Chapter Three: The Wrath of Emperor Zun, No One Is Safe!

"Ah, you scum! How dare you hit me? I'll kill you!" Qin Hao shrieked, lying on the ground with blood pouring from his mouth and nose.

The slap from Lin Mu had been incredibly forceful, sending Qin Hao flying seven or eight meters.

The onlookers, finally reacting, stared in shock, finding the scene hard to believe.

What did they just witness? Lin Mu actually struck Qin Hao? Had this guy grown so bold?

"Lin Mu, what are you doing?!" Qin Luoli's expression changed. She shrieked, grabbing Lin Mu. "You need to leave! Hurry and go!"

Lin Mu had just hit Qin Hao. This was a major incident! His father and he would never let Lin Mu off the hook!

Qin Hao lifted his head and sneered, "Leave? After hitting me, you think you can just walk away today? I'm going to chop off his hands!"

Lin Mu's slap had swollen half of Qin Hao's face, driving him into a frenzy.

"Still spouting such arrogant nonsense," Lin Mu said, his voice cold. "Do you think I don't dare to kill you?"

Lin Mu strode forward and planted his foot on Qin Hao's handsome face. "You love spouting filth so much," he said in a cold voice, "so I'll let you have your fill!"

He ground his foot back and forth with immense force, causing Qin Hao to let out a series of agonized screams.

"Bastard, let go! Let me go!"

Qin Hao struggled fiercely, but he was completely pinned by the overwhelming strength in Lin Mu's leg.

At that moment, Qin Hao felt Lin Mu trampling his dignity underfoot, grinding it into the ground. The humiliation was unbearable.

"You had people break my limbs and planned to bury me alive. Did you really think I didn't know?" Lin Mu looked down at Qin Hao, his tone as if it came from the depths of Hell itself, sending a shiver down Qin Hao's spine.

"W-what are you talking about? Believe it or not, I'll sue you for slander?!" A trace of panic appeared on Qin Hao's face, but he would never admit it.

He knew that if he admitted it, he would be finished.

"You won't admit it?" Lin Mu sneered coldly and shook his head. "I already gave you a chance, but you didn't take it. Don't blame me for being ruthless now!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a powerful Divine Soul force erupted from Lin Mu, surging into Qin Hao's mind with raw, domineering power.

A deafening BOOM echoed in his mind.

Qin Hao let out an extremely wretched scream. His eyes bulged, his features twisted in horror, and his pain was palpable.

A terrifying and bloody scene emerged in his mind. The sky was a hazy crimson, drizzling blood. The firmament tore open, and a colossal sword tens of thousands of feet long broke through the clouds, roaring down toward him. Beneath him was a Blood Sea that emitted the thick, pungent stench of gore. Countless corpses floated and sank within it, baring their teeth and claws as they lunged for him.

"No, please, no!" Qin Hao cried out miserably, his body writhing and twisting wildly on the ground.

"Qin Hao, do you admit your guilt?!" Suddenly, a grand, indifferent voice descended like a great bell, plunging Qin Hao into endless fear.

If he didn't admit it, he would surely die!

"I'm guilty! I'm guilty!" Qin Hao suddenly burst into tears, sobbing uncontrollably. "It was me and Qiao Zishan! We conspired to frame you! Our original plan was just to set you up and force you to divorce Qin Luoli!"

His words caused an immediate uproar.

Qin Luoli, in particular, stared at Qin Hao in disbelief, gritting her teeth as her delicate hands clenched into tight fists.

"And what else?!" Lin Mu's voice boomed in his mind.

A look of pure spite contorted Qin Hao's face. "Who told you not to obey? If you had just agreed to our terms and divorced Qin Luoli, you would have gotten a huge sum of money! Besides, what right do you have? You're a

worthless piece of trash, worse than a pig or a dog! How dare you lay a hand on Qin Luoli? A woman like her should be... AHHH!"

Suddenly, before Qin Hao could finish, he let out a piercing scream and passed out.

Only Lin Mu knew this was because Qin Hao's willpower was too weak to withstand the corrosion of his Divine Soul. He had literally been scared insane. But it was enough.

Qin Hao's confession had, of course, caused a massive commotion. Everyone stared in shock at the unconscious Qin Hao and the stoic Lin Mu.

This Qin Hao has actually gone this mad! Although they looked down on Lin Mu, they had never thought about killing him. Breaking his arms and legs, burying him alive... How cruel! And he even mentioned a name: Qiao Zishan! Could that be Qiao Zishan, the infamous prodigal son of Qiao Yuanxi, River City's wealthiest man? It must be him. Everyone in River City knew Qiao Zishan had long considered Qin Luoli his personal prize, pursuing her relentlessly only to be rejected every time. Who would have thought that Qin Hao would actually conspire with Qiao Zishan to frame Lin Mu?

"Lin Mu, is this... true?" Qin Luoli's delicate body trembled as she looked at him, her voice laced with anger.

Lin Mu said indifferently, "Beauty has always been a source of trouble. Haven't you already heard the truth for yourself?"

Taking a deep breath to suppress her anger toward Lin Mu, Qin Luoli turned to face Qin Hongbo. "First Uncle, what a fine son you've raised!" she bit out. "I will get to the bottom of this!"

Qin Hongbo's face changed drastically. Although he was the eldest son of the Qin Family and held a status that allowed him to rival Qin Luoli, he was still nervous now that his son was involved in something so serious.

This matter was too grave! But he would not admit it.

"Nonsense!" Qin Hongbo shouted, pointing at Lin Mu. "Are you all going to believe this little beast's one-sided story? He clearly holds a grudge against my son and wants to frame him!"

Qin Luoli said coldly, "Frame him? Didn't he just admit it himself?"

Qin Hongbo sneered, "Admit it? Qin Luoli, how can you be so foolish? Didn't you see my son only spoke because he was being coerced? How can you trust a word he said? Don't you all know what kind of person Lin Mu is?"

The crowd fell silent for a moment. They thought Qin Hongbo might have a point.

Qin Luoli frowned slightly. Just as she was about to speak, Qin Hongbo pointed at Lin Mu again. "This little beast Lin Mu has a vicious heart! He fails to recognize his place as a worthless live-in son-in-law and cooked up this whole scheme to frame my son! I will not let this matter rest!"

"You little beast, let go of my son! If anything happens to him, I'll kill you!"

Lin Mu hadn't expected Qin Hongbo to twist the truth so shamelessly. "You want your son?" he said coldly. "Fine!"

BANG!

Lin Mu kicked Qin Hao violently in the waist, sending him flying toward Qin Hongbo.

Qin Hongbo caught his son. Seeing him unconscious and foaming at the mouth, his eyes turned crimson with rage. "You hurt my son!" he roared viciously. "Cripple him!"

As he spoke, two bodyguards charged at Lin Mu. They were formidable experts whom Qin Hongbo had hired for a hefty sum. They were more than enough to handle Lin Mu.

The bodyguards moved with incredible speed. As they closed in, they threw powerful, heavy punches aimed to maim.

However, as he faced the incoming fists, the rage of the Thunderbolt flashed in Lin Mu's eyes. He snorted coldly, "Get lost!"

He threw two punches. BANG! BANG! The two bodyguards were sent flying like rag dolls, smashing through several tables before collapsing to the ground, motionless.

The hall fell into a dead silence.