

Powerhouse 107

Chapter 107 - I'm Going to Kill Someone (3rd Update)

The scene was indeed somewhat cruel; the other tall male students had already been scared senseless.

It was too horrifying!

They had never imagined that the students they often bullied and insulted, sometimes beating them half to death, could one day encounter someone many times more ruthless than themselves.

The key issue was that this guy seemed to be only seventeen or eighteen years old, yet those eyes were as cold as ice. Being stared at by him felt as if, in the next second, an unparalleled fierce beast would tear their bodies to shreds.

Lin Mo dropped the blood-stained club and glanced at the few men with an indifferent face:

"Go back and tell the person behind you, if there's any more of this school violence, this extortion for protection money!"

"He need not live any longer!"

Having said that, Lin Mo turned and left.

Zhong Qiaomeng was slightly stunned but quickly followed, her face blushing slightly as she said, "Lin Mo, thank you for saving me just now. Do you have feelings for me..."

"It seems you're still so ignorant! Save you? I did it only because you're my classmate." Lin Mo turned and gave her a cold look, then strode towards the restroom.

Zhong Qiaomeng couldn't help but smile bitterly; perhaps she really was wishful thinking. Even Cheng Miaohan and Su Xinhe, the school beauties, were treated coldly by Lin Mo, let alone herself?

However, Zhong Qiaomeng did not feel defeated in her heart. A boy as outstanding as Lin Mo was worth pursuing over any man.

After lunch, the students didn't return to the classroom of Senior Three Class Nine.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, there was a Sino-Japan high school Martial Arts exchange match at the sports center.

The students began to board the buses, heading for the sports center one after another.

Lin Mo had just walked to the playground when three thuggish-looking youths appeared in front of him.

The one with dreadlocks, in particular, stepped in front of Lin Mo and poked his chest angrily with a finger: "Kid, were you the one who beat up Brother Wu Ji's underlings this morning?"

"I did it, and by the way, you'd better take your finger off!" Lin Mo glanced at the dreadlocked youth, his tone indifferent.

"Fuck, what do you think you are? What if I don't?" The dreadlocked youth snorted arrogantly, his expression disdainful.

Lin Mo's eyes turned cold, and the next second, like a flash of lightning, he seized the youth's finger and exerted a slight force.

Crack!

The dreadlocked youth could have never dreamt that Lin Mo would break his finger so easily.

Belatedly realizing it, he let out an agonizing scream: "Ahh!"

Taking a deep breath, the dreadlocked youth endured the pain and gritted his teeth, "Damn kid, don't think you're the shit just because you've got some martial power. Look at this..."

Saying that, the dreadlocked youth gave a sign to one of the boys. He immediately came forward, took out his phone, opened the gallery, scrolled through to a photo, and handed it to Lin Mo.

Zhong Qiaomeng?

Lin Mo saw the girl in the photo; it was indeed Zhong Qiaomeng. Her hands and feet were tied, and there was a cloth stuffed in her mouth. Her eyes looked extremely frightened and scared.

"Kid, don't even think about calling the cops. Come with us now, or else she's going to suffer. Who knows, she might even end up going through a round of 'hot rice'."

Lin Mo's eyes slightly narrowed; he didn't like being threatened, let alone by mere ants!

Looking at the dreadlocked youth, Lin Mo spoke in a very cold voice: "Lead the way."

The three youngsters were all stunned. They had not expected Lin Mo to agree so readily.

Then, the three of them walked with Lin Mo towards the school gates.

At the same moment, Jiang Yingxue, seeing that Lin Mo did not board the school bus and instead went straight out of the school gates, was immediately downcast. "This guy, is he going to skip class again?"

After Lin Mo got into the car, the vehicle sped away.

Around twenty minutes later, they arrived.

When Lin Mo and the dreadlocked few entered the factory, the earringed student, who Lin Mo had beaten half to death that morning and whose head was now wrapped in a bandage, was instantly enraged:

"Damn it! Kid, you think you're so fierce?"

"You dare to make me bleed a lot, today, I'll make sure you bleed enough!"

Hearing this, the other delinquents glanced at Lin Mo. One of the tattooed youths even sneered disdainfully:

"What the fuck, this little guy managed to make your head blossom?"

"The kind of trash I can punch to death, you're really fucking useless."

The earringed student's face turned crimson with rage as he clenched his teeth and said, "Brother Leopard, you don't know, this kid is really fast, I couldn't react at all."

Lin Mo casually swept a gaze over everyone, his eyes resting on a buzz-cut man with a thick gold chain around his neck, speaking indifferently, "Are you their leader?"

The buzz-cut man was taken aback, then sneered, "Yo, kid, you're quite perceptive."

"I'm in a bad mood today, I feel like killing someone," Lin Mo said with an indifferent face.

"Kid, you tired of living or what? Talking about killing, I'll kill you first."

Before Brother Wu Ji, their leader, could speak, the tattooed youth called Brother Leopard was already seething with rage. He stood up abruptly, his muscles quivering, and with a fierce charge, he swept a kick at Lin Mo.

That kick was filled with boundless ferocity and would break bones upon hitting the body.

But Lin Mo remained calm. Before the foot could sweep in front of him, Lin Mo grabbed his neck like lightning, then with a twist, there was a crack, and Brother Leopard was instantly dead!

Seeing this, Brother Wu Ji reacted faster than anyone. For just a moment he had the illusion that if he didn't show his most ruthless side, he might die today. He roared out instantly, "Damn it! Go hard, move it! Quick!"

Those tattooed youths had never seen Brother Wu Ji lose his composure like this. Without any hesitation, they pulled out the guns they were carrying, aimed them at Lin Mo from head to toe, and were ready to pull the trigger.

"If you all want to die so much, then go ahead and die!"

Lin Mo's expression turned cold, and with a sweep of his foot across the ground.

Swish, swish, swish!

In the blink of an eye, countless grains of sand and pebbles flew like a myriad of sharp arrows.

Pfft, pfft, pfft!

Before the tattooed youths could even fire, their bodies were pierced by the sharp stones, blood spurting out like fountains. The air was immediately filled with a blood fog, making the scene look like human purgatory, a chaotic scene.

Seeing this, Brother Wu Ji's legs trembled, and he was so scared that he fell straight to his knees in front of Lin Mo, his face a mix of fear and dread, "Please... spare my life... spare me!!"

Lin Mo didn't even give him a glance and walked straight towards the interior of the abandoned factory.

"Thank you for your mercy in sparing my life... Thank you!"

Brother Wu Ji knocked his head repeatedly, endlessly grateful.

However, in less than half a second, there was a bang. His body exploded like a meteorite, instantly bursting open, and in a blink, blood spattered all over the ground, and the man was reduced to countless fragments and chunks of flesh.