

Powerhouse 106

Chapter 106: Fight Violence with Violence

The second lesson was a physical education class, and given the incident that happened last time, the PE teacher didn't dare to provoke Lin Mo.

As for everyone else, they all began doing push-ups and squats.

Lin Mo lay leisurely on the grass, his slender fingers running through his hair, looking up at the azure sky, his eyes slightly closed, as if deep in thought.

Everything was happening quickly.

As soon as Jiang Chengfeng found the right talent for researching medicine, Lin Mo planned to start establishing a medical company with Long San and Lu Haotian.

He wanted the Eternal Youth Pill and Hundred Spirit Pill to make a sensational debut, shocking not only Shu Province but also the whole of Huaxia and the world!

He was determined to place the Lin Family back at the pinnacle of the Imperial City, and he, Lin Mo, was resolved to make the whole of Huaxia and even the world tremble!

About a minute passed, and Lin Mo's long, cold eyes slightly opened, a dense chill flashing through them.

Dust-covered images, as crisp as a film, flashed through his mind.

"Lin Mo, right? I'll tell you this—my Murong Lingxuan is not someone you're worthy of!"

"Of course, my Murong Family will provide appropriate compensation. You can't cultivate, right? This Regeneration Creation Pill can reconstitute your meridians, allowing you to become a martial artist again. Although your future achievements won't be too high, it's certainly much better than being an ordinary person."

Two years ago, as Murong Chongtian, the Murong Family Head, sat high on the throne, the Murong Family exuded powerful, towering auras, all pressing down on that handsome, fifteen-year-old boy who clutched his fists tightly.

Seeing Lin Mo unmoved,

The girl beside Lin Mo, ethereal in demeanor, possessing a face that could topple empires, looked at the boy before her without a hint of pity and spoke in an incredibly icy tone:

"In my Murong Lingxuan's life, there should be no stains, and your marriage contract with me is the biggest stain of my life!"

"So to me, Murong Lingxuan, this marriage contract is nothing but waste paper!"

"Now, I will tear it up before you, consider it as me, Murong Lingxuan, divorcing you. From now on, you have nothing to do with me!"

Having said that, Murong Lingxuan stretched out her fair hand, white as snow, tearing the marriage contract into pieces, throwing them down upon the boy.

A divorce letter? The greatest humiliation for a man in his life is to be publicly divorced by a woman!

For a moment, nearly everyone's eyes were filled with contempt, sneers, ridicule, and disdain, all focused on the handsome young man who was trembling uncontrollably because of extreme anger.

It wasn't just him; the middle-aged man and woman standing behind the boy also suffered endless humiliation.

Finally, the boy, who had been silent for a very, very long time, lifted his blood-red, ferocious eyes that seemed capable of killing, and said word by word:

"The greatest blemish? You think you're excellent? In my eyes, you're nothing but a self-righteous, cheap woman!"

Slap!

No sooner had Lin Mo finished speaking than Murong Chongtian flashed in front of him and brutally slapped the boy across the face.

The boy was sent flying, landing miserably on the ground, his mouth filled with blood.

Seeing this, Murong Lingxuan didn't show a hint of pity; instead, her stunning face was somewhat angry.

Murong Chongtian looked coldly at the boy and cursed:

"You, a wretch among wretches! What right do you have to insult my daughter, Murong Chongtian's daughter?"

"And your Lin Family is even worse than a dog now!"

The Murong Family's other elders also added insult to injury:

"That's right, just some ant, a wretch! Divorcing you was already giving you a lot of face!"

"Besides, we even gave you a Regeneration Creation Pill as an enormous favor!"

"You wretch, just be secretly pleased!"

Lin Guang and Yang Chuxue, who were by Lin Mo's side, clenched their fists in infinite rage, but the boy, amid the intense suppression from all around, struggled to his knees, blood streaming down, and painfully stood up to stop them. He cut open his palm and with his blood, etched a Blood Oath word by word.

Once the oath was made, the handsome young man lifted his star-like eyes, his gaze as fierce as a primordial beast, sweeping over everyone present, his voice as cold as millennium-old glacial ice:

"Today, the humiliation you, the Murong Family, have brought upon me, Lin Mo, and the Lin Family, I will return a hundredfold, a thousandfold!"

"On the day I Lin Mo step into the Murong Family, I will make all realms and all beings in the universe tremble!"

The screen vanished, and Lin Mo's eyes were bloodshot, a bone-chilling intent sweeping across the entire playground and even the school in the blink of an eye.

Everyone was terrified and astonished, "What's going on? It's a full thirty degrees today, yet in that instant, it felt as if we hit the critical temperature point; I nearly thought I was at the Top of the Arctic!"

Boom!

Before the students could recover from their shock, the earth and skies changed color, a downpour began, and Nine Thunders roared, with the fierce thunder seeming as though it would tear apart this entire universe.

Not until Lin Mo's icy cold eyes gradually calmed did the dark clouds in the sky slowly dissipate and everything returned to normal.

...

After the physical education class, Lin Mo stood up and headed directly to the restroom on the first floor of the teaching building.

However, just as he turned the corner to the restroom, he heard an angry voice.

"Stop it!"

It was Zhong Qiaomeng's voice.

She was just about to head from the first floor to the third floor, but she saw several tall boys holding the leg of a table and kicking and punching a bespectacled boy.

Zhong Qiaomeng naturally couldn't stand to watch and spoke up to intervene.

The leading boy with an earring gave Zhong Qiaomeng a cold look and shouted harshly, "Damn it! Who's this bitch interfering with my business?"

"What you're doing is wrong, and if you lay another hand on him, I'll call the dean's office," Zhong Qiaomeng said, taking out her phone in an attempt to scare them off.

Slap!

Before Zhong Qiaomeng could finish her sentence, the boy with an earring slapped her phone out of her hand, shattering the screen as it crashed to the ground.

"Still dare to call? Damn bitch! I'm going to hit him now, what about that?"

Saying so, the boy with the earring kicked fiercely at the refined, bespectacled boy, cursing, "Kid, if you don't cough up the protection money of a thousand yuan right now, I'll break your legs."

Lin Mo's eyes slightly frowned, indeed, he found such school violence and bullying by those who prey on the smaller and fewer repugnant.

"This is too much! I'm going to tell the teacher about this!" Zhong Qiaomeng said full of indignation.

"Damn bitch, are you looking to die?!"

The boy's face darkened, and he raised the table leg aiming for Zhong Qiaomeng's forehead.

Lin Mo raised an eyebrow; though indifferent, Zhong Qiaomeng was, after all, a classmate.

As the table leg came brutally towards her, Zhong Qiaomeng was so frightened that her face turned pale with terror.

However, at that moment, a slender hand caught the table leg.

Then, Lin Mo's figure appeared in front of her.

Lin Mo was very close to Zhong Qiaomeng, and she could almost smell him in a single breath.

In an instant, Zhong Qiaomeng was somewhat enchanted and blushed; the scent of a man was so pleasant and unique.

Her heartbeat raced uncontrollably.

"Damn it! Do you have any idea who the hell I'm mixed up with? Daring to mess with my business?"

The boy with the earring glared at Lin Mo resentfully and cursed with discontent.

"You think you're pretty tough, huh?" Lin Mo looked at him indifferently.

"Of course, I'm tougher than you. I'm the boss of this Qingye High School area, and Brother Wu Ji backs me up!"

"I'm the one collecting all the protection money at Qingye High School; who the hell are you?"

"Let go of me right now!"

Lin Mo didn't speak, but snatched the table leg from the boy's hand.

Then, grabbing his head with one hand, he brutally smashed the table leg down upon it.

Thump, thump, thump!!

The sharp, penetrating sounds erupted instantly; the boy's head was nearly twisted out of shape, and after a few strikes, he went limp, his face covered in blood.