

Powerhouse 26

Chapter 26: Cheng Miaohan's Pride!

Thump thump thump!!!

Cheng Miaohan staggered backward three or four steps as if struck by lightning, staring at the cold and indifferent boy before her. Suddenly, she was seized by an illusion that the distance between them had grown vast in an instant.

It was as if Lin Mo came from the distant horizon, a king from above the Nine Heavens, while she was nothing but an ant.

To tell the truth, the aura that Lin Mo had just exhibited, even Cheng Miaohan, the school beauty adored and infatuated by countless at Qingye High School, was deeply shaken.

However, it was only for a brief moment that Cheng Miaohan snapped back to reality and then lifted her beautiful face, her eyes like precious gems, glaring at Lin Mo:

"Lin Mo! I, Cheng Miaohan, must have misjudged you. I thought you were just cold, but I didn't expect you to take my kindness for granted as something worthless! So full of yourself!"

"Fine! From today on, I, Cheng Miaohan, won't deal with a single matter of yours anymore. From now on, you have nothing to do with me, and my family certainly doesn't welcome you!"

"Not welcome me?"

Lin Mo's lips curled into a sneer, his tone indifferent: "Since your family doesn't welcome me, you go back and tell your dad that I won't be coming over because of some urgent matters. Also, remember what you said—don't meddle in my business anymore!"

"Hmph!" Cheng Miaohan laughed coldly, her face regaining its usual pride: "Fine, I'll keep my promise, and I hope we never run into each other again at Qingye High School."

Having said that, Cheng Miaohan's face was seething with anger and displaying an unprecedented sadness. Any sense of guilt she might have felt toward Lin Mo vanished completely.

Then, she hurriedly walked towards the exit of the hotel.

Lin Mo watched this scene with a calm and unchanged expression, hands in his pockets as he turned and left.

About half an hour later, Cheng Miaohan returned home.

As soon as she got home, she saw Cheng Mingshan, wearing an apron and carrying a dish of hot food, walking out of the kitchen with a smile: "Miaohan, you're back? Daddy made a table full of delicious food! Your mom won't be back tonight because of some work at the company."

But Cheng Mingshan quickly noticed something amiss and frowned: "Miaohan, where is Lin Mo? Didn't he come back with you?"

Cheng Mingshan's question made Cheng Miaohan feel somewhat embarrassed and regretful. In the morning, Cheng Mingshan had explicitly told her to bring Lin Mo back for dinner.

Yet, every time she thought of that cold and aloof boy's face, an inexplicable anger surged in Cheng Miaohan's heart, and she carelessly said: "He said the food you cook is terrible! He looks down on it! So, he's not coming!"

After speaking, Cheng Miaohan didn't wait for Cheng Mingshan to react and turned to go back to her room, slamming her door shut with a bang and locking it.

"This child..." Cheng Mingshan was stunned for a moment, his face a mixture of helplessness and a wry smile. Lin Mo had never tasted his cooking, so how could there be any talk of it being unpalatable?

There must be some unspeakable reason behind it, but since Cheng Miaohan was unwilling to elaborate, Cheng Mingshan did not pry.

Cheng Mingshan had wanted to call Lin Mo to ask what was going on, but then he remembered that in the rush last time, he hadn't exchanged phone numbers with Lin Mo.

He could only wait for a future encounter with Lin Mo to ask about the reasons, after all, one was his daughter, and the other, a young man who had saved her life. He hoped that the two could get along well, even if just as ordinary friends, which would be better than mutual dislike.

Back in her room, Cheng Miaohan felt increasingly agitated.

"Why? Why do all the other boys in school try to please me in every way possible, while that cold guy always acts so high and mighty, indifferent as if he's above it all?"

"Do you think I, Cheng Miaohan, will revolve around you? Dream on, you conceited jerk!"

Cheng Miaohan lay on her bed, her slender and exquisite body curled up, her face unfilled with unhappiness and gloom, and in her heart, she felt a growing annoyance towards that cold and aloof boy.