

War God 30

Chapter 30 Stop it, you quack!

"I've said it before. In my eyes, you're no stronger than an ant," Lin Mu said, looking at Mr. Ning. "Do you still want me to kneel?"

Mr. Ning knelt on the ground, his powerful endurance keeping him from crying out, but his face was contorted with pain.

"You're good, kid," Mr. Ning said through gritted teeth. "But you won't leave this place today! I guarantee it!"

Lin Mu scoffed. "Your steward said the same thing a moment ago. And what was the result?"

Steward Fang's eyes filled with terror. Even Mr. Ning is no match for him... just how strong is this guy? What kind of existence have I provoked?!

"Alright. Since the talking is over, you can... die!" Lin Mu's gaze turned cold, a murderous glint in his eyes. He raised his palm, aiming it straight at Mr. Ning.

Mr. Ning's eyes widened as he shouted, "You want to kill me? You actually dare to kill me?!"

The crowd gasped in shock. He dares to attack someone in the middle of the street? Is he tired of living?

"Why wouldn't I?" Lin Mu snorted. He hadn't wanted to kill, but Mr. Ning was a hypocrite. First, he'd wanted to break Lin Mu's arms and legs, then he'd demanded he kneel and apologize. Letting a person like this live would only bring disaster to others.

"That's enough, boy!" Just as Lin Mu was about to deliver the fatal blow, an aged voice suddenly rang out.

The previously silent old man walked over slowly and said in an impassive tone, "If you dare to kill him today, I guarantee death will be your only way out."

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed. "Are you threatening me?"

The old man chuckled. "You can consider it a threat."

A sharp light flashed in Lin Mu's eyes. The old man's expression remained unchanged, his face even holding a trace of arrogance. "With me here, you cannot kill him." He walked slowly toward Lin Mu, his demeanor calm, utterly unconcerned that Lin Mu might actually attack.

"Is that so?" Lin Mu suddenly smiled and kicked a pebble with the tip of his shoe.

WHOOSH!

The pebble shot out like a bullet, embedding itself deep in the ground right beside the old man's foot. A small crater instantly formed in the hard surface, with the stone lodged firmly inside.

The old man's steps faltered, a hint of horror in the depths of his eyes. "This is..."

Legend told of masters who could wound people with nothing but plucked flowers and flying leaves, and Lin Mu's feat was no less incredible. The ground beneath their feet was paved with solid marble, a material that should have caused the small pebble to shatter into dust under such force. Yet, Lin Mu had kicked it straight into the pavement. Controlling the power in one's feet is far more difficult than controlling the strength in one's hands. Anyone capable of such a feat was not far from that legendary realm of martial arts.

"You... You're a Grandmaster?!" Mr. Ning shrieked, staring at Lin Mu in disbelief. This was the first time he had lost his composure so completely. He hadn't been this shocked even when Lin Mu had shattered his legs. Lin Mu's display had stunned not only him but Elder Sun as well.

"Grandmaster?" Lin Mu shook his head slowly. "I'm not a Grandmaster. But it would be very difficult for you to make me stay."

Mr. Ning breathed a sigh of relief. Good, he's not a Grandmaster. If a man who wasn't even thirty years old was a Grandmaster, it would send shockwaves through the entire Martial Arts World.

At the same time, he fell silent. Even if Lin Mu wasn't a Grandmaster, he couldn't be far from it. He himself was a martial artist at the peak of the Inner Strength realm, yet he couldn't even withstand a single one of Lin Mu's moves. This proved that Lin Mu's cultivation level was leagues beyond his own.

The old man, Elder Sun, also grew solemn. "Young man, I know you are powerful," he said coolly. "But even if you were a Grandmaster, you'd regret killing him."

"Oh?" Lin Mu raised an eyebrow, his expression unreadable.

"He is a member of the Ning Family from Demon City, and they are on good terms with my Sun Family. Kill him, and you will face endless retaliation." Before Lin Mu could respond, Elder Sun added, "Besides, your friend's mother is critically ill. Any further delay, and she might not make it."

Liu Zijian's expression changed instantly. He looked at his mother and saw that her face was flushed, her breathing was ragged, and she was clearly in agonizing pain.

"The patient's condition is critical. It's already too late to get her to a hospital," Elder Sun stated, his voice flat but filled with unwavering certainty.

"What nonsense are you spouting!" Liu Zijian roared, tears of desperation welling in his eyes.

"Nonsense?" Mr. Ning sneered. "You truly have eyes but fail to recognize Taishan. Elder Sun is a pillar of the medical world, an internationally renowned Divine Doctor. He can diagnose any illness with a single glance. Why would he need to lie to a punk like you?"

So this old man is the Divine Doctor, Sun Tianyang? Lin Mu glanced at him, his expression impassive, even slightly disdainful.

A flicker of pride showed in Sun Tianyang's eyes. He had every right to be proud. He began studying medicine at three, started his own practice at twelve, and had become a famous physician by twenty. At

thirty, he had mastered most of traditional Chinese medicine, and at thirty-five, he authored a book that shook the medical world. By the age of fifty, he was revered as a Divine Doctor. When it came to medical skill, he was among the best in the world.

Liu Zijian's eyes widened. "You... you're really Master Sun?"

To find a cure for his mother, he had of course heard of Sun Tianyang. But a man of such stature was someone he could never even hope to meet, let alone hire. How could he not be shocked to find the famous Master Sun standing right before him?

Sun Tianyang let out a slow sigh. "Yes, I am Sun Tianyang."

Luckily, there weren't many people nearby, and they were all too far away to overhear the conversation. Otherwise, the news that the Divine Doctor Sun had appeared in River City would have caused a massive commotion. After all, this was a giant of the medical field, a Divine Doctor!

"This..." Liu Zijian glanced at Lin Mu, hesitating. Finally, he took a deep breath and turned to him. "Elder Brother Mu, I'd like to ask Master Sun to treat my mother. Would that be okay?"

If Lin Mu weren't here, I wouldn't even hesitate, Liu Zijian thought. But I have this feeling that if I go and beg Master Sun without talking to him first, I might lose him as a brother.

Lin Mu looked at Liu Zijian and sighed internally. If Liu Zijian had gone directly to Sun Tianyang, I wouldn't have stopped him. I would have even watched from the side. As long as Sun Tianyang could really save Auntie, I wouldn't have said a word. But I would no longer have considered him my brother. After all, I told him never to bow his head to anyone. The fact that he asked me first proves that in his heart, I still matter.

Thinking of this, Lin Mu nodded. "As long as he can cure Auntie, I have no objections."

"Hmph. Ignorant brat. The skills of Master Sun are beyond your comprehension!" Mr. Ning sneered.

"You lost to me. You have no right to speak," Lin Mu said coolly.

"You..." Mr. Ning sputtered, then snorted and fell silent.

"Heh, interesting." Sun Tianyang glanced at Lin Mu, a little displeased. This young man is far too arrogant. He needs to be taken down a peg.

"It seems if I don't display some of my skills today, you won't be convinced." Sun Tianyang walked over to Mother Liu and examined her. Then, he raised a finger and moved to press it against her chest.

"Stop, you quack!"

Just as Sun Tianyang's finger was about to touch her, a cold shout rang out.