

## High Martial 23

Chapter 23 Body Tempering, Muscle Refining, Entry Force

"Uncle Zhang? He's over there."

Wang Ping and the others turned around, pointing to a man with a limp not far away.

The latter looked calm at the moment, glanced at Chen Fan, and said, "You're here? You did well this time, but don't get arrogant. Even if it's a Wildebeest, it's still a Low-level Fierce Beast. If you really encounter a Mid-level Fierce Beast, you'll realize that the bow in your hand is just scratching it."

"Huh, this..."

Wang Ping and the others exchanged glances upon hearing this.

Uncle Zhang was indeed quite unfeeling.

This time, Brother Fan was undoubtedly the MVP of the Hunting Team, and everyone in the village couldn't stop praising him. Would it kill him to say a few nice words?

Chen Fan didn't mind, smiled, and nodded, "Uncle Zhang's advice is correct. We encountered an Iron Armor Rhinoceros this time."

"Iron Armor Rhinoceros!"

"Holy crap!"

Wang Ping and the others were shocked.

The man's eyelids twitched rapidly.

"We took a detour, didn't attract its attention."

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

"Brother Fan, you scared me. That's not something ordinary people can provoke," Wang Ping said speechlessly.

"Yeah, I heard that some people from the village provoked several Iron Armor Rhinoceroses and were chased all the way back to the village. The walls were knocked down by the rampaging Iron Armor Rhinoceroses. It was tough to wait until they left after venting."

Chen Fan nodded, then his gaze fell on the man with the limp, "So, Uncle Zhang, I want to learn some fist techniques to increase my power, so if I ever encounter an Iron Armor Rhinoceros, I can have the ability to protect myself."

"Increase... increase power fist techniques?"

Wang Ping and the others' mouths fell open, looking at Chen Fan, then at the man with the limp.

W-what's happening? How did the conversation change to this?

A trace of surprise flickered in the depth of the man's eyes, then he asked, "You know about this?"

"Yes."

Chen Fan replied, "Uncle Wei and the others must have learned these techniques, which is why they could pull a 100-pound bow from only being able to pull a 60-pound bow at the start, right?"

Wang Ping and the others were stunned, Zhao Feng's breathing became rapid, as he vaguely felt that he might have stumbled upon something incredible.

"Correct."

The man with the limp nodded, his gaze sweeping over Wang Ping and the others, then fell on Chen Fan, "Do you remember what I told you about Martial Artists?"

"Of course, I remember."

Chen Fan hurriedly nodded.

"After the world underwent mutations, humans appeared as Awakeners, their combat power comparable to hot weapons. Ordinary people did not lose their ability to protect themselves, waiting for death.

Before the mutations, ordinary people could strengthen their constitution through training. After the mutations, the human upper limit was broken, and ordinary people could temper their flesh, making their muscles and bones robust, and their strength exceptional. This process is called Body Tempering."

"Body Tempering!"

"Body Tempering!"

Everyone, including Chen Fan, exclaimed.

For Wang Ping and the others, this notion was obviously unheard of.

But Chen Fan was somewhat prepared. He thought about the realm column in his system, which now showed "none." If it showed something, it should be what Uncle Zhang was talking about, Body Tempering, right?

"Correct."

The man with the limp looked serious:

"Body Tempering is divided into three layers based on muscle strength. Dividing it through early, mid, late stages isn't wrong either. Generally, the muscle strength of an ordinary person's punch won't exceed 50 kilograms. The majority of people in the village are at this level.

If it can reach 100 kilograms, it reaches Body Tempering First Layer and can be called Martial Artist. The Wei Brothers, who left, were at this level. Pure strength could pull a 200-pound bow, but pulling it once would make them exhausted. Using a 100-pound bow is just right. You may not understand what this means."

He looked at Chen Fan and explained, "A 100-pound pull bow can pierce leather armor 200 meters away. Even high-quality chain armor can be penetrated. Even encountering an Iron Armor Rhinoceros, it can be shot dead."

Chen Fan took a deep breath.

He could pull a 60-pound bow now, still quite a distance from 100 pounds.

"If it reaches 150 kilograms, it's Body Tempering Second Layer. Body Tempering Third Layer, muscle strength can reach 200 kilograms, approaching the human boxing champion before the mutation. This strength can pull a 200-pound longbow, shooting targets within 400 to 500 meters."

Everyone sucked in a cold breath again.

"Uncle Zhang," Chen Fan thought of the 300-pound longbow in the warehouse and couldn't help asking, "Is Body Tempering just the beginning?"

"Huh?"

Wang Ping's mouth opened so wide, it could fit several eggs.

Such strong people were just starting?

The man with the limp gave him a look of approval, "Yes, after Body Tempering is Muscle Refining. At this realm, Martial Artists' muscles become as hard as steel, incredibly strong, capable of pulling a 500-pound battle bow with one hand. Iron Armor Rhinoceroses are mere targets before these Martial Artists."

Everyone sucked in a cold breath again.

"What about beyond that?"

Chen Fan couldn't help but ask.

"Beyond that is Entry Force."

The man with the limp seemed to be lost in reminiscence, then slowly said, "Entry Force is divided into Ming Jin, Dark Power, and Transforming Force. Before the mutation, I only heard of people reaching Ming Jin, where they gather all their strength into one punch, making the air explode. Dark Power, I've heard of people reaching it, but most were fraudulent, not to be believed. Transforming Force was unheard of."

"But now mutations have occurred..." Chen Fan stopped midway.

"Yes, now mutations have occurred, 100 kilometers away in Anshan City, people have reached Transforming Force, with unfathomable power, even..."

"Even, true qi mentioned only in martial arts novels, some people have reportedly cultivated."

"What! True qi!"

"Oh my god! Really?"

Everyone was stunned.

Mostly excited.

This Martial Artist sounded really strong?

Chen Fan recalled what his father said, looking at the present moment, becoming increasingly certain that Uncle Zhang might have come from Anshan City. Who knew what enemies he had provoked, facing pursuits.

Could Uncle Zhang be an Entry Force Martial Artist?

"Don't get excited too soon."

The man with the limp coldly snorted, pouring them a bucket of cold water.

"Even an Entry Force Martial Artist, so what? Not to say in front of Awakeners, getting shot in the head by an ordinary person, they would surely die. Even those who cultivated true qi might not block bullets."

"But, being able to protect oneself in this world." Chen Fan smiled.

The man with the limp was taken aback and nodded, "Correct, even just Body Tempering First Layer is far better than ordinary people. So, you're sure you want to learn martial arts from me?"

Chen Fan was about to answer when the man waved his hand, "Listen to me first."