

The scene of Kayson defeating four grandmasters fueled Bob's confidence. He looked the man straight in the eyes and said sternly, "You're indeed powerful, Luke, but there will always be someone stronger than you. You should get down off your high horse!"

Luke let out a cold smirk and said, "It seems like whoever you ask help from, you have a lot of confidence in them. In this case, I'm kind of curious who they really are."

Bob heaved out weakly and replied, "You should run while you have the chance. When he's here, you won't be able to run anymore."

Luke chuckled, "Are you serious? No one can force me to run away for my life, not even when they're a smasher! Do you think I'm one of those weaklings?"

Bob felt his eyelids become even heavier, and he did not have the energy to reply to him anymore.

At that moment, the door was kicked open from the outside, and Bob hastily cracked his eyes open. He saw that there was a silhouette standing in the doorway.

Luke grabbed his dagger and turned his head to look at Kayson.

Then, he was stunned and asked, "How old are you, kid?"

Kayson replied indifferently, "It's none of your business."

Luke couldn't help himself and dissolved into a fit of laughter. "