

The Unknown God of War Chapter 8

Chapter 8 A Job Offer

Zhou Ying gnashed her teeth—she hated this gatecrashing Chu Feng, though Zhou Lie was visibly excited and laughed. “Good man. Here, have another drink with your father.”

“I’ll toast you then, Dad.” Chu Feng wasn’t perturbed in the slightest, so he merely continued drinking and eating with Zhou Lie. Sun Mingxuan was being completely sidelined, and his expression darkened as he continued to stew in the awkwardness.

Just then, Zhou Ying took Sun Mingxuan’s hand and told him tenderly, “You’re the Zhou family’s son-in-law. Don’t mind what Dad just said.” The subtext was clear: no matter how much Zhou Lie favoured Chu Feng, there was nothing Chu Feng could do to change the situation. It was Sun Mingxuan who was the one to have won the fair lady in the end after all.

Sun Mingxuan felt better instantly and smiled as he answered, “How could I? I’m already used to Dad being so straightforward.” But on the inside, he glanced at Chu Feng with a malicious scoff. He didn’t dare mess with Zhou Lie, but as for Chu Feng, how dare he embarrass him in public? I see this rich boy will have to slap some humility into you!

After a round of wining and dining, the guests were all scrambling to toast Sun Mingxuan and butter up this rich in-law with an exceptional background. Sun Mingxuan was also very generous, agreeing to help with everything from job searching, money borrowing and even pulling strings with government officials. This made him the subject of everyone’s praise, placing him squarely within the spotlight! Zhou Ying was also becoming more prideful and was practically glowing. Thank goodness she had a good eye back then and didn’t marry Chu Feng, that penniless boy, how else would she be getting so much attention today?

Just then, a troubled Liu Minglan suddenly spoke, “Mingxuan, your family runs such a big business, so you must be in need of more trustworthy staff. Chu Feng has just retired from the army, which means he’s currently unemployed. Why don’t you make some arrangements for him?” She continued awkwardly, her wrinkled hand shakily raising a glass of wine. “Mingxuan, I’ve never asked anything of you since you started dating Ying Ying, but I’m begging you now. Help me arrange a job for him, alright?”

Chu Feng suddenly felt melancholic. Liu Minglan was doing this for him with complete sincerity, because that was motherly love; no matter how old he became, he was still a child in her heart and they would forever give unconditionally, with the utmost care.

“No need for that, Mom.” Chu Feng stopped Liu Minglan. Your son is now the renowned God of War, known throughout the land and bowing to no one, not even that Chu family in the capital!

Sun Mingxuan also hastily helped Liu Minglan up, but before he could say anything, Zhou Ying interrupted impatiently, "Can you not make a scene, Mom? Mingxuan's company is not a charity case. Every position and job there requires men with professional skills, chosen through multiple rounds of selection. Chu Feng doesn't have the education or the skills, so how is he going to earn his keep there? How are the other workers going to perceive Mingxuan?"

Zhou Lie put down his chopsticks with a grim look. "What, you're disrespecting your mother before you're even marrying into his family? You have some nerve."

Zhou Ying's expression was indignant as she argued, "Dad, why are you always siding with Chu Feng—"

"Alright, alright." At this point, Sun Mingxuan stepped in to play the mediator and chuckled. "Father, Mother, Ying Ying is right. My company employs highly technically-skilled people, so it won't be easy to get Chu Feng a job. But since you've asked, then I'll do my best!"

When Liu Minglan's expression changed to joy, he pretended to think for a while, then smiled at Chu Feng as he offered, "How about this? Our company still needs a janitor in the washrooms. I think it would be a suitable job, what say you? It's just the usual mopping, scrubbing toilet bowls and urinals, quite an easy job..."

Chu Feng's eyes narrowed at that.

"Bullsh*t!" Zhou Lie stood up abruptly and yelled at Sun Mingxuan. "You little twerp, you'd dare let my son scrub your toilet bowls? What the heck were you thinking?"

"Hey, hey. Don't say that, father. All labour is equal, you're overthinking it." Sun Mingxuan laughed Zhou Lie's comments off again, barely concealing his delight as he raised his glass of wine. "Why don't I give you a toast so you can calm down—"

Zhou Lie smacked Sun Mingxuan's wine glass out of his hand in a wide arc and yelled, "Who are you calling 'father'? Get out of here now. You're no son-in-law of mine, so stay away from my daughter!"

Sun Mingxuan's expression instantly darkened, and there was a commotion among the surrounding crowd.

"Dad, you've gone too far! On what grounds are you treating Mingxuan like this?" Zhou Ying couldn't take it anymore, and tears streamed down from her face as she yelled indignantly. "You know what kind of lives we've had for the past few years, and if it weren't for Mingxuan's discreet help, we would have starved to death long ago. What rights do you have to treat him like this? And Chu Feng! We raised him for so long, but then he just left for ten years without a word of goodbye, and we didn't hear from him at all." Zhou Ying angrily pointed at Chu Feng, taking out all her resentment on him. "What

has he done for the family? Has he even earned a single cent? What right does he have to compete with Mingxuan?"

Chu Feng frowned. "Didn't I leave a land title before I left? That piece of land is at least a thousand acres and about to be developed into a business district. Even if you all did nothing, the annual rent alone you could have received would have been two to three million."

This land had been his parting gift for the family. More precisely, the Chu family's gift to them on his request, as a way of tying up his loose ends. He'd been wondering why the Zhou family was still living in their old house, and using their old furniture for ten years after he left them such a fortune. He'd thought they were being nostalgic or frugal, but it seemed like this was not the case.

"Ha! You've got some nerve talking about that land title, Chu Feng!" Zhou Ying scoffed at his words, "If it weren't for that land title, our family wouldn't have faced such a catastrophic disaster!"

Zhou Lie's expression changed. "Zip it! Don't say anything more!"

"Why can't I say it? I'm saying it no matter what!" In her fury, Zhou Ying shouted. "Because of that land title, Dad was targeted by Ma Sanyuan of the Chamber of Commerce of the Four Seas! Those animals were cruel and merciless, and no one in Jiangling dared to go against them. So they took the land title, broke one of Dad's legs and to this day, his right leg's got metal implants in it that hurt him like h*ll every time it rains. You know that?"

Chu Feng felt his mind go blank with a buzzing sound, and he stood abruptly. Around them, there was nothing but dead silence except for Sun Mingxuan, who was gleefully watching Chu Feng making a fool of himself.

Liu Minglan secretly wiped her tears, and Zhou Lie's gaze became evasive while he discreetly drew his right leg toward him and smiled as he explained, "Don't listen to that girl. It was a superficial wound, and I'm already healed. After all, I used to be a special ops soldier. Those twerps that tried to hurt me, hah, they got hurt worse in the end."

Chu Feng remained silent and knelt down, then grabbed Zhou Lie's right leg. There was a visible scar at least ten centimeters long, and the metal implants inside were clearly visible too. "Does it hurt?" Chu Feng pressed down on the leg.