

# I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God

## Chapter 3

Autumn came, and the leaves fell.

Guarding this small martial arts hall, who knows how many springs and autumns have come and gone.

Before the door was an endless stream of people coming and going, busy and noisy. Yi Feng was already familiar with the customs in this different world.

"Alas, it's time to eat. I'll order some takeout!"

Yi Feng got up and waved towards the beef noodle stand across the street. The assistant across the way snapped his fingers and called out, "Master Yi, wait a moment, it'll be right over."

Yi Feng smiled and nodded, then laid back down in his reclining chair.

"Alas, eating takeout everyday, I'm missing having a wife!"

The sunlight was glaring. Yi Feng squinted his eyes, looking at the few young girls at the rouge shop on the side of the street. He couldn't help but sigh, "Recently, Meng Tian hasn't come to see me either. She's always thinking about entering a sect to cultivate, but she doesn't have the talent for it. It would be so nice if she just followed me and became a martial wife. Then one day if my luck turns and I take on a couple disciples, she could even be called Master's Wife."

Not long after, the assistant from across the way brought over a bowl of beef noodles.

The portion was as generous as always.

"Here, take the money."

Yi Feng tossed the coins over.

"Master Yi, it's just a bowl of beef noodles, what money could I take?" The assistant returned the coins and said with a smile, "Last time when my old lady fell and hurt herself, she had to rely on you to heal her!"

"Alright then, I'll eat this bowl for free."

Yi Feng also didn't stand on ceremony. He was familiar with all these common folk in the alleys. Anytime a family had some bruises or sprains he would help treat them. He also often gave handouts to the beggars wandering around.

So he had quite some reputation in this area.

Although he had never formally taken on a disciple, he could be called Master Yi.

"Little beast, get out of here!"

Just then, an incident not far away caught their attention. A boy dressed in tattered clothes was kicked out of the front hall of Green Mountain Sect.

"No, I want to cultivate, please let me join Green Mountain Sect." Although the boy was only fourteen or fifteen, he was exceptionally resolute. Disregarding the scrapes on his face, he kneeled in front of the elder at the front hall and shouted firmly, "Please let me join Green Mountain Sect."

"Look at your lack of talent, yet you still want to join my Green Mountain Sect? Get lost!" The elder at the front hall kicked the boy in the chest, then shouted, "Damn kid, this is your last warning. If you dare come again, I'll throw you to the dogs!"

"What's going on?"

Yi Feng frowned.

"Alas, this poor child." The assistant sighed and said, "Who knows where he's from. He's been running around Green Mountain Sect's front hall these last few days. He must really have no talent!"

Yi Feng inexplicably felt a little heartache.

Cultivation was just this cruel. Without talent, you were nothing.

He was still the best off, as a grandmaster of his generation. Although he didn't have big ambitions, it was still a good way to live.

Blood leaked from the corner of the boy's mouth as he clutched his chest and coughed violently. His firm gaze looked at the tightly shut door, full of unwillingness.

After a long while, he dragged his heavy footsteps and left dejectedly.

It seemed he noticed Yi Feng and the assistant's attention, so he also lifted his head to look over as he passed by the door. Seeing the beef noodles in Yi Feng's hands, he swallowed hard, then looked away and continued leaving.

But after just two steps, he paused and bent over to pick something up from the ground.

He looked around, lingered for a bit at the beef noodle stand across the way, then gritted his teeth and turned to look back at Yi Feng.

"Shopkeeper, I picked up a gold coin by your door. Is it yours?" The boy came over, and sure enough, his grubby little hand held a gold coin.

Yi Feng and the assistant exchanged a look.

In each other's eyes, they saw disbelief.

This made Yi Feng feel ashamed. The world was just this way, and although he sympathized with the boy, he was powerless to help. Yet this boy's moral character moved him.

It was obvious the boy was starving, yet he still maintained this spirit.

"That's right, this gold coin is mine." Yi Feng nodded. If he guessed correctly, it was the one that emotionless woman had given him.

The boy stretched out his little hand.

But Yi Feng didn't take it. Instead, he smiled faintly at the boy and said, "It's yours now."

The boy was surprised and bowed gratefully to Yi Feng before quickly running over to the beef noodle stand across the way.

"You've got a customer." Yi Feng said with a smile to the assistant beside him.

"Master Yi's virtue is boundless."

The assistant gave Yi Feng a thumbs up, then ran over across the way too.

"Remember, give him extra portions. If it's not enough money, put it on my tab..."

The boy wolfed down the food. After finishing one bowl, he still seemed unsatisfied and licked his lips, wanting more. But looking at the single gold coin he had, he reluctantly held himself back.

The prices here weren't low. One gold coin was only enough for one bowl of beef noodles.

Just as he was about to get up to leave, the assistant brought him another full bowl.

"Shopkeeper, what is this?" The boy asked in surprise.

The assistant smiled and glanced in Yi Feng's direction. The boy's gaze quickly followed, the light in his eyes flickering.

He continued wolfing down the food in silence.

Seeing this scene, Yi Feng smiled. He lifted his fan to cover his face from the glaring sunlight and leaned back in the reclining chair.

"Benefactor, I, Zhong Qing, kowtow to you. Please accept me as your disciple."

Suddenly, the boy's voice came from beside him. Yi Feng turned to look and saw the boy kneeling on the ground, looking at him resolutely and gratefully.

"You want me to accept you as my disciple?" Yi Feng asked in surprise.

"Yes, I understand now that I have no talent and cannot enter Green Mountain Sect. But Benefactor not only showed me kindness, you also run a martial arts hall. Please grant me this favor."

As Zhong Qing spoke, he heavily kowtowed again. "As long as Master accepts me, Zhong Qing is willing to serve you loyally."

Yi Feng clicked his tongue slightly.

He really hadn't expected the first person to ask to become his disciple to be in this sort of situation.

Oh well!

Putting aside this child's moral character for now, just his enthusiasm made it hard for Yi Feng to refuse.

"Alright, I'll accept you." Yi Feng nodded.

"Thank you Master for accepting me." Zhong Qing quickly kneeled and thanked him. Without another word, he picked up Yi Feng's finished bowl of noodles and brought it back to the noodle stand.

"This child really is sensible."

Yi Feng had an auntie-like smile on his face. Since this was his first disciple, he couldn't neglect the boy either. After Zhong Qing came back, Yi Feng brought him into the inner room.

"You use a saber, right?" Yi Feng looked at him and asked.

"Yes!"

Zhong Qing lowered his head. The large saber at his waist, covered in rust stains, had long since given him away.

"I don't have much to give you, so this saber will be my gift!" Yi Feng took out a long saber and held it out to Zhong Qing.

As the large saber emerged, light flowed along its body, carrying an oppressive aura.

Among the weapons Yi Feng had forged, this was the one he was most satisfied with. Since he didn't need it himself anyway, giving it to his disciple was fitting.

"Thank you Master for this gift."

Zhong Qing loved it dearly and quickly bowed in thanks.