

## Powerhouse 23

### Chapter 23: I'll Give You Three Seconds, Get Out!

Cheng Miaohan had not expected Lin Mo to see through her thoughts so easily, yet she still spoke with a light tone, "You haven't been in Lin City for long. The Yang Family is more powerful than you imagine. In this society, you can't dominate by martial power alone. To stand firm in society, you need many things—money, power. Yet you've just arrived in Lin City and have already offended so many people! Have you never considered the consequences of your impulsive actions?"

"So, what you're saying is, I should apologize to him?" Lin Mo scoffed coldly.

"If you were smart, you'd know what to do. You have no idea how weak so-called face is in the face of money and power!"

"I hope you can apologize to Yang Di. It's not too late. Later, I'll have Miao Miao put in a few good words for you. Maybe we can let this go then."

Lin Mo scoffed coldly again, his face showing his indifference as he looked at Cheng Miaohan. "What you mean is, if I have no power or influence, I should be trampled underfoot by him? Even if he's wrong, I need to apologize, right?"

"That's not what I mean!" Cheng Miaohan bit her lip, stomping her foot in frustration. "I'm just suggesting you take a step back for a broader view. If something were to happen to you, how heartbroken would your parents be? Do you only think about yourself?"

She knew that this young man in front of her had his heart set higher than the heavens and looked down on everyone, but eventually, he'd realize that what really mattered in reality was not cold-heartedness or martial power but family background, power, and money.

"Enough!" However, Lin Mo cut her off, his eyes suddenly filled with a dominance that seemed to tower over the universe, "Cheng Miaohan, Cheng Miaohan. From the beginning, you've looked down on yourself, thinking that I, Lin Mo, am just an insignificant boy. But you have no idea how petty your world view is in my eyes! One day, you'll realize how ridiculous this talk of yours is."

"Haha! No need for him to apologize. Since a mistake was made, punishment is due. For hitting my brother, he should face the severest consequences!"

Just then, Zhou Yitao came in from outside with seven or eight people, walking toward the private room and staring at Lin Mo with a cold smirk.

Zhou Yitao had thought Lin Mo would be sensible enough, but what he hadn't expected was that not only had Lin Mo stolen his thunder tonight, he had even injured his good brother Yang Di.

How could Zhou Yitao bear it?

Just a while ago, Zhou Yitao was about to personally call people to deal with Lin Mo, but outside in the corridor, he happened to run into the boss of the East District.

To put it bluntly, the boss of that part of the East District.

"Zhou Yitao, is this the kid you were talking about?"

Next, a tattooed man with a bald head glanced disdainfully at the cool young man sitting in the corner. He hummed lightly, not regarding Lin Mo, this minor figure, as a threat at all. Behind him stood several burly men.

The bald man known as Long San was a well-known gang leader in the East District!

But he was not just any gang leader. He not only reigned supreme in the East District but was also a trusted subordinate of Lin City's underworld boss Lu Haotian, holding great favor from Lu Haotian.

Accordingly, Long San's status was not just any boss of the East District. Behind him was the terrifyingly influential boss Lu Haotian.

"Brother Long doesn't know, this kid isn't just skilled. He not only injured my brother but also broke the arms and legs of the two school team members my brother brought," Zhou Yitao said, glaring at Lin Mo with a dark expression. Frankly, he had planned to take action himself, but when he learned that Lin Mo had easily taken care of the two school team members as well, he had second thoughts.

Zhou Yitao was clever. He generally wouldn't undertake something unless he was absolutely sure of the outcome.

Otherwise, he could end up just like Yang Di!

Therefore, he approached Long San and promised that if Long San could severely teach that arrogant guy a lesson, he would pay Long San and his people two hundred thousand yuan!

"Heh, that fierce?"

Upon hearing this, Long San gave the cool young man sitting alone in the corner a second look. But soon, with disdain, he said, "No matter how good this kid is at fighting, can he really be tougher than these brothers of mine who lick blood off knife edges?"

"You all can leave now," Long San then glanced at Zhou Yitao and spoke indifferently.

Zhou Yitao's face turned awkward, slightly confused. "What do you mean by that, Brother Long?"

"Do you guys really want to see this kid splattered with blood? I'm afraid I might get too rough later, and it'll frighten all you students who aren't yet fully grown," Long San huffed, somewhat annoyed.

"Oh, I see, Brother Long is always so thoughtful! Then my brothers and I will wait outside the private room for your good news! When we come in later, I hope to see that kid with his hands and feet broken!" A trace of ruthlessness crossed Zhou Yitao's face as he whispered a request in Long San's ear.

"Heh heh... You sure are vicious, aren't you? But since you've given me two hundred thousand, I'll definitely take care of what you've asked for." Long San coldly chuckled, glanced over the students present, and pointed at the aloof young man sitting by himself in the corner, shouting fiercely, "Other

than this kid, everyone else get out within three minutes! If you're even a second late, don't blame me, Long San, for being heartless and ruthless."

"What? Long San? Could he be that East District boss? The right-hand man of Lin City's underground leader, Lu Haotian?"

"This guy wants to die, don't drag us down with him, this is Lu Haotian's subordinate!"

"Hurry and go!! Don't get involved with this kind of person; otherwise, you won't even know how you died."

For a moment, all the students became pale at the mention of Long San's name; they were terrified.

They took one last schadenfreude glance at Lin Mo and without much hesitation moved towards the exit, deeply afraid of being even slightly implicated in this matter.

Yet no one noticed that the aloof young man sitting in the corner had a face whose expression had not changed even the slightest bit from beginning to end.

What was there was only his indifferent and calm demeanor.

This aspect of human nature was all too familiar for Lin Mo. Two years ago, the moment he became known as the Lin Family's Waste Young Master, when he was humiliated by the colossal Murong family, he was already accustomed to it.

So, in this respect, Lin Mo's heart remained as calm as an ancient well.

In just a few breaths, almost ninety percent of the people inside the private room had left.

Only Zhou Yitao, Cheng Miaohan, Su Xinhe, Yang Miaomiao, and Yang Di remained.

"Zhou Yitao, do you really want to do this?" Cheng Miaohan slightly raised her beautiful face and looked at Zhou Yitao with a hint of anger.

"Miaohan, I couldn't stand this guy from the moment he walked in! Besides, didn't he upset you? And now he's even hit my brother; how can I swallow this anger? However, if you beg me, maybe I'll consider sparing this kid." Zhou Yitao viewed Cheng Miaohan's somewhat anxious gaze with a trace of self-satisfaction in his heart, thinking that even a goddess might have moments of needing his help!

If Cheng Miaohan were really willing to plead with him, he might consider letting Lin Mo, this arrogant jerk, off the hook.

Cheng Miaohan bit her moist lips, her gaze complex as she looked at Lin Mo. Truthfully, if she really needed to ask Zhou Yitao, she did harbor a sliver of the idea to bow her head.

After all, Lin Mo was her father's lifesaver and, though not very close, was a friend with whom she had met twice.

"No need to beg him. Men's affairs don't require women's involvement! And you're not qualified to deal with my business!"

At the same time, the aloof young man who had been silent and sitting in the corner finally stood up. He nonchalantly said to Cheng Miaohan with his hands still in his pockets.

"You, what did you say?" Cheng Miaohan's face suddenly turned distressed. Faced with Lin Mo's indifferent and condescending gaze, she suddenly felt wronged inside. She had intended to help him out of goodwill, only to be met with another cold reception from Lin Mo.

"I said, this matter doesn't concern you; you can leave now. And with just a few small fries like these, they can't possibly be my opponents!" Lin Mo said with an indifferent tone, his face calm.

"You... will regret this!" Cheng Miaohan, biting her lips, fiercely glared at Lin Mo, her heart filled with rage, and turned to leave the private room with Su Xinhe without looking back.

At that same second, Zhou Yitao and Yang Di's faces grew more brutal. This cocky kid, if he gets beaten to death later, it'll be his own damn fault!!

The two glanced at Lin Mo with sneers and also slowly made their way to the exit.

Now, Private Room 888 was left with only Long San, his seven or eight burly men, and Lin Mo!

"Kid, you're pretty cocky, have quite the personality! Now, do you kneel and beg us for mercy yourself, or shall I have my men break your arms and legs?" Long San rubbed his neck, staring at Lin Mo with a cold, sinister expression.

"I'll give you three seconds to get lost, or you'll suffer the consequences!"

However, to Long San and his men's surprise, Lin Mo, with his hands still in his pockets, looked straight at them with eyes as deep as the stars, his demeanor boundlessly cold, his tone aggressively imperious and extremely arrogant.