

## Powerhouse 31

### Chapter 31: Provocation?

"Fuck! Kid, what are you talking about?"

"Brother Zhe told you to help throw the basketball, that's an honor for you! Do you think just anyone can pick up the ball for Brother Zhe?"

Before Wu Mingzhe could lose his temper, the two guys who usually got along well with Wu Mingzhe immediately lashed out at Lin Mo.

However, Lin Mo just gave them a cold look and said indifferently, "Mind your own shitty mouths!"

"Ha ha ha... Kid, you think you're invincible because you fought Cao Chen from Starfire Taekwondo Club? Let me tell you the truth, it's just because Brother Zhe wasn't here. In school, not only is Brother Zhe the top student in the class, but his martial power is off the charts. Even that Cao Chen couldn't last a single move against Brother Zhe! Whatever you can do, Brother Zhe can do, no, he's stronger than you!"

"Now that Brother Zhe is back, it's not your turn to rule over Class 3-9."

The two guys standing next to Wu Mingzhe had always disliked Lin Mo, but having previously seen Lin Mo kick Chen Hua and eight others, and break Cao Chen's arm, they dared not provoke Lin Mo.

But now it was different, their most admired figure, Wu Mingzhe, had returned.

At the same time, Zhong Qiaomeng looked at Lin Mo's deep, dark eyes with a hint of anger and said, "Lin Mo, Brother Zhe just asked you to throw the ball, why do you have to act like that toward your own classmate?"

"Ignorant woman!"

Lin Mo shook his head and scoffed inwardly. Had it been someone else, the basketball that Wu Mingzhe threw would have probably swollen someone's head on the spot!

Seeing that almost everyone was against Lin Mo, the corners of Wu Mingzhe's mouth couldn't help but curl into a cold smile.

Sure enough, the most popular person in the class was still himself.

And what could this poor kid have to compare with him besides his martial power?

He was the focus of Class 3-9! He was the brightest light in the class!

At the same time, hearing those harsh five words from Lin Mo, Zhong Qiaomeng frowned deeply, greatly displeased, "Lin Mo, how dare you talk to me like that?"

"What? Am I wrong?"

Lin Mo's face was full of indifferent amusement as he said coldly, "It's my freedom whether I throw this basketball or not. Do I have an obligation to throw it?"

Zhong Qiaomeng was taken aback by Lin Mo's words. Yes, whether or not to do something is someone else's freedom, not something that has to be morally coerced.

"Fuck! Kid, what are you standing there for? Throw the ball over now, Brother Zhe is waiting to play!"

Meanwhile, standing one or two meters away from Wu Mingzhe, the two guys shouted sternly at Lin Mo.

Lin Mo didn't even glance at them and said lightly, "Are you sure you want me to throw it?"

"Bullshit! Kid, hurry up and throw it! You're fucking dawdling..." The two tall boys cursed impatiently.

Lin Mo's eyebrows slightly raised, his gaze chilling, "Then catch it!"

As he spoke.

The ball was out!

In an instant, it was like a tremendously strong current, piercing through the air and headed straight for the chests of the two boys.

Bang!

Before the boys could finish their sentence, they felt as though their bodies had been hit by some gigantic missile.

"Ah ah ah ah..."

Screams of agony filled the air as the two boys simultaneously flew backwards, over ten meters away, smashing into a large tree outside the court. Blood gushed from their mouths as they fell to the ground, wailing in excruciating pain.

Seeing this, everyone was stunned!

No one expected that Lin Mo seemed to be carelessly tossing the ball, and yet it left the two half-dead!

For a moment, people looked at Lin Mo with deep fear and shock in their eyes.

Wu Mingzhe's eyes also flickered with a deep gloom, but it quickly disappeared.

He was somewhat surprised by Lin Mo's strength, being able to kick someone so far and cause such terrifying damage.

However, real martial power isn't merely about strength, but also requires skill.

Just like a strongman might not necessarily be able to beat someone much weaker than him!

Wu Mingzhe considered that he might not be as strong as Lin Mo, but his combat power and fighting skills were definitely superior to Lin Mo's.

Although he could teach Lin Mo a lesson in martial power to stand up for his juniors, Wu Mingzhe gave up on that idea.

Using martial power, in his view, was too low, so he chose basketball.

Looking at Lin Mo, Wu Mingzhe chuckled lightly and said, "Having martial power is indeed remarkable, but if it's only brute force, what difference is there from a brute? Sometimes, a truly excellent man excels in all aspects."

Lin Mo just glanced at him indifferently, hands in his pockets, and scoffed, "Do you think you're smart? But in my view, you're incredibly foolish, using this kind of provocation, wanting to compete with me in basketball? Then humiliate me in front everyone to satisfy your sense of superiority? I think you're an idiot! It was fine not to provoke me, but provoking me, you will lose face like you've never lost before in your life!"

"You..."

Wu Mingzhe's face darkened, he hadn't expected Lin Mo to see through all his intentions with just one look!

A few breaths later, Wu Mingzhe calmed down, regaining his handsome smile, "Lin Mo, I don't know where you get your confidence, but since you think I'm no match for you, let's test it out then! Since you're so confident in yourself, let's see who's better on the basketball court!"

"Compete with me?" Lin Mo looked at him and shook his head slightly, "You're not worthy!"

"What did you say?" Wu Mingzhe's face instantly darkened, a flicker of gloom in his eyes, but it quickly vanished as he snorted, "You're saying I'm not worthy? In Qingye High School, apart from Zhou Yitao of Senior Year Class 7 and I, who else is on par with my basketball skills? Tell me, am I not worthy?"

"You're not worthy!" Lin Mo said indifferently, mercilessly crushing him.

"You!!" Wu Mingzhe was almost furious to the point of spitting blood, his face darkening repeatedly, his expression icy, "I think you're just scared, huh? Anyone can boast, but since you chose to hide in your shell, don't act all tough! Then, I'll just think you're a coward!"

Finally, Lin Mo slowed his pace, standing tall and still like a javelin, slightly turning his head, his expression indifferent, "You think you're good at basketball, huh? In my eyes, you're nothing but trash! Since you really want to play, then I'll indulge you!"