

King Eye

#Chapter 37 - 37 Ranking Challenge - Read King Eye Chapter 37 - 37 Ranking Challenge

Chapter 37: Ranking Challenge Chapter 37: Ranking Challenge “Ok, we’ll act as the two main judges say and allow Zhao Feng to participate.” The head of the sect Zhao Tiancang looked at Zhao Feng with interest.

With the head of the sect and the two main judges agreeing, no one dared to oppose them.

This was the first time Zhao Feng had ever felt a sense of belonging to his sect.

Zhao Tianjian was trembling in anger.

He couldn’t believe that Zhao Feng could return alive.

_Gray Eagle has failed.

With Gray Eagle’s strength, how could he possibly fail?_

“Zhao Feng!” the judge said.

“I shall explain the rules to you now.”

“Yes.” Zhao Feng listened carefully.

People challenged one another in this tournament.

The first round Spot Challenge was when the fifty outer disciples challenged the fifty inner disciples.

If they won, they took the place of the inner disciples.

Every outer disciple had three chances to challenge someone.

If they lost all three challenges then they would remain outer disciples.

Therefore, before the outer disciples challenged anyone, they first had to estimate their own strength and choose the weaker inner disciples.

“Zhao Feng, since you were late, you only have one chance to challenge someone,” the judge said strictly.

One chance?

Zhao Feng nodded his head.

"I understand." With his strength, he could easily become an inner disciple.

Unless Zhao Feng was retarded and chose someone like Zhao Linlong, he would win.

Obviously, Zhao Feng would not challenge the strongest guy straight away.

"Now you can choose one person.

If you win, you can take their spot," the judge warned.

"Ok!" Zhao Feng jumped on stage and surveyed the fifty people.

Fifty people, fifty seats all arranged in order.

The order from left to right went Zhao Linlong, Zhao Chi, Zhao Han, Zhao Qin...

The first row of ten represented the top ten inner disciples.

On the seventh chair of the second row, Zhao Feng spotted Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Yufei looked at him and gently smiled.

The two were neighbours and were quite familiar with each other.

Zhao Yue, Zhao Yijian, Zhao Gan, and Zhao Guang were between fortieth and fiftieth place.

Apart from Zhao Feng, there were only five others that had become inner disciples.

Who should I challenge?

Zhao Feng smiled as he inspected them.

Zhao Linlong, who was in first place had his eyes closed, as if he was trying to gain insights into something.

It seemed like the tournament had nothing to do with him.

The top inner disciples didn't even worry.

However, the disciples ranked at the bottom were nervous.

After all, Zhao Feng was the top outer disciple.

He could easily reach the top ten with his strength.

The second row...sixth seat... Zhao Feng's eyes settled on the person on Zhao Yufei's right.

"Number sixteen Zhao Fei, please come out," the judge said.

Zhao Fei was sixteen or seventeen years old.

He had the cultivation of the peak third rank, but his aura wasn't any weaker than cultivators of the fourth rank.

"Kid, don't think that you can beat me just because you've reached the fourth rank!" Zhao Fei calmly walked on stage.

"Heh, this Zhao Fei is pretty strong.

With his Block Metal Body, he's beaten two quasi Martial Artists."

"Zhao Feng might not advance so smoothly."

In terms of winning, Zhao Feng obviously had a higher chance.

But his opponent's strength wasn't weak either, so it would be a tough fight.

"Metal Sand Palm!" Zhao Fei only used a middle ranked martial art.

Pah!

The damage was higher than most high ranked martial arts.

This was because it had been trained to the peak level!

Zhao Feng was slightly impressed.

At the outer disciple contest, only he had trained middle ranked martial arts to the high level.

The thing was, Zhao Fei's Metal Sand Palm complemented his Block Metal Body.

Therefore, this palm could beat Zhao Yijian's Ice Flowing Sword.

"Zhao Fei's strength is not any weaker than half-step Martial Artists now." A few of the inner disciples nodded in approval.

Flaming Metal Fist!

Zhao Feng casually threw out a punch.

He was using core ranked martial arts.

Not only that, he didn't add any Inner Strength to it.

This scene caused many people to be shocked.

Not using Inner Strength meant that he didn't have an advantage.

"Kid, don't try to be cool!" Zhao Fei took a deep breath and circulated Block Metal Body and Metal Sand Palm to his limit.

Originally he didn't think that he'd beat Zhao Feng, he could only spar a bit.

But since the opponent was so arrogant...

On the stage, the two figures closed in on each other and the fist and palm hit the other.

"Break——"

Zhao Fei had a face of urgency and happiness But reality is cruel.

Peh!

The second his palm hit the fist, he felt overwhelming power numb his arm.

Ah!

Zhao Fei's started to sweat.

He felt that Zhao Feng was as powerful as a bull.

Pong—

Zhao Fei didn't even understand what was happening and was sent flying.

One move.

All it took Zhao Feng to beat Zhao Fei was one move.

Although it wasn't surprising that Zhao Feng would win, to win in one move was startling.

“He won by using core ranked martial arts and he didn’t use any Inner Strength.”

“Zhao Feng has learnt a high ranked body martial art...”

“Zhao Feng, challenge successful!

You are ranked sixteenth for now.

As for Zhao Fei, you have three chances to challenge someone...” the judge declared.

After beating Zhao Fei, Zhao Feng walked calmly to the sixth seat of the second row.

On his left was Zhao Yufei.

“Your Metal Wall Technique has reached at least the third level,” Zhao Yufei said, slightly surprised.

Zhao Feng had learned this skill from her grandfather only a week ago!

According to her knowledge, Metal Wall Technique was very hard to train.

Her grandfather had said that Zhao Feng would only be able to train it to the second level at best.

But from Zhao Feng’s performance, his Metal Wall Technique had reached at least the third level.

“Yep!” Zhao Feng smiled.

His Metal Wall Technique had already reached the peak fourth level.

There was a huge difference between the third and fourth level.

Zhao Feng didn’t even use half his strength when fighting Zhao Fei.

Onstage, the fighting continued.

According to the rules, Zhao Fei had another chance to challenge someone.

Soon, Zhao Fei successfully beat someone who was ranked twenty-sixth.

The tournament was delayed since Zhao Feng had entered halfway through to get through the new Spot Challenges.

Because there were fifty spots for inner disciples and there was fifty-one people, one person was eliminated.

But Zhao Feng and five other outer disciples had become inner disciples.

“The spot challenge has finished...” he judge let out a breath and started to declare the start of the next round.

They were proceeding to the Ranking tournament.

According to the previous news, the top twenty, ten and three had different rewards.

The top three could choose peak ranked martial arts!

This was where Zhao Feng was especially interested.

It was obvious that the competition was going to be very fierce.

Also, the inner disciples ranking decided one’s honor and glory.

All the youths here were eighteen or under, and they had the desire to win.

“The second round Ranking Tournament means that all of you have three chances to challenge someone.

If you fail, then your chances decrease by one...” the judge said.

The rules were very clear.

The ones ranked behind would challenge the ones ranked higher.

If they won, they would replace the opponent’s rank.

Everyone only had three chances to challenge someone.

If they were successful, they still had three chances, but if they failed, their chances decreased by one.

“Understood.” The fifty people nodded their heads.

The ones ranked last challenged others first.

It started with rank fifty.

However, for those at the bottom, they were already very happy in becoming an inner disciple and they knew that they had no chance to get to the top twenty.

Therefore, there weren’t many fortieth to fiftieth ranked people doing challenges.

Even if there were, they just wanted to show off, and if they won higher rankings they didn't even get any rewards.

Fortieth...thirty-ninth...thirty-eighth...

The rankings edged closer and closer.

When it reached the twentieth to thirtieth places, the fighting became more and more fierce.

People such as Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian had all reached the top thirty.

Zhao Yijian had reached twelfth, and Zhao Yue had reached fifteenth.

Overall, the top twenty inner disciples had the strength of quasi Martial Artists.

Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei were both true Martial Artists so no one dared to challenge them.

There were less than ten disciples who had reached the fourth rank of the Martial Path.

After the top twenty were confirmed, they started to compete for the top ten.

Soon, it was Zhao Yufei's turn to challenge someone.

Zhao Feng would challenge someone after Zhao Yufei's turn.

There were several top ten inner disciples that had not reached the fourth rank of the Martial Path.

Zhao Yufei decided to challenge number six, and she won her match easily.

After reaching the top ten, Zhao Yufei gave up her chance to keep on challenging someone.

This way, she could still save her two chances for the next two rounds.

"Number sixteen Zhao Feng, it's your turn," the judge declared.

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Chapter 38: Zhao Han's Challenge Chapter 38: Zhao Han's Challenge Challenge 38 – Zhao Han's Challenge

It was finally Zhao Feng's turn.

Being the top outer disciple, who would he challenge?

The top six had all reached the fourth rank.

Zhao Linlong had reached the peak of the fifth rank, a bit better than Zhao Feng.

Under the expectant eyes of the crowd, Zhao Feng slowly said, "Pass."

What!?

Pass?

"Giving up your chance to challenge someone this round means that you only have two chances left to challenge someone," the judge said, surprised.

However, the rules said that the challenger could give up their chance if they wanted to.

Zhao Feng obviously had his plans when he passed his turn.

His goal was the top three.

This was only the first of three rounds, he didn't need everyone to know his true strength.

Secondly, he first wanted to understand the true strength of Zhao Linlong.

Zhao Feng didn't dare to look down on the top three as they had all reached the fifth rank.

"Hmph!

You think that because you gave up your chance, I don't have anyway around that..." Zhao Han, who was ranked third, looked mockingly towards Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng could feel his enmity.

Before the tournament, Zhao Han had once told him that he would break his arm, just like Zhao Feng had done to Zhao Yijian.

After ten days, Zhao Han's cultivation was fully stable, and he could keep his Inner Strength under control.

Number fifteen...fourteen...thirteen...

The challengers became stronger.

The competition for the top ten was very intense, but it was mainly focused on the seventh to tenth places.

This was because the other six had all reached the fourth rank or higher, and their places were stable.

Soon, the top ten was decided.

Now, the people focused on the top five and even the top three.

“I want to challenge number four, Zhao Qin,” the azure-clothed youth said as he held his halberd.

The impression that Zhao Qin gave Zhao Feng was gentle, quiet, and calm.

“Zhao Tun, you just reached the fourth rank not long ago and you’re already challenging me?” Zhao Qin faintly smiled.

Her style of fighting was similar to her attitude.

She used softness to counter hardness, and her speciality was speed.

“You’re the only one I can challenge in the top five.

Let’s have a good fight!” Zhao Tun danced with his halberd.

This was just the beginning of the ranking tournament, and two true Martial Artists were already fighting.

After tangling for a long time, Zhao Qin came out victorious.

After all, she had the higher cultivation and her skills were trained to a higher level.

Although Zhao Tun lost, his ranking stayed the same.

Zhao Qin felt helpless as she scanned the top three.

The top three were all too strong.

All of them had reached the fifth rank.

But to give up so easily wasn’t her style.

Zhao Qin finally made her decision.

“I choose to challenge number two, Zhao Chi.”

Zhao Chi had just recently reached the fifth rank as well, but his Inner Strength wasn't as strong as Zhao Han's.

“Haha!

You know you'll still lose Zhao Qin, so why bother!” Zhao Chi lazily jumped onstage.

The two face off.

Zhao Feng was finally able to see the strength of the top three now.

“Blue Cloud Finger!” Zhao Qin slowly lifted her finger.

A faint blue glow came from the finger.

It seemed weak and fragile, yet, it still swished through the air.

This finger skill of hers was a high ranked martial art.

She had trained it to a high level and she understood how to use it very well.

_The damage of her skill is not bad.

The energy is focused onto one point.

It contains both the softness of water and the hardness of ice_ , Zhao Feng analyzed as he watched with his left eye.

Although Zhao Yijian's Ice Flowing Sword and Zhao Qin's Blue Cloud Finger were both high ranked martial arts that had reached the high level, the damage dealt by them was not comparable.

“Ai...you've only improved by this much!” Zhao Chi's lazy voice sounded.

Shuah!

Zhao Chi's body turned into an afterimage as he dodged Zhao Qin's attack.

Not good!

She had still underestimated Zhao Chi's strength.

“Zhao Chi's movement skill has reached the high level,” the disciples exclaimed.

“Howling Sky Fist!” Zhao Chi appeared behind Zhao Qin and punched at her.

His fist was covered in a bright red glow.

When it moved through the air, it caused a sound similar to lightning.

Just the fist moving through the air caused the eardrums of some inner disciples to tremble.

_What a devastating fist skill.

This skill is infinitely close to a peak ranked martial art, it's no worse than my Metal Wall Technique_.

Zhao Feng was slightly surprised.

“Blue Clouds Flying!” Zhao Qin shouted as she took the punch straight on.

Immediately, she was sent flying and she coughed up blood as she landed on the ground.

Just one punch injured Zhao Qin.

It was lucky that she used softness to counter hardness, any other cultivator would've been instantly defeated.

“That was just warm up.” Zhao Chi said indifferently and attacked again.

His performance made all the disciples wary of him!

High ranked footwork skill, high ranked inner strength skill, high ranked body skill...

Zhao Chi's skills were displayed.

Although he had learned many different skills, most of them had reached the high level.

Even his body skill had reached the fourth level, meaning that he was able to counter swords and blades with his body alone.

_There's no obvious flaws.

His Howling Sky Fist is deadly_ , Zhao Feng thought.

He was a tough opponent.

No wonder he looked so disdainfully at him at the outer disciples contest.

Zhao Feng wouldn't have been able to last through three moves of his back then.

Onstage, Zhao Chi was just toying with Zhao Qin.

After exchanging around twenty blows, Zhao Qin was puffing already and so surrendered.

Zhao Qin knew that she could only last twenty moves since Zhao Chi was going easy on her.

If Zhao Chi tried his best, he could win in under three moves.

"None of you have the right to challenge the top three," Zhao Chi said as he casually glanced towards Zhao Feng.

Hm?

Zhao Feng immediately had a feeling that his thoughts were being read.

How did he know that Zhao Feng was going to challenge the top three?

Reading the situation right now, fourth place Zhao Qin, fifth place Zhao Tun, and sixth place Zhao Yufei didn't seem to have any intentions to try to challenge the top three.

After Zhao Qin's turn, it was Zhao Han's turn.

"Zhao Han!

Zhan Han!" Many people cheered on Zhao Han, as he was a contender for becoming first.

The tournament had now reached a climax.

Even Zhao Chi had a solemn expression when looking at Zhao Han.

Only first place Zhao Linlong had an expressionless face on.

Zhao Han's eyes passed between Zhao Chi and Zhao Linlong.

He was ranked third place, and there were only two people in front of him.

Zhao Linlong, or Zhao Chi?

The disciples were expectant.

It would be an intense match if Zhao Han chose either Zhao Linlong or Zhao Chi.

However, reality was different.

After Zhao Han's eyes passed Zhao Linlong and Zhao Chi, he started to look at the second row instead.

Ah!

The disciples of the second row trembled in fear.

The first row were the top ten disciples.

The second row were the eleventh to twentieth disciples.

"I want to challenge...the sixth seat of the second row!" Zhao Han's cold voice echoed.

The sixth seat of the second row.

Zhao Han didn't challenge the top two, not even the top ten, but the top twenty!

The sixth seat of the second row?

Who was that unlucky bastard?

The crowd's attention turned towards that spot.

Me? Zhao Feng was stunned.

Yep, Zhao Han was challenging him!

"Zhao Han, are you sure you want to do this?" The judge scrunched up his eyebrows.

"The ones that are ranked higher will lose their spots if they lose to a person with lower ranking.

And even if you win, there's no benefit gained."

According to the rules, those of higher rank could challenge those of lower ranks.

But nobody would do so as there weren't any benefits.

Instead, one would lose one of their challenging chances.

"Yes." Zhao Han's murderous eyes locked onto Zhao Feng.

Some of the disciples had understanding looks.

Many of them knew that Zhao Han was Zhao Yijian's cousin and their relationship was pretty good.

At the twelfth spot, Zhao Yijian immediately looked gratefully at Zhao Han.

"Zhao Feng?

Do you not have the courage to fight me?" Zhao Han mocked.

"What's there to fear?" Zhao Feng remained expressionless as he jumped onstage.

Although he knew he would have to fight Zhao Han, he didn't think that it would be this early.

I'll first break his arm, then I'll challenge Zhao Linlong, Zhao Han planned.

"Zhao Han's challenging Zhao Feng?"

"It's obvious, he's taking revenge for his cousin."

"Although Zhao Feng's strong, he's still not Zhao Han's match."

Many disciples were either sympathetic or gloating.

Although Zhao Feng was the top outer disciple and he was a true Martial Artist, there was still a huge gap between him and Zhao Han.

Chapter 39: Let You Have Ten Moves Onstage Chapter 39: Let You Have Ten Moves Onstage The two true martial art geniuses faced off.

One of them was the king of the outer disciples, while the other was a top tier inner disciple.

The onlookers started to quiet down.

Although the final outcome wouldn't change, this was still an exciting match.

Hu~

Cold chi started to flow out from Zhao Han.

It caused the whole arena to become colder and colder.

Although Zhao Feng was still a few meters away, he felt his limbs begin to freeze.

This wasn't his imagination, the cold actually existed!

The source of it came from the element of Zhao Han's Inner Strength.

"What strong chi!

With it containing the element of ice, his Inner Strength is stronger than most other peak fifth rankers," the older generation of the Zhao sect exclaimed.

Precisely.

Zhao Han's Inner Strength was very powerful.

Using this advantage, he had beat the third strongest inner disciple of the Xin family Xin Tong in one move.

His strength was already imprinted in their hearts.

Now that Zhao Han had gained control over his previously unstable Inner Strength fully, he was even more fearsome.

"Zhao Han found a mysterious crystal shard a few months ago, allowing his Inner Strength to develop exponentially," an old man smiled.

"No wonder his chi is so high."

The Azure Flower Continent was full of mysterious items and places.

As it had existed for thousands of years, there were many tombs and queer items that could instantly help lucky cultivators who had the chance to obtain them turn into strong cultivators.

Obviously, Zhao Han was a lucky person, as he was able to obtain a mysterious crystal shard.

He had rapidly increased his cultivation level over the past six months and had the right to compete for the top inner disciple.

"Zhao Feng, I'll let you have three moves." Zhao Han looked down on Zhao Feng.

The chill in his voice seemed to perfectly complement his icy Inner Strength.

Three moves?

The crowd didn't think he was arrogant.

Instead, they thought that this was perfectly acceptable.

After all, Zhao Han's rank far exceeded Zhao Feng's.

From giving Zhao Feng three moves, no one would say that he had bullied the weak.

"Hahaha...three moves?"

Zhao Han!

Are you such a wimp!?

I can give you ten moves," Zhao Feng laughed aloud and said mockingly towards Zhao Han.

Ten moves!

The crowd looked at Zhao Feng like he was a monster.

Zhao Feng didn't reject the chance to have three moves only, he had even given Zhao Han ten moves to attack first.

The crowd soon became quiet again after a bit of discussion.

"He's definitely joking."

"Obviously."

Some shook their heads.

"He's going to lose anyways, so giving Zhao Han ten moves doesn't matter."

"Ten moves?" Zhao Han's face paled.

Suppressing his anger, he bitterly spat out, "You're courting death!"

Hu~

As soon as he finished, his two shoulders emitted an ice-cold aura.

The forty-eight inner disciples coughed due to the cold.

A thin layer of silver white ice appeared on Zhao Han's palm as it flew at Zhao Feng.

The power of this palm could easily destroy anyone of the fourth rank or lower.

"The first move...", Zhao Feng shouted.

He didn't attack.

He started to circulate Air Crossing Breathing Technique and Metal Wall Technique to protect his body instead.

The two figures clashed together.

Pah!

Although Zhao Han's hand hit Zhao Feng, the latter twisted his body away, and successfully blocked the attack.

In that interval, the Inner Strength of the two people clashed.

_Teng!

Teng!

Teng..._

One of the figures was pushed back.

What happened!?

The disciples were in shock, because the one that was pushed back was Zhao Han!

Zhao Han steadied himself after being pushed back.

His face was dim with anger.

A numbing feeling came from his arm and couldn't help but exclaim, "How does he have so much power?"

When Zhao Han and Xin Tong sparred ten days ago, Zhao Feng's body technique was nowhere near developed enough to threaten him.

However, today, Zhao Feng's body technique was even stronger than Xin Tong's.

"Hehe, you're not the only one that improved!" Zhao Feng smiled as he released his Inner Strength.

His Inner Strength had broken through the fourth rank and reached the fifth rank.

The main point was that Zhao Feng's chi was under complete control, unlike Zhao Han's, whose Inner Strength suppressed others in quantity, not quality.

"Inner Strength of the fifth rank!" Zhao Feng's cultivation was only at the peak of the fourth rank, but his Inner Strength had already reached the fifth rank.

"His body strengthening technique is extremely powerful.

It far exceeds the ones that the sects disciples use," the white-bearded judge smiled.

His decision to support Zhao Feng was correct.

"He still has remaining auras of cultivation resources.

It looks like he's been quite lucky," the head of the sect Zhao Tiancang noted as he looked towards Zhao Feng.

"Don't be too full of yourself, I only used fifty-percent of my strength just then!" Zhao Han turned his embarrassment into anger.

"Cold Snow Palm!" Zhao Han lept up and slowly pushed out his palm.

The palm seemed slow, yet, it condensed his Inner Strength to a very dense point.

Before the attack arrived, the chill would freeze the opponent's blood.

"The second move!" Zhao Feng stayed where he stood and once again, circulated Metal Wall Technique and Air Crossing Breathing Technique to block Zhao Han's attack.

Boom!

There was a loud boom as the figures intercepted each other.

A shock wave swept everything up in a five meter radius.

Zhao Han retreated back once again.

His arm was almost fully numb again.

After fending off Zhao Han, Zhao Feng felt a cold chi flow into his body.

But after the Metal Wall Technique reached the fourth level, his body was not only as strong as metal, it also increased the resistance he had against chi.

Not only that, Zhao Feng's real cultivation was actually at the fifth rank.

"This is not possible!" Zhao Han's face turned cruel and he leapt furiously towards Zhao Feng.

However, Zhao Feng was like a metal wall, not moving at all.

No matter how furiously he attacked, Zhao Feng time after time fended him off.

“His defense is probably the best out of the inner disciples.” The Zhao sect disciples were in a daze.

The second move...the third move...the fourth move...

Every time Zhao Feng blocked a move, he would tell Zhao Han how many moves he had used.

Zhao Feng had only defended since the start of the match.

“Oh my god!

Is he really going to let Zhao Han have ten moves?”

“Looks like it.

It’s already been five moves and he hasn’t attacked yet.”

Whispers went through the crowd.

Near the stage, number twelve ranked Zhao Yijian was pale-faced.

“Why is it like this...?”

When did he get so strong?

Why isn’t it me!!!”

“Not only did he not die, he became even stronger....,” Zhao Tianjian’s face was green.

He had payed someone to assassinate Zhao Feng.

Not only did they fail, they allowed Zhao Feng’s strength to increase even more!

“His defense is at the metal wall level.

Even Inner Strength is weakened against it.

This means his Metal Wall Technique is at least at the fourth level.” Zhao Yufei’s face was full of shock.

She couldn’t believe her eyes.

She had given Zhao Feng the Metal Wall Technique.

She clearly knew how hard it was to train this skill.

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

Zhao Han's attacks became more and more insane.

At the end, his lips started to leak blood from how hard he was biting them.

However, every time he attacked, Zhao Feng was never harmed.

Instead, he injured himself from the recoil.

"The ninth move...the tenth move..." Zhao Feng's voice suddenly rose.

"Zhao Han!

The ten moves have finished!

Your strength disappoints me."

His voice was like a nightmare.

The ten moves had finished!

Zhao Feng had stated the truth.

If I let you have ten moves, then you'll have ten moves!

This scene caused the disciples and elders to be extremely disturbed.

Now, after the ten moves had finished, Zhao Feng would not defend anymore.

"Angry Dragon Fists!

A green color appeared on Zhao Feng's palm.

The Angry Dragon Fists he was using now surpassed the original Angry Dragon Fists!

Pah—

The floating casual fist just happened to hit the flaw in Zhao Han's defense.

Wah!

Zhao Han spat out a mouthful of blood as he was knocked backwards.

At this moment, he had lost all sanity and fought even more crazily.

But the wilder he became, the more flaws appeared.

In Zhao Feng's eyes, his opponent was just a child brandishing a stick.

When Zhao Han was calm, Zhao Feng thought that he was on par with Zhao Chi, the number two inner disciple.

But with him going crazy, he was now no threat at all.

"I don't believe it, lose..."

After being beaten one move after another, Zhao Han was now only using pure power, there was no skill involved.

Soon, Zhao Feng dodged one of Zhao Han's attacks and in the gap interval, Zhao Feng landed a kick on Zhao Han's abdomen.

Peng!

Zhao Han flew back tens of meters and landed face first.

I don't believe it! Zhao Han tried to get back up.

"Judge, why aren't you saying that he lost yet?" Zhao Feng asked.

"Ah!" The judge finally recovered from his shock and quickly shouted, "Zhao Han, challenge failed!

The challenged will now take the third spot."

Third?

Zhao Feng's lips curled into a smile.

His goal to reach the top three inner disciples was now achieved.

Chapter 40: Zhao Linlong's Strength Chapter 40: Zhao Linlong's Strength With the judge's announcement, the people broke out of their daze.

This result was totally unexpected.

Being a black horse, Zhao Feng continued to dominate his opponents and create miracles!

Now he had beaten the third strongest inner disciple, Zhao Han.

Zhao Feng laughed as he sat down on the third seat of the first row.

On his right side was Zhao Chi, who was looking at him as if it was the first time he had seen him.

When the outer disciples contest had ended, Zhao Chi went over to inspect Zhao Feng, but at that time, Zhao Feng was utter trash compared to him.

After Zhao Chi beat Zhao Qin, he casually said that no one had the right to fight for the top three spots.

However, right now, Zhao Feng was sitting next to him.

The top three were now Zhao Linlong, Zhao Chi, and Zhao Feng.

Next it was Zhao Chi's turn to challenge someone.

Zhao Chi lazily stretched his back and landed on the stage.

"Number two Zhao Chi, who do you challenge?" the judge smiled.

Being number two, who else could he challenge?

Instantly, everyone's eyes turned towards Zhao Linlong.

Now that Zhao Chi had gone onstage, there was no one blocking his vision from looking at Zhao Linlong.

Zhao Linlong wore a golden robe.

He had thick black eyebrows, and an aura as deep as the sea.

Since the beginning of the tournament Zhao Linlong had kept his eyes closed.

Even when Zhao Feng defeated Zhao Han, he had remained expressionless, as if nothing mattered to him.

"Zhao Linlong, give me some face.

Come onstage," Zhao Chi said mockingly.

“Number one, Zhao Linlong,” the judge warned.

“Hmm.” Zhao Linlong slowly rose.

The moment he stood up, he turned into a golden blur.

Instantly, he landed onstage.

“How are there so many Zhao Linlong’s?”

“After-image!

So fast!” the crowd exclaimed.

Many spectators couldn’t even see how Zhao Linlong moved.

“What kind of footwork skill is that?

It’s so complex.” Zhao Feng’s brow furrowed.

Although he could see how Zhao Linlong moved with his left eye, he couldn’t see any flaws.

“Zhao Linlong, we haven’t met for half a year.

It looks like your Step Shadow skill has reached the peak level.

No wonder you’re one of the fourth geniuses of Sun Feather City.” Zhao Chi was slightly impressed.

Step Shadow was a high ranked martial art.

Its fame exceeded most other high ranked martial arts due to its superiority.

Peak level of a high ranked martial art!

The disciples could only watch in awe.

There was no second genius of the Zhao sect who could train a high ranked martial art to the peak level.

“Zhao Chi, you’re the only one who can give me a fight.

Today, I will suppress my cultivation to the fourth rank and spar with you,” Zhao Linlong said casually.

Immediately, the other disciples expressions turned dark.

There was no one apart from Zhao Chi who had the right to challenge him?

Zhao Linlong's words caused many to be unhappy.

How would the number three, number four, and number five feel?

Zhao Feng's eyebrows scrunched up, then immediately resumed normal.

Ever since he had seen the shy girl attack the powerful Hyena in the Sky Cloud Forest, Zhao Feng understood something: There was always someone stronger than you.

He was working towards the greater realm.

He wanted to explore the outside world.

"Hateful!

That Zhao Linlong..."

Sitting on the sixth seat of the second row, Zhao Han's face was unwilling.

Just a while ago, his cultivation had increased by leaps and bounds.

His Inner Strength had reached the peak of the fifth rank, approaching the sixth rank.

This had made him arrogant and a contender for the top inner disciple.

In terms of favoritism, he had surpassed Zhao Chi.

However, Zhao Linlong's words hit him into hell.

And because he had just lost to Zhao Feng, he had no right to speak out against him.

At this time, the battle began.

"Sky Howling Fist!"

Zhao Chi's fist started to glow red.

Zhao Chi's Sky Howling Fist was very similar to Zhao Feng's Angry Dragon Fist, but the ranks of the martial arts were one tier apart.

With Zhao Chi fully utilizing Sky Howling Fist, his strength crept towards the peak of the fifth rank.

Adding on his footwork, body strengthening skills and techniques, his damage scale was frightening.

“In terms of overall strength, Zhao Chi is indeed harder to fight than Zhao Han.

He has almost zero flaws, and his offense is also powerful,” Zhao Feng nodded his head.

Zhao Han suppressed his opponents by overpowering them with Inner Strength, but his speed and defense weren’t strong.

“Receive my punch!” Zhao Chi shouted onstage as his fist swept towards Zhao Linlong.

Shuah!

A broken after-image was left behind.

The next moment, Zhao Linlong appeared smiling faintly next to Zhao Chi.

Zhao Chi’s fist didn’t even touch his robe.

What was even more frightening was that Zhao Linlong was only half a meter away from him.

Zhao Chi broke out in cold sweat.

At this instant, he could even smell Zhao Linlong.

“Smoking Rain Step!”

Zhao Chi wasn’t useless.

Immediately, he used a high ranked footwork skill and started to exchange blows with Zhao Linlong.

Immediately, the two figures interwove.

Both of them used high ranked martial arts.

The reason why Zhao Linlong said that Zhao Chi was the only one who could fight him was because Zhao Chi had learned a lot of high ranked martial arts.

High ranked fist skill!

High ranked footwork skill!

High ranked body strengthening technique...all of these skills had been trained to a high level.

Zhao Chi continuously attacked with these skills.

Now his momentum had surpassed Zhao Linlong.

Although his momentum had exceeded Zhao Linlong, Zhao Chi was still pushed back.

After exchanging twenty blows, Zhao Linlong had steadily overpowered him with the cultivation of the fourth rank only.

"I'll make you lose willingly!" Zhao Linlong smiled faintly.

He raised his finger and a purple azure aura spun around in circles.

Shua!

Just the thread of Inner Strength sent out a frightening aura.

"Spatial Cloud Finger!"

That finger seemed to open a hole in the clouds.

That was...

Zhao Chi took a deep breath as he gathered all his Inner Strength to counter the finger.

"Sky Howling Leaping Thunder!" Zhao Chi's fist glowed fire red as it faced the finger.

The power of this fist exceeded any skill that had been used so far in the tournament.

But, although his fist seemed powerful, it seemed like it was an ant compared to the casual finger of Zhao Linlong.

Hooong—

The two moves finally clashed.

Zhao Chi immediately tasted iron inside his mouth as he was knocked backwards.

"Not bad, you're able to block my peak ranked martial art." A golden-robed youth reappeared with his hands behind his back.

"Peak ranked martial art?"

I didn't lose unjustly," Zhao Chi said bitterly as he surrendered.

Spatial Cloud Finger!

Peak ranked martial art!

The crowd was in shock.

When did Zhao Linlong learn a peak ranked martial art?

"Hehe, Zhao Linlong has already learned the first three moves of the Spatial Cloud Finger.

That was just the first one," the head of the sect Zhao Tlancang said proudly.

"Congratulations for taking in such a good step-son." The elders came over and congratulated the head of the sect.

Zhao Linlong was the step-son of the head of the sect!

No wonder he could learn peak ranked martial arts.

But the thing was that peak ranked martial arts usually needed one to reach the seventh rank of the martial path to understand them.

Those that could learn peak ranked skills were usually Martial Masters!

"Zhao Chi!

Challenge failed, rank not changed.

Zhao Linlong, rank not changed," the judge announced.

Zhao Linlong and Zhao Chi returned to their seats.

Zhao Linlong was expressionless and didn't challenge anyone.

In his opinion, there was no one left to challenge.

The first round of the challenging contest ended.

Next was the second round of the challenging contest.

There were a total of three chances to challenge someone per person.

There were barely any challengers in the second round.

But when it came to number sixteen, Zhao Han's turn, he immediately challenged number four Zhao Qin and won.

He continued by challenging number two Zhao Chi and number one Zhao Linlong.

The result was that he managed to tie with Zhao Chi by using his Inner Strength.

But when he met Zhao Linlong, Zhao Han was defeated in three moves.

He wasn't like Zhao Chi, who had absolute defense, so he couldn't fend off even three of Zhao Linlong's moves.

First place Zhao Linlong...second place Zhao Chi...third place Zhao Feng...fourth place Zhao Han.

They were the top four inner disciples.

No one dared to challenge them.

Out of the four, Zhao Linlong led in front by beating Zhao Chi and Zhao Han.

Only Zhao Feng had not crossed hands with Zhao Linlong from the top three.

"Third place Zhao Feng, it's your turn to challenge someone," the judge said.