

MARTIAL PEAK 3

Chapter 3 – 147 Losses

Within the Tower disciples' internal struggles, every year there are many who die. Zhou Ding Jun seeing this unflinching and courageous brother, couldn't help but feel a bit alarmed.

When he thought that, Zhou Ding Jun knew he couldn't reach such a degree and was afraid that he would have to surrender.

Keep your cool, will then you will not be afraid to be burned. This is the way of life, to stubbornly follow your decision. This is perseverance!

Despite Kai Yang's sorry figure, his eyes were becoming more and more powerful. Zhou Ding Jun knew that if he didn't settle things now, then there will be no end.

Thinking of this, Zhou Ding Jun rushed forward to execute a palm knife to Kai Yang's neck bone. Kai Yang with an imposing manner swiftly escaped. Then his eyes clouded and he fell limply to the ground.

Seeing this scene, tens of feet higher, a disciple who was sitting on a tree branch took out a small book. Flipping the page she wrote: Trial Disciple Kai Yang vs. Ordinary Disciple Zhou Ding Jun, Zhou Ding Jun wins.

(TLN: Experimental disciple will now become trial disciple)

The person who was on the tree branch had a graceful figure, it obviously was a woman. It was just that black mask on her face, didn't allow people to see her face. But those delicate eyebrows, proved that this person was not old. The armband on her arm also indicated her identity, a Sky Tower Dark Hall Disciple!

Sky Tower's Dark Hall is a special sector; the school's three main elders were responsible for governing and the hall disciples were responsible for recording down all affairs of the school, no matter how big or small, all matters are recorded. This also included the results of duels between disciples.

So for all battles within the school, you do not have to worry about not being able to prove your wins and earning contribution points. For in the shadows,

dark hall disciples will record them down for you, and summarise your monthly records.

This woman, after recording the outcome for this duel, took out another smaller book from her waist and opened up at May 7th century, 14 years Kai Yang's 147th defeat.

Even if you remove this, above are numerous records of Kai Yang's battles. From the first battle to the most recent, all had one word: Defeat!

One hundred and forty seven battles in a row, he had lost every single one of them. This simply can be said that since the school's history, it was a unique record and was enough to be awe-inspiring. Though the owner of this record was lying on the ground, not knowing if they were dead or alive.

Kai Yang had never challenged others, so these 147 losses were from others challenging him. So to say, from being challenged once every five day, this had last for two years.

Looking at Kai Yang on the ground, she wrinkled her eyebrows. She didn't understand how Yang kai could endure to this state. He had already become the Tower's trial disciple, even his very survival was endangered, so why did he still linger? If he had left, then his life will certainly be better. This thin boy, what kind of dedication did he have? Even with 147 straight losses, he remains undaunted.

Perhaps this is a man's folly? Taking notice of Kai Yang was also a moment's coincidence. When Xia Ning Chang became a dark hall disciple, she was placed in charge of monitoring this area. Yang Kai was challenged every time, not once, not twice, and every single time she saw him being beaten to near death. Xia Ning Chang, began to pay attention to this tempered body third stage youth.

She was really curious, with his strength, how long could he endure before finally leaving Sky Tower. This type of talent, this type of training speed, he really was not fit to remain here. The ordinary world is his place.

The people below had already long scattered, only Kai Yang was still there on the ground. Coming and going, time passed by.

Xia Ning Chang, disappeared from the branch in a flash.

When Kai Yang woke up, it was already three o'clock. There was nowhere on his body that didn't hurt. Staggering, he stood up and looked up, only to be surprised. For the place in which he woke up from was under the shade of a tree and not where he fainted.

This was really surprising, was there a fellow disciple that was kind enough to carry him over? This had never happened before, causing Kai Yang to furrow his brows. He could vaguely remember there was a shadowy figure darting in front of him. But memory was too vague, thinking harder just made it more unclear.

But between his current position and the place he fainted, there was very distinct drag marks, clearly showing that he had been dragged over.

Once again he felt his back, immediately flaring hot pain spread out.

Kai Yang froze for a moment, becoming furious! The trace of goodwill he felt towards his benefactor had quickly disappeared. That person directly dragged him over, otherwise how could his back bleed like this.

He might as just have left him there on the ground! Kai Yang thought to himself.

Being depressed, Kai Yang realised that in his right hand he was clutching something. Looking down in doubt, he was surprised to find a small, fine work of porcelain in his hand.

What is this? This was definitely not his, for the only things that Kai Yang owned were the clothes on his back and his broom. How could he have this?

The small porcelain bottle had a label. Yang Kau read it out: "Blood Clotting Cream".

Blood clotting cream, Kai Yang knew of this.

This was the school's cream to help heal wounds, although it was ordinary, its effects were very good. Generally, disciples will carry one bottle around for emergency uses. this one bottle of cream in Sky Tower Logistics, was very expensive.

Ten points of contribution was the bottle's cost!

How much contribution points can Kai Yang earn for sweeping for a month? He can only earn ten points, in other words, this one bottle's worth was equal to one month of work for him.

Who was it? At this moment, the resentment Kai Yang had towards this person was reduced greatly, but as he moved, the pain flared up again. He had already come to this Tower for three years, three years. Within this time, Yang Kai had already gotten used to the lack of compassion between disciples. But today, for this person to leave behind a bottle of blood clotting cream for him, greatly touched Yang Kai's hearts.

Originally, he had thought all the disciples were cold-blooded people.

Perhaps this bottle of cream was not worth much to them, but to Kai Yang currently, he desperately needed it.

There was a saying, dripping water is grace, is hard to forget even when one's teeth fall out!

(TLN: Meaning one small kindness must be remembered eternally and returned)

Kai Yang was both grateful and tried to remember who it was. It was becoming harder to remember. He could only recall the thin strand of fragrance lingering around.

"Was this medicine this fragrant?" Kai Yang pondered.

Calming down and straightening his clothes, he carefully put the bottle away. Kai Yang re-picked up his broom and commenced his work.

Inside and outside all were swept, then at midnight, his work was considered completed. Kai Yang dragged his tired and hungry body back to his hut.

The morning's battle wounds had yet to be treated. Even when Kai Yang was starving, he could only endure. First treat the injuries then deal with the hunger.

Taking off his clothes, he then carried over a tub of water to wash his body. If someone were to be by his side and look at Kai Yang's body, they would cry out in shock.

Kai Yang's bones, along with his ribs were all clearly visible. It was clear that his body didn't have much flesh on it and lacked nutrition. There were also bruises and scars littering his body everywhere. There was practically no place that wasn't scarred.

Every five days he was challenged, every time he lost, every time he was knocked unconscious. When old injuries had yet to fade, new ones were added. Switching to any other person, they would be unable to tolerate this pain, but Kai Yang did. Not only did he bear with it, but he continued his daily sweeping, not letting those injuries affect him.