

War God 55

Chapter 55 Are you looking for me?

BOOM!

With a loud crash, the door to Liu Zijian's home was kicked open.

Half an hour after Lin Mu had left, a group of unwelcome guests burst into Liu Zijian's home.

Several burly men yanked Liu Zijian straight out of bed.

"Who are you? This is a home invasion! Do you think I won't call the police right now?" Liu Zijian, his collar grasped firmly, glared angrily at the men before him.

"Call the police?" a burly man sneered, landing a heavy punch squarely on Liu Zijian's face. The blow drained him of all strength, and he collapsed limply to the ground. "If we were afraid of the police, we wouldn't have come," the man added, his eyes full of disdain.

"Who are you people? What do you want?" Liu Zijian demanded, biting down hard as his mouth filled with the taste of blood.

"Liu Zijian, we meet again!" a man drawled as he slowly walked in.

It was Steward Fang from the Hundred Herbs Hall.

Steward Fang looked at Liu Zijian with pure mockery and sneered, "You didn't expect this, did you, Liu Zijian?"

"You... Fang!" Liu Zijian snarled upon seeing him, grinding his teeth in fury. This Steward Fang had made his life difficult for a long time. However, after Lin Mu taught him a lesson, he had become much more docile. Liu Zijian never expected him to show up at his door today.

"Aren't you afraid my brother will come after you?" Liu Zijian shouted, the thought of Lin Mu giving him a surge of confidence.

"Lin Mu?" A venomous glint flashed in Steward Fang's eyes. "He can't even save his own skin right now. What's he going to do to me?"

Liu Zijian was shocked and roared, "What have you done to Elder Brother Mu?"

"You should worry about yourself first!" Steward Fang said coldly, stepping on Liu Zijian's chest. "If it weren't for him, Ning Xian would never have thrown me out of the Hundred Herbs Hall. I might not dare to go after Ning Xian, but that doesn't stop me from coming for you!"

"Fang, when it comes down to it, you're still afraid of my brother!" Liu Zijian laughed, his voice dripping with scorn.

"You're courting death!" Steward Fang roared, slapping Liu Zijian across the face. "Beat him!"

Immediately, the other thugs rushed forward, pinning Liu Zijian to the ground and unleashing a merciless flurry of punches and kicks.

Even though he was covered in injuries, Liu Zijian didn't beg for mercy.

"Elder Brother Mu will avenge me! He will!" Liu Zijian called out defiantly.

"Avenge you?" Steward Fang sneered. "What a foolish fantasy. Beat him to death!"

"What are you doing? Let go of my son!" At that moment, Mother Liu emerged from the inner room, having heard the commotion. She cried out, grabbing a stool and rushing forward.

"You dare to fight back, you old hag?" Enraged, Steward Fang lashed out with a kick, striking Mother Liu squarely in the stomach.

Mother Liu screamed and was sent flying backward.

"Mom!" Liu Zijian shrieked, his eyes turning crimson. In a burst of fury, he shoved one of the thugs aside and charged at Steward Fang.

"Stop him!" Steward Fang shouted urgently.

But Liu Zijian, with bloodshot eyes, lunged at Steward Fang and tackled him to the ground.

"You hit my mom! I'll kill you!"

Liu Zijian pinned Steward Fang down and began pummeling him relentlessly. He had never learned to fight, but in his desperation, he attacked with a ferocity that made Steward Fang scream in agony.

"Get him off me! Hurry up!" Steward Fang's yells finally spurred the thugs into action. They grabbed Liu Zijian and tried to pull him away.

But Liu Zijian was like a madman now. He paid them no mind, his blows only growing more vicious.

Finally, he bit down hard on Steward Fang's nose with tremendous force.

Steward Fang let out a heart-rending scream. In the blink of an eye, his face was a mask of blood. The thugs grew frantic and beat Liu Zijian even more brutally.

Gradually, Liu Zijian lost his strength. After a kick to the head, his eyes rolled back, and he passed out.

But before unconsciousness claimed him, he bit down one last time with all his might.

"ARGHHH!" Steward Fang shrieked like a pig being slaughtered. Liu Zijian had bitten his nose clean off.

"Son of a bitch! How dare you bite me! You're tired of living!" Steward Fang clutched his mangled, bloody nose and roared, stamping on Liu Zijian's back.

By now, Liu Zijian could no longer feel the pain; he just convulsed reflexively.

"You damned murderers! Don't you fear being struck by lightning from the heavens?" Mother Liu cursed in grief, in too much pain to get up.

"Old bat, if you say one more word, I'll kill your son!" Steward Fang said viciously. "Tell your son he has three days to hand over the item. Otherwise, I'll kill you first, then him! Don't even think of running or hiding. I have my ways of finding you!"

Steward Fang spat and then ordered, "Leave two men behind to watch them. If they dare to escape, kill them!"

"Yes!"

Steward Fang left with his men, but the two who remained settled in nearby, keeping watch over the Liu Family.

What no one knew was that while Steward Fang's men were beating Liu Zijian, a faint presence had quietly emerged in the inner room, only to disappear just as quickly. If a Cultivator had been present, they would have cried out in shock.

That presence was a sword intent.

Though still faint, the sharpness and purity it contained were a rarity in this world.

Lin Mu was unaware of everything that had happened at the Liu family's home. He was currently walking down a narrow path. Liu Zijian's residence was in the slums of River City, an area scheduled for demolition, so the surrounding land was filled with construction sites. Right now, he was not far from one of them.

Suddenly, Lin Mu changed direction and headed straight for the nearest construction site.

Minutes later, his figure disappeared among the half-finished buildings.

Not long after Lin Mu vanished, more than a dozen figures emerged, exchanging puzzled glances.

One of them asked, "Did we lose him?"

"No, the kid must be hiding somewhere in here," their leader said. "Everyone, pair up and search! Remember, if you find him, notify the others immediately!"

"Yes!"

The others acknowledged the order and set off. A cold light flashed in the leader's eyes.

"You think you can escape from us, kid? Not that easy," he muttered to himself before quickly sending a text message.

"Target locked!"

Soon, the leader received a response. A cold smile touched his lips. With a decisive wave of his hand, he led the remaining two men into the construction site.

It was now dusk, and the workers had long since gone home, leaving the entire site deserted. A gust of wind blew past, carrying a sudden chill.

"No sign of him yet?" the leader asked after more than ten minutes.

"Not yet."

A few more minutes went by, and the leader grew impatient.

"Ask the others if they've found the kid!"

However, the leader heard no response.

"Speak up!"

Infuriated, the leader spun around to yell at his subordinate. But just as he turned, an ice-cold voice reached his ears.

"Are you looking for me?"