

The Unknown God of War Chapter 7

Chapter 7 You're So Cool

Still dragging Chu Feng with overwhelming joy, Liu Minglan hollered to the wine-guzzling Zhou Lie inside the house, "Come out and see who came back!"

Chu Feng touched his nose; after ten years, his adoptive mother was still so fierce.

"Damn woman, are you done? You never let me drink on a normal day, and you get all up in my business even on the day our daughter's getting engaged?" A man's rough voice bellowed from inside the house. "I'm drinking today even if God himself descends from the heavens..." Then, a lean but muscular and dark-skinned man walked out, grumbling furiously with a pipe in his hand. His tigerlike eyes were blown wide open, clearly expressing his indignance.

"Dad." Chu Feng called out. When Zhou Lie looked up and saw Chu Feng's face, his body seemed to jolt suddenly and with a smack, his pipe fell to the ground.

As if in disbelief, Zhou Lie pinched his thigh once, then strode to Chu Feng. He seemed like he had a thousand words to say, but in the end all he said was, "You're back?" Even then, his voice wavered.

"I'm back." Chu Feng replied.

Zhou's hands balled into fists and he lightly punched Chu Feng's chest, his tiger eyes tearing up. "You're stronger. Taller too. Your military years were well-spent."

Liu Minglan protested, "Nonsense, Feng has gotten so thin. Look, our boy must have gone through so much."

Zhou Lie merely laughed and instinctively put his muscular arms around Chu Feng's shoulders, only to realise that the twerp he'd raised was now a full head taller than he was—he was a man now! "Come, have a few drinks with your old man."

"Sure." Chu Feng walked inside with Zhou Lie. Fatherly love was like a mountain, strong but silent; no words were needed to express it, because a single act, a single bowl of strong wine, was enough.

With Chu Feng's arrival, the guests who'd originally been talking among themselves instantly grouped together, gossiping about him one by one.

"That's Zhou's adopted son, right? Didn't he leave to join the army ten years ago? Why's he back now?"

“Why else? He must have been kicked from his squad. Look at the poor clothes he’s wearing. Useless man.”

“Your childhood defines who you become, after all. I told you that boy would never amount to much. I heard he and Ying Ying were childhood friends, and that Zhou had previously tried to get them together. Thank goodness Ying Ying didn’t marry him. Otherwise, he’d just be ruining her future.”

“Oh ho, Ying Ying’s fiance is the heir of a big family, and a young and handsome man to boot. Look at this penniless boy, he’s not even fit to carry their shoes.”

“Exactly. Only the Zhou couple treats him like the apple of their eyes but otherwise, who cares about him?”

Everyone was gossiping away, turning the once-lively and joyous atmosphere of the engagement banquet into something strange and uncanny.

After having risked his life on the field for years, Chu Feng had seen enough of humanity to not care for such slander. The hot-tempered and straightforward Liu Minglan, however, immediately called out the bad-mouthing gossipers and declared that if she heard any tongues wagging again, she’d drench them all in the water she used to clean her feet!

Zhou Lie also harrumphed and took Chu Feng’s hand before deliberately yelling, “Come, boy! Let’s sit at the main table with your father, and drink ourselves silly!”

“Dad!” As the star of the show, Zhou Ying was flushing crimson as she frowned with disapproval; the main table was full of rich and powerful guests, so why was he dragging Chu Feng over, if not to embarrass her on purpose?

Begrudgingly, she sat down and made conversation with the guests, but still ignored Chu Feng as if he was nothing but air.

“Ah, here comes the groom.”

“Congratulations. May your marriage last for a hundred years.”

“What a capable and handsome man, the perfect groom for a perfect bride.”

Just then, a chorus of greetings arose from the crowd and the gentlemanly groom-to-be Sun Mingxuan, wearing a suit and leather shoes, emerged with Zhou Ying around his arm as he toasted the guests one by one and thanked them for the well wishes. They could not have been more glamorous, especially Zhou Ying for having secured such a rich and handsome fiance. Her friends and family were both envious and jealous, lamenting that they lacked the good fortune to have the same thing happen to themselves.

“Allow me to introduce you. This is my fiancée, Sun Mingxuan.” Zhou Ying came to Chu Feng, her tiny face exuding the arrogance of a proud white swan. “And this is Chu Feng, my father’s adoptive son.”

Chu Feng felt a little dejected; that same girl who was inseparable with him was now so distant. She wouldn’t even call him her brother.

“Oh?” Sun Mingxuan’s interest was piqued as he looked Chu Feng up and down. He’d heard rumours that this man was childhood friends with Zhou Ying, and Zhou Lie had always favoured the guy more than him. What gave this man the right to be his romantic rival? “I’ve heard Ying Ying mention you since long ago. I’m so glad you managed to attend our engagement banquet.”

Sun Mingxuan’s smile was warm and welcoming but strangely enough, his eyes were filled with condescension. “I’m Sun Mingxuan, the heir and current vice-president of the Sun Group. My annual salary is just around a million, but soon I’ll be able to inherit the company from my father. Ying Ying will be so happy after she marries me.” He put an arm around her waist, like a victor asserting his dominance. “I heard you joined the army? Did you manage to get a colonel’s rank? Oh, I guess not, because you wouldn’t have retired otherwise. In this day and age, a man like you with neither educational or vocational skills may find it hard to have a future at all...”

Zhou Lie put his wineglass down with an audible thud and said with disapproval, “No one would mistake you for a mute even if you’d kept your mouth shut.” A small-medium enterprise with a measly twenty-million net worth, and he was calling it ‘Sun Group’? It was clear that he was blowing his own trumpet, a mere exaggeration of his wealth just to put Chu Feng in his place. Zhou Lie’s sharp eyes saw through Sun Mingxuan’s malicious ploy immediately. “Chu Feng is my son. Whoever he becomes, you have no right to judge.”

“Father, I’m just showing some consideration for Chu Feng. Don’t get so worked up.” Sun Mingxuan laughed off the criticism nonchalantly, then condescendingly glanced at Chu Feng. “We’re about to become family, Chu Feng. I’m sure you won’t mind a few words between us, right?”

With that, Chu Feng took off his earphones and blinked, asking, “Sorry, you were saying?”

A corner of Sun Mingxuan’s mouth twitched. This man...

Zhou Ying was incensed. “Chu Feng, you’re being rude. Mingxuan only said those things because he cares about you, and you didn’t listen to any of it?”

“Sorry, an occupational habit,” Chu Feng stretched, saying calmly. “I’ve never taken interest in irrelevant, useless talk. It just wastes my time.”

“You—” Sun Mingxuan’s entire face was red with rage. He’d pulled off such a perfect demonstration of his coolness, yet this bastard was ignoring it? What the heck?!