

## K O G 1571

### [King of Gods](#)

#### Chapter 1571: The Riddle of the Fan Universe

“Yes, I lost.” The Heaven Lord’s face went slack as his mind plunged into his memories.

Long ago, the Heaven’s Legacy Race accidentally entered this world and was imprisoned within it, unable to leave.

The Heaven’s Legacy Race’s goal had always been to leave this place, but there were two solutions to leaving, resulting in a schism. The Heaven Defying Faction sought to find the greatest power of this world and take all the resources of the world with them when they left. The Sage Faction’s solution was to peacefully live here until the right moment came.

The two factions could not be considered enemies; they could even be considered old friends. It was just that they walked different paths to realize the same goal.

The Heaven Lord had always believed that his solution was the right one, and he could lead the Heaven’s Legacy Race out of this place. But in the end, he had failed.

“Zhao Feng, let him live,” Yu Tianwu suddenly said.

“What?” The Heaven Lord was stunned. He never would’ve expected Yu Tianwu to plead for mercy on his behalf.

The two of them were both geniuses of the Heaven’s Legacy Race who had once shared an extremely close relationship. It was just that they had different ideas, so they went their own way to prove their own ideas.

Zhao Feng said nothing. The Heaven Lord’s conduct could not be forgiven.

The battle of the two Pseudo Ancestral Eyes had left the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods devastated, and even the outer dimensions had been affected. Besides that, the spatial fabric of the Fan Universe was riddled with holes and severely damaged. The number of dead from this war was simply uncountable.

“Zhao Feng, your eye is probably the other Ancestral Eye. If you can obtain the power of the Heavenly Dao Ancestral Eye, this world can still be saved!” Yu Tianwu continued.

The Heavenly Dao Ancestral Eye and Zhao Feng’s eye were clearly not the same, so Yu Tianwu was confident that these were two completely different Ancestral Eyes.

The two Ancestral Eyes had different abilities, but they were both peerless and heaven-defying. If Zhao Feng’s eye matured to the Ancestral Eye level, perhaps he could repair the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods. And the Heaven Lord’s Heavenly Dao Pseudo Ancestral Eye also had the power of the Samsara God Eye, so those that died in battle could be revived.

“Fine, I agree. I’ll spare his life. Just treat it as me returning your favor.” After a long period of thought, Zhao Feng agreed.

Yu Tianwu had met Zhao Feng in the Azure Flower Continent and helped him multiple times. Without him, Zhao Feng would have never reached this point. Thus, he decided to agree to Yu Tianwu's request this time.

"What?" The Heaven Lord was stunned once more. Zhao Feng agreed?

"I will try to send your people out of this place," Zhao Feng added.

He agreed to Yu Tianwu's request, but he also wanted to fulfill their other wish.

In the memories of the Dream Ancestral Eye, the Dream Ancestral Eye and the Heavenly Dao Ancestral Eye were the two supreme powers of the Fan Universe. It was precisely the existence of these two that allowed the Fan Universe to steadily operate. Once Zhao Feng's eyes completely awakened to the Ancestral Eye level and he obtained the Heavenly Dao energy, he might be able to send the Heaven's Legacy Race out of this universe.

"Many thanks!" Yu Tianwu genially smiled.

If Zhao Feng was able to do this, it would mean that the Sage Faction's way was correct, and they would be the ones who would lead the Heaven's Legacy Race out of the Fan Universe. Of course, this was no longer important.

"Zhao Feng, you've won. Can you tell where your Ancestral Eye came from?" The Heaven Lord calmed, and a sharp light gleamed in his eyes.

The Heaven's Legacy Race was a race that prized knowledge, and they had a strong desire to learn about the unknown. "I also just learned about that..." Zhao Feng took in a deep breath.

The awakening of his eye didn't come with just immense power, but also many truths that no one else knew about.

When the Fan Universe was first created, there was only one continent called the Desolate Continent. Many powerful existences and species lived on this continent – mighty races that were not included in the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. But the number one was still the Ancient Race, which dominated the continent.

As for why the Ancient Race was so powerful, ordinary people believed that it was because their lineage was simply unmatched in power. In truth, within the Ancient Race resided two Ancient Ancestral Gods that no one else knew about.

These two Ancestral Gods were the avatars of the Heavenly Dao Ancestral Eye and the Dream Ancestral Eye. They controlled the entirety of the Fan Universe. They were the Kings of Gods!

But a mountain could not hold two tigers, and the existence of the two Ancient Ancestral Gods caused the Ancient Race to splinter. As the quarrels built up, they eventually erupted into a God-Devil war!

All the races of the Desolate Continent took part in this war, and in the end, even the two Ancient Ancestral Gods took action.

But the two Ancient Ancestral Gods were too powerful. The Desolate Continent was shattered into grains of dust, and the Fan Universe itself was forced to expand.

No one knew about the terrifying battle between the two Ancient Ancestral Gods. Only the memories within the Dream Ancestral Eye told Zhao Feng just how dreadful this battle was.

This battle had obliterated the Desolate Continent. In comparison, the damage done by the battle between Zhao Feng and the Heaven Lord was rather minor.

In the end, because of the Ancestral Ancient Gods were of similar strength, they both died. The Heavenly Dao Ancestral God's Ancestral Eye divided into eight – the Eight Great God Eyes. The Dream Ancestral God's eye remained complete and fell onto a grain of dust. This grain of dust was the Azure Flower Continent.

“So this world actually had two Ancestral Eyes!” The Heaven Lord smiled. The riddle that had left him befuddled was answered.

Why did the Heavenly Dao Ancestral Eye divide into eight? One could say that this was the Dream Ancestral Eye's work. Why did his plan to fuse together the Heavenly Dao God Eye make so much progress after he obtained Zhao Feng's blood? Because Zhao Feng had the Dream Ancestral Eye, and the Dream Ancestral Eye had infused the energy of the Ancestral Eye in Zhao Feng's body.

“Hand it over, the Heavenly Dao energy!” Zhao Feng extended a hand.

The Heaven Lord nodded and began to cooperate. He wanted to obtain the strongest power of this world and all of its valuables before leaving, but his main goal was just to leave this world. He had failed, so if the god of this world was willing to forgive his errors, he had nothing to say and could only cooperate.

Thwish!

Gray-white streams of light flew out of the Heaven Lord's forehead and entered Zhao Feng's hand, flowing through his body.

His left eye was the Dream Ancestral Eye. If this supreme power existed alongside another similar existence, he did not know what would happen. Thus, Zhao Feng stored the Heavenly Dao energy in his right eye.

Gradually, Zhao Feng's right eye began to change, turning gray-white and emotionless. Just glancing at it would instill fear in one's heart.

On the other hand, Zhao Feng's left eye was dazzling and gorgeous, instilling in others a desire to get close.

A few moments later, the eye at the center of the Heaven Lord's forehead vanished.

At the same time, in another place in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, the Spacetime, Death, Divine Punishment, and Myriad Forms Gods stood in the void.

“Just who won?” The Divine Punishment God had a grave expression.

The battle between Zhao Feng and the Heaven Lord made the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods and all of the Fan Universe tremble. The Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods was in the middle of crumbling away, its

pieces scattering into the surroundings, but the trembling had suddenly stopped. This meant that the battle was over.

The God Eye Deities and all the other Gods of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods peered into the chaotic void, wanting to know who had won.

At this moment, Destiny God Eye Liu Qinxin sent word. The four God Eye Deities finally relaxed and exhaled in relief. This news spread through the realm: the Heaven Defying Faction had lost!

On the other end, the Heaven Lord lost all his Heavenly Dao energy.

Zhao Feng stood in the void, the energy he exuded so frightening that it made others instinctively want to back away.

Heavenly Dao energy and Dream energy were both energies that far surpassed the energy of any other God in the Fan Universe, and these two energies could mutually boost each other. This mutual relationship caused the two eyes to get stronger and stronger, and the power Zhao Feng radiated caused the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods to shake once more.

“Let’s get back for now! This power is too strong!” Yu Tianwu and the Heaven Lord returned to the white warship.

These two supreme energies were too powerful. Zhao Feng would probably need some time before he could fully control them.

“There shouldn’t be a problem...” Yu Tianwu muttered.

For some reason, he felt uneasy. The source of this unease was that legend: when the supreme Ancestral Eye opens, all things in the world will disappear....

But now that he thought about it, this was impossible. After all, two Ancient Ancestral Gods had existed in the distant past of the Fan Universe.

“Feng!” Liu Qinxin deeply gazed at Zhao Feng before following the warship.

What a powerful energy! Zhao Feng closed his eyes and sensed the boundless energy within him.

The Dream Ancestral Eye, in particular, was rapidly awakening, and it had already reached an unimaginable level. Suddenly, Zhao Feng sensed that the Heavenly Dao Pseudo Ancestral Eye stopped growing in power.

Of course, the Dream Ancestral Eye’s stimulation made the Heavenly Dao Pseudo Ancestral Eye much more powerful than it was with the Heaven Lord.

“With this power, I will definitely be able to help the Heaven’s Legacy Race leave this place.” Zhao Feng smiled as he opened his eyes.

Suddenly:

Brrrooom!

The world before Zhao Feng's eyes trembled, an indescribably dangerous energy packing every inch of space. Everything began to crumble away.

As he spread out his Divine Sense, more than half of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods appeared in his mind. However, the entire Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods was crumbling and vanishing. Space was tearing apart and all was being wiped out. The universe itself was in the middle of destruction. All living beings were instantly killed. Not even God Kings or Gods were able to survive.

"Qinxin!" Zhao Feng suddenly called out.

The white warship had also been swallowed up in the destruction. At the final moment, Liu Qinxin even took out the Fan Lun Ancient Sound Palace, the supreme Ancestral Artifact of the Destiny God Eye, but even the Ancestral Artifact was obliterated.

"No! What's going on!?" Zhao Feng's face froze in panic and fear began to take hold of his heart.

A few moments later, the entire world was destroyed. The Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods had disappeared. The outer dimensions had also vanished.

Everyone else was gone, leaving only Zhao Feng.

"Was this my mistake?" Zhao Feng stood frozen.

He now recalled the legend. Had the complete awakening of his Dream Ancestral Eye led the entire world to be destroyed?!

This world was now a chaotic void ravaged by destructive storms and brimming with dangerous and frightening energies.

Zhao Feng was downcast, grief-stricken and alarmed.

"Eh? There's still someone here?" an old and mumbling voice spoke, but it sounded loud and clear to Zhao Feng.

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#### **Chapter 1572: The Truth of the World**

"Who's there?" The dejected Zhao Feng trembled in shock, and it felt like he could see a light in the darkness.

In this dark and empty world devoid of any life, where did that voice come from?

He could only sense an endless fog of chaotic energy around him. Colors and strength seemed to be meaningless in this place. Time and space had mixed together into a complete mess, and he found it difficult to find a reference point.

Was this the Primal Chaos the legends said existed before the creation of the world?

"Who's there?" That's a question that I should be asking." The mumbled voice contained the laziness of someone who had just awakened, but it also contained a primordial and ancient energy.

It was impossible to fathom the depths of this energy. It seemed like it contained everything, but it also seemed like a bottomless void.

Besides that, his Dream Ancestral Eye found this energy a little familiar.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

This energy caused ripples to appear in the area of Primal Chaos near Zhao Feng.

“What sort of existence is this?” Zhao Feng was stunned. Even with his two Ancestral Eyes, he still could not fathom the true power of this existence.

Suddenly, the torrents of chaotic energy around him seethed.

In the silence, some kind of damaged face, so vast as to seem boundless, appeared in the ethereal haze. Only a simple outline of this face could be seen, but it seemed like the sky of the world, and Zhao Feng felt a slight pressure.

“This is...” Zhao Feng’s Ancestral Eyes thumped in unison, and that sense of familiarity grew stronger and stronger. This feeling was like that of an orphan finally meeting their birth mother.

“Eh? Your body actually has my energy source!” The vast and ethereal face appeared shocked, and it stared at Zhao Feng’s Ancestral Eyes. After a long while, the owner of this face sighed.

He fell into a long silence, seemingly recollecting something.

After a long time:

“Senior, who are you?” Zhao Feng couldn’t help but ask. “What happened to make the Fan Universe vanish?”

It had vanished. Everything had vanished. The Fan Universe, the Realm of Gods... the Continent Zone... the Azure Flower Continent... everything that he knew had just disappeared.

“Father, mother... Qinxin... Yufei...” In this primordial and chaotic space, Zhao Feng felt an intense sorrow and loneliness. He needed an answer.

After a long while, the face finally spoke; “...I understand.”

Zhao Feng stared with his Ancestral Eyes at the massive face.

“I didn’t think that I would be able to wake up again!” the massive face muttered. Although Zhao Feng couldn’t clearly make out his expression, he was sure that this being held no hostility toward him. In those “eyes” of his, he sensed a complicated mixture of emotions.

“I come from the Brahma Great World, destroyed many ages ago. My name is Fan Gu. Child, what is your name?” The face once more focused on Zhao Feng and smiled.

“This junior is Zhao Feng, and I came from the Fan Universe that just disappeared,” Zhao Feng answered.

You must be extremely angry and depressed about your current situation.” Fan Gu seemed to understand everything and appeared calm and wise.

“Senior, please instruct me!” Zhao Feng suppressed his impatience.

Nothing was left of the Fan Universe. Everything had vanished, leaving only himself. No... it seemed like there was one other. Even so, Zhao Feng still felt confused and empty.

“Then this one will start from the beginning. My name is Fan Gu, and in this Primal Chaos plane, I am a Creator-level existence. In an unprecedented battle against an existence of the same level, I killed my foe, but I also essentially died. All that survived was this remnant will and my Origin energy...” Fan Gu seemed immersed in his memories, and he spoke very slowly to Zhao Feng.

From the very first words Fan Gu spoke, Zhao Feng felt that something was strange. Creator level? He had never heard of this level before.

“Everything that existed in this Fan Universe of yours was something that I thought up. The Ancestral Gods that died in your Fan Universe would be considered World-level experts in this Primal Chaos plane,” the ethereal face slowly spoke.

Ancestral Gods? They were World-level? What about God Kings and Gods? Zhao Feng was more and more shocked.

“A God would at most be at the half-World level. A World-level expert is an invincible existence in a Great World, able to rule over everything, and they can transcend the Great World to traverse the Primal Chaos plane. And above the World level is the Creator level. They often have the ability to establish new worlds and create all things,” the face answered Zhao Feng’s questions.

The most powerful experts of the Realm of Gods, the Gods, were only at the half-World level? And the Ancestral Gods involved in that ancient war were only barely at the World level? And this face was once at the even higher Creator level!

Just how terrifying would a battle between Creators be? After all, the battle of the Pseudo Ancestral Eyes had already left the world in tatters, while a battle between World-level experts had essentially obliterated the Great World that was the Fan Universe. And this battle had basically killed Fan Gu, leaving only this remnant will and his Origin energy.

“Then what happened to the Fan Universe?” Zhao Feng vaguely knew the answer. It was connected to the legend of the Ancestral Eye.

“While I still lived, though I was born in the Great Dao of Primal Chaos, I decided to blaze a new trail and established the Great Dao of Dream. The Dream Origin that remained was extremely special. It had the ability of ‘turning dream into reality’ and ‘one dream to create all things.’ It far surpassed the power of an ordinary Creator.” The face’s voice was suffused with pride.

“Dream Origin? Is that my Dream Ancestral Eye?” Zhao Feng speculated.

Turning dreams into reality was the ultimate ideal of the Illusion Dao – turning the illusory into the real. His Realization ability was only a minor manifestation of this ability.

But Fan Gu’s Great Dao of Dream could create everything from a single dream and far surpassed the power of other Creators.

“When I died, the remnants of my Dream Origin, bereft of a master, unconsciously created a world to restore me. Through the creation of a dream, it tried to recover my Yuan Qi.” The face paused and looked at Zhao Feng.

The creation of a dream? Are you saying that this was how the Fan Universe was created?” Zhao Feng blurted out.

This meant that the entire Fan Universe was merely a dream created by the remnant power of this Creator after his death.

If this really was the case... then was what happened in this “dream” real, or was it fake? If it was fake, then what exactly was Zhao Feng? If it was all real, then where had the Fan Universe and everyone Zhao Feng knew disappeared to?

“Yes, it was a dream!” The ethereal face’s words confirmed Zhao Feng’s theory.

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#### **Chapter 1573: A Dream to Create the Universe**

“Yes, it was a dream!”

The ethereal face’s words caused Zhao Feng’s heart to sink. He had long ago realized this, but he found it impossible to accept such a reality. But if the entire Fan Universe was a dream, what was he? Why didn’t he vanish like everyone else? Why did he still exist?

“As for why you still exist, that is because you have inherited the energy source of me, Fan Gu!” the face continued.

“I would rather not have this energy!” Zhao Feng’s face was twisted in sorrow, and he was completely dejected and forlorn.

At this moment, he now knew the truth. If his Dream Ancestral Eye had not completely awakened, the “dreamed world” would have continued to exist, but when the Ancestral Eye awakened, the world disappeared! And disappeared with it were the people Zhao Feng had grown up with, his closest friends and lovers... everything that he was familiar with was gone.

“That world was nothing more than something created using our strength. If you inherit this strength, you will be the Ancestor of Dreams. For that world, you would be the King of Gods, able to bring salvation to all.” Fan Gu knew what Zhao Feng was thinking, and he smiled.

“What should I do?” Zhao Feng became ecstatic, and he immediately asked, grasping at that hope like a drowning man reaching for a rope.

Fan Gu sighed. “As long as you inherit my remnant will and everything else, you will learn how to do it.”

Zhao Feng was shocked. If he inherited everything that remained of Fan Gu, Fan Gu would essentially disappear. Was Fan Gu’s remnant will willing to help him?

“I have been asleep for who-knows-how-long, and though I have awakened, there is still no hope of rebuilding myself. Besides, an end might be a new beginning. If you are willing, I will entrust everything to you....” Fan Gu slowly said.



For him, this awakening was a most unexpected surprise. The entire Fan Universe was just a manifestation of the last vestiges of his power. Zhao Feng was a member of the Fan Universe and had inherited his Dream Origin. From a certain perspective, Zhao Feng was a newly born Fan Gu – Fan Gu’s continuation!

“Senior, thank you for your help!” Zhao Feng clasped his fist in his hand and voiced his thanks. If he could save everything, he was willing to do anything.

“Very well...” Fan Gu sighed in relief. His remnant will was about to reach its end and enter a new beginning.

Whoosh!

The vast ethereal face turned into a surging mist that flew into Zhao Feng’s eyes. Most of the mist merged with the Dream Ancestral Eye; Dream Origin was the fundamental strength that Fan Gu had used to reach the Creator level.

This was a dark and hazy world. Everything was jumbled and confused here, and neither time nor space seemed to exist.

In a certain corner of this plane of Primal Chaos, a youth stood like a stone statue that had lasted through the endless ages.

After a very long time, the youth opened his eyes. He was devoid of energy, seeming like an ordinary person, but he was also unharmed despite residing in this plane of Primal Chaos.

At a certain moment, the light of understanding appeared in the youth’s eyes.

He had inherited everything that was once Fan Gu’s. He could be called Zhao Feng, but he could also be called a continuation of Fan Gu after his death.

After what would have been hundreds of millions of years in the Fan Universe’s time, he had finally recovered the majority of the Creator-level power.

However, even though Zhao Feng had inherited everything of Fan Gu’s, what he felt was most important was still the Fan Universe.

“Restore the broken mirror, reform the dream, let the dream create the universe!” As Zhao Feng muttered, his left eye exploded with boundless dreamy light. Meanwhile, his right eye twinkled with a cold and gray-white light before closing again.

Swish!

A vast Dream Dimension began to form. A complete universe appeared within this Dream Dimension, and the space within seethed like first beings rising from the Primal Chaos. Gradually, these images took the form of the entire world right before its destruction.

“Return!” Zhao Feng’s two Ancestral Eyes surged with seemingly infinite Origin energy.

The Dream Ancestral Eye was the foundation of Fan Gu’s Creator-level power. The Heavenly Dao Ancestral Eye represented Fan Gu’s understanding of the Great Dao of Primal Chaos and his ability to

use Dream Origin. With these two Origin energies, Zhao Feng could transcend the gap between illusion and reality.

After some time, Zhao Feng opened his eyes wide. The entire world had changed!

What he saw was this: the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods was in tatters, numerous civilizations destroyed and countless lives lost in the chaos. But for Zhao Feng, this sight was incredibly exciting.

In the distance, on the departing white warship, Yu Tianwu, the Heaven Lord, and Liu Qinxin were confused, their bodies stiff. All the countless living beings of the Fan Universe had gone stiff. For some reason, they felt like they just had a close brush with death.

“Now, I just need to repair the world.” Zhao Feng closed his eyes again.

Within the Fan Universe, the lands began to fuse together while the gaps in space began to repair themselves.

The sight of the world shifting and repairing itself caused everyone to sigh in wonder. This was nothing short of a miracle!

A rumor began to spread that the supreme God of this world had awakened and had saved them all.

Not only that, even the fallen Gods – the Life God, Samsara God, and Destruction God – were revived.

“The Eight Great God Eyes represent the rules of the Heavenly Dao and will be able to stabilize the Fan Universe,” Zhao Feng muttered.

After inheriting Fan Gu’s will, he had an entirely new understanding of the Great Dao and of the nature of energy.

In the Sage Faction’s secret base, in the top floor of the six-sided tower:

“Zhao Feng, can you send us out of this illusory world?” the Heaven Lord excitedly said.

“I can. But only those with a complete Heaven’s Legacy Race bloodline can leave,” Zhao Feng calmly and confidently replied.

An illusory world? One could call it that. Everything in this world was a mixture of darkness and light, real and fake. To those worlds that had emerged in the plane of Primal Chaos, they were the real ones while everything in the Fan Universe was fake, but to the Fan Universe, it was the real one while all the living beings of the Primal Chaos plane was dream-like existences.

They were like opposite dimensions. For either side, the other side was fake, and only they could be considered real.

Of course, if the “illusory” of one side ran off to “real” world on the other side, they might quickly disappear, unless they were like Zhao Feng, who was the Ancestor of Dreams and could transcend illusion and reality.

The Heaven’s Legacy Race was a race from beyond this universe, so they could be considered an exception. However, if there were members of the Heaven’s Legacy Race who were born in this world afterward and did not fully inherit the Heaven’s Legacy Race bloodline, they might not be able to leave.

The leaders of the Heaven Defying Faction and Sage Faction nodded and began to think. They both unquestionably possessed complete Heaven's Legacy Race bloodlines, but many of the other members of their race did not.

"Zhao Feng, give us some time...." the two of them said at the same time.

In the Continent Zone, a man and two women suddenly descended. The man was incomparably handsome and exuded a transcendent aura while the two women were like celestial fairies. Anyone who beheld them would freeze for a few moments.

"I've come back to this place!" Zhao Yufei giggled as her beautiful eyes looked far into the distance, taking in all the familiar vistas.

"Let's go! This place isn't our destination," Zhao Feng said.

"To where?" Zhao Yufei asked.

"You're both mine now, so shouldn't we go and see my parents?" Zhao Feng gave a naughty smile. He was quite enjoying himself.

"Ugh!" Zhao Yufei rolled her eyes at Zhao Feng, her face turning red.

Liu Qinxin giggled and said nothing, but her heart was awash with warmth.

In the grounds of the Broken Moon Clan, in a secluded place:

"Father, mother, I'm back!" a familiar voice came from the gate.

When seeing his father and mother, Zhao Feng altered his face so that it bore his original appearance.

Within the house, a muscular middle-aged man and a gentle and refined woman suddenly froze.

"Feng'er, is it really you?" Zhao Feng's mother immediately stepped forward, one hand holding Zhao Feng while the other caressed his face.

This was the longest that Zhao Feng had been away from home. Although it was short for a God like Zhao Feng, it was incredibly long for his parents.

"And these two girls are?" Zhao Feng's father, Zhao Tianyang, glanced at the girls flanking Zhao Feng in surprise.

"This is Zhao Yufei. I mentioned her to you before. This is Liu Qinxin...." Zhao Feng slowly spoke as the three of them came in.

Zhao Feng's mother happily smiled. After listening for a while, she went to prepare a meal.

A few moments later, delicious food was served at the table. The family sat around the table, chatting and eating, warmth, harmony, and joy filling the room.

Just like this, Zhao Feng, Liu Qinxin, and Zhao Yufei lived together for a spell.

Ten years later, Zhao Feng left with the two women.

In the space of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, a strangely-shaped flying ship floated.

“Zhao Feng, thank you!” Yu Tianwu expressed his gratitude to Zhao Feng, his face beaming with joy.

“Zhao Feng, what are your plans for the future?” The Heaven Lord was very interested in Zhao Feng’s current state.

Zhao Feng was the strongest expert of this world, standing above all the Gods. He could be considered the King of Gods.

“I should spend a little longer here. Once I’ve waited long enough, I’ll think of a way to take Qinxin and Yufei to see the ‘real world,’” Zhao Feng said with a smile.

“I’m confident that you can go to the outside world, but them...” The Heaven Lord slightly shook his head, somewhat unconvinced.

To the physical world, everything in this world was an illusory dream. When beings born in the dream left the dream, they would disappear. How could Liu Qinxin and Zhao Yufei go out to see the world beyond?

“Heh.” Zhao Feng gave a mysterious smile.

With the two great Origins of Dream and Heavenly Dao as well as Fan Gu’s memories, he could definitely find a way.

“Zhao Feng, we must bid farewell.” Yu Tianwu appeared rather sad as he waved his hand at Zhao Feng, Liu Qinxin, and the others.

Zhao Feng had by now understood the situation of the Heaven’s Legacy Race.

The world where the Heaven’s Legacy Race once lived had been destroyed. A World-level expert managed to lead the race away from the destroyed world and into the plane of Primal Chaos, but during the journey, a mishap caused the race to be scattered. One group accidentally entered Fan Gu’s dream world, and in this dream world, even a World-level expert would find it difficult to escape.

“Okay, I’ll send you off!” Zhao Feng firmly said.

Before they left, he used his ability to turn dream into reality to create a Heaven Mending Race body for Yu Tianwu so that he could traverse the Primal Chaos plane.

Bzzz!

Space distorted as a dark passage slowly took form. Yu Tianwu, the Heaven Lord, and a portion of the Heaven’s Legacy Race boarded their special flying ship and vanished into the passage.

“Brother Feng, when can we go to see the world on the other side?” Zhao Yufei gave a mischievous chuckle, her gorgeous eyes brimming with curiosity.

On the side, Liu Qinxin also had a look of yearning.

“Not long now.” Zhao Feng smiled as he embraced both of the women. He had long ago formed a plan to travel the world beyond.

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After about two and a half years of stumbling about while writing King of Gods, it's about time for the song to end and the party to disperse. At a time like this, one can't help but feel a little melancholy.

Regardless of what the public might have to say, Fast Food has written out everything in his original outline, with the full text consisting of more than five million characters.

In other words, I've written all that needed to be written. At the very least, you can't say there was no ending (Given the unstable and low income for many web novels, can the majority of authors actually manage to write an ending for their novels? There might not even be one properly finished book in ten).

In this period, Fast Food moved houses, got married, and had a kid. I also got sick twice and stopped updates for a month. I thank my readers for supporting me all the way.

As for the overall grade for my book, King of Gods fared better than I expected. It was popular for a while in QQ Book City, with more than one million bookmarking it and a daily income above ten thousand, and it's always been ranked highly on the Fengyun Ranking for Mobile Baidu... I won't mention any more. Besides that, King of Gods was also adapted into an online game. In these aspects, it has performed much better than all my previous groups.

Some readers say that the ending was rushed and the book finished too quickly, but that's not the case.

At the start, I was prepared to write around three million characters for this book, but since it did well, my editor recommended that I write a little more and that I drag out the story to at least four million characters. After it was adapted to a game, I extended it to five million characters.

You can imagine just how long a book of five million characters is. Staggering your way through and running into so many problems in the meantime so that you can finally draw a checkmark at the end... only web novel authors can understand just how much sweat and effort goes into it.

It's true that by the end, the writing quality dropped. Fast Food also realized this (In truth, this is a common problem for most overly-long web novels). After all, it was much more than I had initially prepared to write, and the condition of my body limited my time and energy.

In addition, this is Fast Food's first time writing Xuanhuan, as my first three books were all Xianxia. It's also the first time I've written a book with more than five million characters.

If I could compare this book to a marathon, then Fast Food ran to the very end, and that's the best I could do. Completely writing out everything set out in the outline and getting grades like this is good enough for Fast Food.

If there are any regrets, they can only be fulfilled in the next book. Or perhaps several tens of thousands of characters for a 'side story' to continue the life of the invincible King of Gods are still missing.

Here, I'd like to thank everyone that has supported King of Gods and supported Fast Food, including the forum moderators.

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**Chapter 1574: A New World**

There had always been a certain legend in the Fan Universe: when the Eight Great God Eyes were gathered together, they could summon the supreme Ancestral Eye, and when the Ancestral Eye opened, all things in the world would disappear.

But gradually, this legend was forgotten, and a new legend began to spread through the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods: the Fan Universe was home to a King of Gods. No matter what disaster the Fan Universe experienced, the King of Gods would definitely save them.

One hundred years had passed since the last calamity descended upon the Desolate Realm. The Fan Universe was even more stable now, and the war resulted in the grudges between the Eight Great God Eyes significantly fading away. They would have a few small quarrels at most now.

A man and two women stood in the pitch-black void.

“Let’s go and see the world outside!” Zhao Feng hugged the two women and smiled in anticipation.

The Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods had been placed on the right track, and he could leave without worrying. For the world outside though, everything within the Fan Universe was fake. If Liu Qinxin and Zhao Yufei tried to enter this other world without preparation, they would simply disappear.

But Zhao Feng had already thought of a way. He had inherited Fan Gu’s strength, and he now had the strength of a Creator expert.

“We’re heading out!” Zhao Yufei was rather excited. She was incredibly curious about this unknown and brand-new world.

Liu Qinxin gently smiled and silently gazed at Zhao Feng. As long as they were together, she didn’t care where they went.

Since Liu Qinxin was preparing to leave this world, she had long ago selected a successor and entrusted them with the Destiny Origin.

Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat’s eyes gleamed as if it wanted to plunder all the treasures of this new world.

Yes, the little thieving cat was also in no mood to stay in the Fan Universe and wanted to leave with Zhao Feng.

“I will use the Law of Samsara to reincarnate you! It won’t be long until we can meet again!” Zhao Feng sternly said.

This was his solution. He would have the souls of the two women and the little thieving cat enter the cycle of reincarnation of the outside world so that they could be reborn. In this way, they would be converted into real living beings of that other world.

Zhao Feng was somewhat unwilling to do this, but it was just a reincarnation. They would be reunited soon enough.

“I don’t understand the Samsara Dao of the outside world that much. Little thieving cat, if you end up reincarnating into a human, don’t blame me....” Zhao Feng suddenly chuckled.

If one day, a person were to regain the memories of their past life and discover that they had been a cat, they would definitely find it impossible to accept.

Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat grimaced and began to gesture in complaint. In a cat's world view, a cat was the greatest. It hoped to be reborn in the new world as one of the cats that it admired. It definitely didn't want to be reincarnated into the body of a human.

"Let's go!" Zhao Feng opened his eyes – the left eye of Dreams and the right eye of the Heavenly Dao.

A supreme and obscure power surged into the void, forming a dark and twisted passage with no end.

Whoosh!

The group entered this passage. A point of light soon appeared in this infinitely dark passage.

Upon entering this new world, Zhao Feng scanned it with his Creator-level Divine Sense. He discovered that there were records of this world in Fan Gu's memories.

"Good, the Alakshana World!"

After making sure that he was within this world, Zhao Feng used his Dream power to enter the Alakshana World's underworld.

After getting accustomed to its workings, Zhao Feng began to choose places for reincarnation, after which he had the women and cat reincarnate.

Zhao Feng was rather cautious here. If he chose the wrong place to reincarnate, the results would be too tragic to behold.

He fixed the reincarnation range of the two women and the cat to a very small region. In addition, he placed Dream Marks on their souls so that he could search for them in the future.

After that, Zhao Feng made his own selection and reincarnated.

Since this was a new world, he needed to start from the beginning. Liu Qinxin and the others would need time to recover and wouldn't be able to recover their memories immediately. Thus, Zhao Feng decided to reincarnate so he could grow up with them together.

The deepest things in the world were not pledges of undying love or memories carved into the bones... it was companionship.

In the Alakshana World, after some time, Zhao Feng regained a sliver of consciousness, and gradually, all sorts of memories began to appear. After a long while, Zhao Feng was able to recall everything.

"New world, I'm coming!" Zhao Feng was extremely excited.

Unlike Liu Qinxin, Zhao Yufei, and the little thieving cat, he had inherited Fan Gu's power, so he authentically existed in this new world. Thus, he was able to preserve his memories and most fundamental energies.

But not long after Zhao Feng woke up, he got tired and went back to sleep. After all, he was still in the womb. Zhao Feng couldn't be bothered worrying about that much and just slept and woke, woke and slept.

One day, he felt a squeezing pain and couldn't help but shout. But to outsiders, it was the resounding wail of a baby.

Zhao Feng examined the furnishings of the room and the dress of the maids and decided that he hadn't made a mistake.

At this moment, a middle-aged woman of bewitching beauty opened up her legs and then called out in excitement: "It's a young master, a young master...!"

Zhao Feng was somewhat embarrassed, but he didn't care that much.

A short while later, a middle-aged man wearing a brown robe rushed into the room and swept up the baby. His timeworn and determined eyes softened with affection.

"Hmmm, what sort of name should Zhao Tianlong give to his son...?" The middle-aged man cradled the infant as he walked up to the bed. Gently stroking the sweating woman lying on it, he began to discuss with her the name for their son.

"Is my surname Zhao? Then I should just use my original name!" With this idea in mind, Zhao Feng used his Dream Dao energy to influence the thoughts of the man.

"Why don't we call him Zhao Feng!?" A thought emerged in Zhao Tianlong's mind, and he immediately blurted it out. "Great! Let's call him Zhao Feng, Feng'er...." The beautiful woman gave an affectionate smile.

The news of Zhao Feng's birth was quickly spread through all of Southcloud City. This was because his father was the patriarch of the Zhao clan and the lord of Southcloud City.

As time passed, the second son of the city lord, Zhao Feng, turned seven.

The descendants of the Zhao clan would all walk the path of cultivation, and Zhao Feng was no exception.

The descendants of the Zhao clan had experts to teach them and would receive the best treatment, something that ordinary families could never receive.

But after three days, Zhao Feng began to skip class.

In truth, Zhao Feng needed only one day to remember everything. The minor cultivation he had done on the second and third days was enough for him to reach the seventh level of the Ascendant Spirit Realm, equivalent to the seventh level of the Ascended Realm in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods.

If Zhao Feng really wanted to break through, he wouldn't need long to recover his Creator-level cultivation, becoming an existence that would make the entire Alakshana World tremble.

But this was meaningless to Zhao Feng. He was simply a little interested in this world's cultivation system, so he tried it out for himself.



The cultivation systems of the many worlds were all essentially the same, but Zhao Feng discovered that the cultivation methods of this world were more complete and rigorous. This meant that, for experts of the same level, an expert of the Alakshana World would crush an expert of the Fan Universe.

Of course, Zhao Feng was not interested in this. He wanted to live a slow and leisurely life, and after some time passed, he would go to search for Liu Qinxin, Zhao Yufei, and the thieving cat.

Zhao Feng was the city lord's second son and possessed incredible talent in cultivation, so he was naturally being watched.

Rumors of his frequent truancy, how rarely he cultivated, and his indolence quickly spread through Southcloud City. The rumors became more exaggerated as they spread, and for many people within the city, Zhao Feng was certain to be some hedonistic good-for-nothing in the near future.

The other great clans of Southcloud City were overjoyed to hear this. Even the factions within the Zhao clan competing with the city lord were ecstatic.

Of course, Zhao Feng was not truly an ignoramus who only knew how to play. The path of cultivation held little interest to him, but he was very interested in other things. For example, refining pills, forging weapons, building arrays and mechanisms, puppets...

In his last life, Zhao Feng had decent talent in these other fields, but he was in such a rush to cultivate that he had no time for anything else, causing all this talent to go to waste.

One day, after studying arrays for half a day, Zhao Feng decided to take a break in a pavilion.

At this moment, two luxuriously clothed youths came over. Upon seeing Zhao Feng, they sneered.

The two of them were the sons of Zhao Feng's older uncle and younger uncle. They had the best talent for cultivation in the clan.

"Brother Feng, hurry to the martial arts ground! Instructor Lin has said that if you don't go, he'll go to have a talk with the city lord!"

"Instructor Lin told us that we had to bring you back no matter what, even if it's tied up!"

Zhao Yun and Zhao Hai spoke as if they were greatly troubled as they gradually approached Zhao Feng and made an inviting gesture.

Although they were kids, they naturally took to the attitude of the strong bullying the weak.

"Tie me up?" Zhao Feng raised an eyebrow and took a whip-type weapon from his interspatial dimension.

Striding forward, Zhao Feng shot between Zhao Yun and Zhao Hai.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zhao Feng rapidly moved around the pair. By pulling on the whip, he soon had Zhao Yun and Zhao Hai completely bound.

"How did he tie the two of us up!?" Zhao Hai called out in alarm.

“I don’t know!” Zhao Yun was rather confused.

They were both older than Zhao Feng and of a higher cultivation, but before they could even react, Zhao Feng had tied them up.

“Zhao Feng, don’t go! Hurry and let us go! I, Zhao Yun, demand a fair fight with you!” Zhao Yun called out.

“Hurry and let us go!” Zhao Hai was extremely unconvinced.

“You guys talk a lot. Keep it up and I’ll strip you of the clothes and let all the boys and girls of the city take a look at you.” Zhao Feng yawned as he casually threatened.

Zhao Yun and Zhao Hai immediately shut up. Though they were young, they still understood a little about men and women. If their naked bodies were exposed for the girls to see, they wouldn’t be able to raise their heads for the rest of their lives.

“Forget it, I should first strip you of your clothes to avoid a next time...” Zhao Feng added.

“Brother Feng, your little brother understands his mistakes. In the future, we’ll follow whatever you say!” Zhao Hai, who was thirteen, immediately pleaded.

“Brother Feng, your little brother is willing to serve at your beck and call...!” Zhao Yun had also been properly frightened by Zhao Feng.

A young master of the city lord’s estate being stripped naked and tied up? He found it impossible to imagine such a miserable sight.

Upon being frightened by Zhao Feng at such a young age, the two of them felt like they had never met someone so wicked before.

Zhao Feng would frighten and cow all the children that tried to make trouble for him in this fashion. Afterward, whenever they saw Zhao Feng, they would be extremely courteous and respectful.

When Zhao Feng decided to slack off, someone would even come over to serve him and even give him massages.

If they accidentally offended him, they really might end up being stripped naked and tied up for everyone to see.

One day, the Dream Origin in Zhao Feng’s soul suddenly sensed something and trembled.

“Such a familiar feeling! I wonder, is it Liu Qinxin, Zhao Yufei, or the little thieving cat...?” Zhao Feng muttered to himself as he stood up.

### [King of Gods](#)

#### **Chapter 1575: Getting a Perfect Score**

At this moment, the Dream Origin in Zhao Feng’s soul sensed a familiar energy and faintly shivered for the briefest of moments.

“Brother Feng, what’s wrong?” The older children of the clan attending to Zhao Feng shivered and immediately asked.

They wondered if they hadn’t put in the right amount of strength when massaging, making Zhao Feng uncomfortable and causing him to suddenly stand up. They were so scared that they were shaking.

“I’m fine.” Zhao Feng calmly smiled and laid back down.

Zhao Feng was in no rush. He was confident that they would meet again soon.

“Brother Feng, tomorrow is the annual examination. You have to be careful. Instructor Lin has been waiting for this chance....” Zhao Hai flatteringly said.

Zhao Feng was a frequent truant and didn’t even go to the training ground. Instructor Lin could do nothing. After all, Zhao Feng was the city lord’s son.

But the clan placed great significance on the annual examination. If Zhao Feng didn’t take part, his grades would be a disaster, and Instructor Lin could use the chance to inform his superiors.

In truth, Zhao Hai also had an incredibly poor view of Zhao Feng’s prospects, and he was hoping to make fun of him when the time came. After all, he had been cowed into submission, but he was still incredibly confused. How was it that, even though he had a higher cultivation than Zhao Feng, Zhao Feng had still run circles around him and tied him up?

“Examination?” Zhao Feng recalled that there really was such a thing, but he didn’t care that much.

He was the reincarnation of a mighty Creator-level expert. Was he afraid of some simple examination? Zhao Feng continued his break.

The next day, Zhao Feng came to class.

“Eh? Who’s this? He’s rather handsome!” A girl wearing a floral gown stared at Zhao Feng.

As Zhao Feng appeared far too rarely, many children of his age group hardly recognized him.

“He’s the son of the city lord, but don’t be deceived by his looks. He’s got a silver whip at his waist, and I hear that he likes to tie people up with it and strip their clothes....”

“Right, I also heard of something like that....”

The girls gathered together and whispered to each other.

Zhao Feng was able to hear their whispering the moment he came in, but he didn’t care, even intentionally flaunting the silver whip at his waist.

The chattering girls immediately scattered in panic.

A short while later, a muscular man walked in. This was Instructor Lin.

Upon entering, Instructor Lin was taken aback by the sight of Zhao Feng, but he soon recalled that this was the city lord’s second son.

He coldly laughed. It seemed like Zhao Feng did not dare to skip the examination, but what did that matter? He was sure that Zhao Feng knew nothing and would get the lowest score.

All the other students soon arrived.

Instructor Lin passed out the test papers and then gave a stern warning. "Begin the examination! If I catch anyone cheating, I'll deduct twenty points from their grade!"

The annual examination was divided into a written test and a combat test.

The written examination primarily tested the student on the history of Southcloud City and the Azure Net Kingdom while also testing a student's knowledge of cultivation.

After giving this warning, Instructor Lin began to stroll around.

Instructor Lin was a peak Star Origin Realm expert. If these little children tried to cheat, he would immediately know.

The cultivation system of the Alakshana World was roughly similar to the Fan Universe's. It was divided into the Body Refining Realm, the Ascendant Spirit Realm, the Three Qi Realm, the Star Origin Realm, the Divine Transformation Realm, the Imperishable Realm, the Nine Ranks of Chaos Heaven, the Three Heavens of Overflowing Origin, and the World Realm.

Their corresponding levels in the Fan Universe were the Consolidated Realm, the Ascended Realm, the True Spirit Realm, the Origin Core Realm, the Void God Realm, the Mystic Light Realm, the Nine Ranks of True God, the Three Heavens of God Lord, and God.

The peak Star Origin Realm Instructor Lin was an Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lord in the Fan Universe's terms.

The level of the dimension in which Southcloud City resided was extremely close to the Fan Universe's Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods. The majority of the children around Zhao Feng were at the Three Qi Realm, which was the True Spirit Realm of the Fan Universe.

The True Spirit Realm was divided into True Human, True Mystic, and True Lord while the Three Qi Realm was divided into Azure Qi, Blue Qi, and Violet Qi.

Zhao Feng had just reached the initial level of the Azure Qi Realm. He had the lowest cultivation in his group, but he was also the youngest.

Zhao Feng took the test paper and scanned it.

Too simple! As the city lord's son, he could look through the rare book pavilion of the city whenever he pleased. Given his abilities, he had long ago memorized the contents of the entire library.

Swish! Swish!

Taking up his brush, Zhao Feng narrowed his eyes and began to write. About five minutes later, Zhao Feng put down his brush, closed his eyes, and took a nap.

Instructor Lin coldly snorted. In his view, Zhao Feng so quickly put down his brush because he found the questions too hard. Not able to answer any of them, he had simply given up.

But then his eyes froze. As Instructor Lin carefully examined Zhao Feng's paper, he paled. Zhao Feng had finished all the questions, and with just a casual glance, he could tell that all the answers were completely correct.

One had to realize that the children around him hadn't even answered ten questions, and all their brows were furrowed in thought, but Zhao Feng was already finished!

Even more shocking to Instructor Lin was that Zhao Feng's writing had an alluring property. They seemed to contain profound secrets and principles that he could not comprehend!

How could this be? He must be cheating! Instructor Lin inwardly howled.

But how could a mere Azure Qi Realm child cheat right in front of him without him noticing? With no firm evidence, Instructor Lin did not dare to rashly accuse the city lord's son.

But if he wasn't cheating, how could Zhao Feng have answered all the questions so quickly and so accurately? In fact, he seemed to have received one hundred percent.

In this vexed and perturbed state, Instructor Lin suffered through the examination period.

Once all the papers were collected, the group went to a special training ground. After the written test was the combat test.

Ten gray metal passages had been set up on the giant training ground.

"Next, when I read your name, step forward and enter the Automaton Passage. You will be graded based on your completion time!" Instructor Lin loudly announced.

Martial artists prized strength, so the combat test was viewed with more importance than the written test.

I underestimated this kid. He probably reads a lot of books normally, meaning that his knowledge is actually rather decent, but the combat test... Instructor Lin sinisterly chuckled to himself.

Within the Automaton Passage were traps, arrays, and automatons. One would need true skill to get through it.

Those automatons didn't recognize people, so even if Zhao Feng was the city lord's son, they would treat him like anyone else.

"Zhao Wu! Zhao Hongliang! Zhao Qianling! ...Zhao Feng!" Instructor Lin called out ten names, Zhao Feng's being one of them.

The ten stepped forward. Some of the children were rather nervous, but Zhao Feng was calm and bored.

The eyes of Zhao Feng's subordinates flashed. They wanted to see just how strong Zhao Feng really was.

Those who didn't know Zhao Feng very well but had heard much of his infamy were quite happy to sit back and watch him fail.

The ten quickly entered their Automaton Passages.

A white light passed over Zhao Feng's body, and then a mechanical voice announced, "Azure Qi Realm initial level!"

The difficulty of the trial would adjust itself to one's cultivation.

There was a clicking and clanking from the passage. Many pitch-black and stiff figures emerged, and then all fell silent. "Automatons and traps, hm?" Zhao Feng smiled.

He hadn't focused much on cultivation in this life, but pill-refining, weapon-forging, automatons, traps... he had put significant research into these subjects.

Zhao Feng nonchalantly walked in. The automatons in the dark passage immediately began to dance.

In the training ground:

"He's able to do anything with his status as the city lord's son, but just how good is he, really?"

"He can't pass! I bet that he will come out from the entrance!"

Once Zhao Feng went in, many of the children began to chatter.

Many of these didn't know Zhao Feng very well and had only heard of his wicked deeds. Someone who was so evil at such a young age would naturally be rejected. However, many more of them were envious of Zhao Feng, as he didn't need to cultivate or go to class and could do whatever he wanted.

There's an eighty percent chance that the kid doesn't even come out.... Instructor Lin inwardly chuckled. He stepped forward, sending out his spiritual sense.

If Zhao Feng couldn't come out, he would still have to go in and save him. When the time came, he could savagely criticize Zhao Feng, and so even if Zhao Feng got one full points on the written test, he would get zero on the combat test, still putting him as the lowest scorer in the class.

But as he sent out his spiritual sense, Instructor Lin realized that there was no one in the Automaton Passage!

Why is there no one inside? Instructor Lin was shocked.

At this moment:

"Hey, Instructor Lin, how many points did I get?" A childish laughter rang out.

Looking over, he saw Zhao Feng walking toward him.

It turned out that when Instructor Lin went to inspect the passage, Zhao Feng had already passed!

"No, you passed?" Instructor Lin was flabbergasted.

The children in the back were struck dumb, their jaws agape in shock.

"Haven't I come out?" Zhao Feng smiled and put on an extremely confused look.

"How did you get out?" Instructor Lin grimaced and immediately asked.

Just how much time had passed? Martial artists of the same level would need at least fifteen minutes to get through the Automaton Passage.

"I just slowly walked out...." Zhao Feng had an innocent and confused look on his face.

In truth, after entering the Automaton Passage, Zhao Feng found the critical part that made all the traps and automaton inside stop functioning until the entire thing was restarted.

Instructor Lin was speechless. He no longer understood how to interact with this seven-year-old child, but he also couldn't have Zhao Feng go through it again. That would mean that he suspected Zhao Feng of cheating, which was not something he wanted to do without firm evidence, given Zhao Feng's status.

"The test is over! I'm tired. I'm going to rest now." Zhao Feng stretched and quickly left.

Instructor Lin was speechless. In his view, Zhao Feng had just randomly scribbled out his written test and casually strolled through the combat test. How could he be tired?

The group waited for another fifteen minutes, upon which the most talented of the ten, Zhao Qianling, emerged, his red face brimming with excitement.

One day after the examination was over, the grades were released. The city lord's second son, Zhao Feng, had gotten a perfect score on his first examination, shocking all of the Zhao Clan and Southcloud City.

The many young martial and scholarly prodigies of the Zhao Clan were all given a sharp stimulation by this event.

"Brother Feng, your little brother is willing to serve at your beck and call. Please, you have to teach me your secret techniques!" Zhao Hai had an excited look on his face as he massaged Zhao Feng's legs.

"Brother Feng, if you need anything in the future, please, just ask! Your little brother will walk through fire to serve you."

Those children who had only followed Zhao Feng out of fear immediately changed their attitude and worked without complaint. Doing nothing for the entire day, just eating, drinking, and playing without cultivating, and still getting a perfect score. Just what child didn't want such a thing...?

Some of the children even request to join Zhao Feng's posse, but they were pushed away by the older crowd of lackeys. Six years went by in the blink of an eye, and Zhao Feng was now fourteen.

On this day, the Dream Origin in Zhao Feng's soul trembled once more with incredible intensity.

"It's nearby!" Zhao Feng immediately got up and left the city lord estate.

"Brother Feng, where are you going?"

"Brother Feng, where do you plan to go playing this time?"

A group of youths hastily followed. These former lackeys were now nearing twenty years of age, but they were still willing to attend to Zhao Feng.

## [King of Gods](#)

### **Chapter 1576: The Greedy Thieving Cat**

Southcloud City was the most prosperous city for tens of millions of li. The city was immense and had buildings in all sorts of styles. They were studded with countless pearls and jewels that shone with dazzling light.

“Brother Feng, if you like anything, just tell your little brother!” Zhao Yun’s cheerful voice came from the side.

These little brothers had all reached the Violet Qi Realm of the Three Qi Realm, and the most talented, Zhao Hai, had even reached the initial level of the Star Origin Realm. Meanwhile, they sensed that Zhao Feng was only at the Blue Qi Realm of the Three Qi Realm.

Even so, the group was still completely subservient to Zhao Feng. One could only say that Zhao Feng was an excellent guide.

In Southcloud City, there was no one who did not know of Zhao Feng’s name.

Many shop keepers immediately paled upon seeing Zhao Feng and his posse. They hadn’t interacted very much with Zhao Feng, but they all knew of his infamous deeds. To outsiders, these young masters were definitely hedonistic good-for-nothings, and what made them even more afraid was that the city lord’s son was said to be fond of tying up the people who provoked them and taking off their clothes.

Zhao Feng closed his eyes. Within his soul, his Dream Origin was constantly trembling. This trembling was a reaction to his Dream Mark.

Upon arriving at the Alakshana World, Zhao Feng had left Dream Marks on the souls of Liu Qinxin, Zhao Yufei, and the little thieving cat.

“It seems to be in Southcloud City!” Elated, Zhao Feng continued forward.

With the response from his Dream Origin, Zhao Feng could track down the exact location of the Dream Mark.

As he turned here and there, the reaction from the Dream Mark intensified.

As Zhao Feng passed by an elegantly constructed restaurant, he stopped.

An azure-robed elder missing an arm was eating and drinking at a table by the window. Across from the elder was a little silver-black cat with shining jewel-like eyes.

“Little thieving cat!” One glance was enough for Zhao Feng to be sure that this was the little thieving cat.

Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat jumped around on the table and the elder would occasionally smile. He was apparently rather amused by the cat’s movements.

Does it already have a master? Zhao Feng thought to himself.

But this didn’t matter. When he wanted something, he would get it.



Just when Zhao Feng was about to enter the restaurant, the cat jumped out of the window and fled.

“Thieving cat!” The little thieving cat was fleeing in Zhao Feng’s direction, so he moved to stop it.

The other youths saw Zhao Feng moving to stop the cat and immediately moved to surround it.

Meoow!

The little thieving cat raised its head, waved its claws, and meowed. It put on a cute and innocent look that made the other youths let down their guard. A moment later, the little thieving cat found a gap and fled.

However, the little thieving cat realized that, just when it was about to escape the encirclement, a person stood in its way: Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng smiled as he stared at the little thieving cat.

For some reason, the little thieving cat felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity, and also fear, from this staring youth. Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat suddenly shook its head and nervously tried to flee.

At this moment, a powerful energy erupted from the restaurant. The elder with only one arm flew out in an azure flash. “Damn cat!” The elder glared furiously at the nearby cat.

At this moment, Zhao Feng understood that this man was not the little thieving cat’s master, and he also understood why the little thieving cat was in such a rush to flee.

The Zhao Clan youths next to Zhao Feng all shivered. This elder possessed a dreadful energy, and even though the elder was intentionally suppressing it, it still made their blood freeze.

The elder instantly rushed up to the little thieving cat’s side, an invisible energy wrapping around the little thieving cat and rendering it incapable of movement.

“Damn thieving cat, you actually dared to steal this old man’s things!? This old man will cut your stomach open!”

The azure-robed elder’s face was cold and stern, and the killing intent he exuded alarmed many people in the area. Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat’s eyes were wide open as it put on a pitiful expression.

But the elder was clearly not some kind person, and the expression on his face did not change.

Swish!

The elder produced a green jade sword, three feet and two inches long while gleaming with cold light.

The little thieving cat sensed the old man’s killing intent and its hairs stood on end. It knew that it had offended someone that it couldn’t afford to.

Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat glared at Zhao Feng and yowled. If not for the interference of Zhao Feng's posse, it would have easily escaped, and Southcloud City was so large that the elder would have never been able to find it.

"Good Sir, stop! This is my cat!" Zhao Feng suddenly declared.

The little thieving cat froze, and then it put on a grateful expression.

Zhao Feng was inwardly speechless. This cat changed expressions far too quickly, and though it had reincarnated, its avaricious nature had not changed at all. In fact, it had become even bolder.

"And what does it matter if it's yours?" The elder glanced at Zhao Feng and disdainfully spat.

This was nothing more than a child. As they said, newborn calves didn't fear tigers. This boy actually wanted to save a cat from his sword?

"Now this will be fun! The city lord's son has taken a liking to this cat!"

"This azure-robed elder has a rather profound cultivation, and he doesn't seem like an easy person to deal with. And I recognize this cat. It came here last year. Is it really the Second Young Master's pet?"

The surrounding crowd began to gossip.

From the energy and killing intent exuded by this elder, he was definitely a powerhouse.

But Zhao Feng's status was also extraordinary.

The azure-robed elder was listening to the chatter of the crowd and came to understand Zhao Feng's status. Normally, he might have yielded. After all, the Zhao Clan of Southcloud City was the strongest clan in the area, and Zhao Feng's father, Zhao Tianlong, was a peak Imperishable Realm expert.

A peak Imperishable Realm expert was a Mystic Light Realm Sacred King of the Fan Universe.

But this thieving cat had swallowed an extremely important object of the elder's, so he could not let the matter go.

"It's mine, so you're not allowed to harm a hair on its head," Zhao Feng slowly approached as he calmly declared.

"Brother Feng!" Zhao Yun, Zhao Hai, and the others called out.

They could tell at a glance that this elder wasn't someone to mess with. Although this was the territory of the Zhao Clan, this cat clearly wasn't Zhao Feng's pet, and Zhao Feng had very little ground to stand on.

The elder's eyes gleamed with surprise as he stared at Zhao Feng.

"This brat..." The elder suddenly felt like he couldn't see through this child of weaker cultivation.

But he couldn't just yield like some child, and he could not let this cat go.

"I advise Young Master to not involve yourself in this affair. If you want a cat, this old man will give you several," the azure-robed elder coldly said.

With these words, not only did he not back down, he also promised to reward Zhao Feng.

At the same time, the elder released his energy, hoping to intimidate this boy. An oppressive and sharp energy radiated from his body. The crowd, feeling a painful stabbing pressure on their skin, was forced to back away.

“This man is at least peak Star Origin Realm, and he’s also a Sword Dao expert!” someone called out in alarm.

Zhao Feng continued to advance steadily, his expression unperturbed.

It seems like this little energy isn’t enough to frighten this city lord’s son. The elder’s eyes flashed as he began to exude an even more powerful energy.

Divine Transformation initial level! This was the equivalent of the Fan Universe’s Void God Realm King.

But Zhao Feng remained unperturbed as if he was completely unaffected.

The elder clenched his teeth and released even more energy.

Divine Transformation middle level!

Divine Transformation peak!

Complete Divine Transformation!

Only one step from the Imperishable Realm!

If the elder reached the Imperishable Realm, he would be considered a regional expert that not even the Zhao Clan could look down on.

At this moment, the pressure of a complete Divine Transformation expert radiated from the elder’s body. And the elder was controlling this energy very well; he killed no one, only intimidated them.

Boom!

The spectators hastily retreated. A complete Divine Transformation expert of the Sword Dao was so powerful that even their souls ached.

The nearby little thieving cat shuddered, completely struck dumb by fear.

But the closer Zhao Feng was completely unaffected.

Is this kid wearing some supreme-quality defensive divine artifact? the azure-robed elder pondered, and he released his Spiritual Sense so that he might inspect Zhao Feng.

At this moment, Zhao Feng spoke; “You want to scare me?”

The azure-robed elder stared in shock at Zhao Feng’s eyes. A moment later, his body froze and his soul shivered.

The elder suddenly sensed an indescribable bearing from Zhao Feng, like that of a king looking down upon the world, a being that could not be defied. When he looked into Zhao Feng’s eyes, he felt his mind going blank. Now that he looked again, the elder felt like he was looking up at the youth.

Without realizing it, the elder began to withdraw his energy.

The crowd was stunned. The elder seemed to grow afraid after looking at Zhao Feng's eyes, and his pressure had completely vanished.

At this moment, the elder's eyes flashed. As he looked at this boy, he felt an inexplicable unease.

"Damn it! I don't believe the Zhao Clan will start a problem with me over a single cat!" the elder cursed. How embarrassing was it to be frightened by a mere child?

But before the elder could strike, Zhao Feng spoke, "If you kill this cat, no one in Southcloud City will help you refine a Soul Origin Purging Pill."

It was basically a whisper, but someone of the elder's profound cultivation could hear it loud and clear.

His mind exploded.

How did he know that I was looking for a pill refiner? And how did he know that I needed a Soul Origin Purging Pill? The azure-robed elder did not voice his shocked questions.

"In addition, without the Soul Origin Purging Pill, your wounds will never completely heal, and your cultivation will stop at the Imperishable Realm," Zhao Feng added before the elder could say anything else.

This time, the azure-robed elder's mind simply went blank from the complete shock. This child had actually realized his true cultivation level.

Yes, this azure-robed elder was at the Imperishable Realm, but a perilous battle had led his cultivation to fall to the Divine Transformation Realm. However, he could still exude the powerful energy of his original cultivation level.

Moreover, to avoid the pursuit of his enemies, he had changed his appearance and concealed his aura, even sealing his cultivation to the Star Origin Realm. This was the only reason the thieving cat was able to steal his pill ingredients.

"I was just joking with Young Master. I didn't think that Young Master would possess such divine courage and be so resolved before danger. This old man must express his sincere admiration!"

The elder's sword vanished, as did the seal on the little thieving cat.

The crowd was flabbergasted. No one had expected this abrupt turn.

The little thieving cat's mouth was agape. This elder's cultivation was simply too terrifying. Even though it had been released, it still did not dare to run.

Thwish!

It immediately went up to Zhao Feng and began to act like his pet.

Behind Zhao Feng, Zhao Yun, Zhao Hai, and the others were slack-jawed and wide-eyed. Although they didn't know what happened, they now regarded Zhao Feng with absolute admiration.

“This one almost injured Young Master’s cat! Please, allow me to repent by treating you to a meal!” The azure-robed elder gestured at the restaurant and offered.

### [King of Gods](#)

#### **Chapter 1577: Personally Refining a Pill**

The reversal in the azure-robed elder’s attitude had all the spectators surprised. Some of them even gave scornful smiles. In the end, this elder had still yielded. The elder clearly had some grudge and was completely unwilling to back down, but now, his attitude had completely turned around, and he was smiling at the arrogant Zhao Feng.

Those of lower cultivation couldn’t see the truth, but as Southcloud City was the most prosperous city in the area, many experts had gathered here. Quite a few of them noticed that Zhao Feng had whispered something to the elder before his sudden change in attitude.

Zhao Feng’s party entered the restaurant and seated themselves at the elder’s table. A waiter immediately delivered a few more sets of chopsticks, cups, and bowls.

“This old man drinks a toast to Young Master!” The elder raised his cup and drank it down.

Seeing that the situation was resolved, the crowd began to disperse. Inwardly, they sighed in wonder at the fact that an expert many levels above Zhao Feng had chosen to bend the knee and put on a smiling face.

After drinking the wine, the azure-robed elder coldly stared at Zhao Feng.

“Junior, how did you know who I was?” The elder spoke so softly that his words were nigh inaudible.

He was the number one prodigy of the Azure City Sword Sect in the last one thousand years, Huo Qingfeng. However, several months ago, the Azure City Sword Sect was encircled and annihilated by an enemy faction. The sword sect’s elders had sacrificed their lives to get him to safety, but Huo Qingfeng was still pursued by the forces of that enemy faction, and he only managed to get to this place with heavy injuries.

His old man form was merely a disguise. In his view, Zhao Feng definitely knew of his real identity, allowing him to guess that he was injured and needed medicine.

“What could be so difficult about such a minor matter?” Zhao Feng confidently smiled as he sipped his wine.

He had no idea who this old man was, but Huo Qingfeng probably wouldn’t believe him if he said as much. Of course, if he really wanted to know who this old man was, it truly would be quite simple.

Huo Qingfeng’s cold eyes gleamed with disdain. He clearly believed that Zhao Feng thought too highly of himself. Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat immediately began to shout and gesture as if in praise of Zhao Feng. At present, only by following Zhao Feng could it survive.

The little thieving cat had spent some time in Southcloud City, so it knew a little about Zhao Feng's status. Since Zhao Feng wanted to make it his pet, the little thieving cat would follow Zhao Feng. Perhaps it could even steal some of the treasures of the city lord's estate.

"Young Master, I can give you the cat, but please assist me with my problem!" Huo Qingfeng ceased wasting time with Zhao Feng and got straight to the point.

You want me to help you by extracting the object the cat stole from you and finding a person to refine a Soul Origin Purging Pill for you?" Zhao Feng directly asked. If his guess was correct, the thieving cat had probably stolen the ingredients for the Soul Origin Purging Pill. Otherwise, the elder would not have been in such a rush.

"The Soul Origin Purging Pill?" Zhao Yun and Zhao Yun were both shocked. Wasn't this a legendary Grade Six high-class medicine? Not even the city lord's estate had many medicines at this level.

At this moment, they finally realized that this Huo Qingfeng was much more formidable than they had imagined.

In the Alakshana World, medicines were divided into grades that corresponded to cultivation levels. A Grade Six was equivalent to the Imperishable Realm.

They felt even more admiration for Zhao Feng now. He was actually able to make someone like Huo Qingfeng calm down and greet him with a smile.

"However, the Soul Origin Purging Pill is a Grade Six high-class medicine. There are few pill refiners in Southcloud City capable of making it, and the quality and chances of success won't be very high...." Zhao Feng slightly shook his head.

Huo Qingfeng's eyes dimmed. He naturally understood, but he had to take a bet. Otherwise, his body and soul would remain wounded, and his path on the road of martial arts would probably end here.

This thought caused Huo Qingfeng's heart to seethe with anger and killing intent. He wanted to take revenge, not live his life in fear, constantly fleeing from his pursuers.

"But I have a way of getting you a high-quality Soul Origin Purging Pill," Zhao Feng suddenly said.

Huo Qingfeng immediately raised his head, his eyes washed clean of disappointment, killing intent, and anger.

Soul Origin Purging Pills of ordinary quality could not completely cure his injuries, but high-quality pills had a chance.

"If Young Master needs anything, please speak!" Huo Qingfeng's face returned to normal, and he profoundly stared at Zhao Feng. He realized that this boy was incredibly unusual.

"I'll give you one chance. Become my servant," Zhao Feng flatly replied.

Zhao Yun's and Zhao Hai's eyes flew open, their hearts leaping to their throats. Zhao Feng had actually made such a demand of this peerless expert!?

Even if Zhao Feng was the son of the city lord, he couldn't possibly have a servant of the Divine Transformation Realm, let alone the Imperishable Realm.

"Are you playing around with me?" Huo Qingfeng was enraged, his voice turning cold and deadly.

A mere child wanted an Imperishable Realm expert to be his servant? What a joke!

He coldly stared at Zhao Feng. If this child refused to be tactful, he would simply kill him, take his medicine ingredients, and flee.

Zhao Yun and Zhao Hai sensed Huo Qingfeng's killing intent and began to shiver in fear.

The little thieving cat was also so frightened that it hid behind Zhao Feng. For some reason, it felt very safe like this.

"I will talk alone with this old man. Wait for me here." Zhao Feng looked at the Zhao Clan youths at his side.

"Brother Feng, you..." Zhao Yun's voice was shaking, but before he could finish, he was cowed into silence by Huo Qingfeng.

"Follow me. I'll help you out with the pill, and then you can consider my proposal." Zhao Feng calmly looked at Huo Qingfeng.

"Okay." Huo Qingfeng remained suspicious, but he also wasn't worried that Zhao Feng would play some kind of trick.

With Zhao Feng next to him, even if the city lord of Southcloud City came, he wouldn't dare to do anything reckless.

Before he left, Zhao Feng picked up the little thieving cat, who was playing dead, and then he proceeded to make his way out of the city.

Huo Qingfeng's face darkened. This kid was going alone out of the city. Was he not afraid that he would kill him and the cat, take the ingredients, and flee?

Of course, Zhao Feng's arrogant demand from before wasn't enough for Huo Qingfeng to do something like that. After all, there was a chance that Zhao Feng could indeed get him a high-quality Soul Origin Purging Pill.

The two men and the cat soon arrived at a small river on the north side of the city. The trees here were lush and the people few, making it a rather secluded spot.

"You said that you would give me the pill, so why are we here?" Huo Qingfeng suspiciously asked.

To refine the pill," Zhao Feng immediately answered, taking out a dragon-shaped violet cauldron covered in intricate designs from his interspatial dimension.

"...you're going to refine a Soul Origin Purging Pill for me?" After a moment of stupefied silence, Huo Qingfeng realized what was going on and paled.

The city lord's son wasn't the typical arrogant boy. He was so arrogant that his audacity would cause the heavens themselves to blush.

A Soul Origin Purging Pill was a Grade Six high-class medicine. An ordinary Grade Six Pill refiner didn't have even a ten percent chance of successfully refining one, and the most talented of these pill refiners were at least five hundred years old, but the majority were several thousand, even ten thousand years old. But this teenager was saying that he would refine a Grade Six pill?

Huo Qingfeng's face went cold. If this was really what Zhao Feng intended, he might as well just kill this swindling boy and cat.

The little thieving cat trembled. This boy was clearly suicidal, and it would probably go down with him.

"Little thieving cat!" Zhao Feng sternly extended a finger and jabbed it at the center of the cat's brow.

The cat found this form of address incredibly familiar, and Zhao Feng's finger moved with deceptive speed. Before it could even try to move, Zhao Feng's finger had struck.

A nigh imperceptible dream-colored point of light enter the little thieving cat's soul and into the depths of its memories.

A moment later, the little thieving cat froze and began to crazily shiver.

Huo Qingfeng stared. What caused the cat to suddenly end up like this? The more he stared, the more Huo Qingfeng realized that this cat had undergone a major transformation, but he couldn't say exactly what it was.

Suddenly, a crafty light appeared in the little thieving cat's eyes.

Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat jumped onto Zhao Feng's shoulder and began to affectionately nuzzle him.

"Hurry and take out the pill ingredients." Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

After taking the ingredients from its mouth, the little thieving cat stared at Huo Qingfeng and smiled.

"Mm?" Huo Qingfeng's face turned grim. This time, he could no longer see any fear in the cat's eyes, only an inexplicable derision.

The cat that he could have casually killed earlier now felt like it was capable of crawling onto his head.

What did the kid do just now? Huo Qingfeng grimaced as he looked at Zhao Feng. Just now, Zhao Feng simply thrust a finger at the cat's forehead, but this had effected an invisible transformation on the cat.

As Huo Qingfeng turned to look, he saw that Zhao Feng had already begun to refine the pill.

"My Soul Origin Purging Pill!" Huo Qingfeng called out.

He had already decided that if Zhao Feng really was going to refine the pill, he would kill him, but the change in the little thieving cat had caused him to forget Zhao Feng's movements for a few moments, allowing Zhao Feng to start the process.



What could a teenager know about pill refining? Even the pill refining masters of Southcloud City could not guarantee a high chance of success, but at least there was a thin sliver of hope there. If this child refined the pill for him though, there was no hope at all!

But Huo Qingfeng was suddenly entranced by Zhao Feng's pill-refining method. He smoothly handled the ingredients, even doing two things at once, grinding and refining at the same time. At a glance, he seemed like a grandmaster.

Even though he didn't understand pill refining, Huo Qingfeng was entranced.

Could this kid really be a pill refining master...? Huo Qingfeng was uncertain.

This boy had given him too many surprises, more than he usually encountered in a single year.

At this moment, a dark blue smoke began to emerge from the violet cauldron. Just by breathing it in, Huo Qingfeng felt his body tremble in relief, a cold and clean sensation in his soul.

"He really can...!" Huo Qingfeng's face shifted again and again, and he stared hopefully at Zhao Feng.

He speculated that there was something unusual about this boy. He could even be the reincarnation of an expert of the Nine Ranks of Chaos Heaven, or perhaps was possessed by some master.

After reincarnating into this world, Zhao Feng had researched a great deal about pill refining, even trying his hand at refining pills. However, the highest pill he had refined was a Grade Five. He had never refined a Grade Six, but that was more because the level of ingredients was too high to easily gather. Now that Huo Qingfeng had delivered a set of ingredients to his doorstep, Zhao Feng was eager to try his hand.

Bzzz!

Blue light erupted from the violet cauldron, and the refreshing fragrance emerging from it caused the nearby plants to tremble and grow faster.

Huo Qingfeng was growing more and more excited. He sensed that the pill within the cauldron was about to take form. But at this moment:

Boom! Bang!

A muffled boom came from the cauldron. The lid was sent flying to the side, and black smoke began to rise.

The scorched remnants of the pill revealed themselves to Huo Qingfeng's eyes.

Failure. Zhao Feng shook his head. He had never refined Grade Six medicines before. Failing on his first time was rather normal.

But behind him, Huo Qingfeng's face turned cold and sinister.

This kid was definitely playing around with him! Those smooth and practiced movements were all an act!

To think that he had believed that this kid was some master, the reincarnation of an expert! What a joke!

A terrifying Sword Dao energy began to radiate from Huo Qingfeng's body, surging toward Zhao Feng.

"Hold on! It hasn't failed yet!" Zhao Feng immediately shouted.

He hastily picked up the lid and put it back on the cauldron.

Huo Qingfeng couldn't see a strange energy pulsing within Zhao Feng's soul.

"Nonsense! I'll take your life today, brat!" Huo Qingfeng cursed. He had suffered far too great a loss due to this boy. The pill had blackened and burst apart, and this kid was still trying to fool him? He would never believe Zhao Feng's words.

"Success!" Zhao Feng immediately took away the lid.

A dark blue light erupted from within, bringing with it a faint and refreshingly cold energy.

Huo Qingfeng froze, his eyes going wide. He stared at the three dark blue pills in the cauldron, his mind in complete turmoil.

### [King of Gods](#)

#### **Chapter 1578: A Beautiful Woman for a Master**

As Huo Qingfeng stared at the three dark blue pills exuding cold light and medicinal scent, he was sure that these were Grade Six pills.

But this was not what he was shocked about. The pill had clearly just exploded into a pile of blackened shards. It was definitely a failure, but when Zhao Feng closed the lid and took it off again, three complete Soul Origin Purging Pills had miraculously appeared.

How was this possible? Huo Qingfeng's understanding of the world was completely overturned. He found it impossible to understand what was going on. Did he see an illusion? He truly didn't get it.

And even if he put that matter aside, Zhao Feng couldn't possibly have refined a Grade Six high-class medicine!

After linking together all the various things that happened, Huo Qingfeng finally understood that this child was not at all what he seemed!

Young Master, what happened just now?" Huo Qingfeng cautiously asked.

"Cough, cough... the scorched pill you saw before was just an illusion. I just wanted to see your character, but, alas..." Zhao Feng dryly coughed, and then he spoke of character and righteousness like he was an old man before finishing with a disappointed sigh.

In reality, the refining had indeed failed, but there was no need to talk about that. Otherwise, the secret of his Dream Origin would be exposed.

"An illusion!?" Huo Qingfeng's mind was shaken.

There was this possibility. Otherwise, how could the blackened pill become a successful product?

Moreover, given that Zhao Feng was able to refine a Grade Six high-class medicine, he had to possess an unimaginable understanding of the Pill Dao. Perhaps he had created a fragrance that could create illusions while refining the pill. How else would he have produced the illusion?

Huo Qingfeng was sure of one thing though: this child was simply unfathomable. And that cat, after encountering Zhao Feng, had also become enigmatic and inexplicable.

At this moment, Huo Qingfeng saw Zhao Feng's disappointed look. It was clear that the killing intent he had revealed upon seeing the failure caused Zhao Feng to be disappointed in his character.

"Young Master... Senior, this one lost himself in a moment of impulse. Please forgive me!" Huo Qingfeng immediately blurted out. He was so sure that Zhao Feng was the reincarnation of an expert or possessed by one that he had even changed his form of address.

Moreover, this boy had the ability to refine a Soul Origin Purging Pill, making him a Grade Six pill refiner at the minimum. He naturally felt a little embarrassed and felt like he had to explain himself.

"Mm, seeing how sincere you are, you can now consider my offer from before." Zhao Feng placed his hands behind his back and put on an indifferent face. He began to exude a profound demeanor.

There was no need for him to feign anything. In his last life, Zhao Feng was a Creator-level expert, so he already possessed the demeanor and bearing of an expert.

The little thieving cat stood on his shoulder and tried to seem extremely wise. It clearly regarded itself as being incredibly special.

Huo Qingfeng was no longer enraged. Instead, he began to carefully consider the offer.

He was now sure that this boy had unfathomable depths to him, and he could not be judged from what was visible on the surface. Moreover, even though Zhao Feng knew what his cultivation level was at his peak, he still said the same thing. It was clear that this boy possessed a great deal of confidence.

If I follow him, I'll definitely be able to take revenge and rebuild the Azure City Sword Sect! Huo Qingfeng said to himself.

But he was a prodigy of the Imperishable Realm. It was truly rather unsightly to be the servant of a thirteen-year-old boy.

"Only by suffering humiliation and bearing heavy burdens can one go on to perform great things. I only offered to make you my servant because I saw that your talent wasn't bad. And if you do well in the future, I won't treat you poorly...." Zhao Feng added. He even seemed ready to leave, apparently not caring that much about Huo Qingfeng.

After all, he was someone who had lived for several hundred years. Zhao Feng had managed to pull off a very convincing act.

"Senior, please hold!" Huo Qingfeng's body trembled for a few moments, then he extended a hand and called out to Zhao Feng.

In the end, Huo Qingfeng made his choice.

He needed to avenge himself and rebuild his sect, needed to live life out in the open. In order for this to happen, he needed to make a few sacrifices. Zhao Feng was clearly an unfathomable figure, and also an opportunity!

“A contract for one hundred years. After one hundred years, you’re free to go where you want.” Zhao Feng threw out a contract scroll.

Huo Qingfeng truly did possess a decent level of talent. In this current stage, he could help Zhao Feng handle a few matters. Thus, Zhao Feng only asked for his services for one hundred years.

“One hundred years?” Huo Qingfeng immediately signed the contract.

For martial artists, one hundred years was neither too long nor too short.

“Let’s go!” Zhao Feng smiled and returned with Huo Qingfeng to Southcloud City.

Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat turned and gestured. It was apparently saying that it was fine if it was addressed as Master Cat.

“There’s no need for you to disguise yourself in the future! No one will dare to touch one of my people!” Zhao Feng saw that Huo Qingfeng was still keeping up his old man disguise and immediately ordered.

Huo Qingfeng shivered. These words were truly too domineering and confident. Huo Qingfeng was sure now that his decision was the correct one.

No one wanted to live their life with a fake face. The skin on Huo Qingfeng’s face began to wriggle and shed, and a few moments later, a youth with sharp brows and bright eyes, exuding an intimidating aura, was revealed. But there was still a faint sorrow hanging about him, an aura that made his disguise as an old man not as ill-suited as it would seem.

Zhao Yun, Zhao Hai, and the others were still waiting for Zhao Feng at the restaurant.

“Brother Feng, where did that wicked old man go? Did he do anything to you?”

“If he dared to touch Brother Feng, the Zhao Clan will never let him go!”

The Zhao Clan youths immediately began to flatter Zhao Feng.

“This is him. He was just in disguise before,” Zhao Feng glanced at Huo Qingfeng behind him and nonchalantly said.

The youths were immediately speechless, staring in a daze at Huo Qingfeng.

Huo Qingfeng’s eyes suddenly became extremely sharp. He seemed to be able to see through the hearts of all these youths, and his glare made it difficult for them to breathe.

Of course, Huo Qingfeng naturally wouldn’t injure Zhao Feng’s relatives, nor would he bother himself with some children.

“Young Master, this one will take his leave!” Midway, Huo Qingfeng, following Zhao Feng’s instructions, said farewell.

In order to not draw the suspicion of his father and mother, Zhao Feng did not plan to have Huo Qingfeng enter the city lord's estate. He would have him live in the vicinity so that Zhao Feng could promptly come over if Huo Qingfeng's enemies paid a visit.

Huo Qingfeng rented a cultivation chamber near the city lord's estate.

Once he was inside, he took out the three dark blue pills with excitement.

Gulp!

After taking the pills, Huo Qingfeng began to cultivate and treat his wounds. He instantly felt an extremely soothing liquid flowing through his body, seeping into his bones, organs, and soul, miraculously healing his wounds.

This pill's quality is... perfect!" Huo Qingfeng's mind was shaken.

As the prodigy of a sect, he had consumed many kinds of medicines.

Medicines were divided by the level of effect as well as grade. From lowest to greatest effect, medicines were divided into flawed, low-quality, best-quality, apex, and perfect. Flawed medicines could only exhibit ten to thirty percent of the medicinal effect while perfect medicines could exhibit one hundred percent of the medicinal effect.

"A grandmaster! Definitely a grandmaster of the Pill Dao!" Huo Qingfeng shouted in glee.

Once the party returned to the city lord's estate, they split up to do their own things. Zhao Feng, meanwhile, went to prepare a few things.

The little thieving cat spent every day roaming around the city lord's estate, definitely stealing a few things along the way.

Now that it had awakened all its memories, the cat's level of thievery was so high that probably only Imperishable Realm experts could notice anything. Moreover, the little thieving cat put on an adorable face, winning the favor of many people in the city lord's estate. This allowed it to commit its thefts with even greater ease.

One day, Zhao Feng's father and mother paid a visit.

"Father, Mother, for what reason have you come to visit?" Zhao Feng opened the gate to greet them, a smile on his face.

But besides his parents, there was a person that he didn't recognize. This was a woman with a beautiful and graceful appearance. She appeared to be incredibly well-accomplished and was inspecting Zhao Feng.

"Feng'er, how has your cultivation been doing lately?" Zhao Tianlong concernedly asked.

As the patriarch of the clan, he was naturally worried about Zhao Feng's cultivation. After all, Zhao Feng would inherit his position one day.

Although Zhao Feng scored excellently during the annual examinations, his cultivation level wasn't that high.

“Your child has reached the peak of the Blue Qi Realm,” Zhao Feng flatly replied.

Zhao Tianlong said nothing. A fourteen-year-old at the peak of the Blue Qi Realm was considered average among the descendants of the clan, and it was rather lacking for children of the main branch.

“Feng’er, this is a new teacher your father found for you. In the future, you will practice cultivation with her!” Zhao Tianlong glanced at the woman next to him and introduced her.

Zhao Feng’s parents knew that Zhao Feng did not like being restricted and rarely went to the training ground to spar with his peers. However, they had also taken note of Zhao Feng’s grades and conduct, so they felt their child might be hiding his strength.

This new teacher was meant to both instruct Zhao Feng and also determine his true strength.

“Feng’er, don’t look down on Tingyu! She’s twenty-seven, but she’s already a peak Divine Transformation martial artist!” Zhao Feng’s mother genially smiled.

The two of them soon left. As the clan patriarch, Zhao Tianlong was very busy. Moreover, he felt at ease now that he had entrusted his son to Song Tingyu.

Song Tingyu was the prodigy of the Song Clan, a clan based around Southcloud City, and her talent and cultivation had far surpassed the males of the Song Clan, allowing her to become the number one of her generation.

“You’re called Zhao Feng, right? In the future, I’ll be your master. My name is Song Tingyu!” Song Tingyu smiled.

“Hold on! Father and Mother told you to teach me, but not just anybody can become my master. Let me see if you have the ability first,” Zhao Feng chuckled and immediately replied.

This girl actually wanted to become the master of a Creator-level expert? That was just a little too much!

Song Tingyu was rather surprised, but then she smiled and appeared to brush aside the comment. In her view, this was just the pride of a young master and a very normal affair. Song Tingyu would win his admiration through her skill.

“Okay then. How do you want me to prove that I can be your master?” Song Tingyu smiled. She would not grow vexed and bothered over some naughty child.

“A master naturally must possess extraordinary insight. They have to be able to identify a disciple’s mistakes in cultivation and shortcomings in martial arts,” Zhao Feng straightened up and said.

“Correct!” Song Tingyu nodded. This was truly what a good master needed.

However, she was a peak Divine Transformation expert. Even if her insight was somewhat lacking, she was still more than enough to teach Zhao Feng.

Teacher, let me ask, how long do you think I will need to break into the Violet Qi Realm?” Zhao Feng spread open his arms and allowed Song Tingyu to carefully examine him.

“You’ve only converted ten percent of your Blue Spirit energy to Violet Spirit energy. If you cultivate by yourself and don’t take any medicines, you will need at least ten days,” Song Tingyu finally concluded after a long period of observation.

In truth, she believed that Zhao Feng would need a month. Her current estimate was based on Zhao Feng having a high level of talent. Moreover, she was sure that Zhao Feng was not hiding his cultivation.

“Okay! I will begin cultivating to see if Teacher’s insight is accurate.” Zhao Feng turned and left, apparently to go and cultivate.

Song Tingyu nonchalantly smiled. Zhao Feng couldn’t possibly break into the Violet Qi Realm in ten days.

However, Zhao Feng had just crossed over the threshold when his body began to pulse with energy, and a violet aura began to radiate from his body.

### [King of Gods](#)

#### **Chapter 1579: Zhao Feng Takes a Disciple**

Song Tingyu smiled as she watched Zhao Feng leave. Her heart was brimming with confidence. But just as Zhao Feng crossed the threshold, a thick violet energy began to rise from his body, and the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi in the room began to converge around him.

“This is...” Song Tingyu was struck dumb. When she inspected Zhao Feng’s energy source just now, she was sure that only ten percent of his Blue Spirit energy had been converted into Violet Spirit energy.

But the concentration of the violet energy Zhao Feng exuded was indicative of at least thirty percent, no, forty percent. The violet energy was thickening, and it engulfed Zhao Feng’s surroundings like a fog. His body became hazy and enigmatic, and looking at it would make one feel absent-minded.

When Song Tingyu looked at Zhao Feng’s back, she had the misperception that she was looking upon some unimaginably powerful expert.

She quickly got ahold of herself, but once she did, she saw something even more astonishing. Zhao Feng’s Violet Spirit energy was now completely pure, one hundred percent converted.

Upon sending out her Spiritual Sense, Song Tingyu paled, her mind almost crashing.

“Just now... what happened?” Song Tingyu softly muttered.

In just a few moments, Zhao Feng had directly reached the Violet Qi Realm!

She just said that Zhao Feng would need at least ten days to break through if he didn’t take any medicine, but even that was an overestimation of Zhao Feng’s abilities. How could she have known that Zhao Feng would break through after walking just a few steps!?

Song Tingyu felt embarrassed and ashamed.

“Stop!” Song Tingyu called out, her face red.

“What do you need this young master for?” Zhao Feng turned around and smiled.

“You were messing with me just now?” Song Tingyu’s eyes went cold.

In her view, Zhao Feng was definitely hiding his cultivation. Otherwise, he couldn't possibly have broken through by just taking a few steps. As for why she hadn't seen it, it might have been because Zhao Feng cultivated some secret concealment art of the Zhao Clan.

She didn't have a very good temper. Earlier, she wasn't that annoyed because Zhao Feng was just a child, but now that she was sure that Zhao Feng was messing around with her, she no longer treated him like a child. Her anger went to her head, allowing her actual temperament to reveal itself.

"Correct!" Zhao Feng confessed.

Zhao Feng's forthrightness made Song Tingyu's eyes bulge, and for a moment, she didn't know what to say. She had never expected for Zhao Feng to just admit it without arguing.

In addition, despite being a peak Divine Transformation, she had been fooled by a fourteen-year-old. Who would believe her if she said such a thing? Of course, as a prodigy of the Song Clan, she was unwilling to announce such an embarrassing matter.

"No matter what trick you're trying to pull, I'm your master! I will now give you a mission!" Song Tingyu took a book from her interspatial dimension and gave it to Zhao Feng, and then she crossed her arms across her chest and coldly glared.

"Spirit-level top-class art, Yellow Dragon Fist." Zhao Feng glanced at the book.

"In ten days, cultivate this combat skill to the peak!" Song Tingyu coldly grunted.

Martial arts skills had different levels, but just because one had a high-level skill didn't mean that one could overcome a low-level skill.

This was because martial arts skills could be divided into proficiency levels: basic, minor, major, and peak. There was also the perfect level, but the requirements for this level were extremely strict. Not even the creator of a martial arts skill might be able to reach the perfect level.

Song Tingyu wouldn't just let Zhao Feng be after he messed around with her. She wanted to give him a hard time.

Yellow Dragon Fist wasn't that high level of a technique, but cultivating it to the peak within ten days was impossible. Even a Star Origin Realm prodigy would need at least ten days.

"Instead of that, why don't we make a wager?" Holding the book, Zhao Feng wickedly smiled at Song Tingyu.

"What sort of wager?" Song Tingyu was suspicious.

For some reason, she had a bad feeling, but she was a peak Divine Transformation expert! How could she be afraid of a boy?

"I have a martial arts skill of the same level as Yellow Dragon Fist. Let's see which one of us can reach the peak faster in our respective skills. The one who gets there first wins!" Zhao Feng flipped his palm, revealing the book for a skill called Flowing Light Sword.

Song Tingyu was stunned, and she found it hard to suppress the urge to laugh.



A mere Violet Qi Realm wanted to have a match with her to see who could cultivate a Spirit-level skill to the peak the fastest? She even wondered if Zhao Feng's mind was broken.

As a peak Divine Transformation expert, she cultivated nothing but Earth-level top-class skills. Comprehending a Spirit-level top-class art was truly too simple. She would only need to read the book once to be able to use it, and after training a little more, she would be able to reach the peak level.

This was certain victory!

"Okay! I'll let you experience your master's ability!" Song Tingyu agreed.

She could immediately seize back the dignity Zhao Feng had stolen from her by tricking her.

"The one who wins is the real master," Zhao Feng calmly said. There naturally needed to be something on the line for it to be a wager.

"Okay!" Song Tingyu was anxious to see Zhao Feng in desperate straits and immediately agreed.

This was her first disciple, so Song Tingyu wanted Zhao Feng to sincerely obey her without any complaint.

After taking Zhao Feng's book, Song Tingyu opened it and scanned it with her Spiritual Sense.

Although she wasn't skilled in sword arts, she was confident that she would only need to read the book once to use the skill, and reaching peak proficiency would also be easily done.

But Song Tingyu suddenly sensed something odd about Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng wasn't even looking through the manual for Yellow Dragon Fist. He was just awkwardly smiling as he watched her.

"Why aren't you cultivating the Yellow Dragon Fist?" Song Tingyu questioned.

"Please watch carefully!" Zhao Feng called out as he took a step forward.

Violet Spirit energy began to coil around his fists, swiftly transforming into yellow light suffused with Earth energy. Boom!

He punched, sending a stream of yellow energy howling forward like a dragon.

Zhao Feng punched twice, thrice.... One dark yellow dragon after another coiled around Zhao Feng, lifelike and intimidating. As he punched more and more, Zhao Feng himself seemed to become a furious dragon that raged at the heavens.

The exhibition of this first art was both beautiful and forceful. Song Tingyu was completely enchanted by it. In Zhao Feng's hand, this low-level fist art possessed an immense might, and Song Tingyu couldn't help but feel a hint of admiration.

Suddenly, all the roars and phenomena vanished.

"I win." Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

Song Tingyu was startled, and then she paled.

“You... cheater! You must have cultivated this skill before!” Song Tingyu’s entire body was trembling, and her face was shocked and panicked. These were the only words that she could muster.

Zhao Feng hadn’t even looked through the book for Yellow Dragon Fist yet was still able to use it. Moreover, that clearly wasn’t peak proficiency, but perfect proficiency. How was that even possible? It was simply too absurd. Thus, Song Tingyu could only believe that Zhao Feng had cultivated this skill before.

However, although the Yellow Dragon Fist was a low-level art, it was a skill of the Song Clan. The Zhao Clan was not guaranteed to have it. Moreover, how could such a coincidence be possible? The skill she had just randomly chosen was also the skill that Zhao Feng had cultivated beforehand? Not even she was convinced by this explanation.

She had no idea that Zhao Feng, with just that one glance, had read through all of the Yellow Dragon Fist manual. As a Creator-level expert, he could easily achieve perfect proficiency in this skill.

“Whether I cheated or not, I just want to see if the people of the Song Clan will admit their loss. If they’re all scoundrels who can’t keep their word, I have nothing to say!” Zhao Feng appeared slightly angered as he bellowed.

Song Tingyu froze, and while the fires of rage still burned within her, she had no means of venting them.

Firstly, this was the Zhao Clan, and Zhao Feng’s status was not one bit less than hers. Secondly, Zhao Feng was right.

On this wager... she had lost!

“Fine! I, Song Tingyu, am willing to accept my loss. You are now my master, but I’d like to see what you can teach me!” Song Tingyu gnashed her teeth and finally yielded.

She could not be someone who went back on her word. She would first endure this trial and then think of a way to deal with this naughty child!

Song Tingyu prepared to leave.

“Mm! This disciple is obedient. Come walk with your master,” Zhao Feng nodded and immediately said.

“You...!” Song Tingyu’s footsteps froze, and her anger exploded, but she did her best to restrain herself.

She had already suffered a loss twice today, and just seeing Zhao Feng made her unhappy. She only wanted to go back to vent her emotions and think of a way to deal with this child, but Zhao Feng did not seem intent on letting her go.

“Let’s go!” Zhao Feng placed his hands behind him and walked out.

Song Tingyu followed, her eyes fiercely staring at Zhao Feng as if she wanted to swallow him alive. Gradually, however, Song Tingyu calmed down. Now that she thought back to what had happened, she discovered that this boy... was unfathomable!

As Zhao Feng and Song Tingyu were leaving, in a closed residence within the city lord's estate, a muscular man exuding a domineering aura was seated on a raised platform, his presence causing the air itself to feel heavy.

A shadow appeared in front of the man, and then a person appeared within the shadow.

"Zhao Feng has left, together with Song Tingyu!" the black figure bowed and said.

This Zhao Tianlong, on the surface, he's just getting a teacher for his son, but in reality, it's a bodyguard. Watch the boy from the shadows. If there's a chance, take care of him...." the domineering man ordered.

"Yes, Vice Patriarch!" The black figure vanished.

"Zhao Tianlong, I wasn't planning on doing anything to your son, but this son of yours, he's not simple! He must die." The domineering man revealed a savage smile.

This man was the vice patriarch of the Zhao Clan, Zhao Balong.

His three sons were all some of the most talented children of this generation. As for Zhao Tianlong's eldest, he was of average talent and probably wouldn't have any major accomplishments. If all went as expected, Zhao Balong would be the next patriarch, and once he was patriarch, becoming the city lord would be much easier.

When Zhao Feng was born though, Zhao Balong began to observe him. He discovered that he couldn't see through his body. It was like a pitch-black pool, not easy to swim deep into and apparently bottomless. In short, he felt threatened by Zhao Feng.

Since that was the case, he would remove this threat!

Outside the city lord's estate, Zhao Feng and Song Tingyu quickly found Huo Qingfeng.

"Master." Huo Qingfeng had a calm expression.

The three perfect Soul Origin Purging Pills had cured all of the injuries in Huo Qingfeng's body. This alone made Huo Qingfeng incredibly grateful to Zhao Feng.

Moreover, he needed to take revenge and get stronger. Following Zhao Feng might give him an opportunity to accomplish these things.

"You're... the Azure City Sword Sect's Huo Qingfeng!" Song Tingyu blurted out in surprise.

The Azure City Sword Sect was rather far from this place, but Song Tingyu had heard of this person's name. This man was an even more monstrous genius than she was.

She had heard that the Azure City Sword Sect had already decided to make Huo Qingfeng the next sect master, but several months ago, a tragedy took place.

Of course, this was not the true reason for Song Tingyu's shock. She was shocked over the fact that Huo Qingfeng had called this naughty child his master!

## [King of Gods](#)

### **Chapter 1580: - Zhao Feng's Path of Prosperity**

The pride of the Azure City Sword Sect, Huo Qingfeng, was actually calling Zhao Feng his master? Song Tingyu's mind was buzzing and she looked in disbelief at Huo Qingfeng.

"I am he," Huo Qingfeng glanced at Song Tingyu and indifferently replied.

Although Song Tingyu was decently talented and possessed a formidable cultivation, she was only acceptable in his eyes.

Song Tingyu was extremely vexed by this disregard. In his eyes, she didn't even compare to a child like Zhao Feng? But she managed to suppress her discontent.

Huo Qingfeng had recovered from his wounds, but he still needed to slowly advance his cultivation level. Like Song Tingyu, he was currently at the peak Divine Transformation Realm. In terms of strength, Huo Qingfeng was stronger, given that he was a Sword Dao expert. Besides that, Huo Qingfeng also had the understanding of an Imperishable Realm expert, which Song Tingyu did not have.

"Kid, what are you planning?" Extremely unhappy, Song Tingyu casually asked.

"I'm your master. Is that the attitude you should be showing?" Zhao Feng grimaced as he questioned.

Song Tingyu was once more enraged, but when she looked into Zhao Feng's eyes, she inexplicably chose to yield.

"Yes, Master!" Song Tingyu clenched her teeth and changed her tone.

She had lost the wager and had nothing to say. Moreover, there was an expert of equal strength at Zhao Feng's side who listened to his every order.

Huo Qingfeng witnessed everything and noted in shock to himself, So this Divine Transformation Realm woman is actually his disciple.

Huo Qingfeng was even surer now that Zhao Feng was not as simple as he seemed.

"Now, we're going to get rich!" Zhao Feng nodded and smiled.

"Get rich?" Song Tingyu and Huo Qingfeng were both stunned, unable to tell what Zhao Feng was thinking.

He was the city lord's son, and the Zhao Clan dominated Southcloud City. Why did Zhao Feng need to make money? Huo Qingfeng decided that Zhao Feng definitely had some deeper meaning behind his actions.

"Correct! Let's go." Zhao Feng led the way.

If he wanted to cultivate, he could reach the apex in very little time. In his last life, he had a goal and was in constant danger, forcing him to put everything into cultivating.

In this life though, Zhao Feng didn't regard cultivation with much importance, and walking the same path twice was too boring. Thus, he wanted to take another path: the path of prosperity.

Strength was number one, but it would be even stronger with wealth. And with a certain level of wealth, one could also form their own faction!

“Huo Qingfeng, I’m giving you a mission!” As he walked, Zhao Feng began to talk with Huo Qingfeng.

“Please speak!” Huo Qingfeng’s eyes sparkled.

“I plan to open an auction house, and you will take my place as the owner of the auction house...” Zhao Feng slowly described his plan.

His first path to prosperity was an auction house. Huo Qingfeng had been chosen to be the next sect master of the Azure City Sword Sect, so he was probably a decent manager. Moreover, Huo Qingfeng was restrained by his contract to be completely under his beck and call.

Huo Qingfeng’s brow creased. As a Sword Dao expert, he was entirely devoted to the sword, and he also had his grudge to settle. He was anxious to get stronger, so he was truly unwilling to be an auctioneer.

“You plan to take your revenge alone? Once the auction house makes enough money, you can hire a group of experts, increasing your chances of a successful revenge,” Zhao Feng added, seeing that Huo Qingfeng was unwilling.

Huo Qingfeng immediately settled down. Taking revenge alone truly was too difficult. Moreover, if he had money, he could buy many cultivation resources to increase his strength.

In short, opening an auction house did not seem to be in conflict with his ultimate goal.

“But it will take so long to get an auction house established.” Huo Qingfeng thought of another problem.

It was very difficult for a small store to rise from obscurity. Moreover, Zhao Feng was apparently planning to control things from behind the scenes, which meant that they couldn’t use the Zhao Clan’s name.

“I have a plan,” Zhao Feng flatly said.

Huo Qingfeng saw that Zhao Feng was extremely confident and said no more.

The three quickly arrived at one of the most bustling places in Southcloud City and bought a large shopfront.

Although Zhao Feng was the city lord’s son, he didn’t have many Origin Crystals. This purchase was mostly paid for by the thieving cat’s recent burglaries.

Meowmeow!

The thieving cat gave a rascally smile as it gave Zhao Feng a high-five.

Song Tingyu looked speechlessly at this boy and cat.

With the shopfront purchased, the three humans and one cat quickly set things up. Zhao Feng spent a significant amount of Origin Crystals to hire some low-level warriors.

The auction house was set up, and its name was Star Peak Auction House.

“Master, we have the auction house, but no one seems to be giving us anything to auction?” Song Tingyu mockingly asked.

Your master has a few toys here.” Zhao Feng profoundly smiled. He waved his hand, and a large pile of objects appeared on the table.

There were automatons, medicines, weapons, array tools, and each item was of an outstanding level.

“You have so many Star Origin Realm and Divine Transformation Realm automatons? And also Soul Origin Purging Pills, Skyblood Fire Spirit Pills, Golden Yang Pills...!” Song Tingyu immediately paled as she examined the items in shock.

She was now sure that Zhao Feng was not your average child. How could a child have so many treasures? Even if he was the city lord’s son, Zhao Feng was only a teenager. Why would the city lord give so many resources to Zhao Feng?

Song Tingyu’s careful inspection revealed that the automatons were intricately constructed, consumed little energy, and were built from excellent materials. As for the pills, the vast majority were apex quality, with a few even being perfect.

Huo Qingfeng was similarly shocked. He knew that Zhao Feng was a pill refining grandmaster, and the pills had probably all been refined by him, but was he also the one who had created the automatons, arrays, and weapons?

Zhao Feng said nothing, keeping his skills a secret.

“An auction house attracts people because of the items up for auction. With these, our auction house will soon become famous throughout Southcloud City!” Huo Qingfeng couldn’t help but chuckle.

Later that day, a large sign was placed outside the newly-opened Star Peak Auction House. On it was written the items that would be up for auction tomorrow, the words gleaming with a golden and attractive luster.

The items up for auction were those that the vast majority of martial artists desperately needed.

Quite a few people soon took notice of the sign.

Although some people didn’t believe that a new auction house would have so many treasures, it was better to be tricked than miss out on this chance! After all, few people would know of this new auction house, reducing the number of possible competitors.

The next day, Star Peak Auction House began its first auction. Not a lot of people came, but the auction proceeded smoothly.

The same day, the name of Star Peak Auction House began to spread. After all, the quality of the treasures was high, and the price was low.

On the third day, Star Peak Auction House was at full capacity. On the fourth day, it was over capacity!

The rarity of the items at Star Peak Auction House somewhat dropped, but as its reputation had already been made, this didn’t have much of an effect.

With its resounding reputation, more people were willing to put up their items for auction. After all, the more bidders there were, the higher the final price would be.

Huo Qingfeng and Song Tingyu were excited to see the popularity of the auction house. They had signed a contract with Zhao Feng that gave them a percentage of the profits for the auction house. They were naturally overjoyed to see the auction house so successful.

“Mm?” At this moment, Huo Qingfeng sensed something strange and turned to leave. In a hidden room at the back of the auction house:

“This is for you.

“This is for Song Tingyu and Huo Qingfeng. “And this is mine!”

Zhao Feng was dividing the profits. Meowmeow!

The little thieving cat seemed very unhappy, believing that Zhao Feng was being too greedy. After all, the thieving cat had provided most of the starting capital.

It was dark outside the room, and in this darkness, a shadow appeared. This was the assassin sent by Zhao Balong, a peak Divine Transformation Realm expert, more than enough to kill a Three Qi Realm expert.

This kid... isn't simple! the figure muttered to himself.

Zhao Feng was always accompanied by Song Tingyu and Huo Qingfeng, so he was forced to watch from a distance. As a result, he wasn't able to learn anything in too much detail, but he was able to gradually determine that Zhao Feng was very unusual. He had even become rather interested in this youth. Thus, he planned to capture Zhao Feng, search his soul, and then kill him.

After many days of observation, he finally seized a moment when Huo Qingfeng and Song Tingyu weren't around to get close to Zhao Feng and begin his operation.

“Haha, kid, the day of your death is here!” The shadow surged forward, taking the shape of a pitch-black figure with a dark gray dagger that exuded a fatal chill.

Thwish!

The black figure shot into the room and rushed at Zhao Feng.

“You finally showed yourself?” Zhao Feng suddenly raised his head and smiled.

This smile seemed exceptionally eerie to the pitch-black man.

When he saw that the thieving cat was giving the same eerie smile, he felt an ill foreboding. This Three Qi Realm expert and this cat felt not fear or panic upon encountering a Divine Transformation Realm assassin. In fact, they smiled as if they had known of his presence this entire time.

But how could that be? This boy and cat could have never sensed him, and even if they did, what means did they have of escaping his grasp?

Suddenly, the eyes of a wooden puppet in the corner of the room flashed red. The puppet waved its hand, sending a thick white beam of light forward. Before the pitch-black man could react, the beam was right in front of him.

This white beam of light didn't possess much power, but when it touched the man, it exploded into an energy that could destroy all things, a white sphere that consumed all.

"Imperishable Realm...!?" The man's eyes widened in shock and fear as his body disappeared.

Zhao Feng had made a lot of money recently, allowing him to buy precious materials. This wooden puppet was an Imperishable Realm automaton that he had recently built.

At this moment, Huo Qingfeng pushed upon the door. He watched in shock as the pitch-black man's body was engulfed by the white sphere, and then the white sphere vanished.

"Qingfeng was late to protect Master! Master, please forgive me!" Huo Qingfeng took in a deep breath and bowed.

The man was dead the moment he entered, but he was still able to sense that the assassin was also a peak Divine Transformation expert. As he was an assassin skilled in concealment, the amount of power he could unleash at once was probably something that not even Huo Qingfeng could match.

But an expert like this was still instantly killed.

He didn't see Zhao Feng take action, so he did not know how this peak Divine Transformation assassin died.

"You can go back. Just put more effort into your work to make it up to me!" Zhao Feng ordered. He then threw out two interspatial dimensions. "These are your and Song Tingyu's cuts!"

"Many thanks, Master!" Huo Qingfeng, respect on his face and shock in his heart, slowly withdrew.