# Chapter 11 - 11 Anger!

So that's it!

Only a Grandmaster could achieve a state where their True Qi doesn't leak out, with all their strength emanating from within their body, every move and gesture in perfect harmony with nature. But how is this possible? He doesn't even look thirty! A Grandmaster under the age of thirty… That's impossible even if one had started cultivating in the womb, right?

Zeng Wen still remembered his master once said, "No one becomes a Grandmaster before forty!"

This meant that it was impossible to become a Grandmaster before the age of forty. Only after forty would a person's life experience temper their mastery of the Martial Way. On this path, it wasn't enough to have unique insights; one also needed to comprehend the natural world and harness its power.

Zeng Wen didn't understand what that meant. He only knew that a Martial Artist could not possibly become a Grandmaster before turning forty!

Qi Fei was so terrified he collapsed to the ground. He had never imagined that Master Ding's disciple, the External Strength expert Zeng Wen, would be defeated by Lin Mu.

And with a single punch!

Lin Mu walked toward Zeng Wen step by step, his tone indifferent as he said, "It's over."

Feeling the murderous intent rolling off Lin Mu, Zeng Wen's pupils dilated. "You want to kill me?" he asked in disbelief.

The killing intent in Lin Mu's eyes did not diminish.

"No, you can't kill me! How dare you kill me? I am Master Ding's disciple! If you kill me…" Zeng Wen screamed, his face a mask of shock and terror.

"I said, either get lost or die," Lin Mu's hand grasped Zeng Wen's neck, his voice brushing past him like a winter wind. "Besides, you talk too much."

As the words fell, his grip tightened violently.

"I'll take you down with me!"

With the shadow of death looming over him, a crazed light flashed in Zeng Wen's eyes. He opened his mouth and spat a ray of bloody light, shooting it directly at Lin Mu's face.

"Haha, die! My Bloodthirsty Poison Scorpion feeds on the essence and blood of Martial Artists…" Zeng Wen's face twisted as he laughed maniacally. If you want me dead, I won't let you have an easy time either.

"Is that so?"

However, before Zeng Wen's words had faded, Lin Mu simply reached out and caught a thumb-sized scorpion between two fingers. The scorpion was blood-red, as if it had been steeped in fresh blood, and reeked of gore as it

struggled between his fingers. But Lin Mu's fingers were like steel pincers; no matter how much the scorpion thrashed, its struggles were futile.

The smile on Zeng Wen's face froze.

"Using your own body to raise venomous creatures, feeding them with your blood… only a fool would treasure such heretical practices." Lin Mu applied a bit more pressure, and the scorpion was instantly crushed into a pulp.

"No…!" Zeng Wen let out a terrified shriek, his eyes filled with overwhelming dread.

"You killed my master's Bloodthirsty Poison Scorpion! You're dead!" Zeng Wen seethed through gritted teeth.

"Whether your master can kill me remains to be seen. You, on the other hand, really do talk too much." Lin Mu slowly shook his head, his expression indifferent as he struck out with his palm.

"Spare—"

Before Zeng Wen could finish the word, his entire head exploded with a sickening splat, turning into a fleshy pulp that covered the ground.

THUD!

Seeing Zeng Wen killed, Qi Fei was so frightened he soiled himself. He dropped to his knees and began kowtowing frantically. "Please… don't kill me!" he begged. "Money, women, I can give you anything! Please, I beg you!"

Right now, Qi Fei was like a dog, kneeling on the ground and begging for mercy.

"Back when you broke his arms and legs, leaving him for dead on that desolate mountain, did it ever occur to you that this day would come?" Lin Mu looked down at Qi Fei without a hint of pity. "Tell me, do you deserve to die?"

"You…"

Qi Fei snapped his head up to look at Lin Mu, and his scalp prickled with sudden, horrifying realization. "You're not Lin Mu!" he shouted in disbelief. "Who the hell are you?!"

"Who I am is no longer important. You only need to know that I'm the one who has come for your head." With a swing of his arm, Lin Mu sent a head flying into the air before catching it firmly in his hand.

"Compared to money and women," Lin Mu chuckled, speaking to himself, "I'd much rather have your head! Now that Qi Fei is dead, the next one is Qiao Zishan!"

As soon as he spoke, a faint shattering sound echoed in his mind, making Lin Mu's entire body tremble.

The original owner's lingering obsession had vanished, no longer entangling him. In that same instant, his Divine Soul power grew countless times stronger. His body felt cleansed, his Divine Soul lucid.

"Since I have inherited your body, I will certainly avenge you!"

An oath from an Emperor Zun, witnessed by the heavens and the earth!

Looking at the bodies scattered across the floor, Lin Mu frowned slightly. He flicked his finger, and a tuft of Purple Flame quietly appeared. With a wave of his hand, he sent it drifting over the corpses.

In the blink of an eye, all the bodies were incinerated into fine ash, leaving not a single trace behind. Bizarrely, nothing else in the bar was even scorched. It was a truly miraculous feat.

This Purple Flame was a wisp of the Purple Extreme Heavenly Flame, something Lin Mu had found in the depths of the universe in the Eternal Immortal Realm. In his prime, he could use it to burn mountains and boil seas, melting all of creation. However, his power was currently too weak, so he could only use it to destroy corpses and erase evidence. If his Divine Soul hadn't recovered some of its strength just now, he wouldn't have been able to summon it at all.

After dealing with the bodies, Lin Mu left the Drink and Enjoy Bar with Qi Fei's head in hand.

More than ten minutes after he left, the two women in the bar regained consciousness. At first, they were simply startled to find the bar empty.

However, the sight of blood splattered everywhere made them scream and huddle together in terror.

Those two women were driven mad by the experience. They would tell anyone who would listen that they had seen the Grim Reaper descend and unleash a massacre. When asked what the Grim Reaper looked like, both women reacted identically. Their faces would go pale, their bodies would tremble, and they would hug their heads and crouch on the ground, screaming that they couldn't say, or the Grim Reaper would come to claim their lives.

Of course, Lin Mu knew nothing of this.

He was currently standing before a dilapidated hut, hesitating. This was the original owner's home. He had originally planned to just take a look, kill Qiao Zishan, and then leave.

However, he couldn't leave now. The scene unfolding before him made it impossible for him to simply walk away.

"You old hag, do you think I'm stupid? Your worthless son married into the prestigious Qin Family of River City. He's climbed the social ladder! Are you still telling me you have no money?"

At the entrance of the ruined hut, two fierce-looking thugs sneered down at the old woman on the ground. One of them spat before kicking her hard. "With the Qin Family's wealth, they must have given you a huge sum of money, even for a live-in son-in-law. Where is it? Hand it over!"

So, these two were debt collectors.

The old woman cried out, "I don't have it, I really don't! Oh, my poor son…"

Her wails seemed to shake the very heavens, each cry striking Lin Mu's heart like a heavy drum.

"Don't have it?" the thug sneered. "What do you think the Qin Family will say if I take you to them?"

The old woman was instantly terrified, kneeling and begging, "No, please, I'm begging you, don't do that!"

"Hmph, that's not up to you!" The thug gave his companion a look, and together they grabbed the old woman, preparing to drag her out.

Suddenly, a figure blocked their path, his eyes as sharp as knives, his fury shaking the skies.

"You… deserve to die!"