

War God 88

Chapter 88: Barehanded Into the Blade's Edge!

"Follow me. I'll get you out of here."

The words were calm, yet they brimmed with undeniable confidence.

Shi Kaimin laughed in fury, his tone sinister. "Kid, on my turf, you're the first person who's dared to say something like that!"

"But I promise you, you'll also be the last!"

Shi Kaimin swung his hand down. "Go! Let this ignorant fool learn that here, whether you're a dragon or a tiger, you still have to grovel on the ground!"

Several security guards, weapons in hand, charged in unison.

"Ah!"

Guan Jiaojiao's face turned pale with fright. Although she had claimed not to be afraid, she was a girl, after all. Who wouldn't be scared in a situation like this?

One of the security guards swung his baton at Lin Mu's head, clearly not holding back. Had it connected, Lin Mu would have ended up a bloody, motionless tragedy on the ground.

However, facing the guard's attack, Lin Mu's expression remained unchanged. He sidestepped, shielding Qin Yan and Guan Jiaojiao behind him, and raised his hand.

SMACK!

Lin Mu accurately caught the rubber baton, neutralizing its force. His arm didn't even tremble.

The guard's expression changed dramatically. He tried to pull his arm back, but it was too late.

Lin Mu had already lifted his leg and kicked him squarely in the abdomen.

BANG!

The security guard let out a gasp. As if hit by a car, he was sent flying backward. He smashed through a table before crashing to the floor, where he writhed and wailed in agony.

The others were so shocked by the scene that they momentarily forgot to attack.

Even Qin Yan and Guan Jiaojiao were stunned.

So powerful?

Guan Jiaojiao's mouth hung open as she stared at Lin Mu, her large, lovely eyes blinking in shock.

"Go to hell!"

Just then, a security guard who had circled to Lin Mu's side roared, swinging a steel pipe mercilessly at Lin Mu's neck. He used all his strength, intending not only to avenge his companion but also to take Lin Mu down in a single blow.

"Be careful!" Guan Jiaojiao cried out. Qin Yan's expression also changed, her face taut with fear.

However, Lin Mu's expression remained unchanged. As if he had eyes in the back of his head, he easily bent down and dodged the fatal strike.

Then, he shifted his weight, took a step to the right, gathered his Spiritual Energy, raised his hand, and threw a punch.

BOOM!

The punch landed squarely on the guard's chest.

The guard's arm was still raised, the steel pipe just an inch from Lin Mu's head. But his cruel smirk twisted into a mask of horror, and then pain contorted his features into a terrifying grimace.

"UGH!" The guard let out a strangled groan of pain. Like a willow catkin in the wind, he flew backward and collapsed, his fate unknown.

In just two moves, Lin Mu had incapacitated two security guards. The sight terrified everyone.

Even Shi Kaimin couldn't process what was happening. Had he truly provoked The Dragon Crosses the River?

The rest of the security guards were frozen in fear, their limbs cold.

"What are you waiting for? Get him, all of you! Dead or alive!" Shi Kaimin roared, slapping one of the guards on the head in a fit of embarrassed rage.

"If you can't cripple this brat, you're all fired!"

The guards' expressions flickered, but none of them moved forward immediately. One on one, they were no match for Lin Mu.

"I'll take him on!"

Suddenly, a scar-faced man leaped forward, brandishing a steel blade and slashing directly at Lin Mu.

The muscles on his arm bulged, straining with the effort. The steel blade howled through the air as he swung it with incredible force.

His blade was custom-made. Not only was it sharp, but it was also extremely heavy. An ordinary person would struggle just to lift it, let alone swing it at someone.

Yet, the burly man moved with astonishing speed. In the blink of an eye, he was in front of Lin Mu, his blade raised high. He chopped down, aiming to cleave Lin Mu in two.

"Ah!" Guan Jiaojiao shrieked, covering her eyes, too scared to watch.

Qin Yan was in no better state. If she hadn't been leaning against Guan Jiaojiao for support, her trembling body would have already given out and collapsed.

The rushing wind hit his face, and Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly. For the first time, a flicker of killing intent appeared in their depths. This man attacked with brutal ferocity and no hesitation; he was no amateur. It was clear his hands were already stained with the blood of several lives.

"Close your eyes."

Lin Mu's command was baffling, but Qin Yan and Guan Jiaojiao seemed to understand, and they both squeezed their eyes shut.

However, curiosity got the better of Qin Yan, and she peeked through a tiny slit. What she saw next was the most shocking sight of her life.

She saw the scarred man's blade coming right for Lin Mu, who didn't even try to dodge. He just stood there.

Has he been scared stiff?

Just as the thought crossed her mind, she saw Lin Mu suddenly raise a hand toward the descending blade.

Has Lin Mu gone mad? Is he actually trying to catch a blade with his bare hand?

Qin Yan wasn't the only one bewildered. Even the scarred man was stunned by Lin Mu's move.

However, the man's shock didn't make him hesitate. He had killed at least eight men, if not ten. He was, for all intents and purposes, the bar's enforcer. Years ago, he had been a fugitive. After causing some trouble at this bar and injuring someone, he wasn't punished. Instead, Shi Kaimin took him in, gave him a new identity, and provided for him. In return, he was to step in and handle any trouble. He'd seen plenty of so-called heroes like Lin Mu, who thought a little skill meant they could run wild in his bar. He'd killed plenty of them, too.

Idiot! Barehanded Into the Blade's Edge? Who fights like that?

The burly man sneered and put all his strength into the downward chop.

But then, something both infuriating and laughable happened. The man he thought was as good as dead reached out with two fingers, as if to pinch something.

"You're asking to die!" the burly man snarled, already picturing the bloody, gruesome outcome.

But in the next second...

BANG!

Lin Mu's two fingers effortlessly clamped onto the steel blade, holding it as firmly as a vise.

"This..." the burly man shrieked, his eyes wide with absolute horror.

And then, something even more shocking happened.

Lin Mu applied a slight twist to his fingers. With a pulse of Spiritual Energy, they became as sharp as the blade itself.

CRACK!

The hard steel blade was instantly snapped in two.

Before the burly man could react, Lin Mu had gathered Spiritual Energy into the broken half of the blade and flicked his wrist.

WHOOSH!

The broken blade, imbued with ferocious Spiritual Energy, shot forward and pierced straight through the burly man's chest.

PFFT!

The broken blade, carrying a spray of blood, didn't slow. It whistled past Shi Kaimin's face and embedded itself deep into the bar's wall.

THUMP!

Propelled by the remaining force, the burly man's body slammed into two or three others before crashing to the ground. After one final spurt of blood, his eyes closed in defiance. He was dead beyond any doubt.