

K O G 99

[King of Gods](#)

Chapter 99: Banquet

Silver Air Barrier was a move which created a defensive barrier around the body and it was extremely effective against a large number of people.

Obviously, the Silver Air Barrier had its weakness as well, and that was the energy expended!

Most cultivators of the seventh rank would only use the Silver Air Barrier at a critical moment because it could last only a few dozen breaths. But being at the peak seventh rank and having trained the Returning Breath Technique, Zhao Feng could sustain it for twice that amount of time.

“The Silver Wall Technique has reached the peak seventh level, I can challenge the eighth ranks with just my muscles alone. If I use the Silver Air Barrier, even ninth ranks won’t be able to injure me for a short amount of time,” Zhao Feng analyzed his strength.

Under the ninth rank, there was generally no one his match unless they were on the same level with Bei Moi, who had trained a few Holy martial arts to a high level.

For the next few days, Zhao Feng circulated his Silver Wall Technique to fully absorb the last remaining bits of medicine in his body.

Four days later, the remaining energy had been absorbed by the Silver Wall Technique and it was only half a step away from the eighth level.

“If I use the Golden Body Strengthening Powder now, Silver Wall Technique can reach the eighth level as long as I bear the chaotic energy.” Light flashed in Zhao Feng’s eyes.

After thinking for a long time, he decided to not do this.

First, the Golden Body Strengthening Technique was too chaotic, half of the cultivators of the eighth rank who used it were crippled. The energy contained inside was half a tier higher than the Chilling Snow Body Pill and the Burning Sun Bone Pill.

Second, the continuation of using resources meant that his body would start to resist the use of pills and not achieve the best effect. Therefore, Zhao Feng decided to slowly cultivate himself instead of using the Golden Body Strengthening Powder.

For the next few days, he focused on cultivating Silver Wall Technique and at the same time, he tried to gain understanding from the Four Wind Stances and the Mysterious Wind Palm in the dimension of his left eye.

After the beast horde, Zhao Feng’s potential had once again been increased and both his Four Wind Stances and the Mysterious Wind Palm had major improvements.

As time passed, Zhao Feng fully learned the Tornado Stance.

The Tornado Stance could increase the power and area of an attack. Zhao Feng merged the Tornado Stance with Star Finger making the latter comparable to a Holy martial art.

If he was able to merge the Tornado Stance with the Mysterious Wind Palm, maybe the power of it could even exceed normal Holy martial arts.

Next, Zhao Feng began to look into the third move of the Four Wind Stance, the Partial Wind Stance.

The Partial Wind Stance was an offensive skill, which wasn't hard nor easy to learn. In one day, Zhao Feng's understanding of the Partial Wind Stance reached a bottleneck at 30-40%.

Closing his eyes, Zhao Feng went through his Holy martial arts.

Mysterious Wind Palm had been generally fully leaned. Of the four Wind Stances, the first three had been learned. Compared to those, his Star Finger had progressed the best, reaching the sixth level, just one level away from the highest.

"There's still one month till the Clan entrance test, but my Silver Wall Technique still hasn't reached the eighth level yet," Zhao Feng murmured to himself.

Right now, he was mainly focusing on his body instead of cultivation. As long as his foundation was strong, his cultivation would increase anyways, so he didn't focus on improving his cultivation or else he would've already reached the eighth rank. But the problem was, the later stages of body strengthening techniques were much harder and they took a much longer time to improve.

Zhao Feng let out a breath and walked out of his place to breathe in the fresh air and relax. It wasn't efficient to keep on cultivating, sometimes relaxation helped bottlenecks.

"Young Master Zhao, a few days ago, Young Master Bei Moi sent an invitation to you for you to join the banquet," a servant said respectfully.

Bei Moi? ?

Zhao Feng felt somewhat weird, why was there a banquet?

The servant responded to his thoughts. "A few days ago, Young Master Bei Moi reached the ninth rank without even reaching 16 years old, shocking the Guanjun Palace. Lord Guanjun has decided to hold a banquet for him."

Ninth rank!

Zhao Feng's heart jumped. It wasn't hard to imagine that Bei Moi had also made major improvements after the beast horde, which helped him reach the ninth rank.

In the past twenty years, there was no news of anyone reaching the ninth rank before sixteen years old within the Cloud Country. One had to know that many cultivators wouldn't even be able to reach the seventh rank in their entire lives, and every rank after the seventh rank was harder to reach.

"Not even sixteen years old and at the ninth rank...it's unfortunate to be in the same generation as Bei Moi...," Zhao Feng sighed.

Usually, geniuses such as Nan Gongfan and Feng Hanyue would be top tier in their generation, but after meeting Bei Moi, their spotlight was all taken by him.

Zhao Feng asked, "When's the banquet?"

“Tomorrow evening,” the servant replied as he bowed.

Zhao Feng nodded his head as he felt a large amount of pressure in his heart. From the current situation, the gap between them had remained the same, even though he had increased by leaps and bounds.

Returning to his room, Zhao Feng calmed down and continued to cultivate his Silver Wall Technique. Under the pressure of a super prodigy, a *peh peh* sound came from within his left eye that released a weird aura into his body. An electric and numbing feeling appeared throughout his body as he trained his Silver Wall Technique. Zhao Feng’s heart jumped as he immediately fully circulated Silver Wall Technique.

One day and night later, a faint black sticky liquid appeared on Zhao Feng’s body.

Hu!

His body felt extremely nice as he reached an entirely new level. At this moment, he released an invisible aura just from breathing.

“Silver Wall Technique had reached the eighth level under this situation.” Zhao Feng let out a breath with a joyful expression on his face.

Usually, his Silver Wall Technique needed half a month to a few months to break through. But maybe because of the pressure from Bei Moi, his left eye ignited his potential.

Zhao Feng was extremely confident that no one was his match under the ninth rank, and he was even able to face normal ninth ranks.

Creeek!

Zhao Feng smiled as he walked out of the room. Outside, a beautiful moon shone in the dark night sky.

“I almost forgot! Bei Moi’s banquet is tonight...” Zhao Feng’s heart thumped.

Looking at the time it seemed like the banquet had been going for a while now.

Teng!

Zhao Feng immediately headed towards the location of the banquet.

In the dark night sky, a bright full moon made the stars seem dim. This scene seemed to symbolize Bei Moi taking the light of the other geniuses. The banquet’s location was the Spiritual Martial Hall, and only a few people were invited. When Zhao Feng walked inside the Spiritual Martial Hall, he found that the banquet was coming to an end.

Inside the hall, Lord Guanjun and all his disciples were present.

“Brother Zhao, why did you just arrive?” Nan Gongfan’s eyebrow’s raised.

“Greetings, Master! Congratulations, Brother Bei Moi!” Zhao Feng didn’t bother with Nan Gongfan as he went to greet Lord Guanjun and congratulate Bei Moi.

Bei Moi’s aura was even more powerful than before, proving that he had reached the ninth rank. Compared to when he was at the eighth rank, he was now twice as strong.

Under the analysis of his left eye, Zhao Feng concluded that Bei Moi's strength was close to a half-step Holy martial artist. This meant that Bei Moi's strength had surpassed Ye Linyun and Third Guard, and almost no one was his match under the Holy martial rank.

Lord Guanjun and Bei Moi didn't really mind that Zhao Feng was late. Lord Guanjun and Bei Moi, the master and disciple, were the focus of the banquet. Lord Guanjun smiled happily as he looked at Bei Moi with care, love, and expectation.

Compared to him the other disciples such as Nan Gongfan, Zhao Feng, and Yang Qingshan were like the leaves of a flower.

"There's still one month till the entrance examination of the Broken Moon Clan. Disciple here will definitely fulfill Master's wish," Bei Moi promised, he could feel the expectation and care from Lord Guanjun.

"You're Master's best disciple and I believe that you can walk even further after entering the clan," Lord Guanjun nodded his head, smiling.

The banquet had come to the end, leaving behind Lord Guanjun and his six disciples. Even people such as Ye Linyun had retreated, which made Zhao Feng think that Lord Guanjun was going to say something important to his disciples.

"You all know that there's still one month till the entrance examination of the Broken Moon Clan and Master here only has 3 recommendations. In ten days time, I will choose 3 people depending on your strength and potential," Lord Guanjun went straight into the topic.

Everyone's heart shook when they heard this. Even though they all had the same master, they needed to fight one another for the 3 spots.

6 people, 3 recommendations!

In the midst of them, Bei Moi easily took up one spot. This meant that out of Yang Qingshan, Nan Gongfan, Feng Hanyue, Zhao Feng, and Zhao Yufei, only two of them would be chosen.