

War God 65

Chapter 65: Condensing Qi into a Sword, I am a Grandmaster!

"Old bastard?"

Him? Worthy?

At Lin Mu's words, everyone snapped their heads toward him, their expressions strange.

The Qin Family's son-in-law just called Patriarch Chen an old bastard and even claimed he wasn't worthy of an apology? Weren't the two families related by marriage? Why were they confronting each other as if they were mortal enemies? Especially given Chen Ruoping's earlier attitude, when he harshly scolded Lin Mu in front of everyone, clearly intending to humiliate him. And Lin Mu's retaliation was even sharper. He didn't just call him an old bastard; he said he was unworthy of an apology. Well, well. It seemed there was more to this story. A good show was about to start.

Everyone present was a sly old fox who had navigated the business world for decades; they were all too familiar with intrigue. In an instant, they had pieced together the situation. Curious, all eyes turned to Chen Ruoping, waiting to see how he would respond.

"Kid, what did you just say? My ears are getting old, and I can't hear so well. Why don't you say it again if you dare?" As expected, Chen Ruoping's eyes narrowed, his face instantly turning grim as he glared at Lin Mu.

"It seems you really have gotten so old you've become useless if you can't even hear what I said. Fine, I'll repeat it for you: a self-important old bastard like you should just go die in a ditch somewhere. You want me to apologize to you? You're not worthy!" Lin Mu said coolly. "And another thing," he added, "do everyone a favor and stop coming out here to make a spectacle of yourself. You're not just disgusting people; you're wasting air and polluting the environment!"

Gazing at Chen Ruoping, Lin Mu's tone was icy. "Did you hear me clearly this time?"

Lin Mu's voice was strong and resonant.

BOOM!

The moment his words landed, it was as if a massive boulder had been thrown into a tranquil lake, stirring up monstrous waves. The onlookers couldn't help but gasp, staring at Lin Mu as if they had seen a ghost.

The Qin Family's son-in-law had always been known for his weakness and incompetence. Since when did he have the nerve to speak to Chen Ruoping like that?

"Lin Mu, you're audacious!" The middle-aged, portly man jabbed a finger at Lin Mu, his face red with fury. "You're just a junior! Who gave you the nerve to speak to Patriarch Chen like that? No matter what, Chairman Chen is still your elder!"

"Put your finger down if you want to live," Lin Mu glanced at the fat man, his eyes as cold as ice.

BOOM!

In that moment, the portly man felt as if he were being stalked by an Ancient Fierce Beast. Fear flooded his heart, and he hastily lowered his hand. Then, realizing how embarrassing it was to be so easily intimidated, he put on a brave front. "Are you threatening me?"

"And what if I am?" Lin Mu shot back fearlessly.

The atmosphere at the entrance of the Four Seas Hotel instantly became a powder keg, ready to explode.

"You're courting death, boy!" Chen Ruoping finally spoke, his dark gaze fixed on Lin Mu. "Not even Qin Wentian would dare to speak to me this way. Where does a junior like you get such audacity!"

"I think *you're* the one courting death. Feel free to try me," Lin Mu replied, standing proudly, his expression cold and aloof, his aura chilling.

"Insolent whelp!" the portly man roared. "Men! Break this little bastard's legs! I want him on his knees, begging Chairman Chen for forgiveness!"

"Yes, sir!" two bodyguards behind him barked, lunging toward Lin Mu.

"Get on your knees, kid!" the two bodyguards sneered, reaching for Lin Mu's shoulders.

"Ants like you dare to make a spectacle in my presence!" With a cold expression, Lin Mu caught one of the men's wrists and squeezed. "Get lost!"

A sharp CRACK! echoed as the bodyguard's wrist snapped. A swift kick sent him flying. The other bodyguard, who had just begun to retreat, was also met with a kick to the chest. He shot through the air like a broken kite, landing more than ten meters away.

PFFT!

Both men collapsed to the ground, spitting mouthfuls of fresh blood. The middle-aged fat man's expression twisted in terror as he stared at Lin Mu.

"You..."

Lin Mu slowly walked toward him, his voice ice-cold. "If you're going to be someone's dog, you should accept the consequences. You can get down on all fours, too!"

"You dare... PFFT!"

Before the man could finish, Lin Mu kicked him square in the chest, sending him flying backward. He landed hard, his knees buckling with a sickening CRACK! as they shattered upon impact with the pavement.

"President Luo!" The receptionist who had tried to block Lin Mu paled and rushed to help the portly man.

So this fatty was from the Luo Family.

"Get my men!" President Luo roared, his face contorted in pain. "I'm going to have this little bastard torn limb from limb!"

"He's merely a worthless punk. You handle him,' Chen Ruoping said, glancing at the man beside him. The man nodded, let out a fierce shout, and unleashed an explosive aura. The solid ground beneath his feet cracked, sending shards of stone flying and forcing the surrounding crowd to stumble back in shock as they stared at him. Who would have thought this skinny-looking man was actually a hidden master!"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

With a cold expression, the man took a step forward and threw a punch straight at Lin Mu. The powerful strike whipped up a gale, ripping through the air with a terrifying sonic boom.

"The glow of a firefly, daring to compete with the splendor of the moon.' Lin Mu's expression was unchanged. He simply raised a hand, brought two fingers together, and gently tapped forward. Though the gesture seemed ordinary, in Lin Mu's hand it held the power to pierce metal and shatter stone. The violent aura of the incoming punch was instantly pierced, and his fingertips landed squarely on the man's fist."

BANG!

As if struck by a sledgehammer, the man was sent flying backward, slamming into one of the hotel's entrance pillars.

CRACK!

The solid pillar fractured with a web of terrifying cracks, and the entire hotel seemed to shudder. The man's fist now had a bloody hole clean through it, with blood streaming out. The onlookers stared in stunned disbelief, their hearts pounding with shock.

Was this guy even stronger than Chen Ruoping's own bodyguard? He sent a man flying with just two fingers?

"Take my claw!" Ignoring the wound on his fist, the man straightened up and slammed his foot against the pillar, launching himself toward Lin Mu like an arrow released from a bow. He moved like a raging tiger, his momentum immense. His hands formed into claws, swooping like a hunting eagle with wind-cleaving force! "Eagle Claw Technique!"

Lin Mu, however, remained perfectly calm. Just before the man reached him, he lifted his fingers and flicked them forward.

PFFT!

A pulse of Spiritual Energy erupted from his fingertips, forming a tiny sword of light that shot out and pierced straight through the man's chest. With a spray of blossoming blood, the man was sent flying once more.

PFFT!

This time, the man slammed into a parked car, which crumpled on impact like scrap metal. He coughed up another mouthful of blood, his eyes wide with horror as he stared at Lin Mu. In a choked voice, he cried, "Qi Release... condensing Qi into a sword... You're a Grandmaster!?"