

War God 571

Chapter 571: One Man Can Destroy Them All!

Supreme Divine Pupils!

These were one of the three great divine pupils in all the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths.

Lin Mu had once encountered a person with the Divine Eyes of the Fire Departing. This person's pupils contained the power of the sun and moon, and he was known as the Divine King of Departing Flame. Wherever his divine pupils gazed, all life was extinguished. In the end, however, Lin Mu had slain him with a single sword strike for looking upon something he should not have.

As for the Yin Yang Divine Pupil, it could penetrate the Yin and Yang of heaven and earth and peer into the cycle of reincarnation, making it known as the most mysterious and bizarre of the divine pupils. Because these pupils had offended the Heavenly Dao, they had long since vanished without a trace.

The Supreme Divine Pupils, however, could alter the very rules of existence, possessing all the powerful Divine Skills of both the Divine Eyes of the Fire Departing and the Yin Yang Divine Pupil. They could absorb the power of the sun and moon for cultivation and also see through the creations of Yin and Yang. If such divine pupils were to appear, not only would the world's most powerful experts try to claim them, but even the Heavenly Dao itself would scramble to exterminate their owner. Perhaps it was due to the unique nature of Earth that the Supreme Divine Pupils had emerged.

The discovery that Leng Feng possessed them was purely an accident. Since Lin Mu was going to be an instructor for the Divine Machine Camp, it was only natural that he investigate its background. When the other instructors arrived, Leng Feng entered Lin Mu's line of sight. After having Shi Potian track and observe him for a few days, Lin Mu confirmed his suspicions.

This was a massive, pleasant surprise. Lin Mu was already beginning to realize that with his own power, he could roam the Ten Thousand Realms unhindered and carefree. But lately, he had a persistent, nagging feeling that a major event was imminent—one that he was completely incapable of facing with his current strength.

Therefore, from Liu Xiaolin, Li Xiaotian, and Li Lingqing, to the later additions of Shi Potian and Li Linglong, and now Leng Feng and the future Alice, Lin Mu was steadily making preparations. A great upheaval was coming, and no one would be exempt.

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"Instructor Lin, you're finally back!" When the members of the Divine Machine Camp learned of Lin Mu's return, they hurried to find him. "Instructor Lin, if you hadn't come back soon, we were going to search for you ourselves."

"What's wrong?" Lin Mu had just finished guiding Leng Feng's cultivation when he saw the somber expressions on their faces.

"What's wrong?" Kong Ying demanded angrily. "You have the nerve to ask what's wrong? Let me ask you, where have you been these past few days?"

"Are the toilets clean?" Lin Mu's face was devoid of warmth as he looked at her. "Also, you need to remember one thing: I am in charge of the Divine Machine Camp. Were you just questioning me?"

Kong Ying was rendered speechless by his retort.

"Go and do what you're supposed to do. If you want answers, you'll have them in half a month," Lin Mu stated.

Hearing this, Kong Ying sneered. "Let me remind you, there are only ten days left until the competition."

"That's enough time," Lin Mu replied with a faint smile. "So you'd all better work hard. Don't let Leng Feng beat you. That would be embarrassing."

"You..."

Kong Ying started to say more, but Jiaolong held her back. "Instructor Lin, a few days ago, some people from the Bagua Sect came looking for trouble. They said they wanted to avenge Shen Lian, but Zhang Ze managed to turn them away."

"However, they said they would be back," Jiaolong continued. "They won't let you off until they've avenged Shen Lian."

Monkey chimed in, fuming, "The Bagua Sect? What gives them the right to be so arrogant? Just say the word, Instructor Lin, and we brothers will go wipe them out!"

"Monkey, stop talking nonsense!" Jiaolong sharply rebuked him. "The Bagua Sect isn't like an ordinary ancient martial arts sect. They have strong ties to the Military Department. If something really happened, would you want Instructor Lin to bear all the responsibility?"

The Bagua Sect had once been a dominant force in the Martial Arts World. Wherever they went, other sects would defer to them. The sect was full of talented individuals, and crossing them was like being cursed by a demon—the outcome was always tragic. The appearance of their Iron Eight Trigrams was like a demonic decree. It was said that someone once offended the Bagua Sect, and the sect's experts mobilized as one to annihilate his entire clan. Their ruthless methods were enough to make one's blood run cold.

Lin Mu waved his hand dismissively. "Alright, I understand. In that case, let the Bagua Sect come and watch the competition."

"What?" Kong Ying exclaimed in shock. "Do you realize what you're saying? The Bagua Sect is..."

"Is what? Who cares if they're the Eight Trigrams Sect or the Nine Trigrams Sect? Leng Feng alone can annihilate them!"

Kong Ying was dumbfounded by his words.

Are you kidding me? Leng Feng alone can annihilate them? Even if Leng Feng were the reincarnation of Ip Man, he wouldn't dare say something so outrageous!

"Your surname is Lin, right? You're all talk! Aren't you afraid of biting your own tongue? You..." Kong Ying was practically vibrating with rage. She had been giving him a kind reminder, and this guy was still so unbelievably arrogant.

"Scram," Lin Mu said, his brow twitching.

Seeing that Lin Mu was about to lose his temper, Monkey quickly grabbed Kong Ying and dragged her away.

"Advisor Kong, you should really stop provoking Instructor Lin," Monkey said helplessly once they were clear. "No matter what, he's our instructor. Even if you're holding a grudge, you should at least show him some respect on the surface, right?"

"Besides, you know Instructor Lin isn't some rich kid just here to pad his resume. The man has real strength."

Monkey couldn't understand it. Why is Advisor Kong always targeting the instructor? Wasn't the last lesson painful enough?

"Hmph! Since you brought it up, let me ask you: don't you find it strange for a Martial Arts Grandmaster to be in his twenties?" Kong Ying said heatedly. "I've asked around. In the entire Martial Arts World today, there isn't a single Grandmaster under the age of thirty. So, I suspect he's also used the Gene Potion."

"No way," Monkey said, surprised. "Even with the Gene Potion, he couldn't possibly be that much stronger than us, could he?"

"What do you know?" Kong Ying snorted. "When I was assisting Professor Feng with developing the Gene Potion, I came across a serum that could allow someone to unleash immense power in a short time, even strength comparable to a Grandmaster. So, I suspect..."

She didn't finish, but the others understood her implication. Thinking about it, the theory seemed plausible. Lin Mu had really only made a move once—when he fought all of them at once. The incident with Zhu Tao didn't count, as that was mainly because Zhu Tao had taken an untested Gene Potion. As for embedding a pen in the wall, that might also be possible if he had used this so-called Gene Serum. What other explanation was there?

"But where would Instructor Lin get a serum like that?" Jiaolong asked.

"He managed to become your instructor, so what's so strange about him obtaining the serum? Besides, it's not like we're the only ones who possess serums capable of enhancing physical strength," Kong Ying said, rolling her eyes, her suspicion of Lin Mu's abilities clear. "I can't wait to see how that arrogant man deals with the Bagua Sect when they arrive!"

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"I, Shen Lian, swear I am not human if I do not get revenge for this!"

「The Shen Family」

Shen Lian lay on a bed, his face twisted into a ferocious scowl. One of his legs was ruined. On top of that, he had sustained severe injuries when he was thrown into the sea, which only deepened his hatred for Lin Mu.

"Junior Brother, don't worry," said Chang Chun, the senior disciple of the Bagua Sect. He was thirty-eight this year, and his mastery of the Iron Eight Trigrams technique was extraordinary. "He got lucky that we missed him this time, but he won't be so fortunate again!"

Shen Lian was his youngest junior brother. When Chang Chun heard that his leg had been broken and he'd been thrown into the sea, he immediately gathered a group of disciples to seek revenge.

However, they were stopped before they could even enter the Divine Machine Camp's training base. The reason given was that the camp was a secret base of the Southeast Military Region and was off-limits to outsiders. No matter how powerful the Bagua Sect was, how could it possibly oppose an entire military region? That would be suicide.

Nevertheless, by leveraging the connections of both the Shen Family and the Bagua Sect, they had received word. In ten days, they could select a few members to enter the Divine Machine Camp and observe a competition. At that time, they would issue their challenge and vow to avenge Shen Lian.

Shen Lian grinned sinisterly. "Good. Let him live a few more days. When the time comes, I'll cripple him myself!"

Chapter 572: It's None of Your Business How I Do Things!

For the next little while, Lin Mu had Leng Feng meditate and cultivate at night, and during the day, he would take him around to various places. Following Lin Mu's method, Leng Feng could distinctly feel a piercing pain in his eyes after each session.

When the members of the Divine Machine Camp saw Leng Feng with bloodshot, swollen eyes and looking completely listless, they were all shocked.

"Captain, what's going on here? That kid Leng Feng isn't being tortured, is he?" Monkey was shaken by the sight, thinking that perhaps Lin Mu, in his eagerness to win, was using inhuman methods to torment Leng Feng.

"Instructor Lin has his own methods. We shouldn't talk too much. Just focus on our training," Jiaolong said. Although he was also worried about Leng Feng, he still trusted Lin Mu.

Indeed, two days later, when they saw Leng Feng, everyone breathed a sigh of relief. He had returned to normal and even seemed to have gained a bit of weight.

This was much better. Before, he looked as thin as a bamboo pole, as if a gust of wind could knock him over.

With this in mind, the soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp trained even harder, striving to stun Lin Mu in the upcoming competition. But whenever they were half-dead, drenched in sweat from exhaustion, only to see Lin Mu taking Leng Feng out to either sit on the reef or go out for a lavish meal, the members of the Divine Machine Camp could only look on with anger and helplessness.

There was no helping it. The Divine Machine Camp's training regimen was incredibly harsh, and most people simply couldn't endure it. When compared with Leng Feng's leisurely days, the stark contrast created a sense of unfairness in everyone's hearts.

"That kid Leng Feng is having it too easy. He either sleeps or wanders around during the day, and at night he just sits foolishly on the reef, staring at the moon. I'm so jealous," Monkey said, his face filled with envy.

"Sigh, if I'd known, I would have chosen to train with Teacher Lin. These past few days, Advisor Kong and the Captain have been pushing us like our lives depend on it!" Ma Biao started to complain.

"What are you all so jealous about?" Kong Ying pursed her lips and said, "I think that guy's just given up, that's why he's acting this way. Besides, didn't you see what Leng Feng looked like the other day? He's just a young kid who can't take much hardship. Even Teacher Lin couldn't keep it up, let alone him."

Her tone no longer held much pointed criticism, only a trace of pity.

If only Lin Mu had listened to her and used scientific training methods like before, there wouldn't even be a competition. Then they wouldn't have to lose. Otherwise, it would be truly humiliating.

"Get up, get up! Continue training!" Jiaolong suddenly roared, forcing the Divine Machine Camp members to resume their drills.

He had figured it out. Although Lin Mu is personally powerful, he knows nothing about training. If we don't pull our own weight, we'll be the ones disgraced in the military grand competition.

Sigh... Lin, you're really in for it this time. Kong Ying looked at Lin Mu and shook her head slightly. My grandfather and several bigwigs from the Military Department are coming to observe this competition. If Lin Mu loses in front of them, I wonder how he'll save face.

「Ten days later.」

Kong Lin personally arrived. Following him were several people, each with a powerful presence that marked them as extraordinary individuals. Most importantly, among them was a man and a woman whose calm, composed demeanor radiated robust vitality. Even Jiaolong felt his gaze sharpen upon seeing them.

These two are formidable! I'm no match for them!

The man glanced indifferently at Jiaolong, his face showing a hint of disdain. The woman, dressed in a military uniform, wore a stern expression, her sharp gaze sweeping over the members of the Divine

Machine Camp from time to time. The man's surname was Xie, and the woman's was Zou. Everyone noticed that even Kong Lin treated the woman with a degree of respect, indicating her significant background.

"Why don't I see your instructor?" the woman asked coldly, her eyes scanning the men of the Divine Machine Camp.

"Uh..." Jiaolong was in an awkward position. Because... Instructor Lin had taken Leng Feng out to sea that morning, and they hadn't returned yet.

"What's going on with your Divine Machine Camp? Weren't you assigned a new instructor? How dare he abandon his post during training! Does he have no sense of organization or discipline?" The woman raised her voice. "I want to see him in person in five minutes. Otherwise, your Southeast Military Region can forget about participating in the military grand competition this time."

Hearing her words, even Kong Lin's expression changed. Losing the competition was one thing, but being disqualified from even participating would be an absolute disgrace. Since the military grand competition began, only one unit had ever had its eligibility revoked.

Then, it was disbanded. The original eight military regions became the current seven.

Kong Lin immediately realized the gravity of the situation. He pulled Jiaolong aside and demanded, "What on earth is going on? Where is your Instructor Lin?"

Jiaolong was panicking too. "Chief, I don't know either! Instructor Lin this morning..."

"So we're out just because you say so? Who do you think you are?"

The moment these words were spoken, the entire field fell silent. That tone, that attitude, that style of speaking—who else could it be but Lin Mu?

But... he actually dared to say something like that? Jiaolong had been momentarily relieved to hear Lin Mu's voice, but now his face turned deathly pale. Oh, Teacher Lin, couldn't you please watch your tone?

These people clearly have powerful backgrounds. If you offend them and the Divine Machine Camp gets disqualified, who's going to take responsibility?

As expected, upon hearing Lin Mu's words, the woman surnamed Zou raised an eyebrow, her gaze growing even sharper. "You're the instructor of the Divine Machine Camp? Dressed like that? What kind of example are you setting!"

As it turned out, Lin Mu was wearing a casual shirt, a pair of baggy shorts, and slippers. Most notably, he held a fishing rod in one hand and a bucket in the other, filled with his catch of the day.

He went fishing? Kong Ying's mouth fell open in shock, her eyes filled with panic. It's over. It's all over! This Lin Mu... getting caught red-handed for dereliction of duty and he's still so arrogant. He's really asking for a death wish.

Lin Mu handed the fishing rod and bucket to Shi Potian and slowly walked over. "Then why don't you tell me how I should dress?" he retorted.

"Insolent!" Before the woman surnamed Zou could reply, the man surnamed Xie spoke coldly, "This is the military, and the military has its discipline. You can't even take a little criticism?"

"And who are you to criticize me?" Lin Mu said with a dismissive purse of his lips. "Remember, this is my turf. It's not your place to teach me how to do my job."

"You..." The man's face flushed with anger, and for a moment, he was at a loss for words.

"Instructor Lin, I'm begging you, for my sake, please stop causing trouble." Kong Lin pleaded as he pulled on Lin Mu's arm. "These two were sent from above. They're in charge of the military grand competition, so..."

"So they get to decide whether my Divine Machine Camp can compete?" Lin Mu raised his eyebrows.

"Yes," Kong Lin said with a wry smile. "I'd rather not have our Southeast Military Region get disqualified. If that happens, how will I ever show my face again?"

"Alright, I get it," Lin Mu said. "I'll just have to win that face back for you, won't I?"

"Easier said than done," the man surnamed Xie sneered. "If you want to participate in the military grand competition, you first need to see if you're even qualified!"

"As it happens, I am."

Kong Lin tried to defuse the tension. "Instructor Lin, this is Xie—"

"Not interested," Lin Mu cut him off, turning to Jiaolong. "Tell everyone to get ready. The competition is about to start."

Chapter 573: No Holding Back, No Mercy!

Hearing Lin Mu's words, Kong Lin was stunned.

He had intended to introduce the two individuals and their identities, reminding Lin Mu to be careful, but he never expected Lin Mu to be so dismissive. This put even Kong Lin in an awkward position.

"Young man, being spirited and headstrong is all well and good, but aren't you being a bit too arrogant?" the woman surnamed Zou spoke up. Lin Mu had made a very poor impression on her.

Conceited and overbearing! Too proud by half!

She herself was quite influential. Never mind the Southeast Five Provinces; even in the Capital, who wouldn't treat her with courtesy upon hearing her name? But Lin Mu was utterly oblivious.

The man surnamed Xie felt this even more strongly.

"I heard that you usually train people by making them sleep?" he sneered, glaring coldly at Lin Mu. "I've been with the Bagua Sect for quite a while, and I know a thing or two. Training troops this way is nothing short of ludicrous!"

Xie Hui, a disciple of the Bagua Sect.

At the same time, he was also an honorary advisor to the Southeast Military Region, specifically responsible for guiding the training of certain special forces. His strength was considerable, and he tended to look down on ordinary people, especially an arrogant ordinary person like Lin Mu.

Lin Mu understood.

So, they're from the Bagua Sect. No wonder they looked at me with such disdain. They're deliberately here to pick a fight.

"So you're from the Bagua Sect," Lin Mu said mockingly. "It's not your place to chime in on how I train. You should focus on teaching your own people first."

This remark was a deliberate reminder to Xie Hui: since disciples of his Bagua Sect had been thrown into the sea by Lin Mu's men, there was a clear gap between them. He should stop complaining.

Xie Hui's expression darkened, and his gaze grew even colder.

The woman surnamed Zou was furious. Since Xie Hui was someone she had brought, Lin Mu's direct confrontation made her lose face.

Just as she was about to explode with anger, Kong Lin quickly interjected, "Sister Zou, please don't be upset. I believe Instructor Lin has his own ideas. How about we listen to what he has to say first?"

"There's nothing left to say," Lin Mu said, waving his hand dismissively. "If you question my training methods, I'll leave right now."

He had no interest whatsoever in the Divine Machine Camp.

"Instructor Lin, I didn't mean that!" Kong Lin panicked. This man was personally assigned by that important figure in the Capital, and Kong Lin didn't want to offend him. He pleaded earnestly, "Instructor Lin, please, give this old man some face, won't you?"

Glancing at Kong Lin, Lin Mu felt somewhat helpless.

"Fine. I'll let you all see for yourselves today."

Lin Mu turned to the young man behind him. "Leng Feng, let's go. To the training field!"

After Lin Mu led everyone away, Sister Zou pulled Kong Lin aside. "Old Kong, what kind of instructor did you find? He's the one who drove Professor Feng away, right? And what's with this training method of his? It's simply absurd!"

"I read the report and thought the problem was with Professor Feng, but now, I feel it's necessary to reinvestigate."

Walking ahead of them, Lin Mu overheard Sister Zou's words and immediately understood.

So, this Sister Zou came for Professor Feng. One from the Bagua Sect, and a friend of Professor Feng's. Looks like today is going to be lively.

A faint smile curled at the corners of his mouth as Lin Mu walked toward the training field, his demeanor relaxed.

"Hah, he's too young. A mere boy, what does he know about training methods?" Xie Hui sighed. "I didn't believe the rumors at first, but now that I've seen him in person, it's even worse than I imagined..."

Xie Hui shook his head and sighed again.

"Xie Hui, did you notice anything?" Sister Zou asked.

"What could there be to notice?" Xie Hui scoffed. "In all my years with the Bagua Sect, I have never heard of such a method."

"This youngster is disrespectful and too full of himself!" Xie Hui sneered coldly. "When my senior brothers arrive, we'll see how they deal with this brat!"

"Hmm." Although she frowned at Xie Hui's tone, Lin Mu's recent attitude made Sister Zou feel that he needed to be taught not to be so arrogant.

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"What do you guys think? Can Teacher Lin really win this time? I feel like it's a long shot," Monkey said helplessly.

"Of course not! Teacher Lin is formidable, but Leng Feng is just a kid. He's never had any professional training. What could he possibly learn in just half a month?" Ma Biao said worriedly.

"Man, if Leng Feng loses, what will happen to Teacher Lin?" Mad Dog added, his face etched with anxiety.

He held a great deal of admiration for Lin Mu. The man had fought nearly a hundred people without so much as flushing or his heart skipping a beat. However, he fundamentally disagreed with Lin Mu's training methods.

"Normally, it would be fine, but today we have leaders from the top coming for an inspection. We're totally screwed," Monkey sighed.

Kong Ying was also getting worried. It was true that she wanted to see Lin Mu lose face. But if Lin Mu really lost, it would be far more serious than a simple loss of face.

"Captain, what if... we go easy on Leng Feng later?" Monkey suggested, his eyes darting around. He always had plenty of tricks up his sleeve, and at his words, everyone's eyes lit up.

"I think that's a great idea!" Ma Biao clapped his hands. "As long as Leng Feng wins, the chiefs will assume Teacher Lin's methods are correct."

Jiaolong and Kong Ying were both tempted.

"Then it's settled," Kong Ying declared. "Later, you all just pretend you're no match for him and admit defeat. But remember, you have to make it look convincing. Otherwise, watch out, because I won't let you off!" At the end, she threatened them with a small, raised fist.

"Advisor Kong, you can rest easy," Monkey chuckled. "I'm a born actor."

"Get lost! When will you learn to be serious?"

As for them losing? That was simply impossible.

After all, Kong Ying had seen every member of the Divine Machine Camp training to their absolute limits over the past half-month. The memory of that brutal, extreme training was enough to make her shiver.

And how long had Leng Feng been training? Though it was half a month on paper, from what they had seen, it wasn't even ten days. He was too young, after all.

He can't endure hardship.

Kong Ying silently clenched her teeth. Lin, the bigger picture is more important. I'll let you off this time! Just you wait, I'll deal with you later!

If she weren't worried that the Divine Machine Camp might not be able to participate in the upcoming grand competition, Kong Ying would never have resorted to cheating. But now, she had no other choice. Her grandfather was determined to see the Divine Machine Camp win a championship. Personal grievances could be set aside.

"Old Kong," Sister Zou said slowly, her eyes sweeping over Jiaolong and the others, "I want to be clear. You aren't planning on having your people deliberately throw the match, are you?" She was clearly smart enough to have guessed something from their expressions.

"This..." Kong Lin had indeed been planning to do just that, but Sister Zou had called him out on it before he even had a chance to speak.

"Sister Zou, rest assured. I, Kong Lin, would not do such a thing," he could only say helplessly.

"That's good," Sister Zou smiled. "Otherwise, I really wouldn't know how to explain it to my superiors."

Hearing her words, Kong Lin's heart tightened. Just as he was about to plead with her, Lin Mu arrived with Leng Feng.

"Xiao Tian, pass down the order!" Lin Mu said coldly. "During the match, no one is to hold back or throw the fight! Anyone who doesn't give it their all can get out of the Divine Machine Camp!"

Chapter 574 Who Can Tell Me What Happened?

"Not hold back? Not go easy?"

This... Everyone's face registered surprise, if not outright shock.

"Young man, are you that confident?" Sister Zou raised an eyebrow, her disdain for Lin Mu growing. Originally, she had planned to let him off with a simple apology if his performance was acceptable. Now, however, his words only made her look down on him even more.

Confidence was a good thing, but too much of it was just arrogance. Beside them, Kong Lin let out a helpless sigh. He had already tried to speak up for Lin Mu, but his help was clearly not appreciated.

"We'll find out soon enough, won't we?" Lin Mu replied, his tone arrogant. He seemed completely indifferent to the contempt and mockery from Sister Zou and the others.

And he had every reason to be confident. He had personally trained the kid, Leng Feng. Although it had only been half a month, Leng Feng had already taken a step across the threshold of the Way. He possessed the talent of the Supreme Divine Pupils and the cultivation technique of the Divine Pupils Supreme of the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths. With Lin Mu's personal guidance on top of that, it would be truly shameful if he still lost.

After all, there was a fundamental difference between a Martial Artist and a Cultivator.

"Kid, you think half a month of training is enough to catch up to the soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp? Not unless you're a reincarnated deity who fed him an Immortal Pill," Xie Hui sneered, his mockery unconcealed.

Lin Mu didn't even bother to grace him with a response. This blatant disregard infuriated Xie Hui further. As a disciple of the Bagua Sect, he had a reputation to uphold. When had he ever been so blatantly ignored? Especially by a wet-behind-the-ears kid!

Xie Hui's annoyance intensified. Just wait until you lose. I'd like to see how you'll save face then. This time, the Bagua Sect is fully prepared. We're going to run this kid out of the Divine Machine Camp for good. Chief Instructor? What a joke!

Kong Lin opened his mouth to say something, but Lin Mu spoke first. "I appreciate the sentiment." Lin Mu felt that while Kong Lin was primarily motivated by the Divine Machine Camp's eligibility to compete, he wasn't a bad person at his core.

Sister Zou snorted coldly. She was determined to see how this arrogant young man would have someone with only half a month of training defeat the Divine Machine Camp. And could you even call that training? It was nothing but child's play—utterly ridiculous!

Kong Ying and Jiaolong were exasperated as well. They had wanted to help Lin Mu, but his outrageous remarks were driving them mad.

"You damned fool, would it kill you to keep a low profile?!" Kong Ying gritted her teeth, glaring furiously at Lin Mu. "If you lose, not only will you be kicked out, but the Divine Machine Camp won't even be able to compete!"

As if he hadn't seen Kong Ying's resentful glare, Lin Mu said simply, "Let's begin."

At his word, Leng Feng strode onto the training ground.

Just half a month ago, Leng Feng wouldn't have had the confidence to challenge anyone from the Divine Machine Camp. Forget challenging them—he wouldn't have even had the courage to step onto the stage. He had never received formal training, nor had he been injected with a Gene Potion. Lacking both physique and bravery, he was like an infant facing a full-fledged Martial Artist. The gap between them had been indescribable.

But now, Leng Feng felt an eagerness, an impulse to test himself. He wanted to see if what he had learned over the past half-month was truly as powerful as Instructor Lin claimed.

"Mad Dog, you're up."

Hearing the command, Mad Dog instinctively glanced at Jiaolong, looking as if he wanted to speak but holding his tongue.

Shi Potian spoke up, his voice firm. "Do not hold back. That is an order! It's my order, and it's Teacher Lin's order!"

Mad Dog snapped a military salute. "Yes, Captain!"

Shi Potian was the current Captain of the Divine Machine Camp. While Jiaolong also held the rank of captain, he was the deputy. And though little else had changed, Shi Potian's word was now an absolute command.

"Xiao Feng, I'm sorry," Mad Dog said with a bitter smile. "This is the captain's order. I have no choice but to get rough!"

Mad Dog certainly knew Leng Feng. He had joined the Divine Machine Camp inspired by Leng Feng's father, a living legend in the Southeast Military Region. Because of this, Mad Dog really didn't want to be

harsh with his idol's son. But there was no helping it. Both Teacher Lin and the captain had ordered him not to hold back, so he had to comply.

Mad Dog's fighting style lived up to his codename—it was frenzied and brutal, like a wild dog fighting for scraps. Critically, he was incredibly fast. On the battlefield, the mere mention of his name was enough to cripple an enemy's fighting spirit, a testament to just how terrifying he was.

Sending Mad Dog out first proved the Divine Machine Camp had no intention of going easy. When Mad Dog attacked, it almost always meant a fatal blow to end the battle swiftly.

Sister Zou gave a slight nod. She was well aware of Mad Dog's strength, having seen him in action during last year's test. Sending him out first proved the Divine Machine Camp wasn't playing tricks. It also meant the fight would be over quickly.

Mad Dog moved. He let out a howl, a spine-chilling roar powerful enough to make one's heart tremble and shatter their concentration. His speed was like a sudden gust of wind. Pushing off the ground, he lunged forward, his clenched fists thundering toward Leng Feng's head.

Leng Feng was nervous, but as Mad Dog charged, he instantly circulated the qi within his body according to the method Lin Mu had taught him. A faint warmth spread through his eyes, and in that instant, his perception of the world changed completely.

It was an indescribable feeling. The world and everyone in it seemed to freeze, while Mad Dog's body moved as if in a slow-motion film. Every action, every expression, was slow and exaggerated, yet clear as day. Leng Feng could even see the feint; as Mad Dog leaped, his legs bent slightly and his arms drooped. He was posturing for a punch but was actually planning to deliver a fatal kick.

Leng Feng blinked slowly, his gaze sweeping over the onlookers. He saw the helpless sighs on the faces of Kong Ying and Jiaolong, the mocking sneers of Sister Zou and Xie Hui, and the worried, powerless expression on Kong Lin's face.

When his eyes landed on Lin Mu, however, he nearly cried out in shock. He saw Lin Mu give him a subtle wink. Beside him, Brother Xiao Tian gave a small, encouraging smile and mouthed words of support.

Leng Feng understood. So this is what the world looks like to Teacher Lin and Brother Xiao Tian. Everyone else moves so slowly they might as well be standing still. How could anyone possibly be a match for Brother Xiao Tian? And just how terrifying must Teacher Lin be?

Just then, Mad Dog reached him. As Leng Feng predicted, he retracted his fists and thrust his legs forward, preparing to kick him out of the ring. Seizing the opening, Leng Feng shot his hand out, grabbed Mad Dog's ankle, and yanked with all his might.

To the onlookers, Mad Dog had been a blur of motion, impossibly fast, appearing before Leng Feng in an instant. But in the very next moment, his entire body was sent flying.

BANG!

Mad Dog smashed heavily onto the ground outside the ring. A bewildered expression was plastered on his face, as if he had no idea what had just happened.

How did I get thrown out of the ring? he wondered.

The spectators were equally stunned, every one of them wondering the same thing. What in the world just happened?

Chapter 575: How on Earth Did He Do It?

"Sorry, I just slipped," Mad Dog said as he got up, ready to continue the match.

"Mad Dog, get down here!" Jiaolong commanded sternly.

"Captain, what's wrong? I just..."

"Shut up!" Jiaolong roared. "If this were a battlefield, you'd be dead already!"

He had seen the whole thing. Jiaolong was still reeling from shock... and fear. Leng Feng's speed was terrifying.

"Are you kidding me, Captain?" Mad Dog laughed, still believing he had just tripped by accident.

"Touch your damn neck!" Hearing this, Jiaolong could no longer hold back and finally exploded.

Only then did everyone notice the thin scratch on Mad Dog's neck. It was shallow, but blood was trickling from it.

Mad Dog stared at the blood on his palm and gasped, his eyes filling with fear for the first time. I'm... injured? How is that possible?

It wasn't just Mad Dog. Xie Hui's eyes glinted as his expression changed drastically. He had seen Leng Feng throw Mad Dog aside, but he hadn't seen him strike, let alone leave a cut on Mad Dog's neck. Doesn't this mean that even if I fought Leng Feng, I might last a few rounds, but the outcome would be the same? For the first time, Xie Hui's expression grew grave.

Mad Dog's face turned white as a sheet. The fear in his eyes deepened as he realized Jiaolong was right. On a real battlefield, I would already be dead. And I wouldn't even know how it happened.

"Ma Biao, you're up!" Jiaolong said, his tone grave. "Remember: don't hold back."

Before, telling Mad Dog not to hold back had been a formality, just following orders. This time, Jiaolong was completely serious.

"Yes, sir!" Ma Biao's expression was just as grim as he walked to the center of the training ground. A circle was drawn on the floor; falling or stepping out of it meant defeat.

Seeing Ma Biao step up, the crowd's expression shifted. He was, after all, strong enough to be ranked in the top five of the Divine Machine Camp.

The moment Ma Biao stepped into the circle, he threw a punch without a word. The blow was packed with enough force to snap a tree trunk as thick as a man's thigh. But Ma Biao instantly regretted it. The punch carried hundreds of pounds of force; if it landed, it could seriously injure or even kill Leng Feng.

To make matters worse, the kid was just standing there, frozen to the spot. Only when his fist was inches away did Leng Feng seem to react, slowly raising his own.

This is bad! Even Jiaolong's expression changed.

Mad Dog excelled at speed, while Ma Biao excelled at strength. If Mad Dog were to face Ma Biao, he'd be killed in a single punch. The top-five ranking in the Divine Machine Camp was no joke.

Jiaolong was about to shout a warning, but the next scene made him gasp.

BANG!

A figure flew backward and slammed onto the ground.

It was Ma Biao! And the one who had sent him flying was Leng Feng.

Leng Feng was slowly withdrawing his fist, a puzzled look on his face. Are the men of the Divine Machine Camp this weak? Sent flying by a single punch?

This time, everyone's expression changed completely. The result was just too clear, too obvious. Leng Feng's strength was so overwhelming that he had defeated Ma Biao in a single move.

"Damn! Ma Biao couldn't be acting, could he?"

"Acting? Didn't you see that Ma Biao can't even lift his arm?"

"But how is this possible? It's only been half a month, and that kid Leng Feng can defeat Ma Biao?"

The men of the Divine Machine Camp were dumbfounded.

"I'll go," Jiaolong said, flexing his hands as he slowly walked toward Leng Feng.

Seeing their captain take the field, the crowd was stunned again. The number one fighter of the Divine Machine Camp was personally stepping in.

An even more shocking scene unfolded. The moment Jiaolong and Leng Feng clashed, they erupted into a flurry of blows. The collision of extreme speed and power made everyone's heart pound. As the strongest fighter in the Divine Machine Camp, Jiaolong's abilities were beyond question—in speed, strength, and combat experience, he was the best. Yet, everyone could see Leng Feng holding his own, not giving an inch.

As the fight raged on, Jiaolong grew more and more alarmed. He realized that Leng Feng matched him perfectly in strength and speed, and even his combat instincts were just as sharp. Toward the end of the exchange, Jiaolong felt that if not for his slight edge in experience, he would have already lost. Leng Feng seemed to anticipate his every move, countering a split second beforehand to disrupt his attacks. He even launched his own torrential assault, a relentless storm of blows.

Impossible! Jiaolong's mind reeled in disbelief. Leng Feng is Instructor Leng's son, but the instructor never personally taught him any fighting skills, not even basic training. Half a month ago, Leng Feng was just an ordinary person—weaker than ordinary, even, given how frail he was. I have the strength of a Soldier King, enhanced by a Gene Potion. So how am I struggling this much against him?

WHAM!

Leng Feng unleashed a sweeping kick at Jiaolong's chest. With no time to defend, Jiaolong took the full force of the blow and staggered back, his feet landing just outside the circle.

He lost.

Jiaolong had actually lost. Not only had he lost, but he had lost incredibly fast. The whole fight couldn't have lasted five minutes.

What shocked the crowd even more was the sight of blood trickling from Jiaolong's fists. He was injured. Leng Feng had also taken several hits during the exchange, but he appeared completely unharmed.

This was the result of just half a month of training? A training regimen that consisted of eating, sleeping, staring into space, and even going sea fishing?

At that moment, Kong Ying was stunned, and Xie Hui fell silent. Sister Zou's mouth hung open, at a loss for words. Kong Lin's eyes, however, shone with a brilliant light as a look of pure elation spread across his face. Leng Feng won. He actually did it!

Leng Feng's heart pounded with excitement. A new emotion surfaced on his face: confidence.

Indeed, Leng Feng had been plagued by a deep-seated inferiority complex his entire life. With his mother's early death and his father's disappearance, he struggled just to eat, and he had always been intensely envious of other children his age. Because of this, he had wanted to become stronger more than anything. But even after meeting Lin Mu, he hadn't truly managed to overcome that timid, insecure part of himself. After all, his opponents were the Divine Machine Camp—the legendary unit his father had trained. But now, he had defeated two of their experts with his own hands.

The feeling of power was immensely satisfying. Yet, he didn't let it go to his head. He knew that he owed all of this to Lin Mu.

Leng Feng looked toward Lin Mu and broke into a grin.

Lin Mu returned it with a small smile. He had guessed the shift in Leng Feng's mindset, and he was glad to see the boy hadn't lost his way.

Everyone turned their eyes to Lin Mu, their expressions a mix of shock, amazement, and disbelief.

In just half a month, he had turned a total rookie into a master capable of defeating experts from the Divine Machine Camp. How in the world had he done it?

Chapter 576: If You Want to Fight, I'll Fight with You!

"I'll go!"

Amidst the silence, a voice suddenly rang out. It was Kong Ying!

Is she actually going to enter the fight herself?

Shedding her outer garment and revealing her healthy, wheat-colored skin, Kong Ying stepped into the arena.

Although they had lost, Kong Ying was still not convinced. Moreover, she was different from Jiaolong and the others. From a young age, she had studied under a martial arts master and had cultivated her Inner Strength. She was a true Martial Artist!

Leng Feng glanced at Lin Mu.

"What, you don't dare?" Noticing Leng Feng's glance, Kong Ying sneered contemptuously. "Is it that you don't dare, or that you think you can't beat me? It seems your half-month of training was only enough to defeat some ordinary people."

Her words struck a nerve in Leng Feng.

At that moment, Lin Mu also nodded his head.

BOOM!

Leng Feng made his move. With a sneer, Kong Ying immediately clashed with him.

This time, Leng Feng was somewhat at a disadvantage; after all, his combat experience wasn't as extensive as Kong Ying's. Add to that the fact that Kong Ying was a Martial Artist taught by a master, and her combat prowess was naturally formidable. However, Leng Feng still fought her almost to a draw.

This only made Kong Ying's expression turn uglier as her eyes seemed to spew fire. If she couldn't win, it would prove that they had lost. It would also prove that Lin Mu's training methods were the most effective.

"Leng Feng, go all out," Lin Mu said suddenly.

Go all out? The entire crowd's eyes bulged. What did he mean? Could it be that Leng Feng hadn't been using his full strength while fighting Jiaolong and the others?

Hearing these words, Kong Ying felt as if her lungs were about to explode from anger. So, he hadn't been using his full strength after all this time? That is outrageous!

"Understood, Teacher Lin." Leng Feng smiled slightly. "Advisor Kong, I'm going to use my full strength now."

As soon as he finished speaking, Leng Feng moved. A profound light, like the stars themselves, burst from his eyes. Immediately, his speed increased dramatically. He was instantly in front of Kong Ying, slapping out a palm.

Dragon Capturing Hand!

This was a signature technique of the Divine Pupils Supreme. The Divine Pupils Supreme was the first in the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths to possess the Supreme Divine Pupils, born into a small sect called the Dragon Capturing Sect. This small sect had only one martial technique, the Dragon Capturing Hand. In the hands of the Divine Pupils Supreme, however, it was truly capable of capturing real dragons and seizing the stars and moon.

Later, when the Heavenly Dao suppressed the Divine Pupils Supreme, he encountered Lin Mu before his death and passed on all his knowledge, hoping Lin Mu would find a successor for him. Therefore, the divine spells Leng Feng was learning now were the ones that best matched his own talents.

Although Leng Feng couldn't yet unleash the true power of the Dragon Capturing Hand, it was more than sufficient to deal with a Martial Artist of Kong Ying's level.

In the blink of an eye, Leng Feng appeared in front of Kong Ying, who was shocked. How did this kid get so fast?

She wanted to dodge, but a fierce suction burst from Leng Feng's hand, pulling her back. In a flash, he grabbed her throat. From the name Dragon Capturing Hand alone, one could tell it could hold real dragons and stars—let alone a mere Kong Ying.

Once again, the entire place fell silent.

Kong Ying had also lost. And she had lost completely, cleanly, and decisively.

This time, everyone in the Divine Machine Camp was dealt a heavy blow.

Half a month.

Never mind the fact that the Divine Machine Camp had spent half a month in life-or-death training while Leng Feng was feasting and having fun. The initial gap between Leng Feng and the Divine Machine Camp was not something that mere training should have been able to bridge. But now, Leng Feng had not only defeated the Divine Machine Camp, but even Kong Ying had lost to him.

Who could accept such an outcome? If effort and reward aren't proportional, then what's the point of training!

This was especially true for Kong Ying. As a Martial Artist, she had always been incredibly proud, looking down on everyone. Therefore, she was always confrontational with Lin Mu. Even though Lin Mu had demonstrated the techniques of a Grandmaster, she still harbored doubts deep within her heart. How could there be a Martial Arts Grandmaster under thirty in this world?

So, when Lin Mu claimed he could make Leng Feng defeat them all in half a month, nobody believed him. Kong Ying was even more skeptical.

But now, the facts had proven them wrong.

They had lost.

Lin Mu was right.

All members of the Divine Machine Camp hung their heads in shame. This was simply too humiliating.

However, Xie Hui and Sister Zou, who were watching from the side, just shook their heads. If they were merely skeptical before, now they were completely certain. There was trickery afoot. And this Leng Feng hadn't just been training for half a month! No one could go from being an ordinary person to defeating even a Martial Artist in such a short time.

"Old Kong, you've really disappointed me," Sister Zou said. "I was thinking, if they truly exerted themselves to prove their worth, I might have given them a chance. But now..." She shook her head and sighed, seemingly thoroughly disappointed with the Divine Machine Camp.

"Sister Zou, I..." Kong Lin wanted to explain, but he also had doubts in his heart. Leng Feng's performance was simply too shocking.

"Old Kong, I heard that Professor Feng previously developed the Starlight Second Generation, which could unleash unprecedented potential. Did this kid take it?" The Starlight Second Generation Sister Zou mentioned was the Blue Pill that Zhu Tao had taken before. If that were the case, it would be understandable why Leng Feng was able to defeat the members of the Divine Machine Camp.

"Sister Zou, absolutely nothing of the sort happened." Kong Lin grew anxious. Though he didn't quite believe it himself, he insisted, "You've personally seen all of Professor Feng's research. The Starlight Second Generation is purely a hypothetical drug. He only ever developed one, which was used, and the results showed it was substandard. So, this kid is this strong solely because he trained according to Instructor Lin's methods."

"Entirely according to his training methods?" Xie Hui sneered. "Commander Kong, why don't you tell us what kind of training method can make someone so powerful in just half a month? Moreover, we've investigated. This kid, Leng Feng, his father, Leng Shan, used to be an instructor at the Divine Machine Camp, and then..."

Xie Hui was interrupted by Sister Zou before he could finish. "Old Kong, you know what this means, right?"

Kong Lin's expression changed, clearly indicating there was some inside story. Could it really be true?

"Kid, I'm asking you, have you ever injected any genetic drugs or taken any other substances?" Xie Hui looked at Leng Feng and said, "Think carefully before you answer. This relates to some classified information."

"No," Leng Feng shook his head. "I just trained according to the methods Instructor Lin taught me. I don't even know what these genetic drugs you're talking about are."

Xie Hui sneered, "Then tell us, how do you normally train?"

"Hmph, no comment!" Leng Feng might be young, but he wasn't a fool. Instructor Lin had told him more than once that he must never reveal his training methods to anyone. Absolutely anyone! This Xie Hui repeatedly targets Instructor Lin, and he wants to know the training methods? Dream on!

"Is it 'no comment,' or is there something you can't show people?" Xie Hui turned to Lin Mu and sneered, "You claim your training method is effective, right? Then how about we have a match?"

Before Lin Mu could respond, Leng Feng became angry.

"You're not worthy to face Teacher Lin," Leng Feng said through clenched teeth. "If there's going to be a fight, I'll fight you!"

Chapter 577: Waste!

"You want to fight? I'll fight you!"

These were Leng Feng's words, and his attitude was crystal clear.

"You aren't worthy of fighting Instructor Lin!"

Hearing this, how could Xie Hui possibly restrain himself?

"What an arrogant brat. He thinks he can act so high and mighty just because he has a little skill!" Xie Hui sneered coldly. "Do you even know who I am?"

"I'm not interested in who you are, nor do I care to find out," Leng Feng said, clenching his fists. "But since you look down on Instructor Lin, I'll beat you until you submit!"

Everyone was stunned by Leng Feng's words.

Has this kid gone mad, or is he just that arrogant? That Xie Hui is clearly a tough opponent. Can he really win?

"Good one, kid!" Xie Hui's face darkened as he laughed with rage. "You really dare to be so insolent just because you learned a few unorthodox tricks? Today, I'll teach you some manners!"

Kong Lin's face tightened with anxiety as he spoke with dissatisfaction, "Sister Zou, this is hardly appropriate. This is a matter concerning the Southeast Military Region. Since when do outsiders have the right to interfere?"

But Sister Zou just laughed. "Old Kong, there's something you don't know. Little Xie is now my bodyguard. Furthermore, the higher-ups are about to appoint the Bagua Sect Leader as the chief advisor for the Southeast Military Region."

"What?" Kong Lin was startled. "How come I didn't know about this?"

He was the commander of the Southeast Military Region, yet he was completely unaware of this?

"Old Kong, I'm not trying to criticize you, but you know the state of the Southeast Military Region these past few years," Sister Zou said, her tone turning serious. "How long has it been? Year after year, the Southeast Military Region ranks last. The higher-ups are extremely displeased. The reason the Bagua Sect Leader is being appointed as chief advisor this time is not only to establish a new, effective training regimen, but also to weed out some of the dead weight."

"After all, the Divine Machine Camp was once so glorious."

Upon hearing Sister Zou's words, Kong Lin's face became extremely grim.

"Since our Instructor Lin claims his methods are effective, it must mean the men he's trained aren't half-bad," Sister Zou said with a smile. "In that case, there's no harm in letting Little Xie test them out."

Sister Zou's intention was clear: she wanted Leng Feng and Xie Hui to fight to prove whether Lin Mu's training methods were sound.

Kong Lin looked toward Lin Mu.

Lin Mu smiled.

"You make a good point." Lin Mu stood with his hands behind his back, a confident smile on his face. "True gold fears no fire. Since you want a test, then a test it shall be."

"Instructor Lin, rest assured! I will use my fists to show certain people that questioning you is the biggest mistake they will ever make!" Leng Feng declared, his gaze locked on Xie Hui. "Are we fighting or not? Stop wasting time!"

If he had wanted to prove himself before, now his only goal was to defend Instructor Lin! He would not tolerate anyone showing the slightest disrespect to his instructor!

"Such an arrogant brat!" Enraged, Xie Hui stomped his foot. BANG! The ground cracked, forming a small crater as he shot toward Leng Feng.

"I'll personally show you just how weak you are!" Xie Hui's expression was ominous as he snarled, "And that Instructor Lin you keep mentioning is nothing more than a grandstanding clown!"

He threw a punch that seemed to carry the roar of wind and thunder—the Bagua Fist!

As a disciple of the Bagua Sect Leader, Xie Hui's strength was naturally not to be underestimated. The power contained in this one punch made even Kong Ying's face drain of color.

If I were facing that punch, I wouldn't stand a chance!

RUMBLE!

The force of the punch tore through the air, aimed straight at Leng Feng.

Leng Feng was fearless. A divine light burst from his eyes, his pupils shining like brilliant stars. Although Xie Hui was fast, in Leng Feng's eyes, he was moving no faster than a jogging civilian. He wasn't fast at all.

Leng Feng took a deep breath, let out a sudden roar, and threw a punch of his own.

"Has this kid gone mad?" Seeing Leng Feng actually choose to meet Xie Hui's fist head-on, Kong Ying's face twisted with anxiety. If Leng Feng lost to Xie Hui, the consequences would be far more severe.

However, the next moment, Kong Ying was left completely stunned.

THUD!

A muffled sound echoed as a figure was sent flying back.

It was Xie Hui!

"Cough, cough!" Xie Hui hit the ground and skidded back several feet, a look of utter disbelief on his face.

It was only after trading blows with Leng Feng that he realized how formidable his opponent was. It was as if the other man could see right through his techniques. And worse, his opponent's strength was no less than his own!

"How is that possible!" Feeling the searing pain in his fist, Xie Hui said through gritted teeth, "I'm a disciple of the Bagua Sect Leader! How could you possibly be my match?!"

"The Bagua Sect Leader?" Leng Feng grinned. "Is he supposed to be impressive? Compared to Instructor Lin, he isn't even worth a fart!"

Not wanting to waste any more time on the fool, Leng Feng turned to leave the field.

Hearing his master insulted, fury erupted in Xie Hui's eyes.

"You're courting death!" With a roar, Xie Hui lunged forward again. At the same time, a dark object slid from his other sleeve. The Iron Eight Trigrams! It was the signature weapon of the Bagua Sect's disciples, and its appearance was like a demonic omen.

"Be careful!" Kong Ying shouted in alarm, her face twisting with anger. To use a weapon in a spar, and in a sneak attack no less—Xie Hui was truly despicable.

Even Sister Zou's expression soured, but it was too late to intervene. Xie Hui was simply too fast.

However, just as Xie Hui was about to strike Leng Feng's back, a figure suddenly appeared in front of him and thrust out a single finger.

CRACK!

A sharp cracking sound echoed across the field. Xie Hui's Iron Eight Trigrams had shattered!

Glancing at the broken weapon, Xie Hui froze in shock.

At that moment, a voice colder than ice fell upon his ears. "On my turf, you dare to ambush my people? You've got some nerve."

A sharp slap cracked through the air, sending Xie Hui flying. He had no time to react, crashing heavily to the ground.

"Puh!" Xie Hui's face flushed crimson as he coughed up a mouthful of blood, his expression turning to one of sheer horror.

I didn't even see him move! He was a hundred steps away... How did he appear in front of me, shatter my Iron Eight Trigrams with one finger, and slap me away? That speed... that power... It's terrifying!

But Lin Mu had no intention of letting Xie Hui off. This man had insulted him repeatedly and even tried to ambush Leng Feng. Death was too good for him.

Lin Mu slowly walked toward Xie Hui, emanating a palpable killing intent that made everyone shiver.

"Stop!" Sister Zou's face changed dramatically as she cried out, "Xie Hui is a disciple of the Bagua Sect Leader! If you harm him, even I won't be able to protect you!"

"Shut up!" Lin Mu shot a glare at Sister Zou, his voice laced with ice. "Who the hell do you think you are to lecture me?"

As he spoke, Lin Mu stepped directly onto Xie Hui's shoulder.

"Since you like sneak attacks, you won't be needing this arm anymore."

CRACK!

With a sickening crunch, Xie Hui's shoulder was crushed.

Chapter 578: Demon King Shen Cheng!

"Lin Mu, you're too insolent!" Sister Zou's face darkened with rage. "You crippled Xie Hui! The Bagua Sect Leader will never let you off!"

"If he has a problem, he can come find me," Lin Mu replied, his patience with Sister Zou worn thin. "But how I conduct my affairs is none of your business!"

"You..." Sister Zou was so furious her face twisted, the wrinkles bunching together. "You're out of line!"

"You're the one who's out of line!" Lin Mu walked toward her step by step, his eyes as brilliant as stars. "You constantly question my training methods, but the facts prove that your judgment is truly poor."

"You... you..." Sister Zou was so enraged she couldn't even speak. She had never met someone as audacious as Lin Mu. To think he would dare speak to her in such a tone!

"Don't believe me?" Lin Mu said coldly. "Are you aware that the Bagua Sect Leader you keep mentioning wouldn't dare make a peep in my presence?"

"What arrogance!"

Just as Sister Zou was about to retort, a cold voice drifted over from a distance. "My master's strength is beyond the comprehension of a mere mortal like you!"

A group of more than a dozen people slowly approached the training ground. The middle-aged man leading them had an icy chill about him. He was Chang Chun, the eldest disciple of the Bagua Sect. Behind him, a contingent of Bagua Sect disciples followed, all staring at Lin Mu with grim expressions.

"Senior Brother!" Upon seeing Chang Chun, Xie Hui was so moved that tears welled in his eyes. "Quick, avenge me!"

"Rest assured, Junior Brother. I will settle this score for you," Chang Chun said, motioning for someone to help Xie Hui to his feet. When he saw that one of Xie Hui's hands had been crippled, his expression darkened even further.

"Chang Chun, this is the Divine Machine Camp's base. What are you doing here?" Kong Ying's expression soured. These people from the Bagua Sect were being far too presumptuous.

Before Chang Chun could answer, a tall young man with a crew cut stepped forward. He exuded a powerful, battle-hardened aura. "The masters of the Bagua Sect are my bodyguards. What? You have a problem with that?"

"Shen Cheng? What are you doing back here?"

Shen Cheng was Shen Lian's older brother. He had also once been the captain of the Divine Machine Camp. His strength was formidable. He had performed outstandingly in a major competition. Although the Divine Machine Camp didn't win the championship, Shen Cheng's performance caught the eye of a big shot from the Capital, who took him away.

And Shen Cheng had left with them. This made everyone in the Divine Machine Camp harbor a grudge against him, even viewing him with contempt. Shen Cheng had chosen to leave when the Divine Machine Camp was at its lowest point, causing both the camp and the entire Southeast Military Region to lose face. It was for this very reason that Kong Lin was taking the upcoming major competition so seriously.

"What's the matter? I'm part of the Divine Machine Camp, after all. Why can't I come back?" Shen Cheng said with a slight smile. "Besides, I've returned for two reasons. First, to see all of you. And second..." He smiled faintly. "I'm here about what happened to my brother, Shen Lian."

As expected. A sinking feeling gripped Kong Ying's heart. Shen Cheng was here for revenge. His brother, Shen Lian, had been thrown into the sea with a broken leg, and now the Demon King, Shen Cheng, had come for retribution.

"Traitor! Who needs you to visit? Get out of the Divine Machine Camp!" Jiaolong roared in fury. "You are no longer one of us! What right do you have to set foot on our base?"

Jiaolong had once admired Shen Cheng. He was the one Instructor Leng had valued the most. But Jiaolong never expected that he would abandon the Divine Machine Camp for his own future, betraying Instructor Leng's great trust. This had always been a thorn in Jiaolong's side.

"Oh, it's Jiaolong." Shen Cheng didn't seem angry at all. Instead, he smiled. "I hear you're the captain of the Divine Machine Camp now? I wonder how much you've improved in the years I've been away."

"Try me and find out!" Jiaolong said, clenching his fists.

"Alright then."

As soon as Shen Cheng finished speaking, his figure flickered and reappeared in his original spot in an instant. To everyone's shock, a fresh wound had appeared on Jiaolong's neck. Blood slowly trickled out, sending a profound sense of shock through the crowd.

The captain of the Divine Machine Camp was injured, and none of us even saw how?

"This... How is this possible? Impossible!" Jiaolong stared at his hands, his voice trembling as his expression turned bleak. Have I really become this weak?

"It's not that you've become weaker," Shen Cheng said, shaking his head. "It's that I've become stronger. Stronger than you can possibly imagine."

Shen Cheng scanned the area. "Whoever hurt my brother, step forward now. Otherwise, don't blame me for disregarding our past ties!" He had come for two purposes: to intimidate them and to avenge his brother, Shen Lian.

"It was me!" Monkey and Ma Biao stepped forward at the same time.

"It was me!" Not just them, but all the other members of the Divine Machine Camp stepped forward as well.

"What the hell are you all jumping in for? You think any of you could've taken down Shen Lian?" Monkey shouted in fury.

"Bullshit! A punk like Shen Lian? I could cripple him with one hand!" Ma Biao glared.

So, they're trying to take the fall? Shen Cheng's eyes narrowed into a smile. It seems your bonds have grown stronger in the years I've been away. When he was captain, the Divine Machine Camp had never been so united.

"No need to make this so complicated," Shen Cheng said, clasping his hands behind his back, a hint of arrogance on his face. "All of you, come at me together."

Together? This Shen Cheng is so arrogant!

"Shen Cheng, you're too arrogant!" Ma Biao snarled. "I, Ma Biao, will take you on!"

The next moment, Ma Biao was sent flying.

"Next."

Monkey charged, only to be defeated just as quickly. Mad Dog went next and was left lying on the ground. In a matter of minutes, Shen Cheng had single-handedly taken down everyone from the Divine Machine Camp. Everyone stared at him, their faces filled with disbelief. The members of the Divine Machine Camp hung their heads in humiliation, their eyes red with frustration.

"Brother, there's also him!"

Shen Lian appeared, his body still wrapped in bandages, clearly not yet recovered from his severe injuries. He pointed a finger at Shi Potian, his eyes filled with venomous hatred. "He's the one who broke my leg and threw me into the sea."

"And of course, there's him!" Shen Lian's gaze shifted to Lin Mu, the malice in his eyes deepening. Lin Mu had given the order, so this time, he intended to cripple not only Shi Potian, but Lin Mu as well.

"Shen Lian," Kong Ying said, her expression full of guilt, "last time, it was all my fault. I..."

"You don't have to say anything," Shen Lian said with a savage look. "This has nothing to do with you. That bastard not only ordered for me to be injured, but he also insulted my master. I can't just let that go!"

Kong Lin, standing to the side, was about to speak, but Sister Zou held him back. "Old Kong, don't get involved. I know this Shen Cheng. He is now..."

Sister Zou whispered two words. Kong Lin's expression subtly changed, and he looked at Shen Cheng with a trace of horror. "He's actually... he's actually reached that level already?"

Sister Zou gave a bitter smile. "When you're chosen by that person, your accomplishments are naturally going to be remarkable."

"Alas." Kong Lin sighed heavily and started to step forward to explain, but Sister Zou held him back again. "Old Kong, it's useless," she said with another bitter smile. "Given that he's known as the Demon King, you can imagine his temperament. Besides, with his current status, he won't listen to you even if you intervene. In any case, he should know where to draw the line."

Kong Lin was helpless. "Instructor Lin, this..."

Lin Mu smiled. He held Kong Lin in high regard. "Commander Kong, you don't need to put yourself in a difficult position," he said. "If someone wants to cause trouble in my Divine Machine Camp, then they just need to be dealt with."

"Xiao Tian, throw out anyone who isn't from the Divine Machine Camp!" Lin Mu declared, his face devoid of emotion. "As for this trash who came for revenge... cripple every last one of them!"

Chapter 579 Kill!

All crippled?

This Divine Machine Camp Instructor has quite the mouth on him! Does he even know who Shen Cheng is? He must have a death wish, talking like that.

"Just you?"

Shen Lian sneered. "It's not that I look down on you, but my brother could take on ten people like you by himself! And you're delusional enough to say you'll cripple us? Dream on!"

"It seems you've forgotten what happened last time." Shi Potian cracked his knuckles and sneered, "Do you really think you're something special just because you found a backer? Instructor Lin doesn't even need to lift a finger to cripple you!"

Stepping forward, Shi Potian grinned. "Kid, if you're not convinced, how about another round?"

This Shen Lian really thinks he's someone special now that he has his big brother to back him up. Looks like I'll have to teach him another lesson.

"You..." Shen Lian's face flushed with anger, and he snorted coldly. "I was careless last time, and you got me with a sneak attack. In a fair fight, you'd be no match for me."

"Enough nonsense. Do you dare or not?" Seeing a flicker of fear in Shen Lian's eyes, Shi Potian spoke with utter disdain. "Looks like you're just a spineless coward. How embarrassing for you to come to our Divine Machine Camp and cause trouble!"

Shi Potian's words pierced Shen Lian's heart like steel needles, and his expression turned grim. But the fear Shi Potian had instilled in him during their last encounter was too potent; even now, the memory made him tremble.

"My junior brother Shen is injured. Are you trying to take advantage of him?" a disciple from the Bagua Sect shouted as he stepped forward, glancing scornfully at the Divine Machine Camp members. "Divine Machine Camp? Pah!"

"Watch out!"

Before the disciple could finish his sentence, Chang Chun suddenly cried out a warning. He was about to make a move, but it was already too late.

BANG!

With a scream, the Bagua Sect disciple was sent flying. His entire nose had caved in; he was finished. The disciple lay on the ground wailing, his agonizing cries making everyone else feel his pain.

Shi Potian raised a finger and wagged it slowly. "Is this what a Bagua Sect disciple is made of? Too weak!"

So you look down on the Divine Machine Camp? Then what does that make your Bagua Sect? At that moment, the members of the Divine Machine Camp felt an immense sense of satisfaction.

"You have some nerve! How dare you lay a hand on one of my Bagua Sect!" Chang Chun's face twisted with rage, his eyes glinting with a cold light. "Today, you die!"

"Save the big talk, or you'll end up just like him," Shi Potian retorted, his expression full of contemptuous mockery.

Influenced by Lin Mu, Shi Potian was no longer the timid, slow-witted security guard he once was. His words were now incredibly sharp.

"Who are you?" Shen Cheng asked. "The Divine Machine Camp doesn't seem to have anyone of your description."

"I am Shi Potian." Shi Potian pointed to his chest. "The current captain of the Divine Machine Camp!"

Shen Cheng glanced at Jiaolong, the smile on his face widening. "But not for long."

Seeing that Shen Cheng was about to act, Chang Chun proactively stepped forward. "Brother Shen, there's no need for you to handle this person. Allow me!"

Shen Cheng simply smiled and nodded, unconcerned.

"Kid, do you dare fight me in a life-or-death battle!" Chang Chun's tone was severe, immediately demanding a duel to the death.

"Absolutely not!" Kong Lin interjected. "Shen Cheng, I don't care what your status is or how powerful the Bagua Sect might be. This is my territory! Are you trying to run wild on my turf?!"

As Kong Lin flared up, Chang Chun hesitated. After all, no matter how formidable the Bagua Sect was, this was still the Southeast Military Region.

Shen Cheng, however, turned to Director Zou and asked, "Director Zou, what are your thoughts?"

"I think..."

Before Director Zou could finish, Lin Mu spoke up. "I think it's a fine idea," he said with a lazy smile. "Since someone from the Bagua Sect wants to challenge my Divine Machine Camp's captain, we should allow it. After all, I trained Xiao Tian myself. If he wins, won't that just further prove my training methods are correct?"

When Lin Mu finished speaking, even Director Zou's expression changed.

This guy... Still so arrogant! But that's Chang Chun, the head disciple of the Bagua Sect! He's in the Inner Strength Realm; there are few Martial Artists of his caliber in the entire Southeast Five Provinces. Could Shi Potian really do it?

"Instructor Lin..." Kong Lin's expression grew anxious, wanting to stop Lin Mu from being so impulsive.

But Lin Mu stated coldly, "I am still the instructor of the Divine Machine Camp. Here, I call the shots!"

"Since you're seeking death, I will grant your wish!" Chang Chun pointed a finger at Lin Mu. "After I'm done with him, you're next!"

"Trash from the Bagua Sect like you isn't qualified to fight my brother!" A cold light surged in Shi Potian's eyes. "I'm more than enough to deal with you!"

As he spoke, Shi Potian beckoned with his finger. "Come on. Since you want a life-or-death battle, I'll be taking that pathetic life of yours!"

As the head disciple of the Bagua Sect, Chang Chun had his pride. Having been humiliated repeatedly by Shi Potian, he was thoroughly enraged.

"You conceited brat!" Chang Chun walked slowly toward Shi Potian. "You think you're invincible just because you beat my junior brother Shen? Today, I'll teach you that no matter how good you are, there's always someone better!"

BOOM!

Chang Chun stomped his foot, and a crack instantly split the ground of the training field. He himself transformed into a blurry afterimage, rocketing toward Shi Potian. He was incredibly fast; the onlookers couldn't even follow his movements.

However, a strange voice cut through the tension from the side. "The people from this Bagua Sect are so weak."

The speaker was Leng Feng. Everyone was stunned by his words. Chang Chun was the head disciple of the Bagua Sect, his strength undeniable. He was considered a major figure in the entire Southern Capital. And yet, Leng Feng's assessment was that he was "so weak"?

"A brat who only knows how to run his mouth. Do you really think you understand anything after beating a few pieces of trash?" Xie Hui sneered maliciously. "You can't even begin to imagine my senior brother's strength. In the Southern Capital, who doesn't know the name of Chang Chun, 'the Little Bagua'..."

BANG!

Before Xie Hui could finish, a figure was sent flying back. It was Chang Chun! The webs of his hands were split open and bleeding, and his face was a mask of pure shock.

Chang Chun is injured? How is this possible?

"You really do have some skill. I underestimated you," Chang Chun said, his face darkening. The killing intent in his eyes grew even more intense. "But that won't change the outcome."

"Bagua Palm!" Chang Chun roared, thrusting his palm forward. Compared to Xie Hui, Chang Chun's Bagua Palm was fiercer and packed far more power. The very dirt on the ground was churned up by the force.

A cold smile touched Shi Potian's lips. "Divine Demon Fist!" he roared, throwing a punch of his own.

CRACK!

PFFT!

The first sound was Chang Chun's arm shattering. The second was the sound of him spitting blood. In full view of everyone, Chang Chun was blasted backward.

However, before Chang Chun could even hit the ground, Shi Potian was on him, his eyes bulging with rage, intent on killing him with a single punch.

"Stop!"

"How dare you!"

Two voices cried out at the same time. One was Director Zou's, the other was Shen Cheng's.

As he shouted, Shen Cheng blurred into motion and slapped his palm onto Shi Potian's back. Shi Potian's body was as solid as an iron tower; he didn't budge an inch.

A flicker of shock crossed Shen Cheng's eyes.

This man... His physique is incredible!

SPLAT!

At that same instant, Shi Potian's fist smashed directly into Chang Chun's head. His skull shattered.

The head disciple of the Bagua Sect was dead.

Chapter 580: Discard Everything, Throw Everything Away!

Bagua Sect's senior disciple, Chang Chun, was dead?

The incident happened so quickly that no one had time to react. Sister Zou's face turned a deathly white. The men from the Divine Machine Camp had actually dared to kill Chang Chun?

"Old Kong, you've caused a disaster!" she finally managed to say.

Kong Lin's face was grim, but he remained silent.

Watching Chang Chun's head explode, Shen Cheng was also momentarily stunned. "You're asking to die!" he spat out, word by word, a murderous glint already in his eyes.

"If you want to die, I'll be happy to oblige!" Shi Potian shot back, completely unafraid. "I haven't forgotten that palm strike from earlier!"

"Good!" Shen Cheng sneered. "First you injure my brother, and now you've killed my guard. Let's settle all our scores, new and old, at once!"

"Stop!" Seeing that they were about to come to blows, Sister Zou shouted, "Shen Cheng, give me some face. Don't be so quick to act."

"My guard was murdered, and you want me to just let it go?" Shen Cheng smirked, his smile verging on ferocious. "That's not something I, Shen Cheng, can do."

"No, that's not what I meant," Sister Zou explained hastily. "Don't worry, I will make sure the Divine Machine Camp gives you a proper explanation."

"An explanation?" Lin Mu scoffed. "Old woman, what kind of explanation do you want? It was a life-or-death battle. He lost his life because he wasn't strong enough. He has no one to blame but himself."

Lin Mu's blunt words left Sister Zou speechless for a moment before she shrieked, "You little beast, what did you just say? Say that again! Believe it or not, I'll..."

"You'll do what?" Lin Mu took a sudden step forward, his eyes locking onto her. Within his pupils, it was as if mountains of corpses and seas of blood were churning, as if the sun, moon, and stars were exploding.

"AH!" Sister Zou screamed in terror and stumbled back, falling to the ground. It was too horrifying. The look in Lin Mu's eyes was simply too horrifying.

Kong Lin glanced at the disheveled woman, sighed, and stepped forward to help her up. "Sister Zou, why must you..."

"Old Kong, look at your men!" she interrupted, her face still etched with fear as she raged. "Do you have any idea what the consequences are for killing the senior disciple of the Bagua Sect? He was Sect Leader Qiu Yi's first disciple, treated like his own son! When he finds out someone from your Divine Machine Camp killed him, who will be able to withstand his fury?"

"Furthermore, that little beast dared to insult me! I, Zou Ju, swear I won't let him get away with it! And you, the Southeast Military Region, can forget about participating in the competition!"

Qiu Yi, the Bagua Sect Leader, was a Martial Arts Grandmaster of the Southeast Five Provinces. Although he wasn't on the Heavenly Rankings, it was only because he was too proud to bother competing for a spot. If he wanted to, getting into the top twenty would be practically guaranteed.

And as for her, Zou Ju, what was her status? To be publicly cursed by a Divine Machine Camp Instructor, and so crudely at that. Kong Lin knew this all too well.

"Shut up!" Kong Lin finally roared, pointing a finger at Zou Ju's nose. "Do you really think my silence is weakness? That I'm some sick cat you can push around? You old hag, I've tolerated you for long enough. When did my Southeast Military Region's business become yours to meddle in? If you keep running your mouth, believe me, I will slap you!"

Hearing Kong Lin's outburst, Zou Ju froze. Kong Ying froze. Everyone froze.

Even Lin Mu was slightly surprised, a faint smile touching his lips. This Kong Lin has some spine after all. Otherwise, Lin Mu had been planning to just walk away after this was all over.

"You..." Zou Ju stared at Kong Lin in disbelief, her face flushing crimson. She had clearly never expected him to point a finger at her and dress her down. This was a first. Being berated by two different men on the same day was more than anyone could bear.

But once Kong Lin had erupted, he could no longer contain his repressed fury. He took another step forward, his eyes radiating a murderous Evil Qi. "You what? When I was leading my men to slaughter everyone in Children's Valley, you were still off flirting somewhere! What gives you the right to come to my territory and boss me around? If you weren't a woman, I would've slapped you across the face by now!"

"The competition? I'm quitting! Even if headquarters comes begging, I'm not going!" Kong Lin seethed, his aura thick with killing intent. "But if you dare say one more bad word about my Divine Machine Camp, I'll kill you right here, today! The worst they can do is fire me!"

Kong Lin had been holding it in for far too long. This was his turf. The Divine Machine Camp competition had already frayed his nerves, and now the Bagua Sect was daring to run their mouths on his territory. Zou Ju's words were simply the final spark that ignited the bonfire of his rage.

Zou Ju was terrified by his demeanor. She felt the world spin. Kong Lin has gone mad. The whole world has gone mad.

In an instant, the entire scene erupted into chaos. Everyone stared at Kong Lin, aghast.

The soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp, however, felt a thrill of exhilaration, their eyes shining brightly.

"Instructor Lin!" Kong Lin's eyes were wild as he locked gazes with Lin Mu. "Relay my order! Anyone who is not part of my Divine Machine Camp is to be crippled and thrown out! And if any of them dare to resist, I'll shoot them dead on the spot!"

Kong Lin immediately drew the pistol from his waist, shocking everyone. His words were a clear warning to Shen Cheng.

This time, Shen Cheng hesitated.

Monkey and the others stared wide-eyed, as if seeing a completely different side of Kong Lin for the first time.

"Is this... for real?"

"What do you think?" Kong Ying rolled her eyes. "I don't know what's gotten into Grandpa, but I have to say, he looks pretty cool like this!"

"Of course he does!" Monkey chuckled. "He's not just cool, he's a total badass! From now on, Old Kong is my new hero."

"Show some respect!"

"Xiao Tian, did you hear that?" Lin Mu said with a smile. "The commander has given his orders. Aren't you going to carry them out?"

"You got it!" Hearing Lin Mu, Shi Potian grinned and started walking slowly toward the Bagua Sect members.

"You... what are you doing?" The men from the Bagua Sect were terrified. They had finally remembered where they were—on a military base. What right did a minor ancient martial Sect have to act so arrogantly here?

"What am I doing?" A murderous glint flashed in Shi Potian's eyes. "You'll find out soon enough."

A few minutes later, every member of the Bagua Sect had had their bones broken by Shi Potian before being tossed into the sea.

Then, Shi Potian turned his gaze back to Shen Lian.

"You... I'm warning you, my brother is right here! You dare touch me?" Though Shen Lian was afraid, with Shen Cheng backing him up, he forced himself to stand firm.

"You really think you're someone important, don't you?"

Shi Potian shot out a kick, and Shen Lian went flying into the sea once more. He landed with a dull splash, barely making a ripple.

All of them crippled, all of them tossed out. Not even Shen Lian was spared.

Everyone stared blankly at Shi Potian. He had actually done it. Not only that, he had done it with ruthless efficiency, showing no mercy whatsoever.