

War God 85

Chapter 85: A Phone Call!

"Haha, Lin Mu, do you think you're going on a sightseeing trip? Be right back? You should take a moment to consider your own strength!" Su Ming sneered and followed close behind. "This time, I want Qin Yan to watch you die!"

Lin Mu just smiled, a hint of mockery flashing across his lips.

After they left, the anxious Qin Yan was too restless to sit or stand still. Before leaving, Su Ming had asked Shi Kaimin to keep an eye on her and not let her go.

Guan Jiaojiao whispered, "Qin Yan, should I call your family?"

Qin Yan hesitated for a moment. "It's probably not necessary just yet."

She suddenly remembered the scene at the entrance of the Qin Family estate the night before.

Even the Luo Family Head, Luo Huai'an, suffered a loss at his hands, and he beat Luo Jinping half to death. A Martial Arts Grandmaster... with medical skills reaching the divine...

Qin Yan was curious. Still, she clutched her phone tightly. If Lin Mu really got into trouble, her only option was to call home. After all, the Qin Family held some weight in River City.

Guan Jiaojiao looked at Qin Yan, puzzled by her sudden confidence.

Liping scoffed, "Do you really think he's coming back? Qin Yan, it looks like you're going to take a nasty fall this time."

Qin Yan glanced at Liping indifferently. "It's too early to say that. Just try not to make a fool of yourself later."

Liping sneered, "Then let's just wait and see!"

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The back alley behind Enjoyment Bar was a remote, unlit place. Few people ever ventured into the gloomy, damp area. Anyone who caused trouble in the bar was usually dragged here for a beating before being thrown out onto the bar street, left for dead.

Two security guards led Lin Mu into the alley.

Su Ming looked around and nodded in satisfaction. "This place is perfect."

One of the guards laughed. "Of course. In a place like this, you could kill someone, dump the body at the mouth of the alley, and no one would ever know."

Su Ming nodded. "Just break his arms and legs. For Qin Yan's sake, spare his life. I'll pay you in full."

"You got it." The security guard grinned.

Young Master Su is always so considerate. It's not that we're afraid of an investigation, but a dead body is always a hassle.

"Kid, you get to choose. Should we start with your hands or your feet?" one of the guards asked, toying with the rubber baton in his hand.

Bars didn't use steel pipes or knives anymore; this tool was more practical. It inflicted excruciating pain without being lethal, but it was guaranteed to leave a lasting impression.

"Hehe, Young Master Su said to break your arms and legs," the other guard chuckled smugly. "Whether we leave you with one of each or none at all depends on our mood."

Su Ming stood to the side, smiling silently.

"Do you really think you have me cornered?" Lin Mu slowly shook his head.

"Oh? Still got some fight in you?" one guard sneered. "We'll see in a minute which is tougher—this baton or your limbs."

Su Ming spoke up. "Lin Mu, honestly, we have no grudge between us, and I didn't want to do this. But you showed me no respect, and Qin Yan doesn't know what's good for her. So, you can't blame me for this."

Lin Mu nodded. "I know. That's exactly what I was about to say to you."

Su Ming's expression darkened. "Lin Mu, I'm giving you one last chance. Either you get Qin Yan into my bed, or you can forget about ever getting out of yours! Make your choice!"

The two guards were eager to get started. After all, they were just doing Young Master Su's bidding for pay. As long as the money was good, they didn't care about anything else.

"Is there no third option?" Lin Mu asked.

"You don't have the right to choose!" Su Ming replied coldly.

"Is that so?" Lin Mu chuckled lightly. "Fine. In that case, I don't need to show you any courtesy, either."

"Still talking tough at a time like this? Teach him a good lesson! Let's see if he can still smile in a minute!"

"Sorry about this, kid!" one of the guards sneered, swinging his rubber baton down at Lin Mu's knees. The blow would be enough to force Lin Mu to his knees, unable to get up. Then, Young Master Su could have some fun with him.

BANG!

The guard moved quickly, but before the baton could land, he was sent flying backward.

THUD!

With a loud crash, the guard landed in a trash can, motionless.

Watching the rattling can, the other guard and Su Ming froze in shock.

"You think you have what it takes to break my limbs?" Lin Mu slowly shook his head. "Truly disappointing."

Su Ming snapped out of his daze, pointing at Lin Mu and shouting, "Cripple him! I'll give you another fifty thousand!"

A flash of greed crossed the remaining guard's eyes. With a roar, he charged at Lin Mu.

THUD!

This time, Su Ming didn't even see what happened. The guard went flying, landing in another trash can and falling silent.

Of course, Lin Mu hadn't killed them. But that kick was enough to keep them bedridden for ten days to two weeks.

Now, Su Ming was panicking. He'd never imagined that Lin Mu could kick away the two larger guards as if they were dead dogs.

As Lin Mu started walking toward him, Su Ming's panic grew. "What... what are you going to do?"

He thought about running back to the bar, but Lin Mu said calmly, "If you dare run, I guarantee you won't see tomorrow's sun."

Su Ming froze, not daring to move. He swallowed hard, his voice trembling as he asked, "Lin Mu, what do you want?"

"What do I want?" Lin Mu shook his head. "I really don't know whether to call you stupid or just stupid. You were going to break my limbs. Did you really think I would be polite to you?"

Su Ming's eyes widened. "You wouldn't dare lay a hand on me, would you? Honestly, I underestimated you, but do you dare to hit me? If you do, I guarantee it's not just you who'll be finished—Qin Yan will be dragged down with you!" He held up a finger. "I swear, with a single word from me, you'll die without a burial plot! Do you believe me?"

Lin Mu nodded, responding with a smile, "Of course, I believe you."

"Then why would you—"

Before Su Ming could finish, Lin Mu interrupted, "But as I've said, it only takes one phone call from me to reduce you to nothing."

"You... you're full of hot air!"

"Am I?" Lin Mu laughed. He then pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

"There's a guy from the Su Family named Su Ming. I hear Meng Delin is his maternal grandfather. I don't care how you do it—a buyout, a merger, whatever—just make sure the family no longer carries the Su name. Oh, and as for that Su Ming's job... get rid of it."

Lin Mu finished speaking and hung up, his expression calm.

The call, of course, was to Ning Xian. Since Ning Xian owed him his life, he certainly wouldn't refuse such a small favor.

Watching Lin Mu end the call, Su Ming sneered, "Kid, you put on a convincing show. I—"

Before Su Ming could finish, his phone rang.

"What?"

He only listened for a moment before his face turned deathly pale, his eyes filling with terror as he stared at Lin Mu. The call delivered just two shocking messages:

"Your grandpa's been arrested!"

"Su Ming, you bastard, what the hell have you done?!"