

I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God

Chapter 16

Yu Wujie, do you have anything you want to say?" Zhu Yun asked.

"Patriarch, Sect Master, since we have no way to deal with the Xuanwu Patriarch, why can't we avoid the fight?" Yu Wujie asked.

Hearing this, some of the elders in the hall let out a wry laugh.

They knew that this time it was impossible to avoid the fight. The two patriarchs had harbored deep grudges for decades now, and had signed the duel agreement for today long ago.

This agreement swore upon both of their lives, with the Heavenly Dao as witness.

If one avoided the fight, they would suffer punishment from the Heavenly Dao.

And if Qingshan Patriarch retreated, it would be the same as an unconditional defeat for Qingshan Sect!

"Forget it, I can't rely on you all." At this time, the Qingshan Patriarch shouted, his expression was solemn, but his heart was much more relaxed than the others.

Because he had already considered a strategy just now.

If he could borrow that kitchen knife from Senior Yi Feng down the mountain, this fight would not necessarily be without a chance!

"All of you leave!" the Qingshan Patriarch waved his hand.

"Patriarch..."

"Patriarch, what do you mean by this?"

He hadn't even revealed his plan yet, but the Patriarch was having people leave. Could it be that the Patriarch knew he was no match, and had given up hope?

If that was the case, then Qingshan Sect...

The faces of the crowd were filled with solemnity and despair.

"I already have a strategy." Seeing this, the Qingshan Patriarch also knew he needed to reassure these people to prevent chaos, so he said, "I'm going to borrow a knife. As long as I can borrow this knife, Xuanwu...hmph, nothing to worry about..."

"A knife?"

"What knife?"

Hearing this, everyone was puzzled.

After all, although Xuanwu and Qingshan were at the same realm, there was a difference of ten years of cultivation. Although a good weapon could greatly enhance one's strength, ten years of cultivation, especially at this Martial King realm, was not something an ordinary knife could make up for.

"You'll know once I successfully borrow the knife and bring it back to show you." The Qingshan Patriarch said impatiently. If not for needing to steady the sect members in this time, he would not have openly brought out a knife at this level.

Although still filled with confusion and unease, everyone obediently left. At the same time, they also looked forward to the knife the Qingshan Patriarch had spoken of.

"Zhu Yun, come with me for a bit."

But the Qingshan Patriarch called for the Sect Master Zhu Yun to stay. After all, Zhu Yun's status was different. He felt it necessary to let the Sect Master know about the existence of that senior down the mountain.

In case that fellow wasn't careful and accidentally provoked him, the consequences would be unaffordable.

The two quickly arrived at the streets of Pingjiang City, still some distance from the martial arts hall. The Qingshan Patriarch began concealing his aura and walking.

"Uncle-master, what is this about?" In private, Zhu Yun was the Qingshan Patriarch's nephew-disciple, and looked at the Qingshan Patriarch puzzledly, "Why don't we just fly over directly?"

"Hmph, what do you understand?" The Qingshan Patriarch admonished, "Conceal your aura immediately. Later, act according to my signals."

Although confused, Zhu Yun also concealed his aura, then asked again, "Uncle-master, does this small Pingjiang City have the knife you need?"

"A frog at the bottom of a well."

The Qingshan Patriarch scolded him, having no interest in explaining much to Zhu Yun at the moment. His mind was completely focused on seeing Yi Feng.

When they arrived at the martial arts hall, they saw Yi Feng lying in a reclining chair at the entrance.

"This is it." The Qingshan Patriarch straightened his back excitedly and said.

"Uncle-master, this is just a run-down martial arts hall!" Zhu Yun glanced casually without looking more, puzzled as he asked, "You are the esteemed Qingshan Sect's Patriarch, why must you be like this?!"

"Shut up."

"Also, in address and all aspects later, do not mention anything relating to cultivation."

The Qingshan Patriarch angrily shouted.

Zhu Yun did not dare to say more.

"Hahaha, Master Yi." The Qingshan Patriarch put on a smiling face and called out.

Yi Feng, who was lying at the entrance, removed the fan covering his face, glanced over, sat up and laughed, "So it's you who's come!"

"Yes, it's me."

The Qingshan Patriarch nodded his head repeatedly like a chick pecking rice, his face full of respect.

At the side, Zhu Yun's eyes went wide.

Was he seeing things?

Usually the arrogant Patriarch in Qingshan Sect was now like a chick in front of an ordinary person?

Why?

With one slap, this ordinary person could easily be killed!

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However, despite the doubts in his mind, he did not dare to say much.

"Master Yi, this is my..." Qingshan Patriarch slightly leaned to the side, ready to introduce Zhu Yun to Yi Feng.

Yi Feng waved his hand and interrupted, "I can see, uncle and nephew, right?"

"As expected of senior."

Qingshan Patriarch's face was full of admiration.

However, on second thought, he was overdoing it. With this senior's heavenly abilities, he probably only needed one glance to discern Zhu Yun's identity.

Yi Feng smiled.

This was nothing at all.

Qingshan, an old man, and Zhu Yun, a middle-aged man, had a close relationship. Zhu Yun was also very respectful to Qingshan, so they were likely just uncle and nephew.

"But since you are here, it's good timing. I'm out of wine, do you have any?" Yi Feng was straightforward and asked for wine directly. That Peng Ying woman was impossible to get over easily for Yi Feng, and the little remaining inventory at home had been finished.

"Yes, yes, yes."

Qingshan Patriarch quickly replied, but after agreeing, he remembered that he had come in too much of a hurry and had completely forgotten to bring wine. Fortunately, Zhu Yun was next to him, so he looked towards Zhu Yun.

"Uncle, you..."

Zhu Yun had a bad premonition.

"Take out your Sheng Guo Dan!" Qingshan Patriarch stretched out his hand and said.

"Ah?"

Zhu Yun's face was pitch black, full of reluctance. His Sheng Guo Dan could only be brewed three bottles a year, and was a priceless treasure to him. Usually, he was unwilling to let anyone drink it, but now he was asked to take it out for a commoner?

"Hurry up."

Seeing Zhu Yun being so unappreciative, Qingshan Patriarch became anxious and stretched out his arm to knock on Zhu Yun's forehead.

"Uncle, can you at least give me some face?" Zhu Yun hugged his head and mumbled aggrievedly: "After all, I am the sect master of Qingshan Sect. If someone sees this, where will my prestige be?"

"What's the big deal about a petty sect master? Don't think too highly of yourself!" Qingshan Patriarch scolded. "I warn you, here, even if you are a dragon, behave yourself obediently in front of me."

With that, he knocked on Zhu Yun's head again.

Zhu Yun quickly stepped back, looking at Qingshan Patriarch aggrievedly.

"Still not taking out the wine?" Qingshan Patriarch shouted.

Under Qingshan Patriarch's coercion, Zhu Yun reluctantly took out the Sheng Guo Dan, full of reluctance.

"Look at your stingy appearance, whining like a woman. Today you can take out this wine is your honor." Qingshan Patriarch scolded in a deep voice, and snatched over the Sheng Guo Dan. Then he changed his face and smiled: "Master Yi, the wine is average, I wonder if it suits your taste, please make do."

Yi Feng smiled. He was not one to stand on courtesy, so he took a sip and said directly: "It is good wine, but it lacks a little taste."

Qingshan Patriarch kept nodding like a chicken pecking rice.

But Zhu Yun on the side almost lost it.

This commoner was a little too arrogant!

One should know that his Sheng Guo Dan was a priceless treasure. As the sect master of Qingshan Sect, he only had three bottles a year. But this damn commoner actually said his Sheng Guo Dan lacked some taste?

He really could not understand why Qingshan Patriarch was so polite to this commoner.

If it wasn't for Qingshan Patriarch being present, he would not have dared to act rashly. With his status, he would have beaten this commoner into meat paste long ago.

But with Qingshan Patriarch here, he could only suppress his anger.

"Disciple, bring two more stools." Yi Feng called out.

Zhong Qing quickly brought out two stools.

"Haha, looking at the sunset on the horizon, the beauty of dusk, having another drink is not a bad way to enjoy life!" Yi Feng said with a laugh.

"Yes!"

Qingshan Patriarch sat down on the small stool next to Yi Feng and sighed feelingly. The dusk was beautiful in his eyes, but shamefully, he could not comprehend the sentiment of his senior!

"Humph!"

Zhu Yun snorted in his heart.

If not for Qingshan Patriarch, this commoner would have died ten thousand times already. When Qingshan Patriarch and the Qingshan Sect Master had personally visited, instead of inviting them into the house to entertain them properly, this commoner had the audacity to take out two broken stools to sit at the door?

Who was he looking down on?

However, Zhu Yun did not dare to make a move because of Qingshan Patriarch, so he just stood there without saying a word.

A glimpse.

He subconsciously reached out to flip through the martial arts books Yi Feng had laid out when he caught sight of them.

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"Stop it."

Qingshan Patriarch strode forward in an instant and grabbed Zhu Yun's palm.

He, Qingshan Patriarch, naturally knew what these martial arts manuals were. They contained boundless martial insights, nothing less than miraculous treasures!

Although Yi Feng had laid them out casually, that did not mean they could be handled recklessly. Even when such treasures were right before his eyes, Qingshan Patriarch dared not show the slightest hint of greed. But this ungrateful Zhu Yun went ahead to stir up trouble. Was he looking to die?

If they incurred the displeasure of that master, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"Who allowed you to touch other people's belongings without permission?" Qingshan Patriarch scolded.

Zhu Yun's face was filled with resentment. As the sect master of Qingshan Sect, what was the big deal about flipping through the belongings of a mere mortal? His uncle was clearly overreacting!

Seeing this, Yi Feng could not help but sigh.

This old Qingshan really had excellent character. He hurriedly smoothed things over, "They're just some trifles. Feel free to take a look, it's no trouble."

Only then did Qingshan Patriarch breathe a sigh of relief, releasing Zhu Yun's palm.

Zhu Yun casually flipped open one of the martial arts manuals.

The moment he opened it, the three big words "King Kong Fist", exuding boundless martial intent, suddenly enlarged before Zhu Yun's eyes. Then, transforming into a ferocious beast, they pounced at Zhu Yun.

"What?"

Zhu Yun was greatly shocked, his pupils nearly bursting out. He hurriedly circulated his cultivation to resist, but could not block even a bit. That mysterious fist, with overwhelming force, bombarded towards him as always.

"Pfft!"

Zhu Yun muffled a groan, nearly spitting out a mouthful of blood, his face ghastly pale.

"Huff Huff Huff."

Zhu Yun gasped loudly, his forehead already drenched in cold sweat. Filled with lingering fear, he looked towards Qingshan Patriarch.

Qingshan Patriarch's expression was also extremely solemn. He was not feeling well either.

When Zhu Yun had flipped open the martial arts manual just now, he had also glimpsed it. But this time, viewing the manual was not the same as before. The martial intent from the words "King Kong Fist" surged towards him like a towering wave. Fortunately, with his profound cultivation, he did not end up as miserable as Zhu Yun.

As for why this happened, it was likely due to the nature of their cultivation techniques.

His Qingshan Sect cultivated the gentle, feminine path. The Taiji Fist from before was perfectly aligned with them and brought benefits.

Whereas the King Kong Fist was an extremely firm, masculine fist technique, which happened to restrain them.

Of course, in Qingshan's opinion, it was clearly not a coincidence that Zhu Yun had randomly flipped to such a firm fist technique. Yi Feng must have deliberately taught Zhu Yun a small lesson for his lack of propriety!

However, Yi Feng did not notice the strange behavior of the uncle and nephew. Feeling a cool breeze blow by, he stood up and said, "It's getting chilly. Why don't you two come inside with me!"

After speaking, Yi Feng headed towards the room first.

"Uncle, this, what is going on?"

After Yi Feng left, Zhu Yun looked at Qingshan Patriarch in disbelief and asked.

"You, you...." Qingshan Patriarch pointed at Zhu Yun and scolded, "You're usually quite sensible. Why were you so blind this time? Do you know you just walked past death's door and nearly got me killed too?"

"Uncle, what exactly is happening?" Zhu Yun asked.

"You're still asking me what's going on? Can't you see it yourself?" Qingshan Patriarch berated, "Do you really think I've gone senile to treat an ordinary mortal so politely? Do you really think this young man before us is just some ordinary mortal?"

"What?"

Zhu Yun paled in fright, "But, he really doesn't have any cultivation at all!"

"Hmph!" Qingshan Patriarch let out an angry humph, "That you can't detect his cultivation does not mean the master has no abilities. It just shows your limited perspective. Let me tell you, even I cannot see through his cultivation. You just need to know, he is a master who has returned to original simplicity and is connected to the heavens. The martial arts manuals next to him are the best proof."

"As for the injuries you sustained just now, that was the master teaching you a lesson for your disrespect."

"You'd best bear this firmly in mind."

Qingshan Patriarch admonished word for word.

Recalling the terror from the martial arts manual, Zhu Yun sucked in a breath of cold air.

Not daring to question his uncle's words any further, Zhu Yun's heart was also filled with lingering fear. Thinking back, he really had brushed past death's door!

No wonder his uncle had treated him so politely.

He could only resent his own stupidity for not seeing it earlier.

"But Uncle, how could such a master connected to the heavens appear in a small city like Pingjiang?" Zhu Yun asked doubtfully again.

Hearing this, Qingshan Patriarch's expression also turned solemn. Staring into the distance, he slowly said, "I guess this master is just having some fun in the mortal realm and we happened to run into him by good fortune. But more likely, he is..."

Qingshan Patriarch trailed off meaningfully.

"More likely what?"

Zhu Yun held his breath, his complexion taut as he waited for him to continue.

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"Do you know that in ancient times, within a radius of ten thousand li with Pingjiang as the foundation, what kind of place was it?" Qingshan Patriarch asked.

Zhu Yun shook his head repeatedly.

"The ancient books say that in ancient times, within a radius of ten thousand li around Pingjiang was the land of immortals. Although later on, no one knows what happened that caused its decline, since ancient times, Pingjiang has always been a place that military families must contend for, which is enough to explain that Pingjiang is no ordinary place." Qingshan Patriarch explained.

"But what does this have to do with this senior?" Zhu Yun asked doubtfully.

Qingshan Patriarch sighed with feeling, not knowing whether he was lamenting Zhu Yun's stupidity or something else. After pondering for a long time, he finally said, "Pingjiang must be hiding secrets unknown to others, so it is also possible that this senior is using Pingjiang as a foundation and the entire South Sha as a scope to make the next earth-shattering move!"

As soon as Qingshan Patriarch's words fell, Zhu Yun's body shuddered violently.

Taking Pingjiang as the foundation and South Sha as the scope, making the next big move.

Just thinking about it made one feel terrified! But this was something that Zhu Yun as the sect master of Qingshan Sect didn't even dare to imagine.

Otherwise, how could someone as supreme as Yi Feng appear in a small place like Pingjiang City?

"But Master, if this is really the case, aren't we...?" As if thinking of something, Zhu Yun asked in horror with wide eyes.

"That's right."

Qingshan Patriarch did not deny it. "If this is really the case, then we are all just chess pieces."

"Then what should we do?" Zhu Yun asked anxiously.

"Foolishness."

Qingshan Patriarch glared at Zhu Yun and scolded, "If you change your way of thinking about it, you won't have this worry."

"What do you mean, Master?"

"Indeed, I think that being able to become the senior's chess piece is not a bad thing, but the greatest opportunity for my Qingshan Sect." Having said this, Qingshan Patriarch sighed feelingly and said, "In the past five hundred years, my Qingshan Sect has been declining day by day. Pessimistically speaking, we will eventually be submerged in the long river of history. Even if that doesn't happen, we can only barely survive."

"Are you willing to accept that?"

Qingshan Patriarch's voice fell into Zhu Yun's ears, making his mind tremble.

Was he willing? Of course not.

But could he really fulfill his wishes as Qingshan Patriarch said?

"However, we can't guess the senior's thoughts, but we can take this opportunity to ask the senior."

"Let's go."

"Follow me inside."

As they walked into the martial arts hall one after the other, Zhu Yun was directly immersed in the eighteen paintings in the front hall. Fortunately, the experienced Qingshan Patriarch pulled him back in time.

Even so, Zhu Yun was still scared out of his wits, and his whole body broke out in a cold sweat.

By now, he was completely convinced of the master of this martial arts hall's ability.

He no longer had any doubts about becoming a chess piece, and could even see the moment when Qingshan Sect would return to its peak.

"Huh, where is Master Yi?"

After passing through the front hall and arriving in the small courtyard behind, they did not find any trace of Yi Feng. Instead, Zhu Yun beside him was scared enough, pointing to the locust tree and stammering, "Master, look, look, it's the Heaven Swallowing Demon Wolf!"

Qingshan Patriarch glanced at the Heaven Swallowing Demon Wolf tied under the old locust tree and disdainfully said, "Is it necessary to be so startled?"

"Master, that's the Heaven Swallowing Demon Wolf!" Zhu Yun continued to exclaim.

"Look at you being like that."

Qingshan Patriarch glanced at Zhu Yun as if he were a country bumpkin.

It was just a Heaven Swallowing Demon Wolf. Last time when he came, the senior even almost used it to drink wine. What's the big deal?

Of course, he had completely forgotten that he was no better than Zhu Yun at that time.

"Sorry, I just went inside to cook some food. Please take a seat." At this time, Yi Feng walked out of the kitchen, and was still holding a kitchen knife in his hand.

Seeing this kitchen knife, Qingshan Patriarch, who was being polite just now, suddenly shuddered, his eyes fixed on the kitchen knife in Yi Feng's hand.

Zhu Yun, who was still in shock from the Heaven Swallowing Demon Wolf, had not yet recovered. When his gaze shifted over, his whole body reacted as if struck by lightning.

"Hiss!"

At this moment, he didn't know how to describe his mood. It was simply one wave after another.

In short, the shock brought by this kitchen knife was even greater than when he saw the Heaven Swallowing Demon Wolf.

For a time, both of them stared at the knife in Yi Feng's hand, while Qingshan Patriarch guessed what Yi Feng's intention was in suddenly taking out this knife.

Could it be?

Don't tell me?

Thinking of this, Qingshan Patriarch got excited all over, pacing back and forth. Especially seeing Yi Feng holding the kitchen knife walking towards them step by step, his breathing became more and more urgent.

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"Ha ha," Yi Feng faintly smiled and took out a knife, saying, "Here, for you."

As soon as Yi Feng's words fell, the Qingshan Patriarch's blood swelled and he felt like he couldn't breathe.

Sure enough!

The senior had already seen through his intention of coming here. Without waiting for him to speak, he directly took out the knife.

Such great kindness.

It simply moved him to tears.

"Master Yi's great kindness, Qingshan is unforgettable." He solemnly and tremblingly took over the vegetable knife in Yi Feng's hand. The Qingshan Patriarch was so excited that he knelt down directly.

Next to him, Zhu Yun also reacted.

He finally understood that the knife the Qingshan Patriarch was talking about was this vegetable knife in front of him.

No wonder when the whole sect was worrying about the Xuanwu Patriarch, the Qingshan Patriarch, as the person involved, could still remain calm and say he was going to borrow a knife.

At first, he didn't think there was any knife that could match the 10 years of cultivation at the Martial King Realm, but now at first glance, his worries were all gone.

Following the Qingshan Patriarch, he also knelt down to Yi Feng.

"What are you doing? Get up quickly," Seeing them kneel down, Yi Feng hurried to help them both up.

But they stubbornly kowtowed heavily on the ground before they were willing to get up.

"Alas, why did you have to do this? It's just a vegetable knife!" Yi Feng lamented.

The reason why he gave the vegetable knife to the Qingshan Patriarch was because he had heard the Qingshan Patriarch yearn for having such a vegetable knife when they cooked together last time.

He could see that the Qingshan Patriarch longed to have a vegetable knife in his home. As it happened, he had made a new one, and the old one was no longer needed, so he simply gave it to the Qingshan Patriarch.

In this world, the rich flow with oil, while the poor are truly poor.

Especially people like Qingshan, who probably don't even have a decent vegetable knife at home. He didn't know how they usually cut vegetables, maybe they just twisted them directly with their hands...

Alas!

Thinking about it this way, Yi Feng could understand why they were so excited. For them, this knife was probably like a godsend in the snow!

"For Master Yi it is indeed just a vegetable knife, but for me it is simply a godsend!" Qingshan Patriarch said excitedly.

Sure enough.

Yi Feng sighed slightly, feeling quite heartbroken for the Qingshan Patriarch.

The Qingshan Patriarch carefully put away the vegetable knife, his gratitude to Yi Feng reaching for the sky.

He had originally thought that this trip to borrow a knife would be full of difficulties and obstacles. After all, it was a high-level artifact like this, and he and Yi Feng were just acquaintances. He really had no idea if the other party would be willing to lend it to him.

But who could have imagined that the senior would give him the knife without waiting for him to ask?

With this knife, he was fully confident in fighting the Xuanwu Patriarch. This not only saved him, the Qingshan Patriarch, but also saved his entire Qingshan Sect.

So it was by no means excessive to kneel down to Yi Feng.

After a long, long time, the two finally calmed down somewhat from the excitement, and were not as lost in joy as before.

"Master Yi, I, Qingshan, find it difficult to repay your kindness. Although I know my things are not worth mentioning to you, please still accept this." As he spoke, the Qingshan Patriarch took out a fiery red bead from his storage bag.

As the bead was taken out, the surrounding temperature kept rising.

"Master... uncle, the Flame Pearl!" Zhu Yun exclaimed, also not expecting that the Qingshan Patriarch would take out the treasure that protected the Qingshan Sect.

But on second thought, being able to borrow the precious knife from the senior, giving out a Flame Pearl was nothing.

"Master Yi, please be sure to accept it."

The Qingshan Patriarch bowed with both hands holding up the Flame Pearl to Yi Feng.

"This thing..."

Yi Feng looked over the Flame Pearl and found that it was red throughout, emitting a very high temperature from within. He didn't know which volcanic mole it had been dug out from either.

Of course, after all, this was a different world, and there were many such odd and bizarre things, so Yi Feng was not surprised. As a souvenir it was still quite nice.

"It looks quite pleasing when put on display, I like it very much, so I'll accept it." Yi Feng did not reject Qingshan either. He knew that Qingshan was a very polite person with character.

Such a person would not like to directly take benefits from others.

So if he refused, it would instead make the Qingshan Patriarch feel that he was looking down on his things.

Seeing Yi Feng accept it, the Qingshan Patriarch finally breathed a sigh of relief, though his face also showed some helplessness.

Before giving the gift, he had actually racked his brains a lot, thinking back and forth before deciding to take out this Flame Pearl. In his opinion, after all, it was the treasure that protected his Qingshan Sect. Even if it was nothing rare in this senior's eyes, it should still be enough to astonish him.

But the result was that in the senior's words, it was just a decorative item. This made the Qingshan Patriarch feel very frustrated.

Indeed, the difference in status and position also leads to a huge difference in horizons!

After thanking him repeatedly, the Qingshan Patriarch seemed to remember something and asked meaningfully, "Master Yi, I wonder what plans you have for the future? Could you reveal a little to me and my nephew?"

Hearing this, Zhu Yun also pricked up his ears.