Chapter 7 - 7 Kill!

"I'm here to kill someone. You have a problem with that?"

This kid. What arrogance! Doesn't he know whose turf the Drink and Enjoy Bar is? If you're going to court death, you don't do it here! This is Brother Dao's territory, managed by Brother Fei. Anyone who dares to cause trouble here pays a painful price. And on top of that, the guy actually said he's here to kill someone? He's simply tired of living!

Sure enough, upon hearing Lin Mu's words, the two security guards' expressions changed instantly.

One of them said coldly, "Kid, you're looking for death!"

"Why waste words on him? Just take him down!" the other guard snapped, his patience already gone. He charged straight at Lin Mu, intending to teach him a lesson.

He clenched an extendable baton in his hand and, as he closed in, swung it directly at Lin Mu's head.

Seeing this, the onlookers shook their heads and sighed. They had seen too many people like Lin Mu, who thought a little bit of skill meant they could stir up trouble. But in the end, they were always the ones who suffered for it.

"Haha, beat him to death!" Zhang Da roared with laughter, his face alight with glee. Lin Mu had broken his arm, and now it was time to settle the score.

The security guard looked at Lin Mu coldly as the baton in his hand came crashing down. This strike wouldn't kill him, but it would definitely make him suffer immensely.

However, just as the rubber baton was about to connect, Lin Mu lifted his foot and kicked out.

BANG!

A piercing scream cut through the air as the security guard's body was sent flying backward, slamming heavily into a table. Drinks splashed everywhere, and the glass tabletop shattered into a thousand pieces. The more timid spectators cried out in shock and scrambled back.

"If you don't want to die, bring me your Steward. Otherwise..." Lin Mu stood up, his indifferent eyes sweeping over the crowd. No one dared to meet his gaze.

Lin Mu actually sent a man flying with a single kick? How much strength would that take?

The security guard struggled a few times but couldn't get up. He was left to do nothing but roll on the ground, howling in pain.

His companion's face paled, and he said in a cold voice, "Kid, it looks like you really came here to cause trouble!" He then pressed the walkie-talkie on his belt and reported the situation.

The crowd grew restless as more than a dozen uniformed security guards approached, each one looking fierce and menacing. Anyone who operated an entertainment venue needed some real power to control the scene when trouble arose.

At the head of the security guards stood a man in his early thirties. He had a tall build, a hardened face, and a bare upper body covered in scars and tattoos. One glance was enough to know he was a ruthless character.

"Ninth Brother!"

The crowd's expression shifted, and many of the faint-hearted quietly slipped out of the venue.

This was Ninth Brother, the security manager of the Drink and Enjoy Bar and Brother Fei's top fighter. He had learned some martial arts in his youth, possessed a volatile temperament, and loved nothing more than a good, brutal fight. He had started working for Brother Fei after getting out of prison, where he had served a few years for accidentally killing someone in his youth. Because he was the fiercest and most ruthless fighter, he held great authority in the bar. The security guards he trained were all similarly harsh.

Anyone who caused trouble in the bar and fell into his hands ended up either dead or crippled. Not only was he heavy-handed, but sometimes even bystanders would get injured in the commotion.

As entertaining as the spectacle was, their lives were more important.

"What's going on here?" As soon as Ninth Brother appeared, his fierce eyes locked onto Lin Mu, filled with a mixture of disdain, brutality, and excitement. He loved nothing more than tormenting troublemakers.

"Ninth Brother, this guy caused trouble in the bar and hit me!" Zhang Da cried out, scrambling to his feet and speaking with a fawning tone.

"Did I ask you?" Ninth Brother shot Zhang Da a cold glance, his eyes full of contempt.

He had the least regard for someone who obtained his position by letting his sister be someone else's lover.

"Yes, yes, of course," Zhang Da muttered, embarrassed. He stepped to the side, glaring at Lin Mu with venomous resentment.

This was all this kid's fault!

"Ninth Brother, this guy came out of nowhere! Not only did he make trouble on our turf, but he also injured one of our brothers," the other security guard reported urgently.

Ninth Brother nodded, took a step forward, and looked at Lin Mu. "Kid, you've caused trouble and hurt my men. You're not walking out of here today. So tell me, will it be an arm or a leg?"

Ninth Brother was truly a ruthless man. The first words out of his mouth were about crippling someone, without even bothering to ask who they were. To him, such details were irrelevant.

Hearing this, Lin Mu suddenly smiled.

"Kid, what are you smiling about? You're about to die!" a guard shouted, pointing at Lin Mu.

Lin Mu's smile vanished. "I'd advise you to put your hand down," he said calmly. "Otherwise..."

With Ninth Brother present, the guard felt emboldened. "Otherwise, what are you going to do?" he sneered.

"Why is it that you people never listen to advice? Did you really think I was joking?"

Lin Mu slowly shook his head. His figure blurred, and in the next instant, he appeared in front of the guard. He shot out a hand, grabbing the man's fingers and twisting sharply.

CRACK!

The security guard let out a piercing scream as Lin Mu snapped all five of his fingers.

"See? This is the consequence." Lin Mu gave the man a cold glance and kicked him away. "Now get out of my sight!"

The guard went flying, landing in a heap on the floor where he rolled and wailed in agony.

Ninth Brother glanced at the injured security guard, his eyes narrowing as he stared at Lin Mu. "Kid, you've got guts."

Lin Mu gave a faint smile, but behind it was sheer indifference.

"Brothers, clear the place! Close the doors!"

With a wave of Ninth Brother's hand, the security guards sprang into action. They ushered the guests out and noisily slammed the large doors of the Drink and Enjoy Bar shut. More guards stood watch at the entrance, preventing anyone from looking in.

Because every time Ninth Brother cleared the room, someone was guaranteed to die.

Zhang Da didn't leave. He wanted to watch Lin Mu die. The two women nestled against him, their bodies trembling with fear, but their eyes held a strange, inexplicable excitement. They had only ever seen scenes like this in movies and novels; when else would they get a chance to witness it in real life?

Ninth Brother paid them no mind. He found a stool and sat down as one of his lackeys naturally stepped forward to light a cigarette for him.

Ninth Brother blew out a ring of smoke. "Begin," he said flatly.

"Get him!"

The security guards, who had been itching for action, grabbed their weapons and charged forward. This time, they weren't just armed with rubber batons, but with steel pipes and machetes.

The two guards closest to Lin Mu were the first to reach him, their machetes slashing straight for his head. They were clearly trying to kill him.

However, in response to their assault, Lin Mu simply shook his head. Then, to everyone's astonishment, he reached out with both hands, his fingers pinching toward the machetes.

The two guards froze for a second before sneering.

Idiot! Who fights like that? Does he think he's the protagonist of a novel, some returned Emperor Zun? Trying to perform 'Barehanded Into the Blade's Edge.' He's just courting death.

But in the next second, their expressions changed completely. Lin Mu's fingers accurately and forcefully pinched their blades. With a light twist...

CRACK!

The hard steel machetes instantly snapped.

"Die!"

A cold light flashed in Lin Mu's eyes. With a flick of his wrists, the two broken shards of the blades shot out, instantly piercing the throats of the two security guards.

PFFT!

Blood sprayed through the air. The two guards instinctively clutched at their throats before collapsing to the ground with a heavy thud, their eyes filled with terror and disbelief.