

## Powerhouse 58

### Chapter 58: Purely Seeking Death!

"Spare my life?" Lin Mo sneered with a cold smile, "If I wanted to kill you, you wouldn't even have a chance to escape."

"Ha ha ha..." Luo Jiapeng laughed furiously, his face full of pride, "What an ignorant calf who isn't afraid of tigers, arrogant brat, what right do you have to kill me?"

Luo Yuanjun and the burly man burst into even louder laughter upon hearing this!

Then Luo Yuanjun, pointing at Lin Mo with amusement, said,

"Kid, that has to be the most ignorant thing I've ever heard, really!"

"If Uncle Peng wants to kill you, you wouldn't even have a chance to escape. In front of Uncle Peng, you are just like an ant, which we can crush at any moment."

"Be smart and hand over the Dragon Fixing Yin Yang Plate right now, or else..."

Bang!

The next second, unexpectedly, Lin Mo just lightly lifted his foot and swept it effortlessly.

Immediately, Luo Yuanjun was sent flying backward, crashing onto the flagstones by the roadside.

What nobody anticipated was that the flagstones would completely crack and keep on spreading!

From Luo Yuanjun's mouth, blood spurted wildly as he stared at Lin Mo with undeniable ferocity, "You... how dare you hit me?"

"Keep babbling and I will kill you!"

Lin Mo's expression was icy, as if he were speaking of something entirely mundane.

For a moment, everyone was stunned, faces filled with shock.

That was Luo Yuanjun! One of Lin City's four young masters, and with Luo Jiapeng, a formidable figure, by his side. Could Lin Mo possibly kill Luo Yuanjun?

It seemed utterly ludicrous.

"I'll curse your mother, what did you say? Kill me? With Uncle Peng here, even if you had a hundred guts, you wouldn't be able to kill me!"

"If you don't kneel down and apologize within ten seconds, young master here will flay your skin, draw your..."

Luo Yuanjun cursed furiously, yet failed to notice that Lin Mo's expression was growing colder by the second.

The next moment, Lin Mo moved!

Like a flash of lightning and a flurry of wind.

"Xiao Jun!"

Sensing an immense danger, Luo Jiapeng's expression darkened and he shouted at Luo Yuanjun.

Luo Yuanjun wasn't a fool and felt it too; his face panic-stricken, he hastily cried out, "Uncle Peng, save me!!"

"If I want to kill you, who in this world can save you?"

Lin Mo's face was cold, his tone authoritative and final, brooking no negotiation.

"Stop, you little brat! If you dare touch him, I will crush your bones into dust!" shouted Luo Jiapeng, desperation in his voice.

"Hmm, I'm waiting for you to turn me into dust."

Lin Mo's expression remained calm, his tone indifferent, showing no fear.

As his voice echoed, there was a snap! Everyone's eyes widened as Luo Yuanjun's neck was forcefully twisted and broken by Lin Mo.

Luo Jiapeng's face changed drastically, turning deathly pale, filled with fury and resentment!

Luo Yuanjun was dead, killed right before his eyes.

"Bastard, die!"

Luo Jiapeng roared and stepped forward!

Although he was originally five or six meters away from Lin Mo, in the blink of an eye, he was already in front of Lin Mo.

Not only was his figure swift as thunder, but his fists, forged like meteorite iron, powerful and unstoppable, capable of blowing a basic Grandmaster away with one punch.

However, Lin Mo's expression remained indifferent, as if he didn't even regard Luo Jiapeng's attack as a threat.

"Arrogant brat, you are doomed!"

Luo Jiapeng was furiously wrathful, facing such a deadly situation, Lin Mo still appeared nonchalant, Luo Jiapeng's eyes glaring murderously, confident in his punch.

Even an intermediate Grandmaster wouldn't dare to be so careless, let alone a cold-hearted teenager like Lin Mo.

In his eyes, Lin Mo was undoubtedly dead.

The other wealthy onlookers thought the same.

Just as everyone thought Lin Mo would be smashed to death with that punch, Lin Mo finally moved, his eyebrows slightly raised.

"Trash!"

Lin Mo coldly spat out two words and with a slight sweep of his palm, an invisible powerful energy, like a raging storm and tsunami, struck Luo Jiapeng instantly.

Bang!

The next second, Luo Jiapeng was blown away, not even getting a chance to retaliate, lying motionless on the ground, his face ashen.

Dead... dead!!

All present gasped in shock, their faces filled with fear!

With just one move, Luo Jiapeng was killed; how terrifying was this strength?

For a moment, all the wealthy sons looked at Lin Mo with fear and trembling, no one daring to speak another word.

Lin Mo, however, completely disregarded their shocked gazes, turned around and left indifferently.

People around him instinctively cleared a path, not daring to block him in the slightest.

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After returning to the villa on Yangjing Mountain.

Lin Mo began to set up the Spirit Gathering Array and Mist Formation.

Taking out all the jade stones that Lu Haotian had bought, Lin Mo glanced over them, around fifty or sixty blocks in total.

These jade stones had cost at least a billion.

However, Lin Mo was not stingy at all, placing all the jade stones together.

Then, he activated the Vast Universe Technique.

"Stars gather, all energy converge!"

With Lin Mo's shout, the jade stones visibly started to flicker with blue light before gradually turning into Spiritual Energy.

When the blue light gleamed, Lin Mo's entire room seemed like a blue sky, particularly dazzling.

Not only that, old and crude characters appeared, reflecting within the jade stones.

After about sixteen or seventeen minutes had passed, Lin Mo stopped the Vast Universe Technique, his face showing a trace of joy: "This Spirit Gathering Array is preliminarily set up, next, with the rotation of the Sun and Moon Wheel, and the settling of the spiritual essence of all things, it can truly be called a Spirit Gathering Array."