

## **Powerhouse 114**

### Chapter 114: One Strike Style

His voice immediately alerted the people inside.

In the blink of an eye, he saw a total of seventy to eighty people, katana in hand, charging out.

These people were nothing like the seven or eight samurai from before.

Those seven or eight samurai were at most gatekeepers.

But these seventy to eighty people had just emerged and quickly locked onto Lin Mo, not only that, they formed an impenetrable encirclement.

"Kill!"

With one of them shouting, in an instant, countless shadows surged towards Lin Mo.

Lin Mo's eyes turned cold. In his eyes, these people were no different from ants.

Easily dodging the attack of the first two who charged at him, Lin Mo grabbed their arms and twisted them.

With two crisp snaps, the arms of the two men separated from their bodies, blood spurting, drenching the cheeks of the six or seven people behind them, who were scared stiff.

Before they could react, Lin Mo hurled the bodies of those two men out.

Boom!

Like heavy artillery shells, in an instant, the six or seven men standing behind them were smashed, their bones shattered, dead beyond dead.

In just two or three moves, he had killed eight or nine people? Was this even human?

A shiver went through their hearts for a moment, but the remaining people still charged fearlessly towards Lin Mo.

"Ignorant of death!"

Lin Mo's eyes slightly lifted, his gaze indifferent, his foot lightly tapped the ground.

In an instant, like a magnitude ten earthquake, a mighty Qi Force erupted from him like a dragon emerging from the sea, sweeping outwards from Lin Mo as the epicenter.

The ground was as though hit by a ten grade tornado, Lin Mo's Qi Force demolished everything in its path, with a destructive force like a tsunami apocalypse.

"Run!!"

This was the only thought in everyone's minds.

"To think of killing me, Lin Mo, and still hope to escape?"

Lin Mo's hand casually in his pocket, his face indifferent, walked straight ahead.

With every step he took, there were countless screams and the sound of blood spraying; the Qi Force he just released was like a voracious dragon swallowing the sea, completely tearing apart their bodies, sparing none!

A few breaths later, the scene was devoid of life, blood like a sea, like a human Asura scene!

Lin Mo did not even glance at the corpses on the ground, striding meteor-like towards the inside.

He had just walked in when a murderous aura completely locked onto Lin Mo.

Immediately after, a whistling sound broke through the air, a Cold Nail flying at extreme speed.

Almost in the blink of an eye, the Cold Nail was inches from Lin Mo's forehead.

However, Lin Mo's slender fingers had already clamped it at some point.

Then!

Whoosh! The Cold Nail flew back and stabbed out, a gurgling sound of blood followed, as a bewitching woman's shoulder was instantly pierced through.

Blood gushed out, the woman's face slightly shocked: "How did you dodge my sneak attack?"

"An ant also deserves to know?" Lin Mo scoffed, his gaze filled with utter disdain.

"Hmph! Boy, you truly are arrogant. Do you really think you're invincible? Daring to storm into the Qinghe Daoist School and kill so many of us—prepare to forfeit your life!"

The woman snorted coldly, her enchanting pupils firmly fixed on Lin Mo, and then began to continuously emit an alluring aura.

Lin Mo merely glanced at her with scorn and chuckled lightly, "A mere Japanese Charming Technique, daring to show off in front of me?"

"What... What? This is impossible!!"

The woman's face showed utter shock. You see, under the influence of her Charming Technique, even some Martial Arts Grandmasters would be briefly dazed.

And precisely in those few seconds, she could create an opportunity to launch a sneak attack, to kill!

A misstep, and even a Grandmaster could be instantly extinguished.

However, her once proud Charming Technique had no effect on this seventeen or eighteen-year-old youth?

"Damn it, my Charming Technique has never failed before. Boy, I want your life to compensate for my failure!"

Her gaze suddenly turned icy cold, filled with boundless murderous intent. She didn't hold back any longer, drawing upon her strongest Killing Skill.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!!

The next second, countless Cold Nails shot out from her sleeves, sweeping towards Lin Mo like a storm of arrows.

So densely packed, it seemed impossible for anyone to escape!

Yet Lin Mo showed no fear, his eyes turned cold, and in an instant, all those Cold Nails stopped in midair, then changed direction and shot back toward the woman.

"No!!! You can't be a Martial..."

The woman was petrified with fear, her words cut off before she could finish. Those numerous Cold Nails pierced through her body, blood spilling everywhere. In her dying moments, her pupils still held endless terror.

In that same second, a formidable figure arrived to stand opposite Lin Mo.

When he saw the corpses all over the ground, including that of his chief disciple, his hatred surged sky-high:

"Who are you to dare invade my Qinghe Daoist School, slaughtering all of Jing Shang Jie's disciples! We had no grievances, did we?"

Lin Mo's eyes lifted subtly as he glanced at Jing Shang Jie, "Weren't you looking for me?"

"So you're the one who crippled Zhengyi and Jun Ye?" Jing Shang Jie's face was a mixture of shock and rage, his eyes glimmering with murderous intent.

"They are already dead," Lin Mo said indifferently.

"Damn it, you even killed them?" Jing Shang Jie clenched his fists, his face cold as ice.

"I don't like being threatened, least of all by ants! The moment you decided to provoke me, you should have been prepared to be eradicated!" Lin Mo stood with his hands behind his back, his tone chilling.

"Heh, how arrogant! I've been in Huaxia for quite a while, and although I've encountered many who are conceited, never have I met someone your age with such audacity!" Jing Shang Jie sneered.

"Killing so many of my disciples, you certainly deserve death! I, Jing Shang Jie, assure you, today I will slice off the flesh from your body, piece by piece, letting you perish in the most agonizing remorse to atone for all my deceased disciples!"

Lin Mo looked at him and spoke indifferently,

"You talk too much! I haven't the patience to entertain you, I'll give you only one chance to make your move!"

"Hahaha... giving me one chance to make my move? Boy, you probably don't realize whom you are speaking with?" Jing Shang Jie laughed.

"Ten days ago, I perfected my One Strike Style to the Seventh Level! Without any exaggeration, with my strength combined with my swordplay, there are few in Hua Country below the rank of Martial Venerate who can match me!"

"Since you killed so many of my disciples today, I'll use you as the first test subject for my newly advanced swordplay. Just the right opportunity to see just how fearsome my One Strike Style has become."