

Powerhouse 24

Chapter 24: Extreme Fear

"Kid, what did you say? You dare talk to me like that?" Long San's face stiffened, feeling humiliated, he glared at Lin Mo with fury and said menacingly, "Do you know who I am? I'm an associate of Lord of Heaven, and do you know who Lord of Heaven is? He controls the entire underworld of Lin City. You're probably the first person in Lin City who dares speak to me like that!"

To be honest, Long San had many scripts ready in his mind before this moment, but all those scripts showed the same scene—Lin Mo trembling in fear, directly kneeling before him to beg for mercy, though the manner of begging could be thousands of different ways.

But what Long San truly hadn't expected was this! The cold young man in front of him was still so arrogant, seemingly limitless in his arrogance.

Long San initially thought that breaking both of Lin Mo's arms would suffice to justify the price Zhou Yitao had offered, but now, he wanted this kid in front of him—dead!

"Is that so? However, your so-called Lord of Heaven seems not so terrifying to me," Lin Mo replied with a calm demeanor.

At the same second, outside the private room, Cheng Miaohan, Su Xinhe, Zhou Yitao, and others had varying expressions on their faces.

"Miaohan, do you think Lin Mo will be okay?" Su Xinhe looked at the door of the private room, where the cold young man was completely isolated from them. For some reason, a strong worry began to grow in Su Xinhe's heart.

"I don't know!" Cheng Miaohan, her heart full of complexity, shook her head. After all, Lin Mo was facing Long San, the boss of East District! Saying she didn't know was just comforting herself.

What kind of person was Long San? In East District, he was always brutal and ruthless; those who troubled Long San would certainly end up with broken arms and legs.

However, thinking about Lin Mo's arrogant attitude that he presumed as high and mighty, Cheng Miaohan felt even more irritated. When had she, Cheng Miaohan, a proud girl, ever been treated so coldly by a boy multiple times?

Yet Cheng Miaohan's heart grew more conflicted! She, on the surface, was as arrogant as Lin Mo, but inside, she was as kind-hearted as Su Xinhe.

With this thought, Cheng Miaohan hesitated no longer and stepped forward to pull open the door of the private room.

But it was completely locked.

"Yitao, what's going on?" Cheng Miaohan looked up at Zhou Yitao, urgency flickering in her beautiful eyes.

"Miaohan, this door can't be opened," Zhou Yitao said with a smile, shaking his head and pretending to sigh, "Once it's locked from inside, it can't be opened from the outside. Ah... if you had pleaded with me for him earlier, that boy might not have gotten into trouble, but now... no one can save him anymore."

Cheng Miaohan's eyes sparkled with anger and she spoke seriously to Zhou Yitao, "Zhou Yitao, hurry up and open the door. No matter what, Lin Mo is my father's life-saving benefactor. If anything happens to Lin Mo, from now on, I, Cheng Miaohan, will have nothing to do with you again."

"Miaohan, it's not that I don't want to open the door, it's really impossible! If you don't believe me, you can ask others!" Zhou Yitao pretended to look innocent, speaking with resignation.

"That's right, Yitao is not wrong, this is a supreme private room. Once locked, unless we call the police, it's utterly impossible to open from outside. Besides, all of this is his own fault, why should Top Campus Belle Cheng blame herself? Such arrogant individuals should be taught a lesson about the consequences of not knowing their place!" Yang Di chimed in, echoing Zhou Yitao's sentiment, which made Su Xinhe somewhat unable to continue watching.

"Miaohan, let's call the police!" Su Xinhe suddenly felt guilty; after all, she did know Lin Mo, albeit not very closely.

"It's useless! Even if we call the police now, by the time they arrive, Lin Mo would already be beaten half to death!" Cheng Miaohan said with a worried look, shaking her head. At this point, except for praying for his own luck, no one could help him.

At the same second, inside private room 888.

"Damn! You really are insanely arrogant, kill this kid for me!" Long San furiously waved his hand at the muscular men prepared for action.

These men, their fists as big as sandbags, swung towards Lin Mo's head with vicious force.

However, the next second, Lin Mo lifted his leg, and before they could even see how he made his move, all the muscular men were already lying on the ground, wailing in pain.

Seeing this, Long San was shocked, a wave of fear rising inside him, but just as he tried to say something, Lin Mo had already reached him.

Bang!

The next second, his body involuntarily flew out, heavily crashing to the ground, Long San let out a piercing scream, blood gushing from his mouth.

His eyes filled with intense shock and disbelief, tinged with deep terror.

Could this ruthless young man in front of him be so formidable? In just a few moments, he had sent him and his men flying.

"Do you submit?" Lin Mo's eyes, cold as ice, faintly gazed toward Long San, lying on the ground in agony not far away, speaking from a position of superiority, his face expressionless.

"Submit... I submit, you fucker! Damn it! Kid, you think being tough makes you badass? No matter how fast you are, can you outrun a bullet?" Long San glared furiously at Lin Mo, his face twisted with ferocity.

At the same time, he revealed a dark object in his hand, its barrel-like opening aimed directly at Lin Mo's forehead.

"Do you think this thing is a threat to me? You don't know that in my eyes, it's no different from a heap of scrap iron." Lin Mo simply shook his head indifferently, his demeanor as calm as still water, as if Long San was holding a stick instead of a gun.

"Kid, you are too arrogant!" Long San, thoroughly provoked by Lin Mo's arrogance, sparked with rage and pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Bang!

A deafening sound like thunder echoed; the bullet, traveling at 300 meters per second, shot towards Lin Mo!

Seeing this, Long San's eyes gleamed with even more cruelty.

But the next second, he was utterly shocked by what unfolded before his eyes.

The bullet, before it even got close to Lin Mo, seemed to be stopped by some invisible barrier and fell to the ground right before him.

"Damn! This is unbelievable!" Panicked, Long San continuously pulled the trigger, firing wildly at Lin Mo.

Bang bang bang!!

The sounds continued nonstop until the bullets were all spent; Long San then realized that Lin Mo remained unharmed.

Fear and astonishment overwhelmed Long San, creating tumultuous waves in his mind. Though he was just a gang leader in the East District, following Lu Haotian had given him considerable exposure.

Being able to ignore a bullet's attack and remain safe is something even the top expert beside Lu Haotian could not achieve.

Those who could do this were without a doubt Martial Arts Grandmasters!

Realizing this, Long San was soaked in cold sweat from head to toe! He instantly snapped back to reality, understanding that for Lin Mo, killing him would be too easy.

"Looks like you really are clueless!" In the same second, Lin Mo walked with his hands behind his back, approaching Long San step by step.

Unable to withstand the inner terror, Long San trembled all over, and with a thump, he knelt down in front of Lin Mo.

"Please, expert, don't kill me! Spare me! Long San really had no idea of your stature; I was foolish to provoke an expert!"

Long San was scared out of his wits, shaking uncontrollably, sweat pouring from his forehead like a fountain, soaking the ground extensively.

"Spare you? Though I don't feel like killing anyone today, break one of your arms yourself. You have one second, any later, and I will kill you!" Lin Mo glanced at him coldly, his voice as chilly as ice.

Long San gulped nervously, torn inside but daring not delay even a second.

Crack!

His face hardened, he raised his right hand, and with a ferocious punch, he smashed his own left arm.

Blood gushed out, and he howled in pain, like a fierce ghost.