

# The Unknown God of War Chapter 1

## Chapter 1 Men Cry Too

The North Pole, a land with nothing but ice and snow, with the earth and the sky in different shades of the same white, and in the deepest corners of this land, in a place undetectable even by satellite imagery, a military base towered above all else.

It had the best elite soldiers, a state-of-the-art medical team and top-notch weapons, but only insiders knew this world-class military base was not built for research or intelligence purposes, but to protect one man—a man who'd been locked away, but was capable of bringing glory to the three million soldiers of the Donghua Armed Forces!

In the blizzard, a muscular old man with sharp eyebrows strode through the base, his military boots stepping on the snow with an audible crunch.

“That boy’s illness is acting up again? What’s the situation?” The old man’s voice rang out as clearly as a church bell; on his shoulder, three golden stars gleamed.

“Marshal!” A military doctor wearing a white lab coat saluted him, then sighed. “The Dragon Head is getting worse. It’s the third time this month. Not only that, his aggression and destructive abilities have more than tripled! We’ve purposely reinforced the room wall with the sturdiest aeronautical alloys, so he can rampage all he wants, but...” Before the doctor could finish, a dozen elite soldiers emerged, struggling to carry a twenty-centimeter-thick chunk of the alloy metal wall.

The wall itself was covered in dents made by sandbag-sized fists, along with big footprints and even a dent from a headbutt; all of the dents were clearly defined and, judging from the extensive force used, they were almost enough to puncture the wall itself.

“That boy did all this?”

“Yes, yes.”

The old man felt a prickle on his scalp; a twenty-centimeter-thick, reinforced wall made of aeronautical alloys was sturdy enough to withstand the explosion of a small missile, and now, this man had all but turned it to scrap metal. With a force so strong, tanks seemed like nothing in comparison.

“I want to see him,” the old man said calmly.

The doctor became nervous and hastily said, “Marshal, the Dragon Head has just recovered from his fit of aggression, and it might come back at any moment. It’s too dangerous, so you—”

The old man strode inside without a word. In a custom-built room made of alloy metals, a young man sat on a chair with his limbs cuffed and his body shirtless. Although his skin was a gleaming bronze and his muscles were bulging, he was covered in wounds and scars that criss-crossed over one another—the sign of an honorable warrior. However, his eyes were completely devoid of emotion, and his aura reeked of death and despair.

A corner of the old man's mouth twitched, his heart feeling a stab of pain. "Didn't die again?"

The young man laughed at himself, his chiseled features expressing his mockery and dejection as he replied, "I've almost crippled myself fooling around like this, but Satan just won't let me into hell. I think even if I did cripple myself, not a single soul would care."

"Bullshit!" The old man suddenly raged when he heard that, flipping the table before him with a single kick and scaring the doctors nearby.

"Who the heck is Satan to lay a finger on a soldier who belongs to me, Qin Shihuang?" He seized the young man's hair and gripped it tightly. "Listen to me, Chu Feng. You'd better live, and live well! No one gets to kill you on my watch. No one, you hear me?!"

Qin Shihuang couldn't help but tear up at the sight of this demotivated man, his heart feeling as if it'd been stabbed. Chu Feng, Head of the Dragon Soul squad and valued asset to Donghua, was the best soldier the nation had for decades, and Qin Shihuang was proud to have trained him since he was young! An immensely decorated soldier, he was the pillar of faith and glory among Donghua's millions of fighters!

Three years ago, Chu Feng had even led his squad in the sacking of the holy grounds known as the 'First Organization'. Even when separated from others, he'd blown his way through the seven Thrones of the grounds, filling the place with complete bloodshed. It was this heroic feat that earned him this godlike status, and the title 'God of War'.

However, he was also inflicted with the diabolical 'Mandraka Poison' in the same battle, subjecting him to fits of aggression. When those fits were triggered, he'd go on beast-like rampages and harm indiscriminately, and there was no cure even as the fits became increasingly frequent. In the end, all Chu Feng could do was to be tortured until he was nothing left but a senseless beast and watch himself hit rock bottom after rock bottom; such was his cruel fate.

"Live? What's the point in me living?" Chu Feng said monotonously, his eyes completely emotionless and blank. "I idle away every day in this godforsaken place, worrying about when my fits will be triggered again, worrying about harming my fellow comrades. Old man, I am no longer able to fight. I'm not fit to be a soldier, and what else do I do

besides using up precious resources? Living is torture to me, and death is my only release.”

It was not that he didn't fear mortality anymore, it was just that he'd become numb. He couldn't see any hope, any future or even a tomorrow. He felt so guilty every day for the brothers in arms he'd hurt during a fit, for everything he'd done... Such cruelty it was for a proud soldier who had once fiercely defended his land, that death would have been a pleasure in comparison to living a life like this!

The soldiers standing around empathised so much that they started tearing up; even Qin Shihuang had fallen silent, speechless.

“Marshal, the Dragon Head's condition is getting worse and worse. If he stays demotivated like this, it won't end well. It might even be fatal...” A doctor walked over and presented a bag of crystalline white powder. “If this goes on, I'm afraid we'll have to use this...”

Qin Shihuang froze; he'd always been a decisive leader, but now he found himself in painful hesitation. This was the God of War he'd single-handedly brought up, the pride and joy of the million-strong army. Was he really going to resort to this? But if he didn't, then what would it mean if he continued succumbing to these fits thrice a month? He could only end up becoming a mindless monster at any moment, a heartless beast!

“Get out. Out!” Chu Feng was suddenly angered and kicked the bag away forcefully as he bellowed. “I am a soldier, the renowned God of War! You dare let me use this thing, and turn me into a drug addict? How can I dishonor my fallen brothers in arms, the uniform on my back?”

The elite soldiers became covered in cold sweat. Even though Chu Feng was firmly bound to the chair, they still had a strong feeling that like a fearsome animal, he might break free and kill them anytime, if he fought hard enough.

“Oh, so now you realize you're a soldier? That you're the Dragon Head, the God of War? If that's the case, then why can't you get over minor wounds like these instead of being a coward, and trying to kill yourself every chance you get?!” Qin Shihuang lost his temper as well, and jabbed a finger at Chu Feng. “Where's your dignity? Your honor as a soldier? Your tenacious, determined fighting spirit? If I hear you so much as breathe the word 'die' again, then I'm kicking you out! My army has no room for cowards!”

Chu Feng felt himself choke up; in the face of Qin Shihuang's rage, he could only lower his head in shame.

Qin Shihuang harrumphed, then hesitated before taking out a file and tossing it to Chu Feng, and said, “I've been keeping this from you for five years, so it's high time I told you. Take a look and make of it what you will. If you're so hell-bent on dying, and leaving them both mother and daughter alone, then go ahead and die!”

Mother and daughter? Chu Feng froze, then immediately opened the file and said in a surprised voice, "I-I have a daughter!"

Chu Feng stared at the girl in the photo, with her exquisitely doll-like features and felt his hands start to shake; his eyes, previously devoid of emotion, were now filled with renewed vigor and hope.

"I-Is this true?" Chu Feng felt like everything was too sudden, as if he was in a dream, but when he pinched himself, the pain made him hiss.

"The Dragon Soul never gives false intel. And what would I lie to you for? I'm sure you remember that mission you went for in Jiangling, five years ago," Qin Shihuang said simply.

Chu Feng paused, then remembered that pleasant night in the bar five years ago, the elegant figure that belonged to the only woman in his life. At the same time, Qin Shihuang threw another file at him and told him, "This is your discharge report, effective immediately after you sign on it. On account of your outstanding contributions, the country will only revoke your military authority, but you get to keep your rank and your position. Now scram, go outside, see the world, meet your wife and daughter."

"Old man, can I really leave? Will the old geezers back in the capital agree to you doing this?" Chu Feng teared up, feeling a wild mixture of emotions.

Once one joined the Dragon Soul, the only way out was by death; this principle demonstrated one's resolve to dedicate their life to the army and country, so everyone followed it without exception! And now Qin Shihuang had strong-armed the army into giving him a discharge, defying the law for his sake. One can only imagine the hoops he must have jumped through to make this happen.

"Don't make me laugh. Who can stop me, Qin Shihuang, from doing whatever I want?" The old man scoffed arrogantly, pride emanating from him.

Just then, Chu Feng noticed the gold stars on Qin Shihuang's shoulder, and that there were only three stars instead of four!

"Old man, your rank—"

"Look at you, dilly-dallying like a girl!" Qin Shihuang waved his hand impatiently, then kicked Chu Feng right on his backside, scolding. "I feel disgusted just looking at you. Just get out of here! And remember to take your meds, don't go around having your fits and dishonoring me in public!"

"I'm going, then." Chu Feng grinned. "When you die, old man, I'll be sure to come back and pay my respects before drinking all your alcohol."

“Get out!” Qin Shihuang roared.

Chu Feng laughed and left with a wave of his hand. The photo of his daughter felt oddly warm in his palm, and it felt like his future was full of hope again.

“Chu Feng.”

He’d only taken two steps when Qin Shihuang yelled at him from behind, standing outside in the freezing wind and snow like an unmovable mountain.

“Remember! Once a Dragon Soul, always a Dragon Soul, even when you’re gone! The sky is for me to hold up, the earth for you to walk on! This world and all the damn elites in it will bow to you! That’s the God of War I know, the soldier I raised to join the Dragon Soul.”

With a resounding smack, Qin Shihuang saluted and yelled, “I, Qin Shihuang, humbly send you off, Dragon Soul’s God of War.”

More smacks echoed through the air as dozens of armoured soldiers saluted in unison. “We humbly send you off, Dragon Soul’s God of War!”

Even as the blizzard worsened, Chu Feng stood tall and took big strides ahead, not once did he stop or turned around. It wasn’t that he was heartless, it was just that he’d shed blood and sweat but never tears in all his years as a soldier—

But now, tears were streaming down his face. Men cried too, but more importantly, they forged bonds as well!