

I Am Unaware That I Am the Peerless Martial God

Chapter 9

Zhong Qing and Luo Lanxue's gazes seemed as if they wanted to see through Zhong Qing.

Sensing such gazes, Zhong Qing felt a little uncomfortable, but still smiled sillyly, "Are there any guests? Hello to you two."

"Hello, hello."

Although they hadn't been able to see anything outstanding about Zhong Qing for the time being, after all this person was the beloved disciple of their senior, he was definitely someone they didn't dare to be negligent towards. The two hurriedly got up and bowed with cupped fists.

"Then you two sit first, I'll go help my master." Zhong Qing nodded, then lowered his head and walked towards the back hall.

After Zhong Qing left, Qingshan Patriarch and Luo Lanxue looked at each other.

"Master, did you see anything about this young man? Why can't I see anything?" Luo Lanxue said in a low voice to Qingshan Patriarch.

Qingshan Patriarch frowned, shook his head and said, "I'm afraid this teacher is inept, I also didn't see anything outstanding about this young man. Not only does he have no outstanding qualities, I see his whole body's meridians are blocked, he simply has no talent at all!"

"Then why?" Luo Lanxue asked puzzledly, "Why would that senior accept such a person as a disciple?"

"Shh!"

Qingshan Patriarch glared at her and said, "Don't be so rude when speaking."

"Teacher's admonishment is right." Luo Lanxue hurriedly shut her mouth, also knowing that she had spoken wrongly, lowered her head and said, "Please resolve my confusion, Master."

"How can I resolve your confusion?" Qingshan Patriarch shook his head, bitterly said, "But I can be certain that there must be something we can't see through about this

young man. After all, with such a senior, how could his disciple be a mediocrity? I can only blame our own lacking vision."

"Kept you two waiting for a long time." At this time, Yi Feng walked out smiling apologetically, "I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you two to sit here a while longer, I'll go make food for you first."

After speaking, Yi Feng walked out of the martial arts hall, bought some homecooked dishes from a nearby vegetable stand, then walked into the kitchen.

"Disciple, just sitting here idly is not a solution either. We can't let the senior do all the work alone, let's go help." After sitting for a while, Qingshan Patriarch stood up and said.

Luo Lanxue nodded, and followed Qingshan Patriarch walking inside.

Behind the front hall was a small courtyard, planted full of flowers and plants by Yi Feng. Aside from the flowers and plants, there were also a few wooden training posts erected.

Serene, with the sounds of birds and fragrance of flowers.

"Comfortable!"

Standing in the courtyard, Qingshan Patriarch was full of emotion, said: "Disciple, the back mountain of my Qingshan Sect seems to be shrouded in immortal mist, seemingly a sacred place, but compared to the senior's place here, it feels vulgar everywhere!"

After feeling emotional for a while, the two then walked to the kitchen.

The kitchen was neither big nor small, but was also clean. Walking in, they saw Yi Feng sitting on a small stool shelling green beans.

"Disciple, we really need to learn from the senior's state of mind." Qingshan Patriarch was emotional again, "The senior's manner of doing everything himself with his own hands, if we could calm our hearts and learn even one or two tenths of it, I'm afraid there would be much fewer bottlenecks in our cultivation."

Luo Lanxue nodded her head, sensing the meaning of her master's words, looking at Yi Feng lowering his head shelling beans, it seemed like she had comprehended something at this moment, and her state of mind improved slightly.

"Master Yi, let us help you!" Qingshan Patriarch said smilingly.

"How can I let you do that?" Yi Feng smiled and said.

"No need to be polite." Qingshan Patriarch quickly waved his hand at Luo Lanxue.

Seeing this, Luo Lanxue hurriedly picked up the chili peppers on the stove top, and started rinsing them in the running water.

After Luo Lanxue busied herself, Qingshan Patriarch tugged at his own clothes. What should he do? The esteemed Qingshan Patriarch had never done this kind of kitchen work before. But he couldn't just stand there with eyes wide open, that would be too embarrassing. After thinking for a long time he finally found something to do, said: "Senior, let me help you cut the vegetables."

"That's fine too." Yi Feng was not a constrained person to begin with, on the contrary he preferred this kind of feeling, so he laughed and said, "The kitchen knife is by the cupboard, I'll have to trouble you then."

"Ok!"

Qingshan Patriarch revealed a smiling expression, walked towards the cupboard, looking for the kitchen knife.

Suddenly, he froze.

"Hiss!"

In that moment, Qingshan Patriarch who was standing in place shivered all over, sucking in cold air through his teeth.

And his gaze was fixed firmly on the kitchen knife hung by the cupboard.

The kitchen knife looked ordinary, but looking closely one would discover a streak of light flashing by, if stared at for too long, one might even lose their senses.

Most terrifying was that the streak of light contained a strand of the power of the Heavenly Dao. Previously he wouldn't have been able to detect it, it was only after he advanced to the Martial King realm that he barely had the qualifications to capture a little bit.

What level of quality would something containing the power of the Heavenly Dao have?

Artifact?

Saint artifact?

Or perhaps the legendary Emperor artifact?

Qingshan Patriarch didn't dare imagine, his whole person felt like he was going crazy.

What baffled him the most was that such a quality item was actually an ordinary kitchen knife in Yi Feng's kitchen?

"Yes, the knife right in front of you, thank you." Seeing the dazed Qingshan Patriarch, Yi Feng thought he didn't know whether to use this knife, so he reminded him.

"Oh, ok."

Qingshan Patriarch nodded like a chicken pecking rice, then tremblingly reached out and finally picked up the kitchen knife.

It felt heavy as a thousand pounds in his hand, seemingly ordinary.

He even felt that holding this kitchen knife, he who had just entered the Martial King realm, could even fight two rounds with someone who had half a foot in the Martial Emperor realm.