

Powerhouse 47

Chapter 47 - Did you ask me before you moved him?

"Master He, are you really confident? Maybe you should also ask Mr. Lin to join you, just to be more certain, to avoid any mishaps," Lu Haotian stared at He Qiang, somewhat doubtful.

"No need." He Qiang dismissed the suggestion with arrogance and snorted, "Lord of Heaven, to have a child assist me—should this spread, wouldn't I, He Qiang, become a laughingstock? Cai Gaohan is nothing to me. Ten moves, at most ten moves, and I guarantee he'll be kneeling before the Lord of Heaven begging for mercy!"

Lu Haotian pondered for a moment, took a deep drag of his cigar, and then said, "Very well, since Master He is so confident, we won't need Mr. Lin's help for now. However, if Master He feels overwhelmed at any point, please make sure to let us know in time."

Over at Fu Donglai's side, he arrogantly looked towards Lu Haotian, his face full of a cold sneer, "Lu Haotian, I'm giving you one last chance. Leave Lin City now, and you might avoid losing a Martial Arts Grandmaster. Relocate to another city, and you could still rule as a king. But if you're unwise, not just him, but you won't survive either."

"Hmph! To threaten the Lord of Heaven like this, do you really think I, He Qiang, am a vegetarian?"

He Qiang coldly snorted, his gaze chilling as he looked towards Fu Donglai.

"What are you supposed to be?"

Fu Donglai didn't speak, but the Cai Gaohan next to him simply smirked dismissively, saying faintly, "Even two of you would not be enough to fight me."

"You... what did you say?" He Qiang's face flushed with anger. After all, he was a Martial Arts Grandmaster, albeit a basic one, but in Lin City he was a dominant presence.

"I said, even two more of you would not be my match," Cai Gaohan said, playfully folding his arms across his chest.

"Haha, quite the big talker, but I, He Qiang, have practiced martial arts for over a decade and rarely met my match. Today, I will show everyone how you will die by my hands!"

With those words, He Qiang shouted coldly, slightly lifting his fist—and with a boom, the wall behind him was instantly smashed into a massive 30-centimeter deep pit, the wall itself deeply cracked!

"Good!"

"Never thought Master He could be so strong!"

The gazes of those wealthy onlookers suddenly lit up, repeatedly shouting praises, their hearts filled with hope.

He Qiang being so formidable, maybe he really could defeat Cai Gaohan. Then they wouldn't have to bow down to Fu Donglai or pay him the lofty annual profit of fifty percent.

"Mr. Lin, what do you think about Master He and this Cai Gaohan? Who is stronger?" Long San couldn't help but ask Lin Mo.

"Not half a move—he'll surely die!" Lin Mo replied indifferently.

What?

Long San's eyes widened, somewhat dumbfounded. Even a weak Master He couldn't possibly be defeated in just half a move, could he?

No, Lin Mo said 'die', meaning killed in half a move. Even with Long San's deep respect for Lin Mo, he couldn't help but bitterly smile. Wasn't that a joke?

Lin Mo's voice wasn't loud, and others didn't hear it, but He Qiang did.

After all, as a Martial Cultivator, his hearing was extraordinary.

A flash of anger crossed his heart: "So young, yet more arrogant than Cai Gaohan, claiming to kill me in half a move? Utterly ignorant! Once I've dealt with Cai Gaohan, if you don't apologize properly, I definitely won't let you leave here safely!"

"Idiot!"

Seeing the displeased look in He Qiang's eyes, Lin Mo, with his hands in his pockets as if knowing what He Qiang was thinking, indifferently cursed.

Soon, He Qiang stood with his arms folded in front of Cai Gaohan, proudly saying, "Will you make the first move, or shall I?"

"Such bullshit!"

Cai Gaohan's face turned ruthless, and the next second, his foot moved like a phantom, and in the blink of an eye, he was before He Qiang.

"You..."

He Qiang's face was full of shock, and before he could say anything more, Cai Gaohan fiercely punched him in the chest.

Boom!!

Instantly, He Qiang's body flew back like a kite with its string cut, crashing to the ground, shattering the sturdy marble tiles!

Everyone looked again, and He Qiang's chest was already covered in flowing blood, dead beyond doubt.

In an instant, the scene fell eerily silent.

The faces of those wealthy onlookers turned deathly pale, some even trembling so badly that a clear puddle of water could be seen on the ground.

And Lu Haotian's face was utterly downcast, as though a billionaire had gone bankrupt overnight.

"How about that? Lu Haotian, I told you before, this so-called master was no match for Master Cai."

"Claiming to be 'Master He', he couldn't even manage half a move. Only someone like Master Cai deserves the title of master!"

Lu Haotian's face fell as if plummeting into an abyss, utterly despondent.

It seemed he was doomed today!

Lu Haotian gave a self-deprecating smile, reflecting on ruling Lin City for decades, only to meet such an end.

"Kill him!" The next second, Fu Donglai slightly lifted his hand, commanding with a dominating tone.

Cai Gaohan nodded, a murderous intent flashing in his eyes, striding towards Lu Haotian with a fierce presence that fully targeted him.

Facing such a deadly situation, Lu Haotian closed his eyes in despair, resigning himself to his fate.

"Did you ask me before you touched him?"

Just then, a cold voice suddenly rang out.

Fu Donglai was startled. At this moment, someone dared to stop him?

Everyone's gaze turned to the corner where a cool young man was casually smoking, sitting with one leg crossed over the other, his expression unfazed and serene.

"This... Does this guy have a death wish?"

"Yeah, daring to stand out at such a critical moment!"

"It's over! This kid might die even more miserably than He Qiang!"