

## **Powerhouse 33**

### Chapter 33 Defeated and Bruised

"This is absolutely impossible! Standing a meter outside the three-point line, even some national basketball players couldn't guarantee a basket."

"But this guy just did it."

"I don't believe it! It must be luck, how can one possibly make it from such a distance unless he's cheating!"

After a brief shock, both the boys and girls shook their heads, clearly disbelieving that Lin Mo made the basket based on skill.

One basket wasn't enough to prove anything, maybe it was just exceptionally good luck for Lin Mo?

But no one noticed the deep astonishment and surprise in Wu Mingzhe's eyes!

Just now, while others might not have noticed anything, Wu Mingzhe saw how Lin Mo took his shot.

He simply lifted his hand without even feeling for the grip and casually threw the basketball!

What did this indicate? Either Lin Mo was a basketball expert, or his luck was unbelievably explosive!

"It's impossible, this guy is just lucky," Wu Mingzhe quickly calmed down and regained his usual confidence, firmly believing that this kid named Lin Mo couldn't possibly beat him.

At the same time, Lin Mo, holding the basketball, slowly walked back to his previous position.

There, about a meter away from the three-point line.

Everyone thought Lin Mo would stop, but to everyone's astonishment, Lin Mo moved back another half meter!

A meter and a half away now, even further from the three-point line.

Not only that, but Lin Mo also changed direction, standing to the left, which effectively increased the shooting difficulty.

Lin Mo's face remained calm, as if what he was doing was trivial.

"You... Lin Mo, you're too arrogant. Even I'm not very confident shooting from so far, do you think you can score again?" Wu Mingzhe let go completely, scoffed heavily, and thought Lin Mo was nothing more than a fool!

"That's because your basketball skills are too poor!" Lin Mo shook his head, unconcerned.

"You..." Wu Mingzhe was furious, his handsome face contorted in anger, "Go on, boast with your words! Let's see how you make this shot!"

"Really? Then watch closely!" Lin Mo's eyes sparkled, his face indifferent, ball slightly raised in his hand.

With a seemingly casual lift of his hand, the basketball moved like a powerboat at sea.

Swoosh!

Once again, the ball went in.

This time, those students who had previously looked down on Lin Mo changed their glances from contempt to a hint of surprise and slight shock.

If the first time was luck, what about the second time? Was it still such incredible luck?

However, they were more inclined to believe it was still luck.

Wu Mingzhe's face grew uglier.

Soon, Lin Mo was preparing for his third shot.

Instead of stopping, Lin Mo moved back another half meter.

Incredibly, he was now two meters away from the three-point line.

"This time, you surely can't make it, right? From two meters away, even the sight must be a bit blurry!"  
Wu Mingzhe frowned slightly, guessing secretly that at such a distance, Lin Mo shouldn't be able to make the basket again.

But, the reality far exceeded his imagination!

Swoosh! The ball shot like an arrow straight into the basket.

Wu Mingzhe's eyes widened in disbelief.

Not just him, the boys all opened their mouths wide in surprise, their expressions capable of fitting several eggs.

As for the girls, they no longer looked with contempt or disdain, but their hearts were now pounding wildly!

Even Zhong Qiaomeng was slightly staring in astonishment at the cool young man on the court.

"No way! How can this be?"

Wu Mingzhe's expression had darkened completely. His showdown with Lin Mo was supposed to be his own solo performance, but now Lin Mo had started to steal the spotlight.

Meanwhile, Lin Mo had already begun shooting his fourth ball.

Swoosh!

Amid countless watching eyes, the basketball broke free.

It dropped accurately into the basket again!

"It went in...it went in again!"

"Is he even human? He's even cooler than Kobe!"

A myriad of shocked, incredulous, and startled voices resounded one after another.

Even the girls started to show a glimmer in their eyes, as if they were no longer focused solely on Wu Mingzhe but rather, their gaze gradually became occupied by Lin Mo's tall, straight, and distinguished figure.

Wu Mingzhe was about to go insane. He hadn't expected Lin Mo, whom he had previously looked down upon and considered insignificant, to repeatedly shatter his worldview and opinions.

At the same moment, Lin Mo had already positioned himself a solid four meters from the three-point line!

Still, his expression remained as calm as water.

"Can...can this fifth ball go in too?"

"It should...be impossible, right? If this one goes in too, it would be totally outrageous!"

Wu Mingzhe was also clenching his teeth hard, certain it couldn't go in again. From this distance, if Lin Mo made it again, he would truly be humiliated by Lin Mo.

Lin Mo stood still, not only serene but also took out a cigarette to light up, not even lifting his head, he tossed the basketball.

This...

Almost everyone was struck dumb by this scene.

A blind shot? And while smoking? Without even taking a glance to feel for the basket?

It was surely an impossible shot.

But the next second, nearly everyone's eyes were glued wide open.

Bang!

Accompanied by a crisp, piercing sound, the basketball, under countless shocked gazes, landed precisely in the basket.

"Holy shit!!"

Someone in the crowd, overwhelmed with excitement, yelled out, instantly igniting the atmosphere as nearly all the boys and girls clapped ecstatically.

Everyone's gaze was fixed on the cool young man, with a pale indifferent face on the court, filled with shock, admiration, and affection.

And Wu Mingzhe's body trembled as if struck by lightning, seemingly about to fall, and his usually haughty eyes showed an unprecedented trace of despair.

Zhong Qiaomeng also trembled. She desperately tried to divert her gaze, but there seemed to be a blinding light shining off the cool young man, compelling her to take another look.

Though it was a brief display of brilliance, Wu Mingzhe still caught that fleeting gaze.

Wu Mingzhe couldn't say he liked Zhong Qiaomeng, but he knew her eyes had always been only for him, definitely not accommodating any other boys.

Yet now, her gaze had changed because of that guy called Lin Mo, which irritated Wu Mingzhe.

After shooting five balls, Lin Mo didn't even glance at Wu Mingzhe before turning around to leave.



Lin Mo didn't care about the outcome, but Wu Mingzhe was very clear that, strictly speaking, he was thoroughly defeated by Lin Mo this time.

Especially, Lin Mo's complete disregard as he turned and left infused his heart with intense annoyance and humiliation.