

War God 59

Chapter 59 Extreme Tracker of Heaven and Earth!

His figure flickered, and Lin Mu instantly appeared next to the sniper's body.

"Did you really think I couldn't find your hiding place just because you wouldn't talk?" An icy glint flashed in Lin Mu's eyes. "What a joke!"

"Extreme Tracker of Heaven and Earth!"

Lin Mu's hands quickly formed seals as several strands of Spiritual Energy condensed on his fingertips, swiftly entwining in the air.

"Rise!"

The next moment, he pointed at the body on the ground, and a sphere of light shot into the corpse. Before long, nine threads flew out from within. The threads were blood-red, as if formed from congealed blood, and they reeked with its pungent stench.

The threads arranged themselves around the body, and within their center, an image formed, revealing the sniper's appearance just before his death.

The Extreme Tracker of Heaven and Earth could condense a remnant of the deceased's soul, granting the caster a trace of the person's memories from just before their death. Moreover, this remnant soul could neither lie nor inflict backlash. As long as the distance wasn't too great, Lin Mu was confident he could find his targets.

However, the method was exceedingly cruel and merciless. Once cast, the deceased would have their Divine Soul utterly destroyed, eliminating any possibility of reincarnation. For this reason, Lin Mu rarely used it.

But the current situation was different. The sniper had refused to speak and knew little, but his soul memories were bound to contain details he might have overlooked in life. Thus, Lin Mu had no choice but to resort to this technique.

"Boundless Heaven and Earth, track across ten thousand miles!"

Lin Mu's hands moved in a blur of seals. The soul form flickered in the air, constantly changing direction as if uncertain. This was to be expected. The sniper himself didn't know his precise location, so finding their lair would take some time.

After more than ten minutes, the soul form suddenly locked onto a direction. The nine threads converged, twisting into a single, thumb-thick red cord that shot northward with a howl. Lin Mu moved at once, giving chase.

He had to find the organization's base before the thread dissipated, or the clue would be lost forever. The thread moved incredibly fast, but fortunately, Lin Mu was swift enough to keep pace. Through the darkness, a single red cord whooshed across the night sky of River City, with a phantom-like figure in pursuit.

Half an hour later, Lin Mu arrived at the foot of a mountain. By now, the thread had thinned to the width of a single hair and was on the verge of fading away. Lin Mu looked at the mountain before him, his eyes narrowing slightly. This was Tea Mountain, a rather famous landmark in River City, known for being a massive tea cultivation base covered entirely in tea trees.

It seems this Mysterious Organization is using Tea Mountain as a cover, treating it as their hideout.

His eyes narrowed as he began to sprint up the mountain. The rugged path was no obstacle to him whatsoever. His figure advanced swiftly along the trail, passing row after row of tea trees.

As it was now nighttime, Tea Mountain was deserted. The red thread finally vanished as it neared the far side of the mountain. At that moment, Lin Mu found himself standing before an isolated fence, his eyes glinting sharply.

It seems the organization is just beyond this point.

Lin Mu could feel numerous presences active behind the fence. He was certain the Mysterious Organization was just beyond it. He twisted his neck and raised his hand. Spiritual Energy gathered in his palm, forming a blade of energy that instantly sliced the fence open, and he walked straight through.

Under the night sky, Tea Mountain exuded a strange, eerie silence. There were no animal sounds, not even the chirping of insects. Lin Mu walked slowly through the thickets, his gaze unhindered by the darkness, seeing as clearly as if it were day.

Suddenly, a smile touched his lips. He had spotted a hidden trail in the grass, one that was clearly well-trodden.

RUSTLE!

A faint sound came from the bushes.

BOOM!

The next moment, a gunshot shattered the forest's silence.

An AWM again!

THUD!

Just as the bullet was about to strike him, Lin Mu had already dodged, disappearing into the dense forest. The projectile slammed precisely into a large tree where he had just been standing. A fist-sized hole appeared in the trunk, punching straight through it. It was easy to imagine that if the bullet had hit him, even with his current strength, he could not have escaped injury.

Perched atop a large tree, a figure crouched in the darkness. Seeing his shot miss, a flicker of shock appeared in his eyes.

"Brothers, the target has escaped! Everyone be alert! I'm pulling out!" he reported over his comms.

He immediately made the correct choice: retreat. After reporting the situation, he packed up his sniper rifle, slid down the tree trunk, and moved swiftly up the mountain. His movements were incredibly agile in the darkness, befitting his codename: Leopard Cat.

Two minutes later, he had put several hundred meters behind him, but he knew it wasn't a safe enough distance. His dark eyes scanned the night before he chose a direction and began to sprint. He headed for a field of jumbled rocks backed by a dense forest, a place perfect for concealment and even for cutting off the target's retreat. This was their regular training base; they had memorized every inch of it and had installed numerous surveillance cameras. They had detected Lin Mu the moment he broke in. Their standing order was simple: kill any intruder. This location could not be exposed.

However, just as Leopard Cat settled into his hiding spot among the rocks, his eyes widened in horror.

Swallowing hard, Leopard Cat spun around, his finger moving to the trigger. But at that moment, a hand clamped down on his neck and twisted—hard.

CRACK!

Leopard Cat's neck snapped instantly. The bullet he meant to fire was never chambered. Because before his neck had even been snapped, the sniper rifle in his hands had been supernaturally dismantled, its parts clattering to the ground.

Unwillingness, shock, and terror filled Leopard Cat's eyes as he stared at the face before him.

This person... who in the world is he?

Lin Mu released his grip, letting the body fall. He glanced at the dismantled rifle on the ground, a cold smile touching his lips.

In that case, I'll see for myself just how skilled you all are.

His hands became a blur, reassembling the scattered parts. In the blink of an eye, a complete sniper rifle rested in his hands. As he held the weapon, Lin Mu's entire aura transformed. It became sharp, fierce, dominant, and mysterious.

The former King of Assassins, the Mercenary Legend, had returned