Chapter 8: Surprised I'm not dead?

Silence fell upon the bar in an instant.

From the moment the two security guards made their move to their gruesome deaths, it had all happened in just a few seconds. This bloody scene made Zhang Da's two women scream.

Ninth Brother and his men's faces changed drastically as they stared at Lin Mu in horror. Ninth Brother was shocked by the clean, efficient, and calm manner in which Lin Mu killed. He had killed people before, but he could never remain as calm as Lin Mu, who acted as though he had just stepped on two insignificant ants.

"I did underestimate you," Ninth Brother said with a sinister tone, his voice cold. "What are you staring at? Attack together and cripple him!" Clearly, he had lost his patience.

"Kill!"

A dozen security guards exchanged glances, then charged forward with their weapons raised. Although Lin Mu had shown great strength, he was still just one man. With so many of them attacking at once, he wasn't Ip Man; how could he possibly stand a chance?

One security guard, wielding a steel pipe, smashed it toward Lin Mu's head, his eyes fierce, holding nothing back.

A hint of disdain flashed in Lin Mu's eyes. In a blink, he appeared directly in front of the man. The guard's expression changed. The next moment, he felt a sharp pain in his abdomen as Lin Mu's knee struck him there. He flew backward and crashed to the ground, where he curled up like a cooked shrimp, wailing in agony.

However, Lin Mu did not stop. Stepping forward under the man's terrified gaze, he kicked him squarely in the lower back.

CRACK!

With the sound of breaking bones, the security guard's life flickered out before he could even scream.

Those who set out to kill must be prepared to be killed.

"Ah! I'll kill you!" a burly man with bloodshot eyes roared, raising a long knife and chopping down toward Lin Mu's back in a vicious strike. Lin Mu was formidable, but how could he possibly dodge a sneak attack from behind?

Yet, it only took a second for the guard to find out.

Lin Mu didn't dodge at all. Instead, he spun around and lashed out with his palm, swiftly printing it on the man's chest.

PFFT!

The next moment, the burly man's face flushed crimson as he was sent flying in an unnatural arc. He landed in a heap on the ground, his life also extinguished. The palm strike had seemed weightless, but it was imbued with immense Mana that had instantly shattered all of the man's internal organs. It would have been a miracle if he had survived.

Having killed several men, Lin Mu's expression remained unchanged. The remaining security guards, however, were now like madmen, charging at him heedless of their own lives.

"You seek your own death, so you have no one else to blame!"

A cold glint flashed in his eyes. Lin Mu became a fierce tiger plunging into the crowd. His fists flew, and with just a few swift moves, the ground was littered with corpses.

No one was spared.

DRIP.

A bead of cold sweat trickled down Ninth Brother's face as he stared at the figure standing amidst the bodies. His once-ferocious face was now deathly pale. He had never expected Lin Mu to be so overwhelmingly powerful. Nearly twenty of his best fighters had all been slaughtered by Lin Mu.

At this moment, the entire bar was filled with the thick stench of blood, like a veritable Shura Field.

Zhang Da fell to his knees with a thud, shaking like a leaf. The stench of urine filled the air around him; he had been so terrified he had lost control of his bladder and bowels. Compared to the two women who had fainted from the shock, he was arguably doing better.

But now, Zhang Da's heart was filled with nothing but fear and regret. He was drowning in remorse. Why, oh why, did I provoke a god of slaughter like Lin Mu? This man is a demon who kills without batting an eye! In his eyes, human lives are as worthless as weeds!

TAP. TAP. TAP.

The sound of footsteps echoed as Lin Mu slowly walked up to Ninth Brother, looking down on him. His eyes, though clear, seemed to contain the vicissitudes of ages. It was as if he had seen through the river of time, having lived through ancient epochs. Even if the stars were to fall and the mountains erode to dust, he would remain.

"Now, do you still want to kill me?" Lin Mu asked. His voice seemed to echo from ancient times, rising from the netherworld to strike directly at Ninth Brother's soul.

At that moment, Ninth Brother felt his own insignificance, like an ant staring up at the vast expanse of the sky. How utterly ridiculous.

"I…" This man, known as Brother Fei's top enforcer, couldn't even form a complete sentence. He could only feel his teeth chattering and an icy chill seeping into his bones. What kind of being have I provoked?

"Kid, who exactly are you?" For the first time, Ninth Brother seriously sized up Lin Mu. His features were resolute and handsome, filled with an unspoken majesty. His seemingly thin frame contained terrifying power. His calm eyes were devoid of all emotion.

This was definitely no ordinary man. Ninth Brother wasn't stupid. On the contrary, after so many years in the underworld, he had long since developed a sharp eye for people. But before, he had treated Lin Mu as just an ordinary person, and that was his greatest mistake. This man, this god of slaughter, was shrouded in an unfathomable mystery. His strikes were like thunderbolts, swift and decisive. He appeared calm, but beneath that placid surface was a volcano on the verge of eruption.

Who is he? A thousand guesses flashed through Ninth Brother's mind.

"You are not yet worthy to know my name," Lin Mu said flatly. "Now, bring your Steward out. Otherwise, you die."

Ninth Brother shuddered, looking at Lin Mu in disbelief. "You want to kill me? You dare to kill me?!"

A dozen dead underlings might mean nothing to Brother Dao, but if he were to die, Lin Mu wouldn't be leaving here alive!

However, Lin Mu's eyes were cold, and his words were even colder.

"In this world, there is no one I dare not kill."

His words were like a piercing winter wind, chilling one to the bone.

"Is that so? I'd like to see who dares to run wild on my turf!"

A voice filled with murderous intent drifted down from the second floor of the bar.

The sound of footsteps drew near, and two figures slowly descended. The man in the lead was dressed in a suit with meticulously groomed hair. He stared at Lin Mu with an icy expression. Following him was a tall, thin man who exuded a defeated aura.

This newcomer glanced at the carnage without a hint of emotion. But when his eyes landed on Lin Mu, a sharp glint flashed within them.

"We meet again," Lin Mu said, looking at the tall, thin man. A flicker of killing intent surfaced in his eyes.

Qi Fei. The one who broke my predecessor's limbs and left him for dead in the mountains.

"The Qin Family's live-in son-in-law? It's you!"

Only then did Qi Fei recognize Lin Mu, and his heart filled with shock. Lin Mu had just killed multiple people and was now exuding an icy, powerful aura. His

entire temperament was completely different from the person he remembered as the Qin Family's live-in son-in-law, which was why Qi Fei hadn't recognized him at first.

"Are you surprised I'm not dead?" Lin Mu said coolly. "Since I'm not dead, the next person to die will be you."