

## Powerhouse 113

### Chapter 113: Rage

It wasn't long before another group of figures rushed into the noodle shop.

The man leading them, dressed in Japanese attire, stared at the corpses scattered on the ground, his eyes filled with horror, but he quickly turned furiously towards Lin Mo and asked in a deep voice,

"Did you kill them all?"

The lead man was extremely shocked, considering the bodies lying all around, how could this seventeen- or eighteen-year-old grim youth still be in the mood to eat noodles?

Lin Mo didn't even bother lifting his head, took a sip of soup, and said indifferently, "That's right, I killed them."

The lead man quickly strode up to Lin Mo, his face deathly cold and sinister, "Kid, you dare kill our people, you're dead for sure!"

"All done with the nonsense? You all can come at me together."

Yet Lin Mo remained unfazed, continuing to eat his noodles with apparent relish.

As if the noodles were exceptionally delicious, there were already five or six empty bowls in front of him.

Hearing this, the lead man actually trembled involuntarily, stepping back half a pace with alarm on his face. Seeing that there was indeed no immediate danger, he then coldly smirked at Lin Mo,

"Hehe, to be able to kill so many of our comrades single-handedly, your martial power is truly against the heavens. Therefore, we won't be stupid enough to confront you head-on!"

"But I can assure you, you're going to die today."

With that, the lead man signaled a young man next to him with his eyes.

The young man, his face full of caution, walked up to Lin Mo, pulled out a smartphone, and played a video.

Lin Mo looked up slightly, only to see a woman in the video.

He recognized her—it was Jiang Yingxue.

And Jiang Yingxue seemed to have an abnormal flush to her face, her eyes somewhat dazed!

Clearly, she had been drugged.

"You are a student in Class 9 of Grade 3 at Qingye High School, and she is your homeroom teacher. Such a beautiful teacher—I'm sure you wouldn't stand by and let her die."

The man's tone was arrogant and chilling, and he even sat down directly opposite Lin Mo. In his eyes, having such a trump card meant Lin Mo wouldn't dare kill anyone recklessly anymore.

Instead, he would be held hostage by this threat!

Yet Lin Mo looked as calm as a gentle breeze or soft clouds, still eating his noodles with a cold expression on his face.

The lead man was somewhat surprised but threatened,

"Kid, I didn't expect you to be so cold-hearted. But, do you know what drug we gave her?"

"It's our nation's newest aphrodisiac, called Lust Madness!"

"Once consumed, if more than an hour passes, the person will become like the most mating-crazed animal on Earth, desperately craving the opposite sex for satisfaction!"

"If you don't go save her... tsk tsk, we have hundreds of men ready over there! When the time comes..."

Crack!

In the next second, what no one expected was that, before the lead man could finish his sentence, Lin Mo, as if squashing an ant, snapped his neck effortlessly.

Everyone else was utterly petrified!

Without a moment's hesitation, their only thought was to run!

"Think you can escape?"

Lin Mo glanced at the men, his long fingers stretching out slightly, then continued eating his noodles.

Seeing Lin Mo make no move, the dozen or so men breathed a sigh of relief.

However, before they could fully relax, the next second their pupils dilated in absolute terror.

In the air ahead of them, seemingly out of nowhere, a multitude of leaves appeared—sharp as the blades of the Cold Sword—sweeping toward them in the blink of an eye.

Splatter after splatter...

The sounds of blood splurging filled the air, and in the moments before their deaths, the men's stares were wide with shocking terror.

Then, they all fell to the ground, one after the other, with their faces no longer recognizable, their bodies pierced with countless green leaves.

The points where the leaves had pierced all spurted blood like miniature fountains.

In the center of the room, there remained only one man still alive. He trembled to the extreme, his legs were drenched as if by a stream of water.

Lin Mo finished the last strand of noodles and stood up with his slender frame. He said indifferently,

"Tell me, who sent you? And where is the woman you've captured?"

The man shook uncontrollably, his cold sweat akin to a bath:

"I—I tell you, can you spare my life?"

"You don't have the right to negotiate terms with me!"

Lin Mo's eyes darkened slightly. He raised a finger, and a chopstick instantly pierced the man's shoulder.

"Ah!!"

The man felt as if his flesh and bones were ripping apart; not only that, he could even feel his own bones continuously breaking!

"I have a hundred ways to make you wish for death. Speak," Lin Mo stated, not in a rush, his face devoid of emotion.

"I'll tell you... I'll tell you, ah ah ah... it's Qinghe Daoist School! The woman we captured, and the person who directed us, they're both at Qinghe Daoist School!"

Lin Mo nodded his head then indifferently walked away. He disliked being threatened this way. He was seething with rage and needed an outlet!

The man, seeing Lin Mo walk away, couldn't help but feel a surge of secretive joy. He glared fiercely at Lin Mo's back. Although he harbored resentment, he at least had narrowly saved his life!

However, in the next second, he began to howl in agony. He discovered that the chopstick had somehow reached his chest, and countless bloody holes had appeared before him!

And the most crucial fact was that he hadn't detected any of it!

Before leaving, Lin Mo made a phone call to Long San, asking him to take care of the corpses.

The setting sun cast its remaining glow over all of Lin City.

It was tranquil and eerily red.

As if the entire sky had been stained with blood.

About twenty minutes later, Lin Mo stood at the entrance of Qinghe Daoist School.

There was a door at the entrance of Qinghe Daoist School, constructed with a heavy metal weighing a thousand pounds.

Lin Mo's eyes flashed, and that incredibly sturdy door collapsed thunderously as he walked through with his hands casually in his pockets.

Hearing the noise outside, several men dressed in Japanese martial arts uniforms rushed out quickly.

They all held katanas, their gazes fixed on Lin Mo with dangerous intentions:

"Kid, who do you think you are to dare barge into our Qinghe Daoist School?"

"The one to kill you!" Lin Mo's eyes were cold as ice.

"You came to Qinghe Daoist School seeking death. You really have grown bored of living! Kid, I'll make you regret being born!" The man standing in the center with a chilling face stared at Lin Mo and shouted, "Tear this brat to pieces! Chop him up and feed him to the dogs!"

"You're a dead man, kid." The murderous intent was evident in the eyes of the men as they pointed their katanas at Lin Mo, the blades' cold light glaringly apparent.

"A bunch of trash!!"



Lin Mo's eyes squinted slightly. In the next instant, his gaze intensified, and suddenly the katana in the central man's hand flew out of his grasp.

Swish swish swish!!

The cold light was blinding!

Thud thud thud!!

Sounds of blood spurting followed. When one looked again, each of the men had had their chests pierced, blood spewing wildly. They fell to the ground, dead in the blink of an eye.

"Enemy attack!! We have an enemy attack!!"

The man in the center regained his senses and almost immediately, his voice thundered out.

"Shut up!"

Lin Mo's gaze was icy. With a slight lifting of his hand, the man was sent flying, crashing into a nearby wall, creating a forty-centimeter depression. And the blood he splattered painted a whole section of the wall red.