

War God 29

Chapter 29: Men Bleed, Not Cry!

This... Has this guy gone mad? To dare speak such words in front of Mr. Ning? And he even refers to himself with such a grandiose title? He must really be a lunatic!

Liu Zijian gently tugged at Lin Mu's sleeve and said anxiously, "Elder Brother Mu, Mr. Ning... is no ordinary person. You shouldn't do this."

Lin Mu turned to look at him, his tone indifferent yet earnest. "Zijian, the second thing I want to tell you today is this: there is no one I can't afford to provoke!"

"Very well, then!" Mr. Ning sneered. "It's been many years since anyone dared to speak to me like this. You are the first, but you will also be the last!"

Mr. Ning took a step forward, his gaze frigid as an icy aura radiated from his body. Mr. Ning was also a Martial Artist!

"Mr. Ning, my Elder Brother Mu was just being reckless. I apologize on his behalf. I hope that as the bigger man, you won't hold this against him," Liu Zijian said respectfully, hurrying to step forward.

Mr. Ning glanced at him. "Does recklessness give him the right to do as he pleases? He beat up my people and destroyed my property. Do you think I would let him off the hook?"

Liu Zijian said bitterly, "Mr. Ning, this whole incident is my fault. You are a magnanimous person, so please let Elder Brother Mu go. I will take full responsibility!"

Liu Zijian gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with resolve.

"You've got some backbone," Mr. Ning commented before shaking his head. "But if I were to punish you, wouldn't people say that I, Ning, am bullying the weak?"

Liu Zijian stared at Mr. Ning, taken aback.

"Capital punishment may be waived, but the crime cannot go unpunished," Mr. Ning said with an arrogant air. "Have that man kowtow to me three times, and we'll consider this matter closed."

"This..." Liu Zijian's face was a mask of conflict and distress.

Make Elder Brother Mu kneel and apologize? Absolutely not. Elder Brother Mu was only standing up for him. Besides, he was just a useless good-for-nothing who had already kneeled once before. Kneeling again wouldn't make a difference.

At that thought, Liu Zijian declared, "Mr. Ning, I will kneel to you. Please don't make things difficult for my brother."

Mr. Ning's brow furrowed as he said coldly, "Young man, don't push your luck. Do you really think I'm that good-natured?!" He fixed his gaze on Lin Mu. "You. Kneel and apologize, and I will let you leave!"

"Mr. Ning, you can't let them leave!" Steward Fang suddenly limped out, looking utterly miserable. "I want to break their arms and legs to quench the hatred in my heart! He beat me and offended you. Does he think he can just walk away from this? It won't be that easy!" he snarled, glaring at Lin Mu.

"Shut up!" Mr. Ning snorted. "Who gave you the right to speak here!"

Steward Fang was stunned. Mr. Ning is actually scolding me? This...

"Mr. Ning, I..." Steward Fang looked confused and a little aggrieved.

Ignoring him, Mr. Ning turned his cold gaze back to Lin Mu. "If you're a man, you'll take responsibility for your own actions. You have two choices. Pick one."

"Haha."

Lin Mu chuckled. This Mr. Ning appeared generous, but all he really wanted was for Lin Mu to bow his head. However, the words 'bowing down' did not exist in Lin Mu's dictionary. Besides, did this mere ant, who had learned some clumsy kung fu, really think he had him cornered?

"What are you laughing at?" Mr. Ning's expression darkened.

"I'm laughing at how you overestimate yourself," Lin Mu said flatly. "In my eyes, you're no stronger than an ant. You think you can make me kneel?"

A hush fell over the crowd.

This kid isn't just insane, his brain must have been eaten by a dog. Who is Mr. Ning? In all of River City's old street, if he said 'two,' no one dared say 'one.' First, his medical skills were astonishing. He had saved countless lives and was hailed as a living Hua Tuo. Second, Mr. Ning's Martial Way cultivation level was also formidable. Once, several vicious bandits had stormed into Hundred Herbs Hall, demanding that Mr. Ning treat their comrade. After Mr. Ning impassively saved the man, they had the audacity to try and kill him to tie up loose ends. However, Mr. Ning took them all down with a single punch each. Since then, Hundred Herbs Hall's fame was cemented on the old street, and no one dared to cause trouble there. This was also the source of Steward Fang's arrogance. And now, someone was claiming Mr. Ning was no better than an ant? This... This was simply outrageously brazen!

"Kid, it seems you'd rather be punished than accept my kindness!" Mr. Ning snorted. "Looks like I can't let you off today!"

As he spoke, Mr. Ning lunged forward, charging straight at Lin Mu. His speed was incredible as he reached out to grab him.

"Elder Brother Mu, watch out!" Liu Zijian cried out, only to see Lin Mu shake his head slightly, his eyes filled with utter disdain.

"You're courting death!" Mr. Ning's expression was icy, a hint of murderous intent in his eyes. "Kneel!"

He abruptly raised his leg, kicking toward Lin Mu's knees with the speed of a lightning strike.

However, Lin Mu just sneered, his own foot shooting up to meet the kick.

Steward Fang's face twisted into a vicious smile. You fool, you must have a death wish, daring to meet Mr. Ning's kick! His leg techniques once took down several powerful bandits!

But in the next instant, the smile on Steward Fang's face froze. Everyone in the crowd stared as if they had just seen a ghost.

CRACK!

Their feet collided with a sharp sound. Mr. Ning let out a piercing scream and staggered back wildly, his leg now completely limp.

Lin Mu had actually broken Mr. Ning's leg with a single kick? This... Could Lin Mu's leg be made of iron?

"You wanted to make me kneel with this pathetic level of strength? How disappointing," Lin Mu said, shaking his head. He then added in an indifferent tone, "Since you're so fond of making people kneel, why don't you demonstrate it for us?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Lin Mu moved like a tiger breaking free from its cage, appearing instantly before Mr. Ning.

"Boy, you dare!" Mr. Ning roared. But his defiance was cut short by two shrill cries.

THUD.

He collapsed to his knees. Lin Mu had shattered both of his kneecaps with two swift kicks.

Looking down at the kneeling Mr. Ning, Lin Mu stood over him like a descended deity, his gaze cold and merciless. "Do you still want me to kneel now?"

Mr. Ning stared up at Lin Mu in terror and disbelief. "You... How can you be so strong?"

"Zijian," Lin Mu said, turning to Liu Zijian without answering Mr. Ning. "The third thing I'll teach you today is this: no matter what happens, never kneel before anyone!"

Liu Zijian was completely stunned. Everyone said Mr. Ning's medical skills were brilliant and his martial arts were second to none, yet before Elder Brother Mu, he was utterly crushed.

Was this... still the same Elder Brother Mu he once knew?

Hearing Lin Mu's words, Liu Zijian's expression shifted, and he finally nodded with great force. "Yes, I'll remember!"

Men shed blood, not tears! There is no one I can't afford to provoke! No matter what, I must never bow my head to anyone!