

## The Unknown God of War Chapter 171

### Chapter 171 You are not Worthy

At this moment, Meng Xingyu, who was standing in the middle of the training ground, suddenly spoke up. He took a step forward and looked at Chu Feng with his eyes wide open. It seemed like he had just made a crucial decision.

“The match between Mr. Chu and I had not ended yet. Even though he is a grandmaster and I am not his match, I, Meng Xingyu, still want to challenge him. I want to see how much of a gap there is, between a grandmaster and myself. If not, my mind would not be in peace for the rest of my life.”

As soon as he finished talking, there was a rustle among the crowd. Most of the people had a strange look on their faces and unknowingly, they were starting to back away from him so that they would not get involved with him.

Meanwhile, a small portion of people had a look of admiration for him, thinking that this was the true spirit of martial arts.

“Xingyu, you’re stepping out of line!” Murong Cang was so shocked that his heart nearly popped out from his chest. He reprimanded Xingyu furiously, “How dare you challenge the authority of a grandmaster? Apologize immediately!”

Even an intimidating intermediate grandmaster like Master Wu, a monster who could block bullets with his bare body, had his body penetrated with a single punch from Chu Feng; how long could a kid like Meng Xingyu possibly last in the ring?

Yun Muyu’s eyes glistened and out of goodwill, she advised, “Forget about it, you can’t defeat my brother-in-law.”

That advice from Yun Muyu finally ticked Meng Xingyu off. How could he just give up right in front of his crush?

Meng Xingyu got into his fighting pose and put on an imposing demeanor. He then shouted out, “Mr. Chu, lets fight!”

At this moment, Chu Feng stopped in his tracks and threw a glance at Meng Xingyu. This one glance from Chu Feng had let Meng Xingyu know he was not facing an easy opponent, making Meng Xingyu’s hair stand on end. He then clenched his teeth so that he would not be overwhelmed by Chu Feng’s imposing aura and pass out.

“You’re not worthy to fight me yet. You’re still far from worthy,” said Chu Feng casually. He had not even started fighting but those words were like a slap to Meng Xingyu’s face; it was even more insufferable than death.

“You can challenge me again when you’ve reached such a stage next time.”

Chu Feng’s gaze turned to the entrance of the martial art studio; there was a Chinese guardian lion [1] that was made out of marble. It was roughly the height of half a man and it weighed a thousand pounds.

In an instant, he slapped a hand on the lion’s head, then he just flung his sleeves and left the scene calmly.

“Let’s go.”

Murong Cang and Yun Muyu quickly followed him closely from behind.

The crowd just fixed their gazes at the Chinese guardian lion that was in front of them. However, one minute passed, another minute passed, and soon, five minutes had gone by. That lion was still there, motionless and nothing out of the ordinary happened.

What was going on? Was this so-called grandmaster just making an empty show of strength? Was he just putting on a front?

All the disciples started discussing animatedly.

Qiao Hong rolled his eyes and walked to the front. He circled around the lion and even took his magnifying glass out to have a closer look at it.

“Pfft, a grandmaster? Mr. Chu? Xingyu was right, this bastard was just putting up a false show of strength. As far as I’m concerned, Professor Murong must have been unmindful and has also been tricked by that bastard! Look, did anything happen to this Chinese guardian lion? He was just pretending to be some expert.” Qiao Hong curled his lips and did not take Chu Feng seriously. He patted the lion and even took his phone out to take a selfie. He then said sarcastically, “Why don’t we erect a stele for him and carve the words ‘Grandmaster Chu Feng was here and had given it a pat’ on it? Hahaha—”

He cracked up and bent over with laughter, but why were these people giving him a strange stare that looked like they were shocked?

Crack! At this moment, Qiao Hong could clearly hear a cracking sound entering his ear. It was like the sound of an ice block cracking. It can’t be...

The look on Qiao Hong’s face changed immediately as he mechanically turned his head to look at the lion. He shouted out in shock instantly, “What the, help—”

The guardian lion split open in an instant and crumbled into pieces that were as big as a palm. The pieces collapsed to the ground after that and fell on top of Qiao Hong, followed by a clear sound of bones cracking. Qiao Hong was pinned down by the pieces

of stone and he might not be able to get himself out of bed for the next three to five years.

“T-This...”

[1] Chinese guardian lions are a traditional Chinese architectural ornament. Typically made of stone, they are also known as stone lions or shishi. They are known in colloquial English as lion dogs or foo dogs.

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Chapter 172 The ‘Collection of Mystical Healing’

Meng Xingyu’s face turned pale and his legs were trembling as he collapsed to the ground.

All the disciples who were at the scene were so petrified that every one of them quickly dropped to their knees. They were trembling all over like helpless kittens that were terrified.

The strength from just one palm had turned this thousand-pound Chinese guardian lion into pieces. Could a man possess such tremendous power?

If this slap had been on him, then... Meng Xingyu could not help but to break out in a cold sweat. He was so scared that his heart almost jumped out of his chest.

All his dignity and pride, including his so-called spirit of martial arts, were shattered into pieces by this single slap from Chu Feng; they had all turned into dust like this guardian lion.

T-This was just too terrifying!

“He was right, I am not worthy to fight him at all. It seems like I’ve been overestimating myself all these years and I’m just a mere weakling that has never seen the outside world.”

Meng Xingyu recalled Chu Feng’s proud and carefree figure from just now. He could only force a smile and he no longer had any hint of disrespect toward Chu Feng in his heart.

After leaving the Taekwondo studio, Chu Feng went to Murong Cang’s library in Jiangling College at the invitation of Murong Cang.

All the information regarding the Dharma Monk who found the cure for the Mandraka poison had been gathered for Chu Feng. The information was scattered and there were two boxes full of it.

Chu Feng started going through them patiently and half an hour later, he rubbed his eyes in exhaustion and let out a sigh. "It seems like the Mandraka poison from the Holy Temple is a strong poison that had been extracted and refined to a concentration ten times higher. It was specifically used to subdue those formidable martial artists.

I have been poisoned for three years and it has seeped into my bone marrows. The Dharma Monk only jotted down the method to slow down the spread of the poison, and there is no cure for it. Unless, if I am able to break through the ultimate level and achieve the stage of a celestial being, I will then be immortalized. By that time, even the Mandraka poison would not do me any harm."

Chu Feng's eyes lit up as his effort had paid off and he had finally found a brighter path to his future.

There were nine classes in the martial arts and one would become a grandmaster when he reached the seventh class. After the ninth class, one would reach the legendary Immortality Stage.

After the seventh class, every breakthrough would mean the improvement of oneself by leaps and bounds, for reaching the next step would be leaping over vast canyons. In today's world of martial arts, a seventh class grandmaster was already like a God and had a reputable status.

There were only a handful of ninth class grandmasters all over the world, and each of them was worshipped like saints and deities by their countries.

The Immortality Stage only existed in the myths and legends in different religions. Nobody had really seen the one having achieved the Immortality Stage. So, achieving the Immortality Stage was actually easier said than done.

Meanwhile, Chu Feng still had a calm smile on his face. He was still filled with confidence and pride.

"The Immortality Stage is just half a step away only anyway."

Three years ago, while he was demolishing the Holy Temple and wiping out the Western underworld, he had already surpassed the bottleneck of a ninth class grandmaster. He had achieved the 'Intermediate Immortality Stage', reaching the portal to the legendary Immortality Stage.

However, his injuries were not completely healed yet, so he could only expend the strength of an eighth class grandmaster at his peak. Even so, Chu Feng was still well beyond anyone in this world of the ancient martial arts.

Even if he was facing those ninth class grandmasters, Chu Feng was still confident that he could take all of them down!

“Based on my talents and state of mind, achieving the Immortality Stage in three years will not be an issue at all. As long as I can control my emotions and not plunge into a psychotic state and hurt my loved ones, I have no reasons to fear this Mandraka poison.”

Chu Feng breathed a sigh of relief. With the miracle drug developed by Qin Shihuang’s men and the remarkable prescriptions that were left behind by this Dharma Monk, Chu Feng was confident that he could suppress the symptoms of this Mandraka poison.

Chu Feng was relieved that he had finally resolved a worry that had been weighing on his mind. He started flipping through the rest of the information, wanting to know more about this Dharma Monk from 200 years ago.

After Chu Feng finished reading his autobiography, he could only gasp in admiration for him. This eminent monk was undoubtedly the ‘Great Dharma Monk’. All the deeds he had done throughout his life was worthy of respect.

He had spread the teachings of Buddhism and was proficient in pharmacology, saving countless lives from torment. Even though he was the guardian of the nation, he was still modest and had represented his country three times, crossing vast oceans to save the lives of others. He had managed to save more than tens of thousands of lives.

However, he was chased out of the temple in his later years because he was involved in a conflict of power. He was dismissed as a monk and became a farmer later on.

He even sold off his residence and treasures given by the palace so that he could help the needy. At the same time, he spent all his blood, sweat and tears to compile this book of ‘Collection of Mystical Healing’, which included all of his knowledge and medical skills.

He had listed out close to a thousand different medical cases in pharmacology, acupuncture, diagnosis, surgery and more than ten other professions.

It even included some Feng Shui [1] philosophies and also the Buddhism teachings.

Calling this ‘Collection of Mystical Healing’ the greatest classical collection in the medical world was an exaggeration at all.

Chu Feng just shook his head and let out a sigh. “Murong Cang must be so unmindful, he has no idea how blessed he is. Even if he could understand just half of what is in this ‘Collection of Mystical Healing’, he would be able to become one of the top ten medics in the medical world, or even become a saint whom hundreds of thousands of people would look up to.

Even the governors and leaders of every country would have to be modest to him. It would be many times more impressive than staying at a small place like Jiangling and just being a so-called 'Number One Martial Artist'."

[1] Feng Shui, also known as Chinese geomancy, is a pseudoscientific traditional practice originating from ancient China, which claims to use energy forces to harmonize individuals with their surrounding environment.

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### Chapter 173 A New Treasure Obtained

"Coming back to the point, how many people like Murong Cang have there been over the past 200 years? Those people who did not recognize greatness are the reason why nobody knows much about your hard work. That is why they have placed your hard work in a corner and let dust settle on it."

Chu Feng just let out a sigh and as he set his gaze at this classic collection respectfully. He gave it a salute and declared sternly, "But from today onward, this will never happen again. Great Master, although I did not have the opportunity to meet you, I assure you that I'll pass your medical skills on to the next generation and spread them on."

Chu Feng had stumbled upon a treasure on this day. Not only had he found the way to cure the Mandraka poison in his body, he had also acquired a great classical collection in the medical world, the 'Collection of Mystical Healing'.

This meant that Ashura, the God of War, who struck terror in everyone's hearts, could even save people's lives now other than just taking their lives away.

He could decide the fate of someone in a heartbeat. He would be able to revive the dead, or decide if someone should live or die; every decision lay in his hands now.

This was like the power of an immortal.

Chu Feng spent the rest of the time in the library, studying the 'Collection of Mystical Healing'. He had stayed there for the entire morning.

When one reached the stage of a grandmaster, not only would his martial art skills improve, even his intelligence, memory and comprehension would progress substantially. He would have photographic memories, and understanding a topic in an instant was an easy feat.

Thus, even though Chu Feng had never been exposed to medical science, he could still rely on his superb talents and abilities. He had memorized all of the contents of the 'Collection of Mystical Healing'. All that was left was to slowly digest and comprehend the contents.

Even so, his knowledge of medical science had now easily surpassed all the health professionals in Grade A Tertiary Hospitals [1] throughout the world. It was not an issue for him to be placed as the top five health professionals within the country.

By the time Chu Feng had a good grasp of the art of medicine, it was already one o'clock in the afternoon when he walked out of the library.

Yun Muyu was yawning out of boredom while Murong Cang had brought Meng Xingyu and the rest of his disciples over. They were drenched in sweat as they stood at the entrance of the library respectfully, waiting for Chu Feng to come out.

"What are you guys doing?" Chu Feng knitted his brows as he saw the group of men when he exited the library.

"You're finally out, Chu Feng." Yun Muyu's eyes lit up as she pouted her mouth and said, "Professor Murong was just bringing his disciples over to apologize to you."

"Yes, Grandmaster Chu." Murong Cang nodded his head and continued apologetically, "These disciples of mine are ignorant and supercilious. They have offended you earlier, so I've brought them over today to apologize to you. It's my fault for not teaching them well, you can direct any anger that you have toward me."

Meng Xingyu and the rest of the students started apologizing profusely and did not even dare to breathe heavily. "Please forgive us, Grandmaster Chu, we were wrong."

The slap from Chu Feng which shattered the thousand-pound Chinese guardian lion had taught them never to disrespect him. All of them were hanging their heads, begging for forgiveness from Chu Feng.

"Direct my anger toward you?' Chu Feng just glanced at Murong Cang and asked him calmly, "So what you're trying to say is, you're planning on bearing the wrath that I have for your students?"

Murong Cang was stunned but he was still persistent. "Yes, yes."

Although he was usually arrogant, as the master of his disciples and their pillar of support, he had to step up for them at crucial times like this, even if he had to bear the wrath of a grandmaster.

"Very well then."

Chu Feng nodded. The very next moment, Chu Feng's palm landed on Murong Cang's chest. With a loud bang, Murong Cang was sent flying like a cannonball. He groaned as a jet of blood shot out from his mouth, and he collapsed to the ground.

Everyone who was at the scene were appalled!

Murong Cang was sent flying with just a hit from Chu Feng?

Meng Xingyu and the rest of the disciples could only feel horror and nothing else!

Although they already knew how intimidating Grandmaster Chu was, they were still panic-stricken when they witnessed this with their own eyes. They admitted that they have underestimated Chu Feng's strength.

"Are you all right, Professor Murong?"

"Professor Murong."

[1] Hospitals in China are organized according to a 3-tier system that recognizes a hospital's ability to provide medical care, medical education, and conduct medical research. Based on this, hospitals are designated as Primary, Secondary or Tertiary institutions.

Tertiary hospitals round up the list as comprehensive or general hospitals at the city, provincial or national level with a bed capacity exceeding 500. They are responsible for providing specialist health services, perform a bigger role with regard to medical education and scientific research and they serve as medical hubs providing care to multiple regions.

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Chapter 174 Murong Cang Cured of His Ailment

All the students quickly helped Murong Cang up. As they looked at their pale-faced coach vomiting dark-colored blood, everyone felt sorry and guilty.

In an instant, Meng Xingyu had a look of discontent and anger. "Grandmaster Chu, even though we've offended you, you don't have to act so mercilessly toward Professor Murong right?"

"That's right, Professor Murong is already so old, and now you've even caused him to vomit blood."

"Just because you're a grandmaster does not mean you can do whatever you wish. You're being too unreasonable."

Murong Cang was a figure whom they thought highly of and had a special place in their hearts. Even though they knew that Chu Feng had a formidable battle strength, they still united at this moment and voiced out their disagreement for Murong Cang.

Even Yun Muyu had her mouth wide opened as she said in a displeased tone, "Brother, you've really crossed the line this time."

Her impression of Chu Feng was that he was not such a short-tempered person; what had happened to him on this day?

“You guys are being presumptuous, don’t be disrespectful toward Grandmaster Chu! You guys have no clue on what is going on. Grandmaster Chu has just saved me.”

At that moment, Murong Cang, who was vomiting blood out from his mouth, suddenly shouted out. Under everyone’s watchful eyes, Murong Cang had a look of joy on his face as he ran toward Chu Feng and dropped to his knees. “I, Murong Cang, thank you, Grandmaster Chu, for saving my life. I will never forget your grace.”

Chu Feng just stood there silently as he nodded his head calmly.

Meanwhile, Meng Xingyu and the rest of the disciples behind him were just astounded. “Professor Murong, w-what is going on?”

“That’s right, you were clearly vomiting blood from his hit just now. Why are you thanking him?”

Murong Cang just grunted angrily. “What do you guys know? All these years, I have been fighting and battling, overcoming my body’s limit, just so that I could have a breakthrough. I might look spirited and healthy but my internal organs have long been injured. Blood stasis has accumulated inside me and my meridians have all been clogged. The hit from Grandmaster Chu just now might look like he was trying to hurt me, but he was actually clearing up the clogged veins of my organs, causing me to vomit those blood stasis out. He has actually cured my underlying illness.”

After channelling his Qi to recalibrate his body, Murong Cang looked full of life once again and was looking a few times more energetic than before. He then said admiringly, “I feel like my body has infinite energy now, and I feel 20 years younger. Not only are you an expert in the martial arts, you also possess such remarkable medical skills. I am so envious of you! You must know, I have seen countless doctors regarding this underlying illness of mine. I’ve spent more than ten million to find a remedy, yet none of them managed to cure my illness. However, with just a hit from you, Mr. Chu, you have cured me of the illness. You’re truly a remarkable man!”

Everyone was finally enlightened and as they glanced at the blood which Murong Cang had vomited out; it had a dark color and an unpleasant odor to it.

They turned their gaze toward Chu Feng and they were grateful to him.

Chu Feng just smiled calmly. He had indeed noticed Murong Cang’s underlying sickness just now, and that was why he applied the Acupoint Stimulation Technique from the ‘Collection of Mystical Healing’ on Murong Cang; he wanted to experiment the technique on Murong Cang.

It seemed like this 'Collection of Mystical Healing' was indeed a miraculous book.

"Get up, you've only expelled the blood stasis. If you wish to calibrate your meridian and internal organs, you have to train for the long term. I will prescribe you with a medicine and I can assure you that you will be completely healed in three months." With a wave of his hand, Chu Feng started writing the prescription and said, "Based on your capabilities, you have a 80% chance of reaching the grandmaster stage, as long as you consume this medicine consistently."

"What, 80%? Thank you very much, Grandmaster Chu!" Murong Cang was moved to tears and no words could describe how emotional he was. He thought that all his hopes of being a grandmaster were gone, but he did not expect Chu Feng to bestow him with such an amazing gift.

Meng Xingyu and the other disciples also had an envious look on their faces. It was the grandmaster stage that they were talking about, and just a medication from Chu Feng could help Murong Cang achieve that stage?

At this moment, Chu Feng turned his gaze to them once again and said lightly, "All of you can consume this medication as well. It can help to recalibrate your meridian and also help in replenishing your Qi and blood. I do not dare to assure you anything else, but as long as you are willing to work hard, becoming a fourth class Inner Energy practitioner should not be a problem at all."

"T-Thank you very much, Grandmaster Chu!"

Meng Xingyu and the other disciples were head over heels and could not contain their emotions anymore as they bowed to Chu Feng and thanked him tearfully.

Taekwondo martial artists like them had impractical skills that were only meant to be shown off, they could even hardly enter the stage as Observable Energy practitioners. Now that Chu Feng had presented them an opportunity to become a Inner Energy practitioner, how could they not be emotional and be in tears?

## **The Unknown God of War Chapter 175**

### **Chapter 175 Too Many Flaws**

Just a few hours ago, they had witnessed Chu Feng shattering a thousand-pound Chinese guardian lion with one slap, striking terror and fear in their hearts, but now, they had nothing but respect and admiration for Chu Feng when they received such great grace from him. It was as if they were looking at a god.

He had grace and mercy in his hands, and even possessed the power to decide whether one should live or die. Who would dare to act rashly toward a man with such powers?

Chu Feng just left a few prescriptions behind and did not stay behind after that as he just bode farewell and departed with Yun Muyu.

He was a person who distinguished between kindness and hatred all along. Hence, he just treated those prescriptions as a compensation to them for him taking the 'Collection of Mystical Healing' with him.

After seeing Chu Feng's figure getting further and further, Meng Xingyu could no longer disguise the emotions and astonishment in his eyes as he said, "Professor Murong, i-is this Mr. Chu some kind of god?"

Murong Cang took a deep breath and put on a look of respect on his face. "He is not someone you and I can fully comprehend. All you guys need to know is that Mr. Chu's skills are something we could only dream of in our life, understand?"

"Understood!" answered his disciples simultaneously. They had a look of respect and awe on their faces as they looked into the distance, sending Chu Feng off.

This is what a real man should be like!

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After leaving Jiangling College, Yun Muyu's eyes were wide open as she kept chattering beside Chu Feng like a curious kid, bombarding him with questions excitedly.

"Chu Feng, you were so handsome and awesome just now. How did you notice Murong Cang's underlying illness? And since when did you learn pharmacology? I've never heard you mention this before."

Chu Feng was slightly irritated by her questions and just replied apathetically, "I've read a few books just now and I happened to learn it from there."

"Just like this?" Yun Muyu's eyes were wide open as she pouted her mouth and rolled her eyes furiously. "Are you bluffing me? Even a normal doctor will have to study for seven, eight years before he could diagnose a patient. You've only read a few hours of pharmacology books and now you've become a professional doctor? Come on, you should at least give a more reasonable excuse when you're telling a lie."

Chu Feng felt helpless. Why didn't anyone believe what he was saying?

He really did just learn it!

"So, Chu Feng, since you're so amazing, take a look at me. Do I have any underlying illnesses?" asked Yun Muyu with a serious face as she blinked her eyes.

Chu Feng blinked his eyes and took a good look at her. He glanced at her from her head to her toe for around five minutes.

His gaze made Yun Muyu feel bashful and she started blushing; why did this guy make her feel like she was not wearing any clothes?

“Chu Feng, don’t stare at me this way.” Yun Muyu blinked her eyes and was so embarrassed, she then said smilingly, “Were you thinking that I was born pretty and youthful, that I’m just a perfect, beautiful girl with absolutely no problem? Hehe.”

“No, you’ve gotten it wrong. You have too many flaws and I just didn’t know where to begin.” Chu Feng kept a straight face.

While Yun Muyu’s smile was frozen and she was furiously glaring at him with her almond-shaped eyes, he showed her his fingers and pretended to count. “You’re gluttonous, narcissistic, childish, mentally dull, thick-faced...” Chu Feng listed out more than ten points in one breath and added, “Oh, there is one more, the most important of them all.” He smiled calmly and uttered word by word, “You are flat-chested!”

“Chu Feng!”

Yun Muyu burst out in fury and bared her teeth as she dashed toward Chu Feng. “Ah, I’m going to kill you, you bastard—”

Chu Feng chuckled and as the two of them chased after each other, there was endless laughter.

It was hard to deny that girls have a natural tendency to bear grudges.

After chasing around for two long hours, the patient Yun Muyu had finally caught a hold of Chu Feng. She furiously demanded Chu Feng to compensate her for traumatizing her mentally. So, she gestured at him, asking him to buy her a good meal.

Chu Feng was left with no choice but to nod his head and agree.

Half an hour later, they arrived at a beef noodle shop that was located in the luxurious commercial district in Jiangling City.

Yun Muyu opened her eyes wide as she pointed at Chu Feng and asked irritably, “This is the good meal you promised me? Just this?”

“They have meat, noodles and they are a famous franchise nationwide. What more do you want?” Chu Feng just chuckled and entered the noodle shop; he did not even bother about Yun Muyu, who was so annoyed that she was stomping her feet.