



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~

The cold Inner Strength started to flow out from Zhao Han. It caused the whole arena to become colder and colder. Although Zhao Feng was still a few metres 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 Inner Strength! 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 chaotic 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 Inner Strength is so strong."

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 coldness from his voice seemed to perfectly complement his cold 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’s 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 feel came from his arm and couldn't help himself 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 close 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 Inner Strength was under complete control, unlike Zhao Han's, whose Inner Strength suppressed others in quantity rather than quality.

"The 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 sect's disciples use." The white-bearded judge smiled. His decision to support Zhao Feng was correct.

"He still has remaining aura's of cultivation resources. It looks like he's been quite lucky." The head of the sect Zhao Tiancang said 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 leapt 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 had arrived, the coldness would already 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 metre radius.

Zhao Han retreated back once again. His arm was almost fully numb again.

After fending off Zhao Han, Zhao Feng felt a cold Inner Strength 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 Inner Strength. 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 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 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. On the stage, the 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 face was full of shock. She couldn’t believe her eyes. Zhao Feng’s Metal Wall Technique was given by her. 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, the recoil injured himself.

“The ninth move... the tenth move... ” Zhao Feng’s voice suddenly became loud: “Zhao Han! The ten moves have finished! You’re strength disappoints me.”

His voice was like a nightmare.

The ten moves had finished!

Zhao Feng 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 almost surpassed the original Angry Dragon Fists!

Pah—

The floating casual fist just happened to hit the flaw on Zhao Han's body.

Wah!

Zhao Han spat out a mouthful of blood as he was knocked backwards. At this moment, he had lost all sanity and he fought even more crazily.

But the more he turned insane, 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 disciples. 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 metres 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.