

War God 111

Chapter 111: Bet 500,000 on Me to Win!

Who else?

Of course, no one dared to reply.

Liu Zijian watched the figure, his eyes burning with admiration, not envy. Because that was the best brother he'd ever had!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP!

Just then, a burst of applause erupted.

"Spectacular, truly spectacular!"

From the club's main entrance, three people walked out slowly. The man in the lead was the one clapping. He was dressed in a suit and an overcoat, with a cigar in his mouth. Looking to be about thirty years old, he exuded a powerful presence.

"Young Master Fang!"

When this person appeared, the club's bouncers were slightly startled and hurriedly greeted him respectfully.

"You know the rules," Young Master Fang said, a faint smile on his face, though his eyes flickered with indifference. "Go accept your punishment."

The others' faces changed, because they knew the club's rules: failure in their duties meant severing a finger.

"Young Master Fang, we..."

Just as a bouncer began to speak, Young Master Fang waved his hand. A man in sunglasses behind him dashed out, seized the bouncer's neck, and twisted with force.

CRACK!

The man's neck was snapped.

"Since you've taken the money, you must follow the rules," Fang Ziming said indifferently. "Our club doesn't harbor idlers."

The remaining men looked at the body on the ground, their faces pale. Compared to losing their lives, they would rather lose a finger.

With a hardened expression, the security guard who had been on patrol grabbed a steel pipe, stuck his finger inside, and snapped it.

CRACK!

The agonizing pain from the broken finger turned his face ghostly white as cold sweat beaded on his forehead. He glared at Lin Mu, his teeth grinding in anger.

"What? Do you think one finger is enough?" Fang Ziming looked at the man. "You worthless dog, with your eyes that look down on people, you nearly offended an esteemed guest of the club. You won't be needing them anymore."

"Young Master Fang, please, no!" The man dropped to his knees, kowtowing repeatedly. "Young Master Fang, I've been loyal to the club! Please, spare me this one time!"

Fang Ziming waved his hand impatiently. Another man behind him reached into his coat.

Realizing things were going south, the security guard's face hardened. He scrambled to his feet and bolted for the exit.

WHOOSH!

A streak of light whizzed past, piercing straight through the man's neck.

"Ugh..."

He clutched his neck and turned around, the tip of a blade protruding from his throat.

Fang Ziming tossed his cigar butt to the ground, viciously stamped it out, and waved his hand in disgust. "Take these two to feed the dogs. Don't pollute my sight."

Several men stepped forward and took the two corpses away, apparently to be fed to the dogs.

Liu Zijian watched as the two were carried away, his face paling slightly. This guy is ruthless.

Fang Ziming dusted off his hands and smiled at Lin Mu. "I didn't scare you, did I?" After speaking, he laughed heartily. "Let me introduce myself. My name is Fang Ziming, and this club is just a place to pass the time when I'm bored."

Lin Mu looked at him without saying a word.

Fang Ziming laughed. "Brother, I see you've got some skills. How about going up for a couple of rounds? It's really exhilarating."

"How exhilarating?" Lin Mu asked.

Fang Ziming's smile remained. "Don't worry, it definitely won't disappoint you."

Lin Mu nodded. "Then let's play a couple of rounds?"

"Hahaha, brother, you really are a straightforward person!" Fang Ziming laughed heartily and nodded toward a corner.

There, a well-hidden camera was mounted.

The group walked into the club, a three-story establishment renovated from an abandoned parking garage. The first floor served as a general activity area. The second and third floors had been combined, with a large ring in the center where two men were currently engaged in a duel. In the surrounding stands, at least a hundred spectators shouted and cheered. Private rooms, presumably for watching the matches, lined the perimeter of the third floor.

"Brother, though we call it a club, we're all about the thrills here." Fang Ziming gestured to the ring and explained, "See that ring? Those two are in a Life-Death Fist match. You know what that is, right? It means only one person can walk away alive."

"Of course, sometimes, neither of them makes it out alive."

Fang Ziming pointed to the stands. "These are the spectators, and they're also the gamblers. They can place bets on who wins and get paid out according to the odds." He watched Lin Mu with a grin. "Little brother, want to give it a try?"

Liu Zijian wanted to urge Lin Mu not to be impulsive, but Lin Mu just asked, "How does it work?"

Fang Ziming snapped his fingers. "Simple. Pay the registration fee, get a number, and we'll arrange an opponent for you. If you win, you get a share of the winnings based on the bets. If you lose, you forfeit your deposit, of course."

"Do you die if you lose?" Liu Zijian asked.

Fang Ziming smiled. "Of course. If you die, there's no need to refund the deposit."

Liu Zijian's face changed slightly. "Elder Brother Mu?"

Lin Mu glanced at a private room on the third floor. "Then arrange the next match for me."

"What?" Fang Ziming was somewhat surprised. He said in a 'kind-hearted' manner, "Brother, it's not that I look down on you, but those two up there have each won ninety-nine consecutive matches. People have placed heavy bets on them tonight. Anyone who can win one hundred consecutive matches will receive a huge cash prize. If a newcomer beats them, the prize money is doubled."

"Of course, if you can't win," Fang Ziming's eyes narrowed, "then your life is forfeit."

"Go, pay the fee, and bet the rest on me to win," Lin Mu said, handing a card to Fang Ziming.

Fang Ziming looked at Lin Mu for a moment, then nodded slightly. "Impressive courage. As for the one-hundred-thousand deposit, I'll make an exception and waive it for you."

A man behind Fang Ziming took the card and checked it, his expression changing slightly. The amount was five hundred thousand! He'd seen that much money before, but he'd never seen a newcomer bet five hundred thousand on himself to win.

He glanced at Fang Ziming, who nodded slightly in return.

"Little brother, may I have your name for the registration? No offense intended." Fang Ziming's smile was now incredibly warm.

"Lin Mu."

Having said his name, Lin Mu found himself a seat.

Fang Ziming smiled faintly and nodded slightly in a certain direction. Then, he gave Lin Mu a deep look before turning and heading toward the third floor.

"Is that kid here to cause trouble?" On the third floor, Elder Cang's voice sounded.

Staring at the figure on the floor below, Fang Ziming chuckled. "Cause trouble? Does he really think my club is some bar?" His smile was no longer genial; instead, it became exceedingly sinister. "Since he's here, he can forget about leaving!"

On the ring, the two fighters exchanged a flurry of spectacular blows as the surrounding crowd roared.

Liu Zijian was on pins and needles. "Elder Brother Mu, are you really going to fight?"

Lin Mu smiled faintly. "It's free money. It'd be a waste not to take it."

Liu Zijian sighed, not knowing what else to say.

At that moment, the battle on the ring reached a fever pitch. A winner was about to be decided.

Chapter 112: My Words Are As Weighty As the Nine Cauldrons!

"Elder Brother Mu, what did you say?"

The club was noisy, and Liu Zijian hadn't heard Lin Mu clearly.

Lin Mu said, "The shorter one is going to win."

Liu Zijian looked up at the stage. A tall fighter and a short one were trading blows, their movements incredibly fast. The tall man was at least two meters tall and powerfully built, his punches carrying immense force. In contrast, the other fighter was barely 1.6 meters tall and quite frail; he was already injured.

"Pfft, what do you know, kid? Although that Hai Feng is also a champion with ninety-nine consecutive wins, how can he compare to Wu Hao? Forget physique and strength; Wu Hao has defeated countless experts. Betting on him is a guaranteed win."

"This kid doesn't know a thing. Let's just watch the match."

A few people nearby scoffed at Lin Mu's remark.

Lin Mu didn't bother to explain; he just smiled.

Liu Zijian, however, trusted Lin Mu completely.

On the third floor, a cold smirk played on Fang Ziming's lips.

Trying to win money in my territory? Not if I have anything to say about it.

On the stage, the large man named Wu Hao landed a punch. Hai Feng failed to dodge in time and was struck in the chest.

"PFFT!"

Hai Feng spat a mouthful of blood, his movements slowing.

The entire arena erupted in cheers, chanting Wu Hao's name.

"See that, kid? That's Wu Hao's strength! Hai Feng is nothing. If you want to win money, you have to follow us."

The wealthy businessman who had ridiculed Lin Mu earlier laughed heartily. He had bet heavily on Wu Hao today. If Wu Hao won, he wouldn't just recoup his previous losses; he'd make a huge profit on top of it.

"Boss Zhang, when you win, you have to remember to take me on that trip. You've been promising me for so long," the alluring woman in the businessman's arms purred.

"You worthless tramp, have I ever broken a promise to you?" the businessman snarled, grabbing the woman. He laughed loudly. "Just take good care of me tonight, and I'll take you to the Maldives for a month."

"Oh, Boss Zhang, you're terrible," the woman said, wincing in pain before giving another flirtatious smile. She glanced disdainfully at Lin Mu.

So what if he's handsome? He isn't rich like Boss Zhang, and he has no sense. He's clearly just some poor loser.

On the stage, Wu Hao roared with laughter. "It's over! The title of King of Thunder is mine!"

As his laughter faded, Wu Hao lunged forward with both fists, aiming straight for Hai Feng's head.

Just as the punches were about to land, a grin that showed his treacherous plan had succeeded spread across Hai Feng's face. In the next instant, Hai Feng dropped to his knees and threw a punch straight up into Wu Hao's groin.

Wu Hao was in mid-air and couldn't generate any leverage, leaving him completely vulnerable to Hai Feng's blow.

"AARGH!"

At that moment, every man in the audience instinctively crossed his legs, his face turning pale.

THUD!

Wu Hao's body fell limply to the stage floor. His eyes rolled back as his body convulsed in excruciating pain.

Hai Feng slowly rose to his feet. With a vicious grin, he walked over to Wu Hao, grabbed him by the collar, and raised his other fist high, glancing toward the stands.

Every eye in the arena was fixed on his raised fist.

CRACK!

In the next moment, Hai Feng's fist slammed down, snapping Wu Hao's neck.

A dead silence fell over the arena. It was broken by a wave of curses, mixed with a few scattered cheers. Most people had lost their bets on this fight, but the few who had bet on Hai Feng had won big.

"Damn it!"

The wealthy businessman near Lin Mu cursed loudly, got up angrily, and stormed outside.

"Boss Zhang, wait for me! Didn't you say you were taking me to the Maldives?" the woman cried, hurrying after him.

"Maldives, my ass! Get lost!" Enraged from losing a huge sum of money, the businessman slapped the woman, sending her sprawling.

Lying on the ground, the woman wailed, calling him a heartless bastard.

Lin Mu slowly shook his head without a shred of pity.

"Haha! Congratulations to Hai Feng on becoming our club's new champion!" a referee announced as he walked onto the stage. He raised Hai Feng's hand high and smiled down at the crowd. "Next up, we will begin the Champion's Challenge Match! Is there anyone who wishes to come to the stage and challenge him?"

As for Wu Hao's body, it had already been carried away. The dead had no rights here.

"If there's no one..." The referee glanced toward the third floor, gave a subtle nod, and continued, "Then, according to club rules, we will randomly draw one of the contestants from the upcoming matches."

"Of course, this is just a regular challenge, not a fight to the death. The chosen contestant can surrender if they know they are no match."

The crowd below cheered. This was a rare spectacle. The upcoming contestants were mostly weak—certainly no match for Hai Feng. With a random draw, they could still place bets. This was clearly the club's way of giving them free money. It would be foolish not to take it.

Just then, a staff member brought a box onto the stage. The referee reached in, casually drew out a slip of paper, and announced with a small smile, "The chosen contestant is... Lin Mu."

"Will contestant Lin Mu please prepare for the match." As he spoke, the referee shot a meaningful glance in Lin Mu's direction.

"Elder Brother Mu, they're cheating! This is deliberate!" Liu Zijian said indignantly.

Lin Mu nodded. "Of course, I know."

The cheating was blatant, but the audience didn't care. They just wanted a good show and a chance to win money—a perfect combination.

"Is contestant Lin Mu ready?" the referee called out. "If you don't wish to come up, you can also forfeit."

"Elder Brother Mu, just forfeit," Liu Zijian urged. "That guy has won a hundred fights in a row. He must be incredibly strong."

Lin Mu smiled faintly, slowly stood up, and started walking toward the stage.

"Elder Brother Mu..." Liu Zijian looked terrified. It wasn't that he lacked faith in Lin Mu; it was that the man named Hai Feng had won a hundred consecutive matches and was utterly ruthless. If anything happened to Lin Mu, Liu Zijian would be tormented by guilt for the rest of his life.

"Do you have the money?" Lin Mu paused and asked Liu Zijian.

"Ah? Yes, I do," Liu Zijian replied, quickly nodding. He assumed Lin Mu wanted to pay his way out of the trouble. He had brought all the money Lin Mu had given him.

"Good. Go bet it all on me to win."

Lin Mu grinned and continued his slow walk toward the ring.

When the crowd saw a contestant emerging from the spectator stands, a wave of scornful gasps and uproar spread through the arena.

"This kid is a contestant?"

"Is he looking for a death wish?"

Ignoring the crowd's comments, Lin Mu remained perfectly calm as he stepped onto the stage.

"I am Lin Mu."

The referee looked at him and said, "You can forfeit, you know. There's no need to fight." He was trying to be kind; after all, Lin Mu didn't look like a fighter.

Lin Mu smiled faintly. "Forfeit? 'Surrender' is not in my vocabulary."

He then looked up toward the third floor and added with a smile, "Besides, I've said it before: I'm going to destroy this foul and corrupt Ghost Land."

"I always do as I say. My word is as binding as the Nine Cauldrons!"

Chapter 113: Let's Go!

On the third floor, Fang Ziming stared intently at Lin Mu, his hand tightening around his wine glass.

CRACK!

The glass shattered. Crimson, blood-like wine mixed with fresh blood flowed down his hand. Paying the injury no mind, he turned to Hai Feng in the ring and uttered three words.

"Kill him!"

Hai Feng nodded silently, his face filled with murderous intent as he looked at Lin Mu.

"Fine, since you've decided, have it your way," the referee announced. "Now, the match begins!"

After speaking, the referee stepped aside, his expression indifferent. He had already warned Lin Mu, after all. If the man stubbornly sought death, he couldn't blame anyone but himself.

Hai Feng, though only 1.6 meters tall and slim, possessed explosive strength. As the champion with a hundred consecutive wins, his skill was beyond doubt.

After putting on his boxing gloves, he sneered dismissively at Lin Mu, waving his fist. "Kid, I'll make you realize that daring to challenge me will have a dire outcome..."

He didn't finish his words. All he saw was a blur as someone appeared before him. An intense pain shot through his neck, and his vision began to spin. He saw the frozen smiles on the faces of the crowd below, which then twisted into expressions of shock and terror. He even saw his own body slowly collapsing onto the ring.

Dead? I'm dead!

That was Hai Feng's last thought.

BANG!

A blood-drenched head dropped heavily. Before it even hit the ground, Lin Mu kicked it, sending it flying straight toward Fang Ziming on the third floor.

Fang Ziming hadn't recovered from his earlier shock when he saw a dark shadow whistling toward him and subconsciously reached out to catch it.

"Ah!"

Seeing Hai Feng's head, his eyes wide and unblinking in death, Fang Ziming screamed in terror and frantically threw it away.

Utter silence fell over the entire arena.

Everyone's eyes widened, their mouths agape, staring in disbelief at the headless corpse on the stage.

Hai Feng, the champion with one hundred consecutive wins, was dead just like that? What was most eerie was that from beginning to end, none of them had clearly seen how he had died.

Someone started retching, and soon everyone else joined in. They enjoyed gore and excitement and had seen plenty of bloody scenes. They hadn't reacted this way when Wu Hao died, but they had never witnessed anything like this—a man's head knocked clean off, his blood spraying across the ring.

"This is the first time I've ever encountered such a weak champion with a hundred consecutive wins," Lin Mu said, slowly shaking his head. He looked up toward the third floor where Fang Ziming's face was incredibly grim as he stared back. Lin Mu offered an apologetic smile.

"Sorry, I went a bit overboard and killed your man. You aren't angry, are you?"

Meeting Lin Mu's gaze, Fang Ziming felt a chill run down his spine. "How is this possible?" he said incredulously.

Experts who could achieve a hundred consecutive wins in his club were exceedingly rare, and Hai Feng's total number of fights was far beyond a hundred. Even Wu Hao had been no match for him! But Lin Mu had just killed him. And it was an instant kill!

Hearing Lin Mu's words, the shocked crowd finally came to their senses. The gazes directed at Lin Mu were now a complex mixture of shock, fear, and admiration. Previously, they had thought he was a reckless fool courting death. Now, it was clear he had real skill.

Liu Zijian clenched his jaw, a fierce look on his face.

Elder Brother Mu is amazing!

On the stage, Lin Mu seemed to ignore everyone's gazes. Instead, he looked at Fang Ziming and said, "Young Master Fang, is there anyone else who wants to challenge me? If not, I'll pick my next opponent myself."

What? He was going to continue?

Everyone's hearts leaped, and their mouths went dry. Was this guy overconfident? Suppressing their shock, they remembered Lin Mu's earlier vow to destroy the club. Even if he couldn't actually do that, he was clearly intent on thoroughly humiliating Fang Ziming.

Fang Ziming's face grew so dark it looked as if water could drip from it. He gripped the third-floor railing tightly and snarled, "Kid, I underestimated you. But do you think killing Hai Feng makes you invincible? I'll show you the consequences of causing trouble on my turf!"

To him, Hai Feng was among the weakest of his fighters. Of course, a club had to use certain methods to generate hype and make money. Hai Feng's hundred-win streak was heavily padded. The same went for Wu Hao, whom Hai Feng had killed. Both were merely champions packaged by the club for show. For Lin Mu to think he could destroy his club just by killing Hai Feng was delusional.

Fang Ziming's gaze shifted to a corner near the stage, where a dozen of the club's true experts were seated.

He pointed to the tallest, most muscular man among them. "Zhou Peng, you're up. Kill him, and I'll give you a million!"

Zhou Peng's face lit up with joy. He stood with a powerful motion and walked toward the stage.

A million! No one better try to take this from me!

As he stepped onto the stage, the crowd below erupted in shocked murmurs.

"It's him! Zhou Peng, ranked twenty-first in the club! They say he once took on two opponents at the same time and won. His punches are incredibly fast!"

"Sigh, this Lin Mu guy got cocky. He's way too overconfident."

"Who cares? As long as we get a good show!"

Zhou Peng was a head taller than Lin Mu and built like a bull. He slowly walked toward his opponent, pulling on his gloves as he spoke. "Kid, I won't take advantage of you. Go find yourself a pair of gloves."

Lin Mu slowly shook his head. "I don't need them."

Zhou Peng looked at Lin Mu with a hint of pity and said no more. After putting on his gloves and warming up, he beckoned to Lin Mu with a crooked finger.

A faint smile touched Lin Mu's lips as he stepped forward, slowly walking toward Zhou Peng.

BOOM!

Zhou Peng stomped on the stage and shot forward like a ferocious tiger, his fist suddenly smashing toward Lin Mu's temple.

"So fast!" the crowd gasped, many holding their breath.

Fang Ziming slowly lit a cigar for himself.

It's settled!

But in the next moment, a collective gasp erupted from the crowd. Fang Ziming mechanically turned his gaze back to the ring. His whole body trembled, and the cigar dropped from his lips.

On the stage, two figures stood facing each other. Zhou Peng was frozen in his punching stance, a fierce smile still on his face.

Lin Mu had raised a single hand, catching Zhou Peng's fist.

"He... caught it?"

The whole place was in an uproar. Countless people stood up, shocked at the scene, feeling as if their entire worldview had been shattered.

"And you thought this pathetic speed was worth showing off?" Lin Mu grinned. His palm suddenly tightened, twisting Zhou Peng's fist in his grip. "Off you go!"

Chapter 114: Let's Go Together!

WHOOSH! The moment Lin Mu finished speaking, he flexed his arm and effortlessly hoisted the six-foot-three Zhou Peng into the air, launching him toward the third floor.

Spinning through the air, Zhou Peng let out a scream of pure terror. Lin Mu had instantly shattered his arms, body, and every bone in his frame. His opponent's strength had reached an absolute peak, a level that so-called boxers like them could never hope to contend with.

SPLAT!

Zhou Peng crashed heavily in front of Fang Ziming, a mangled heap of flesh and blood, like a side of ruined meat. The sight was as tragic as it was brutally gruesome.

URGH!

Fang Ziming felt his gorge rise and immediately bent over, vomiting on the ground until nothing but stomach acid came up. He then leaped to his feet like a madman, pounding his chest. His face darkened as he glanced down at the burn mark left by a cigarette butt.

But that was nothing. What he truly hated was that Lin Mu had now killed two of his men.

After all, training a boxer like Zhou Peng was no easy feat. It required a massive investment of time and money, not to mention promotion by the club. Each one was a money-making asset. A fighter like Zhou Peng could earn him at least five hundred thousand in a single match. On a good day, he could easily clear several million. But now, Lin Mu had killed him, and so brutally.

"Lin Mu, you're courting death!" Fang Ziming snarled, his eyes dark. "Do you have any idea who you've provoked? I guarantee you won't be walking out of here today!"

His voice was thick with a hatred so intense he looked ready to tear Lin Mu apart with his bare hands.

Lin Mu said slowly, "What's the matter? Can't Young Master Fang take a loss? If that's the case, how about I give you another chance?"

This time, the crowd fell silent. Lin Mu had fought twice, and both times he had won with devastating ease. If they opened their mouths again, they would just be setting themselves up for humiliation. It was better to just watch the show.

"Good!" Fang Ziming said, taking a long, hard look at Lin Mu. "Zhou Tong, you're up!"

Zhou Tong was Zhou Peng's older brother, and his strength ranked among the top three fighters in the entire club. He was more than enough to deal with Lin Mu.

"Kill him, and I'll give you five million!" Fang Ziming said coldly. "Add that to your brother's one million, and it's six million total!"

The man named Zhou Tong nodded. He looked so much like Zhou Peng they could have been twins—exceptionally tall and with a frame that seemed to burst with explosive power. He stood up, his cold gaze locking onto Lin Mu, full of murderous intent.

"Wait."

Just as Zhou Tong was about to step onto the stage, Lin Mu suddenly spoke.

What's this? Is he getting cold feet? Surely the kid has some self-awareness. He must know that winning two in a row is enough; if he keeps going, he'll never leave this club alive.

"What, are you scared?" Fang Ziming stared fiercely at Lin Mu. Regretting it now? Is that supposed to help? This young master won't allow it!

"You misunderstand," Lin Mu said nonchalantly. "Fighting you one by one is no fun. Why don't you all just come at me at once? Against a bunch of trash like you, what do I, Lin Mu, possibly have to fear? Let's get this over with so I can go back to my drink."

His words sent the entire venue into an uproar.

All at once? There are twenty experts in the club! Besides Hai Feng and Zhou Peng, that leaves eighteen men! Is he trying to defy the heavens?

Even those who had some faith in Lin Mu couldn't help but curse him now. One against eighteen? Who does he think he is, Bruce Lee? Ip Man? He's completely out of his depth! What a reckless fool!

Liu Zijian's face fell, and he shouted desperately, "Elder Brother Mu, don't be reckless!" Every single one of these eighteen fighters is tougher than Zhou Peng! If it were one-on-one, I'd still have some confidence. But fighting eighteen at once? That's impossible! It's no different from suicide!

Lin Mu ignored the crowd's outcry, turning his gaze back to Fang Ziming. "Well?" he asked, his tone dismissive. "Do you dare let all your useless subordinates come at me together?"

"Good. Very good. Excellent!" Fang Ziming snarled, his face a twisted mask of fury. "Since you're so determined to die, fine! I'll grant your wish! Zhou Cheng, Li Wan, Zhang Du... all of you, get up there together! If you kill him, I'll give each and every one of you five million!"

As he finished speaking, over a dozen fighters from their designated area stepped onto the stage together, their gazes fixed on Lin Mu with either coldness or mockery.

Five million... That's a huge sum of money. Enough to buy a house in River City!

The spectators below couldn't help but shake their heads. Facing so many opponents, Lin Mu would probably die if each of them just landed a single punch.

"Young Master Fang, how about another wager?" Lin Mu asked, completely unconcerned by the fighters now surrounding him. He looked directly at Fang Ziming.

"What do you want to bet?" Fang Ziming replied coldly, looking at Lin Mu as if he were already a corpse.

"If I win, you hand someone over to me," Lin Mu said calmly.

"Who?"

"Fang Yongnian."

"Lin Mu, you're courting death!" Fang Ziming roared.

"What, you don't dare?" Lin Mu said flatly. "You can always refuse. But after I kill all of them, and then kill you, I'll just go find Fang Yongnian myself." He was referring to the man they knew as Steward Fang.

"Attack! Kill him for me!"

At Fang Ziming's command, the eighteen fighters on the stage lunged at Lin Mu all at once.

「In a private room on the third floor.」

A man and two women were seated on a sofa. The man, around fifty years old, wore a Tang suit. He had a detached demeanor and exuded an air of sharp competence. Most importantly, his temples bulged prominently, and his abdomen undulated in a steady rhythm with each breath. This man was a master of the Martial Way.

The two women beside him were exceptionally beautiful and, quite remarkably, identical twins. Dressed in black training uniforms, their skin was as white as snow, and they possessed an extraordinary air.

All three watched the ring below with calm expressions. After seeing Lin Mu challenge eighteen men, the woman on the left chuckled. "Peng Shi, don't you think that guy is crazy? He wins two matches and suddenly becomes this blindly arrogant?"

The woman on the right giggled. "Or maybe he really has the skill for it. What do you think, Peng Shi?"

The man they called Peng Shi said nothing. He kept his eyes closed, engaged in slow, meditative breathing. A minor spectacle like this was beneath his notice. To him, they were just a pack of brutes obsessed with brawling, a matter in which he had no interest.

In the very next moment, however, Peng Shi's eyes snapped open. He glanced down at the ring, only to shake his head in utter disappointment. A waste of time.

「Meanwhile, downstairs, the atmosphere had reached a fever pitch.」

Fang Ziming's face contorted viciously as he roared, "Kill him!"

Chapter 115: Kill One Step at a Time, Leave No Trace for a Thousand Miles!

On the platform, Zhou Cheng was the first to act, launching a direct attack toward Lin Mu's head with both fists clenched. Following close behind, Li Wan dropped low, attacking from below.

The third...

The fourth...

These dozen or so fighters were all experts from the club. In terms of strength and combat experience, they were second to none. They didn't attack blindly but split into several groups, sealing off all of Lin Mu's possible routes of attack or retreat.

If Lin Mu wanted to strike, he would have to face the combined assault of four men. Retreat?

Possible? Do they really think the others are just for show?

The crowd below watched with wide eyes, nervously following the match. A battle of this magnitude was a rare sight, something you might only see once in a decade. After witnessing this match, they would have a story to boast about for years to come.

Lin Mu remained calm. As Zhou Cheng threw his punch, Lin Mu merely tilted his head slightly to dodge it, then subtly retracted his chest.

Zhou Cheng's punch missed, but instead of showing disappointment, he sneered, his fist shifting into a claw as he reached for Lin Mu's temple. Had it connected, Lin Mu would have been injured. At the same

time, Zhang Du's fist struck Lin Mu squarely in the chest. However, Zhang Du felt the power behind his punch instantly dissipate.

BANG!

In the next moment, Lin Mu's chest swelled, and a surge of power erupted outward.

Zhang Du screamed in agony, his arm falling limply to his side.

Did Lin Mu just shatter his arm with a pulse of force?

Meanwhile, Lin Mu's other hand shot up, about to grasp Zhou Cheng's wrist just as his claw was a mere inch away from Lin Mu's head. Lin Mu's arm tensed, and with a forceful twist, a sharp crunching sound echoed as he snapped Zhou Cheng's arm.

As for Li Wan, who intended to attack Lin Mu's lower body, he found his ankle pinned to the floor by Lin Mu's foot.

CRACK!

Li Wan let out a scream, his face twisting in pain. Just as he tried to retreat, Lin Mu pivoted his foot and brutally kicked him in the chest.

PUH!

Spitting a mouthful of blood, Li Wan was sent flying backward. He crashed onto the floor below the platform and could not rise again.

"A knight of Zhao with silken-tasseled cap, his Wu hook gleaming like frost and snow!"

Lin Mu's figure flickered. He threw a mighty and heavy punch, sending Zhou Cheng flying backward with a scream, his chest caved in.

"A silver saddle on a snow-white steed, he gallops past, a shooting star in speed!"

Lin Mu dissolved into a blur of afterimages, reappearing in front of Zhang Du. He grabbed the man's arm and slammed his shoulder into him.

CRACK!

Zhang Du screamed as his entire upper body exploded.

Zhang Du died.

"With every step a man is slain, for a thousand miles, no trace remains!"

On the platform, only a series of afterimages could be seen as Lin Mu moved through the crowd with an air of wild abandon. But with each pause, another man would fall. In the blink of an eye, only eight fighters remained standing. Lin Mu had just slain a full ten men.

The crowd drew in a sharp collective breath, the shock on their faces deepening.

On the platform, Lin Mu straightened up and lightly dusted off his clothes.

"When the deed is done, I flick my sleeves and go, concealing all my fame and skill from show."

In the next second, Lin Mu appeared before another man. His palm instantly closed around the opponent's neck, and he squeezed with violent force.

CRACK!

The resentful fighter collapsed.

"I drink with lords and pass the time with ease, then draw my sword to lay it on my knees."

Lin Mu raised two fingers and made a light swiping motion. A sound like tearing silk filled the air. A man who was trying to flee by leaping off the platform suddenly froze mid-air. The next moment, a shocking scene unfolded as a thin red line appeared on the man's brow.

SPLAT!

The man split vertically in two, the cut so neat it looked as if it had been made by the sharpest of blades. Everyone's face turned pale, and many began vomiting again.

...

Each time Lin Mu spoke, another person met a grisly death. His moves were clean and decisive, the scene utterly staggering.

"Even in death, a warrior's bones are fragrant, unashamed among the heroes of the age."

His figure flickered again, appearing before another man. He grabbed his collar and forcefully drove a knee into his abdomen.

PUH!

The man's bloodshot eyes bulged as he slowly collapsed.

"Who is left to write the tale? Of one who penned the *White-haired Tai Xuan Scripture* till his hair grew pale."

The last man's face was deathly pale. He had lost even the courage to make a move. When Lin Mu turned to look at him, the man's Adam's apple bobbed frantically, and a trace of blood spilled from the corner of his mouth. He had been literally scared to death.

A deathly silence fell over the entire club. Everyone stared wide-eyed at the carnage on the stage, a deep chill pervading their bodies. A bone-piercing coldness surged from the soles of their feet to their hearts. They were shaken, shocked, and utterly terrified.

At this moment, no one dared to speak. They barely dared to breathe, holding their breath tightly. Lin Mu's figure loomed large in their eyes until it consumed their very minds. The sounds of slaughter, the screams of agony, the thud of bodies, and the splatter of blood echoed endlessly in their ears.

He was like a butcher who killed without blinking—or rather, a Devil returned from Hell!

「Third-floor private room.」

The woman on the left watched the bloody scene on the stage, her pretty face pale and her beautiful eyes filled with fear. The woman on the right was no better off; her body trembled slightly as she bit her lip hard, her eyes fixed on that one figure.

Even Peng Shi's expression changed slightly.

What a powerful killing aura! What's curious is that there was no fluctuation of True Qi when he attacked. Even his breathing and footwork aren't those of the Martial Way. It's as if he's killing with brute force alone. Could he have been trained in the army? No, impossible. Even an expert from the military couldn't do that. When he sliced that fighter in two with just his fingers... it was like magic. Even I couldn't achieve something like that.

...

Fang Ziming's gaze was blank and his limbs felt icy cold as he stared at Lin Mu, a god of slaughter incarnate, and at the corpses on the slaughterhouse-like stage. A terrible premonition flashed through his mind.

We've provoked someone we absolutely shouldn't have! Who in the world is Lin Mu? Why is he so powerful?

His eyes shifted, glancing down at Liu Zijian, who was watching with an excited, crimson-eyed expression. A lightning bolt of realization struck Fang Ziming, and he suddenly understood.

As the last man fell, Lin Mu's head snapped up toward the third floor. His gaze, brimming with murderous intent, locked onto Fang Ziming as he began to walk toward him.

"I gave you a chance. Hand over Fang Yongnian, and I'll give you a quick death."

Lin Mu's killing intent was tangible as he advanced, step by step. Everyone in his path subconsciously cleared a path, no one daring to stand before him, much less meet his eyes.

"I..." Fang Ziming collapsed to the ground, his face a mask of terror. "I... I've already sent someone to fetch him."

At that moment, a pale-faced man in his fifties was brought up. It was none other than Steward Fang Yongnian.

"Lin Mu, this is Fang Yongnian! I've brought him to you! Please, don't kill me!" Fang Ziming cried out, overjoyed at the sight of the steward as he pleaded with Lin Mu.

"Good. Then you can die now," Lin Mu nodded slowly, then raised his hand and sent a palm strike toward Fang Ziming.

"No!" Fang Ziming screamed. "You can't kill me! I'm from the Fang Family! Peng Shi, save me! Save meeee!"

In that moment, Fang Ziming finally felt true despair.

Chapter 116: So Weak And Still Embarrass Yourself!

"Someone else?"

Lin Mu slowed his ascent to the third floor. Just as he was about to set foot on it, he looked up at a private room, his gaze piercing. Not only him, but the audience below reacted as well, their gazes turning curiously toward the same private room.

They too wanted to see who this Peng Shi mentioned by Fang Ziming actually was.

A few seconds later, a deep sigh trembled from within the room.

With a loud bang, the private room door exploded, sending splinters flying in all directions like shrapnel. Immediately, an overwhelmingly powerful aura swept over the scene. Amidst a gale of Internal Energy, a figure shot out from the private room as fast as thunder.

He stepped onto the flying debris, his body as light as a swallow's. Like a martial arts master from the novels, he seemed to walk on air, a stunning entrance that left everyone breathless.

Seeing this, everyone gasped and rubbed their eyes, their faces etched with shock.

"Can that person fly? Is... is this a movie shoot?"

"No, that's the legendary lightness skill!"

"I never thought such masters truly existed in the world. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes!"

"I've heard there are people in this world just like the masters in wuxia novels. They have astonishing martial skills, able to scale walls and walk on water. The world calls them Martial Artists!"

"Martial Artists..."

This man's entrance was every bit as shocking as Lin Mu's killing of eighteen people.

The man was in his fifties, clad in a Tang suit. He had a broad forehead, and his powerful chest rose and fell in a deep, rhythmic cadence.

It was indeed Peng Shi.

Fang Ziming, still on the ground, looked at Peng Shi with wild joy, as if he were looking at his savior. Light as a swallow, walking on air, converting Inner Strength to Internal Energy... is this the Internal Energy Mastery my father spoke of? Terrifying! Truly, utterly terrifying!

Thinking this, Fang Ziming scrambled excitedly to his feet. He stood behind Peng Shi and glared with venomous spite. "Kid, with Peng Shi here, not only will you fail to kill me, but you will also die a miserable death!"

"I guarantee it!"

Peng Shi was an expert of the Martial Way and a highly prized Emissary hired by the Fang Family for a hefty sum. His own strength was formidable, and his pride was immense. Even the family elders had to treat him with the utmost courtesy. If I weren't in mortal danger, Peng Shi probably wouldn't even deign to spare me a glance.

Liu Zijian, his face pale, muttered in despair, "Is that... even human?"

Peng Shi stood before Lin Mu, the two of them barely five steps apart. Standing on the third floor while Lin Mu was still on the stairs, Peng Shi looked down on him with an indifferent expression.

He stood with his hands clasped behind his back. "Young man, you should stop while you still can," he said slowly, his voice as cold and hard as steel. His gaze was filled with a detached indifference.

"You've killed twenty people in a fit of rage; your murderous aura is too strong. I will give you two choices: either you leave, or I will personally cut you down where you stand!"

Though his tone was calm, his overwhelming killing intent was unmistakable.

"You have three seconds to consider."

In Peng Shi's eyes, Lin Mu's strength was insignificant. Even his own two apprentices were stronger. Lin Mu was just a brute who thought his raw strength made him invincible. Peng Shi found this utterly contemptible.

There was a saying in the Martial Arts World: "All brawn and no technique amounts to nothing." It meant that those who had not entered the Internal School were all ants!

Thus, he believed Lin Mu would make the right choice.

Awed by Peng Shi's domineering presence, no one in the crowd dared to breathe too loudly. They watched with a mixture of tension and fear. Surely, that fellow Lin Mu would have the sense to retreat.

Lin Mu looked at Peng Shi calmly and suddenly offered a faint smile.

"What are you laughing at, kid?" Peng Shi's expression darkened. "My patience has its limits. Don't be a fool."

Seeing the smile on Lin Mu's face, his aura surged dramatically, pressing down toward Lin Mu.

In response, Lin Mu's expression remained as calm as ever, but a trace of disdain shone in his eyes.

"I'm laughing at how you overestimate yourself. I'm laughing because you've cultivated a mere sliver of so-called Internal Energy and now think you're better than everyone else. I'm laughing because you don't even realize who you're talking to."

Lin Mu said calmly, "What right does an ant like you have to show off before me?"

As his words fell, Lin Mu's presence suddenly changed. Although no tangible power was released, his entire demeanor became ethereal and transcendent, almost unbearable to behold.

At that moment, Peng Shi, standing above him, felt as if he were facing an unscalable mountain, a feeling of his own insignificance stirring deep within him.

"You're courting death!"

Provoked by this sudden feeling, Peng Shi's face turned grim. He raised his hand and struck out at Lin Mu with his palm. "Since you, junior, insist on courting death, this old man can't let you live!"

This palm strike seemed to cleave the very air. Everyone felt a sharp pain in their eardrums.

"So powerful!"

"That Lin Mu is going to die!"

A ferocious smile stretched across Fang Ziming's face as he looked at Lin Mu as if he were already a dead man. To speak so arrogantly to Peng Shi was a death wish. He had once seen Peng Shi shatter a pearwood table into splinters with a single palm strike. No matter how strong Lin Mu was, he was still going to die.

Fang Yongnian was thrilled. This Lin Mu is an utter fool! Does he really think he's invincible? Peng Shi isn't like the common rabble from the club.

Peng Shi's aura surged violently; his palm strike was merciless.

He's a bit stronger than Zeng Wen. Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly. He then slowly shook his head and said, "But if this is all you have, it's not enough."

Lin Mu suddenly raised his hand and, with a light grasp, caught Peng Shi's wrist.

The entire hall fell silent.

Lin Mu... actually caught Peng Shi's strike? How... how is that possible?

Even Peng Shi was momentarily stunned, then a barely concealed murderous intent flashed across his face.

"Refusing a toast only to drink a forfeit! You dare to fight back with your meager skills? When I made a name for myself in the Martial Arts World, you were still a babe in diapers!"

Peng Shi bellowed, his clothes swelling with power as an even more formidable force erupted from him.

"Splitting Palm!"

Peng Shi raised his hand, unleashing an extremely powerful force in a palm strike aimed at Lin Mu's head. If this palm landed, Lin Mu's head would surely shatter.

However, just as Peng Shi's hand was about to connect, Lin Mu slightly shook his head. He raised his own hand, sending a palm strike out with the speed of lightning.

THWACK!

He struck second, but landed first!

The palm printed itself on Peng Shi's chest, sending him flying backward. Peng Shi coughed up a mouthful of blood in midair before crashing heavily to the ground.

Lin Mu took the final step onto the third floor. He looked down indifferently at Peng Shi on the ground and slowly shook his head.

"So weak, and you still had the nerve to come out and make a fool of yourself?"

Chapter 117: If I Had Known This Would Happen, Why Did I Bother in the First Place!

Peng Shi was sent flying by a single palm strike from Lin Mu? He even spat out blood? Is this... could this be an act?

Everyone watched, lost in a state of profound shock. The smiles on the faces of Fang Ziming and Fang Yongnian froze instantly. Peng Shi, defeated in a single move?

"Peng Shi!"

The pair of twin sisters rushed out of their private room to support him. "Peng Shi, are you alright?" one asked in shock.

"COUGH, COUGH." Peng Shi coughed twice, rubbing his chest. "I'm fine."

He struggled to his feet, his eyes fixed icily on Lin Mu. "Kid, you're courting death!" he snarled, deeply provoked by Lin Mu's earlier words. "It seems I underestimated you, but I guarantee you will die here today!"

As soon as Peng Shi finished speaking, his Internal Energy erupted. The force of the blast threw the twin sisters aside as he instantly appeared before Lin Mu, his palms striking out rapidly.

Splitting Palm!

Compared to his previous attempt, Peng Shi's palms now pulsed with a dense concentration of Internal Energy, so thick it seemed tangible and capable of tearing through the air itself. This time, Peng Shi was fueled by a furious, murderous intent.

"You clueless old fool, do you really think I don't dare to kill you?"

A sharp glint flashed in Lin Mu's eyes. He raised his hands as if embracing heaven and earth, and a terrifying power erupted from his body.

"Emperor's Divine Fist—Breaking the Heavens Technique!"

The entire club shook violently, and all the onlookers stared at Lin Mu in utter amazement. Wisps of energy gathered and interwove between his hands, coalescing into a sphere of energy the size of a basketball.

The Emperor's Divine Fist was a technique Lin Mu had created after achieving the title of Emperor Zun, synthesizing countless fist techniques from the Immortal Realm. The fist style had only nine forms, but each one was imbued with immense power. At his peak, unleashing all nine could shatter an entire world. With his current Cultivation Level, however, Lin Mu could barely manage to execute the first three.

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As Lin Mu's incantation ended, the sphere of energy in his hands suddenly transformed into a fist and smashed toward Peng Shi.

When Peng Shi saw the fist materialize in mid-air, his face went white with terror. "A manifestation of the Heavenly Dao... You... you're a Grandmaster!" he shrieked.

CRACK!

But before he could finish, the fist crashed down, striking him hard.

PFFT!

Peng Shi's body shot backward like a kite with its string cut, smashing through the walls of several private rooms on the third floor as he coughed up mouthfuls of blood. Before he could even hit the ground, a figure closed in like a bolt of lightning and grabbed his head.

THUD!

Lin Mu forced Peng Shi heavily to his knees. Peng Shi's face was ashen, his expression one of pure terror. "You... you're a Grandmaster? Impossible, you can't be a Grandmaster!" Even with his head in Lin Mu's grip, his voice was filled with horrified disbelief.

Lin Mu isn't even thirty years old. A Grandmaster under thirty... that's impossible in the Martial Arts World!

"Master Lin, spare my life," Peng Shi pleaded fearfully. "It was my fault; I was blind to your eminence. Had I known you were a Grandmaster, I wouldn't have dared to oppose you, not even if you gave me ten times the courage."

Peng Shi was on the verge of tears, his fear of death compelling him to grovel for mercy. Dignity? What's dignity worth compared to my life?

Everyone stared, mouths agape, dumbfounded by the scene. Peng Shi is actually begging for mercy?

Lin Mu's expression was glacial. "You talk too much." With a surge of Internal Energy, he prepared to crush Peng Shi's head.

"Let go of Peng Shi!" Seeing this, the twin sisters' faces changed drastically, and they charged toward Lin Mu.

"Get lost!"

Lin Mu whirled around. His aura was as menacing as a pouncing tiger, freezing the two women in their tracks. Their faces turned pale; the pressure from Lin Mu was simply terrifying.

"Hurry up and release Peng Shi, or you're signing your own death warrant!" one of the women said coldly. Despite Lin Mu's terrifying power, their own prestigious backgrounds gave them confidence.

"A death warrant?" Lin Mu scoffed. "I'd like to see how you plan on killing me."

As soon as he finished speaking, his hand tightened.

CRUNCH!

With a sickening crack, Peng Shi's head burst. The spray of blood and brain matter horrified everyone present. They all stared in stunned silence. Nobody in the club could believe Lin Mu would be so ruthless, killing at a moment's notice and with such brutality. The shock they felt was now replaced by pure terror.

The two women were pale with fright. "You killed Peng Shi? You actually killed Peng Shi?" one of them stammered, her voice icy. "You're dead, you are so dead!"

SLAP!

Before she could finish her threat, a figure blurred before her eyes, and a palm struck her face. The woman was sent flying, landing in a heap several meters away, her cheek swelling instantly.

The already shocked onlookers could only gape in disbelief. How ruthless! He even hits women!

"Sister!" The other woman's expression twisted as she rushed to help her sibling up, glaring at Lin Mu with murderous intent. "You dare hit my sister? I'll kill you!"

With his hands behind his back, Lin Mu walked past the two. He paused briefly and said with utter indifference, "Don't think I won't kill you just because you're women."

Hearing his words, both women shivered, a deep-seated fear rising within them.

Ignoring them, Lin Mu walked toward Fang Ziming. "Now," he asked calmly, "is there anyone else coming to save you?"

Fang Ziming was speechless. Lin Mu killed Peng Shi? He even dared to strike women—what wouldn't he do? A profound sense of fear and regret flooded his heart. If only I hadn't provoked him...

His lips trembling, Fang Ziming stammered, "Master... Master Lin... please... please don't kill me. I beg you, don't kill me."

Lin Mu said coolly, "I already gave you a chance. You're the one who didn't cherish it."

As he spoke, his palm flashed across Fang Ziming's neck.

SPLAT!

A head tumbled onto the fighting ring on the second floor. On it were Fang Ziming's wide-open eyes, staring in eternal disbelief.

"AHH!"

The two women screamed, clinging to each other in terror. Born into wealthy families, they considered themselves elites who had witnessed their fair share of fights between Martial Artists. But they had never seen anyone as vicious and brutal as Lin Mu. With Peng Shi dead, the sisters were thoroughly terrified.

Lin Mu paid them no mind, instead turning to Fang Yongnian, who looked as if he had lost his mind. The man was already chilled to the bone, his face ghastly pale as he mumbled over and over, "Don't kill me... please don't kill me..."

"You should have known this day would come," Lin Mu said flatly.

With another wave of his hand, a second head rolled across the floor.

Chapter 118: The 2nd Mysterious Scroll!

Looking at the head at his feet, Liu Zijian turned to the side, his body trembling slightly. After a long moment, he finally turned back around. With his eyes slightly red, he looked at Lin Mu and managed to say two heavy words.

"Brother... Thank you."

No one could know the depth of emotion contained in those two words. He had been enduring far too much pressure: his father's death, his mother's grave illness, his wife's abandonment, his son's disability, and the relentless hounding that followed. His enemies could show up at his door at any moment to harm his mother and child, yet he could only swallow his rage.

Lin Mu's appearance had given him a glimmer of hope. However, his mother had taught him that while friends were there to share in good fortune, and you could ask for their help in times of need, there had to be a limit. His enemies were too powerful—so powerful that even his mother didn't want him to drag his brother into the mess. Therefore, he had been holding back this entire time.

But now, things were different. His enemy had been beheaded, his mother's illness was cured, and even his son had begun to speak. The strength his brother possessed had finally lifted the immense weight from his shoulders.

Wiping his eyes, Liu Zijian gave Lin Mu a wide grin.

This time, Lin Mu didn't scold him. Instead, he scanned the crowd below with a blank expression. The onlookers all lowered their heads and averted their gaze, not daring to meet his eyes, terrified that this god of slaughter would begin another massacre. With a slight frown, Lin Mu took a deep breath that sank into his Dantian and let out a mighty roar.

ROAR!

A sound like a dragon's cry rolled out from his mouth, its momentum so immense it seemed to overwhelm every other sound in the world. Yet, the Xin Yuan Club's building remained completely unharmed. The people present, however, fell one by one, their bodies going limp as they lost consciousness.

"Brother Mu, what are you doing...?" Liu Zijian's expression changed. Thinking Lin Mu had killed them all, his face filled with panic. After all, every grievance has a source and every debt its debtor; he only wanted to kill Fang Yongnian. He didn't want these ordinary people to be implicated because of him.

Lin Mu knew what he was about to say and smiled. "Don't worry. I just erased their memories of today. They might get very sick, but their lives aren't in danger."

What Lin Mu had just unleashed was a sonic Divine Skill from the Buddhist Door called 'The Sudden Shout,' a Cultivation Technique that specifically targeted the Divine Soul. Although Lin Mu's Cultivation Level wasn't high, it was more than enough to completely wipe the memories of these ordinary people. Even so, his face was now slightly pale.

"Phew, that's good then," Liu Zijian said with a sigh of relief. "Brother, you really scared the hell out of me today."

He was, of course, referring to everything that had transpired.

Lin Mu smiled faintly. "Let's go."

"Alright."

The two left together, leaving behind a club filled with corpses and unconscious bodies.

「Ten-odd minutes later.」

On the third floor, the twin sisters awoke earlier than expected. Their expressions changed drastically when they saw the bodies on the ground.

"Sister, what is this..."

Jiang Bing'er helped her younger sister up and said with a grave expression, "Quick, we need to leave!"

Her sister, Jiang Xue'er, rubbed her faintly aching head. "Sister, I don't know why, but it feels like there's someone hidden in my mind. I have absolutely no memory of this person, but I know that I'm terrified of him."

"Don't overthink it. You probably just didn't get enough rest."

Jiang Bing'er led her sister away quickly, but an image of a certain figure kept flashing through her mind.

Lin Mu... Grandmaster...

After Jiang Bing'er and her sister left the club, two figures rushed inside. When they saw the club's interior covered in bodies and blood, they exchanged a look, seeing shock and fear in each other's eyes.

"Hurry, notify Captain Guan!"

「The Guan Family.」

"What? They're all dead?" Guan Feifei, who answered the call, was so shaken that he shot to his feet, exclaiming, "Are you sure you saw that correctly?"

"Absolutely certain!"

After receiving confirmation, Guan Feifei sucked in a sharp breath. He gave a solemn order, "Clean up the scene completely. Don't let a single detail leak out. Take all survivors into custody and only release them when you're sure they won't talk!"

After hanging up, Guan Feifei's face was still etched with shock.

Master Lin, who on earth are you?

The thought startled him into action. This matter was too significant; he had to inform the old master.

Upon hearing Guan Feifei's report, a strange light gleamed in Guan Chengye's eyes, and then he burst into laughter.

"Excellent, excellent, excellent!" Guan Chengye slapped his thigh hard. "Truly worthy of being Master Lin!"

"Grandfather, this is too serious," Guan Feifei said gravely. "And the Fang Family is behind the Xin Yuan Club. Their background..."

Guan Chengye waved a dismissive hand. "What about the Fang Family? You think that man Fang would dare to demand an explanation? If he stays away, so be it. But if he dares to come, I'd love to ask him exactly what the relationship is between his Fang Family and the Dark Web!"

Guan Feifei had already explained that the people targeting Master Lin's friend had ties to the Dark Web. But now they lacked concrete evidence, and not only was Fang Yongnian dead, but so was Fang Yonglong's son. The trail had gone cold.

But it didn't matter. Dead was dead. Even if they hadn't died now, they would have met the same fate once evidence was found.

Guan Feifei was still concerned. "But I heard even that Peng Shi is dead, and he was a Martial Artist who had achieved Internal Energy Mastery."

Guan Chengye spoke with earnest gravity, "Feifei, you yourself said that Peng Hua was a Martial Artist with Internal Energy Mastery. Since even he died at Master Lin's hands, how strong do you think Master Lin is?"

Guan Feifei gasped, realizing he hadn't truly considered that. Although his grandfather had always insisted on treating Lin Mu with respect, Guan Feifei had never taken it to heart. Now, however, he was beginning to understand.

Is Lin Mu a Grandmaster?

Guan Chengye smiled faintly, choosing not to answer directly. Instead, he said, "You did well this time, knowing to suppress this incident. Master Lin might not care, but as long as you did it, he will find out sooner or later."

Guan Chengye left one thing unsaid: as a Grandmaster, once Lin Mu learned of this, he would feel he owed the Guan Family a favor. For the Guan Family, that was a very profitable exchange.

Meanwhile, Lin Mu was unaware that the Guan Family had covered up the incident at the Xin Yuan Club for him. Just as Guan Chengye suspected, he truly didn't care about the lives of Fang Ziming and the others. At this moment, he was holding an open, rectangular box. He looked at its contents with a peculiar expression on his face.

It was a painted scroll.

Although he hadn't unrolled it yet, Lin Mu already knew what it was.

What a coincidence.

Lin Mu smiled faintly, took out the scroll, and slowly began to open it.

Chapter 119: The Immortal by the River!

Unlike the first scroll, the second depicted a portrait of a man. He stood on the bank of a great river, a xiao in his hand but no sword on his back. Surrounding him, just a few simple lines conjured a scene shrouded in dense mist. Deep within it, the man resembled an exiled immortal.

"Elder Brother Mu, is this painting very important? Why does everyone want to get it?" Liu Zijian glanced at the painting and asked curiously.

His father had once told him that the painting was a family heirloom passed down through generations. While not inherently special, its significance meant it could not be lost. Since his father's death, the painting had passed into Liu Zijian's hands, and he treated it as his only memento. Therefore, he had never given it away, whether it was Fang Yongnian or Qiao Zishan who came asking for it. Even his wife didn't know that the item he treasured so dearly was just a painting.

That greedy woman. I told her from the start that we had nothing of value, but she refused to believe me. In the end, she took all our savings, not leaving a single penny for me and our child.

More than two years had passed, and Liu Zijian no longer harbored much resentment toward that heartless woman. It was just that every time he saw his young son, he was overwhelmed with endless guilt.

"This painting would be useless in the hands of an ordinary person. But as luck would have it, it's quite something in yours," Lin Mu chuckled. He was now certain that this painting and the one he had received from the Guan Family were a set. Moreover, he could sense the same Sword Qi emanating from both scrolls.

Thinking of this, Lin Mu looked at Liu Zijian with sudden curiosity. "Do you remember what Uncle Liu said when he gave you this painting?"

Liu Zijian thought for a moment before shaking his head. "No. When he gave it to me, he just said it was an ancestral heirloom and told me to guard it carefully so it wouldn't fall into the hands of outsiders."

He gave a wry smile. "Back then, I even had it appraised. They said that aside from its age, neither the material nor the painting technique had any value, so I gave up on selling it."

His father's mysterious death was followed by his wife leaving him. At the time, he had to care for both his seriously ill mother and his young child. For a while, Liu Zijian was so desperate he sold their house and even intended to sell the painting. But the sale never went through. Besides, his mother reminded him that it was the only thing the Liu Family had left, so he finally dropped the idea.

"It's a good thing you didn't sell it. You'd be kicking yourself right now," Lin Mu laughed.

Liu Zijian looked curious. "Elder Brother Mu, tell me the truth, is this thing really that valuable? I've always been suspicious of the old man who appraised it. After his appraisal, he said that even though the workmanship and technique were nothing special, he was still willing to buy it for his collection for ten thousand yuan."

"Those collectors and antique appraisers are all shrewder than the next." As he spoke, Liu Zijian spat on the ground and cursed, still feeling aggrieved.

Lin Mu didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Liu Zijian was completely wrong about that man. The appraiser probably just thought it was old. To be honest, ten thousand yuan was a very fair price. Still, it's a good thing Liu Zijian refused.

Lin Mu's expression turned serious. "I'm not certain what this painting truly is, but I guarantee that for your boy, Xiao Lin, this painting represents a great fortune."

"A fortune?" Liu Zijian pondered for a moment before his eyes lit up. "Elder Brother Mu, now that you mention it, I remember something! For Xiao Lin's hundred-day celebration, we did that grasping ceremony, right? We didn't have anything valuable at home, so I just put this scroll in with the other items. You wouldn't believe it, but Xiao Lin crawled straight for the scroll, clutched it in his arms, and started babbling away."

Recalling the scene, Liu Zijian began to laugh to himself. "Back then, I thought the boy would either grow up to be a painter or someone who loves grand things and makes a lot of money. But later on..."

The smile on his face faded slightly before returning. "But things are better now. Xiao Lin has started to learn to speak. I don't want him to become some great painter or earn a lot of money. As long as he can live a safe and peaceful life, that's all that matters."

Lin Mu patted Liu Zijian's shoulder. "Brother, trust me. Xiao Lin's future will exceed your every expectation."

Then, Lin Mu stood up. "Let's go see the little guy."

The two entered the bedroom. Liu Xiaolin was lying in his grandmother's arms, sound asleep. Drool trickled from the corner of his mouth, and his small hands were outstretched as if grasping for something. Lin Mu gestured for silence before having Liu Zijian carefully pick up his son. With a gentle wave of his hand, Lin Mu cast a minor silencing spell so that Mother Liu could rest peacefully.

They returned to the living room with Liu Xiaolin still deep in sleep. Lin Mu hesitated for a moment, then unfolded the scroll in his hands.

The next moment, something happened that shocked them both.

The sound of a xiao suddenly echoed through the room.

On the scroll, the mist above the river began to quiver. Then, it transformed into silky strands that surged toward the center of Liu Xiaolin's brow. At the same time, the man standing by the river seemed to come to life. He smiled faintly at the two of them before his figure flickered, transforming into a ray of light that shot directly into the center of Liu Xiaolin's brow.

Afterward, the scroll was completely blank. The paper itself began to yellow and decay, finally crumbling into ash.

"This is..."

Stunned by the scene, Liu Zijian held his son, his face pale as he asked, "Elder Brother Mu, what's going on?"

Lin Mu had been nervous at first, but now he let out a sigh of complete relief.

"Don't worry. The little guy's lucky chance has arrived," Lin Mu said, then added with a wry smile, "But this little fellow will probably need to sleep for quite some time."

Liu Zijian was still uneasy. "But what just happened... will it affect Xiao Lin?" he asked nervously.

"Rest assured, it will have no adverse effects," Lin Mu said. "On the contrary, the future Liu Xiaolin will astonish everyone."

Because as the man entered Liu Xiaolin's brow, Lin Mu had heard a gentle voice.

"For a thousand years I searched, only to find my destiny right before my eyes."

"Should the world ask for my name, I am the Immortal at the River, eternal through the ages."

"Our meeting is fate. As a gift, I will bestow upon you a wisp of Infinite Sword Intent, boy."

Thus, as the man transformed into white light and entered Liu Xiaolin's brow, Lin Mu also received a wisp of Infinite Sword Intent.

Chapter 120: Communication!

The scene that just unfolded might have seemed to happen quickly, but that was only from Liu Zijian's perspective.

For Lin Mu, it was like being in a mysterious world, witnessing a magnificent panorama unfold.

The moment his palm touched the scroll, he tentatively infused it with a stream of Spiritual Energy. Instantly, the mist in the painting writhed as if it had come alive.

Lin Mu's consciousness was then transported into that mysterious world.

On the face of a surging river, the heads of countless bizarre monsters broke the surface. They roared themselves hoarse, exuding a terrifying and brutal aura.

However, just as the monsters were about to leap from the water, the sound of a bamboo flute echoed, halting them in their tracks.

Then, a swath of sword light bright enough to illuminate heaven and earth silently appeared and swept across the scene.

All the monsters were sliced in two. Their bodies were either washed away by the river or sank to the bottom.

In the end, not a single one survived.

With a single sword strike, clarity returned to the world.

As the mist dissipated, a man in white appeared, standing on the river's surface. He slowly lowered his hand and looked toward "Lin Mu" and..."Liu Xiaolin" beside him.

The man looked at Lin Mu and smiled.

But a moment later, his expression shifted slightly, as if he had made a decision. He transformed into a streak of light and rushed toward Lin Mu, aiming to enter the space between his brows.

At that moment, Lin Mu simply gave a faint smile and stirred his Divine Sense. The heavens and earth froze, redirecting the streak of light into Liu Xiaolin's body instead.

As for the bamboo flute in the man's hand, it transformed into the Infinite Sword Intent, which floated before Lin Mu until he took it in his hand.

「...」

Lin Mu didn't share these details with Liu Zijian. After all, for matters like this, the fewer people who knew, the better.

When Lin Mu had seen the man in that small world, he also realized that the man possessed an Innate Infinite Sword Body, just like Liu Xiaolin.

He could sense that the man bore no malice toward Liu Xiaolin; on the contrary, he felt a strong kinship with him. It was just that the man had chosen Lin Mu first.

Only after Lin Mu's warning did he turn to Liu Xiaolin.

The man's final wisp of Divine Sense contained all his memories of the Sword Dao. Passing this legacy on to Liu Xiaolin was a fitting end for him.

However, for Liu Xiaolin to fully assimilate this knowledge of the Sword Dao, he would need to slumber for a long time.

Even Lin Mu couldn't be sure how long that would be.

Still, since the man had chosen Liu Xiaolin as his direct disciple, he surely wouldn't harm him.

Besides, with Lin Mu around, a mere remnant soul couldn't cause much trouble.

Thinking of this, Lin Mu said, "Zijian, there's no need to worry about Xiao Lin's situation. But now, you need to start making some plans for yourself."

Liu Zijian was taken aback.

"Elder Brother Mu, what plans could I have?" Liu Zijian said. "Before, with my mother sick and my son so young, I was content just to get by day by day. Now that you've cured my mother and Xiao Lin has received such great fortune, I honestly haven't thought about what to do next."

Lin Mu pondered for a moment. "How about this? Wait for my call in a couple of days. If you're willing, you can come help me."

"Help you?" Liu Zijian asked. "What are you planning to do, Elder Brother Mu?"

Lin Mu simply smiled. "You'll find out when the time comes."

Liu Zijian didn't press the issue. Just then, Mother Liu woke up, and upon seeing Lin Mu, she insisted he stay for dinner.

Lin Mu accepted. With his greatest worries resolved, Liu Zijian felt a weight lift from his shoulders and enjoyed a hearty drink with Lin Mu.

After the satisfying meal, Lin Mu stood to leave, and Liu Zijian naturally saw him out.

"Zijian, we're brothers, so I'll be frank," Lin Mu said as they ambled along. "Auntie is getting older, and you don't want her to move back to the countryside. Plus, you're a man; you need to have your own career, and Xiao Lin needs someone to take care of him more than ever."

Liu Zijian nodded silently. When Lin Mu had mentioned this before, the idea had already crossed his mind, but he hadn't settled on anything.

Lin Mu continued, "Didn't you win a sum of money a while back? You should go buy a house first. If you're short on cash, just ask me. We're brothers, so don't let pride get in the way."

"Elder Brother Mu..."

Just as Liu Zijian started to speak, Lin Mu raised a hand to stop him. "Liu Zijian," he said seriously, "if you still consider me a brother, you'll listen to me this time. Even if not for yourself, you have to think about Auntie and Xiao Lin."

"Alright, Elder Brother Mu, I'll listen to you!" Liu Zijian agreed, gritting his teeth.

He had also bet on Lin Mu to win at the Xin Yuan Club and had earned quite a bit. It was enough to buy a second-hand house.

Lin Mu continued, "My mom is planning to open a restaurant. Auntie is a good cook, so they could work together. It doesn't matter if it makes money or not; it's good for them to have something to do."

"Your mom?" Liu Zijian asked, curious. Wasn't Elder Brother Mu an orphan?

Lin Mu smiled. "I'll explain later. For now, you just need to listen to me."

Liu Zijian scratched his head. "Elder Brother Mu, I've always been a bit slow, so whatever you say goes. I'll listen to you."

"That's more like it."

Lin Mu smiled as well. "Let's have the two of them meet in a couple of days. If they get along, they can work together. If not, Auntie can stay home and take care of Xiao Lin."

"After all, now that Xiao Lin has fallen asleep, it could be for a very long time."

If his son had fallen into a coma in the past, Liu Zijian would have been worried sick. But now, he believed Elder Brother Mu's assurance that everything would be fine.

"Elder Brother Mu, you're so capable and you even understand medicine. I'll listen to you," Liu Zijian chuckled.

Lin Mu stretched lazily. "Alright. You go look at houses for the next couple of days. I'll call you once things are settled on my end."

"Deal!"

「...」

When he returned home, Lin Mu briefly updated his mother on Liu Zijian's situation and then mentioned that Mother Liu could open a restaurant with Lady Su. Lady Su immediately agreed.

She said she would meet with Mother Liu when she had time, and if things felt right, they would make it official.

Moreover, their negotiation that day had gone smoothly; they had secured the restaurant at an incredibly low price.

The place already had all the necessary equipment. They just needed to clean up a bit before they could open for business.

In fact, Lady Su was so pleased that her son had made another friend that she didn't bother asking about anything else.

My son has grown up, I should just let him be.

Even when Lin Mu transferred a sum of money to her, Lady Su showed no surprise at all.

My son, lacking in ability? Never.

These past few days, her daughter-in-law's face would beam with pride at every mention of her son, and she felt her own old face bask in the glory.

Of course, Lady Su didn't know that when they went to bed, Lin Mu said to Qin Luoli, "Thank you for all your hard work these past few days."

Qin Luoli, who was removing her makeup, replied, "What's there to thank me for? It's what I should do. Besides, I really enjoyed accompanying Mom around."

Lin Mu just smiled and said no more.

He chose not to reveal that to secure the restaurant, Qin Luoli had already communicated with the other competitors and convinced them to back off. Otherwise, the negotiations would have been far more difficult.

Lying in bed, Lin Mu watched her silhouette. Actually, this is quite nice, isn't it?