

The Unknown God of War Chapter 116

Chapter 116 Jealousy

After leaving Heather's office, Chu Feng played with Duo Duo and Xiao Hu to their hearts' content for a whole afternoon and only packed up to leave after sunset.

The two kids seemed happy after saying goodbye to Heather and leaving Happy Valley, but Yun Muqing seemed to have pent up anger and kept avoiding Chu Feng. It was like there was something on her mind, and she might as well have had the words 'I'm unhappy' carved onto her forehead.

"Daddy, Mummy's jealous you got so close with Miss Heather and had so much fun talking to her," Duo Duo said matter-of-factly. She was holding the Snow White doll Heather gave her as she rested in Chu Feng's arms. "You've got to make her happy again and stay away from Miss Heather, or I'll get angry too. Hmph!"

Chu Feng pinched her cheeks amusedly. "You heartless rascal. Didn't you just take a present from her and butter her up? What's with this instant betrayal?"

"Yeah, but Miss Heather is still an outsider. I'll always be on Mummy's side. Teehee." The girl smiled mischievously with a look of glee.

Yun Muqing could barely conceal her smile, her frustration significantly relieved as she said, "Let's go home!"

"Whee, we're going home!" Chu Feng lifted his daughter high in the air, the pale moonlight casting three long shadows amidst the girl's joyful chattering.

"Daddy, why did Miss Heather call you Ashura?"

"That's a very, very long story. I'll tell you some other day." Chu Feng picked up his daughter again. His gaze became nostalgic; the image of two silhouettes on the Xi Ye border appeared in his mind's eye, an image from three years ago where one was old and the other was young.

"This mission is nothing like what you've experienced, boy. The Holy Temple has dominated the Western underworld for more than 200 years, so it has a solid foundation and a hundred-thousand-strong army. Their leader, Demon King Satan, is unpredictably powerful and rumor has it that he's already godlike. Can you really do it?"

"If he's Satan, then I'm Ashura, the King of Hell. We'll see which of us is the more evil one."

“Ha! Exactly the kind of guts I’d expect from a soldier that I, Qin Shihuang, trained! The day you come back victorious, I’ll set up a celebratory banquet myself and drink ourselves silly!”

“Deal!” The young man stepped toward the sunset in his pristine uniform, facing the howling wind with absolute certainty.

Three months later, a man who called himself Ashura rocked the Western underworld by decimating Satan’s army and then Satan himself with nothing but his own fists and a sword. He sacked the Holy Temple, drenched the underworld in blood, then disappeared into thin air just a few days after making his name as the legendary Ashura. In the West, his story was a mind-blowing historical legend. At the same time, in the plains of Donghua, the Dragon Soul’s God of War emerged in Xi Ye. With three gold stars on his shoulder and millions of men under his command, he became a different legend as a general—that man’s name was Chu Feng.

After returning from Happy Valley, Chu Feng enjoyed a few days of precious rest. Every day, he could play with his daughter, cook a little, and lead a generally carefree life.

Yun Muqing, though, seemed to keep picking a bone with him and passive-aggressively brought up Heather in almost every conversation they had. She’d even taken the moral high ground and kept calling him ‘a wolf in sheep’s clothing’ and a man who ‘put relationships before friendships’ and suchlike.

Chu Feng could feel a headache coming on as the situation got more and more awkward with this human bundle of jealousy. At this rate, there was no way Yun Muqing would fully accept him or let him reveal his identity as Duo Duo’s biological father; the pressure was suffocating.

On this day, Chu Feng took Duo Duo to kindergarten as usual. And as usual, Xiao Hu was already waiting at the school gates with his backpack, jogging over with a bunch of junk food the moment he saw Duo Duo.

“Duo Duo, here’s the milk tea, chocolate, and mini cakes you wanted. Please let me copy your homework.” Xiao Hu begged with pity and a little caution.

Without batting an eye, Duo Duo took the snacks and pouted with an expression of arrogance. “Well, since you look so pitiful, I’ll give it. But promise me this will be the last time.”

“Thank you, Duo Duo. This will be the last time, I promise.” Xiao Hu took the homework with both hands as if he was holding a precious treasure.

Chu Feng felt amused watching these two, because Xiao Hu had been making the same promise for a week in a row. Yet here he was, shamelessly bribing his daughter with snacks every day after.

With that, he solemnly patted Xiao Hu's shoulder. "Young man, as a boy with responsibilities, don't you feel shame for copying a girl's homework every day? Besides, the weather's been chilly lately. What if you catch a cold waiting for Duo Duo everyday like this?"

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Chapter 117 News

Even if this little rascal had a thick skin to defend against the weather, what about his own poor daughter? "I think you're right, Uncle." Xiao Hu nodded sagely, then smiled at Chu Feng.

Just as Chu Feng thought he'd gotten through to the boy, Xiao Hu grinned and waved his hand in a grand gesture. "I'll get my father to build a cafe here tomorrow, so that I can sip on milk tea while waiting for Duo Duo every day without catching a cold."

Chu Feng became speechless. You cunning brat, did I say anything about a cafe? By the time Chu Feng realized his face had darkened, the two kids were already skipping away.

With a mysterious, but no less delighted look on Xiao Hu's face, he said, "Duo Duo, I lost sleep last night thinking about how to prank Liu Yaoyao, and I've got an idea. It'll embarrass her in front of the whole class and avenge you as well—"

Duo Duo's expression stiffened and she lectured him, "Xiao Hu, it's not right to do this. Our teacher taught us to be generous, kind and forgiving. How could you think of something like this?"

Xiao Hu nodded as if he'd just realized something, looking at her with admiration. "Got it, Duo Duo. You're such a kind leader, and that's why I ad—"

"But Liu Yaoyao is the exception!" Duo Duo waved her little fists and smiled maliciously. "Quick, tell me how you plan to prank her?"

Xiao Hu was the speechless one now. No wonder she was the leader in the class; she was so unpredictable.

Chu Feng smiled with relief and watched the two children rush to kindergarten. "That's my daughter, alright. She takes revenge the first chance she gets, like me." After waving her goodbye, Chu Feng left the kindergarten and strolled through the streets, still undecided on how he was going to spend the day.

Just then, the phone rang and when Chu Feng scanned the screen, he realized it was a call from Heather.

“Yes, Heather?”

“My Lord, I have news regarding the antidote for that Mandraka Poison the Holy Temple administered on you, as requested.” Heather’s voice was still melodious, but it sounded a little tired. Presumably, she’d worked herself to the bone over Chu Feng’s request for the past few days.

“News?” Chu Feng felt his heart leap with joy. The poison in his body was the gravest of his concerns because it was like a ticking time bomb. Who knew when he’d succumb to the next fit of aggression? Who knew what he’d do if he accidentally hurt Duo Duo or Yun Muqing?

“Yes, my Lord. Is it alright if you come over? I’d like to tell you the news personally.” Heather’s tone was happy, yet slightly bashful.

Chu Feng immediately agreed. “Alright. Where are you? I’ll come to you.”

“Really? I’ll text you my location.” Heather internally cheered like a schoolgirl with a crush. Just the thought of being able to see Chu Feng again was enough to lift her mood for the rest of the day.

The Time Cafe was an Italian-style, middle-class cafe that was strategically located within the golden area of Jiangling’s inner city circle, surrounded by office buildings and corporate skyscrapers. Its artistic atmosphere, elegantly unique decor and excellent service made the place popular with small business owners, artistically inclined youth and internet celebrities.

Naturally, the place was also frequented by good-looking men and women alike. However, the arrival of a certain lady this day instantly made the cafe’s clientele look as boring as the background of a movie set; she was attracting everyone’s attention as she walked.

This lady was a Western, who had long blonde hair and eyes as deeply blue as the ocean. She wore a simple white jacket with lightly colored jeans hugging the curves in her devilishly perfect figure.

As if that wasn’t enough, her features contained the gentleness and elegance of Eastern beauty, and the air of youth around her was irresistible. This Western lady, of course, was Heather. And she was waiting for Chu Feng.

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Chapter 118 The Vain Xu Hai

Beautiful girls were always surrounded by suitors; this day was no exception.

At the opposite of Heather was a handsome young man that was dressed fashionably, who was praising himself non-stop. Every once in a while, he would strategically flash his sports car's key and the Patek Philippe watch on his wrist that was worth millions; he was silently signalling his lofty status.

Given the young man's experience, usually, no matter how high a girl's standards were, that would get her attention. Then, she would express intense interest in him and slowly walk into his claws.

But on this day, this gorgeous beauty from the West only smiled faintly. She maintained her posture as she drank her coffee. Her beautiful eyes wandered outside the window, as if he was nothing more than air.

The young man was slightly discouraged as he thought, Maybe she doesn't know Chinese, so she didn't understand what I was saying? Right, that must be it. I, Xu Hai, am talented, young, and rich. There is no way that this girl is not interested in me.

Xu Hai raised his head, increasingly sure of his conviction. At this moment, a shadow appeared and his confidence shattered all over the floor, as if a heavy hammer had smashed into it.

"Heather." Chu Feng stepped into the coffee shop and immediately saw the dazzling Heather.

"Dear, you are finally here." Just as the greetings were done, Heather jumped up and cheered. She was like a little deer, hopping and running toward Chu Feng. With a friendly face, she grabbed Chu Feng's arm, and they looked very intimate.

Then, Heather gave Chu Feng a big hug and the two of them embraced tightly. With her slim body in his arms, Chu Feng could clearly feel the soft parts of her being squashed in their embrace as he smelt a pleasant scent coming from her.

What... just happened?

Chu Feng was astonished, while everybody else there was full of jealousy and envy.

As for Xu Hai, who had been overly self-confident moments ago, had his confidence completely shattered; he looked livid as the edge of his mouth twitched.

To have such a beauty plunge into his arms, flirting with him, Chu Feng was stunned and a little confused.

"My Lord, I'm sorry, please give me a hand," whispered Heather, who stuck her red lips to Chu Feng's ears. Her eyes swept across at the gloomy Xu Hai who was sitting there and she rolled her eyes dismally. She said quietly, "That guy kept pestering me. I want

to get rid of him but I can't. It's so irritating. I need you to play the role of my boyfriend and help me get rid of him. Hehe."

Chu Feng helplessly shook his head as he smiled.

This was the peril of beauty; all this made sense, for Heather was a true beauty who could ruin cities and destroy nations. No matter which era she was born in, she would always be considered a dangerous beauty.

To begin with, Chu Feng didn't have warm feelings for overconfident rich kids like Xu Hai who took advantage of their family's wealth and pursued pretty girls unscrupulously. So, he nodded and agreed.

"Thank you, my Lord."

Heather was pleased and she smiled. She held on to Chu Feng's arm intimately and smiled sweetly. They looked like a young couple in their honeymoon phase with no tension between them.

Chu Feng was also amused. This high-and-mighty queen that could create Happy Valley that was worth two hundred billion was now behaving like a little girl; it was interesting.

"Sir, my boyfriend is here. Please, may we have the seat? Thank you," Heather said to Xu Hai, who was sitting opposite them with his jaw wide open.

The edge of Xu Hai's mouth twitched as his expression darkened even further.

He never thought that this Western beauty spoke fluent Chinese and had a boyfriend.

That was to say that she understood everything that he said just now. She was treating him like a joke!

Xu Hai threw Chu Feng a dirty glance and he felt very angry. The sum of everything on this guy was worth less than five hundred. He didn't have money nor talent. Besides, his looks were only slightly above average, so how did he get such a high quality girl?

Xu Hai was very jealous and thought that it was a waste. God was unjust!

But Xu Hai was a master in the battlefield of love; he wouldn't give up so easily.

Instantly, he fixed his necktie, stood up, and stuck his hand toward Chu Feng. Confidently and warmly, he said, "Huh, so you are this beautiful girl's boyfriend. How are you? Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Xu Hai. I'm in the foreign trade finance business. The president of Jiangling's Agricultural Bank is my father."

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Chapter 119 The Mandraka Flower

His mouth hooked upward proudly and he glanced at Chu Feng. "Since we are fated to meet, let's be friends and sit down for a chat. What do you think?"

Xu Hai thought that he was giving Chu Feng a gift. He was the proud son of the bank's president, a person from the high society. Usually, people from the lower society like Chu Feng wouldn't have the chance to come into contact with him.

Now, he was willing to sit at the same table as Chu Feng. This was Chu Feng's good fortune. No doubt, he had ulterior motives toward Chu Feng's girlfriend and this was part of his attempt.

However, Xu Hai was full of confidence. He squinted and looked forward to Chu Feng's next move. Would he be flattered? Would he try to get in his good books? Or would he be self-aware and leave on his own, leaving this beautiful girl to Xu Hai? If that was the case, he wouldn't mind keeping this guy as a follower, let him tail behind him, maybe let him have a little of his share of the beauty in front of him.

"I'm not interested, goodbye," Chu Feng replied faintly with a single sentence. He was too lazy to even look at Xu Hai as he put his arm around Heather's waist and left right away.

Xu Hai's extended hand hung midair and the smile on his face was frozen, looking thunderstruck—did this guy actually ignore him?

This guy was a poor loser from the low society, who had no power nor influence, and he dared to trample over Xu Hai's self-esteem?

Xu Hai's face was red with painful shame; his eyes looked like they were about to spurt fire.

At this moment, Chu Feng had no energy to bother with people like Xu Hai. He found a table by the window, ordered some drinks and desserts, and sat down with Heather.

"I wouldn't have thought that your acting skills were so good. Did you see that guy? He was so angry that his face paled." Heather rested her chin on her fair arm and she blinked her beautiful blue eyes; she was in a good mood.

Chu Feng picked up his coffee and said helplessly, "Your acting skills are better. Anyone who didn't know you would have thought that you were really an innocent, adorable, little girl in love."

"Then do you like me like that?" Heather didn't even think before speaking.

Next, she realized that what she said was inappropriate, so she blushed and lowered her head out of embarrassment.

Chu Feng picked up his coffee and said, "Let's talk business."

Only then did Heather's concentration returned. With a red face, she said, "I've gone through large amounts of information and looked for many experts. As a result, I discovered that the temple's rare poison, the 'Mandraka Flower', originated from a small village in the West.

More than two hundred years ago, there was a strange illness in that village. Patterns that looked like flowers appeared on the chests of the villagers. Next, they became aggressive and extreme, just like wild animals."

"The symptoms are very similar to mine."

Just as Chu Feng was thinking quietly, Heather took her laptop out. On it were some information and pictures. She continued her description by saying, "But, later, rumor has it that an eminent monk arrived. He was very skilled at dharma teachings and medicine.

He used a special method to cure the villagers, and even promoted the dharma, so that the villagers could worship Buddha and return to their normal lifestyle. To thank the monk, they created a lot of art, calligraphy and paintings, sculptures, murals, divine comedy, and many works. However, more than two hundred years have passed, and time has erased most of the traces left behind."

Chu Feng frowned and glanced at the laptop screen. Those old murals featured the villagers that went crazy as a result of the illness that seemed to be caused by the Mandraka flower. There was also a kind-looking and skinny monk who sat cross-legged, as if delivering a sermon.

These drawings were very old and had been heavily damaged. One could only roughly see the outline. But given the large amount of information, it should be real—this monk truly existed.

"It's a pity that we have not found a method to cure one of the poison. We only know about this monk through oral tradition. Other than that, we know nothing about his identity. Besides, it's been more than two hundred years. This monk should've passed a long time ago."

Heather sighed helplessly. It was after much difficulty that they caught sight of a glimmer of hope, and yet here they were, back at their starting point.

"However, there is a legend that the monk has extraordinary skills. He can catch a tiger with his bare hands and repel a pack of wolves with a thunderous roar. He seems like a practitioner of the martial arts from the Central Plains!"

“He’s a practitioner of the martial arts?!”

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Chapter 120 The Forces of the Military and the Martial Arts Experts

Chu Feng squinted and his eyes shone.

The martial arts was more than Taekwondo, or some sort of self-defense techniques, or any of those techniques in which the so-called ‘great masters’ would only show off their fancy moves. No, it was proper Chinese martial arts with techniques that could kill.

The martial arts had a long tradition. Although the arrival of firearms and modern technology caused martial arts to lose popularity, it still had a long tradition that spanned hundreds—if not thousands—of years that was passed down through an orthodoxy of the martial arts.

In the modern world, martial arts experts that managed to proceed into the realms of complete mastery were all rich people with assets worth hundreds of billions; they were the top elites of various countries and were highly-esteemed and outstanding individuals.

They could carry a hundred pounds with both arms, and a single person could fight against ten people. In the world of the martial arts, that was commonplace; it was plain simple for those masters.

There were also masters that could kill with just their aura alone and those that could even replace the force of multiple warriors, all alone.

According to rumors, the most proficient martial arts expert could split a mountain with only one punch, or make a river flow upstream, or even fly and traverse through the air without a visible form of transport.

“If that eminent monk is from the world of the martial arts, perhaps I would be able to find his heir, and thus find the cure for the Mandraka poison,” Chu Feng muttered to himself. Even though the chances of this happening was rare, it was better than no hope at all.

However, Heather’s beautiful eyes looked worried as she said, “My Lord, I heard that the forces of the world of the martial arts and the military in the Central Plain are at odds.”

Chu Feng had a complicated look in his eyes. In a deep voice, he said, “I’m also worried about this.”

Both the forces of the military and the martial arts had the same origin and they initially complemented each other.

Fifty years ago, there was non-stop fighting. To protect the country, the forces of the martial arts cooperated with the military by sending over a large number of martial arts experts to the military to help; those experts had made many contributions to the country.

The skills, physical training secrets, and warfare strategies that were taught by the martial arts experts had developed a large number of outstanding soldiers, and this had improved the quality of the military.

But as more and more people from the world of the martial arts joined the military, those that tasted power and glamor, and the materialistic aspects of the world, especially the nice cars and women, grew unwilling to return to their hermitage for their arduous training.

As a result of that, those from the world of the martial arts became more and more ambitious and greedy. After the war, they started to disturb the peace within the military force. They also formed factions. Soon, they turned a good old city into a complete mess.

Furthermore, some powerful martial arts experts even took command and became tyrants without holding any regard for the leaders of the cities and the military theaters, thus indirectly forming a country within a country. As such, the conflict between the military force and the force of martial arts experts intensified. It was now worse than ever—the two forces were irreconcilable!

“My Lord, you are the God of War of Xi Ye’s Dragon Soul. You are the pride of the military. However, to the forces of the martial arts, you are a big enemy.” Heather’s beautiful eyes flashed and she said, conflicted, “Even if that monk left his teachings behind, and his heir has the cure of the Mandraka poison, there is no certainty that he will agree to treat you, as you are considered a big enemy to the forces of the martial arts.

This is a big problem. Even if he agrees to treat you, would he work with the other martial arts experts to do something sneaky to harm you? This is also an unknown factor.” Heather felt like a mess. She used her hand to rub the space in between her eyebrows and sighed, saying, “My Lord, it seems that I haven’t been thorough enough on this matter. I’m sorry to have caused you more trouble.”

“There is no harm. However, I’ve never considered the force of the martial arts experts as a great challenge.” Chu Feng picked up his coffee again. Although he sounded indifferent, he was actually full of confidence. “If they show any signs of betraying me, then I’ll level the whole of their force.”

He had brought about the bloodbath in the Holy Temple of the Western Mafia World that had a history of more than 200 years, surely he would not fear those experts that were scattered all over the place.

It was during the three years that Chu Feng spent at the North Pole tending to his wounds that he couldn't bring himself to care about anything. This gave the unruly ones a chance to spread their influence; they even dared to flaunt themselves even with the military watching them.

Yet, so far, nobody went overboard, nor did they cross Chu Feng's line.

If these people really had wild ambitions and dared to offend him, he wouldn't mind giving Xi Ye a reformation by levelling the whole area with the military force!

Xi Ye's border patrol's cavalry had previously conquered seven nations, so if even seven nations had no way of stopping them, what could these few martial arts clans do?

"Yes, my Lord."