

Powerhouse 11

Chapter 11 Looking for Trouble?

At the same time, inside Classroom Seven, Cheng Miaohan and Su Xinhe each had their own concerns.

One was annoyed with Lin Mo, while the other was curious about him.

Yet, they both shared a commonality, their emotions were both tied to the same person.

"Miaohan, do you think that guy might be in trouble?" After a moment of thought, Su Xinhe casually asked, already feeling much more at ease about Lin Mo's earlier cold demeanor.

"He deserves whatever trouble he gets! And you still care about him? I was trying to be nice to him, and that's the attitude he gives me." Every time Cheng Miaohan brought up Lin Mo, she inexplicably became angry, though behind her rage, there was a faint hint of worry.

After all, the people Lin Mo had provoked were from the Starfire Taekwondo Club, and although they weren't the most formidable in the club, any one of them was more than the average student could handle.

Lin Mo could end up seriously injured, beaten to a point of missing limbs.

Yet, as soon as she thought of that cold face, Cheng Miaohan found herself conflicted.

Even though it was she who cared for him, in the end, she was the one who received a cold response.

"Wait, Miaohan, what if there's another possibility?" Su Xinhe suddenly proposed.

"What possibility?" Cheng Miaohan blinked her pretty eyes and asked with a touch of suspicion.

"Think about it, what's our status? We're like the school beauties, and us suddenly talking to him like that would make so many guys jealous, right? Therefore, we're not really helping him!" Su Xinhe boldly voiced her speculation.

"You mean, we actually caused him harm?" Cheng Miaohan calmed down, and upon listening to Su Xinhe's analysis, felt that it was indeed very likely.

The thought led to Cheng Miaohan's mind conjuring an image of Lin Mo beaten to the ground by members of the Starfire Taekwondo Club, bloodied and blurred.

Suddenly, she felt a pang of sympathy for Lin Mo; it was brutal to be beaten up just after coming to school.

But, was that truly the case?

With that thought, Cheng Miaohan quickly leaned out of the classroom window and took a glance outside,

only to be met with complete shock.

"How can this be?" Cheng Miaohan's heart filled with surprise.

"What's wrong, Miaohan?" Seeing Cheng Miaohan's stunned expression, Su Xinhe also couldn't help but stick her head out the window.

Upon looking out, she too was taken aback; she actually saw Lin Mo, who appeared unscathed, without a drop of blood on him.

The two girls turned their heads and exchanged a glance, clearly seeing a thick layer of curiosity and confusion in each other's eyes.

Soon, Lin Mo's figure vanished as he entered Classroom Nine.

Hands in his pockets, Lin Mo walked into his own new classroom, which was a new environment for him and the other students alike.

Since they had moved up from the second to the third year of high school, most of the students knew each other, so when Lin Mo stepped through the door, he was greeted with the buzz of playful chatter.

Tall and poised, with an air of exceptional demeanor, Lin Mo had just entered the classroom when already several girls were stealing glances at him, eliciting envious looks from many boys.

But those girls only took a few brief looks before quickly averting their eyes.

The senior girls differed from the first-year girls that Lin Mo had encountered upon his entrance to the school building.

Having spent over two years in the school, these girls looked for more than just a person's appearance or looks.

They valued family background and wealth even more.

Lin Mo's attire was plain. Although not exactly unfashionable, it did seem somewhat cheap.

After briefly admiring Lin Mo's handsome features, the girls withdrew their attention, understanding that in this day and age, wealth and a solid family foundation were most important.

At that moment, a boy suddenly waved at Lin Mo: "Bro, over here! I saved you a seat!"

Lin Mo frowned slightly. He didn't particularly like overly familiar people, but after glancing around the classroom, it seemed there were no other seats available.

So he walked over to the empty spot and sat down.

"Hehe, bro, it's like I've been wishing on stars and moons, and finally, you've arrived! Hi, my name's Xu Fei, you can call me Little Fei or Ah Fei." The boy named Xu Fei wore glasses and looked rather scholarly, without any ill intentions.

"Do we know each other?" Lin Mo asked indifferently.

"Nope," Xu Fei replied, slightly confused.

"Then shut up!" Lin Mo closed his eyes, as if to rest.

"Man, I thought you were just pretending, but you really are ice-cold, huh? Still, I like it, hehe..."

"That, erm, I noticed you in the crowd earlier."

"To be honest, I think you're too cool, single-handedly kicking eight people flying. Just from the aura about you, I can tell you're not some common fish in the pond, so I've decided, you're my big brother!"

"Of course, being my big brother has its benefits, like, I can tell you the rankings of the school beauties, treat you to meals, stuff like that."

"Are you done talking?" Suddenly, Lin Mo opened his long, cold eyes, which flashed with a frosty light: "You really do talk a lot!"

Suddenly, Xu Fei was terrified, hurriedly shifting his body to the side, a hint of fear in his voice as he said, "Don't, dude, let's talk this out, no need to get physical, I really don't mean any harm, I just admire you, that's all!!"

Seeing Xu Fei's comical panic, Lin Mo was somewhat at a loss for words.

"I don't like taking on followers," Lin Mo shook his head.

"Then... can I be friends with you?" Xu Fei asked tentatively, his eyes full of sincerity.

"Friends?" Hearing this, Lin Mo actually smiled a little, seemingly in agreement. After all, he too needed to integrate into life here and could use some friends. Conveniently, Xu Fei was also his deskmate.

Xu Fei was pleasantly surprised; he hadn't expected Lin Mo to actually be willing to become friends with him.

Suddenly, Xu Fei felt that his deskmate was not the completely unapproachably cold person he seemed to be. On the contrary, when Lin Mo showed that smile, Xu Fei thought that if he were a top-notch beauty, he might even be willing to throw himself at Lin Mo.

It was mainly because this guy's aura was truly unique.

However, since Xu Fei was a guy, his feelings toward Lin Mo were all admiration, without any strange ideas.

Bang.

While they were talking, the door was suddenly kicked open.

Immediately after, several tall and muscular boys, along with a handsome boy wearing an off-shoulder T-shirt, walked into the classroom.

That boy's build was also quite strong, and his entire being exuded a robust and powerful vibe.

One could tell at a glance he had practiced boxing a lot!

However, the one thing that set him apart from the other muscular boys was something in his eyes.

A touch of subdued arrogance, as well as an inherent rich young master's aura.

His gaze swept over the classroom and then headed straight for Lin Mo.

Seeing this, Xu Fei's face changed, and he whispered, "Lin Mo, do you know who he is?"

"No idea," Lin Mo responded indifferently with a shake of his head.

"He's one of the school's heartthrobs named Zhou Yitao, and he's also the captain of the school team. He's both talented and popular, but it seems... he's come straight for you! Be careful!" Xu Fei quickly briefed while reminding Lin Mo to be cautious.

"Oh," Lin Mo just smiled indifferently, as if he didn't take the matter to heart.

"Aren't you afraid he's here for you?" Xu Fei asked, worried.

"Are you scared?" Lin Mo instead asked.

"To be honest, a little!" Xu Fei admitted nervously.

"Then you can move aside," Lin Mo said with a calm voice.

"No!" Xu Fei shook his head firmly, saying, "If you're a friend, I should stand by you in a time of trouble. What kind of friend would I be if I didn't?"

"Good! That's all I needed to hear. Just sit tight and don't worry about anything else," Lin Mo said with a slight smile, perfectly composed.

Meanwhile, Zhou Yitao and his group had arrived in front of Lin Mo.

"What's your relationship with Cheng Miaohan?" Zhou Yitao stood above him, looking down as he asked Lin Mo.

"Not much. I just know her father. She and I don't have anything to do with each other. Also, you're disturbing me now," Lin Mo replied carelessly, his tone casual.

"Heh, that's good to hear!" Zhou Yitao let out a cold laugh, but didn't say much else. After careful observation of Lin Mo's attire, he lost any interest in getting physical with Lin Mo; he felt that someone like Lin Mo couldn't possibly be a rival for Cheng Miaohan's affection.

"Damn! How do you talk to Brother Tao?" Even though Zhou Yitao wasn't angry, one of the other tall boys couldn't hold back and directly cursed at Lin Mo.

"I really hate it when people curse at me for no reason," Lin Mo said, his slender and cold eyes slightly raised, a hint of chill passing through them.

Then, all of a sudden.

Boom!

Nobody knew when Lin Mo had made his move, but in the blink of an eye, the tall boy who had just spoken was sent flying over ten meters away, his mouth full of blood, lying on the ground moaning in pain.

"Kid, you..." The other tall boys next to Zhou Yitao were furious, about to take action. "Brother Tao, should we...?"

"No need!" Zhou Yitao stopped them, coldly chuckling, "Since he has nothing special with Miaohan, there's no need to make a move. Help him up; let's go!"

Lin Mo watched as Zhou Yitao and his group left.

This guy had some depth to him; if it were someone else's lackey that got beaten, he would definitely have reacted, but he didn't take it too seriously.

Hence, this person was not the brainless kind often found among the privileged youth, but instead a person with a decent IQ.

But no matter how cunning, as long as he didn't provoke Lin Mo, that was fine. However, if he did cross Lin Mo, Lin Mo wouldn't let him off easily either.

To Lin Mo, all the scheming, all the power and influence in the background didn't matter. What truly held the power to change everything was strength.

With power in hand, he could overlook the world, rather than being changed or affected by it.