

## K O G 76

### [King of Gods](#)

#### Chapter 76: – Two Choices

An extra reward?

Zhao Feng's breathing rate increased: "May I ask Third Guard what the reward is?"

"The first choice is an extra 100 battle points, and the second is all your battle points get cleared, but you get a Holy martial art," the man said.

100 battle points...what!? Holy martial art?

The first choice could give Zhao Feng much more items because 10 points could already be exchanged for one peak ranked martial art. But the second choice was a Holy martial art!

No wonder the Guanjun Palace was one of the strongest factions, it could take out Holy martial arts easily.

"Obviously, I suggest that you choose the first reward because you can use those points to get many more items. As for Holy martial arts, they are much too hard to train for those under the seventh rank, even some ninth rankers can't learn them," Third Guard suggested.

Zhao Feng went into deep thought.

This man in front of him was ranked third among the Guanjun Corpsmen, and he was one of the right hand men of Lord Guanjun, so his judgement was usually logical.

If he made the first choice, Zhao Feng could get another 100 battle points and exchange it for a half-Holy martial art and some cultivation resources, whereas all his battle points would be cleared if he chose the second choice.

He had to face a huge risk if he chose the Holy martial art, because it would be wasted if he couldn't train it. Thinking logically, the first choice was better, but it was a Holy martial art! A chance to surpass the Martial Path and enter the legendary Holy Martial Path...

*Hu!*

Zhao Feng took a deep breath, it was hard for him to decide.

"Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that one of the Guanjun Palace's rules states that those under the seventh rank can't choose a Holy martial art. I can give you seven more days to decide," the Guanjun Corp sman suddenly added.

Seventh rank of the Martial Path?

Zhao Feng nodded his head, let Fate make the decision then.

During the mission, his cultivation had reached the peak sixth rank.

Seven days.

If he broke through to the seventh rank, Zhao Feng would choose the second option. If he couldn't, then he could only choose the first.

After making his decision, Zhao Feng returned to his wooden room quickly.

After the mission, numerous youths went to the Treasury Hall to trade their battle points for martial arts, resources, and weapons. Only Zhao Feng remained inside his wooden room.

The afternoon that day, Zhao Yufei and Huang Qi returned joyously. Zhao Yufei had chosen a peak ranked martial art and many cultivation resources.

Feng Hanyue and Lei Cong both traded most of their points for cultivation resources, while Lei Cong traded all of his points for resources and pills.

"Hahaha... this rare thousand year fire grass and blood strength pill will help me break through to the seventh rank... I will definitely succeed this time!" Lei Cong sat crossed-legged in his wooden room, his face full of excitement.

The thousand year fire grass was much more precious than other thousand year plants as it contained more energy than the others.

The blood strengthening pill helped condense and purify one's Inner Strength and it gave a certain amount of help to someone trying to break through the seventh rank.

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From that day on, the youths of Sky Guards Battalion all started to cultivate.

Just that night alone, many youths had reached the fifth and sixth ranks.

The second day, the third day... some of the youths improved dramatically. On the third day, a powerful aura washed out from Lei Cong's room, and the youths of the Sky Guards Battalion couldn't help but sigh.

"Oh my god... has Lei Cong reached the seventh rank?" The expressions of the youths changed.

At the same time, there was a disturbance in the other wooden rooms.

The fourth day, the fifth day...youth after youth came out of cultivation.

"Brother Lei is only 17 years old and at the seventh rank already, indeed a genius."

"Haha! I don't have to look at Feng Hanyue's face anymore, I can do whatever I want!" Lei Cong walked and felt the wariness and respect in the eyes of those nearby.

At this time Lu Xiaoyu walked over. "Congratulations to Brother Lei for entering the Martial Master rank."

Lu Xiaoyu made some improvements as well, he had reached the peak sixth rank, just one step away from seventh.

Exchanging a few words, Lu Xiaoyu pulled Lei Cong over to the side and said something in a low tone.

Oh?

Lei Cong scanned the tenth wooden room after he heard this.

Zhao Feng had stayed in his room ever since they returned from the mission and no one knew what he had received. Only Zhao Yufei and Huang Qi knew that Zhao Feng hadn't gone to the Treasury Hall to get anything.

What was he doing?

Even if he was going to cultivate, wouldn't it be easier if he exchanged some of his battle points for resources or pills?

At this moment, Zhao Feng sat on the floor as his Inner Strength coursed throughout his body. As he was breathing, the aura he released was even stronger than usual.

A few days ago, he had eaten the last one thousand year old plant and felt that his Inner Strength was purified, but Zhao Feng didn't successfully reach the seventh rank, instead he was just half a step away.

"It looks like that it's unlikely that I will reach the seventh rank in the next two days," Zhao Feng sighed.

The difference between the sixth and seventh rank was a massive one, so many cultivators stayed at the peak sixth rank and never managed to enter the seventh.

"Zhao Feng! Come out and accept my challenge!" someone shouted from outside the room.

*Hm?*

Zhao Feng walked out of his room and realized there were a bunch of people gathering. The challenge came from a youth of the peak sixth rank.

To receive better treatment with the Ten Sky Guards, one had to become one of the Ten Sky Guards.

*Fine, I'll work out my bones.*

Zhao Feng faced the other peak sixth rank youth.

Dragon Soaring through the Sky!

The opponent immediately used a peak ranked speed skill and a perfected fist skill. Zhao Feng stood tall with one hand behind his back, then he pointed one finger at the youth.

"Ahh!" the youth exclaimed, the Inner Strength contained in that one finger was unstoppable and it had almost made him cough up blood. In just two moves, he was put down by Zhao Feng.

"Such strong chi!"

"This Zhao Feng doesn't seem like he is in the rumors."

The nearby youths were slightly stunned as Zhao Feng's strength could be placed in the top three if not the top five.

"Wow, so strong!" Lu Xiaoyu laughed lightly from not far away.

Next to him stood a silver clothed bald youth.

*Hmmm?*

Zhao Feng was shocked as he stared at Lei Cong who had reached the seventh rank. In just a few days, another seventh rank was produced.

As they looked at each other's eyes, Zhao Feng could feel the enmity and coldness in the other's eyes. That day at the bandit zone, Lei Cong wanted to take a share of Zhao Feng's battle points, but he was unsuccessful.

"What brings the two of you here?"

Zhao Feng didn't fear them. Because he hadn't broken through to the seventh rank yet, he needed to spar with someone and release the frustration.

"Brat named Zhao, you came first in terms of battle points. I, Lei Cong, want to see how you achieved that." Light flashed in Lei Cong's eyes.

"Wait! Let me spar with him first," Lu Xiaoyu challenged him first.

"You're not my match," Zhao Feng shook his head.

Although he was half a step away from reaching the Martial Master, his true strength could match one.

"We haven't met for a few days and you've become so arrogant. I want to see how much you've improved by." Lu Xiaoyu's eyebrows twitched as he used his best skill, Cloud Shattering Fist.

"Break," Zhao Feng lightly exclaimed as a green streak shot out from his fingertips.

"Inner Strength out of the body!" The expression of the nearby youths changed dramatically.

*Shua!*

Lu Xiaoyu's Cloud Shattering Fist was pierced through by the wisp of green light and a hole appeared on his chest.

"How... ? You haven't reached the seventh rank yet!" Lu Xiaoyu's face was pale and he couldn't believe it.

Zhao Feng had defeated Lu Xiaoyu in one move. Because Zhao Feng was at the peak sixth rank and his Star Finger was at the fourth level, his attack was on par with Martial Masters.

"Zhao Feng, your strength exceeded my expectation but you still can't beat me," Lei Cong said confidently as he slowly walked over.

After reaching the seventh rank, both the quantity and quality of his Inner Strength had increased, any casual action seemed profound.

"Shut up with the useless words, if you want a fight. then hurry it up," Zhao Feng said.

"Good, good, good!"

Lei Cong laughed instead of getting angry and a silver aura suddenly appeared from his body that swept towards the Zhao Feng.

Final Wind Palm!

Lei Cong's seventh rank Inner Strength exploded and as the palm pushed out, a silver air wave could be seen.

One Line Star Finger!

Zhao Feng's fingertip spat out an azure colored chi that streaked through the sky like a meteor and collided with Lei Cong's palm.

*Hong~*

The force created by the two washed up a thick layer of dust that engulfed the two figures.