

The Unknown God of War Chapter 146

Chapter 146 The Number One Expert—Murong Cang

She had only experienced such a demeanor from one other person before, and it was the legendary general of Xi Ye in the photograph which her father had shown her—a photo of the God of War of the Dragon Soul!

He was her idol and she could only dream of having a glory like his! There was nobody else that could be as elegant as him in this world.

However, that legendary God of War of Xi Ye was a mystery and his true identity remained unknown.

Even though his reputation had spread across the world, his actual name and his appearance were still the army's secrets. Throughout the entire Donghua, only a handful of people had seen him face to face.

The photo Yun Muyu had was also only a photo of the legendary general's figure from behind.

He was dressed in a well-ironed army uniform and his coat swayed along with the wind. His demeanor was imposing and his presence was just remarkable!

Yun Muyu's eyes glistened as she thought to herself, Nonetheless, Mr. Chu's figure and demeanor does have some resemblance to the legendary God of War of the Dragon Soul.

Just then, Ma Sanyuan introduced Chu Feng to a few of the gang leaders of Jiangbei who were in the room. "Mr. Chu, let me introduce them to you. This is Bai Yu, the Boss of the Eastern City. People call him the 'Pale-faced Scholar'." A tall man who was dressed quite smartly let out a faint smile.

"This is Black Widow, the Boss of the Western City." The woman was dressed in a fiery-red gown and she had a slim body. Her lips twitched and she had seducing eyes which could bewitch people's hearts.

"This is Pesky Bear, the Boss of the Southern City." The guy was about six feet tall and his hair was dyed red in color. He just exhaled sharply and he had an arrogant look on his face as he rotated two walnuts repeatedly in his hands.

Chu Feng just nodded his head slightly and took a good look at the expressions that were on the face of those Jiangbei Bosses.

Jiangbei was divided into five cities, namely the Northern City, the Southern City, the Eastern City, the Western City and the Central City; those cities were built encircling Jiangling. However, two of the cities' bosses were missing and no one knew the reason.

Ma Sanyuan wanted to introduce Chu Feng but Pesky Bear just waved his hand and interrupted coldly, "Save it, Mr. Ma. I don't have the energy nor time to exchange pleasantries with this softie."

The people he despised the most were softies like him. He did not have any capabilities yet he still tried to show off and even brought along such a beautiful girl like Yun Muyu along with him. How could he possibly not be envious and furious?

He must be one of those spoilt kids from a wealthy family who was just there to blindly join the crowd.

Chu Feng just let out a faint smile and could not be bothered with people like him.

The looks on Ma Sanyuan's face changed instantly as he said with a low voice, "Pesky Bear, Mr. Chu is an honorable guest whom I invited over. Please show him some respect."

Pesky Bear just snickered and did not want to express his opinion any further; he only looked up to those who were formidable, not some spoiled kid from a wealthy family.

At this moment, a loud voice of an old man blasted in everyone's ears like a thunderclap. "Haha, Chairman Ma, let me take a look at which honorable guest you've invited over this time."

After that, there was an old man dressed in white martial arts uniform and he was wearing an old pair of cloth shoes. He entered the room pridefully and his lock of silver hair was combed so neatly. He was in his 60's but his face was still glowing and he seemed so energetic that the youngsters felt bad for themselves.

There were around ten disciples following him from behind and each of them was filled with vigor.

"Mr. Murong has arrived." Ma Sanyuan's eyes lit up immediately as he quickly stood up to welcome him. "Everyone, this is Mr. Murong Cang, the number one expert in Jiangbei. He has a very high reputation in the world of the martial arts in Jiangling and he heads the Zhen Hong Martial Arts Studio."

Yun Muyu's eyes glistened in an instant and she was extremely excited.

Everyone in the room started standing up, including the arrogant and proud Pesky Bear as they started greeting him respectfully, "Mr. Murong."

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Murong.”

Nobody expected Ma Sanyuan to be able to invite him over. He was the number one expert in Jiangbei and he was very reputable in the world of the martial arts. With the presence of Mr. Murong, nobody would be interested in watching Zhou Zhenghao even if there were ten of him.

“Haha, you guys are being too modest. Those are just rumors, that’s all.” Murong Cang just chuckled and waved his hand but all the same, he was pleased with himself. He had a proud look on his face and naturally, he took his seat at the VIP spot.

With such a high reputation in the world of martial arts in Jiangling, he was already famous, so naturally, he had this kind of audacity and qualifications to do so.

However, Murong Cang quickly took notice of the person who was sitting with him at the VIP spot—that person was Chu Feng. Murong Cang was surprised to see a young man in his 20’s sitting there beside him.

How could a young man who was around his disciples’ age had the qualifications to sit at the same spot as him?

What was the meaning of this?

Murong Cang knitted his brows and exhaled sharply. “Chairman Ma, so this young man is the honorable guest which you invited over? Are you planning on killing him by asking him to fight against Zhou Zhenghao?”

The Unknown God of War Chapter 147

Chapter 147 The Number One Expert—Murong Cang Part 2

The disciples gathered around and gave Chu Feng an unfriendly glare.

“Mr. Chu is an honorable guest of mine and one of the VIPs for today, Mr. Murong. We’ll still need your help to fight against Zhou Zhenghao in the boxing competition.” Ma Sanyuan said. He was covered in cold sweat due to shock. He glanced at Chu Feng, who was calm and composed, and let out a sigh of relief.

Murong Cang glanced at Chu Feng in surprise. Is he one of the sons from a wealthy and powerful family? he thought.

Yun Muyu felt excited as she said respectfully, “Mr. Murong, I came all the way here to watch your show.”

“Haha, you’re an interesting girl.”

Since Chu Feng and Yun Muyu were sitting together, Murong Cang thought that both of them were a couple. Hence, Yun Muyu's opinion should be equal to Chu Feng's.

It turned out that they were younger generations who looked up to him, and they came to admire and worship him.

He stroked his beard as he glanced at Chu Feng complacently, thinking that he would give him a great opportunity. Thus, he said, "Okay, I'll allow this young man to follow me and learn some of the finest skills of mine. However, how much you can absorb will depend on how good you are."

The disciples around them were extremely jealous; they had been following Murong Cang for five to six years, yet they were still learning the basics. However, Chu Feng was given an opportunity to learn the finest skills of their master in their first meeting, and this was truly a blessing to him.

Chu Feng sneered in disdain. He could kill this man in just one slap, yet he wasn't ashamed to blow his own trumpet and asked Chu Feng to learn from him. Where did he get his courage from?

However, it was rare for him to meet an ancient martial arts practitioner, thus he would just take it as watching Murong Cang perform, like he was watching a monkey show.

The gang leaders surrounding them were praising Murong Cang to the point where he was elated and flattered.

"Have you heard about the news? The bastard, Zhou Zhenghao brought two of his martial arts practitioners into the Northern City and Central City last night to commit murders. These two cities had fallen into his hands completely. Even Wang Lao and San Ye were killed by him." Black Widow blinked her beautiful eyes as she said gloomily.

"What?"

Ma Sanyuan was shocked when he heard that, and the expression of the crowd changed instantly.

Two of the gang leaders from the Jiangbei Six Cities were absent from the event. They were wondering what happened to the both of them; it turned out that they were killed.

San Ye and Wang Lao were gang leaders of the Northern City and Central City respectively. They were the most experienced gang leaders in the entire Jiangbei, and they had the most solid background and the most men under them. However, both of them turned out to be killed by the bastard, Zhou Zhenghao, and he even claimed their territory!

At this moment, the crowd were shocked and terrified.

Both of the martial arts practitioners under Zhou Zhenghao must be extremely skilled!

If they didn't deal with this lunatic as soon as possible, would they become the next target of his murder?

"Hmph, I'm here. Why are you so afraid of a mere character as Zhou Zhenghao?" At this moment, Murong Cang glanced at the panicked gang leaders in front of him arrogantly as he laughed out loud. "Don't mention the two martial arts practitioners under him. Even if he had ten or twenty of them, I would still be able to kill each and every of them."

He slapped his right hand on the table violently. The solid table made out of redwood was shaking intensely.

As he lifted his hand, there was a handprint on the surface of the table, and it was two centimetres deep; even the fine details of the patterns on his palm could be seen on the mark on the table!

Would it lead to bone fractures if his slap landed on a person instead of the table? The crowd were extremely stunned.

"Wow, great skills you have there! You're indeed the number one expert in Jiangling, Mr. Murong." Ma Sanyuan and the others rejoiced.

Yun Muyu, on the other hand, glanced at Chu Feng in surprise. She remembered it clearly that Chu Feng could penetrate a steel board with only five fingers when they were outside just now. The strength that he used was much greater than Murong Cang's, and it seemed like that was not a hundred percent of it.

Could it be possible that Chu Feng was more powerful than Murong Cang?

Yun Muyu was shocked when this question flashed in her head. Murong Cang was publicly known as the number one expert in Jiangling, and he was highly respected because of his martial arts skills.

Pale-faced Scholar's eyes turned bright instantly as he said politely, "Your internal energy is at an impressive level, Mr. Murong. If I'm not mistaken, your skills have reached the peak of the fifth level, am I right?"

Murong Cang smiled casually. One of the men under him sneered arrogantly and said, "What's the big deal about reaching the peak of the fifth level? My master is already a sixth level practitioner since a year ago."

His words caused an uproar among the crowd; there were nine levels in the martial arts, and a person would be recognized as a grandmaster when he reached the seventh level!

The Unknown God of War Chapter 148

Chapter 148 The Arrival of Zhou Zhenghao

Murong Cang had already achieved the sixth level as a martial arts practitioner. If he could achieve the next level, he would be recognized as a grandmaster, a godlike person, and a rare existence in the entire Jiangbei. He was no doubt the number one master in Jiangling!

Why should they be afraid of Zhou Zhenghao if they had such a great master on their side?

The gang leaders were elated and they became extremely confident.

Chu Feng, on the other hand, smiled scornfully. Hmm, so he's a sixth level martial arts practitioner. That isn't bad at all, he thought.

He would be able to qualify as a Lieutenant if he was in the Xi Ye army; he would also be able to control twenty to thirty people in the troops.

It seemed there were not many talents in the martial arts field in Jiangbei.

At this moment, a loud bang was heard and the door was kicked open by someone. A man with a dark expression on his face walked into the room in a tyrannical manner as he declared, "Hello everyone, it's been a while since we met. I'm Zhou Zhenghao, and I'm back to kill!"

The expression of the crowd turned gloomy in an instant. They watched as the tall and sturdy middle-aged man walked into the scene. The scar on his face could be clearly seen extending from the corner of his eyes to his chin, and he seemed extremely fierce.

He was the main character for the day, Zhou Zhenghao.

A skinny old man with a hunchback and a muscular young man filled with arrogance stood behind him; they must be the Internal Energy Practitioners that he had been relying on.

"Ma Sanyuan? Black Widow? Don't you wanna greet me, your ex-leader?" Zhou Zhenghao said as he took a seat. He looked bold and merciless; the scar on his face was wriggling like worms as he grinned, and he looked extremely fierce. "Back then, I fell into your trap and was evicted out of Jiangling. I had a scar on my face, and I was

running away from you like a dog. None of you would have expected that I'm able to make a comeback, am I right?"

Ma Sanyuan furrowed his eyebrows as he attempted to make his last move. "Zhou Zhenghao, the grudges that you had were of the past. Can we sit down and talk politely?"

"Of course," Zhou Zhenghao sneered as he crossed his arms. "According to our bet, you'll have to break both of your legs and get out of Jiangling. If you can do that, I'll forget about the resentments I had on you."

Ma Sanyuan and the other gang leaders' expressions turned gloomy instantly; that man was going to bring things to an end, in which someone has to die.

The most violent gang leader, Pesky Bear, stood up angrily and smashed a teacup onto the ground as he reprimanded, "What's there to talk about? Let's start this war. See you in the ring, Zhou Zhenghao! I'll make sure that I rip off your brain today, bastard. I'm taking revenge on behalf of San Ye and Wang Lao!"

"Okay, let's see who gets to survive in the ring!" Zhou Zhenghao gave out an evil smile; this was exactly what he wanted. He turned to the old man with a hunchback beside him and said, "I'll leave this to you, Master Wu."

Master Wu nodded without even lifting his eyelids. He pointed at the young man beside him with his skinny fingers and said with a hoarse voice, "Chen Song, you'll go first. Chen Song is one of my disciples, and he has been with me for half a year now. If any of you could win against him, then I'll fight with you."

The expressions on Ma Sanyuan and the crowd's faces changed instantly, while Murong Cang and the other martial arts practitioners sneered.

How dared he sent an apprentice to fight with them? He had only been learning from him for half a year, and his skills were probably inferior. He was obviously looking down on them.

"I'll go first!" Pesky Bear yelled. As he waved his hand, one of his men, who was short and skinny, immediately hopped into the ring.

The man was only 1.65 metres tall and his skin was dark. However, he was extraordinarily lean and vigorous. He was dressed as a Thai boxer and his eyes looked sharp and fierce; he seemed like a ruthless character!

Yun Muyu immediately recognized this Thai boxer at her first glance. She covered her lips and exclaimed in surprise, "Oh gosh, this is Sang Kun, famously known as King of Thai Boxing in the underground world of boxing. He had the record for winning twenty times consecutively, and no one could break his record until today!"

Chu Feng casted a glance at her and said, "Wow, you even know about the underground boxers? You do have some knowledge about this."

"Hmph, are you looking down on me? I've gotten my black belt in Taekwondo, and I'm an expert too," answered Yun Muyu in a pleased tone, as she waved her little fists and puffed her cheeks.

The Unknown God of War Chapter 149

Chapter 149 Murong Cang Steps into the Arena

Chu Feng glanced at the ring calmly as he closed his eyes, bored. "I don't know about the King of Thai Boxing, but I do know that the winner will be determined by the time the third move was used," he said casually.

"Haha, great judgement, young man!" Pesky Bear, who was beside him, chuckled as he smoked his cigarette. His face was filled with confidence and pride. "Sang Kun is the star in my world of boxing. I've spent lots of effort and resources to groom him up into the King of Boxing. He would definitely be able to punch that bastard to death by the third move!"

Bang! As he was saying that, a loud sound was heard from the ring—Sang Kun, the King of Thai Boxing, was flung aside and collapsed on the stage. He spat out a mouthful of blood and passed out instantly.

Chen Song stuck out his middle finger and spat out a mouthful of saliva in disdain, looking extremely arrogant.

Indeed, the winner had been decided by the third move, but it wasn't Sang Kun.

"H-How is this possible..."

The crowd seemed to be apprehensive, and Pesky Bear was in great shock. The cigarette on his hands fell onto the ground, and he felt angry and heartbroken.

Sang Kun was his favourite boxer and his trump card. He generated profits of fifty to sixty million dollars annually for him. How could he lose so soon?

Chu Feng noticed that Yun Muyu widened her beautiful eyes as her pretty face was filled with disbelief. She shook her head and said, "I've overestimated him. He lost after the first move!"

The expressions of Ma Sanyuan and the other gang leaders turned serious, and they sent out two other boxers.

Black Widow sent out a world champion of Chinese kickboxing, and Pale-faced Scholar sent out a master of the Bajiquan. [1] However, none of them could survive beyond the fifth and sixth moves. They were all badly defeated and beaten up, and they became handicapped.

The level of brutality gave them the chills, and a girl like Yun Muyu was definitely astonished and terrified.

This was the famous boxing competition. It wasn't merely a matter of victory or defeat, it was also a matter of life and death.

Pesky Bear, Black Widow and the other gang leaders were feeling extremely gloomy, while Zhou Zhenghao, who was opposite them, started laughing out loud. "You call these people experts? Haha, bullsh*t. They're a bunch of useless trash."

Ma Sanyuan took a deep breath as he gazed at their final hope—Murong Cang. He stood up and bowed respectfully as he said, "Please teach these fanatics a lesson, Mr. Murong."

Black Widow and the other gang leaders stood up in unison and repeated after him. "Please teach these fanatics a lesson, Mr. Murong."

Murong Cang squinted his eyes and took a few sips of his hot tea in a calm and composed manner, seemingly confident.

After two minutes, he finished the last sip of his tea and slowly put the lid onto the teacup. Then, he stood up in a graceful manner and swung his long sleeves, looking extremely at ease.

"Okay, let's have a fight. I'll be the one to end this grudge."

Murong Cang stroked his beard and lamented in grief; as someone who was consistently winning and holding a strong position at the peak of the martial arts, no one seemed to be able to defeat him, and he felt extremely lonely.

He didn't forget to point at Chu Feng as he advised, "I'm only doing this once, young man. Watch carefully and learn as much as possible."

One of the disciples behind him sneered in jealousy, "Have you heard that? You'll never get to witness the finest skills of my master no matter how much you're willing to pay. This is your greatest opportunity."

Chu Feng smiled casually as he watched in silence.

With a swish of his long robes, Murong Cang leaped lightly into the air with a few steps, performing the Giant Leap; he managed to land on the arena which was at least three

metres high with only five to six steps. He swayed his gown and stood up straight with his hands clasped behind his back.

His expression did not show any signs of physical exertion, looking perfectly calm and collected, as if he was truly an Immortal that had descended upon the world.

“Great!”

“Great skills!”

Ma Sanyuan and the others gave out a thunderous applause outside of the ring. They were filled with confidence and hope after witnessing Murong Cang’s finest martial arts skills.

He was a highly respected man in Jiangling for his martial arts skills, and he was the number one master in Jiangling. He was indeed extremely powerful, and that was really cool!

Chu Feng, who was at the side, furrowed his eyebrows slightly and in a low voice, he sneered, “Idiot!”

This was a life and death competition in the ring, not a children’s play; every ounce of strength and internal energy had to be utilized perfectly in order not to be defeated.

The Giant Leap by Murong Cang seemed glamorous and magnificent, but it was enough to deplete one third of his internal energy. It seemed exuberant, but it was nothing more than a show off.

“You’re good, young man. If you could still stand up straight in the ring after my tenth move, I’ll surrender voluntarily.” Murong Cang clasped his hands behind his back as he stood there arrogantly without even looking at Chen Song, who was standing in front of him.

“Try me, old man.” Chen Song looked ferocious as he lifted the two axes in his hands, ready for the war.

He could sense that Murong Cang was extraordinary, hence he exerted his full strength into his techniques.

“Good move!” Murong Cang yelled sternly as he took out a long sword with one hand and started waving it!

Clang! Clang!

[1] Bajiquan is a Chinese martial art that features explosive, short-range power and is famous for its elbow and shoulder strikes. Its full name is kai men baji quan which means “open-gate eight-extremities fist”.

The Unknown God of War Chapter 150

Chapter 150 Defeated

In the blink of an eye, the ring was filled with killing intent. The two of them had exchanged punches for more than ten times and their movements were just too swift, even the audience could not catch a good glimpse of their movements.

“Fascinating, this is really fascinating. Mr. Murong is undeniably the most reputable martial artist in Jiangling and he is absolutely stunning!”

“So this is the true strength of a sixth-class martial artist. It is really an eye-opener!”

“Haha, that kid has been forced into a corner. He’s not going to make it.”

All the surrounding gang leaders were cheering their hearts out and they were overwhelmed with excitement and joy.

Behind them, Murong Cang’s main disciple had a prideful look on his face as he walked to the front and bragged, “Everyone, our master has used his eighth technique.

The winner of this match is quite obvious so now I would like to invite everyone to head to the dining area and prepare the dishes. We’re going to have a celebratory meal. This has been my master’s custom for the past forty years, it has always been like this.”

“Great, great!” Ma Sanyuan was extremely excited and he had now completely acknowledged Murong Cang as the reputable martial artist and the number one expert in Jiangling. Murong Cang’s confidence and demeanor were just mind-boggling; he was truly a remarkable person!

Bang! Right at this moment, the winner of the battle in the ring had been decided as one of the men had been flung out of the ring like a cannonball and had collapsed to the ground.

The main disciple roared in excitement and shouted, “Come, prepare our master’s outfit so that he can change into them after the shower and get ready for the celebratory—” Before he could finish his sentence with the word ‘meal’, he was dumbfounded and the word he was saying became deformed. His jaw dropped so much that a coconut could fit inside his mouth!

Ma Sanyuan, Black Widow and the rest of the gang leaders started trembling in fear. All of them were in shock and they were frozen like stone statues. The silence in the arena was deafening and one could even hear the sound of a pin dropping on the ground.

It was Murong Cang who had flown out of the ring!

Murong Cang had been defeated?

Ma Sanyuan and the rest of the gang leaders, including the disciples from the Zhen Hong Martial Art Studio were in great dismay. It seemed like they had just been struck by lightning and they were in disbelief.

He was a reputable, dignified martial artist and everyone had acknowledged him as the number one expert in Jiangling. He had an undefeated record for 40 years and Murong Cang was like a God to them.

However, he could not even withstand the tenth move and had just been kicked out of the ring by a young man?

This was exactly like a scene of the arrogant and prideful Monkey King, [1] who stirred trouble in Heaven and was killed by a little demon in the end.

Everyone felt as if their outlook on life had just crumbled and they just could not believe their eyes. Nonetheless, Chu Feng was still unfazed and he still kept a straight face, as though he had predicted such an ending.

As the saying goes, pride comes before a fall. Murong Cang had been blinded by his reputation in the martial arts and he had been acting stubborn and arrogant. He had been slacking off and he no longer had the passion of a martial artist.

It would be a miracle if he had won that match instead.

“M-Master, are you all right?” The disciples quickly helped Murong Cang up. He was lying on the ground and was vomiting blood.

Murong Cang was in a bad shape and as he gazed at Chen Song who was still in the ring with his head held up high, Murong Cang just forced out a laugh and said, “I didn’t expect a young lad like him to be qualified to be a sixth-class martial artist and his Inner Energy to be so well-developed. I’ve made a wrong judgement about him and I’ve underestimated him.”

As for Ma Sanyuan and the rest of the gang leaders, their dreams had been shattered as Murong Cang was their trump card. If even the most formidable expert was defeated, who else would have the courage to go into the ring and challenge him?

“Pesky Bear, send someone to stop the live broadcast outside and evacuate the arena,” instructed Ma Sanyuan. He asked his men to clear the arena and force away those spectators outside, as well as those who had no business being there.

One of the reasons he did so was because it was time for discussion of the matters of the underworld; he was afraid that the presence of outsiders there might cause unexpected variables to the outcome.

Another reason for that was because he wanted to save some dignity for Murong Cang who had a respectable reputation in martial arts.

In no time, there were only around 20 people left in the Likang Sports Centre, including the gang leaders, Chu Feng and Yun Muyu.

T/N: The combat was previously mentioned to be held in Likang Sports Center, instead of Nuoda Sports Center.

Zhou Zhenghao started cackling uncontrollably as he pointed at Ma Sanyuan and the gang leaders. “Number one expert in Jiangling? All of you are useless and you all are just a bunch of trash. Ma Sanyuan, Black Widow, you have lost this battle.

According to our agreement, break your own legs off and get out of Jiangbei!” Zhou Zhenghao slowly made his way toward Ma Sanyuan and he had an evil and cunning look on his face. “Today, I am going to make you pay a hundredfold for the humiliation you made me go through previously.”

Ma Sanyuan and the gang leaders’ faces turned white as a sheet and their hearts were thumping violently. Nonetheless, Ma Sanyuan still clenched his jaw and pleaded, “Mr. Hao, please forgive us for the mistakes we’ve made. We are willing to contribute half of our territories to you and give you one billion each. After that, there will be no grudges between us.”

Pale-faced Scholar, Black Widow and the other gang leaders were distressed as that was half of their properties which they had sacrificed more than ten years of their efforts to build.

[1] Monkey King, or Sun Wukong, is a legendary figure best known as one of the main characters in the 16th-century Chinese novel Journey to the West and many later stories and adaptations. In the novel, he is a monkey born from a stone who acquires supernatural powers through Taoist practices.

After rebelling against heaven and being imprisoned under a mountain by the Buddha, he later accompanies the monk Tang Sanzang on a journey to retrieve Buddhist sutras from the West (India) where Buddha and his followers reside.