

I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God

Chapter 14

Ao Qing's face was filled with disbelief.

When Yi Feng struck that hammer just now, weak sparks splashed out. Those sparks turned into dots of light in his eyes, scattering everywhere.

"Phew!"

What sparks were those?

It was simply the essence of martial arts!

Although he was a demon clan, his cultivation methods were different from humans, this kind of extraordinary thing could still bring him tremendous benefits.

Especially when those dots of light splashed onto his body, it was as if he was undergoing the baptism of martial arts.

At this moment, the injuries that hadn't healed for half a year were immediately restored by twenty percent.

"Boom!"

Another hammer struck down.

Sparks splattered out again, falling sporadically on Ao Qing's body, making him feel more comfortable all over.

The injuries were almost halfway healed now.

He looked at Yi Feng beside him. He looked ordinary, but for some reason, this figure was infinitely enlarged in Ao Qing's eyes. It was as if his whole body was radiating golden light, like a dazzling little sun.

"I see, I see now..."

Ao Qing spoke excitedly to himself as he looked at Yi Feng. Not only was the resentment gone from his gaze, he even shed touched tears.

"So the purpose of this human senior capturing me was to nurture me. The humiliation from before must have been to temper my state of mind."

"After all, Father has said more than once that I'm arrogant and conceited, a greenhouse flower that has never been tempered. This is also why he looks down on me."

"That's right, it must be!"

"Otherwise, how could he humiliate me while also restoring my injuries at the same time?"

Thinking of this, Ao Qing was filled with regret and shame.

After this senior saved him, not only did he painstakingly temper his state of mind, but also healed his injuries. Yet what did he do?

He was full of resentment towards this senior.

He was truly despicable, ungrateful.

The regret in his heart made him want to slap himself hard several times.

"I cannot disappoint my senior."

"Regret is useless, only effort will bring the greatest comfort to my senior!"

Determination filled Ao Qing's eyes as his limbs moved faster, stirring up a gust of wind.

"Good dog, not bad."

Seeing the vigorous flames in the furnace, Yi Feng praised him approvingly.

Indeed!

Not failing his senior's expectations was the best repayment.

Hearing Yi Feng's praise, Ao Qing was extremely excited. Thinking that his senior had gone through so much trouble for his sake, he no longer felt it was humiliating to help Yi Feng.

To receive guidance from such a senior, it was simply his honor.

Soon, the new kitchen knife Yi Feng made was finished.

Ao Qing's face was drenched in sweat, but he didn't care about the fatigue. His gaze fell on the still glowing kitchen knife.

"This knife..."

Just as Ao Qing spoke, Yi Feng looked at it satisfactorily and dipped it in water. When he took it out, Ao Qing gasped.

"This is an Imperial...no no..."

In the end, Ao Qing found that he couldn't even discern the grade of this kitchen knife, because it had exceeded his knowledge.

All he knew was that this was the highest quality divine weapon he had ever seen!

Phew!

How fortunate, to have witnessed the birth of such a divine weapon, and even contributed to its creation.

"Hahaha!"

"Father, one day you will discover that your son is no worse than your other sons!"

"If you knew that I assisted this senior in forging such a divine weapon, you would surely no longer look down on me!"

Thinking of this, Ao Qing looked at Yi Feng gratefully.

Noble one!

The wheel of fortune has finally turned to Ao Qing. If I can stay by this senior's side for some time, then...hehe!

Seeing the dog acting like it had rabies, Yi Feng rolled his eyes at it.

Although he didn't know its breed, it really looked like a husky.

Probably this world's version of a husky!

"Master, you have a guest." Zhong Qing walked in respectfully from the outer hall and said.

"Oh, they're here!"

Yi Feng nodded lightly, examining the newly forged kitchen knife. Then he walked out to the outer hall.

At the door stood a girl of seventeen or eighteen.

The girl was graceful and elegant, with delicate features. Although her clothes were ordinary, she was still an absolute beauty.

Chapter 15

"Peng Ying!"

When Yi Feng saw this girl, his eyes lit up. The young girl in front of him was none other than his childhood sweetheart, Peng Ying. It had been several months since they last met.

"Mm!"

Peng Ying nodded.

"Come, let's sit inside," Yi Feng said with a smile, taking her jade-like hand.

"Forget it." Peng Ying shook off Yi Feng's arm. She wanted to say something but hesitated for a long time before finally saying, "Let's not sit. I just came to see you. Also, I have good news to tell you - I've successfully become an outer disciple of Qingshan Sect."

"Oh, congratulations to you then," Yi Feng said.

But he felt somewhat complicated inside.

On one hand, he was happy for Peng Ying.

On the other hand, he selfishly didn't want Peng Ying to cultivate, because it meant they probably wouldn't see each other for a long time.

"I know you don't want me to cultivate," Peng Ying said ruefully. "But joining Qingshan Sect has been my dream. I was able to join Qingshan Sect smoothly, so you should be happy for me."

Yi Feng forced a smile.

He sighed.

But she was right, they each had their own paths, and he should support her dream.

"As long as you're alright with it," he said after some thought. "I guess this means we won't be seeing each other anymore."

Having said that, she headed towards the door.

Yi Feng wanted to say something but didn't know what. But he understood what Peng Ying meant - now that she was cultivating, they were no longer on the same path.

In this life, Yi Feng was also ready to let go. After all, they each had their own pursuits.

Thinking of this, Yi Feng hurried after Peng Ying and called out, "I wish you well. Just my uncle and aunt..."

"Don't worry, I'll take care of them," Peng Ying said softly after some thought.

Yi Feng nodded. He had lost his parents at a young age, and Peng Ying's parents had treated him extremely well. Thinking of this, he held out the kitchen knife in his hand, "I don't have much to give you. Remember my aunt asked me to make a knife for her if I had time? Help me bring this to them!"

Looking at the kitchen knife in Yi Feng's hand, Peng Ying frowned, an indescribable expression on her face.

"Ying'er, are you done? We have to return to the sect," said a youth in white robes who had just walked over, cradling a longsword. He asked Peng Ying gently.

"Brother Wu Jie, give me a moment, I'll be right there. And this is my friend, Yi Feng," Peng Ying said softly.

"Alright, hurry up then," the youth said gently. He didn't even glance at Yi Feng - after all, he was just an ordinary person not worthy of his greeting.

"Who is he?" Yi Feng's brows furrowed.

Peng Ying had a complicated expression. She sighed before saying, "Please don't blame me. You know my aptitude is only average. It's thanks to his help that I was able to join Qingshan Sect. I can't fail him."

"As for this knife, just keep it for yourself!"

Having said that, Peng Ying hurriedly followed the youth in white robes and disappeared from Yi Feng's sight.

Peng Ying's words echoed in Yi Feng's ears.

She said she couldn't fail him, but what about Yi Feng? How insignificant he was!

How ironic!

"Damn it!" Yi Feng cursed.

"Don't be upset."

He put away the kitchen knife and returned it to the kitchen.

"Apprentice, watch the shop," he instructed before lying down on a recliner. After downing two cups of wine, he fell into a deep sleep.

Qingshan Sect's Grand Hall.

Qingshan Patriarch sat at the head with a solemn expression. Below him were Luo Lanxue and others, as well as Qingshan Sect's various elders. Their personal disciples also stood behind them.

It was rare for Qingshan Sect's entire hierarchy to convene like this.

A heavy atmosphere permeated the grand hall.

The duel between Qingshan Patriarch and Xuanwu Patriarch would continue, despite Qingshan Patriarch's breakthrough.

They had assumed the duel was no longer uncertain after Qingshan Patriarch broke through to the Martial King realm. However, they just received definite news that Xuanwu Patriarch had already broken through to the Martial King realm ten years ago.

This news was like a rollercoaster ride for the Qingshan Sect members.

One had just entered the Martial King realm, while the other had been in it for ten years. Their strengths were clearly apparent.

"Everyone, please contribute ideas on how we can get through this," Zhu Yun, the sect master under Qingshan Patriarch, said solemnly.

Silence filled the grand hall.

In the face of absolute power, all plans were futile.

Was Qingshan Sect really going to meet its end?

Just then, a youth in white robes stepped forward. He was the personal disciple of one of the elders. If Yi Feng had been there, he would have recognized him as the one who was with Peng Ying earlier.