

Powerhouse 112

Chapter 112 - A Bunch of Trash (3rd Update)

Lin Mo did not like threats, even less so from mere ants!

Half an hour later, on a suburban highway in Lin City.

Lin Mo leaned against a tree trunk, his hand casually tucked in his pocket, blowing a leisurely breeze and smoking a cigarette.

About four or five seconds later, Lin Mo's cold, slender eyes slowly opened, and the cigarette butt in his hand was suddenly stubbed out.

Then, with a slight lift of his fingers, the cigarette butt rocketed out like a bullet.

Bang!

It landed dead center on the hood of a Japanese car.

The next second, the three people inside the car, including the driver, were jolted by the emergency brake, their bodies shaking violently, their scalps going numb from the impact.

"Hao Er, have you lost your damn mind? What's wrong with your driving?" shouted Sato Shozaburo, who was sitting in the back seat, immediately furious.

He felt pain all over his body, and although his inner Qi had healed many of his wounds, the mere thought of that cold young man's face filled his heart with resentment: "Damn it, today I almost got turned into a cripple by that detestable Huaxia boy, and now even you are deliberately making me upset?"

"It's not that," Hao Er immediately shook his head, surprise written all over his face: "I don't know why, but the engine just failed!"

"Engine failure? How is that possible? The car just had a full inspection yesterday!" Sato Shozaburo was full of disbelief.

At that moment, Hao Er saw a tall and cold youngster approaching from ahead. He immediately got out of the car and gestured to the figure: "Hey, Huaxia boy, come over and help fix the car, I'll give you a thousand bucks!"

Seeing that Lin Mo seemed not to hear him, Hao Er got out of the car and approached him, gesticulating as he went:

"Hey, you Huaxia poor b*stard, didn't you hear me asking for your help with the car? Is it too little money? I'll give you five thousand! I've got plenty of money, hurry up and help. Anyway, the money is earned from you Huaxia idiots."

Lin Mo approached with a cold smile on his face.

The next second, he was right in front of him.

Crack!

A crisp sound, and in an instant, Hao Er's eyes were filled with sheer terror, his body completely stiffened without even getting a chance to scream.

Sato Shozaburo became impatient in the car, poked his head out to look outside, and when he saw Lin Mo, he flew into a rage:

"Is that you? What... what do you think you are doing?"

Bang!

Lin Mo did not answer him, instead, he threw Hao Er's lifeless body right in front of him.

Seeing Hao Er devoid of vitality, Sato Shozaburo was filled with shock and anger:

"You... you actually killed Hao Er?"

"Murdering one of us from the Island Country? You are dead for sure!"

Yamashita Jun Ye also saw Lin Mo and was equally alarmed, although his wounds had healed quite a bit, the sight of Lin Mo still caused him great distress:

"Damn it, you... how did you end up here? You killed Hao Er? You're finished!! No one in Huaxia can save you now, Hao Er is from Japan, a staff member at your Huaxia embassy!"

"Is that so?"

Lin Mo chuckled coldly, then in a flash, he stepped on Yamashita Jun Ye's head.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Again and again, and soon enough, his head was utterly deformed, blood flowing everywhere, dead beyond dead.

"You... you..."

Sato Shozaburo stared at Lin Mo with eyes filled with fear and desperation.

He never imagined that Lin Mo would actually kill Yamashita Jun Ye outright.

This madman!

He even felt death was but a step away, and in a flash of shock and anger, he yelled: "You can't kill me!! Damn it, you can't, if you kill me, you will die a miserable death!!"

"Do you know what I, Lin Mo, hate the most? Threats!"

Lin Mo swept him one icy glance with those cold eyes.

The next second, before he could refocus, Lin Mo had already appeared in front of him, and with two snaps, he broke his knees.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!!!"

Sato Shozaburo screamed in terror, not because of the pain, but because he saw his blood gushing out like a spring, unstoppable; he was utterly desperate as he could distinctly feel his vitality rapidly draining away, yet he was powerless to do anything about it.

This kind of despair was worse than death itself!

About two minutes later, Sato Shozaburo died amidst such hellish agony.

Lin Mo's gaze remained calm as he slightly extended his slender fingers, and in an instant, endless flames consumed the car and several people, leaving not even ashes in the blink of an eye!

With a gust of wind, they vanished as if they were mere dust.

As for the surveillance cameras, ha, this was a blind spot.

At the same time, in Lin City's Qinghe Daoist School,

A young man from Japan with an overwhelming presence stood before a middle-aged man, bowing at a ninety-degree angle and said in a grave voice,

"Lord Yoshino, there's been a terrible incident!"

Jing Shang Jie slightly raised his eyebrows but merely picked up his tea, savoring a sip, "Take your time."

"The news from the school is that Sato Shozaburo and Yamashita Junye have been crippled by someone!" The Japanese youth's face was tinged with fear, and he dared not look directly at Jing Shang Jie as he hastily spoke.

"Hmm?"

Jing Shang Jie's expression changed slightly as he demanded, "Explain clearly, how could my disciples, Jing Shang Jie's disciples, be easily crippled by someone?"

"It's true, lord. Not only were Sato Shozaburo and Yamashita Junye crippled, but it is said that when Sato fought the assailant, the latter didn't even move! Sato's limbs were directly disabled! And apparently, the assailant seems to be just seventeen or eighteen years old, a high school student!" The Japanese youth was dead serious, not daring to tell a single lie.

"What?"

Crack!

The usually unflappable face of Jing Shang Jie changed dramatically, the teacup in his hand crushed to dust!

"A seventeen or eighteen-year-old? Without making a move, they crippled Zhengyi and Jun Ye?"

"Heh!"

Jing Shang Jie's face was filled with cold, fierce ice: "To kill my disciples is surely a death sentence!"

He glanced at the Japanese youth and motioned for him to approach with a grim face.

The Japanese youth quickly walked over, and Jing Shang Jie whispered a few words into his ear. The young man's expression underwent unpredictable changes, he nodded gravely and then quickly left the room.

About twenty minutes later, Lin Mo returned to the center of Lin City.

Then, he entered a noodle shop.

About ten minutes later, the beef noodles Lin Mo ordered were served, but not by the owner himself.

"Sir, your beef..."

The young man dressed as a waiter, carrying the bowl of beef noodles, approached Lin Mo with courtesy.

However, before he could set down the bowl, Lin Mo's eyes flashed coldly as he swiftly grabbed the young man's wrist.

"How... how did you find me?" The young man's face was full of shock as he stared at Lin Mo, filled with disbelief and astonishment.

"Your disguise is not bad, but unfortunately, you've come across me."

Lin Mo let out a cold laugh, and with a slight lift of his other hand, a chopstick shot out like an arrow, instantly piercing the young man's throat.

"Gugh..."

The young man's eyes widened in terror as he clutched at his bloody throat to no avail, and in an instant, he was dead!

He never would have imagined that after killing countless others, he would die so easily at the hands of a seventeen or eighteen-year-old boy.

"Damn it, attack!"

The rest of the men, seeing their companion discovered by Lin Mo, immediately flashed with murderous intent and launched their attack.

They formed a "V" formation, ready for both offense and defense, virtually locking down every inch of Lin Mo's body, their vicious killing intent permeating the air.

"A bunch of garbage!"

Lin Mo's brow raised slightly, his slender fingers lightly tapping the table.

The next second, countless chopsticks whizzed through the air like arrows launched from a straw boat.

After the whooshing sound, the men were horror-stricken as they clutched their throats, the vitality fading from their eyes, and they all crashed to the ground, turning into cold corpses.

As for Lin Mo, his eyes were slightly cold, the blood scent within a meter around him scattered clean in a shockwave.

He then picked up a pair of chopsticks and continued eating his beef noodles with utter calm.