

War God 27

Chapter 27: In this life, I will not fail my brothers!

"Steward Fang, why don't we just let it go? This guy looks pretty pitiful. Why must you stoop to his level?"

Just as Steward Fang was about to act, a man who had set up a stall nearby spoke up to dissuade him.

"Just let it go?" Steward Fang scoffed. "Boss Niu, perhaps you're unaware of whom this kid has offended? He has offended none other than the son of River City's richest man, Young Master Qiao!"

At Steward Fang's words, the expressions of the people around subtly changed.

Young Master Qiao? Qiao Zishan?

No wonder Steward Fang didn't dare to get involved. Young Master Qiao was a celebrity throughout River City, though his fame was pure infamy. It was for this very reason that common folk didn't dare to cross him.

"I recognize him. He's Liu Zijian, but I didn't think he was this old. I remember him being just a little over twenty," someone exclaimed, shaking their head with a sigh.

Liu Zijian hung his head low, clenching his teeth so tightly his eyes filled with humiliation.

"Hmph, this Liu Zijian is short-sighted," Steward Fang sneered. "When Young Master Qiao wanted to buy something from him, not only did he refuse, but he also cursed Young Master Qiao out. Afterward, he was fired from his company, his mother fell ill, and his wife got so angry she divorced him. Now, he's nothing but trash. Moreover, Young Master Qiao made it clear back then that whoever dared to help him would be making an enemy of Young Master Qiao himself!"

Everyone finally understood. Liu Zijian couldn't take his mother to the hospital not only because he lacked the money, but also because no hospital dared to admit her. The extent of Qiao Zishan's influence in River City was terrifyingly clear.

Niu Dazhuang dared not speak up anymore. He shrank back, not uttering another word. But the look he gave Liu Zijian was full of pity.

Brother, since you've offended Young Master Qiao, I'm afraid I can't help you.

The others were even less willing to speak, let alone try to stop Steward Fang.

"Liu Zijian, if you have any sense, you'll scram now and not drag the rest of us into your mess," Steward Fang said. He knew this situation all too well. He was aware Liu Zijian would eventually come to him for help, so Young Master Qiao had already sent people to give instructions: in River City, no one was allowed to help Liu Zijian.

"Steward Fang, for the sake of the friendship you had with my father, I'm begging you!" Liu Zijian pleaded on his knees, his voice laced with pain.

Steward Fang's expression changed. He didn't want anyone to know about his relationship with Liu Zijian's family, so he retorted angrily, "You ungrateful brat! If you won't leave, I'll force you out! What are you all waiting for? Get him!"

A few employees moved forward, grabbing Liu Zijian's clothes and starting to drag him outside. But Liu Zijian struggled fiercely, refusing to budge.

"Kid, I think you're asking for a beating!" one of the employees roared in fury, raising his fist to bring it crashing down.

BANG!

Suddenly, a figure shot through the crowd and, with a single palm strike, sent the employee flying.

"It's broad daylight. Even if you won't help, there's no need to resort to violence, is there?"

The figure stood before Liu Zijian, exuding an effortless air of authority. It was Lin Mu.

"Kid, you're meddling in other people's business. Are you looking to die?" Steward Fang glared at Lin Mu, his gaze hostile.

"Meddling?" Lin Mu replied coolly. "Is standing up for my brother also considered meddling?"

Brother? When did Liu Zijian get a brother like that?

Liu Zijian also lifted his head slightly, glancing at Lin Mu's back. The silhouette seemed familiar, but he couldn't place it. Over the past six months, all his so-called relatives and friends had cut off contact and abandoned him after he offended Qiao Zishan. He truly couldn't remember who this young man was.

"Fine, fine! Since you want to help him, we'll just beat you both!" Steward Fang sneered. With a wave of his hand, he commanded, "Get them!"

The employees were already fuming that their companion had been slapped by Lin Mu. Hearing Steward Fang's order, they couldn't hold back any longer and rushed forward at once.

"You're courting death!"

Lin Mu's eyes turned to ice. He balled his hand into a fist and threw two lightning-fast punches.

THUD! THUD!

Accompanied by two cries of agony, the two employees were sent flying, crashing to the ground in front of Steward Fang. The last employee stared at Lin Mu in terror before turning tail and fleeing.

"Trash! A bunch of useless trash!" Steward Fang cursed furiously, seeing how pathetic his men were.

"What do you want?" Steward Fang's face paled as he saw Lin Mu walking toward him, his eyes filling with fear. Lin Mu's first two blows had already proven his combat prowess. Steward Fang was just an ordinary man; he stood no chance.

"You are guilty of three crimes!" Lin Mu declared as he advanced. "First, you lack the benevolence of a healer! Second, you assault the weak! Third, you bully others by relying on borrowed power!"

"So, what do you think I'm going to do?" Lin Mu's eyes were as cold as ice, his gaze as sharp as a sword. His rage erupted as he closed the distance and smashed a fist into Steward Fang's chest.

"Gah!"

A pained cry escaped Steward Fang as his body flew backward as if struck by lightning. In mid-air, he spat out a great mouthful of blood. He crashed heavily to the ground, coughing up more blood and screaming in pain.

"He's killing him! Someone's been killed!"

Seeing how viciously Lin Mu had struck and how Steward Fang was vomiting blood, the onlookers cried out in shock and scattered. Still, many watched from a safe distance.

This young man is so fierce!

"So satisfying!" one man muttered, his face flushed with excitement. It was none other than Niu Dazhuang, who had tried to speak up earlier. He had long despised Steward Fang, finding his bullying of a pitiful man particularly detestable. But with a family to support, he hadn't dared to offer more help because of Qiao Zishan. Now, Lin Mu had appeared and, with just a few moves, had given the manager and staff of Hundred Herbs Hall a thorough beating. What a relief!

"Boy, you dare hit me? You're courting death!" Steward Fang bellowed through the searing pain.

"Courting death?" Lin Mu's eyes were cold. "I, Lin Mu, am right here. If you want me dead, you're welcome to try!"

Such a domineering statement made the onlookers' blood boil.

Lin Mu?! Lin Mu!!

Liu Zijian trembled, staring at the young man before him in utter disbelief as his eyes instantly welled with tears.

It's him! My good brother, Lin Mu! He's back!

"Brother Mu!" Liu Zijian cried out, barely holding back his sobs.

Lin Mu's body jolted slightly. He slowly turned to look at Liu Zijian, his only childhood friend. Though Liu Zijian was two years his junior, he now looked like a down-and-out, middle-aged man. His hair was prematurely gray, his face was haggard, and he carried the weary aura of a man battered by hardship.

Once, an old man had brought him to live next door to Liu Zijian's family. They went to school together and walked home together. Whenever Liu Zijian got something nice to eat or a new toy, Lin Mu was always the first person he would share it with. When Lin Mu was bullied, it was always Liu Zijian who rushed in to teach the bullies a lesson.

The year the old man left, Lin Mu became an orphan. But that younger boy had puffed out his scrawny chest and declared proudly, "From now on, you're my brother! As long as I have a bite to eat, you won't go hungry!"

And he had kept his word, right up until Lin Mu left River City at the age of thirteen.

That farewell...

How many years has it been?

For a moment, Lin Mu's mind went blank. Twenty years in his previous life, three thousand years in another world.

Two lifetimes! And now, we brothers are reunited!

Brother, in this life, I will not let anyone bully you, insult you, or betray you! If they dare, I will shatter the heavens, break the earth, and overturn the very skies for you!