

I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God

Chapter 8

Suck in a breath of cold air.

Mouth agape, too shocked to speak.

Even if others can't tell, how could he not recognize it? This is the legendary Skyswallowing Demon Wolf!

The Skyswallowing Demon Wolf was a behemoth among the demon tribes, not only powerful in its own right but also belonging to a formidable tribe. Ordinary people wouldn't dare provoke it at all.

Yet this senior actually brought a Skyswallowing Demon Wolf to drink with him?

This is just too crazy!

Seeing Lorna's confusion, Patriarch Qingshan leaned in to explain. Lorna covered her red lips in equal shock.

Watching Yi Feng walking ahead nonchalantly dragging the Skyswallowing Wolf, the two exchanged a look, unable to calm their minds. A senior like this was probably the only one audacious enough to get a hold of a Skyswallowing Demon Wolf just to drink with it!

Finally, the two followed Yi Feng towards the martial arts hall.

Both were extremely curious what was hidden inside the hall and what it was like.

The high stone threshold was made of green rock.

Stepping through the entrance was like crossing a vast distance, entering into another world from one world.

On both sides of the martial arts hall were eighteen paintings, each depicting a different martial art and weapon - the first was a blade, the second a spear, the third a sword... Eighteen kinds of weapons, dazzling to behold.

Just one glance,

And Patriarch Qingshan and Lorna were immersed in the vast ocean of martial arts.

It was as if the entire hall had become an endless battlefield, with blades and swords flying to and fro...

It was also as if eighteen martial arts masters were comparing their skills and moves. To their eyes, these moves were unremarkable, devoid of aura, even full of openings, yet upon further inspection, they discovered profundities everywhere, with meaning behind every movement and stillness that was difficult to comprehend.

"Why are you dazing off? Come sit over here," Yi Feng's voice called out. Patriarch Qingshan and Lorna were suddenly jolted awake, foreheads beaded with cold sweat.

Regaining their senses, their faces were filled with lingering fear.

The paintings on the walls contained boundless martial intent and meanings they could not fully grasp. While these offered enlightenment to anyone, one also needed the capacity to digest them, otherwise they would become devils that consumed you instead.

Just now, Patriarch Qingshan and Lorna were like specks of dust in a vast ocean. The deeper they sank, the more dangerous it became.

"Truly, there are worlds within inches!"

"Who could have known that hidden within this insignificant Pingjiang City, inside this small shop, was such a world?"

"Thankfully Senior called out to us in time, otherwise we may have become lost within it."

Patriarch Qingshan and Lorna looked at Yi Feng with deep gratitude. If not for his timely word, the consequences would have been unimaginable for them.

Thinking of this, they also felt some relief that Yi Feng had not been present when they first rushed in.

Otherwise...

"My humble abode rarely gets visitors, so there are few proper stools. Please sit wherever you'd like!" Yi Feng said with a smile. He poured out two cups of tea from a nearby pot and brought them over.

Patriarch Qingshan and Lorna were honored and quickly stood up to receive the cups with both hands, faces beaming with joy.

Yi Feng's amiable manner instantly put them more at ease. It seemed this unparalleled senior was not only broad-minded, but also very down-to-earth!

"I wonder what your surname is, shop owner?" Patriarch Qingshan asked again.

"No need for formalities, I'm Yi Feng," Yi Feng said with a laugh, waving his hand.

"Master Yi," Patriarch Qingshan quickly bowed with clasped hands.

"I'm no master, just running a small martial arts hall in this backwater to get by," Yi Feng shook his head. "Other than simple food and shelter, I dare not ask for more."

"Master Yi's state of mind makes me truly ashamed!" Patriarch Qingshan shook his head, filled with shame. Yi Feng's abilities were sky-high, yet he maintained this extremely unadorned, down-to-earth mindset without arrogance or pride.

Meanwhile, he had just stepped into the Martial King realm. Not to mention lording over Qingshan Sect, even in all of South Sha he thought highly of himself.

Yet what was his measly skill worth before Yi Feng?

Their mindsets were as different as clouds and mud.

Yi Feng only sighed. He thought, if you were in my shoes, you would probably have the same mentality as me.

It was so difficult transmigrating and integrating this golden finger. I thought I could finally experience the joy of cultivating, maybe even fly through the air sword in hand, arrogantly carefree.

After all, wasn't that what main characters were like in novels?

Yet who knew this would be such a useless system. In the first few years, Yi Feng still thought there was something not activated yet. Perhaps if he cultivated those fist and staff techniques to the highest level, it would unlock the next domain. But reality told him he was thinking too much.

In summary, after all these years, he had seen through it all.

Other than resignation, what choice was there?

He could only stay in his tiny corner of land, making ends meet...

"You two sit for now, I'll go take care of that wild dog and prepare some wine for later," Yi Feng said with a smile. His initial impression of the old man wasn't bad. Although the old man was poor, more friends meant more paths. Who knew if he could help in the future?

"No need, no need!" Upon hearing this, Patriarch Qingshan hurriedly stood up, "Master Yi, please don't be so courteous. Just being able to eat some homely fare in your presence already makes me content. There's no need for the Skyswallowing...dog."

"Alright then, we'll just eat something simple." Yi Feng nodded his head as well. It was getting late, preparing the dog now would probably take them to dinner time.

"You two can sit first while I put the dog somewhere for now," Yi Feng said, dragging the dog towards the rear hall.

The rear hall was where Yi Feng did his smithing.

Back then, he had smithed extensively to level up the system's smithing skill. Although the smithing skill reached the stage of comparing with the gods, he rarely did any smithing after that. Only occasionally when a neighbor needed help butchering pigs or farming would he lend a hand crafting butcher knives or hoes, also earning some pocket money.

Seeing that Yi Feng no longer insisted they eat dog meat, Patriarch Qingshan secretly wiped cold sweat from his brow.

Eating a Skyswallowing Demon Wolf was probably no psychological burden for Yi Feng, but for him, Patriarch Qingshan, it was different! The Skyswallowing Demon Wolf tribe, forget offending one Qingshan Sect, even ten Qingshan Sects combined he couldn't afford to offend!

If he really ate it and the Skyswallowing Wolf tribe couldn't get back at Yi Feng, they surely wouldn't hesitate to vent their anger on his Qingshan Sect right?

"Master, I'm done practicing."

Just as Patriarch Qingshan and Lorna were sitting waiting for Yi Feng, a thirteen or fourteen year old boy walked out from the side hall.

"This senior has a disciple as well?"

Hearing this, the two were shocked.

The senior's disciple was probably also an exceptional genius!

Their eager gazes turned towards Zhong Qing.