Chapter 10 - 10 Practice the forms, not the technique, and it's all for nothing in the end!

"Enough!"

A figure stepped forward, blocking Lin Mu's path. It was the tall, thin man.

Seeing the man intervene, Qi Fei's eyes flashed with wild joy.

That's right, how could I have forgotten about this? Zeng Wen is a martial artist from the Jianghu, not to mention a disciple of Master Ding. With him here, Lin Mu killing me? Wishful thinking!

With that thought, Qi Fei abruptly stood up, looking at Lin Mu with a venomous expression. "Kid, with Master Ding's top disciple here, not only can you not kill me, but you will also die a miserable death, I guarantee it!"

Master Ding was an ancient martial arts expert and a close friend of Brother Dao. He was not only proud but also possessed a divine cultivation level, revered as a master by others. Brother Dao had dominated River City for decades, and aside from his well-trained minions, Master Ding's assistance was indispensable. Even the number one noble family of River City, the Qiao Family, had to show Master Ding some respect.

As Master Ding's top disciple, Zeng Wen's status was even higher than that of the average scion of a wealthy family. Even Young Master Qiao dared not provoke him. This seemingly decadent middle-aged man was their most reliable trump card.

If it weren't for my slight usefulness to Zeng Wen, he probably wouldn't even glance at me, let alone help me out.

"Lin Mu, I'm truly surprised you're not dead. Your strength has indeed given me a huge surprise, but I'm not afraid to tell you—no matter how strong you are, in front of Master Ding's disciple, you're not even worth a fart!" Qi Fei's eyes gleamed with manic joy, as if he could already see Zeng Wen snapping Lin Mu's neck.

Zeng Wen stood before Lin Mu, less than five steps between them. He stood with his hands behind his back, his expression still somewhat despondent, but his eyes flickered with a cold light.

"Killing fifty-nine people... your murderous aura is a bit too heavy for a young man, don't you think? I'll give you two choices: either surrender and let Qi Fei decide your fate, or I will kill you on the spot."

"Which will you choose?"

He had seen clearly just now that there was not a trace of True Qi in Lin Mu's body. His moves were worse than a three-year-old's, completely unremarkable. Therefore, he concluded that Lin Mu was just a minor character who had practiced some External School martial arts.

Zeng Wen was utterly disdainful. His master had taught him a supreme saying in the Martial Arts World: "Practice the fist but not the art, and you'll find it all for naught." It meant that without entering the Internal School, one could never truly make a mark.

Lin Mu suddenly laughed, looking at Zeng Wen with great interest.

Zeng Wen's brow furrowed, and he said with displeasure, "Kid, what are you laughing at? My patience has its limits. I advise you to make a wise choice before I lose my temper."

Clearly, Lin Mu's reaction had angered him.

Lin Mu shook his head slightly. "I'm laughing at how much you talk, how arrogant you are, and most of all, how you're about to die and don't even know it."

"Scoundrel—" Zeng Wen erupted in rage.

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed, lethal intent gathering within them as he spoke, word by word, "Now I'll give you two choices. Get out, or die."

As his words fell, Qi Fei was taken aback.

This Lin Mu... he dares to be so brazen even when facing a disciple of Master Ding? Isn't he just asking to die? Does he really think he can rely on those pathetic skills of his? How naive!

However, his heart filled with wild delight as he inwardly cursed Lin Mu for being a fool. Does he really think Zeng Wen is like those security guards from

before? He's a disciple of Master Ding, someone who can shatter metal with his palms and crush boulders with his feet! Not to mention, the inscrutable Master Ding is backing him up.

"Arrogant!" An icy expression appeared on Zeng Wen's impassive face, his eyes brimming with murderous intent. "You reject a toast only to drink a forfeit! Today, I want to see just how capable you really are!"

"Die!" Zeng Wen roared. A terrifying force exploded from his body, sweeping the surrounding tables and chairs away like a raging wind.

Under this formidable power, Zeng Wen planted his feet, and the entire bar trembled. He then charged rapidly toward Lin Mu. Internal Energy surged endlessly around his body, the displaced air letting out a tearing sound.

At this moment, the seemingly decadent man from before was gone, replaced by a true martial arts expert. His aura was powerful enough to swallow mountains and rivers.

Qi Fei involuntarily took a few steps back, his eyes filled with envy. So strong! So this is the power of an External Power Martial Artist? If Zeng Wen is this strong, then what about Master Ding? Just how formidable could he be?

"Splitting Mountain Palm!" Zeng Wen's palm, like a mountain-cleaving axe, carried an immensely fierce power as he slammed it toward Lin Mu.

"Hmm, your momentum isn't weak. No wonder you're confident enough to challenge me," Lin Mu's eyes narrowed, and he added coldly, "But it's still not enough."

"Challenge you? Boy, you have no idea how high the sky is or how deep the earth is. I am here to kill you!" Zeng Wen's aura raged as he fiercely brought his palm down.

However, in the next second, Lin Mu's body instantly vanished.

Huh? Such speed! Zeng Wen's heart skipped a beat, a trace of unease growing within him as he frantically searched for Lin Mu.

Just then, a gentle breeze blew past.

Zeng Wen abruptly turned, only to feel an unimaginably powerful force rushing toward him, causing the hair on his skin to stand on end.

Then, a fist rapidly enlarged in his vision.

"Not good!" Zeng Wen cried out in alarm, crossing his arms before his chest. He stepped back with his right foot and leaned forward, attempting to block the fist. His reaction was incredibly fast, and his combat experience could be considered rich.

But he had miscalculated one thing: when an opponent's power reaches a certain overwhelming level, even the most perfect defense is useless.

BANG!

The fist fell, smashing heavily onto Zeng Wen's arms. At that moment, he felt an unimaginable force wash over him like a furious storm. The power made him feel as if he were facing a collapsing mountain, and despair flooded his mind.

This is even more terrifying than facing Master!

CRACK!

The arms Zeng Wen held before his chest snapped instantly. The punch's momentum didn't slow, however, striking his chest with the force of a landslide. He felt as if he'd been hit by a speeding train. He was sent flying, scraping a mark over ten meters long across the floor before crashing heavily into the bar's wall.

SPURT!

Zeng Wen felt his organs shatter, as if his body were about to explode. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, this time filled with fragments of his viscera.

Thick terror filled his eyes.

One punch! I was defeated by a single punch? Me, an External Power Martial Way expert?

A terrifying thought surfaced in his mind. Staring at Lin Mu in horror, he stammered, "You... Are you a Grandmaster?"