

War God 161

Chapter 161 Qin Luoli Goes Missing!

Several luxury cars sped down the highway. Other vehicles on the road either slowed and pulled aside or fell far behind, not daring to keep pace. Anyone who saw this convoy would be stunned.

It was a motorcade from Jiangling.

A total of five cars, with four acting like escorts, surrounded a business vehicle in the center. Wang Wu sat inside one of them, his spirits high. His mood improved even further after he received another piece of news.

Several disciples from the Crane Immortal Sect, led by an Elder, were already on their way to River City. The Dragon Tiger Mountain Celestial Master Mansion was doing the same. Both groups had naturally reported to the Martial Alliance beforehand, so Wang Wu was completely confident about his trip to River City.

He didn't just want to witness a grand spectacle; he wanted to personally watch that fellow Lin Mu get his Dantian destroyed, turned into a cripple, and then trampled to death. A vicious smile spread across Wang Wu's face at the thought.

Although he had become a cripple himself, he had a good uncle. Moreover, the one leading the team this time was a Martial Alliance Elder on the verge of becoming a Martial Arts Grandmaster: Sun He.

Sun He's eyes were slightly closed, as if he were meditating. After they arrived in River City, he, Wang Wu, would call the shots. When it was time for action, Sun He would naturally step in.

"Speed up! We must reach River City today!" Wang Wu urged before leaning back against his seat to rest.

Once this is resolved, I can finally marry Duo'er. A smile touched the corners of his lips.

「...」

The Crane Immortal Sect was nestled deep within the mountains of Jiangqian.

The sect didn't have many disciples, but no one dared to underestimate it. Even in the Martial Arts World, the Crane Immortal Sect had a considerable reputation.

At this moment, a stern-faced woman in her forties stood before the sect's mountain gate. She offered a cupped-fist salute to the middle-aged man at the entrance and said, "Sect Leader, everyone is assembled."

The middle-aged man was none other than the Sect Leader of the Crane Immortal Sect. He nodded. "The news has already been sent to River City. Liu Qing, on this trip, you must bring back the murderer who killed Elder Liu!"

"Kill anyone who stands in your way!"

"Rest assured, Sect Leader," Liu Qing said, her voice icy. "I will handle this personally and give that person no chance whatsoever!"

The Master of the Three Rivers? In my hands, he's nothing but all show and no substance!

Seeing that it was time, Liu Qing waved her hand. "Depart!"

After they left, another Elder spoke up. "Sect Leader, about the Martial Alliance..."

Liu Chuan, the Sect Leader of the Crane Immortal Sect, waved a dismissive hand. "It's fine. I will personally inform them."

The Elder hesitated for a moment before saying, "Sect Leader, your true intention isn't just to kill Lin Mu, is it?"

Liu Chuan chuckled, his gaze fixed on the horizon. "Although Liu Xianhe became a Grandmaster, he only managed it by relying on our sect's elixirs. That Lin Mu, however, became a Martial Arts Grandmaster at

such a young age. His talent must be extraordinary. It would be best if we could recruit him into our sect. If not, then killing him is simple enough."

「...」

Lin Mu, of course, had no idea that the Martial Alliance, the Crane Immortal Sect, and the Celestial Master Mansion had already dispatched countless experts to River City. The matter had already caused a huge commotion throughout the Martial Arts World.

Even if he had known, he wouldn't have cared.

It was late in the evening by the time he got home. Qin Luoli had, as always, prepared dinner. Since the restaurant had just opened, Lady Su had to personally attend to many things. She was staying at the restaurant and rarely came over.

After dinner, Qin Luoli suddenly suggested they go out for a stroll. Thinking he had nothing else to do, Lin Mu agreed and they left together. They had been married for so long, yet this was their first time going shopping together, and Qin Luoli was a little excited. Before leaving, she had taken special care with her appearance.

Lin Mu couldn't help but mutter, "You're already beautiful enough. If you dress up any more, you won't give the other women a chance to live."

"Smooth talker," Qin Luoli blushed and said softly, wrapping her arm around Lin Mu's. The two of them began to stroll leisurely down the street.

As the city lights began to glow, the beauty of River City was on full display. Qin Luoli took in everything with great interest, from the various street foods to the performances on the street corners.

After about an hour, she suggested they go to a certain snack street for a late-night bite. It was a rare occasion for Lin Mu to accompany her out, so he naturally had no objections.

When they reached the snack shop Qin Luoli had chosen, it was, as expected, completely packed. There wasn't a single seat available, and even ordering food required waiting in a long line.

"Lin Mu, you get in line first, okay? I'm going to the restroom," Qin Luoli whispered, a little embarrassed.

"Alright, be careful," Lin Mu said as he quietly joined the queue.

Half an hour passed. Lin Mu finally got their food and found a spot by the side of the street to sit, but Qin Luoli still hadn't returned.

Lin Mu frowned slightly. Why is she taking so long?

But thinking that women could be finicky, he waited for another ten minutes.

Something's not right. Lin Mu's eyes suddenly sharpened. He pulled out his phone to call Qin Luoli.

Her phone was off.

Lin Mu immediately sensed something was wrong. Qin Luoli rarely turned her phone off. He clearly remembered that her battery was fully charged when they left the house.

Something has happened to Luoli!

Lin Mu shot to his feet in the middle of the street. The snack shop was bustling with a constant stream of people, so his sudden movement didn't seem too out of place. But as a terrifying aura emanated from him, the crowd subconsciously parted, casting curious glances his way.

Paying them no mind, Lin Mu spread his Divine Sense, searching the vicinity. Having lived with Qin Luoli for so long, he was extremely familiar with her aura. As time ticked by, however, he found no trace of her at all.

Lin Mu's expression darkened, and his entire presence turned icy cold. His Divine Sense was powerful, but because his Cultivation Level hadn't fully recovered, he wouldn't be able to maintain it for long. At most, he could only use it for five minutes.

One minute... two minutes... three minutes...

After four minutes, Lin Mu finally sensed a faint fluctuation.

To the south!

He snapped his head toward the south. That was one of the snack street's exits. But Qin Luoli hadn't gone that way earlier, and they hadn't come from that direction. Why would her aura be there?

Lin Mu took off at once, his figure weaving through the crowd without impediment. A few seconds later, he stood at the intersection.

Qin Luoli's aura vanished at this very spot. However, Lin Mu noticed a familiar yet strange aura lingering in the air.

Suddenly, an idea flashed through his mind, and he instantly recalled a certain person.

"You're courting death!"

With that, Lin Mu strode toward a nearby stall. A person in a coat and hat was hunched over, seemingly engrossed in their food. Just then, a hand clamped down on their shoulder, and an ice-cold voice fell upon their ears.

"If you don't want to die, hand her over!"

Chapter 162: Leave You to Watch Me Destroy the Fang Family!

The person sitting in front of Lin Mu was none other than Yang Xiaojin from the Xin Yuan Club.

However, Yang Xiaojin's nose was partially caved in, and his face bore several bite scars, giving him a fierce and terrifying appearance. No wonder he was wearing such a thick coat and a hat in this weather. If it weren't for the need to eat, he would have likely worn a mask.

Upon seeing Lin Mu, Yang Xiaojin's pupils contracted slightly. He looked away evasively and then said in a rush, "What... what do you want? I don't know you."

Lin Mu stared at him intently. "It doesn't matter. I don't need you to admit it; I just need to confirm that it's you."

A hint of panic flashed in Yang Xiaojin's eyes. He struggled with all his might and said, "Let go of me! If you keep this up, I'll scream for help!"

Lin Mu smiled, but it was a cruel smile. "Go ahead and scream."

Just as Yang Xiaojin opened his mouth, he was horrified to discover he couldn't make a sound. The other customers eating around them remained oblivious, their expressions unchanged, completely unaware of what was happening.

"What... what have you done to me?" Yang Xiaojin asked, his teeth chattering as he looked at Lin Mu as if he were a devil.

"Hand over the person, and I'll give you a quick death," Lin Mu said eerily. "Otherwise, prepare for your soul to be scattered to the winds."

"You..."

Before Yang Xiaojin could finish, his eyes rolled back, and his consciousness became muddled. His body swayed as his voice, tinged with drowsiness, answered, "She's already been taken away."

"Where was she taken?" Lin Mu's tone was hollow, carrying a hypnotic quality.

"The Xin Yuan Club."

Lin Mu frowned; it was just as he'd thought.

Fang Zilong!

In the next moment, Lin Mu vanished from the spot, taking Yang Xiaojin with him.

「The Xin Yuan Club.」

Ever since Lin Mu's last rampage here, the so-called underground boxing ring had ceased to exist. But this place was, after all, property of the Fang Family. After Fang Ziming's death, the Fang Family was naturally furious. Fang Yonglong had even offered a high reward of five million to find the true culprit.

However, the people at the Xin Yuan Club had been slaughtered to a man, and the Guan Family later sent people to cover up the incident. No matter how much Fang Yonglong investigated, he couldn't find a single clue.

But then, one person appeared: Yang Xiaojin.

Fang Ziming had ordered Yang Xiaojin to be fed to the dogs, and his underlings had carried out the order. But they hadn't considered one thing. Having been at the club for many years, Yang Xiaojin had a few loyal subordinates. Plus, he was the one who usually cared for the dogs, so he was lucky enough to survive.

Even so, Yang Xiaojin at that time was as good as dead. Not only was the flesh on his face chewed away, but the tendons in his arms and legs had also been crippled, leaving him weaker than a normal person. Afterward, when he saw that not a single soul was left alive in the entire club, he didn't dare utter a word about what happened. He wished for nothing more than to leave River City immediately and go somewhere no one knew him, far away from all this trouble.

Fortunately, he had earned a good deal of money at the club and had bought a property years ago, so he didn't have to worry about his livelihood. However, just as he planned to live out the rest of his days in peace, the Fang Family came looking for him.

When he met Fang Yonglong, Yang Xiaojin was sure he was a dead man. To his surprise, however, Fang Yonglong didn't kill him. He simply asked a few questions and then requested his help with a task. If he did it well, he would not only receive a new identity but also a large sum of money, guaranteeing him a carefree life for the rest of his days.

Yang Xiaojin couldn't refuse. It wasn't because the offer was tempting, but because a gun was pressed against his forehead, leaving him no choice. Yang Xiaojin agreed, which led to Qin Luoli's disappearance today.

He had actually been investigating for a long time and knew that Lin Mu was Fang Ziming's killer. He just had never found the right opportunity. However, Lin Mu was too enigmatic; sometimes, Yang Xiaojin had no idea where he was. Therefore, he was forced to target Qin Luoli instead.

But Qin Luoli's routine was too predictable, shuttling only between her company and her home. Security at both locations was extremely tight, and he had to wait for days. Eventually, Fang Yonglong grew impatient and gave Yang Xiaojin an ultimatum. He had no choice but to change his plan and abduct Qin Luoli at any cost.

Today, he finally found his chance and successfully abducted Qin Luoli. However, the two experts he'd hired at great expense abandoned him after the job was done, taking Qin Luoli with them. It was only then that Yang Xiaojin understood: those two men were with the Fang Family all along.

Yang Xiaojin had planned to flee, but his legs made it difficult to even move. When he discovered that Lin Mu was searching everywhere for someone, he didn't dare make a reckless move. He never expected to be found anyway.

"Lin Mu, you can't beat Fang Yonglong. Whoever he wants dead, dies," Yang Xiaojin shuffled forward, not daring to flee. Not that he could have escaped anyway.

Lin Mu followed behind him, silent the whole way.

Yang Xiaojin sighed. "Now that you've caught me, I know I'm not going to survive. But Fang Yonglong is handling this personally. You don't stand a chance."

"You talk too much," Lin Mu said, stepping forward to look at the dimly lit old factory in the distance. He surveyed the former club. "Do you know why I'm keeping you alive?"

Yang Xiaojin was perplexed. "Isn't it so I could lead the way?"

Lin Mu shook his head. "You think too highly of yourself. The reason I'm keeping you alive is so you can watch. So you can see for yourself how I'm going to destroy the Fang Family."

Whoever dares to touch my woman, not even the Heavenly King himself will get away with it!

Yang Xiaojin's expression was disdainful. "I admit you're powerful, but if you think that makes you a match for Fang Yonglong, I think..."

THUD!

Before Yang Xiaojin could finish his sentence, the man in front of him vanished. Immediately, a burst of curses and agonized screams erupted from the darkness.

THUD! THUD!

Two dark figures fell heavily before Yang Xiaojin, their chests caved in and their eyes bulging. They were dead beyond a doubt. These two were the very experts who had helped him abduct Qin Luoli.

A cold sweat instantly drenched Yang Xiaojin. He finally remembered something: Lin Mu had taken on the entire club by himself and was still alive and well.

Perhaps... the Fang Family has picked a fight with the wrong person this time.

He felt a vague sense of anticipation.

With a series of clicks, lights throughout the old factory snapped on, brightly illuminating the immediate surroundings but making the distance seem even darker.

A silhouette slowly emerged from the blackness.

It was Lin Mu. His hands were tucked into his pockets, his face betraying no emotion. But anyone could tell it was the calm before a volcanic eruption.

Suddenly, a gentle breeze swept by, and Lin Mu vanished without a trace.

Chapter 163: One Punch!

「Xin Yuan Club.」

Lin Mu strolled inside, his hands casually tucked into his pockets.

Some time had passed since he had last wiped out the club. Yet, dark red bloodstains still lingered on the ground, and the entire club exuded a chilling, terrifying aura.

His gaze fixed forward, Lin Mu came to a stop and looked up.

A man was sitting on the half-collapsed fighting ring in the center of the hall. Due to the dim lighting, his face was indiscernible. However, he had a tall, imposing figure, and his seated form emanated an oppressive, heavy presence. This wasn't the aura of a powerful Martial Artist, but rather the air of authority and dignity that came with holding a high position for a long time.

"You've arrived," the man said, his voice steady and showing little fluctuation. It was impossible, however, to miss the thread of icy killing intent in his tone.

This was Fang Yonglong, Fang Ziming's father. He was also the true owner of the Xin Yuan Club and the head of the Fang Corporation.

Fang Yonglong had made his fortune in real estate, but he wasn't a household name in River City. Even so, no one dared to look down on him. It was said that the Fang Family maintained a close relationship with the Qiao Family. There were even rumors that the Qiao Family had only managed to secure its footing in the real estate industry thanks to the Fang Family's help.

Considering that even River City's wealthiest man, Qiao Tianhao, had been backed by the Fang Family, one could only imagine how powerful they truly were.

Fang Yonglong sat in place, his tiger-like eyes fixed on Lin Mu.

"Boy, you've got guts," he remarked, his voice devoid of any readable emotion. In just a few seconds, he had managed to conceal all of his killing intent.

Lin Mu tilted his head, studying Fang Yonglong. The darkness didn't affect his vision in the slightest. He could see that Fang Yonglong was nothing more than an ordinary-looking middle-aged man.

"Hand over the person, and I might consider leaving you a complete corpse," Lin Mu said. His tone was as if negotiating, but it carried an undeniable resolve.

"Heh, you're young, but you talk big," Fang Yonglong chuckled. "You killed my son and my brother. Do you think you can walk out of here today?"

"Try me," Lin Mu replied.

Fang Yonglong said nothing more, simply waving his hand.

SWOOSH.

From the shadows all around the club, countless figures suddenly emerged. They were densely packed, numbering at least several hundred. These people, all dressed in uniform, had expressionless faces. Their eyes held a coldness so chilling it could make one's scalp tingle. Their gazes fell upon Lin Mu as if he were already a dead man.

This was a group of emotionless killers!

What was most shocking was that these hundreds of individuals were all Martial Artists. Although most of them were not very strong, with some not having even cultivated Internal Energy yet, the ability to summon so many Martial Artists at once was a testament to the Fang Family's power.

Fang Yonglong's voice drifted over ominously. "This is just an appetizer. Take your time. The real show is yet to come."

With that, Fang Yonglong stood up and left, apparently having lost all interest in watching.

"Remember, don't hold back," Fang Yonglong suddenly paused and added. "Otherwise, you won't see that woman again."

Then, he departed without a backward glance.

As for the men, they slowly began to approach Lin Mu, their eyes alight with excitement. It was as if, in their eyes, Lin Mu was a mountain of gold.

And in a sense, he was. Fang Yonglong had already laid out the bounties beforehand.

Five million for injuring Lin Mu. Ten million for an arm. Twenty million for a leg. And fifty million for his head.

In other words, Lin Mu's life was worth, at minimum, one hundred million. Moreover, anyone who participated in taking him down would receive a generous reward.

These Martial Artists were mere novices in the Martial Way with barely two coins to rub together. Naturally, they swarmed at the promise of the Fang Family's enormous reward.

Everyone remained silent as they slowly closed in on Lin Mu.

Lin Mu's expression was unchanged; he didn't even shift from his spot. To him, their numbers were meaningless.

BOOM!

It was unclear who attacked first. Three or four figures suddenly charged toward Lin Mu, putting their full force behind their speed and punches, aiming for a one-hit kill.

THUD!

One of them stomped on the ground, using the rebound to launch himself forward, his fist shooting toward Lin Mu's face.

BANG!

Unfortunately, before his fist could land, it was caught by a large hand.

The Martial Artist froze for a moment, then sneered. From behind him, another figure emerged with unsettling speed, clutching a dagger that flickered with blue light. The dagger was coated in a potent poison!

The man gripping the dagger had a face twisted with murderous intent, his eyes brimming with ecstasy. If they killed Lin Mu, they would get a huge sum of money.

However, before the smile could fully form on his face, he felt a sharp pain in his throat. His body stopped abruptly, and he stared blankly at the man before him.

Lin Mu had his hand around the man's throat and squeezed gently.

CRACK!

With a snap of his neck, the man's head tilted to one side, and he collapsed limply to the ground.

The Martial Artist whose fist was still in Lin Mu's grasp was horrified. Before he could react, he felt his entire body being lifted into the air.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Lin Mu actually used the man's body as a weapon, swinging him out in a wide arc. The three or four other Martial Artists who had charged with him were struck hard and sent flying backward. They crashed to the ground, their eyes filled with terror and despair. That single blow had utterly incapacitated them; now they couldn't even move.

As for Lin Mu, he was left holding only a severed forearm; the rest of the body had flown off somewhere.

This all happened in an instant, a matter of seconds. All the crowd saw were several people rushing at Lin Mu, and then... they were dead.

After killing several men, Lin Mu's expression remained completely unchanged. He raised his gaze to look at the other Martial Artists.

Compared to the several hundred Martial Artists present, they hadn't given the loss of five mere ants a second thought.

"Hmph!"

With a cold snort, a bald old man stepped forward. His strength was considerable; as a late-stage External Strength practitioner, he could be considered a powerhouse in his own right. Behind him followed a dozen or so Martial Artists, likely his disciples or subordinates. The old man held a Blood Knife, his eyes fixed on Lin Mu, filled with a greedy fervor.

"Kill!"

The old man uttered just one word. The men behind him immediately charged at Lin Mu without fear for their lives. The old man himself kept his gaze locked on Lin Mu, waiting for the slightest opportunity to strike a fatal blow.

Facing the simultaneous attack of a dozen people, Lin Mu merely shook his head slightly. Just as their attacks were about to land, he slowly raised his hand and threw a punch.

RUMBLE!

With this one punch, a gale-force wind erupted throughout the club.

Everyone's expression changed.

The next moment, agonized screams echoed as body after body was sent flying.

All thirteen of them were dead!

HISS!

Only then did the crowd's faces truly change, turning pale with shock.

This person... he was so strong!

To kill thirteen men with a single punch... His power was simply terrifying.

Chapter 164: Great Sorrow Hand! Tyrant Blade!

CLACK.

Amidst the crowd's shock, Lin Mu took a single step forward.

BOOM!

The entire club rumbled with a dull roar as if struck by an earthquake. Countless people staggered, nearly losing their footing. Seizing the moment, Lin Mu's figure flickered, appearing before the Late-Stage External Strength elder as he threw a punch.

"Not good!"

With his disciples all dead, the elder's mind was in turmoil. Seeing Lin Mu attack, he didn't dare to resist. He stomped his feet hard on the ground and began a frantic retreat.

WHOOSH!

However, a mocking smirk merely touched Lin Mu's lips as his fist opened into a palm. A violent suction force suddenly materialized, halting the elder's retreat and pulling him uncontrollably toward Lin Mu.

CRACK!

Lin Mu seized the elder's throat, his expression impassive.

"Please, don't—"

The elder's eyes filled with terror as he tried to beg for mercy, but Lin Mu was unmoved. With a slight increase in pressure, he snapped the man's neck.

Since they wanted to kill him, they had to be prepared to be killed.

Lin Mu tossed the elder's corpse to the ground and swept his gaze across the room. Countless people instinctively averted their eyes, not daring to meet his stare. This man was powerful and ruthless, not someone to be trifled with.

"Everyone, this man is vicious and kills without batting an eye, but his strength is formidable," a bare-chested brute said coldly. "As the saying goes, fortune favors the bold. Since Boss Fang has offered such a high price, it would be a disservice to the millions up for grabs if we don't show some real skill."

"Daoist Zhang is right," a Martial Artist with a Great Saber slung across his back said, his arms crossed. "Forget Boss Fang, this man has slaughtered so many of our martial brethren. We cannot simply stand by and watch. Killing him would be like ridding the Martial Arts World of a great scourge."

"Well said!"

The crowd echoed in agreement, now viewing Lin Mu as an evil demon that anyone could rightfully slay.

Lin Mu just smiled, a cold smile. He held out a hand and beckoned to the crowd with a single finger.

"Don't get cocky, boy! I will be the one to kill you!"

A man separated from the crowd, his figure soaring like an Azure Hawk. Tapping his feet against each other in midair to launch himself forward, he lunged straight for Lin Mu.

"The Great Sorrow Hand, Pei Yuanhai!" someone in the crowd exclaimed.

Pei Yuanhai, an Internal Energy Early Stage powerhouse of the Martial Way, possessed a cultivation so dense it was almost tangible. His signature palm technique, the Great Sorrow Hand, was said to be capable of shattering gold and jade, a truly terrifying art. Among the hundreds of Martial Artists present, his strength was easily in the top five.

As Pei Yuanhai struck, a gale of Internal Energy tore through the hall. The howling wind forced many to retreat, their eyes glinting with a mixture of anticipation and excitement. After all, Pei Yuanhai was a famed expert who usually kept a low profile. Only now that he had taken action did they realize just how frightening he was.

"Die!" Pei Yuanhai's expression was glacial, his killing intent naked and undisguised. As he struck with his palm, it began to radiate a golden light. The Great Sorrow Hand originated from the Buddhist Door and naturally carried a measure of its power.

HUMMM!

The air vibrated as Pei Yuanhai's palm shot toward Lin Mu's face, intending to kill him in a single blow.

However, Lin Mu simply shook his head slightly, a flicker of disdain in his eyes. This was all it took to provoke Pei Yuanhai. With a deep grunt, the golden light on his palm intensified.

BANG!

Pei Yuanhai's palm descended, only to collide directly with another.

Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals, Twelfth Form—Decide Palm!

CRACK!

With a shrill scream, Pei Yuanhai's arm twisted at an unnatural angle.

What kind of palm technique is this?! he thought in terror, clutching his broken arm as he tried to retreat.

But Lin Mu gave him no such chance. He surged forward, seized Pei Yuanhai's other arm, and violently yanked him in.

Not good!

The saber-wielding Martial Artist's expression changed drastically as he grabbed the hilt of his weapon.

CLANG!

With a crisp ring, the Great Saber left its sheath. Gripping it with both hands, the warrior brought it down on Lin Mu in a vicious slash, unleashing an overbearing momentum that seemed capable of sundering heaven and earth.

"Tyrant Blade Gui Hai!"

At the sight of this attack, someone's eyes narrowed in fear. Gui Hai was a saber master, but he held another identity that struck fear into the hearts of all in the Martial Arts World: Assassin.

He excelled at concealment and his attacks aimed for a single, fatal strike. If he failed, he would flee for thousands of miles. Yet, he didn't hide his identity, instead choosing an exceedingly cunning moment to strike.

An ambush. Lin Mu was busy with Pei Yuanhai and couldn't possibly spare any attention. Gui Hai was supremely confident in his attack.

Unfortunately for him, though he was fast, Lin Mu was faster.

Lin Mu snapped his head up, raised his left hand, and flicked a finger. Seeing such a casual counter, Gui Hai was stunned for a moment before sneering.

Idiot!

He was known as the Tyrant Blade for a reason; he cultivated the Tyrant Blade lineage's saber arts. This saber art was the epitome of tyranny and extremely lethal. Furthermore, the Great Saber he wielded weighed over a hundred pounds. An ordinary person would struggle just to lift it, let alone use it. But Gui Hai was born with immense strength, and for him, cultivating the Tyrant Blade arts was like giving a tiger wings. His slash could split a thousand-pound boulder in two, yet Lin Mu intended to block it with a finger?

"Die!"

But in the next instant, something happened that shocked the crowd and made Gui Hai's heart leap into his throat. A dazzling light flared at the tip of Lin Mu's finger as he gently tapped forward.

Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals, Twelfth Form—Godslayer Finger!

In that moment, Lin Mu's entire aura transformed. He was like a high and mighty god of war, casually pointing a finger.

CRACK!

The Great Saber, as wide as a man's palm, shattered into two pieces at the mere touch of Lin Mu's finger, becoming useless scrap metal.

His ambush a failure, Gui Hai's face fell. Without the slightest hesitation, he spun around to retreat. But there was no way Lin Mu would let him escape. With a movement as fast as lightning, he snatched the broken tip of the blade and, with a flick of his wrist, sent it flying.

SWISH!

The broken blade cut through the air like a meteor.

THUMP!

Gui Hai, who had almost reached the main entrance, suddenly shuddered. Stunned, he lowered his head to look at the blade fragment buried in his chest. He opened his mouth, but no words came out, only great mouthfuls of fresh blood.

"Urk..." Gui Hai managed a bitter smile before collapsing to the floor with a thud.

Meanwhile, Lin Mu's right hand didn't stop. He pulled Pei Yuanhai in close and slammed his shoulder into the man's chest.

"Spar—"

PFFT!

Before Pei Yuanhai could finish the word, he sprayed a huge mouthful of blood. Lin Mu's body check had pulverized his internal organs; the blood he spat out was mixed with fragments of his insides.

The entire hall fell instantly, deathly silent.

From Pei Yuanhai's attack, to Gui Hai's ambush, to both of their deaths, everything happened in the blink of an eye. The onlookers hadn't even had time to process what had just happened.

What made their scalps tingle with fear was that from beginning to end, Lin Mu had not uttered a single word.

Chapter 165: Martial Arts Grandmaster!

In the hall, the stench of blood was pervasive. No one dared to speak, including the martial artist who had earlier regarded Lin Mu as an Evil Demon of the Evil Fiendish Way.

However, Lin Mu gave them no opportunity to speak. He moved forward slowly. Everyone stepped back in terror, not daring to block his path. With his hands clasped behind his back, Lin Mu slowly walked toward the second floor.

"Kill him!" a chilling and deadly voice called from the second floor. There was a subtle hint of fear within it.

It was Fang Yonglong.

"Young man, you should stop while you're ahead," an elderly voice echoed through the hall as Fang Yonglong's fell silent.

The crowd parted as an elder clad in a Daoist Robe, a whisk in his hand, stepped forward. His aura was deep and boundless, giving him a surreal air.

"Daoist Master Qing Yu!" the crowd exclaimed once again.

Compared to their fear and dread of Pei Yuanhai and Gui Hai, the crowd's shock at seeing this Daoist Master was mixed with a great deal of respect. Unexpectedly, the Fang Family had even summoned him. Daoist Master Qing Yu was a senior of great renown in the Martial Arts World, one who was always engaged in Hermitic Cultivation, unconcerned with worldly affairs. But no one dared to underestimate the seemingly frail old Daoist. His Cultivation Level had reached the Transformative Realm, and there were even rumors that he already had one foot in the Grandmaster realm.

Daoist Master Qing Yu looked at Lin Mu coldly and said indifferently, "Young man, stop now. You have committed so much slaughter that heaven can no longer bear it. It would be better for you to surrender. I can still plead with Mr. Fang on your behalf and spare your life."

The crowd was shocked. Was Daoist Master Qing Yu intending to spare Lin Mu's life? However, Fang Yonglong remained silent on the second floor, seemingly giving his tacit approval of the Daoist Master's terms. At this, the crowd suddenly understood.

Lin Mu's strength was too great; even if they all attacked together, they would suffer tremendous losses to kill him. Moreover, they were all here for fame and wealth, with little trust among themselves. If they died before Lin Mu, it wouldn't be worth the risk. If Lin Mu could be subdued without a fight, it would be the best outcome for them. At this moment, they no longer wished to lose their lives over a bit of money. After all, what good is money if you're not alive to spend it?

As expected, Daoist Master Qing Yu paused for a moment and then said, "Of course, as a condition, you must agree to one request from me."

Lin Mu looked at him, remaining silent.

Daoist Master Qing Yu continued, "Become my servant. Follow me to the mountains for cultivation to eliminate the murderous intent within you and reduce your accumulated sins."

Some people's expressions changed slightly.

So that's what this old bull-nose had in mind.

Lin Mu was not yet thirty years old, yet he possessed such strength. This indicated one thing: his talent for cultivation was a rarity in this world. No wonder Daoist Master Qing Yu intended to take Lin Mu as a servant. He had set his sights on Lin Mu's talent for the Martial Way.

"Boy, you should be honored that Daoist Master Qing Yu has taken an interest in you! Why aren't you kneeling to thank him at once?" someone shouted furiously when Lin Mu remained silent, pointing at his nose as he berated him. Daoist Master Qing Yu was a senior in the Martial Arts World with profound and unfathomable strength, and he was widely connected. This person was just trying to curry favor with him.

"Indeed! Being taken in as a servant by Daoist Master Qing Yu is an opportunity many can only dream of. Kid, I advise you not to make such a foolish mistake!"

Daoist Master Qing Yu smiled faintly and said slowly, "You have a decent talent for the Martial Way. If you could follow me in cultivation, your achievements would surely be great."

"I've heard that in River City there is a Master Lin, who, though quite young, has already become a Martial Arts Grandmaster and is revered as the Master of the Three Rivers." A peculiar light flashed in Daoist Master Qing Yu's eyes as he continued, "Just kowtow three times before me now, and I guarantee that in ten years, your achievements will be no less than that of Master Lin."

As for Lin Mu being that very Master Lin, the thought might have crossed Daoist Master Qing Yu's mind, but only for a fleeting moment. He even suspected that the so-called Master Lin was nothing more than a charlatan.

Upon hearing Daoist Master Qing Yu's words, the faces of the crowd showed their astonishment. Although they had heard rumors of a Master Lin from River City, they had never seen him and thus didn't believe it. Lin Mu was simply too young for them to ever connect the two.

"Young man, what are you hesitating for? Do you think I am not worthy?" Seeing that Lin Mu still didn't speak, Daoist Master Qing Yu's expression immediately darkened.

"Kid, the Daoist Master is talking to you!"

Seeing Lin Mu's disregard, the martial artist surnamed Zhang became furious. He quickly strode forward two steps and pressed his palm onto Lin Mu's shoulder, intending to force him to the ground to kowtow to Daoist Master Qing Yu. As for worrying that Lin Mu might erupt in violence, Zhang was not the least bit concerned. After all, with Daoist Master Qing Yu present, Lin Mu had no chance whatsoever. Moreover, he had always been very confident in his own strength.

However, as soon as his palm landed on Lin Mu's shoulder, the latter's shoulder trembled slightly, and an immense power burst forth.

"Hm?"

Zhang's palm was repelled, and his face clouded over. "So you've chosen the hard way," he snarled. "Kneel!"

The martial artist surnamed Zhang lunged again, his aura erupting violently.

An Inner Strength Martial Artist!

A cold sneer crossed Zhang's face, as he clearly had no intention of holding back. Daoist Master Qing Yu stood in place, his expression indifferent, not caring in the slightest about Zhang's attack.

A junior with no perception. No matter how talented he is, if he has no fear, then so be it if he dies.

However...

BANG!

The next moment, a figure flew backward, crashing heavily in front of Daoist Master Qing Yu. It was the martial artist surnamed Zhang. His face was now deathly pale, his chest was caved in, and his aura had become faint and weak.

"What happened?" the crowd exclaimed, having no idea what had just occurred. They didn't know how Zhang had been injured.

Meanwhile, Lin Mu slowly withdrew his palm, his expression utterly cold.

"Impudent boy, you've gone too far!" Daoist Master Qing Yu's eyebrow twitched, his eyes flashing with murderous intent. "So young, yet your methods are so cruel. It seems you cannot be left alive!"

Daoist Master Qing Yu stepped forward as a terrifying aura erupted from him like a tidal wave, his presence as imposing as a mountain.

"A Martial Arts Grandmaster!"

Some of the martial artists standing closer cried out and hastily retreated, their eyes fixed on Daoist Master Qing Yu with fervent admiration. The rumors were true; Daoist Master Qing Yu was indeed a Martial Arts Grandmaster!

"Originally, I saw that your cultivation path was not easy and intended to take you as a servant to guide you. However, you refused my kindness and injured someone instead. It seems that allowing you to live would only make you a curse upon the Martial Arts World!" Daoist Master Qing Yu's aura swelled as his murderous intent exploded. "Today, I will rid the Martial Arts World of this menace to prevent you from bringing misfortune upon the common folk in the future!"

As his words fell, Daoist Master Qing Yu transformed into a wisp of breeze, fluttering toward Lin Mu. He struck out at Lin Mu with a single palm. The strike seemed gentle and effortless, but it was imbued with terrifying Internal Energy.

This was a Grandmaster's strike—a return to simplicity itself

Chapter 166: The Favorite of Heaven, the Qualities of a King!

"Possessing a lethal weapon yet knowing only slaughter, ignorant of benevolence and virtue... how is that different from being a beast?" Daoist Master Qing Yu shouted coldly, his large hand suddenly swooping down toward Lin Mu. He moved as if to create a small Daoist heaven and earth, intending to trap Lin Mu within it.

"Hmph, you foolish child, your death is certain!"

Witnessing Daoist Master Qing Yu make his move, a look of wild joy spread across Zhang Xian's pale face. He was immensely pleased with himself, his expression tinged with a cold, venomous resentment. A moment ago, he didn't even understand how he had been defeated, assuming only that Lin Mu must have used some underhanded trick. Now, with Daoist Master Qing Yu stepping in—though for his own reasons—it was under the guise of defending him.

Therefore, Zhang Xian was quite excited. After all, how many people under the heavens could have a Martial Arts Grandmaster step in on their behalf? I, Zhang Xian, am one of them!

"That goes without saying! Daoist Master Qing Yu is a Martial Arts Grandmaster. Dealing with a mere boy will be effortless for him," a Martial Artist chimed in, agreeing with Zhang Xian. He wasn't the least bit worried that Daoist Master Qing Yu might fail, nor did he find anything wrong with Zhang Xian's smug satisfaction. After all, this was a Martial Arts Grandmaster!

"It's a good thing Daoist Master Qing Yu is here. Otherwise, taking this person down ourselves would have been a real hassle."

Their words implied that they weren't worried, believing that even without Daoist Master Qing Yu, Lin Mu would be no match for them. And they weren't entirely wrong. As strong as Lin Mu was, he had killed nearly twenty of their fellow Martial Artists, but dozens still remained. If each of them spat on him, it would be enough to drown him.

Daoist Master Qing Yu also wore an indifferent smile, his demeanor calm and composed, as if he wasn't taking Lin Mu seriously at all. In his mind, Lin Mu was at most a Martial Artist at the Inner Strength level. To possess such a cultivation level at his age was a sign of truly exceptional talent. He had originally intended to take him as a servant and bestow upon him a great fortune. Unfortunately, this junior didn't know how to appreciate kindness. In that case, he couldn't be blamed for being ruthless and subduing him. As for what would happen after, Daoist Master Qing Yu had plenty of methods to make him submit.

His palm strike seemed casual and devoid of power. However, this was because his True Qi had reached the realm of ultimate simplicity. It was usually inconspicuous, but once unleashed, it could transform into an imprisoning force, trapping his enemy within.

His calculations were excellent, but he had neglected one thing: Lin Mu was also a Grandmaster!

Facing the descending palm, Lin Mu tilted his head, a scornful curve appearing at the corner of his mouth.

"Do you think you're so impressive?" Lin Mu spoke, uttering his first words since the fight began.

However, his words made Daoist Master Qing Yu's pupils constrict and his expression change dramatically.

"An ant who has only just stepped half a foot into the Martial Arts Grandmaster realm... what gives you the right to demand my submission? Are you even worthy?"

The crowd was stunned. Has this boy gone mad? How dare he speak to Daoist Master Qing Yu like that? What does he mean, only half a foot into the Grandmaster realm? Daoist Master Qing Yu is a genuine Martial Arts Grandmaster!

Daoist Master Qing Yu offered no explanation, instead bellowing, "You're seeking death!"

His aura exploded as he brought his palm down from above. An endless torrent of True Qi erupted, and the many Martial Artists who sensed its ocean-like power retreated frantically, fearing they would be caught in the blast. Their faces were masks of shock and awe.

Is this the power of a Martial Arts Grandmaster? It's terrifying!

Amidst all this, Lin Mu's expression didn't change in the slightest. He simply, slowly, extended a hand.

"A bunch of frogs at the bottom of a well. Allow me to show you what a true Martial Arts Grandmaster is."

As his voice fell, Lin Mu threw a punch.

The punch seemed gentle and weak, but it was imbued with the momentum of heaven and earth itself. The other Martial Artists naturally couldn't sense it, but Daoist Master Qing Yu, being a Half-step Grandmaster, felt it most acutely.

He suddenly cried out in alarm, "You're a Grandmaster?!"

However, before he could react, Lin Mu's fist had already thundered toward him.

BOOM!

The entire club was rocked by a deafening roar. From the two men at the center, a terrifying force surged wildly in all directions.

"Run!" the crowd screamed, scrambling to get away. They watched in horror as the force of the impact obliterated the hall's tables and chairs, reducing them to splinters.

CRACK!

A pillar in the hall, one that had stood firm for many years, was instantly covered in a web of cracks.

CREAK!

The entire club groaned, sounding as if it might collapse under the strain.

Everyone's face turned pale, but before they could react, a figure shot backward out of the epicenter of the blast. It was Daoist Master Qing Yu!

While still in mid-air, Daoist Master Qing Yu violently spat out a mouthful of blood, his face as pale as paper.

THUD!

He crashed heavily against the hall's wall, the impact making a dull, heavy sound.

SLUMP!

Daoist Master Qing Yu crumpled to the floor. He coughed up another mouthful of blood, his aura completely dissipating.

At that moment, Daoist Master Qing Yu bore no trace of his former air of an ethereal sage. His face was as pale as snow, one arm dangled uselessly at his side, and his robes were in tatters. Even his carefully tied topknot had come undone, leaving his hair disheveled and framing his face in a picture of utter defeat. The most shocking sight of all was the pool of bright red blood spreading out before him.

And all of this was caused by just one punch from that man!

Everyone's gaze involuntarily turned in the same direction. There, a figure slowly retracted his fist. He lifted his foot and began walking unhurriedly toward Daoist Master Qing Yu. He revealed no aura, yet his every step carried a natural, authoritative presence.

At that moment, an unbelievable answer finally emerged in everyone's minds. Grandmaster! This man is a Martial Arts Grandmaster!

No one dared to speak. Everyone watched Lin Mu with a cautious fear, terrified of offending the Martial Arts Grandmaster.

"Fellow Daoist... *cough, cough* ..." Daoist Master Qing Yu struggled to lift his head, his eyes filled with shock and terror as he looked at Lin Mu. He had thought he was strong enough, that taking down Lin Mu

would be an insignificant task. He never imagined that this young man was, in fact, a deeply hidden Martial Arts Grandmaster.

So young, yet so powerful... could it be...

Daoist Master Qing Yu trembled all over. Staring at Lin Mu in disbelief, he exclaimed, "You are the Master of the Three Rivers... Master Lin?!"

Lin Mu smirked. "So, you're not completely stupid."

Although some had speculated, upon hearing Lin Mu's confirmation, everyone gasped in unison and dropped to their knees.

"We greet Master Lin!"

"Please, Master Lin, spare our lives!"

Lin Mu paid them no attention and continued walking toward Daoist Master Qing Yu.

Daoist Master Qing Yu's expression changed drastically. After a moment of panicked hesitation, he suddenly threw himself to the ground and kowtowed repeatedly.

"Master Lin, this old Daoist was blind to have offended you! Please, be the bigger man and forgive my ignorance!"

Lin Mu's expression remained unchanged.

Daoist Master Qing Yu's voice shook as he pleaded, "If Master Lin spares my life, from this day forward, Qing Yu will be your beast of burden, your loyal slave, ready to obey your every command!"

All who witnessed this scene felt a sense of unreality. The man who had just presented himself as an aloof, otherworldly master was now on his knees, begging for his life and offering to be a servant. It was deeply ironic. But then, as they looked at the figure standing before Daoist Master Qing Yu, they all fell silent.

After all, this was a true chosen one, a man born with the bearing of a king.

Chapter 167: Martial Arts Grandmaster, Insult Leads to Death!

Daoist Master Qing Yu was prostrate on the floor, kowtowing relentlessly and begging for mercy while the others watched in terror. The only sound in the frighteningly silent hall was the dull thud of his forehead striking the floor.

The atmosphere was utterly eerie.

Lin Mu was silent, not saying a word. This only made Daoist Master Qing Yu more desperate, as he dared not stop for fear of further enraging him.

"Enough!"

Just then, a person stepped out from the crowd. It was Zhang Xian. He clutched his chest with one hand, his face still pale, and he coughed intermittently. He looked at Lin Mu with firm resolve.

"So what if you are truly Master Lin? What right do you have to be the Master of the Three Rivers when you humiliate Daoist Master Qing Yu like this?"

The crowd was startled, looking at Zhang Xian with a mixture of surprise and admiration. He was the first person to dare speak to a Martial Arts Grandmaster in such a way. Moreover, he was speaking up for Daoist Master Qing Yu without any apparent fear that Lin Mu would strike him down.

Sure enough, Lin Mu remained silent. At this, the crowd's admiration for Zhang Xian grew.

A flicker of smugness crossed Zhang Xian's eyes, but his expression grew even more resolute, bordering on sorrowful indignation.

"Since you are a Martial Arts Grandmaster, the Master of the Three Rivers, you should seek the welfare of the martial artists of the Three Rivers Area, not indulge in indiscriminate slaughter," Zhang Xian declared loudly. "You have previously slain countless peers, and now you utterly humiliate Daoist Master Qing Yu. Tell me, is this the Master Lin renowned throughout the Three Rivers Area? Is this the conduct of a Martial Arts Grandmaster?"

"Are you not afraid that your peers in the Martial Arts World will grow dissatisfied with you and curse you for your lack of virtue?"

Zhang Xian's final shout was clear and forceful, resonating through the hall. Everyone felt a jolt. Stirred by his words, they all straightened their backs and stood behind him.

There's safety in numbers! they thought. Even if Lin Mu is a Grandmaster, would he dare defy the entire world and kill us all?

Daoist Master Qing Yu was also stunned. He looked at Lin Mu with a complicated mix of emotions: resentment, fear, and even jealousy and humiliation. Of course, there was no shortage of ridicule either. After all, Lin Mu was simply too young.

So what if you're a Grandmaster? Once you're branded with the crime of wantonly killing the innocent, you'll find it impossible to take a single step in this world.

This was Zhang Xian's goal and method: not just to kill the man, but to destroy his reputation. If Lin Mu truly dared to do something so radical, the Martial Alliance would not let him off. All martial artists under heaven were governed by the Martial Alliance.

"Are you finished?" Lin Mu asked, looking at Zhang Xian with an expression as placid as still water.

For some reason, Zhang Xian felt a flicker of fear when he met Lin Mu's gaze. However, the thought of so many people standing behind him gave him courage. No matter how formidable Lin Mu was, he was still just one person.

"Hmph. What if I am? What if I'm not? Are you actually going to kill me?" Zhang Xian snorted coldly, his face a mask of scorn.

So what if you're a Grandmaster? I'm still here, pointing at your nose and scolding you as if you were a mere child.

"If you're done talking," Lin Mu said blandly, pressing his palm forward toward Zhang Xian, "then you can die."

"You... You dare!" Zhang Xian shrieked, his voice sharp and horrified, like a cat whose tail had just been stepped on.

Lin Mu's face was mocking. "Did you not know that a Grandmaster must not be insulted? To do so is to court death."

As soon as he finished speaking, a terrifying power erupted from his palm.

ROAR!

It was the roar of a dragon.

CRACK!

A bolt of black lightning shot from Lin Mu's palm, screaming toward Zhang Xian.

Nine Heavens Divine Thunder!

"No..."

In that moment, Zhang Xian was finally, truly afraid. His earlier grandstanding and righteous rhetoric were meaningless against a single sentence from Lin Mu.

A Grandmaster must not be insulted; to do so is to court death!

This was an iron law of the Martial Arts World. Not even the Martial Alliance Leader himself could say a thing if he were present.

PFFT!

Before Zhang Xian could finish pleading for his life, the crackling lightning bolt descended, incinerating him into a pile of fine ash. His Divine Soul was utterly obliterated. The Nine Heavens Divine Thunder destroyed both soul and spirit, leaving no chance for reincarnation.

Zhang Xian was dead. Annihilated without a trace.

A cold wind blew through the hall, and everyone shivered. They were completely cowed by the power Lin Mu had displayed.

Control over thunder!

Such a god-like ability was possessed by fewer than five people in the entire world. And Master Lin, the Master of the Three Rivers, had become famous in his battle at Wufeng Town precisely for wielding thunder.

At this thought, everyone exchanged glances. Then, with a series of thuds, their knees buckled, and they all fell to the ground.

"Master Lin, this was all Zhang Xian's doing! It has nothing to do with us!"

"Yes, Master Lin, please spare our lives!"

"..."

These martial artists, who had just been standing with Zhang Xian, now begged for their lives without any sense of shame. They even began to denounce Zhang Xian, condemning his treacherous heart with the harshest of words. To them, as long as they could save their own skins, they would do anything Lin Mu asked.

Lin Mu looked down at them, his eyes devoid of pity or emotion.

They're nothing but a bunch of spineless trash. Killing them would only dirty my hands.

With that, Lin Mu turned his gaze to Daoist Master Qing Yu.

"Do you want to live?" he asked, his voice carrying an unreadable chill.

Daoist Master Qing Yu trembled. "Yes! Please, Master Lin, give me a chance."

"Fine." Lin Mu nodded, his tone indifferent. "Since you wish to live, I will grant you that opportunity."

The corners of Lin Mu's mouth lifted into an impossibly cold smirk. A deep, unsettling chill washed over Daoist Master Qing Yu and everyone else in the hall.

"I'll leave these people to you," Lin Mu said. "You know what to do."

Although Daoist Master Qing Yu had suspected it, hearing the words confirmed made his eyes bulge as if he'd been struck by lightning.

"This..."

He wanted to protest, but Lin Mu had already turned and was walking toward the second floor.

"You can refuse."

The voice floated back, devoid of emotion but laced with a relentless killing intent.

"But you will bear the consequences."

A cold sweat drenched Daoist Master Qing Yu. He finally understood. To this Master Lin, it didn't matter how many people died. But the people here today absolutely had to die. Because they had all wished for Master Lin's death.

"Hff... Hff..."

Realizing this, Daoist Master Qing Yu slowly rose to his feet, a scarlet, manic glint appearing in his eyes. He didn't want to die. He wanted to live!

"No!"

"Daoist Master Qing Yu, you can't kill us!"

"Daoist Master Qing Yu, how could you!"

As the Daoist Master approached, everyone instinctively scrambled back, their faces masks of pure terror. But he completely ignored their pleas, his gaze uncharacteristically merciless.

"You disrespected Master Lin earlier. Now, you are simply reaping what you sowed."

Daoist Master Qing Yu closed his eyes, then snapped them open and muttered, "Don't blame me for this."

With that, he transformed into a gust of wind and charged into the crowd.

"You old charlatan! If you think you can kill me, I won't go down easy!"

"Right, let's fight him!"

A few of the more hot-blooded martial artists roared, preparing to fight to the death.

However, though Daoist Master Qing Yu was no match for Lin Mu, he was still a powerful figure half a step into the Grandmaster realm. How could this crowd possibly be his match, no matter their numbers?

And so, another bloody massacre unfolded in the club.

The first was by Lin Mu's hand.

This one was because of him.

Chapter 168: Under the Heavens, Who is the Enemy!

On the second floor of the club, visibility was poor due to the dim lighting. However, this posed no problem for Lin Mu. With a slight narrowing of his eyes, the entire scene on the second floor came into view. Immediately, an undisguised killing intent swept through the club.

In the middle of the second floor stood a chair. From the ceiling, a rope dangled over it. A figure with bound hands was suspended in mid-air, her tiptoes barely able to touch the chair.

Qin Luoli! My wife. My woman!

"Lin Mu, I admit I underestimated you," Fang Yonglong's voice boomed, amplified through a loudspeaker. "But with so many dead because of you, do you really think the Martial Alliance will let you off?"

Fang Yonglong seemed to be watching from somewhere, his voice a strange mix of faint fear and excitement.

"I don't know if the Martial Alliance will let me off," Lin Mu's face was cold, his tone thick with a murderous intent that seemed to freeze the very air. "But I guarantee your Fang Family will be slaughtered to the last person, all because of you!"

Lin Mu started forward, intending to get Qin Luoli down.

"Hahaha!"

Laughter echoed throughout the club, drowning out the sounds of the carnage below.

Fang Yonglong laughed maniacally. "You think this is all I have planned? You look down on me, Fang Yonglong, far too much!" he said coldly. "You killed my son! This is a blood feud that cannot be reconciled! Do you know why I didn't kill this woman? Because she's a surprise I left for you!"

BEEP! BEEP!

Suddenly, a faint sound emerged. Two dim lights on Qin Luoli's body began to flash urgently.

"I've strapped bombs to this woman, set to a one-minute timer," Fang Yonglong's voice rang out, dripping with satisfaction. "And don't underestimate these bombs, because..."

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

A chorus of urgent beeps erupted from all corners of the club as countless lights began to flash from hidden spots.

"Because I've rigged the entire club with bombs, also on a one-minute timer," Fang Yonglong's venomous voice continued. "These explosives are powerful enough to level everything within a hundred meters. How do you like the burial ground I've chosen for you? Not bad, right?"

The club was filled with the frantic blare of the alarms and Fang Yonglong's hysterical roars.

"My son died here. Having you, a Martial Arts Grandmaster, to accompany him will allow him to rest in peace in the underworld," Fang Yonglong laughed, his voice twisting with madness. "So what if you're a Grandmaster? In this world, there are some things that strength alone cannot overcome! Now, enjoy your final moments."

"Oh, I forgot to remind you. You have... thirty seconds left."

The voice vanished.

Downstairs, the slaughter was nearing its end.

Daoist Master Qing Yu's expression changed dramatically. "Damn it!" he cursed. Ignoring Lin Mu, he sprinted frantically for the exit.

Lin Mu paid him no mind, a mocking smile touching his lips.

"It seems you are completely ignorant of my power."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Lin Mu leaped up. His fingers danced furiously, sending threads of condensed mana shooting toward Qin Luoli.

"Hmm..."

Qin Luoli seemed to sense something. She opened her eyes slightly, just in time to see a figure rushing toward her and pulling her into an embrace.

"Lin..."

Before she could finish, she felt a powerful pull, and then...

BOOM!

A deafening blast erupted, powerful enough to tear the sky asunder.

Time was up.

The bombs detonated.

「...」

BOOM!

From a distance, the entire club collapsed in a massive explosion, leveling the surrounding area for hundreds of meters. A mushroom cloud of immense size billowed into the sky.

Everyone inside was dead.

Not a single person escaped.

The tremor was felt as far away as the center of River City, where countless people cried out in terror, thinking it was an earthquake. The authorities immediately convened an emergency meeting to investigate, but they were stopped by a mysterious force.

On a hill several miles from the club sat a private residential area with a few expensive, standalone villas. At that moment, a middle-aged man on a rooftop slowly lowered a pair of binoculars, his lips curling into a cold smile. Behind him stood a dozen bodyguards with cold, impassive expressions.

"A Martial Arts Grandmaster?" Fang Yonglong sneered, muttering, "I'm the one who killed a Martial Arts Grandmaster!"

A hoarse voice emerged from a dark corner. "Now that your revenge is complete, do not forget what you promised."

Fang Yonglong's expression turned solemn. "Rest assured. From this day forward, my Fang Family will follow the organization's every command."

"See that you do..."

ROAR!

Just then, a piercing cry that sounded like a dragon's roar echoed in all directions.

RUMBLE!

In the sky above, dark clouds gathered and thunder rolled.

Fang Yonglong's expression changed in an instant. His bodyguards' pupils shrank as their jaws went slack, their faces masks of pure shock.

A massive creature covered in black scales had just burst out of the mushroom cloud.

It was... a dragon!

The Thunder Dragon's eyes were ice-cold, and it radiated a terrifying aura as it wove through the storm clouds. Everyone could clearly see a figure standing upon its head, clothes and long black hair whipping wildly in the wind. He was like an exiled immortal who had descended upon the world riding a dragon.

Except this exiled immortal's expression was glacial, and he radiated a bone-chilling murderous intent that blanketed the land.

"That's..."

Fang Yonglong's mouth hung open, his face a picture of disbelief, as if he were seeing a ghost.

He recognized the man. It was Lin Mu.

He was alive! How could he possibly be alive?!

Fang Yonglong began to tremble, a wave of fury and terror washing over him.

He wasn't the only one. On a nearby hill, two figures crashed to the ground, their faces filled with shock and the lingering terror of having just escaped death.

It was Yang Xiaojin and Daoist Master Qing Yu.

Yang Xiaojin's breathing was faint; he didn't have much time left. Daoist Master Qing Yu was in little better shape. One of his arms was gone, and his body was drenched in blood. Although he had run fast, the sheer number and power of the bombs in the club were overwhelming. Just the aftershock alone had cost him an arm. If the man on the dragon hadn't arrived and snatched them away, they both would have been vaporized in the explosion.

At this thought, Daoist Master Qing Yu's heart filled with more respect than resentment for the figure atop the Thunder Dragon.

This young man is a peerless monster, like a Heavenly God reincarnated.

Yang Xiaojin, however, knew exactly why Lin Mu had saved him. It was to fulfill his promise: to make him watch the Fang Family be annihilated with his own eyes.

They provoked such a ruthless man. In this entire world, who could possibly be his enemy?

Chapter 169: The Divine Dragon Appears, the Thunderbolt Punishment!

"I said I would slaughter your entire Fang Family!"

Lin Mu stood atop the Thunder Dragon, like a war god descending from the heavens, his aura vast and boundless.

Under the terrifying dragon's might, Fang Yonglong's cheeks trembled. His entire body shook like chaff in the wind, and sweat streamed down his face uncontrollably. As for the bodyguards behind him, they hid far away, their faces masks of terror.

At this moment, who would dare to confront this god-like figure?

Are they trying to get killed?!

They had seen everything clearly on the surveillance monitors. So many people, yet none were his match. Even Daoist Master Qing Yu, whom the boss had hired at great cost, was beaten like a dog, crippled by a single punch, and left kneeling and begging for mercy.

And that wasn't to mention the high explosives, powerful enough to blast open a mountain. Weren't all these preparations enough to kill a Grandmaster? Yet, Lin Mu had still escaped.

Riding a dragon—a scene that should only exist in novels and movies—was happening right before their eyes.

Who wasn't shocked?

Who wasn't terrified?

Who wasn't filled with awe?

Thunder rolled as the Thunder Dragon hovered high in the sky. Its cold, merciless eyes stared fixedly at Fang Yonglong below. With a single command from its master, it would swallow him whole.

"You..." As Fang Yonglong spoke, his voice trembled uncontrollably. Even he, a man accustomed to great turmoil, could only feel fear in the face of such divine power. "Unexpected... truly unexpected."

Fang Yonglong murmured to himself, then suddenly snapped his head up to glare at Lin Mu, shouting, "But you killed my son! That was my only son, the sole heir to my Fang Family! I'm seeking revenge for him. Is that wrong?"

Fang Yonglong howled his indignation, his heart filled with bitter resentment.

Why? Why can you, Lin Mu, so casually speak of annihilating my Fang Family? Is it just because you're a Martial Arts Grandmaster? If it weren't for that dragon of yours, you would be dead today!

Fang Yonglong gnashed his teeth, his eyes filled with venomous hatred.

Lin Mu spoke indifferently, "Your son took pleasure in killing. I was standing up for my brother. Is that wrong?"

"Then what's wrong with me seeking revenge for my son?" Fang Yonglong roared back.

"Do not bring trouble to one's family. Don't you understand such a simple principle?" Lin Mu's tone grew colder as he glanced down at the unconscious Qin Luoli in his arms. Her once exquisitely beautiful face was now marred with numerous scars. If they weren't treated in time, her face would be ruined.

But what stoked Lin Mu's killing intent even more than the disfigurement was the fact that Fang Yonglong had allowed his men to inflict so many wounds on her body. It was terrifyingly clear how much torture and pain the woman in his arms had endured. And it was all because of Fang Yonglong.

For that, Lin Mu would make him pay a hundred, even a thousand times over.

"Do not bring trouble to one's family?" Fang Yonglong suddenly burst into neurotic laughter, his voice sickly. "My son and brothers are all dead! Even if I, Fang Yonglong, have all the money and power in the world, what use is it now?"

He suddenly scrambled to his feet and pointed at Lin Mu. "So today, you must die!"

With that, Fang Yonglong kicked open a nearby case, pulling out... a rocket launcher! It seemed his influence was truly not to be underestimated. He skillfully loaded the weapon, hoisted it onto his shoulder, aimed at Lin Mu, and sneered, "So what if you're strong, kid? Are you indestructible? Impervious to blades and guns? Today, I'm going to see which is tougher: the body of a Martial Arts Grandmaster, or this little toy in my hands!"

The moment he finished speaking, Fang Yonglong pulled the trigger.

BOOM!

A rocket screamed through the air. The powerful recoil sent Fang Yonglong sprawling to the ground. A bright flash tore through the night sky, streaking straight for Lin Mu. This was a state-of-the-art weapon capable of locking onto its target. No matter how Lin Mu tried to dodge, there was no escape. A direct hit would undoubtedly turn him to ash.

Sitting on the ground, Fang Yonglong wore a ferocious grin.

In the next moment, however, his smile froze.

ROAR!

The Thunder Dragon hovering in the sky flashed a look of human-like disdain. It casually opened its maw and swallowed the rocket whole.

THUMP!

A muffled sound echoed from within the Thunder Dragon's belly, but... nothing else happened.

This Thunder Dragon was condensed from the Nine Heavens Divine Thunder that Lin Mu had summoned. He had then used a secret technique to refine it, granting it a sliver of intelligence. Both its body and its power were incredibly formidable. How could a mere rocket possibly harm it?

What a joke!

"Impossible! Absolutely impossible!" Fang Yonglong shrieked, cursing wildly. "This is magic! It has to be magic!"

He then turned and yelled toward a dark corner, "Kill him! Help me kill him, and everything the Fang Family owns will be yours!"

From the corner, several hidden presences began to emanate.

"Kill them," Lin Mu said calmly.

The Thunder Dragon instantly opened its great mouth, and an orb of pure lightning shot out. This sphere of lightning was far more devastating than the rocket and moved with even greater speed. In the blink of an eye, it reached the dark corner.

BOOM!

Before those presences could fully reveal themselves, the lightning orb struck. More than half of the entire rooftop instantly collapsed. At the same time, the Thunder Dragon's body twisted as it charged toward Fang Yonglong.

"No!" Fang Yonglong cried out, his body soaring into the air in a desperate attempt to flee, only to be snatched by the dragon. With a single whip-like crack of its tail, the remaining bodyguards were all killed.

By the time the Thunder Dragon departed, the entire villa collapsed with a deafening roar, turning into nothing but dust and ash.

Standing atop the Thunder Dragon's head, Lin Mu gave a cold command, "Go. Annihilate the Fang Family."

Though thunder roared in the sky above, his voice fell clearly into Fang Yonglong's ears.

"No, you demon!" he screamed.

My son may be dead, but the Fang Family isn't just me! The vast family enterprise needs someone to manage it! Yet, with a single sentence, Lin Mu could bring about their complete and utter extinction.

Lin Mu's expression was like stone, his eyes as cold as ice.

ROAR!

The Thunder Dragon let out a world-shaking roar and flew off in a new direction.

「The Fang Family Estate.」

This was a luxurious and extremely valuable villa district. But on this night, the sky above roiled with thunder, as if Thunder Mountain itself had descended upon the mortal realm.

People for miles around were jolted from their sleep, only to witness a dragon soaring through the sky, spitting lightning that turned a massive villa to ash.

A Divine Dragon has appeared!

That single thought flashed through everyone's mind. When they saw the villa being obliterated by heavenly thunder, they were struck with horror.

What heinous deed did the owners of this house commit to provoke a Divine Dragon into appearing to deliver such punishment? It must have been some unforgivable atrocity. Otherwise, the heavens would never have sent a Divine Dragon to carry out judgment.

At this thought, countless people with guilty consciences fell to their knees, murmuring prayers for forgiveness.

The Fang Family's neighbors were overcome with terror.

The Fang Family... punished by the heavens? A Divine Dragon sent to exterminate their entire line? What on earth did they do?

Chapter 170: Soul Tracing Technique!

Bolts of lightning rained down, transforming into dazzling, terrifying pillars of light that completely sealed off the villa. This thunderous punishment persisted for more than ten minutes, only ceasing when the entire villa had been reduced to ash.

When the lightning subsided and the villa had vanished, not a single member of the Fang Family had escaped.

Atop a nearby building, thunder crackled and coalesced into a meter-long figure that hovered slowly in the sky.

The Thunder Dragon had returned.

Fang Yonglong gazed at the Thunder Dragon above him, his complexion ashen, his eyes brimming with utter despair. He stared at the figure standing in the night wind, his body trembling as he gazed into the distance.

"How could you do this? How could you?"

Although his son was dead, the foundation of his family's power remained. But now, it had been thoroughly obliterated by the man before him.

Hatred, resentment, and rage surged through him.

"You think this is the end?"

Lin Mu turned, glancing at Qin Luoli in his arms. A rare, piercing chill surfaced in his resolute eyes.

"From the moment you laid your hands on my woman, you and your entire bloodline were destined to be erased from this world."

Lin Mu cracked a smile. "You can fool the world, but you can't fool me. I know you have another son and a daughter hidden away somewhere, protected by those you trust most. I even know you have two mistresses, both of them pregnant."

Fang Yonglong's pupils contracted. He drew in a sharp, cold breath, staring at Lin Mu in utter horror. "How... how do you know this?" he rasped. "What are you planning to do?"

"I told you," Lin Mu said, his lips curling into a cruel arc, "I would eradicate your entire bloodline!"

"You devil!" Fang Yonglong roared. "If you dare do this, the Martial Alliance won't let you get away with it!"

"Is that so?" Lin Mu scoffed. "If the world were to learn that the Fang Family colluded with the Dark Web Organization, do you think the Martial Alliance would protect you?"

This time, Fang Yonglong was completely stunned. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out as his expression shifted repeatedly.

Finally, he heaved a deep sigh and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he seemed to have aged decades in an instant, most of the life draining from him.

THUD!

Fang Yonglong dropped to his knees. "Lin Mu, I know I was wrong to provoke you. You've already killed my son and annihilated my family here. But I beg you, please, let this be the end of it. I'm begging you!"

Fang Yonglong slammed his head against the ground again and again until his forehead was a bloody pulp. He paid it no mind, his voice a pathetic wail as he begged for mercy.

Lin Mu remained unmoved.

"Lin Mu!" Fang Yonglong cried out. "Those two children of mine... one is five, the other is three, and the other two are still in the womb! What have they ever done wrong?"

"Are you really going to slaughter every last one of them?"

Lin Mu's expression was unchanged; he didn't so much as blink.

"And what did my woman do to deserve any of this? When you tortured her, did you ever imagine this day would come?"

Lin Mu's voice was like a glacial wind from the abyss, chilling to the bone.

At that moment, Fang Yonglong finally felt a profound, soul-deep regret.

"I said I would wipe out the Fang Family's bloodline, and I am a man of my word," Lin Mu's tone was cold to the extreme. "While I am not one for wanton slaughter, I am no soft-hearted fool. This is the price for daring to harm my family and friends!"

As he spoke, Lin Mu suddenly extended his hand, palm open.

SIZZLE!

In his palm, a thumb-sized droplet of blood appeared, boiling like water.

The moment it materialized, Fang Yonglong screamed in agony. His body twisted and convulsed as if he were enduring the most excruciating torture imaginable.

It was his blood essence.

How did Lin Mu know that Fang Yonglong had other descendants? He had naturally divined it using the man's own blood essence. For the Heavenly Shepherd Venerable, whose methods pierced the heavens and shaped eons of creation, a mere Soul Tracing Technique was a trivial matter, effortlessly performed.

In the night wind, Lin Mu's clothes billowed and his dark hair whipped about, his entire being exuding a frigid, merciless aura.

At that moment, never mind Fang Yonglong, even the Thunder Dragon couldn't help but shiver. It lay prostrate on the rooftop, trembling violently, the thunder rumbling within its body growing faint.

Lin Mu flicked his finger, causing the droplet of blood essence to float into midair. With another flick, a crimson strand shot from it, tearing through the night sky and howling into the distance.

In a neighborhood in River City, everyone was fast asleep, oblivious as a streak of light whizzed through the air and burrowed into one of the houses.

Inside a dimly lit room, a man and a woman lay drenched in sweat, nestled together. The woman was Fang Yonglong's mistress; the man was his most trusted subordinate. He had no idea that this most trusted subordinate was betraying him.

The woman said, "Brother Lu, take me away from here. I want to be with you."

The man hesitated for a moment, then nodded fiercely. "Okay!"

Neither of them knew that in the nursery, a ray of light had just appeared, sinking into the space between the sleeping child's eyebrows.

Within a clubhouse, the third floor was strictly off-limits.

A woman suddenly felt a chill and hurriedly covered her daughter with the blanket. She then gently kissed the girl's forehead, turned off the light, and tiptoed out to throw herself into a man's arms.

"Brother Wu, I've missed you so much..."

At the same time, a crimson gleam shot silently through the air, sinking into the little girl's mind.

In two other locations, the remaining pregnant women felt their hearts pound with extreme unease. They tossed and turned in bed, unable to sleep. As two more streaks of blood-red light appeared, both women cried out in terror, clutching their bellies. They wailed until their tears ran dry, only to realize with dawning horror that their beds were soaked in blood.

「...」

Lin Mu turned. In the air, only a final, thin strand of the blood essence remained.

Fang Yonglong lay on the ground, his face deathly pale and utterly weakened, his breath coming in shallow gasps. He glared with such fury it seemed his eyes would burst. "Hahaha! A Martial Arts Grandmaster? So this is a Grandmaster? One who uses such brutal methods, not even sparing children! Heaven is truly blind!"

Lin Mu slowly walked toward him, his icy voice falling on Fang Yonglong's ears.

"I have never claimed to be a good man. Those descendants of yours were already chosen by the Dark Web Organization. Once they were a little older, they were to be sent to the Dark Web for training, weren't they?"

Not only could the Soul Tracing Technique sever a person's life force at the very root of their soul and bloodline, but it could also steal their memories. So, of course, he knew of Fang Yonglong's collusion with the Dark Web.

Fang Yonglong's pupils constricted again. At this point, he was speechless. What Lin Mu said was the truth. The condition for his cooperation with the Dark Web was that he would send all his children to them. The Dark Web, in return, would simply help him gather a hundred Martial Artists to besiege and kill Lin Mu.

But the man before him had seen through it all.

"So, it's true. Nothing can be hidden from you." Fang Yonglong gave a wretched smile. "So be it. There is nothing more for me, Fang Yonglong, to say. I only ask that you grant me a quick death."

"A quick death?" Lin Mu slowly shook his head. "You're dreaming. I will make you suffer for all eternity, never to know the peace of a good death."

The Thunder Dragon, which had been crouching nearby, lunged forward and swallowed Fang Yonglong in a single gulp.

From that moment on, Fang Yonglong would be subjected to the eternal torment of the Nine Heavens Divine Thunder Soul Refinement, with no hope of reincarnation.