

Powerhouse 61

Chapter 61: The Outcome

Soon, those three or four cars stopped at the intersection.

Immediately afterward, a group of people got out of the cars, led by Yuan Ci.

The middle-aged man, Liu Chang, who held a higher rank than Yuan Ci, didn't get out of the car and let Yuan Ci handle the matter on his own.

"My son is here! My son is here!!"

When Yuan Ping saw the leading man about seventy or eighty meters away, he immediately shouted excitedly; his eyes filled with revenge and deep resentment: "Hahaha... Boy, you're finished, you're truly finished this time!"

However, after Yuan Ping said this, Lin Mo still had an indifferent expression on his face, completely unconcerned.

This extremely calm demeanor made Yuan Ping incredibly irritated.

His son was already here, yet he still dared to act so nonchalant?

About a minute or two later, Yuan Ci had already walked up to Yuan Ping. Behind him followed eight or nine individuals in uniform.

When Yuan Ci saw Yuan Ping covered in blood, his eyes filled with rage, resentment, and hatred to the extreme.

Then, he turned his head and stared at Lin Mo, gritting his teeth and said slowly, "Boy, tell me, why did you hit him?"

Lin Mo coldly glanced at Yuan Ci.

"Can't you ask him yourself?"

"Hehe! Boy, no matter the reason you hit my dad, today, I only give you two options!"

"First, kneel down, apologize to my father, and sever your own limbs!"

"Second, I'll break your limbs myself and make your life a living hell!"

Yuan Ci stared deeply at Lin Mo, trying to find fear, trembling, or regret in his cold eyes.

But he discovered that Lin Mo's eyes didn't even have a trace of remorse.

All there was, was that calm indifference.

"You're giving me two options?"

Lin Mo didn't even look at him and said indifferently, "What if I choose neither of those options?"

"Do you want to die?"

Yuan Ci narrowed his eyes, his expression turned utterly grim, and his look was filled with intense anger.

Then, he coldly ordered the youths behind him, "Break his limbs and drag him away!"

Seeing Yuan Ci's icy gaze, Jiang Yingxue took a big step forward, coming to Lin Mo's side.

Then, with her small, frail body, she stood in front of Lin Mo, biting her lip, and said firmly but respectfully, "Hello, I am the class teacher of Class 9, Senior Three at Qingye High School. He is my student, Lin Mo. He might have been a bit impulsive just now, but you can't blame it all on Lin Mo. This lottery shop is fraudulent. We won the grand prize but they refused to pay out..."

Yuan Ci was taken aback, and as Jiang Yingxue's argument became more justified, his complexion turned increasingly ugly, and he shouted, "Who is this woman! Shut up! No matter what, hitting people is wrong. Not to mention, he even broke my dad's limbs. If you keep getting in my way, don't blame me for being rude!"

Jiang Yingxue was slightly taken aback by the furious aura emanating from Yuan Ci but still firmly stood in front of Lin Mo, "I am his class teacher. If you want to break Lin Mo's limbs, you'll have to step over my body first!"

"F*ck, you're looking for death!"

Yuan Ci's face darkened, and out of nowhere, he had a baton in his hand, swinging it viciously toward Jiang Yingxue's head.

The baton whooshed through the air, making a fierce noise, its force significant enough that if it struck Jiang Yingxue's head, it would definitely cause severe bleeding.

Yet, Jiang Yingxue didn't dodge, and under extreme fright, she just closed her eyes and let out a terrified scream.

Everyone couldn't bear to watch, this baton would assuredly turn Jiang Yingxue's beautiful face into a bloody mess.

Just as the baton was only a centimeter or two from Jiang Yingxue's head,

everyone widened their eyes, and the fearsome baton was suddenly held tightly by a strong, slender, unique hand.

Yuan Ci was also stupefied, his instinct was to pull back his baton.

But he found that he couldn't move it at all, even with all his strength!

"Damn it, boy, let go!" Yuan Ci shouted in rage.

But no matter what he tried, he couldn't make the baton budge at all.

"F*ck, break this kid's limbs! Now, immediately!" Yuan Ci didn't waste any more words and roared at the eight or nine youths behind him.

Just as those eight or nine young officers were about to act.

"Break my limbs, huh?"

Lin Mo's expression was cold as his fingers slowly clenched together, visibly distorting and shattering the stick into pieces!

Everyone's gaze turned to utter horror, the incredibly hard stick, in Lin Mo's hands, was like cotton?

As Lin Mo's voice fell, his bangs moved without any breeze, adding to his chilling, domineering aura.

Bang!

The next second, before anyone could react, to everyone's surprise, Lin Mo grabbed Yuan Ci's head and violently smashed it against the wall.

Bang bang bang!!

The painfully loud, crisp sounds rose, and in everyone's shocked, horrified gaze, Yuan Ci's head bloomed and bled time and again.

Like a grotesque mini fountain, eerie and horrifying.

Five seconds later, Lin Mo's slender fingers slowly loosened.

Bang!

Yuan Ci's body fell heavily to the ground like a puddle of mud.

After about two or three breaths, having suffered through a hellish ordeal akin to death, Yuan Ci woke from his agonizing stupor, his eyes full of rage and resentment, and roared chillingly, "Ahhhh!! Damn brat, kill him! Kill him!!"

Swoosh swoosh swoosh!!

In an instant, the eight or nine young officers around Yuan Ci, all with terrified expressions, aimed their guns at Lin Mo.

But Lin Mo's face showed not a trace of fear, his expression colder as he said, "Put down your weapons within three seconds, or face the consequences!"

The eight or nine young officers looked at each other, hesitating.

"Damn! What are you waiting for? Kill him!!"

"Kill him!!"

Yuan Ci was infuriated to the extreme, screaming madly.

"So you think you can jump around, huh?"

Lin Mo's face was cold, but in the blink of an eye, he was right in front of Yuan Ci.

Crack crack crack crack!!

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly kicked, breaking Yuan Ci's limbs instantly!

Seeing this, the eight or nine officers darkened their faces and yelled,

"Put your hands on your head and squat down!!"

"Otherwise, we shoot!"

Yet Lin Mo's face remained indifferent, utterly unconcerned.

"Kid, you're done! I can tell you with one hundred percent certainty, you're screwed!!"

"Dare to strike me, Yuan Ci, I assure you, you will suffer terribly today!!"

Yuan Ci, enduring the agony of his broken bones, foolishly yelled at Lin Mo again.

However, before he could finish speaking.

Smack!

A very crisp sound echoed, and simultaneously, five clear handprint marks appeared on his face.

And the person who had slapped him was his direct superior, Liu Chang!

Yuan Ci's face was full of disbelief, filled with astonishment, "Liu Ju, why... why did you hit me?"

Liu Chang didn't bother responding and instead walked up to Lin Mo, bowed deeply at ninety degrees, his voice filled with utmost respect:

"Mr. Lin! My sincerest apologies, it was my failure to manage my subordinates properly that caused you such inconvenience. Please forgive us!"

The entire scene fell utterly silent, everyone wide-eyed.

Liu Chang! That was the chief of the East District, bowing and bending to a cold-hearted youth of seventeen or eighteen!

Not only that, but his face also showed fear, terror, unease!