

K O G 50

[King of Gods](#)

Chapter 50: – Anger From Embarrassment

Ten Moves Xin Wuheng!

The summit reached a climax as Xin Wuheng appeared. Being the winner of the last summit, Xin Wuheng was famous throughout Sun Feather City.

“Xin Wuheng I’ve been waiting for this a long time.” A will to fight appeared in Zhao Linlong’s eyes, and his sixth rank aura was no longer held back.

“Zhao Linlong, your energy has been depleted a bit, it’s best for you to rest first,” Qiu Mengyu warned helpfully.

Zhao Linlong had fought many battles before and used up a lot of stamina, especially when fighting Qiu Mengyu. If he faced a normal opponent Zhao Linlong wouldn’t even think about this problem. However, his opponent was ‘Ten Moves’ Xin Wuheng, someone who had thrashed him once already.

“Big brother Linlong, you rest first while I test out his skill.” Zhao Ling jumped onto the middle of the stage with his spear.

Zhao Ling was ranked seventh in the tournament and he didn’t have any right to attend, but Zhao Linlong had given Zhao Feng’s spot to him. Therefore, Zhao Ling was very grateful towards Zhao Linlong and wanted to help him out.

“Ok, but don’t force yourself.” Zhao Linlong returned to the pavilion and started to recover his energy.

With Zhao Ling fighting first, he could at least test a bit of Xin Wuheng’s skills.

“Xin Wuheng... take my spear!” Zhao Ling exclaimed as his silver spear flashed through the night.

Xin Wuheng stood still with one hand behind his back.

Outrageous!

Xin Wuheng’s actions meant that he was not putting Zhao Ling in his eyes.

Shua!

The spear was thrust towards Xin Wuheng’s left shoulder. Xin Wuheng was expressionless as he raised one finger.

Dang!

The simple finger managed to hit the weakest part of the spear tip and a powerful and chaotic Inner Strength flowed through the spear into Zhao Ling’s body.

Zhao Ling immediately felt his blood boil.

“Let go!”

Xin Wuheng swept his hand and unparalleled inner strength hit Zhao Ling, making the latter spit out blood.

Clang!

The spear flew out of Zhao Ling's hand as he landed on the ground.

Zhao Ling was instantly defeated by one finger touch and one palm. This scene made many geniuses hearts jump, yet it was within expectations. After all, Xin Wuheng came in first at the last summit, and even Zhao Linlong could achieve the same results.

Inside the Zhao family pavilion...

Zhao Feng's face was solemn, he had seen the whole fight with his left eye. Every move that he used seemed to be simple and casual, yet they would hit Zhao Ling's critical point as if he had the same ability as his left eye.

Furthermore, Xin Wuheng's attack seemed to follow some kind of law that was too profound for him. It was similar to the attack the mysterious girl had back within the canyon, but the feeling from the mysterious girl was tens of times stronger.

"Brother Linlong you recover a bit more, I'll go and force him to use his full strength." Zhao Chi's eyes twinkled as he lept onto the area.

"Attack." Xin Wuheng still stood expressionless.

"Sky Howling Fist!"

Zhao Chi immediately used his nearing peak level high ranked skill. At the same time, he used a high ranked speed skill and a high ranked body strengthening technique.

Zhao Chi's strength was the closest to the four great geniuses and he didn't have flaws in any aspect. Therefore, he was the best one to test Xin Wuheng's strength.

Breaking Wind Finger!

Xin Wuheng's finger sliced through the air like a sharp sword.

Ssss!

The finger and fist clashed together, but Xin Wuheng's finger only scraped past Zhao Chi's fist.

Zhao Chi's figure immediately fell over while his arm went numb at the same time.

"Breaking Wind Finger? It seems to be a middle ranked martial art!"

"Wait, I've also trained Breaking Wind Finger, but it seems different from his."

Discussion broke out.

Zhao Chi took a deep breath and used his high ranked speed skill to escape the danger.

Pah! Pah...

The two exchanged their finger and fist.

One move, two moves, three moves...

Xin Wuheng didn't move a step at all, while Zhao Chi was already sweating and puffing. They had only exchanged three blows in total. Zhao Chi had to spend a hundred times more energy than usual. Xin Wuheng's every move seemed to perfectly counter his.

Although they had the same Inner Strength and power level, Xin Wuheng seemed to be in sync with the heavens.

When they reached the fifth move, Zhao Chi's chest, hand and arm had turned sore from blocking.

Suddenly, at the sixth move, Xin Wuheng used a middle ranked leg skill and with a *thump* hit Zhao Chi's arm.

"Ahhhh..." Zhao Chi screamed in pain and he landed on the floor, sweating coldly.

Xin Wuheng only used a middle ranked finger and leg skill to beat Zhao Chi.

"It's the same as last year, he still only used middle ranked martial arts."

"All of his skills have at least reached the peak level."

The middle of the stage...

Xin Wuheng stood tall with his hands behind his back calmly, as if he had used no energy at all in the previous fight. After Zhao Chi lost, the Qiu family also sent out a few talented disciples to test him out, but it was to no avail. Even Qiu Changyi was defeated in seven moves, and every time Xin Wuheng attacked, he only used one hand.

Cultivators of the same rank were defeated easily and without strain.

"Hard to believe..." Zhao Feng looked at the battle and soon came up with his analysis.

Xin Wuheng had trained five or six middle ranked skills which had all reached the peak level. Some of the moves had even exceeded the original skill in power.

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At the same time...

On a tree near the summit, two figures clothed in silver armor stood silently on a branch, hiding within the night.

"To be able to train so many middle ranked skills to the peak rank...I can't believe such a small Sun Feather City has such a talented genius. If he was put in Jun City, he'd still be ranked in the top ten," one of the silver figures said.

"You've underestimated him...although he hasn't reached Martial Master yet, he still has the senses of one. I think you understand what this means, don't you?" the other person said hoarsely.

None of the geniuses, guests, and elders sensed these two people.

Xin Wuheng stood expressionless in the middle of the stage. At this point, no one dared to challenge him, so they turned their eyes towards Zhao Linlong.

Zhao Linlong had reached the sixth rank of the Martial Path and he was the only one able counter him. Xin Wuheng's eyes also turned towards the Zhao family's pavilion as if he was waiting for something.

"Are you ready, Xin Wuheng?" Zhao Linlong stood up. He had reached his peak state, the blood and chi within him boiled.

"I don't need to prepare." Although he had just fought many battles, they had expended almost no energy at all since his opponents were defeated almost instantly.

"Good!" As soon as he finished his words, Zhao Linlong left a golden after-image and appeared in the middle of the stage.

The two geniuses stood facing each other while the spectators watched in anticipation. Even the two silver clad figures far outside watched with interest.

Shadow Step!

Zhao Linlong moved and although most of the younger generation couldn't see him, they could still hear the *sha sha* sound coming from him. Most people knew that Zhao Linlong's high ranked skill, Shadows Step, had reached the peak level and it worked better when used at night.

Hu!

Xin Wuheng let out a breath and he slowly released the hand behind his back as his expression turned serious. The battles he had fought before were all with one hand, but this time, he was going to use two hands as his opponent had reached the sixth rank.

Facing Zhao Linlong's ghostly figure, Xin Wuheng stood as still as a stone statue. Zhao Feng could clearly see that Xin Wuheng's blood, breathing, and Inner Strength remained calm in his body.

"Zhao Linlong's speed skill probably has no effect on him." He sighed and shook his head.

"I don't believe you!" Zhao Ling said coldly. "Brother Linlong's high ranked speed skill has reached the peak level and his cultivation is also the highest."

He had developed admiration and trust towards Zhao Linlong. Zhao Feng smiled, but he didn't speak.

Shua! Pah!

A palm from a golden figure swept towards Xin Wuheng's back.

Too fast!

No one understood how Zhao Linlong appeared behind Xin Wuheng. However, at this moment, Xin Wuheng also moved. He moved calmly, just slightly pressing out his chest and the terrifying palm just missed him.

"Back Flowing Leg!"

Without even turning, Xin Wuheng unleashed his attack.

Peng!

Zhao Linlong quickly circulated his Inner Strength and he managed to block Xin Wuheng's attack. Just as Zhao Feng expected, Zhao Linlong's speed skill had no effect on Xin Wuheng...

"How did you know Zhao Linlong's Shadow Step has no effect on him?" Zhao Yufei asked curiously.

On her other side, Zhao Ling said coldly, "He was just lucky and he said that because he doesn't like Brother Linlong."

I dislike him?

Zhao Feng almost let out his laughter, after all, it was obvious who disliked who.

"What are you laughing about!? Let's make a bet then," Zhao Ling said angrily.