

## High Martial 35

Chapter 35: Tai Chi Fist, Completely Ignorant?

Hearing these words, Zhang Ren almost spat out a mouthful of old blood.

Where are you not doing well? How else do you want to improve? Hmm? Entering Tai Chi Form in a day and you still think it's too long?

For some reason, he felt that this kid in front of him was deliberately using this tone, but he had no evidence.

Not far away, Wang Ping and a few others who were practicing posture stance also looked over.

"Hmm."

Zhang Ren frowned slightly and slowly said two words, "Not bad."

"So now, can I learn Tai Chi Fist?"

Chen Fan asked the long-held question in his heart.

The atmosphere became quiet again.

"Almost."

Zhang Ren nodded.

"What!"

As expected, no sooner had he finished speaking, Wang Ping and the others were extremely excited.

"Brother Fan can learn Tai Chi Fist now? So quickly!"

"Didn't Uncle Zhang say that it would take at least a month to enter Tai Chi Stance?"

"Yeah, once you enter Tai Chi Stance, you can learn Tai Chi Fist, which means Brother Fan has already, already..."

The speaker's mouth was wide open, as if he could swallow a basket of eggs.

"Really?"

Chen Fan also showed a look of surprise and joy on his face, "That's great, Uncle Zhang, thank you."

"Hmm."

Zhang Ren responded lightly, feeling inexplicably annoyed.

If he didn't know Chen Fan better, he would really suspect that the other party was an Awakener?

At first glance, martial arts had nothing to do with superpowers, but in truth, it wasn't so. There were all kinds of Awakeners, as bizarre as you could imagine, with abilities beyond anyone's expectations.

However, superpower awakening is like an innate talent; if you have it, you have it; if not, you don't. It's not possible to be ordinary for the first few years and then awaken later. Maybe some people do exist, but he had never heard of such cases.

Could it be that this kid is indeed a one-in-a-million martial arts prodigy?

"Wow, Brother Fan really has entered? Awesome, awesome!"

"So envious, Brother Fan has started practicing Tai Chi Fist while we're still on the basics, sigh."

"Shut up!"

Zhang Ren suddenly turned around, "Extend Infinite Stance by ten minutes, and if anyone talks more, extend it by half an hour."

The few instantly became like quails, quiet and obedient.

"Looks like there's really no chance for me to catch up to him," Zhao Feng smiled bitterly in his heart, "But for my own sake, I have to keep going."

An hour passed, Chen Fan finished Tai Chi Stance, blinked at Wang Ping and the others, then looked at Zhang Ren with a cheeky grin, "Uncle Zhang, what's next?"

Zhang Ren first closed his eyes, seeming to adjust himself, then slowly opened them and said, "The reason I had you start with Infinite Form is because walking steps are fundamental in Tai Chi. Tai Chi emphasizes that power starts from the heels, moves through the legs, is controlled by the waist, and travels through the hands, from feet to legs to waist to hands, top and bottom moving in unison, forming a complete cycle. The lower body dictates the upper body, so the steps must be precise and stable, preventing the upper body from wobbling."

Chen Fan nodded repeatedly.

"Whether a person is good at Tai Chi primarily depends on their stepping technique, then on the accuracy of their fist moves, and finally, in conjunction with the basic breathing technique, forming a complete set of Tai Chi techniques."

"Stepping technique, fist technique, and breathing technique?"

Chen Fan's eyes lit up.

Breathing technique?

Could it be that reaching a certain realm would allow one to cultivate true qi?

Zhang Ren glanced at him, seemingly reading his thoughts, and said, "This breathing technique is not some martial arts heart method from novels. It's not as powerful as you think, just a part of Tai Chi Fist."

Chen Fan laughed sheepishly.

"I'll show you a complete run-through first, watch closely."

"Huh?"

From a short distance away, Wang Ping exclaimed, his gaze inadvertently falling on the other person's leg.

"What's with the 'huh'? I'm only crippled, not legless."

Zhang Ren said irritably, "Once everyone is done, you stand for another half hour."

Wang Ping looked completely desolate.

Very soon, Zhang Ren began practicing Tai Chi Fist. At first, it seemed ordinary, but if it had been some younger people, they would have already grown impatient. However, as they watched, they became unconsciously absorbed.

His movements were synchronized from top to bottom, as if blending with the surrounding environment. His steps were light as feathers, but his landings were heavy as Mount Tai. You wouldn't even guess that this person was crippled.

A few minutes later, Zhang Ren slowly ended his practice, a thin layer of sweat appearing on his forehead, his face visibly glowing with vitality.

Meanwhile, Chen Fan looked at the attribute panel's skill bar, and indeed, there was a new line of small text.

[Zhang Family Tai Chi: Completely Ignorant (0%)]

Underneath was another line of grayed-out small text listing prerequisites, such as Tai Chi Form level 1, Basic Step Technique level 1, etc. Luckily, he had reached all of them.

He let out a long breath; it had taken quite a bit of effort, but he had finally learned [Tai Chi Fist]. It wasn't easy.

He wondered what traits could be unlocked, but they should be much more significant than the enhancements from [Tai Chi Form], right?

The only strange thing was, unlike Basic Archery and Basic Step Technique, the Tai Chi Fist proficiency didn't seem to be measured by levels but by evaluative phrases like "completely ignorant".

"This is Zhang Family Tai Chi," Zhang Ren's voice rang out, "The true Tai Chi Fist has long been lost. Today's various Tai Chi schools are perfected through elder interpretations of ancient texts, combined with other martial arts, though they are largely similar..."

Halfway through his sentence, there was a light sound of footsteps approaching.

"Let's leave it at that for now. We'll continue after lunch."

"Okay, great."

Chen Fan felt a bit curious,

"Brother."

A crisp child's voice rang out, and Chen Chen ran over with a cheerful smile, "Mom said to call you home for lunch, Uncle Zhang..."

He shrunk his neck, thinking Zhang Ren looked like a strange uncle.

"Uncle Zhang, I'll head back first. See you all this afternoon."

Chen Fan waved goodbye to everyone and headed home with his younger brother.

The others finished their stances and went home too, as they were all hungry. Only Wang Ping stood alone in the clearing, pitifully watching Zhang Ren.

"Brother, Mom cooked a lot today. There's so much." He stretched out his arms to show.

"Really?"

Chen Fan couldn't help but pat his head, "Are you happy?"

"Yes, yes, happy!"

Chen Chen nodded repeatedly, then showed a bit of distress, "But Mom said it's all for you. You're working hard, so you need to eat more."

"It's okay, we'll all eat together. After we're done, I'll bring back more."

"Okay, okay!"

Sure enough, as they neared the door, the aroma of meat wafted into their noses. The table was filled with steaming hot dishes.

"You're back?"

Chen Guodong smiled, "Just cooked this meat, come and eat, there's plenty today."

"Really?"

Chen Fan also smiled, "Then I won't be polite."

He was eagerly looking forward to a big meal to boost his potential points.