

Powerhouse 45

Chapter 45 Too Incredible

Everyone was full of anticipation.

Even some from Senior Class Three had begun to lounge on the couches, cigarettes dangling from their lips, a playful look on their faces as they watched the buzz-cut man and Huang Mao.

In their view, Pan Zhengyang was likely to pull off his act successfully this time; soon the buzz-cut man and Huang Mao would probably be grinning apologetically and playing the good son to Pan Zhengyang.

Thus, they imitated Pan Zhengyang pompously, seizing the opportunity to bask in reflected glory, watching the buzz-cut man and Huang Mao like a joke.

But the next second, they were so terrified by what happened in front of them they trembled all over, dropping their cigarettes onto their pants and yelping in pain.

Slap!

Just as Pan Zhengyang had finished speaking, the buzz-cut man's expression hardened and he dealt a hard slap across Pan's face.

Pan Zhengyang was stunned by the slap, his eyes wide with fury as he stared at the buzz-cut man, incredulous, and bellowed, "You... you dare to hit my face?"

"Hit your face? I'll kick you too!" The buzz-cut man sneered coldly and suddenly kicked Pan Zhengyang with a fierce, violent gesture.

Bang!

Pan Zhengyang, who was fair looking, was kicked flying in an instant, his face smashing into the wall and several teeth falling out.

"Idiotic thing, a mere district head daring to act tough in front of me!"

After kicking Pan Zhengyang, the buzz-cut man looked disdainful, his eyes slightly narrowed, his tone filled with contempt.

Meanwhile, Huang Mao was getting impatient, lust apparent in his eyes, as he called out to the burly men behind him, "What are you waiting for? Go grab that girl and let my brother and me have some fun."

The boys from Senior Class Three looked at each other, knowing they could handle a few thugs normally, but facing so many burly men was different; not stepping forward might be fine, but if they stuck their necks out, things could end very badly.

Zhang Qian's face went pale instantly, her eyes seeking help as they fell on Pan Zhengyang.

Among this group, besides being best friends with Zhong Qiaomeng, she was closest to Pan Zhengyang.

Facing Zhang Qian's pleas, Pan Zhengyang found some courage from nowhere, struggled to his feet, and gritted his teeth, "Have you got it wrong? My dad is Pan Quyi, hardly anyone on Xiangyang Street doesn't know him."

The buzz-cut man didn't speak, just looking on with amusement, while Huang Mao suddenly slapped his forehead and said, "Your dad is Pan Quyi, huh? I know him!"

"You know my dad?" Pan Zhengyang's face lit up, thinking maybe there had indeed been a mistake; after all, the importance of district heads varies.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that if the man knew Pan, things could be handled much more easily.

"Now, brother, since we're practically family, can we let this go for my sake?" Pan Zhengyang regained some confidence and addressed Huang Mao with familiarity.

"Brother? Who the fuck is your brother?" Huang Mao sneered arrogantly, "Your dad has to call me Brother Huang in front of me, what are you worth? Slap yourself twice and get out of the way, or else your dad's days as district head are numbered."

Suddenly, everyone was stunned.

Zhang Qian felt utterly hopeless.

Huang Mao, along with the burly men, grinned lewdly as they advanced towards Zhang Qian, "Little darling, want to hit me, huh? Tonight I'll make you climax at least ten times, leaving you begging for more!"

Zhang Qian felt her heart sink to the depths, escape seemed almost impossible.

At that moment, Xu Fei glared at Huang Mao and his group, "You scumbags, pick on me if you have an issue, what skill is there in bullying a woman?"

"Kid, think you're tough? Trying to play the hero saving the beauty?" The buzz-cut man suddenly burst out laughing dismissively and waved his hand, "Beat him to death!"

Just then, Lin Mo suddenly stood up, hands in his pockets, and pointed at Pan Zhengyang, "This idiot you can touch, but him, you can't!"

The buzz-cut man and Huang Mao were taken aback; someone dared to speak up at this time?

"Kid, are you looking to die?" Huang Mao hissed menacingly at Lin Mo.

The other students from Senior Class Three were also shocked as they watched Lin Mo.

Huang Mao clenched his fists until they creaked, said coldly, "Oh, so he's untouchable? I will touch him! What are you going to do about it?"

With that, Huang Mao stormed towards Xu Fei with a fierce look, his fist aimed maliciously at Xu Fei's forehead.

As the massive fist loomed over Xu Fei's head...

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The next second, a series of crisp sounds suddenly echoed throughout the venue.

On closer inspection, Huang Mao's head had burst open; his blood continuously flowed out, dyeing the entire ground red as he lay on the ground, half-dead and wailing in pain.

Lin Mo threw away the broken bottle in his hand and said indifferently, "Now, do you know what I can do?"

It's over! Lin Mo is done for! He actually made a move, and on top of that, he had beaten Huang Mao to this state.

Pan Zhengyang couldn't help but pause, but then his face broke into a cold sneer. The kid is as good as dead!

"You scummy brat, you're seeking death! I'm gonna chop you into pieces!"

The buzz-cut man was furious, his face nearly twisted, and his eyes looked like they could kill.

Wu Mingzhe and Pan Zhengyang both wore a schadenfreude expression.

Lin Mo's face remained calm, showing no fear; his indifferent eyes glanced at the buzz-cut man as he said coldly, "Leave now, or you will die!"

His contemptuous tone made the buzz-cut man's face flush an intense red, "The one who will die is you!"

With those words, the buzz-cut man took a chopper from a burly man and walked menacingly toward Lin Mo.

Bang!

However, the next second, before the buzz-cut man could take action, someone fiercely kicked him from behind, sending him flying unexpectedly.

"Who? Who dares to ambush me?" the buzz-cut man bellowed furiously.

Snap!

Before he could gather his senses, he saw the newcomer slap him hard across the face.

This time, the buzz-cut man finally saw the face of the person, and his body immediately shuddered as he yelled, "Mr. Long San?"

Hearing this name, everyone's expression changed. Mr. Long San? Was it Long San, the right-hand man of Lu Haotian, the underground boss of Lin City?

Thud!

The next second, what no one expected was that this leader, who reigned over the East District, was now kneeling in front of Lin Mo, his face filled with fear, "Mr. Lin! I'm... sorry, my man dared to offend Mr. Lin. It's my own fault to die!"

For a moment, everyone in senior class nine stared in disbelief.

This was Mr. Long San, the big shot of the East District; how could he be so terrified of Lin Mo, as if he was seeing the grim reaper?

People were shock-stricken, but Lin Mo just sat on the sofa, his face indifferent as he spoke, "He just said he wanted to kill me. What do you think should be done?"

Mr. Long San's face turned stern, and he slapped the buzz-cut man across the face before turning back with a flattering smile toward Lin Mo, "He was an idiot today, but, Mr. Lin, he's really a man I value. Could you possibly..."

"Are my words not clear, or do you not understand?" Lin Mo spoke coldly, absolutely uncompromising in tone.

Mr. Long San pondered for a moment, his face then hardened with resolve, "Yes! I will absolutely obey Mr. Lin's orders!"

With that said, Mr. Long San fiercely glared at the several burly men and commanded coldly, "What are you standing around for? Drag him out and do as I said!"

The buzz-cut man's expression drastically changed, his eyes growing wild, but the burly men disregarded everything and forcibly dragged him outside.

The whole lounge became as quiet as could be, so quiet that even the sound of a pin dropping could be clearly heard. Everyone looked at Lin Mo with shock and fear in their eyes!

Zhang Qian's face was completely petrified. The cold and seemingly insignificant young man she had just witnessed wielded more power than she could have ever imagined!

Suddenly, she felt that her previous perspective was more insignificant and laughable than an ant's!

As for Wu Mingzhe and Pan Zhengyang, their faces were ashen. Pan Zhengyang was terrified to death. This seventeen or eighteen-year-old cold young man wielded so much power—wouldn't stepping on him be as simple as killing a chicken?

Lin Mo ignored the extremely shocked gazes, hands in his pockets, and slowly stood up, walking towards the outside of the lounge.

Mr. Long San followed with a sincere expression, pondering for a long while before respectfully addressing Lin Mo, "Mr. Lin, I have a favor to ask."

"Speak!" Lin Mo stood upright, hands behind his back, speaking with an indifferent tone.