

High Martial 37

Chapter 37: Quite Bold, Aren't You?

"Then let's strengthen it once first."

Chen Fan quickly made up his mind and clicked the plus sign next to the level.

The familiar warm current surged from the heart again, flowing throughout the entire body. After a few breaths, it slowly subsided.

"Whew..."

Chen Fan wiped the sweat from his forehead. He wondered if it was because he had just eaten; this time, the strengthening was incredibly hot, as if a fire was burning within him, giving him an exceptionally abundant energy.

Level: 5 (0/16)

Constitution: 29.26

Power: 20.36

Agility: 12.59

Spirit: 8.05

Potential Points: 20 (3 points/1 day)

Experience Points: 36

"Not bad, now using a hundred-pound bow should be a piece of cake."

A hint of a smile appeared on Chen Fan's face as he looked at the remaining 20 potential points.

He could continue to strengthen his body once more. He hesitated whether to use it during the archery practice in the afternoon or to save it for tomorrow when he goes hunting, to use once his physical strength is depleted.

After all, this not only enhances all attributes by ten percent but also counts as physical restoration.

"Better save it for tomorrow then."

After some thought, he decided on the latter option. Even if he strengthened again, his power would only reach 22 points. To draw a two-hundred-pound bow, a minimum of 40 points is required—a far cry from his current level.

Better save it as a lifeline.

Most people had already arrived at the warehouse.

"Are you here?"

Zhang Ren turned and glanced at him.

"I'm here."

Chen Fan nodded. "Next, I'll have to bother Uncle Zhang."

Zhang Ren waved his hand, indicating that there was no need for formalities. "Although you have already entered the beginner level of Tai Chi Form, it's just reaching the threshold of learning Tai Chi Fist. The next phase for you will be very tiring. You need to be mentally prepared."

"Yes."

Chen Fan started feeling a bit nervous.

However, when he imitated Zhang Ren's every move, he found that his legs were not as strained as he imagined; they were actually quite manageable.

Every rise and fall was extremely stiff, completely lacking Zhang Ren's light yet steady feeling.

After finishing a set of Tai Chi Fist, Chen Fan eagerly looked at the skill bar.

[Zhang Family Tai Chi: Completely Ignorant (0.01%)]

"Huh?"

He gaped instantly, thinking he was hallucinating, and looked again.

A progress rate of one ten-thousandth? Doesn't that mean he has to perform it ten thousand times? Assuming each set takes 5 minutes, that's 50,000 minutes, 833 hours, 34.7 days!

So, does this mean not eating or drinking for a month to reach the beginner level?

After all, when Tai Chi Form reached the beginner level, it took only 7 days. Isn't this too long?

"How do you feel?"

Zhang Ren turned around.

This set of Tai Chi Fist demands a high level of leg strength, requiring continuous lowering and raising of the center of gravity, unlike the elderly men and women performing it in the park before the mutation. Even for young people, a serious set of Tai Chi Fist can leave them gasping for breath. If elderly folks were to perform it, half their life might be gone.

Chen Fan merely broke a sweat, which surprised Zhang Ren.

Chen Fan quickly said, "Uncle Zhang, I feel quite good, just that my movements are very rusty."

"It's normal at first; you'll get used to it. Come, show me a set."

"Okay."

So the two started; one was practicing while the other was watching and occasionally giving pointers. After completing a set, Chen Fan felt much more exhausted, drenched in sweat.

Zhang Ren nodded slightly.

This kid sure has exceptional constitution, no wonder he can draw an eighty-pound enhanced bow.

"Take a rest, then continue practicing with me."

"Yes."

Chen Fan responded, looking at the skill bar with a hint of surprise in his eyes.

[Zhang Family Tai Chi: Completely Ignorant (0.025%)]

It increased by 0.015%, more than the last time by 0.005%, which made him feel a surge of excitement. This means, the more precise his movements are, the faster the improvement.

Seems like stating the obvious.

The smile dissipated from his face, and as his movements got more standard, the improvement rate would infinitely approach a fixed value, like one thousandth or three thousandths.

Even if it's three thousandths, to reach beginner level in Tai Chi Fist, he'd have to practice non-stop for ten days.

"The improvement rate in fist techniques is still too slow."

He sighed lightly.

Unlike Basic Archery, where improvements happen rapidly with stronger bows or increasing rapid fire numbers; actual combat boosts skill level even faster.

But Tai Chi Fist seemingly requires slow, steady practice. Although actual combat might also boost improvement, how could he carry out such combat? Spar with someone? Use Tai Chi Fist to kill fierce beasts bare-handed? That doesn't sound feasible.

So ultimately, it comes down to boosting points.

It wasn't long before Zhang Ren returned to continue teaching Tai Chi Fist.

Chen Fan's guess was proven right. After several practices, his progress halted at two thousandths for a complete set of Tai Chi Fist.

To reach beginner level, he'd need to practice day and night for half a month.

"Hm, looks pretty decent."

Zhang Ren nodded, "Keep practicing like this daily, and you'll reach the beginner level in three years."

"Pfft!"

Hearing this, Wang Ping and others nearby almost coughed blood.

Three, three years to reach the beginner level?

Isn't this too exaggerated?

In comparison, one week for Infinite Form and one month for Tai Chi Form were way more friendly.

Zhang Ren looked over and sneered, "Three years to reach beginner level is for those with good talent. For those with lesser talent, it might take five years to reach beginner. If you can't accept it, consider learning something else, which might take a year to reach beginner level."

"What is it?"

Everyone became interested.

Zhang Ren was speechless.

From his perspective, learning any fist technique aims for the same goal: entry force or possibly the generation of true qi.

Techniques slow to start with might be easier to practice later, while fast-starting ones might be harder as time progresses.

But these principles were meaningless to the youngsters. They wouldn't understand, just as Zhang Ren himself didn't when he was younger.

"Xingyi Fist."

"If you want quick progress, learn Xingyi Fist. But before that, you'll need three months of Three Body Stance practice."

"Xingyi, Xingyi!"

The group shouted eagerly.

No difficulty in choosing here, definitely Xingyi Fist—it might only take a year and a half to reach beginner level, whereas Tai Chi Fist, no certainty even in three years.

"Very well. When you master Tai Chi Stance, I'll teach you Three Body Stance."

Zhang Ren said indifferently.

"Uncle Zhang, me too..."

"Hm?"

Zhang Ren squinted at Chen Fan, as if saying, "Are you kidding me?"

"No, Uncle Zhang, you misunderstood," Chen Fan was sweating profusely under Zhang Ren's gaze, "I meant, once I master Tai Chi Fist, I'd like to learn Xingyi Fist from you too."

Based on pile skill, different pile skills have similarities, yet their enhancements can be cumulative.

Fist techniques probably work the same way, the more one learns, the stronger one becomes!

"Oh?"

Zhang Ren opened his eyes, then curled his lips slightly, "Master Tai Chi Fist and aim to learn a second fist technique? You have big ambitions. Talk to me about learning a second technique once you've mastered Tai Chi Fist completely, haha."

After saying that, he turned and walked away.

"Haha?"

Chen Fan felt mocked.

Master Tai Chi Fist?

Is it really that hard?

Huh?