

# PEERLESS MARTIAL GOD

## Chapter 19: Three hundred years

Special Thanks to Joseph G for sponsoring this bonus chapter. He said he doesn't understand why he is so absorbed into this novel. I like to think it's because of my amazing translation skills and not because of the great story. hehe

This is the first release from my Slave weekend. For those of you who do not know, I will be working hard to clear all sponsored chapters during this time. I hope you enjoy this chapter. I will not begin editing chapter 20 which should be released shortly.

Status: \$80/40 – 2 sponsored chapters, So we did not manage to make the most out of Saturday slave day, but the day is not over and we still have Sunday. I will do a maximum of 4 chapters today.

Enjoy! All hell is about to break loose. hehe xoxo

Lin Feng had completely released his dark spirit. Sweat was dripping all over his body as he struggled with every breath.

The attacks had become overwhelmingly powerful. Lin Feng was definitely an exceptional talent which could only be seen every ten thousand years. It was almost like he was wielding ten thousand swords simultaneously. The thunderous roars had consumed the entire atmosphere within the precipice.

Lin Feng was stunned at the progress he had made. He was able to predict when and how the counterattacks would strike back at him. He didn't stop attacking the drums for even a single second. If he stopped even briefly, the sword Qi from a single counterattack would crush him. Lin Feng had not anticipated this kind of situation.

"How did it become powerful?" Lin Feng had thousands of theories but could not comprehend his current situation. Lin Feng was never able to release such a powerful energy, so how could his returned energy be so much stronger. Even a Cultivator who had reached the Ling Qi layer would find it hard to release such a powerful attack.

"Since I started using the Roaring Thunder skill the energy from each attack has been accumulating and the sword Qi is getting stronger and stronger. This is how it reached such a tremendous power." Thought Lin Feng while still dodging each and every counter attack.

The sword Qi had transformed into an unknown force... a force which seemed to be invincible.

“Even though Han Man had only reached the eighth Qi layer, it seemed like he was able to reach a perfect fusion with the Earth beneath his feet. The Earth was giving its power to him. It is precisely because he used the power of the Earth combined with his abilities that he was able to defeat Cultivators of the ninth Qi layer in the three punch match and even cause an injury to that disciple.”

Lin Feng suddenly thought about the fight between Han Man and the Cultivator of the ninth Qi layer which gave him a brilliant idea. He had initially thought that Han Man could use the Earth’s power because his spirit was an earth spirit but Lin Feng realized that this type of thinking was wrong. This power was all around us at all times and anyone could use this power as their own.

Each time he used Nine Heavy Waves to attack the drums, the drums counterattacked.

Each time he used Roaring Thunder to attack the drums, the drums counterattacked.

Lin Feng had realized that if the eight drums didn't have the potential to attack. If Nine Heavy Waves bounced from the drums to come back at Lin Feng, it was because of the power within the attack. If Roaring Thunder bounced from the drums and came back at Lin Feng, it was because of the power of his Roaring Thunder skill.

"The power!" Lin Feng had a bright smile on his face. He suddenly changed the way he was using his sword and each of his attacks became more skillful and elegant. His sword play had become graceful and while each of his movements required unparalleled skill, when used by Lin Feng it seemed as easy as breathing.

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In the Stormy Gorge, in the Life or Death Arena suddenly a group of people approached from the sky.

When the crowd in the Gorge saw these people, everyone from the Yun Hai Sect looked at them with the utmost respect. However in their hearts they were all a bit nervous and stunned at the turn of events. Chu Zhan Peng was one of the eight officials of the country; However the Yun Hai Patriarch reigned supreme over everyone within his territory, even though both sects

had similar status. He was the great leader of the sect which made all of the Yun Hai Sect elders anxious upon his arrival.

“Patriarch, Great Elder” Every member of the Yun Hai Sect bowed at the same time to greet the two special hosts.

“Chu Zhan Peng greets Patriarch Nan Gong and Great Elder Mo.” Said Chu Zhan Peng to the two who were calmly moving in his direction while slightly bowing with respect. He still had a strange smile on his face making him look handsome while giving away his treacherous intentions.

“Young Master Chu Zhan Peng, how have you been these days?” Nan Gong Ling looked at Chu Zhan Peng while nodding his head. Nan Gong Ling was middle aged but still had signs of youth on his face and he was surprisingly calm in front of the junior patriarch. His youth showed he had spent less time than most on the path to cultivation but still had a mature composure.

“Nan Gong Ling is the youngest Patriarch the Yun Hai Clan has ever had throughout its history. Although you are not yet as strong as my father, but if we had to fight, I would have a lot of pressure and the outcome would be unknown. Your power is extraordinary for such a young age.” Said Chu Zhan Peng looking calm. He was secretly amazed by Nan Gong Ling. Nan Gong Ling was the strongest disciple of the Yun Hai Sect in the past hundred years.

He had become the Yun Hai Sect's Patriarch when he was only forty years old. His reputation was known throughout the world of cultivation.

"My father is much stronger these days than when you had last seen him. He also told me to greet you when I left to come to the Yun Hai Sect." Chu Zhan Peng's father was actually the Patriarch of the Hao Yue Sect.

Nan Gong Ling nodded and said: "Mo Xie, Chu Zhan Peng came here as a guest, how can you let him stand."

"The great Chu Zhan Peng came to the Yun Hai Sect because he wants us to deliver him one of our ordinary disciples called Lin Feng." Mo Xie said explaining.

"Because of an ordinary disciple?" asked Nan Gong Ling frowning in irritation.

Chu Zhan Peng quickly interrupted Mo Xie and said "Patriarch Nan Gong Ling, Lin Feng is the son of this junior female apprentice's uncle. That young man has no regard for his elders and betters. He has injured one of his male cousins. He also insulted and humiliated his uncle, the father of my female junior apprentice. Therefore, my female junior apprentice wanted to come to solve their personal grudges."

Chu Zhan Peng was facing the great elders and the patriarch of the Yun Hai Sect, so he was careful not to sound too excessive with his words or he may not leave with his life. He wanted Nan Gong Ling to accept his request. Therefore he was using a mild and humble tone. However, Nan Gong Ling wasn't that kind of a person and he perfectly understood what was going on.

"Mo Xie, how do you want to handle this?" Asked Nan Gong Ling.

Mo Xie didn't immediately reply. He secretly glanced at one of the great elders who was standing next to Nan Gong Ling.

"That child, with no regard for his elders and betters is guilty. He should be expelled from the sect".

Mo Xie was guarded in his speech. If he had directly said that he would deliver Lin Feng to Chu Zhan Peng to save face, it would definitely anger Nan Gong Ling. Lin Feng was still a Yun Hai Sect disciple after all. How could he deliver one of his disciples to the Hao Yue Sect without question? But saying he would expel Lin Feng from the Sect implied that everything that happened after would have nothing to do with the sect anymore as Lin Feng wouldn't be a disciple any longer. How cruel could Mo Xie possibly be to this ordinary disciple his own face?

Nan Gong Ling was frowning and shaking his head. He knew exactly what Mo Xie had meant in his words. Nan Gong Ling would not willingly hand over any of his disciples.

“Patriarch, his behavior is harmful to our sect and its reputation, if he stayed in the Yun Hai Sect, it would be a disaster in the future. Mo Xie is begging that you expel that disciple for the well-being of the other disciples of the sect.” Said Mo Cang Lan; one of the great elders from the sect.

Everyone around them had perfectly understood the situation. A solution had to be found. Mo Cang Lan, as one of the Great Elders was also in charge of enforcement within the sect. His position within the hierarchy of the sect was extremely high. He was also Mo Xie’s father. After what he said, it could be easily understood what the consequences for Lin Feng would be.

“Ordinary disciple.” Whispered Nan Gong Ling. He was inwardly startled but didn’t show it. He didn’t approve Mo Xie’s decision but Mo Cang Lan was a chief figure in the sect. Nan Gong Ling couldn’t make Mo Cang Lan lose face because of a simple Ordinary disciple. Abandoning Lin Feng was the only solution.

At that moment, Nan Gong Ling was about to agree.



“GOOONNNG” A deep soul piercing sound was heard and it seemed that the sound echoed through the mountains, each vibration making all those present tremble slightly. It sounded like the gods were marching to battle in the heavens and these were the war drums they played.

The whole crowd was puzzled. Where did such a loud and terrifying sound come from? They could not think what had caused the sound they had just heard. The Patriarch of the Yun Hai Sect, Nan Gong Ling had chills run down his spine as a light twinkled in his eyes. That was the sound of the drums on the Precipice of Zhangu.

Mo Cang Lan was amazed. His eyes were twinkling as well. He gazed into the distance towards a certain mountain range. There was a precipice in that chain of mountains. On that overhanging cliff, there was a small room with eight drums. The drums there had not emitted a single sound in more than a hundred years.

“GOOOOONNG” Another drum sound was heard as if it was rushing down from beyond the highest heavens.

“That... That’s the second drum! Impossible!” Nan Gong Ling could not believe what he has just heard. Right after that, the smile on his face could not be

removed. Only the most gifted and the strongest disciples, referred to as geniuses could make the drums emit a sound. They were looking forward to announcing that the Yun Hai Sect had an outstanding disciple, a true genius among geniuses.

Nan Gong Ling's mood wasn't good because of what had happened with Chu Zhan Peng. Being in such a situation because of a disciple while being a large sect like the Yun Hai Sect was embarrassing. But at that moment, Nan Gong Ling had forgotten these events and could not contain his excitement. It had been more than a hundred years since the beating sound of the drums had been heard. Now he had heard the beating sound of the drums twice.

"I don't know who that disciple is... Unbelievably he was able to pass the test of the Precipice of Zhangu." Said Nan Gong Ling. He was asking himself who had passed the test. He had completely forgotten that problem with Chu Zhan Peng.

"GOOOOONNNGGG" The third beating sound of the drums spread throughout the sky above the Yun Hai Sect. That time, almost everyone in the Yun Hai Sect looked at the heavens with a slight fear showing in their eyes, but some of the stronger disciples could somewhat tell the direction the sound was coming from and nothing more. The strongest disciples knew the sound they were hearing. It had been a long time since they had been so thrilled.

Nan Gong Ling was also staring at the sky. The history of the clan dated back a thousand years... and it had been three hundred years since three beating drum sounds were heard.

“Phewww...” Nan Gong Ling was breathing deeply and struggling to contain his excitement. The Patriarch of the Sect was so young and yet in his generation he would bring untold glory back to the Sect.