

King of Gods

Chapter 6 – Choosing Martial Arts Skills (2)

Having such a big supply of martial arts gave Zhao Feng endless excitement. He couldn't hold in his happiness and laughed with his head raised. Quite a period of time passed until he calmed down.

In Cloud Country, a middle rank martial arts skill was worth a couple hundreds of silver, and the money Zhao Feng received per month was only 10 silver.

Of course he couldn't take the sects skills out and sell them, if he did he would get punished, they would destroy his cultivation and then kick him out of the sect.

Zhao Feng "took" a hundred books out from the martial arts library; most of them were high class and all of them had at least a past person train it so he could use their experience.

However, to choose a few martial art skills from these books wasn't easy.

It was good that all of these books were fully imprinted in his mind, because he only needed one thought to compare them against one another and choose the one most suitable for him.

A single martial art could increase his strength; with the combination of many martial arts, it could increase his cultivation.

Zhao Feng only used half an hour to choose 4 skills from the hundred books. They were:

Lightly Floating Ferry, Angry Dragon Fists, Air Pushing Breathing Technique and Continuous Meteorite Arrows.

Lightly Floating Ferry was definitely the highest rank skill out of them all, and Zhao Feng had a high chance of solving the missing words out after all.

After that came Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique, these skills also compensated with one another.

Angry Dragon Fists was one of the peak books of the middle rank, and the damage dealt by it was high. It compressed one's strength all into one and the power was so incredible that it wasn't weaker than some of the high ranked martial arts.

Zhao Feng had high expectations for Angry Dragon Fists because it increased one's body strength.

Strong body strength was the foundation and minimum requirements for "Martial Path Inner Strength".

Martial Path Inner Strength was something that made someone a true martial artist.

Air Pushing Breathing Technique was also a peak middle rank martial art. It increased one body strength, blood and body. When trained to a high level, there was a chance to understand "Martial Path Inner Strength".

"Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Technique worked perfectly well together, and when used together the power of it is at least comparable to high ranked martial arts, and there was an increase in chance to understand "Martial Path inner strength"."

Zhao Feng was overjoyed in his heart.

As for the last one, Continuous Meteorite Arrows, it was a skill close to high rank.

Why did he choose an arrow skill?

This was because it worked well with Zhao Feng's left eye.

"If I do not learn an arrow skill, then I'd be sorry for my left eye....."

Zhao Feng had a smile curl upon his lips.

It could be imagined, that with his left eye's abilities, he'd be a natural "godly archer", and if he perfected the arrows skill.....

After choosing the martial arts skills, Zhao Feng started to cultivate.

He first started with the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, as strong body and blood was the foundation of cultivation. The stronger one's blood was, the damage from Angry Dragon Fists's at close combat would be stronger.

Closing his eyes, Zhao Feng mind entered the contents of Air Pushing Breathing Technique.

A while later, his body's blood started to move slowly.....

"This easy?"

Zhao Feng was shocked.

According to the contents of Air Pushing Breathing Technique, most people that could move their blood needed at least 4-5 days, or even up to 10-15 days.

Could it be that I am a genius?

Zhao Feng thought a bit, and then disagreed with himself. Because if he was a genius, then it wouldn't have been so hard for him to break into the 2nd rank of the martial path.

He realised that after merging with his mysterious left eye, his mind's energy had increased..... His reaction speed, understanding and analysing speed all now exceeded that of normal people.

When he was learning the Air Pushing Breathing Technique, a "peh peh" sound came from Zhao Feng's eyes.

At the same time, in the pitch black dimension, the 67 cm radius faint, green light was spinning at an increased rate.

Half a day later.

Zhao Feng had trained the Air Pushing Breathing Technique to the first level and his body gave off a faint disgusting smell of sweat.

He felt that his body's strength had become stronger by 30%.

I did it?

Zhao Feng felt somewhat incredible.

Air Pushing Breathing Technique was divided into 3 levels, and once one trained to the peak of the third level, there was a chance to under “Martial Path Inner Strength”.

After another half day, Zhao Feng had already trained Air Pushing Breathing Technique to the peak of the first level and it was then the speed started slowing down.

He changed his mind and started training in Angry Dragon Fists which paired up with Air Pushing Breathing Technique.

As expected, with the foundation of Air Pushing Breathing Technique the speed of learning Angry Dragon Fists was very fast.

In only half a day’s time, Zhao Feng learnt all of the 81 moves to a beginning level.

Angry Dragon Fists had extreme power, especially when used with Air Pushing Breathing Technique, the exploding strength was incredible.

Zhao Feng secretly clicked his tongue.

The most surprising part was that after learning Angry Dragon Fists, the Air Pushing Breathing Technique broke through to the second level and even went a bit further.... The two skills accompanying each other had an incredible effect.

No wonder they’re perfect for each other!

Zhao Feng laughed in his heart.

For the next 4-5 days, Zhao Feng kept on learning Angry Dragon Fists and Air Pushing Breathing Pushing Technique, and both of the skills trained at an incredible speed.

At this time, Zhao Feng’s cultivation was closing to the peak of the 2nd rank of the martial path.

“Just a bit longer and I can reach the peak of the 2nd rank..... then the 3rd rank won’t be far away either.”

Zhao Feng was full of expectations.

The next day, Zhao Feng left home and headed towards the martial arts library.

This was because “Lightly Floating Ferry” and “Continuous Meteorite Arrows” needed open space to practise.

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Soon, Zhao Feng arrived in a corner of the martial arts field.

This was a place where they practised with bows and arrows.

Shoosh!

An arrow left an afterimage in the air, and shot straight into the centre of the target 50 meters away.

“Great arrow skill! It is no wonder that Brother Zhao Yui is one of the sect’s top 3 godly archers”

“This arrow could probably break straight through the defence of a 3rd rank, and even kill muscular wild beasts.”

Excited shouting came from the side.

“Formidable!”

Zhao Feng just came in time and exclaimed.

He knew that the youth who was called “Zhao Yui” was famous for being a godly archer in the sect.

Shoosh shoosh shoosh

Zhao Yui pulled the string and shot out 5-6 arrows at lightning speed, which formed a ring around the centre’s red dot.

“Good! Great!”

The disciples around started cheering.

Zhao Feng didn’t pay any more attention because he felt that if he tried, he could also become a godly archer.

He went to an open space and picked up a random bow. He then squinted his eyes, as if he was aiming.

As soon as he picked up the bow the disciples around the field focused on him.

“Look.... Who’s that? He looks new.”

A disciple saw him and his eyes shone.

“Heh heh, this kid is called Zhao Feng and he came from a branch sect half a year ago. Not long ago, I heard that he offended Zhao Yijian who is ranked 3rd amongst the outer disciples. I also heard that his girl even left him now.....

There were some though who recognised Zhao Feng.

“Branch family disciple? Let us take a bet and see how many rings he can hit.”

A few disciples looked mockingly at Zhao Feng.

Even the goldly archer “Zhao Yui” was disturbed by this.

“Arrow skills needs talent and integrity. It is not something anyone who wants to learn it can learn.”

Zhao Yui was arrogant and faintly looked at Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng did not bother with these people.

He barely used his left eye and the target 50 metres away in his vision became bigger and bigger.....

Shoosh—

The arrow string trembled and the arrow flew through the air, barely landing on the target but then fell off onto the ground.

If floated.....

Zhao Feng started sweating as this was his first time using a bow.

“Hahaha.....”

The disciples around the field raised their heads and laughed.

Again.

Zhao Feng was calm. Missing on the first arrow was normal.

Next, he used more energy on his left arrow and merged the Continuous Meteorite Arrow skill into his heart.

Shoosh—

The second arrow went straight to the target and was one ring away from the middle.

9th Ring!

The field turned silent.

Those that were laughing had their faces freeze.

Even Zhao Yui's eyebrows pushed together.

9th Ring, this was already very close to the centre.

To shoot 50 metres away and hit this was even good for some old archers.

"Luck! This must be luck!"

"You're right! A beginner cannot shoot this accurately. His first arrow did not even hit the target."

The disciples started laughing again and looked at Zhao Feng.

However, just before they finished their words the 3rd arrow shot through the air.

Shooosh—

The arrow shot out like lightning and hit the target.

Ta!

Dead centre!

The field turned silent once more.

Even Zhao Yui was shocked. They all had faces of confusion and stood there frozen.

“My luck is not bad.”

Zhao Feng gave a little smile

His lips curled once again into a smile as it was proven that he had an exceptional talent for the bow.

“Luck? What’s up with this guy?”

Most of the archers had queer faces on.

Any archer was a beginner from the start. However, it was their first time seeing someone with such luck.

“Kid! Take another shot!”

A few disciples said unwillingly.

“Yes! Take another shot!”

Most of them had excited looks on and started shouting.

Zhao Feng wanted to leave, but these people were unwilling to let him leave.

There were a few disciples that were the 3rd rank of the martial path, and most here were older than him.

“Fine.”

Zhao Feng shrugged his shoulders and then picked up the bow again.