

Powerhouse 57

Chapter 57 - You Can Leave Now

Soon, the burly man with swollen eyes returned in front of Luo Yuanjun, his face dark with restrained anger:

"Young Master Luo, that kid prefers punishment over courtesy! He completely disregarded you!"

"Haha, good, very good!"

Luo Yuanjun's face turned extremely ugly, and his eyes became much colder: "He's the first person who dares to not drink my toast and still be so arrogant."

"Yuanjun, there's no need to be upset with him. Continue bidding; we must obtain the Dragon Fixing Yin Yang Plate," Luo Jiapeng said with a cold expression.

"Alright!"

Luo Yuanjun nodded, glanced at Lin Mo with a flash of cold light in his eyes, and turned to the elderly auctioneer on stage, loudly saying,

"310 million!"

Luo Yuanjun did not increase the bid by much, as he considered that Lin Mo might just be bluffing.

Many people in the audience subconsciously looked towards Lin Mo.

In their eyes, the price of the Dragon Fixing Yin Yang Plate had already exceeded three hundred million, and it was not worth it for such an item.

Moreover, it might even invite deadly trouble.

Any normal person would definitely not compete with Luo Yuanjun anymore.

"Five hundred million!"

However, the reality far exceeded all the wealthy attendees' imaginations. Lin Mo not only spoke again but also directly raised the price by two hundred million.

For a moment, all the wealthy individuals' eyes were filled with shock.

After a brief moment of amazement, numerous sighs followed.

"This kid has provoked Luo Yuanjun, and now he's completely made an enemy of him!"

"He's definitely not going to survive today."

"If it were me, I would have given up directly. There's no need to offend someone fundamentally untouchable just for such an item."

Those wealthy individuals thought Lin Mo was doomed.

Sitting beside Lin Mo, Long San and Lu Haotian, however, showed no change in their expressions—only respect for Lin Mo.

At the same time, Luo Yuanjun clenched his fists, his face full of hatred: "Damn it, this kid dares to oppose me time and again, does he really think I, Luo Yuanjun, am easy to bully?"

The expression on Luo Jiapeng's face finally darkened as well, but he said to Luo Yuanjun, "Continue bidding!"

Luo Yuanjun gritted his teeth, his expression quite ugly, and then once again loudly said, "600 million!"

This time, he directly added a hundred million.

"Mr. Lin, there's no need to increase the bid anymore, right?" Lu Haotian cautiously asked.

After all, in his view, bidding six hundred million for such an item was completely unnecessary.

"Is money an issue?" Lin Mo asked calmly.

"No, if it's something Mr. Lin wants, no amount of money is an issue. I just feel it's not worth the price," Lu Haotian replied with a wry smile.

"I must have this item," Lin Mo stated unequivocally, his tone indifferent.

"Alright, I'll follow Mr. Lin's lead," Lu Haotian's gaze shifted, his face filled with respect, no longer harboring any doubts.

Lin Mo nodded and then glanced at Long San, speaking indifferently, "No matter how much he bids, just keep raising the price."

"Okay, Mr. Lin." Long San chuckled, amused by this opportunity to flaunt wealth.

Then, Long San raised the sign in his hand, "Seven billion!"

Instantly, the entire room was shocked.

Now, the price had skyrocketed to seven billion.

Of course, what shocked them the most was not the price but the fact that Long San had taken over the bidding!

And what was that cold-hearted young man doing now? He was actually closing his eyes and resting!

What did this imply? It meant that he was utterly indifferent about money! Moreover, it seemed that no matter how much Luo Yuanjun bid, he was determined to fight to the end.

"Eight billion!!" Luo Yuanjun was furious, not only despised by an eighteen-year-old, but now his opponent had someone unrelated representing him. This was sheer madness!

"Nine billion!" Long San raised the sign again. Since it was something Mr. Lin desired, no matter what, he had to get it!

"Ten..."

Luo Yuanjun's expression was extremely ugly, like those gamblers losing big at the tables.

However, before he could finalize his bid of ten billion, Luo Jiapeng patted him on the shoulder and said in a deep voice, "No need to raise any further! It's clear this guy is determined to get it, any more bids from us would be in vain."

"No way! Since you said this item is of great help to our Luo Family, we cannot let it fall into that kid's hands," Luo Yuanjun said, hatred filling his face.

"Don't worry, as long as he's still in Lin City, we won't lose track of this artifact," Luo Jiapeng said, his eyes flashing brutally, speaking coldly.

"I understand," Luo Yuanjun was somewhat relieved, but his expression grew increasingly fierce.

Seeing that Luo Yuanjun had stopped reacting after Long San's bid, the auctioneer waited about two more minutes before his hammer ferociously fell:

"Nine billion, no further bids. The Dragon Fixing Yin Yang Plate now belongs to that young man."

For a moment, many wealthy individuals fixed their gaze upon the cool young man resting his eyes, all letting out sighs. Another young life, soon to fall to Luo Yuanjun.

The auction soon ended.

Lin Mo and his group walked towards the exit, but just as they left the auction, several people appeared in front of them.

It was Luo Yuanjun and the middle-aged man Luo Jiapeng, along with the burly man whom Long San had injured.

Luo Yuanjun looked at Lin Mo with a cold smirk and said,

"Brother, I'd like to make a friend of you."

Lin Mo's face remained cold, not even bothering to glance at him.

Luo Yuanjun was taken aback, rage rising within him as he said sternly, "You dare ignore me? Do you know who I am? It's a great honor for you to befriend me! To tell you the truth, I fancy the Dragon Fixing Yin Yang Plate you hold. If you are willing to part with it painfully, not only could you make a well-connected friend like me, but you could also save your own life."

Luo Yuanjun's sense of superiority was unhidden, his tone commanding and absolute.

If it were anyone else, they would have been terrified by his aura and background.

However, what he never expected was that Lin Mo treated him as if he were thin air, his tone indifferent, "Are you done speaking? If so, you can go."

The air was thick with tension.

"You really don't seem to care about anyone, do you? I, Luo Jiapeng, have been in martial arts for over a decade, but it's my first time encountering such an arrogant young man. However, considering your youthful recklessness, if you voluntarily hand over the Dragon Fixing Yin Yang Plate and apologize to us, I might spare your life," Luo Jiapeng said, his gaze darkening as he stared at Lin Mo, his face filled with chill.