

War God 80

Chapter 80 The story is quite ordinary.....

「Enjoyment Bar.」

It was located on a bar street in the city center. With a prime location and high foot traffic, its business was naturally booming.

Interestingly, the Enjoyment Bar and the Drink and Enjoy Bar differed by only a single character in their names. The two bars, both owned by Dao Wuming, were not far from each other. In fact, one could say that Dao Wuming owned most of the bars and KTVs on the entire street, which had earned him a nickname: Daobanjie.

Dao Wuming, however, scoffed at this title. His ambitions were far greater. Sooner or later, he intended for the entire bar street to bear his name.

But ever since the Drink and Enjoy Bar was taken out and forced to close for reorganization, most of its clientele had flocked to the Enjoyment Bar. Inevitably, they would end up talking about its sister establishment.

"You guys have no idea. It was a stormy night, and I went to the Drink and Enjoy Bar for a drink like I always do. Then, I witnessed a scene I'll never forget for the rest of my life," a skinny man, reeking of alcohol, boasted loudly. His arm was draped around a woman whose face was caked with heavy foundation.

The people at the large table in the middle of the bar all listened to his story. Whether it was true or not didn't matter; it was just a bit of fun.

A man in a tie slapped a stack of cash on the table and said to a waiter, "Two more bottles of whiskey. I'm buying this brother a drink."

"Right away, sir!" the waiter replied with a knowing grin before turning to leave.

The others looked at the man with twinkling eyes.

"President Cao is so generous!" The hazy-eyed storyteller clearly knew him and gave him a thumbs-up, laying on the flattery.

Cao Huaibing smiled faintly. "It's just a couple of drinks, no big deal." He lit a cigarette and said, "I heard you mention the Drink and Enjoy Bar. Did you really see what happened with your own eyes?"

Although the incident at the Drink and Enjoy Bar had been kept quiet, those who frequented entertainment venues like this had naturally heard rumors. Cao Huaibing had been rather overwhelmed these past few days and didn't know the specifics. However, he had a nagging feeling that the matter wasn't so simple.

The man gulped down his drink, exhaled a long, alcoholic breath, wiped his mouth, and said, "Of course I did."

"Tell me more?" Cao Huaibing offered him a cigarette, waiting until the man had taken a satisfying drag before speaking again.

The man glanced at Cao Huaibing. "Alright, since you're buying the drinks, I'll tell you."

Although the table was full, the man still deliberately glanced around before lowering his voice. "I witnessed that incident with my own eyes."

"Oh? I'd love to hear the details," Cao Huaibing said with a smile.

"It was about a week ago, I think. May seventeenth, maybe?" the man recalled. "That day, I was in the middle of drinking when I saw Zhang Da giving a young guy a hard time."

"You all should know who Zhang Da is, right?" the man asked in a low voice, his eyes brimming with smug pride.

"Could that be the brother-in-law of Young Master Qiao Zishan?" someone ventured.

The man slapped his thigh. "That's right! It was Young Master Qiao's brother-in-law, Zhang Da."

His face lit up with excitement. "That night, Zhang Da had a lot to drink and was feeling pretty rowdy. He must have thought the young man's gaze was disrespectful, because he threw two stacks of money on the table and demanded the kid dance for everyone."

Hearing this, the listeners all shared a small smile. This kind of thing was common in bars. Some wealthy patrons loved to throw their money around to show off.

"What happened next?" Cao Huaibing's interest was piqued. For him, the words "Young Master Qiao's brother-in-law" were significantly more sensitive than for the others.

Zhang Da was dead, but the identity of his killer remained a mystery. While Young Master Qiao didn't seem to take it to heart, his young lover had spread the word: there was a reward for anyone who could provide information. Of course, Cao Huaibing wasn't interested in the reward money. He was hoping for a chance to have Zhang Da's sister—the lover—put in a good word for him with Young Master Qiao.

"Of course, the young man refused. He even shot back some defiant words," the man continued. "Tsk tsk, you should have seen the scene. Despite Zhang Da's status, that young man didn't give a damn. He even broke two of Zhang Da's fingers and forced him to kneel and beg for mercy."

"No way! He dared to break Zhang Da's fingers? That guy's got guts."

"Then what happened?" someone else exclaimed, their curiosity growing.

"Tell me about it, right? Later, Zhang Da called over the bar manager and asked the young man what crew he ran with." The storyteller looked at the others with a sly smile, drawing out the suspense. "And what do you think the young man said?"

The crowd shook their heads.

The man took another drink. "The young man said, 'I don't run with any crew. I only came here today to kill someone!'"

Upon hearing this, the crowd gasped, their faces paling in shock. To dare say something like that in front of the manager of the Drink and Enjoy Bar? That was unbelievably audacious.

"He must have been bluffing, right?"

"I think so too. Daring to threaten murder in the Drink and Enjoy Bar... does that guy have a death wish?"

Cao Huaibing, however, read more into it. "And after that?"

The man let out a boozy burp and sneered, "After that? We were all kicked out. But the next day, the Drink and Enjoy Bar was sealed off. You can guess the rest, can't you?"

The crowd was immediately disappointed, feeling the story had an anticlimactic ending.

But Cao Huaibing had latched onto a key piece of information. That young man had caused such a major disturbance that the bar couldn't even operate normally. Considering Zhang Da had died afterward, the incident was definitely related to that young man.

"The story was average, but these drinks are on me." Cao Huaibing smiled faintly and stood up to leave.

The man drank in silence, only getting up to leave himself after Cao Huaibing was gone.

Cao Huaibing went to the restroom and made a phone call. "Miss Zhang, I have a lead... Yes, that's right. Rest assured, I will definitely follow up on it... It's no trouble, really. I only hope you'll be able to put in a good word for me with Young Master Qiao afterward. Thank you in advance, Miss Zhang."

He hung up, a trace of excitement on his face. A fierce glint flashed in his eyes as he made several more calls, ordering his men to investigate a certain young man.

As Cao Huaibing left the bar feeling satisfied, he was completely unaware that a pair of eyes had just slowly withdrawn from him.

I hope you're not digging your own grave. Lin Mu thought, withdrawing his gaze. He slowly rose to his feet and headed toward the bar's back door.

He had been watching that man for a while, and he was precisely the person Lin Mu was looking for.

Just as Lin Mu was about to go after him, a familiar voice called out from inside the bar.

"Lin Mu? You're here too?"