

I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God

#Chapter 1 - Read I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Step on the Seven Stars and stride across the tiger, double strikes with a hundred lotus flowers overhead, and strikes with the vajra pestle...

A whole set of Tai Chi moves flowed smoothly as water, and Yi Feng shook his gray robes and stood up.

"Hmm!"

"Flowing smoothly like clouds and water, impressive!"

Recalling the set of Tai Chi just now, Yi Feng was satisfied with himself and praised. With his current understanding and comprehension of martial arts, if he was in the modern world, he would definitely be a grandmaster.

But now...

It was completely useless.

Yi Feng helplessly shook his head, waved away the dust on his body, then picked up a ceramic kettle and lay down on a reclining chair.

He had crossed over into this world for twenty years already. This was very different from his previous life, as here was a world of cultivation where the strong reign supreme, where experts could raze cities and move mountains with a wave of the hand, and pluck stars barehanded without any issue.

In his previous life, Yi Feng had lived an unremarkable life running a fried chicken shop. When he first crossed over, he was still full of passion and wanted to accomplish great things, thinking that he could get a few female cultivators even prettier than celebrities and live a carefree life.

What he didn't expect was that he was born with blocked meridians and unsuitable for cultivation.

"Ding--Fist technique perfected, reached the level of comparable with the gods."

Hearing the system notification, Yi Feng was completely unmoved, and even felt like scolding.

"Host: Yi Feng"

"Age: 20"

"Cultivation Level: Mortal"

Achievements:

"Fist technique (comparable with gods)"

"Sword technique (comparable with gods)"

"Staff technique (comparable with gods)"

"Blade technique (comparable with gods)"

"Palm technique (comparable with gods)"

"Blacksmithing (comparable with gods)"

"Calligraphy and Painting (comparable with gods)"

"Healing (comparable with gods)"

...

That's right. When Yi Feng crossed over, he also obtained a golden finger that belonged to him.

But this golden finger did not give him anything related to cultivation. All it did was give him a martial arts hall, and everything else that improved was also related to the martial arts hall.

After years of hard work and with the system's help, Yi Feng had cultivated all these skills to their highest level of "comparable with gods".

While it was said to be comparable with gods, in his previous life he would have been a celebrity and could appear on TV.

But here, what use was it?

Forget about experts, even a low-level martial artist could beat him up with one punch...

After struggling, complaining, and cursing, Yi Feng gradually let it go after so many years. If he couldn't cultivate, then so be it. He would just live peacefully on his small piece of land, as a fish...cough, as a grandmaster. That didn't seem too bad either.

After all, he had also thought about it. If he really started cultivation, whether he could endure it was hard to say. He might have to explore mystic realms, fight with sects, and accidentally lose his life at any time.

Looking at the sunshine outside, Yi Feng stretched lazily and opened his shop door.

Then he took out a bunch of martial arts manuals he had drawn and displayed them outside.

In fact, this was his biggest source of income, because very few people actually came to him to learn martial arts. Although ordinary people also absorbed a bit of spiritual energy through their efforts over time, some were probably stronger than him.

So he could make ends meet by selling these "martial arts manuals".

Business was not good but also not bad, it was manageable.

Of course, most buyers bought them as picture books and stories for their children.

"There seem to be more cultivators recently!" Looking at the flowing lights crossing the horizon, Yi Feng sighed.

He couldn't cultivate, but he was still close with the cultivators. Not far from Pingjiang City were two major sects, and many disciples would come to the city to buy supplies.

"I heard that the Qingtian Sect and Xuanwu Sect's patriarchs have a life-or-death agreement in three days, so countless cultivators from Nan Sha have come to watch the battle." Said a hawker who was familiar with Yi Feng from the neighbouring stall.

"Oh."

Yi Feng nodded, then didn't continue paying attention. After all, this had nothing to do with him.

"Sister, these books look so strange, I've never seen books like these before."

Just then, two figures appeared in front of the store - one tall, one short.

The shorter one had braided hair. Although not fully developed yet, she would definitely be a country-toppling beauty when grown up, blinking her bright spirited eyes as she looked curiously at the martial arts manuals laid out on Yi Feng's stall.

The other woman was completely different.

Dressed in white, she gave off an otherworldly aura standing there, with unparalleled beauty. But she also gave off an icy cold feeling, as frosty as ice and as if keeping everyone thousands of miles away.

"Cultivator!"

Yi Feng looked over the two girls and was slightly surprised.

Not only were these two girls good looking, he didn't expect they were also cultivators. This was the first time something like this had happened to him.

The girl in white, Luo Lan Xue, also turned her gaze onto Yi Feng.

Sitting leisurely, his grey robes were spotless. His delicate face always had a faint smile, giving off a feeling of detachment from the mundane world.

In summary, he looked very comfortable.

"What a pity, he's just an ordinary mortal."

Luo Lan Xue soon withdrew her gaze, a hint of disdain on her face. No matter how outstanding an ordinary mortal was, they were just ants.

"Sister, can I buy one?" The little girl Yin Luo Li didn't think too much. She blinked pleadingly at Luo Lan Xue.

Luo Lan Xue's brows furrowed lightly.

Her master and Xuanwu Sect's patriarch would duel in three days. Rumors were that they were equally matched, but as her master's direct disciple, she knew her master's odds of winning were less than 20%.

Right now, Qingtian Sect was in grave danger, yet her junior sister still had the leisure to admire these things. She really couldn't help but get angry.

"Luo Li, let's go." Luo Lan Xue said reprovably.

"Sister, I want it."

Yin Luo Li pouted, looking grievously pitiful.

"Luo Li, we're busy, don't delay time. Not to mention, as cultivators, what good things could a mere mortal have?" Luo Lan Xue admonished.

Yi Feng's face turned black.

That really didn't sound nice.

Yin Luo Li lowered her head, pouting, tears already welling up in her pretty eyes, but she stubbornly stayed put in front of Yi Feng's stall and refused to leave.

Luo Lan Xue's face was icy cold. She really didn't know what to say to get through to Yin Luo Li.

With a wave of her hand, she flung a gold coin to Yi Feng, grabbed the martial arts manual, and left with Yin Luo Li.

"Hey hey, one gold coin isn't enough!" Seeing the gold coin in his hand, Yi Feng hurriedly yelled.

But all he got in return was a frosty look from Luo Lan Xue, forcing him to swallow his next words. He could only awkwardly say, "Forget it, this young girl is quite cute, I'll just treat it as a gift for her!"

After they left, Yi Feng gestured rudely at their disappearing figures.

If he wasn't so weak, he would definitely teach them a lesson!

After getting the martial arts manual, Yin Luo Li was extremely happy, putting everything else out of her mind. She eagerly flipped through it.

"Wow sister, this book is so interesting!" Yin Luo Li couldn't help but exclaim.

Luo Lan Xue ignored her. It was just a mere mortal's picture book, what was there to admire?

"Sister, sister, just take a look!" Yin Luo Li pulled at Luo Lan Xue's jade hand and acted coquettishly, "It's really good, see."

Luo Lan Xue's face darkened in anger.

With an uncertain future for Qingtian Sect, where did she have the leisure to look at these things? She was about to turn and admonish Yin Luo Li when her gaze inadvertently fell on the corner of the martial arts manual.

In that instant, her tender body shuddered.

She felt something terrifying rush at her, instantly turning her beautiful face pale as she spat out a mouthful of blood.