

## Powerhouse 21

### Chapter 21 Looking for Trouble?

However, Zhou Yitao quickly got over it, as he could clearly see a hint of displeasure in Cheng Miaohan's eyes!

What did that mean? It meant that Cheng Miaohan did not like the guy in front of her, she even disliked him somewhat.

"Is this the Lin Mo you mentioned?"

Yang Miaomiao also sized up Lin Mo and showed a face full of disdain, indeed judging him as a poor nobody.

She thought to herself, compared to Lin Mo, her family background and wealth were many times greater. Although Lin Mo's outfit might have cost a few thousand, compared to hers, he looked like a country bumpkin.

"Why are you here?" Cheng Miaohan stared straight at Lin Mo. Despite feeling somewhat helpless about Lin Mo's sudden appearance, she still asked.

"Your dad asked me to come over. He called you, but your phone was off. He was worried about your safety since you are a girl out alone, so he asked me to come keep you company. Also, he told you to come home early!" Lin Mo explained blandly.

"My dad sent you?" Realization dawned upon Cheng Miaohan, "Since you're here, then come sit with me."

Zhou Yitao's expression darkened, and he pretended to be generous as he smiled at Lin Mo, "Brother, come sit over here with me. Order whatever you like."

However, Lin Mo didn't even glance his way and completely ignored him, walking over to where Cheng Miaohan was.

Ignored by Lin Mo, Zhou Yitao's face turned extremely ugly, this being the first time he had ever been so disregarded!

"Who is this guy? How dare he treat Young Master Zhou like this!"

"Exactly, who does he think he is, acting all cool and collected. Does he think he's handsome?"

It seemed like they noticed Zhou Yitao's embarrassment, and soon, several influential young men and women scoffed displeasedly, seizing the opportunity to ingratiate themselves with Zhou Yitao.

But Lin Mo seemed not to hear their ridicule and disdain at all. He sat next to Cheng Miaohan, lit a cigarette, and began to smoke.

"Hey, Lin Mo, right? Are you the one ruining our Miao Han's mood by acting all high and mighty in front of her? I don't know who gave you the courage, with those clothes and that look of yours, where do you match up to our Miao Han? I warn you, don't try to win a girl's heart in such a way! This is a realistic society, if you think you can attract a girl with such a contrasting personality, I advise you to drop that idea early. Miao Han is not someone you can pursue!" Yang Miaomiao was a very realistic girl; she believed that if two people's family backgrounds were too different, they should give up on such absurd ideas.

However, Lin Mo's expression turned cold, and he said lightly, "Are you joking with me?"

"What do you mean by that?" Yang Miaomiao was puzzled.

"I'm not interested in her! She's not my type. Moreover, what does it have to do with you?" Lin Mo's expression remained calm, his words light and breezy.

What?

Suddenly, everyone's eyes widened, their looks filled with hostility and anger towards Lin Mo.

Cheng Miaohan's face turned noticeably sour, and Su Xinhe was somewhat torn between laughter and tears as she fully realized Lin Mo's cold nature. No wonder Cheng Miaohan was so unhappy; anyone would have trouble dealing with Lin Mo's cold rebuffs.

The extremely expensive delicacies soon began to arrive.

When the ten bottles of '92 Lafite were brought in, it caused a scream of excitement throughout the booth!

They knew this was the most expensive meal they had ever eaten in their lives, all thanks to Zhou Yitao.

Everyone began to eat, except Lin Mo, who didn't even pretend to try any.

Seeing Lin Mo's reaction, Yang Di hummed coldly beside him, filled with sarcasm, "Oh, is it not to your taste, or do you look down on the food Young Master Zhou ordered?"

Lin Mo frowned slightly, his face expressing a mocking smile, "Eat if you want to eat. Why bother with me? You talk too much!"

"What did you say?" Yang Di slammed the table violently, his face full of anger, pointing at Lin Mo and said coldly, "Kid, who do you think you are? Sitting here, Yitao has already given you a lot of face. If you don't know what's good for you..."

"How is that going to be?" Lin Mo raised his eyebrow coolly, his face indifferent as he looked at Yang Di.

"It's okay, cousin, don't stoop to his level." Yang Miaomiao glanced at Yang Di and said, "People like him aren't worth your anger. Isn't it a loss of your status?"

"Hmph! Kid, consider yourself lucky. I won't take it out on you for now, but you better watch yourself, or you'll regret it." Yang Di glared at Lin Mo bitterly before he started to eat and drink again.

Midway, Lin Mo stood up and walked outside, preparing to use the restroom.

Seeing this, Yang Di also stood up, as did two tall young men beside him. Then, with a smile, Yang Di said to those present, "I'm a bit full. You guys keep eating. I'm going to use the restroom."

Hearing this, the smarter ones among them knew exactly what Yang Di intended.

But they didn't say much; after all, a haughty person like Lin Mo needed to be taught a lesson.

Cheng Miaohan and Su Xinhe frowned slightly; Yang Di was holding a bit too much of a grudge. Just as they were about to say something, Zhou Yitao didn't give them a chance to speak, smiling cordially, "Miao Han, Su University's school beauty, try this Australian lobster. It tastes excellent; I guarantee you'll fall in love with it after one taste!"

Outside, just as Lin Mo stepped out of room 888, Yang Di and the three men followed.

"Kid, stop right there!" Yang Di glared coldly at Lin Mo's back, his face fierce as he shouted.

Lin Mo, walking ahead, stopped his steps, turned back, hands in pockets, his face expressionless as he looked at the three men, "What's up?"

