

War God 26

Chapter 26: Selling Oneself to Save Mother!

"Qin Luoli! Lin Mu! You'll pay for this!"

Luo Jinping woke up as his bodyguards carried him out of the Qin Corporation building, and he immediately started screaming in a rage. But this simple movement made him cry out in pain again.

"Young Master, should we call the police?" one of the bodyguards asked cautiously.

"Call the police, my ass! I can't afford to lose face like that!" Luo Jinping roared. After a humiliation this great, calling the police would just make him look incompetent, wouldn't it? "Find me some desperate thugs. I'm going to teach Lin Mu a proper lesson!"

Luo Jinping sneered. "He thinks he's a tough guy, doesn't he? Well, this time, I'll let him fight to his heart's content!"

Feeling the chill in Luo Jinping's tone, the two bodyguards shivered involuntarily. They knew their young master was truly enraged this time.

"What are you standing around for? Hurry up and take me to the hospital! Do you want me to die of pain?" When he saw the two bodyguards still frozen in place, Luo Jinping's fury boiled over. It was all because of these two useless fools who couldn't even handle Lin Mu, which was why he had been beaten so miserably.

Gao Zi'ang hadn't left. He was sitting in a café across from Wanda Plaza, sipping coffee while watching the Qin Corporation building. He wanted to see Lin Mu carried out with his own eyes.

He glanced at his swollen right hand, and the malice in his eyes intensified. Lin Mu, you probably have no idea how determined Young Master Luo is to have Qin Luoli. Offending him will not end well for you! Gao Zi'ang sneered to himself.

His obsession with Qin Luoli and his annoyance with Lin Mu were so great that he shooed away two flamboyantly dressed women who tried to flirt with him. Ordinarily, he might have invited them for

coffee, a movie, and then a thrilling threesome at a high-end hotel. But his hatred for Lin Mu suppressed all such urges, and he kept his gaze fixed on the building across the street.

Half an hour passed before three people emerged from the Qin Corporation's main entrance.

Even from a distance, Gao Zi'ang immediately recognized the two robust men as Young Master Luo's bodyguards. As for the man throwing a tantrum, who could it be but Luo Jinping? But why does he look so miserable? It's like he's been beaten to a pulp.

Could it be... An unbelievable thought surfaced in Gao Zi'ang's mind. Lin Mu beat up Young Master Luo! This... This is insane! He's completely reckless!

Gao Zi'ang felt a faint pang of fear. If that's the case, then I was lucky he only gave me a small lesson earlier. After all, if Lin Mu dares to hit the young master of Wansheng Group, would he give a damn about a mere vice president like me?

At that thought, Gao Zi'ang didn't even finish his coffee and hastily left.

Still, a mocking sneer formed in his heart. Lin Mu, oh, Lin Mu. You've hit Young Master Luo. Let's see how you're going to die this time!

「In the office.」

Lu Yao cleaned up the office and left, casting a final, admiring glance at Lin Mu on her way out. President Qin's husband is so domineering!

"Luo Jinping won't call the police, will he?" Once everyone was gone, a wave of delayed fear washed over Qin Luoli, and she asked with worry in her voice.

Lin Mu found her sudden fear amusing. "So what if he does?" he said nonchalantly. "That trash got what he deserved."

Qin Luoli considered it for a moment. "You're right," she said. "Given his status, he won't call the police after a loss this humiliating. He can't afford the loss of face." She paused, then added with conviction, "But even if he does, don't worry. I'll hire the best lawyer to make sure you're fine."

Lin Mu glanced at her. "Don't make it sound so noble. You threw a punch, too."

With that, he turned to leave.

"Hey! I was trying to protect you!"

"Heh."

"You bastard, I'll kill you!"

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"Lin Mu, how about we go out for steak? My treat," Qin Luoli offered, gazing at his resolute profile. This man really has changed. He now exudes a calm, steady aura, a complete reversal of his old, weak-willed image. And most importantly, he actually knows how to protect me now. Her delicate eyebrows arched slightly as a little flicker of joy bubbled up in her heart.

"Not interested," Lin Mu replied flatly, heading for the door.

"Hey! Don't you know anything about romance?" Qin Luoli fumed. The glimmer of fondness she had just felt for him vanished without a trace. This jerk is completely hopeless!

"I have things to do. I don't have time to go eat steak with you," Lin Mu said. "By the way, can I have the money now?"

Qin Luoli's eyes widened, and she felt like her lungs would explode. He's still fixated on borrowing money, even now?

Taking a deep breath to suppress her rage, Qin Luoli yanked a card from her drawer and thrust it into his hand. "Here! Take it, you completely unromantic jerk!"

"You haven't told me the PIN."

"Argh! I'm going to bite you to death!" Qin Luoli shrieked, completely exasperated. "The PIN is my birthday! Now get out! I don't want to see you again!"

With the PIN secured, Lin Mu casually strolled out of the office. A moment later, a roar worthy of a lioness echoed from behind him.

Shaking his head slightly, Lin Mu left without a backward glance.

He touched the card in his pocket, a contemplative look on his face. Speaking of birthdays, isn't Qin Luoli's birthday coming up soon? This woman has helped me a lot. First, I'll cure Mom's illness, and then I'll buy her a gift.

At the entrance of Hundred Herbs Hall, a large crowd had gathered. In the center, a man in his thirties knelt on the ground, pleading. "Please, I'm begging you, save my mother!" He was dressed in tattered clothes, his face etched with the misery and hardship of his life, his eyes full of anguish.

Beside him on a straw mat lay a woman in her forties. Her face was dark, and pained moans escaped her lips. The onlookers sighed, but their expressions were helpless; there was nothing they could do.

"What do you think Hundred Herbs Hall is? A charity?" a man with a sharp, monkey-like face sneered. "We sell herbal medicine here; this isn't a hospital that saves lives. You can kowtow until your head splits open, and we still won't help!"

"I have no other choice," the man said, his voice full of despair. "To pay for my mother's treatment, I spent all my savings and lost my job. I even sold our house, and then my wife ran off with another man. I had no choice but to come here to beg."

The man looked up. "Steward Fang, please, I'm begging you! Let Mr. Ning save my mom! I'll spend the rest of my life working like an ox to repay you!"

"Get out, get out!" Steward Fang snapped impatiently. "Who needs your repayment? Hurry up and leave! Don't interfere with our business."

The man did not move.

Enraged, Steward Fang rolled up his sleeves. "Oh, playing stubborn, are we? Men! Throw this mother and son out!"

Several Hundred Herbs Hall employees stepped forward, sneering. "Get lost, before we have to get physical."

The man simply pursed his lips, saying nothing.

"Hmph, got some backbone, do you?" Steward Fang sneered. "Get them!"