

K O G 100

[King of Gods](#)

Chapter 100: Unwanted Guest

After walking out of the Spiritual Martial Hall, the youths were all silent. After what Master had just said, they were now competing against each other.

“Only ten days time...”

Feng Hanyue clenched his fists together and glanced sideways at Yang Qingshan and Nan Gongfan. Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan were both at the late stages of the eighth rank and if there weren't any accidents, the other two recommendations would go to them.

On the other hand, Feng Hanyue, Zhao Feng, and Zhao Yufei were all at the peak of the seventh rank. Zhao Feng was extremely calm, he had complete confidence that he was able to take one spot, but he was worried for Zhao Yufei. Next to him, Zhao Yufei looked sadly at him, which confirmed Zhao Feng's thoughts of her giving up.

Through his left eye, he estimated Zhao Yufei's strength, and she didn't have much of a chance.

“Zhao Feng! Do you remember my challenge? We'll settle it out in the Clan. Of course, that's if you get in...” Bei Moi looked playfully towards Zhao Feng.

It was obvious that he didn't think that Zhao Feng was doing well in the current situation.

First, Zhao Feng's talent and cultivation was lower than Yang Qingshan and Nan Gongfan. Second, it was another problem if he could pass the test with a Half-Spiritual Body. Therefore, the actual chance of the two settling it out was quite low.

“There will be that day.” Zhao Feng's voice was confident as he walked away, leaving Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan behind.

“Where does the confidence come from? What sort of trick does he have to take our spots?” Nan Gongfan mocked.

Yang Qingshan, on the other hand had a solemn expression as he looked at Zhao Feng's back.

The six youths immediately started cultivating the second they returned home. For the last ten days, Feng Hanyue, Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei were all using the time available to try and break through. Yang Qingshan and Nan Gongfan didn't dare to be overconfident, so they both consolidated and tried to increase their strength.

The one most relaxed was Bei Moi. He had no pressure at all, it was almost certain that he would get in the Clan, but even then he only got to relax for two days.

After all, Lord Guanjun personally taught him which was a treatment that Zhao Feng and the others wouldn't receive. Therefore, in the last ten days, the six geniuses all had certain breakthroughs under the pressure.

On the fifth day, Zhao Feng reached the eighth rank. He didn't even try that hard to increase his cultivation, since his main focus was still Silver Wall Technique.

On the seventh day, Feng Hanyue and Zhao Yufei both reached the eighth rank.

The ten days passed in a blink of an eye. On the morning of the tenth day, the six youths returned to the Spiritual Martial Hall.

Lord Guanjun stood with his hands behind his back and on either side stood Ye Linyun and the one-armed Third Guard.

The six youths stood in a row with Bei Moi at the front, waiting for their Master.

"Not bad." Lord Guanjun scanned the six youths and nodded his head in satisfaction. All of them had reached the eighth rank with Bei Moi at the ninth.

It could be said that any one of the six could dominate an entire small city.

"Master, have you confirmed the three recommendations?" Ye Linyun said expectantly.

"Yes, I've decided to give the three spots to Bei Moi, Yang Qingshan, and Nan Gongfan," Lord Guanjun said deeply.

Hearing this, the expressions of Feng Hanyue, Zhao Feng, and Zhao Yufei changed while happiness appeared on Yang Qingshan and Nan Gongfan.

Zhao Feng was pretty surprised, he didn't think that Master would make this decision so easily. He first thought that they were going to spar with each other, then choose the strongest three.

"Master, aren't you going to give the other three a chance?" Ye Linyun was stunned.

Third Guard, who had lost an arm, also raised his eyebrows. It didn't seem like the way Master usually acted. Lord Guanjun smiled faintly, but his expression suddenly changed right as he was about to speak.

"Who!?" Lord Guanjun exclaimed as his voice resounded through the hall. At the same time, his sight landed on a garden near the Spiritual Martial Hall.

"Hehehe... Uncle Xu, long time no see!" Laughter appeared from the garden.

Shua!

A youth clothed in black stripes landed on the field like a dragonfly. This handsome youth was 27-28 years old and had a queer aura. He was extremely confident as he looked smilingly at Lord Guanjun and Bei Moi.

As their sights met, Lord Guanjun's figure trembled as if he was wary of something.

"The clothes on him..."

Zhao Feng stared at the clothes of the mysterious youth. It was a black striped shirt that seemed familiar. Soon the images of three youths in the canyon came to him.

The clothes of this youth in front of him was the same as the three from that day.

“Who dares to trespass the important grounds of the Guanjun Palace?” Ye Linyun exclaimed as his Inner Strength surged.

Ceng Ceng!

At the same time, the other three Guanjuan Corpsmen present, including Third Guard leapt at the mysterious youth.

“Stop!”

Lord Guanjun’s urgent voice sounded in the Corpsmen’s ears. Third Guard, who was just about to make his move stopped, but the other two Guanjun Corps weren’t able to stop in time as their attacks landed on the mysterious youth.

Tok! Tok!

A cold flash of light in the sharp of a curved moon swiped across the two Guanjun Corps.

Wu~

A fountain of blood appeared on the two Guanjun Corpsmen who were almost at the ninth rank. In the blink of an eye, two Guanjun Corpsmen had died.

Ye Linyun, Bei Moi, and the others didn’t even see how the youth moved. Because Zhao Feng didn’t manage to open his left eye in time, he only saw a blur.

“Thirteenth Guard! Fourteenth Guard!” The one-armed Third Guard stared at the corpses of the other two.

The people present all took in a cold breath as they stared at the mysterious youth.

“Stand down!” Lord Guanjun shouted and signaled for them to back away.

Bei Moi and the others all moved out of the field without hesitation, leaving behind only Lord Guanjun and the mysterious youth behind. Everyone held their breaths as they looked at the handsome young man.

Who was he? Why would Master be wary of him?

Suspicious rose in the six youth’s hearts. Only Zhao Feng understood to a certain degree.

“Nephew Quan Chen, what is the meaning of this?” Lord Guanjun stared angrily at the youth in front of him.

“I came here this time to greet Uncle Xu Ran and to test a genius you took under your wing,” Quan Chen said casually. From the beginning till now, he had a carefree attitude.

Uncle Xu Ran?

Zhao Feng finally knew Lord Guanjun’s real name.

“Thanks for his care! I’m the outer supervisor of the mortal world. When did your Master have any rights to take care of my business?” Lord Guanjun snickered.

Zhao Feng felt that the Master behind Quan Chen and Lord Guanjun didn't seem to have a good relationship.

"Hahaha, Master reached the True Spirit Realm half a year ago and became the only elder promoted in ten years. I'm under orders from him to check this place out, are there any problems?" Quan Cheng smiled.

True Spirit Realm!

Lord Guanjun's heart jumped. "How could he have reached the True Spirit Realm so fast!?"

At this point, Lord Guanjun didn't have anything to say, as if he couldn't accept this reality.

"You're called Bei Moi?" Quan Chen turned towards Bei Moi with interest.

Shua!

Bei Moi only felt a rush of wind and before he could do anything a hand appeared on his shoulder.

"Release me..." Bei Moi's face was red as he tried to struggle, but he found that the Inner Strength inside him had been sealed.

"Stop!"

Lord Guanjun immediately flew over and a sharp silver glow appeared on his arms.

Shooooook!

The full power of a Holy martial artist flew at Quan Chen. Quan Chen smiled and he let go of Bei Moi as a cold moon symbol appeared on his hands, which clashed with Lord Guanjun's move.

Zzzzzz~

The remaining energy swept up everything nearby and destroyed the building in an instant. A large hole appeared where the two exchanged moves.

Shua! Shua!

The two figures flew into the air and exchanged lightning-fast blows.

Peng! Boom! Bam...

The cultivators nearby only felt figures teleport through the air and everywhere they went an extremely loud sound would appear.

"Is this a fight between Holy martial artists...?"

Through Zhao Feng's left eye, he could see the process of the two fighting and he moved back and forth to make sure he wasn't hit by the residual energy.

Pah----

At a certain moment, an extremely loud thumping sound appeared as the two figures landed back on the ground.

“Uncle, your cultivation hasn’t seem to improve in the the couple of years we haven’t met.”

Quan Chen landed on the ground with his hands behind his back with a dazzling smile.

“You...” Lord Guanjun managed to say as a streak of blood leaked out of his mouth.