivating immortality, true cultivation!"

"???"

Upon hearing these words, the soldiers and police officers freeze, thoroughly baffled.

They even start to doubt if their ears are malfunctioning, mishearing.

Cu... Cultivating immortality??

They were called here not to perform some task?

But to...

Cultivate immortality?!?!

"Is cultivation of immortality actually a thing??"

The soldiers and police officers quickly realize where they are—the National Security Bureau!

Regarding cultivation of immortality...

If such a thing came from anywhere else, it would surely be false news.

But coming from the National Security Bureau...

It's unquestionably legitimate!

For a moment, their bewildered minds are increasingly shocked.

"Cultivating immortality..."

"How did the National Security Bureau discover this?"

"Do immortals truly exist in this world?"

"How does one cultivate immortality?"

"Will there be an immortal to guide us?"

"..."

A series of questions flooded their minds.

Just at this moment.

The door of the enclosed venue opens once again.

The sound piques their attention.

They instinctively shift their gaze back to the door.

Under their watchful eyes.

A handsome young man, carrying a pitch-black wooden sword, walks in, led by a leader from the National Security Bureau.

And this young man...

Is none other than Lin Beichen, who was brought in by the National Security Bureau to assist in selecting cultivators.

Lin Beichen greets first, "Director Song."

"You've arrived."

Song Xiangdong displays a faint smile, nodding, and then gestures toward the soldiers and police officers before him, "These are the elite I've gathered for cultivation."

His gaze, along with Lin Beichen's, sweeps over them briefly and then he straightforwardly says, "Take a look and select those whom you deem fit for cultivation."

The conversation between Song Xiangdong and Lin Beichen is not concealed in any way; in the incredibly quiet enclosed environment, it reaches everyone's ears distinctly.

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At this moment, the gaze of the warriors and police officers had already entirely focused on Lin Beichen, their eyes filled with a mix of emotions.

A mix of disbelief, shock, surprise...

Wait a minute!

"He's the one choosing who can cultivate?"

"So young?"

"He looks like a student!"

"Could it be..."

"He's an immortal, with the art of eternal youth, so he looks like a child, but maybe he's hundreds of years old?"

"Is he here to teach us cultivation?"

"..."

Just as these questions arose in their minds, new questions immediately followed.

Even though their minds were about to burst with questions at this point,

...professionalism kept them from speaking.

"..."

The enclosed space remained extremely quiet.

At this moment, Lin Beichen nodded to Song Xiangdong, then took three steps forward, getting closer to the gathered warriors and police officers, and said with a smile, "I hope you all will follow your hearts and answer my questions honestly."

On the way here, he had already thought about what to ask.

Seeing them nod in unison,

he got straight to the point and asked, "Who among you is interested in supernatural tales and has ever thought that gods and ghosts might really exist in this world?"

Immediately,

almost ninety percent of the police officers and warriors present raised their hands.

Lin Beichen glanced around, memorized them in his mind, then nodded and signaled them to put down their hands. He then continued, "Now, please close your eyes and follow my description, try to use your imagination to the fullest, and then tell me what you imagined."

After finishing, he waited for everyone to close their eyes.

He then began to describe, "Now what you see is not white, nor black, but a chaotic color. In the chaos sits a person, and that person is you. You can feel what that person feels, and sense tiny bits of energy all around..."

Lin Beichen detailed the visualization process of the "Illusion Becomes Reality" imagined world.

After narrating,

he let them immerse in it, waiting for about half a quarter of an hour, then clapped his hands to break their concentration.

"Alright, now you can truthfully express how you felt and what you saw in the imagined world."

Lin Beichen glanced at everyone, then chose a police officer closest to him, saying, "You start first, then go in sequence."

"Okay."

The police officer was a bit caught off guard by being called upon suddenly, but quickly adjusted himself, recalled briefly, organized his words, and began to speak, "I didn't feel anything on my body. As for what I saw, honestly, I didn't see much, just darkness in front of me."

After he finished speaking,

the other police officers and warriors began to narrate their experiences one by one as Lin Beichen had instructed.

"I saw a gray area and also saw myself, but I didn't see any of the energy you mentioned, nor did I feel anything on my body."

"Everything you described appeared in my mind, but it didn't manifest before my eyes. However, I think what I saw is the so-called chaos."

"I could see the energy you described, but I didn't feel it either in the imaginary world or on my actual body."

"..."

After a long time, they had all finished their stories.

Nobody succeeded in visualizing completely.

Lin Beichen had anticipated this outcome.

However, to his surprise, among such a large group, there were indeed a few who saw some parts of the imagined world.

"They have better intuition than most!"

"Maybe..."

"They can provide me with the answers I'm seeking."

Initially not expecting much, Lin Beichen now found himself with a glimmer of hope.

Without wasting time,

following the pre-devised plan,

he approached Song Xiangdong and picked out those whose intuition seemed a bit better.

Ultimately, he selected about sixty people.

"Can I cultivate now?"

"Great, I've been chosen!"

"Am I going to be trained as an immortal?!"

"..."

The chosen warriors and police officers could no longer contain their joy and excitement.

Seeing them cheer and jump for joy,

the unselected warriors and police officers looked on with expressions of melancholy and regret, their eyes filled with envy.

They envied not just the opportunity for cultivation, but also the chance to be part of something so crucial for Great Xia.

As for themselves...

They had missed this golden opportunity!

Song Xiangdong didn't reproach the warriors and police officers for their loss of composure. He simply gestured, and the agents flooded in again.

"Those who were chosen, send them to the cultivation room."

"Those who were not, let them rest well and then send them back to their units."

With his order,

all hundred-plus individuals were promptly arranged and led away by the agents.

Soon, the once slightly crowded enclosed space became empty and quiet.

At this moment, Song Xiangdong looked at Lin Beichen and thanked him, "Thank you so much, Lin Beichen, not only for writing down your cultivation experience and insights for us but also for helping us select suitable candidates for cultivation."

"It's no trouble at all, no trouble at all."

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Lin Beichen smiled and waved his hand repeatedly, thinking to himself that he had a favor to ask of him, so why be polite?

He didn't beat around the bush.

He spoke directly and without hesitation: "Director Song, actually, I have something I need your help with today."

"Oh?"

Song Xiangdong became interested.

Cooperation is mutual.

These past few days he had been imposing on Lin Beichen...

If this continued.

He would feel embarrassed to ask for more favors.

"What is it?"

"I hope you can help me find some traditional martial arts that have never been publicly disclosed but truly exist."

"Traditional martial arts?"

Song Xiangdong was somewhat puzzled and instinctively asked: "You practice martial arts?"

"Yes."

Lin Beichen nodded and explained: "I intend to improve and perfect traditional martial arts, making them the legendary high-level martial arts in the eyes of the world, even immortal martial arts."

"!!"

Song Xiangdong was shocked upon hearing this, looking at Lin Beichen with a few admiration-filled glances, thinking: As expected of a cultivator, always pursuing the realm of 'immortal' with every step, not only creating immortal techniques but also immortalizing traditional martial arts to achieve immortal techniques!

His every idea...

Truly astonishing!

At this moment, while he was marveling inwardly.

Lin Beichen's voice continued: "And transforming these traditional martial arts is also a crucial step in my next cultivation breakthrough, which is key to triggering Thunder."

"I see."

Song Xiangdong didn't delve deeper.

He understood...

It would be pointless to ask.

He couldn't possibly comprehend it.

Initially, if Lin Beichen needed any help, he would certainly step in, and now hearing that it involves improving traditional martial arts into high-level or even immortal martial arts, and also related to cultivation breakthroughs and triggering Thunder...

He was even more eager!

"No problem, leave it to me."

After saying this, Song Xiangdong immediately took action, issuing the order to search for traditional martial arts.

As the most mysterious and special department of Great Xia, the Security Bureau naturally had its own information system, and within minutes, it had pinpointed over a dozen targets.

...

Dengzhou City.

"Hao Zai Lai" Noodle Restaurant.

It was mealtime, and while the surrounding shops had bleak business, this noodle restaurant was bustling with activity, with a long queue.

"So delicious, these noodles are really chewy!"

"I've tried so many noodle places, and this one is the best!"

"..."

Compliments echoed throughout the noodle restaurant.

At this time.

In the restaurant kitchen.

A man was kneading dough.

This man was a middle-aged individual in his fifties, standing at a towering height of one meter eighty, with a robust build and disproportionately large fists.

Have you ever seen fists the size of sandbags?

Something like that.

He was the owner and the noodle chef of the restaurant.

"Bang—!"

"Bang—!"

"..."

The sound of pounding echoed continuously in the kitchen.

However, rather than calling it kneading dough,

it was more appropriate to say the owner was pounding the dough.

His fists seemed like two heavy hammers, constantly falling on the dough, each punch carrying a shocking force!

On closer inspection, it's not hard to see...

These punches were not randomly thrown but carried a flowing and seamless beauty!

Purely a representation of violent aesthetics!

At this moment.

Suddenly!

A man dressed in a black professional suit walked into the kitchen, holding a black leather briefcase.

The owner saw this and frowned slightly, stopping his actions, saying: "Hello, the kitchen is off-limits to unauthorized personnel."

"Sorry about that, boss."

The man recognized his inappropriate entry into the kitchen, apologizing with a sincere expression.

Seeing this.

The owner's expression softened slightly, saying: "If you're here to eat noodles, please queue outside."

"Boss, I'm not here to eat noodles."

Seeing the owner's puzzled expression, the man didn't beat around the bush, saying softly: "I'm here specifically to see you."

"To see me?"

The owner was taken aback, here to learn the noodle-making technique?

Before he could think further.

A certificate suddenly appeared before him.

On the certificate, the gold-embossed words "Security Bureau" were especially conspicuous.

"???"

The owner looked at the certificate, then at the agent holding it, completely confused.

Security Bureau?

What could this department want with him?

Could it be a scam?

To cheat money?

With this thought, he looked at the agent vigilantly, asking: "Why does the Security Bureau need to see me?"

"Because of your martial arts."

The agent didn't waste any words, directly saying: "We know you are the inheritor of Luwo Fist, and now the country needs to use your martial arts temporarily, hoping you could hand it over."

Luwo Fist, a style of martial arts developed naturally during the Ming Dynasty by the anti-Wokou hero Qi Jiguang, while resisting the Wokou invaders. Thus, it was named Luwo Fist.

This martial art was vigorous and fierce, an exceptional choice among traditional martial arts!

It's a true killing technique!

Sufficient to show its extraordinary nature.

The owner no longer doubted the man's identity and believed he wasn't a con artist.

With the advancement of science and technology, traditional martial arts gradually declined.

Especially...

Martial arts like Luwo Fist, focusing more on practical combat rather than ornate and eye-pleasing routines.

It's particularly challenging.

Gradually fading from public view, scarcely known by anyone.

As the inheritor of such a declining martial art, he had never publicized it, nor was there any reason to.

It was already extremely rare for an outsider to know about Luwo Fist.

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And he could precisely know himself as the successor of Luwo Fist...

There is no need to question the authenticity of his identity!

"The country needs to requisition the Luwo Fist?!"

The shopkeeper was stunned for a moment. What is the country up to? Why even requisition a fist technique like Luwo Fist, which is unheard of nowadays?

Luwo Fist...

Could it be that the country is going to war?

To use this Fist technique to train a secret force specifically to fight the Wokou?

Various thoughts flashed through his mind instantly.

However, in the next instant.

These thoughts were squeezed out by excitement and thrill.

The shopkeeper grabbed the agent's hands tightly, incredulously asking, "Does the country really want to requisition the Luwo Fist?"

To be requisitioned by the country is equivalent to being recognized and valued by the state.

This is great news for a traditional martial art that's on the verge of being lost!

And for him personally...

It's a matter of immense glory for his lineage!

"Yes... yes."

The agent's expression changed slightly; the shopkeeper's excited grip was too firm, causing him pain.

The agent extracted his hand with difficulty.

Seeing the shopkeeper's state, he understood there was no problem, but he still confirmed, "So, are you willing to temporarily hand over the Luwo Fist to the country?"

"I am willing, willing, I am willing!"

The shopkeeper nodded vigorously, the words "I am willing" came more earnestly than when he had said them at his wedding.

"Wait here for a moment, I'll get the secret manual of Luwo Fist for you."

After speaking, he went straight up to the living area upstairs from the kitchen.

There were clanging sounds heard from upstairs.

A moment later.

He hurriedly ran downstairs, carrying a scroll.

The scroll looked ancient, and the yellow silk had faded to a desert yellow from the erosion of time.

Very thick.

When rolled up, its diameter was about ten centimeters.

"This is the original secret manual of the Luwo Fist, it not only contains every move and stance of the Luwo Fist, but also the insights and improvements from its successors over generations."

The shopkeeper walked up to the agent, his expression solemn and serious as he handed the scroll to him, saying in a deep voice, "Take it."

The agent opened the black briefcase in his hands, then received the scroll with both hands, gently placing it into the case before closing it.

Immediately afterward.

He stood up, took out a check from his pocket, handed it to the shopkeeper, and said, "To thank you for your cooperation, the bureau has approved ten thousand yuan as a token of gratitude. In addition, you will receive an honorary certificate in a few days to acknowledge your support for the country."

"This cannot be, this cannot be."

Facing the ten thousand yuan check, the shopkeeper did not hesitate at all. He quickly waved his hand and refused, saying, "I can accept the honorary certificate, but there is no need for the remuneration. Making a contribution to the country is my honor, how can I accept remuneration?"

"But..."

"There is no but."

The shopkeeper interrupted the agent directly, his attitude firm, "I really cannot take this money, if you insist, then I won't hand over the Luwo Fist!"

...

Linchuan City.

In the suburbs, there was a courtyard house that looked like an ancient mansion.

At this moment, inside the main room facing the hanging-flower gate.

An elderly man over seventy years old sat upright on a yellow rosewood chair in the center of the hall, energetic, wearing white silk, sipping tea. His every move showed that his arms were muscular and astonishingly large, even thicker than the thighs of some young ladies who prided themselves on being "slim."

His name was Chen Daxia.

Apart from being the head of this family.

This family was no ordinary family, but a lineage of traditional martial arts!

"Ho!"

"Ha!"

"..."

Loud shouts full of energy continued to come from the inner yard.

Watching the juniors practicing in the inner yard, Chen Daxia nodded in satisfaction.

And at that moment.

A middle-aged man in black silk led a man in a black professional suit, bypassed the inner yard, and quickly walked into the main room, coming to his side.

"Dad."

The middle-aged man greeted softly, then gestured to the man behind him and said in a low voice, "This is an agent from the Bureau of Safety, he has come to see you and says he has something to discuss."

Before the words fell.

The agent had already shown his credentials.

Chen Daxia glanced at them and looked no more.

His son was meticulous in handling affairs, since he'd brought this person to him and acknowledged his identity, it meant he'd already done the necessary checks.

The Bureau of Safety wanted to discuss something?

What could it be?

What affairs of his could interest the Bureau of Safety?

Inwardly, Chen Daxia was confused, he waved his hand, signaling his son to step back, then smiled, "This agent, what do you want to discuss?"

"Mr. Chen, apologies for the intrusion."

The agent greeted politely, then directly stated his purpose, "The country needs to requisition some traditional martial arts, including the Baji Lean, hoping that the Chen family can temporarily hand it over to the country."

The Chen family, being a lineage of traditional martial arts, passed down the Baji Lean.

The origin of Baji Lean dates back to the Tang Dynasty, formed by Martial Arts Scholar Chen Shuo during his battles, after compiling and refining it, creating a close-combat martial art focused on shoulders and arms.

Similar to Luwo Fist...

It was a killing technique!

Due to its straightforward moves but immense lethal power, it did not branch out into various techniques and was not accepted by the public, thus it faded from common sight.

Surviving only...

In the family's internal inheritance.

"The country needs my family's Baji Lean?"

Chen Daxia's demeanor changed suddenly, full of gravity and oppression, he said seriously, "Is the nation in peril? Let alone Baji Lean, my whole family can pledge our lives for the country and fight to the death!"

"Mr. Chen's patriotism is truly admirable."

The agent sincerely marveled, then said, "However, I don't know the specific situation either. I am just following orders to requisition the Baji Lean."

"Alright."

Chen Daxia slowly got up, then walked behind the screen wall in the hall. Soon, he returned with a wooden box in his arms.

"Take it."

Chen Daxia handed the wooden box to the agent, saying solemnly, "Inside is the true writing of our ancestor, Chen Shuo, recording everything about Baji Collapse."

Having said that, he added seriously, "Also, be sure to convey my previous statement, if needed, the Chen family can give our all for the nation!"

...

Similar situations occurred nationwide.

The existing circles of true traditional martial arts also have their own networks.

This matter quickly spread within those circles.

To be requisitioned by the country...

It signifies national recognition of a martial art!

It's an honor!

In these circles, it is worth being proud and honored!

For a time, inheritors of traditional martial arts who had not yet been visited were all preparing their martial arts manuals, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the Bureau of Safety agents.

Some even...

Worried that the country might not favor their martial art, were already inquiring about channels, preparing to proactively hand them over!

With the full support of the Bureau of Safety.

This action to requisition traditional martial arts took only three days, basically gathering all traditional martial arts in the Great Xia that met Lin Beichen's requirements.

Lin Beichen was still unaware of this matter; at this moment, he was alone in the gym at the school practicing the Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks.

"The leg technique has reached its limit."

After practicing the Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks several times without feeling any further changes in his legs, no matter how slight, Lin Beichen understood what was happening.

"It's time to train in other traditional martial arts to strengthen other parts of the body."

"I wonder..."

"How is the situation at the Bureau of Safety?"

He didn't like waiting this ignorantly.

Just as he was about to inquire from Song Xiangdong.

Suddenly!

The gym's door was pushed open.

Two agents walked in, each carrying a large briefcase in either hand.

"This...?"

Beichen's eyes lit up instantly; he guessed immediately that these were the collected martial arts manuals?

And in the next instant.

His guess was confirmed.

"Lin Beichen..."

"What you asked for has been delivered."

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Indeed!

Lin Beichen hurriedly stepped forward to receive the four large document boxes from the two agents, expressing his gratitude, "Thank you for your trouble."

"No problem."

The two agents, having completed their task, did not linger. After bidding farewell to Lin Beichen, they promptly left the gymnasium and returned to the Security Bureau to report.

Watching the two agents disappear from sight,

Lin Beichen retracted his gaze and looked at the four bulging document boxes.

In just three days...

They managed to collect four whole boxes of martial arts manuals, especially these unpublished ones.

Truly, the Security Bureau is formidable!

He couldn't wait to open the four document boxes.

At once!

Books upon books of ancient texts, scrolls upon scrolls,

neatly stacked inside the boxes.

Combining the ancient texts and scrolls, there had to be at least fifty.

"!"

Lin Beichen's eyes were dazzled by the sight of these martial arts manuals.

He did not pick and choose.

Without any hesitation,

he sat on the ground, placing himself in the middle of the four boxes, and began studying whichever martial arts manual he picked up first.

"Snow Falling Plum Blossom Palm"

"Luwo Fist"

"Baji Lean"

"Turtle Shell"

"Falling Leaves Return to Root Leg"

"Golden Jack"

"Wandering Dragon Step"

"..."

He looked through each martial arts manual one by one.

For an unknown length of time,

Lin Beichen finished all four large boxes of martial arts manuals, and with his extraordinary enlightenment, he deduced the core essence within each manual.

Biting off more than one can chew.

Moreover...

These unpublished martial arts also vary in quality.

Following his initial thoughts,

he selected only a few martial arts that suited different parts of his body, like fists, arms, back, etc.

Additionally,

he chose a few martial arts not aimed at physical strengthening but seemed very useful. For example, the Wandering Dragon Step, a footwork technique akin to the Ripple Step in novels.

"Next..."

"I'll start with the martial arts that strengthen the entire arm."

Lin Beichen identified the parts he wanted to enhance next.

For fist techniques, there was "Luwo Fist."

For shoulders and arms, there was "Baji Lean."

Referring to the steps illustrated in the ancient texts, he began practicing.

"Luwo Fist" is a technique for killing Wokou, with each move being vigorous and swift, with a momentum like a rainbow, making the Wokou tremble in fear!

It primarily involves movements like surging, springing, drilling, pounding, intercepting, swinging, and smashing.

The fist splits into two strengths: inch force and drilling force.

Inch force emphasizes sudden, swift strikes; it is ferocious like a tiger, with strength that can push mountains.

Drilling force emphasizes storing strength like a drawn bow and releasing like a crossbow; it strikes instantly upon contact, with rapid and spinning force.

The fists follow a curved path, seeking straightness within curves, and curves within straight paths, incorporating offense within defense and vice versa.

The boxing proverb goes: "Striking with pose but no strength is a waste of movement; having strength with no pose is a waste of effort."

This means that fist and strength complement each other, and only through correct combinations and continuous daily practice can power and skill be improved.

The complete fist technique comprises sixty-four moves.

The first move: Exploding Smash.

The second move: Right Frame and Thrust Hammer.

The third move: Twisting Step and Punch.

The fourth move: Retreating Double Smash.

The fifth move: Stepping Hammer Swing.

...

Each of the sixty-four moves flows seamlessly from one to the next, with both offensive and defensive qualities.

"Baji Collapse" is also a battlefield killing technique, similar in style to "Luwo Fist."

Baji signifies that the force can reach the utmost extremities in all directions, named for its simplicity and directness, emphasizing forceful and clean techniques without redundant moves.

The movements are characterized by wide openings, swift and powerful strikes, prominent collisions, and repetitive use of elbow techniques.

The power principle includes collapse, shock, thrust, strike, press, and bump with force.

As the saying goes: "Move like a drawn bow, strike like thunder."

This technique has no fixed sequences, emphasizing flexibility and change.

Dragon Descent: Exploding Bow and Arrow Surge.

Tiger Embrace: Encircling and Quick Embrace.

Bear Squat: Firm and Forced Bump.

...

There are eight movements, known as the Eight Styles.

The spirit of the styles is encapsulated in sixteen words: "Loyal and brave, using the body as a shield, sacrificing self, and standing at the forefront in danger."

The first time through was very rigid.

The second time, it became much smoother.

...

Thanks to his remarkable enlightenment, Lin Beichen could pinpoint any flaws in his moves with each practice and identify exactly where each move felt awkward, making necessary improvements.

After just five or six repetitions,

he was already performing these two martial arts with considerable proficiency.

Conveying a sense of perfection in his movements.

"Next is intensive cultivation."

For example, the Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks can be practiced in combination with the Horse Stance.

Luwo Fist and Baji Lean also have auxiliary training methods.

These are all meticulously documented in the ancient texts.

Luwo Fist can involve repeatedly thrusting the fists into fine sand, feeling the individual grains on the knuckles, not only honing and strengthening the fists but also mastering the punching force more rapidly.

Baji Lean can be practiced by standing by the sea or under a waterfall, feeling the force of the changing tides or the impact of the falling water, which strengthens the shoulders and arms and helps master the force exerted in bumping techniques through this reaction.

"This..."

Lin Beichen suddenly realized that the scenes needed for strengthening these two martial arts were akin to performing plank supports in the sea!

Two birds with one stone!

Without any hesitation, he immediately decided to work out at the seaside every day from now on.

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However, in the next second.

A new problem arose.

He suddenly thought...

The Imperial Capital is landlocked!

There's no sea!

"What should I do?"

Lin Beichen was stunned for a moment, but soon, he realized that he had only been practicing this leg technique for about a week.

And also...

He had discovered a method to train even faster, and he was already preparing for it.

In other words, as long as he worked diligently, he could push the limits of these two traditional martial arts within a little more than a week.

"Just a week..."

"If it doesn't work, I'll ask for another leave!"

"I'll go train by the sea near the Imperial Capital."

Lin Beichen made up his mind instantly, planning to ask his guidance counselor for leave.

But before asking for leave.

He had something else to do.

He had to test the power of his legs, which had just reached their limit!

He first packed these martial arts manuals into a box, then placed four large briefcases in a hidden spot in the gymnasium and walked out to the grove behind the gym.

This grove, because of its location.

Was in a place where no one came, and no one maintained it.

Weeds grew abundantly.

"Swoosh—"

With a rustling sound.

Lin Beichen walked through the weeds in the grove, finally stopping in front of a tree.

This tree was around twenty centimeters thick.

Its age was not very old.

It was of average size in the entire grove.

"This one will do."

A move from the Shaolin Twelve-Legged Spring Kicks instantly came to mind.

Then, he immediately performed it.

In an instant!

He felt both his legs turn into two steel-like limbs, brimming with power.

Without the slightest hesitation.

He kicked the tree in front of him...

"Bang—!!"

"Crack—!"

A dull thud and a crisp cracking sound rang out almost simultaneously.

The entire small tree started to tilt from the spot where it was kicked, and after a moment, it fell to the ground with a heavy crash, raising a cloud of dust and startling the nearby birds.

The breaking point was exactly where he had kicked.

The break was jagged, almost looking like it had been gnawed by a dog.

Seeing this, Lin Beichen's eyes lit up and he couldn't help but look down at his leg. Aside from a slight red mark where it had contacted the trunk, there were no other changes, no abrasions, no swelling.

"If I had used my full strength with that kick..."

"The whole tree would probably have been cut off immediately, right?"

He had a clear understanding of the power of his legs, and without further delay, he headed straight for his guidance counselor's office.

Sixth teaching building, third floor, guidance counselor's office.

Lin Beichen stood at the doorway and gently knocked on the door.

"Knock, knock, knock—"

"Come in."

The counselor's voice came from inside the office.

Lin Beichen opened the door and entered.

Seeing him, the counselor broke into a bright smile and asked, "Lin Beichen, what brings you here, do you need something?"

"Yes, counselor, I need something."

Lin Beichen gave a shy smile and said, "I'd like to request a week's leave."

"?????"

The counselor's smile instantly froze on her face; she still vividly remembered the pressure she had endured after Lin Beichen's last leave!

It hasn't been that long since the last leave, right?

And now another leave?

Moreover...

Another subtle period of a week?

As the saying goes, once bitten by a snake, ten years afraid of the rope.

She was really worried now.

"Well... Lin Beichen, I'll have to think about this leave request. You go back first."

"Counselor, this time won't be like the last time."

Lin Beichen naturally knew what the counselor was worried about. He raised three fingers to the sky and quickly promised, "I guarantee my phone will be on 24 hours, and I'll be reachable at any time."

After saying that, he smiled and said, "Counselor, please approve my leave!"

"This..."

The counselor was somewhat swayed by his words, but remembering past experience, she didn't agree immediately and said, "I need to consult the principal."

With that, she took out her phone and called Principal Hao Jianhua.

The phone rang for a long time.

Hao Jianhua finally picked up.

The counselor promptly reported, "Principal, I need to discuss something with you."

"What is it?"

"It's about Lin Beichen."

The counselor glanced at Lin Beichen, who was watching her expectantly, and continued, "He's here asking for a week's leave. He promises to keep his phone on and not to repeat the last incident. Should I approve his request?"

"What?!"

From the other end of the line, Hao Jianhua's eyebrows furrowed instantly as he thought about the commotion Lin Beichen had caused during his last leave. It gave him a headache just thinking about it.

"Let Lin Beichen take the call."

"Alright."

The counselor handed the phone to Lin Beichen, who took it politely and said, "Hello, Principal."

"Lin Beichen."

Hearing Lin Beichen's voice, the principal's tone softened somewhat. "Why do you need to leave? Is something wrong with practicing at the school? If you need space or anything else, just ask, and I can approve it. But taking leave... let's avoid that."

"Principal, what I need isn't available at the school."

Lin Beichen pulled a bitter face and directly said, "I need to go to the seaside. My upcoming cultivation research requires being by the sea."

Cultivation??

Hao Jianhua didn't believe in such things at all. Hearing this, he had an ominous feeling that this kid was going to cause more trouble outside!

Chapter 160: Inquiring About Martial Arts, Cultivating Immortality in Public!\_3

Maybe...

This time it might cause an even bigger commotion than last time!

This won't do!

He immediately said, "Lin Beichen, how about we put this research on hold for a bit? Why don't you look into some research where the school can provide you with assistance?"

After speaking, he didn't wait for Lin Beichen to respond.

He hurriedly added, "Someone's coming over here, so let's leave it at that for now. Lin Beichen, think about something the school can help you with, and just apply to me. I'll hang up now."

"Beep beep beep..."

The busy tone came through.

How could Lin Beichen not understand such an obvious refusal?

He looked helplessly at his counselor, who took his phone and shrugged, showing a "there's nothing I can do" expression.

"Alright, Lin Beichen, do you have any other issues?"

"No, I don't."

Lin Beichen shook his head, said goodbye to his counselor, and left the office.

The direction for body strengthening that he had painstakingly confirmed could not be changed.

Going to the seaside was a must.

He thought about it, and among the people he knew, the only one who could convince the principal to approve his leave...

Was Song Xiangdong.

"This isn't a big deal anyway."

"It's just having the Safety Bureau make a phone call to the principal."

With this in mind, Lin Beichen immediately took out his phone and called Song Xiangdong.

Soon, the call was connected.

Lin Beichen smiled and said, "Director Song."

"Lin Beichen,"

Song Xiangdong's voice came from the other end, "Is there a problem with the martial arts manual that the agent just delivered to you?"

"No, no."

Lin Beichen quickly waved his hand, clearing his throat with a serious expression as he thanked, "I'm calling to thank the Safety Bureau for finding so many martial arts manuals in such a short time. I've already gone through them and found suitable ones. I'm ready to start cultivating them now."

"Oh, that's good."

"But..."

Lin Beichen dragged out his tone deliberately, like an angler waiting for the fish to bite.

Sure enough.

Song Xiangdong asked in confusion, "But what? What's the matter?"

"Sigh!"

Lin Beichen sighed deeply and explained his current predicament to Song Xiangdong. Finally, he said, "So, Director Song, can you call our principal and ask for leave for me?"

When it came to matters involving Lin Beichen's cultivation.

Song Xiangdong was always happy to help. Upon hearing it was such a small favor, he immediately agreed, "Sure, no problem."

"Thank you, Director Song."

"No problem."

Song Xiangdong hung up and then contacted Hao Jianhua through the Director of the Education Bureau.

"Hello, Principal Hao."

"Hello, Director Song."

Hao Jianhua was utterly confused at this moment, feeling extremely anxious.

The Safety Bureau!

The Safety Bureau suddenly contacting him...

It must be something big!

He believed he reflected on himself daily.

He had done nothing to let down Imperial Capital University, the education sector, or the country.

"Don't be nervous, Principal Hao."

Song Xiangdong heard the unease in Hao Jianhua's tone and reassured him before bluntly stating his purpose, "I called you for no other reason than to ask you to approve Lin Beichen's leave request."

"???"

Hao Jianhua was completely stunned.

Just this?

Just for this??

The Safety Bureau specifically called...

Just to ask for leave for Lin Beichen??

If this call hadn't come from the Director of the Education Bureau, he would have suspected that Lin Beichen had paid someone to impersonate the Safety Bureau.

But in the next moment.

He suddenly realized something, his eyes widened, and his expression was filled with shock.

The Safety Bureau went so far as to ask for leave for Lin Beichen.

And what was Lin Beichen taking leave for?

To cultivate!

"So..."

"The country recognizes Lin Beichen's actions?"

"Lin Beichen... is really cultivating?!"

...

...

Meanwhile.

Lin Beichen was already on his way back to the dorm to pack his things.

He wasn't worried at all about whether his leave would be approved...

It definitely would!

With the Safety Bureau involved...

How could such a small leave request not go through?

Just at that moment.

Suddenly!

The phone rang.

"Ring ring... Ring ring..."

Lin Beichen answered the phone.

Immediately.

A breathless voice came from the other end: "Hi there, buddy, your package... your package is here. I'm downstairs at your dorm. Could you come down to sign for it?"

Hearing the state of his voice.

Lin Beichen knew that his ordered sandbags had arrived.

Sandbags, the kind you strap around your arms and legs.

This was what he discovered to be a faster method for cultivation.

Adding weights to the limbs while cultivating the martial arts greatly enhanced the training effect.

He had stumbled upon this method a few days ago.

Then, he placed an order on Taobao.

"Perfect timing!"

"It won't delay my trip!"

Lin Beichen was delighted but didn't forget to reply to the delivery guy: "Alright, I'm on my way back to the dorm. Please wait a moment, I'll be right there."

After hanging up, he quickened his pace and soon arrived downstairs at the dorm, meeting the delivery guy.

"Sign here."

"Okay."

Lin Beichen took the pen and signed the delivery slip.

At this point, the delivery guy couldn't help but ask, "Buddy, what did you order? It was so heavy that carrying it from the car to here almost wore me out."

"A set of sandbags."

"Sandbags?"

Having delivered parcels for many years, the delivery guy was knowledgeable and asked, "The kind you wear for weight training?"