

War God 28

Chapter 28 Mr. Ning!

"Brother, you've suffered!"

Lin Mu's eyes grew hot. He had never been a sentimental person. This was partly due to his personality and partly because his experiences over the years had taught him to conceal his emotions. But that did not mean he was incapable of being moved or shedding tears. On the contrary, he valued loyalty and righteousness more than anyone and always held fast to his principles.

Even during his years as an assassin, those he killed were people steeped in evil who deserved to die! After becoming Emperor Zun, revered by all as the Grazing Emperor, he never laid a hand on mortals. Because he never forgot that he, himself, was human.

Today, however, his good brother's plight triggered an intense impulse in Lin Mu for the first time: the desire to slaughter everyone under the heavens. Because he saw that one of Liu Zijian's legs was slightly lame—it was a prosthetic!

Qiao Zishan! Very well! I will settle both old and new grudges with you myself! I hope you don't die too soon!

"Elder Brother Mu, where have you been? I've looked for you for years and could never find you," Liu Zijian said, gripping Lin Mu's hand as his eyes welled with tears.

"We'll talk about that later. Let me see Auntie first," Lin Mu replied, not yet ready to let Liu Zijian know about his own affairs.

"Okay. I believe in you, Elder Brother Mu!" Liu Zijian's eyes were resolute, just like back in the old days.

Looking at Liu Zijian, Lin Mu felt a pang of guilt. He grew even more determined that, in this life, he had to give his brother a lifetime of glory and wealth, ensuring he would never be bullied again.

"Let's go." Lin Mu supported Liu Zijian, intending to carry Mother Liu.

"Boy, you think you can just hit me and walk away? It's not that easy!" Steward Fang suddenly piped up. Propped up by the shop's clerks, he glared venomously at Lin Mu.

"What do you want?" Having just reunited with his brother, Lin Mu didn't want to kill right now, but that didn't mean he was a pushover.

"What do I want?" Steward Fang sneered. "Young Master Qiao himself decreed that no one is to help this man. Since you want to help him, you might as well come with me to kowtow and apologize to Young Master Qiao!"

He didn't believe Lin Mu would dare refuse. No one who offended Young Master Qiao ever met a good end.

"I will go see him."

Just as I thought, Steward Fang grew even more certain. This kid is still afraid of Young Master Qiao.

"But not now," Lin Mu continued. "After I've handled some things, I will go and take his dog's life myself!"

However, Lin Mu's next words left Steward Fang utterly stunned.

"What nonsense are you spouting? You're simply courting death!" Steward Fang raged. This kid dares to talk about taking Young Master Qiao's life? He's completely insane!

"Whether I live or die is my business. But if you want to be someone's dog, you should be ready to accept a dog's fate!" Lin Mu glanced coldly at Steward Fang.

"You're asking for it! First, you strike a man from my Hundred Herbs Hall, then you insult Young Master Qiao. I won't let you get away with this today!" Steward Fang's gaze turned icy.

"Elder Brother Mu, what do we do? Hundred Herbs Hall is not to be trifled with," Liu Zijian said, worried.

Lin Mu was taken aback for a moment, then burst into hearty laughter. "Not to be trifled with?"

His laughter rang out, carrying in all directions, filled with boundless spirit. "Zijian, let me tell you something today. In this entire world, there is no one your brother can't afford to provoke! That includes the so-called son of River City's richest man! In my eyes, he's nothing but trash, a mere ant!"

As he spoke, Lin Mu strode confidently toward Steward Fang.

"You... what are you doing? Don't you dare!" Steward Fang cried out in alarm, hiding behind the clerks. But the clerks were even more terrified and scattered in an instant.

"You useless bastards!" Steward Fang roared in a mix of fury and fear. "Boy, I'm warning you, don't do anything reckless! I might not be able to deal with you, but do you think I can't deal with Liu Zijian?"

Lin Mu sneered, "Others may fear you, but I do not! In my eyes, you're less than an ant!"

Lin Mu's body flickered. He appeared before Steward Fang and sent a fierce kick straight into the steward's chest.

THUD!

Lin Mu had used only thirty percent of his power in that kick, but the explosive force sent Steward Fang flying straight into Hundred Herbs Hall.

CRASH!

The tables, chairs, and medicine cabinets inside the shop were smashed to smithereens.

"Remember, my name is Lin Mu. If you want revenge, feel free to come and find me!"

Lin Mu cast one last cold glance at the shop, then turned to leave. The onlookers were left dumbfounded, their minds reeling from the scene.

Lin Mu? So domineering!

"Damn, that was badass!" Niu Dazhuang blurted out in his local dialect, his face filled with admiration.

"Elder Brother Mu, you..." Liu Zijian looked at Lin Mu, momentarily at a loss for words.

It had been over a decade. Lin Mu's appearance had changed, but he could still see traces of the boy he once was. That relentless ferocity, that powerful and domineering aura—none of it had changed at all. He always said that I protected him when we were children, but in truth, it was always me who was being protected.

Liu Zijian's heart swelled with emotion. For all these years, I've endured endless scorn and seen the worst of humanity. If it weren't for my mother and child, I would have lost the will to live long ago. But Lin Mu's appearance has filled me with hope for life once more.

"It's okay. As long as I'm here, no one can bully you," Lin Mu said, patting Liu Zijian's shoulder with a warm smile. At this moment, he showed no trace of the decisive killer from moments before. This scene was so very much like the old days.

Liu Zijian was about to cry again.

"Stop your blubbering! Hold it in!" Lin Mu scolded. "A man sheds blood, not tears. You're the one who taught me that!"

Liu Zijian immediately clamped his mouth shut, but the tears kept streaming down his face.

Lin Mu smiled. Still the same crybaby as always. "Come on, let's get Auntie to the hospital first." He picked up Mother Liu and, with Liu Zijian following behind, prepared to leave.

"Stop right there!"

Just then, a voice devoid of all emotion sounded from behind them. "You injured a man from my Hundred Herbs Hall and wrecked my shop. Do you think you can just walk away?"

Lin Mu turned around. Two men stood there. One was in his early forties, his expression cold as he gazed at Lin Mu with sinister eyes. The other was about sixty, with a wisp of a white beard, carrying himself with the air of an immortal sage. Both were dressed in traditional Tang suits, their bearing far surpassing that of an ordinary person. The speaker was the middle-aged man.

"Mr. Ning!"

"Mr. Ning is back!"

Liu Zijian's face paled. He trembled and subconsciously lowered his head.

Lin Mu's expression didn't change as he replied in an equally emotionless tone, "And what do you intend?"

"A life for a life, a debt for a debt," Mr. Ning said coldly. "You injured my man and damaged my property. Each of you will leave a hand behind. Do that, and I will consider the matter settled."

His words brimmed with confidence, and indeed, this Mr. Ning had the authority to make such a demand.

Lin Mu suddenly began to laugh, but his eyes turned utterly glacial. "And just what are you, to dare speak to me like that?"