

King Eye

#Chapter 21 - 21 Max level - Read King Eye Chapter 21 - 21 Max level

Chapter 21: Max level Chapter 21: Max level Obviously, Zhao Feng's words caused some outrage.

Especially in the seventh group, almost all of them hated Zhao Feng.

"Hmph!

This guy is way too arrogant."

"Zhao Chengang!

Take him down!"

The disturbance caused others to look over.

"Core rank martial art?

That is a bit interesting," a quiet girl smiled as she looked on with interest.

She was Zhao Qin, who was ranked fourth amongst the inner disciples.

Being an inner disciple, Zhao Qin did not need to enter the preliminaries.

With her cultivation, she could beat everyone present.

Even when compared to Zhao Yue, their difference was too large.

"Fine...fine...fine!

I will see...how strong your core ranked martial art is!" Zhao Chengang's face was deadly.

His opponent's words were slapping his face!

"Flowing Wind Fist!" Zhao Chengang pushed down his anger and used the high rank skill Flowing Wind Fist.

This fist skill used strength and speed to overpower the opponent.

Its attack was like a raging storm.

Zhao Chengang's strength was well within the crowd's expectations.

His power was approaching that of a quasi Martial Artist and did not disappoint them.

However, most of them were more focused on Zhao Feng.

Facing the outer disciple ranked seventh, would he still use core rank martial arts?

Zhao Feng used his actions to prove what he said.

"Flaming Metal Fist!" The simple punch gave off a red glow.

It was core martial arts again!

"It is Flaming Metal Fist again!"

"He is still using core rank martial arts?" The Zhao sect disciples were shocked.

A lot of them had thought that Zhao Feng was just joking, and that he wasn't going to do it.

However, the truth was, he was even crazier than expected!

"Kid, fall!" Zhao Chengang's eyes were spitting fire as his two fists came crushing towards Zhao Feng.

The power contained inside his fists made many Zhao sect disciples shout out.

"Normal third rank cultivators won't even be able to take this one punch."

"Not bad, his Flowing Wind Fists has reached the low level, it is obvious that he has trained hard!" Even some of the older generation nodded their heads.

Peh!

The two figures clashed together, fist against fist.

"Go down!" Zhao Chengang pushed his Flowing Wind Fist to the max.

If he used a high rank martial art and couldn't take down Zhao Feng in two or three moves, then how would he be able to get a foot in amongst the top ten outer disciples?

"Open!" Zhao Feng was calm.

His fists seemed to be alive and easily blocked Zhao Chengang's fist.

Boom!

The burn on Zhao Chengang's fist made his hand go numb as he was pushed back two steps, while Zhao Feng only trembled, but did not move.

"How is this possible?" Zhao Chengang was shocked.

He had thought that he could take down Zhao Feng in one punch, but in reality, he was casually blocked by a core ranked martial art!

"What is going on!" The Zhao sect disciples around paused.

"I do not believe it...it was an accident!

It accidentally hit the weakness of my move!" Zhao Chengang howled as he again pounced forwards using Flowing Wind Fist.

Pah!

Once again Zhao Chengang was pushed back.

Although the first two moves were even, Zhao Chengang was being constrained.

"It really is a core martial art skill...how did he do that?"

"How can a core rank martial art gain the upper hand while facing a high rank martial art?"

The Zhao sect disciples were confused.

One move...two moves...three moves...every time, Zhao Chengang was pushed back.

When two people of the same rank fought it was normal to have one side gain the upper hand.

However, using a core rank martial art while fighting against a high rank martial art was unheard of.

What was going on?

Zhao Chengang turned crazy as he used all of his power.

Many looked towards the judge and the older generation of the sect.

“Zhao Feng’s battle awareness and skill far surpasses Zhao Chengang’s,” the judge said uncertainly.

His analysis didn’t satisfy the people.

“Hehe, this kid has trained a core ranked skill to perfection,” an old voice sounded from the center of the crowd.

It was an old man who had a white beard.

It was the contest’s main judge.

Perfection?

A few judges quickly nodded their heads.

Everyone knew that the higher the skill level, the more damage was dealt.

However, this was not the case for everything!

For example, when one trained a low rank martial art to the high level, and another trained a high rank skill to the low level, the high rank martial art would not be as powerful as the low rank martial art.

Normally, the levels were: Beginner, low, high and peak level.

Peak level meant that it had reached ninety percent or higher.

Normally, someone training a martial art to the peak level was already very rare.

However, peak level did not mean that it was the limit.

Above peak level was perfection!

Perfection meant that the skill had been trained to at least ninety-nine percent of its fullest potential.

It could be said that it could not get any better.

“Although it seems like there is a small difference between perfection and the peak level, the gap is insanely huge!

The difference is even bigger than the difference between the low level and the high level!” the main judge smiled faintly.

“But even so, Zhao Feng should only be able to fight on par against Zhao Chengang.”
One martial artist still did not understand.

After all, high ranked martial art skills were three levels higher than core ranked martial art skills, and Zhao Chengang had trained the high rank martial art to the low level.

“You are right!

The highest level of a core rank martial art can barely fight on par with the low level of a high rank martial art.

But as you can see, Zhao Feng’s body strength, reaction speed, battle awareness, and so forth all far exceed that of Zhao Chengang’s,” the main judge praised.

Through his explanation the crowd now fully understood.

Just at this moment, the battle on the seventh stage was changing.

“Zhao Feng’s starting to attack now!”

“Oh my god!

What a fast speed!”

_Peh!

Pah!

Beng..._

The audience’s eyes were attracted to the seventh stage, only to see Zhao Feng’s defense turn into offense.

His fists had already surpassed the realm of what Flaming Metal Fists could achieve.

His speed and power all struck at his opponent’s weaknesses.

Zhao Chengang, who was in a frenzied state, instantly faltered and was hit by one of Zhao Feng’s punches.

Pah—

Zhao Chengang gave a scream as his shoulder was ripped out of its socket.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins!” the judge of the seventh declared hurriedly as he let out a breath.

Hua!

The seventh group went into an uproar.

“Zhao Feng beat Zhao Chengang by only using a core ranked martial art!”

“Unbelievable!

Zhao Chengang was ranked first in the group...”

Zhao Feng had won his fifteenth match.

This meant that he was now the strongest in group seven.

At this moment Zhao Yue, Zhao Yijian, and Zhao Yufei all looked over.

“Perfection?

When the martial artist held the lecture, I felt all the moves of Flaming Metal Fist disappear from my mind...this is probably why,” Zhao Feng finally understood.

When he came back from the lecture he felt that his core ranked martial art had reached a peak, where it could fight against quasi Martial Artists.

And Zhao Chengang’s strength had only barely reached that of a quasi Martial Artist.

“Not bad.

It looks like the outer disciples have a black horse,” the main judge smiled.

“Core rank martial art...although he has trained it to the highest level, he will still lose against my son Zhao Yijian.

After all, core ranked martial arts are just core ranked!” a middle-aged man faintly smiled.

“Oh?” The main judge sent an interested look towards the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man was Zhao Yijian’s father.

The middle-aged man laughed as his eyes glanced towards Zhao Yijian with a confident expression.

“True...the potential of core ranked martial arts are limited...Zhao Feng must have spent a lot of time and effort to train it to perfection, which means that he would not

have much time left to train in other skills...so unfortunate," the main judge spoke and shook his head.

"Hmph!

Perfection of a core ranked martial art?" Zhao Yijian looked mockingly at Zhao Feng.

In his eyes, core ranked martial arts were rubbish.

The white-clothed girl looked at Zhao Feng, shocked.

"Brother Yijian, you have got to beat him."

"Xue'er, it is fine.

I only need three to ten moves at most!

But I won't let him off the hook that easily, I am also going to humiliate him," Zhao Yijian said confidently.

His voice was very loud, so many of the people present heard it.

At this time, Zhao Feng's eyes landed upon him.

Their gazes clashed.

While Zhao Yijian's eyes were cold, Zhao Feng had a faint smile.

"Number one hundred and eighty-eight vs number two hundred and thirty-three!" The group contest still continued.

After Zhao Feng beat Zhao Chengang, he had no more opponents that were his match on the seventh stage.

Sixteen wins...seventeen wins...eighteen wins...

Most of the people Zhao Feng met admitted defeat.

And those who had the courage to fight, they were finished with one blow.

"It is too disgraceful to lose against a core ranked martial art!"

The Zhao sect disciples looked at Zhao Feng like he had a disease.

Eighteen wins...nineteen wins...twenty wins in a row!

Finally Zhao Feng won twenty matches in a row, allowing him to proceed to the next round!

Chapter 22: Birth of the Black Horse Chapter 22: Birth of the Black Horse _Hu!_

Zhao Feng let out a long breath as he sat down.

Zhao Feng was a black horse in the group contest.

Using just his core ranked martial arts, he had beaten everyone in his way.

Even Zhao Chengang, who was ranked seventh amongst the outer disciples, had lost to him.

"I wonder how the other groups are going." Zhao Feng's eyes scanned across the other stages.

The preliminaries was split into ten different group, with each stage having a fair mix of strong and weak disciples.

Apart from Zhao Feng, there were many others who had won twenty matches in a row, so they were also able to advance straight into the next round.

The fastest of them was Zhao Yijian from the second group.

Zhao Yijian's sword was extremely fast, before his opponents could react it had reached their throats.

In terms of speed to enter the next round, Zhao Yijian was even faster than Zhao Yue.

"Amongst the outer disciples, only the top three, Zhao Yufei, Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian, are able to threaten me."

Zhao Yue's age was slightly higher, seventeen years old, and his muscular body seemed extremely big.

"Reverse Wind Fist!" One disciple of the third rank punched Zhao Yue, but the latter did not even move.

What!?

The disciple's forehead started to sweat.

What defense!

Zhao Feng was slightly shocked.

The full attack of a third rank could not even injure Zhao Yue a little bit.

Zhao Yue must have trained in a high rank body strengthening skill to allow his defense to surpass the damage dealt by the same rank.

Zhao Feng could not take on the blows from a third rank cultivator with just his body.

If Zhao Yijian was said to be fast and explosive, then Zhao Yue was the opposite.

He was slow and his defense was impenetrable.

Zhao Yufei used softness to beat hardness.

She would casually wave her hand and defeat the opponent.

Every move of hers seemed flawless.

She wore a purple robe and her beauty was outstanding.

Those that watched her had a refreshing feeling.

“Who is she?

To have the strength of a quasi Martial Artist at such a young age.” Even a few of the inner disciples were attracted by Zhao Yufei.

“She’s beautiful and talented at the same time.

When people like her enter the inner disciples, we won’t even have a chance.”

“She is still too young.

Another two years and she might be able to be compared with Sun Feather City’s most beautiful girl, Qiu Mengyu.”

Up to a certain point, more people focused on her rather than Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian, who were first and second.

This was mainly due to her beauty and talent.

Soon the ten groups each had a person with twenty matches in a row.

The first group was Zhao Yue, second group Zhao Yijian, third group Zhao Yufei, fourth group Zhao Gan, fifth group Zhao Guang...

They were all ranked amongst the top ten outer disciples.

However, there was one unexpected person from group seven.

Zhao Feng was a black horse that rushed out and took Zhao Chengang's spot.

Apart from these ten people, not many others won twenty matches in a row.

The group contests kept on running until there were ten people left in each group.

Using one day of time, there was now a total of one hundred disciples left.

These one hundred were the elite of the outer disciples.

On the second day, the one hundred people once again met at the Sky Martial Field.

Having rested for one night, Zhao Feng felt very energetic.

He found that these matches had helped increase his cultivation to a certain extent.

"Today we will enter the second round of elimination!"

All of you are the elites of the outer disciples, but today, half of you will be eliminated, leaving fifty of you to enter the final tournament!"

Here are the rules..." a voice sounded throughout the field.

The one hundred contestants held their breaths as they listened to the rules.

The ranking was done by gaining points, everyone started with one point and every match they won would increase their points by one, with every loss one point would be deducted.

Finally, the fifty people with the most points would fight against the inner disciples.

"Start!" the judge's voice sounded.

"Number one hundred and forty-four vs number twenty-six!"

"Number seventy-three vs number four hundred and twenty-nine!"

The ten different stages quickly all had matches going on.

Many would admit defeat if they saw that their opponent was too strong.

For example, Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian's opponents admitted defeat as soon as they saw them.

They would rather conserve their strength for the next round.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight vs number one hundred and sixty-nine!”

Finally it was Zhao Feng’s turn.

His opponent was a black-faced youth of the second rank.

“I admit defeat!” The black-faced youth saw that it was Zhao Feng, so he immediately surrendered.

Zhao Feng was slightly stunned.

The black-faced youth had been in the same group as Zhao Feng during the first round, but they never exchanged blows.

Like this, Zhao Feng gained his first point and his tally went up to two.

Soon Zhao Feng met his second opponent.

This time his opponent was a girl of the second rank.

“I know your strength is strong but I will not admit defeat,” the simple clothed girl bit her lip.

Facing this type of weak woman, some would let her win on purpose.

“Flaming Metal Fist!”

The simple punch once again came and knocked the girl six meters back.

One move, swift and simple!

Zhao Feng did not want to waste time as the opponent was too weak and would not help him improve.

I lost!

The girl felt disappointed as she walked off.

“Hmph!

Bullying weak girls, what is so cool about that?”

“Wait till I go on, I will take revenge for sister Xin!”

Zhao Feng's actions caused some youths to look at him in disdain.

"Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins!" The judge looked approvingly at Zhao Feng.

The next matches were too easy.

Zhao Feng's points continued to rise.

"I give up!"

"I admit defeat!"

"Flaming Metal Fist!"

Most of Zhao Feng's opponents gave up, but the ones who didn't lost instantly.

"This kid's strength has probably reached the quasi Martial Artist rank."

As more matches went on, more and more people started to understand his strength.

Zhao Feng didn't forget to pay attention to Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian.

At this time, on the third stage...

"Quick!"

Look!

It is Zhao Yijian vs Zhao Gan!"

Zhao Feng turned to see the two were already exchanging blows.

The second and fourth strongest outer disciple fighting easily gained the crowd's attention.

These two people were both ranked amongst the top five and originally their strength did not have much difference.

"Tenth Change of the Poisonous Snake!" Zhao Gan shouted as he twisted and twirled on the ground like a snake.

He was so agile that he managed to dodge Zhao Yijian's sword many times.

Zhao Feng was slightly moved as Zhao Gan's strength had increased a lot since their encounter last month.

He had also trained the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake to the tenth change, which meant that he now had the strength of a quasi Martial Artist.

Zhao Gan's strength was on par with Xin Fei from Sky Cloud Forest.

"Although you have improved a lot, you will still lose to me like you used to," Zhao Yijian said as he increased his speed once more.

"It is the high rank skill Cold Flowing Sword!

This is an extremely hard skill to train!" someone called out.

Zhao Yijian's sword became faster and faster.

Zhao Gan was able to dodge at first, but as time passed he was evaded less and less.

Soon a few slash marks appeared on Zhao Gan's body.

"Zhao Yijian wins!" The judge stopped the fight as the sect wanted Zhao Gan to proceed to the next round without being too injured.

At this time, Zhao Gan's back was full of cold sweat as he looked incredulously at Zhao Yijian, "How did you do this...?"

Zhao Yijian used less than ten moves to beat Zhao Gan.

"Zhao Yijian's strength is so strong!" one of the Zhao sect disciples exclaimed.

Zhao Yijian and Zhao Gan did spar before, but at that time the fight lasted for a long time, with them exchanging over one-hundred blows.

But now he only needed ten!

"Zhao Yijian's strength can probably be compared to Zhao Yue now," a few guessed.

Zhao Yijian and Zhao Yue.

One's forte was attack while the other's was defense.

What would happen if these two met?

Many were waiting for the clash.

Zhao Yijian and Zhao Yue were the two hot picks for the title of 'Strongest Outer Disciple'.

Zhao Yufei had not lost yet, either.

Zhao Feng's face remained calm as he looked on.

He had now won forty-four matches in a row.

However at this time he met a powerful opponent.

It was the fifth ranked outer disciple, Zhao Guang!

Zhao Guang had over forty points, and the only match he had lost was against Zhao Yue.

"Hehe, kid!

Your streak ends here!" Zhao Guang laughed happily.

Many looked gloatingly towards Zhao Feng.

Fifth rank Zhao Guang was the strongest opponent he had faced so far.

"Your strength barely steps into the quasi Martial Artist rank," Zhao Feng said calmly.

"Really?

Then I'll have a taste of what skills you have apart from the core ranked martial arts," Zhao Guang's eyes flashed.

Shua!

As soon as he finished his words he moved to Zhao Feng's side.

"What speed!"

"Zhao Guang and Zhao Yufei are both known for their footwork." Zhao Guang's speed caused many praises from the crowd.

A contest of speed?

Zhao Feng looked mockingly at Zhao Guang.

Shua!

When Zhao Guang's palm was just about to hit Zhao Feng, the target disappeared from under his eyes!

It was as if his palm split Zhao Feng into the air.

Not good... , Zhao Guang thought.

Hua!

The disciples below stared at the scene.

Many who reacted fast stared behind Zhao Guang.

Angry Dragon Fists!

Zhao Guang only felt something come towards his back.

Pah!

Zhao Guang instinctively tried to block the blow, and managed to do so, but then he felt a raging strength overpower him.

Boom——

Zhao Guang fell back a few meters and almost fell.

“What skill did he learn for his speed to be so fast!” Zhao Guang’s heart rippled with shock.

Chapter 23: The High Level of a High Ranked Skill Chapter 23: The High Level of a High Ranked Skill After the first exchange, their differences were immediately visible.

Zhao Guang finally steadied himself as he stared at Zhao Feng in shock.

Zhao Feng did not attack.

In terms of speed, he had complete confidence that even some of the fourth rank cultivators would be unable to beat him.

At this point, the battle between Zhao Feng and Zhao Guang was the focus of the entire crowd.

“His speed is even faster than Zhao Guang!” The top three outer disciples were stunned.

“What a beautiful footwork skill!” The elders watching were also shocked.

“His skill is so familiar,” the main judge murmured.

“He has learned Lightly Floating Ferry!”

I am sure!” One martial artist gave Zhao Feng a complicated look.

This martial artist had once studied Lightly Floating Ferry.

However, it was too hard to train in Lightly Floating Ferry’s footwork, even though it was only one part of the skill, so he had only trained in it for two years before giving up.

“It is Lightly Floating Ferry!”

“To be able to train Lightly Floating Ferry to such a high degree means that his comprehension is not bad...”

Although Lightly Floating Ferry was a high rank skill, it was considered a broken skill with limited potential.

“Zhao Feng’s attacking!”

Zhao Feng was like the wind, his speed was just too fast.

Zhao Guang used all of his strength, but still could not dodge Zhao Feng’s attacks.

“The fifth stance of the Angry Dragon!”

Angry Dragon Fists was very popular amongst the middle ranked martial art skills so it was easily recognized.

_Peh!

Pah!

Beng..._

Zhao Feng pressed Zhao Guang.

Zhao Guang felt as if he couldn’t breathe as the pressure was too strong.

Every punch would make him fall back.

He was being completely dominated by Zhao Feng.

In terms of speed, Zhao Feng easily surpassed him.

In terms of power, Zhao Feng also exceeded him.

Wah!

After blocking the eighth punch, Zhao Guang spat out a mouthful of blood and surrendered.

Zhao Guang, who was ranked fifth, had lost in ten moves.

Although they knew Zhao Feng was strong, and could challenge the top five, the results still astonished the crowd.

Zhao Feng's performance wasn't any weaker than Zhao Yue and company.

"This kid's intelligence is very high.

Not only did he train a core rank martial art to the highest level, he's also trained Angry Dragon Fists to the peak level."

"He could beat Zhao Guang just by relying on his peak level, middle ranked martial art skill," the elders praised Zhao Feng.

The matches continued.

There were only four people who had straight wins: Zhao Yue, Zhao Yijian, Zhao Yufei, and Zhao Feng.

These four were known as the Four Strong.

"Zhao Feng!

Zhao Feng!" The crowd cheered as Zhao Feng went on stage.

Every time he went on, most opponents admitted defeat, or were defeated in under three moves.

Zhao Feng even met Zhao Kun.

"I give up!" Zhao Kun bit his lip and wanted to dig a hole to hide in it.

Zhao Feng's strength had already surpassed his brother's, how could he win?

The Four Strong continued to dominate their matches.

Many were anticipating when the Four Strong would clash.

Finally, after sixty wins, Zhao Yue, who was ranked first, faced off against Zhao Yijian, who was ranked second.

“Zhao Yue!

Zhao Yue!”

“Zhao Yijian!

Zhao Yijian!”

Many people screamed in anticipation.

“Zhao Yue!

Since the battle I lost to you half a year ago, we finally meet again!” Zhao Yijian was full of fighting will.

In the outer disciples, Zhao Yue was very low key.

All he did was cultivate every day and therefore, his foundation was the most solid, allowing him to constantly sit on the number one seat.

“Make your move, we will see if your Cold Flowing Sword is stronger than my Metal Body.” Zhao Yue’s height towered over Zhao Yijian.

Jiang!

Zhao Yijian took his sword out of its sheath.

The moment Cold Flowing Sword was used, the air felt like it was freezing.

“Metal Palm!” Zhao Yue’s body stood tall as his fist punched towards the sword.

Peng!

The explosion made the eardrums of lower level cultivators tremble.

Zhao Yijian moved back two steps, then spun around to stab at Zhao Yue’s lower body.

“One of them is defensive while the other is offensive.”

It was obvious that the strength that Zhao Yijian and Zhao Yue showed could easily beat quasi Martial Artists.

If Zhao Feng hadn’t formed his chi, he wouldn’t be able to break through Zhao Yue’s defenses.

_Ding!

Ding!

Beng..._

Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian's fight went into red hot mode.

Zhao Yijian's sword became faster and faster.

The ice cold air enveloped Zhao Yue's body.

Zhao Yue continued to block Zhao Yijian's sword.

If it was another third rank instead of Zhao Yue they would have been finished in one move.

"Zhao Yue's foundation is very solid and his specialty is defense.

If Zhao Yijian cannot win in half the time it take tea to boil, then he will not win,." the main judge said.

"Hehe, half the time it takes for tea to boil?

He will not need that long," the middle-aged man,Zhao Yijian's father, said confidently.

"Oh?" The main judge's expression changed.

At this moment, the battle suddenly changed.

Hu!

Zhao Yue groaned as his arm was cut.

'How could my Metal Body be broken...?' Zhao Yue's face turned white.

Metal Body was a skill that made one's body turn as tough as metal.

Accompanied with Metal Fists, his strength and defense had reached a high grade.

He believed that no one under the fourth rank could penetrate his defense.

"High level of a high rank martial art skill!" the judge shouted.

High level of a high rank martial art?

The disciples nearby sucked in a cold breath.

For most high ranked martial arts, it was already hard enough to train them to the low level.

To train one to the high level was many times harder.

However, once it reached the high level, the damage of the skill would be fifty percent higher than what it was at the low level.

Flowing Cold Sword was already a terrifying high rank offense skill.

When someone of the third rank trained it to the low level, one could have the strength of a quasi Martial Artist.

If one trained it to the high level, it could threaten Martial Artists.

“High level of a high rank martial art!

No wonder!

Congratulations Zhao Tianjian, for having such a talented son,” the main judge smiled towards Zhao Yijian’s father.

“Thank you elder!” Zhao Tianjian was shocked as the main judge was an elder, whose status was far higher than his own.

On the stage...

“Ice Cold Flash!”

Zhao Yijian pushed his sword to an even faster speed.

Fssssh!

Zhao Yue’s shirt was ripped into pieces as his body was cut multiple times.

“Zhao Yijian wins!” the judge immediately said.

“High level of a high rank martial art.

I did not lose unjustly,” Zhao Yue said as he sighed.

After defeating Zhao Yue, Zhao Yijian’s momentum couldn’t be stopped.

“Zhao Yijian!

Zhao Yijian!”

The crowd belows cheered.

Many youths looked up in awe to him.

Zhao Yijian was now the king of the outer disciples.

Zhao Yijian surveyed the area and his eyes landed on Zhao Feng.

His lips curled into a cold smile as he looked disdainfully at Zhao Feng.

“Brother Jian!” Zhao Xue who’s face was fully red ran up to him.

She believed that his strength was unbeatable.

At the same time, she glanced towards Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng was expressionless.

Now there were only three people left with a perfect record, Zhao Yijian, Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei.

However, now there was not much anticipation left.

In the crowd’s opinion, Zhao Yijian would not lose to anyone from the outer disciples.

He would even be ranked highly amongst the inner disciples!

“High level of a high rank martial art?” Zhao Feng murmured.

His perfect record kept on escalating and soon reached sixty wins...sixty-one wins...

However, the fight between Zhao Yijian and Zhao Feng could not be avoided.

Finally, at his sixty-ninth match, Zhao Feng saw the purple-clothed youth stand on stage.

It was Zhao Yijian!

The crowd turned silent as the two faced each other.

After all, Zhao Feng also had a perfect record..

“Zhao Feng!

You won’t admit defeat, will you?” Zhao Yijian mockingly said.

In his opinion, the only one who was his opponent was Zhao Yue, all the others were rubbish.

Chapter 24: Top Outer Disciple, Part One Chapter 24: Top Outer Disciple, Part One
Facing Zhao Yijian's disdain, Zhao Feng only faintly smiled.

Although Zhao Yijian was strong, he had an arrogant attitude.

This meant that it was useless to talk to him.

Only with actions could you prove what you wanted to say.

Although Zhao Feng did not respond, his attitude was like needles in Zhao Yijian's eyes.

The crowd was slightly taken aback.

Zhao Yijian was already very arrogant, but Zhao Feng's silence did more than what words could say.

"Kid, if you don't speak now, you won't be able to speak later," Zhao Yijian said deeply.

Jiang!

His sword flashed in front of Zhao Feng.

Zhao Yijian started with Cold Flowing Sword.

Although he was very arrogant, he knew that Zhao Feng had the strength of a quasi Martial Artist, so he had to go full out.

Zhao Feng felt a chill coming from the sword.

Ssssss!

The sword missed Zhao Feng's shoulder by half an inch.

"What a high technique!

I can only see the after-image!"

If he only had the strength of a quasi Martial Artist, then he definitely wouldn't be able to face the high level of Cold Flowing Sword.

Zhao Feng knew that his defense was not equal to Zhao Yue's.

Ceng!

As light as a leaf, Zhao Feng pulled away from Zhao Yijian.

In terms of defense, Zhao Feng was not Zhao Yijian's match, not unless he learned a high rank body strengthening technique like Zhao Yue.

"Where are you running!" Zhao Yijian swiftly jumped and used Cold Flowing Sword in mid-air.

No matter how hard Zhao Feng tried to dodge, the chill continued to follow him.

"No wonder it is the high level of a high ranked martial art!" Zhao Feng thought, He knew that although his Angry Dragon Fists had reached the peak level, it was not a match for Zhao Yijian's Cold Flowing Sword.

"Ice Cold Flying Explosion!"

Zhao Yijian's move suddenly changed.

The sword turned towards Zhao Feng's landing spot.

Not good!

Zhao Feng was in midair and once he landed, he would not be able to dodge Zhao Yijian's area attack.

"What a Cold Flowing Sword!

He can already use area attacks while still below the fourth rank!"

"Looks like the battle has been decided!" the older generation who were watching praised.

"Come down!" Zhao Yijian's Ice Cold Flying Explosion sent a frenzied blast towards the lower part of Zhao Feng's body.

"Lightly Floating Wave!" Zhao Feng took a deep breath as he compacted all of his blood, allowing him to jump in midair.

Teng!

His body left the pull of gravity as he jumped over Zhao Yijian's killing move.

How...is this possible? Zhao Yijian stood dazed as he saw Zhao Feng 'jump' over his killing move.

"What!

Zhao Feng has trained Lightly Floating Ferry to such a high degree!” the main judge praised as he stroked his beard.

“Lightly Floating Wave!

That is the ultimate move of Lightly Floating Ferry, how did he manage to do this?” the martial artist who had once trained in Lightly Floating Ferry exclaimed as he stood up from shock.

On the stage...

Zhao Feng was running while Zhao Yijian tried to catch up.

Soon, Zhao Yijian’s Cold Flowing Sword was approaching high level, its damage and speed rapidly increasing.

Zhao Feng wasn’t bad either.

His Lightly Floating Ferry made him as light as a feather and although it seemed like he could only barely dodge the sword, the sword did not even touch him once.

Time flew by.

While Zhao Feng was running, he tried to find any flaws in Zhao Yijian’s skill so that he could retaliate.

However, he suddenly realized that he could not even get close to Zhao Yijian, or else he would face a killing move.

His Angry Dragon Fists could not block even one of Zhao Yijian’s sword blows.

If he tried to block one, he would get injured.

“Do I have to use...” Zhao Feng sucked in a breath as the inner strength in his body awakened, then disappeared.

Relying on the Hiding Air Technique, he concealed his inner strength.

While in midair, Zhao Feng suddenly put his energy into his left eye.

_Peh!

Peh!_

The moment the left eye was activated, Zhao Feng went into super-vision mode.

Although Zhao Yijian's sword was fast, it slowed down in his eyes.

He could even see where the strength in Zhao Yijian's body gathered, and through that, Zhao Feng could predict where Zhao Yijian was going to attack next.

_Teng!

Teng!..._

Zhao Feng dodged all the attacks easily.

"Angry Dragon Fist!" At a certain point, Zhao Feng retaliated.

"Ice Cold Wind!" Zhao Yijian neither dodged nor defended.

Instead his sword went for Zhao Feng's throat.

Zhao Feng felt helpless.

He could find gaps in Zhao Yijian's moves, he could not attack since he would be unable to dodge Zhao Yijian's sword.

_Cold Flowing Sword focuses on sharpness and offense.

It does not have any defense at all!

However he has trained it to the high level so his flaws are small and I only have a fifty percent chance to win_ , Zhao Feng analyzed and predicted inside his mind.

The biggest difference between him and Zhao Yijian was the martial art skill level.

To beat Zhao Yijian, he only had two options.

The first way was to stall, stall until the opponent got tired.

Zhao Feng had complete confidence that, with his left eye and inner strength, he could outlast Zhao Yijian.

The second way was to use his inner strength and win by force!

Just as Zhao Feng was thinking this...

"Judge, I think that the two of them are both geniuses and if it drags on and one of them gets injured or dies, we will be punished by the sect."

Usually, even if they stalled, Zhao Yijian had a fifty to sixty percent chance of winning, but he had an unknown feeling that stalling wasn't a good idea.

"But...they have not finished yet." The fight's judge was a bit hesitant since Zhao Tianjian's cultivation had reached the sixth rank, and his status wasn't low.

"Although they have not finished yet, can you not see who has got the upper hand?" Zhao Tianjian gave a 'knowing' look towards the stage's judge.

It was obvious that if this was done well, there'd be great rewards...

"Fine," the judge said, "Number one hundred and eighty-eight, Zhao Feng, you have the lower hand, so if this drags out the judge has the right to make the decision."

This was ok?

Zhao Feng felt anger surge in his heart.

The judge was obviously biased towards Zhao Yijian.

Obviously, the judge couldn't openly say that Zhao Yijian won, but being the judge, they had the right to make a decision after a while.

For example, the judge could make a decision if a match dragged out for too long.

The judge's decision did cause some disturbance.

"Although Zhao Feng's got the lower hand, he is not losing at all."

"Hmph, all he can do is run!

He's just wasting our time!"

The crowd discussed this quietly.

Although some of the older generation felt that this was unjust, they were not willing to offend Zhao Tianjian and his son just for a mere branch sect disciple.

"Fine!

I will not run!" Zhao Feng laughed bitterly as he stopped.

"Kid!

Take my sword!" Zhao Yijian looked gratefully towards his father.

Zhao Tianjian stood with his hands behind his back, faintly smiling.

At this point, some people, like Zhao Kun, had gloating faces.

Zhao Xue looked at that familiar figure and sighed.

She had complex feelings towards him, some sympathetic, some cold.

Sssss!

Just as Zhao Yijian's Cold Flowing Sword approached Zhao Feng, the latter didn't make any move to dodge.

"Angry Dragon Fists!" Zhao Feng put all his anger into this punch.

Arrogant!

The elders shook their heads.

"Ai," the stage's judge sighed as well.

"Hahaha!

It's no use.

Break!" Zhao Yijian laughed as he waved his sparkling sword.

"Open!" Zhao Feng took a deep breath as he gave off an extremely powerful aura.

Hu~~~

A faint green glow appeared on Zhao Feng's arms and fists.

It looked beautiful under the sunlight.

Before the fist arrived, the winds had already struck Zhao Yijian's body.

Peh!

With Zhao Feng being at the center, the dust under the unseen force slowly floated upwards.

"What!

That's..."

“It’s...” The main judge stood up, his face full of excitement.

Not good! Zhao Tianjian’s expression turned ugly.

“What is going on!” Zhao Yijian felt an unknown pressure bearing down on him, making him unable to even breathe.

Even his sword speed was limited.

In his eyes, Zhao Feng’s fist was like a roaring dragon...

_Dang!

Kraaaak——_

Zhao Yijian spat out a mouthful of blood.

Clang!

His sword split into two pieces and fell onto the ground.

There was also an unseen force that travelled through the sword and flowed into his body.

“Ah!”

Zhao Yijian groaned as he was knocked twenty meters back.

Hu~

As Zhao Feng lowered his fist, the dust fell slowly back onto the ground.

Not knowing how long had passed, someone shouted, “Inner Strength of the Martial Path!”

Zhao Feng had chi!

A faint green glow flashed throughout Zhao Feng’s body...

Chapter 25: Top Outer Disciple, Part Two Chapter 25: Top Outer Disciple, Part Two
Sssss!

Cold breaths sounded throughout the field.

Everyone was completely shocked.

The white-bearded judge stood up and murmured, "Fourteen years old and he has already understood the principle of Inner Strength.

He is easily going to become a Martial Artist.

His talent can be compared to Zhao Linlong's!"

The crowd attention once again focused on Zhao Feng.

He was the new king of the outer disciples!

Zhao Feng looked incredulously at his fists.

He had seen Zhao Yijian's arm break, seen the sword snap in two...

He had even restrained his strength.

If he had not, Zhao Yijian's injury wouldn't be just a broken arm, at least half his arm would have become useless.

If it was a normal third rank cultivator instead, this punch would have killed him instantly.

This is the power of inner strength. Zhao Feng trembled with excitement.

The disciples in the crowd looked at Zhao Feng in fear.

They now understood the difference in strength between Martial Learners and Martial Artists.

"Zhao Feng wins!" The judge glanced deeply at Zhao Feng.

Even though he was biased towards Zhao Yijian, Zhao Feng had still won.

It wasn't just winning, it was winning with complete strength!

"Jian'er!" Zhao Tianjian screamed and appeared at Zhao Yijian's side.

His speed was so fast that the people nearby only saw a blur.

"What speed!" Zhao Feng estimated that Zhao Yijian's father had probably reached the sixth rank of the martial path.

The sixth rank of the martial path was the peak of Martial Artists.

Another step further would mean becoming a Martial Master.

"I lost...I cannot believe it..." Zhao Yijian couldn't feel his left arm.

"Call an alchemist!" Zhao Tianjian saw that there was a chance of his son's arm becoming useless, and then turned around.

"Youngster!

What is the meaning of this?" Zhao Tianjian had murderous in his eyes as he looked towards Zhao Feng.

The aura of the sixth rank of the martial path caused great pressure bearing towards Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng felt as if the air had been frozen.

Every word he spoke would cost him a lot of energy.

He was lucky that he had his own inner strength to fight against Zhao Tianjian's aura.

_Peh!

Peh!_

The faint green glow inside his left eye, which was originally 1.3 meters long, started to creep towards the 1.35m mark.

Under the pressure, Zhao Feng had increased his cultivation!

"Good!

Now I have the requirements to break through to the fourth rank!" Zhao Feng laughed.

His slight change did not fool Zhao Tianjian's eyes.

Cannot let him live!

Zhao Tianjian felt that Zhao Feng was a threat to him, "Youngster, you're just a lowly branch disciple.

For injuring my son's arm, I will take away your cultivation."

Shuah!

In a flash, Zhao Tianjian leapt towards Zhao Feng.

Not good!

Zhao Feng felt great danger come bearing towards him.

It was lucky that he was on guard.

The second the power started to condense within Zhao Tianjian's body, Zhao Feng had seen it with his left eye.

Teng!

Zhao Feng did not even think at all as he pushed Lightly Floating Ferry to its limit.

He jumped over ten meters up and barely managed to dodge the attack.

However, he knew that this was the only chance he had to dodge.

When Zhao Tianjian missed, he knew that something was wrong.

"Die!" he shouted, as he used his own footwork skill to follow Zhao Feng.

"Lightly Floating Wave!" Zhao Feng double jumped in midair and ran towards the high status people of the sect.

He knew that Zhao Tianjian only had a middle-high status within the sect.

The higher level of the sect would not allow for Zhao Feng's cultivation to be crippled in front of them.

Sou!

Zhao Feng ran towards his goal at his fastest speed.

"Gah!"

This kid...!" Zhao Tianjian understood Zhao Feng's intentions.

"Zhao Tianjian!"

Stop!"a deep voice as loud as thunder boomed.

Accompanying this voice, a powerful aura formed overhead.

It was a white-bearded old man.

He stood in front of Zhao Tianjian.

_Not good!

It is the main judge!_

Zhao Tianjian knew that he was someone of the seventh rank or higher.

However, Zhao Feng was right in front of his eyes!

He wasn't willing to let him go like this!

Zhao Tianjian clenched his teeth as he faced the elder.

"Down!" An unseen hand slammed downwards.

Pah!

Zhao Tianjian felt his power disappear as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

_Attacking through the air!

How strong!_

It was obvious that the main judge had mastered Transformation Strength, a higher level of Inner Strength.

"Elder!

This Zhao Feng is deadly and cunning!

He broke my son's arm!

How can you not punish him?" Zhao Tianjian half knelt on the ground as he spoke with fear.

"Hmph!

Who is deadly?

When Zhao Feng attacked he had already restrained himself from using all of his strength, or else the result would not be as simple as a broken arm!

Your son's arm would at least have been crippled, or he could even have died as a result!" the judge said.

Zhao Tianjian understood immediately.

"Why not go and help your son." The white-bearded judge waved his arms and left the stage.

Zhao Feng unclenched his fist full of cold sweat and looked gratefully at the elder.

The elder seemed to notice this and smiled back at him with praise in his eyes.

This disturbance didn't affect the rest of the matches.

"He beat Zhao Yijian..." Zhao Xue's face was stiff.

She had the feeling she had fallen from heaven and into the abyss.

Before her eyes, that familiar figure had become the king of the outer disciples.

Now, Zhao Feng was without a doubt the best amongst the outer disciples.

Seventy wins...seventy-one wins.

Zhao Feng's record kept increasing.

Most of his opponents surrendered straight away.

Even when he faced Zhao Yue, Zhao Feng only had to use his chi to instantly break his opponent's Metal Body.

Zhao Feng's strength was no longer that of a quasi Martial Artist, it had reached that of a half-step Martial Artist!

Half-step Martial Artist was when one had chi and had reached quasi Martial Artist at the same time.

To a certain extent, it was the same as being fourth rank.

However, there was an unexpected turn.

Zhao Yufei still had a perfect streak.

On Zhao Yufei's eightieth match, she met Zhao Yue.

"Butterfly Palm!"

Zhao Yufei shouted as her jade-like hands burst out with immense strength.

Crack!

Zhao Yue's metal body was once again broken.

"Oh my god!"

It is chi again!"

No one had thought that there would be someone else who had understood Inner Strength apart from Zhao Feng.

"Interesting!" The main judge had a faint smile.

Zhao Feng's expression did not change when Zhao Yufei used inner strength.

He had already seen the inner strength hiding inside Zhao Yufei's blood with his left eye.

That day when the coach was giving his lecture, many outer disciples had gained some insights, with Zhao Feng gaining the most.

This was because he had the help of his left eye and had already trained the Air Pushing Breathing Technique to the peak of its third level.

Therefore, Zhao Feng was the first one to form inner strength.

Zhao Yufei was later than him by half a month.

"It looks like first place is not decided yet." The crowd were now anticipating the clash between Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei.

Finally, when Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei won their ninetieth matches respectively, they met.

"Begin."

Although Zhao Yufei had inner strength, Zhao Feng did not fear her.

"I know there is still some difference between you and me... but I will not give up." Zhao Yufei's smile was like a flower opening.

"Angry Dragon Fist!" Zhao Feng started off with his peak level, middle ranked martial art.

The reason he could beat Zhao Yijian so badly wasn't just because of Inner Strength.

It was because Angry Dragon Fist was already at the peak of middle ranked martial arts and when used, its damage exceeded the damage dealt by high ranked martial arts trained to the low level.

Furthermore, Zhao Feng's Angry Dragon Fists was closing in on perfection.

_If Angry Dragon Fists can reach perfection, it can easily win against Cold Flowing Sword trained to the high level, _ thought Zhao Feng.

_Peh!

Pah!..._

The two exchanged blows.

As expected, Zhao Yufei wasn't as strong as Zhao Feng.

After all, Zhao Feng had a stronger foundation of inner strength and his speed was faster.

Although Zhao Yufei had a high ranked speed skill, it wasn't faster than Zhao Feng's Lightly Floating Ferry.

Zhao Feng's attacks became faster and faster.

Zhao Yufei started to turn red as she felt her strength depleting.

Good chance!

Zhao Feng's left eye easily locked onto a flaw and his fist hit Zhao Yufei's shoulder.

"Thank you for going easy." Zhao Yufei's body shook as she flipped in midair and landed on the ground.

It was obvious that Zhao Feng's punch had been restrained, or else she would have ended up like Zhao Yijian.

"No problem," Zhao Feng smiled, he really liked Zhao Yufei's attitude.

After beating Zhao Yufei, there were no more opponents that were his match left.

All his opponents admitted defeat.

"I give up!"

"I surrender!"

.....

Half an hour later Zhao Feng finally finished his one hundredth battle, and with his score, easily attained the title of number one amongst the outer disciples.

Chapter 26: Fourth rank of the Martial Path Chapter 26: Fourth rank of the Martial Path
After winning one hundred matches, Zhao Feng's popularity had reached its peak.

"Zhao Feng!

Zhao Feng..." The crowd cheered.

Zhao Feng's rise caused many youths to worship him.

He had finally become the top outer disciple.

The crowd gave way where Zhao Feng passed.

Even Zhao Kun lowered his head.

"When did you provoke such a genius?" Zhao Gan looked queerly at his brother.

How would I know he would become so strong... Zhao Kun had the urge to cry.

As Zhao Feng slowly walked, his eyes scanned around.

At a certain point, he saw a girl clothed in white.

Zhao Xue bit her teeth and didn't have the courage to look Zhao Feng in the eye.

Zhao Feng shook his head.

Ever since they had entered the Zhao sect they had walked different paths.

He didn't feel anything, all he wanted to do was reach the ninth rank of the Martial Path, maybe even the Holy martial rank, and then travel throughout the continent.

The ranking contest had reached the late stages, and first place was already confirmed.

That was because no one else apart from Zhao Feng had won all their matches.

Soon, the final ranks were decided.

First place: Zhao Feng

Second place: Zhao Yufei

Third place: Zhao Yue

Fourth place: Zhao Gan

Only at the ninth rank did Zhao Yijian's name pop up.

This was because Zhao Yijian had been seriously injured when facing Zhao Feng, meaning that he could not participate later on.

"First place!" Zhao Feng was slightly excited.

Two months ago, he had to pray that he could enter the tournament.

As for first place, he had never even thought about it.

This was all thanks to the mysterious eye.

Zhao Feng took a deep breath as he entered the dimension within his eye.

The mysterious green glow inside kept spinning in circles.

The glow had now extended from 1.25 meters to almost 1.33 meters.

Zhao Feng knew that as the green glow extended, the power of his left eye would increase.

— ***** —

In a corner in the Sky Martial Field...

"There are a few talented outer disciples this year.

Especially Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei, they have the potential to catch up Zhao Linlong." The one who spoke was a calm, beautiful girl.

It was Zhao Qin, the fourth strongest inner disciple.

"Hehe, it's just small fights, nothing serious." The casual voice came from a black-robed youth next to her.

The black-robed youth stood shoulder to shoulder next to Zhao Qin and lazily glanced towards the Sky Martial Field's outer disciples.

_I feel that Zhao Feng is not simple.

When he first hid his Inner Strength, even I could not see it.

Also, his speed skill can even be ranked top three within the inner disciples,_ Zhao Qin thought.

“Do you think they can threaten us?

I only have one opponent and that is Zhao Linlong!” the black-robed youth said.

“Zhao Chi, do not be overly arrogant.

I have heard that Zhao Han, who is ranked third, has been in seclusion for the last couple of months,” Zhao Qin smiled.

“Zhao Han?

I think that he has a cousin called Zhao Yijian, no?” The black-robed youth looked playfully towards Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng felt something and glanced over in a certain direction.

In that corner stood one quiet girl and one lazy black-robed youth.

The quiet girl Zhao Feng knew.

It was Zhao Qin.

As for the black-robed youth...

“Oh my god!

It is Zhao Chi!”

“Zhao Chi!

Second place of the inner disciples, right behind Zhao Linlong!” the crowd screamed.

Even some of the inner disciples showed fear as they looked towards Zhao Chi.

Zhao Feng and Zhao Chi’s eyes crossed.

The moment Zhao Feng met Zhao Chi’s eyes, he felt an unbearable pressure.

Especially when his left eye locked onto Zhao Chi, he got the feeling that he was unbeatable.

Zhao Chi was neither fat nor slim, but the Inner Strength in him was spread evenly to each and every muscle.

_Peak of the fourth rank!

His strength is probably even stronger than Zhao Qin!,_ Zhao Feng accurately analyzed his strength.

“I heard that when Zhao Chi was a half-step martial artist he beat a true martial artist.

I did not think that he would show up to the outer disciple tournament.”

From Zhao Qin’s reaction, it was obvious that she thought Zhao Feng was very important.

As for Zhao Chi, he placed more importance on Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Feng knew that, although he was the top outer disciple, there was still a huge gap between him and the inner disciples.

Apparently, every inner disciple had watched the outer disciples tournament at one point.

All except for one person!

Zhao Linlong!

One of the four great geniuses of Sun Feather City!

“With my strength I would not place well in the inner disciples...” Zhao Feng had a solemn face.

All the inner disciples were treated as important by the sect.

Right now, Zhao Feng could easily charge into the top ten for the inner disciples.

There was still a chance for top five.

Top three however...that was almost impossible.

_The main tournament is half a month later.

Should I aim for first place?_ Zhao Feng couldn’t decide.

However, he soon made his decision:

Fight!

He must fight!

He remembered the rewards from the sect!

Only the top three disciples had the chance to learn peak ranked martial art skills.

Peak ranked martial art skills!

They were the highest ranked martial art skills in mundane knowledge!

A set of peak ranked martial art skills could allow for one to cultivate to the ninth rank of the martial path.

Only Holy ranked martial arts could allow for one to achieve the Holy Martial Path.

To survive in this world, one must have absolute strength.

This means that the higher rank the skill was, the better.

First, or top three, Zhao Feng confirmed his goals as he walked slowly towards his home.

As he got home he realized that there many people visiting.

His father Zhao Tianyang was very busy.

The lonely house was now full of people.

“Brother Tianyang, congratulations on having such a good son.”

“Top outer disciple!

He has also learned Inner Strength, it is obvious that he will receive attention from the higher level of the sect,” the guests exclaimed as they saw Zhao Feng return.

Zhao Feng furrowed his brow, he wasn’t used to this.

These guests usually looked disdainfully towards his family and their relationships weren’t very good.

Today.

however, all of them came over.

Zhao Feng and his parents finally shooed them away.

“Inner Strength?

Half-step martial artist?

Feng'er, you have given your father such a big surprise!" Zhao Tianyang exclaimed red-faced.

Not everyone could enter the Sky Martial Field.

For example, Zhao Tianyang could only watch on from far away.

When they heard that their son won, they first thought that their hearing had gone bad.

"When did my son become so strong?" Zhao Tianyang felt a bit suspicious.

He knew that his son wasn't that outstanding.

"Hehe, ever since I got struck by lightning, I have felt that it became easier to learn martial arts..." Zhao Feng explained half truthfully.

His explanation was so-so.

The world was very large.

Not every legend was born talented.

One's path would also be affected by the things they met later on in life.

Furthermore, Zhao Feng's turning point in life was when he got struck by lightning.

After listening to this explanation, his parents were no longer suspicious.

The night on the same day...

Zhao Feng didn't sleep.

Instead he closed his eyes and thought about the process of the tournament.

The memories appeared in his mind.

Every scene was imprinted in his brain.

These included the scenes when he was fighting Zhao Yue, Zhao Yijian, and Zhao Yufei.

Apart from this, he had also remembered how the main judge and Zhao Tianjian had moved.

Obviously, their ranks far exceeded Zhao Feng, so he couldn't understand what he was seeing.

Even so, Zhao Feng gained some insights.

Suddenly, Zhao Feng turned into a blur as he headed towards an open field.

_He!

He!

..._

Zhao Feng closed his eyes and displayed the Flaming Metal Fist and Angry Dragon Fist.

Every move of his changed slightly as he thought about the fights with Zhao Yue, Zhao Yijian, and Zhao Yufei.

Hu~

Zhao Feng's moves became faster and faster, and then he poured Inner Strength into them.

The 1.35m green glowing light crept forwards another step.

At the last moment he remembered the pressure he felt when facing Zhao Tianjian.

Ta!

Zhao Feng shouted as the Inner Strength inside his body began to slowly move.

Every palm he used had a thumping sound accompanying it.

Half an hour later, just as Zhao Feng was exhausted.

Hua~~~~~

Zhao Feng felt that his limbs and body were on fire.

A warm feeling shivered throughout his entire body.

At the same time, a thick layer of sweat and dirt was discharged from his body.

“I did it!” Zhao Feng eyes shone with excitement.

The green glow within his eye had now reached the 1.38m mark.

At this moment, Zhao Feng had reached the fourth rank of the Martial Path.

He could feel the powerful strength coursing through his body with every breath.

With just a thought, Inner Strength would flood out.

“My power has increased by about five hundred kilograms, and the power of my Inner Strength has at least doubled.” Zhao Feng saw all the changes throughout his body with his left eye.