

War God 39

Chapter 39: Be honest, or I'll beat you up...

"Young Master Mu, these are the medicinal herbs you requested. They are all prepared and are the best our store has to offer, both in terms of medicinal properties and age."

Half an hour later, Ning Xian brought over a packaged box and handed it to Lin Mu with both hands, his tone respectful.

Lin Mu opened the box. It was divided into countless small, lidded compartments. As he lifted each one, he found all the herbs he needed. The age and quantity of each herb were to his utmost satisfaction.

"Mm, not bad," Lin Mu nodded, quite pleased.

Hearing this, Ning Xian heaved a great sigh of relief. As long as Young Master Mu is satisfied, that's all that matters. He truly didn't dare to offend Lin Mu. Even Master Sun treats Lin Mu with the utmost respect, let alone someone like me.

Just then, Liu Zijian emerged from the room, supporting a woman by the arm. Both of their eyes were red and swollen.

"Mom, this is Elder Brother Mu. He was the one who just cured you," Liu Zijian said to Mother Liu.

"Zijian, kneel!" Mother Liu was a woman in her early fifties, but months of illness had ravaged her, making her look like a sixty-year-old with graying hair and a fatigued expression. Despite this, her voice was firm and loud. "Kowtow to your savior!"

Liu Zijian nodded and his knees bent, about to drop to the ground.

"Liu Zijian, what are you doing?" Lin Mu said sharply. With a slight raise of his hand, an invisible force caught Liu Zijian, preventing him from kneeling. Still seated, Lin Mu's expression was indifferent. "If you kneel now, our brotherhood ends here."

"Elder Brother Mu, I..." Liu Zijian's face was a mask of conflict, torn between kneeling and not kneeling. On one side was his mother; on the other, his most respected brother. What should I do?

"You must be Xiao Mu, aren't you?" Mother Liu spoke up, studying Lin Mu's face. Although many years had passed, she could still see familiar traces. Especially his eyes, deep and clear, and the unwavering resolve in his brow—just as she remembered from his childhood.

Mother Liu smiled, but her expression quickly turned serious again. "By rights, I practically watched you grow up. But you've saved my life, a debt our family can never repay. The least we can do is have Zijian kowtow to you."

"Auntie," Lin Mu said hastily, "since you're my elder and Zijian is my best friend, having him kneel to me would put me in an impossible position, wouldn't it?"

With tears welling in her eyes, Mother Liu said, "Then let me kneel to you! My illness has drained our family of everything. We have nothing left to give you. I can only kowtow to repay you for saving my life!"

As she spoke, Mother Liu started to kneel. Lin Mu shot up from his chair to support her, his expression earnest. "Auntie, are you trying to shorten my life?"

He feigned a look of anger. "I, Lin Mu, grew up with Zijian, and I was fortunate to have your care for many years. Now that I happen to know a little about medicine, isn't it only right that I help you? If you keep on like this, I won't be able to call you my elder anymore."

Lin Mu was a grateful person at heart. Years ago, Uncle Liu's family had been very kind to him and his own elders. For so long, he had wanted to repay their kindness, but aside from secretly sending them money, there was little else he could do. His former identity was that of a globally wanted assassin. If he became too close to Uncle Liu's family, he risked them being discovered by those with ill intent. For that reason, even sending money required extreme caution; he never dared to send too much at once.

"But you saved my life!" Mother Liu insisted, her voice thick with emotion. She was a kind-hearted woman who only knew that a debt of kindness must be repaid.

Lin Mu suddenly smiled. "If you really feel that way, then how about this? Once you're feeling better, you can cook some of your delicious food for me. It's been years since I've tasted your cooking, and I'm practically drooling just thinking about it."

Mother Liu froze for a moment, then her eyes reddened as she nodded vigorously. "Alright, alright! Auntie will cook for you, I'll cook for you every day!"

"Okay, then I'll hold you to that. No taking it back," Lin Mu chuckled.

"Mm-hm. Auntie promised, and I will definitely keep my word," Mother Liu said, clutching Lin Mu's hand, her eyes brimming with grateful tears.

Watching them, Liu Zijian quietly wiped at the corner of his own eye.

Seeing this tender moment, Ning Xian and the others discreetly excused themselves.

After comforting Mother Liu and telling her to rest well, Lin Mu gave a few more instructions to Liu Zijian before finally leaving Hundred Herbs Hall. Of course, he left his bank card behind. Although Ning Xian adamantly refused payment, Lin Mu's mix of warnings and threats eventually convinced him to accept a "friendship price" of 50,000 yuan.

But Lin Mu knew the herbs he held were worth at least 500,000 yuan. The hundred-year-old Seven-leaf Flower alone was worth no less than 200,000 yuan.

Lin Mu mentally filed this favor away. As a small token, he casually left Ning Xian a prescription that would help his leg injuries heal perfectly, ensuring there would be no lingering effects on his strength. Although Lin Mu could be domineering and forceful, he was clear about his debts and grievances. Previously, Ning Xian had offended him, so Lin Mu broke his legs as punishment. Afterward, Ning Xian provided a place to treat Mother Liu and helped him find the herbs. Naturally, Lin Mu returned the favor.

Ning Xian was overcome with gratitude, even vowing that he would spare no effort if Lin Mu ever needed anything. Lin Mu didn't pay the words much mind. He simply took his medicine, bid farewell to Liu Zijian and his mother, and left.

As she watched Lin Mu's retreating back, Mother Liu spoke sternly to her son. "Zijian, you must remember this. Even though Xiao Mu doesn't say anything, this is a debt of kindness you must carry in your heart. If he is ever in trouble, you must repay him, even if it costs you your life. Do you understand?"

"I understand, Mom!" Liu Zijian replied, his hand clutching the bank card in his pocket, deeply moved. Brother, thank you!

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"You spent 300,000 on this little pile of junk?" Qin Luoli demanded, looking at the herbs on the table with an angry glare. That damn Lin Mu is such a spendthrift! Just these few herbs are worth a thousand yuan at most, but he claims he spent 300,000? How are we supposed to make ends meet?

"Junk?" Lin Mu glanced at her and shook his head dismissively. "Such a typical woman, with long hair but a short-sighted view. If it weren't for a stroke of luck, you couldn't have bought these for 3,000,000, let alone 300,000."

The market value of these herbs was indeed between three and five hundred thousand, but in his hands, they could be turned into priceless treasures nearly impossible to find. I only spent 50,000 anyway, he thought to himself. The rest went to Liu Zijian. His current situation means he needs the money more than I do. Besides, I told him the money was a loan, not a gift. Otherwise, knowing his stubborn pride, he never would have accepted it.

"What did you say?" Qin Luoli was furious. She lunged to grab him, yelling, "You bastard, who are you calling short-sighted?"

Lin Mu easily caught her delicate hand and, with a swift motion, delivered a swat to her pert bottom. "Behave, or I'll spank you until you can't sit down."

SMACK.

The sound was crisp and clear.

Qin Luoli froze, completely dumbfounded. Lin Mu... he actually hit me... there?