

K O G 52

King of Gods

Chapter 52: – Zhao Feng Making His Move

Zhao Linlong had lost!

The others immediately stared at Zhao Feng. Once again his calculations were correct, yet this was not the way he thought that Zhao Linlong would lose...

“How can you be like this, Zhao Feng? You shouldn’t say bad things about Brother Linlong.” Zhao Chi’s brow furrowed.

After all, they were all from the same family and Zhao Linlong losing lost face for everyone here.

“Big mouther!” Zhao Ling said grimly, as if Zhao Linlong had lost because of Zhao Feng’s prediction.

You blame me for this?

Zhao Feng smiled as he shook his head and said coldly, “Did you just forget our bet where the losing side has to apologize to the other person.”

Bet? Apologize?

Zhao Ling’s face immediately froze.

“I can apologize to you for losing, but I won’t bow down my head towards your shameless act...” Zhao Ling said, trembling with humiliation.

“Losing means losing.” Zhao Feng looked on in disdain.

“You, you...if you have the skills, why don’t you go challenge Xin Wuheng? If you can block ten moves of his, I’ll have nothing to say,” Zhao Ling hatefully said.

Because Zhao Linlong had lasted ten moves, he didn’t think that Zhao Feng could do any better.

Xin Wuheng’s eyes scanned the younger generation and they finally landed on Zhao Feng. “Would you like to spar with me?”

The other geniuses of the Zhao family were shocked. Even Zhao Ling, who was in the middle of the argument, was stunned.

But when he realized that Xin Wuheng was challenging Zhao Feng, his expression of shock changed to one of gloating.

“Fine! Just as you wished, I’ll let you see how many moves I can block!” Zhao Feng said playfully, glancing towards Zhao Ling.

Although Zhao Ling’s hairs stood up just from Zhao Feng looking at him, he still replied, “If you can last more than ten moves, I’ll apologize to you truthfully.”

This time, he didn’t say lasting ten moves, but lasting more than ten moves. After all, Xin Wuheng was called ‘Ten Moves’ Xin Wuheng.

“Ten moves is too short, at least thirty... no, fifty moves!” Zhao Feng said casually, leaving behind a group of dazed Zhao disciples.

Where did his confidence come from?

“Arrogant!” Zhao Linlong, who was returning, managed to hear his words and his expression turned dark. If he, the number one Zhao disciple, was defeated, who else had a chance?

On the middle of the stage...

Zhao Feng walked slowly towards Xin Wuheng and said, “Zhao Feng is here to spar with you.”

“My intuition can’t be wrong, I believe that you’re the only one who can be my true opponent,” Xin Wuheng said calmly.

“You’ve just fought, I’ll give you ten breaths to recover,” Zhao Feng calmly said.

Arrogant!

Discussion broke out through the audience.

“Did he eat the wrong medicine? Does Xin Wuheng need to recover just to fight him?”

“Just watch the show...!” the other geniuses swore and cursed.

“Hahaha...” Inside the pavilion, tears were coming from Zhao Ling.

Soon, the audience’s attention returned to Xin Wuheng expectantly. After all, Xin Wuheng didn’t even take a breather after fighting Zhao Linlong.

“Ok.” Xin Wuheng looked deeply at Zhao Feng and sat down cross-legged to recover his energy.

What!?

Those watching felt shocked. The smile on Zhao Ling’s face froze. Darkness appeared on Zhao Linlong’s face.

Why did Xin Wuheng look at Zhao Feng so importantly? Xin Wuheng was obviously going to fight Zhao Feng in his peak state.

One breath...two breaths...three breaths...

There was dead silence as Xin Wuheng recovered. Finally, ten breaths had passed.

Xin Wuheng slowly stood up, and it was obvious that he had reached his peak state.

“Ten breaths! You’re indeed not normal...” Xin Wuheng said, looking at Zhao Feng deeply.

Before, Xin Wuheng had always been in a casual state, and he didn’t spend much energy until he fought Zhao Linlong. Since he had fought someone of higher rank, he had expended more energy. Xin Wuheng understood that he needed ten breaths of time to reach his peak state and coincidentally...this was the exact amount of time that Zhao Feng gave him.

The precision stunned Xin Wuheng, and he couldn’t help but turn serious.

"It's started." Zhao Feng didn't feel nervous at all. Instead, he felt anticipation.

Lightly Micro Step!

He used his agile speed and he was the first to attack. Lightly Micro Step was a peak high ranked martial art, but when used with Lightly Floating Ferry, it was on par with peak ranked martial arts.

Every step that Zhao Feng took was light and agile as if he merged with the wind.

Angry Dragon Fists!

Zhao Feng didn't try any flashy tricks and he just hit a single simple punch. He knew that Xin Wuheng's senses far surpassed those of the same generation, trick moves did nothing to him.

Angry Dragon Fists, middle ranked martial art, peak level!

Xin Wuheng also performed a skill that had reached the peak level and the two heavily clashed together.

Hong!

The fists crashing together caused a shockwave. Facing Zhao Feng's fist, Xin Wuheng only shuddered, but he didn't move back.

Ceng!

Zhao Feng used the energy to spin in midair and he attacked once again.

Breaking Wind Finger! Small Cloud Acupuncture Point!

Xin Wuheng's eyes were sharp as he used two middle ranked martial arts of the peak level. Zhao Feng still used Angry Dragon Fists to counter him.

Tong! Tong...!

Taking these blows, Zhao Feng felt his arm turn numb. This was because the two skills Xin Wuheng used complimented one another, and when he suddenly changed his skill from Breaking Wind Finger to Small Cloud Acupuncture Point, it caught Zhao Feng off guard. Small Cloud Acupuncture Points specifically hit nerve points and had a certain countering effect towards body strengthening techniques.

Angry Dragon Fists!

Instead of retreating, Zhao Feng attacked. Xin Wuheng was surprised, he didn't think that Metal Wall Technique was so strong that his Small Cloud Acupuncture Point had almost no effect at all.

Cloud Chess Step!

Immediately, Xin Wuheng retreated, making those watching drop their jaws in fright. Xin Wuheng had his own reasons as to why he retreated.

One, Zhao Feng didn't get affected by his Small Cloud Hand skill much. Secondly, the aura and power in Zhao Feng's fist exceeded his expectations.

Angry Dragon Fist!

Zhao Feng's fist was like a fire dragon that came at him. The level of this fist had exceeded peak level!

For the next two moves, Xin Wuheng was fully suppressed. However, it was lucky that he had Cloud Chess Step, which was extremely odd and unpredictable, allowing him to escape quickly.

Cloud Chess Step! Lightly Micro Step!

One of them was unpredictable, while the other was agile. The two figures exchanged more blows.

In terms of speed and agility, Zhao Feng had the upper hand, but Xin Wuheng's Cloud Chess Step was just too unpredictable, as if it wasn't a skill but a trap.

When Xin Wuheng moved forward a few steps, he may have been at a disadvantage. But it also could be a trap for him to sneak attack from.

The sixth move...the seventh move...

Xin Wuheng started to slowly gain the upper hand. Zhao Feng didn't use his left eye purposely and because of this, he got hit a few times. But since his Metal Wall Technique was at the fifth level instead of the peak fourth level, it blocked all the damage.

Xin Wuheng also felt his opponent was tricky, his own senses were on par with Martial Masters, but he found out that he couldn't harm his opponent. One or two times when Xin Wuheng hit Zhao Feng's body, it was as if he was punching a metal brick.

This extremely shocked him, Zhao Feng was indeed tricky. First, Zhao Feng had extremely fast reflexes and battle intuition. Secondly, his speed and fist defense skills were all powerful.

Unless Xin Wuheng hit Zhao Feng's vitals, Zhao Feng wouldn't take real damage. Furthermore, Zhao Feng was fast. When he had sparred with Qiu Changyi before, he had already proven that his speed was top tier and not only that, Xin Wuheng felt that Zhao Feng could be even faster.

The same reasons made Zhao Feng retreat sometimes as well.

The eighth move...the ninth move...

Those watching all stood dazed, from the beginning to now, no one had ever exchanged more than ten blows with Xin Wuheng.

Zhao Chi exchanged six blows and Qiu Changyi exchanged seven blows. Even the one with the highest cultivation, Zhao Linlong, was defeated at ten moves.

At this moment, Zhao Feng had exchanged nine blows. It was closing in on the tenth move.

Xin Wuheng's eyes were like lightning as they surged out fighting will and he immediately used Cloud Chess Step and a few other skills. The middle ranked skills of the peak level had unimaginable power when used together.

Star Finger!

Zhao Feng immediately condensed his chi into his finger and lashed out a few times.

Tong! Tong! Tong!

Every finger could pierce metal boards. Under Zhao Feng's eyes, every finger was fast, accurate, and powerful.

The ninth move...the tenth move!

Apart from the sounds of the two fighting, nothing else could be heard.

"Sweeping the Cloud and Winds!"

Xin Wuheng swept his robe and a layer of rock below his feet was sent out in every direction. This was the move that had beaten Zhao Linlong!

"Third stance Star Finger!"

Zhao Feng's fingertip pierced through the air, leaving a azure streak behind as if it was a meteor.

"Impossible! How can his Star Finger be at the third level?" Zhao Linlong exclaimed.

Suuu— —

The sharp finger collided with Xin Wuheng's robe.

Hoooongggggggg— — —

The dust slowly settled.

The tenth move was done.

Two figures stood side by side, neither of them moving...