

Powerhouse 37

Chapter 37 Become Disabled If You Don't Roll Away

"Acting recklessly?" Lin Mo slightly raised his eyebrows, his tone indifferent, "Give yourself three seconds to break both your arms!"

"Boy... do you really want to force my hand?" Liu Mingyu glared at Lin Mo, his teeth clenched as he spoke each word with heavy emphasis.

Lin Mo didn't bother to respond, instead, he slightly raised a finger, "One!"

"Hahaha!!"

Liu Mingyu suddenly burst into a fury-induced laughter, his cold gaze fixed on Lin Mo, "Boy, I admit you are strong, but I, Liu Mingyu, am not someone to be trifled with. I am a Black Belt Fourth Rank, and if we really start fighting, you won't get off easy either!"

Though Liu Mingyu said this, his heart was somewhat uneasy. In just a few tens of seconds, Lin Mo had swept out sixty members of the Starfire Taekwondo Club. Although he believed he could do the same, it definitely wasn't possible in such a short time.

"Three!"

With the third finger raised, Lin Mo started walking toward Liu Mingyu step by step.

Seeing Lin Mo stride forward, Liu Mingyu's face twisted into a ferocious and fierce expression, "Boy, do you really want both of us to lose?"

"Both of us lose?" Lin Mo shook his head, "You aren't qualified for that!"

"Boy, you'll regret this!" Liu Mingyu took a deep breath, clenched his fists, shouted loudly, and almost instantaneously, his fists and feet attacked Lin Mo like the wind.

Taekwondo requires quick and precise movements, and Liu Mingyu's coordination of punches and kicks was near perfect, with a fierce oppressive force in his strength.

Yet, Lin Mo remained steady as Mount Taishan. Just as Liu Mingyu was about to reach him, Lin Mo thrust out a kick, striking Liu Mingyu's abdomen.

Bang!

Liu Mingyu felt his internal organs churn and was thrown six or seven meters back, smashing into a wall. With a crackling sound, his entire arm and ribs dislocated. He slid down the wall and then, with a thump, he knelt on the ground, vomiting a mouthful of fresh blood.

Seeing this scene, everyone was shocked. Liu Mingyu, a Black Belt Fourth Rank Taekwondo expert, was downed by Lin Mo with just one kick?

Zhong Qiaomeng was also visibly shocked, her rosy lips slightly parting in disbelief.

She had previously looked down on Lin Mo, but now, compared to Wu Mingzhe, Lin Mo seemed to excel in some aspects even more.

However, in Zhong Qiaomeng's heart, Wu Mingzhe was still the most outstanding boy, especially in other areas like the class basketball match, swimming, or academics. Wu Mingzhe was definitely number one there—unshakable!

Even though Lin Mo had impressed her somewhat, in her heart, Wu Mingzhe was still the man she admired the most.

Wu Mingzhe had already turned somewhat pale. Lin Mo had almost kicked Liu Mingyu to death with one blow. Just how much did his own martial power fall short compared to Lin Mo's?

Grinding his teeth, clenching his fists, Wu Mingzhe thought to himself, "In terms of martial power, it looks like I, Wu Mingzhe, can't match you. But in other areas, I will show you that I am still the best person at Qingye High School!"

Despite his resolve, Wu Mingzhe felt a profound sense of defeat inside.

He had always considered himself the best, until Lin Mo appeared, intensifying the sense of crisis in Wu Mingzhe's heart.

"Did you hurt them?"

That same second, the voice of a middle-aged man filled with fury, and whose Chinese was not very fluent, reverberated throughout the room.

Though his voice was not loud, it carried a strong oppressive force to everyone present.

Everyone instinctively turned around, only to see a middle-aged man with a somewhat gloomy expression, dressed in a Taekwondo outfit, standing at the source of the voice.

The man, sporting a stubby beard, had a fierce gaze and emanated a powerful aura that was incomparable to someone like Liu Mingyu.

"It's... it's the Master of the Starfire Taekwondo Club!" exclaimed the Qingye High School's senior year Taekwondo teacher, shock written all over his face.

He had only seen the Master of the Starfire Taekwondo Club once before, and the Master had only visited the school once.

He recalled that it had been about three years ago, when the Master had also come to defend his disciple.

At that time, he had used just one move to cripple a Black Belt Second Rank expert!

Lin Mo casually glanced at him and said indifferently, "That's right, I was the one who hit him."

"You're crazier than I expected! I need an explanation for this matter from you!"

Jin Zhuhe stared at Lin Mo with a slightly cold tone, his body swirling with an overwhelmingly strong aura, pressing down on Lin Mo.

Lin Mo's starry eyes slightly lifted, but he simply disregarded it and said indifferently, "An explanation, you say? I'll only tell you one thing now, either go back to your Korea, or..."

"End up a cripple!"

Lin Mo's indifferent voice echoed around the area. Although not loud, it gave a shuddering, startling feeling, making everyone's heart chill.

However, people soon felt that Lin Mo was still too arrogant. This Jin Zhuhe, unlike Liu Mingyu, was a true veteran Taekwondo expert, practically at the Grandmaster Level.

Even Jin Zhuhe's pupils dilated, his eyes filled with cold fury.

This cold-looking teenager, who appeared to be only seventeen or eighteen, was astonishingly arrogant!

"Young man, able to sweep through my Starfire Taekwondo Club's disciples, indeed your talent is shocking, but you're too arrogant! There's a saying in Huaxia, 'Don't reveal your edge too much, or it'll easily break,'" Jin Zhuhe said fiercely, his eyes filled with deep resentment and envy.

His resentment stemmed from the fact that Lin Mo had injured so many of his disciples, probably the greatest humiliation since the establishment of the Starfire Taekwondo Club.

His envy was because Lin Mo, at such a young age, actually possessed a strength that he himself had dreamed of but could never attain at that age.

"Arrogant?" Lin Mo's expression remained calm, but he coldly chuckled, "I'm arrogant because I have the capacity! And if you don't leave now, you'll only end up a cripple!"

"Ha ha ha!! Excellent! This is simply marvelous!" Jin Zhuhe burst into laughter, his eyes filled with sinister coldness: "Jin Zhuhe, since founding the Starfire Taekwondo Club, you're the first one who has dared to speak to me like that. You want to turn me into a cripple, do you? I'll cripple you, this reckless youngster, first!"

With those words, Jin Zhuhe's body emitted a fierce cold chill, and his ferocious power surged explosively at once.

With a low shout, he took a step forward and rushed fiercely, covering a distance of over ten meters in an instant.

Yet, Lin Mo just stood with his hands in his pockets, his expression serene and his demeanor relaxed, utterly fearless!

"Seeking death!"

Completely enraged, Jin Zhuhe's eyes blazed with deep anger, channeling nearly all his power into his fist.

In an instant, he charged in front of Lin Mo, his expression fierce and savage, convinced that his punch would splatter Lin Mo's blood everywhere!

The Taekwondo teacher had been stunned all this while; he had never seen Jin Zhuhe exert his full strength, and now, this punch was like a meteorite falling, weighing more than a thousand pounds!

Lin Mo being so indifferent, still with his hands in his pockets, wasn't this a classical case of seeking death?