

War God 66

Chapter 66 Furious to the point of spitting blood!

Grandmaster?

What is a Grandmaster?

The crowd looked at Lin Mu, puzzled. Could it be that Lin Mu is some kind of Grandmaster?

"To be able to break through my 'copper skin and iron bones,' you must be a Grandmaster!" The middle-aged man's voice trembled with unconcealable fear.

"Copper skin and iron bones? You haven't even touched the threshold of body refinement, yet you dare speak of such things!" Lin Mu's eyes filled with mockery as he stood with his hands clasped behind his back. While he exuded no imposing aura, the posture alone gave him an air of profound mystery.

"Cough, cough!"

The middle-aged man struggled to get up, but a pain as if a thousand arrows were piercing his heart wracked his body. The moment he managed to stand, he collapsed again.

The entire hall fell dead silent.

But in the next moment, something even more shocking happened.

With a fierce grit of his teeth, the middle-aged man summoned every last bit of his strength to rise. He walked over to Lin Mu and knelt with a heavy THUD, pressing his forehead to the floor. "I, Han Shan, was ignorant of your status as a Grandmaster," he said respectfully. "I have gravely offended you. Please grant me my punishment!"

BOOM!

The sight was like a stone tossed into a calm lake, sending ripples through the crowd. Chen Ruoping's bodyguard was kneeling to Lin Mu, his attitude utterly reverent as he addressed him as a superior.

What in the world is going on?

Han Shan remained kneeling, his body trembling slightly in fear.

"Ignorance is no sin. I will spare your life today," Lin Mu stated, his tone flat, his hands still behind his back.

"Thank you, Senior Grandmaster!" Han Shan's voice was filled with excitement as he kowtowed several times, his forehead striking the floor with loud THUDS.

According to the rules of the Martial Arts World, a Grandmaster must not be insulted! By attacking Lin Mu today, even if Lin Mu had killed him on the spot, he would have had no recourse.

However, Lin Mu's next words plunged him into a painful dilemma.

"You are spared death, but you cannot escape punishment!" Lin Mu's voice turned cold. "Since you are a bodyguard for the Chen Family, I command you to cease protecting them. If I discover you have defied me, I will kill you without hesitation!"

"This..."

Han Shan's expression was one of profound struggle. Finally, clenching his jaw, he turned to Chen Ruoping. "Patriarch Chen, I will never forget that you once saved my life. However, after protecting the Chen Family for so many years, I consider that debt repaid. Today, Master Lin has given me a command that I dare not refuse. Please, understand!"

Han Shan kowtowed three times to Chen Ruoping, then staggered to his feet and limped away.

Watching Han Shan's retreating back, everyone stared with their mouths agape, stunned into silence.

Lin Mu, is he really a Grandmaster? He made Han Shan leave the Chen Family with a single sentence? What is the status of a Grandmaster? How can they wield such power?

"I remember now!" an old man suddenly exclaimed, his face flush with excitement as he spoke in a rush. "This world isn't just what we see on the surface! Beyond that, there is a Martial Arts World, and a Grandmaster is at the very pinnacle of that world!"

"Revered by all, second only to the Martial Way itself!" The elder stared at Lin Mu in horror. "I've heard that those who achieve greatness in the Martial Way are all famous figures, but I've never heard of this man. Could he be a newly-promoted Grandmaster?"

"Elder Zhang, is it truly that difficult for a Grandmaster to appear?" someone asked.

Elder Zhang let out a long sigh. "Difficult is an understatement; it's as hard as ascending to the heavens. Of the tens of millions who practice the Martial Way, fewer than one in ten thousand can become a Grandmaster. And every single one of them is an old master who has cultivated for many years. The reason Grandmasters are so revered is because their True Qi is refined to the point that they can materialize it into a sword. That is the hallmark of a Grandmaster!"

He continued, "For this young man to become a Grandmaster at his age... either he possesses some special method to condense True Qi into a sword, or his talent for the Martial Way is something rarely seen in this world."

"Since Elder Zhang puts it that way, I still find it hard to believe he's a real Grandmaster," someone else said. "After all, he's just too young."

Another person chimed in, "Exactly. That bodyguard from the Chen Family must have been frightened out of his mind to make such a mistake."

"Whether this young man is a Grandmaster or not, the Qin Family has certainly raised a dragon!" the elder said, shaking his head. "A Divine Dragon may hide in shallow waters, but it soars to the ninth heaven when it meets the wind and clouds! The Qin Family... is destined to rise!"

Hearing the elder's words, the expressions on the faces of the crowd shifted continuously.

But the most shocked of all was Chen Ruoping.

He stared at Lin Mu, his face ashen. This was the youth he had never once taken seriously, but who was now, for the first time, truly in his sights.

"Good, good, very good!" Chen Ruoping suddenly let out three harsh laughs. He looked coldly at Lin Mu and said, "I never imagined that you, Lin Mu, were a martial arts expert. Whether this Grandmaster identity of yours is real or fake, I, this old man, will remember the events of today!"

"Lin Mu, we have a long future ahead of us. We will meet again!" Chen Ruoping gave Lin Mu one last, deep look and turned to leave.

"Old man, after provoking me time and again, you think you can just walk away? Did you ask for my permission?" Lin Mu's cold voice stopped him.

"What? Do you intend to personally make a move on this old man?" Chen Ruoping spun around, his gaze like ice as he stared at Lin Mu.

"No, you're mistaken," Lin Mu said, slowly shaking his head. "You're an old fool with one foot in the grave. You could drop dead at any moment. You don't need my help with that."

"Besides," Lin Mu added arrogantly, "you are not worthy of my action. In fact, I hope you live a little longer. Otherwise, if you died, people might think I had something to do with it. They would call me, a junior, disrespectful."

BOOM!

Lin Mu's words, calling him "old man" and "old fool" over and over, were like a series of sharp slaps to Chen Ruoping's face. He began to tremble, his complexion turning a ghastly shade of gray. The meaning was clear: Lin Mu wasn't killing him simply because he didn't want to be accused of being impolite.

Recalling the condescending words he had spoken to Lin Mu earlier, Chen Ruoping's chest heaved violently, a suffocating tightness seizing him.

He had dominated the business world for decades. Countless enemies and rivals had fallen before him. It was no exaggeration to say that the bones of those he had crushed could be piled three stories high. No one had ever dared to humiliate him so blatantly; not even the head of the Qin Family dared treat him with anything but the utmost respect.

Yet now, a mere live-in son-in-law of the Qin Family was pointing at his nose, calling him a dying old fool. He claimed he wouldn't live long and wasn't even worthy of being killed by him—all in front of this massive crowd.

He had never suffered such immense humiliation in his entire life.

"Kid, don't you worry. I will live a long and healthy life, long after you are dead and gone!" Chen Ruoping snarled through gritted teeth.

"Is that so? Let's hope you're right," Lin Mu replied with a faint smile. "In that case, Patriarch Chen, we will meet again."

With that, Lin Mu turned and left with Qin Luoli without a moment's hesitation.

Only after the two had driven away did the color of Chen Ruoping's face shift rapidly, finally turning crimson before he suddenly lurched forward. PTOO! A mouthful of blood sprayed from his lips.

The great Patriarch Chen had actually been angered to the point of vomiting blood