

## King of Gods

### Chapter 20 – Core Ranked Martial Art Skill

The voice sounded the official start of the family sparring contest.

The field went quiet.

“The first round, group elimination! The contestants will be split into ten groups, spread over the ten stages. Now we will start splitting the groups.....”

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

“Number 188, seventh stage!”

Zhao Feng headed towards the seventh stage.

The rule was that, in every stage, ten people would be chosen out of the fifty-ish people to proceed to the next round. For example, Zhao Feng’s group had fifty two people, and only ten of them would proceed to the next round.

Using his left eye, Zhao Feng scanned across the ten groups and realised that the group splitting was rigged. The most obvious was that the top ten disciples were all in different groups.

For example, Zhao Yue, who was first had been sent to the first group. Zhao Yijian and Zhao Yufei, were sent into the second and third group respectively. This meant that the top disciples would not meet too early on.

“Every group has an even spread of strong and weak disciples. This means that there will not be many youths that will advance through luck.” Zhao Feng nodded his head in agreement.

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

The strongest was Zhao Chengang, who was ranked seventh amongst the outer disciples. Zhao Chengang stood tall as his peak of the third rank aura spread out.

To be able to rank in the top ten amongst the outer disciples meant that they had their own forte. Zhao Feng was taken aback when he felt a familiar person in group seven. It was a beautiful figure clothed in white.

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

Zhao Feng nodded in response.

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

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

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

At this time the tournament started.

“Thirteen vs Sixty-five!”

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

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

.....

The judges’ voices sounded in each group.

The first few rounds ended quickly.

The judges were all from the sect and had rich experience. For those matches that were one-sided, the judges could always quickly make the correct decision.

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

“One hundred and eighty-eight vs Twenty four!”

It was finally Zhao Feng’s turn.

Teng!

His body swiftly landed on stage.

Twenty four was a youth who had a cultivation of the second rank. His eyes let out fear when he realised that Zhao Feng was at the third rank.

“Slamming Wind Palm!” The slightly fat youth bit his teeth together and attacked with all his might. The skill he used was at the middle rank and used speed to try and win.

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

The moment he used his fist skill the expression of the judge on the seventh stage changed. This was because Zhao Feng was using a core rank martial art skill!

Peh!

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

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

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

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

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

There was a rule in each group: once one lost a total of ten matches one was eliminated. The matches would not stop until there were only ten people left.

If one could win twenty matches in a row one would be promoted to the second round.

Zhao Feng’s second match was against a horse-faced youth who had a cultivation at the peak of the second rank.

“Flaming Metal Fist!” Zhao Feng did not even think as he hit the vital parts of the opponent.

Peh!

The horse-faced youth cringed as he fell head over heels onto the ground.

“He used a core rank martial art again!” The Zhao sect disciples looked on disdainfully.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins!”

This was already Zhao Feng’s second victory. However, for the next two matches, Zhao Feng still used the core rank martial art.

Four wins in a row!

“This brat’s way too arrogant! Does he think he is unbeatable by using a core rank martial art?”

“Hmph! His opponents aren’t even strong! Once he faces someone of the same rank it won’t be that easy!” The disciples below sniggered.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight vs number forty-seven!” Finally, at the fifth round, Zhao Feng’s opponent was someone of the third rank, who was also ranked in the top five in his group.

“Zhao Kui! Beat that kid!” Someone shouted. Many were already dissatisfied were Zhao Feng.

“Kid, this is as far as you go.” Zhao Kui’s muscular body stood in front. His immense strength was all compacted in his muscles. He normally just had to stand there and the second rankers would admit defeat due to the pressure.

There were a total of around sixty people who had reached the third rank amongst the outer disciples. Therefore, a third rank was considered to be powerful in the groups.

“Use all of your skills.” Zhao Feng faintly smiled, he did not put normal third rankers in his eyes.

“Hahaha..... if you’ve got guts keep on using that core rank martial art!” Zhao Kui laughed and, like a lion, pounced towards Zhao Feng.

“Lion King’s Anger!” Zhao Kui compacted all of his strength into his body. Most peak third rankers would not even face him off.

“Hehe not bad! See if you can block my move, Flaming Metal Fist!” Zhao Feng actually still used core level martial arts!

Flaming Metal Fist again? The disciples watching almost fainted.

Hu!

A loud thump sounded from the seventh stage and a scream soon followed.

Boom!

Zhao Kui’s massive body laid on the ground, a few of his teeth were also broken.

What!? The crowd below stared at this scene.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins!” Even the judge felt that it was unbelievable. He again won with a core rank martial art!

Five wins in a row!

This was slapping the disciples’ faces on purpose.

“Core rank martial art.... How is this possible.....?” Zhao Kui walked off stage, his face green.

After beating Zhao Kui, Zhao Feng’s matches became easier.

Five wins..... Six wins..... Seven wins in a row!

Later on, all those under the third rank admitted defeat when they saw him. The only other person with the same record as him in group seven was Zhao Chengang.

“It looks like this kid had trained the core ranked martial art to the peak level, no wonder it is so powerful. Hehe wait until you meet me, then I’ll let you have a taste of high level martial art skills.....” Zhao Chengang laughed coldly.

Up to now Zhao Feng and Zhao Chengang had become known as the “Duo Eagles” of the seventh stage, as they both had not lost one match yet.

Seven wins..... Eight wins..... Nine wins..... Ten wins in a row!

“Who do you think is stronger? Zhao Feng or Zhao Chengang?”

“I think Zhao Chengang is a bit stronger, but Zhao Feng is not weak either, he is a black horse.”

They had two people with the same streak unlike the other groups where there was just a single dominant figure.

For example, all the opponents Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian faced, they all admitted defeat.

Zhao Yijian’s strength was too powerful. Every move he took could kill his opponent. Only group seven had the “Duo Eagles” title. Many were excited and looked forward to the clash between Zhao Feng and Zhao Chengang.

In Zhao Feng’s twelfth match, he met a familiar person.

It was Zhao Xue!

This was an awkward opponent.

“Little Xue, admit defeat.” Zhao Feng said calmly.

Zhao Xue had barely managed to reach the peak of the second rank, she obviously wasn’t his match.

Even Zhao Yijian, who was in group two, looked over to see what was going on.

“Admit defeat? Never!” Zhao Xue bit her teeth as her face turned stubborn. She would never allow herself to admit defeat in front of Zhao Feng.

When they were at Green Leaf Village, Zhao Xue had loved Zhao Feng, thinking he was the most talented youth there was. However, after entering Sun Feather City she realised that Green Leaf Village was tiny in comparison.....

Being a weak woman, she could not adapt to the cruel new environment, so she made a hard decision – to climb onto Zhao Yijian who was ranked third. Zhao Xue would never allow herself to admit defeat to her first love that she then threw away.

“Fine!” Zhao Feng shook his head helplessly.

“Floating Wind Hand!” Zhao Xue was like a wind that merged into that palm and came straight towards Zhao Feng’s head. [Floating Wind Hand] was a martial art skill at the peak of the middle rank and was suitable for women as it used softness to break hardness.

In terms of martial art skill rank, [Floating Wind Hand] was the same as as [Angry Dragon Fists], but it could restrain the latter from using its fullest potential, like how it could restrain [Flaming Metal Fists] as well.

“Flaming Metal Fist!” Zhao Feng did not move and simply threw out a punch.

Pah!

The fist and palm intertwined together.

Suddenly Zhao Xue groaned and started to fall.

Ai!

Zhao Feng gently sighed and tried to help Zhao Xue stabilize. After all..... They had grown up together and he could not bear to see her being injured.

“Pointed Wind Finger!” The moment Zhao Feng held Zhao Xue, the latter’s eyes flashed coldly and her jade-like fingers sliced at Zhao Feng’s chest.

This scene caused many disciples to scream in fear. At such a close distance, Zhao Feng could not dodge at all.

“Hmph!” Zhao Feng expression turned angry and his body suddenly burst with power, sending Zhao Xue flying.

Plop!

Zhao Xue screamed and spat out a mouthful of blood as she landed on the ground.

“Number one hundred and eighty-eight wins.” The judge said while looking disdainfully at Zhao Xue. It was obvious Zhao Xue’s actions did not please him.

“Xue’er!” Zhao Yijian came running over.

Zhao Feng coldly walked down the stage. He never thought that Zhao Xue would attack him under those conditions.

“Kid..... we’ll meet later on! I’ll give you a personal experience of shame!” Zhao Yijian coldly said.

“I’ll be waiting.” Zhao Feng turned and left without bothering to look at Zhao Xue.

He then heard Zhao Xue say in the background, “Brother Jian you have got to take revenge for me.....”

After beating Zhao Xue, Zhao Feng had won twelve matches.

Twelve wins..... Thirteen wins..... Fourteen wins in a row!

Zhao Feng’s record steadily increased.

His core ranked fist skill wiped out everyone at the seventh stage. Only “Zhao Chengang” in the seventh stage had the same record as him.

“There are still six matches left until I can enter the next round.”

However, at the fifteenth round, Zhao Feng met Zhao Chengang who was ranked first in the group. The Duo Eagles were now facing each other! The atmosphere had reached a climax on the seventh stage!

“They are finally meeting each other!” The disciples of the seventh stage let out a deep breath as they became excited. Even some of the contestants from the other stages looked anticipatedly over at the seventh stage.

The judge of the seventh stage let out a smile.

“Kid, I’ve finally met you. If you’ve got skill then keep using your core rankfist skill.” Zhao Chengang licked his lips as his eyes showed a tinge of playfulness.

In terms of strength Zhao Chengang was ranked in the top ten amongst the outer disciples and had learnt high ranked martial arts, which were three ranks higher than core rank martial arts.

“Why not? I will keep on using my core rank fist skill.” Zhao Feng said calmly.



What! He is still going to use the core rank fist skill? The crowd was filled of cold breaths.

“Did this kid eat the wrong medicine?”

“Way too arrogant! Does he think that, just by using a core rank fist skill alone, he can beat the whole group?”

.....

“Still..... Still using a core rank fist skill?”

The judge’s face twitched. Even from the judge’s point of view, he thought that Zhao Feng was being way too arrogant!

Being the opponent, Zhao Chengang’s smile froze, it was as if he had been slapped.....