

Complete Martial Arts Attributes

Chapter 7: Collect The Wool...

After practicing sword skills for some time, Wang Teng placed the sword back in the weapons room. He then focused on his fist skill.

The student practicing sword skills shook his head when he saw this. Martial arts relied on quality, not quantity.

It was better for Wang Teng to choose one skill instead of practicing two skills for a short time. In the end, he wouldn't be skilled in either.

"This newbie is hardworking, but he's a little stupid."

1

Wang Teng didn't know that someone had called him stupid in his heart.

Even though he practiced his sword skill only a few times, he felt that his understanding had increased a little. The results were not bad.

He turned around and saw the tall and muscular figure standing at the side with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

It looked like he had been standing there for a while.

"Teacher, when did you arrive? Why didn't you say something? You frightened me."

This was the instructor who had taught Wang Teng the ninth set of radio exercises yesterday evening. Now, he was staring at Wang Teng so intently that he felt goosebumps on his head.

"Young man, I have been watching you for a while. Your fist skill is not bad." The instructor gave Wang Teng a thumbs up.

"Thank you for your compliment."

Wang Teng felt embarrassed. He continued, "Teacher, I'm Wang Teng. How do I address you?"

"My name is Peng Hai. You don't have to call me a teacher. You can just call me Senior Brother Peng," said Peng Hai.

1

"Senior Brother Peng." Wang Teng reacted naturally. Then, he asked, "Do you always come so early?"

"I'm not talented. I'm twenty-plus years old, but I'm still merely an advanced stage martial disciple. I can only work harder." Peng Hai was a little upset.

For an instant, Wang Teng didn't know what to say.

"Hahaha, there's no need to feel awkward. I'm just running my mouth. Wang Teng, you are smart. As long as you work hard, I believe that you will become a martial warrior within three years. All the best," Peng Hai encouraged him.

Three years?

No, three days was enough!

2

This was what Wang Teng thought. But on the surface, he just nodded and replied, "Senior Brother Peng, I will work hard."

"Okay, I will be going to the third floor for my practice. There will be another advanced stage martial disciple in charge of guiding you today. Of course, if you have any questions, you can come and look for me," said Peng Hai.

"What a devoted senior brother!"

Wang Teng exclaimed when he saw him walking up the third floor.

More and more students had started arriving now, making the scene lively.

"Senior Brother."

"Good morning, Senior Brother."

"Senior Sister, you look beautiful today!"

...

Friends greeted each other before starting their personal training. Time was precious for everyone, so they couldn't afford to waste a single second.

Wang Teng stared at the students and suddenly felt that they looked like sheep walking on two legs. There was an endless amount of fur on their bodies.

3

“Great!” The corners of Wang Teng’s lips lifted slightly, and he gave a fatherly smile.

Once the sheep were fat enough, he could kill them—wait, he mustn’t kill these good-quality sheep. He needed to cherish them so that he could collect fur from them continuously.

3

As everyone started practicing diligently, all kinds of attribute bubbles dropped down. Very soon, the lobby turned into a bubble sea, and Wang Teng happily swam in it.

“I love wool. Let me collect some wool...”

He didn’t dare to sing this song aloud, afraid that he might get beaten to death. Thus, he just sang it in his heart and quietly collected the attributes.

If there were notifications now, it would be like this:

Dropped Strength*2, Speed*6. You picked it up. Your strength and speed have increased!

Dropped Basic Fist Skill*2. You picked it up. Your Basic Fist Skill has increased in proficiency!

Dropped Enlightenment*1, Physique*3. You picked it up. Your enlightenment and physique have increased!

...

More people were training on Saturday as compared to the night before.

Wang Teng had underestimated the number of potential attribute bubbles. Or rather, one could say that he underestimated how hardworking everyone was.

The harder the students trained, the higher the probability of them dropping attributes.

It was like squeezing milk. The harder one squeezed, the more milk came out.

5

An entire day passed just like that, and Wang Teng really became an intermediate-stage martial disciple.

His strength, speed, and physique all had reached the standard of an intermediate stage martial disciple. He was now a bona fide intermediate stage martial disciple.

Furthermore, he had reached the small achievement stage for his Basic Sword Skill, Basic Fist Skill, and Basic Footwork!

Based on proficiency, the understanding of a battle technique could be split into a few stages: basic understanding, well-versed, small achievement, big achievement, mastery...

At the well-versed stage, the martial disciple would be able to unleash the power of the battle technique. The small achievement stage would have an extra advantage, with the power at least doubling.

If he reached the big achievement stage or even mastery, the power of the battle technique would increase many times.

Besides that, Wang Teng had also received a Basic Blade Skill and pushed it to the well-versed stage.

1

All in all, it was a good harvest today.

In the evening, at dinner time.

The students were all famished after an entire day of practice. They packed up and slowly left the training lobby.

Wang Teng was reviewing his gains in a corner.

He held the black steel sword in his hand and moved around by combining the sword skill with footwork. He waved his long sword and cut the air with it.

The youth, who was practicing his sword skill this morning, had just returned his sword and was walking out from the weapons room.

While walking past Wang Teng, he glanced at him unintentionally.

“This... this...”

He was dumbstruck. His jaws almost dropped to the floor as he rubbed his eyes furiously. He suspected that he was having an illusion.

“He isn’t at the well-versed stage. No, this is the small achievement. This is definitely the small achievement!”

His own sword skill was still at the well-versed stage. Although he hadn’t reached the small achievement, he knew what it felt like.

How was that possible? In the morning, when he saw Wang Teng practicing, he was just a novice. His sword skill was extremely crude.

Only a day had passed, and he was already at the small achievement stage!

Was this a joke? It must be a joke, right?

Was there really such a genius in this world?

He was starting to doubt himself. In the morning, he mocked this young man and had called him stupid. Thinking back, it felt like a sick joke.

1

“This is crazy, crazy.”

The youth shook his head with a bitter smile as he dejectedly walked out of the training lobby.

1

Wang Teng didn’t notice this person’s existence at all. He was wholly focused on practicing his blade skill, sword skill, fist skill, and footwork. After the session, he felt invigorated.

“Pant!”

He let out a long breath. Wang Teng then placed the weapons back in the weapons room.

The lobby was almost empty when he walked to the underground parking lot. Along the way, he pulled out his attributes panel.

Enlightenment: 28

Physique: 52