

I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God

Chapter 10

Picking up the string beans that Yi Feng had washed and peeled, Qingshan Patriarch's shaking hands trembled as he prepared to cut them. After all, this was the first time he had come into contact with something of this level, and he couldn't even cut the beans well after half a stick of incense time due to his nervousness.

"This kitchen knife really isn't very easy to use anymore. It looks like it's about time to replace it." Seeing this, Yi Feng said apologetically. He had actually had this idea for a while - this kitchen knife was made when he had just started blacksmithing, and although the sharpness was still decent, he felt it wasn't very easy to handle.

Upon hearing this, Qingshan Patriarch shuddered.

As expected of a senior, the standards for kitchen knives used for cutting vegetables are so high!

To think that this kitchen knife he called "not very easy to use" was something Qingshan Patriarch had desperately wanted but couldn't obtain. In the senior's eyes, it wasn't even good enough to cut vegetables.

"Senior is too modest. How could such a knife not be easy to use?" Qingshan Patriarch couldn't help but sigh, "If only I had a knife like this!"

Hearing this, Yi Feng also sighed.

It seems this old man's family is indeed very poor, so poor that they don't even have a decent kitchen knife at home.

Without great culinary skills, Yi Feng's hands produced three dishes and one soup, which he brought to the table.

When the first bite entered their mouths, both Qingshan Patriarch's and Luo Lanxue's eyes lit up.

The two swore that they had never eaten such delicious food and dishes in their lives!

Seeing their expressions, Yi Feng smiled and nodded slightly. He was still somewhat confident when it came to food and dishes.

Although he was a lazy person, it was out of helplessness. The taste of the food in this world was really not very good. Aside from the occasional bowl of beef noodles across the street, Yi Feng could only improve his own meals.

Of course, even for the beef noodles across the street, Yi Feng had taught the owner a thing or two.

After Yi Feng and the others had eaten and drank to their fill...

In the back hall.

The wild dog that Yi Feng had kicked unconscious was gradually regaining consciousness.

"Oww, that hurts."

"Damn mortal, just you wait until I recover. I won't let you get away with this!"

The dog snarled inwardly, filled with hatred towards Yi Feng. He thought to himself that not only was he of the Heaven Devouring Demon Wolf clan, but he was also the son of the Heaven Devouring Demon Emperor. Yet he had been defeated by a mere mortal - this was an utmost humiliation to him.

Hateful, so hateful!

"If not for Ao Qing running away from the clan and getting heavily injured by evildoers, leaving me with less than one-tenth of my power, how could this have happened?"

"Just you wait until I find you again. I'll tear you into eight pieces!"

As he snarled to himself, the dog finally opened his eyelids.

Swish swish swish!

In that instant, countless bright lights shot towards him, shining so brightly he couldn't open his eyes. It was as if he was amidst a sea of blades and swords.

When he forcibly opened his eyes, he discovered that surrounding him were countless weapons.

"These weapons..."

Ao Qing was shocked, his protruding mouth wide open. These weapons were at least all Spirit grade.

Good heavens!

The dog began to doubt life itself.

Even as the son of the Heaven Devouring Demon Emperor, he had never seen so many Spirit grade and higher Sacred grade weapons!

So many - forget about him, even his old man behind him probably hadn't seen so many before.

What's even more freaking unbelievable was that these weapons were scattered around like junk. Just who was so rich to be so extravagant!

"No, that's not right."

Ao Qing seemed to have noticed something else. All the scattered weapons on the ground were actually defective products.

"Oh my god."

Ao Qing was even more shocked, unable to calm down for a long time.

Defective products were already of Spirit grade, so how high would the grade be if they were finished products?

One must know, a master blacksmith who could forge finished products to Spirit grade was completely different from one whose defective products were already Spirit grade. Heaven knows what kind of monster that second blacksmith was!

Simply horrifying!

"Just who could it be?"

"What kind of place is this?"

Taking advantage of having recovered a bit of power after passing out, Ao Qing struggled to get up and carefully went outside to explore.

But he accidentally stepped into the front hall.

The instant he entered the front hall, he felt the heavens spinning and overwhelming pressure descended upon him. Then the paintings on both sides of the walls shone brightly, and the images of eighteen weapons shot towards him as if coming to life.

"Awoo!"

Ao Qing let out a howl as he felt his legs turn soft. Without caring about anything else, he turned and fled.

Just what kind of terrifying thing was hidden in that hall? It had nearly scared him into peeing himself just now. What on earth kind of place was this!

He panickedly ran in another direction, carefully stepping inside.

"Phew!"

He breathed a sigh of relief. Luckily there was nothing so terrifying here.

However, there were people!

And that mortal was also there.

Ao Qing's eyes instantly filled with hatred. He crouched down, preparing to charge over and tear this hateful mortal apart.

No, wait.

At the critical moment, Ao Qing stopped himself. Eating with that mortal was...