

War God 53

Chapter 53 Nephews!

"Heh heh, kid. Ending up in the hands of us three brothers is just your bad luck," one of them sneered.

The other two exchanged a glance and walked toward Lin Mu together.

"Is that so?"

Lin Mu slowly shook his head. In the next moment, his figure blurred, and he instantly appeared before the two men. He reached out and clasped both their necks.

"Is this what you call bad luck?" Lin Mu asked with a faint smile. "I don't think it's anything special."

The two men's faces drained of color, their eyes filling with terror.

"You—"

CRACK!

Lin Mu couldn't be bothered with their nonsense. He squeezed his hands, instantly ending their lives.

THUD!

Tossing the bodies carelessly to the ground, Lin Mu looked at the last man. "Speak. Who sent you?"

The man looked at his companions' corpses, his face ashen and his heart filled with terror. The man before him had effortlessly killed two people without a change in expression. He was like a Devil.

"I..."

The man swallowed hard and backed away.

"If you dare to run, I guarantee your death will be excruciating," Lin Mu said coldly.

THUD!

The man dropped to his knees, crying, "Please, don't kill me! I don't know anything!"

"Is that so?" Lin Mu walked up to the man, looming over him. "Did you know?" he said, his voice indifferent. "My eyes can see into a person's heart. I can tell with a single glance whether you're lying."

Within Lin Mu's gaze, a vision of a Blood Sea emerged, filled with countless floating corpses.

"Ah!"

The man screamed as a foul stench spread from his groin. Lin Mu had scared him so badly he'd lost control of his bladder.

"Don't kill me! Please don't kill me!" the man shrieked, frantically slamming his forehead against the ground, his face a mask of terror.

"Speak if you want to live," Lin Mu said, his voice quiet and eerie.

"I'll talk! I'll talk!" The man bowed his head, but a flicker of madness flashed in his eyes. "Actually, it was—"

Suddenly, the man pulled a gun from inside his shirt, pointed it at Lin Mu, and sneered, "Go to hell, kid!"

With a twisted expression, the man shouted and tried to pull the trigger.

But the gun didn't fire. Lin Mu merely waved his hand, and the attacker felt an intense pain sweep through his body.

SNAP!

On the ground, a severed, bloody arm lay on the ground, its hand still gripping the gun.

"Isn't it good to be alive? Why choose death?" Lin Mu slowly shook his head, his eyes as cold as ice.

Clutching his severed arm, the man let out a wretched scream. A pool of blood quickly formed on the ground beneath him.

"Just kill me! Please just kill me!" the man screamed miserably before collapsing.

"I'll give you one last chance. Speak!" Lin Mu ordered coldly.

"I'll talk! I'll talk!" The man was desperate and terrified.

"It was—"

BANG!

Before the man could finish, a dull crack echoed as a bullet pierced his brow, killing him instantly.

Lin Mu spun around, his gaze fixed on a distant spot. But in the next moment, his brow furrowed slightly. The sniper was incredibly fast, vanishing before Lin Mu could lock onto their position.

"This is getting more and more interesting." The corner of Lin Mu's mouth curved into a cold smile as he slowly walked out of the alley.

「...」

「At Liu Zijian's home.」

When Lin Mu walked in, Mother Liu was busy in the kitchen, while Liu Zijian was coaxing a three or four-year-old child to sleep.

Upon seeing Lin Mu, Liu Zijian nodded. He carried the child into the inner room, carefully covered him with a blanket, and gently closed the door, leaving a small crack so he could still keep an eye on the child.

"Elder Brother Mu, you're here! Please, sit," Liu Zijian greeted warmly.

"Is that your son?" Lin Mu asked with a smile.

"Yeah." Liu Zijian chuckled, scratching his head sheepishly.

"Good lad, not bad!"

Lin Mu patted Liu Zijian's shoulder, and then, realizing his voice was a bit loud, he made a shushing gesture.

Liu Zijian quickly covered his mouth. The two men shared a look and chuckled quietly.

"Xiao Mu is here? Sit down. Zijian, hurry and clear the table, dinner will be ready soon," Mother Liu called out from the kitchen.

"Okay!" Liu Zijian responded, then turned to Lin Mu. "Ever since my mom came back, she's been insisting on having you over for dinner. I told her she should rest for a couple of days, but she just couldn't wait."

Lin Mu shook his head and smiled. "Auntie just recovered. She really should be resting."

"I know," Liu Zijian said. "But she's been doing much better since this morning. She used to sleep poorly, but last night she slept straight through. She didn't even wake up when my son, Xiao Lin, cried a few times."

"As long as she can rest well, Auntie will recover quickly," Lin Mu said, happy for Mother Liu.

By then, Mother Liu had begun bringing out the dishes one by one, along with a bottle of liquor.

"Xiao Mu, I'm sorry, we don't have much in the way of fine food or drink. In a few days, I'll make you a proper feast," Mother Liu said, slightly embarrassed.

Liu Zijian also looked somewhat awkward. He hadn't told his mother that Lin Mu had given him money.

"Auntie, this is already great. Seeing all this reminds me of the times Zijian and I used to fight over food," Lin Mu said with a smile.

Recalling the amusing memories, both Liu Zijian and Mother Liu laughed, and the awkwardness in the atmosphere dissipated.

"Come on, let's eat!"

Mother Liu sat down with a smile and continuously placed food on Lin Mu's plate.

The dishes were simple and home-cooked, and the liquor was cheap. Yet for Lin Mu, this was the most satisfying meal he had eaten in years and the best-tasting liquor he had drunk in all that time.

Mother Liu didn't offer any words of thanks, and Liu Zijian simply chatted with Lin Mu about old times. The meal was spent in perfect harmony.

After they had eaten and drunk their fill, Liu Xiaolin woke up. Mother Liu went to get him something to eat. Meanwhile, Liu Zijian, who couldn't hold his liquor well, was starting to get drunk.

"Elder Brother Mu, my mom said that once she gets better, she'll go back to the countryside," Liu Zijian said, his eyes red.

They had lived in River City for many years and had long since lost contact with their relatives in the countryside. His mother wanting to go back was just her way of not wanting to be a burden on him. The thought caused a deep ache in his heart.

Lin Mu glanced at Mother Liu feeding Liu Xiaolin. An idea struck him.

"Zijian, don't worry. Let Auntie focus on getting better for now. I'll make arrangements in a little while," Lin Mu said with a smile.

Seeing Lin Mu looking at him, Liu Xiaolin giggled, growing more and more delighted until he finally stretched his arms out toward Lin Mu.

"Hug... hug..."

Hearing Liu Xiaolin suddenly speak, Liu Zijian and Mother Liu both stared at Lin Mu in shocked amazement.

"Zijian, did you hear that? Xiao Lin... Xiao Lin can talk now!"