

# King Eye

## #Chapter 111 - 111 Eight Great Realms - Read King Eye Chapter 111 - 111 Eight Great Realms

Chapter 111: Eight Great Realms Chapter 111: Eight Great Realms Zhao Feng's actions caused the other disciples nearby to start sweating.

Chen Feng had thrown his socks in front of Zhao Feng then left quickly, so he didn't see the latter's actions.

Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan let out a breath.

Zhao Feng walked out of where the disciples lived and he went around to other places to familiarize himself with them.

In another few days time, the Clan would give the new disciples tasks.

Soon, Zhao Feng came to where the library was.

This library was open to any outer disciple, and Zhao Feng couldn't be shocked as he saw the skills inside.

"The martial arts of the outer library include half-Holy martial arts and Holy martial arts, which every disciple can see."

Zhao Feng felt that this was incredible.

Outside, a half-Holy martial art was already rare, and Holy martial arts was just a legend.

But the Holy martial arts here were all seen as 'Mortal' martial arts.

Mortal, Spiritual, Earth and Sky.

This was how the Holy martial arts were ranked.

Every tier was split into four ranks: low, middle, high and peak.

Zhao Feng was somewhat knowledgeable.

His Silver Wall Technique belonged to the Low Class Mortal Holy martial arts, but it was one of the best among the low class.

Zhao Feng roughly scanned the books in the library and he found that most of them weren't better than his Silver Wall Technique.

He clearly remembered Lord Guanjun saying that once one became an inner disciple, they would be able to get better martial arts, so he shouldn't learn too many lower class skills right now.

Zhao Feng finished scanning across these Mortal Class martial arts, but with no interest at all as this wasn't his aim.

Zhao Feng then tried to find books about the Clans to add to his knowledge.

One of the books introduced the history of the Clan, but Zhao Feng wasn't very interested.

But one part of the text explained the realms back in the Ancient Era.

"The path of cultivation is split into Eight great realms: Consolidated Realm, Ascended Realm, True Spirit Realm, Origin Core Realm, Void God Realm, Mystic Light Realm and Heavenly Divine Realm." When Zhao Feng saw this, his heart skipped a beat.

This was the first time he heard about the realms after the True Spirit Realm.

But in the book, it said that there was almost no one above the True Spirit Realm in the Azure Flower Continent, so there wasn't much information about the Origin Core Realm and above.

At this same time, it also said that the Heavenly Divine Realm wasn't proven to exist.

After reading some other books, Zhao Feng now knew far more about the Azure Flower Continent than before.

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After sitting in the library for half a day, Zhao Feng returned back to where he lived.

As he went back to his room, he heard the moans of pain from next door.

"Brother Yang!

Brother Nan!" Zhao Feng's expression changed as he walked out of his room and saw Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan with black faces next door.

"What happened?"

Zhao Feng's expression turned dim.

Seeing his two brothers like this, his heart fell.

“It’s that bastard Chen Feng!

He came to here to find you, but we still weren’t his opponent even though Brother Yang and I teamed up,” Nan Gongfan said through his clenched teeth.

Ridiculous!

After knowing what had happened, his heart burned with anger.

Truthfully, he was the one who had gotten both Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan into this situation.

Chen Feng returned two hours later and didn’t find Zhao Feng here.

Instead of finishing his ‘task’, Zhao Feng had destroyed his socks which caused Chen Feng to go into a fit.

But because Zhao Feng wasn’t present, Chen Feng released his anger on Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan.

Even though the two had teamed up they still had no chance at all against Chen Feng.

Zhao Feng had to admit that he had underestimated Chen Feng’s strength.

One had to know that when Yang Qingshan and Nan Gongfan teamed up, they were able to suppress those of the ninth rank, and Chen Feng was still able to beat them easily.

This meant that his true strength was even higher than Ye Linyun’s.

“Where did Chen Feng go?” Zhao Feng’s eyes scanned his surroundings as he decided to avenge the two.

\_Teng!\_

He leapt onto the the roof and surveyed the area with his sharp eyes.

At a certain point in time, Zhao Feng’s eyes landed on a small pavilion on a mountain a few kilometers away.

Inside that pavilion were four figures.

Zhao Feng was extremely familiar with two of them, Quan Chen and Chen Feng.

Apart from them, there was also two other outer disciples.

“En, Chen Feng, good job.

Remember, don’t let those brats have a good time,” Quan Chen said with a face full of smiles.

Being an inner disciple, Chen Feng and the others were extremely respectful towards him.

Zhao Feng wasn’t able to hear what they were saying, but he could guess what it was about.

Just like Lord Guanjun had suspected, Zhao Feng and the other two wouldn’t be bullied by Hai Yun Master himself, but those under him would bully them...

\_Good!

Very good!\_ Zhao Feng took in a long breath as his eyes became sharp.

Under the flame of anger, he returned back to his room and started to train the Four Wind Stances and Star Finger.

Since Zhao Feng wouldn’t be able to break through in Silver Wall Technique any time soon, the only way he would gain strength quickly would be through Star Finger and the Four Wind Stances.

From the anger in his heart, he was able to gain a few more insights into the fourth stance, Burning Wind Stance, because to train this, one needed to have the urge of destruction and Zhao Feng’s anger pushed him to this.

Apart from this, his Star Finger had crept forwards towards the seventh level even though it hadn’t broken through yet.

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On the same night, Chen Feng once again appeared.

“New brat, our feud earlier hasn’t settled yet,” an arrogant voice appeared from outside the door.

The hearts of Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan next door both shook.

\_Good!\_ Under Chen Feng’s exclamation, Zhao Feng opened his door and slowly walked out.

At this time, the nearby newly entered disciples such as Xiao Sun, Yun Mengxiang, Liu Yue'er, and everyone came out.

"A foolish little clown."

Zhao Feng closed in one step at a time towards Chen Feng as his eyes became colder and colder.

As the killing intent and anger appeared, an aura of destruction was spread.

This was the insight gained from the Burning Wind Stance, but Zhao Feng hadn't fully controlled it yet.

Chen Feng's heart skipped a beat, but then he felt that something was off.

How could a brat of the eighth rank of the Consolidated Realm give him pressure?

"Mountain Opening Stance!" Chen Feng raised his hands and used a Low Class Mortal Skill, which was equivalent to a Holy martial art.

As his hand lifted, an aura of splitting the heavens appeared from Chen Feng's body.

Star Finger!

Tornado Stance!

Zhao Feng stabbed out with his finger and beams of azure light swept through the air.

\_Boooooom!\_ The two moves clashed.

After the first exchange, both Zhao Feng and Chen Feng moved back.

Chen Feng was shocked, he couldn't imagine that a youth of the eighth rank was able to fight with him.

The nearby disciples were all surprised.

One Line Star Finger!

Zhao Feng immediately stabbed out once more as rays of azure light sliced through the air like fireworks.

His Star Finger was almost at the seventh level, which was the highest possible, and under the merging of the Tornado Stance, its speed and damage reached an entire new height.

\_Tok!

Tok!

Tok!\_ \_\_

Explosions sounded in the air as their moves clashed.

Even someone as strong as Chen Feng, who had reached peak ninth rank, was pushed back.

In just a moment's time, miniature holes appeared in his clothes and he was lightly injured.

"Mountain Opening Earth Splitting!" Chen Feng exclaimed and then he used his most powerful move, causing the ground to tremble.

This was inside the Clan, and the material making up the ground had surpassed metal.

If this move was used outside, the ground would've crumbled.

Star Finger!

Partial Wind Stance!

A thin layer of sharpness appeared on the azure light.

Partial Wind Slice, the 3rd of the 4 Wind Stances, whose forte was offense!

\_Shooooooooook~\_ \_\_

The Inner Strength around Chen Feng had been pierced through and a bloody mark appeared on his chest.

If it was another inch deeper, it would have pierced his heart.

\_Plop!\_ \_\_

He fell onto the ground, face white.

Zhao Feng's move just then was too sharp, just a bit more and his life would have ended there.

\_Sssssss!\_

The nearby disciples all took in cold breaths.

"I can't believe that the power of the Partial Wind Stance is so strong, after merging with Star Finger, it could almost surpass a Low Class Mortal skill." Even Zhao Feng himself was surprised.

"The insights in the Partial Wind Stance is cruelty, sharpness like the chilling wind in Winter.

This causes Star Finger to reach an entire new level."

If the third Stance, Partial Wind Stance, was already so strong, then how powerful would the fourth Stance, Burning Wind Stance, be?

"F\*\*\* off!" Zhao Feng sent Chen Feng flying with his foot.

He looked disdainfully at this dog who bullied the weak and sucked up to the strong.

"Yes yes!" Chen Feng's face was white as he quickly retreated.

After this battle, the nearby older disciples were all wary of Zhao Feng, while the newly entered disciples were all joyful.

Xiao Sun and Yun Mengxiang both looked at each other and saw the stunned look in each other's eyes.

"Brother Zhao, thank you," Yang Qingshan said gratefully.

"Brother Zhao, be careful.

I heard that the top twenty outer disciples all have cultivation reaching the half step-Ascended Realm," Nan Gongfan warned.

Half-Step Ascended Realm was the same half-step Holy martial realm that First Guard was at.

Zhao Feng nodded his head.

Under this pressure, more of his potential would be ignited.

As long as the opponent didn't reach the Ascended Realm, he at least had the power to fight back.

It was extremely quiet for the next two days, Zhao Feng and the others didn't even get disturbed and using this chance, Zhao Feng immediately started cultivating and his Star Finger reached the seventh level!

At the same time, his Partial Wind Stance was almost fully learned.

Chapter 112: Tasks Chapter 112: Tasks After this breakthrough, Zhao Feng was confident that he could take care of any problems among the outer disciples.

Star Finger was a peak class skill in the mortal world and he had trained it to the 7th level, which meant that even those of the 9th ranks wouldn't be his opponent.

Partial Wind Stance was the single-target offensive skill in the Four Wind Stances, and it would be a half-Holy martial art even when used alone.

When merged with Star Finger, its power was so great that it almost reached the Middle Class Mortal rank.

One had to know that Zhao Feng's Silver Wall Technique was at the Low Class Mortal rank and according to what he knew, there were only a few disciples who had trained Low Class Mortal skills to the high level.

Only inner disciples could train Middle Class Mortal skills, and if one didn't reach the Ascended Realm, they wouldn't be able to learn a Middle Class Mortal skill even if they had one.

"There's still the Burning Wind Stance, which I've just barely gained insight into," Zhao Feng murmured to himself.

"The last move of the 4 Wind Stances, 'Burning Wind Stance', is the most complex of all.

If I'm able to understand 60-70% of it, I might even have the chance to challenge those of the Ascended Realm."

He yawned as he walked out his room to find Yang Qingshan and Nan Gongfan.

Ever since Zhao Feng had beaten Chen Feng, the three didn't get disturbed in any way.

But at this moment, Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan were all slightly worried.

"The Clans task allocation to the disciples is tomorrow," Yang Qingshan said.

The three knew that there were good and bad tasks.

"We're only outer disciples.

If we can't even solve these miniature problems, how will we fight Bei Moi?

There's also Hai Yun Master Elder."



Zhao Feng didn't fear anything at all, his goal right now was to become an inner disciple because the true geniuses were all inner disciples.

Those as talented and strong as Bei Moi and Sun Yuanhao had all become inner disciples, and they had Elders as their Master.

"That's right, if we can't even solve stuff like this, we won't even have the right to pick up Bei Moi's shoes."

Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan nodded their heads as confidence and battle intent returned to them.

Just as the three were speaking, the area where the outer disciples lived suddenly turned quiet.

"He's here!"

Low whispers of fear and wariness were heard.

Who was here?

Zhao Feng and the other two realized that something was wrong.

"Doesn't Hou Yuan, the 4th rank of the outer disciples, have his own courtyard?"

"What's he doing here?"

A few of the older outer disciples were wary and respectful.

At this time, three people walked in from the entrance to where they lived.

The middle person was a bare-chested figure full of muscle and although he didn't release his aura on purpose, it still shocked the others.

With every step that towering figure took, the ground would tremble and the hearts of the nearby outer disciples would shake.

He was ranked fourth among the outer disciples, Hou Yuan.

"What strength!"

He can demolish normal 9th ranks with just his body alone."

Zhao Feng's left eye caught the bone and muscle structure in Hou Yan's body, and he couldn't help but be shocked.

In terms of body strength, Hou Yuan was even stronger than him.

Zhao Feng was certain he had trained in a Technique that was not any weaker than the Silver Wall Technique.

What was more terrifying was that this person's cultivation had also reached the half-Ascended Realm.

Apparently, the top 20 outer disciples had all reached the half-Ascended Realm, which meant that they were on the same level as First Guard.

Half-Ascended Realm and strong physical strength.

It was hard to imagine how terrifying this person was.

\_Tah!

Tah!\_

As Hou Yuan drew closer, the people close to him would feel their heads tingle.

"What power!

There's no one apart from Master that can give me such pressure."

Yang Qingshan took a deep breath and he glanced at Nan Gongfan in shock.

They were certain that Hou Yuan was even stronger than First Guard, and much more powerful than a normal half -Ascended Realm.

\_Hmm?\_

Zhao Feng scanned the two next to Hou Yuan and realized that one of them was Chen Feng, who had been beaten by him.

On Hou Yuan's right side was a short-haired youth whose cultivation had also reached the half-Ascended Realm.

"Why is Ji Fengyun, ranked thirteenth among the outer disciples, also here?

Don't all the top twenty outer disciples have their own courtyards since they're 'substitute inner disciples'?"

The gazes of the crowd moved onto the short-haired youth.

The three were led by Hou Yuan, fourth of the outer disciples.

Apart from him there was also Ji Fengyuan, ranked thirteenth.

The weakest was Chen Feng, ranked twenty-eighth, who had reached the peak 9th rank of the Consolidated Realm.

Chen Feng laughed coldly as he looked in Zhao Feng's direction, then he whispered something to Ji Fengyun and Hou Yuan.

Hou Yuan and Ji Fengyun then turned their sights to Zhao Feng, Nan Gongfan, and Yang Qingshan.

Yang Qingshan and Nan Gongfan only felt their bodies stiffen and their breaths grow short.

That unseeable pressure made them puff for air, only Zhao Feng's expression was normal.

"Chen Feng, you're so useless.

You can't even defeat these three little brats." Ji Fengyun shook his head.

Chen Feng merely smiled and was extremely respectful towards these two.

In the Broken Moon Clan, the top twenty outer disciples were seen as 'substitutes for inner disciples', and the treatment they received far surpassed normal outer disciples.

He knew clearly how terrifying the two in front of him were.

Just Ji Fengyun alone was able to defeat him in two moves.

"Now's not the time, the others will say that we're bullying these new disciples.

Wait until the tasks are handed out, then do whatever you want."

Hou Yuan was too lazy to even bother looking at Zhao Feng and co., it was Ji Fengyun who looked over the three with interest.

The three youths hadn't even reached the 9th rank, but one of them was able to beat Chen Feng who was at the peak 9th rank, which slightly surprised him.

Hou Yuan and the two slowly walked to the circle where the new disciples lived, then left.

\_Hu~\_

The nearby disciples all let out a long breath.

They were all wary of the 'substitute inner disciples', especially Hou Yuan because there was a rumor saying that he had challenged an inner disciple of the Ascended Realm.

The rest of the day passed smoothly.

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\_On the second morning...\_

"All the new disciples come out." A Vice-Deacon rounded up all the people with a stern face.

Allocating the tasks!

The new disciples all walked quickly out of their rooms.

Soon, the twenty-one disciples gathered with Xiao Sun, Yun Mengxiang, and Liu Yue'er at the front.

Zhao Feng realized that Xiao Sun's cultivation had reached peak 9th rank, while Liu Yue'er and Yun Mengxiang had both reached peak 8th rank as well.

"How is their cultivation progressing so fast?" Zhao Feng was surprised.

Liu Yue'er's improvement could be understood since she had high talent.

But Yun Meng Xiang and Xiao Sun were both only at the Middle Tier Spiritual Body, not that much better than Yang Qingshan.

Zhao Feng opened his left eye and saw traces of resources residing inside Yun Mengxiang and Xiao Sun's bodies.

He immediately understood that the identities of the two weren't normal; one was a Princess while the other was from a large family, and both had connections with the Clan.

"Hmph." Liu Yue'er turned around and just happened to exchange glances with Zhao Feng.

A mocking look on her face appeared.

Liu Yue'er was already irritated at Zhao Feng's attitude before the test, but his 'pretending to be mysterious' had shocked her and her grandfather.

Only later did she know that they had been tricked by Zhao Feng, a measly Low Tier Spiritual Body was only average in the clans.

It couldn't even be compared with hers.

Facing Liu Yue'er's gaze, Zhao Feng shamelessly blinked his eyes and put on an 'innocent' expression.

"This bastard's talent is so normal, yet he dares to not put anything in his eyes." Liu Yue'er was so angry that she stomped her foot as her face turned slightly red.

She thought of Zhao Feng as a frog at the bottom of the well, and every time she saw Zhao Feng, she had the urge to hit him.

"Next, I'll be announcing your tasks." The Vice-Deacon surveyed the area coldly and instantly, all the sounds disappeared.

Although the Vice-Deacon's strength and power wasn't as high as a Deacon's, it still surpassed most inner disciples.

\_Hmm?\_

Zhao Feng's left eye suddenly turned to a wooden roof a few miles away.

On the roof sat three people; Hou Yuan, Ji Fengyun, and another man wearing a black-striped shirt, Quan Chen.

"Hehehe, Vice Deacon Wang has a bit of a relationship with my Master.

I only needed to say something and he will make those people not get any good tasks." Quan Chen was like a spectator watching a show.

At this moment, the Vice Deacon announced all the tasks.

Princess Yun Mengxiang was sent to the Grass-Wood Division where she would be an apprentice in pill making.

This was a job that caused all the others to be jealous.

Next, Xiao Sun and Liu Yue'er both received good jobs, which was all within expectations.

After these three, the tasks of the others were good and bad, although none were better than the first three.

Finally, it was Zhao Feng and co.'s turn.

“Yang Qingshan shall go to the medicine fields of the North Mountain and carry all the s\*\*\*, spray the fertilizers, and water the plants.

Each day you must complete  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a hectare.”

“Nan Gongfan shall be a transporter, carrying the trash down the mountain, summing up to twenty-five thousand kilograms per day.”

The other disciples looked towards Zhao Feng and the two with pity.

Zhao Feng didn’t speak out because this was all within expectations.

“En, the task allocations end here.” The Vice Deacon closed the little book in his hand.