

King of Gods

Chapter 19 – Start of the Martial Contest

“Ninety-ninth?”

Zhao Feng’s lips curled into a smile, “I am getting pumped up for this contest.....”

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

After all, there were over thousands of youths between the ages of twelve and eighteen in the sect. And at least five hundred of them had entered the competition.

If Zhao Feng did not merge with the mysterious eye he would not even have the right to enter right now.

“There are still twenty days left. I need to use my time wisely.....” Zhao Feng headed straight home to prepare for the competition.

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

All of the Zhao sect youths were under a tense atmosphere.... Many disciples even broke through under this pressure.....

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

After Zhao Feng returned home, apart from consolidating his Inner Strength, he kept on training in Angry Dragon Fists. Up to now Angry Dragon Fists was Zhao Feng’s most powerful attack skill.

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

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

The peak level represented ninety percent or higher of its maximum damage, which was more than fifty percent stronger than it in the high level. Up to now Zhao Feng had never heard of any other outer disciples who had trained a middle ranked skill to the peak level.

There was still half a month left till the contest.

Zhao Feng put even more energy into cultivating. His key focus was the Air Crossing Breathing Technique as it helped with Inner Strength. To further his cultivation, Zhao Feng even used his three-hundred year old blood plant.

Since he had already formed the first few thread of Inner Strength, his cultivation had increased at an insane speed and easily broke through to the peak of the third rank. He was only half a step away from entering the fourth rank.

Hu~

Zhao Feng let out a long breath. He had trained his body to its maximum potential.

“There are still three days left. I wonder if I can reach the fourth rank.” Zhao Feng murmured.

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

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

“My inner strength and body strength is still far away from reaching the fourth rank.” Zhao Feng soon found the reason. The first three ranks of the Martial Path talked about a solid foundation. If the foundation was not solid, it would affect the realms later on.

And for the past two months Zhao Feng had broken through at extreme speed, which made his foundation not be solid enough. Zhao Feng knew this and did not forcibly try to reach the fourth rank.

Soon there was only one day left.

“The family sparring contest will start tomorrow!” Zhao Feng took a deep breath and a faint green glow appeared as he opened his palms. Having inner strength, he could instantly kill a cultivator of the third rank. Now, his strength was not that of a quasi martial artist anymore. It was that of a half step martial artist!

A quasi martial artist could easily defeat a normal third rank in one or two moves and would even cause a certain amount of threat towards deadly beasts such as the Green Headed Tiger King. However, once one reached the point of half step martial artist, one's strength exceeded that of a quasi martial artist.

Zhao Feng could now even exchange a few blows with the Green Headed Tiger King. The biggest difference between him and martial artists was not inner strength, instead it was body strength.

That night, in a certain garden in the Zhao sect.

Jiang!

A sword was drawn from its sheath and created illusions in the air. The sword's owner was a youth clothed in purple. His sword's power had reached a frightening level.

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

"Yijian'er, not bad! You have already trained the high rank skill Cold Flowing Sword to the high level. Out of the outer disciples, it is probably only you who have trained a high rank martial art to the high level." A middle-aged man said smiling.

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

"It looks like the first place amongst the outer disciples will be changing soon. And Zhao Feng, that bug, will be crushed under my feet!" Zhao Yijian said coldly.

When he mentioned Zhao Feng, his sword suddenly fired five different blows. The strength he used would even shock true martial artists.

"Yijian'er, your eyesight is limited. Do not just think about the outer disciples." The middle aged man shook his head, "Your true opponents are inner disciples! With your strength, you can easily make in into the top twenty, but you will be making me blush if you could make it to the top ten."

“Yes, father! I am seventy percent sure that I can make the top ten.” Zhao Yijian was very confident as he said this.

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In another building in the Zhao sect.

“Yufei, the preliminaries are starting tomorrow. How confident are you?” A one-armed old man said as he smiled.

“Do not worry grandfather, I have complete confidence that no one amongst the outer disciples are my match.” Zhao Yufei face gave a warm glow as she smiled.

“You need only worry about Zhao Yijian. As for Zhao Yue, his forte is defense so he should not be able to threaten you.” The one-armed old man analysed.

“Zhao Yijian? Maybe.” Zhao Yufei felt incredible.

Being one of the sect’s geniuses, there was no one who could enter her eyes. However, she did not know why that youth kept appearing in her mind.....

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

“Also, if you enter the finals and meet Zhao Linlong, who is ranked first, do not be stubborn. After all, he is the most powerful one amongst the Zhao sect’s youths.” The old man warned.

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At the same time, in a magnificent structure.

“Gan’er, Kun’er, both of you have to perform well in this year’s contest. Especially you Gan’er. Your strength has reached that of a quasi martial artist. With that, you should aim for the top ten.” An arrogant voice sounded.

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

Zhao Kun, who was next to him said, “Zhao Feng! I have reached the third rank now and have trained the Thirteen Changes of the Poisonous Snake to the first six changes. I will beat you at this contest!”

Even some of the elders were anticipating this contest.

Countless of Zhao sect disciples were rubbing their palms together for tomorrow's fight. Everyone were waiting for the chance to change their destiny.....

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The morning of the next day.

Just as the sky turned bright, a lot of people came into view as they gathered at the "Sky Martial Field", an important area of the sect. Many of those who arrived were Zhao sect disciples, and a few of them had middle or high positions in the sect.

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

Even Zhao Feng was here.

This was his first time entering the Sky Martial Field.

The Sky Martial Field had ten stages, all over them had a surface area of one hundred metres. As time passed the disciples that arrived increased. However, most of them were outer disciples. There were not many inner disciples that showed up.

Zhao Feng did not find it weird as there would first be preliminaries. The preliminaries first started with the outer disciples. Fifty outer disciples would then face off against the other fifty inner disciples. The point of this was to eliminate the weak outer disciples, leaving just the elite behind.

This meant that the inner disciples did not need to enter the preliminaries. They only had to wait for the final tournament that was half a month later."

Finally, around twenty inner disciples came into view. These inner disciples had looks of interest as they looked towards the outer disciples.

"Hehehe... There is a few, quite strong, outer disciples. I wonder how many inner disciples will be eliminated."

"I think only the top three have a chance at becoming inner disciples." The inner disciples discussed.

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

The crowd went into dead silence.

She was one of the main focuses of the inner disciples. She had a clear face and a quiet attitude. As Zhao Feng inspected the girl with his left eye, he found out that she had inner strength that was weaker his own!

“Martial Artist..... This Zhao Qin has reached the fourth rank of the Martial Path!” Zhao Feng sucked in a cold breath. Although he knew that the inner disciples had incredible talent, it was higher than he expected.

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

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

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

Zhao Yue, who was first in the outer disciples, had his expression turn ugly. It was obvious that none of them felt that it was worth watching the matches of the outer disciples

Their strength and rank had reached an unwaverable step. Maybe, they would only be seen at the final tournament.

Half an hour later, a voice sounded throughout the field, “The family sparring contest starts now! Today is the preliminaries and only the outer disciples will participate. Only fifty of the five hundred and twenty two people will proceed to the final tournament!”