

War God 371

Chapter 371 Light Secret Technique: Luoshen Play!

"Hm?"

The Xing Family members were perplexed. What did that mean? And what had that person said? He had merely tapped the Saintess on the head, so how could she have memorized it? This wasn't some scene from a television drama! Was it like the story where Zhang Wuji battled the Xuan Ming Elders on Wudang Mountain? Where Zhang Sanfeng imparted the Tai Chi Sword Technique and Tai Chi Fist to him right before the fight, allowing him to win? Was it really like that?

The Xing Family members wore expressions of utter confusion.

Xing Chong, however, looked as though he'd been deeply insulted, his face turning livid with rage.

"Enough!"

In his view, the two were just taking the opportunity to flaunt their affection, putting on a show for his benefit. At this thought, Xing Chong's expression turned exceptionally grim. Pointing a finger at Lin Mu, he said coldly, "Once I've taken the Saintess, I will personally break your limbs and crush every bone in your body. I'll make you watch as we consummate our union!"

No man could tolerate such humiliation. He would make Lin Mu regret ever being born! A life worse than death!

"You can talk after you've beaten me," Xing Chong said coldly. His figure flickered as he lunged to grab Li Lingqing. His strength was slightly greater than Li Lingqing's, and given that she was already severely injured, capturing her should have been an easy task.

Xing Chong moved with extreme speed, arriving before Li Lingqing in the blink of an eye.

Unlike before, however, Li Lingqing now appeared calm. Her eyes were devoid of joy or sorrow, and her entire demeanor had become more composed and restrained. Facing Xing Chong's attack, she took a

light step, shifting her body just enough to evade him. That slight movement caused his hand to grasp at empty air.

"Hm?" Xing Chong's eyes narrowed sharply. What was happening? He was certain he had caught her. Why, then, had he failed to even touch the hem of her clothes?

As shock filled his heart, Xing Chong's face grew increasingly unsightly. He launched a continuous barrage of attacks at Li Lingqing. The two moved at incredible speeds, constantly swapping positions around the field. But no matter how fast Xing Chong was, he failed to touch Li Lingqing even once.

To the onlookers, Li Lingqing seemed like a completely different person. She was faster, her posture more graceful. Toward the end, a series of afterimages began to flicker into existence, creating a dazzling spectacle that baffled the eye.

Her form, as graceful as a startled swan, as supple as a roaming dragon. Elusive as the moon veiled by passing clouds, ethereal as snowflakes caught in a returning breeze.

Somehow, these poetic lines surfaced in the minds of the crowd. Only they could perfectly capture Li Lingqing's image at that moment.

HISS!

The crowd gasped, their eyes wide with shock.

"What's going on? Why has her movement technique become so terrifying?"

"You're asking me? Who am I supposed to ask?"

"Impossible! This is impossible!"

The crowd was stunned, a hint of fear creeping into their eyes. The change in Li Lingqing was all because Lin Mu had touched her head just moments before.

The technique was a movement art from the Lightness Secret Record called the Journey of the Luo Goddess. It was the signature cultivation technique of the Luo River Goddess Clan in the Eternal Immortal Realm. Once mastered, one could even traverse the void, crossing thousands of miles in an instant. The reason Lin Mu knew this art was that he had once battled the Goddess of the Luo River Goddess Clan. He had not only defeated her but also compelled her to disclose her clan's signature secret technique, which he then recorded in the Lightness Secret Record.

Li Lingqing was naturally ethereal, making her perfectly suited to practice this art. When Lin Mu touched her head earlier, he had merely transferred some of the excess energy from the Innate Spirit Wood within his body to her, helping her achieve a more perfect understanding of the Journey of the Luo Goddess.

Xing Chong's style favored wide, powerful, and domineering attacks, which were not built for endurance. Li Lingqing, on the other hand, was as fluid as water, choosing to use softness to overcome hardness, thereby conserving her strength. Their actual power levels were nearly identical; Li Lingqing had only been injured before because she foolishly chose to clash with him head-on. Now that she was playing to her strengths and exploiting his weaknesses, it was only a matter of time before Xing Chong was defeated.

And just as predicted, after a few minutes, Xing Chong's breathing grew heavy and his movements slowed. Li Lingqing, in contrast, showed no signs of slowing down. In fact, she grew even faster, constantly searching for an opportunity to strike.

As the Head of the Xing Family, Xing Yong possessed extraordinary strength and insight. He saw through the situation at a glance, and his expression turned extremely ugly.

"Chong'er, this girl is stalling for time! You must end this quickly!" Xing Yong couldn't help but shout a reminder, fearing his son would be injured if this dragged on.

"I know!" Xing Chong retorted impatiently, accelerating his attacks.

"Ling Qing, if you're done playing, go ahead and finish him off," Lin Mu said with a slight smile.

"Yes, Master!"

Li Lingqing's voice rang out, once again astonishing everyone. The afterimages surrounding her multiplied, appearing to be in the hundreds, if not thousands, making it impossible to distinguish which was her true self. Xing Chong was like a headless fly, flailing about as he attacked one afterimage after another, only to find them all to be false.

As the afterimages continued to multiply, Xing Chong suddenly let out a furious roar, and a thick, bloody aura erupted from his body.

"Chong'er, don't!" Xing Yong's expression changed drastically as he cried out in alarm.

ROAR!

Xing Chong's eyes turned blood-red. He ignored the warning, seemingly beginning to activate some kind of secret technique.

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly as he murmured to himself, "About time."

As his words fell, all of Li Lingqing's afterimages suddenly froze in mid-air. An instant later, they all merged into one. The countless phantoms coalesced, reforming Li Lingqing's true body. In a flash, her hands formed a series of dizzying seals that flowed like blossoming flowers. Finally, Li Lingqing uttered a soft, esoteric syllable.

BOOM!

A terrifying aura instantly erupted from her. Behind her, a colossal phantom faintly appeared. It was a woman in palace attire, her three thousand strands of dark hair coiled into a cloud-like bun and adorned with a dangling step-shake pin. A single dot of cinnabar graced her brow, and a light-green sash was tied around her waist. Her posture was delicate, like that of a celestial maiden. The soft cry seemed to emanate from the phantom's red lips. Vaguely, the crowd thought they heard the syllable "Luo."

At the same time, both the palace maiden and Li Lingqing formed a seal with their hands and gently pushed forward, striking Xing Chong squarely in the chest.

PFFT!

With his blood surging and eyes burning red, Xing Chong was struck before he could even unleash his secret technique. A spray of blood erupted from his mouth.

BANG!

His body was sent flying backward, crashing hard onto the stone floor. The impact sent countless cracks spreading across the flagstones, and the ground itself trembled.

Witnessing this, the crowd could only gape in open-mouthed shock, their eyes filled with utter disbelief.

The Dragon of the Xing Family... defeated? And by a woman, no less?

Everyone from the Xing Family felt as if they were trapped in a dream, unable to believe what they were seeing.

"Master, your disciple has not failed your expectations..." Li Lingqing said as she walked up to Lin Mu and bowed respectfully.

Before she could finish her sentence, her expression changed dramatically. She whirled around to see a massive, blood-red battle-axe swinging down at her.

Instantly, the color drained from Li Lingqing's face.

"Xing Tian Battle Axe!"

Chapter 372: Tenth on the Heavenly List, Xing Zirong!

In midair, Xing Chong slashed down with a ferocious expression, wielding a massive, blood-red battle axe. A sea of blood-red light filled the sky, carrying a brutal and bone-chilling killing intent! In that instant, despair flooded Li Lingqing's heart.

The Xing Tian Battle Axe was a totem passed down through the generations of the Xing Family. Only a direct descendant with a sufficiently potent bloodline could manifest it. Those who possessed this totem were blessed with exceptional talent and boundless future achievements. By summoning the battle axe in combat, their fighting strength would multiply countless times over.

Seeing Xing Chong successfully summon the battle axe, the Xing Family members were stunned, but their shock quickly turned into crazed excitement.

"After so many years, our Xing Family finally witnesses the return of the Xing Tian Battle Axe!" an elder of the Xing Family exclaimed, so moved that tears streamed down his face as he fell to his knees.

The others followed suit, kneeling on the ground and worshipping the battle axe in the sky.

"He truly is the Dragon of the Xing Family!" Xing Yong roared, his face contorted with maniacal joy.

Holding the battle axe, Xing Chong's aura turned feral. Murderous intent exploded in his eyes as he ferociously slashed down.

"How dare you act so presumptuously with a mere spirit-borrowing technique!"

Just as the battle axe was about to strike Li Lingqing, a cold snort suddenly rang out. Li Lingqing felt a large hand wrap around her waist and pull her back several steps.

"Master!" Li Lingqing cried, looking at Lin Mu with a face full of worry.

"Just watch how your master slays him!" Lin Mu said, then instantly took a step forward.

Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps—One Step, Rivers Shatter!

The earth shook and the mountains trembled. Lin Mu suddenly appeared in midair and reached out with one hand.

Seeing Lin Mu's action, the members of the Xing Family sneered contemptuously. The Xing Tian Battle Axe was the weapon of their ancestor, Xing Tian. Their ancestor had been slain by the Yellow Emperor, who decapitated him. All of Xing Tian's resentment was sealed within the battle axe, merging into the bloodline of the Xing Family's descendants through the generations. However, from ancient times to the present, very few had ever been able to summon it. With the Xing Tian Battle Axe in hand, a Half-step Grandmaster could slay a full Grandmaster! An Inner Strength Martial Artist could even fight a Grandmaster to a standstill! No matter how strong Lin Mu was, how could he possibly be a match for Xing Chong?

"Kid, die!" Xing Chong snarled, watching Lin Mu coldly. The killing intent in his eyes surged as he raised the battle axe and swung down with all his might.

"Master, be careful!" Li Lingqing couldn't help but cry out in alarm, her pretty face turning pale.

"Hmph!" Lin Mu snorted. Facing Xing Chong, he showed no fear and threw a punch.

Deicide Fist!

The fist flew out and slammed directly against the Xing Tian Battle Axe. In that moment, it was as if heaven and earth had been torn asunder. The entire Hongfeng Lake trembled violently. Every member of the Xing Family stared, wide-eyed, at the figure sent flying backward.

It was Xing Chong!

"How is that possible?!" Xing Yong muttered in utter shock.

Xing Chong himself wore a ferocious expression, his eyes filled with disbelief.

"You were losing a fair fight, so you resort to a sneak attack? The Xing Family is nothing special after all!" Lin Mu exclaimed coldly, taking another step forward.

Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps—Four Steps, Stars Tremble!

Starlight cascaded from the heavens, forming a celestial road in midair. Lin Mu stood upon the path of stars and instantly appeared before Xing Chong, reaching out to grab him.

"You want to kill me?" Feeling the murderous aura radiating from Lin Mu, Xing Chong's pupils contracted as he stammered in terror.

"Kill you?" Lin Mu said indifferently. "You call yourself the Dragon of the Xing Family. Today, I'll see if you are a true dragon or just a worm!"

His five fingers clenched into a fist, which he abruptly threw.

BANG!

Xing Chong tried to raise his axe to block, but Lin Mu's punch seemed to carry the might of heaven and earth as it ruthlessly smashed into the weapon.

CRACK!

A clear shattering sound reached everyone's ears. Xing Chong's eyes looked as if they would split from their sockets as he let out a wretched howl, "No!"

But it was too late. The battle axe flew from his grasp, shattering into countless pieces in midair.

PFFT!

Xing Chong violently spat out a mouthful of blood, his expression becoming deathly pale and vacant.

"You... you destroyed my bloodline?!" Xing Chong stared at Lin Mu, his face a mask of terror and venomous hatred.

The Xing Tian Battle Axe was the manifestation of his very blood essence. Yet, Lin Mu had pulverized it with a single punch. With the axe's destruction, the totem on his body vanished. Xing Chong's bloodline was utterly ruined! This was the very foundation of his power, the reason he was called the Dragon of the Xing Family, and the source of his confidence in pursuing the pinnacle of the Martial Way. Yet today, it had been destroyed.

"You dare to claim the bloodline of Xing Tian with such a thin and impure lineage?" Lin Mu said, walking along the path of stars toward Xing Chong, his expression utterly indifferent. "I heard you questioned my status as the Miao King and wished to challenge me? Today, I will give you that opportunity!"

As his words fell, a powerful aura erupted from Lin Mu.

Xing Chong's pupils constricted, his heart pounding with shock. What a terrifying aura! He really is a Grandmaster! He's really the Miao King!

"You dare harm my son? I will exterminate your nine generations!" Seeing the scene unfold, Xing Yong was so furious his blood boiled, and he roared out a threat.

"Exterminate my nine generations?" Lin Mu said with chilling coldness. "Then I will start today by exterminating your entire clan!"

With that, Lin Mu reached out his large hand. Before the horrified eyes of the Xing Family, he smashed his fist into Xing Chong's chest.

"No!" Xing Yong bellowed, leaping into the air and charging toward Lin Mu.

But he was far too slow.

BANG!

The fist brutally struck Xing Chong's chest. His eyes bulged, and blood streamed uncontrollably from his mouth as he plummeted from the sky like a falling star.

CRASH!

With a tremendous splash, Xing Chong slammed directly into Hongfeng Lake, sending up a colossal wave.

"You scoundrel, you're courting death!" Xing Yong roared in fury, throwing a lethal punch of his own.

"Scram!" Lin Mu simply glanced back. A brilliant, divine light burst forth from his eyes.

PFFT!

As if struck by lightning, Xing Yong was sent hurtling toward the ground even faster than he had charged.

THUD!

The ground shook as a large crater formed. Xing Yong lay at the bottom, his state unknown.

"Family Head!" The faces of the Xing Family members contorted in fear.

Li Lingqing gazed at the figure in the sky, her eyes filled with fervent admiration.

"I once said that the day I emerged from my seclusion would be the day I brought my sword to the Xing Family!" Lin Mu's indifferent voice echoed from above, sweeping across the entirety of Hongfeng Lake. "Today is the day your Xing Family will be annihilated!"

With a gesture from Lin Mu, a piercing sword intent suddenly erupted from his body.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The sky and earth changed color, as if heralding the apocalypse. The members of the Xing Family fell into despair.

"Xing Family Patriarch, where are you? Please, save the Xing Family!" one of the clan members suddenly cried out, kneeling on the ground in a desperate plea.

"Yes, Xing Family Patriarch, please take action! Kill this scoundrel!"

"Patriarch, hurry and strike! Kill this man!"

"..."

The members of the Xing Family knelt as one, bowing in every direction and crying out for the Xing Family Patriarch to save them.

"Sigh."

After a long moment, a sigh echoed from all around, its source impossible to pinpoint.

"It's the Xing Family Patriarch!" The members of the Xing Family were invigorated and cried out with excitement.

RUMBLE!

Suddenly, the lake's surface exploded. A figure shot out from the depths of Hongfeng Lake, standing atop a pillar of coalesced water. In his hand, he held a person.

It was Xing Chong.

At that moment, however, no one could tell if he was dead or alive.

The man gently released his grip. As if enveloped by an invisible force, Xing Chong's body slowly drifted to the ground. Only then did the man turn his gaze toward Lin Mu.

"Sixteenth on the Heavenly List, Lin Wudi?"

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed, his expression unchanging.

"Tenth on the Heavenly List, Xing Zirong?"

Chapter 373: Tenth on the Celestial Ranking? That's all?

The two Grandmasters finally faced each other. The atmosphere began to solidify.

Li Lingqing's expression was grave, her body trembling slightly. The members of the Xing Family, however, were all invigorated, their faces filled with wild joy. As long as the Xing Family Patriarch made his move, they had nothing to worry about.

Their confidence stemmed from the Xing Family Patriarch, Xing Zirong, who was ranked tenth on the Heavenly Rankings!

As for the King of the Miao of the Li Clan, Lin Wudi, he was merely sixteenth on the Heavenly Rankings. What Miao King? What 'Wudi' for 'undefeated'? In front of the Xing Family Patriarch, he was nothing but an ant!

The Xing Family members instantly relaxed, smiling and chatting amongst themselves. It seemed that as long as the Xing Family Patriarch was present, even the most powerful enemy was no different than the weakest commoner. The Xing Family Patriarch could crush them at any moment.

Over Hongfeng Lake, the night breeze was cool. Stars twinkled, their light dappling the surface of the water. Two figures stood facing each other across the air.

Xing Zirong was over fifty years old, the younger brother of Xing Yong and the uncle of Xing Chong. He had stepped into the realm of a Grandmaster at the age of thirty-eight and immediately began to challenge the others. He had challenged almost every Grandmaster on the Heavenly Rankings, suffering

not a single defeat. At forty, he battled Qin Chuan of Demon City. Using only one hand, he defeated him within three moves and took his place on the rankings. From then on, he was unrivaled by anyone outside the top ten.

Afterward, for reasons unknown, the Martial Arts World lost track of Xing Zirong. Some rumored that he had fought a Grandmaster from the top ten and, after losing, went into seclusion to heal his wounds. Others claimed he had won and, feeling he had no rivals left, traveled overseas in search of a breakthrough. Regardless of the reason, Xing Zirong was a true powerhouse in the Martial Arts World. To challenge the top ten was a feat glorious even in defeat! To enter seclusion for cultivation meant emerging even stronger!

This was the source of the Xing Family's confidence. Otherwise, how could they dare to claim the title of Southern Sky's number one family? How could they dare to force the Saintess into marriage? It was all because the Xing Family had a Martial Arts Grandmaster of this caliber protecting them.

"I never imagined that River City's Lin Wudi was also the King of the Miao in Southern Sky's Miao Territory."

Though over fifty, Xing Zirong looked to be in his early thirties. He had a tall stature, and his aura was completely restrained, making him seem like an ordinary middle-aged man. His eyes, however, glowed like embers, holding a deep crimson hue.

Hearing this, Lin Mu smiled faintly. "And the so-called number one family of Southern Sky is nothing but a clan of traitors who have abandoned their ancestral teachings."

"Impudence!"

"How audacious!"

"Brat, say that again!"

Before Xing Zirong could even speak, the Xing Family members erupted in a chorus of curses. With Xing Zirong's appearance, their confidence had surged.

Lin Mu merely smiled, a flicker of sword intent flowing between his fingers.

Xing Zirong's gaze sharpened. "As a Grandmaster, aren't you afraid of becoming a laughingstock for attacking these people?"

Lin Mu sneered. "According to the ancestral teachings of the Li Clan, offending the Miao King is a capital offense!"

Xing Zirong stated coldly, "My Xing Family is not part of the Li Clan!"

"But your Xing Family still schemes to marry the Saintess of the Li Clan," Lin Mu retorted, his eyes filled with indifference.

Xing Zirong fell silent. On this point, the Xing Family was clearly in the wrong.

"This is a matter between the younger generation. Why must you, Lin Wudi, interfere?" Xing Zirong sighed, as if trying to reason with him.

"If the two were in love, I would have nothing to say," Lin Mu said coolly. "But your Xing Family plotted to use my disciple's essence blood to break your curse, forcing her into marriage. Did you ever stop to consider this day would come?"

"Lin Wudi, do you really think I don't dare to kill you?!" Xing Zirong's aura erupted, causing the lake to tremble. The power of a Grandmaster could already commune with heaven and earth.

"Heh, don't you want to kill me, too?" Lin Mu scoffed, having already sensed a powerful killing intent radiating from Xing Zirong.

"Since that's the case, I'll stop wasting my breath!" Xing Zirong suddenly sneered. "After I kill you, the essence blood of the Li Clan's Saintess will still help me break my bloodline curse!"

He no longer bothered to conceal his murderous intent. This was his true objective!

Without breaking the curse, one can never achieve Reaching the Divine. This was the curse that had plagued the Xing Family for generations.

Xing Zirong was exceptionally talented, having touched the threshold of Reaching the Divine by the age of fifty. Extremely confident in his abilities, he had entered seclusion at the bottom of Hongfeng Lake for ten years, seeking a breakthrough. However, though his cultivation level had deepened over the past decade, he could not break through that final barrier. This led to the matter of the Dragon of the Xing Family proposing to the Saintess of the Li Clan.

It had all been part of Xing Zirong's plan. As for Lin Mu, he was merely a minor, unexpected complication. Xing Zirong had never taken him seriously. The revelation that the Miao King was Lin Wudi had surprised him, but that was all. It was of no real consequence.

Is the fight about to begin... Li Lingqing murmured to herself, her eyes brimming with confidence. So what if he's tenth on the Heavenly Rankings? He's still no match for Master!

The Xing Family members were equally confident in Xing Zirong, hoping their Patriarch would teach Lin Mu a harsh lesson.

"Lin Wudi, to have become a Martial Arts Grandmaster before the age of thirty... I must admit, even I am surprised." Xing Zirong spread his arms, and columns of lake water rose as if drawn by a great whale, coalescing in his hands to form two massive spears.

"But you are far too young, after all." Xing Zirong's face turned grim, his voice filled with cold disdain. "I became a Grandmaster at thirty-eight and was unrivaled outside the top ten by forty. And I have certainly fought against those in the top ten!"

A shocking aura exploded from Xing Zirong, and a fierce wind howled between heaven and earth. "After ten years in seclusion, I have already touched the barrier of the Grandmaster realm. I am on the verge of stepping into the Divine Communion Realm!"

Xing Zirong gripped the two water spears, pointing them directly at Lin Mu. His aura surged, making him look like a god of war incarnate.

He smiled faintly. "Therefore, to die by my hand can be considered your good fortune."

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

As soon as he finished speaking, Xing Zirong swept out with the spears. His power seemed capable of uprooting mountains and scattering a thousand armies!

The Xing Family members watched with fervent excitement. Wielding lake water as spears was not a feat achievable by human strength.

Li Lingqing's face, however, turned pale, a hint of worry in her eyes. Can Master really do this?

Lin Mu's expression remained calm. He met Xing Zirong's words with a placid smile. "Boasting to me about your past achievements? Xing Zirong, I don't know if seclusion has fried your brain, or if your cultivation has simply rotted it!" His words were laced with equal disdain.

"Lin Wudi, today I will show the world who is truly undefeated!"

"Die!" With a firm grip on the two enormous spears, Xing Zirong's eyes blazed with murderous intent. "After I kill you, I might as well take your seat as the King of the Miao of the Li Clan!"

With a loud laugh, Xing Zirong hurled the spears. They shot through the air, aimed straight for Lin Mu's chest. This single strike was powerful enough to kill him.

"You want my position?" Lin Mu suddenly let out a resonant laugh, his long hair whipping wildly in the wind. "I'm afraid you lack the ability!"

As he spoke, Lin Mu thrust out both hands. His Mana instantly condensed into two giant hands, each one grabbing a spear. With a vicious squeeze, he clenched his fists.

BANG!

The spears shattered, turning into a torrential downpour that rained down from above. It was as if a massive storm had descended upon a hundred-meter radius of Hongfeng Lake.

Lin Mu shook his head slightly.

"Tenth on the Heavenly Rankings? Not so impressive after all."

Chapter 374: Condense Qi into a Sword, Overbearing Slash!

Xing Zirong's face grew stern, and he said in a deep voice, "You are truly worthy of being the number one young Grandmaster in all of history. You haven't disappointed me!"

"But you will die all the same!"

With a roar, Xing Zirong began to walk on the water, aiming to kill Lin Wudi.

Instantly, the calm surface of Hongfeng Lake erupted into towering waves, tossing and shattering the boats as if they were caught in a raging sea.

Lin Mu took a single step, instantly landing on the surface of Hongfeng Lake. In that moment, the furiously churning lake eerily calmed down.

The Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps could throw the heavens into chaos, but they could also pacify a raging sea.

Lin Mu stood on the serene surface of the lake, slowly advancing toward Xing Zirong. As he moved forward, a white wake stretched for hundreds of meters behind him. It was like a ship breaking through ice, creating waves even more magnificent than before. This long, white trail extended from beneath his feet all the way to Xing Zirong, resembling a Jiaolong riding the wind and cleaving the waves.

Lin Mu covered the hundred-meter distance in the blink of an eye. His speed was astonishing, like a bolt of lightning.

Approaching the pillar of water beneath Xing Zirong's feet, Lin Mu threw a punch.

BOOM!

With a tremendous explosion, the water pillar beneath Xing Zirong shattered, transforming into countless droplets that shot out in every direction.

"Look out, get back!"

"AHHHH!"

The faces of the Xing Family members changed dramatically as they scrambled to get away. However, some were far too slow. They were struck by the water droplets as if by bullets, which pierced straight through them.

One by one, the members of the Xing Family collapsed. Some were gravely wounded, while others were killed outright.

Witnessing this, Xing Zirong's demeanor grew even more somber.

"Lin Wudi, you're courting death!"

The water pillar where Xing Zirong had stood was gone. Like a great roc, he somersaulted several times in the air, landing on the water's surface tens of meters away from Lin Mu.

Lin Mu stood on the lake, slowly retracting his fist. He turned, the green light in his eyes flaring as it shot out rays of dazzling, divine brilliance. "Xing Zirong, was that punch to your satisfaction?"

"Hahaha, Lin Wudi, you're not so impressive after all!" Xing Zirong laughed uproariously. "At our level of cultivation, status and position are meaningless—nothing but skeletons in the end. Only by breaking through to the Divine Communion Realm can we achieve our ultimate goal!"

Xing Zirong stood on the lake's surface with his hands behind his back, speaking with confidence.

"Positions like the Miao King or rankings on the Heavenly List are merely shackles! Other martial artists reach the Grandmaster Realm and spend their lives achieving nothing, stuck at the Internal Energy Peak, unable to progress. Even the likes of Yun Xu and Ouyang Ming are among the weakest of Grandmasters!"

A sharp glint in his eyes, Xing Zirong continued with an air of solitary pride, "I broke through to Martial Arts Grandmaster at thirty-eight and defeated the previously undefeated masters on the Heavenly List within two years. Now, I stand at the pinnacle of the Martial Way. In this world, only you can compare to me."

"If I kill you first, then use the essence blood of the Li Clan's Saintess to break my family's curse and step into the Divine Communion Realm, what a joyous occasion that would be!"

Killing intent surged in Xing Zirong's eyes as he shouted, "Therefore, killing you, Lin Wudi, will be my final battle in the Grandmaster Realm!"

As his voice fell, Xing Zirong flung his hand open. The lake water surged, forming two massive waves that rushed toward Lin Mu.

RUMBLE!

The two waves, like a great roc spreading its wings, encircled Lin Mu. The violent True Qi seemed intent on tearing him to shreds.

"Kill!" Xing Zirong roared. The two waves instantly coalesced into two massive hands that clapped together, aiming to crush Lin Mu between them.

"Break!"

Lin Mu formed a sword with his fingers and slashed horizontally through the air. A streak of green Sword Qi flashed, bisecting the massive water hands. The hands, fortified by True Qi to be as hard as steel, could not withstand the attack. Without the support of True Qi, they instantly reverted to water and dispersed into the lake.

At the same time, Xing Zirong's second attack arrived. He was nothing like Yun Xu, who fought one move at a time. He was swift as the wind and fierce as thunder.

Xing Zirong clenched his hand into a fist and threw a punch from afar. Through the curtain of rain, a semi-transparent fist shot forward. This fist was also condensed from True Qi; Xing Zirong's reserves were vast and surging, seemingly inexhaustible. The semi-transparent fist, hidden within the rain, left a long trail in its wake, striking with the stunning force of a cannonball.

In response, Lin Mu once again condensed his True Qi into a sword. A three-foot, green-hued sword appeared in his hands, and he gently slashed forward.

SHRRRIIP!

The sound was ear-piercing, as if the very air was being torn apart. The transparent fist held for less than a second before the Sword Qi sliced it in two.

"Hmm?"

Xing Zirong was somewhat surprised that Lin Mu had broken two of his attacks in a row. What shocked him most, however, was the purity and concentration of Lin Mu's True Qi. The True Qi cultivated by ordinary martial artists was crude and unrefined. Even if they could condense it into a sword, it would be like a wooden blade against a steel one.

But Lin Mu was different. Not only could he form a sword, but he could also sever his attacks. Xing Zirong's fist was incredibly focused, almost tangible—an application of Inner Strength that could shatter stone and pierce mountains. Yet before Lin Mu, it was as fragile as tofu.

This boy is a peerless talent, a true monster! Xing Zirong's eyes filled with an even greater killing intent. If I don't kill him today, given time, he will surely ascend to the Divine Communion Realm!

Taking a deep breath, Xing Zirong said gravely, "Lin Wudi, you have truly surprised me. An ordinary Martial Arts Grandmaster can withstand three of my moves at most. You've already taken two. This third one will be your last!"

Lin Mu stood with his hands behind his back, his expression completely calm. "Xing Zirong, I hope you won't disappoint me."

"Good!"

Xing Zirong's aura suddenly vanished, as if drawn completely into his body. He stood motionless on the lake, like a wooden mannequin.

Suddenly, Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly.

HISS! HISS! HISS!

Streaks of seemingly solid Internal Energy erupted from Xing Zirong's body, converging in his raised hands.

"Combine!"

Xing Zirong brought his hands together high above his head, as if grasping something. His eyes shone with a brilliant light, his gaze utterly serene as his voice boomed across the landscape.

"Overbearing Slash!"

Abruptly, a hundred-meter-long saber light appeared between Xing Zirong's hands and slashed down toward Lin Mu. A wild wind howled, and the entire Hongfeng Lake erupted into chaos. The dazzling saber light seemed to stretch for countless miles.

All across Southern Sky, people looked toward Hongfeng Lake in shock. Li Lingqing and the members of the Xing Family all squeezed their eyes shut, afraid the blinding light would injure them. Even so, they felt a sharp, unbearable pain, as if their skin were being cut by blades. The lake itself seemed to recoil in fear, its waters parting violently to either side, splitting Hongfeng Lake as if it were cleaved in two.

"What an Overbearing Slash!" Lin Mu laughed heartily. "Xing Zirong, that move is worthy of your rank as tenth on the Heavenly List."

"However, it is useless against me."

Lin Mu stood ramrod straight, his eyes narrowed to slits. Just as the saber light was about to strike, he raised his hands and grasped.

Everyone's expression changed dramatically. Was Lin Mu really planning to catch the attack with his bare hands?

Is he trying to get himself killed?

"Lin Wudi, you are far too arrogant!" Xing Zirong said, his voice laced with disappointment. "I thought you would give me a satisfying fight, but it seems you won't even last three moves."

"Is that so?"

A light laugh was heard, followed by a series of sharp cracks. Everyone felt their hearts clench as they stared, their mouths falling open in terror.

The massive saber light, caught in Lin Mu's hands, was shattering inch by inch. Finally, it completely dissipated into nothingness.

Chapter 375: Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps, Seven Steps to Reverse Time!

Blade Qi tore through the sky!

The entire Hongfeng Lake seemed to be cleaved in two by a single slash. Surrounding trees snapped, small islands crumbled, and the scene was left in total disarray.

But that domineering slash was effortlessly caught and then crushed by Lin Mu!

A hush fell over all of Hongfeng Lake.

He caught it? He actually caught it!

Not only did Lin Mu catch Xing Zirong's Overbearing Slash, but he even crushed it into pieces!

Are this guy's hands forged from steel?

Everyone was stunned by Lin Mu's feat, and Li Lingqing was no exception. She had always believed Lin Mu was strong, even holding a blind faith in him. But Xing Zirong was, after all, the tenth-ranked Martial Arts Grandmaster on the Heavenly List, possessing profound strength and condensed True Qi. Having entered seclusion at the bottom of Hongfeng Lake for ten years, he had already touched the barrier to the Divine Communion Realm.

If he truly managed to break his curse, he would undoubtedly ascend to the Divine Communion Realm in a short time.

In contrast, while Lin Mu was also a Grandmaster, he certainly couldn't compare to Xing Zirong in the concentration of his True Qi or the variety of his techniques. The most important factor was Lin Mu's youth. To become a Martial Arts Grandmaster before the age of thirty, his talent could only be described as monstrous. But precisely because he was so young, it was assumed that in terms of experience and accumulated power, he was no match for Xing Zirong.

Therefore, no one believed Lin Mu could withstand three of Xing Zirong's moves. But he hadn't just blocked the attack; he had shattered Xing Zirong's technique.

Shattering an ultimate technique with his bare hands!

This was the shock that Lin Mu delivered to everyone. Li Lingqing was so moved that tears welled in her eyes.

Master truly is the most invincible person in the world!

"How is this possible?"

The person most shocked by the broken technique was, of course, Xing Zirong himself. This Overbearing Slash was one of his trump cards. Unrivaled in its might, it could split mountains and cleave rivers! Any foe caught by this slash would be slain in a single blow! Even the former tenth-ranked master on the Heavenly List, Qin Chuan, had been forced to admit defeat and yield his position to Xing Zirong.

Yet this Lin Wudi had caught his slash barehanded and crushed it.

Has this guy's physique become so strong that it's impervious to swords and spears?

"Speak! What martial skill is that?" Xing Zirong demanded, his face grim as he stared at Lin Mu.

Lin Mu replied slowly, "It isn't any particular martial skill. Your slash was simply too weak."

He wasn't lying. Xing Zirong's slash was, indeed, far too weak.

His cultivation had broken through to the Twelfth Level of Qi Refining. With the construction of the Twelve-Fold Towers within him, his body had been tempered to the point of being impervious to swords and spears. It was safe to say that with his current physique, Lin Mu could sweep away any Grandmaster not ranked in the top ten of the Heavenly List!

At these words, Xing Zirong's expression darkened.

Is Lin Wudi mocking my slash, calling it weak? A man can be killed, but not humiliated!

"Lin Wudi, today, I will kill you!" Xing Zirong roared, his aura surging once more, threatening to stir the very wind and clouds. A wild wind howled, and countless spectators turned pale with terror, frantically fleeing the area.

"Lin Wudi, your martial arts are truly original and magnificent. They are quite the eye-opener, befitting the youngest genius in a century!" Xing Zirong spread his hands slightly, and streams of True Qi radiated from his body, dispersing into the air around them. "However, you should never have chosen to fight me here at Hongfeng Lake!"

"Because I am Xing Zirong, the Grandmaster of the Hongfeng Lake's Xing Family! I have been in seclusion at the bottom of this lake for a decade. Although I have not broken through that final barrier, I have spent those ten years comprehending the Dao underwater. Here on the water, my martial arts are far stronger than normal!"

Xing Zirong flicked his fingers repeatedly, like an ancient master plucking the strings of a zither.

"The thick strings roared like a torrential downpour, the fine strings whispered like a lovers' secret, like pearls both large and small falling onto a jade disk!"

The misty rain over Hongfeng Lake seemed to answer his call, coalescing into countless steel-hard beads that shot out like crossbow bolts, tearing through the air like bullets. In an instant, a hundred-meter radius was completely enveloped by these water droplets. As they collided, they produced a disorienting sound that rattled the mind.

Xing Zirong's use of True Qi was simply sublime. Combined with his ability to leverage the environment, his mastery of the Martial Way was truly the greatest Lin Mu had yet witnessed. He was worthy of his rank as tenth on the Heavenly List!

Condensing rain into beads formed an ambush from all sides, each one filled with killing intent. The sonic assault, moreover, was designed to confound the mind.

"Xing Zirong, you have finally managed to surprise me," Lin Mu said calmly. "But it is merely a surprise, and nothing more."

As his voice fell, Lin Mu slowly took a single step forward.

Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps—One Step, Rivers Shatter!

An invisible force radiated from Lin Mu, yet it remained condensed, refusing to disperse. No strange phenomena occurred in the world around them.

Xing Zirong merely smiled coldly. "Lin Wudi, now that you've fallen into my formation, your death is certain!"

Having been in seclusion in Hongfeng Lake for ten years, Xing Zirong could now manipulate its waters to form a deadly Formation. Condensing water into beads was only the first step.

"Is that so?" Lin Mu simply smiled faintly and took a second step.

Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps—Terrify Ghosts and Gods with the Second Step!

The third step, the fourth step...

After Lin Mu took his sixth step, Xing Zirong finally sensed that something was wrong. Lin Mu's aura had condensed to a terrifying degree. The entire lake seemed to fall still in an instant. Moreover, each of Lin Mu's steps felt as if it were stomping directly on his heart, causing him unbearable agony.

I can't wait any longer!

Feeling a growing unease, Xing Zirong decided to fight for a swift conclusion.

"Rise!"

As Xing Zirong lifted his hands, countless water droplets shot out instantly, howling toward Lin Mu like a violent storm. The sheer density of the attack was enough to make one's scalp crawl. The members of the Xing Family had already fled to a great distance, terrified of being caught in the aftermath.

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!

Transparent rents appeared in the air, left behind by the droplets as they sliced through it. The attack was accompanied by an unbearably sharp sound that sent invisible ripples through the air, destroying every tree and building in the vicinity.

Sonic assassination! This was Xing Zirong's second killing move.

"Lin Wudi, what does it matter how strong your techniques are or how tough your body is?" Xing Zirong burst into laughter. "Surely you can't withstand a sonic assault?!"

Lin Mu stood amidst the thousands of water droplets as the incessant sound of their collisions washed over him. Yet, his expression remained unchanged. On the contrary, the corner of his mouth curved into a faint smile.

"A sonic assault?"

Lin Mu slowly shook his head. "Xing Zirong, your talent is remarkable and your ideas are astonishing. It's a pity. You have simply seen too little of the world."

As his voice faded, Lin Mu took the seventh step.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The moment his foot landed, the entire Hongfeng Lake began to tremble violently. Everyone watched in shock as the waters of Hongfeng Lake lifted into the air, revealing a starry sky beneath. It was as if time and space were inverted, as if Yin and Yang themselves had been reversed.

Xing Zirong stared, dumbfounded and utterly shocked.

What... what kind of ability is this?

Walking upon the starry sky, Lin Mu slowly approached Xing Zirong, his expression calm and his tone indifferent. "This is a Divine Skill I created myself. It is called the Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps."

"And this is the Seventh Step—Distortion of Years!"

Chapter 376: The Unprecedentedly Brilliant Battle!

"You created Divine Skills?!" Xing Zirong cried out in shock. "Impossible! How can you create Divine Skills without Reaching the Divine?"

Unlike Martial Arts Grandmasters, who merely touch upon the forces of nature, Reaching the Divine meant one's Martial Way had evolved to communicate with heaven and earth, to comprehend and utilize the forces of nature. One's body achieves divine communion, the divine commands the Dao, and the Dao becomes one with nature! That was why it was called the Divine Communion Realm.

However, for Lin Mu to create such powerful Divine Skills at the mere Grandmaster Realm was something Xing Zirong couldn't believe, not in a million years!

"That's why I said your knowledge is too shallow." Lin Mu shook his head. This Xing Zirong was born in the mundane world and had never seen a true Immortal; naturally, he couldn't understand.

"Lin Wudi, you truly are a peerless monster. Your methods are astounding," Xing Zirong sighed deeply, his expression complicated. "If you don't die, you're destined to step into the Divine Communion Realm."

Shaking his head lightly, Xing Zirong said, "Sadly, you must die today!"

As soon as he spoke, Xing Zirong waved his hand mightily. The water droplets filling the sky shot madly toward Lin Mu like thousands of arrows. The entire world seemed to be experiencing a downpour of arrows.

Yet, Lin Mu slowly shook his head. He stood upon the Starry Sea, a lake suspended above his head, and flicked his finger lightly.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The lake water surged into a thousand waves! The Starry Sea's ten thousand paths were cleared! Countless water droplets hung suspended in mid-air, then slowly dissipated into a vast mist.

Lin Mu walked across the Starry Sea, approaching Xing Zirong.

"Lin Wudi, you've fallen into my trap!" Facing the approaching Lin Mu, Xing Zirong was not alarmed but delighted. He laughed aloud and clenched his hand.

The rain filling the sky instantly converged on Lin Mu like a tornado, its threads transforming into countless lethal arrows that descended upon him in a flash.

With a smile, Lin Mu stood perfectly still.

BOOM!

In an instant, all the arrows pierced through Lin Mu's body and plunged into the Starry Sea below.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Lin Mu's entire form was engulfed by the arrows.

"Master!" Li Lingqing cried out in alarm, tears rolling down her cheeks as her aura surged, ready to charge at Xing Zirong.

"Lin Wudi is dead! Let's see where you can run now!" Xing Zirong grabbed at Li Lingqing from a distance, intending to drain all her blood essence.

Li Lingqing felt as if she were seized by an invisible hand and began to float off the ground toward Xing Zirong.

However, at that very moment, Xing Zirong's expression changed drastically, and he retreated in a frenzy.

THUD!

A figure appeared from nowhere, smashing a fist into him. No matter how fast Xing Zirong was, he couldn't evade the blow.

PFFT!

Xing Zirong was sent flying, coughing up blood, his face a mask of horror.

"Lin Wudi?!" Xing Zirong said gravely. "You're still alive!"

A figure slowly emerged from the mist. It was Lin Mu.

"I told you, your knowledge is too limited."

Lin Mu stomped on the Starry Sea beneath his feet. The illusion shattered, and the entire Hongfeng Lake, which had been suspended in the sky, came crashing down.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Numerous small islands were instantly crushed, and all the surrounding buildings were destroyed. The vast Xing Family estate was more than half obliterated by this single blow! Countless Xing Family Members were killed or wounded in the impact.

"Lin Wudi, you're courting death!" Xing Zirong was furious, his eyes nearly cracking with rage as a blood-red tinge filled them. His body began to steam with crimson Internal Energy.

"Lin Wudi, I underestimated you!" Xing Zirong enunciated every word. "But no matter what, you must die today!"

"Xing Tian Battle Axe, come forth!"

Xing Zirong's body shook violently, his upper garments shattering to pieces, revealing a muscular torso. On his chest was a totem in the shape of a blood-red battle axe!

The Xing Tian Battle Axe!

Xing Zirong slammed his palm onto the totem and slowly began to draw. A massive battle axe was instantly pulled from his body and grasped in his hands.

BOOM!

With the battle axe in hand, Xing Zirong's aura surged again, climbing several times over.

"Lin Wudi, forcing me to use the Xing Tian Battle Axe means you can die with honor!" The killing intent in Xing Zirong's eyes exploded. He channeled all his Internal Energy into the Xing Tian Battle Axe, causing it to unleash an even more formidable blood-red power.

Unlike Xing Chong, Xing Zirong was the strongest of the Xing Family and at the peak of the Martial Arts Grandmaster realm. His use of the Xing Tian Battle Axe was several times more powerful than Xing Chong's. In that moment, Xing Zirong, clenching the Xing Tian Battle Axe, was like the true Xing Tian reincarnated—awe-inspiring and majestic!

"Slash!"

Holding the battle axe, Xing Zirong ferociously slashed toward Lin Mu.

RUMBLE!

The air seemed to split under the strike, as if the entire Hongfeng Lake were about to be cleaved in two. A scar over a hundred meters long appeared between the two men.

At this moment, countless people were rushing over, watching the scene from afar with mouths agape.

"Is that a human? How can he be so powerful!"

"It looks like that's the Xing Family's Grandmaster, Xing Zirong!"

"Rumor had it he was in seclusion at Hongfeng Lake. I can't believe he's finally emerged after ten years!"

"But who is the one fighting him? I've never heard of such a figure in the Southern Sky!"

"Didn't you hear Xing Zirong call him Lin Wudi? Could that be the one from River City?"

"..."

"Regardless, this is truly a dazzling battle! It will surely rewrite the history of the Martial Arts World!"

One was a veteran Grandmaster who had held his spot as tenth on the Heavenly Rankings for a decade; the other was a newly risen Martial Arts Grandmaster who started his career by slaying Yun Xu. To now be fighting Xing Zirong... he truly was a freak of nature!

"Xing Zirong is too strong. Even if Lin Wudi is a young prodigy, he lacks a weapon. How can he be a match for Xing Zirong!"

"Exactly! The Xing Tian Battle Axe... the Xing Family's bloodline is truly terrifying. Who would have thought Xing Zirong still had such a trump card!"

Everyone watched the battle in shock, their hearts pounding and their blood boiling with excitement.

「...」

"Lin Wudi, aren't you supposed to be invincible in the flesh? Do you dare try to take this axe of mine?" Xing Zirong laughed heartily, but his tone was filled with murderous intent. At this moment, he was like a Heavenly God, radiating an unsurpassed, domineering aura. He was unmatched.

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed as he laughed brightly. "So what if I take on your axe again?"

As soon as he spoke, the crowd watched in shock as Lin Mu actually bolted forward, throwing a punch at the descending battle axe.

"Has Lin Wudi gone mad? He's actually going to meet it head-on?"

"They say this Lin Wudi is an unparalleled prodigy, who even accepted the challenge from Celestial Master Mansion's Zhang Daoyun. I didn't expect that after nearly a year, he'd become so arrogant!"

"Fame at a young age naturally leads to overconfidence. A generational talent is about to fall today!"

"Isn't that the truth? Xing Zirong is the number one expert in the Southern Sky. Lin Wudi's challenge is merely a death wish!"

The onlookers' tones were a complex mix of pity, mockery, and schadenfreude.

Lin Mu, of course, paid no mind to the crowd. He casually launched a punch, striking the Xing Tian Battle Axe directly.

BOOM!

His fist collided with the weapon, and a cyan divine light burst forth, actually sending the battle axe flying away.

The world erupted into an uproar.

He really caught it? Is Lin Wudi's body truly that powerful?

"The Xing Tian Battle Axe?" Lin Mu slowly retracted his fist, declaring indifferently, "It's nothing special."

Chapter 377: Heavenly Gods, Buddhas, and Immortals, All Within a Single Sword Strike!

"So strong!"

No one knew who had uttered the words, but the silence between heaven and earth was instantly shattered.

"This young man is truly invincible!"

"Lin Wudi is truly worthy of the name 'Invincible'!"

"..."

Watching the battle, everyone felt as if the two combatants weren't human, but rather godly generals or immortals capable of overturning rivers and seas. The vast Hongfeng Lake was stirred into raging waves and a bloody storm by their clash. If they were any stronger, would they shatter the entire Southern Sky?

"But it's still too difficult for Lin Wudi to defeat Xing Zirong. After all, his disadvantage is too obvious!"

"Indeed. Xing Zirong possesses the Xing Tian Battle Axe. It was formed from his blood and condensed from True Qi, and the power it contains is no less than that of a Grandmaster. Lin Wudi is at a great disadvantage!"

"Therefore, it's still too early to call him invincible!"

The crowd's tone was complex, their expressions filled with shock.

...

"Again!"

The battle axe was sent flying, and Xing Zirong staggered back several steps. Regaining his footing, he let out a roar and once again swung his axe toward Lin Mu.

BOOM!

The Xing Tian Battle Axe erupted in a hundred-meter-long ray of light, instantly swooping down to slash at Lin Mu. In a flash, all eyes were fixed on this strike.

BANG!

A thunderous noise echoed as the axe instantly split the very spot where Lin Mu had been standing in two. The small island in the lake was pulverized in a heartbeat. Waves soared to the sky, the momentum immense.

Was he dead?

Just as the crowd watched in confusion, a figure suddenly burst from the waves, launching a punch toward Xing Zirong.

CRACK!

The force of the punch was so terrifying that it made the very air crackle. A cyan fist suddenly appeared before Xing Zirong, smashing down hard.

"A fine move!" Xing Zirong growled, gripping the battle axe and swinging it down with all his might.

BOOM!

A deafening explosion ensued. The cyan fist was split apart by the Xing Tian Battle Axe, and the cyan light slowly faded away.

"Lin Wudi, take another blow from my axe!" As his words fell, Xing Zirong charged at Lin Mu like a ferocious dragon, wielding the axe with both hands to chop down fiercely.

"Demonslaying Hand!"

Lin Mu's body tensed. His hands suddenly curved into claws as he made a sharp grasping motion. A blue divine light converged on his claws, immediately colliding with the Xing Tian Battle Axe.

SIZZLE!

A grating sound erupted, accompanied by countless flickering sparks. Lin Mu's hands were so tough that even the battle axe could not wound them. The onlookers were all shocked, their faces filled with disbelief.

"Isn't Lin Wudi's physical body a little too strong?"

"Could he be wearing some kind of gloves?"

"I don't know. The man is just too terrifying!"

"..."

As the crowd murmured among themselves, Xing Zirong's expression turned grim. He stared fiercely at Lin Mu and said in a heavy voice, "Lin Wudi, no matter how strong your body is, how many more of my strikes can you take?"

"With this battle axe in hand, I am the one who is truly invincible!"

Xing Zirong's aura surged, and his True Qi turned the color of blood. The terrifying power made him look exceedingly brutal and mighty. A violent killing intent seemed to wash over Lin Mu, threatening to drown him.

"Is that so?" Lin Mu replied with a calm smile. "Once I kill you, you will be nothing."

"Hahaha!" Xing Zirong burst into laughter. "You don't even have a weapon! How can you kill me? With just your bare hands?"

This was also what concerned the onlookers. Without a weapon, Lin Mu was at too great a disadvantage against Xing Zirong.

"Who says I don't have a weapon?" Lin Mu suddenly grinned, his gaze toward Xing Zirong filled with mockery.

"Huh? Where is your weapon?" Xing Zirong was startled, then scoffed, "Your so-called weapon isn't your mouth, is it?"

At this, Xing Zirong laughed wildly once again, and some of the spectators also shook their heads and chuckled. This Lin Wudi really liked to brag.

"In that case, allow me to show you."

Lin Mu's expression returned to one of calm, his eyes becoming as still as an ancient well. His entire being exuded a unique temperament. He raised his right hand high, his palm facing the sky, and made a slight grasping motion.

From his mouth, Lin Mu slowly uttered two words.

"Sword, come!"

Everyone watching this scene was momentarily stunned. What was Lin Wudi doing? Reaching toward the sky and saying 'sword, come'? Is he retrieving a weapon, or is this a skill?

ROAR!

As everyone pondered, a dragon's cry that echoed across thousands of miles suddenly resounded from the heavens. At first, it sounded very distant, but in the next moment, the sound was right beside their ears. All were shocked, looking up at the sky in a daze.

The next moment, every face turned pale, and every body trembled.

High above the horizon, a faint gleam shot toward them from the distance. In the blink of an eye, it broke through the clouds, appearing thousands of miles high in the sky.

That... was a dragon!

Its body was dark green, and it radiated a noble and domineering aura. Even more shocking, the dragon's body emanated a powerful Sword Qi that could induce despair. As the Gigantic Dragon dove, its body began to fade, but the Sword Qi grew increasingly sharp.

Eventually, the dragon vanished. In its place, an ancient, dark green sword appeared in mid-air, emanating an imperious Sword Qi that seemed to dominate the world.

VMMMM! ROAR!

The sword suddenly fell, landing perfectly in an outstretched hand. It emitted the crisp and pleasant hum of a blade and the cry of a dragon.

Lin Mu, sword in hand, erupted with an aura that seemed capable of sundering the heavens and the earth. He spoke lightly, "This sword is named Yulong. It soars through the heavens, tempered by thunderbolts. That is why the Yulong Sword has always resided high above in the Starry Sea, searching for thunderbolts to hone its blade and nurture its Sword Qi."

VMMM! VMMM! VMMM!

As Lin Mu spoke, the Yulong Sword in his hand seemed to respond, letting out sonorous cries as if proclaiming its own existence. A dense wave of Sword Qi radiated out from Lin Mu, spreading in all directions. Every object in its path was neatly sliced, including the very air above the lake.

Fighting with the Yulong Sword filled the very sky with Sword Qi!

"Yulong... Yulong..."

Everyone who witnessed that scene was momentarily struck speechless, murmuring wordlessly.

"Such a Divine Weapon actually exists in the world!"

"Too terrifying!"

"..."

Xing Zirong, holding the Xing Tian Battle Axe, his face as dark as a thundercloud. His turbulent aura wavered unstably.

"So what if you have a Divine Weapon?"

Xing Zirong took a deep breath and channeled all the True Qi in his body into the Xing Tian Battle Axe. His body began to crack open with countless wounds, and the blood that flowed out was absorbed by the axe in his hands. In the end, the Xing Tian Battle Axe turned completely blood-red, filled with a wild, sanguinary aura.

"Xing Tian dances with his axe! Kill!"

Xing Zirong roared, swinging the axe down with both hands. Instantly, a colossal crimson slash appeared between heaven and earth, cleaving down from above directly at Lin Mu. Everyone frantically retreated, for Xing Zirong's strike contained a frenzied killing intent and destructive power. He had completely destroyed the entire Hongfeng Lake.

Lin Mu's gaze remained calm as he watched the huge crimson slash fall from the sky. He slowly raised his hand and sliced horizontally with his sword.

HUM.

A barely audible sound emanated, like the pluck of a zither string or a finger gently tapping the blade. The sound was crisp.

But in the next moment, a bright blade of light shot out from the Yulong Sword, whistling through the air. Everything in its path was obliterated by this single sword strike. The crimson slash was severed mid-air, slowly dissipating.

CRACK!

The Xing Tian Battle Axe in Xing Zirong's hands, swept by the blade of light, was also sliced in two, the cut perfectly smooth.

Unstoppable, the light passed through Xing Zirong's neck and whistled away into the distance.

All that remained between heaven and earth was a clear gash in the air itself, which slowly healed.

It seemed that before this sword, all the gods, buddhas, and immortals in the heavens would have to give way and vanish.

Chapter 378: The Xing Family's Tragedy, Unrivaled in the World!

All gods, buddhas, and immortals are but one sword strike away!

This was the truest portrayal of Lin Mu's sword.

Everyone was deeply shocked by this strike, and they all feared its power.

"Hrrk... hrrk..."

Xing Zirong stood in mid-air, his mouth agape as if to speak.

But as soon as he opened his mouth, torrents of fresh blood gushed out.

A look of terror flashed in Xing Zirong's eyes as he reached to cover his mouth with his hand.

But the moment he lifted his hand, his head suddenly fell from his neck, crashing into Hongfeng Lake.

The lake water rippled out, dyed a deep crimson.

Looking at the headless corpse suspended in the air, still clutching a broken battle-ax, everyone was utterly shocked.

Lin Wudi's sword actually beheaded Xing Zirong? The dance of Xing Tian? Isn't this it?

"Xing Zirong is dead?!"

"Good heavens, the tenth-ranked Xing Zirong of the Heavenly Ranking is dead! The Martial Arts World is going to go insane!"

"Lin Wudi... so this is Lin Wudi!"

Countless people stared at the figure standing on the lake's surface holding the Yulong Sword, their eyes filled with shock, respect, and a mix of other emotions.

He had shaken the Martial Arts World from the moment he debuted. He killed Yun Xu with his bare hands! He fought fiercely against Ouyang Ming! With a single sword strike, he beheaded Xing Zirong! These stunning achievements, one after another, left everyone in awe.

If this news were to spread, not just the Martial Arts World, but all of Huaxia would deeply remember the name Lin Wudi!

Most importantly, Lin Wudi was not even thirty years old. His future accomplishments would surely be limitless!

"This young man is truly the reincarnation of an Immortal, a peerless prodigy!"

"Yes, how could a mortal possibly accomplish this?"

"He's not even thirty, yet he has already slain Xing Zirong. He's destined for a spot in the top ten of the Heavenly Ranking!"

"..."

The crowd discussed among themselves, their hearts trembling, filled with a whirlwind of emotions about the earthquake that was about to shake the Martial Arts World.

As eyewitnesses to this battle, they felt their lives were now complete.

"Dead? Our Xing Family Patriarch is dead?"

"Lin Wudi killed our Xing Family Patriarch!"

"No!"

The entire Xing Family plunged into madness, with everyone horrified and desperate.

Xing Yong spurted out a mouthful of blood and collapsed to his knees. "Why has it come to this? Why!"

"Family Head!"

An Xing Family Elder rushed over to support Xing Yong, his face filled with grief and rage.

With the Xing Family Patriarch dead, the Xing Family no longer had a Grandmaster to guard it!

"Family Head, do not be discouraged! We still have Chong'er!"

Looking at Xing Yong's vacant eyes, the Elder shook him and shouted, "As long as Chong'er can become a Grandmaster, he might just be able to slay Lin Wudi and avenge our Xing Family Patriarch!"

"Right!"

A light suddenly burst into Xing Yong's eyes. He staggered to his feet and said, "We still have Chong'er! Where is Chong'er? Has anyone seen him?"

"I don't know!"

"Has anyone seen the Dragon of the Xing Family?!"

But to push Xing Yong and the others into deeper despair, Xing Chong had disappeared.

"This..."

Xing Yong's complexion turned ashen and his body trembled. "Where's Chong'er? My Chong'er?"

But no matter how the Xing Family members searched, they could not find Xing Chong.

The rage almost made Xing Yong faint.

"Heavens above, why have you treated the Xing Family this way!" Xing Yong suddenly fell to his knees and howled mournfully.

All the Xing Family members also knelt, weeping inconsolably.

"Because your Xing Family deserves to die."

A detached voice came from afar as Lin Mu slowly approached, stopping before the members of the Xing Family.

"Lin... Lin Wudi, you've already killed our Xing Family Patriarch. What more do you want?" Xing Yong's eyes burned with a mixture of hatred and fear as he stared intently at Lin Mu.

"Your Xing Family coveted my disciple's bloodline and intended to steal her blood essence. You tell me what I should do," Lin Mu's voice was devoid of any emotion.

He had said he would annihilate the Xing Family, and that was exactly what he intended to do!

"You..."

Xing Yong was stunned by Lin Mu's words. "If you dare annihilate my Xing Family, the Martial Alliance will never let you off the hook!"

"At my current realm, do you think I fear the Martial Alliance?" Lin Mu sneered. "Your Xing Family has committed more than its share of evil. Death is too good for you. Even the Martial Alliance will have nothing to say after I kill you all!"

"You dare!" Xing Yong trembled all over, his eyes wide with fury at Lin Mu's words.

All the other members of the Xing Family also turned pale.

"Do you think I dare or not?"

With a casual wave of his hand, two Xing Family Elders were instantly cut down by Lin Mu.

"Lin Wudi!" Xing Yong roared, his blood boiling as he prepared to fight Lin Mu to the death.

"When your Xing Family coerced my disciple and killed people of my Li Clan, you should have foreseen this day!"

Lin Mu controlled the Yulong Sword with his Divine Sense, letting it dance relentlessly among the Xing Family members.

All the adult men were slaughtered.

"Sword Kinesis?!!"

Xing Yong's pupils shrank as his limbs went weak.

"Lin Wudi, who on earth are you? You are definitely no ordinary person!" Xing Yong pointed at Lin Mu, his eyes filled with disbelief.

Killing with Sword Kinesis was a technique of the Immortals!

"I am Lin Wudi, and I am also the Miao King of the Miao Territory!"

As the sword light whirled, Xing Yong's head fell to the ground.

He died with his eyes wide open.

Lin Mu then turned his gaze to the shores of Hongfeng Lake. His mouth opened, and a voice like a dragon's roar spread in all directions.

"I have annihilated the Xing Family today. If anyone has an objection, they may step forward and fight me!"

A deafening silence answered him. No one dared to respond.

Everyone was shocked to their core. Lin Wudi's killing intent was terrifyingly heavy. He had not only killed Xing Zirong but also most of the Xing Family.

From this day forward, the Xing Clan of Southern Sky had completely fallen.

As for Lin Wudi, with his current strength, he was unrivaled on the Heavenly Ranking, save for the top ten!

Some had once questioned if he was worthy of the sixteenth rank on the Heavenly Ranking, but today he proved with his actions that the rank of sixteenth was beneath him!

Li Lingqing watched his tall, upright figure, her eyes filled with worship and fervor.

Master isn't just invincible on the Heavenly Ranking. He... is invincible in the world!

Lin Mu gazed into the distance and muttered to himself, Zhang Daoyun, now that I've emerged from seclusion, I will come to Dragon Tiger Mountain for you in one month!

Less than two months remained of the one-year agreement.

Lin Mu planned to go personally to Dragon Tiger Mountain to battle Zhang Daoyun!

Everyone said Lin Mu would surely die in this battle.

But he would show the world who was truly the strongest!

Zhang Daoyun, I hope you don't disappoint me!

Lin Mu whispered to himself. The day this battle concluded would be the day he achieved Foundation Establishment.

The news of Lin Mu felling Xing Zirong with a single sword strike spread throughout the Martial Arts World at lightning speed.

In an instant, the entire Martial Arts World was shaken, and countless discussions erupted.

Some said that Lin Mu was too bloodthirsty, while others said he was decisive and ruthless, worthy of being called the number one of the younger generation!

People even began placing bets on his battle with Zhang Daoyun. On the Martial Artist forums, this news attracted innumerable participants in a very short time.

Just as Lin Mu was preparing to leave the Xing Family estate and head to Bai Miao Village, a figure hurriedly arrived.

"Miao King, something has happened in River City!" Xiao Zhan's expression was grave, his eyes full of fear.

"What happened?" Lin Mu's expression turned grim.

"The Jiangling Fang Family and the Ancient Martial Arts Sect, the Fire Cloud Sect, have all appeared in River City," Xiao Zhan said. "They've joined forces with several other major families to suppress the Qin Family! The Qin Family can no longer hold out!"

A sky-high murderous intent erupted from Lin Mu, shocking everyone present.

"Fang Family, Fire Cloud Sect... you are courting death!"

Chapter 379: Touch Her and I'll Slaughter Your Entire Clan!

「River City.」

「The Qin Family.」

In the grand hall, Qin Hongshu's face was deathly pale, his eyes betraying a hint of terror. "Qin Luoli, have you still not made contact with Lin Mu?"

"Hmph, contact? It's been this long without a single piece of news. That bastard Lin Mu probably got wind of what was happening and took off!" Lady Xue, Qin Hongshu's wife, couldn't stop herself from speaking, pacing back and forth anxiously. "The Fang Family meant what they said. If we don't hand over Lin Mu, they'll destroy our Qin Corporation. And now, the Qin Corporation is gone."

The others looked on with disheartened expressions, fear etched on their faces.

The Qin Corporation of today was a shadow of its former self. Not only had their business partners defected, but even those who had once remained neutral had now joined the Luo and Chen Families in targeting them. In an effort to help, Boheng Pharma was also suppressed, suffering an even more tragic fate. Most of the company's senior executives had either fled or run away, and many had betrayed them. Now, the once-great Boheng Pharma, much like the Qin Corporation, was being kept afloat by a desperate few.

The most critical point was that, beyond the Fang Family's economic assault, a mysterious group of Martial Artists had given the Qin Family an ultimatum: hand over Lin Mu in three days, or they would annihilate the entire family.

Today was the third day.

"This is all Lin Mu's fault!" Lady Xue said bitterly. "If he hadn't killed someone from the Fang Family and that Young Sect Master from the Fire Cloud Sect, would they have come after us? Look at us now! The Qin Corporation is finished. All those people who used to kneel before Lin Mu, claiming they were atoning for their mistakes, are either hiding at home too scared to come out or have betrayed us outright. Now it's our family's turn."

"Mom, what are you saying?" Qin Yan said, displeased. "How can you blame this on Lin Mu?"

"How can I not?" Lady Xue retorted, her voice rising. "He's the one who drove Chen Xinlan away, isn't he? He's the one who beat Luo Jinping, right? He's the one who brought down the Fang Family, wasn't he? They're specifically looking for him now, so what does any of this have to do with our Qin Family!"

Qin Yan fell silent.

Qin Hongshu spoke with a grim tone, "Luoli, if Lin Mu doesn't show up today, don't blame me, your second uncle, for being heartless!"

Qin Luoli sat in her chair, her face pale and etched with exhaustion. She was so tired. Lin Mu, if you don't come back soon, I won't be able to hold on much longer.

BANG!

A deafening crash startled everyone in the Qin household.

"Oh no, they must be here!" Lady Xue shrieked, scrambling to hide behind Qin Hongshu.

With a grave expression, Qin Hongshu said, "Let's go. We'll see what's happening outside."

Qin Luoli and the others hurried out as well.

"Sister Qin, don't be afraid. I'm here. I won't let anyone hurt you!" Shi Potian followed resolutely behind Qin Luoli. His face was just as pale, and his body was wrapped in numerous bandages that were faintly soaked with fresh blood. It was clear he was severely injured.

"Xiao Tian, your injuries..." Qin Luoli looked at him with concern. Shi Potian had been badly hurt while protecting her and had yet to fully recover.

"I'm fine, Sister Qin!" A look of grief and fury crossed Shi Potian's face. Those bastards... How dare they team up to ambush me. If it weren't for protecting Sister Qin, I would have slaughtered every last one of them!

"Qin Luoli, your three days are up. Hand over Lin Mu, now!"

As they stepped out of the hall, the Qin Family saw several of their security guards lying motionless on the ground, their conditions unknown. Chen Xinlan stood at the doorway with a triumphant smirk, accompanied by Chen Wen, Luo Jinping, and their entourage. Besides them stood a Dwarf, two burly men, and two old men. These five individuals exuded a powerful aura, especially the two elders. Their presence was steady, their gazes restrained, and their temples bulged—the unmistakable sign of Martial Artists with profound Cultivation Levels. The two burly men, meanwhile, radiated a scorching energy, their vital force like a furnace that could roast a person alive.

The moment he saw those five, a murderous glint appeared in Shi Potian's eyes. It was these scoundrels who had ambushed him in an attempt to kidnap Sister Qin. If he hadn't fought to the death, killing two of them before desperately escaping with Qin Luoli, the situation would be even worse.

"Hand over Lin Mu, or I'll have Master Zhu and his men annihilate your Qin Family!" Luo Jinping, sitting in a wheelchair with one hand missing and both legs crippled, glared venomously at Shi Potian. He added coldly, "And this little bastard must be handed over to me for punishment!"

"You wish!" Qin Luoli replied frostily. "Chen Family, Luo Family, well done. I admit I wasn't skilled enough to prevent the Qin Corporation's fall. But for you to collude with Martial Artists and attack my Qin Family... aren't you afraid of being sanctioned by the Martial Alliance?"

Having been exposed to the Martial Arts World for some time, Qin Luoli knew that Martial Artists were forbidden from acting against ordinary people at will.

"Sanctioned by the Martial Alliance?" Chen Xinlan sneered. "These gentlemen are masters from the Fire Cloud Sect. They are only here to maintain order; they haven't attacked you. But if someone doesn't know what's good for them, don't blame me for forgetting our old ties!"

As Chen Xinlan looked upon the members of the Qin Family—their faces a mixture of shock, terror, and regret—a wave of satisfaction washed over her. "Did any of you think of today when you drove me out of the Qin Family?" she sneered, pointing a finger at Qin Luoli. "You little slut, hand over that little beast Lin Mu, or today will be the day the Qin Family is annihilated!"

"Sister-in-law, how can you do this? We're family, after all," Lady Xue pleaded, trembling with fear.

"Family?" Chen Xinlan's face twisted with rage and hatred. "From the day I left the Qin Family, we were no longer family! The day my father died, I swore an oath: if I don't destroy the Qin Family, I, Chen Xinlan, am not fit to be called human!"

Hatred had warped her very soul.

"But this has nothing to do with us! It's all because of Lin Mu. If you want someone, go find him," Lady Xue stammered, shaking uncontrollably.

"Mom!" Qin Yan grabbed her mother's hand, her face flushed with anger.

"Foolish girl, why are you still defending them? The only thing that matters now is saving our own lives!" Lady Xue said, tapping Qin Yan's forehead reproachfully.

Listening to the exchange, Qin Luoli's eyes filled with pain. Was this the Qin Family she had always protected? But no matter what, she could not give up!

Taking a deep breath, her gaze hardened with resolve. "The Qin Family has nothing to do with this," she declared. "I will go with you."

"Luoli!" Qin Yan and the others cried out in alarm, but Qin Luoli had already made her decision and started to walk forward.

"Sister Qin!" Shi Potian grabbed her arm, shaking his head. "I told you, as long as I'm here, no one will hurt you!"

He then stepped forward, and with each movement, more blood seeped from beneath his bandages.

"Master Zhu, this boy is all yours," Chen Xinlan said, taking a step back, her face a mask of malice.

"My pleasure!" the Dwarf roared with laughter. He shot forward like a bolt of lightning, smashing a fist into Shi Potian's chest.

"Urk!"

Already gravely injured, Shi Potian had no time to react. The punch hit him squarely, sending him flying backward. The Dwarf was even faster, charging after him with a cackle. "Boy, you escaped last time. Let's see where you run to now!"

He landed another brutal punch on Shi Potian's waist, sending him flying again. The Dwarf then turned his leering gaze to Qin Luoli. "What a pretty little thing. You can come back with me to the Fire Cloud Sect and stand vigil over our Young Sect Master's memorial for three years!"

As he spoke, he lunged to grab her.

Just as everyone watched in horror, a voice like a great, resounding bell boomed from the heavens, filled with a furious, killing intent!

"If you dare touch her, I will exterminate your entire Fire Cloud Sect!"

Chapter 380: The Heavenly Emperor Swears, Heaven and Earth as Witness!

"Hmm?"

The Dwarf's expression changed slightly, but he immediately snorted coldly. "I'd like to see how you're going to annihilate my entire sect!"

As soon as his words fell, he lunged for Qin Luoli's neck. As long as he controlled this woman, the Qin Family would be his for the taking!

"Sister Qin!" Shi Potian cried out. He lay on the ground covered in blood, trying to struggle to his feet, but he simply couldn't.

HUM!

Suddenly, the faint cry of a dragon echoed through the air, followed by a brilliant flash of sword light that descended from the sky, slashing down at the Dwarf.

"Not good!"

The Dwarf's face changed drastically. He had no time to grab Qin Luoli and could only retreat with haste. His reaction was extremely swift, and he instantly put several meters between them.

However, the blade of light clung to him like a shadow, inescapable as a maggot on bone, as it slashed at him.

"Stop!" the Dwarf roared. His face twisted ferociously as energy erupted from his body, forming a protective barrier of light in front of him.

SIZZLE!

Yet, this seemingly solid barrier was as fragile as tofu before the blade of light, which sliced it open instantly. The Dwarf's face turned pale, and he instinctively raised his hand to block.

PUFF!

The blade of light fell, and an arm dropped to the ground, its fingers still twitching forcefully.

"Ah, my hand!" the Dwarf shrieked, clutching his severed wrist in a miserable wail. The sight of the blood pooling on the ground made many cry out in shock.

A single streak of light had severed the Dwarf's arm? Who could be so powerful?

"Chen Family, Luo Family, Fang Family, Fire Cloud Sect... you dare lay a hand on my family!" From the sky above, a voice thundered, filled with a breathtaking killing intent that swept over them like a frenzy, threatening to destroy everything. "Very well! Today, I, your master, swear an oath! If I do not slaughter every last one of you, may my path on the Martial Way be forever severed!"

With these words, the very heavens and earth changed color. Wild winds and thunderbolts billowed forth in unison, as if the entire world was bearing witness to this vow. The Heavenly Emperor had made a vow, and heaven and earth were its witness!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The skies above River City became tumultuous with churning clouds and converging thunderbolts, a scene straight out of the apocalypse. Every Martial Artist looked up at the sky with fear, shaking their heads in shock. Not only that, but throughout the entire Huaxia Martial Arts World, some of the most powerful cultivators felt the disturbance and turned their gazes toward River City.

"A Martial Arts Grandmaster is making an oath? Who provoked Lin Wudi!"

"Heavens, this is terrifying! When a Grandmaster is enraged, rivers of blood will flow!"

"Hurry, find out what in the world happened in River City!"

Countless people were abuzz, their hearts filled with shock and terror. They had only just received the news that Lin Wudi had fought Xing Zirong—ranked tenth on the Heavenly List—at Hongfeng Lake and slain him with a single strike. Right now, his reputation was at its zenith, his power at its absolute peak. For someone to provoke him at a time like this... wasn't that just courting death?

"It's Lin Wudi!"

In Sichuan-Shu, on a mountain path, Jiang Yawei was resting with his granddaughter, Jiang Mingyue. He suddenly sensed something and looked sharply toward River City, his expression changing dramatically.

"Grandfather, what's wrong?" Jiang Mingyue's strength was still too low for her to sense the celestial phenomenon, so she asked with concern when she saw her grandfather's grave expression.

"Someone provoked Lin Wudi. I don't know what's happened," Jiang Yawei said, his breathing heavy. He could sense a major event was about to unfold.

"Lin Wudi?" Jiang Mingyue trembled. She quickly unlocked her phone and swiped to a news feed, letting out a startled cry. When Jiang Yawei looked over, her face was pale, and her beautiful eyes were filled with disbelief.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Last night, at the Southern Sky Hongfeng Lake, Lin Wudi fought Xing Zirong and killed him with a single sword!" This piece of news had already been shared tens of thousands of times on the Martial Artist forums, with an uncountable number of comments.

"What?" Jiang Yawei trembled with shock. "He was far away in Southern Sky last night, and today he's already in River City? Did he fly?"

「Capital.」

"Commander, about the situation in River City, should we go take a look?" Han Xiaochuan asked with a solemn expression, though he was cursing inwardly. You, Lin Wudi, disappear for half a year and start stirring up trouble the moment you show up. Now Elder Xiao is going to have to clean up your mess again.

But Elder Xiao just chuckled and said, "Youthful vigor is a good thing."

Han Xiaochuan's mouth hung open in shock. Commander, did I hear you right? This guy killing Xing Zirong is one thing, but now he wants to annihilate the Fang Family and slaughter the Fire Cloud Sect, and you call that 'youthful vigor'? That's murderous intent! Besides, the Fire Cloud Sect is an ancient martial sect with a history of hundreds of years, countless experts, and a Sect Leader who is a Grandmaster on the Heavenly List! Fine, maybe the Fire Cloud Sect Leader is no match for Lin Wudi, but what about the Fang Family of River City? They're in cahoots with the Jiangling Martial Alliance Branch. Making a move against them is like poking a hornet's nest.

Elder Xiao said indifferently, "Don't worry. The kid knows his limits."

Knows his limits, my ass! Han Xiaochuan cursed in his heart. That guy slaughters entire families at the drop of a hat, and you call that 'knowing his limits'? Commander, there has to be a limit to how much you dote on your protégé, right?

"Commander, are we really not going to intervene?" Han Xiaochuan asked, unwilling to give up.

Elder Xiao looked at him with a grin. "Can you handle him?"

"I..." Han Xiaochuan was instantly deflated. The Commander is terrible at conversation.

「River City.」

"It's the Venerable Master!" Cheng Bugui shot up from his sickbed and looked out the window. A dark shadow was streaking toward them at an incredible speed, and he was instantly moved to tears of joy. "Gather the men! Go to the Qin Family to protect our mistress! The Venerable Master has returned! We're saved!"

"All family disciples, follow me to reinforce the Qin Family!"

From the moment Lin Mu appeared, River City was thrown into chaos. The forces of Cheng Bugui, the Liang Family, the Song Family, and many others all gathered their people and rushed toward the Qin Family estate in a great, surging tide. The scene left countless onlookers secretly alarmed. What on earth was happening in River City?

「Qin Family Estate.」

Qin Luoli gazed at the sky, tears of relief slowly streaming down her face. "You stupid man, you finally decided to come back?"

Chen Xinlan and the others, however, stared with terror at the figure rapidly approaching from the horizon.

"Don't just stand there! Take Qin Luoli down now! Even if Lin Mu's methods are profound, what can he do to us if we have her!" Chen Xinlan blurted out.

"Yes, get control of all his family members!" Luo Jinping's face twisted, his eyes filled with venomous hatred.

"You two, make your move," the Dwarf growled at the two elders, his face a mask of hate.

"Alright!"

The two elders exchanged a glance, nodded, and shot toward the members of the Qin Family. They moved with extreme speed, planning to seize the family first to force Lin Mu to hold back.

BUZZ!

The moment they moved, a dark green longsword whistled down from the sky, slashing toward them.

"Not good, retreat!" the two elders cried out, their expressions changing drastically as they scrambled backward. A moment ago, the Dwarf had his wrist severed by a mere blade of energy; now, the sword itself had appeared.

"You worthless trash, don't run!" The Dwarf stomped his foot in fury, but with no time to think, he turned to flee himself.

"Not a single one of you is leaving!" an utterly cold voice declared. The dark green ancient sword flickered softly.

HUM!

A draconic cry emanated from the blade as the sword intent surging around it erupted and shot forward.

"Slash!"

The Dwarf had already leaped onto the roof, intending to vault the wall and escape. But the blade of light, as if anticipating his escape route, appeared instantly in his path and slashed down.

PFFT!

With a final, wretched scream, the Dwarf was sliced in half by the sword.

The gruesome scene chilled Chen Xinlan and the others to the bone.