

King Eye

#Chapter 1 - 1 Young Zhao Feng - Read King Eye Chapter 1 - 1 Young Zhao Feng

Chapter 1: Young Zhao Feng Chapter 1: Young Zhao Feng _Morning.

Just as the sky lit up, while the whole of Sun Feather City was still hidden in the darkness before dawn....._

Sun Feather City, Zhao Family Clan

—

Fwoosh!

A young man reacted on instinct, throwing off his warm and comfortable covers, jumping up from his bed and put his clothes on.

All of this was done in less than one breath.

At this time most of the family sect disciples and even some of the servants, were still sleeping.

The young man was between thirteen and fourteen years old, with a slim body and a childish face.

He wasn't super handsome, but still good-looking.

His eyes were especially clear and full of fighting spirit.

"Just a bit longer and I can reach the second rank of the Martial Path, then I'll have all those other Zhao family sect disciples shut up."

This young man's name was Zhao Feng.

Half a year ago, he came from the Green Leaf Village's Zhao branch family to the Sun Feather Zhao main family sect, based on his superb performance.

At the Green Leaf Branch, he was a genius for his age and was the first to reach the 1st rank of the Martial Pathway.

From then on, he left the life of mortals and stepped into the gateway of cultivation.

At that time, every old person in the village praised him for his talent, saying his future could not be measured.

His family sect, parents, they all had high hopes for him!

However, only Zhao Feng knew how much more effort he put in than his peers, allowing him to become the genius of Green Leaf Village...

The Green Leaf Village Zhao family was one of the main Zhao family sect's side branches.

Every five years, there would be two people recommended into the main sect from Green Leaf.

The person who came with Zhao Feng was Zhao Xue, a girl who had reached the first rank of the Martial Pathway only two months after him.

After leaving Green Leaf Village, Zhao Feng was full of fighting will, determined to go to the main Zhao family sect and show off his skills.

However, it was only after he had come to the main Zhao family sect that he realized that he was just a frog at the bottom of a well...

In terms of population, Green Leaf Village Zhao family only had a hundred people, with only seven or eight around his own age.

At the main Zhao family, there were tens of thousands of people, and they controlled large amounts of land, mines, and resources.

Compared to the Zhao family of Green Leaf Village, this family was over a hundred times larger!!!

In the side branch at Green Leaf Village, he was considered a talent, even a genius by some.

Here at the Zhao sect, he was merely considered to be one of the lowest level of cultivators for his age, a lowly outer disciple.

In the Zhao sect, there were many youths his age who had broken through to the second rank of the Martial Path.

There were even some who were talented, having broken into the third rank.

And according to some rumors, some of the family geniuses had already broken through to the fourth rank...

Confronted with this reality, Zhao Feng started to realize that he was nothing compared to them.

He had been innocently ignorant and small in comparison.

Also, Zhao Xue, the beautiful girl who came with him from Green Leaf Village, slowly became distant from him after entering the Zhao sect.

She interacted more and more with one of the top three outer disciples.

Looking back, when Zhao Xue was still at Green Leaf village, she had looked up to him in awe and even adored him.

At that time, Zhao Feng had only focused on cultivating, and ignored her.

Now, he became more and more desperate, and put in even more effort into his cultivation after feeling a sense of gnawing despair.

He made an oath: He would take a spot at the top at Sun Feather City in the Zhao sect!

He would never go back to Green Leaf Village!

After washing up, Zhao Feng took a deep breath and then ran towards the family sect's martial arts field.

"Hah!

Hah!"

Zhao Feng took a half step with both fists carrying the wind, and practiced the Zhao sect's Flaming Metal Fists.

Flaming Metal Fists was only a core martial art, but Zhao Feng practiced it carefully, polishing it beautifully.

In laymen's terms, normal martial arts were divided into 5 categories: core, low, middle, high, and peak.

Normally, the higher the rank of a martial art, the higher the damage dealt by it would be and the better it would be for cultivating.

Core martial arts, the lowest of martial arts, were used to strengthen one's body and blood, and the damage dealt by them was very low.

However, with Zhao Feng's side branch identity, as well as having no exceptional talent, it was very hard for him to learn martial arts of a higher rank.

"I have been staying at the first rank of the Martial Path for a long time.

However, to break through to the second rank, I still need some time."

After practicing for a while, Zhao Feng's face was raining sweat, and his breathing rate was quick.

Zhao Feng's talent wasn't considered bad.

The reason why he couldn't catch up to the others was because he didn't have martial skills of a higher rank.

He also wasn't rich, like the main family disciples who could buy precious pills to increase their cultivation speed.

Some said a few disciples of the Zhao sect would use precious pills from birth to strengthen their bodies.

Before reaching age ten, they had already broken through the first rank of the Martial Path, gaining a distinct advantage over others.

At the starting line of life, Zhao Feng was already far behind them.

Half an hour later, the sun slowly rose into view.

At the martial arts field, some of the Zhao sect disciples slowly but steadily came, and some laughed and played with one another.

However, when their gazes landed on Zhao Feng, their eyes suddenly became cold, and some even showed disdain.

This attitude wasn't pointed at Zhao Feng alone.

The Zhao sect disciples looked down upon everyone who came from the side branches.

In front of those who came from the side branches, they felt a certain amount of pride!

While Zhao Feng was lost in his thoughts, a sound came whistling from this back: "Little broomstick!

Stop there!"

Pah!

A hand as strong as metal hit him hard on the shoulder.

“It’s you...”

Zhao Feng was caught off balance and almost fell.

Luckily, his core skills were good and he steadied himself in time.

The hand’s owner was a youth dressed in black.

His body was fit and muscular, and he had thick eyebrows.

His eyes had a tinge of playfulness inside of them as he looked down at Zhao Feng, who had just regained his balance.

“Zhao Kun!

What is the meaning of this?” Zhao Feng had a face full of anger and wanted to hit Zhao Kun.

When Zhao Feng first came to the Zhao sect, the two of them had a little conflict.

This was because Zhao Kun was mocking those who came from the side branches and Zhao Feng was dissatisfied with him.

Zhao Kun was a person who took revenge at every possible opportunity, and from then on, whenever he found Zhao Feng he would humiliate him every time.

“Zhao Kun!

With your strength, if you cannot take this side branch disciple in ten moves, then it would not be cool!”

“Ten moves?

Zhao Kun is already at the peak of the second rank of the Martial Path!

To fight that kid, I think three moves will be enough!”

“Three moves?

If they fight straight on, it will not be that easy!” the disciples nearby said, ready to watch the show.

Most people did not care about what happened, so they spoke without restraint.

“Three moves?

Hahaha...” Zhao Kun raised his head and laughed with a look of disdain on his face, “You are all looking down on me, Zhao Kun!

To beat this kid, I will only need one move!”

Only need one move!

The disciples who were present had looks of shock on their faces.

“One move?”

Zhao Feng’s eyebrows crunched up and his face changed.

The anger in his heart also rose again.

He and Zhao Kun only had one rank in difference between them.

If Zhao Kun did well, maybe he could win in three moves.

That was true.

However, just one move...this was a humiliation!

Facing Zhao Kun’s provocative eyes, Zhao Feng calmed down soon and thought, I cannot fall into this trap.

Even if I live through this one move, he will still humiliate me afterwards.

Having been at the Zhao sect for half a year, Zhao Feng had been beaten a few times and had learned to bear with it.

“I am quite tired from training today.

Let me rest a few days, and then I will fight you.” Zhao Feng’s face was expressionless as he then left without another word.

His performance gave Zhao Kun, who was the same age as him, pause.

“Ok, kiddo, I will let you off the hook today, but the next time we see each other, do not forget about today’s ‘One-move battle’.” Zhao Kun’s eyes gave off a cold and cunning feel.

One-move battle?

Zhao Feng's heart sped up once more, and thought: "It looks like Zhao Kun isn't going to let me off the hook.

I must reach the second rank of the Martial Path soon.

Only then can I fight Zhao Kun." Zhao Feng's heart tensed up once more.

After leaving the martial arts field, Zhao Feng returned home.

Since Zhao Feng had managed to enter the Zhao main family sect, his parents also gained a bit of his prestige and also entered the Zhao sect.

This was supposed to be his parents' reward.

However, Zhao Feng only felt ashamed because his performance at the Zhao sect might disappoint his parents.

He might also disappoint those of the older generation who had high expectations of him back at the village.

"I am back."

A deep, calm man walked out.

It was Zhao Feng's father, Zhao Tianyang.

"Feng'er, come quick and have some food!" This was his mother, Zhao Shi, who had a caring look on her face as she brought out food from the kitchen.

Every time Zhao Feng came home, he was able to feel the warmth and love here.

"Thanks mom...this tastes so good!" Zhao Feng mumbled, his mouth full of food.

While they ate, Zhao Tianyang and Zhao Shi didn't speak, as if there was something on their mind.

"Father, Mother, what are you..." Zhao Feng saw that his parents had solemn expressions and looked as if they had something to say.

Zhao Tianyang and Zhao Shi looked at one another, and then they took a long sigh together.

"Let me say it.

Not long ago, the sect's higher levels sent some people over with a letter." Zhao Tianyang paused for a moment.

“The sect’s higher levels?” Zhao Feng didn’t understand.

Zhao Tianyang had a solemn face and said: “The sect has now made some new rules.

If the side branch’s youths cannot break through to the second rank, they will have no right to participate in the family sparring contest.

If...before the age of fifteen, they cannot reach the third rank, they will be sent back to their branches.”

What!

Zhao Feng’s heart stopped for a second and his face changed dramatically.

The family sparring competition was where all the youths fought to show off their skills.

The ones who won would get rich rewards and have a chance to become an inner disciple, who would be fully trained by the family.

Thus, the family sparring competition was a chance to turn into a dragon from a fish for the outer disciples.

If they lost the chance to enter, it was the same as being thrown away by the sect!

And the rule that made Zhao Feng’s heart cold was the last one – Before the age of fifteen, those who are not able to achieve the third rank of the Martial Path, will be sent back to the branch families.

“No, no, this cannot be true...” Zhao Feng’s voice was soft, and both his hands clenched together.

He and his parents wouldn’t have the face to be sent back to the Green Leaf Village.

“This rule is only set towards the side branch disciples.” His mother Zhao Qi had a look of dissatisfaction on her face.

“Mother, Father, it is ok.

I will train even harder and reach the second rank of the Martial Path before the family sparring competition,” Zhao Feng clenched his teeth and said while trembling.

“There are still two months left, and to register, you need to sign up a month earlier.

To break through to the second rank in a month is probably not easy.”

Zhao Tian Tang shook his head.

Only a month's time?

Zhao Feng's eyes were dim as if he had fallen into darkness.

If there were two months left, and he doubled his efforts, there was a twenty to thirty percent chance of success.

To break through in a month, however, he didn't have any confidence at all!

After staying silent for a long time, Zhao Shi wiped the corners of her eyes and spoke softly, "Feng'er, it doesn't matter if you fail...you still make us proud...the most that will happen is us returning to Green Leaf village and living a normal life."

"Yeah!

If we return to Green Leaf Village, you will still be the most talented one there – I would rather have you be the head of a chicken than the tail of a phoenix!" Zhao Tianyang nodded his head in agreement.

Being parents, they would rather have their children be safe, even if their lives would be normal.

But return to Green Leaf village?

"No!" Zhao Feng shook his head furiously.

"I am not going back to Green Leaf Village to lead a normal life!"

He once swore an oath.

To perform well, earn a spot in the Zhao sect in Sun Feather City, and own his own land.

His heart yearned towards the ninth rank of the Martial Path and the land that lies beyond in the outer world.

How could he be willing to lose and return in this manner?

Zhao Feng restrained himself from crying, screamed, and merely ran out of the house.

"Feng'er!

Don't be stubborn..." his parents called out.

Boom!

Suddenly, thunder and lightning rumbled in the sky, and it started raining.

Zhao Feng kept the despair in his heart, howling back at the sky, and ran out into the rain.

The lightning shot everywhere, making Zhao Feng's face light up.

"Not good!" Zhao Feng felt a pressure bearing down on him, and when he looked up, he was shocked by what he saw.

From birth, he had never seen such lightning, so closely packed together, like a spider's web.

In that short moment, the lightning above seemed to be under some kind of power, which caused the very dimensions to crack.

Sheeeeeeeew —————

A black streak came from out of the darkness.

It passed through the lightning and caused beautiful dream-like ripples to appear.

It was impossible to imagine what that black line was, it was even able to ignore the power of lightning.

Pah!

Pah!

Zhao Feng felt his feet go numb, his hair and clothes turn black, and thunder rang in his ears nonstop.

The whole world suddenly went dead silent.

"This is..."

His face was white, looking down at his feet he saw a weird black marble, like an eyeball.

It was this item that had caused the black line.

Peng!

Peng!

The eye-like marble seemed like it had life, giving off a thumping sound as it seemed to stare Zhao Feng right in the eye.

However, the eyeball seemed to thump in sync with his own heart, giving Zhao Feng a friendly feeling.

At this moment, he felt some kind of impulse, attraction, a pulling?

Like he was being called?

“Does this item have life?” He held his breath, ready for any signs of danger.

However, before he could move –

Poom!

The eyeball-like marble turned into an afterimage as it shot into Zhao Feng’s left eye.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” Zhao Feng screamed, and then fainted.

Before he blacked out, he had only one thought.

I’m screwed...my eye has been blinded!

Chapter 2: The Battle of One Move Chapter 2: The Battle of One Move Not knowing how much time had passed, Zhao Feng started to regain consciousness, but he was not able to feel his body.

The only thing he felt was the pain coming from his left eye.

Left eye?

Zhao Feng turned cold, and suddenly remembered what happened.

Before he fainted, the weird eyeball-shaped marble had stabbed straight into his left eye.

If it was just a minor injury, his left eye had probably been blinded and could probably be compared with those ugly and berserk ‘one-eyed dragons’.

When he thought of that, Zhao Feng had the urge to cry.

_Peh!

Peh!

Peh!

Peh!..._

There was a sound like a heartbeat, giving off a familiar and kind feeling, resonating out from his punctured left eye.

Shoosh!

He thought about his left eye and in that moment, his consciousness was sucked into the dark marble.

Boom!

His brain suddenly shook and Zhao Feng's mind was brought into a pitch black dimension.

"This place is..."

Zhao Feng had a natural fear of the unknown, and seeing such a weird place was completely outside of his experience.

But his attention was attracted by the faint green light given off from the center of the pitch black place.

That faint green light seemed very mysterious, and infinitely deep.

It slowly spun, as if it had survived from the ancient times until now, giving people a feeling of life and eternity.

Zhao Feng's awareness was fully absorbed by it, and was so absorbed that he would not awaken, not until the sky turned old or the dimension was destroyed.

“The Ancient is broken, and the Ancient Gods slain will turn into endless dust...”

The sigh that came with the words seemed so ancient and sad.

It reverberated within the pitch black area, as if it also came from the ancient times.

“Who's there!?” Zhao Feng consciousness swayed, and his whole body turned cold.

He surveyed the area, but could not see anyone.

That sound seemed to come from the space itself.

“There is a soul in the universe that is perfectly in sync with me?”

Is this destiny?"_ the mysterious voice said to itself.

"Who's there sneaking around?!" Zhao Feng suppressed his fear and shouted.

_ "To continue my bloodline of the Eye, you will rule everyone, control every race.

You lucky youngster, do not disappoint me..."_

The pitch black area suddenly poured out an Ancient consciousness, which then faded away.

Everything became calm...

Hah!

Zhao Feng took a long breath, but before he could think any more, a painful feeling came from his left eye.

_ Within a room..._

The burning sun came through the window. At this time, Zhao Feng suddenly woke into reality.

This was his room.

"Ahhhhh... my eye!" Zhao Feng screamed and clutched his left eye, which was now swollen red and burning with pain.

Zhao Feng laid back on the bed, and his body still had charred pieces from where he was struck by lightning.

The pain coming from his left eye made him sweat and toss around in the room.

Fortunately, the pain faded away as time went by .

"My eye..." Zhao Feng had a face full of worry, and slowly loosened the grip around his left eye.

He was certain that his left eye could still see light.

When his left eye saw the first ray of sunlight, the strong burn made him squint and let out his breath.

His left eye eventually adapted to the sunlight and could finally make out the world.

However, what came after made Zhao Feng go into shock.

The whole world seemed to have become tens of thousands of different colors.

The vision of his left eye made everything seem perfectly clear and beautiful.

Zhao Feng could even see the particles in the air, which certainly wasn't what normal vision could make out.

He could clearly see ants on a tree 100 meters away, and the veins on a leaf.

_What is going on?

My left eye can even..._

Zhao Feng thought about it after the shock passed, and revealed some happiness on his face.

He was certain that his left eye had undergone a series of changes and was at least ten times stronger than his original eye.

Zhao Feng took out a mirror and looked at it closely.

His left eye's size was the same as before.

The only difference was that the center of the eye was darker than the original.

When he fully used his left eye, the eyeball would give off a faint glow of green light.

These changes, although not very obvious, caused his heart to race.

"Did...did that mysterious eye merge with my left eye?" Zhao Feng's heart was happy, but also worried at the same time.

After a while he took a deep breath, and walked out his room.

"Feng'er, you did not wake up for one day and one night, do not make me feel so worried!" Zhao Shi saw that her son was alright and was extremely relieved.

"Mother, I am all right!

I might even have gotten lucky from this disaster," Zhao Feng laughed.

However, his face soon turned solemn.

"Wait!

Mother, did you say...that I was unconscious for one day and one night?"

"Yes, that day after you were hit by lightning, but the alchemist said that you were just unconscious." Zhao Shi wiped her eyes, scared by what might have happened.

While they talked, Zhao Feng's stomach growled, and only then did he feel the hunger rise up inside him.

"Come!

I will make you some food to eat." Zhao Shi went to the kitchen and bustled around.

While she did, Zhao Feng kept on using his left eye to observe everything, and felt that his body had also gone through some changes.

The most obvious change was his reaction speed.

HMMMMMMMMM...

While they were eating, Zhao Feng gaze landed upon a fly buzzing around.

His left eye saw the fly's flying route, he could even differentiate the gender, and he could also make out the veins upon its wings.

Shoosh!

He waved his chopsticks on instinct.

Suddenly, the humming stopped.

Hahaha!

Zhao Feng looked at the fly killed by his chopsticks and laughed deep in his heart.

This felt good!

This felt damn nice!

Because of his left eye, Zhao Feng's reaction speed and sight now far surpassed those of normal people.

After eating, Zhao Feng felt full of energy, so he raced towards the martial arts field.

He had a feeling that the change in his left eye could possibly change his life...

His left eye gave off sizzles of heat and after that, also gave off a peh-peh heartbeat sound.

He didn't know that as the mysterious eyeball merged with him, his bloodline and body were slowly changing.

The Martial Arts Field

Zhao Feng was the same as normal and started to practice his fist core martial arts.

“Hahaha!

Zhao Feng, you're finally here, I thought you'd be a turtle hiding in your shell...,” came a laugh from the other side of the martial arts field.

Damn it! , Zhao Feng swore in his heart and then looked at the muscular Zhao Kun, who was striding over.

He then remembered the ‘one move battle’ with Zhao Kun.

With Zhao Kun's laugh, many sect disciples in the martial arts field came and gathered around.

Looks like it cannot be avoided...

Zhao Feng could only walk to meet him.

“Zhao Feng, get ready.

One move!

I'll only need one move to make you go down!”

Zhao Kun's massive body seemed like a tiger and pressed towards Zhao Feng, acting as soon as his words finished.

Using a weird stance, his two hands and body contracted like a poisonous snake, giving off a dark and creepy feeling.

Zhao Feng felt a chill, as if he was locked onto by a serpent.

“Whoa, it is the high ranked martial art Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake!” came an excited shout from the crowd who recognized Zhao Kun's move.

“High ranked martial art, how is this possible!

Most second rank disciples can only go to the Martial Arts Library and get middle rank martial arts, how could Zhao Kun get a high ranked one?”

“You might not know this, but Zhao Kun’s grandfather is one of the sect elders...”

“No wonder Zhao Kun has confidence in winning with one move, it is because he’s learned the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake!”

The disciples around the area all felt chilled, even some of those whose cultivation exceeded Zhao Kun gave him a solemn look.

“It is a high rank martial arts skill.” Zhao Feng took a cold breath.

At the Zhao sect, disciples under the fourth rank of the Martial Path could only learn low or middle ranked martial arts.

As for Zhao Feng, since he had not even achieved the second rank of the Martial Path yet, he could not enter the sect’s Martial Arts Library, so he could not even learn low rank martial arts.

Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake was a high rank martial arts skill, and the damage dealt by it was way higher than low and middle rank martial arts, not to mention core rank martial arts.

At this moment, Zhao Kun’s moving hand even gave Zhao Feng a huge pressure, as if he just needed to move and the poisonous snake would attack.

No wonder Zhao Kun has confidence to take me down in a single move!

Zhao Feng’s heart sped up, as he knew that, under normal circumstances, he couldn’t take even one move from a high rank martial art skill.

And even then, Zhao Kun’s cultivation was higher than his own by one rank!

_Peh!

Peh!_

Under the pressure, Zhao Feng felt his left eye move, and felt a sudden excitement.

He put all of his power into his left eye and targeted Zhao Kun.

Not one saw that, at this moment, Zhao Feng’s left eye gave off a faint green glow...

Shoosh!

Zhao Feng felt like he had gone into super-vision mode.

In his sight, Zhao Kun's body was enlarged, and every change, including his breathing rate, heartbeat, his muscles, veins, everything was seen with his left eye.

And at that moment, the world seemed to slow down by many times.

However, the speed of the world didn't slow down.

The change was Zhao Feng's own reaction speed!

Under the pressure, Zhao Feng's heart felt extremely peaceful and calm.

His opponent Zhao Kun had an unknown shiver and a sudden feeling that all of his secrets had been seen through.

"Third Change of the Poisonous Snake!"

Zhao Kun had a glum face and used his strongest strike without hesitation.

His body was like a poisonous snake, and moved like lightning, having both extreme speed and power.

Shoosh!

In a flash, Zhao Kun's two fingers were together, and like a poisonous snake's fangs, slashed through the air as they stabbed towards Zhao Feng.

So fast! , many of the sect disciples thought.

Many youths of the second rank of the Martial Path did not even manage to see how Zhao Kun moved.

Just as Zhao Kun's fang-like fingers were about to hit Zhao Feng –

Pah!

Suddenly, a strong fist punched through the air, hitting Zhao Kun's arm, making him fall!

What happened?, Zhao Kun felt his mind shudder as his body stiffened due to shock, his arm turning numb.

His fingers, which were only half an inch away from Zhao Feng's chest, could not move forwards at all!

Whoosh—

Zhao Kun's stomach suddenly erupted with pain as he was sent flying out with a scream.

"What happened!?" all of the disciples shouted in shock.

"One move, you've lost..."

Chapter 3: Breaking through to the Second Rank of the Martial Path Chapter 3:
Breaking through to the Second Rank of the Martial Path "One move, you've lost..."

Zhao Feng had an expression of shock and excitement which was hard to cover up.

_I won?

And I won in one move?_

Before the battle, because of the changes in his left eye, Zhao Feng was confident that by relying on his reaction speed and vision, he would be able to block one of Zhao Kun's moves, and if used well, more than ten moves.

However, the actual result was well out of his expectations!

Zhao Kun's attack was very fast to some of the bystanders, but under Feng's left eye, all of his movements were as clear as day.

When his left eye was activated to its fullest capability, Zhao Feng felt that the opponent's moves seemed slow and clumsy.

He was stunned because he saw faults in Zhao Kun's skill.

Faults!

Faults in a high ranked martial art!

Zhao Feng didn't understand it either, how could he see the opponent's faults so easily?

Maybe it was because the opponent hadn't fully polished the skill?

At last, Zhao Feng had reacted on instinct, just like how he had with the fly, and gave the opponent a deadly hit, which allowed him to win in one move.

Hua!

All the disciples on the martial arts field were shocked.

“Did I see wrong!?”

The one that lost was Zhao Kun!”

“You are right!

The person who lost was Zhao Kun!”

All the Zhao disciples opened their eyes wide and had weird faces on.

How is this possible...how could I lose to this guy? Zhao Kun had a disbelieving face.

He lost so suddenly that he didn’t understand how it had happened.

At this time, the expressions on Zhao Feng and Zhao Kun’s faces were comparable.

“It was by accident!” When the Zhao disciples saw the expression on Zhao Feng’s face, they understood.

After this was said, all of them started agreeing.

“You are right!

This kid’s luck must be too good, he won by accident.”

“His luck must be too good...”

The crowd rapidly agreed on the reason for Zhao Feng’s victory.

“Luck?

Maybe,” Zhao Feng smiled faintly and turned to leave.

“Kid!

Stay there!”

Zhao Kun clutched his stomach as he slowly stood up before he darkly said, “Zhao Feng!

You were just lucky before, that’s why you won.

Let’s fight again!”

“Fight again?” Zhao Feng scrunched up his eyebrows and looked at Zhao Kun, “First, you’re hurt.

Second, I don't have time."

After saying this he turned towards a corner of the martial arts field and left behind the group of disciples with stunned faces.

"Bastard!

After I'm healed, I'll perfect my Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake, then I'll fight you."

Zhao Kun had a face full of anger as he left without another word.

Looking back on the fight, Zhao Kun had his own reasons why he lost, and there were three main reasons:

First, he looked down on his opponent.

Second, he had only learned the first three moves of the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake, and there were still many faults as it was not yet perfected.

Third, Zhao Feng had too much luck.

On the other side of the martial arts field, Zhao Feng started to practice.

"The reason I was able to win the fight is mainly because Zhao Kun looked down on me, as well as the fact that he have yet to perfect the high ranked martial art skill, which allowed for me to see the faults in it..."

Zhao Feng knew the answer in his heart.

Zhao Kun would definitely not go easy on him in the next fight, and if he perfected the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake's first three moves, then Zhao Feng didn't have any confidence in winning again.

That was because the difference between the first rank and the second rank of the Martial Path was too big.

The Martial Path had nine ranks in total, the first three ranks were known as the Body Ranks.

The Body Ranks were about gaining strength and increasing one's foundation.

So the first rank and the second rank of the Martial Path had a difference of around 100 kilograms in terms of strength.

That's why, under normal conditions, to be a first rank and beat the second rank of the Martial Path was so surprising, and even more so to win in one move.

"The key point is still to increase my strength!" Zhao Feng took a deep breath and started to practice Flaming Metal Fist again.

The first move...the second move...the third move...

The Flaming Metal Fist seemed to be as smooth as water, smoother than it had ever been.

Hah!

As Zhao Feng finished his kata, he had an excited look on his face.

The Flaming Metal Fist had a total of thirty-two moves, and he could now finish them in one breath, much faster than before.

The power of the moves had also increased!

After finishing the kata, he felt that his blood flowed better and faster than before, as if it was burning.

_Peh!

Peh!..._

At the same time, the beat coming from his left eye became even more obvious.

Zhao Feng closed his eyes and his consciousness fell into the pitch black dimension.

At the center of the dimension, there was a faint green light.

At first, the faint green light had a radius of around sixty cm, and was quite faint.

Now, the area and brightness of the faint green light seemed to have increased.

"Could it be?

Is the eye's abilities directly linked to my own strength?" Zhao Feng guessed happily.

The changes in his left eye gave him the chance to change his destiny.

First, it had let him beat Zhao Kun, and secondly, when he practiced his moves, they had become super smooth.

“Again!” Zhao Feng eyes sharpened as he started to practice Flaming Metal Fist again.

Hu Hu Hu...

Zhao Fengs movement speed became faster and faster, and the moves started to perfectly link with one another.

After practicing it for the third time, his speed had already become twice as fast as before, and the damage had also increased greatly.

Through his breathing, he felt his blood circulate better and the parts of his body that could not be toughened before had also started to become stronger.

“At this speed, I will just need a few more days to break through to the second rank of the Martial Path.”

Zhao Feng felt that his improvements were very obvious.

He practiced until night and then wiped his sweat and headed back towards his home.

After arriving home, he still was thinking about the changes in his left eye.

To continue my bloodline of the Eye, you will rule everyone, control every race.

You lucky youngster, do not disappoint me...

He remembered the voice that came from the pitch black dimension before he fainted.

“This eye might have come from an ancient god-like existence, and in an accident, merged with my own eye,” Zhao Feng assumed.

Even at night, when he opened his eye, he could still see everything outside.

The darkness of night had almost zero influence on him now.

His eye could still see the birds a few kilometers away.

Zhao Feng lay on his bed that night and felt his left eye releasing sizzling pulses of heat, which merged with his blood.

Under this weird feeling, Zhao Feng fell asleep.

The next morning...

Zhao Feng woke up, stretched his four limbs and went to practice in the small courtyard.

This yard is too old, and the environment is bad.

When I am stronger, I am definitely going to let my parents live inside a big yard, Zhao Feng thought in his heart.

Quickly, he began to practice the thirty-two moves of the Flaming Metal Fist.

Hu Hu Hu...

The fists carried the wind and now contained extreme power.

As soon as he threw a few punches, he felt that something was wrong.

Between each breath, his blood was raging and gave off an aura of power, every punch now contained at least 200-250 kg of force.

“What!”

Zhao Feng was shocked, and his two fists blurred into two patches of red light.

Ka Ka Ka!

One of the punches hit the big tree in front of him, and a branch as thick as a fist snapped into pieces.

“No!”

This definitely is not the power of a first rank, could it be...” Zhao Feng’s heart jumped.

To prove his theory, he took a deep breath and put all of his power into one stomp.

Peh!

The ground shook and the layers of earth crumbled, leaving Zhao Feng’s footprint two cm deep into the hard-packed ground.

His expression turned happy as one of his palms hit a stone that was at least thirty kg, and broke it into pieces.

This kind of power wasn’t something that the first rank of the Martial Path could have.

“Second rank of the Martial Path...I’ve broken through to the second rank of the Martial Path!” Zhao Feng closed his eyes and began to feel the power coursing through his body.

He had thought that breaking through to the second rank would at least take a few days, but hadn't realized that he had broken through after just one night's sleep.

His consciousness went inside his left eye, and there Zhao Feng found that the faint green light now extended from around sixty cm to sixty-seven cm.

He felt that his energy was better than before, and that it also had different changes which could not be explained...

Chapter 4: Zhao Yijian Chapter 4: Zhao Yijian "After breaking through to the second rank of the Martial Path, I won't be at the bottom anymore, and I'll also have the right to participate in the Family Sparring Contest." Zhao Feng was very excited, but soon calmed down.

The Martial Path had nine ranks, and every rank was harder to achieve than the previous one, similar to a pyramid.

Everyone knew that the first three ranks were known as the Body Ranks.

Cultivators at this stage were also known as Martial Learners!

Martial Learners used force to strengthen their bodies to provide a strong foundation for later realms.

Although Martial Learners were very low, as they had just entered the gateway of Martial Arts, to cultivate to the peak of the third rank was not to be looked down upon.

One would have at least 400 kg of strength, and those born with better talent could even have over 500 kg of strength!

They could rip apart tigers and destroy bears with their bare hands.

Although Zhao Feng had only broken through to the second rank, he had 250-300 kg of strength, which was well outside the capabilities of normal people.

If it was accompanied by strong martial skills, dozens of normal people wouldn't be able to stop him.

If I can reach the third rank of the Martial Path, and have 350-400 kg of strength, my overall strength will at least double, Zhao Feng thought in his heart.

Of course, the thing that he yearned for was the fourth rank of the Martial Path.

The fourth thru sixth ranks of the Martial Path were known as the Accumulation Ranks.

Students at that level were also known as Martial Artists!

After entering this realm, the Martial Artist wouldn't just have a strong body and blood.

They could also strengthen their organs and use the power of Inner strength, which surpassed that of pure muscle attacks.

Once they reached Martial Artist, they would leave the realm of mundane people and enter a higher level.

Back at Green Leaf Village, Zhao Feng had the urge to become a true Martial Artist, and entering the Zhao sect had made this dream come one step closer.

After he entered the second rank of the Martial Path, Zhao Feng immediately told his parents.

Second rank of the Martial Path?

His father Zhao Tianyang and his mother Zhao Shi were both surprised, but let out deep breaths of relief.

As Zhao Feng was able to reach the second rank at his age without the use of outside help, his talent could be said to be truly above average.

"All you have to do for the next two months is to prepare for the Family Sparring Contest.

We do not need you to do extremely well, just do not lose face." Zhao Tianyang revealed a happy smile.

His mother Zhao Shi also had a pleased smile.

For Zhao Feng to reach this step, they were both very pleased and did not have higher expectations.

However, Zhao Feng's goals weren't restricted to just this.

He wanted to become a true Martial Artist, maybe even reach the pinnacle of Martial Arts!

After breaking through to the second rank, my status within the sect is now higher and I have the right to enter the first floor of the Martial Arts Library.

The sect's Martial Arts Library contained many different martial arts skills.

Thinking about this, Zhao Feng immediately headed for the Martial Arts Library.

“Brother Feng!”

Halfway, a slightly shocked voice from a girl stopped him.

The young girl’s voice had a familiar sound and felt comfortable to listen to.

Zhao Feng’s body turned stiff, as a boy and girl close to his own age approached from the side.

The boy was purple clothed, had thick eyebrows, with a straight tall back and sharp eyes.

His cultivation had reached the peak of the third rank, and the other disciples around him could feel the pressure he emitted.

“He is the sects third ranking outer disciple Zhao Yijian!” the people around them exclaimed, with faces full of worry and fear.

The girl that came with Zhao Yijian was a young woman wearing white.

She had a clear and beautiful face.

“Little Sister Xue.” Zhao Feng looked at the white clothed girl and his mouth subconsciously curled into a mocking smile.

The girl in front of him was the one who entered the sect with him half a year ago, Zhao Xue.

Back at Green Leaf Village, Zhao Xue was a huge fan of his.

However, after they entered the Zhao sect they became distant from one another, and they were almost total strangers now.

After Zhao Xue entered the Zhao sect, she quickly became good friends with Zhao Yijian using her beauty, who was ranked third out of the outer disciples, and then, by using her connections, she had achieved the second rank of the Martial Path half a month ago.

At this moment, Zhao Xue said something to Zhao Yijian.

“Ok, but just do not take too long.” Zhao Yijian nodded his head and leaned aside, not even bothering to look at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Xue walked in front of Zhao Feng and, in a complex manner, and with a little sigh, said, “Brother Feng, you have finally broken through to the second rank.

However, Xue'er is going to give you some advice, do not be too stubborn.

After entering the sect, I have realized that the place we started at is too low compared to the people here."

"What do you want to say?" Zhao Feng broke off her sentence and responded with a cold face.

Zhao Xue had a bit of anger on her face, but she still bit her teeth and said, "Brother Feng, Xue'er is going to advise you one more time, go to brother Yijian and pledge yourself to him.

With his help, only then will you merge with the main Zhao sect, that way you can avoid problems..."

Pledge?

Zhao Feng laughed coldly.

He wouldn't pledge to anyone in his whole life.

Zhao Yijian had a cold aura and was extremely arrogant.

Every time he saw Zhao Feng, it was with his nose in the air, as if he was too high up to bother with Feng.

Seeing Zhao Feng's expression, Zhao Xue immediately knew his answer.

They grew up together, so she understood Zhao Feng very well.

Zhao Xue walked back to Zhao Yijian's side and murmured something.

"Hmph!

He doesn't know what's good for him, this useless garbage," Zhao Yijian said in a cold voice.

"Useless garbage?" Zhao Feng's brow furrowed.

Maybe it because he saw Zhao Feng so unwilling, but Zhao Yijian paused and coldly said, "I've heard that you're the genius of Green Leaf village?

However, at the Zhao sect, you're just a little bug!

We'll meet at the Family Sparring contest and I'll beat you in just one move."

“Just like what I would say, we’ll meet at the contest,” Zhao Feng spat back bitterly and then turned towards the Martial Arts Library.

He didn’t want to keep on talking.

They were bound to fight two months later, and the one with greater strength would win.

As Zhao Xue’s gaze passed by Zhao Feng, it flashed ever so slightly.

At this point, she felt a strange feeling from Zhao Feng, a feeling that she couldn’t understand.

“He sure thinks he’s good,” Zhao Yijian snorted.

He didn’t even think of Zhao Feng as a serious opponent!

Among the sects outer disciples, those that had entered the third rank of the Martial Path didn’t exceed sixty people, and to rank third out of these, it could be seen that Yijian had some great skills up his sleeves.

Zhao Xue gave off a deep sigh in her heart, Zhao Feng was just finding trouble for himself.

Zhao Xue understood Zhao Yijian’s strength very well.

Some of the third ranks couldn’t even block one move of his.

After a short while, Zhao Feng came to one of the sect’s most important grounds, the Martial Arts Library.

Therefore, it had elders guarding it.

“Branch disciple?” The white-clothed elder inside the Martial Arts Library looked at Zhao Feng’s identity plate, and furrowed his brow.

“Great elder.” Zhao Feng had a polite face on, he knew the elder’s strength.

From his left eye, he felt a mysterious force coming from the elder.

It was a layer of red aura between his blood and skin, but constantly moving through his veins, and could erupt at any time.

It could also attack through the air and crush metal into powder.

Zhao Feng knew that the white-clothed elder had already cultivated his inner strength, his chi, to a high degree, and could destroy a hundred Fengs in an instant.

Only those that were at the fourth rank of the Martial Path or higher could have chi!

Zhao Xue, Zhao Kun, were Martial Learners who wouldn't have chi!

Zhao Feng bowed and said, "Elder, I want to go into the second floor of the library."

"Achieving the second rank at fourteen years of age is average.

However, before you become an inner disciple, I must tell you that branch disciples and main disciples have different treatments in the library," the white-robed elder said.

When Zhao Feng heard this, he paused a second, but then thought about the new rules of the sect and immediately understood.

"Elder, please go on."

Zhao Feng knew that before having absolute power, he didn't have any right to discuss the rules.

The white-clothed elder said with an expressionless face, "Those with the second rank of the martial path can only enter the first floor of the library.

The first floor of the library has a lot of low ranked martial arts, and a few middle ranked ones.

Main sect disciples can choose two middle ranked martial arts, or four low ranked martial arts at most, and the limit for borrowing these is two months.

Side branch disciples can only choose one middle ranked martial art, or two low ranked martial arts, and the time limit is one month."

After listening to the rules, Zhao Feng took a deep breath and said, "This junior understands."

The branch disciples had only half the quantity and time of the main branch disciples.

"Ok!

You can go in now, but the time limit is half an hour."

Under the white-robed elder's guidance, Zhao Feng slowly stepped into the Martial Arts Library, a place he'd dreamed of coming to...

Chapter 5: Choosing Martial Arts Skills (1) Chapter 5: Choosing Martial Arts Skills (1)
The Martial Arts Library was an important ground in the sect, it had collections of different martial skills gathered over hundreds of years.

They were used to help those of later generations, hoping that they could expand the family.

Usually, a sect's number and quality of martial arts determined how strong the sect would be.

Zhao Feng remembered that at the Green Leaf village Zhao family, there was no Martial Art Library.

The library was divided into three floors.

In the first floor there was a large quantity of martial arts, but most of them were low ranked, with a few middle ranked ones there as well.

The second floor apparently had the sect's secret and traditional techniques.

Most of them were of high rank, there were even some peak ranked ones there!

However, to enter the second floor one needed one to be at least at the fourth rank of the Martial Path.

And the third floor was just a rumor, as it had never been publicly opened...

For Zhao Feng, the second and third floors were just too far away, even the first floor's martial arts were something that he yearned for.

He had no background in the sect, and a person with no background or exceptional talent could not access higher ranked martial arts.

The Flaming Metal Fists he had was only a core rank martial art, and so was even weaker than a low ranked martial art.

However, after breaking through to the second rank of the Martial path, he had the right to enter the first floor and choose a martial art.

"The Zhao sect, it is no wonder that it is one of the three big families of Sun Feather city, riding on top of several hundred other families."

Zhao Feng stepped into the first floor, his breathing quickening.

He could see a few other Zhao disciples, but all of them were using their time to choose their own martial art skills.

According to the rules, those that entered the library only had half an hour to select skills.

So everyone that entered here didn't waste any time.

"I've got half an hour and I need to choose a middle rank martial art, or two low ranked martial arts." Zhao Feng took a deep breath, and scanned the bookshelves.

The first floor of the library had several thousand books, and every book was two cm thick.

To find one or two martial arts among such a high number was not easy.

"Rock Breaking Palm, Angered Dragon Fist, Leaf Picking Sword, Wind-like Foot..." Different kinds of martial art skills made Zhao Feng's eyes turn colorful.

_Shuah!

Shuah!_ Zhao Feng flipped the pages of these martial art skills quickly to the first page.

These martial arts usually had their summaries on the first page.

Crazy Wing Blade Blade, like the wind, powerful like lightning, uses speed to win.

Minimum requirement first rank of the Martial Path, to train this skill is average difficulty.

Rank: Low.

Angered Dragon Fists, can increase the strength of the cultivator, can put all power into one attack.

Minimum requirement is second rank of the Martial Path, to train this skill is quite hard.

Rank: Peak of the middle rank.

Wind-like Foot.

A close combat skill which uses speed to win.

When trained to fullest potential, can fight against many people and not lose.

Minimum requirements first rank of the Martial Path, but high difficulty.

Rank: Middle.

Metal Sand.

Increases the defense of the body.

Under full activation can go head to head with same rank opponent.

Someone who can train it to a high level can use their body to defend against swords and blades.

Minimum requirements second rank of the Martial Path and needs high willpower.

Rank: Middle.

The martial arts library's skills are stronger than the core ranked skills by far, just as expected...

Zhang Feng was extremely pleased, and the skills he saw were mainly middle rank ones.

After only looking through tens of books, his heart had already been moved several times.

However, the library had restrictions.

He could only take out one middle rank martial art.

If I could only take out a few then that would be great...

Zhao Feng felt unwilling and thought it was unfair.

Branch disciples can only choose one middle martial art whereas the main disciples can choose two.

To increase his selection speed, Zhao Feng started to use his left eye.

With his left eye, his assessment speed increased more than tenfold...

Shuah shuah shuah...

Zhao Feng's left eye used an incredible speed to look through these martial arts.

He only needed one look to understand them all.

Looking at over thirty books, Zhao Feng fully memorized the contents of them and compared them with one another.

When he had scanned over fifty, Zhao Feng suddenly realized something was not right, and froze.

He went back to his memories of the other books.

In his mind the contents of the books appeared and not a single word was wrong or missing.

“This...” Zhao Feng felt himself trembling with excitement.

After merging with the left eye, Zhao Feng’s memory had improved as well.

He only needed to look at something once and would never forget it.

Especially when he activated his left eye, the contents of the books were burned into his mind.

Zhao Feng never thought that he would achieve the power of ‘Never Forgetting’.

There were many rumours about geniuses on Azure Flower Continent, and ‘Never Forgetting’ was one of the attributes they had.

However, ‘Never Forgetting’ worked for most people in that their memory was good, they only needed to read something once and they would remember eighty to ninety percent of the contents.

However, compared to Zhao Feng’s ‘Never Forgetting’, his version was clearly much stronger.

He was literally not able to forget!

With this power in the Martial Arts Library, it meant that Zhao Feng could ‘take’ more books out!

“Fast, fast, fast!” Zhao Feng mumbled to himself excitedly, and started to memorize all the books he could.

Shuah shuah shuah...

His concentration was pushed to the limit as he flipped through the pages of the manuals as soon as he grasped them.

As long as the contents were looked at by his left eye, it didn’t matter if it was words or drawings, he memorized everything.

It only took Zhao Feng twenty breaths of time to fully remember a book with fifty pages.

“Hahaha...Never Forget!

Good!” Zhao Feng felt great, but he seemed more and more insane as he ripped through the books.

His actions caused some of the other disciples to look over.

“I think this guy’s gone crazy...”

“Maybe it is his first time here and he is too excited...”

Some of the disciples looked at Zhao Feng’s actions and shook their heads.

Time flashed by.

Twenty minutes had already passed.

Hu!

Zhao Feng let out a long breath.

He felt tired, but it still couldn’t stop his excitement.

At this point, he had ‘stolen’ over a hundred martial arts books!

These martial arts were mainly middle ranked martial arts.

It included Fist skills, Palm skills, Sword skills, Breathing skills, Footwork skills, Defense skills and many others.

Because Zhao Feng kept on using his left eye, his mind became tired.

Next, Zhao Feng’s left eye scanned around the area and landed upon an old martial arts book.

The reason why he stopped on it was because Zhao Feng felt that the materials this book was made of were different from the rest.

Zhao Feng picked up this book and on the top were three words: Lightly Floating Ferry.

He flipped to the first page.

Lightly Floating Ferry, high rank martial art, can make the cultivator move through the snow without leaving marks, can drift across the river and make the person feel like a bird.

When trained high enough, the person can Double Jump and even fly for short moments!

Minimum requirement is second rank of the Martial Path and to train in this skill was very hard.

In addition, higher chi will increase the force of the skill.

Achieving the highest realm will make a person quicker than anyone else under the seventh rank of the Martial Path.

Zhao Feng first thought that this was just an ordinary footwork skill, but after he saw Double Jump, and 'higher chi', his eyes twinkled.

'Double Jump' exceeded the limits of middle rank martial arts, even some high ranked ones couldn't do that!

Higher chi' meant that this skill was suited for martial artists at or above the fourth rank of the Martial Path.

And the most incredible part was: Achieving the highest realm would allow the person to have the fastest speed of everyone under the seventh rank of the Martial Path.

"What an exaggeration!

Even some peak rank martial arts won't have the courage to say this." Zhao Feng's eyes shone and without hesitation, he started reading the contents of Lightly Floating Ferry.

He had a question in his heart.

Why would such a strong skill be put at the bottom floor?

And why would no one learn it?

Soon, Zhao Feng found the reason.

After flipping through a quarter of the book, the words started to blur out.

The book was too old, and had started to mold.

That meant that this book only had a quarter of its original contents.

“So unfortunate...” Zhao Feng was severely disappointed.

However, he did not give up and continued to use his left eye on the blurred-out words.

Using all of his power on his left eye, Zhao Feng could just about see the words under the mold, exceeding a normal human's eyesight by at least twentyfold.

After reading two pages, Zhao Feng felt his mind grow tired and his left eye felt as if there was no power left in it.

If I take this back I can slowly read all of its later contents, Zhao Feng thought, and then took Lightly Floating Ferry out of the first floor of the martial arts library.

“Lightly Floating Ferry?”

You want this book?” the white-robed elder asked with scrunched eyebrows.

“Yes,” Zhao Feng politely replied.

“This book has been around for a thousand years, and there are parts in it which exceed high rank martial arts by far.” After telling him this, the white-robed elder's voice turned.

“However, only a quarter of this book can be seen.

An important note: To fully train this in skill is extremely hard, even some geniuses cannot do it.

Even if they do it, under the fourth rank of the Martial Path, its potential is restricted.”

At last, the white-robed elder warned, “I'd advise you to change your pick, or else you will never break through to the fourth rank of the Martial Path and become a true Martial Artist.”

“Thank you for your warning, elder , but my heart is decided.” Zhao Feng had a calm look on his face.

Looking at the Zhao Feng leave, the white-robed elder shook his head and said, “These youths nowadays all take the highest ranked book possible.”

He believed that Zhao Feng would not be able to fully learn Lightly Floating Ferry, and taking a step back, even if he could, what could a partial martial art book do?

Leaving the Martial Arts Library, Zhao Feng returned home.

Sitting on his bed, he closed his eyes, and on the inside of his mind the contents of around a hundred martial art books quickly surfaced...

Chapter 6: Choosing Martial Arts Skills (2) Chapter 6: Choosing Martial Arts Skills (2)
Having such a big selection of martial arts gave Zhao Feng endless excitement.

He couldn't hold in his happiness and laughed with his head raised.

Quite a period of time passed until he calmed down.

In Cloud Country, a middle rank martial arts skill was worth a couple hundred silver, but the money Zhao Feng received per month was only ten silver.

Of course he couldn't take the sect's skills out and sell them.

If he did that he would get punished; they would destroy his cultivation and then kick him out of the sect.

Zhao Feng 'took' a hundred books out from the Martial Arts Library; most of them were high class and all of them had at least a past person train it so he could use their experience.

However, to choose a few martial art skills from among these books wasn't easy.

It was good that all of these books were fully imprinted in his mind, because he only needed one thought to compare them against one another and choose the one most suitable for him.

A single martial art could increase his strength; with the combination of many martial arts, it could only help his cultivation.

Zhao Feng only used half an hour to choose four skills from the hundred books.

They were Lightly Floating Ferry, Angry Dragon Fists, Air Pushing Breathing Technique, and Continuous Meteorite Arrows.

Lightly Floating Ferry was definitely the highest rank skill out of them all, and Zhao Feng had a high chance of solving the missing words.

After that came Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique, these skills also complimented one another.

Angry Dragon Fists was one of the peak books of the middle rank, and the damage dealt by it was high.

It compressed one's strength into one strike, and the power was so incredible that it wasn't weaker than some of the high ranked martial arts.

Zhao Feng had high expectations for Angry Dragon Fists because it increased one's physical strength. Strong body strength was the foundation and minimum requirements for developing chi.

Chi was something that made someone a true Martial Artist.

Air Pushing Breathing Technique was also a peak middle rank martial art.

It developed one's body strength, blood, and body.

When trained to a high level, there was a chance to understand chi.

"Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique work perfectly well together, and when used together the power of it is at least comparable to high ranked martial arts, and there is an increased chance to understand Martial Path Inner Strength." Zhao Feng was overjoyed.

As for the last skill, Continuous Meteorite Arrows, it was also close to high rank.

Why did he choose an arrow skill?

This was because it worked well with Zhao Feng's left eye.

"If I do not learn an arrow skill, then I'd be sorry for my left eye..." Zhao Feng had a smile curl upon his lips.

It could be imagined, with his left eye's abilities, he'd be a natural 'godly archer', and if he perfected the arrows skill...

After choosing martial arts skills, Zhao Feng started to cultivate.

He first started with the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, as strong body and blood was the foundation of cultivation.

The stronger one's blood was, the damage from Angry Dragon Fists in close combat would be stronger.

Closing his eyes, Zhao Feng mind entered the contents of Air Pushing Breathing Technique.

A while later, his body's blood started to move slowly...

"This easy?" Zhao Feng was shocked.

According to the contents of Air Pushing Breathing Technique, most people that could move their blood needed at least four to five days, or even up to fifteen days.

Could it be that I am a genius?

Zhao Feng thought a bit, and then disagreed with himself.

Because if he was a genius, then it wouldn't have been so hard for him to break into the second rank of the Martial Path.

He realized that after merging with his mysterious left eye, his mind's energy had increased.

His reaction speed, understanding, and analyzing speed all now exceeded that of normal people.

When he was learning the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, a _peh peh_ sound came from the left eye.

At the same time, in the pitch black dimension, the 67 cm radius of faint green light was spinning at an increased rate.

Half a day later...

Zhao Feng had trained the Air Pushing Breathing Technique to the first level and his body gave off a faintly disgusting smell of sweat.

He felt that his body's strength had become stronger by thirty percent.

I did it? Zhao Feng felt somewhat incredulous.

Air Pushing Breathing Technique was divided into three levels, and once one trained to the peak of the third level, there was a chance to comprehend chi.

After another half day, Zhao Feng had already trained Air Pushing Breathing Technique to the peak of the first level, then the speed started slowing down.

He changed his mind and started training in Angry Dragon Fists, which paired up with Air Pushing Breathing Technique.

As expected, with the foundation of Air Pushing Breathing Technique, the speed of learning Angry Dragon Fists was very fast.

In only half a day's' time, Zhao Feng learned all of the eighty-one moves to a beginner level.

Angry Dragon Fists had extreme power, especially when used with Air Pushing Breathing Technique, the explosive strength was incredible.

Zhao Feng clicked his tongue in astonishment.

The most surprising part was that after learning Angry Dragon Fists, the Air Pushing Breathing Technique broke through to the second level and even went a bit further!

The two skills accompanying each other had an incredible effect.

No wonder they're perfect for each other!, Zhao Feng laughed in his heart.

For the next five days, Zhao Feng kept on learning Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Pushing Technique, and both of the skills were trained up at an incredible speed.

At this time, Zhao Feng's cultivation was closing to the peak of the second rank of the Martial Path.

"Just a bit longer and I can reach the peak of the second rank...then the third rank won't be far away, either."

Zhao Feng was full of expectations.

The next day, Zhao Feng left home and headed towards the martial arts field.

This was because Lightly Floating Ferry and Continuous Meteorite Arrows needed open space to practice.

Soon, Zhao Feng arrived in a corner of the martial arts field.

This was the place where they practiced with bows and arrows.

Shoosh!

An arrow left an afterimage in the air, and shot straight into the center of the target fifty meters away.

"Great arrow skill!

It is no wonder that Brother Zhao Yui is one of the sect's top three godly archers."

“This arrow could probably break straight through the defense of a third rank, and even kill muscular wild beasts.”

Excited shouting came from the side.

“Formidable!” Zhao Feng came just in time and exclaimed.

He knew that the youth who was called Zhao Yui was famous for being a godly archer in the sect.

Shoosh shoosh shoosh...

Zhao Yui pulled the string and shot out five arrows at lightning speed, which formed a ring around the center’s red dot.

“Good!

Great!” The disciples around started cheering.

Zhao Feng didn’t pay any more attention because he felt that if he tried, he could also become a godly archer.

He went to an open space and picked up a random bow.

He then squinted his eyes, as if he was aiming.

As soon as he picked up the bow the disciples around the field focused on him.

“Look...who’s that?

He looks new.” A disciple saw him and his eyes shone.

“Heh heh, this kid is called Zhao Feng and he came from a branch sect half a year ago.

Not long ago, I heard that he offended Zhao Yijian, who is ranked third amongst the outer disciples.

I also heard that his girl even left him now...” There were some who recognized Zhao Feng.

“Branch family disciple?

Let us take a bet and see how many rings he can hit.” A few disciples looked mockingly at Zhao Feng.

Even the godly archer Zhao Yui was disturbed by this.

“Arrow skills needs talent and integrity.

It is not something anyone who wants to learn can learn.” Zhao Yui was arrogant and faintly looked down on Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng did not bother with these people.

He barely used his left eye and the target fifty meters away in his vision became bigger and bigger...

Shoosh—

The arrow string trembled and the arrow flew through the air, barely landing on the target, but then fell off onto the ground.

It floated...

Zhao Feng started sweating as this was his first time using a bow.

“Hahaha...” The disciples around the field raised their heads and laughed.

Again.

Zhao Feng was calm.

Missing on the first arrow was normal.

Next, he used more energy on his left arrow and merged the Continuous Meteorite Arrow skill into his heart.

Shoosh—

The second arrow went straight to the target and was one ring away from the middle.

Ninth ring!

The field turned silent.

Those that were laughing had their faces freeze.

Even Zhao Yui’s brow furrowed.

Ninth Ring, this was already very close to the center.

To shoot fifty meters away and hit this was even good for some old archers.

“Luck!

This must be luck!”

“You’re right!

A beginner cannot shoot this accurately.

His first arrow did not even hit the target.”

The disciples started laughing again and looked at Zhao Feng.

However, just before they finished their words the third arrow shot through the air.

Shooosh—

The arrow shot out like lightning and hit the target.

Ta!

Dead center!

The field turned silent once more.

Even Zhao Yui was shocked.

They all had confused faces and stood there frozen.

“My luck is not bad.” Zhao Feng gave a little smile as it was proven that he had an exceptional talent for the bow.

“Luck?

What’s up with this guy?” Most of the archers had queer faces on.

Any archer was a beginner from the start.

However, it was their first time seeing someone with such luck.

“Kid!

Take another shot!” a few disciples said unwillingly.

“Yes!

Take another shot!” Most of them had excited looks on and started shouting.

Zhao Feng wanted to leave, but these people were unwilling to let him leave.

There were a few disciples that were the third rank of the Martial Path, and most here were older than Feng.

“Fine.” Zhao Feng shrugged his shoulders and picked up the bow again.

Chapter 7: Luck Again?

Chapter 7: Luck Again?

Helpless, Zhao Feng picked up the bow again and slowly pulled the string.

“Looks at this kid’s stance, it is obvious that he is a newbie!”

“Hmph!

If he hits the center this time, I will write my name backwards.”

The archers on the field had excited faces and looked down upon Zhao Feng.

The person in the crowd who had the highest skill was Zhao Yui.

He had a face full of confidence as he stated, “Archery skills are only improved by shooting infinite times.

Only then will you become a peak archer.”

His words made those archers around nod in agreement.

Zhao Feng squinted his eyes, but did not use his left eye this time.

If he used his left eye, it would obviously hit dead center.

Zhao Feng decided to go low key, so he just barely used his left eye.

At the same time, the Continuous Meteorite Arrows skill in his mind merged into his heart and became a part of him.

Every part of Zhao Feng’s body, even his breathing, started to have a small change.

These changes weren’t watched closely by the people.

However, being an exceptional archer, Zhao Yui’s eyes flashed.

_Shoosh-__

The bow shot out an arrow that whipped through the air, and like a meteorite, landed on the target.

Dead center!

“Another tenth ring!” Zhao Feng had a wronged expression.

This time he didn’t even fully use his left eye, but only the skills of Continuous Meteorite Arrows.

He thought that it was hard to get a good result, but did not know that he would still hit dead center.

Ah! He shook his head and sighed.

His actions made the disciples faces go tense.

“Another dead center, what is this guy!?”

“He’s got two dead centers now, how can someone be so lucky?” The archers had confused expressions and were unwilling to believe.

“Ok, I have finished shooting, I am going to go now.” Zhao Feng patted his clothes, then put down his bow and got ready to leave.

Looking at his back, all the archers around felt angry.

“Kid!

Stop right there!” a cold voice came from behind.

Zhao Feng stopped walking and turned around.

The person who called him was Zhao Yui.

He had a face full of anger and his third rank of pressured the people around him.

Zhao Yui was seventeen or eighteen years old.

The fact that he had higher cultivation and was also bigger than Zhao Feng added some ferocity.

“I have already shot my arrow, what else do you want me to do?”

Although Zhao Yui was strong, and Zhao Feng didn’t have any confidence in winning, it did not mean Feng was scared of him.

“You are still acting!” Zhao Feng snorted.

“You are not a beginner, you are just here to play us!”

After this was said, the archers around him all came to a realization and nodded in agreement.

“No wonder this kid had so much luck, he was just a tiger pretending to be a pig!”

“Hmph, this guy dares to play us!”

The disciples around believed Zhao Yui’s words and started shouting at Zhao Feng with angry faces.

“Calm down everyone, this was indeed my first time shooting.” Zhao Feng shook his head; he really wasn’t a tiger pretending to be a pig.

To get such a good result was not something that he expected.

Zhao Yui stared at him and twinkled his eyes: “Even I got tricked by the first two arrows.

However, the third arrow...your hand stance has obviously reached a high level.

To shoot fifty meters and hit the center twice in a row.

What kind of beginner has this kind of luck?”

He had reason for his words.

It did not matter if Zhao Feng had one hundred mouths, because he still wouldn’t be able to explain.

“What do you guys want?” Zhao Feng’s face turned cold.

If he could not explain, then there was no point in explaining.

“Heheh kiddo, you have the nerve to play us.

So we’re not gonna let you leave so easily.”

The disciples around all touched their fists and more and more people came crowding in.

“Sister Yufei, that place seems popular, let us go over and see.”

Some of the sect's girls were attracted by all the attention.

These girls' ages were between twelve and sixteen.

One of them wore a purple dress.

She had a face as white as snow and seemed fragile, but her beauty was incomparable.

"Too beautiful....

Who is she?"

One youth the same age as Zhao Feng stood dazzled and his eyes locked on to the girl.

"That's the sect new genius Zhao Yufei!" Most of the sect's disciples knew the girl's identity.

"She is only fifteen years old, and she is already at the peak of the third rank.

She will be at the fourth rank soon and will then become a true Martial Artist."

"This Zhao Yufei is not only pretty, but she also has exceptional talent."

Some youths took back their eyes and felt ashamed, as if they were not worthy of Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Yufei wasn't only pretty, but also had a refreshing aura.

She was like a flower.

Even Zhao Yui's eye shone when he saw Zhao Yufei.

"It's her..." Zhao Feng also knew Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Yufei was also a branch disciple that came over half a year ago.

She had the same cultivation as Zhao Yijian, but she was younger!

It was hard to believe that someone from the branch family, under the resources she had, could achieve such a realm.

Maybe this was a real genius!

Some things couldn't happen to normal people.

For a genius however, they could happen with ease.

When Zhao Feng previously saw Zhao Yufei, he thought that she was beautiful.

Being a normal youth of the same age, it was hard not to be attracted.

However, Zhao Feng knew that with his cultivation and status, he and Zhao Yu Fei were two people from different worlds.

Seeing Zhao Yufei come over, Zhao Yui went to warmly greet her.

Zhao Feng was composed, and looked straight at Zhao Yufei.

If it was before, and Zhao Feng was in front of this beautiful girl genius, he would think of himself as unworthy and would be scared to even look her in the eye.

Today, however, he looked straight at her.

When he looked at her, Zhao Feng's left eye subconsciously started to move.

Through his left eye, Zhao Yufei's stunning figure was even clearer than before.

Yi!

Through this, Zhao Feng was shocked.

Slowly, Zhao Yufei's clothes started to fade and he almost saw the snow white skin inside...

Obviously, his left eye did not have see-through abilities.

Even if it did, it would be incredibly weak.

It was only because he had super-vision that he could see things more clearly.

The difference was that normal people's vision stayed on something far away, whereas Zhao Feng's vision could pull it closer and look at it under 'zero distance'.

That is why there was a certain 'see-through' effect.

At this time, Zhao Feng's left eye was pushed to its full capabilities and inside the pitch black dimension, the faint green glow spun faster.

Suddenly, Zhao Yu Fei's clothes completely disappeared, even her body was almost fully see-through.

Zhao Feng's left eye saw her blood circulating, he even saw the faint purple aura inside her veins.

“Zhao Yufei’s talent is so strong!

She is going to have chi soon...” Zhao Feng was very surprised by this and took a long breath.

In terms of age, she was only older than him by a year, but she had already had achievements of some height.

At the Azure Flower Continent, most of the Martial Learners stayed in the third rank of the martial path forever as they were unable to understand chi and become fourth rankers.

Zhao Yufei however, at the age of fifteen had almost completely understood the concept of Inner Strength.

The days until she became a true martial artist were not far away.

“My left eye does not have a fully see-through ability, but I can still sense the blood and inner strength of those I look at.” Zhao Feng’s eye jumped and this was the conclusion he came to after some thought.

At this time, the key focus, Zhao Yufei seemed to feel something and looked towards Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng did not hide, but closed the ability of his left eye.

Zhao Yu Fei felt weird inside her heart as she a feeling of being stripped and having all her secrets seen.

“What happened here?” Zhao Yufei took back her gaze and asked.

“Little sister Yu Fei, this is what happened...”

Zhao Yui and the others exaggerated the whole incident.

“I see.” Zhao Yufei looked at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng knew that under these conditions he would not be able to explain.

“Kid!

Because of your past actions, you have caused a crowd outrage.

I will give you a chance to apologize to everyone,” Zhao Yui said arrogantly.

Apologize?

"I did not do anything wrong, so why would I need to apologize?" Zhao Feng clicked his tongue.

"If you apologize to us, then we will let this pass," Zhao Yui said like a gentlemen.

He was obviously going to perform well in front of this beauty.

"Apologize?"

Not possible." Zhao Feng said.

"Everything you said before was just what you thought yourselves."

When he said this, everyone, even including Zhao Yu Fei, furrowed their brows.

"This Zhao Feng is a bit too arrogant." Zhao Yufei now had a bad impression of Zhao Feng.

"You can argue well, can't you?" Zhao Yui laughed instead of getting angry.

"If you do not apologize, then do not think that you will be able to leave." The disciples around started to close in on Zhao Feng.

"Using more to fight less?" Zhao Feng had a face of mockery and glanced at Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Yui and his cronies' expressions all changed.

In front of this genius and beautiful girl, they would obviously act as gentlemen, and using more to beat up less did not look good.

"Fine!" Zhao Yui's eyes twirled and had a trick up his heart.

"We won't use more to beat less.

You won't need to apologize, but only if you can beat me in arrow skills."

"That's right!

Since you are both archers, use your strength to talk."

"Little sister Yufei can be the judge." Everyone agreed and started shouting.

Zhao Yui laughed in his heart, this was like shooting two birds with one arrow. Through an arrow contest, he could make Zhao Feng apologise and not lose face.

He could also show off his skills in front of Zhao Yufei, maybe even win her heart!

“Archery skills contest?” Zhao Feng felt it was helpless to say anymore, “Fine, we talk with our strengths.”

Chapter 8: Overpowered Archery Skills Chapter 8: Overpowered Archery Skills Zhao Feng had caused a crowd outrage, so he did not even bother to explain what happened.

“Good!

At least you have some guts.” Zhao Yui was happy since his plan succeeded this easily.

He had first thought that Zhao Feng would fight back and need some encouragement, he didn’t know that Feng would accept so easily.

And when Zhao Feng lost, all he needed to do was apologize, that left some space for him to back down.

“Little sister Yufei, how about you be the judge?” Zhao Yui said as he smiled at Zhao Yufei.

In terms of talent and cultivation, Zhao Yufei was one of the top in the crowd, so she had the right to judge.

“Ok.” Zhao Yufei nodded her head, but did not show much interest.

In her opinion, Zhao Yui was ranked third in archery, so Zhao Feng could not beat him.

Soon, the field had an open space.

The crowd had increased to thirty people.

“We have little sister Yufei here today, so Zhao Yui is obviously going to use all of his skills.”

All the archers were full of anticipation.

Everyone had no doubt that Zhao Yui was going to win.

Instead of a contest, this would rather be a performance by Zhao Yui.

“Come!” Zhao Yui called some youths, and they carried four targets over.

Soon, the four targets were arranged in a straight line, placed in front of him.

Every target had a distance of ten meters between them.

“Since there are so many people here today, I will show off my special move, Continuous Eagle Arrows.” Zhao Yui had a face full of smiles.

Continuous Eagle Arrows?

The disciples around all had excited faces on.

Even Zhao Yufei showed a little interest.

Before the crowd, Zhao Yui walked out in front of the four targets.

Since there were four targets arranged in a straight line, using normal archery skills, an archer could only hit the one at the front.

Zhao Yui took a deep breath and took out four arrows at once.

Is he going to ...

Everyone was in shock.

At this time, Zhao Yui’s bow was pulled fully back, forming a crescent moon that faced upwards.

Four arrows were all on the string.

Si! Everyone took a cold breath.

_Shoosh!

Shoosh!

Shoosh!

Shoosh!

——_

Four arrows rode through the air, formed four perfect arcs, and like eagles, pounced towards their targets.

_Pah!

Pah!

Pah!..._

Almost at the same time, the four arrows hit dead center on the four targets.

“Oh my gods!” Everyone screamed at the sight.

“So arrows can be shot this way!

They do not have to fly straight, they can curve!

And due to gravity, they will fall on their targets...” Zhao Feng’s left eye recorded the routes perfectly.

The end result made his heart shake.

Continuous Eagle Arrows!

It took a long time before everyone finally calmed down.

“What a high level of archery skill!”

Zhao Yufei’s eyes showed some shock.

“Thanks for watching.” Zhao Yui saw Zhao Yufei’s reaction and laughed to himself.

“Kid!

It is your turn!”

After Zhao Yui finished, all of their gazes turned towards Zhao Feng with eyes full of mockery.

No one believed that Zhao Feng’s archery skill would compare to Zhao Yui’s.

“Hmmm...let me think a bit...”

Zhao Feng picked up a bow and in his mind, Continuous Meteorite Arrows once again merged with his heart.

He analyzed that for him to beat Zhao Yui in some traditional manner was impossible, unless he had an extra few days of time.

So he couldn’t use normal ways to beat Zhao Yui.

Zhao Feng’s eyes scanned across the sky, and then over the archery field as he decided on what he was going to do.

“Ok, I am going to start now.” Zhao Feng slowly took out an arrow.

“The first arrow.” He pulled back an arrow and shot carelessly into the sky.

What is this guy doing... Everyone paused.

However, just at this time, a sound came from the sky.

Peh!

A black shadow dropped from the sky.

Everyone’s eyes turned wide because it was an eagle.

“This kid’s archery skills aren’t bad since he can shoot down the birds from the sky so easily.”

“Hmph...just little tricks.” Zhao Yui had a face of disdain.

Indeed, although Zhao Feng did good, it was nothing compared to his Continuous Eagle Arrows.

_Peng!

Peng!_

Zhao Feng shot out two more arrows

Every arrow he shot killed a bird.

“Kid!

Do not show off your crappy skills, just hurry up and admit defeat, ” one archer said impatiently.

“Hmmm...my hand feels good now.” Zhao Feng did not bother with him, because he found the feeling just then.

Right after, he took a deep breath, and used all of his power on his left eye.

At that moment, his left eye glowed faint green.

Shoosh ——

Another arrow shot through the skies, fast as lightning.

Tah!

From the sky dropped another black shadow.

Zhao Yui laughed coldly, but did not speak.

“Oh my god!

This arrow shot down two birds!” an archer exclaimed.

Zhao Yui heard that and looked over.

Indeed, there were two birds there.

One Arrow, Two Birds!

Zhao Yui’s heart skipped.

He never thought that Zhao Feng had such high archery skills.

Even Zhao Yui did not have much confidence in doing that, it depended on luck for him.

“The sparrows body is small and flies super fast.

To shoot one arrow and kill both sparrows is on par with Zhao Yui’s Continuous Eagle Arrows,” one archer said.

“This is just an appetizer.” Zhao Feng gave a faint smile.

The crowd’s hearts skipped.

Could Zhao Feng still have higher skills?

Zhao Feng did not explain, but slowly lifted his bow and shot at a target fifty meters away.

What did that mean?

No one understood what that meant.

Fifty meters was fifty paces.

To shoot a target a hundred steps away, even the center, was nowhere near able to be compared with Continuous Eagle Arrows or One Arrow, Two Birds.

Shoosh!

Zhao Feng's arrows sliced through the air and landed on the target one hundred meters out.

Peng!

The arrow didn't even hit the center; it only hit the outer edge.

Zhao Feng wiped his sweat and let out a long breath.

"Hahaha...this arrow almost missed the target..." The disciples all started laughing.

Zhao Yui also laughed.

Did Zhao Feng accidentally miss?

However, when they looked at Zhao Feng, he had a face full of confidence.

Being the judge, Zhao Yufei also had a questioning face.

She felt that Zhao Feng's arrow wasn't as easy as it looked.

"You go over and look," Zhao Feng said full of confidence.

The crowd walked over to see the arrow.

On the outer edges of a target lay an arrow; it still quivered from the shot.

Zhao Feng made an archer pull the arrow.

Quickly, the arrow head was pulled out.

Everyone stared at it.

On the arrowhead was a pea-sized dead body with traces of blood...

What was this!

"Oh my god...this is a fly!

A fly!" one of the disciples screamed, shocked.

What!

Many archers eyeballs almost popped out from shock.

"Oh my god!

To have a hundred step difference and kill a fly, how did he do this?"

"To see a fly a hundred steps away is already so hard.

The fly also flies randomly..."

"How....how is this possible!?"

Zhao Yui's face turned white and stared at the fly's body, as if his soul was lost.

If he was lucky he would be able to shoot two birds with one arrow, but to kill a fly from a hundred steps away was impossible for him.

The fly was too small.

Normal people could not even see the fly from a hundred steps away.

The archery contest ended there.

The winner was decided.

"The winner of this archery contest is Zhao Feng." Zhao Yufei quickly recovered from the shock and gave Zhao Feng a complex look.

This was her first time seriously sizing up Zhao Feng.

The youth she saw was confident and had an appeal that surpassed many people of the same age.

"I can leave now, no?" Zhao Feng walked towards the outside.

The crowd automatically opened a path for him.

Zhao Feng's archery skills subdued them, even Zhao Yui could not say anything.

After he walked out of the archery field, Zhao Feng let out a long breath.

Today's archery session benefitted him a lot.

As soon as Zhao Feng walked out of the archery field, cruel laughter sounded in front of him.

"Hahaha...Zhao Feng, I finally found you!" As soon as the words finished, three youths blocked Zhao Feng's way.

The youth at the front had thick eyebrows and had a confident face.

It was Zhao Kun!

"Little bastard, last time I lost to you.

This time I am going to make you lose and beg for forgiveness." Zhao Kun licked his lips and his eyes had a certain amount of deadliness in them.

This time he was going to beat Zhao Feng fair and square, and also humiliate him.

Only because he lost to Zhao Feng in one move last time and felt humiliated...

Zhao Feng found that the two helpers Zhao Kun brought were both at the second rank of and were there to stop him from escaping.

"Sister Yufei, that Zhao Feng seems to have some trouble," one of the girls at Zhao Yufei's side said.

At this time, most of the people from the archery field saw the scene that was occurring.

Zhao Yui had a gloating expression on his face...

However, in front of these matters, Zhao Feng felt no fear and swiftly said, "Make your move."

Chapter 9: Peak of the Second Rank Chapter 9: Peak of the Second Rank "Make your move."

Zhao Kun felt like he had heard wrong, was this the same Zhao Feng as before?

Yi!

The moment his vision landed on Zhao Feng, his expressed changed.

"No wonder you're so confident.

It looks like you've broken through to the second rank of the Martial Path.

However, if that's all you've got, then you'd better start begging for forgiveness now."

Zhao Kun felt a little surprised by Zhao Feng being second rank, but it didn't affect his plans.

That was because Zhao Feng had reached the second rank very recently, and Zhao Kun himself had reached the peak of the second rank almost a year ago.

He also had high ranked martial art skills!

“Please stop chattering, my time is limited,” Zhao Feng coldly said.

“Kid!

Don’t be arrogant!”

Zhao Kun suddenly turned his four limbs and body into a familiar and still weird stance, and like a poisonous snake, lunged towards Zhao Feng.

In a flash, Zhao Kun used his Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake.

In terms of speed and power, he far exceeded Zhao Feng.

“Zhao Kun has probably already trained the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake to a low level.” On the archery field, Zhao Yufei had a moved and slightly shocked face.

Being one of the sect geniuses, she obviously had major support from the sect and so naturally had access to high rank martial art skills.

The higher the rank of a skill was, the harder it was to train in it.

Once a high rank skill had been trained to the low level, it would have more power than a middle ranked skill trained to a high level.

_What speed!

The damage is at least fifty percent higher than before!_ Zhao Feng was also surprised by Zhao Kun, but his left eye’s reaction speed could still see the route of Zhao Kun’s move.

Angry Dragon flipping the River! Zhao Feng stomped both feet downwards.

Under the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, he put power into both of his arms.

Zhao Kun suddenly realized that his opponents power was rapidly increasing.

He became more shocked as Zhao Feng put even more power into Angry Dragon flipping the River.

The third stance of Angry Dragon Fists – Angry Dragon flipping the Rivers!

At that moment, Zhao Feng was like a dragon as his fists punched downwards.

Peh!

The first punch made Zhao Kun's body shudder and almost caused him to spit out blood.

His Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake was about cunningness and flexibility.

Its forte wasn't in fighting straight on.

Zhao Feng's fists felt like they knew where he was going to move and always hit his weak spots.

Peh peh peh ——

Using Air Pushing Breathing Technique, Zhao Feng had already trained Angry Dragon flipping the River" to high level.

"Ahhhhh...!" Zhao Kun was hit by the outstanding power and landed on the ground, kneeling.

His arms felt numb and blood was leaking from his mouth.

"You've lost." Zhao Feng left without another glance at Zhao Kun or his two helpers.

As they'd fought, Zhao Feng had used his left eye and clearly seen Zhao Kun's attacking routes.

He had also seen some errors in Zhao Kun's high rank martial art, which meant that it was yet to be perfected.

Zhao Feng felt that Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique complemented one another to an unimaginable degree.

He could probably beat some third rank people.

"How is this possible...my skill is a high ranked one!" Zhao Kun crawled on the ground and screamed.

The whole fight only lasted for two breaths.

One move!

Zhao Kun lost!

The disciples in the archery field looked on in shock.

Although they had the same rank, to win in one move was too exaggerated, especially when the loser had used a high rank skill.

As she followed Zhao Feng away with her eyes, Zhao Yufei murmured, “I know Angry Dragon Fists, it’s a powerful move within the sect and could be comparable to high ranked skills, but it is very hard to learn.

I think he also trains in another skill and used it with Angry Dragon Fists, which allowed the power to almost double.”

“Sister Yufei, how did Zhao Kun lose when his cultivation and skill were both higher?” a girl next to her asked.

“Moves are dead, but people are alive.

Zhao Kun’s use of the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake was extremely bad and he has only learned the first three moves, which is far off from his older brother Zhao Gan.

Also, his battle awareness is nowhere near that of Zhao Fengs.” Zhao Yufei then paused for a bit before she said, “Also, Zhao Feng has learned two skills that are very close to being high ranked ones, and trained them to a very high level.

Under the usage of those two skills, his strength exceeded that of Zhao Kun.”

After the girl listened to Zhao Yu Fei’s analysis, she exclaimed, “Zhao Feng is so strong!”

“Haha...apparently Zhao Kun’s brother Zhao Gan is ranked fifth amongst the outer disciples.

We just do not know if he will help his brother take revenge.”

“So much trouble!”

Zhao Feng shook his head and left the martial arts field.

It wasn’t long before he arrived at an open forest in the sect.

He came here to train in the most mysterious footwork skill – Lightly Floating Ferry.

Lightly Floating Ferry was, without a doubt, the skill with the highest rank amongst those he had.

The problem was that it was partially ruined and was very hard to learn.

“When Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique are used together the damage is awesome.

I just do not know how good Lightly Floating Ferry will be.” Zhao Feng was full of expectations.

Immediately, he started to meditate on Lightly Floating Ferry.

When he concentrated, the faint green glow inside his left eye’s pitch black dimension spun faster and faster.

Zhao Feng felt that Lightly Floating Ferry’s moves were burned into his mind, which made it easier for him to understand them.

It was not as simple to learn as Angry Dragon Fists or Air Pushing Breathing Technique.

“Lightly Floating Ferry is harder to learn than a peak middle ranked skill by at least two or three times...” he concluded after he compared the skills.

Although it was hard, it did not stump him.

Zhao Feng only needed three days to understand the first quarter of of Light Floating Ferry at a beginner standard.

He only used six days to achieve the beginner level.

Normal skills had four ranks that depended on how well trained one was in it.

These were: Beginner, Low, High, and Peak level.

Beginner level equaled thirty percent of the maximum power of the skill.

Low level equaled fifty percent.

High level equaled seventy percent.

Peak level equaled ninety percent or higher.

Zhao Feng had easily trained Angry Dragon Fists to High level.

Lightly Floating Ferry had been trained to beginner level in the same amount of time, but it was only the first quarter of the skill.

Sou!

Zhao Feng's body flashed, his body as light as a bird as he floated five meters up in the air.

_Teng!

Teng!_

His feet pushed off the branches and felt fabulous as he flew.

At that moment, Zhao Feng was like a bird happily flying through the forest.

I have only trained Lightly Floating Ferry to the beginner level, but the speed of it far surpasses most middle ranked skills that have been trained to a high level.

It could be seen that Lightly Floating Ferry far exceeded most high ranked martial art skills!

When there was extra time, Zhao Feng did not forget to slowly decipher the rest of the book.

Now he had deciphered half of the total book.

The only problem was that it took a lot of mental energy to do so.

After Lightly Floating Ferry reached a beginner level, Zhao Feng started to train in Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique again.

This was because Lightly Floating Ferry only helped with his footwork and didn't increase his cultivation much, even though it was a high rank martial art skill.

After training in a high rank skill such as Lightly Floating Ferry and then going back to training Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique, Zhao Feng felt that his movements had become easier and smoother.

After two days...

Air Pushing Breathing Technique had broken through to its third level, and Angry Dragon Fists had reached the peak level.

At this time, Zhao Feng closed his eyes and felt the power that coursed through his body.

His strength was greater than when he first reached the second rank by more than half.

Inside his left eye's dimension, the radius of the faint green glow had extended from 67cm to 98cm.

"It looks like my cultivation has reached the peak of the second rank.

I just need one more step to break through into the third rank." Zhao Feng took a deep breath and controlled his excitement.

It had only been half a month since he reached the second rank.

This cultivation speed was just too surprising!

The thing that made him most astonished was the Air Pushing Breathing Technique as it reached the third level.

Once Air Pushing Breathing Technique reached the peak of the third level there was a chance to understand Martial Path Inner Strength, chi, and that was the key point for becoming a true Martial Artist.

Zhao Feng never expected that he would reach the third level of Air Pushing Breathing Technique this fast.

This made his strength far surpass the others who were also at the second rank.

He could now be compared to a third rank!

By only using half a month, Zhao Feng's strength had doubled.

All of this was due to the mysterious eye.

Zhao Feng believed that his once normal destiny was changing...

That night, Zhao Feng started to set his life goals.

His first goal was to perform well at the family sparring contest one and a half months in the future.

At that time he would fairly and squarely beat Zhao Yijian and spar with the true geniuses of Sun Feather City.

"The change in my left eye grants me a high level of understanding, and the only thing stopping me from becoming a genius in the sect is...cultivation resources," Zhao Feng analyzed.

Since he merged with his left eye, his mental energy and analysis speed had increased.

He also became calmer and steadier.

The only problem was, how to gain cultivation resources?

Zhao Feng's cultivation speed was fast, but it was still hard to break past the peak of the second rank.

However, if he had enough resources, this barrier could be easily broken through.

"Got it!" Zhao Feng's eyes twinkled and soon he had an idea.

His lips curled into a confident smile.

Chapter 10: Sky Cloud Forest Chapter 10: Sky Cloud Forest _Night._ _Inside a fancy building at the Zhao Sect..._

"Elder brother!

You've got to help me!

Zhao Feng is just a lowly branch disciple and he made me lose face!" Zhao Kun bit his teeth and said with murderous intent.

He had lost twice in a row to a branch disciple, he did not have the face to leave his house.

"Trash!"

Inside the room sat a slim, leopard-like, short-haired youth.

This was Zhao Kun's older brother, Zhao Gan.

"Elder brother, I am begging you.

You have got to help me."

Zhao Kun was full of fear and hatred.

He was afraid of his brother.

Ever since he was born, Zhao Gan had bullied him.

He felt useless as Zhao Gan was always better than him at everything.

Zhao Gan had now reached the peak of the third rank of the Martial Path and had already trained the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake to the sixth change, which allowed for him to rank in the top 5 of the outer sect disciples.

Even five Zhao Kuns weren't his brother's opponent.

The morning of the next day...

Zhao Feng got out of bed early and started to practice Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique.

These two martial art skills were the ones that Zhao Feng mainly trained in.

"I still have some way until I reach the the third rank of the Martial Path."

Zhao Feng practiced for half an hour and acted on yesterday's plans, walking towards the money room of the sect.

According to the rules, Zhao Feng could get ten pieces of silver per month.

I haven't taken this month's money yet. Zhao Feng soon arrived at the money room.

"Zhao Feng, second rank of the Martial Path, branch disciple, monthly money of twenty silver," the accountant said expressionlessly.

Twenty pieces of silver?

Zhao Feng took the money and gave his thanks.

After reaching the second rank, his monthly allowance had doubled.

Although a monthly allowance of twenty silver could let a whole family eat and sleep without worrying, it was nothing for martial artists.

Some expensive cultivation resources that could increase one's cultivation speed and help break through realms easily exceeded thousands of pieces of silver.

Any of the resources rich disciples ate casually exceeded thirty years of normal disciples' allowances.

"Twenty pieces of silver..."

Zhao Feng took a deep breath and holding his silver, left the Zhao sects territory and headed towards the market of Sun Feather City.

He used to give the money he got to his parents to help them out.

This time however, he did not do that.

Instead he took the silver and left.

Soon after, Zhao Feng stepped into Sun Feather's City's largest market.

A weapon's shop in the city...

"Shopkeeper, how much is this Heavy Metal Bow?" Zhao Feng finally decided after taking a long time.

"This Heavy Metal Bow is extremely powerful.

It can shoot up to one hundred and fifty meters.

Twenty pieces of silver, no bargaining," the shopkeeper said as he smiled.

He had seen the Zhao sect symbol on Zhao Feng's clothes.

In Sun Feather City the Zhao sect, Qiu sect, and the Xin sect were the three largest families and had total dominance within the city.

"Twenty pieces of silver?"

Zhao Feng raised his eyebrow and deeply said, "Can it be a little cheaper?"

The shopkeeper smiled faintly.

"Fine, I will give you the lowest price, eighteen pieces of silver."

"Fifteen!

I am low on money, but when I get more I will double the money and give it to you," Zhao Feng said honestly.

"Fifteen pieces?

That's probably a bit low, there is almost no profit..." The shopkeeper seemed to have a little difficulty, but upon seeing the honesty in Zhao Feng's eyes, he bit his lip.

“Fine, hopefully you keep your promise because this shop is also under the Zhao sect’s territory.”

“Thank you,” Zhao Feng said gratefully.

He never realized that this shop was under the Zhao sect.

Quickly, Zhao Feng bought the bow at a price of fifteen silver and also bought some arrows and food with the remainder of his cash.

He had no money left.

“Hopefully I won’t fail...” Zhao Feng murmured to himself, and soon after left Sun Feather City.

Teng!

As soon as he left Sun Feather City, Zhao Feng used Lightly Floating Ferry to move.

His speed was even faster than most normal horses.

Two hours later, Zhao Feng arrived at his destination, the Sky Cloud Forest.

The Sky Cloud Forest was the County of Clouds’ biggest forest.

Its area extended into over ten other countries.

Being the largest forest of the surrounding countries, the Sky Cloud Forest had many dangerous wild beasts, and near the center of it there were high level deadly beasts.

Deadly beasts were far stronger than wild beasts.

They had been affected by spiritual energy, and had therefore slowly changed into powerful beings.

A few strong deadly beasts could easily destroy a village.

Only true Martial Artists could fight them.

Zhao Feng came to the forest, obviously not to try finding deadly beasts as he still wanted to live.

His goal was simple, hunting to earn money!

Some strong wild beasts inside the Sky Cloud Forest had expensive furs and other materials.

A fully grown bear could sell for two to three hundred silver.

However, a fully-grown bear's strength far exceed normal second rankers.

Only third rankers could win against it.

Obviously, Zhao Feng's target wasn't a bear or large wild beast.

_Although large wild beasts are worth a lot of money, their mass is too big.

I cannot carry many back and forth._ Zhao Feng had already made his plans.

Teng!

His body was like a feather as he used the branches to propel himself forward.

Soon, Zhao Feng landed on top of a hundred-meter tall tree.

This tree was higher than its surroundings, giving Zhao Feng an excellent lookout point.

If he hadn't learned Lightly Floating Ferry, being at this height would have made his heart race.

As he stood on the tree, Zhao Feng used his left eye to survey his surroundings.

Shuah!

His left eye went into super-vision mode.

Anything within ten kilometers was clearly seen by him.

Zhao Feng first had to confirm whether there were any dangerous wild or deadly beasts around.

Soon Zhao Feng understood the situation within that area.

There were twenty beasts that threatened him, and only one of them was close to him.

Luckily, there weren't any deadly beasts.

"I am starting now." Zhao Feng took a deep breath, then slowly pulled out his Heavy Metal Bow.

Shou——

As the bow string trembled, the arrow hit a golden-spotted snake one hundred meters away below him.

Si!

The golden-spotted snake jumped up and hissed in a fearsome manner.

However, Zhao Feng's arrow skills were perfect, and directly hit its vitals.

The golden-spotted snake thrashed wildly, but soon died.

"Golden Striped Snake, super poisonous beast that can threaten even third rankers."
Zhao Feng slightly let out a breath and wiped his sweat off his brow.

If they were fighting straight on, the Golden Striped Snake had a high chance of killing him as it was extremely fast and poisonous.

However, Zhao Feng had also gained a lot.

The snake's teeth and liver were extremely expensive.

After killing the snake, Zhao Feng continued to use his left eye to find new targets.

Shou ——

Suddenly, Zhao Feng heard a screech in mid air.

A metal-mouthed eagle, with a wingspan of one meter, easily killed a wolf of the second rank.

Zhao Feng had a solemn face.

The metal-mouthed eagle was called a Metal Beak Eagle, and was extremely famous in the Sky Cloud Forest.

Its strength easily exceeded that of normal second rankers and it flew freely in the air.

It had almost no natural enemies.

_Metal Beak Eagles are extremely fast.

Its feathers and defense are also strong.

It is almost a deadly beast.

One would be worth seven to eight hundred pieces of silver, _ Zhao Feng thought as he used his left eye to target the eagle.

This time, he took out an arrow coated with poison.

Zhi~

The Heavy Metal Bow was soon pulled to its limit...