

## K O G 88

### [King of Gods](#)

#### Chapter 88: – Sparring, Part 1

Zhao Feng was looking forward to the sparring because he didn't know how strong the others were. There were still two to three days left until then and before this, Zhao Feng needed to go to the Treasury Hall.

The Treasury Hall held many books, including tomes on history, medicine and martial arts. The books here were very rare. But being the disciple of Lord Guanjun, Zhao Feng could read them anytime he wanted.

Zhao Feng went to the martial arts section where the highest ranking books reached the half-Holy rank. Half-Holy ranks were quite rare even for Martial Masters. If one didn't prove their worth, they had no right to receive them. However, Zhao Feng could come here and read any of them, but he could only take out ten books. Using his left eye, Zhao Feng quickly read all the books he was interested in.

Up to now, all his martial arts were technically half-Holy martial arts. The skills that Zhao Feng got from Bei Moi and Third Guard were all top tier half-Holy martial arts, especially Returning Breath Technique. It was almost a Holy martial art.

"It looks like I don't need to choose another half Holy martial art now," Zhao Feng concluded.

If there was a problem, it would be Star Finger. But if it was merged with Partial Wind Stance, it would be extremely powerful, and he didn't want to spend too much time to focus on another offensive skill. Zhao Feng would rather spend more of his energy on the four Wind Stances: Flowing Wind Stance, Tornado Stance, Partial Wind Stance, and Burning Wind Stance.

Now that Zhao Feng had almost fully comprehended Flowing Wind Stance, he moved onto Tornado Stance.

Ever since he saw the Holy martial arts, he faintly realized that these four Wind Stances weren't normal. Just an incomplete stance had a lot of power.

Inside the dimension of his left eye, Zhao Feng could open the memories of many scenes, including the four Wind Stances and the Mysterious Wind Palm. Zhao Feng found that the two complemented each other and were similar in many ways. He then took out all the skills that he thought were interesting and copied them into his mind to expand his knowledge.

After that, he then moved onto the history and geography section. Since he was born in a weak branch clan, Zhao Feng didn't have much knowledge of the outside world. The geography and history were limited to the Sky Cloud Thirteen Countries.

"The Sky Cloud Forest is huge...it extends into over thirteen countries..." Zhao Feng was slightly stunned.

Just as the name said, the Thirteen Countries had a pact to team up to face the enemy. What kind of enemy would need thirteen countries to team up? Zhao Feng quickly browsed through the history books.

“For the past thousand years, the thirteen countries have been caught between two strong countries: Sky Rich country and Metal Blood country. The two countries have been at war for millennia and if either of them wins, it means the destruction of the thirteen countries...” Zhao Feng was shocked when he saw this.

A long time ago, he thought Sun Feather City was already huge and that the Cloud Country was just a dream. But now the thirteen countries, including the Cloud Country, struggled to survive in the shadow of the two strong countries.

Once the balance between the two were broken, the thirteen country pact would be destroyed.

“Hmm? Northern Continent?”

Zhao Feng found that the geography book said that the two strong countries were just one of many in the Northern Continent. For the next half day, Zhao Feng digested the information he read. But somehow, just somehow, he felt that the book had only touched a corner of a mountain.

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Three days passed in a blink of an eye.

That morning, Feng Hanyue, Zhao Yufei, and Zhao Feng all came to Nan Gongfan’s house. Lord Guanjun actually had dozens of outer disciples, but no more than six of them were of the same generation including Nan Gongfan, Feng Hanyue, Zhao Feng, and Zhao Yufei. Apart from them, there was a youth called Yang Qingshan around sixteen to seventeen years old, who was at the eighth rank.

“Haha! Brother Nan Gongfan, aren’t you going to introduce these new faces to me?” Yang Qingshan shouted loudly and seemed very enthusiastic.

Nan Gongfan felt a headache coming as he introduced the three to Yang Qingshan.

“Why isn’t that kiddo Bei Moi here? This guy is training the Rippling Skill, I hope he goes insane...hahaha...,” Yang Qingshan laughed.

Those around the same age were all here except Bei Moi.

In that time, Yang Qingshan’s mouth never stopped. Nan Gongfan felt helpless, but Yang Qingshan was stronger than him.

“He’s here!” Yang Qingshan exclaimed.

An expressionless youth walked in, it was Bei Moi.

“Brother Bei, you’re finally here.” Nan Gongfan let out a breath.

Bei Moi glanced at the others, then sat down and started cultivating again. While Zhao Feng and the other two were confused, Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan all acted if this was normal.

The disciples all discussed what they had learned and sometimes, they showed off their skills. In the midst of this, it was mainly Nan Gongfan and Yang Qingshan talking, while the other three chipped in once in awhile. As for Bei Moi, he was like a block of wood who just sat there and cultivated.

Soon, the youths decided to spar.

“Who want’s to play with me?” Yang Qingshan said enthusiastically.

“I will!”

Feng Hanyue walked out and faced Yang Qingshan and the latter suppressed himself to the peak seventh rank.

The two figures clashed in a small area.

Mountain Striking Stance!

Yang Qingshan suddenly used a Holy martial art and thrust a palm out, causing the air to ripple.

“Heavenly Illusion Stance!”

Feng Hanyue used his incomplete Holy martial art and instantly, his figure became like the moon, blurry and fast, but he was still pressured by Yang Qingshan.

Around twenty moves later, Feng Hanyue was sweating and this was with Yang Qingshan suppressing his cultivation.

After that, Zhao Yufei went up and exchanged a few moves with Yang Qingshan, with the latter suppressing his cultivation to her level as well.

Although Zhao Yufei performed better than expected, she still lost thirty or so moves later.

*Yang Qingshan has trained many half-Holy martial arts to a high level and he seems to also have complete Holy martial arts as well, Zhao Feng observed thoughtfully.*

After Feng Hanyue and Zhao Yufei lost, it was Zhao Feng’s turn.

*It’s my turn?*, Zhao Feng stood up.

“Hehe, let me go!” A smile appeared on Nan Gongfan’s lips as he took Yang Qingshan’s place.

Yang Qingshan felt slightly curious. Why would Nan Gongfan come out and face Zhao Feng? But he didn’t decline him and gave the spot to Nan Gongfan.

Zhao Feng knew that his words had displeased Nan Gongfan last time when they were leaving the Spiritual Martial Hall.

“Brother Zhao Feng, relax, I’ll suppress my cultivation to the seventh rank, the same as you,” Nan Gongfan said righteously.

*Shua!*

Zhao Feng didn’t bother with any words and he instantly appeared behind Nan Gongfan. The entire process was in complete silence.

So fast!

Zhao Yufei and Feng Hanyue were surprised. Zhao Feng had used Smoking Transparent Step, whose specialty was silence.

Star Finger!

Zhao Feng immediately used his Star Finger of the peak fourth level, which spat out a line of azure light.

“Not bad!” Nan Gongfan smiled and casually waved his sleeve which easily minced up Zhao Feng’s attack.

So casual!

Zhao Feng was solemn, the opponent had probably trained a Holy martial art which could instantly destroy his Star Finger.

After resolving the attack, Nan Gongfan then pushed out his palm and sent circles of white air at Zhao Feng. The latter wanted to dodge, but he felt a force stopping him.

In the center, Nan Gongfan sucked in all the dirt, leaves, and branches.

“Zhe zhe, Brother Nan Gongfan’s Godly Suction Force seemed to improve again,” Yang Qingshan laughed.

One Line Star Finger.

Zhao Feng pushed forwards instead of retreating and using the pulling force, he immediately used the killing move of Star Finger.

*Tong! Tong! Tong...*

Zhao Feng’s finger was repeatedly stabbed out and it sent rays of beautiful azure light.

“The power is indeed strong, but has no effect against me,” Nan Gongfan laughed as he stood on the same place and swiped his hands.

*Hu~ Hu~*

Layers of white air waves started to spin around Nan Gongfan’s body. When Zhao Feng’s attacks reached him, the power would decrease and finally fade away.

Just as Zhao Feng was able to sink into a dangerous situation-

Flowing Wind Stance!

Zhao Feng’s figure suddenly merged into the layers of white air and he seemed to be one with it.

One Line Star Finger!

Zhao Feng’s attacks seemed to rely on the wind.

“This brat can resolve my Holy martial art!” Nan Gongfan’s expression finally changed.