

PEERLESS MARTIAL GOD

Chapter 5: Unsheathing the sword

Ten thousand miles separated Yang Zhou City from the Yun Hai sect, even though Li Xue could travel across a thousand miles a day, it still took Lin Feng ten days to arrive.

However, during these ten days, Lin Feng didn't waste time. In his previous life, Lin Feng had never been that warm-blooded, He had never experienced such a feeling of ardor. Unwittingly, his state of mind had improved greatly. Walking on the path of cultivation had now enabled him to reach the seventh Qi layer. "Where water flows, a canal is formed" as the saying goes. Besides, practicing had enabled him to master the Nine Heavy Waves martial arts technique to a new level.

These days, Lin Feng possessed a much more powerful physical strength than in his previous life. His actual strength was actually close to 8500 jin which was immensely powerful for the seventh Qi Layer of cultivation.

The Yun Hai sect was located in a mountain chain called Yun Hai Hill. Yun Hai Hill wasn't really the biggest mountain in that mountain chain but it

covered such a big area that it was easily visible from the distant sky. Yun Hai Hill even looked like a city when looked down upon from the heavens. It was surrounded by eight mountains which, unlike Yun Hai Hill, seemed to rise into the sky as if reaching for the heavens. The Mystical beauty of this mountain owes itself to Feng Shui, it provides a great luck and destiny.

As he moved closer.

“Halt! Come down off that horse!” said two mountain guards quite coldly while giving Lin Feng a mocking smile. These two guards were also Yun Hai sect’s disciples.

Lin Feng looked at them in a disdainful way. Meanwhile, another disciple riding a horse rode past and continued on towards the mountain. Lin Feng pointed at him: “how come you’re not preventing him from getting in?”.

“Hmph”, one of them smiled expressing both ridicule and anger: “how can you compare yourself with the normal disciples? You almost got killed before, you piece of trash”.

So it was only a matter of power and status. Lin Feng smiled. These mountain guards, even though they belonged to the Yun Hai sect, were only there for decoration. Their level was so weak. However, if someone wants to come in,

they must pass the mountain guards. Even though their job wasn't that important, they had the power to prevent people from getting in. Powerful disciples like the one who previously rode past didn't have to tell them anything.

"Weak ones must be bullied and humiliated", Lin Feng said while smiling sarcastically. He didn't come down off the horse's back, he just pulled on the reins. Qian Li Xue neighed and reared back.

"How dare you, you piece of trash", yelled the two guards at the same time. Lin Feng raised his fists and punched the air creating two shock waves which struck towards the guards. The sudden extremely powerful burst of air struck them so violently that it knocked them back.

"If this happens again, I will cripple you", Lin Feng hurtled by. Only those who were powerful had the possibility to express themselves. The two guards struggled back to their feet, while gasping and wiping the blood from the corner of their lips. They saw Lin Feng was already far away and it made their anger boil from within. A piece of trash was still more powerful than them, no wonder they were only fit to be mountain guards.

Within the Yun Hai sect, if 15-16 year-old teenagers had reached the sixth or seventh layer on the path of cultivation, their talent was defined as average. Those who had reached the eighth layer were considered as outstanding

geniuses. Everybody within the Yun Hai sect would show them admiration. As for 15-16 year-old ones who reached the Ling Qi layer, their power would be acknowledged in the entire Xue Yue country.

Unlike these geniuses, if a 15 year-old doesn't make any progress within the Qi layers, they will be looked down by the others. Lin Feng's level was so low that the others called him "piece of trash". He was bullied by other people and they all considered him to be worthless trash.

The fact that Lin Feng had come back to the Yun Hai sect spread very quickly amongst the sect's disciples. Lin Feng, the piece of trash, was infamous in the Yun Hai sect. Lin Feng, while walking within the sect's territory noticed people were staring at him; all of them had different expressions on their face. He turned a deaf ear to what was happening. Moving forward within the Yun Hai sect, he walked over the Xing Chen Pavilion.

The Xing Chen Pavilion was a place within the Yun Hai sect where disciples were provided with various martial cultivation techniques and martial skills. Every day, many disciples would go to the Xing Chen Pavilion to practice. That day was no exception and the Pavilion was filled with disciples.

Suddenly,

“Lin Feng”,

Lin Feng stopped walking when he heard a voice. He looked around him and shortly after noticed a teenager whose face looked quite cold.

“You’re quite resilient, it seems you haven’t died yet”. The teenager was Lin Heng. He was the culprit who tried to murder Lin Feng last time they had seen each other, Lin Hao Ran’s eldest son.

Lin Feng gave him a quick glance and smiled mockingly. Lin Heng had only reached the eighth Qi layer while Lin Feng was at the seventh Qi layer but had also mastered the Nine Heavy Waves technique, he wasn’t inferior to Lin Heng whatsoever. Lin Feng only had to learn and practice one or two more skills and he would certainly be able to defeat Lin Heng.

Lin Feng ignored Lin Heng and immediately entered the Xing Chen Pavilion. Improve his skills and strength first, and then take his revenge.

“Next time, I will definitely kill you and send you home to your father to bury” Lin Heng said furious to see that Lin Feng was ignoring him. Lin Heng’s eyes were like piercing daggers as he stared at Lin Feng.

In front of the Xing Chen Pavilion, there was an old man sitting. That old man was staring absent minded at the horizon.

“Elder”, Lin Feng bowed to greet the old man. He was the only one there to protect the pavilion. The Xing Chen Pavilion was a very important place but the old man guarding it didn’t look like he was that important. It reminded Lin Feng of a film he watched in his previous life. It depicted an old powerful monk in a Shaolin temple who was simply cleaning the floor like a servant. Lin Feng thought that scene was particularly deep and unmeasurable, enigmatic and impossible to fully comprehend. As someone who had been granted a second life, he was able to understand the meaning of such actions.

The old man’s expression suddenly changed and he started to pay attention. He was quite surprised to see Lin Feng acknowledge him. A short moment after, he started nodding his head which expressed how pleasantly surprised he was: “seventh Qi layer, you can only choose and practice skills introduced on the first floor, at most two skills”.

“I understand”, Lin Feng replied. The Xing Chen Pavilion was divided into three floors, students of a lower level didn’t have access to the same resources as their fellow disciples of a higher level. The latter had a card to access these higher-level resources. Thus, lower-level disciples could only access resources on the first floor.

The resources available on the first floor are all yellow-level skills and methods. However, there is a huge amount of them. It is thus possible to find skills and methods which are the most suitable for one's self. They are Yun Hai sect's basic skills and methods. All of them are better than any of the skills which can be found within Lin's family.

What Lin Feng needed the most at the moment were skills so he started to look for books in the skill bookshelf.

"Seven-Tyrant Fist, One Tyrannical Fist – Seven lethal strikes, skill suitable for those who possess the martial spirit".

"Hurricane blade, Transform the air itself into a weapon and launch multiple wind blades, skill suitable for people who have the air spirit".

"Rampaging Ox, yellow level top grade martial arts skill, skill suitable for beast spirits".

Lin Feng browsed through all these books quickly turning the pages and then putting them back into the shelf. He possessed the dark spirit. He was capable of strengthening all skills possible. His understanding ability was also

quite high. Basically, there was absolutely no restriction when it came to learning new skills. He could learn and practice them all, which is one of the advantages of having a dark spirit. However he still could not find a skill he wanted.

“Cool-breeze sword, Quick and skillful, using this skill must be done with natural grace and elegance, fits people who have the sword spirit”.

Lin Feng’s facial expression changed and he suddenly stared at this book. He was looking forward to carrying a sword and traveling around in all corners of the country helping people in need and shedding the blood of those with evil intentions. He was filled with gratitude for his second chance and a thirst for vengeance. Unable to describe his feelings, he was feeling quite happy but he still had the impression that it wasn’t exactly the skill that he needed or really wanted.

“Sword unsheathing skill, sword unsheathing is a skill which kills at lightening speed, a fast one-hit kill, suitable for people who possess a sword spirit”.

“Sword unsheathing”, Lin Feng stopped moving, it seemed that the use of that sword was different from that of other swords. Traditionally, what swordsmen liked the less was the moment of unsheathing a sword because it is a critical moment during which a certain amount of time is lost and thus delays the moment when the attack can be carried out. Nevertheless, sword unsheathing

was a skill made to kill people. Unsheathing the sword had killing for its sole purpose. The most powerful moment of that skill was unsheathing the sword and striking with one movement, if you missed once, you could only consider yourself defeated.

Furthermore, sword unsheathing wasn't the same as other skills. It had only one level, one movement. Unsheathing the sword, killing people was the ultimate attainment, the highest achievement. One quick movement and the sword is showering in the blood of your enemies.

"I choose it", Lin Feng took the book "sword unsheathing" and then got ready to choose a body movement technique. After all, he had to ensure he would be able to kill in one hit at all times. If defeated, the only solution, assuming you could run fast enough, was to escape. Leaping onto roofs, vaulting over walls, was also something that could be useful but that's something everyone dreams of, right?

Lin Feng then chose another book called Moonlight Feather which was a agility technique. Anyone who could master these skills could become so powerful that nobody would see them. In fact, nobody would see anything but your shadow and their own death. Gathering the books together, Lin Feng went to the old man to check them out.

“Sword unsheathing”, whispered the old man, and went on: “Young man, sword unsheathing... it’s the first time that it is picked up by someone. Nonetheless, you need to know that if someone has already unsheathed their sword and you still haven’t unsheathed yours, if your speed is slower than that of your opponent, the outcome is obvious, you are doomed. One can say that this skill is very powerful but it requires a high level of achievement, you must be quicker than any opponent and only then, you will be able to kill them in one hit”.

“I understand”, Lin Feng knew the elder was showing kindness in making him aware of the weakness. If someone were too slow to unsheathe their sword, then killing in one hit would be impossible and that meant putting yourself in a critical and dangerous situation.

“You clearly understand the implications, then that’s a good thing. If you cannot successfully kill in one hit, Moonlight Feather is an excellent movement skill for escaping”. The old man stopped talking and checked out Lin Feng’s books. Furthermore, books borrowed from the Xing Chen Pavilion had to be returned within one month. Borrowing them for more than a month would influence other Yun Hai sect members’ training as they would be unable to borrow them as well.

“Thank you, Elder, thank you for guiding me”, Lin Feng picked up the books and politely thanked the old man showing him gratitude.

“Un”, the old man smiled while nodding his head and handing over a flexible sword, “you can use this sword as a belt because it is very soft, this sword is of no use here anyway, you can take it and have fun”.

Before Lin Feng could say thanks,

“Don’t mention it, no need to thank me so many times. Go and train!” the old man noticed that Lin Feng wanted to thank him again and waved goodbye to him.

Lin Feng scratched his head not knowing what to say. He took a closer look at the sword.

Sword unsheathing combined with wearing the sword as a belt would enable you to attack someone by surprise and kill them in one swift motion.

Lin Feng nodded, smiled at the old man and then left.

“It’s been a long while since I’ve seen such an interesting young man” whispered the old man to himself. Immediately after that, the old man got back into his initial position staring at the horizon seemingly lost in thought.

These days, young people were concerned with training to improve their actual strength, but more and more did it impulsively while forgetting and neglecting the traditional foundations of martial skills.

Not Sane: Since no one has picked this up since the amazing Alice dropped it, I will be continuing this project. Please check the schedule. Regular releases are coming to a translation team near you!!!

Another chapter to follow to celebrate our release day! Thank you to loli queen Pan Pan for being adorable!