

War God 201

Chapter 201 He's Also Surnamed Lin!

"Elder Jiang, I've seen quite a few so-called experts," Qiao Zishan smiled slightly, deliberately showing off his knowledge. "If there were any real martial arts experts, they would just be the kind of fighting masters who've learned Taekwondo."

"Hmph! Ignorant and foolish!" Elder Jiang snorted coldly. "How can you compare the crude arts of foreign barbarians with Hua Country's martial way traditions? Taekwondo is nothing but fancy, theatrical moves. The martial way of Huaxia is the art of killing!"

"If one reaches the realm of a Grandmaster, they can injure people with plucked flowers and flying leaves. Splitting stones and shattering metal becomes a simple matter."

"Keep bragging," Qiao Zishan chuckled, deciding not to argue with Elder Jiang.

Plucking flowers and flying leaves to injure people? Splitting stones and shattering metal? Even novels wouldn't dare to make things up like that! The reality is that coaches of Taekwondo and Sanda are the real deal; they can break several bricks with a single kick.

As if sensing their disbelief, Jiang Mingyue said, "What my grandfather said is true. Just because you haven't seen it doesn't mean it doesn't exist. You only refuse to believe it because of your own ignorance."

Li Ping said with a hint of jealousy, "You talk as if you've seen it yourself..."

Suddenly, her expression changed slightly as she recalled her experience in Wufeng Town. She looked toward the stern, where Lin Mu had been silent the entire time. He seemed to notice her gaze and gave her a slight smile.

At that moment, a cold sweat instantly broke out on Li Ping's back.

Just then, Jiang Mingyue slowly stood up. Ignoring everyone's confused looks, she took a leap, jumping directly from the boat onto the surface of the river.

"Hey...!" Ye Tong and the others cried out in alarm, thinking Jiang Mingyue was doing something rash.

Elder Jiang, however, simply chuckled.

Just as everyone expected Jiang Mingyue to sink into the river, they saw her lightly tap the water's surface with the tip of her toe, gliding forward more than a meter. Her movements were graceful, like a fairy.

Qiao Zishan and the others' eyes instantly went wide with shock.

Then, after leaping several more meters across the river's surface as if she were on solid ground, Jiang Mingyue lightly spread her arms. Like a lark, she performed a backflip and landed gracefully back on the boat.

"Hah!"

With a sharp cry, Jiang Mingyue thrust out a fist, punching directly at the river's surface.

BOOM!

The river's surface instantly exploded, sending waves surging and a watery mist into the air.

Elder Jiang laughed heartily, "Girl, that's enough."

Only then did Jiang Mingyue snort coldly and sit down next to her grandfather.

For a moment, the entire boat was eerily quiet. Everyone stared at Jiang Mingyue in disbelief. Although they had seen similar scenes in novels and movies, it was nothing compared to the shock of witnessing it with their own eyes.

Only Song Wenrou and Lin Mu's expressions remained unchanged.

When everyone came to their senses, Qiao Zishan no longer had his previous lecherous look as he stared at Jiang Mingyue. He couldn't help but swallow hard.

He couldn't afford to provoke such a tyrannical woman. If she got angry and hit him like that, his body would never be able to take it. A gentle and delicate beauty like Song Wenrou was still a better fit for him.

"Yue'er, that palm strike just now was excellent. Your Internal Energy was controlled freely, and the explosive force was immense." Elder Jiang's face was filled with a gratified smile. "In less than three months, you should be able to step into the realm of Inner Strength."

"That's still nothing compared to you, Grandpa." Jiang Mingyue giggled and looked at the others with disdain. "So now you understand, right? What I did was just a cheap trick. It's nothing in front of a true Martial Arts Grandmaster. I wouldn't even last a single move against my grandpa. Back in his day, he was..."

"Ahem! Cough, cough!" Elder Jiang coughed heavily a few times.

Jiang Mingyue stopped, but said triumphantly, "In any case, this world is far beyond your imagination. Don't be so arrogant as to think you know everything. That's just a reflection of your own shallow ignorance."

After she spoke, the others all turned to look at Elder Jiang again, their faces filled with shock. They never would have guessed that this unremarkable-looking old man was a true master of the martial way.

Only Lin Mu's expression remained unchanged. He even wore a profound, inscrutable smile.

This caused Jiang Mingyue, who was in the middle of her boast, to frown slightly, a deep sense of displeasure welling up inside her.

This guy is really good at putting on an act.

Jiang Ming suddenly spoke up. "Grandpa Jiang, we're practically family, right? I was wondering if you're still accepting disciples? What do you think of me?"

If Jiang Mingyue is this powerful, how incredible must Elder Jiang be? If Elder Jiang took him as a disciple, he could get his revenge on Lin Mu once he mastered the martial arts.

"Yes, Elder Jiang, do you need a girl to serve you tea? I can do that too! Tee-hee," Li Ping added with what she thought was a cute and clever smile, which only earned her a look of disgust from Jiang Mingyue.

"Neither of you has the aptitude, and you're too old besides. You should give up on that idea right now." Jiang Mingyue looked at Jiang Ming and snorted coldly. "As for you, while you may have some latent talent for the martial way, you've long since missed the optimal time to begin training. Don't ever bring this up again."

Everyone was instantly disappointed.

However, Jiang Ming's eyes darted around, and he said, "But Elder Jiang, we have another expert on this boat whose skills are no less than Miss Jiang's."

"Oh?" Elder Jiang's eyes lit up. "And who might that be?"

Jiang Mingyue was curious as well.

"Him!" Jiang Ming chuckled, pointing at Lin Mu. "Lin Mu participated in the River City martial arts contest and defeated several masters in a row."

"Lin Mu?" Elder Jiang's brows furrowed slightly as he asked, "Your surname is Lin?"

"That's right. His name is Lin Mu, and he's a Martial Artist too," Jiang Ming said with a sly chuckle, deliberately pushing Lin Mu into the spotlight.

With Jiang Mingyue's personality, she might actually challenge Lin Mu to a sparring match, and then...

Lin Mu's smile didn't waver, but the look he gave Jiang Ming carried a distinct chill.

Lin Mu smiled faintly. "It seems the warning I gave you before wasn't enough."

Jiang Ming's smile froze. He remembered that Lin Mu didn't pull any punches when he got serious. "I was just stating a fact," he said awkwardly.

Elder Jiang observed Lin Mu carefully for a few moments before shaking his head. "Impossible. If he were truly a Martial Artist, there's no way I wouldn't be able to tell. His energy isn't apparent, and he moves just like an ordinary person. He's definitely not a Martial Artist."

Elder Jiang had always been confident in his judgment; he was certain he hadn't made a mistake.

At that moment, Qiao Zishan asked, "So, Elder Jiang, compared to the two masters who are dueling today, are you more powerful?"

Elder Jiang shook his head, a bitter expression on his face. "How could my meager abilities possibly compare to those two Martial Arts Grandmasters?"

"One is Daoist Master Yunxu from the Dragon Tiger Mountain Celestial Master Mansion, a True Immortal of Thunder Law. He became a Martial Arts Grandmaster thirty years ago, and his mastery of the Thunder Law is simply divine." Elder Jiang sighed and continued, "As for the other, he is the legendary Master Lin, whose techniques are said to be divine."

Jiang Mingyue pouted. "Grandpa, why be so modest? Daoist Master Yunxu is a true master of the martial way, I'll grant that. But this Master Lin is just overhyped. He might not even be a match for me."

Hearing this, Lin Mu couldn't help but be a little stunned.

Song Wenrou, however, simply looked at Lin Mu and covered her mouth to hide a slight smile, her eyes twinkling like stars.

"Do not be disrespectful to Master Lin!" Elder Jiang said sternly. "Since Master Lin dared to accept a life-and-death duel with Daoist Master Yunxu, he must be a person of profound strength. How can you be so rude to him!"

Jiang Mingyue pouted, clearly unconvinced.

It was Ye Tong who asked with some confusion, "You're saying the two people dueling today are Daoist Master Yunxu and Master Lin?"

"That's right." Elder Jiang's face was filled with awe. "Rumor has it that Master Lin is not yet thirty, but has already become a Martial Arts Grandmaster. It's also said his medical skills are divine. He is truly a peerless prodigy, a rarity in this world."

Ye Tong was shaken to her core and subconsciously looked at Lin Mu.

He... he couldn't possibly be that Master Lin, could he?

Chapter 202: True Immortal of Thunder Law, Daoist Master Yunxu!

The more Ye Tong thought about it, the more plausible it seemed!

They both had the surname Lin. He was also under thirty. She had even witnessed Lin Mu's performance at the River City martial arts meet.

Taking all these factors together, Ye Tong was fifty percent certain that Lin Mu was Master Lin.

However, she still lacked the key evidence.

Ye Tong did her best to control her emotions and hide the shock in her heart, but she found herself focusing even more of her attention on Lin Mu.

"Miss Jiang, does that mean the two martial arts experts dueling today are Daoist Master Yunxu and Master Lin?" Jiang Xia asked, his tone somewhat strange as if he had just realized something.

"That's right."

Jiang Mingyue nodded. "Daoist Master Yunxu hails from the Celestial Master Mansion on Dragon Tiger Mountain. He was already a Martial Arts Grandmaster thirty years ago, known as the True Immortal of Thunder Law, and his power is unfathomable. Well, you wouldn't understand even if I explained it. The point is, he has come out of seclusion this time to seek revenge on this Master Lin."

As she spoke, Jiang Mingyue sneered dismissively. "Speaking of which, this Master Lin must be sick in the head. Why else would he go out of his way to kill Daoist Master Yunxu's beloved disciple? Although Daoist Master Yunxu has been in seclusion for many years, he cherished that disciple and treated him as his own successor. Now that he's been killed, it would be strange if Daoist Master Yunxu **didn't** come for revenge."

"The Celestial Master Mansion on Dragon Tiger Mountain?"

Qiao Zishan and the others were dumbfounded, their hearts filled with shock.

In their minds, a place like the Celestial Master Mansion on Dragon Tiger Mountain was just an ordinary Taoist temple that had been mythologized. They certainly didn't believe it was home to gods or true immortals like in movies and novels.

But after witnessing Jiang Mingyue's earlier display of power and hearing the disdain in her voice, they were already more than half-convinced.

Jiang Xia was the most shocked of all. If he weren't so composed, he would have cried out in alarm.

Because, just a few days ago, a Daoist claiming to be from Dragon Tiger Mountain had visited the Jiang Family. His name was also Yunxu. He had only glanced at Grandfather before writing a prescription and telling the Jiang Family to prepare the medicine. In just two short days, Grandfather's condition had improved dramatically, to the point where he could even get out of bed and walk. When Jiang Xia first heard about it, he had simply dismissed Daoist Master Yunxu as some wandering folk doctor and didn't

think any more of it. Later, when he casually asked where Daoist Master Yunxu had gone, his family told him that Yunxu had come to River City to handle some private matters related to a duel. Jiang Xia hadn't given it much thought. To him, a "duel" was just a minor scuffle like the one he'd attended in Wufeng Town. But now, it seemed he had been far too naive.

Combined with his grudge against Lin Mu, he had a strong feeling this matter was directly related to him.

Jiang Xia turned his head to look at Lin Mu.

The latter seemed to sense his gaze, lifting his head slightly and offering a profound smile.

At that moment, Jiang Xia felt his back turn cold with sweat and his heart begin to pound.

Qiao Zishan was now thoroughly intrigued and pressed, "Listening to you, does that mean this so-called Master Lin stands no chance against Daoist Master Yunxu?"

"Of course!"

Jiang Mingyue declared, "This Master Lin only emerged in recent months. Rumor has it he became a Martial Arts Grandmaster before the age of thirty-three, which I don't believe. Rumors are just rumors, after all."

Jiang Mingyue pursed her lips. "Even if he started cultivating in his mother's womb, becoming a Martial Arts Grandmaster before thirty is simply impossible!"

"And even if he really is a Martial Arts Grandmaster, Daoist Master Yunxu became one over thirty years ago. He has more than three decades of seniority over him. Only another Martial Artist could truly understand the massive gap between them."

"So, he's doomed this time!"

Jiang Mingyue was very confident in her judgment.

"Heh."

Listening from the side, Lin Mu couldn't help but let out a soft laugh.

"What are you laughing at?"

Hearing the laugh, Jiang Mingyue's face fell. She glared at Lin Mu with hostility. "Do you think I'm wrong?"

This guy! He ignored me before, and now he dares to laugh at me? A rage began to brew inside her.

"Hey, you with the surname Lin, what's so funny?" Li Ping said disdainfully. "Don't think you're hot stuff just because you share a surname with Master Lin."

"Suit yourself," Lin Mu said with a shake of his head, the smile on his lips growing even more enigmatic.

"Yue'er!"

Just as Jiang Mingyue was about to retort, Elder Jiang spoke in a deep, stern voice, "Have you forgotten what I usually teach you?"

Jiang Mingyue still looked unconvinced.

Elder Jiang sighed. "The Martial Arts World never judges by age, only by who is more skilled. Have you forgotten the man I met twenty years ago?"

"Grandfather, not everyone is like that man. After all, he is..." Jiang Mingyue's expression turned grave, and she trailed off, hesitant to say more.

Twenty years ago, her grandfather, Jiang Yawei, had also been a Martial Arts Grandmaster. He had agreed to help a friend, and they fought two-on-one against a single opponent—a young man who was only in his twenties.

The result, however, was one dead and one injured.

Jiang Yawei's friend was killed by a single punch from the young man, and he himself was so severely wounded that he couldn't even maintain his Grandmaster Realm status.

Twenty years had passed, and his injuries still hadn't healed. Every time Jiang Yawei thought about that battle, he felt a profound, lingering fear.

Sighing, Jiang Yawei said no more.

Gu Can sneered, "In that case, even if that Master Lin dies, he'll have brought it on himself. He killed the man's disciple, so it's only natural for the master to come and kill him!"

"Who cares? It has nothing to do with us," Qiao Zishan said with a smile. "We'll just enjoy the show when it starts."

Song Wenrou had been smiling at first, but when she heard the others saying things like "brought it on himself" and "only natural," a flash of anger crossed her face.

Of everyone present, she knew the most about what had really happened.

Daoist Master Yunxu's disciple was probably Zhang Yan from Wufeng Town. He was arrogant and acted high and mighty because of his status; that's the real definition of bringing something on yourself. But these people, like Qiao Zishan, had no grudge against Lin Mu, yet they were hoping he would die. How can people be so malicious?

Seeing her anger, Lin Mu gently took her hand and gave a slight shake of his head.

He, too, was a bit stunned that these people had already declared him a dead man before the fight had even started. But with his temperament, there was no need to get worked up over such a trivial matter. The outcome would be clear after the fight.

Before long, the boat reached the center of the river. Looking out, they saw that all the boats on the water had formed a wide circle, leaving a clear area of several hundred yards in the middle.

In the very center stood an elderly man in a Daoist Robe. He had a gaunt but imposing presence, and with a whisk in his hand and his pure white hair and beard, he emanated the air of an ethereal master.

Most shocking of all, he was standing directly on the surface of the river, his body perfectly still.

Ripples disturbed the air around him, shot through with blinding flickers of light. Within a radius of dozens of yards, every fish and shrimp in the water was dead!

The old man's eyes were slightly closed as if he were resting, completely indifferent to his surroundings.

From Dragon Tiger Mountain,

The Celestial Master Mansion,

The True Immortal of Thunder Law, Daoist Master Yunxu

Chapter 203: Yun Xu, the Original Has Arrived!

"He is Daoist Master Yunxu!"

At that moment, countless fervent gazes fell on Yun Xu as people exclaimed in awe, "Who would have thought that after thirty years, Daoist Master Yunxu's cultivation level has become even more terrifying."

"Thirty years have passed, and Daoist Master Yunxu's power has grown even more formidable!" someone declared, their heart shaking as they felt the aura that faintly suffused the heavens and the earth.

"After this battle, Daoist Master Yunxu's reputation will surely surpass that of the four great Grandmasters," some remarked with a series of sighs.

The most renowned Martial Arts Grandmasters in Huaxia today were:

East Madness Dong Feng Potian!

Western Poison Little Ouyang!

Southern Butcher Nangong Xiu!

Northern Blade Beiming Qingyan!

These four were the most well-known Martial Arts Grandmasters in the Martial Arts World. With the long-established Zhongyuan Sword God, Liu Mubai, having gone into seclusion years ago, these four were currently the most active, their legendary feats periodically sending shockwaves through the community.

Jiang Yawei moored the boat, his expression solemn as he looked toward the elder in the center of the river. In a deep voice, he said, "He is Daoist Master Yunxu!"

"He's practically a celestial being!"

No matter what, I must take him as my master! Qiao Zishan's expression was fervent, and he secretly clenched his fists.

Given his status as the son of River City's wealthiest man, becoming a disciple of Yun Xu wouldn't be too difficult.

Jiang Xia was also trembling, his expression excited as a fervent fire sparked in his eyes. Gu Can and the others were hardly any calmer, each overwhelmed with excitement.

Jiang Mingyue sneered, "Become a disciple of Daoist Master Yunxu? What a fool's dream! If you don't want to die, don't say anything stupid, and don't even think of sneakily taking photos with your phone!"

Terrified, Li Ping hastily put her phone back in her pocket, her face pale.

Song Wenrou looked tense, her palms slick with sweat.

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly.

So that's Yun Xu? The True Immortal of Thunder Law? The Martial Arts Grandmaster who once arm-wrestled with the current Dragon Tiger Mountain Celestial Master Mansion Master? Very well... he has some strength.

At that same moment, in the heart of the river, Yun Xu, who had been meditating with his eyes closed, seemed to sense something and suddenly opened them. His gaze, sharp as thunderbolts, swept across the entire river. His voice, like rolling thunder, spread in all directions.

"Master Lin, since you've arrived, show yourself. I have been waiting for a long time!"

As Yun Xu's voice echoed out, the entire river's surface seemed to pause for a moment before the water began to boil and surge, with countless fish and shrimp tumbling within it. In an instant, a multitude of them floated lifelessly on the surface.

"HISS!"

"How terrifying! A single sentence killed thousands of fish and shrimp!"

"Is that something a human is even capable of?"

Cries of alarm rang out as everyone stared in shock at the dead fish on the river. There was even a massive fish, long since dead, floating among them.

"Did you hear that? Master Lin has already arrived!"

"What? He's here? Why can't I see him?"

"TSK, TSK. This Master Lin is certainly mysterious, still not showing himself."

Countless people widened their eyes, carefully scrutinizing the young people around them who looked to be under thirty. If Master Lin had truly arrived, he had to be hiding among them. Immediately, many of the youths looked terrified, afraid they would be mistaken for him.

For most, however, the realization was a profound shock.

Master Lin actually dared to come?

As expected of the youngest rising star in the Martial Arts World today. He had great spirit and even greater courage. The only question was whether he was a match for Daoist Master Yunxu.

On Lin Mu's boat, Jiang Xia was beginning to have doubts. He was now starting to wonder if Lin Mu was truly that Master Lin. Witnessing Daoist Master Yunxu's power, he finally understood just how terrifying a Martial Arts Grandmaster could be. While Lin Mu fit the profile in many ways, it seemed impossible for him to possess this kind of strength. With a single phrase, the river water boiled. That wasn't a feat achievable by human power.

Ye Tong felt the same.

Qiao Zishan, his throat dry, asked, "Elder Jiang, where is this Master Lin? Why can't I see him?"

Jiang Mingyue said in a grave tone, "Grandfather, could it be that Master Lin was intimidated by Daoist Master Yunxu's might and was too afraid to show up?"

Jiang Yawei's expression darkened. "Don't talk nonsense. Let's just wait."

Jiang Mingyue pursed her lips. Although she fell silent, she remained unconvinced.

「Meanwhile, on a speedboat elsewhere on the river.」

"Master Lin?" Mr. Liu, whom Lin Mu had once briefly met, said with a gentle smile, "He's just a coward, afraid to show his face."

Behind him, Lu Tong, the Head of the Jiangling Martial Alliance Branch, stood respectfully. He added, "Mr. Liu is right. That Master Lin talked a good game, but now he doesn't dare appear."

"Trash is trash. And to think I wasted my time coming here myself." Liu Xiu flicked his sleeve in annoyance and said, "Let's head back."

「Back in the middle of the river.」

Daoist Master Yunxu's eyes, as piercing as lightning, scanned the river's surface. He spoke in a deep voice, "Master Lin, I know you're here!"

"My worthless disciples died at your hands, and for that, I can only blame their inferior skills."

"Regardless, I am their master, and it is my duty to seek justice for them. That is why I, Yun Xu, have traveled a thousand miles. I wanted to see you for myself, Master Lin, to see where you found the audacity to kill my disciples!"

"I've heard you are also an expert in the Thunder Law. Coincidentally, I too have some knowledge of that art. Today, on the Bolan River, I would like to witness it firsthand!"

"Let's see if your skills are superior, or if mine are wanting!"

Sensing Daoist Master Yunxu's growing impatience, Lin Mu shook his head, stood up, and prepared to step forward.

Ye Tong, who had been watching Lin Mu intently, felt her pupils constrict.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to get yourself killed?" Seeing Lin Mu stand up, Jiang Mingyue's expression changed drastically. She snapped, "He's calling for Master Lin, not you! If you don't want to die, sit back down!"

What an idiot! Doesn't he see what's happening? There are so many experts here, and there might be other Grandmasters watching in secret. None of them have moved, yet this ordinary person is just wandering around? He's practically asking to be killed!

Jiang Yawei also shook his head and sighed. "Young man, don't be rash. You can watch the fight from here. If you anger the two Martial Arts Grandmasters, even I won't be able to save you."

However, a sense of unease grew in Jiang Xia's heart.

Just as he suspected, Lin Mu stood with his hands clasped behind his back, gazing toward the center of the river.

"If I don't show myself soon, that old man will think I'm avoiding the fight."

Jiang Mingyue was stunned. "What do you mean?"

Lin Mu stated calmly, "Because I am Master Lin."

"You're Master Lin?" Jiang Mingyue was shocked for a moment, then looked at Lin Mu as if he were insane. She scoffed, "Are you crazy? You need to pick the right time and place to boast. Even if that Master Lin isn't all that great, there's no way you could be him!"

At that moment, her aversion to Lin Mu intensified.

It wasn't just her. Qiao Zishan also sneered, "You think you're Master Lin just because your surname is Lin? By that logic, my surname is Qiao, so does that make me Qiao Feng?" He roared with laughter. "You? You're not even worthy of carrying Master Lin's shoes! Stop embarrassing yourself."

Gu Can and Li Ping also snickered.

Lin Mu offered no explanation. Instead, he turned to Song Wenrou and said, "Protect yourself."

"Mm!" Song Wenrou nodded, then uttered two words: "Go for it!"

Lin Mu said no more. With a faint smile, he took a step forward and leaped from the boat.

"Yunxu, I am here!

"I hope... you don't disappoint."

Chapter 204: Today this old man will surely kill you!

Just as Lin Mu leaped from the wooden boat.

「On the yacht.」

Liu Xiu, who was just about to leave, suddenly shuddered. He turned around stiffly, the smile on his face vanishing as his gaze turned gloomy.

"He really came."

Liu Xiu smiled coldly. "Then let me see how you, Master Lin, are going to die."

Lu Tong also wore a sinister smirk. Master Lin, it would have been better if you hadn't come. But since you have, don't even think about going back. The scenery along the Bolan River is quite nice; it's a fitting place for your grave.

「On the wooden boat.」

Seeing Lin Mu jump off the boat, Jiang Yawei was startled and was about to go rescue him.

But in the next moment, his expression froze, and his body began to tremble slightly.

Upon the tumultuous river, a figure stood quietly.

The waves swirled beneath his feet before breaking away. A gentle breeze lifted the hem of his clothes. He maintained his posture, hands clasped behind his back, facing the heart of the river.

An invisible force slowly emanated from him.

That power made Jiang Yawei's heart tremble inexplicably. If Daoist Master Yunxu was like a volcano on the verge of eruption, then Lin Mu, at this moment, was like a vast ocean. It seemed calm, but beneath the surface were tumultuous waves, perilous beyond measure. If he wished, he could destroy the entire world with a single thought.

"How is this possible?!"

Jiang Yawei was stunned as he watched Lin Mu, whose feet skimmed the water's surface, remaining as motionless as a mountain despite the surging waves below.

Jiang Mingyue was stunned.

Qiao Zishan and Li Ping looked as if they had just seen a ghost.

Shock and terror!

The scene before them was simply too visually stunning.

A flash of astonishment crossed Jiang Yawei's murky eyes. He gazed at Lin Mu's back, his voice tinged with bitterness. "To think I've lived for so long, yet my eyes have been so poor. The so-called Master Lin was right in front of me, and I was completely unaware."

"He... he's really Master Lin?" Even now, Jiang Mingyue found it hard to believe.

It wasn't that she didn't believe it, but that she was unwilling to admit it.

That's right! When he broke the river's surface with a single punch earlier, he was completely calm, showing no surprise. When I commented on the gap between Daoist Master Yunxu and Master Lin, he had even let out a soft sound. It wasn't mockery, but it made me feel even worse than if he had mocked me directly.

He was Master Lin!

The very Master Lin who was personally challenged by Daoist Master Yunxu!

The martial arts prodigy who achieved the rank of Martial Arts Grandmaster before the age of thirty!

The legendary Master of the Three Rivers, renowned for his transcendent techniques, an unrivaled genius who had never known defeat!

At this moment, Jiang Mingyue felt her entire face burning with embarrassment.

Of everyone on the boat, it could be said that only Song Wenrou was calm. She had known all along that Lin Mu was that Master Lin.

"Did you know all along?" Ye Tong's voice was bitter. The complexity of the emotions in her heart was something only she could understand.

"Mm," Song Wenrou hummed softly, her beautiful eyes fixed on Lin Mu.

In this moment, he was the center of the entire world. The focus of everyone's attention.

Lin Mu paid no mind to the others' thoughts. Instead, he began to walk slowly, treading upon the waves, stepping toward the heart of the river.

Walking on water was nothing remarkable for a Cultivator. Not to mention Immortal Techniques like levitation, it was child's play for someone with Lin Mu's current Cultivation Level. If not for the inherent frailty of this body, his physique alone would have been enough to perform incredible feats with the grace and fluidity of water.

Even so, the sight of Lin Mu walking on the waves brought an overwhelming shock to everyone present.

Across the entire river, every gaze was fixed upon him.

Shock, amazement, and utter disbelief!

A young man, not yet thirty, walking on the waves with his hands clasped behind his back, as unhurried as if he were strolling through a courtyard.

Everyone gasped.

"That's Master Lin?!"

"Just like the rumors said, not even thirty years old. He's truly a peerless prodigy!"

"That's right. To be a Martial Arts Grandmaster at such a young age... his presence is in no way inferior to Daoist Master Yunxu's. But I wonder who will be stronger when they actually fight."

"..."

「In the middle of the river.」

When Yunxu caught sight of Lin Mu, a trace of shock appeared on his face, which was as smooth as an infant's skin.

This boy is so young! So young it's unbelievable!

Watching Lin Mu slowly approach, Yunxu's aura suddenly condensed. He let out a thunderous shout that shook the land and roiled the river's surface, causing the faces of countless onlookers to change drastically.

"Are you Master Lin?"

The river breeze whipped across the water, making Lin Mu's clothes flutter loudly. Yet between the sky and the water, his seemingly slender figure stood tall and proud, unmoved.

Upright. Aloof.

Lin Mu smiled faintly, his calm voice carrying to everyone's ears. "I am."

"Your worthless disciple dared to offend me; he deserved far worse than death!" Lin Mu said with a smile. "I knew you would come for revenge, and I have waited for this day for a long time. I've come here specifically to send you to reunite with your disciple in the great below!"

BOOM!

As soon as these words were spoken, a tremendous uproar erupted across the surface of the river.

"This Master Lin has some nerve!"

"Indeed! Is he really planning to fight Yunxu to the death?"

"Hmph, if you became a Martial Arts Grandmaster by thirty, you'd be just as arrogant!"

Jiang Mingyue's pupils shrank. She couldn't help but ask, "Grandfather, what do you think Master Lin is thinking? Why would he cut off his own retreat the moment he spoke? Even in a life-or-death battle, there's still room for reconciliation, isn't there?"

"Silly girl, what do you know!" Jiang Yawei sighed softly. "All powerful experts have their dignity. Moreover, Master Lin achieved the rank of Martial Arts Grandmaster before the age of thirty. Such talent is rarely seen in this world. Of course he has his pride. Since Yunxu already issued a death challenge, they were both prepared for a fight to the finish from the very beginning."

"Furthermore, Daoist Master Yunxu is the True Immortal of Thunder Law of the Dragon Tiger Mountain Celestial Master Mansion. Although he failed in his bid for the position of Heavenly Master, he is still the junior brother of the current Heavenly Master. His disciple was killed by Master Lin. This grudge is absolutely irreconcilable."

Jiang Yawei sighed again. "Between the two of them, only one can leave here alive today!"

Jiang Mingyue drew in a sharp breath. "But how can he be Daoist Master Yunxu's opponent? Although his talent is exceptional, he has been a Grandmaster for far too short a time."

Jiang Yawei's expression turned grave. "Since Master Lin dared to come to this appointment, he must be confident in himself. He must have his own trump cards."

"That's enough talk. Watch the battle carefully!"

Jiang Mingyue's eyes flickered, a hint of disagreement in her heart. You may have your trump cards, Master Lin, but Daoist Master Yunxu is also a Martial Arts Grandmaster from the Celestial Master Mansion. He won't have any fewer trump cards than you. This battle will teach you the principle that what is too rigid is easily broken.

"Elder Jiang, who do you think will win this fight?" Qiao Zishan asked, his face somewhat pale.

"Of course, Daoist Master Yunxu will win!" Jiang Mingyue said without a second thought.

"Lin Mu has no quarrel with you. Why do you wish for his death?" Song Wenrou looked at Jiang Mingyue, her tone gentle yet incredibly serious. "How can a person's heart be so wicked?"

Jiang Mingyue opened her mouth to retort, but Jiang Yawei cut her off with a cold shout, "Silence! It's starting!"

Everyone tensed.

「In the river's center.」

"Deserved more than death?"

The shock in Yunxu's eyes was slowly replaced by a heaven-shaking killing intent. "Today, I have no choice but to kill you!"

A martial arts prodigy? Possessing transcendent techniques? Today, I will slay you here on the Bolan River!

BOOM!

A towering aura burst forth from Yunxu. His hair and beard bristled, and his eyes glinted like lightning.

"Take this fist from me!" Yunxu bellowed, throwing a punch toward Lin Mu.

At that moment, everyone on the Bolan River stared with their mouths agape, utterly thunderstruck.

Chapter 205: Celestial Master Mansion's Green Lotus Sword Technique!

The waves surged, forming a formidable wall of water that roared toward Lin Mu.

This punch seemed to draw upon the power of the entire Bolan River, carrying an aura as if it could destroy heaven and earth.

"Commanding objects with Qi?!" Jiang Yawei exclaimed in shock, his face a mask of astonishment. His eyes flashed with a brilliant, amazed light.

"Elder Jiang, what does 'commanding objects with Qi' mean?" Qiao Zishan felt his legs trembling uncontrollably, struggling to speak a complete sentence.

This scene had exceeded his understanding and shattered his worldview.

"Commanding objects with Qi is the ultimate pursuit of every Martial Artist. It requires achieving precise control over every ounce of True Qi within one's body." Suppressing the shock in his heart, Jiang Yawei's tone was tinged with excitement. "To draw upon the forces of heaven and earth with one's Qi, to comprehend the profound principles of the Great Dao—that is what makes a true Martial Arts Grandmaster!"

Comprehend the Great Dao of heaven and earth?

Ordinarily, Qiao Zishan would have scoffed at such an explanation. This wasn't some fantasy novel, after all. Who talks about comprehending the profound principles of the world? But the scene before him was undeniably real. The terrifying aura washed over him, leaving no room for disbelief. Deep within his heart, an intense envy and fervent passion surged to the surface. Such terrifying power actually existed in the world, and human beings could unleash such formidable might.

He was the son of the richest man in the country, and he was no fool. He had founded his own company and oversaw countless enterprises. One could say he possessed both power and money. In the future, once he completely took over his family's business, he would stand at the apex of human society. He lacked nothing! But after witnessing this, Qiao Zishan finally knew what his future should be. Individual power! The pursuit of personal strength would now be his life's goal!

All around, everyone was stunned by Daoist Master Yunxu's move.

Such a terrifying wall of water roared toward them. It seemed capable of destroying not just Lin Mu, but even a city wall.

"How dreadful! Can Master Lin withstand this move?"

Cries of alarm rose up as the observing Martial Artists turned pale, their faces a mixture of excitement and fear.

"Who would have thought Daoist Master Yunxu had reached such a level? He's using his own power to command the might of the Bolan River to strike down his foe. A technique like this... only Daoist Master Yunxu could pull it off."

"Therefore, Master Lin is doomed to fail!"

「In the middle of the river.」

Lin Mu stood with his hands behind his back.

He tilted his head up slightly, watching the formidable attack take the shape of a water wall before him, and nodded.

"This punch is passable."

He didn't bother to lower his voice, so everyone heard him.

This punch is... passable? This Master Lin is far too confident!

But this punch harnessed the power of the Bolan River! As time went on, the wall of water only grew stronger, even causing the river's surface to drop noticeably. Thus, no one was optimistic about Lin Mu's chances.

"Hahaha, Master Lin, I admit you're quite impressive," Daoist Master Yunxu laughed heartily, then his tone chilled as he barked, "But in the end, you are too young!"

"Kill!"

As the word was uttered, the wall of water transformed again, morphing into a water serpent that came roaring toward him.

"This..."

The sight left the onlookers gasping in disbelief once more, a cold chill running down their limbs.

"Truly terrifying, truly horrifying!"

"It remains to be seen how Master Lin will counter it."

"What else can he do? He is undoubtedly doomed!" Some Martial Artists sneered coldly, having no faith whatsoever in Lin Mu.

However, Lin Mu paid no attention to the crowd. As the water serpent was about to swallow him whole, he simply extended a single finger.

"This... Isn't Master Lin being overly arrogant?"

"Pfft, does he really believe he can break Daoist Master Yunxu's attack with just one finger?"

"Sigh, Master Lin is such a disappointment..."

CRACK!

However, before the crowd's discussion had ended, an even more shocking scene unfolded.

Lin Mu touched his finger to the water serpent's forehead. The enormous serpent, carrying the terrifying power of the Bolan River, instantly froze in mid-air as if encased in ice.

"Break!"

As Lin Mu spoke softly, the water serpent suddenly collapsed.

BOOM!

Water splashed everywhere as the displaced river crashed back onto itself, instantly kicking up a towering mist. The splattering droplets even pierced straight through countless boats, causing the Martial Artists on them to cry out in alarm.

"Damn, that strong?!"

The scene was so shocking that even Jiang Mingyue, who always minded her image, couldn't help but curse. One could only imagine what the others must be thinking.

"So strong... just too strong!"

Countless people felt a chill run through their limbs, their expressions blank as they unconsciously swallowed.

Daoist Master Yunxu's smile froze, replaced by an incredulous expression. That last punch contained fifty percent of his strength and even a trace of the Bolan River's power. An ordinary Martial Arts Grandmaster would find it difficult to even withstand the terrifying pressure, let alone block it.

However, Lin Mu had shattered it with a single poke of his finger!

Such a technique, such strength... it was truly terrifying!

The river fell silent. Everyone stared, their eyes wide with disbelief.

This Master Lin was truly terrifying. Although they knew he was strong, they never imagined he was this powerful. He had punctured Daoist Master Yunxu's attack with a single finger.

It was really... quite disheartening.

Jiang Mingyue and the others felt the same, to say nothing of Gu Can and his cronies. They had been so frightened they'd collapsed onto the deck of the boat, their faces filled with terror. Just moments ago, they had been ridiculing Lin Mu, convinced he was too arrogant to call himself Master Lin. However, not only was he genuinely a Master, but he was also this powerful.

Thinking of the scene, Li Ping was filled with fear and regret.

If only... if only she had known how powerful Lin Mu was... With her looks and status, if she had thrown herself at him, her future...

The thought filled Li Ping with profound regret.

"They say you, Daoist Master Yunxu, are the True Immortal of Thunder Law from the Dragon Tiger Mountain Celestial Master Mansion. They say your strength is unfathomable and that you are poised to become the fifth Grandmaster. But seeing you today, it seems you're nothing more than a waste of life!" Lin Mu shook his head as he spoke. "A waste like you? I can destroy you with a single hand!"

An uproar swept through the crowd.

Destroy him with a single hand?! He blocked a single attack from Daoist Master Yunxu and he's already this arrogant? Isn't this Master Lin getting a little too full of himself?

"Very well, very well! It seems I've underestimated you!" Daoist Master Yunxu laughed, but there was no humor in it, only rage. His face darkened as he said, "A once-in-a-generation talent like you is a rare sight even in the entire Martial Arts World of Hua Country. It's a pity you still have to die today!"

His expression was as grim as deep water. A boundless murderous intent erupted from him, locking onto Lin Mu.

Give this boy another twenty years—no, ten—and he might even surpass me. But today, this martial arts prodigy would die by my hand.

Thinking this, Daoist Master Yunxu licked his lips.

The chance to personally extinguish such a genius was a great temptation!

HUMMM!!

As his words fell, Daoist Master Yunxu's form began to rise from the water's surface, ascending into the air. The whisk in his hand floated automatically before him.

"My Celestial Master Mansion has stood in this world for a thousand years, its Divine Skills and Dao Methods as numerous as the stars. Apart from talismans and the Thunder Law, our Sword Dao is also world-renowned. Today, I shall kill you with the Sword Dao!"

The whisk suddenly unfurled, and a fearsome sword intent erupted.

Daoist Master Yunxu pointed at Lin Mu and coldly shouted, "Green Lotus Sword!"

"Kill!"

Chapter 206: Green Lotus Sword Technique, Nothing Special!

Atop a high mountain in the Capital, clouds and fog wreathed the peak, adorning it with ribbons of auspicious clouds. Within a pavilion, an elder in plain clothing played Go against himself, occasionally pausing to sip his tea.

Just then, a figure clad in black appeared outside the pavilion to report, "Commander, the battle over there has begun."

The elder waved a hand dismissively. "I know." He signaled for the man to withdraw.

"Shen Lang, who do you think will win this battle?" the elder suddenly asked.

After a long while, two words drifted out from the clouds and mist. "Yun Xu."

A strange smile appeared on the elder's face. "Why?"

The voice replied, "The Green Lotus Sword Technique is the strongest in the world. When it is drawn, none can stand against it."

The elder laughed heartily. "Though the technique is strong, it can hardly be called the strongest when facing the Sword God himself."

"There is only one Shen Lang in this world." The speaker's tone was placid, yet it contained an absolute, unshakeable confidence.

The elder laughed heartily again. "Hahaha, how about we make a bet?"

"I don't bet for money," the voice refused.

The elder smiled. "Don't worry. This time, we are not betting money."

"If Lin Mu wins this battle, you will take a trip to Dragon Tiger Mountain," the elder said, taking a light sip of his tea.

Shen Lang fell silent for a moment. "Elder Xiao, you can't be serious..."

The elder laughed cheerfully. "What's the matter? Don't you dare? Or are you not confident in your own judgment as the Sword God?"

"Fine. I accept."

The elder burst into laughter. As he left, he placed a single stone on the board. Instantly, all the black stones across the board connected, forming the shape of a great dragon that trapped all the white stones within. Slaying the dragon, Black wins.

"After this battle, bring Lin Mu into the Dragon Protection Hall." The elder descended the mountain with a flourish, and as he did, a figure emerged from the mist.

He stared intently at the Go board on the table, a strange light glinting in his eyes. Could I have been mistaken? But once Yun Xu unleashes the Green Lotus Sword Technique, how could that boy possibly defend against it?

Shen Lang shook his head, refusing to believe he could lose this bet.

「」

The Green Lotus Sword Technique was one of the ancestral arts of the Dragon Tiger Mountain Celestial Master Mansion. It had been refined by countless generations of Heavenly Masters, leaving it with fewer flaws and even greater power. Only direct disciples of the Celestial Master Mansion were permitted to learn it, and the conditions were exceptionally strict.

However, as a direct disciple from the previous generation, Yun Xu had naturally learned this technique and had even achieved a very high level of mastery.

Now, he wielded his horsetail whisk as a sword, channeling all his True Qi and transforming it into Sword Gang.

In an instant, the very air between heaven and earth became saturated with a dense, sharp sword intent.

FSSSHHH!

The surface of the Bolan River was carved with countless crisscrossing gashes, all from the sword intent alone. Even boats that were already far away were affected, their hulls scored with innumerable cuts from the pervasive sword intent.

"Quick, fall back! Fall back!" the spectating Martial Artists screamed, their faces etched with terror. They were utterly shocked by Daoist Master Yunxu's mastery of the Sword Dao.

Yun Xu gave a vicious sneer. "Brat, I don't care how many tricks you have. This time, you die!" He stroked the whisk with his left hand as if caressing the body of a sword.

CLANG!

A clear sword cry rang out as a terrifying sword intent erupted, lunging straight for Lin Mu.

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly, but his expression remained unchanged. He chuckled. "The Green Lotus Sword Technique?" As his clothes fluttered, he raised a single finger.

Lu Tong, watching from a distance, shouted as if he'd seen a ghost. "Is he insane?"

"It's over. Master Lin has gotten truly arrogant. He must think the current Daoist Master Yunxu is the same as he was before."

"This is just asking to be killed. He'll have no one to blame but himself."

Previously, Lin Mu had broken one of Yunxu's moves with a single finger, and now he intended to do it again. It was just too arrogant!

"As expected of the Master of the Three Rivers, but he's still going to die!" Liu Xiu sneered, her voice dripping with mockery.

Yun Xu also believed Lin Mu was being far too arrogant. "Boy, if this is the only trick you have, then let me tell you, your death in this battle is certain!" Yun Xu sneered as his True Yuan erupted. The sword intent swirled, vowing to shred Lin Mu to pieces.

"Is that so?" Lin Mu chuckled softly, joining two fingers together and raising them before his chest.

VSHHHH!

Yunxu's whisk, carrying a supreme sword intent, tore through the air as it closed rapidly on Lin Mu.

"It's over!" A murderous glint flashed in Yunxu's eyes, his expression that of someone who had already secured victory.

The others also thought the battle would end just like this.

But at that very moment, Lin Mu, standing upon the churning waves, gently swiped his two fingers downward as if cutting the very air.

In that instant, everyone saw a dazzling light flash before their eyes. It was immediately followed by a stinging pain across their skin, as if they were being sliced by countless sharp edges. The eyes of some weaker Martial Artists instantly streamed with tears from the pain.

SCHRRRKT!

The next second, a grating sound of tearing air followed. Before Lin Mu, the air itself was split open by a fine crack, as if sliced by a sharp sword.

CRACK!

The whisk in Yunxu's hand instantly disintegrated into dust and slowly dissipated.

"This..." Before he could even react, an impossibly sharp power howled toward him.

WHOOSH!

A dazzling beam of sword light shot up from the surface of the river.

"No!" Yunxu screamed, retreating swiftly in an attempt to dodge the sword light.

SLSHHH!

With a bloodcurdling scream, Yunxu's entire body was slammed into the river. The beam of sword light, its momentum unchecked, carved a terrifying scar across the sky.

The waves churned and rain poured down in sheets, now mixed with fresh blood. Lin Mu stood upon the river's surface. He slowly retracted his fingers and said softly, "The Green Lotus Sword Technique... is nothing special after all."

After what seemed like an eternity, cries of alarm finally broke the silence. "What was that just now?" Everyone's face was a mask of shock and terror.

If that sword attack had been aimed at any of us, we'd be corpses by now.

"I don't know! I just felt like I was about to die! It was terrifying!"

"That was a beam of sword light! Master Lin knows swordsmanship too!" A shriek jolted the dazed crowd back to their senses.

Master Lin knows swordsmanship? This...

The expressions on the faces of Lu Tong and the others turned impossibly dark.

Liu Xiu gritted her teeth, staring intently at the figure on the river. "Is there anything he can't do?!"

"Wait, where's Daoist Master Yunxu?" The question sent the crowd into an uproar.

Daoist Master Yunxu had been knocked into the water but still hadn't resurfaced. Could it be... that he was already dead?

"Impossible! Daoist Master Yunxu's strength is incredible! He can't have died just like that!"

"That's right! With Daoist Master Yunxu's abilities, it's too soon to say if he's dead or alive!"

RUMBLE...

Just as everyone was searching for him, the clouds in the sky above began to roil, threatening an imminent downpour.

"How come it's about to rain all of a sudden?" Everyone looked up at the sky, a deep unease settling in their hearts.

"This is..." Jiang Yawei muttered. A moment later, his expression changed drastically. He grabbed Jiang Mingyue and began steering their boat frantically in retreat.

"Grandfather, that is..."

Pushing the boat to its maximum speed, Jiang Yawei said gravely, "Don't speak! We have to go now!"

The Martial Artists who realized what was happening also scattered in terror, fleeing into the distance.

In an instant, for a hundred miles around on the Bolan River, all was clear except for a single spot at the very center. There, a figure as small as a black speck bobbed on the surface.

In the vast sky, dark clouds gathered directly above his head, heralding a heavenly lightning punishment.

Chapter 207: The Ocean Brewed into Wine, a Sword Shining over Jiuzhou!

"Has Daoist Master Yunxu been defeated?"

A wave of shock washed over the crowd. The sword technique Lin Mu had just executed was simply too powerful. Even at a great distance, they all felt a sense of despair.

"No, Daoist Master Yunxu cannot possibly be defeated!"

Someone, unable to accept this reality, pointed at the roiling dark clouds above. "Daoist Master Yunxu's greatest strength is his ability to command the Thunder Law. There's no way Master Lin alone could have killed him!"

"Indeed, that must be it!"

Watching the dark clouds, a glimmer of hope sparked in the crowd's hearts.

CRACK! CRACKLE!

As time passed, lightning flashed within the dark clouds, radiating an astonishing power.

SPLASH!

At the same time, a figure violently leaped out of the river, soaring into the sky.

It was Yunxu!

However, compared to his previous ethereal, sage-like appearance, he had changed drastically. His hair was disheveled and his clothes were in tatters. His face and body were covered in wounds, large and small, from which blood flowed incessantly. What shocked everyone the most was the massive wound on his abdomen that had nearly sliced him in two.

To have sustained such severe injuries and still be alive was astonishing. One could only imagine how immense his strength was.

"Still not dead? You're quite tenacious," Lin Mu chuckled softly, not seeming surprised at all.

Yunxu glared fiercely at Lin Mu, his eyes filled with venomous resentment. "Boy, I admit I underestimated you, and I have paid a heavy price for it. But thinking of killing me won't be so easy!"

"Is that so?" Lin Mu responded noncommittally, slowly shaking his head. "Yunxu, do you truly believe that I cannot kill you?"

Yunxu burst into scornful laughter and roared, "Kill me? You aren't qualified! Today, I will be the one to kill you!"

As soon as his words fell, Yunxu suddenly spread his arms wide. In the heavens above, amidst the roiling clouds, thick bolts of lightning fiercely gathered, creating a terrifying spectacle.

The sky darkened and the atmosphere grew oppressive. Everyone's limbs went weak. It felt as if Divine Punishment was descending from the heavens, that the end of days was near.

"Master Lin, today I will show you that my title, True Immortal of Thunder Law, is well-earned!" Yunxu bellowed, launching himself high into the sky.

"What is he trying to do...?"

Every face was a mask of shock and confusion.

"Could it be...?"

Suddenly, a few people seemed to realize something. They screamed abruptly and began running frantically, trying to get even farther away.

CRACK!

A massive Thunderbolt crashed down, striking the surface of the river.

BOOM!

The river water exploded, transforming into a torrential downpour. Bolts of lightning scattered in every direction, killing countless fish and shrimp.

CRACKLE! CRACKLE! CRACKLE!

Then, Thunderbolts began to fall incessantly, swirling around Daoist Master Yunxu as if they were orbiting him. At the center of the lightning, Yunxu looked like a Thunder God descended from the heavens, imposing and majestic. In that moment, he seemed to be the ruler of all creation, able to strike down any who defied him with a mere flick of his hand.

Clad in an armor of Thunderbolts, wielding lightning in his hands, this was Yunxu at his absolute peak.

"Clad in Thunderbolts! The True Immortal of Thunder Law truly lives up to his name!"

"A miracle! This is simply a miracle!"

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I would never have believed someone in this world could actually command Thunderbolts!"

Countless people watched this scene, their eyes fervent, their hearts trembling with shock.

Qiao Zishan and the others were already dumbfounded. From Daoist Master Yunxu displaying the Green Lotus Sword Technique to him now being clad in Thunderbolts and transforming into the Thunder God, each moment overturned their understanding of reality.

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I would think I was dreaming," Jiang Xia and Li Ping said with bitter smiles, their voices filled with shock.

In contrast to them, Qiao Zishan's bitterness was mixed with a greater sense of desolation and unwillingness. As the son of River City's wealthiest man, he was born with more than others.

Power, wealth, resources... In which of these was he not already standing at the finish line, far ahead of everyone else?

But after witnessing this battle, he had become somewhat bewildered. He even felt a profound sense of disparity.

The ant, the piece of trash he had never taken seriously, had somehow transformed into the renowned Master Lin.

This was the first time in his life he had ever felt this way.

Therefore, Lin Mu must die!

A jealous glow flickered in Qiao Zishan's eyes as he stared intently at the blurry figure in the center of the river.

I will never be at ease until you are dead!

This was not a thought he had alone.

"This man must die!" Liu Xiu clutched the boat's edge tightly, his face twisted in a dark scowl.

"Mr. Liu, rest assured, Lin Mu won't live past today!" Lu Tong sneered. "Daoist Master Yunxu appears to be giving it his all. No matter how many tricks Lin Mu has, he is on a one-way path to death!"

"Don't speak so soon. I don't want to be proven wrong again," Liu Xiu snorted coldly, venting his dissatisfaction.

Lu Tong quickly lowered his head, hiding the vicious glint in his eyes.

Lin Mu, you must die!

"Heavenly Imperial Divine Thunder, heed my command! Vanquish all evil!" Yunxu pointed at Lin Mu, his killing intent erupting as he screamed, "Kill!"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

All the Thunderbolts instantly converged into one massive streak of lightning that howled toward Lin Mu. A heart-stopping scene suddenly unfolded on the Bolan River. From the sky, a brilliant spear of lightning descended with a roar, aimed directly at the lone silhouette on the river's surface. Compared to the magnificent Thunderbolt, that figure seemed incredibly frail. A mere touch would surely reduce him to ash.

Everyone awaited the tragic scene of his death. However, an even more shocking spectacle unfolded.

As the lightning made contact with the man, it simply vanished without a trace. As time passed, even as the last Thunderbolt faded from the sky and the dark clouds began to disperse, the man remained in his original posture, standing on the river's surface with a smile.

"How is this possible?!"

"How can this possibly be?!!"

Yunxu looked dazed and despondent, gazing at Lin Mu below, feeling as if his entire world was being turned upside down. The spectators were equally baffled. The Thunderbolts summoned by Daoist Master Yunxu had no effect on Lin Mu whatsoever.

What in the world was going on?

Lin Mu finally spoke. "Heed your command?"

He slowly lifted his hand. On the back of it, a dragon-shaped mark throbbed gently, as if it were alive.

"With the paltry thunder-controlling arts of your Celestial Master Mansion, you dream of commanding the Thunderbolts of this world? What a foolish fantasy."

The moment Lin Mu finished speaking, the crowd erupted in an uproar.

"Impudence!" Daoist Master Yunxu was furious, pointing a shaking finger at Lin Mu. "You brat, how dare you insult the Celestial Master Mansion?!"

"Insult?" Lin Mu sneered. "Forget insulting you. Even if I were to kill you today, what could the Celestial Master Mansion possibly do?"

As his voice fell, Lin Mu made a grasping motion with his hand, unleashing a fierce suction force that pulled Yunxu toward him.

"No!"

Yunxu's expression changed dramatically. He channeled the last shred of his True Yuan and fled into the distance.

The True Immortal of Thunder Law from the esteemed Celestial Master Mansion... was actually fleeing?

"Trying to run? It won't be that easy."

Lin Mu shook his head and smiled. As he opened his palm, a terrifying force suddenly burst forth. It was a bolt of lightning even more staggering than before, one that had taken the form of a Thunder Dragon.

The Thunder Dragon roared out, chasing after Yunxu!

A Thunder Dragon descended upon the world, obliterating everything in its path

Chapter 208: My Name is Lin Wudi!

ROAR!

The Thunder Dragon howled, and between the sea and sky, lightning flashed and an overwhelming draconic might surged forth. The sheer pressure made everyone's legs go weak, nearly forcing them to their knees.

"That's... an actual dragon..."

"Master Lin is too formidable! He can command Thunderbolts, and he's even more powerful than Daoist Master Yunxu!"

"Is there anything Master Lin can't do?"

"A heaven-sent genius! Utterly monstrous!"

Amidst the discussions, Lu Tong and his men's expressions changed drastically, their hearts trembling with shock. This Master Lin... he's a Grandmaster capable of miracles! To think that the esteemed True Immortal of Thunder Law from the Celestial Master Mansion was so thoroughly defeated that he had to flee... If word of this gets out, the Celestial Master Mansion will lose all face!

A clear voice spread in all directions. "Yun Xu, isn't it a bit late to think of escaping?" With that, the Thunder Dragon closed in on Yun Xu at a terrifying speed.

ROAR!

The Thunder Dragon roared, about to coil around its prey.

"No!" Yun Xu screamed in horror, finally gripped by fear. "Mr. Liu, save me!"

The moment his voice fell, a figure shot from the shore, throwing a punch meant to repel the Thunder Dragon.

"How dare you, beast!" A furious blast of True Yuan erupted, striking the Thunder Dragon.

"Hm?"

The Thunder Dragon didn't budge an inch. Instead, it opened its maw and spat out a blinding bolt of lightning that instantly struck the attacker.

PFFT!

A spray of blood erupted as the figure scrambled back, landing on the river's surface with an ashen face.

It was Lu Tong, Helmsman of the Jiangling Martial Alliance.

He rubbed his scorched and numb arm, his heart overcome with fear. If I had been even the slightest bit careless, that lightning would have killed me.

"Master Lin, you've gone too far!" Lu Tong glared at Lin Mu, his eyes filled with venomous resentment. "You've already won, so why must you be so ruthless? Do you want to start a fight to the death with the Celestial Master Mansion?" His words carried a veiled threat.

The Dragon Tiger Mountain Celestial Master Mansion was a long-renowned power in the Huaxia Martial Arts World. It had countless experts under its banner and held a significant position within the Martial Alliance.

Lin Mu looked at Lu Tong, his gaze cold. "What? Are you trying to stop me?"

"You..." Lu Tong, not expecting such a response, grew even more irritated. He snorted coldly. "Master Lin, I admit you're strong, but do you truly believe you're invincible?"

Lin Mu's tone was as flat as ever. "At least, killing you wouldn't be difficult." As the words left his lips, he attacked.

He brought two fingers together and swiped them through the air before him, causing a powerful sword intent to materialize between heaven and earth.

"Master Lin, you dare!" As Lin Mu made his move, Liu Xiu's face changed dramatically, and he cried out in fear.

Lu Tong was his man, and Liu Xiu himself had many dealings with the Celestial Master Mansion. This trip to River City was less about persuading Lin Mu to surrender and more about putting pressure on him. Naturally, he intervened to stop Lin Mu from killing anyone.

Unfortunately, Lin Mu didn't even spare him a glance. With a sweep of his fingers, a sharp sword intent burst forth, roaring toward Lu Tong.

Lin Mu murmured softly, **"The ocean boils to wine; one sword illuminates Jiuzhou!"** The sword intent then burst forth with magnificent radiance.

"Damn it!" Lu Tong screamed. Not daring to face the attack, he scrambled to retreat. His speed was considerable, but it was no match for the sword intent.

PFFT!

The sword intent flashed past Lu Tong's body, severing an arm.

"Ah, my arm!" Lu Tong clutched his stump, his face twisted in pain. How can he be this powerful? A single strand of sword intent, and I was left so helpless, completely unable to resist...

"I've taken your arm as a warning to others," Lin Mu said arrogantly, his hands clasped behind his back. "Of course, if you're not convinced, you're welcome to seek revenge."

"I..." Lu Tong's body trembled, his face pale. He bowed his head bitterly. "I... I wouldn't dare."

Lu Tong actually surrendered? The crowd was in an uproar, yet they also felt it was to be expected. In the face of such a powerful Master Lin, who would dare to stand against him?

"Since you don't dare, then get lost." Lin Mu gave Lu Tong one last, deep look before turning and walking slowly toward Yun Xu.

"What... what are you doing?" Yun Xu trembled uncontrollably as Lin Mu approached. Gone was his previous air of an otherworldly immortal; he was now just a pathetic, disheveled mess.

"Yun Xu, you have truly disappointed me." Looking at Yun Xu, Lin Mu slowly shook his head. Yun Xu seemed to have decent strength, but he couldn't take a real hit. I haven't even used a fraction of my power, and he's already defeated. It's almost disappointing.

"You..." Yun Xu was seething with shame and anger, but he was utterly outmatched. With the Thunder Dragon circling nearby, escape was impossible. Taking a deep breath, he said, "Master Lin, I have lost. I admit my skills are inferior. From now on, I acknowledge your status as a Grandmaster in the Martial Arts World. Let us write off the grudge between us!" He hoped these words would be enough to save his life.

"If you've lost, then you die," Lin Mu said with a faint smile, preparing to strike.

"You dare!" Yun Xu cried out in alarm. "I am the junior brother of the Celestial Master Mansion's Heavenly Master! If you kill me, you won't live to see another day!"

"The Celestial Master Mansion? I don't give them a second thought." Lin Mu's expression was haughty, his eyes glittering with battle intent. If the Celestial Master Mansion dares to come for me, then we'll fight!

"You..." Yun Xu was so enraged he was speechless.

"Enough!" At that moment, Liu Xiu's boat drew near. He looked down at Lin Mu and said, "Master Lin, I acknowledge your skill. But can you do me a favor and spare Yun Xu this once?"

"Mr. Liu, save me!" Seeing Liu Xiu, Yun Xu clung to the hope like a drowning man to a lifeline, crying out for help.

"The Military Department's Liu Xiu? He came too!" Seeing Liu Xiu, Jiang Yawei's expression changed slightly, his face growing solemn.

"Grandpa, who is Liu Xiu?" Jiang Mingyue asked curiously.

"Little one, if you ever meet him, remember to address him as Mr. Liu. His position in the Martial Alliance is quite high," Jiang Yawei advised.

"Oh," Jiang Mingyue said. "Can he stop Master Lin from killing someone, then?"

Jiang Yawei nodded. "With his standing, it's not just Master Lin. Even the other Grandmasters would have to show him some deference."

Jiang Mingyue exclaimed, "That powerful?"

On the river, Lin Mu sized up Liu Xiu and suddenly grinned. "Who do you think you are, daring to beg me to spare his dog life?"

Liu Xiu's expression turned thunderous. "Brat, don't refuse a toast only to drink a forfeit. You'd better not push your luck, or believe me..."

"If you don't want to die, get lost!"

Lin Mu stomped his foot lightly. The river's surface shook violently, and the boat Liu Xiu was on instantly disintegrated. Everyone on board plunged into the water. Liu Xiu coughed up a mouthful of blood, his eyes filled with dread as he looked at Lin Mu.

"We signed a death waiver. Anyone who interferes from now on is my enemy!" Lin Mu's gaze swept over the crowd, and no one dared to meet his eyes.

Liu Xiu took a deep breath, clenched his jaw, and said, "Fine! I won't interfere in this matter anymore!" He turned to his subordinates. "We're leaving!" With that, Liu Xiu departed.

"Mr. Liu..." Yun Xu had just opened his mouth to cry for help when the Thunder Dragon lunged forward and swallowed him whole.

Everyone sucked in a sharp, cold breath. Master Lin... he actually killed Daoist Master Yunxu?

Lin Mu stood with his hands clasped behind him. His gaze swept over the surroundings as his cold, emotionless voice rang clearly in everyone's ears.

"Yun Xu is dead!"

"My name is Lin Wudi!"

Chapter 209: Begging Master Lin for Mercy!

"Yun Xu is dead!"

"My name is Lin Wudi!"

From all around, everyone stared blankly at the proud figure standing tall, the image etching itself into their minds, impossible to forget. Jiang Yawei stood frozen on the spot. After a long while, his trembling lips finally uttered a sentence.

"From this day forward, the name Lin Wudi will surely resound throughout the land!"

At the same time, on the surface of the river, someone shouted.

"We pay our respects to Master Lin!"

This cry instantly triggered a cascade of powerful, unified voices.

"We pay our respects to Master Lin!"

In that moment, everyone's gaze was filled with shock, reverence, and admiration!

Daoist Master Yunxu of the Dragon Tiger Mountain Celestial Master Mansion, the True Immortal of Thunder Law, had boldly emerged from seclusion, only to be slain by Lin Mu. Even Lu Tong, the Helmsman of the Martial Alliance's Jiangling branch, had an arm severed by a single stroke of Lin Mu's sword.

Before this, who could have possibly imagined Lin Mu was so powerful? Who could have predicted this would be the outcome of the battle?

He was truly worthy of the name Lin Wudi! A man who lived up to his name! He was beyond compare to any ordinary person. He said he would eliminate Yun Xu with one hand, and he did just that. He was so dominant he didn't even regard the Martial Alliance as a threat and had rebuked Liu Xiu from the Military Department without a second thought.

With such strength, he truly possessed an invincible air! After all, being able to slay a Martial Arts Grandmaster had already cemented Lin Mu's dominant position in the Martial Arts World. This was a feat that perhaps no other Martial Arts Grandmaster could achieve.

Not to mention, this Invincible Grandmaster, Master Lin, was not yet thirty!

Someone couldn't help but exclaim, "To become a Martial Arts Grandmaster before thirty and single-handedly slay Daoist Master Yunxu is truly terrifying. From now on, his position as the Master of the Three Rivers is firmly secured. In the entire Three Rivers Area, no one will be able to outshine him!"

The others nodded in agreement.

Yun Xu is dead! Lin Wudi has emerged!

After East Madness, West Poison, Southern Butcher, Northern Blade, and Central Questioning Sword, another formidable Grandmaster had risen to the top. And River City's Lin Wudi was undoubtedly the foremost expert among the younger generation! This was something the other five great masters could not have achieved at his age.

Qiao Zishan and the others had long been shocked into silence. Staring at the scene before them, their minds reeled and their hearts pounded.

Lin Mu was actually this incredible! No... he should be called Master Lin!

To think I offered to let him work under me, promising not to treat him poorly. How utterly humiliating to think about it now!

As for Jiang Xia's Li Ping and the others, their regret was so deep it felt like it was twisting their insides.

Among them, Ye Tong felt it the most keenly. She had always opposed Lin Mu getting close to Song Wenrou, her words often laced with sarcasm. After discovering Lin Mu's identity, she was shocked. But upon witnessing him slay Daoist Master Yunxu with her own eyes, fear and regret began to mingle with her shock.

If only she had acted differently... But this world has no cure for regret.

Glancing at the excited Song Wenrou beside her, who looked as if she had won the battle herself, Ye Tong was consumed by shame and remorse.

Inside a luxurious car by the river, Guan Jiaojiao stared intently at the computer screen, her eyes fixed on that tall, invincible figure. "Grandfather, he won! Lin Mu won!" she shouted excitedly.

"Impertinence!" Although Elder Guan was also excited, he reprimanded her. His gaze was stern as he looked at Guan Jiaojiao and said with grave importance, "Young lady, Master Lin is a paragon among men. Forget the past, but from this day on, you must show Master Lin the utmost respect!"

Elder Guan looked around, his gaze landing on the faces of his son and grandson as he warned them, "If anyone dares to slight Master Lin, don't blame this old man for being ruthless!"

"Yes, Grandfather!"

"Understood, Dad!"

Elder Guan looked out the window, his palm gently tapping the armrest of his chair. "By knowing Master Lin," he murmured, "the Guan Family is destined to prosper!"

「The Capital.」

In an ancient, simple courtyard house, Elder Xiao held a brush, his strokes vigorous and fluid as if channeling dragons and snakes in a single, continuous motion. The brush fell still, and his hand stopped. Three bold characters, their strokes revealing immense strength and character, appeared on the paper.

Lin Wudi!

A young man stood beside him. He had thick eyebrows, large eyes, a straight posture, and an honest-looking face.

Looking at the three characters, Elder Xiao nodded with satisfaction. It was unclear whether he was pleased with his calligraphy, the person it named, or both.

The young man smiled. "Commander, you seem so happy. It looks like you've won the bet."

Elder Xiao laughed heartily. "That's right. That young man named Lin not only won, but he won beautifully."

The young man grinned honestly. "No one who bets against the Commander has ever won."

Elder Xiao laughed openly. "This time was different. After all, not just anyone can defeat the Sword God, Shen Lang." Then, with a smile that was not quite a smile, he asked, "What do you think of him?"

"He's alright, I guess," the young man said, scratching his head naively. "But Commander, I don't like fighting, and I don't know how."

"HAHAHA!" Elder Xiao burst out laughing, scolding him playfully, "When did you learn to be so modest, you brat? If you couldn't fight, how did you manage to chase those people around like stray dogs back then?"

"Enough nonsense. Have Shen Lang head to Dragon Tiger Mountain as soon as possible. You should also find an opportunity to test that young man. If his potential is good, bring him back to the Dragon Protection Hall."

「In a secluded mountain rarely visited by man.」

A gaunt man with a face covered in what looked like colorful paints rested against a tree. On closer inspection, it wasn't paint at all, but a mass of shimmering centipedes. Various brightly colored poison snakes even slithered in and out of his clothes.

"A transfer of five million has arrived."

The gaunt man put his phone away and murmured, "Interesting. One Yun Xu dies, and a Lin Wudi appears. Killing the junior martial brother of Heavenly Master Zhang... it seems the Martial Arts World is about to get lively again."

"Hehe, I heard that fellow Ding is also in River City. Might be fun to go and play a little. After being out of sight for so many years, perhaps the world has forgotten all about me, Western Poison Little Ouyang."

「On the Bolan River.」

Lin Mu glanced around at the chaotic battlefield and shook his head slightly. Then, his figure flickered. Amidst the crowd's reverent gazes, he landed directly on Jiang Yawei's boat.

Thinking Lin Mu was there to kill them too, Jiang Mingyue screamed in fright.

Jiang Yawei quickly grabbed his granddaughter and bowed deeply to Lin Mu. "We failed to recognize you for who you truly are, Master Lin. I hope you will not hold it against us."

As if waking from a dream, Jiang Mingyue stammered, "M-Master Lin... I..." The girl who was usually so proud and confident couldn't even speak clearly in front of Lin Mu.

Lin Mu shook his head and smiled at Jiang Yawei. "Elder Jiang, I'll have to trouble you for a ride back."

"Oh, of course, of course!" Jiang Yawei nodded hurriedly, though he felt a mix of amusement and helplessness.

You can walk on water, yet you want a ride back on my shabby boat?

But he didn't dare say another word. For Master Lin to be willing to ride his boat was a great honor for him.

Lin Mu walked over to Song Wenrou and gave her a wide smile.

Song Wenrou pumped a small fist in the air and beamed back at him. "Master Lin, you're amazing!"

Lin Mu chuckled and ruffled her hair. Seeing this, the ache in Ye Tong's heart grew even more intense.

THUD!

Just then, a figure dropped to their knees before Lin Mu.

"Master Lin, I beg for your mercy!"

Chapter 210: Heaven's List Sixteen!

"Lin Mu... no, Master Lin, please spare my life! I failed to recognize your greatness and often opposed you. I hope you can be magnanimous and, for Ye Tong's sake, let me off this time."

It was Jiang Xia, and he was sick with regret. He had believed himself to be from a superior background than Lin Mu, with a more powerful network of support. Leveraging the Xia family's connection to Daoist Master Yunxu, he had targeted Lin Mu repeatedly. If he'd known Lin Mu was *that* Master Lin, a man far more formidable than Daoist Master Yunxu, he wouldn't have dared to oppose him even if he had ten times the courage.

As he knelt, Li Ping and the others immediately followed suit.

Gu Can even began slapping himself as he cried out, "Master Lin, I was blind for looking down on you! I shouldn't have mocked you. I deserve to die! Please, just treat me like I'm nothing and let me go."

Gu Can only considered himself superior because of his connection to Jiang Xia; without him, he was nothing. As foolish as he was, he wasn't stupid enough to knowingly provoke a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

Sobbing, Li Ping crawled forward on her knees. "Lin... Master Lin, I know I was wrong. Please, just let us go. How about this... as long as you forgive me, I'm willing to do anything." Her expression was odd, the suggestive meaning so obvious that even a blind person could see it.

Seeing the group kneeling on the boat, Jiang Mingyue felt a wave of relief. Thankfully, while I was a bit dissatisfied with Lin Mu at first, at least I didn't do anything excessive.

Lin Mu frowned. "All of you, stand up. Let bygones be bygones. As long as you don't provoke me in the future, I won't hold it against you."

Jiang Xia and the others were instantly overjoyed, swearing all kinds of oaths that they would be cursed if they ever crossed him again.

Li Ping, on the other hand, smiled through her tears. She wiped her eyes, shot a look at Lin Mu, and pouted, "Master Lin, you really scared me just now."

Song Wenrou wore a look of disgust. Before Lin Mu could speak, Li Ping sidled closer and whispered, "Master Lin, what I said just now... I meant it."

Seeing her act this way, Lin Mu was repulsed. He snorted coldly, "Scram. If you try to disgust me again, don't think I won't kill you!"

Li Ping turned deathly pale with fright, stumbling back several steps and not daring to speak another word. The others, including Jiang Xia, fell deathly silent, too scared to make a sound.

At that moment, Jiang Yawei suddenly spoke. "After today's battle becomes known, Master Lin will undoubtedly enter the Heavenly Ranking."

"The Heavenly Ranking?"

Lin Mu was curious. He had heard that the Martial Arts World had three rankings—Heaven, Earth, and Human—but he had only killed Yunxu. How could that be enough to enter the Heavenly Ranking?

"Indeed. The Heavenly Ranking," Jiang Yawei nodded. "When the Martial Alliance was established, it created three lists to rank the nation's martial artists by strength. The Human Ranking is only for martial arts geniuses under twenty. While talented, none have reached the level of a Martial Arts Grandmaster. The Earth Ranking is for experts who show the potential to become one. As for the Heavenly Ranking," Jiang Yawei said, a hint of reverence in his voice, "everyone on that list is a Martial Arts Grandmaster. However, not every Grandmaster makes it onto the Heavenly Ranking."

Lin Mu now understood, though he didn't really care. I am the only Cultivator in the world today. Such mundane rankings mean nothing to me.

Jiang Mingyue asked curiously, "Grandfather, how high do you think Master Lin could rank? I've heard that everyone on the Heavenly Ranking is a Grandmaster among Grandmasters."

Jiang Yawei pondered for a moment before saying, "With Master Lin's strength, he should at least break into the top fifteen."

"The top fifteen?" Jiang Mingyue's red lips parted slightly in surprise. Stealing a glance at Lin Mu, she said, "Grandfather, isn't that a bit of an exaggeration? It would be incredible enough if Master Lin could make it into the top twenty."

The words had barely left her mouth when she regretted them, afraid she had offended Lin Mu. Fortunately, his expression remained unchanged, as if he hadn't taken her words to heart.

"My girl, you're underestimating Master Lin," Jiang Yawei said gravely. "Lu Tong's strength might not be much, but Daoist Master Yunxu was a genuine Martial Arts Grandmaster. Over thirty years ago, he was already ranked twenty-third on the Heavenly Ranking. In the three decades since, his strength had become unfathomable." Jiang Yawei sighed. "And yet, a man of such power was killed single-handedly by Master Lin. So, tell me, is ranking him in the top fifteen really an exaggeration?"

Jiang Mingyue immediately started counting on her fingers. "Not at all! Not in the slightest! I think he could even make it into the top ten!"

Jiang Yawei gave a wry smile and said no more.

The top ten? Although Master Lin is a monstrous talent, breaking into the top ten would still be difficult. Even the four great Grandmasters aren't in the top ten, let alone Lin Mu. Still, give him ten years, and competing for a spot might just be possible. Thinking of this, Jiang Yawei felt a surge of anticipation, wondering what the Martial Arts World would look like in a decade.

Meanwhile, Jiang Mingyue was casting sidelong glances at Lin Mu. He was tall and carried himself well, with a striking appearance. Before, she wouldn't have given him a second glance, having seen many men like him. Now, however, she found him possessing a unique charm.

The more I look at him, the more handsome he seems. The thought made her blush. What disappointed her, however, was that from beginning to end, Lin Mu never once looked her way. For Jiang Mingyue, who had always held herself in high regard, this brought a sharp twinge of loss. Why is this guy always so cold and aloof? It's infuriating!

Women are such strange creatures. When they dislike a man, even the most expensive clothes look gaudy on him. But if they like him, the cheapest street vendor rags can look tasteful.

Soon, the boat reached the shore. After thanking Jiang Yawei and his party, Lin Mu headed for home. Before they parted ways, Jiang Yawei, unable to withstand his granddaughter's nagging, asked for Lin Mu's contact information.

Li Ping and the others, however, deliberately lagged behind, not wishing to walk anywhere near Lin Mu.

Qiao Zishan mustered his courage and shouted, "Master Lin, if you have time, please visit the Qiao Family!"

He expected to be ignored, but to his surprise, Lin Mu actually stopped. Turning slightly, he said, "If the opportunity arises, I will definitely visit the Qiao Family."

Qiao Zishan was ecstatic, completely missing the cold smirk that flickered across Lin Mu's lips.

Ye Tong, meanwhile, remained silent the entire time, her head lowered, apparently lost in thought.

At the same time, news of Lin Mu's battle with Yunxu on the Bolan River—and his victory—spread throughout Huaxia as if it had grown wings. In an instant, the entire Huaxia Martial Arts World was in an uproar.

The name Lin Wudi was on everyone's lips, a subject of intense curiosity. Some found the news hard to believe and were desperate for any detail about Lin Mu's identity and how the fight unfolded. Others dismissed the claims as exaggerated and openly questioned Lin Mu's strength. Unfortunately, no one had dared to secretly record the battle, so not a single image of the fight ever surfaced.

Amid the shock rippling through the Martial Arts World, another bombshell dropped: the Heavenly Ranking had been updated, and Lin Mu was on it.

"Sixteenth on the Heavenly Ranking—Lin Wudi!"

This announcement shook the Martial Arts World.