

Powerhouse 52

Chapter 52 - Nobody Can Save You in Heaven or on Earth

"Ha, ha, ha, ha..."

Tian Changlin seemed to have heard the funniest joke of his life; he truly found it hilarious!

Not just him, Tian Li, Tian Peiwen, and even Tian Dong, whose arm had just been disabled by Lin Mo, found it ridiculously funny. However, both Tian Dong and Tian Peiwen could only hold back their laughter, not daring to let out another peep.

In Tian Peiwen's heart, she thought Lin Mo to be incredibly arrogant. Did he really think that being able to kick her away so easily made him invincible?

He had no idea who he was talking to!

Her own second uncle—a man who had practiced martial arts for over ten years and had once killed an Intermediate Martial Master with his bare hands, using just a single move.

Tian Peiwen didn't know much about martial arts, but she was aware of the terrifying strength her second uncle possessed.

"Kid, who do you think you are to spout nonsense in front of me? Tired of living, are you?"

Tian Changlin stared at Lin Mo; he even thought that this cold-faced youth might have fried his brains.

"Three!"

Lin Mo didn't even acknowledge him but extended a finger, calmly uttering a word.

"Such arrogance! Giving me five seconds to consider, in my presence? Since that's the case, don't blame me for bullying the young. Today, I'll teach you a painful lesson by breaking all your limbs to show you the consequences and outcomes of youthful folly!"

Tian Changlin's face went completely cold as he glared at Lin Mo, his voice grave.

This kid is finished! Tian Peiwen and Tian Dong both thought to themselves.

"Tian Changlin, you've got some nerve! Even daring to provoke Mr. Lin!"

Just when many thought Lin Mo was a goner, suddenly a rough and furious voice erupted.

Following that, a tattooed bald man appeared in everyone's line of sight.

"Long San, what do you mean by that?" Tian Changlin stared at Long San, feeling a slight annoyance.

Long San was seething with rage as he cursed at Tian Changlin, "Are you f*cking stupid? Do you know who Mr. Lin is?"

"Long San, watch your tone. Although you roll with Lord of Heaven, even he has to show me some respect in my presence. What are you, to curse at me?" Tian Changlin glowered fiercely at Long San and sneered.

"You... are really stupid! Mr. Lin is not someone you can afford to provoke. Kneel and apologize now! Otherwise, truly, no one under heaven or above earth can save you," Long San urged, somewhat anxiously. Originally, he didn't want to meddle, but the Tian Family had a relatively good relationship with Lu Haotian, so out of kindness, he offered a few words of caution. Yet, Tian Changlin was completely clueless.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha... Long San, are you trying to kill me with laughter? No one under heaven or above earth can save me, you say? Do you really think this seventeen or eighteen-year-old kid can do anything to me?" Tian Changlin was full of disdain, his eyes brimming with mockery.

A mere eighteen-year-old youth, a threat to his life?

"He's right; five seconds are up, and indeed, no one under heaven or above earth can save you now," Lin Mo said, hands in his pockets, his tone especially indifferent.

"You—seek—death!!"

Tian Changlin nearly ground his teeth as he spat out these three words, his eyes could have devoured someone alive!

As his voice fell.

Swoosh!!

Tian Changlin's figure, like an arrow drawn from a fully bent bow, violently shot forward.

For a moment, the air itself seemed to shiver sharply.

Seeing this scene, Tian Peiwen's and Tian Dong's eyes lit up with joy as they shouted excitedly:

"Second uncle, kill him!!"

"This kid is dead meat!"

Similarly, Long San looked down with contempt and helplessness, "Idiot, you don't even know how to cherish the chance to live, and you dare to lay a hand on Mr. Lin; you're simply asking for death."

Boom!

The next second, Tian Changlin's fiercely violent punch had already fallen before Lin Mo.

Everyone, however, saw Lin Mo, with a calm expression, lazily raise a finger and strike out.

This was simply courting death!

Tian Changlin's face was even more filled with rage, as to him, this was a complete show of contempt and disdain. Suddenly, he unleashed all his True Qi, and his fist, carrying the Thunder Power of a thousand juns, aimed to smash Lin Mo into pulp!

Bang!

In a flash, the two collided—one punch, one finger—stirring up a hurricane.

The next second, everyone saw an incredibly unbelievable scene; Lin Mo had actually blocked Tian Changlin's full-force strike with just one finger.

Not just them, Tian Changlin's eyes were full of shock, fear, and terror!

As if he had felt the arrival of the God of Death, his whole body trembled, because he could clearly sense an appalling force creeping toward his fist.

In a moment, overwhelmed by terror, Tian Changlin was extremely afraid and looked at Lin Mo with a face begging for mercy, "Don't... don't kill me!!"

"I've said it, no one under heaven can save you!"

Lin Mo remained indifferent, his tone as cold as ice.

"Ah!! Damn it!! I don't want to die!!"

Terror filled Tian Changlin's eyes.

Before anyone could figure out what had happened, Boom! A thunderous sound erupted, and Tian Changlin's body fell, kicking up countless dust particles.

Dead... dead?

Everyone was inexplicably horrified; they hadn't even seen Tian Changlin spit blood or any wounds on his body.

But what they didn't know was that Tian Changlin's internal organs had already shattered to pieces!

The entire crowd watching the scene gasped in a collective breath of cold air.

Tian Li, Tian Peiwen, and Tian Dong, had long been stunned, shaking in fear!

Lin Mo merely glanced at Tian Li with a tone as imperiously commanding as the Nine Heavens Monarch, "Break the limbs of those two, and the Tian Family might still have a sliver of a chance to survive! Provoke me again, and I will wipe you out!"

With that said,

Lin Mo turned and walked away, leaving only a cold figure behind.

Tian Li glanced at Tian Peiwen and Tian Dong, and his eyes suddenly hardened.

"Uncle! What... what are you going to do?"

"Dad, you... Uncle is dead now! Aren't you going to avenge him?"

"Avenge your damn self!"

With a fierce stomp, Tian Li stepped on Tian Peiwen's other knee, blood pouring out while he showed not the slightest hint of pity!

Long San glanced at Tian Li and the others, cursed them for deserving it, and then quickly chased after Lin Mo's silhouette.

"Mr. Lin, please wait..."