

Powerhouse 46

Chapter 46 - It's All Just Trash

"Actually, it is Lord of Heaven who seeks your help," Long San said respectfully, giving a slight bow.

"Oh?" Lin Mo's starry eyes lifted slightly, but he showed little interest, and spoke indifferently, "Go on."

"It's like this: recently, a person from Su Hang has suddenly risen in Lin City, not only usurping many territories under Lord of Heaven."

"Now, he has the audacity to come knocking, telling our Lord of Heaven to roll out of Lin City."

"He even threatened our Lord of Heaven, saying that if he doesn't leave Lin City by midnight tonight, he will undoubtedly die!"

"And then?" Lin Mo asked indifferently.

"In all honesty, Lord of Heaven would like to request your presence to support him!" Long San said earnestly, pleading.

"What does his life or death have to do with me?" Lin Mo responded indifferently, his expression utterly unconcerned.

"This..."

Long San was taken aback, speechless. Lin Mo was right; although Lu Haotian was the underground boss of Lin City, his life or death seemed to have nothing to do with Lin Mo.

Grinding his teeth, Long San still pleaded with a sorrowful face, "If Mr. Lin is willing to help us this time, no matter how much money it takes, our Lord of Heaven would be willing to pay you! Or if there's anything else you require, as long as our Lord of Heaven can do it, he will agree unconditionally."

"Any requirement I might ask for?" Lin Mo sneered lightly, "What if I demand his unconditional and absolute submission to me, would you agree to that?"

"Ah? Mr. Lin, that... that might be impossible. You have unparalleled strength, but Lord of Heaven is also a person with pride, how could he easily submit to anyone?" Long San said with a wry smile, shaking his head.

"Then there's nothing I can do to help," Lin Mo said, hands in his pockets and an aloof expression on his face, ready to leave.

"Mr. Lin!"

With a thump, Long San knelt on the ground, his face sincere and pleading, "Please, Mr. Lin, help Lord of Heaven through this crisis! If you help him this time, no matter what demands you have in the future, Long San and Lord of Heaven will certainly die before refusing."

Lin Mo frowned slightly; he was not one to randomly act out of kindness, but then something came to mind, and he casually said, "Get up; I can help with this matter."

Long San's face lit up, thinking that Lin Mo had been moved by his sincerity.

But what he didn't know was that Lin Mo was always cold-hearted; how could he possibly help others so easily?

The reason was that Lin Mo had realized that for the Lin Family to rise quickly in the future, they would need some influence or a public spokesperson.

And Lu Haotian, the underground boss of Lin City, was the best candidate.

"Thank you, Mr. Lin! Thank you!" Long San was ecstatic, his face filled with emotion and he almost kowtowed in gratitude.

"Enough of the courtesies," Lin Mo said indifferently, hands still in his pockets, "Now, where is this man?"

"He is currently in Lord of Heaven's villa area!" Long San said gravely.

"So audacious?" Lin Mo raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Yes, currently, that man is accompanied by a top expert, almost unmatched, and now he has gathered many of Lin City's wealthy, and it's unclear what he intends to do. Lord of Heaven is really in a precarious situation," Long San said, his expression ugly and worried.

"No matter," Lin Mo waved his hand dismissively, one hand still in his pocket, and spoke indifferently, "Take me there now."

"Good, good... With Mr. Lin's support, our Lord of Heaven will definitely be safe this time." Long San was full of surprise, hurriedly pressed the elevator button, respectfully ushering Lin Mo, "This way, please, Mr. Lin."

Lin Mo nodded slightly, stepped in, and once downstairs, Long San quickly drove the same luxury car over, opening the car door respectfully for Lin Mo.

Meanwhile, inside the villa district of Lu Haotian, the underground boss of Lin City.

Here, stood hundreds of Lin City's wealthy.

They glanced at each other, their expressions somewhat panicky.

Their eyes also stealthily looked at the middle-aged man in white sitting across from Lu Haotian.

The middle-aged man in white had an arrogant expression, his face full of disdain as he scanned Lu Haotian and then turned his gaze to the assembled tycoons, his voice booming, "Have you all made up your minds? I want you to hand over fifty percent of your profits and thereafter obey me completely. Does anyone here object?"

"Fu Donglai, aren't you being too presumptuous? You've only been in Lin City for a few days! What right do you have to demand so much profit from us each year? Even previously, Lord of Heaven only took thirty percent of our profits. Aren't you being a bit too bullying?" one forty-something-year-old fat tycoon, full of dissatisfaction finally couldn't hold back, stood out, and pointed at the middle-aged man in white, shouting angrily.

"Don't waste your words on me! I'm only asking you this: are you willing, or not?" Fu Donglai's expression turned cold as he stared down the fat tycoon, his tone threatening.

"I'd rather die!" the fat tycoon snorted coldly, his heart filled with anger.

"Oh, then you can go die," Fu Donglai said lightly, then waved at the middle-aged man in blue standing behind him.

The next moment, the middle-aged man in blue had already reached the fat tycoon's side, appearing out of nowhere.

An invisible, overwhelming pressure swept over, causing the fat tycoon to break out in a cold sweat and tremble as he stammered, "What... what are you going to do?"

"Send you to Hell!" The man in blue, his eyes filled with murderous intent, twisted the fat tycoon's neck.

Instantly, head separated from body, the scene was bathed in blood, and the atmosphere turned as quiet as a forbidden zone.

Five seconds later, the other tycoons trembled, nearly wetting themselves, each speaking up:

"I... I am willing to submit!"

"I... I am willing too!"

They were well aware that giving up fifty percent of their profits was as painful as cutting their own flesh, but being alive meant they could continue to make money.

Otherwise, what use was having all that money?

"So, what about you, Lu Haotian?"

Fu Donglai looked over at Lu Haotian with a playful expression, casually lighting a cigar and puffing arrogantly, his tone growing much colder.

"What exactly do you want?" Lu Haotian, suppressing the anger in his heart, asked in a deep voice.

"I told you before, didn't I? Leave Lin City immediately, and from now on, Lin City is under my protection. You, Lu Haotian, are forever banned from returning," Fu Donglai said coldly.

The room fell dead silent, Fu Donglai's demand was undoubtedly fatal for Lu Haotian.

"What if I say no?" Lu Haotian could no longer restrain his anger and slammed the table furiously.

"If you don't, then the only path left is death," Fu Donglai said harshly, his eyes gleaming with deep murderous intent.

"Fu Donglai, do you really think I, Lu Haotian, don't have any experts by my side?"

Lu Haotian's eyes were cold and fierce, and he burst out with an overbearing aura: "Let me tell you, the people you brought are indeed formidable, but I, Lu Haotian, have two Martial Arts Grandmasters by my side!"

"Two Martial Arts Grandmasters?"

Hearing this, Fu Donglai's expression changed slightly, but then he scoffed coldly: "Who can't boast?"

"Hmph!"

Lu Haotian snorted lightly and shouted: "Master He, come out."

The next moment, a man around forty years old with a powerful aura entered from outside.

He was the expert He Qiang that Lu Haotian had invited.

However, the man in blue beside Fu Donglai, seeing He Qiang, remained unfazed and even snorted disdainfully.

Seeing this, Fu Donglai's confidence surged, and he scoffed disdainfully: "Lu Haotian, is this your trump card?"

"Don't be arrogant; you'll regret it once the young expert arrives," Lu Haotian said solemnly, believing that He Qiang combined with Lin Mo could definitely defeat Fu Donglai's man, Cai Gaohan.

As everyone looked on expectantly, they saw Long San leading a cool young man with his hands in his pockets, slowly approaching.

Seeing Lin Mo, Fu Donglai burst into loud laughter, his eyes filled with disdain as he laughed so hard he almost choked:

"Lu Haotian, is this the young expert you were talking about?"

"He looks barely seventeen or eighteen years old, yet you claim he's a Martial Arts Grandmaster? Have you lost your mind?"

"If he is a Martial Arts Grandmaster, then the one with me must be a Martial Venerate!"

"Lu Haotian, if you are scared, you can leave Lin City now; there's no need to bring a kid to try to fool everyone."

He Qiang, by Lu Haotian's side, couldn't help but frown and said to Lu Haotian: "Lord of Heaven, I thought you had called an expert like me to assist us, but instead, you've brought this child; isn't this showing disrespect to me?"

"Master He, it's not like what you think..." Lu Haotian said with a bitter face. Lin Mo was indeed a very formidable young expert.

"Enough! Lord of Heaven, let's not talk about anything else. That guy won't last ten moves against me!" He Qiang brushed off the matter with overbearing confidence, his face full of absolute self-assurance.

"Mr. Lin, I'm sorry..." Long San looked apologetically at Lin Mo.

"It doesn't matter, they're just trash."

Hearing the words of Fu Donglai and He Qiang, Lin Mo, with his hands still in his pockets, looked at the two with an indifferent face, calm and unaffected like watching mere ants.