

King of Gods

Chapter 4 – Zhao Yijian

“After breaking through to the 2nd rank of the Martial Path, I won’t be at the bottom anymore, and I’ll also have the right to participate in the “Family Sparring Contest”.

Zhao Feng was very excited, but soon calmed down.

The martial path had 9 ranks, and every rank was harder to achieve than the previous one, similar to a pyramid.

Everyone knew that the first 3 ranks were known as the “Power Ranks”, they were also known as Martial Learner!

Martial Learners used force to strengthen their bodies to provide a strong foundation for later realms.

Although Martial Learner were very low, as it was only considered to have entered the gateway of Martial Arts, to cultivate to the peak of the 3rd rank was not to be looked down upon as one would have at least 400 kg of strength, those born with better talent could even have over 500 kg’s of strength. They could rip apart tigers and destroy bears with their bare hands.

Although Zhao Feng had only broken through to the 2nd rank, he had around 250-300 kg’s of strength, which was well outside the capabilities of normal people. If it was accompanied by strong martial skills, tens of normal people wouldn’t even be able to reach him.

“If I can reach the 3rd rank of the Martial Path, and have around 350-400 kg’s of strength, my overall strength will at least double.”

Zhao Feng thought in his heart.

Of course, the thing that he yearned for was the 4th rank of the Martial Path.

The 4th to 6th rank of the Martial Path were known as the “Accumulation Ranks”, they were also known as Martial Artists, those who were real Martial Artists!

After entering this realm, the Martial Artist wouldn't just have a strong body and blood. They could also strengthen their organs and use the power of "Inner strength", which surpassed that of pure muscle attacks.

Once they reached Martial Artist, they would leave the realms of mundane people and entered a higher level.

Back at Green Leaf Village, Zhao Feng had the urge to become a true Martial Artist, and entering the Zhao sect had made this dream come one step closer.

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After he entered the 2nd rank of the martial path, Zhao Feng immediately told his parents.

2nd Rank of the martial path?

His father Zhao Tianyang and his mother Zhao Shi were both surprised but let out deep breaths.

As Zhao Feng was able to reach the 2nd rank at this age without the use of outside help, his talent could be said to be better than some people.

"All you have to do next for the next two months is to prepare for the "Family Sparring Contest". We do not need you to do extremely well, just do not lose face."

Zhao Tianyang revealed a happy smile.

Zhao Shi also had a pleased smile.

For Zhao Feng to reach this step, they were very pleased and did not have higher expectations.

However, Zhao Feng's target wasn't restricted to just this. He wanted to become a true Martial Artist, maybe even reach the pinnacle of Martial Arts.

"After breaking through to the 2nd rank, my status within the sect is now higher and I have the right to enter the first floor of the "Martial Arts Library"."

The sects "Martial Arts library" contained many different martial arts skills.

Thinking about this, Zhao Feng immediately went towards the Martial Arts Library.

“Brother Feng!”

Halfway, a slightly shocked voice from a girl stopped him.

The young girl’s voice had a familiar sound and felt comfortable to listen to.

Zhao Feng’s body turned stiff.

From his side came a boy and girl whose ages weren’t very old.

The male was purple clothed, had thick eyebrows, a straight tall back and sharpness in his eyes. His cultivation had reached the peak of the 3rd rank, the other disciples around them felt the pressure he emitted.

“He is the sects 3rd ranking disciple of the outer disciples “Zhao Yijian”!”

The people around them exclaimed, with faces full of worry and fear.

The one that came with Zhao Yijian was a young woman wearing white, whose age was the same as Zhao Feng, around 13 or 14, she had a clear beautiful face.

“Little Sister Xue.”

Zhao Feng looked at the white clothed girl and his mouth subconsciously curled into a mocking smile.

The girl in front of him was the one who entered the sect with him half a year ago, “Zhao Xue”.

Back at Green Leaf Village, Zhao Xue was a huge fan of his. However, after they entered the Zhao sect they became distant from one another, they were almost total strangers now.

After Zhao Xue entered the Zhao sect, using her beauty, she quickly became good friends with Zhao Yijian, who was ranked 3rd of the outer disciples, and then, by using her connections, she achieved the 2nd of the martial path half a month ago.

At this moment, Zhao Xue said something to Zhao Yijian.

“Ok, but just do not take too long.”

Zhao Yijian nodded his head and leaned aside, not even bothering to look at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Xue walked in front of Zhao Feng and, in a complex manner, and with a little sigh, said, “Brother Feng, you have finally broken through to the 2nd rank. However, Xue’er is going to give you some advice, do not be too stubborn. After entering the sect, I have realised that the place we started at is too low compared to the ones here.”

“What do you want to say?”

Zhao Feng broke off her sentence and responded with a cold face.

Zhao Xue had a bit of anger on her face, but she still bit her teeth and said, “Brother Feng, Xue’er is going to advise you one more time, go to brother Yijian and pledge yourself to him. With his help, only then will you merge with the main Zhao sect, that way you can avoid problems.....”

Pledge?

Zhao Feng made a cold laugh. He won’t pledge to anyone in his whole life.

Zhao Yijian had a cold aura and was extremely arrogant. Every time he saw Zhao Feng, it was with his nostrils, as if he was too high up compared to him.

Seeing Zhao Feng’s expression, Zhao Xue immediately knew, as they grew up together she understood Zhao Feng very well.

Zhao Xue walked back to Zhao Yijian’s side and murmured something.

“Hmph! He doesn’t know what’s good for him, this useless garbage.”

Zhao Yijian said in a cold voice.

“Useless garbage?”

Zhao Feng’s eyebrows scrunched.

Maybe it was because he saw Zhao Feng so unwilling, but Zhao Yijian took a pause and coldly said, “I’ve heard that you’re the genius of Green Leaf

village? However, at the Zhao sect, you're just a little bug! We'll meet at the "Family Sparring contest" and I'll beat you in just one move."

"Just like what I would say, we'll meet at the contest."

Zhao Feng spat bitterly and then turned towards the Martial Arts library.

He didn't want to keep on talking, since they were bound to fight 2 months later, and the one with greater strength would win.

As Zhao Xue's eyesight passed by Zhao Feng, it flashed ever so slightly.

At this point, she felt a strange feeling from Zhao Feng. A feeling that she couldn't understand.

"He sure thinks he's good."

Zhao Yijian snorted.

He didn't even think of Zhao Feng as a serious opponent!

At the sects outer disciples, those that had entered the 3rd rank of the martial path didn't exceed 60 people, and to rank 3rd out of these... It could be seen that he had some great skills up his sleeve.

Zhao Xue gave off a deep sigh in her heart, Zhao Feng was just finding trouble for himself.

Zhao Xue understood Zhao Yijian's strength very well. Some of the 3rd ranks couldn't even block one move of his.

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After a while, Zhao Feng came to the sect's important grounds, the Martial Arts Library.

The Martial Arts Library was very important to the sect, and therefore had elders guarding it.

"Branch disciple?"

The white-clothed elder inside the Martial Arts library looked at Zhao Feng's identity plate, and scrunched up his eyebrows.

“Great elder.”

Zhao Feng had a polite face on, he knew the elders strength.

From his left eye, he felt a mysterious force coming from the elder. It was a layer of red aura, which was between their blood and skin, but was constantly moving through their veins, and could attack at any time. It could also attack through the air and crush metal into powder.

Zhao Feng knew that the white-clothed elder had already cultivated “inner strength” to a high degree, it could destroy one hundred of him in an instant.

Only those that were at the 4th rank of the martial path or higher could have inner strength.

Zhao Xue, Zhao Kun, these martial learners wouldn't have inner strength.

Zhao Feng took a bow and said: “Elder, I want to go into the second floor of the martial arts library.”

“Achieving the 2nd rank at 14 years of age is average. However, before you become an inner disciple, I must tell you that branch disciples and main disciples have different treatments in the martial arts library.”

The white-robed elder said.

When Zhao Feng heard this, he paused a second, but then thought about the new rules of the sect and immediately understood.

“Elder, please go on.”

Zhao Feng knew that before having absolute power, he didn't have any right to discuss the rules.

The white-clothed elder said with an expressionless face: “those with the 2nd rank of the martial path can only enter the first floor of the martial arts library. The first floor of the martial arts library have a lot of low ranked martial arts, and a few middle ranked ones. Main sect disciples can choose two middle ranked martial arts, or four low ranked martial arts at max, and the limit for borrowing these is two months. Side branch disciples can only choose one middle ranked martial art, or two low ranked martial arts, and the time limit is one month.”

After listening to the rules, Zhao Feng took a deep breath and said, "This junior understands."

The branch disciples had only half of the quantity and time compared to the main branch disciples.

"Ok! You can go in now, but the time limit is half an hour."

Under the white-robed elder's guidance, Zhao Feng slowly stepped into the martial arts library, a place he'd dreamed of coming to.....