

## Powerhouse 25

Chapter 25 - 25 The True Cold-heartedness

"Thank you, Master, for showing mercy!"

Long San's eyes were fixed intently on Lin Mo, filled with shock and terror, and he didn't dare harbor any thoughts of revenge in his heart; Lin Mo could kill him with just a thought.

Although Long San normally strutted around the East District and even Lin City with impunity, backed by the powerful Lu Haotian, he was no fool. He once had the fortune to meet a Martial Arts Grandmaster while accompanying Lu Haotian, a Grandmaster who was already over thirty years of age.

Yet, the cold and indifferent youth before him was at most seventeen or eighteen years old! A Martial Arts Grandmaster so young surely had limitless prospects and unrivaled talent.

Who would dare provoke a Martial Arts Grandmaster who was only seventeen or eighteen years old? Forget Long San, even his backer, Lu Haotian, would have to show respect.

Lin Mo's expression was calm as he glanced at Long San indifferently and said in a cold voice, "I don't want something like this to happen again. If there is a next time, I won't mind actually killing you."

"I wouldn't dare! I would absolutely not dare to have such a rebellious thought!" Long San, under Lin Mo's icy glare, lay on the ground as submissively as a tamed wolf, shrouded in a coldness that infiltrated his bones, not daring to show any disrespect or irreverence.

Outside VIP Room 888,

Cheng Miaohan, Su Xinhe, and the others were extremely anxious.

Moreover, they had no idea what was happening inside the room.

After all, VIP rooms like 888 had exceptionally good soundproofing; one couldn't know what was going on inside unless they had extraordinary hearing.

However, everyone had their own thoughts—some were joyous, and some were worried.

Cheng Miaohan and Su Xinhe were worried about Lin Mo, but Zhou Yitao and Yang Di showed no concern on their faces.

On Zhou Yitao's face, there was even a hint of smugness and arrogance, "That kid is probably in the room right now, kneeling and begging for mercy. Ah... That's what he gets for being so arrogant. These days, people without any family background trying to act tough is just pitiful."

"Exactly, that kid is a complete idiot. He even dared to be arrogant in front of Brother Long, calling a few people 'trash fish'? That's hilarious. In my opinion, you all had better close your eyes now. Otherwise, when that door opens, the kid will probably already be covered in blood. Just thinking about it is terrifying," Yang Di added more fervor to his words, as if Lin Mo's fate was already sealed.

"Zhou Yitao, enough! Don't you have any conscience? Although Lin Mo was a bit arrogant, he's still better than you who bully others with your strength," Su Xinhe couldn't stand Zhou Yitao and Yang Di any longer and suddenly rebuked them.

Earlier, Su Xinhe had thought Zhou Yitao to be gentle and generous, whether in family background or demeanor. However, she hadn't expected to see his true character today.

Lin Mo was in such a terrible state, and they still had the mood to kick him while he was down, mocking him behind his back.

With such behavior, how could he be worthy of her best friend Cheng Miaohan? Su Xinhe felt a deep disdain for Zhou Yitao.

No one noticed the complexity in Cheng Miaohan's heart at this moment; she even regretted not asking Zhou Yitao for mercy earlier. That way, at least the cold guy wouldn't have been beaten half to death.

But now, it was too late.

While her heart was full of hesitation, she saw that the door to VIP Room 888 suddenly opened.

At that moment, almost everyone involuntarily looked over!

Cheng Miaohan and Su Xinhe held their breath, a sense of extreme unease in their hearts.

Zhou Yitao, Yang Di, and the others wore mocking expressions, as if they had anticipated Lin Mo's dire fate.

But in the next second, everyone's hearts were overturned, swept up by a wave of astonishment, their eyes fixedly staring at the entrance of the room. They saw the indifferent youth walking with a swagger, hands in his pockets, looking as if nothing had happened—his lips trembling violently.

How... how was this possible?

Lin Mo appeared unscathed, despite facing the notorious Long San of the East District.

Long San was known for being ruthless. Could it be that he had suddenly gone soft and spared the cold youth?

Not just them, Cheng Miaohan, Su Xinhe, Yang Miaomiao, and the other women's faces were also filled with shock and disbelief.

Cheng Miaohan stared hard at Lin Mo, searching for any sign of humiliation or collapse on his face.

But what she never expected to find was that Lin Mo's face was, from beginning to end, completely calm, as if nothing had happened.

Cheng Miaohan's heart forcefully denied the reality, but everything she saw confirmed the truth: Lin Mo was indeed unharmed.

"It's impossible, absolutely impossible—how could this kid not be hurt at all? What on earth is going on?"

Zhou Yitao's eyes were full of astonishment and disbelief; he shook his head vehemently, while Yang Di was completely taken aback, utterly dumbfounded.

Soon, Long San and his men also came out, but the scene was vastly different from what everyone had anticipated.

Bloodstains were on Long San's body, and the burly men behind him were even supporting each other as if they were disabled.

Seeing this, Zhou Yitao felt a deep sense of foreboding, but still plucked up the courage to flatteringly ask Long San, "Brother Long, what... what exactly happened here?"

Slap!

However, no sooner had he finished his question than Long San, without any warning, ruthlessly slapped him across his handsome face.

It hurt! It was a stinging pain!

"Brother Long, you... what are you doing?" Zhou Yitao, full of anger but daring not to erupt, looked at Long San in panic and confusion.

"F\*ck! You idiot, do you even know who you've messed with? You dared to mess with Mr. Lin? Are you tired of living?"

Long San slapped Zhou Yitao's face again, cursing furiously.

Mr. Lin? Everyone was almost dumbfounded. When had this penniless nobody become the respected Mr. Lin in Long San's words?

Remember, just earlier, Long San was shouting about breaking Lin Mo's limbs, but now in the blink of an eye, he was respectful and reverent towards Lin Mo.

What on earth had happened during the time they had walked out of Room 888? What could have caused the leader who dominated the East District to change his attitude towards Lin Mo so drastically?

"We... we..."

Zhou Yitao and Yang Di were somewhat incoherent, their minds filled with fear, completely unable to understand why Long San was treating them this way, but they could clearly see the deep fear and dread in Long San's eyes when he looked at Lin Mo.

Could it be that Lin Mo was even more terrifying than Long San?

But they found it impossible; Long San was the boss of the East District, and Lin Mo was just a transfer student who had recently arrived in Lin City.

So they thought of two other possibilities. Could it be that Lin Mo had offered Long San more money?

However, they quickly dismissed this thought, because if that were the case, there would be no need for Long San and his men to injure themselves, right?

Another possibility was that Lin Mo had powerful backers, but Zhou Yitao quickly dismissed that too. Lin Mo was just a poor nobody who had just arrived in Lin City. How could he have any remarkable background?

Unable to comprehend this, Long San glared at him viciously, "You two pieces of sh\*t really are clueless. Daring to have bad intentions towards Mr. Lin, kneel down and apologize to him right now, or you'll regret it!"

What? Kneel down?

Both Zhou Yitao and Yang Di's faces were filled with anger and stubbornness, to think that they would kneel to this penniless nobody?

That was absolutely ludicrous! They would rather die than do such a thing!

"You don't need to kneel."

However, Lin Mo's gaze suddenly became sharp, and an intimidating dominance and coldness surged from his body, "Just treat them as they intended to treat me with their vicious thoughts."

No sooner had Lin Mo's words fallen than Zhou Yitao and Yang Di's legs went soft, and they collapsed onto the floor.

"Yes, Mr. Lin!" Long San showed not the slightest doubt about Lin Mo's orders and was ready to comply absolutely.

"Lin Mo, you bastard, dare you let Long San lay a hand on me? The Zhou Family and the Yang Family will not let you off!" Zhou Yitao and Yang Di's faces changed dramatically, shouting in alarm and rage, but Lin Mo's face remained cold and unmoved.

Soon, Long San gestured to his men to drag Zhou Yitao and Yang Di back into the room.



At this moment, the look everyone had towards Lin Mo changed. No longer was there any contempt or sneering, all that was left was intense shock and fear.

Having settled the matter, Lin Mo left with a cold face, his sleeves sweeping behind him, deep respect hidden beneath his ostentatious demeanor.

"Lin Mo, wait up!" Cheng Miaohan hurried after him, her gaze complex as she looked at the inscrutable and cool young man, calling out to his retreating figure.

Lin Mo paused briefly, turning his head back with a piercing cold gaze, "What else do you want to say?"

"Lin Mo, do you always act without considering the consequences?" Cheng Miaohan fixed her eyes on Lin Mo, biting her lip, speaking softly, "Although I don't know what method you used to make Long San and his men so compliant, have you ever thought about the serious consequences your actions could bring upon yourself by treating Zhou Yitao and Yang Di like this?"

Lin Mo's face remained impassive, "Cheng Miaohan, are we close? When I was in trouble, you couldn't help me at all. Afterwards, you feel the need to instruct me, do you really think I, Lin Mo, am someone you can just lecture? If it weren't for the sake of your father, perhaps you would have already been slapped away by me!"