

War God 461

Chapter 461: Commands Weighty as Mountains and Rivers, Over a Thousand Catties!

"Shall I take you on a tour?" Lin Mu suggested. "After you've seen it, you can evaluate whether it's expensive."

"Oh?" Fei Zhenghai said. "Is there some other special feature?"

Lin Mu smiled mysteriously. "You'll know once you see it."

Even Elder Xiao was extremely curious. After all, based on his investigation of Lin Mu, the fellow was a bit arrogant, but he wasn't brainless. If he dared to ask for such a high price, there must be something special about it.

Lin Mu led the group toward the north, where a Tai Chi diagram served as the dividing line between north and south. The southern side didn't seem to have anything special about it at the moment, but when everyone crossed the Tai Chi line, they were all completely astonished.

"This... what's going on?" Fei Zhenghai was so shocked he couldn't speak.

Elder Xiao's eyes widened, and he too was unable to utter a word for a moment.

Fei Xiaoyu, Han Xiaochuan, and Fei Long reacted the same way. The scene before them was too astonishing—it was like a miracle. The northern half, it turned out, was a world of ice and snow.

"Is all this real?" Fei Xiaoyu reached out and caught a snowflake, feeling a cool sensation in her palm.

Before her lay a world draped in silver. A deep expanse of white snow, at least a foot deep, blanketed everything as far as the eye could see. When she turned her head, she saw that even the southern side was now covered in heavy snow. The large tree where they had just been sitting and drinking tea was also draped in a thick, white layer.

"What exactly is going on here?" Fei Zhenghai had lost his composure, and his hands and feet were even trembling.

Elder Xiao was deeply shaken, his eyes filled with disbelief as he looked at Lin Mu. How on earth did this kid do it? This is all too real.

"Is this some kind of high-tech?" Fei Xiaoyu couldn't help but ask. "But high-tech doesn't feel this real."

Fei Xiaoyu shivered. The bone-chilling cold felt incredibly real.

"Something like that," Lin Mu said with a smile. "You can think of it as a type of high technology, but I'm afraid I can't reveal anything more."

Lin Mu's meaning was clear: they could guess all they wanted, but he wasn't going to say another word. Everyone understood that this was related to Lin Mu's secret. But all of this was simply too miraculous. If you tried to explain it with science, it was unexplainable. But if it wasn't science, what method could possibly achieve this? This must be a mysterious domain they knew nothing about and had no access to!

At that moment, Fei Zhenghai began to feel a true sense of reverence for Lin Mu. As for Fei Xiaoyu, her gaze toward Lin Mu now held a new curiosity.

"I always thought such things were mere legends. It is only today that I realize how shallow my own knowledge is." Elder Xiao sighed. "Young friend Lin, you have truly made me see you in a new light. This trip was not in vain."

"Young man, I want two units! I'll have someone transfer the money to you immediately!" Elder Xiao declared, making the decision on the spot.

Lin Mu suddenly smiled. "Elder Xiao, to be honest, the rule here is one person, one unit. However, I can sell you a villa at market price. How does that sound?"

This was the same Elder Xiao who had helped Lin Mu several times before, a detail Lin Mu had already learned from Guan Chengye. Therefore, to repay the kindness, he naturally wouldn't let Elder Xiao suffer a loss.

Elder Xiao was taken aback for a moment, then burst into hearty laughter. "You've got some conscience after all, kid. I'll have the money sent to your account right away."

After seeing this scene, Elder Xiao no longer felt it was expensive. The place, from its environment to its layout, gave him an extremely relaxing feeling. Moreover, for some unknown reason, being here gave him an inexplicably marvelous feeling. It was as if the longer he stayed, the greater the benefits to his body.

Simply miraculous!

"Mr. Lin, I want one too!" Fei Zhenghai was moved, quickly telling Fei Xiaoyu to make the call.

"Didn't you just complain about how expensive it was?" Lin Mu looked at Fei Zhenghai with a half-smile.

"Expensive? Is this expensive?" Fei Zhenghai exclaimed. "This isn't expensive at all! It's an absolute bargain!"

As he said this, Fei Xiaoyu finished her call and looked at Lin Mu with excitement, as did Han Xiaochuan.

"Alright, stop looking at me like that. I'm running a business here, not a charity." Lin Mu knew, of course, that they were hoping he would relent and let them buy a few more units.

But Lin Mu had no intention of doing so. While Coiling Dragon Bay seemed to have many houses, the number was limited. Rich people, however, were a different story. There were far too many of them in the world. If just anyone could buy a unit, wouldn't that lead to chaos? Therefore, Lin Mu had to maintain strict control; he would never sell to anyone with an unclear background.

"Now, let's get down to business," Elder Xiao said suddenly. He was in a good mood, as Lin Mu was selling him a villa for the price of a standard house.

"This way, please." Lin Mu led the group back to the large tree. Once again, the scene was picturesque, with lush grass and warbling birds, leaving everyone to marvel and praise it incessantly.

"Zhenghai, if you're free, you should head back for now," Elder Xiao said, glancing at Fei Zhenghai.

"Of course, Senior Leader." Fei Zhenghai knew Elder Xiao wanted to speak with Lin Mu privately and that it was not his place to be there.

After Fei Zhenghai and the others left, Elder Xiao looked at Lin Mu and suddenly smiled. "Well, well, Lin Wudi. You've certainly given me one surprise after another."

Facing Elder Xiao's praise, Lin Mu's expression remained unchanged.

Elder Xiao nodded to himself and said, "The Fire Cloud Sect, Liu Xiu, and the Fang Family... you destroyed them all, didn't you?"

Lin Mu blinked. "I don't know what you're talking about, Elder Xiao."

"Stop playing coy with me," Elder Xiao said, a smirk playing on his lips. "What, did you think I came here to call you to account?"

Lin Mu just smiled faintly, not answering the question.

At this, Han Xiaochuan spoke up. "Lin Wudi, your current situation is very dangerous."

"So?" Lin Mu poured himself a cup of tea and slowly savored it.

"The Fire Cloud Sect is a power within the Martial Alliance, and Liu Xiu was a member of the Military Department. By killing them, you've ensured that people from both the Martial Alliance and the Military Department will inevitably come looking for trouble," Han Xiaochuan said with a grave expression.

"Especially after the battle at Dragon Tiger Mountain. You soundly defeated Zhang Daoyun, but the world doesn't know the truth of what happened. From now on, you will receive countless challenges."

Elder Xiao's smile faded. "Young Lin, you need to be mentally prepared. Not everyone in the Martial Alliance and the Military Department is one of my people."

Lin Mu smiled faintly, unconcerned. "The tree wishes for calm, but the wind will not subside. I, Lin Mu, have never been one to fear trouble. If they wish to come, then let them."

Han Xiaochuan was taken aback. This guy... where did he get such confidence? Does he really think he's invincible just because he defeated Zhang Daoyun?

"By the way," Lin Mu suddenly said, taking out an item and tossing it to Elder Xiao. "I'm returning this to you."

He was returning the Dragon Guard Order; he truly had no need for it.

"Young man, keep this safe. I'm begging you," Elder Xiao said, catching the Dragon Guard Order and pushing it back toward Lin Mu with a serious expression.

Han Xiaochuan's expression shifted, a hint of distress in his eyes.

Seeing the pleading look in Elder Xiao's eyes, Lin Mu sighed inwardly. "Very well."

"Young Lin, I knew I wasn't mistaken about you!" Elder Xiao's face lit up with delight. "As long as you get through this, I will personally host a banquet in the Capital to thank you!"

Lin Mu looked at the Dragon Guard Order before him, and for a moment, he felt the token was incredibly heavy, as if it carried the weight of mountains and rivers, a thousand catties and more!

Chapter 462: The Challenge of the Eight Extremes Gate!

"Kid, no matter what, you must be very careful," Elder Xiao said profoundly. "Sometimes, a person's strength isn't their personal power, but their influence—enough to make others dread them."

Lin Mu's brow furrowed slightly. Elder Xiao's words seemed to carry a hidden meaning.

However, Lin Mu didn't take it to heart. It wasn't arrogance. He simply knew that as long as he was strong enough, would he even need to worry about lacking influence?

Seeing Lin Mu was unmoved, Elder Xiao said, "Regardless of whether you destroyed the Fang Family, you must not spread it around, otherwise..."

He paused before continuing, "The Fang Family has been established in Jiangling for over a hundred years; it's foolish to think they have no power. Their patriarch, Fang Chang'an, has several powerful friends, and their in-laws, the Wang Family Clan, are a branch of one of the Capital's great Aristocratic Clans. Any one of those figures is a terrifying existence."

Elder Xiao added, "Lin, I know you're proud and high-spirited, so you probably don't care about these things. Still, you must be cautious when necessary."

Han Xiaochuan, who was standing nearby, chimed in, "Lin Wudi, the Commander is worried those people will go after your family and friends. You may not be afraid, but others won't feel the same."

The moment Han Xiaochuan finished speaking, the temperature in Coiling Dragon Bay seemed to plummet, as if they had been transported to the frozen north. The wind became bone-chillingly cold. But Han Xiaochuan knew this wasn't a change in weather. It was a murderous intent so intense it was causing the very air to cool.

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly, then he broke into a grin.

Instantly, Han Xiaochuan felt the temperature return to normal, as if the chill had been nothing but an illusion.

Lin Mu laughed. "I hate trouble, but I'm not afraid of it. If someone dares to bully me, I certainly won't show any mercy."

Glancing at Elder Xiao, Lin Mu said coolly, "As for your warning, I'll consider it."

Elder Xiao gave a wry smile. He knew Lin Mu hadn't really listened. This was one of the reasons he valued Lin Mu so much.

The young man's will was exceptionally firm, completely unswayed by external factors. To him, sufficient strength could crush anything, rendering conspiracies and schemes irrelevant.

Suddenly, Elder Xiao felt a pang of envy for Lin Mu. Wasn't he the same when he was young? But now, the fate of the nation rested on his shoulders. With great power comes great responsibility, and he simply couldn't afford to be as willful as Lin Mu.

Thinking this, Elder Xiao said, "Since you have your own plans, I'll say no more. I just came to give you a heads-up. If you run into any problems you can't handle, give me a call."

With that, Elder Xiao took out a business card and handed it to Lin Mu.

Han Xiaochuan watched in shock. That was the Commander's private number. In all of Huaxia, no more than ten people had it. Not even the Commander's own family!

Lin Mu took the card and nodded.

"Let's go." Elder Xiao chuckled and stood up to leave.

As Han Xiaochuan got up, he whispered, "Be careful lately."

WHOOSH!

Just then, a piercing sound whistled through the air, approaching at incredible speed.

Han Xiaochuan and Elder Xiao both looked up at the sky.

BANG!

A loud noise came from outside. The mist parted, and Feihu walked in. In his hand, he held an arrow with a piece of cloth tied to it.

"Mr. Lin, this just flew in from the sky, but it seems something blocked it. Mr. Fei asked me to bring it to you." Feihu presented the arrow with both hands, his demeanor respectful.

After delivering the message, Feihu turned and left.

Lin Mu took one look and was at a loss, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

It was a challenge letter, and it was from one of the four Grandmasters, Nangong Xiu of the Southern Heaven. What era was this? Couldn't they just send a text message? Why all this pomp and circumstance? Still, this showed that Nangong Xiu must be an extremely conservative person. Typically, such individuals possessed an exceptionally pure cultivation of the Martial Way and comprehended it in ways beyond an ordinary person's understanding.

"A challenge letter?" Han Xiaochuan sneaked a peek.

Lin Mu smiled faintly. "Indeed. But I don't know this person."

"Chang Wei?" Han Xiaochuan said. "Isn't that the junior brother of the Eight Extremes Gate's Sect Leader?" He knew a great deal about the Martial Arts World, so he had naturally heard of Chang Wei. "Never mind. He's just a minor character, not worth your attention."

Han Xiaochuan continued, "He must be here because of the Fang Family."

"The Fang Family?" Lin Mu asked, slightly surprised.

Han Xiaochuan explained, "Many people are now speculating that you destroyed the Fang Family. But no one knows your background, nor do they know that you and River City's Lin Wudi are the same person. So, this is likely someone testing the waters. Therefore, you don't need to pay him any mind. If you accept the challenge, wouldn't you be admitting that you were the one who destroyed the Fang Family?"

Lin Mu sneered. "Who said I was going to deny it? The Fang Family offended me, so they deserved to die. I'd like to see who else besides the Eight Extremes Gate dares to stand up for them!"

Elder Xiao spoke up, "Are you sure you want to fight?"

"Of course I'll fight," Lin Mu said, clutching the challenge letter. "But I won't do it myself. If word got out, wouldn't people say that I, Lin Mu, am bullying the weak?"

Elder Xiao grew curious. "Then you plan to...?"

Lin Mu smiled faintly. "I have my own arrangements."

After they left Coiling Dragon Bay, Han Xiaochuan couldn't help but ask, "Commander, how can you be so lenient with him?"

"Xiaochuan, what do you think of Lin Mu?" Elder Xiao asked, avoiding the question.

Han Xiaochuan was taken aback. "Confident, domineering, and... mysterious!" He then let out a bitter smile. "Honestly, Commander, I still find it hard to believe he defeated Zhang Daoyun in a single move."

Elder Xiao also sighed. "Indeed. It's truly incredible." But then, he smiled softly. "It's precisely because he can always achieve what others can't that he was able to become a Martial Arts Grandmaster before the age of thirty."

"But Commander, what about the Martial Alliance and the Military Department..." Han Xiaochuan asked, worried.

Elder Xiao laughed. "What's there to worry about? Since this kid is so good at stirring up trouble, just let him. If some people want to court death, let them."

「Three days later, Qilin Villa.」

This was the location Chang Wei had chosen for the duel. Qilin Villa was in the southern suburbs of Jiangling, on the opposite side of the city from Coiling Dragon Bay. On the surface, it looked like an agritainment farm, but it was actually a front for an underground fighting ring.

And as Lin Mu had already investigated, Qilin Villa was another one of the Fang Family's properties.

"Elder Brother Mu, what are we doing here?" Shi Potian asked, looking at the villa with a confused expression.

Lin Mu smiled. "You'll find out once we're inside."

Chapter 463: Three Moves is Enough!

"Stop! What are you two doing?"

Just as Lin Mu and his companion were about to enter Qilin Villa, they were stopped by two security guards.

"I've come to answer a challenge," Lin Mu said, displaying the letter of challenge in his hand.

"Are you the one surnamed Lin?"

The security guard was slightly surprised; evidently, he had already been informed.

"Please come in."

The expressions of the two security guards changed slightly as they hurriedly cleared a path. News had spread throughout all of Jiangling that the Fang Family had been destroyed by this very man. How could they dare block the path of such a ruthless individual?

Lin Mu smiled faintly and, accompanied by Shi Potian, walked straight in.

After the pair had left, one of the security guards let out a long breath, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "That was terrifying. I was this close to losing my life."

The other guard looked just as shaken, his face pale with fright.

After entering Qilin Villa, they took an elevator down to the second basement level, which had been converted into an arena. The first and second basement levels had been connected. The second basement level was just one massive arena surrounded by spectator stands, while the first basement level was divided into private rooms of various sizes. These rooms had glass windows facing the arena, allowing spectators to watch the fights.

At that moment, a match was taking place in the arena. The surrounding stands were filled with viewers, but their expressions were grim.

Zheng Mingye was also there, looking around anxiously. Only when he saw Lin Mu did he heave a long sigh of relief.

"Mr. Lin, you've finally arrived."

Upon seeing Lin Mu, Zheng Mingye looked as if he had found his backbone. He walked over excitedly. Beside the arena, several corpses were already laid out. This time, Chang Wei wasn't just challenging Lin Mu, but also countless martial artists from Jiangling. As the richest man in Jiangling and an Inner Strength Martial Artist, Zheng Mingye was naturally on the invitation list. So, Lin Mu had also been quite surprised when he heard the news. It seemed Chang Wei's visit was not so simple.

"Mr. Zheng, this is..."

Seeing how respectfully Zheng Mingye treated Lin Mu, two elderly men were startled and approached to inquire.

"Mr. Lin, allow me to introduce them," Zheng Mingye said. "This is Master Chen, and this is Master Li. They are well-known Martial Artists in Jiangling and are also among those challenged."

He continued, "As for those who have already died, one was Chief Zhang of the Red Star Martial Arts Gym, and another was Master Zhou from the Thai Boxing Gym. The others were also famous figures in Jiangling. And now, it seems even Master Zhu can't hold out much longer."

Zheng Mingye sighed deeply. Each of those men was highly skilled, and none of them were weaker than him. And yet, not one of them could withstand a single blow from that young man. How could Zheng Mingye not be afraid?

Zheng Mingye had heard from Sun Tianyang that Lin Mu was also a martial arts expert, so he had planned to ask for his help. When Lin Mu readily agreed, it sparked a glimmer of hope in his heart. He had absolute faith in Sun Tianyang's words.

At that moment on the stage, a dark-skinned, medium-built young man stood with muscles bulging. His opponent was a man nearing fifty, his face etched with the vicissitudes of life. This person was none other than Master Zhu.

"That man is Master Zhu, but it's clear he's no match for the young man," Zheng Mingye said with a sigh. The young man truly possessed formidable power, having defeated several skilled fighters in succession. It could be said that he was currently the most formidable person in the entire fighting pit, completely unmatched.

Lin Mu asked, "That young man isn't Chang Wei, is he?"

"No," Zheng Mingye responded with a wry smile. "He's merely Chang Wei's senior disciple. Chang Wei himself hasn't even made a move yet."

Chang Wei hadn't even taken the stage, yet these so-called experts couldn't even defeat his disciple. The thought was simply humiliating.

In the ring, the match had already begun. Master Zhu could be seen moving from side to side with nimble footwork, his hands raised in a stance ready for both offense and defense. His swift yet steady movements made it clear he was an expert. The young man, however, simply stood with his hands behind his back, a proud expression on his face. He even had his eyes closed, ignoring his opponent as if he were meditating. Clearly, he did not take Master Zhu seriously at all.

"Master Zhu is a two-time champion of the Jiangling Boxing Tournament! He has immense strength and incredibly fast punches. With Chang Wei's disciple being so arrogant, Master Zhu might actually have a chance!" Zheng Mingye's eyes brightened with excitement.

However, Shi Potian suddenly said, "He's already lost."

"What?" Master Chen's expression changed. "Don't talk nonsense."

"That's right. If you don't know what you're talking about, keep your mouth shut, boy," Master Li added, giving Shi Potian a cold, angry stare.

"He's right," Lin Mu said calmly. "Master Zhu has already lost."

"Lost?" Master Chen scoffed. "They haven't even traded blows. How could he have lost? If not for Zheng Mingye's sake, I'd smash your head in with a single punch."

"Indeed. You're just a wet-behind-the-ears brat. Don't pretend you know anything."

Clearly, Lin Mu's words had provoked Master Chen and Master Li.

"You'll see soon enough," Lin Mu said with a faint smile, offering no further explanation.

Zheng Mingye shook his head inwardly, a seed of distrust toward Lin Mu sprouting for the first time. It seems I've been deceived. Lin Mu is a brilliant doctor, but that doesn't mean he understands the Martial Way.

Meanwhile on the stage, after a few probing moves, Master Zhu gave a cold laugh and began his attack.

"As a two-time champion, Master Zhu's combat experience and strength are undeniable. That kid's defeat is sealed!" Master Chen declared with a triumphant laugh. His smile turned cold as he glanced at Lin Mu.

"Exactly. Master Zhu isn't like some people who are all talk," Master Li chimed in, his voice dripping with sarcastic disdain.

"Gentlemen, please, let's say no more, as a personal favor to me," Zheng Mingye interjected with a forced smile, already regretting having invited Lin Mu.

Lin Mu's expression remained calm and unchanged. Shi Potian, however, was clearly indignant. He looked ready to lash out several times but was stopped by a look from Lin Mu.

On the stage, Master Zhu unleashed a hook as fast as lightning, his right hand already coiled for the next blow. It was clearly a combination. Just as Master Chen said, Master Zhu was a man with vast combat experience.

However, just as Master Zhu threw his punch, the young man seemed to have anticipated it. His eyes snapped open. In a single fluid motion, he canted his body, shifted his feet, and lunged forward like a sharp sword. He easily dodged Master Zhu's punch and, before his opponent could react, struck fiercely.

THUD!

A sickeningly muffled sound rang out as the young man's elbow struck Master Zhu squarely in the chest. Master Zhu cried out in agony, his body flying backward as if hit by a train.

"Master Zhu!"

Master Chen and Master Li's faces drained of color as they rushed forward. But it was too late. The young man had finished him in a single move.

The two masters instinctively turned to look at Lin Mu, their eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

At that moment, they saw Lin Mu glance at the young man on the stage, then turn to the earnest-looking youth behind him and ask, "How many moves would you need to deal with him?"

Shi Potian thought for a moment and said, "Three moves would be more than enough."

Chapter 464 Quick Battle, One Move!

Masters Chen, Li, and Zheng Mingye drew a sharp breath, staring dumbfounded at Shi Potian.

Defeat Chang Wei's top disciple in three moves? Isn't that just bragging?

"Mr. Lin, do you intend to let this... this person fight?" Zheng Mingye looked at Shi Potian in horror. In his view, Shi Potian was younger than his grandson, Zheng Junyi. How could he possibly be a match for Chang Wei's top disciple? This is utter nonsense!

Although Masters Chen and Li looked unfavorably upon Lin Mu's earlier words, they still advised, "Young man, if you're just trying to prove a point, we urge you to give up."

"Yes, Chang Wei's top disciple has mastered the Eight Extremes Fist to perfection, not to mention Chang Wei himself has yet to make a move."

Master Li sighed and said, "This time, our Jiangling Martial Arts World has truly lost all face!"

Meanwhile, Chang Wei's top disciple stood on the stage, looking down with a mocking expression. "Who else?"

Below the stage, Zheng Mingye and the others had grim expressions but dared not speak. Just now, the man's speed in killing Master Zhu had been too fast. So fast that they hadn't even seen it clearly.

If a disciple of the Eight Extremes Gate is this powerful, who can possibly compete with him?

Only Lin Mu and Shi Potian had seen it clearly. Chang Wei's top disciple had not only dodged his opponent's punch but had also counterattacked at the same time. His movements were simply too quick for ordinary people to see. Therefore, everyone thought that Chang Wei's top disciple hadn't moved at all—that he was just standing there when Master Zhu was sent flying.

Not only was Chang Wei's top disciple fast, but his strength was also immensely formidable.

Eight Extremes Fist: Heart-Piercing Elbow!

It was a lethal move of the Eight Extremes Fist—clean, efficient, and ruthless! True Huaxia martial arts were meant for killing. With one move, life and death were decided. In the battles of martial artists, there is no victory or defeat, only life and death.

"Hmph. Not a single capable fighter among you. What a disappointment," Chang Wei's top disciple said disdainfully, his expression haughty. "I didn't expect the entire Jiangling Martial Arts World to be nothing but a bunch of cowards and weaklings!"

The big shots from Jiangling were filled with rage but dared not speak out. As arrogant and overbearing as their opponent was, it was clear he had the right to be. Moreover, this was only Chang Wei's top disciple. That one move alone was enough to send shivers down everyone's spine, and Chang Wei himself had yet to make a move.

"Everyone knows that my master was once saved by Elder Fang. He was heartbroken to hear about the Fang Family's annihilation, so he came to Jiangling this time, vowing to find the murderer!" Chang Wei's top disciple looked around, a hint of murderous intent in his eyes. "There's a rumor in Jiangling that a man surnamed Lin publicly humiliated Patriarch Fang on numerous occasions and even boasted that he would destroy the Fang Family. Now that the Fang Family is destroyed, that person must be involved!"

At these words, the crowd's breathing hitched, their expressions filled with shock and fear.

So Chang Wei came to Jiangling with his disciples to avenge the Fang Family?

Those present had heard about someone humiliating Fang Tang in public, but none of them knew the specifics.

"I'll give you one day to find this Lin Mu. If you do, I'll spare your lives!" the top disciple said with a ferocious smile. "Otherwise, don't blame me for going from door to door, slaughtering every last one of you!"

At these words, the entire place was in an uproar.

So this was Chang Wei's purpose?

But...

How could he dare?

"Actually, Chang Wei no longer cares who the murderer is. A massacre across Jiangling will be sufficient to intimidate the region," Master Chen said. "Then, the Wang Family, the Fang Family's in-laws, will step in to take over all their assets. In a few years, the Fang Family will be re-established."

Lin Mu's destruction of the Fang Family had not led to the death of every member. While the main branch was completely wiped out, a few from the side branches had survived.

"Zheng Mingye? The wealthiest man in Jiangling?" Suddenly, Chang Wei's top disciple pointed at Zheng Mingye, his tone cold and disdainful. "I heard you took the stage for a young punk named Lin Mu, publicly humiliating Patriarch Fang. Is this true?"

"I..." Zheng Mingye glanced at Lin Mu subconsciously, a wave of regret washing over him. He had been grateful to Lin Mu for saving his life, so he had stood up for him. But he never expected that the Eight Extremes Gate would come knocking on his door.

Chang Wei's top disciple noticed Zheng Mingye's gaze and suddenly turned to look toward Lin Mu.

The two masters, Chen and Li, were greatly startled. Master Chen pointed at Lin Mu, his voice filled with panic. "His surname is Lin! Could he be the one who exterminated the Fang Family?"

As soon as these words were spoken, the entire audience was shocked.

Lin Mu, the murderer who wiped out the Fang Family? Impossible, right?

Even Zheng Mingye was taken aback, his eyes brimming with doubt. Does Lin Mu truly possess such ability?

Master Chen took a few steps back, distancing himself from Lin Mu. "I heard that Zheng Mingye was saved by a Divine Doctor named Lin, which is why he publicly stood up for him against the Fang Family Head. It must be this man!"

At that moment, everyone's gaze converged on Lin Mu.

From a private room on the first basement level, a chilling murderous intent suddenly swept across the venue. Aside from Lin Mu and Shi Potian, everyone subconsciously bowed their heads in horror.

Chang Wei's top disciple gave a nearly imperceptible nod as if he had heard something, then stared at Lin Mu. "Kid, confess. Was it you?"

Zheng Mingye's face turned pale. His eyes filled with urgency as he shook his head slightly at Lin Mu, signaling him not to admit it.

However, Lin Mu simply said, "So what if it was?"

So what if it was?

Is that an admission?

Chang Wei's top disciple sneered, "If it was you, then get up here and meet your death!"

"Mr. Lin, you..." Zheng Mingye wanted to say something, but Masters Chen and Li held him back.

"Old Zheng, are you confused? This guy is doomed today. You'd better not get involved."

"You..." Zheng Mingye glared at the two masters. "Mr. Lin saved my life. How could I possibly stand by and watch him die?"

Zheng Mingye took a deep breath and declared, "Mr. Lin, let this old man fight this battle for you!" His aura surged. Clearly, with the curse afflicting him resolved, he had regained some of his strength.

But Lin Mu shook his head. "There's no need."

"Good!" Chang Wei's top disciple shouted. "You've got guts, kid, so I'll grant you a quick death!"

Lin Mu shook his head again. "You aren't qualified to fight me. Xiao Tian, you go."

"Okay!" Shi Potian walked toward the ring without hesitation.

"So, that's your game, Lin!" Chang Wei's top disciple laughed in fury. "I thought you were some kind of hero, but you're just sending a wet-behind-the-ears kid to die in your place!" His words dripped with mockery and boundless murderous intent. "In a moment, I'll show you what true cruelty is!"

Hearing the top disciple's words, Lin Mu turned to Shi Potian with some annoyance. "Xiao Tian, make it quick. This guy talks too much."

"Okay," Shi Potian answered with a single word.

"Hmph, I'd like to see how you'll make it quick!" Chang Wei's top disciple sneered as his True Qi circulated, revealing his aura.

Internal Energy Peak!

Chang Wei's top disciple was only in his early thirties, yet he already possessed an Internal Energy Peak cultivation level! Just how strong could Chang Wei himself be?

However, while everyone was still reeling from the display of the top disciple's strength, a black shadow flashed before him. A scream rang out, and then... silence.

Chang Wei's top disciple was now embedded in the arena wall, his chest deeply caved in.

Seeing this, the crowd's expressions changed drastically. They shot to their feet in a thunderous uproar, staring in disbelief at the young man on the stage, who now stood calmly with his fist retracted.

Chapter 465: Kill You With Just One Finger!

One move!

Had that young man really killed Chang Wei's eldest disciple with a single strike? What exactly was going on?

Looking at Shi Potian's figure, everyone's eyes filled with shock and disbelief. It was simply too hard to accept, like something out of a dream.

This was especially true for Zheng Mingye and his men. As they stared at the eldest disciple of Chang Wei embedded in the wall, their hearts were in utter turmoil. Was this the same expert from the Eight Extremes Gate who had killed several of Jiangling's big shots? He had killed Master Zhu with one move, but now he himself had been killed in a single move...

Chang Wei's eldest disciple was embedded in the wall, his head lolling, all signs of life gone. No one could believe this was the same disciple from the Eight Extremes Gate who had been so arrogant just moments before.

"Good kid!"

Just then, a roar filled with killing intent erupted from the private room upstairs.

BOOM!

A figure shot out from the second floor, like a soaring hawk. Stepping on the handrail, he launched himself toward Shi Potian like an arrow.

"You dare kill my disciple? You'll pay with your life!"

A palpable killing intent exploded forth.

Shi Potian's expression changed slightly, but he didn't panic. Instead, he took a deep breath, and rather than retreating, he advanced. Clenching his fists, he punched out fiercely.

"Don't!" Zheng Mingye exclaimed in shock, but it was too late to stop him.

BANG!

With a dull thud, Shi Potian's body was sent flying backward as if struck by a heavy hammer.

"Hmph!"

Shi Potian's feet scraped against the ground as he retreated several meters before he violently spat out a mouthful of blood.

A hand gently pressed against Shi Potian's back. Spiritual Energy circulated and instantly neutralized the rampant True Qi rampaging within his body. It was Lin Mu who had intervened just in time.

"I'm alright now, Elder Brother Mu." Shi Potian wiped the corner of his mouth, his expression grave as he looked at an old man on the stage. "This man is very strong."

Lin Mu smiled. "He's alright. If you work a little harder, you'll leave him in the dust in a few years."

"Yes!" Shi Potian nodded emphatically, not doubting Lin Mu's words in the slightest.

"Did you destroy the Fang Family?"

The old man was tall with dark skin, his hands covered in thick calluses. As he stood on the stage, a terrifying power radiated from his body.

Chang Wei! The junior martial brother of the current Sect Leader of the Eight Extremes Gate! He began practicing the Eight Extremes Fist at thirteen and had deeply grasped its essence. His strength was unfathomable.

"So young, yet you obliterated an entire family. For someone so ruthless, I cannot let you live!" Killing intent flickered in Chang Wei's eyes.

Chang Wei had grown up in poverty, sometimes not even having enough to eat. At the age of ten, his entire family had died, leaving him all alone. Fortunately, the patriarch of the Fang Family, Fang Chang'an, had saved his life and even arranged for Chang Wei to enter the Eight Extremes Gate to study under its elders.

Decades had passed in the blink of an eye, but Chang Wei never forgot the debt he owed Elder Fang Chang'an for saving his life. Whenever the Fang Family was in trouble, Chang Wei would rush to their aid without hesitation, no matter the distance. To him, the kindness of a single meal was a debt as vast as the heavens.

Therefore, Lin Mu had to die.

"You think you can kill me?" Lin Mu shook his head. "You're not qualified."

The crowd was stunned. Not qualified? How could Lin Mu's tone be so arrogant?

"Kid, you're too arrogant!" Chang Wei's robes fluttered as his Internal Energy roared, causing those nearby to feel a stinging pain on their cheeks.

"Kid?" Lin Mu's expression was odd. Technically, he was tens of thousands of years old, yet someone was calling him a kid?

"Calling you a kid is already giving you too much credit. Otherwise, who do you think you are? What gives you the right to speak to me?" Chang Wei's aura surged as he shouted coldly, "If you know what's good for you, get over here and accept your death!"

In his view, Lin Mu had killed the Fang Family. It didn't matter how he did it; the only result could be death. Besides, Lin Mu was clearly just putting on a show, relying on the young man who killed his disciple. Otherwise, who was he? He couldn't have annihilated the Fang Family by himself; he must have borrowed some external power. This world wasn't like a martial arts novel, filled with so many young masters.

"Oh?" Lin Mu raised an eyebrow and said indifferently, "You're telling me to come over and accept my death?"

"That's right! You've killed countless people and your crimes are monstrous. If you won't come forward to accept your death, are you expecting this old man to act personally?!" Chang Wei's aura grew chillingly cold, his Internal Energy on the verge of erupting. He clearly did not take Lin Mu seriously.

"Mr. Lin..." Zheng Mingye's face was pale, his eyes filled with fear. This was Chang Wei, whose Eight Extremes Fist was said to have reached a profound level—a realm only a Martial Arts Grandmaster could attain.

But Lin Mu merely curled his lips into a cold smirk. He walked onto the stage and, under everyone's shocked gaze, beckoned to Chang Wei with his finger.

It was a blatant provocation.

Everyone, including Chang Wei himself, was stunned for a moment.

"You're truly courting death!" Chang Wei's tone was lethal, utterly devoid of warmth. He had entered the Eight Extremes Gate to practice fist techniques at the age of thirteen. His outstanding talent earned him the personal guidance of a sect elder, which led to his current achievements. Yet now, some wet-behind-the-ears kid was provoking him in front of so many people. Did this boy have no respect?

So, Chang Wei didn't mind teaching him a lesson. A deadly one.

"To kill you, I need only one punch!"

Chang Wei's voice was like an icy wind. His aura suddenly retracted, and his entire presence became plain and unadorned.

BOOM!

The moment he finished speaking, Chang Wei's body blurred. He instantly appeared before Lin Mu, his shoulder ramming forward.

Eight Extremes Fist, Iron Mountain Lean!

This charge carried the force of a thousand jun. Forget a person, even a tiger would be killed instantly by this blow. Clearly, Chang Wei intended to kill Lin Mu in a single move.

As Chang Wei's shoulder was about to connect with Lin Mu's chest, everyone held their breath, their eyes wide as they stared at the stage.

"Too slow."

With a light chuckle, Lin Mu extended a hand and gently slapped Chang Wei's shoulder.

CRACK!

With the crisp sound of breaking bone, Chang Wei's shoulder went limp.

"How is this possible?!" Chang Wei cried out in shock. But as a seasoned martial artist, his combat instincts and experience were incredibly rich. His first strike having failed, Chang Wei instantly switched tactics.

"Eight Extremes Fist, Heart-Striking Elbow!"

He spun, his other elbow flashing toward Lin Mu's head like lightning.

Lin Mu smiled faintly, his body sliding forward in an uncanny movement that perfectly evaded the strike.

"Now!"

Chang Wei's eyes lit up. He let out a low roar, took two quick steps forward, and leaped into the air, driving both knees toward Lin Mu's chest.

A tenet of the Eight Extremes style is to strike and block with turning elbows, then trap and pursue with advancing steps! Chang Wei was now doing just that—advancing to deliver a killing blow.

"You're overdoing it." Lin Mu shook his head with a smile. "To kill you, I only need one finger."

With that, he extended a single finger and gently tapped forward.

Chang Wei, still in mid-air, sneered at his words. The killing intent in his eyes surged, and his descent quickened.

"Boy, you—"

However, just as Chang Wei uttered the word "you," he suddenly felt a chill between his brows, as if something had pierced through. A searing pain assaulted him. Chang Wei was horrified, but it was already too late.

THUD!

Chang Wei's body crashed heavily onto the stage, the impact so great that it cracked the platform. One could only imagine the power behind his attack.

But it was all for naught.

Because there, between Chang Wei's brows, was a finger-sized blood hole that pierced straight through to the back of his skull.

Chapter 466: Southern Butcher Appears, Deterrence Dominates the Scene!

"This..." The heavyweights of the Jiangling underworld were all stunned.

This young man was so powerful? He killed Chang Wei with a single poke of his finger?

"This? This..."

Zheng Mingye, along with his peers Master Chen and Master Li, were so shocked they couldn't speak, their hearts churning like a stormy sea. The great Chang Wei from the Eight Extremes Gate, a martial arts master whose very disciples could slay countless experts, had been killed just like that?

"Good!"

"A job well done!"

"Damn, that was satisfying!"

"From now on, I, Chen Jindou, will follow Mr. Lin's lead!"

Several of the heavyweights instantly burst into applause. Master Chen and Master Li were especially loud, their faces flushed with excitement and elation. As long as Chang Wei was dead, they could leave this place alive.

"Hehe, to think that Jiangling has such a master. What a surprise."

Just as everyone was clapping and cheering, an indifferent voice drifted down from the second floor.

CRASH!

The moment the word 'master' was spoken, all the glass in the building shattered. The voice was like a lion's roar, its power immense. The exploding glass flew everywhere, sending many people screaming and scrambling for cover. Fortunately, a few large lights were installed on the ceiling of the fighting pit; otherwise, the entire place would have been plunged into darkness.

In the next moment, a figure leaped from a shattered window. Covering more than ten meters in a single bound, he landed like an Azure Hawk on a pillar in the ring. The fighting stage itself was built of stone. Although it had been cracked by the force of Chang Wei's fall, it was still exceptionally hard. Yet when this man landed, there was a thunderous BOOM, and cracks like a spiderweb instantly spread across the entire stage.

This scene silenced the entire crowd, until a single voice suddenly rose.

"Now, allow me to make an introduction."

Upstairs, a middle-aged man slowly walked out, glaring fiercely at Lin Mu.

"Fang Ping!"

Zheng Mingye's pupils shrank as he cried out the man's name in shock. Fang Ping, a member of the Fang Family's branch lineage! He was also the true owner of this underground fighting pit. All of this had been orchestrated by Fang Ping!

Fang Ping stared coldly at Lin Mu. "Lin Mu, you destroyed my Fang Family and killed my kin. Today, I am here to take your life!"

Having spoken, Fang Ping turned excitedly to the middle-aged man on the stage, his voice trembling. "This is Southern Butcher Nangong Xiu, one of the four grandmasters of the Martial Arts World. Lin Mu, no matter how strong you are, how could you possibly stand against Grandmaster Nangong!"

"What? Southern Butcher Nangong Xiu!"

"Nangong Xiu, one of the four grandmasters!"

The crowd immediately erupted in a furious uproar.

Nangong Xiu was an old-school Martial Arts Grandmaster. Ranked alongside East Madness, Western Poison, and Northern Blade as one of the four great grandmasters, he possessed an incredibly high Cultivation Level. Legend had it that after his defeat at the hands of Sword God Shen Lang, he left Huaxia and traveled overseas to practice his arts, seeking a breakthrough in his Cultivation Level so he could challenge the Sword God again.

Unexpectedly, he had returned.

Nangong Xiu stood atop the pillar with his hands behind his back, projecting an immense pride. He appeared to be around forty years old, dressed in a simple dark cyan robe and a pair of black cloth shoes. Standing there, he had the air of a great master from the martial world. Most unsettling, however, were his eyes, which were a frightening, ruby-like crimson.

"I had planned to avenge the Fang Family before challenging that Lin Wudi," Nangong Xiu's voice wasn't loud, but everyone present could hear him clearly. "To encounter such a young talent here is truly a delightful surprise."

"Nangong Xiu? You think you're the Southern Butcher just because you say you are?" Chen Jindou suddenly shot to his feet, pointing and shouting, "Want to bet Mr. Lin can pierce your skull with one finger?!"

Despite the power Nangong Xiu had displayed, many in the crowd refused to believe he was the real Southern Butcher. After all, the man had been missing for far too long. There had been no news of him for decades.

"When I am speaking, who gave you the right to interrupt!"

Nangong Xiu suddenly grinned, a red light flashing in his eyes. His figure moved like a Ghost Charm. With a light tap of his toes on the pillar, he shot toward Chen Jindou as swiftly as an Azure Hawk swooping down on a rabbit.

By the time everyone's senses caught up, Nangong Xiu was already back on the stage. In his hand, he now held a blood-drenched head.

It was Chen Jindou's.

"Master Chen!"

Zheng Mingye's face turned pale. But when Nangong Xiu's gaze fell upon him, his back was instantly drenched in cold sweat. Nangong Xiu's stare was simply that terrifying.

Zheng Mingye said nothing. Below the stage, the crowd was utterly silent. No one else dared to speak out. While none of these heavyweights were soft, after witnessing Nangong Xiu's methods, who wasn't afraid to die? If his entrance was meant to intimidate, this was a clear warning—killing the chicken to scare the monkeys, threatening them all with a human life. Chen Jindou had been a man of some status in Jiangling, yet his end was so gruesome he didn't even have time to scream.

Who else could this be but the Southern Butcher? It was common knowledge that when the Southern Butcher killed, he loved to exterminate entire families. He had committed countless atrocities in his time, until the Sword God finally took action and drove him overseas.

It seems we won't make it through this today, Zheng Mingye thought with a bitter smile. Even with Lin Mu here, we're facing the Southern Butcher. He was ranked nineteenth on the Heavenly Rankings, but that was years ago. Now that he's returned, how much stronger has he become? He didn't dare to imagine it.

Could Mr. Lin possibly... Master Li's face was pale, but looking at Lin Mu, a flicker of hope ignited within him, only to be immediately extinguished by the bleak reality. That's Nangong Xiu, the Southern Butcher, a Martial Arts Grandmaster! No matter how powerful Lin Mu is, how could he possibly stand against him?

On the stage, however, Lin Mu's expression remained calm, unchanging from beginning to end.

"You are quite impressive!"

Nangong Xiu suddenly turned his gaze to Lin Mu, speaking slowly.

Lin Mu's brow furrowed slightly. Nangong Xiu's tone was that of an elder praising a junior. For anyone else, it would have been a great compliment. But for Lin Mu, it was an insult.

Who was Lin Mu? He was the Eternal Emperor, who herded gods in the Starry Sea! How could his experience and wisdom possibly be compared to that of a mere mortal warrior? It was like a firefly telling the moon, "You're quite impressive!" The absurdity was the same.

"To have achieved so much at such a young age is truly rare," Nangong Xiu continued, his hands behind his back and his expression one of immense arrogance. "Let's do this. I will overlook whoever you've killed and whatever trouble you've caused. From now on, you will follow me. Be my disciple!"

"Grandmaster Nangong, you can't!" Fang Ping cried out. "You promised me you would kill this man!"

"What are you, to think you can order me to kill for you?"

Nangong Xiu's crimson eyes flashed, and he struck out at Fang Ping with his palm.

BOOM!

Fang Ping didn't even have time to scream before his body was obliterated into a spray of blood and flesh. The onlookers felt a chill run down their spines. The Southern Butcher truly lived up to his name; his thirst for slaughter was terrifying.

Nangong Xiu looked back at Lin Mu, his satisfaction growing. "So young, and yet the murderous intent in your heart is already so strong. It fits my Martial Way perfectly. Take me as your master, and I will wholeheartedly teach you everything I know!"

Chapter 467: Three Punches Explode the Southern Butcher!

The Southern Butcher intended to take Lin Mu as his disciple? Everyone who heard this was shocked. If Lin Mu agreed, he would become a disciple of the Southern Butcher.

However...

"Hahaha, hahaha!"

Just when everyone thought Lin Mu would agree, he laughed. Moreover, the mockery in his laughter was completely undisguised.

"What are you laughing at?" Nangong Xiu's brows furrowed slightly, a hint of displeasure on his face.

"You want to be my master?" Lin Mu asked with an indifferent smile.

"And why not?" Nangong Xiu clasped his hands behind his back and spoke with immense arrogance. "With my qualifications and experience, following me would be of infinite benefit to you. A casual pointer or two from me would be enough to serve you for a lifetime."

His tone carried an air of absolute authority, as if he could command nations and move mountains with his spirit alone.

"Guide me?" Lin Mu laughed again. This was probably the most absurd joke he had ever heard.

He was the Eternal Emperor, a being who herded gods and commanded the submission of countless immortals. How many long-famed, mighty experts had he personally slain? Wherever he passed, everyone prostrated themselves in worship. Even the great figures of Ancient Times had to show him deference, never daring to claim superiority in his presence.

And yet, this Nangong Xiu had the audacity to say such things?

"Who do you think you are, to be worthy of being my master? In this life, I have never revered the heavens and the earth, nor have I bowed to ghosts and gods. Though I possess an inheritance, I am self-taught. Even the Great Dao of the Heavens wouldn't dare call itself my master! You, a mere mortal, have the gall to utter such shameless words!"

Lin Mu was truly enraged now. His words were an unapologetic chastisement, filled with an aura of absolute supremacy, as if he alone stood above the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths.

"Young man, the world is far vaster than you can imagine. Besides, do you know why people call me the Southern Butcher?" Nangong Xiu snorted coldly. "It is not merely because I am a Martial Arts Grandmaster. It is because the Martial Way I cultivate achieves dominion through the power of slaughter. It is a path forged from pure murderous intent, capable of shattering anything in this world. How could a mere mortal possibly comprehend it!"

Nangong Xiu looked at Lin Mu, a strange light in his crimson eyes. "You are so young, yet your killing intent is so pure. As long as you train diligently with me, you will certainly achieve greatness within a few years!"

"How impressive!" Lin Mu sneered, his voice laced with scorn. "But everything you hold so precious is less than dog shit to me!"

He was clearly furious. A mere mortal dared to lecture him and even pontificate on the heavens and the earth? Such insolence!

"Sigh. I cherish talent. Seeing someone so young with such accomplishments, I truly cannot bear to watch you die prematurely. But you had better not be so unappreciative!" Nangong Xiu's expression turned cold. Lin Mu's repeated refusals had finally angered him.

"If you displease me, I could turn you into a pile of mangled flesh with a single slap, just like that Fang Ping!"

His tone carried a frigid, murderous intent—a clear threat.

"Tsk, tsk." Lin Mu shook his head. "This is the first time I've heard someone dare to be so brazenly arrogant in my presence." With his hands clasped behind his back, a divine light swirled in his eyes as he stated emotionlessly, "Go on, then. I'd like to see how you plan to slap me to death."

"Alas." Nangong Xiu sighed with what seemed like regret. "Since you insist on courting destruction, I shall grant your wish, you ungrateful brat!"

The moment he finished speaking, Nangong Xiu moved!

He was incredibly fast. His attack appeared balanced and moderate, yet it struck with the speed of lightning and the force of thunder. Nangong Xiu was certain this punch would teach Lin Mu a lesson. For someone of his status, deigning to act personally was already a sign of great respect. But Lin Mu had no self-awareness at all; he was utterly ungrateful!

It was no mere rumor that the Sword God Shen Lang had defeated Nangong Xiu over a decade ago. Afterward, Nangong Xiu had gone overseas to train his fists. After more than ten years of bitter cultivation abroad, his mastery over his fist intent was absolute, allowing him to release or retract it at will.

This punch was only meant to teach Lin Mu a lesson!

Everyone held their breath, not daring to exhale as they watched. They all thought Lin Mu was a dead man. After all, he was facing Nangong Xiu, not some pretender like Chang Wei who hadn't even reached the Grandmaster realm!

However, Nangong Xiu's punch met only air.

At the same instant, a foot slammed into Nangong Xiu's abdomen with a loud CLANG.

"Hahaha, not bad, kid! Quick reflexes!" Nangong Xiu boomed with laughter. "But I reached the state of being immune to blades and spears long ago. How could you possibly harm me?"

"I was going to play with you for a while. A pity you chose to anger me," Lin Mu said, shaking his head. Then, the light in his eyes erupted with brilliance.

"Immune to blades and spears?" Lin Mu's lips curled into an icy smirk. "You dare call this paper-thin body of yours invulnerable? Watch me beat you into paste!"

As he spoke, the divine light in Lin Mu's eyes exploded, shining as brightly as the stars.

The world before Nangong Xiu's eyes abruptly transformed.

He saw stars exploding and oceans churning. On the distant earth, the corpses of Ferocious Beasts whose bodies spanned the heavens lay strewn for thousands of miles. Divine birds, their vitality roiling the firmament, rained blood upon the land. Ancient gods howled in agony, and golden-robed Buddhas wept in sorrow.

And there, standing at the center of this universe, upon a colossal peak that pierced the clouds, was a man with hair like a black waterfall and eyes like twin stars. He stood upon the cosmos, his aura shaking the heavens, a true sovereign of all creation!

"You..." Nangong Xiu's face changed dramatically. "What is this...?"

No matter how powerful he was, he was ultimately just a mortal man. How could he have ever witnessed such a magnificent and terrifying spectacle?

"Now then," a cold, merciless voice echoed from Lin Mu's lips, "do you still dare say you want me as your disciple?"

Lin Mu took a single step forward.

Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps!

In an instant, he appeared before Nangong Xiu and threw a punch.

THUMP!

The fist smashed squarely into Nangong Xiu's chest. His entire body trembled as he was driven back several steps, a mouthful of blood spraying from his lips.

"Who in the hell are you?!" Nangong Xiu's eyes were wide with horror. "In the current Martial Arts World, there are plenty of Martial Artists your age, but almost none with your level of cultivation!"

"You are not worthy of knowing who I am!"

As the words fell, Lin Mu's second punch arrived. This time, Nangong Xiu felt his chest about to burst, and raw terror flooded his heart.

"Stop!" he roared. "Boy, I admit your strength is immense, on par with Master Pi. However, if you sincerely cultivate with me, it won't even take five years... No, just three! In three years, surpassing the current prodigy of the Martial Arts World, Lin Wudi, will be a trivial matter!"

Nangong Xiu took a deep breath. "You may not know, but I was already planning to challenge Lin Wudi. Since I've met you now, just give me three years. In three years, I will kill Lin Wudi for you!"

Lin Mu simply shook his head and smiled. "That won't be necessary."

"Why not?" Nangong Xiu asked, stunned.

"Because I am Lin Wudi."

With that, Lin Mu's third punch landed squarely on Nangong Xiu.

The moment the blow connected, Nangong Xiu felt as if he had been struck by a train or crushed beneath a giant mountain. The terrifying force was utterly despair-inducing.

"You... you're actually Lin Wudi..."

Nangong Xiu's eyes bulged as his body suddenly exploded.

BOOM!

Flesh and blood scattered everywhere, and the thick, coppery stench filled the air.

The Southern Butcher, one of the four great Grandmasters, had just been blown to pieces by Lin Mu. And it had only taken three punches.

A dead, stunned silence fell over the crowd once more.

Chapter 468: Submission from All Sides, Master of the Han River!

Below the stage, everyone stared dumbfounded, as if struck by lightning.

The great Southern Butcher Nangong Xiu, one of the Four Grandmasters, had actually been blown apart by a young man? This... who would believe it?

Just how formidable was the Southern Butcher? Leaving aside the battle record he had established as one of the Four Grandmasters, just moments ago he had single-handedly plucked off Chen Jindou's head and, with a single palm strike from afar, turned Fang Ping into a pile of mush. In the eyes of ordinary people, this had already surpassed all comprehension.

After all, this wasn't a movie or a novel. This was reality.

But the true reality was that such an extremely powerful person had been blown apart with three punches by the young man on the stage.

He wasn't just killed. He was blown apart! His flesh and blood exploded, splattering across the ground! That body, which the Southern Butcher had claimed was impervious to blades and spears, was smashed open as easily as a watermelon!

Are this young man's fists even mightier than blades and spears?

Below the stage, everyone felt their scalps tingle, their limbs grow weak, and a chill run down their spines.

At this moment, Zheng Mingye's reverence for Lin Mu was now mixed with a new sense of terror.

Is this Lin Mu's true strength? No wonder Master Sun couldn't stop praising him.

"Old... Old Zheng, Mr. Lin, he..." Master Li was also staring wide-eyed, because the strength Lin Mu displayed was simply too domineering.

Is he even human? The youth following Lin Mu had already been terrifying enough when he sent Chang Wei's senior disciple crashing into a wall with a single punch. Who could have imagined Mr. Lin would be even more ferocious? He actually blew a man apart with just three punches!

"Excellent!" a voice boomed. "A magnificent fight!"

A major figure from Jiangling suddenly stood up, clapping his hands. "I, Baldy Xie, have never submitted to anyone in my life, but today, I'm thoroughly convinced! We have greatly underestimated Mr. Lin's strength!"

Following that, a round of applause erupted, and the crowd below the stage cheered.

Zheng Mingye sincerely exclaimed, "Mr. Lin is like a god of war incarnate, comparable to that Lin Wudi of the Martial Arts World."

"Lin Wudi..." Master Li was suddenly startled. "Old Zheng, could it be that Mr. Lin is actually that Lin Wudi?"

Zheng Mingye shuddered, his gaze toward Lin Mu filling with extreme fear. He suddenly remembered that Lin Mu also came from River City. That Lin Wudi, ranked tenth on the Heaven's List, also hailed from River City.

At that moment, Zheng Mingye felt as if he had discovered an earth-shattering secret. He suddenly dropped to his knees. "Zheng Mingye of Jiangling pays his respects to Grandmaster Wudi!"

"Grand... Grandmaster Wudi?" Master Li was startled for a moment. He looked at the man on the stage—his clothes unstained by blood, his aura overwhelming and his dominance unmatched—and his pupils suddenly shrank.

THUD!

Master Li fell to his knees and declared loudly, "Li Dajiao of Jiangling pays his respects to Grandmaster Wudi!"

Hearing the words of Zheng Mingye and Li Dajiao, everyone was stunned, turning their terrified gazes to Lin Mu on the stage.

He's Grandmaster Wudi? He's Lin Wudi?

At this moment, the crowd was shocked once again.

Who in the Martial Arts World didn't know the name Lin Wudi? Any major figure with some status knew a little about the Martial Arts World. Lin Wudi was the fierce man ranked tenth on the Heaven's List. Legend had it that he was invincible from the moment he debuted, having slain countless Grandmasters!

Even just a few days ago, it was said that he fought Heavenly Master Zhang Daoyun on Dragon Tiger Mountain. But wasn't it rumored that he lost? How could he be in Jiangling now?

Now, seeing Lin Mu's dominant display, everyone had the same startling thought.

Perhaps Lin Wudi had actually won the battle at Dragon Tiger Mountain!

Shi Potian stood below the stage watching Lin Mu's figure, a trace of envy in his eyes.

I wonder when I'll be able to catch up to Elder Brother Mu. Shi Potian clenched his fists, his eyes shining with determination.

Lin Mu ignored the applause and cheers, instead bending down to pick up a ring from the ground. The ring had fallen from Nangong Xiu's body, and Lin Mu picked it up not because he found it attractive, but because it was inlaid with a green, emerald-like object.

Moreover, this gem was emitting a strange fluctuation.

Just as I thought!

The moment Lin Mu held the ring, he understood. The gemstone on the ring was none other than a Spirit Core.

Heaven and earth brought forth myriad things. Grass, trees, fish, insects, birds, and beasts could all develop spiritual intelligence and cultivate into powerful beings if they gathered the spiritual energy of the world. It was similar to the Spirit Core of the Innate Spirit Wood that Lin Mu had obtained before. The gemstone on Nangong Xiu's ring was also a Spirit Core.

"A Netherworld Flower!" Lin Mu's eyes lit up. It was actually a Netherworld Flower Spirit Core.

Netherworld Flowers grow in places where resentful energy condenses, absorbing the world's resentment, murderous intent, and all other negative emotions. However, once a Netherworld Flower condenses a Spirit Core, it can dissolve all malevolent energy, becoming pure and untainted, and is exceptionally nourishing to the soul.

This is just perfect for Luo Li.

Lin Mu gently closed his hand around it. Qin Luoli's Life Soul had once left her body, and although Lin Mu had found a way to return it, her physical body was still affected. With this Netherworld Flower Spirit Core, the benefits for Qin Luoli after she absorbed it would be beyond imagination. Moreover, Lin Mu had already begun to temper Qin Luoli's body, hoping she could start her cultivation soon.

My luck is really good! Who would have thought that killing someone at random would yield such a fine treasure?

As he stepped off the stage, some of the bosses from Jiangling hurriedly gathered around.

Zheng Mingye and Li Dajiao took the initiative to greet Lin Mu with a cupped-fist salute. "Mr. Lin, you are unmatched in bravery!"

"Mr. Lin truly stands unrivaled in the world!"

"Greetings, Master Lin!"

In reality, these people hadn't thought much of Lin Mu at first. After all, his opponent was the Southern Butcher, one of the four Grandmasters. His strength and methods had already surpassed the comprehension of ordinary people. Coupled with Lin Mu's youth, he was simply unconvincing. But now, Lin Mu had proven himself with sheer power, simultaneously subduing these bigwigs of Jiangling. Therefore, their respect for Lin Mu was now sincere.

"Master Lin, if you ever need anything in the future, just say the word, and I, Baldy Xie, will certainly do everything in my power!" a man with a bald patch thumped his chest as he proclaimed loudly.

The crowd was somewhat surprised to hear this. Baldy Xie was a well-known figure not just in Jiangling but throughout Han River Province, with vast influence. Even the Fang Family would show him deference. Although he was slowly legitimizing his affairs, Baldy Xie still wielded immense influence in both legitimate and illegitimate circles.

Meanwhile, Zheng Mingye, Jiangling's wealthiest man, held Lin Mu in complete and utter admiration. Li Dajiao was the Vice President of the Jiangling Martial Arts Association; as for President Chen Jindou, he had already been killed.

These individuals were among the top figures of Han River Province, yet they all showed the utmost respect for Lin Mu. At this very moment, Lin Mu had become the most powerful presence in the entire province.

Thus, people began to pledge their allegiance one after another, expressing their deference.

"Mr. Lin," Li Dajiao suddenly spoke up. "Since the President of the Jiangling Martial Arts Association, Chen Jindou, has been killed by the Southern Butcher, if you would do us the honor, why not take his place as President?"

"The Martial Arts Association?" Lin Mu frowned. "Forget it. I'm used to a quiet life and don't like getting involved in such trivial matters."

"Does Mr. Lin think that the Martial Arts Association and the Martial Alliance are the same?" Zheng Mingye said with a smile. "Mr. Lin, you can rest assured. The Martial Alliance is under the jurisdiction of the Military Department, but the Martial Arts Association is organized locally. Besides, the position of President is merely honorary. To be frank, Mr. Lin, all of us here are members of this Martial Arts Association."

Li Dajiao added with a wry smile, "We'd love to join the Martial Alliance, but they wouldn't have us."

In fact, the Martial Arts Association wasn't just for martial artists; it also included many wealthy businessmen who paid hefty annual membership fees. And each president received a substantial stipend for doing nothing at all. What was not to like?

Hearing Li Dajiao's explanation, Lin Mu thought for a moment and then accepted the offer.

In doing so, I'm not only looking out for myself but also for the Qin Corporation and my future development.

With this single battle, Lin Mu had thoroughly established his footing in Jiangling. The impact of the Fang Family's eradication had been minimized to the point that no one dared to even mention it.

Chapter 469: Class Reunion, Former Lovers!

"Why? How could this happen?"

Wang Ru sat slumped on the stool, her face pale and her eyes hollow and lifeless.

Just a moment ago, she had received a call from the Wang Family Clan telling her that the plan had failed.

Chang Wei was dead. The Martial Arts Grandmaster whom the Wang Family Clan had hired at great cost was also dead.

"Madam, what should we do now?" the Fang Family's butler asked in a panic, completely at a loss.

When the Fang Family was annihilated, Wang Ru had not been home. She had gone to visit her own family and had luckily escaped the disaster.

Using all her connections, Wang Ru had pointed all the evidence toward a man named Lin Mu.

Yet, even after finding Chang Wei and pleading with her family to enlist Southern Butcher's help, she had still failed.

"What I need to confirm now is who exactly killed Chang Wei and Southern Butcher!" Wang Ru said through gritted teeth. "I refuse to believe that this man, Lin Mu, possesses such incredible power!"

As a family matriarch from a prestigious clan, Wang Ru's capabilities and courage were far beyond those of an ordinary person.

Most of the Fang Family's men were dead, and not a single one of her sons had been spared. Wang Ru was consumed by a single desire: revenge.

"Yes, Madam!" the butler said. "I will find the man responsible!"

After dismissing the butler, Wang Ru, looking utterly exhausted, said in a hoarse voice, "No matter who you are, I will kill you. I will avenge my husband and my sons!"

"Lin Mu, the Commander wanted me to tell you to be careful. Southern Butcher might challenge you."

Lin Mu had just had Qin Luoli absorb the power of the Nether Flower Spirit Core when Han Xiaochuan's call came in.

"No need," Lin Mu replied nonchalantly. "Southern Butcher is dead."

Han Xiaochuan was silent. "..."

"Hey, say that again!" Han Xiaochuan roared into the phone, as if he couldn't believe what he had just heard.

Lin Mu held the phone away from his ear, waiting until Han Xiaochuan calmed down before explaining what had happened at the arena.

Silence followed on Han Xiaochuan's end for a moment, and then Lin Mu heard Elder Xiao's voice over the phone.

"Lin Mu, although the Martial Arts Association and the Martial Alliance are two different systems, the Martial Alliance has always had its eye on the Association. You need to be careful."

Han Xiaochuan's tone grew more serious. "Also, East Madness is currently in Jiangling. Watch your back."

Lin Mu frowned. What did East Madness being in Jiangling have to do with him?

"In any case, you must be cautious," Han Xiaochuan said finally. "No matter what you do, the Commander will always have your back."

Lin Mu said, "Please thank Elder Xiao for me. When I get a chance to visit the Capital, I'll treat him to tea."

"Young Lin, you'll get your chance," Elder Xiao's laughter came through the phone, and then the call was disconnected.

Onboard a private plane, Han Xiaochuan sounded somewhat exasperated. "Commander, why do you always protect that kid?"

Elder Xiao chuckled. "If you were anything like him, I'd protect you too."

Han Xiaochuan pouted. "Forget it. That guy's a monster. I can't compare."

Elder Xiao burst into hearty laughter, clearly in high spirits.

Below, the mountains and rivers were magnificent. The people lived and worked in peace and contentment, all thanks to the countless individuals who bore the weight of the nation on their shoulders.

"Brother Mu, I'll be in Jiangling soon. Where should I meet you?"

Lin Mu had no sooner hung up with Han Xiaochuan than another call came in from Liu Zijian.

"I'll send you my location. Just come straight here," Lin Mu said, sending the coordinates to Liu Zijian.

"Alright, see you in a bit," Liu Zijian replied.

「An hour later.」

「Coiling Dragon Bay.」

Liu Zijian stared, dumbfounded, at the scenery that looked like it belonged in an Immortal Realm.
"Brother Mu... lives here?" he exclaimed in awe.

"Of course," Long Ao said. "Brother Zijian, you may not know this, but this entire area belongs to Mr. Lin."

"What?"

Liu Zijian was stunned. He had heard Lin Mu was developing property in Jiangling, but he never imagined it would be a place like this.

That's Brother Mu for you. Liu Zijian chuckled, genuinely happy for his good friend.

"Come on, Xiao Lin. Let's go meet your godfather!" Liu Zijian took Liu Xiaolin by the hand and walked deeper into Coiling Dragon Bay.

"This fog is so thick," Liu Zijian remarked, admiring the surroundings as he walked.

Liu Xiaolin was equally excited. Most importantly, he was about to see Lin Mu.

"Dad, be careful!"

At that moment, Liu Xiaolin suddenly pulled Liu Zijian back. He took two quick steps, clenched his small hand into a fist, and threw a punch.

Although Liu Xiaolin was only four or five years old, his cultivation was not to be underestimated. That single punch contained, at the very least, the power of a cultivator at the Mid-Stage of External Strength. Coupled with his Limitless Sword Body, it was filled with a sharp, murderous aura.

A sharp cry echoed from the mist, filled with rage and unwillingness.

"Stop!" Just then, a calm voice rang out. The fog parted to reveal a path where Lin Mu stood waiting for them in front of a villa.

"Godfather!" Liu Xiaolin's face lit up with joy, and he ran over.

"Kid, have you been practicing diligently?" Lin Mu asked as he hugged Liu Xiaolin, a gentle smile on his face.

"Of course!" Liu Xiaolin declared. "I'm really strong now!"

Lin Mu glanced to the side, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Liu Xiaolin noticed it too—a little girl, even younger than him. She had two pigtails sticking up, wore a pink dress, and was glaring at him with eyes blazing with fury.

It was the ghost infant, Yiya.

Liu Xiaolin leaned in and whispered into Lin Mu's ear, "Godfather, don't tell me it was this little girl who just traded blows with me?"

"It was her," Lin Mu said, putting Liu Xiaolin down. He patted the boy and said, "Go on and play. I need to talk to your dad about something."

"Oh," Liu Xiaolin agreed and walked toward Yiya. She was clearly a bit afraid of him and took two steps back.

"Uh..." Liu Xiaolin felt a bit awkward. He scratched his head, then suddenly pulled a few pieces of candy from his pocket. He held them out to Yiya and said, "Here, for you. My name is Liu Xiaolin. What's yours?"

Her eyes lit up at the sight of the candy in his hand. She softly made a sound.

"Yiya..."

"So your name is Yiya! Well, from now on, we're friends," Liu Xiaolin declared.

Yiya tilted her head, looking at him as if pondering something. After thinking for a moment, she managed to force out two words.

"Id... iot..."

Watching the little girl skip away, Liu Xiaolin was dumbfounded. This wasn't what Dad told me would happen. Didn't he say that if you give a girl candy when you first meet, she'll want to play with you?

「Over on Lin Mu's side.」

"What brings you to Jiangling? I hope nothing went wrong back in Jiangbei."

"What could go wrong?" Liu Zijian said. "With Long Ao and Sister Hua managing things, our products are in such high demand we can't keep up."

Lin Mu nodded and glanced at Long Ao, who was standing in the distance. "Long Ao is a man you can associate with, but not one you should get too close to."

"I know, Brother Mu." Liu Zijian scratched his head and whispered, "So... is Sister-in-law around? She's not here, is she?"

"She just left. Why?" Lin Mu replied.

Liu Zijian let out a huge sigh of relief. He glanced around before saying, "I was just afraid she'd get the wrong idea."

Lin Mu was both amused and exasperated. "If you have something to say, just spit it out. What is it?"

Liu Zijian then whispered, "Well, there's a class reunion coming up. I heard Song Wenrou and Tao Shiyu will be there. And... Tao Shiyu is getting married soon."

Lin Mu froze for a moment.

"When?"

"I don't know," Liu Zijian said cautiously. "Brother Mu, are you... going?"

Lin Mu shook his head. "Forget it. I'm not going."

Chapter 470: Hands Are Too Dirty!

"Elder Brother Mu, why don't we go together?" Liu Zijian asked, his eyes pleading.

Lin Mu was taken aback for a moment, then sneered, "Liu Zijian, did you already agree on my behalf?"

Afraid of angering Lin Mu, Liu Zijian hurriedly explained, "I didn't! It was Song Wenrou who accepted for you. It has nothing to do with me."

"Elder Brother Mu, Tao Shiyu is getting married. You can't still be hung up on her, can you?" Liu Zijian added, a hint of indignation in his voice. "Besides, Song Wenrou doesn't even mind, so why are you overthinking it?"

Lin Mu shook his head and smiled. "That's not the reason."

"Then what is it?"

"Elder Brother Mu, I've already promised them," Liu Zijian said. "Can't you do me this one favor?"

Liu Zijian knew the history. Back in school, Song Wenrou had a crush on Lin Mu, but as an orphan from a poor family, Lin Mu had rejected her kindness. Instead, he grew close to another girl: Tao Shiyu. Her situation was similar to his; she came from a single-parent family and struggled financially. During their second year of high school, Tao Shiyu's mother fell gravely ill, leaving no money for her education. Yet, Tao Shiyu's dream was to get into a top university. So, Lin Mu dropped out of school and gave her all of his savings. After that, he left Han River Province and set off on a different path.

In his previous life, Lin Mu had heard that after they parted ways, Tao Shiyu got together with another boy from their class and was living a happy life. That same boy had claimed that it was he who had given Tao Shiyu the money to help her. The man she's marrying now must be him. For that reason, Lin Mu didn't want to interfere. It's better to let this beautiful misunderstanding continue.

"Don't be like that, Elder Brother Mu. We're all classmates. Tao Shiyu was upset for a long time after you dropped out and left," Liu Zijian said. "I later heard that she asked about you more than once, though I never knew why." He scratched his head. "I don't know what happened between you two, but it was obvious that she..."

"Zijian!" Lin Mu cut him off. "I'm married now, and she's about to be. Let's not talk about things like that anymore."

"Got it, Elder Brother Mu," Liu Zijian said cautiously. "So, you'll go, right? Besides, that guy Yu Fei heard I know the secret owner of Coiling Dragon Bay and has been pestering me for an introduction."

Lin Mu didn't actually want to go. It wasn't just because of Tao Shiyu; with the experiences of two lifetimes behind him, he had long since moved on from such matters. Deep down, he was reluctant to shatter the pleasant memories of the past. There was a saying that class reunions were just an excuse to show off, and he worried this one would be no different. As for me, I have nothing worth showing off.

But Liu Zijian wore him down with constant pleading, determined to drag him along. Left with no other choice, Lin Mu reluctantly agreed.

Since he had just arrived in Jiangling, Liu Zijian planned to take Liu Xiaolin out for some fun, arranging to meet Lin Mu at the reunion spot that evening.

Soon, it was time for the gathering. Lin Mu took a taxi to Sovereign's Cottage, a restaurant in Jiangling that was somewhat famous for its signature dishes. He arrived with half an hour to spare before the reunion was scheduled to start. His plan was to make a brief appearance and then leave, as Qin Luoli had called to ask him to have dinner with her.

"Hello, sir. Are you here alone?" a waiter at Sovereign's Cottage greeted him politely.

"Yes. I'm meeting some classmates here. I think the room is..."

Before Lin Mu could finish, the waiter said, "I know the one. It's in Private Room No. 6." He gestured. "This way, sir. Please, let me show you."

Lin Mu shook his head. "No, thank you. I can find it myself."

He then made his way toward Private Room No. 6. That kid Zijian... it's a class reunion and he couldn't even bother to show up early.

Shaking his head, Lin Mu walked into the private room.

Several people were already seated inside. The young man at the head of the group wore a dark blue suit and sunglasses, with his hair slicked back—the very picture of a successful man. A BMW key sat on the table beside his hand, looking as if it had been placed there deliberately to show off. That must be Yu Fei, our old class monitor, Lin Mu thought.

He remembered how Yu Fei had looked down on him throughout high school. When rumors started spreading about him and Song Wenrou, Yu Fei had used it as an excuse to cause him even more trouble. Back then, Lin Mu was short and dark-skinned, a far cry from his current appearance. Yu Fei, however, came from a well-off family, was tall and imposing, and often bullied other students.

The others in the room were also dressed in expensive, designer brands. After all these years, it seemed every one of them had become more successful than the last. In contrast, Lin Mu's attire was strikingly casual. He wore a pale tracksuit, so worn it looked faded, making him appear shabby and out of place.

At that moment, a few people were gathered around Yu Fei, chatting and laughing. After high school, Yu Fei had gone to a university and later used his family connections to start his own construction team. He had always been wealthy, even back in school—eating the best food, wearing the best clothes, and sometimes even being dropped off by a private car. He was the envy of everyone and always had plenty of girls around him.

The only reason Yu Fei had come to this reunion was that Liu Zijian had claimed to know the mysterious owner of Coiling Dragon Bay. The Coiling Dragon Bay development was now a massive, well-known project in Jiangling. Although the units were already for sale, many of its buildings still required ongoing construction and maintenance. Furthermore, Yu Fei had recently started transitioning into the property management business. If he could secure the management rights for Coiling Dragon Bay, he would make a fortune.

Besides them, Lin Mu noticed a girl sitting quietly in a corner, her head bowed. She was dressed plainly, and her hair was dull and dry. Hearing someone enter, she instinctively looked up, and her gaze froze on him. The girl had an oval-shaped face. While not exceptionally beautiful, she had the demure charm of a girl next door, making one feel protective. However, all Lin Mu could see on her face was exhaustion and the wear of a hard life.

For some reason, my heart aches seeing her like this.

It's Tao Shiyu!

Tao Shiyu opened her mouth, but no words came out. The guilt and regret in her eyes, however, were plain for anyone to see.

Yu Fei and the others noticed Lin Mu as well. When they saw what he was wearing, they couldn't help but sneer.

Has this guy really fallen on such hard times?

Just because Lin Mu had let go of the past didn't mean Yu Fei had. Back then, this guy had the audacity to send a love letter to Song Wenrou, the class beauty—an incident the whole school knew about. Although Song Wenrou had rejected him, the two became quite close afterward, which always left a bad taste in Yu Fei's mouth.

Glancing over at Tao Shiyu, Yu Fei stood up, a mocking smile on his lips. He extended a hand toward Lin Mu. "Well, if it isn't Lin Mu. Long time no see."

But just as Lin Mu started to reach out his own hand, Yu Fei pulled his back. "Oh, my bad," he said, looking at his hand. "It's a bit dirty."