

## Powerhouse 72

Chapter 72: Are you kidding me with that trash?

About twenty minutes later, they arrived at a canyon.

There was a bridge linking the canyon to the spot where Lin Mo and the others were standing. Halfway up the opposite side, there was a huge building that looked vigorous and mighty.

"This is the Yan Family's territory."

"This bridge is privately owned by the Yan Family; you can reach Divine Dragon Pond in half an hour by crossing it and passing through their territory."

Feng Qingzhu explained to Lin Mo.

However, in an instant, Feng Qingzhu's pretty eyes slightly knitted together. "That is, Lin Mo, if you want to cross this bridge, you must get permission from the Yan Family. Do you see those two burly men guarding the bridge?"

"Let's go!"

Lin Mo didn't even glance at them, simply walking with his hands behind his back towards the bridge.

Long San and Lu Haotian quickly followed after him, and after a slight pause, Feng Qingzhu caught up as well.

Very quickly, Lin Mo arrived at the entrance to the suspension bridge.

The two burly men, who had been dozing off, were startled awake by the sound of footsteps.

Then, after rubbing their sleepy eyes, one of the burly men looked at Lin Mo and frowned, "Who's this kid? Got a bridge pass?"

"What is that?"

Lin Mo asked indifferently, with his hands behind his back.

"Heh! Kid, if you don't even know what a bridge pass is and still dare to come here?"

The other burly man stared at Lin Mo with a very ugly look and coldly snorted, "Scram immediately, or else don't blame us for being rude!"

Lin Mo frowned slightly, but then he pointed towards the opposite side of the bridge and said in a calm voice, "I need to cross the bridge."

"Damn, kid, are you deaf or what? I told you to scram, or I'll flay your skin!"

The first burly man who spoke was fiery in his tone.

"What if I insist on passing?"

Lin Mo's eyes turned slightly cold as he spoke.

"Damn! You little brat, tired of living, huh? Attack! Let this kid learn the consequences of not leaving!"

As his words fell, the two burly men exchanged a glance and with a frosty countenance, both charged at Lin Mo from the left and the right.

"Be careful, Mr. Lin," Long San quickly shouted.

The burly man who had rushed to Lin Mo's front swung a fierce punch toward Lin Mo's left face.

Lin Mo, without even turning his head, simply raised his hand and threw a punch.

The burly man was instantly sent flying, slamming into the cliffside; several of his ribs broke, and he lay on the ground howling in pain before losing consciousness.

"Damn it! Kid, you're asking for death!!!"

The other burly man was completely enraged and, with almost all his strength, furiously swung at Lin Mo.

Unfortunately, before his punch could reach Lin Mo, he was kicked away.

His fate was worse than his comrade's—he broke at least ten ribs and spat out a stream of fresh blood.

Despite the pain, clenching his teeth, he pulled out something resembling a firework from his bosom and lifted it towards the sky.

Whoosh!

The sound, akin to fireworks, rang out and then something shot into the sky with a loud bang.

"Lin Mo, this isn't good. That was a signal flare; the Yan Family's experts will be coming soon!" Feng Qingzhu saw this and her expression turned somewhat grim.

"It's fine." Lin Mo remained completely calm, seemingly unconcerned about the situation.

Feng Qingzhu couldn't help but take another deep look at Lin Mo, wondering why no matter what happened, on the face of this seventeen or eighteen-year-old aloof young man, all she could see was tranquility.

As if nothing could ripple the calmness in his heart.

Sure enough, in less than two minutes, they saw a group of people wielding weapons and walking over in a towering rage.

In just a few breaths, those thirty or forty people armed with sharp weapons had surrounded Lin Mo and his companions.

These people were all from the Yan Family; when they saw the two burly men on the ground, already beyond knowing whether they were dead or alive, their faces turned an iron blue, filled with rage.

Leading them was an old man with a white beard. He frowned slightly and stared coldly at Lin Mo, saying,

"Why did you injure my Yan Family's people? Young man, you'd better give me a reasonable explanation! Otherwise, I can assure you, there is no way you can walk out of here safely today."

"No way possible!"

As the elder spoke, the people of the Yan Family around him were all staring at Lin Mo with menacing eyes.

Their voices thundered shockingly, laden with intense suppression and a sense of suffocation.

However, to their utter surprise, the imposing aura and pressure of the elder and so many Yan Family members seemed to have no effect on the upright and aloof young man.

Not only that, Lin Mo showed no fear whatsoever and said indifferently, "No way possible? I don't think so. If you are sensible enough, let me pass. I don't want to trouble your Yan Family."

Arrogant!

Incredibly arrogant!

The faces of those from the Yan Family instantly darkened. When had they ever seen such a brazen young man?

Only seventeen or eighteen years old!

Among them, even those with impressive martial arts talent at seventeen or eighteen had never been as brazen as Lin Mo. To put it accurately, they weren't even one-tenth as arrogant.

At the same time, Feng Qingzhu was also gaping; she never expected Lin Mo to be so audacious and arrogant.

"Lin Mo, don't be impulsive! This elder is the Great Elder Yan Tong of the Yan Family, second in strength only to the Family Head Yan Pinggui."

"Although I don't know why you must go to the Divine Dragon Pond, it's not worth losing your life over."

Feng Qingzhu advised Lin Mo earnestly from the side.

She was indeed shocked by Lin Mo's talent, but Yan Tong had been cultivating the martial arts for over thirty years, his own strength was incredibly powerful and terrifying.

"Impulsive?" Lin Mo just laughed and asked, "Do you think I'm impulsive?"

Feng Qingzhu nodded, about to say very impulsive.

But before she could speak, Lin Mo glanced coolly at Yan Tong and said indifferently,

"I am going to cross this suspension bridge. If anyone tries to stop me, I might, just kill them!"

As soon as Lin Mo finished speaking,

"Ha ha ha ha ha..."

Almost all members of the Yan Family couldn't help but burst into uproarious laughter, with some of them even laughing to the point of tears.

This was absolutely the first time they had encountered such a foolish and arrogant youngster!

Even the Xiao Family, the overlord of Sunset Mountain, might not dare to be so presumptuous, yet here was this seventeen or eighteen-year-old cold-faced young man, daring to utter such rebellious words in front of so many Yan Family members.

It was simply courting death!

"Good! Very good! Truly excellent!"



Yan Tong's aged face nearly twisted from anger; he swore he had never seen such an insolent youngster.

Lin Mo's extremely arrogant words were an undeniable slap in the face of the entire Yan Family.

"Boy, it seems you are eager to die. I'll grant your wish!"

Yan Tong's gaze turned completely grim, staring deadly at Lin Mo, flickering with a vicious and murderous intent.

"With you, this trash?"

Lin Mo stood with his hands behind his back, his gaze serene, his face indifferent.

"Lin Mo, you..."

Feng Qingzhu was already anxious beyond measure, instinctively wanting to pull Lin Mo back.

But in the next second, it was too late. Yan Tong moved, his aged hands like those of an eagle, exuding an extremely sharp, ferocious momentum as he reached out towards Lin Mo, unleashing a wave of murderous intent as thunderous as the roar of great waves.