

War God 37

Chapter 37: No Mercy!

"Liu Zijian, can your brother actually pull this off or not?"

Outside, a full hour had passed. Steward Fang was growing impatient and shot Liu Zijian a cold smirk. Clearly, he'd forgotten the pain as soon as his wound healed. Even the other clerks were looking at Liu Zijian with scorn.

To them, Lin Mu was nothing but a pretender.

"Ah, Zijian, it's not my place to say, but this brother of yours is completely unreliable," Steward Fang said in a lecturing tone. "It's one thing for a young man to like bragging, but it's another to take the act too far."

"Who was that man earlier? The renowned Master Sun. Surely you know of him? But your brother is far too arrogant, daring to call Master Sun a quack. I think he's just an arrogant fool, conceited beyond belief," Steward Fang said disdainfully, his words meant to belittle Lin Mu.

Liu Zijian's expression shifted constantly. It wasn't that he didn't believe in Lin Mu, but that this situation was simply impossible to believe.

It was understandable that Lin Mu could fight. After all, they hadn't seen each other in years; perhaps Elder Brother Mu had learned some kung fu in that time. But to say that Elder Brother Mu actually knew medicine—and was even more skilled than Master Sun—was something even Liu Zijian couldn't accept.

This wasn't a matter of trust. As close as he and Lin Mu were, Liu Zijian wasn't one to be blindly optimistic. The claim was simply too incredible.

Listening to Steward Fang's mockery, Liu Zijian felt as though he were sitting on pins and needles.

"I believe Elder Brother Mu wouldn't lie to me," Liu Zijian said, his head lowered.

"You believe?" Steward Fang sneered. "What good is your belief? If he's just putting on a show and something happens to your mother, don't you dare blame us."

"That's not what I'm worried about," Mr. Ning said as he wheeled himself out, his expression incredibly grim, a hint of venomous resentment flickering in his eyes. "I'm worried that the kid, knowing nothing of medicine, will spew some nonsense and somehow fool Master Sun. If he talks too much, his cover will be blown!"

"Mr. Ning is right! If he offends Master Sun, he surely won't get off lightly!" Steward Fang said hastily. "Besides, if I recall correctly, this guy just reunited with that Lin Mu. How can he guarantee Lin Mu isn't a swindler?"

"What?" Mr. Ning was shocked, his sharp gaze locking onto Liu Zijian. "You haven't seen that boy in years, so you have no idea what kind of person he's become! It was bad enough that he injured me, but now he dares to disrespect Master Sun and pose as a Divine Doctor? He deserves to die for this!"

"Hmph, I went to great lengths to invite Master Sun here. If that boy ruins everything, I will make him pay," Mr. Ning said, a vicious glint in his eyes that was utterly menacing.

"Mr. Ning, Steward Fang, Elder Brother Mu isn't the person you think he is. I don't know what he's been through these past few years, but he is definitely not a fraud."

Liu Zijian trembled. What if Mr. Ning goes after Elder Brother Mu? What will I do? Mr. Ning's network in River City was far beyond anything he could ever hope to stand against.

Gritting his teeth, Liu Zijian made a decision: if Mr. Ning was going to hold someone accountable, he would take all the blame himself.

"No, I can't rest easy!" After a moment of thought, Mr. Ning spoke again. "Master Sun is my guest. What if Lin Mu tries to harm him in there? Steward Fang, go in and check on them..."

"There's no need for you to come in!"

A voice drifted from the room.

Two figures slowly emerged, with Lin Mu walking in front.

"Master Sun, are you alright? That kid didn't do anything to you, did he?" Mr. Ning hurriedly wheeled himself over to Sun Tianyang, his face a mask of respect.

Steward Fang shot Lin Mu a cold glare and said, "Master Sun, if this kid dared to disrespect you, I can teach him a lesson on your behalf!"

Sun Tianyang looked at Mr. Ning and Steward Fang and slowly shook his head. These two are the ones who truly look down on others.

Unable to hold back, Sun Tianyang finally spoke. "Ning Xian, for all the time you've studied medicine with me, you've failed to realize that this world is full of hidden masters. A true Divine Doctor stands before you, and yet you fail to recognize him."

Steward Fang jumped in and said, "Master Sun, you are the true Divine Doctor! Not like certain charlatans who only know how to spout nonsense, offending a great man like yourself without even knowing it." His words dripped with mockery, painting Lin Mu as a fraud.

"Insolence!" Sun Tianyang roared in fury. "How dare you act so presumptuously in Young Master Mu's presence!"

He turned to Ning Xian. "Ning Xian! Hundred Herbs Hall was established with a good name, but you've turned it into a sordid mess! Letting just any sort of riffraff in is an insult to the name 'Hundred Herbs Hall'!"

Young Master Mu? Lin Mu? Steward Fang glanced at Lin Mu, his face turning deathly pale. Master Sun had actually called Lin Mu "Young Master Mu"?

As for Ning Xian, he stared at Sun Tianyang in utter disbelief. Is Master Sun displeased with me? Moreover, Master Sun's words had undoubtedly confirmed something.

"Master Sun, is the patient cured?" Ning Xian asked.

"Indeed," Sun Tianyang said coolly. "Young Master Mu's medical skills are heavenly; he has already cured the patient. As for you two... I was inside, and I heard you mocking Young Master Mu with utter disrespect. How do you intend to answer for that?"

"How is that possible?" Steward Fang cried out. "Master Sun, don't let this kid fool you! He isn't a Divine Doctor, he's just a charlatan!"

"Impudent!" Sun Tianyang suddenly raised his hand and slapped Steward Fang across the face. "Is Young Master Mu someone that a dog like you has any right to question?" he said, his voice ice-cold.

Stunned by the slap, Steward Fang clutched his face, staring at Master Sun in disbelief. Master Sun had actually slapped him... over Lin Mu? What on earth was going on?

"Master Sun..." Ning Xian was also dumbfounded by the scene, unable to react.

"Young Master Mu, this cur was disrespectful to you. How would you like to deal with him?" Sun Tianyang asked, ignoring everyone else as he spoke reverently to Lin Mu.

"Forget it. A person like him isn't worth my time," Lin Mu said with a shake of his head. Elsewhere, he might have swatted such a person away without a second thought. But he, the dignified Emperor Zun, was not so petty as to kill someone over a few taunts.

"Hmph! You are magnanimous, Young Master Mu, but this cur has disrespected you repeatedly. A death sentence may be too much, but he cannot escape punishment for his deeds!" Sun Tianyang declared.
"Ning Xian!"

"I'm here!" Ning Xian replied hastily.

"The founding principle of Hundred Herbs Hall was to serve the people and heal the world's suffering, but people like this cur have been hired. Tell me, what should be done about it?" Sun Tianyang said, pointing at Steward Fang.

"Master Sun, please calm your anger! This was my oversight. I will punish him severely, without leniency!" Ning Xian said quickly.

"And how exactly will you punish him 'severely'?" Sun Tianyang snorted.

Ning Xian hesitated. Although Steward Fang's character was questionable, he had managed Hundred Herbs Hall diligently for years, saving him a great deal of trouble. He was reluctant to fire him. But if he didn't, Master Sun would surely be enraged.

"Rest assured, Master Sun. I will fire this troublemaker immediately!" Ning Xian finally said through gritted teeth.

Better to fire Steward Fang than to offend Master Sun.

At these words, Steward Fang collapsed to the floor. I'm... I'm fired?