

I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God

Chapter 4

It is said that thousands of years ago, behind Pingjiang City, there was a green mountain.

The green mountain towered into the clouds, like a pillar holding up the heavens.

Later, a peerless master passed by with a single stroke of his sword, slicing the green mountain in half at the waist. Here, he established his sect.

Thus it was called Qingshan Sect.

Passed down through generations, although each was not as great as the last, Qingshan Sect was still seen as a sacred place of cultivation in many people's hearts.

A magnificent hall.

Luo Lanxue anxiously rushed over.

"Master, this disciple seeks an audience." Luo Lanxue knelt at the door and respectfully called out.

"Lanxue, why are you so rude, disturbing your master's closed-door training?" Finally, a majestic voice rang out from the hall, the voice containing anger and strands of exhaustion.

Hearing this, Luo Lanxue felt uneasy.

In three days, Master would duel with Xuanwu Patriarch, whose abilities far surpassed his. Moreover, Xuanwu Patriarch was sinister, vicious and ruthless. No wonder Master was still in closed-door training at this time.

But thinking of this, Luo Lanxue became even more impatient. "Master, your disciple has an important matter to discuss, something that could be the key to your defeating Xuanwu Patriarch."

"The key to defeating Xuanwu Patriarch?"

Qingshan Patriarch was startled at first, then his voice turned angry.

"How have I taught you that you would dare speak so arrogantly? The battle between me and Xuanwu cannot be influenced by you juniors!"

"Go back!"

"Do not disturb me again."

"Master, your disciple wouldn't dare speak arrogantly," Luo Lanxue quickly lowered her head and anxiously said, "I beg Master to grant me an audience."

The hall fell silent for a moment before the majestic voice spoke again.

"Since you've disturbed my closed-door training over this matter, if it is not as you've said, don't blame me for showing no mercy!"

As the voice faded, the hall doors rumbled open.

Luo Lanxue heaved a sigh of relief, respectfully holding the martial arts manual as she entered the hall.

She finally got to see Qingshan Patriarch.

Qingshan Patriarch sat cross-legged on a tatami mat, anger still on his face. As he listened to Luo Lanxue's account, skepticism showed on his face.

"You're saying an ordinary person?" Qingshan Patriarch asked.

"Yes Master. To be precise, a peerless expert who came down to the mortal realm in disguise," Luo Lanxue supplemented.

"Nonsense," Qingshan Patriarch angrily said, "If there was truly such an expert in Pingjiang City, how could I, the esteemed Qingshan Patriarch, not know of him? What a joke."

"Please believe me Master, this book came from that senior's hand. One look and Master will know," Luo Lanxue quickly said.

"Humph!"

Qingshan Patriarch let out a cold humph. With a wave of his palm, the martial arts manual appeared in his hand.

At a glance, disdain showed on his face.

The whole book was ordinary and mediocre, with no outstanding qualities or aura within.

If not for Luo Lanxue being one of his most valued disciples, he would have blasted the book away in anger by now for wasting his time on such a shabby thing.

"Please take a look inside Master," Luo Lanxue quickly added, as if recalling something. She even reminded, "Master must adjust your state of mind and be wary of backlash."

Hearing this, impatience showed on Qingshan Patriarch's face. He casually flipped open the martial arts manual.

In that instant, his previously casual and impatient expression underwent tremendous change.

He sat up ramrod straight.

Unintentionally, his body also began trembling.

Shock, astonishment, incredulity, dumbfoundedness...a series of expressions flickered across his face, but even so, it was still unable to convey his current state of mind.

It was like a huge wave had been set off, unable to calm down.

He absolutely hadn't expected Luo Lanxue's words to be true. This unremarkable book he looked down on actually contained boundless martial intent after opening it.

The moment he opened the book, it was as if he entered another world. As a martial arts master, Qingshan Patriarch felt so insignificant amidst the power contained within the book.

Just what kind of person could produce such an extraordinary book?

Even harder to believe was that looking at the subtle brushstrokes, this person was clearly casually drawing with no effort, yet just a casual work contained unbelievable martial intent. How profound must that person's cultivation be?

As Luo Lanxue looked at Qingshan Patriarch, she couldn't help showing a wry smile.

When she first saw the book, how could she not have reacted the same way?

This further cemented her belief that the youth lying on the lounge chair leisurely fanning himself must be a reclusive expert of the highest level.

But the more so it was, the more uneasy her heart felt.

On one hand, she was excited that Qingshan Sect could come across such an opportunity, but on the other, her heart was increasingly nervous, anxiety and fear showing in her eyes...

"Hahahaha..."

Just then, hearty laughter rang out from Qingshan Patriarch's mouth. His hair flew upwards as an aura of arrogance burst out from him.

He leapt up from the tatami in a flash, shooting through the roof like a rocket and straight into the air.

At this moment, the clouds above Qingshan Sect surged as a storm brewed.

A torrential downpour soon started, with countless spiritual energy converging towards Qingshan Patriarch. Suspended in midair, he was like a blazing small sun, flashing dazzling brilliance amidst the rain.

"What?"

"Master broke through?"

Luo Lanxue covered her red lips in surprise, overjoyed yet shocked by the scene before her.

The entire Qingshan Sect was also thrown into huge commotion.

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"Now who's messing around again? I just hung my clothes to dry," Yi Feng grumbled with displeasure as he lay on the recliner. His clothes weren't even dry yet.

Although he'd never eaten pork, he'd seen pigs run.

Although he'd never seen such a big commotion, Yi Feng knew with one look that it was caused by cultivators.

"Zhong Qing, how is your horse stance coming along?"

After taking off his clothes, Yi Feng looked towards Zhong Qing who had started training directly.

At the moment, he was in a horse stance, unclear for how long already. His frail body trembled as beads of sweat dripped down his forehead, yet he persisted.

"What a good seedling, unfortunately this is a cultivation world. Otherwise, I'd have made you into the next Bruce Lee in your past life!"

Thinking of this, Yi Feng couldn't help but curse.

Damn cultivation world, giving him a martial arts system. What a problem.

"Zhong Qing, rest up. Go buy two bowls of beef noodles across the street," Yi Feng said in a timely manner. Training was important, but rest was too.

"Yes Master."

Zhong Qing wiped the sweat from his brow, then ran across the street to the beef noodle stand in the pouring rain.

As he waited for his order, Zhong Qing gazed into the distance at the sky, entranced until the cook called him several times before he finally reacted.

"Ah youth..."

Yi Feng shook his head.

He could tell that Zhong Qing still held strong aspirations towards cultivation. Staying here was probably just to repay his kindness.

Unfortunately, his talent was just lacking. With such qualifications, he'd never get into Qingshan Sect.

"If only Teacher could get to know some people from Qingshan Sect, perhaps I could help you in through the back door!"

"But alas, Teacher is just an ordinary man!"