

War God 57

Chapter 57: He is a Legend!

The figure stood with his back to the light, so the sniper could only see a silhouette, unable to make out the man's face. However, the sniper knew one thing for certain: this man was his target!

BANG!

Before the shock could register, years of training kicked in, and the sniper acted on pure instinct. He raised his rifle and fired!

But the figure flickered and disappeared right before his eyes. The bullet missed, flying off to who knows where.

"AWM. The Polar Warhorse Magnum Sniper Rifle, a product of Precision International. It's an enhanced version of the standard Polar Warhorse sniper rifle, chambered for larger and more powerful Magnum rounds."

A voice reached the sniper's ears. "What a pity. Although this sniper rifle is ranked third in the world, it has one obvious flaw. And that is... it's too heavy!"

The next moment, he felt his hands lighten. This time, the sniper screamed in terror, "How is this possible?"

His rifle... was gone? A sniper's rifle is his second life, even more important than his first. Yet he had no idea when his own had disappeared!

The sniper looked up. The figure had appeared before him again, holding his sniper rifle.

KLAK! KLAK! KLAK!

The man's hands were a blur of motion. In an instant, the sniper rifle fell apart into countless pieces. Before the components could even hit the ground, his hands became a cascade of afterimages, moving

with incredible speed. A moment later, a fully reassembled sniper rifle appeared before the sniper, aimed directly at him.

Looking down the dark barrel of the gun, the sniper was overcome with shock, sweat drenching his back. Disassembling and assembling a rifle is a mandatory skill for any qualified sniper. However, the sniper wasn't confident he could disassemble and reassemble the weapon in under a second himself. How fast would someone have to be? How deep a knowledge of firearms would they need?

"Ah, it's been years since I've touched one of these toys. My speed has dropped quite a bit."

The man's words, however, nearly made the sniper scream aloud. What? This speed is the result of him slowing down? Just how fast was he at his peak?

The sniper didn't know how to describe what he was feeling anymore. Beyond the shock, there was only more shock!

"Who... who in the world are you?" the sniper asked.

"Why do you people always ask the same question?" Lin Mu shook his head slightly. "Tell me, who's your employer?"

The sniper suddenly sneered. "Since you know guns, you must know that people in our line of work don't reveal their employer's identity."

"Heh, since when did the internationally infamous Blood Rat Mercenary Corps become so concerned with professional integrity?" Lin Mu's words were laced with sarcasm.

"You know who I am?!" The sniper's face changed drastically as he shrieked.

He was indeed a member of the Blood Rat Mercenary Corps, but this was a secret identity that not even his current employer knew. How did Lin Mu find out?

"You filthy rats usually stick to the Amazon River basin. What brings you to my Hua Country now?" Lin Mu paid no mind to the man's shock, adding, "Oh, judging by your excellent Mandarin, you must be from Hua Country. Interesting."

Lin Mu's words struck the sniper with an even greater shock. The man before me has unfathomable skill, his knowledge and proficiency with firearms are far beyond my own, and he even knows my identity... This person is the Devil himself!

Staring intently at Lin Mu, the sniper's eyes slowly filled with hesitation. Finally, his pupils constricted violently, and he shrieked, "You're Ghost?!"

Perhaps there were many people in the world named Ghost, but for mercenaries and assassins who walked the underworld, there was only one Ghost. And there could only be one!

That man went by many codenames. Some called him Satan, some called him the Grim Reaper, and some called him the Devil. But his true, most feared codename was—Ghost!

This man was, without question, the most brilliant star in both the Assassin World and the Mercenary World. There was no one else like him. In five years, he had earned the title of the King of Assassins. To hunt down the leader of a mercenary corps, he infiltrated the Mercenary World and, in just six short months, became the strongest mercenary alive.

His name was not only known throughout the Mercenary World; even international tycoons spoke of it with dread. Because once you were targeted by this man, survival was impossible.

After the mercenary leader was assassinated, the entire corps scoured the world for him, finally trapping him in a deep Western forest. More than half of the powers in the Mercenary World participated in that siege. In the end, however, he managed to annihilate a huge portion of them. Finally, completely out of ammunition and supplies, he chose to take his enemies down with him.

That battle shook the entire underworld. Assassins hailed him as their king, and countless mercenaries revered him as their lord. For many oppressed nations and peoples, he was regarded as a savior.

His enemies hated him, but even more, they respected him. Because this legendary man only killed the truly wicked, never the old, weak, or defenseless.

The sniper recognized Lin Mu as Ghost because of a past encounter. The very first person to ever dodge his signature triple-shot technique, back when he had first mastered it, was the man standing before him now.

Ghost! The sniper only found out later that their accidental duel had taken place a mere three hours after Ghost had first set foot in the Mercenary World.

Seeing Ghost again now, his heart pounded with shock, fear, and even a strange sense of fanaticism.

But... wasn't Ghost dead? Why was he here?

Suddenly, the sniper realized the possibility. He faked his death! Ghost was too famous back then, a figure who shook the entire world. Countless people lost sleep, desperate to be rid of him. They had no choice but to pool the resources and manpower of half the Mercenary World just to deal with this one man. Prominence invites attack... So that's how it was!

The sniper was starting to feel a deep sense of regret. If he had known Lin Mu was Ghost, he never would have accepted this mission. It wasn't his fault, though. After all, anyone who saw this mysterious man's true face either didn't know who he really was, or they were already dead. The only reason he knew was because of that accidental duel. To think he had just been entertaining the idea of a proper duel if he ever ran into him.

Now, after witnessing Lin Mu's power firsthand, he was filled with despair.

"I was indeed a member of the Blood Rat Mercenary Corps, but that's in the past now." The sniper gave a wry smile. "Whether you're Ghost or not, please just give me a quick death."

Lin Mu said calmly, "You left the Blood Rats? Their leader just let you walk away?"

The sniper smiled bitterly. "Perhaps you don't know this, but after Ghost died, a lot of mercenaries retired."

"Oh?" Lin Mu raised an eyebrow. "Then... what about the Blood Wolf Mercenary Corps?"

"The Blood Wolf Mercenary Corps?" the sniper said. "They're now the world's number one mercenary corps. They have tens of thousands of members spread all across the globe!"

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly. "Number one?"

Tens of thousands of them, is that all? When the time comes, I will personally wipe them out.