

Complete Martial Arts Attributes

Chapter 4: I'd Rather Die Than Practice The Ninth Set of Radio Exercises

At first, Wang Teng had come to the Jixin Martial House to cultivate. But now, he was busy picking up attributes.

He felt like a rubbish collector, working hard to pick up what others dropped.

2

He observed the bubbles for some time and noticed that the transparent bubbles on the ground were dropped during the disciples' cultivation process.

Many students were practicing in the martial arts academy, so quite a few attribute bubbles had dropped.

One thing made Wang Teng's heart ache, though.

There was a time limit for the existence of the bubbles. They would disappear after a few minutes.

Just now, when he was in a daze, a few bubbles had already disappeared. He felt a pang of pain in his heart, as if he had lost a few hundred million.

The disciples continued practicing; attribute bubbles kept dropping.

As Wang Teng collected the bubbles happily, his attributes started surging.

When an instructor saw him running around the arena aimlessly, he couldn't take it anymore. He called him loudly.

"Hey, student, why are you not practicing diligently? Why are you running around?"

1

"Teacher, this is my first day, so I'm looking at how other people practice. As the saying goes, there's something you can learn from everyone. I'm learning things from other people first."

Wang Teng looked at the instructor and smiled as he spouted nonsense.

“Today is your first day? Come over here. I will teach you the ninth set of radio exercises first. Since you don’t know anything now, you won’t be able to understand what they are doing. Lay your foundations first,” said the instructor.

2

Wang Teng thought for a moment and felt that the instructor made sense. This guy was quite responsible.

He looked at the attribute bubbles that had just dropped in the training lobby. The feeling of losing a few hundred millions struck him again.

“Teacher, what kind of exercise is the ninth set of radio exercises?” Wang Teng walked over and asked curiously.

“It is a set of exercises created by the country to train your body scientifically. It uses the basic physical training exercises from the Xingwu Continent.”

The instructor turned to the sound system after he finished speaking.

“The ninth set of radio exercises, Martial Spirit, starts now.”

Wang Teng froze.

He could recognize the music. The starting actions were familiar too.

“Watch carefully.”

The instructor was taller than 1.8m, and his muscles were bulging out of his shirt. It was frightening, yet he was getting ready diligently.

2

Wang Teng was stunned.

The instructor started doing the exercises along with the music.

“The first stance, stretching exercise. One two three four, two two three four...”

“The second stance, chest expansion exercise. One two three four, two two three four...”

“The third stance, kicking exercise. One two three four, two two three four...”

Wang Teng looked at the instructor in astonishment as many crows flew past his mind uncontrollably. He was speechless.

1

Oh my god!

The names of the exercises were the same as the radio exercises he knew in the past, but the actions were more complicated. Some of them even had high physical demands.

It seemed like... the exercises could truly train one's physique.

But, this music, this tempo, and this familiar feeling were really embarrassing.

3

"How is it? Have you seen everything? If you didn't, I could show you again."

The music stopped, and the instructor slowly ended the exercise. He let out a long sigh. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead and his body. The effects of the ninth set of radio exercises were astounding.

"Instructor, I saw everything clearly!" Wang Teng nodded in a hurry. He was really afraid that the instructor would do it again.

Looking at his unsatisfied expression, the guy might really do it again. He wasn't kidding.

"Oh, it looks like your memory is not bad. I had to watch it three times before I managed to memorize it," the instructor said with disappointment.

Why do you look so disappointed!

How can you get addicted to a radio exercise?

Wang Teng sent the instructor off with all his might by persuading him to harm other students. After all, they would be delighted to listen to him.

I will never practice the ninth set of radio exercises! I will never do it even if I die!

I will only rely on picking up attributes to become stronger!

6

When the instructor wasn't looking at him, Wang Teng continued his collection business.

Strength*2

Speed*1

Enlightenment*0.2

...

Basic Fist Skill*5

...

Wang Teng was thrilled. He had picked many strength and speed attributes, but he hadn't tested them. Hence, he didn't know where his strength was at. However, while running around, Wang Teng felt his speed increasing. He accidentally dashed a few meters further than expected.

There weren't many Enlightenment attributes. Most of them were less than one point, so they only added up to one point.

Will I become smarter if my Enlightenment attribute increases? Why don't I feel anything? Wang Teng thought to himself.

Wait!

Basic Fist Skill*5?!

Wang Teng had absorbed an attribute bubble that he never saw before. Suddenly, memories of him practicing fist skills, which didn't exist earlier, appeared in his mind.

"I've learned the basic fist skill?" Wang Teng was in disbelief.

As martial disciples couldn't absorb the Force, they weren't able to practice Force battle techniques.

Hence, the country summarized many basic fighting skills, including footwork, fist skills, sword skills, blade skills, etc.

They popularized the skills and allowed everyone to practice them.

Wang Teng looked at the 20-years-old youth who was practicing the basic fist skill not far away from him, and his eyes lit up.

Although he had learned the basic fist skill, he wasn't well-versed in it. He just knew it roughly like an ordinary person who had practiced it for five days.

Was he able to increase his proficiency if he collected more basic fist skill attributes?

Bang, bang, bang!

The young man punched the sandbag forcefully, swinging it right and left. Every punch formed a dent in the sandbag.

“Amazing!

“Indeed, you can only be successful if you become a martial warrior.

“Why isn’t it dropping...? Hey, it dropped! It dropped again!”

1

Wang Teng was feeling over the top. He secretly crept in from the back and picked up the attribute silently. Then, he sneaked away.

2

Basic Fist Skill*7

Strength*5

“This young man is amazing! He’s good!” Wang Teng exclaimed.

The proficiency of his basic fist skill had increased once more!

He waited for a while, but the other party didn’t drop any more attribute bubbles. Wang Teng had no choice but to turn his attention to the other students. He mustn’t neglect the other attributes while waiting for this one.

Only children made decisions.

Speed: 86

Battle Techniques: Basic Fist Skill (basic understanding), Basic Footwork (basic understanding)

Glancing at the attributes panel, Wang Teng felt content. From single-digit to the current double-digits and three-digits, it was an undeniably huge change.

His strength and speed had increased the most. On the other hand, his enlightenment and physique were on the low side.

It wasn’t hard to notice that each attribute had a different probability of dropping.

The greatest surprise today was the basic fist skill and the basic footwork. To become a martial warrior, having a tough body wasn't enough. He needed to learn battle techniques so that he could display his true potential.

I will go to the martial arts academy again tomorrow to test how far I can go. Wang Teng thought to himself.

When he returned home, Li Xiumei had already prepared dinner.

2

Wang Shengguo was eating. He frowned and asked, "It's late. Where did you go?"

"The Jixin Martial House," Wang Teng replied casually.

Then, he said to Li Xiumei, "Mom, did you make egg noodles? Did you leave some for me? I'm hungry."

"Of course, I left some for you."

Li Xiumei was elated that her son loved her cooking.

Slurp~

Wang Teng took the bowl and sat down beside Wang Shengguo, taking huge bites of the noodles. It was incredibly delicious.

Not smelling alcohol on Wang Teng's body, Wang Shengguo's eyebrows relaxed a little. He asked with surprise, "Why did you go to the martial arts academy?"

"To practice martial arts," Wang Teng replied without raising his head.

"Practice martial arts!"

1

"Practice martial arts!"

Wang Shengguo and Li Xiumei were flabbergasted. They exchanged glances with each other before turning to look at Wang Teng in unplanned unison.

They had tried persuading Wang Teng in the past, but he was too pampered. He didn't want to learn, so he didn't take their words to heart.

Yet, he voluntarily went to practice martial arts today?

2

“Son, you want to practice martial arts?” Li Xiumei asked in disbelief.

“That’s right.” Wang Teng nodded.

“Son, are you dating?” Li Xiumei followed up curiously.

“Huh?” Wang Teng was stunned.

When did he start dating? He didn’t even know that he was dating.

“You hated practicing martial arts in the past,” said Wang Shengguo.

“What’s wrong with that? I’ve sorted out my thoughts, so naturally, I want to start practicing,” Wang Teng gave a relaxed expression as he replied.

Was it really so simple?

Wang Shengguo and Li Xiumei glanced at each other again.

“Alright, since you want to learn martial arts, I will hire the best teacher to teach you.” Wang Shengguo could sense that Wang Teng wasn’t joking, so he clapped his hands happily.

“Dad, you don’t have to do that. Martial arts require talent. I want to practice on my own and give it a try.”

Wang Teng directly rejected his father. How could a teacher be compared to his bug?

His father was only able to hire an advanced stage martial disciple as his teacher. Based on his family background, they couldn’t hire a martial warrior.

1

He would rather spend time picking up attributes than learning from an advanced stage martial disciple.

It would be a waste of money and resources.

This was the martial era. Even hiring an advanced stage martial disciple wasn’t cheap.

Wang Shengguo didn’t force his son. He nodded and said, “Okay, there are instructors in the martial arts academy too. As one of the top three martial arts academies in China, their instructors won’t be bad.

“Practice properly. I don’t hope that you can become a martial warrior. If you’re able to become an advanced stage martial disciple, your physical quality will improve tremendously, and your lifespan will increase too.

“Health is wealth. With a good body, you can get twice the result with half the effort.”

1

Actually, he was afraid that Wang Teng’s passion wouldn’t last long. He might give up after two days of suffering. Thus, it was better to let him practice on his own for a period. If he could persevere, they could make more plans later.

1

“I understand.” Wang Teng smiled secretly. His father loved to educate him. In the past, he wouldn’t listen to his father.

But.

An advanced stage martial disciple?

He had a bug. Not mentioning an official martial warrior, he might even be able to become a general-stage martial warrior.

3

He was just afraid that he would scare his father if he told him the truth.

3

On the other side, Wang Shengguo felt content in his heart. He thought that Wang Shengguo had matured... Was he dating?

4

“Son, you’re already 17 years old. If you are really dating, we won’t object. Do you have enough pocket money?”

Wang Teng was puzzled.

Why couldn’t they stop talking about this topic?

“Dad, Mom, I’m really not dating. If I have a girlfriend, I’ll tell you immediately.” Wang Teng was speechless.

1

“What a pity.” Li Xiumei felt disappointed.

Wang Shengguo nodded in agreement.

Wang Teng said helplessly, “Mom, I’m only 17 years old. Why are you sighing?”

“You’re not young anymore. We are allowed to get the marriage certificate at 18 years old. If you start dating now, you can cultivate your relationship for a year and get married after that,” Li Xiumei said.

4

“Get married at 18 years old?” Wang Teng was dumbstruck.

Was the martial arts era so loving?

“Mom, I’ve finished eating. I will wash up and go to sleep.”

He dashed upstairs as though he was running away from his parents. He was afraid that if he talked to his mother for a while longer, she might start talking about his future children.

This was how his mother was like.

“This child! Hubby, I feel that the young miss of the Tang family is not bad. Let’s visit her family another day and ask them...”

Li Xiumei was still chatting with Wang Shengguo on the first floor.

Fortunately, Wang Teng didn’t hear them. If he did, he might have peed in his pants out of shock. The young miss of the Tang family was at least a hundred kilograms!

41

...

The next day.

Wang Shengguo was eating breakfast bright and early in the morning. Steamed buns, fried dough, soy milk... these were all simple dishes, but they were the favorites of the people in China.

Wang Teng came downstairs.

It was Saturday, so he didn’t need to go to school. He could make his own arrangements.

After he finished breakfast, Wang Teng bid farewell to his parents and rushed out of the door.

Wang Shengguo felt relieved again. He said to Li Xiumei, "Buy some star beast meat. Little Teng is practicing martial arts. Eating some star beast meat can help him improve his physique."

Jixin Martial House.

Wang Teng came really early. There were only a few students in the training lobby at the moment. Clearly, these people were remarkably hardworking.

As early risers, they were all surprised to see a new face.

However, Wang Teng's diligence earned their approval as the students nodded at him politely. They felt that he was the same kind of person as them.

Wang Teng found himself very hardworking, too, but unfortunately, not many people came to practice so early. Hence, there were few bubbles to pick today.

He went to greet the students and picked up the attributes along the way.

Yes, he just did it because it was along the way.

I, Wang Teng, am a polite person. My main purpose is to greet them.

Basic Fist Skill*6

Strength*4

Speed*3

Basic Sword Skill*4

...

Wow, there was an array of attributes. There were also basic fist skills and basic sword skills for him to pick up. He had learned another basic battle technique!

As expected, the early bird catches the worm.

The disciples were all talented, and they were very polite. Even more, they dropped many attributes for him.

Wang Teng really liked them.

2

Wang Teng consoled himself. Then, he went to the speed indicator and stood on it.

The speed indicator looked like a running machine. When a person ran on it, the wheels below would start spinning, and the person's speed would be calculated.

Wang Teng started with a light jog. Then, he increased his speed until he hit his peak.

The speed indicator device would display the runner's fastest speed.

Wang Teng felt that he had already reached his limit, so he slowed down gradually and stepped down from the device.

He looked at the number on the indicator: 12.7m/s!

1

It was obvious that the speed and the attribute points didn't rise equally. Wang Teng wasn't interested in how these two aspects were connected, though.

It was just a different formula.

Nonetheless, Wang Teng was still astounded by his own speed just now.

This was the speed of the Olympics hundred-meter sprint champion, right? If the body of a martial disciple was already like this, how scary was a martial warrior?

"Let's look at my physique."

The physique inspection device looked like a hibernation chamber in a fantasy movie. It stood erected in a corner.

Wang Teng walked in and pressed the start button. A ray of light scanned his body from his head to toe a few times.

The physique inspection consisted of an examination of the blood, muscles, bones, meridians, and other elements. It was extremely complex, requiring advanced technology.

"Ding! The scan has ended. Student Wang Teng. Physique 47."

A pleasant female voice resounded from the physique inspection device.

"Tsk, tsk, there is even a voice broadcast system."

Wang Teng was amazed at how high-quality the speed indicator device and physique inspection device were.

He wondered to himself. *My physique is 47, the same as my physique attribute points. It seems like only the speed attribute is different.*

He glanced at the 'Levels of martial disciple chart' hung on the wall at the side.

The standard strength of a beginner stage martial disciple was 100 kg to 300 kg. The speed was 9 to 7 seconds for a hundred meters, meaning 11.11m/s to 14.28m/s. Lastly, the physique was between 30 to 50.

As evident, Wang Teng was already a beginner stage martial disciple.

He was satisfied with this result.

Why shouldn't he be satisfied? Did he think that he could rise to the top in a single day?

He had already saved much time in upgrading from a normal human to a beginner stage martial disciple.

One needed to learn to be content...

"I will aim to become an intermediate stage martial disciple today!" Wang Teng was filled with excitement as he decided to stay in the training lobby the entire day. He wasn't going anywhere.

The other students were all practicing on their own, concentrating on their training. They didn't notice Wang Teng's test result. After all, this was the first time they had met. It was impolite to peek at others' abilities.

While Wang Teng was doing his test just now, a few more attribute bubbles had dropped beside the students.

Wang Teng's eyes lit up. He pretended to walk past them unintentionally and picked up the attributes.

Basic Sword Skill*3

Strength*5

Enlightenment*0.6

Speed*2

...

Not bad, not bad. There's enlightenment to collect, and I've almost completed my basic sword skill! Wang Teng was secretly jumping with joy.

Since there were too few people at the moment, Wang Teng didn't want to be too conspicuous and garner everyone's attention. He walked into the weapons room and looked around.

There were many weapons on the shelves, including swords, blades, spears, halberd, rods, hammers, and many more.

1

Each weapon had its subcategories too. For instance, for swords, there were long swords, short swords, soft swords, double swords, and such.

There were all kinds of weapons on display here, and one could find whatever they fancied. No matter how unpopular the students' weapon was, they would find it in the weapons room.

Wang Teng stood in front of the shelf with the swords and observed for some time. Eventually, he selected a black soft sword from the 'dark shadow' series.

3

As martial arts became mainstream, the weapons industry started developing too. After all, weapons were extremely important to a martial warrior.

In a duel, a martial warrior with a powerful weapon had an advantage over a martial warrior without any weapons.

However, the weapons provided to the martial disciples were all dummies. The quality was barely satisfactory, and no runes were engraved on it.

This metal sword from the 'dark shadow' series was entirely black. Its pattern and weight were the same as the real sword, but there were no occult runes on it.

1

If you really wanted to compare, the cost of manufacturing this sword was only a few hundred dollars. On the other hand, it cost a few hundred thousand to make the real sword. The difference was huge.

Wang Teng weighed the black metal sword in his hand. It felt just right.

Men had an inclination and yearning for all kinds of weapons.

Many people probably dreamed of carrying a sword and challenging the pugilistic world.

In his past life, Wang Teng was in a technological society without any martial arts. Hence, he had no chance to get in touch with martial arts.

1

Now, as he looked at the long sword in his hand, he felt as excited as a predator looking at its prey.

He had collected some basic sword skill attributes, so he had a rudimentary understanding of the sword. As it was still early, not many people had arrived for training. Considering the lack of bubbles to collect, Wang Teng made use of this time to test the power of his basic sword skill.

He walked out of the weapons room and found an empty spot. After focusing and getting into the posture, he started practicing his sword skill based on his memory.

“Slash, slash, slash!”

When he waved his sword, he could hear the sound of it cutting the air. If he hit someone with it, the other party would definitely be injured or dead.

1

Among the students, the young man who had provided the basic sword skill attributes was practicing his sword skill too. He was stunned when he saw Wang Teng carrying a sword out of the room.

He slowed down his actions and watched Wang Teng from afar.

“He’s just a novice!”

The youth observed Wang Teng for a few seconds before shaking his head. Then, he ignored him.

“This isn’t difficult. I familiarized myself with it after two rounds.

“My enlightenment is just 19.3 too. It isn’t high!”

Wang Teng stopped and wondered to himself in shock.

He didn’t know that his 19.3 points of enlightenment had already exceeded an average human. That was why he didn’t find it difficult to learn basic skills.

If he was learning a Force battle technique, it wouldn’t be so simple.

Force battle techniques were related to the use of the Force. It was already a complicated and profound skill in itself. People with low enlightenment would have a hard time getting their heads around it.

2

Thus, it could be deduced that practicing martial arts truly relied on one's talent. If you wanted to become a martial warrior, you needed to be a genius!