

Powerhouse 82

Chapter 82 - What Is It Like to Fall in Love with Someone?

At the same time, in Lin City.

Cheng Miaohan wandered alone on the streets without purpose.

She had never felt so dejected and lost.

This was definitely her first time in her eighteen years of life.

Suddenly, a motorcycle drove past her on the street with a man and a woman on it.

Cheng Miaohan unconsciously looked up.

The girl was dressed in brand names, her figure first-rate, her face very pretty.

But the boy was dressed in tatters, appearing to have no class and even less of a future.

Such an unlikely pair, they seemed impossible to have any crossover in their lives.

Yet, Cheng Miaohan saw that the girl was hugging the boy tightly, her face filled with happiness.

For some reason, the image of that cold and aloof boy sprang into Cheng Miaohan's mind, and she was no longer filled with anger or disdain, but rather, taken over by a very strange emotion.

The boy was always either with one hand in his pocket or both, projecting a lonely and arrogant silhouette.

"If I hadn't met you, where would I be?"

"How is life going, should one cherish one's life?"

At that moment, a song came from a shop by the street.

Cheng Miaohan didn't know why, but all of a sudden, her heart ached, and she felt inexplicably uncomfortable.

At first, she thought Lin Mo was just another guy pretending to be cool and worthless and felt that people like Lin Mo had no prospects at all.

But gradually, she discovered that this was not the case; compared to other guys around him, he never deliberately flattered a girl or approached a girl with ulterior motives.

He was that cold to everyone.

In the school, even boys as excellent as Zhou Yitao and Wu Mingzhe couldn't match his indifference by half.

Cheng Miaohan was regarded as the belle of Qingye High School, and she thought that even the most perfect boys should be more gentlemanly and flattering toward her.

But, it was only that imperious cold-hearted boy who, from beginning to end, was so indifferent and contemptuous toward her.

Only now did Cheng Miaohan realize just how unique that indifference was.

In the whole of Qingye High School, the whole of Lin City, even throughout Shu Province, she felt she couldn't find a second boy as cold as Lin Mo.

That extreme coldness, which had started with her dislike, eventually turned into a strong desire to discover and understand.

Not only that, but the boy she initially thought was useless surpassed Zhou Yitao and Wu Mingzhe by many times in terms of Taekwondo, basketball, swimming, and even in studies.

Even a big shot like Lu Haotian would show him some respect.

Though it was only what Cheng Miaohan had heard, ultimately, the appearance of this cold boy had disturbed the inner peace she had maintained for eighteen years.

Like a stone thrown into a calm lake, once the ripples started spreading, they could no longer return to tranquility.

A few minutes later, by the Jiangshui River.

Few pedestrians, a starry sky clear of clouds, an overwhelmingly beautiful scene.

On the river bank grass, Cheng Miaohan opened a can and took a few big swigs.

"Cough cough cough..."

As soon as it hit her throat, Cheng Miaohan started coughing violently. It was her first time drinking alcohol, and with her first sip, tears involuntarily began to flow. This was the first time she felt heartache and sadness over a boy.

Gazing up at the starry night sky, Cheng Miaohan's heart had never ached so much.

"Why? Why? Lin Mo, why did you stir up ripples in my heart only to disappear without a trace?"

Cheng Miaohan choked, allowing her tears to soak her clothes. This was the first time she had ever cried in such a disheveled state.

After the Qingye High School swimming competition ended, Cheng Miaohan went straight to the classroom to look for Lin Mo, only to find that he wasn't there.

All afternoon, she hadn't seen a trace of Lin Mo. After school, she had almost immediately gone to restaurants he might visit or places around the school.

She searched everywhere, but found no sign or trace of Lin Mo.

She even went to several hotel front desks, asking if someone named Lin Mo had stayed there.

She knew Lin Mo had no place to live and might be staying at a hotel temporarily, especially since it was not easy to rent a place near the school.

However, the answer was, without exception, that there was no such person.

Suddenly, Cheng Miaohan felt Lin Mo was so far away from her, far more distant than the moment when she stormed away from that cold and indifferent boy at the entrance of the restaurant.

Previously, she had arrogantly believed that she understood him well and was entitled to judge him.

It wasn't until Lin Mo disappeared that she realized she didn't even have his mobile number or WeChat. She had no means or methods to contact him.

The thought was truly laughable!

"Miaohan, you...what are you doing here?"

"I've been looking for you for ages!"

"Do you know how worried I've been about you?"

"You never drink, do you?"

Minutes later, behind Cheng Miaohan, there came a worried and shocked voice that was incredibly touching.

Following that, Su Xinhe appeared in front of her.

"Are you my good friend?"

Cheng Miaohan looked at her slightly drunkenly, with a gaze that was fuzzy and desolate, invoking extra heartache in the onlooker.

"Yes... yes, I am."

Su Xinhe was startled, but was quickly pulled over by Cheng Miaohan. She handed her the can she was holding: "If you are, then drink with me."

As Su Xinhe felt a complex emotion inside, she didn't hesitate and started to drink with Cheng Miaohan.

As they drank, Cheng Miaohan ended up collapsing into Su Xinhe's arms, suddenly crying out, her tears streaming: "Xinhe, I feel so awful..."

"What's wrong?" Su Xinhe became nervous, deeply concerned as Cheng Miaohan was her best friend.

"I don't know, I just feel terrible... My heart hurts so much... It really hurts..."

As Cheng Miaohan spoke, her tears flowed anew, like a tearful statue.

Su Xinhe's heart ached. She had been best friends with Cheng Miaohan for eight years, but this was certainly the first time she had ever seen Cheng Miaohan in such a sad, distressed state.

Could it be because of him?

Being clever and Cheng Miaohan's close friend, Su Xinhe could see that her mood had been strange all day, ever since the afternoon.

And it started after Lin Mo disappeared.

As Su Xinhe was pondering, Cheng Miaohan lifted those hazy and beautiful eyes, and with a heartbreakingly gentle smile, she asked, "Xinhe, do you know what it's like to fall in love with someone?"