

# King Eye

## #Chapter 11 - 11 Green Headed Tiger King - Read King Eye Chapter 11 - 11 Green Headed Tiger King

Chapter 11: Green Headed Tiger King Chapter 11: Green Headed Tiger King  
\_Shoosh——\_

An afterimage was left behind as the arrow pierced through the air, heading towards the flying Metal Beak Eagle.

This arrow was shot using the Continuous Meteorite Arrows skill and followed the route set by his left eye.

“Screeeeech——”

An angry screech was heard coming from the eagle.

Zhao Feng then saw the eagle charge towards him, with the arrow still lodged in its stomach.

“Not good!”

Seeing this, Zhao Feng’s expression changed and he quickly used Lightly Floating Ferry to escape towards the underbrush.

Although Zhao Feng’s arrow had hit the target, it did not hit any vital parts.

The Metal Beak Eagle’s reaction, flying speed and defense all far surpassed that of normal beasts.

It was on par with deadly beasts.

The arrow had not caused any life threatening damage!

\_Teng!\_

Zhao Feng was like an agile bird as he flew through the forest.

Nevertheless, his left eye did not forget to lock onto the eagle.

\_Shou——\_

Another arrow was shot out.

However, although this arrow hit the eagle in the throat, it did not manage to pierce through its feathers.

\_The throat is usually the weakness of normal beasts.

From the fact that it did not pierce through, it can be seen that the defense of this eagle is insane.\_

Zhao Feng stalled for a little while and then saw the Metal Beak Eagle fall towards the ground.

This was because the arrows that Zhao Feng had shot contained poison, and it had finally killed the eagle.

Zhao Feng let out a deep breath and smiled happily.

This Metal Beak Eagle was worth seven to eight hundred silver.

Adding in the Golden Striped Snake, Zhao Feng's wealth now exceeded a thousand pieces of silver.

He had never possessed such wealth in his entire life.

"However, the silver I have is still not enough for me to buy precious resources." Although Zhao Feng was excited, he quickly calmed down.

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For the next three days, Zhao Feng traveled around inside the Sky Cloud Forest, hunting.

Every time Zhao Feng pulled back his bowstring, a scream of pain would soon follow.

"Five Poison Centipede, extremely poisonous.

Can be used to make wine and strengthen one's body.

Worth two-hundred silver..."

"Green Wind Bird, strength is around the peak of the third rank.

Worth nine-hundred silver..."

"Black-spotted Wild Pig, strength approaching the third rank.

Worth four-hundred silver..."

To kill as many beasts as possible, Zhao Feng used Lightly Floating Ferry and Continuous Meteorite Arrows to the highest degree possible.

Through these efforts, Lightly Floating Ferry had been trained to low level.

His speed probably exceeded all of the sects third rankers and was now close to the fourth rankers.

Continuous Meteorite Arrows had easily been trained to the peak of the high level.

Zhao Feng could not help but think that he was a born archer.

If he were to face the Metal Beak Eagle again, he would only needed one hit to kill it.

For the last three days, he had gained a lot.

He had killed another two Metal Beak Eagles, as well as eight other different beasts.

“The beasts I now have are, in total, worth three to four thousand silver.” Zhao Feng had a satisfied expression on his face as he organized his two big bags.

On the way back he still used his left eye to hunt prey.

This was because his vision was blocked by trees so he could not guarantee that there weren't any targets that he would otherwise miss.

\_Roar————\_

A powerful roar came from the north side of Sky Cloud Forest.

This roar made Zhao Feng ears burst with pain.

“What kind of beast is this?

It's so powerful.” Zhao Feng quickly used his left eye and saw that, seven kilometers away, there was a five-meter long Green Headed Tiger King.

The Green Headed Tiger King was bigger than normal tigers by half again, and gave off a devastating aura.

Its roar caused all the animals within a ten kilometer radius to tremble with fear.

Five or six youths, who had cultivations between the second and third rank of the Martial Path, were running away in fear.

“Everyone run in different directions!”

The leader of the group was a youth who had a scarred face.

He seemed to be fifteen or sixteen years of age and had reached the peak of the third rank.

He held a long sword that could easily cut a tree in half and moved to stall the tiger.

\_Boom!\_

The tiger waved his paws and a tree shattered.

“The strength of deadly beasts is so dangerous,” Zhao Feng thought.

Once a wild beast entered the ranks of a deadly beast, only Martial Artists of the fourth rank or higher could fight them.

The strength of the tiger king could flatten two or three Zhao Fengs in one swipe.

“Xin Fei!

Watch out!” some of the youths yelled.

The Green Headed Tiger King was heading straight towards the scarred face youth, who had the greatest strength.

“They’re surnamed Xin?

Are they disciples of the Xin family, which is also one of the top three families of Sun Feather City?” Zhao Feng quickly saw the symbols on their clothes which confirmed his guess.

\_Boom——\_

Everywhere the Green Headed Tiger King passed, destruction soon followed, as if nothing could withstand its might.

Normal Martial Learners would probably have died due to fear.

Zhao Feng realized that this Xin Fei was extremely strong.

He had learned a knife throwing skill and a footwork skill, and they were both high rank martial arts.

“This Xin Fei’s knife can easily slice through trees.

His strength is probably double that of normal third rank cultivators.

He is probably even stronger than Zhao Yijian!”

“Quickly!

Save Xin Fei!” Two other disciples of the Xin family took out their bows and attacked the Green Headed Tiger.

However, all their attacks did was stall it and disperse the tigers concentration.

The tigers defense was stronger than the Metal Beak Eagle’s by two or three times, so all the attacks that came from cultivators beneath the fourth rank only felt like a tickle.

\_If I can kill this Green Headed Tiger King, it will probably be worth around twenty to thirty thousand silver, which is the worth of around forty beasts\_ , Zhao Feng thought out a dangerous plan.

\_Teng!

Teng!...\_

He immediately used Lightly Floating Ferry and closed in on the location of the fight.

As Zhao Feng arrived, the six disciples of the Xin family were under great pressure.

“Cracking Wind Sword!”

Xin Fei eye’s flashed as he used his long sword to stab towards the forehead of the tiger.

What a dangerous sword!

Zhao Feng saw the entire prowess of the sword, its power could instantly kill two normal cultivators of the third rank.

Not even he would be able to block it.

He also felt the faint green aura inside of Xin Fei’s body.

This was the sign that Inner Strength would soon be formed.

\_Shuah——\_

The sword was able to cut half an inch into the Green Headed Tiger King’s head, but the force of it made Xin Fei vomit blood.

His sword’s strength came close to the damage dealt by a fourth ranker.

It was even able to hurt a deadly beast!

\_Roar——\_

The Green Headed Tiger King howled and then moved towards Xin Fei at an even greater speed.

Xin Fei had reached the peak of the third rank and by using his high rank martial art skill, he dodged the attack.

However, his sword attack also used up a lot of energy, almost falling victim to the tiger's counterattack.

"Cracking Wind Sword!" Covered with blood, Xin Fei once again used the same move and left another bloody mark on the tiger's forehead.

His body was once again sent flying.

\_Roar!\_

The Green Headed Tiger King opened its jaws and leapt towards Xin Fei.

The latter was exhausted and could not dodge.

"Xin Fei!" the other disciples screamed, but just at this moment-

\_Sou——\_

An arrow whipped through the air, straight through the branches and leaves, hitting the tiger.

\_Roar——\_

The tiger mournfully howled.

At that moment, every living thing trembled.

The Xin disciples looked on in a daze as one of its eyes had been shot by an arrow.

Although the defense of the tiger was strong, its eyes were its weakest part.

Because the tiger turned around to find the culprit, Xin Fei was able to escape.

However, as it surveyed its surroundings, where was the culprit?

“So close!” Zhao Feng hid behind a towering, ancient tree, which was only one hundred meters away from the tiger.

As the tiger was trying to find the culprit, the Xin family disciples started to run.

However, since the tiger could not find its target, it started to attack in a more frenzied manner.

“Ahhhhhh...”

There was a scream as one of the youths of the second rank was ripped into shreds.

This view made Zhao Feng, who wasn’t far away, feel cold.

Just as another of the Xin family disciples were in danger...

\_Sou———\_

Another arrow came flying through the air, piercing towards the tiger’s other eye.

\_Roar!\_

The tiger roared and then closed its eyes, the arrow was barely able to scratch its eyelids.

“Ai...” Zhao Feng sighed as he shook his head.

It wasn’t that his archery skills weren’t high enough, it was because the tiger was on guard, making it hard for the same trick to succeed again.

“Cracking Wind Sword!”

Using the short time gap, Xin Fei quickly powered up another sword attack and hit the same spot as before.

“Good chance.” Zhao Feng’s eyes flashed as he drew more arrows and fired them.

Every time he shot an arrow, it would hit the injury on the tiger’s forehead.

Eventually, the tiger’s attack rate slowed down.

Firstly, it was because it was severely injured.

Secondly, there was poison on the arrows.

Weakening rapidly, the tiger turned and ran towards the deep sections of Sky Cloud Forest.

“Follow!” The Xin disciples bit their teeth and vowed to kill the tiger in order to avenge their peers.

Although the tiger was severely injured, its speed was not something that cultivators of the second and third rank could catch up to.

Only Xin Fei was barely able to catch up, but as he was exhausted he did not have much spare energy.

“Hahaha!

What a good chance!

Where are you going to run?” Zhao Feng laughed as he used Lightly Floating Ferry to easily catch up to the tiger.

In his eyes, the tiger represented an enormous wealth of twenty to thirty thousand silver...

Chapter 12: Splitting the money Chapter 12: Splitting the money “Look!

That person seems to be one of the Zhao family disciples!”

The other Xin disciples spotted Zhao Feng, who was chasing the tiger.

Xin Fei looked at Zhao Feng’s back and murmured, “What a high level of footwork!

His speed is no slower than mine when I go full out!

His archery skills are not bad either...”

“Hmph!

He’s just a guy who fires arrows!

He better not let us catch up, or else...” another youth, who was at the third rank, said coldly.

This youth’s strength was lower than Xin Fei.

His words were immediately agreed upon by the others “You are right!

That kid let us be the bait and fired his own arrows while hiding!”



“Xin Gang, that person saved our lives,” Xin Fei shook his head in disagreement.

Just at this moment, a few kilometers out, the last roar of the Green Headed Tiger sounded.

The expressions of the Xin family disciples changed.

Without even thinking about it, they knew that the tiger must have died.

“Quick!” the youth named Xin Gang charged towards the direction of the sound.

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\_Hu!\_

Zhao Feng leaned against a tree and breathed heavily.

Down below, the five meter long tiger had a few arrows stuck in its forehead.

Not long ago, the tiger was a ferocious being.

Now however, it had no life left...

Zhao Feng on instinct tried to take out another arrow, but then realized that there were none left.

\_Teng!\_

Zhao Feng floated towards the corpse and went into deep thought.

\_Shua!\_

His left eye locked in on the Xin disciples who were now three km out.

Zhao Feng stood still and did not move to touch the corpse.

It wasn't that he did not want to, it was just a bit hard for him to do so.

The tiger's body weighed around three tons and was hard to move.

Also, the tiger's skin was tough to cut.

Soon enough, the five Xin disciples arrived.

“Kid!

Move quickly!

This is ours!” Xin Gang, who was at the front, arrogantly shouted.

He was wary of Zhao Feng’s strength at first, but when he saw that Zhao Feng was only a second ranker, he obviously didn’t put Zhao Feng in his eyes anymore.

Although they had lost one person, and Xin Fei was exhausted, they still had two people of the second rank and two more of the third.

Zhao Feng stood his ground and mockingly looked at Xin Gang.

He was only wary of Xin Fei.

“Xin Gang!

He saved our lives!

We can discuss how to split the tiger,” Xin Fei said slowly as he arrived.

Zhao Feng looked at him approvingly.

“Just what I thought.

The tiger corpse is this big, and I do not have to tools to cut it, nor the strength to carry it away.”

Xin Fei had put a lot of power into killing this tiger.

They had also lost one person.

Although Xin Gang was somewhat unwilling, he still agreed.

Soon they started discussing how to split the tiger.

“Two-eight.

The Xin family will take eight,” Xin Gang said with an iron tone.

“Hmph!

Twenty percent is already too much for this kid!” The rest of the Xin family all had faces full of disdain.

“Two-eight?

\_Hahaha\_ ..." Zhao Feng laughed immediately.

"Kid!

What are you laughing about?

I want to hear how much you want to take!"

"Two-eight.

I get eight.....

You get two!" Zhao Feng shot back.

At first he wanted to split it fifty-fifty, but he did not think that the Xin family would have such an attitude.

"Don't be arrogant!

I'll see how strong you are!" Xin Gang laughed and pulled out his sword.

"Stop!" Xin Fei tried to stop him but it was too late.

"Illusion Wind After-Image!" Xin Fei was like a wind that whirled towards Zhao Feng.

"It is the high rank martial art, Broken Wind Sword!"

"That kid is dead now.

Xin Gang had already trained the first six moves of Broken Wind Sword to the low level." The Xin disciples had sympathetic expressions.

"Small tricks!" Zhao Feng didn't retreat but instead moved forward.

What speed!

Everyone, including Xin Fei, only saw Zhao Feng turn into a blur.

Not good!

Xin Gang's Illusion Wind After-Image missed and Zhao Feng was closing in on him at an insane speed.

"Angry Wind After-Image!" Xin Gang shouted as he used another attack.

\_Angry Dragon Breaking the Sky!\_ Zhao Feng put all of his strength into his fists.

The moment he merged Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique together, his power more than doubled.

“What strength!” Xin Gang felt as if a volcano was erupting.

Zhao Feng’s strength almost surpassed the strength of third rankers.

\_Peh!\_

A loud explosion sounded as Xin Gang and Zhao Feng clashed.

\_Wah!\_

Xin Gang spit blood as he was hit by the first punch.

The second punch.

Bang!

His silver sword was knocked flying.

The third punch.

\_Boom——\_

His whole body flew out and left an imprint of him on a tree.

What power!

So strong!

The other Xin disciples stood there dazed.

They never thought that someone who had the power of the peak of the third rank would lose in one move to a second rank Zhao sect disciple.

“Strong.” Xin Fei, who wasn’t far away, asked, “May I know your name?”

“Zhao Feng.” Zhao Feng casually took back his fists.

“Kid!

You were just lucky this time!” Xin Gang crawled up from the ground.

“I’ve been fighting the tiger and am exhausted.

Next time you won't have such luck."

"Luck?" Zhao Feng gave off a faint smile.

Although Xin Gang was injured, Zhao Feng believed that he could still beat him at his peak.

The only one he was wary of was Xin Fei.

Xin Fei's strength had almost reached the fourth rank.

When he used all of his strength it could even damage the Green Headed Tiger King, not to mention third rankers.

"Xin Gang!

You are not his opponent!

Do you not think that you have already lost enough face?" Xin Fei slowly turned towards Zhao Feng.

Suddenly, his body gave off a frightening fighting will.

Zhao Feng's heart jumped, "Did Xin Fei already recover?"

Of course, if Xin Fei did not have sixty-percent of his strength, then Zhao Feng wasn't afraid of him.

After being in such a state, it was obvious that Xin Fei had yet to fully recover.

"Your fist skill has almost reached the peak level and your footwork is incredible.

Next time I would like to spar with you." Xin Fei looked Zhao Feng in the eye, his words full of praise.

"Sure, we will spar next time." Although Zhao Feng was wary of him, it did not mean that he was scared.

Xin Fei's strength was at least on par with Zhao Yijian, who was ranked third amongst the outer disciples.

If Zhao Feng could beat Zhao Yijian, then he would have the ability to fight Xin Fei!

Soon they finished discussing how to split their rewards.

"Six-four.

Me six, you guys four,” Zhao Feng said.

“Ok.” Xin Fei was the one that answered as the other Xin disciples did not have the courage to respond.

They were wary of Zhao Feng’s strength.

Zhao Feng nodded to himself, giving 40% away was like shooting two birds with one arrow.

First, he did not have any tool to cut or move the corpse, so he just let the others do the work.

Secondly, he did not want to make that many enemies before he had enough strength.

Imagine if he took it all of it for himself.

Would that not cause the eyes of the others to go red?

The tiger was dissected one hour later.

Zhao Feng took the most expensive parts and left all of the meat to the Xin disciples.

After confirming that he took sixty percent he quickly left.

“Hmmm...the Zhao sect seems to have a new genius.

Even Zhao Linlong wasn’t as strong as him at the same level of cultivation,” Xin Fei said as his eyes followed Zhao Feng.

“Zhao Linlong!” Xin Gang had an expression of awe.

“He is one of the four geniuses of Sun Feather City!

He reached the fourth rank two years ago and became a true Martial Artist!

How can this kid be compared to him?”

The four great geniuses were the top youths of Sun Feather City.

Any one of them were true Martial Artists and they were stronger than other Martial Artists by far.

“Do not even mention Zhao Linlong, even brother Fei could kill that kid in one blow.”

Chapter 13: Third Rank of the Martial Path Chapter 13: Third Rank of the Martial Path  
Half a day later, Zhao Feng carried three massive bags as he entered Sun Feather City.

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\_At a shop in Sun Feather City that sold beast skins...\_

“Black-spotted Wild Pig, teeth, paws.

Worth a total of three hundred and fifty nine silver.”

“Gold-Spotted Snake, worth four hundred and twenty silver.”

“Five Poison Centipede.

Worth two hundred and ten silver.”

The shopkeeper expressionlessly calculated the prices.

“Metal Beak Eagle...yi!” The face of the shopkeeper changed.

The Metal Beak Eagle was a beast that had almost entered the ranks of deadly beasts.

Its defense was strong and it was hard to catch.

Even some cultivators of the fourth rank could not catch them.

Due to this, the price of Metal Beak Eagles exceeded that of other beasts of the same rank.

“Metal Beak Eagle...three of them....worth eleven hundred silver,” the shopkeeper said after pausing for a second.

Eleven hundred silver?

Zhao Feng was a little shocked, the eagles were worth more than he thought.

Soon, apart from the Green Headed Tiger King, the rest was totaled up.

“A total of five thousand eight hundred and fifty silver!” the shopkeeper said.

Five thousand eight hundred and fifty silver!

Zhao Feng’s heart sped up.

His monthly allowance was only twenty silver!

He had never carried more than one hundred silver on him.

Even then, the most expensive materials, from the the Green Headed Tiger King, had yet to be added in.

“How about this, I will give you a total of five thousand nine hundred silver.” The shopkeeper had a cunning face.

“Sure.” Zhao Feng couldn’t be bothered to talk so he agreed.

Zhao Feng quickly received his money, all in silver notes.

“Oh yea, do you guys take parts from deadly beasts?” Zhao Feng didn’t leave immediately after completing the exchange.

“Could it be that you have deadly beast parts?” The shopkeeper’s eyes floated towards the last bag in Zhao Feng’s hands.

“Yep.” Zhao Feng slowly opened his bag, showing the parts of the Green Headed Tiger King.

Immediately a powerful aura came from the bag.

“Green Headed Tiger King!” the shopkeeper exclaimed as he looked disbelievingly at Zhao Feng.

He couldn’t imagine how a measly second ranker was able to kill a deadly beast.

It was known that a deadly beast could fight against true Martial Artists.

There were even rumours of deadly beasts destroying whole villages.

“We had a total of seven people.

It took us a while to kill it and even then we lost someone.” Zhao Feng’s words seemed to comfort the shocked shopkeeper.

Facing the materials, the shopkeeper’s eyesight looked at the Zhao symbol on Zhao Feng’s clothes and finally gave a price, “Sixteen thousand silver!” As he gave the price, the workers in the shop took a cold breath.

It was their first time hearing such a high price.

The shopkeeper did not dare to trick Zhao Feng as he came from the Zhao sect.

The Zhao, Xin, and Qiu families were the three biggest powers in Sun Feather City.



No shop could open up without their permission.

“Deal!” Zhao Feng smiled.

He seemed calm but was laughing inside.

Soon, Zhao Feng took his twenty thousand silver and left the shop.

“I can now go buy some resources to help me break through to the third rank.” Zhao Feng headed towards the weapons shop that he had gone to a few days ago.

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“Kid, you’re here again?” A few days ago, Zhao Feng was low on money and technically half borrowed and half paid for the heavy metal bow.

\_Pah!\_

Zhao Feng put his hand on the table.

“Here’s one hundred silver.

Thank you for your help that day.”

One hundred silver?

The shopkeeper was surprised as he never thought that Zhao Feng would be so honest.

Zhao Feng had said he would pay back double, but this was over ten times the amount!

The shopkeeper smiled as he took the silver.

Although he was the shopkeeper, he did not own the shop.

One hundred silver was half his yearly income.

After paying back the money Zhao Feng didn’t leave, but looked around more.

“My Heavy Metal Bow’s strength is too low.” Zhao Feng wanted a new bow.

He used his left eye to inspect the weapons on the wall.

Soon his eyes stopped on a silver longbow.

The silver longbow gave off a cold aura while also giving off a deep calm feeling.

“How much is it for this bow?” Zhao Feng asked.

“You have good eyes!

This bow is called Mysterious Silver Bow and is one of the most powerful weapons in the shop.

Only true Martial Artists that are proficient in archery can use it to its fullest potential.

Its price is one thousand and eighty silver.” He did not think that Zhao Feng could afford it, but still acted politely.

“One thousand and eighty silver?

That’s not very expensive.

I will buy it,” Zhao Feng stated.

The Mysterious Silver bow was made out of great materials and was better than his heavy metal bow several times over.

“Are you sure you want it...?

Not borrow it?”

\_Pah!\_

Zhao Feng stacked up a heap of silver and pushed it towards the shopkeeper.

“Quick, I do not have much time.”

What?

The shopkeeper never thought that Zhao Feng was so rich.

A few days ago he had bought a bow worth only fifteen silver.

“Sure, sure!” The shopkeeper nodded as he took down the bow down and put it in a beautifully carved box.

Zhao Feng also bought one hundred arrows that were worth three silver each.

After exiting the weapons shop, Zhao Feng went to the city’s biggest medicine shop.

“The medicine pavilion is this City’s largest medicine shop.

The owner is very mysterious and it has chain stores in the thirteen countries around here.

Even the three big families of Sun Feather City are afraid of its strength.” As soon as he came to the store he heard a familiar guy’s voice.

Yi!

Zhao Feng found a boy and girl not far away.

The one speaking was a youth clothed in purple who gave off a frightening aura.

“It’s them...” Zhao Feng sighed.

The duo were Zhao Yijian and Zhao Xue.

“Brother Feng,” Zhao Xue said surprisingly as she saw Zhao Feng .

Zhao Feng nodded his head in response and then walked into the Medicine Pavilion.

“Hmph, just him?

He has the right to enter the Medicine Pavilion?

Any item from the Pavilion is worth a few years of his income,” Zhao Yijian said disdainfully as he looked at Zhao Feng.

Although Zhao Xue did not speak, she knew that with Zhao Feng’s background it would be very hard to take out a few hundred silver.

Compared to Zhao Yijian, whose father and grandfather were both cultivators higher than the fourth rank held middle-high positions in the sect, their wealth was not comparable.

Ignoring the two, Zhao Feng walked into the Medicine Pavilion and started to search for resources that would help his cultivation increase.

“Third rank of the Martial Path...is when the body becomes stronger.

In this direction, the blood plant is incredibly good.

It can consolidate one’s foundation and even help some cultivators understand Inner strength...” Zhao Feng thought about it and then confirmed his needs.

Out of all the plants, the blood plant was of the biggest use for Martial Learners.

Blood plants were split into many categories.

The ones that were older had better use, but were also more expensive.

“One hundred year old blood plant, five hundred silver.

Two hundred year old blood plant, one thousand two hundred silver.

Three hundred year old blood plant...three thousand silver.

Five hundred year old blood plant...ten thousand silver.” Zhao Feng’s eyes scanned through the price list.

Obviously, the older it was, the better it was.

Of course, the limits of Martial Learners were blood plants that were five hundred years old.

“Brother Yijian, if I had a two hundred year old blood plant, I might be able to reach the peak of the second rank in half a year,” Zhao Xue’s voice came wandering through.

“That is not possible.

At most I can only buy you a one hundred year old one.

I have been trying to learn Inner Strength and need expensive materials to help me,” Zhao Yijian said.

Although he was rich, he could not spend his money recklessly.

“A one hundred year old one is ok as well,” Zhao Xue smiled faintly.

Just at this moment, a voice emotionlessly said, “Shopkeeper, give me two two hundred year old blood plants, and a three hundred year old one.” This voice gained the attention of many people.

It’s him!

Zhao Xue saw Zhao Feng who was not far away and her heart leapt.

“A three hundred year old blood plant?

He is probably boasting.” Zhao Yijian laughed coldly.

He would not believe that a normal branch disciple could afford a three hundred year old blood plant.

“Two two-hundred year old blood plant and a three-hundred year old blood plant.

A total of five thousand four hundred silver,” the shopkeeper gave his price.

In front of their eyes, Zhao Feng took out his silver and successfully exchanged it with the shopkeeper.

This scene made Zhao Yijian's smile freeze.

“How....

how is this possible?” Zhao Xue had a disbelieving, dazed look.

“Shopkeeper, can I also get three bottles of high level healing pills, as well as three bottles of high level blood recovery pills?” Zhao Feng bought some other medicine which were all high level, spending another thousand silver.

After the exchange, Zhao Feng waved at Zhao Xue and left in a cool manner.

When replying, Zhao Xue had a forced smile and did not look Zhao Feng in the eye...

After leaving the Medicine Pavilion, Zhao Feng didn't return to the Zhao sect.

Instead he went to an inn.

He first calculated the silver he had left, a total of twelve thousand silver.

“I will leave this silver for later use.” Zhao Feng understood that a cultivators path needed a huge amount of resources.

That night, he closed his eyes and slowly used the Air Pushing Breathing Technique.

Inside of his left eye, the faint green glow had increased from sixty cm to seventy-five cm.

Zhao Feng confirmed that he had reached the peak of the second rank and just needed half a step more to reach the third rank.

“I wonder how strong this medicine will be.” Zhao Feng was full of expectation as he ate a blood plant that was two hundred years old.

Soon, Zhao Feng felt an enormous amount of strength appear in his body that was chaotic.

“What a strong herb!” Zhao Feng fully used the Air Pushing Breathing Technique and absorbed the medicine.

Because Zhao Feng had never used such precious herbs before, he thought that it was extremely strong.

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\_The next morning...\_

“Could this be...” Zhao Feng felt himself bursting with energy.

All of his muscles and bones were full of power.

\_Peh!\_

He casually waved his fist and hit out with a force of seven hundred kilograms!

Breaking through to the third rank was easier than Zhao Feng thought...

Chapter 14: Strength of a Quasi Martial Artist Chapter 14: Strength of a Quasi Martial Artist “The effect of the blood plant is so good.” Zhao Feng felt incredible.

He first thought that, even with the help of the two hundred year blood plant, it would still take him at least two days to break through.

If everyone had the same effect, then cultivators at the fourth rank or higher would be worth nothing.

Soon he figured out the reasons.

First, he had never taken any herbs before, therefore he could absorb the herb to a high degree.

Secondly, the Air Pushing Breathing Technique had reached the third level, which made Zhao Feng’s strength reach the third rank even while he was at the second rank.

Thirdly, Zhao Feng felt that his body was slowly changing after merging with his left eye.

Zhao Feng calmed down soon as he realized that many others in the Zhao sect had already reached the third rank at his age.

He could only be considered talented, not a genius.

Take Zhao Yufei for example, she had reached the peak of the third rank two months ago and had already almost learned Inner Strength, which meant that she had the strength of a Quasi Martial Artist.

“I am probably at the same level as Xin Fei and Zhao Yijian.

However, I do not have confidence in winning against them.” After all, Xin Fei and Zhao Yijian had learned high rank martial arts skills, and had trained them to at least the low level.

For the next two days, Zhao Feng consolidated his cultivation.

While he was training in the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, he realized that there was a low humming sound.

Zhao Feng empowered his left eye and discovered that there was a faint green and red glow forming between his blood and skin.

“Air Pushing Breathing Technique is nearing the peak of the third level.

My strength is not any weaker than Zhao Yufei or Xin Fei who have Quasi Martial Artist strength.” Once Air Pushing Breathing Technique reached the peak of the third level he would have the chance at understanding chi.

Most people had to be half-step Martial Artists to reach this step.

Even most peak third rankers could not do this.

After he consolidated his foundation, Zhao Feng left the inn and headed towards the Zhao sect.

As for the other two blood plants, he did not plan to use them any time soon.

As soon as Zhao Feng left the inn, a beggar wearing torn clothes turned and ran away from him.

The beggar arrived at a restaurant and reported to a youth clad in silver, “Master Xin, he has come out!”

“Ok, here’s your promised silver.” The youth had a cold smile.

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As Zhao Feng turned into an alleyway, he heard footsteps thundering closer from behind him.

\_Teng sou sou ———\_

Two or three shadows flipped over the wall and pursued him from behind.

“Who’s there!?” Zhao Feng immediately turned around.

“Kid!

Leave ten thousand silver and we’ll let you go,” three disciples of the Xin family said as they surrounded Zhao Feng.

The one that spoke was the youth in silver.

Xin Gang!

Zhao Feng immediately recognised the youth.

The three disciples in front of him had all reached the third rank and Xin Gang had reached the peak of the third rank.

“Ten thousand silver?

Just you three?” Zhao Feng said indifferently as he stood straight.

He had spent near ten thousand silver in Sun Feather City and still had ten thousand left.

These people obviously planned to take it all for themselves.

“Kid!

I’m warning you, do not be too arrogant!

I was injured the last time, that’s why you won.

Today we’re going to have payback for the losses we had back in Sky Cloud Forest.”

“Hmph..... that day you took sixty percent of the tiger’s worth while one person from our sect died.” One of the Xin disciples had greed and unwillingness in his eyes.

“Stop speaking such nonsense!

We’ll take him down quickly in case some accidents happen,” the youth on the left said as he kicked towards Zhao Feng.

Immediately the two others followed suit.

“Hahaha, a bunch of trash,” Zhao Feng laughed as he jumped seven meters off the ground and landed on top of the wall of a mansion.

He had easily dodged the three frenzied attacks.



“Don’t let him run away!” Xin Gang roared and was the first to leap towards Zhao Feng.

“Run?” Zhao Feng looked mockingly at Xin Gang as he immediately used the Air Pushing Breathing Technique and Lightly Floating Ferry, leaving behind an afterimage in the air.

Not good!

Xin Gang felt an unbearable pressure coming from his side.

\_Pah—\_

Xin Gang, who was in mid-air, barely managed to block one punch.

\_Wah!\_

Although he blocked it, the force still made him smash into a stone wall and cough out blood.

“This kid’s strength has probably reached quasi fourth rank.

I cannot even take one of his hits.” Xin Gang felt his eyes go black and immediately warned his peers, “Xin Yu, Xin Chen watch out!” However, before he finished warning them there was a scream coming from his left.

“Ahhhhhh...” Another youth had his bones broken.

“Run!” The last Xin disciple was scared out of his wits and tried to run.

However, before he could escape, a whistling sound came from behind.

\_Peh!\_

He felt his eyes turn black before he could even see the attack...

In terms of speed, Zhao Feng had learned a high rank martial art skill and when used, could be compared to martial artists of the fourth rank.

“I will let you off the hook this time, but if you anger me again...” Zhao Feng looked coldly at Xin Gang and then, like a bird, floated away.

“What incredible strength and speed...” the youth next to Xin Gang said dazedly.

“This Zhao Feng has just reached the third rank and already has the strength of a Quasi Martial Artist.” Zhao Feng’s strength right now could be compared with Xin Fei’s.

\*\*\*\*\*

After finishing off Xin Gang and company, Zhao Feng returned to the Zhao sect.

A few disciples that were familiar with Zhao Feng were surprised by his cultivation level.

“When did Zhao Feng reach the third rank of the Martial Path?” They all knew that Zhao Feng’s strength was only at the first rank twenty days ago!

“I heard that Zhao Feng and some Xin family disciples killed a Green Headed Tiger King yesterday and he then stole over half of the spoils...” one well-informed Zhao disciple said.

“One deadly beast is worth twenty to thirty thousand silver.

This kid’s definitely bought some super expensive herb that increased his cultivation.”

“What is so amazing about using outer help to increase one’s cultivation?

Those people usually have lower strength.”

These disciples were all either envious or disdainful.

Zhao Feng never thought that the information would reach the sect so fast.

Not bothering with these people, Zhao Feng walked on.

Soon he arrived at his home.

He first saw his mother Zhao Shi sewing clothes.

“Father, mother, here is one thousand silver.” Zhao Feng walked inside the room and took out a stack of silver notes.

“One thousand silver?” Zhao Shi stared as she picked up the notes.

“How did you get so much money?” Zhao Tianyang asked in surprise.

When he saw that his son’s cultivation had reached the third rank, a strange glimmer passed through his eyes.

“It happened like this...” Zhao Feng then told them a simplistic story of what had happened in Sky Cloud Forest.

After listening to the story, Zhao Tianyang and Zhao Shi had a tinge of disbelief in addition to their excitement.

After all, Zhao Feng did not use to perform so superbly.

However, being parents, they obviously wanted their children to be successful.

Zhao Feng sat cross-legged in his room and surveyed the chamber.

“There is still one more month until the family sparring contest.

If I can become an inner disciple...my parents status and treatment should become a bit higher...”

Closing his eyes, Zhao Feng’s consciousness entered the pitch black dimension inside his left eye.

The faint green ring had extended to three feet.

When Zhao Feng was at the first rank, the green ring’s length was one feet, and it was two feet when his cultivation reached the second rank.

Now, it was three feet as he reached the third rank.

As the green ring grew, Zhao Feng found that the power of his left eye increased with it.

He could see every item in detail at a range of fifteen kilometers.

His mind’s energy and reaction speed had also significantly increased.

Zhao Feng started to decipher Lightly Floating Ferry once more.

Soon there was less and less of Lightly Floating Ferry left undeciphered.

One-third left...one-quarter left...one-fifth left...

Night came.

Just as Zhao Feng was exhausted, the last bit of Lightly Floating Ferry was deciphered.

At this moment Zhao Feng held his breath as he viewed its contents.

“This footwork skill can even...” His exhaustion was replaced by ecstasy!

Chapter 15: Air Crossing Breathing Technique Chapter 15: Air Crossing Breathing Technique “...Lightly Floating Ferry, late page: Only with the Air Crossing Breathing Technique can one wield it to its fullest potential.

It will be unsurpassed by anyone under the seventh rank and is a peak speed skill for all those under the ninth rank.

Below is the contents of the Air Crossing Breathing Technique, and the minimum requirements are being at the peak of the third rank of the Martial Path as well as possessing Inner Strength.” As the last tenth of the skill was deciphered, Zhao Feng released his excitement.

He never thought that a skill such as Lightly Floating Ferry would have a complementary skill.

This was technically buffing Lightly Floating Ferry to an ever higher level!

Zhao Feng could now confirm that Lightly Floating Ferry was at least a peak rank martial art skill.

Most people knew that martial arts were split into Core, Low, Middle, High, and Peak.

However, this did not mean that peak ranked martial arts skills were at the top.

There were rumours of Holy Martial Skills, skills that surpassed peak ranked martial arts skills.

Likewise, there was the Holy Martial Path above the nine ranks of Martial Path.

Zhao Feng had heard that to enter the Holy Martial Path, one needed to learn a Holy Martial Skill.

Obviously, with Zhao Feng’s status, he couldn’t even think about Holy skills.

Even the true Martial Artists of Sun Feather City could not touch the level of the Holy Martial Path.

...

\_Night...\_ Zhao Feng had finally deciphered its contents, and the entire Lightly Floating Ferry was displayed.

“If I can gain an understanding of chi right now, any opponent under the fourth rank will not be a match for me.” Zhao Feng immediately started to learn the contents of Lightly Floating Ferry.

Once Lightly Floating Ferry entered the beginning stages, Zhao Feng could immediately start using chi.

Half an hour later, Zhao Feng had only just understood some parts of Lightly Floating Ferry.

However, to try and understand chi through Lightly Floating Ferry alone was still a bit difficult.

Sun Feather City had thousands of cultivators who had reached the peak of the third rank, but many of them would never understand Inner Strength and reach the fourth rank.

Even some of the sect's talented youths, such as Zhao Yijian and Zhao Yufei had been stuck for a while and had yet to succeed.

Zhao Feng ended that night with failure.

"Don't rush!

I have just stepped into the realm of the third rank and if I can train the Air Pushing Breathing Technique to the peak of the third level, I believe that my chances of success will increase." The second day, Zhao Feng once again started to train in the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, as well as Angry Dragon Fists.

On the third day, the Air Pushing Breathing Technique was slowly moving towards the peak of the third level.

Zhao Feng felt that his body strength had reached a limit now, every time he repeated the Technique it he felt as if he had reached his peak.

He once again tried to condense chi, but again resulted in failure.

Every time he failed, his strength would fall in exhaustion.

Although Zhao Feng understood the Air Crossing Breathing Technique, to actually successfully form chi was an entirely different matter.

However, Zhao Feng did not give up, and every time he tried there would be subtle improvements.

On the same day, Zhao Feng received a written notice.

\_ Tomorrow noon there will be a very powerful martial artist giving a lecture on the martial arts field.\_ Every outer disciple received this news.

"An open lecture on the martial arts field?" Maybe it was because the family sparring contest was only one month away, but the outer disciples all started to put in more effort as well.

Zhao Feng was very anticipatory of this lecture.

He had only been at the Zhao sect for half a year and this was the first time he had this kind of chance.

\*\*\*\*\* \_Morning of the next day...\_ Although it wasn't noon yet, there were already a lot of Zhao sect disciples here.

Zhao Feng even saw many strong outer disciples that weren't usually seen.

"Look...those are two of the top three outer disciples, Zhao Yufei and Zhao Yijian!

Even Zhao Guang, who is ranked fifth, is here!" The main focus of these people were those at the peak amongst the outer disciples.

At the Zhao sect there were over one thousand youths from the age of thirteen to eighteen.

Over half of them had cultivations of the second rank.

Obviously, when Zhao Feng first came, he was indeed the bottom.

On the field, those that held the most attention were those that ranked in the top ten.

The most focused on person was Zhao Yufei, who was fifteen years of age.

Her beauty stood out amongst the crowd.

She wasn't just pretty, she also had great talent and was ranked third, tied with Zhao Yijian.

"Look!

That is Zhao Yue who is ranked first!" There was a buzz as Zhao Yue appeared.

Zhao Feng did not even need to find him as the crowd split apart by itself.

Through the pathway came a youth, sixteen or seventeen years of age.

He wore azure coloured clothes and had a simplistic face.

"He is Zhao Yue?" It was Zhao Feng's first time seeing Zhao Yue, he had only heard rumors about him before.

Zhao Yue was older than most disciples, being seventeen years old.

This was because once someone became eighteen years old, they were considered adults and could no longer be counted among the younger generation.

Zhao Yue often cultivated endlessly inside his own room, so it wasn't common for him to be seen by others.

At this moment, Zhao Feng's eyes locked onto Zhao Yue, and he felt the tremendous pressure coming from him.

Although their ranks were the same, Zhao Feng could feel the pressure that being emitted by Yue.

Zhao Feng also perceived the immense strength hiding in Zhao Yue's muscles.

Because Zhao Yue was older, this meant that he had cultivated longer and had the best foundation.

In terms of strength, he was definitely ranked first!

No wonder he was worthy of the title of being the strongest outer disciple!

Zhao Feng couldn't find any flaws on him.

As Zhao Yue appeared, Zhao Yijian, who was ranked third, and Zhao Guang, who was ranked fifth, showed their fighting intent.

There wasn't much difference in strength between the top five outer disciples.

There was still a bit of time before the lecture started.

Soon, there was another shout.

"Zhao Gan's here!" "Zhao Gan?"

The person ranked amongst the top five?" The gazes of many disciples turned towards a certain direction.

The person arriving was a short haired youth whose body was as slim as a leopard.

Zhao Gan?

Zhao Feng felt that the name was familiar.

Soon he remembered that this person was Zhao Kun's brother.

And sure enough, behind Zhao Gan came a familiar figure, Zhao Kun!

Zhao Kun had also spotted Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng saw him walk to his brother and say something.

En?

Zhao Gan spun around and his cold eyes locked onto Zhao Feng.

“You’re that Zhao Feng?” Zhao Gan said expressionlessly as he walked over.

\_Hua!\_ There was a shock that went through the crowd.

“What is going on?

Why would Zhao Gan trouble someone who is so unknown?” “Unknown?” Someone shook his head and mocked, “Zhao Feng is not some unknown brat.

A few days ago he killed a Green Headed Tiger king by accident!” “Oh, it’s him!” “I heard that he beat up Zhao Gan’s little brother.

I bet you Zhao Gan is coming for revenge.” After a short discussion the crowd soon calmed down.

Most of the disciples had playful looks on their faces, as Zhao Gan was tied for fifth among the outer disciples.

At this moment, even Zhao Yue, who was ranked first, Zhao Yijian and Zhao Yufei, who were equally ranked third, looked over.

Zhao Yijian had a gloating expression on his face.

He knew Zhao Gan’s strength quite well.

Zhao Xue, who was next to Zhao Yijian, sighed, but after remembering how Zhao Feng had acted in the Medicine Pavilion, her soft expression was replaced by coldness.

On the other side, Zhao Yufei had an interested face.

Zhao Feng’s performance at the archery field had shocked her.

As a result, Zhao Feng was now one of the main focuses on the field.

“Kid, today you are going to get humiliated in front of the crowd.” Zhao Kun’s lips curled into a smile.



Zhao Gan walked step by step, and every step he took caused the atmosphere to tense up.

“Yes, I am Zhao Feng.” Zhao Feng showed a faint smile as he sized up Zhao Gan.

Chapter 16: Beating Zhao Gan Chapter 16: Beating Zhao Gan “Yes, I am Zhao Feng.”

Zhao Feng neither retreated nor gave way.

Instead, he faced off against Zhao Gan.

This sight shocked many other disciples.

“When did Zhao Feng break through to the third rank?” Zhao Kun and company finally realized Zhao Feng’s change.

Even Zhao Xue, who was standing next to Zhao Yijian, was stunned.

“Hmph!

Just a useless piece of trash using outside help to break through.

These people are especially vulnerable,” Zhao Yijian said disdainfully.

“Maybe...” Zhao Xue answered.

“Zhao Feng, you are stronger than I imagined.

No wonder you could beat up my brother,” Zhao Gan praised Zhao Feng as he stopped two steps away from him.

“Stop praising me, you’re here to take revenge for your brother, I presume?” Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

“Yes!” Zhao Gan swiftly continued, “Although my brother is a useless piece of trash... He is still my brother.” Zhao Kun’s face turned ugly as Zhao Gan spoke.

This brother of his never gave him face to anyone.

Zhao Gan continued, “You are younger than I and have just reached the third rank.

So I won’t bully you.

If you can live past my first ten moves, then I will let this off the hook.”

“Sure.” Zhao Feng was a bit surprised by how Zhao Gan acted.

Zhao Kun's brother was not as arrogant as he had imagined.

The two faced off on a piece of spare land on the martial arts field.

"It is starting now..."

Zhao Gan's aura suddenly became cold and his four limbs started to bend, like a poisonous snake.

Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake!

Some of the disciples knew the history of the skill.

As Zhao Gan's opponent, Zhao Feng felt a strange chill.

While both brothers had learned Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake, Zhao Gan could give him great pressure.

"Second change of the Poisonous Snake!" Zhao Gan struck like a snake towards Zhao Feng's head.

Zhao Feng only felt a chill coming towards his head.

The opponent's speed and power was double that of Zhao Kun.

It was good that his left eye could still easily see the route of Zhao Gan's attack, so he put up a fist to block.

\_Pah!\_

Zhao Feng threw off Zhao Gan with his punch, but he felt that the opponent's body was like butter.

Zhao Gan twisted on the ground and then used explosive speed and power to charge back towards Zhao Feng.

"No wonder he is worthy of being the fifth best outer disciple!" He had the sensation that his opponent wasn't a person, but a deadly, cunning snake instead.

\_Pah!

Pah!

Pah...\_

Zhao Feng had a solemn look on his face as he faced off against Zhao Gan.

In this short amount of time, Zhao Feng had almost lost many times.

"I wonder how far I can go without using my left eye." Zhao Feng was very calm.

Once he used his left eye, his reaction speed and vision increased dramatically, so it would not be any challenge for him.

Of course, without using his left eye, Zhao Feng's reaction speed had already surpassed other Martial Learners of the same rank.

At the beginning, Zhao Feng was under great pressure.

However, as the fight continued, he honed his experience and battle prowess in this fight against Zhao Gan.

\_Pah!

Pah!

Beng...\_

The two shadows fought together on the field.

The two of them both used close battle skills, and the speed they fought at was extremely fast.

"Zhao Feng's strength is stronger than I imagined."

"It has already been five moves." A few of the other disciples felt that this was unbelievable.

"His improvement is so insanely fast."

Zhao Xue's breathing rate started to increase.

Not far away, Zhao Kun kept wiping the sweat off his forehead.

He thought that with his brother's strength, he would only need two or three moves to take Zhao Feng down, but the latter had unexpectedly improved so much.

Soon it was the sixth move!

"Fourth Change of the Poisonous Snake!" Zhao Gan's movements became like the sea.

They churned, jumped, and wrapped around Zhao Feng.

As the fourth change began, Zhao Gan's damage increased dramatically.

Zhao Feng felt the pressure increase and remembered that Zhao Kun had only learned the first three forms of Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake.

Zhao Gan, however, had learned the first seven Changes!

Every successive Change was harder to learn, but the damage would likewise increase dramatically.

Zhao Feng felt as if his opponent had no bones and that he was coming closer and closer...

\_Shuah!\_

Zhao Feng, on instinct, used Lightly Floating Ferry to pull away from Zhao Gan.

Close combat was the forte of Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake, even Angry Dragon Fists was difficult to use against it.

\_Teng!

Teng!\_

Zhao Feng, in terms of speed, was absolutely faster than Zhao Gan.

The eight move, the ninth move...the tenth move!

The two shadows split apart as the disciples who were watching held their breath.

"You have won." Zhao Gan looked deeply at Zhao Feng, and seemed helpless.

He then turned around and left, leaving a crowd of shocked disciples behind.

"Thank you for going easy." Zhao Feng smiled faintly.

He did not use all his strength in this fight, especially his left eye.

He also did not use Lightly Floating Ferry or the Air Pushing Breathing Technique to their highest potential.

He had two reasons for this.

First, he wanted to see how strong he was without the use of his left eye.

Second, he wanted to leave some hidden cards for the family sparring contest.

The result was very obvious.

When he restrained himself from using these things, he was on par with Zhao Gan.

Obviously, Zhao Feng could not confirm if Zhao Gan had left some hidden moves either, as the two of them had only exchanged ten blows.

“When did he get so strong...?” A few of those who were familiar with Zhao Feng now stared at him with their eyes open.

Zhao Kun was even more exaggerated, he opened his mouth like a wooden chicken.

“Big brother, if you cannot beat him in ten moves you can still beat him up for me,” Zhao Kun said as he caught up to Zhao Gan.

“You better give up.

Even if there were no restrictions I cannot beat him either.

His speed is too fast for me,” Zhao Gan shook his head.

“How is this possible!” Zhao Kun knew that his brother did not lie.

It wasn't his attitude.

“He won...” Zhao Xue's body turned rigid as she gave a complicated look at the youth not far away.

That youth seemed especially handsome, taller than ever before at this point...

“This kid actually has a few tricks,” Zhao Yijian said, looking on coldly.

“But he only fought against Zhao Gan for ten moves...while Zhao Gan has already lost to me long ago!” Zhao Xue let out a breath as she heard Zhao Yijian's words.

She did not understand why she was so afraid of Zhao Feng becoming strong.

The stronger he became, the more conflicted she felt.

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After the sparring match the field resumed to its original state. This was because it was nearing noon and the powerful Martial Artist would be giving the lecture soon.

“Coach Chen is here!” The crowd suddenly became excited.

Zhao Feng followed everyone's gazes and saw a tall and muscular man slowly walk onto the martial arts field.

"That is Coach Chen." Zhao Feng secretly opened his left eye and saw that there was a faint yellow glow being emitting from his blood.

The inner strength was pushed every time he let out a breath, creating an unseen pressure.

Why did powerful people have a different aura and create unseen pressure?

Zhao Feng now understood a bit through looking at Coach Chen.

Every step Coach Chen took and every glance he made created pressure.

This aura belonged to Martial Artists.

Any Martial Learner under the fourth rank might not even have the courage to attack him.

"So strong!" The disciples had faces of awe and fear.

How many Martial Learners on Green Flower Continent wanted to have the title of Martial Artist?

Even Zhao Feng was similar.

However, his goal was not limited to this.

His goal was Martial Master, those that had the seventh rank or higher.

And even the rumoured Holy Martial Path...

"Today I am going to talk about how the skills for Martial Learners of the third rank or lower should be used.

I will also be talking about my experience of Inner Strength..." Coach Chen's voice was deep but not loud.

However, even those that were a few hundred meters away could hear him clearly.

After hearing 'experiences of inner strength', Zhao Yijian, Zhao Yufei, and Zhao Yue had their eyes brighten.

\_Inner Strength of the Martial Path?

What a coincidence!\_ Zhao Feng became very expectant.

Chapter 17: Inner Strength of the Martial Path Chapter 17: Inner Strength of the Martial Path “As everyone knows, the Martial Path is split into nine ranks.

The first three ranks are known as the Body ranks and have the title of Martial Learners.

The fourth to sixth ranks are known as Martial Artists, and the seventh to ninth ranks are known as Martial Masters.

Everyone who is a Martial Master has a high status, even the Zhao Sect does not have many of them,” Coach Chen simply explained about the nine ranks of the Martial Path.

“Every three ranks have a huge gap between them.”

Zhao Feng’s mind drew a simple diagram.

First three ranks: Strengthen the body and set up a good foundation.

Fourth to sixth rank: Form inner strength, or chi.

Every move and action far surpasses the power of Martial Learners.

Seventh to ninth ranks: Upgrading Inner Strength to Transformation Strength, which can attack through the air.

There were rumors in Cloud Country of Big Martial Masters, those who had reached the peak of the ninth rank and had the title of Ten Thousand Man Army, who could easily kill their enemies.

In their eyes, normal Martial Artists and deadly beasts were ants.

“First we will talk about the first and second rank of the Martial Path.

Through martial art skills, we strengthen our body and blood...” Coach Chen first talked about the foundation of the first two ranks.

Many of the disciples on the field had already reached the third rank, so they did not pay much attention to this.

Zhao Feng paid close attention as he had been at the first rank of the Martial Path for a very long time.

And the one hundred or so martial art books in his mind were now viewed differently.

He suddenly remembered the first skill he learned, Flaming Metal Fists.

Slowly, the moves, experiences, and skills faded out of his memory.

Zhao Feng was shocked as he did not know what this meant.

The only thing he knew was that Flaming Metal Fists had reached past the peak level.

He did not realize that he had accidentally entered a meditational state.

These states were rare, even for geniuses.

“Next we will talk about the skills of the second and third rank, and how to execute them...” Coach Chen didn’t just speak, he also showed how to practise them.

Being a true Martial Artist, any moves Coach Chen showed were all middle ranked martial arts trained to the peak level.

Even if Coach Chen used the power of the third rank and middle ranked martial arts, he could still easily beat the top ten disciples.

“Lastly, I will be telling you tricks about Inner Strength.

A few of you have already reached the peak of the third rank and are just a bit away from entering the fourth rank.” As Coach Chen spoke up, his lips curled into a smile.

The top ten outer disciples had all reached the peak of the third rank.

“Even I cannot fully explain how chi works.

The key point is how each of you understands Inner Strength.

All I can do is give you some of my experiences...” Coach Chen’s voice turned low.

Just as he finished his sentence, he gave off a frightening aura.

At that moment, all the Zhao sect disciples were unable to breathe properly.

The unseen pressure flooded over all the Martial Learners.

“What strength!

Is this inner strength?

If I had that I could try to break through to become a true martial artist...” The crowd held their breaths as they looked on in awe.

“Inner Strength is, after all, a type of power that forms from within one’s body.



Thus, strong blood is the key point in forming Inner Strength.

And the strength of one's blood depends on how strong one's body and bones are.

This is also why the first three ranks are known as the Power ranks.

They provide a solid foundation to be built on," Coach Chen said as he demonstrated.

"Rock Breaking Palm!" A faint yellow glow emitted from the center of his palm.

\_Peh—\_

Before the palm even hit the ground, the force from the palm had already arrived.

"Ah!"

That palm's power, filled with Inner Strength, was like a mountain that came crushing towards the disciples.

The aura alone could make the Martial Learners yield.

\_Plop!\_

Three disciples of the second rank who stood at the front fell onto the ground.

"Hmph!"

I can see that your foundation is weak.

The wind from my palm has already made you fall.

If it was someone of the seventh rank or higher instead of me, you guys would have already been crushed into pieces..." Coach Chen shook his head.

As he was explaining and demonstrating, one youth was like a sculpture that didn't move.

After Coach Chen finished his demonstration, the youth closed his eyes.

"Inner strength is like that..." Zhao Feng closed his eyes.

In his mind, the picture of a person's body once again came up.

At a certain point, a faint yellow glow came from inside the blood.

When Coach Chen was demonstrating earlier, Zhao Feng had used his left eye to get a better look...

His eye had caught every subtle change in Coach Chen's body, including how chi was formed.

In his mind, this scene was now being replayed back and forth.

Maybe Coach Chen himself could not understand the changes in his body so precisely.

Next, Coach Chen demonstrated some of his own experiences again.

Every time he demonstrated, Zhao Feng would use his left eye to observe.

While the other disciples could only hear the reasoning, Zhao Feng could fully see how it was formed.

Half an hour later, Coach Chen's lecture ended.

"You cannot force Inner Strength.

To form chi you must have good talent and a solid foundation." Coach Chen shook his head as he left.

It was obvious that he did not have much hope in these outer disciples.

If his explanation could make one or two of them understand inner strength, it would be unexpected...

After Coach Chen departed, most of the disciples were left with questioning faces.

After all, Inner Strength could not be described.

It was different for everyone.

The disciples that ranked highly had gained some insights.

Zhao Yue, who was ranked first, and Zhao Yijian sometimes had expressions of thought and sometimes expressions of happiness...

Zhao Yufei's eyebrows were slightly fluttering.

As for Zhao Feng, he closed his eyes while standing still.

Inside his mind, the memory of Coach Chen performing was replayed over and over...

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\_A while later...\_

Zhao Feng let out a breath as he hurriedly returned home.

\_Bang!\_

As soon as he got home he closed the room and sat down cross-legged.

“I have finally understood how Inner Strength works...” Inside his mind, the last pages of Lightly Floating Ferry came up once again.

According to the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, if he trained it to the peak of the third level, he would have the foundation to form Inner Strength.

He spent the rest of the day fully absorbing the insights he had gained.

At night, Zhao Feng performed the Air Pushing Breathing Technique a few times to confirm that he had reached the peak of the third level.

“It is starting now...” Zhao Feng took a deep breath as he slowly tried to form his chi.

Following Lightly Floating Ferry, Zhao Feng slowly pushed his blood together.

Compared to the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, the standards of Lightly Floating Ferry were much higher.

Soon Zhao Feng’s blood passed through his body.

Everything went smoothly.

However, just at the end, Zhao Feng felt like he had no energy left.

The reason was because, while Zhao Feng’s blood was strong, he was lacking in quantity.

In terms of blood strength he could be compared to Zhao Yue, but in terms of quantity, he was still a ways off.

Zhao Feng had not reached the peak of the third rank, and the way in which Lightly Floating Ferry formed Inner Strength was harder than most other skills.

“If I fail, my blood will fall into a period of weakness and it will be harder for me to form it next time...” Zhao Feng grit his teeth as he took out a two hundred year old blood plant.

\_Hu!\_

Zhao Feng sucked in a breath as the energy from the blood plant merged into his bloodstream.

\_Weng~\_

At the last moment Zhao Feng felt the blood rushing within him.

\_Ha!\_

A shout as loud as lightning sounded within the room, causing the windows to rattle.

The room went became dark due to the fact that the candle had been blown out.

Under the moonlight there was a youth full of anticipation who slowly opened his palm.

A beautiful faint green glow appeared...

Chapter 18: Ranking Chapter 18: Ranking “I did it!” Zhao Feng restrained himself from shouting.

At this moment, he only needed one thought to emit a faint green glow from his palm.

If one did not look closely, one would not be able to see it.

This was the first thread of Inner Strength that Zhao Feng had formed.

He had never thought that his dream would be so close to him.

Once someone formed their first thread of Inner Strength, the bottleneck to the fourth rank would be almost nonexistent.

For Zhao Feng, it was now only a matter of time.

He only needed to reach the peak of the third rank and he would be able to step into the fourth rank, becoming a true Martial Artist.

“There are no other outer disciples in the Zhao sect that have formed their first thread of Inner Strength yet.

Not even Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian...” When Zhao Feng realized that, he had a satisfied expression.

Being able to form chi at the third rank meant that he was unstoppable for his cultivation level.

“The two-hundred year old blood plant cannot go to waste.” Zhao Feng felt that his body still had remnants left from the blood plant so he formed a few more threads of chi.

Inner strength was one’s strength compressed into a higher level.

To consolidate his chi, Zhao Feng meditated for one day and one night.

The moment he stepped out of his room he felt that every breath of his could instantly conjure great pressure.

Zhao Feng’s parents were also aware of this.

“Feng’er seems a bit different.

It seems he has more energy nowadays,” Zhao Shi smiled.

“It is time for his growth spurt.” His father Zhao Tianyang even felt a faint pressure emanating from Zhao Feng.

Their feelings were not wrong.

These changes indeed did occur to Zhao Feng.

After merging with the mysterious eye, Zhao Feng’s blood had started to slowly change. The most obvious point was his strength, it had increased at a rapid rate.

His height and mental energy were also growing.

Adding on the change of his heart state, his whole aura had changed.

“Even my parents can see that I have changed.

This means that Martial Artists can easily see that I have formed Inner Strength.” Zhao Feng went into deep thought.

There was still one month left until the family sparring contest, and his goal was to enter the top three!

“I need a way to hide my chi.” Soon, the one hundred martial art skills popped up in his mind.

He quickly chose a skill named Hiding Air Technique.

The Hiding Air Technique was not a combat skill, it could not even increase one’s cultivation.

The reason why Zhao Feng picked it up before was because it was a peak middle ranked martial art, the same level as Angry Dragon Fists.

If Hiding Air Technique was trained to the low level, it could hide one's inner strength and cultivation.

When it reached the high level, one could control one's aura.

When it reached the peak level, one could erase one's aura, which could be used for tracking and spying.

Even a dog would be unable to smell one's presence.

Zhao Feng began to train in the Hiding Air Technique on the same day.

Although it was a peak middle ranked martial art it was easy for Zhao Feng to train in it.

Using just half a day worth of time, Zhao Feng had already trained the Hiding Air Technique to the low level, which meant that he could now conceal his inner strength.

Even true martial artists of the fourth rank or higher would be unable to find out that Zhao Feng had inner strength.

"According to the book, one needs at least a few months to train it to the low level." Zhao Feng was slightly shocked, but then he thought about how he had even learned Lightly Floating Ferry, which was a high rank martial art.

Since the Hiding Air Technique was now at the low level, Zhao Feng could now openly walk around.

After a few more days it was the time for signing up for the family sparring contest.

"Feng'er, you can sign up for the family sparring contest now.

Do not forget to register," Zhao Tianyang warned him.

"Ok, I will go right now." Zhao Feng was very confident.

Zhao Tianyang nodded his head, "You have already reached the third rank.

You should be able to reach the top one hundred."

"Top one hundred?" Zhao Feng laughed as he shook his head.

His parents did not have much confidence in him.

Zhao Feng felt certain that if he could not place first, he could still place in the top three.

Soon after, Zhao Feng arrived at the registering place.

The family sparring contest was held once every three years and the signup time was one month before the contest itself.

There were many other disciples lining up when Zhao Feng arrived.

“Did you hear?”

This year’s rewards are extremely good!” one Zhao disciple said.

“Rewards?”

Tell us!

No wonder you are an inner disciple.” A few surrounding disciples had interested expressions as they looked towards the inner disciple.

Their discussion caught Zhao Feng’s attention.

He looked at the inner disciple who had a cultivation at the peak of the third rank.

From the aura he released, his strength was at least on par with Zhao Gan.

“No wonder he’s worthy of being an inner disciple.” Zhao Feng thought, “Any random inner disciple has such strength.”

“Those that become one of the top fifty will become inner disciples and will have the chance to enter the second floor of the Martial Arts Library and choose a high rank martial art skill.

They will also receive a three-hundred year old blood plant.

Those that reach the top twenty can choose two high ranked martial arts skill and will get two, three-hundred year old blood plants.”

The inner disciple paused.

“Whoa!

Three-hundred year old blood plants!

The sect is spending a lot of money for this year’s contest.”

“High rank martial arts skills!

Normal disciples will probably never even learn one.” The disciples around seemed shocked by the news.

Even Zhao Feng felt excited.

A three-hundred year old blood plant was worth three thousand silver.

Obviously, the fact that they got to enter the second floor of the Martial Arts Library was more exciting to him.

“If I get the chance to go inside the second floor of the Martial Arts Library, I can take out a large amount of high ranked skills.” Zhao Feng was full of anticipation.

The inner disciple continued, “The top ten can choose two high rank martial arts and will also get a five-hundred year old blood plant!”

Five-hundred year old blood plant!

Many disciples rubbed their palms together as they thought about it.

One five-hundred year old blood plant was worth ten thousand silver!

“Apparently the top three can choose a peak rank skill, two high ranked skills, and will also get a Yun blood pill.”

“Peak rank martial art!”

“Yun blood pill?”

Someone who trained a peak rank martial art could cultivate up to the ninth rank of the Martial Path.

As for the Yun blood pill, it was a precious pill that helped increase one’s cultivation.

This type of precious pill was worth over fifty thousand silver...

“What does first place get?” someone asked.

“You are right.

Usually first place gets an extra reward,” a few Zhao disciples said.

“First place will definitely have extra rewards, but even I do not know what that is.” The inner disciple shook his head.



Ah!

The disciples felt disappointed.

However, because they did not know, they felt more intrigued to find out.

After waiting for a long time.

Zhao Feng finally arrived at the registration place and took a badge.

The badge had a number of 188 on it.

The Zhao sect had a few hundred disciples entering the contest.

According to the rules, there were only fifty spots for inner disciples under the age of eighteen.

This meant that some inner disciples may be eliminated and then replaced by the newer generation of disciples.

Therefore, this contest was very cruel.

After signing up, Zhao Feng returned home to work even harder.

\*\*\*\*\*

Days passed.

The time for the family sparring contest grew closer and closer.

Twenty days before the family sparring contest started, there was already an estimated ranking list.

And the person who ranked first was an inner disciple who was the genius of the Zhao sect, Zhao Linlong!

Zhao Linlong had reached the fourth rank of the Martial Path two years ago.

He was ranked third in the last contest.

At that time he wasn't even fifteen years old.

Now, he was one of the four geniuses of Sun Feather City.

There was no doubt that he was the strongest!

In second place was Zhao Chi, third place Zhao Han, fourth place Zhao Qin...twenty-first place was Zhao Yue!

When Zhao Feng saw this he drew a cold breath.

Zhao Yue, who was first amongst the outer disciples, did not even reach the top twenty of the inner disciples.

Zhao Yijian and Zhao Yufei were respectively ranked thirty-eight and forty.

As for Zhao Gan and Zhao Guang who were both ranked in the top five amongst the outer disciples, they were ranked overall as forty-ninth and fifty-third.

The ranking had a total of one hundred people.

Zhao Feng kept on looking.

Finally!

At the second to last place on the list, Zhao Feng finally found his own name...

Chapter 19: Start of the Martial Contest Chapter 19: Start of the Martial Contest "Ninety-ninth?"

Zhao Feng's lips curled into a smile, "I am getting pumped up for this contest..."

Those that could rank in the top one hundred were all considered talented in the sect.

After all, there were over thousands of youths between the ages of twelve and eighteen in the sect.

And at least five hundred of them had entered the competition.

If Zhao Feng had not merged with the mysterious eye, he would not even have the right to enter right now.

"There are still twenty days left.

I need to use my time wisely..." Zhao Feng headed straight home to prepare for the competition.

\*\*\*\*\*

The time of the family sparring contest was coming closer and closer.

All of the Zhao sect youths were under a tense atmosphere.

Many disciples even broke through under this pressure...

This was the result that the Zhao sect's higher level wanted.

After Zhao Feng returned home, apart from consolidating his Inner Strength, he kept on training in Angry Dragon Fists.

Up to now Angry Dragon Fists was Zhao Feng's most powerful attack skill.

Half a month ago, he had trained Angry Dragon Fists to the high level.

Now, his Angry Dragon Skill had reached the peak level.

The peak level represented ninety percent or higher of the skills maximum damage, which was nearly fifty percent stronger than it had at the high level.

Up to now, Zhao Feng had never heard of any other outer disciples who had trained a middle ranked skill to peak level.

There was still half a month left until the contest.

Zhao Feng put even more energy into cultivating.

His key focus was the Air Crossing Breathing Technique, as it helped with Inner Strength.

To further his cultivation, Zhao Feng even used his three-hundred year old blood plant.

Since he had already formed the first few threads of Inner Strength, his cultivation had increased at an insane speed and he easily broke through to the peak of the third rank.

He was only half a step away from entering the fourth rank.

\_Hu~\_

Zhao Feng let out a long breath.

He had trained his body to its maximum potential.

"There are still three days left.

I wonder if I can reach the fourth rank," Zhao Feng murmured.

The Zhao sect's most favoured genius, Zhao Linlong had apparently reached the fourth rank two years ago.

For the next two days, Zhao Feng tried to reach the fourth rank, but failed at both of his attempts.

This was within his expectations.

“My chi and body strength is still far away from reaching the fourth rank.” Zhao Feng soon found the reason.

The first three ranks of the Martial Path talked about a solid foundation.

If the foundation was not solid, it would affect the realms later on.

And for the past two months Zhao Feng had broken through at extreme speed, which made his foundation unstable.

Zhao Feng knew this and did not forcibly try to reach the fourth rank.

\*\*\*\*\*

Soon there was only one day left.

“The family sparring contest will start tomorrow!” Zhao Feng took a deep breath and a faint green glow appeared as he opened his palms.

Having inner strength, he could instantly kill a cultivator of the third rank.

Now, his strength was not that of a quasi Martial Artist anymore.

It was that of a half-step Martial Artist!

A quasi Martial Artist could easily defeat a normal third rank in one or two moves and would even be a threat towards deadly beasts such as the Green Headed Tiger King.

However, once one reached the point of half-step Martial Artist, one’s strength exceeded that of a quasi Martial Artist considerably.

Zhao Feng could now even exchange a few blows with the Green Headed Tiger King.

The biggest difference between him and Martial Artists was not body strength, instead it was the amount of his chi.

\*\*\*\*\*

\_That night, in a certain garden in the Zhao sect...\_

\_Jiang!\_

A sword was drawn from its sheath and created illusions in the air.

The sword's owner was a youth clothed in purple.

The power of his sword had reached a frightening level.

His casual strikes could be compared with Xin Fei's Cracking Wind Sword, which could kill cultivators of the third rank in one move.

"Yijian'er, not bad!

You have already trained the high rank skill Cold Flowing Sword to the high level.

Out of the outer disciples, it is probably only you who have trained a High rank martial art to the high level," a middle-aged man said, smiling.

The purple clothed youth was Zhao Yijian, who was ranked third amongst the outer disciples.

"It looks like the first place amongst the outer disciples will be changing soon.

And Zhao Feng, that bug, will be crushed under my feet!" Zhao Yijian said coldly.

When he mentioned Zhao Feng, his sword suddenly executed five different blows.

The strength he used would even shock true Martial Artists.

"Yijian'er, your eyesight is limited.

Do not just think about the outer disciples." The middle aged man shook his head, "Your true opponents are inner disciples!

With your strength, you can easily make in into the top twenty, but you will be making me blush if you could make it to the top ten."

"Yes, father!

I am seventy percent sure that I can make the top ten," Zhao Yijian said confidently.

\*\*\*\*\*

\_In another building in the Zhao sect...\_

"Yufei, the preliminaries are starting tomorrow.

How confident are you?" a one-armed old man asked as he smiled.

“Do not worry grandfather, I have complete confidence that no one amongst the outer disciples is my match.” Zhao Yufei face glowed warmly as she smiled.

“You need only worry about Zhao Yijian.

As for Zhao Yue, his forte is defense so he should not be able to threaten you,” the one-armed old man analysed.

“Zhao Yijian?

Maybe.” Zhao Yufei was incredulous.

Being one of the sect’s geniuses, there was no one who could enter her eyes.

However, she did not know why that youth kept appearing in her mind.

That person was not even ranked in the top ten amongst the outer disciples...

“Also, if you enter the finals and meet Zhao Linlong, who is ranked first, do not be stubborn.

After all, he is the most powerful one amongst the Zhao sect’s youths,” the old man warned.

\*\*\*\*\*

\_At the same time, in a magnificent structure...\_

“Gan’er, Kun’er, both of you have to perform well in this year’s contest.

Especially you, Gan’er.

Your strength has reached that of a quasi Martial Artist.

With that, you should aim for the top ten,” an arrogant voice sounded.

“Yes father!

With my strength, even Zhao Yue, who is ranked first amongst the outer disciples, is not my match,” Zhao Gan said casually.

Zhao Kun, who was standing next to him, said, “Zhao Feng!

I have reached the third rank now and have trained the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake to the first six changes.

I will beat you at this contest!"

Even some of the elders were anticipating the coming event.

Countless of Zhao sect disciples were rubbing their palms together for tomorrow's fight.

Everyone were waiting for the chance to change their destiny...

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\_The morning of the next day...\_

Just as the sky turned bright, a lot of people came into view as they gathered at the Sky Martial Field, an important area of the sect.

Many of those who arrived were Zhao sect disciples, and a few of them had middle or high positions in the sect.

The top three outer disciples, Zhao Yijian, Zhao Yue, and Zhao Yufei, had also arrived.

Even Zhao Feng was here.

This was his first time entering the Sky Martial Field.

As time passed the disciples that arrived increased.

However, most of them were outer disciples.

There were not many inner disciples that showed up.

The Sky Martial Field had ten stages, all over them with a surface area of one hundred meters.

Zhao Feng did not find it weird as there would first be preliminaries.

The preliminaries started with the outer disciples.

Fifty outer disciples would then face off against the other fifty inner disciples.

The point of this was to eliminate the weak outer disciples, leaving just the elites behind.

This meant that the inner disciples did not need to enter the preliminaries.

They only had to wait for the final tournament that was half a month later.

Finally, around twenty inner disciples came by.

These inner disciples had interested expressions as they looked towards the outer disciples.

\_\_“\_\_ Hehehe!

There are a few strong outer disciples.

I wonder how many inner disciples will be eliminated.”

“I think only the top three have a chance at becoming inner disciples,” the inner disciples discussed.

“Look!

Zhao Qin, who is ranked fourth amongst the inner disciples, is here!”

The crowd went dead silent.

She was one of the main focuses of the inner disciples.

She had a clear face and a quiet attitude.

As Zhao Feng inspected the girl with his left eye, he found out that she had inner strength that was weaker his own!

“Martial Artist...this Zhao Qin has reached the fourth rank of the Martial Path!” Zhao Feng sucked in a cold breath.

Although he knew that the inner disciples had incredible talent, it was higher than he expected.

If Zhao Qin, who was ranked fourth, already had a cultivation of the fourth rank, then how strong would Zhao Linlong, who was ranked first, be?

“I heard that Zhao Qin’s strength is only weaker than the strength of Zhao Linlong, Zhao Han, and Zhao Chi, and that it is one step below the four great geniuses of Sun Feather City.”

“First place Zhao Linlong, second place Zhao Chi, third place Zhao Han...none of them are here!”

Zhao Yue, who was first in the outer disciples, felt his expression turn ugly.

It was obvious that none of them felt that it was worth watching the matches of the outer disciples.



Their strength and rank had reached an unwavering point.

Perhaps they would only be seen at the final tournament.

Half an hour later, a voice sounded throughout the field, “The family sparring contest starts now!

Today is the preliminaries and only the outer disciples will participate.

Only fifty of the five hundred and twenty two people will proceed to the final tournament!”

Chapter 20: Core Ranked Martial Art Skill Chapter 20: Core Ranked Martial Art Skill The voice sounded the official start of the family sparring contest.

The field went quiet.

“The first round, group elimination!

The contestants will be split into ten groups, spread over the ten stages.

Now we will start splitting the groups...”

Under the sect’s guidance the outer disciples were split into ten different groups.

“Number 188, seventh stage!” Zhao Feng dutifully headed towards the seventh stage.

The rule was that, out of every stage’s contestants, ten people would be chosen out of the fifty-ish people to proceed to the next round.

For example, Zhao Feng’s group had fifty-two people, and only ten of them would proceed to the next round.

Using his left eye, Zhao Feng scanned across the ten groups and realized that the group splitting was rigged.

The most obvious result was that the top ten disciples were all in different groups.

For example Zhao Yue, who was first, had been sent to the first group.

Zhao Yijian and Zhao Yufei, were sent into the second and third groups, respectively.

This meant that the top disciples would not meet too early on.

“Every group has an even spread of strong and weak disciples.

This means that there will not be many youths that will advance through luck.” Zhao Feng nodded his head in agreement.

Next, Zhao Feng started to survey the ones that threatened him most.

The strongest was Zhao Chengang, who was ranked seventh amongst the outer disciples.

Zhao Chengang stood tall as his peak of the third rank aura spread out.

To be able to rank in the top ten amongst the outer disciples meant that they had their own forte.

Zhao Feng was taken aback when he felt a familiar person in group seven.

It was a beautiful figure clothed in white.

“Brother Feng,” Zhao Xue said as she looked at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng nodded in response.

“Little Xue!

It is alright.

Brother Yijian told me to beat up Zhao Feng and make him be unable to achieve a good result,” Zhao Chengang, who was ranked first out of the group, said as he walked towards Zhao Xue.

“You...” Zhao Xue was going to say something, but stopped herself from doing so.

She did not know why she did not want Zhao Feng to achieve a good result...

\*\*\*\*\*

The tournament started.

“Thirteen vs sixty-five!”

“Forty-eight vs three hundred and fifty-five!”

“One hundred and seventy-nine vs twenty-four!”

The judges’ voices sounded in each group.

The first few rounds ended quickly.

The judges were all from the sect and had rich experience.

For those matches that were one-sided, the judges could always quickly make the correct decision.

For example, Zhao Chengang defeated his opponent in one hit.

“One hundred and eighty-eight vs twenty-four!” It was finally Zhao Feng’s turn.

\_Teng!\_ His body swiftly landed on stage.

Twenty-four was a youth with a cultivation of the second rank.

His eyes showed fear when he realized that Zhao Feng was at the third rank.

“Slamming Wind Palm!” The slightly fat youth grit his teeth and attacked with all his might.

The skill he used was at the middle rank, and used speed to try and win.

“Flaming Metal Fists!” Zhao Feng casually waved his fist.

The moment he used his fist skill the expression of the judge on the seventh stage changed.

This was because Zhao Feng was using a core rank martial art skill!

\_Peh!\_

As they exchanged blows the slightly fat youth was sent flying.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins!” the judge said.

Because Zhao Feng’s opponent was not strong he did not receive much attention.

“Hmph!

This kid is so arrogant, using a core rank martial art!” the disciples below sniggered.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight vs number sixty-six!” Soon, it was Zhao Feng’s time to go up again.

There was a rule in each group: once one lost a total of ten matches one was eliminated.

The matches would not stop until there were only ten people left.

But, if one could win twenty matches in a row one would automatically be promoted to the second round.

Zhao Feng's second match was against a horse-faced youth who had a cultivation at the peak of the second rank.

"Flaming Metal Fist!" Zhao Feng did not even think as he hit the vital parts of the opponent.

\_Peh!\_

The horse-faced youth cringed as he fell head over heels to the ground.

"He used a core rank martial art again!" The Zhao sect disciples looked on disdainfully.

"Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins!"

This was already Zhao Feng's second victory.

However, for the next two matches, Zhao Feng still used the core rank martial art.

Four wins in a row!

"This brat's way too arrogant!"

Does he think he is unbeatable by using a core rank martial art?"

"Hmph!"

His opponents aren't even strong!

Once he faces someone of the same rank it won't be that easy!" the disciples below sniggered.

"Number one hundred and eighty-eight vs number forty-seven!" Finally, at the fifth round, Zhao Feng's opponent was someone of the third rank, who was also ranked in the top five in his group.

"Zhao Kui!"

Beat that kid!" someone shouted.

Many were already dissatisfied with Zhao Feng.

"Kid, this is as far as you go." Zhao Kui's muscular body stood in front.

His immense strength was all compacted in his muscles.

He normally just had to stand there and the second rankers would admit defeat due to the pressure.

There were a total of around sixty people who had reached the third rank amongst the outer disciples.

Therefore, a third rank was considered to be powerful in the groups.

“Use all of your skills,” Zhao Feng faintly smiled, he did not put normal third rankers in his eyes.

“Hahaha...if you’ve got guts, keep on using that core rank martial art!” Zhao Kui laughed and, like a lion, pounced towards Zhao Feng.

“Lion King’s Anger!” Zhao Kui compacted all of his strength into his body.

Most peak third rankers would not even face off against him.

“Hehe, not bad!

See if you can block my move, Flaming Metal Fist!” Zhao Feng actually still used core level martial arts!

Flaming Metal Fist again?

The disciples watching almost fainted.

\_Hu!\_

A loud thump sounded from the seventh stage and a scream soon followed.

\_Boom!\_

Zhao Kui’s massive body lay on the ground, with a few of his teeth broken.

\_What!?!\_ The crowd below stared at this scene.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins!” Even the judge felt that it was unbelievable.

He again won with a core rank martial art!

Five wins in a row!

This was slapping the disciples' faces on purpose.

"Core rank martial art...how is this possible...?" Zhao Kui walked off stage, his face green.

After beating Zhao Kui, Zhao Feng's matches became easier.

Five wins...six wins...seven wins in a row!

All those under the third rank admitted defeat when they saw him.

The only other person with the same record as him in group seven was Zhao Chengang.

"It looks like this kid has trained the core ranked martial art to the peak level, no wonder it is so powerful.

Hehe wait until you meet me, then I'll let you have a taste of high level martial art skills..." Zhao Chengang laughed coldly.

Zhao Feng and Zhao Chengang had become known as the 'Duo Eagles' of the seventh stage, as they both had not lost one match yet.

Seven wins...eight wins...nine wins...ten wins in a row!

"Who do you think is stronger?

Zhao Feng or Zhao Chengang?"

"I think Zhao Chengang is a bit stronger, but Zhao Feng is not weak either, he is a black horse."

They had two people with the same streak, unlike the other groups where there was just a single dominant figure.

For example, all the opponents Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian faced all conceded.

Zhao Yijian's strength was too powerful.

Every move he took could kill his opponent.

Only group seven had the 'Duo Eagles'.

Many were excited and looked forward to the clash between Zhao Feng and Zhao Chengang.

In Zhao Feng's twelfth match, he met a familiar person.

It was Zhao Xue!

This was an awkward opponent for him.

"Little Xue, admit defeat," Zhao Feng said calmly.

Zhao Xue had barely managed to reach the peak of the second rank, she obviously wasn't his match.

Even Zhao Yijian, who was in group two, looked over to see what was going on.

"Admit defeat?"

Never!" Zhao Xue bit her lip as her expression turned stubborn.

She would never allow herself to admit defeat in front of Zhao Feng.

When they were at Green Leaf Village, Zhao Xue had loved Zhao Feng, thinking he was the most talented youth there was.

However, after entering Sun Feather City she realized that Green Leaf Village was so tiny in comparison...

Being a weak young woman, she could not adapt to the cruel new environment, so she made a hard decision – to climb onto Zhao Yijian who was ranked third.

Zhao Xue would never allow herself to admit defeat to her first love that she had thrown away.

"Fine!" Zhao Feng shook his head helplessly.

"Floating Wind Hand!" Zhao Xue was like a wind that merged into that palm and came straight towards Zhao Feng's head.

Floating Wind Hand was a martial art skill at the peak of the middle rank and was suitable for women as it used softness to break hardness.

In terms of martial art skill rank, Floating Wind Hand was the same as as Angry Dragon Fists, but it could restrain the latter from using its fullest potential, and even restrain Flaming Metal Fists, as well.

"Flaming Metal Fist!" Zhao Feng did not move and simply threw out a punch.

\_Pah!\_

The fist and palm intertwined together.

Suddenly Zhao Xue groaned and started to fall.

\_Ai!\_

Zhao Feng gently sighed and tried to help Zhao Xue stabilize.

After all...they had grown up together and he could not bear to see her being injured.

“Pointed Wind Finger!” The moment Zhao Feng held Zhao Xue, the latter’s eyes flashed coldly and her jade-like fingers sliced at Zhao Feng’s chest.

This scene caused many disciples to scream in fear.

At such a close distance, Zhao Feng could not dodge at all.

“Hmph!” Zhao Feng expression turned angry and his body suddenly burst with power, sending Zhao Xue flying.

\_Plop!\_

Zhao Xue screamed and spat out a mouthful of blood as she landed on the ground.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins,” the judge said while looking disdainfully at Zhao Xue.

It was obvious Zhao Xue’s actions did not please him.

“Xue’er!” Zhao Yijian came running over.

Zhao Feng coldly walked down the stage.

He had never thought that Zhao Xue would attack him under those conditions.

“Kid...we’ll meet later on!

I’ll give you a personal experience of shame!” Zhao Yijian coldly said.

“I’ll be waiting.” Zhao Feng turned and left without bothering to look at Zhao Xue.

He then heard Zhao Xue say in the background, “Brother Jian you have got to take revenge for me...”

After beating Zhao Xue, Zhao Feng had won twelve matches.



Twelve wins...thirteen wins...fourteen wins in a row!

Zhao Feng's record steadily increased.

His core ranked fist skill wiped out everyone opposite him on the seventh stage.

Only Zhao Chengang in the seventh stage still had the same record as him.

"There are still six matches left until I can enter the next round."

At the fifteenth round, Zhao Feng met Zhao Chengang who was ranked first in the group.

The Duo Eagles were now facing each other!

The atmosphere on the seventh stage had reached a climax!

"They are finally meeting each other!" The disciples of the seventh stage let out deep breaths as they grew more excited.

Even some of the contestants from the other stages looked over at the seventh stage in anticipation of the fight.

The judge of the seventh stage let out a smile.

"Kid, I've finally met you.

If you've got skill, then keep using your core rank fist skill." Zhao Chengang licked his lips as his eyes showed a tinge of playfulness.

In terms of strength, Zhao Chengang was ranked in the top ten amongst the outer disciples and had learned high ranked martial arts, three ranks higher than core rank martial arts.

"Why not?

I will keep on using my core rank fist skill," Zhao Feng agreed calmly.

What!

He was still going to use the core rank fist skill?

The crowd all inhaled cold breaths.

"Did this kid eat the wrong medicine?"

“Way too arrogant!

Does he think that, just by using a core rank fist skill alone, he can beat the whole group?”

“Still...still using a core rank fist skill?” The judge’s face twitched.

Even from the judge’s point of view, he thought that Zhao Feng was being way too arrogant!

His opponent Zhao Chengang’s smile froze, it was like he had been slapped...