

K O G 85

[King of Gods](#)

Chapter 85: – Wish

“Zhao Feng! This question has nothing to do with you! Master takes in geniuses because he loves them. Do you think that master has a purpose?” Nan Gongfan shouted with anger.

Zhao Feng’s question made Bei Moi and Feng Hanyue scrunch their eyebrows too. Indeed, Zhao Feng’s question wasn’t a question regarding cultivation. Zhao Feng also realised that this question seemed to go off track.

“This is the first time that someone has asked me a question like this.” Lord Guanjun’s expression turned back to normal and he glanced at Zhao Feng.

At his level, he obviously wouldn’t get angry over such a thing.

Master was indeed nice.

Nan Gongfan and the others let out a breath. Lord Guanjun didn’t seem to get angry.

Through Zhao Feng’s question, the others were all interested too. Feng Hanyue and Nan Gongfan were all smart, they knew that Lord Guanjun didn’t go find geniuses just because he liked to, there was a purpose.

Lord Guanjun slowly stood up with his hands behind his back and sighed as he stared out into the sky.

Zhao Feng saw the change in helplessness, hate and expectations in Lord Guanjun’s eyes as he sighed. It seemed that when he sighed, Lord Guanjun had experienced the four seasons of a year.

“These years, I have been finding and raising geniuses for a wish of mine. It is something that I can’t do myself, I need to rely on the younger generation to do.”

Lord Guanjun then scanned the faces of the youths present and then he looked at Bei Moi with expectations and hope.

A wish?

Something that Lord Guanjun can’t even do?

The youths looked at each other, shocked. Everyone knew that Lord Guanjun had peak power in the Cloud Country. What was something that even he couldn’t do?

“What is Lord Guanjun’s wish?” Zhao Feng was even more and more curious.

He didn’t believe that Lord Guanjun couldn’t do something.

“You may all leave.” Lord Guanjun sighed and signalled with his hand.

Then, he sat back down on his futon leaving just his core disciple Bei Moi behind.

“Master, I’ll definitely complete your wish.” Bei Moi promised.

“It’s good that you have the heart. From today onwards, I’ll teach you all my secret skills...” Lord Guanjun smiled.

Today, ten geniuses entered the Spiritual Martial Hall to test their potential. Without a doubt, Feng Hanyue’s performance was indeed superb, but it was still incomparable to to Bei Moi.

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Outside the Spiritual Martial Hall.

The outer disciples of Lord Guanjun walked out together.

“Brother Zhao, you’ve got guts! How did you manage to ask a question like that? You need to understand that even martial masters of the ninth rank act humbly before Master.” Nan Gongfan said in a disciplining tone.

“Thank you for telling me.” Zhao Feng said.

He had just become an outer disciple of Lord Guanjun and although he didn’t want to offend Nan Gongfan, he wouldn’t take his orders. Zhao Feng’s performance made Nan Gongfan unhappy but he couldn’t go into a fit right now, so he remembered it in his heart.

It was Zhao Yufei who got some information out of Nan Gongfan’s mouth.

Nan Gongfan said: “I need to warn you that Brother Bei Moi has superb talent. He’s extremely arrogant and he doesn’t allow others to beat him, so don’t go challenging him.”

Zhao Feng felt the same as he heard this. When he had beaten Bei Moi in memorising, the latter was unhappy.

“May I have Brother Nan how good is Bei Moi’s talent for Master to take him in as a core disciple?” Feng Hanyue had unfairness in his voice.

Even though he was the top genius in the Sky Guards Battalion, he wasn’t even close to becoming a core disciple.

“Haha, if you saw Bei Moi’s potential back then, you wouldn’t have said this.” Nan Gongfan laugh had bitterness and jealousy in it.

“How many circles were condensed when it was Bei Moi’s turn?” Zhao Yufei asked curiously.

They needed around five circles to become Lord Guanjun’s outer disciple.

“At that time, my test result was five and a half circles...”

Nan Gongfan seemed to remember the scene three years ago when he entered the Spiritual Martial Hall with Bei Moi.

“Five and a half? That’s more than us.” The unfairness in Feng Hanyue’s heart disappeared.

“However, compared with Brother Bei Moi’s, mine was rubbish. His was... Eight and a half!” Nan Gongfan took in a deep breath as jealousy, helplessness, and unwillingness appeared in his eyes.

Eight and a half circles!

Feng Hanyue and Zhao Yufei were dazed. Zhao Feng's heart shook, eight and a half circles!

Bei Moi's talent was a monster. No wonder Lord Guanjun looked at Bei Moi so importantly. At this moment, the geniuses finally realised the difference between Bei Moi and them.

After leaving Spiritual Martial Hall Feng Hanyue, Zhao Yufei and Zhao Feng returned to the Sky Guards Battalion.

On the same day, they used their identities as disciples of Lord Guanjun to move into better accommodation in the Guanjun Palace.

"Congratulations to both of you for becoming Lord Guanjun's disciples. I hope that you won't forget me." Huang Qi said sourly with an admiring look.

At this moment, Huang Qi couldn't help but sigh. He remembered how he hadn't put the two in his eyes when they had first met, but now the two were far above him.

After the two packed their stuff, they went to visit Third Guard.

"Now that we're all under the same Master, you can come to me if you need any help." Third Guard gave a faint smile.

"Can I ask brother's name?" Zhao Feng didn't know Third Guard's true name.

"Being a Guanjun Corp, Third Guard is my name now." The overseer of the Sky Guards Battalion seemed as mysterious as ever.

Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei were slightly stunned and they left Third Guard after a while. After becoming a disciple of Lord Guanjun, the treatment they received was far better than most others within the Guanjun Palace.

On the same day.

Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei both moved into a building of their own. The building that Zhao Feng moved into had two Martial Artists as guards.

"Greeting, Young master Zhao!" The two guards bowed.

"Greeting, Master." Seven to eight servants stood there respectfully.

The building was three stories high and it had a small garden.

"The treatment here exceeds even what the Elders of the Zhao sect get." Zhao Feng clicked his tongue.

If this was half a year ago, he would never have imagined that Martial Artists would be his guards. Just being the disciple of Lord Guanjun, he got thirty thousand silver and some free resources.

After moving into his new house, Zhao Feng took a nice shower and he started to cultivate again. Returning Breath Technique was something that he never stopped training. After training, Returning Breath Technique for a bit, he then moved onto Silver Wall Technique. Silver Wall Technique was the only Holy martial art he had and it could increase his strength significantly.

Zhao Feng remembered what Lord Guanjun had said at daytime: “The point of the nine ranks of the Martial Path is to strengthen one’s blood, bones and organs. The true purpose of Inner Strength isn’t to kill but to strengthen one’s body. On this point, many cultivators have gone on the wrong path.”

It was easy to see that the true purpose of the martial path was to train one’s body and foundation, which made Zhao Feng even more dedicated to training Silver Wall Technique.

Once the Silver Wall Technique reached the tenth level, his body would exceed the limits of mortals and he won’t even need to worry about the power released when trying to reach the Holy martial path.

For the next few days, Zhao Feng focused on Silver Wall Technique , Returning Breath Technique and other skills such as Star Finger and Smoking Transparent Step. But the progress of Silver Wall Technique was just too slow after it broke through to the sixth rank.

Not only that, Body Strengthening Techniques needed time and effort to slowly build up.

“Resources can speed up the progress of body strengthening techniques.” Zhao Feng thought.

He organised his items and he found that there was four hundred thousand silver in his pockets.

Hm? That’s heaps!

Zhao Feng stood dazed for a second before remembering that all these items came from the bandits he slew, especially the seventh rank one. That person alone gave him two hundred to three hundred thousand silver.
