

Powerhouse 78

Chapter 78 - I'm Going to Kill Someone

Xiao Feihang was stunned for a moment but then burst into raucous laughter:

"Ha ha ha... Kid, you're really cracking me up! Kill me and Uncle Wei?"

"Even if you were to practice Martial Arts for another ten years, you wouldn't have a chance to kill me or Uncle Wei!"

Lin Mo glanced at him indifferently, his face utterly cold: "Is that so? Whoever Lin Mo wants to kill, Lin Mo kills!"

With that, Lin Mo walked towards him with his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes exceptionally icy.

"Damn brat, you think you can kill me? Dream on! Uncle Wei, kill this little punk right now!"

Xiao Feihang's face flushed with extreme fury as he roared at Lin Mo.

Lin Mo's eyes grew slightly colder as he took a step forward.

"Young man, don't you think you're a bit too full of yourself? Do you really think I, Wei Ju, do not exist?"

"Killing whoever you want? On Sunset Mountain, it's the first time for me, Wei Ju, to hear such arrogant words!"

Wei Ju snorted coldly, staring at Lin Mo with a face full of ice, his eyes brimming with murderous intent. A white sharp sword appeared in his hand at some point, pointing directly at Lin Mo:

"Kid, kneel down immediately and apologize to our young master, beg for mercy, or else, I guarantee you will die a more miserable death than anyone I have killed before!"

"Those whom Lin Mo wants to kill, no one in this world can stop it!"

Yet Lin Mo simply glanced at him as if looking at a fool, then with a slight raise of his finger, a streak of Finger Qi shot out with incredible speed, piercing the air and directly penetrating Xiao Feihang's arm.

Wei Ju was utterly dumbfounded! His face turned pale!

How did this young man do it? How could he have injured Xiao Feihang behind him so silently, without any notice?

"Ah ah ah ah!!! Damn bastard, I'll kill you!! Uncle Wei, tear him to shreds for me!"

Xiao Feihang, clutching his bleeding arm, screamed crazily, his roar truly ferocious.

However, what he failed to notice was that Wei Ju's expression was growing uglier and uglier:

"Young master, shut up!"

Then, Wei Ju looked at Lin Mo with a solemn expression and said:

"Young man, we really have no grievances or grudges. My young master came here only to take Feng Qingzhu away. Why bother provoking the Xiao Family?"

"The power of the Xiao Family on Sunset Mountain is dozens of times stronger than you imagine. If you are willing to leave now, I can assure you that the Xiao Family will definitely not retaliate against you and your friends afterward."

"Uncle Wei!" Xiao Feihang glared furiously. He could never have imagined in his dreams that Wei Ju would actually start negotiating and compromising with a young man.

Lin Mo simply shook his head: "Don't flatter yourself. I, Lin Mo, have said that both of you must die."

"Kid, do you really want to fight us to the death? Like I said, the Xiao Family is not someone you can provoke. Out of respect for your decent talent, I'm giving you a chance, don't be ungrateful!"

"Ungrateful?" Lin Mo scoffed coldly: "I've killed too many people today and don't want to dirty my hands any further. So, both of you should just commit suicide."

With these words, Wei Ju's face turned a deep red.

Having practiced Martial Arts for so many years, he had never met someone so brazen.

"Since you so wish to die, I will oblige you!"

Wei Ju wasted no more words, his figure sprang into action, like a tiger leaping out of its cage. With a longsword in hand, he disappeared in an instant, transforming into a vicious and cold glint of light, shooting toward Lin Mo.

His white sharp sword seemed to even slice through the air, hissing as it went, bringing with it a trace of electric sparks, dazzlingly bright.

In just a few breaths, the distance between him and Lin Mo shortened to mere two meters.

That white sharp sword, carrying an endless vicious aura, seemed capable of slaying everything.

"Today, you will pay the heaviest price for your rebellious words. I, Wei Ju, will make you into minced meat, ensuring your death means you cannot transcend in the afterlife!"

Wei Ju's murderous intent was intense; yet, the cool and collected young man in the center of the arena didn't show a trace of fear on his face.

Seeing this, Feng Qingzhu shouted in shock: "Lin Mo, dodge it!"

But Lin Mo seemed not to hear her at all.

The next second, in the astonished and horrified eyes of everyone, Lin Mo just slightly raised his hand and reached out.

Yes, that's all he did, just reached out.

Everyone thought Lin Mo had gone mad.

That was a sharp sword capable of cutting through iron like mud.

Wei Ju's eyes were even more cruel, thinking to himself that the despicable brat was doomed.

This longsword, named Blood Slaying, was something Wei Ju had found in an ancient tomb during his travels, a renowned sword from ancient times.

It could be said that even an Intermediate Martial Sect master would not dare to be so bold as to grab the sword directly.

However, to everyone's disbelief, Lin Mo not only grabbed Blood Slaying but also did so without any trouble.

My God! How could this be so unbelievable?

Wei Ju felt he was on the verge of insanity. The indifferent young man before him had grabbed a sharp sword barehanded, and even more astounding, wasn't hurt at all?

Crack, crack, crack!!!

What terrified everyone even more was that Lin Mo casually, as if he was toying with a rag doll, crushed Wei Ju's sharp sword into powder in an instant, leaving not even scraps behind!

"No... No!!!"

Wei Ju couldn't believe any of this was real, but Lin Mo couldn't be less interested in giving him another glance, simply lifting his hand and condensing a tangible Sword Qi.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, it penetrated Wei Ju's body. A spurt of blood exploded from his back and shot forward, staining a large area of the tree trunk behind him bright red.

Boom!

Wei Ju's body fell to the ground with a thunderous crash.

Xiao Feihang felt as if his thought process and heartbeat had completely ceased.

His gaze was filled with utter shock and fear!

How could this be? Someone in this world could kill Uncle Wei in one move?

The shock experienced by Feng Qingzhu, Long San, Lu Haotian, and the others was no less intense than Xiao Feihang's.

Wei Ju, the second-ranked Martial Arts Master in Sunset Mountain, was just killed by Lin Mo in a single move?

If this story were told, who would believe it? Yet against all odds, it had happened.

"Defend yourself!"

Lin Mo looked at Xiao Feihang indifferently and said with a voice cold as ice.

Xiao Feihang's pupils shrank dramatically, and he roared to the heavens:

"No!!! I, Xiao Feihang, don't want to die; the one who should die is you! You bastard!"

Suddenly, Xiao Feihang's gaze turned ferocious, and he pulled out a chilling dagger from his bosom, madly stabbing towards Lin Mo.

"Be careful," Feng Qingzhu hastily shouted.

Lin Mo slightly furrowed his brows but didn't take it to heart. While Xiao Feihang wasn't yet upon him, a cold gleam flashed in Lin Mo's eyes.

Boom!

As if he had been hit by a bomb, Xiao Feihang's body exploded on the spot, blood splattering everywhere—dead beyond any doubt.

His voice, full of unyielding resentment, still echoed around Divine Dragon Pond:

"Lin Mo! The Xiao Family will never forgive you; you and your family and friends are all doomed!! My father will surely tear your body into ten thousand pieces! Ahhhh..."

Lin Mo's eyes turned cold, and he snorted in his heart: "In that case, the Xiao Family cannot be spared!"

At that same second, Feng Qingzhu's eyes became filled with sudden despair and extreme worry: "It's over! With Xiao Feihang dead, Xiao Tongnan will definitely not spare anyone from the Feng Family. It's almost nine o'clock, what should we do... what should we do?"

Lin Mo glanced at Feng Qingzhu and said indifferently:

"Since you stood up for me just now, I'll help you this once. Take me to your Feng Family's place; I'm going to kill."

"What... What?"

Feng Qingzhu was taken aback, saying, "Lin Mo, you've killed Xiao Feihang, Xiao Tongnan will never let you go. Going there now is tantamount to seeking death."

Although she was grateful to Lin Mo, she didn't want to drag him into this.

"There isn't much time left. If we go any later, everyone at your Feng Family may be killed. Don't worry, no one in this world can harm me, Lin Mo."

Seeing the young man's eyes filled with dominance and confidence, Feng Qingzhu bit her lip and nodded in agreement.

"Long San, you and the others head back to Lin City first." Lin Mo gave Long San and Lu Haotian a brief instruction and then asked Feng Qingzhu, "Is there a shortcut to your Feng Family?"

"There is. If we could just cross the mountain ahead, we could directly reach the Feng Family. However, that mountain ahead is far too high to climb," Feng Qingzhu said with some difficulty.

Unexpectedly, Lin Mo declared flatly, "Let's go."

About two or three minutes later, they arrived at the foot of the mountain.

The mountain was extremely tall, its peak almost touching the clouds.

Lin Mo glanced at the mountaintop and immediately grabbed Feng Qingzhu.

Before Feng Qingzhu could even react, she found herself soaring in the air.

Lin Mo moved as if weightless, his feet propelling him up the steep cliffs as though it were flat ground.

Feng Qingzhu's heart raced, feeling as though she was on a roller coaster, utterly astonished, finding it hard to believe that any of this was real.

This was the first time Qingzhu was so close to a man's body, smelling the unique scent of Lin Mo, her face blushing to the point of nearly dripping blood.

Yet, to her surprise, Lin Mo didn't even spare her a glance, his expression as calm as water, his demeanor as indifferent as ever, as if he had not the slightest interest in her, despite her stunning beauty.