

War God 58

Chapter 58: You Can Go to Die Now!

Just tens of thousands of people? And he's going to wipe them out? Isn't his tone a little too arrogant?

The sniper gasped, his heart filled with utter shock. But when he recalled the countless miracles Ghost had performed in the past, it all made sense.

He truly had that kind of power! Back then, many people resolutely withdrew from the Assassin and Mercenary Worlds, even when they thought he was dead. They had been terrified of him.

And now, he had reappeared. Moreover, the sniper was certain that Lin Mu's current skills and strength were several times greater than before. The speed he had just displayed was on a completely different level.

"I won't say a single word about my employer, so just kill me," the sniper sighed. Closing his eyes, he steeled himself and waited for Lin Mu to act.

However, Lin Mu simply looked at the sniper with a mocking expression. "I advise you to confess. Otherwise, I have countless ways to make you talk."

The sniper's eyes snapped open. "Is the esteemed King of Killers, Ghost, going to resort to despicable means of torture for a confession?" he said angrily.

"Despicable?" Lin Mu shook his head slightly, his tone laced with scorn. "Against trash like you, I don't need to use honorable methods."

"You..." The sniper was furious but found himself at a loss for words.

In the next moment, a fierce glint flashed in his eyes. He turned and bolted, jumping straight off the rooftop. The building was over sixty stories tall; a jump like that meant no chance of survival.

Lin Mu is fast, but can he really stop me from committing suicide?

The fierce wind lashed against his face as the sniper closed his eyes, a flicker of fear in his heart. If he hadn't been forced into a corner, he would never have chosen death. But he had run into Ghost, a man whose very name could drive people to despair.

He had no other choice.

In fact, he felt a strange sense of relief. At least he had chosen to end things himself. Whatever Lin Mu had in store for him would surely have been far worse. He even felt a pang of pity for his comrades and his employer. If they knew the true identity of their target, they would surely be filled with endless regret.

Countless thoughts flashed through the sniper's mind as he plummeted. He thought he was about to hit the ground, but a long time seemed to pass without him feeling the slightest pain. He also realized the roaring wind in his ears had vanished.

Am I already dead? Then why don't I feel anything?

A thought flashed through the sniper's mind, and he cautiously opened his eyes. What he saw nearly made his heart stop. He was suspended in mid-air, his body still frozen in the posture of his leap. His feet were off the rooftop, hanging in the empty space above the dizzying drop.

The sniper swallowed hard. It's like I'm frozen in place!

"I didn't say you could die. Who gave you permission?"

A quiet voice reached his ears. Though the tone was indifferent, it sent a bone-deep chill of terror through him.

Was this Ghost's doing? But how could he stop someone in mid-air? Is this some kind of immobilization technique? How is that possible? Don't tell me Ghost isn't just the King of Killers and the King of Mercenaries, but also an Ability User from Western legends?

The sniper's heart was once again filled with shock and fear. This was simply inconceivable!

"I'll give you two choices," Lin Mu said, his expression calm. "One, you talk voluntarily. Two, I make you talk."

"I..." The sniper's eyes flickered.

"Don't even think about lying to me. My eyes can see right through you," Lin Mu said, his gaze piercing the sniper's, a cold light flashing within them.

The sniper was shaken to his core, and cold sweat instantly beaded on his forehead. Ghost's eyes are terrifying.

"Actually... I didn't leave the Blood Rat Mercenary Corps on my own," the sniper stammered. "I was threatened and forced to join a... certain organization."

His words immediately made Lin Mu narrow his eyes. This man's skills might not be top-tier, but in the Mercenary World, he was considered above average. Yet he had been threatened and forced to join an organization. That meant the organization was incredibly powerful.

Lin Mu was puzzled. He was sure he hadn't offended any such organization recently.

"What kind of organization? Tell me everything you know," Lin Mu demanded.

The sniper gave a bitter smile. "I don't know. The organization is extremely secretive. Other than your direct superior, you never see anyone else. Even during training, everyone is masked and forbidden to speak. Each mission is assigned to individuals directly by the mission department." Fear tinged the sniper's voice.

"I only know that the organization is divided into eight departments. I'm in the Assassination Group of the Execution Department, codenamed Number Three. Above me are Number Two and Number One, both of whom are top-tier assassins." The sniper paused before adding, "I heard the plan to assassinate you started several days ago. After the first person failed, they sent me."

Lin Mu recalled the incident at the villa the previous night—that sniper bullet. Judging from the sound and the bullet itself, it was from an AWM.

An organization where assassins used AWM sniper rifles must have ties to the Precision International Company. Even if they weren't part of Precision International Company, they at least had business dealings with them.

It seems a visit to Precision International Company is inevitable.

Putting this current incident aside, the mere fact that they had provided massive amounts of weapons and ammunition to his enemies in the past was enough to make Lin Mu despise the company. Otherwise, with his skills, even in that desperate situation, while he might not have been able to win, escaping would have been no problem at all. It was because Precision International Company had continuously supplied those bastards with ammunition and even dispatched recon drones to constantly track his position.

Lin Mu had never forgotten. Now, Precision International Company was extending its reach into his own country, and he would not allow it.

"After all this time in the organization, you don't even know where they're located?" Lin Mu asked. His immediate priority was to root out these hidden enemies.

"I don't know, but our organization has a rule. After a mission is complete, we go to a prearranged place to report and receive payment," the sniper explained. "The rendezvous point this time is the Enjoyment Bar."

"The Enjoyment Bar?" Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly.

Isn't that one of Dao Wuming's establishments? As the thought crossed his mind, a cold smile touched Lin Mu's lips. So, it was you pulling the strings all along. In that case, don't blame me for what comes next.

"What else do you know?"

"Nothing," the sniper said, shaking his head. "That's everything I know. I swear I haven't held anything back."

"I see," Lin Mu said indifferently. "In that case, you can die now."

With a wave of his hand, the sniper's body was released and began to fall.

"Ghost, I'll haunt you even after I'm dead...!"

SPLAT!

Moments later, the sniper's body hit the ground and was smashed into a meaty pulp, as dead as could be.