

CEO Bride 391

Chapter 391

A young man from the hotel rooftop leaped down, landing in a half-kneel.

Two deep footprints appeared on the ground.

The next moment later, he was right in front of the boss in a flash.

With his pale and distinct hands, he grasped the boss by the throat and coldly demanded, "Who sent you?"

A sense of imminent death enveloped the boss, his pupils shrinking in terror.

The cold-faced young man swiftly snapped the boss' neck.

He then turned his gaze to the other three men.

Just his gaze alone forced the three men to kneel.

The other two exchanged glances, choosing to remain silent.

The cold-faced youth scoffed, then swiftly moved and used his robust inner energy to shatter the hearts of the two men.

Killing was as easy as turning his hand.

This

undeniably

own urine from fright. He blurted out, "It... it... it was Chad Mare who s-sent

"Tell him... if he even thinks about harming Hera's family, these men's fate will be his."

"Okay..."

before scrambling away into

man in old-school clothing handed a voice recorder

three others retreated.

to go back to the hotel but stopped

all over his face and long, unkempt

looked like a vagrant who had

"Sawyer Ford?"

The

his eyes in recognition.

a stage nine great-grandmaster from the
arts forms, each mastered
defeated two

martial arts world dubbed him the Martial

hands in his pockets, flipping his greasy, unwashed hair back. He smirked. "What's the relationship
between Hera and the

cold-faced youth retorted, "What's it to you?"

looked at the young man who was a head taller than him. He
clenched his fists,

master lost to me. Do you think you stand a

The young man's facial muscles quivered. His intense inner energy swirled around him, creating gusts of
wind.

Squinting, Sawyer taunted, "So, you really want to fight? Then today, I'll send you to meet your master!"

He swung his fist with such force that the surrounding street lights flickered.

The cold-faced youth crossed his arms in defense, blocking Sawyer's punch.

The impact was so immense like it was a large truck moving at full speed that he skidded several meters
back.

It gouged two deep tracks in the asphalt.

The cold-faced youth was shocked. Without hesitation, he charged at Sawyer.

He was repelled with another explosive force, which sent him flying.

When he landed, he skidded another ten meters.

Pushing himself up from the ground, the young man spat out a mouthful of blood.

The difference in strength between the two stage nine great-grandmasters was horrifying!

Sawyer, truly deserving of his reputation as Martial Maniac, exclaimed with excitement, "Boy, meet your
end!"

He leaped high, preparing to deliver a crushing blow.

However, just as he was about to land, a cold voice rang in his ear.

"Scram!"