

## King of Gods

### Chapter 21 – Max level

Obviously, Zhao Feng's words caused an 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 interestingly. 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 big.

"Fine.... Fine.... Fine! I will see..... how strong your core ranked martial art is!" Zhao Chengang's face was deadly. The opponent's performance was 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. However, most of them were more focused on Zhao Feng. Facing the outer disciples 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 looked as they could spit out 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 punches.”

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

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 fist 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 disciple 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 towards 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 conscience 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 the ‘max level’.” An old voice sounded from the centre of the crowd. It was an old man who had a white beard. It was this contest’s main judge.

Max level?

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 the max level!

Max level meant that the skill had been trained to at least ninety-nine percent of its fullest potential. It could be said that it was 'perfect'.

"Although it seems like there is a small difference between the max level 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 max 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 conscience etc all far exceeds 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 by 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, power, all struck at the opponent's weaknesses. Zhao Chengang, who was in a frenzied state, instantly fumbled and got 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 said 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 won 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.

"Max level? 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 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 max 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 the max level, which means that he would not have much time left to train in other skills..... So unfortunate." As the main judge spoke up to here, he shook his head.

"Hmph! Max level 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 shockingly at Zhao Feng, "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 them.

Their four eyes met. While Zhao Yijian's eyes were cold, Zhao Feng had a faint smile on.

"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 in one fist.

"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

Hu!

Zhao Feng let out a breath as he sat down.

Zhao Feng was a black horse that appeared in the in the group contest. Using just his core ranked martial arts he had beat everyone in his way.

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

“I wonder how the other groups are going.” Zhao Feng’s eyes scanned across the other group. The preliminaries was split into ten different group, with each group 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 surpass the damage dealt by the same rank.

At least 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 feel.

“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 win 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's time, there was now a total of one hundred disciples left. These one hundred were the elite of the outer disciples.

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 be entering 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 all had matches going on.

Many would admit defeat if they saw that their opponent was too strong. For examples Zhao Yue and Zhao Yijian, their 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 teeth.

Facing these 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 metres 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 praisingly 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 one 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 as he increased his speed once more.

“It is the high rank skill Ice 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 able to dodge less and less. Soon a few slash marks appeared on Zhao Gan’s body.

“Zhao Yijian wins!” The judge stopped the fight as they wanted Zhao Gan to proceed to the next round as well 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 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 as well 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’s 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 felt back a few metres 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

After the first exchange the difference was immediately seen.

Zhao Guang finally steadied himself as he stared 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 learnt Lightly Floating Ferry! I am sure!” One martial artist looked complexly at Zhao Feng. This martial artist had once learnt Lightly Floating Ferry. However, it was too hard to train in Lightly Floating Ferry, 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 understanding is not bad.....”

Although Lightly Floating Ferry was a high rank skill, it was a broken skill so its potential was limited.

“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 recognised.

Peh! Pah! Beng.....

Zhao Feng pressured towards 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 completely being 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 result astonished them. 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 max 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 teeth and wanted to dig a hole to hide in it.

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

The Four Strong continued to dominate their matches. Many were in anticipation for 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 due to the 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 everyday 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 didn't form inner strength then 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 forte 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, who was 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 limit. 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, and 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 the middle aged man. Zhao Tianjian was Zhao Yijian’s father.

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

On the stage.

“Ice Cold Flash!”

Zhao Yijian pushed the 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 lost 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 had a perfect record as well.

“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 (1)

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 didn't think that his defense would exceed Zhao Yue's.

Ceng!

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

In terms of offense, 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 chaotic 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 for him to jump in midair.

Teng!

His body left the pull of gravity as 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 the 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 passed slowly.

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

However, he suddenly realised that he could not even get close to Zhao Yijian, or else he would face a killing move. His Angry Dragon Fists could not even block 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 as, although 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 analysed 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 last longer than Zhao Yijian.

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

Just as Zhao Feng was thinking.

“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 main judge was a bit hesitant since Zhao Tianjian's cultivation had reached the sixth rank and his status wasn't very 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 main judge. It was obvious that if this was done well, there'll be great rewards.....

“Fine.” The main 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 is 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 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 a complex feeling towards him, some sympathy, some coldness.

Sssss!

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

“Angry Dragon Fists!” Zhao Feng put all his anger into this punch

Arrogant!

The elders shook their heads.

“Ai.” The main 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 hit Zhao Yijian's body.

Peh!

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

“What! That's....”

“It's....” The main judge stood up; his face was full of excitement.

Not good! Zhao Tianjian's expression turned ugly.

“What is going on!” Zhao Yijian felt an unknown pressure bear towards 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 metres 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!”

Inner Strength!

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

## Chapter 25 – Top Outer Disciple (2)

“Inner strength!”

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. It can be said that he is easily going to become a martial artist. His talent can be compared with Zhao Linlong’s!”

The crowd attention once again focused on Zhao Feng. This was the new king of the outer disciples.

Zhao Feng looked incredulously at his fists. He had seen Zhao Yijian’s arm break, seen his sword snap in two.....

He had even restrained from using all of his strength. If he did not, Zhao Yijian’s injury wouldn’t just be as simple as 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 going useless.

“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 three feet and nine-tenths of a foot long, started to creep towards the four foot 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.

After experiencing such a large battle and then being under Zhao Tianjian’s pressure, it helped him increase his cultivation.

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 metres high 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 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 target at his fastest speed.

"Gah! This kid....." Zhao Tianjian understood Zhao Feng's intention.

"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 face 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, the 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! His arm would at least have been crippled, or 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 which was 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 face was stiff. She had a feeling as if she had fallen from heaven and into the abyss.

In her eyes, that familiar figure was now 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 inner strength to instantly break the 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 inner strength and had reached quasi martial artist at the same time. To a certain extent, it was the same as being of the 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 bursted out immense strength.

Crack!

Zhao Yue's metal body was once again broken.

"Oh my god! It is Inner Strength 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 however 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.

In comparison, Zhao Yufei was later than him by half a month.

"It looks like first place is not decided yet."

The crowd were anticipating the clash between Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei.

Finally, when Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei won their ninetieth match 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 the high ranked martial arts trained to the low level.

Furthermore, Zhao Feng’s Angry Dragon Fists was closing in on the max level.

If Angry Dragon Fists can reach its max level, it can easily win against Cold Flowing Sword trained to the high level.

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 shoulder.

“Thank you for going easy.” Zhao Yufei’s body shook but she then 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 similar to 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.