

THE MOST POWERFUL BODYGUARD

Chapter 5: Did I Fucking Say You Could Leave?

Originally, Yang Yan's gaze was cold, but the moment he saw the elderly man, a hint of hesitation flashed in his eyes, and then he smiled and said:

"Huh? Alright, since Grandpa has spoken, I'll listen to you and spare this bastard a dog's life for now."

In this instant, Yang Yan, who was being pulled mercilessly by Zhou Hanyun, seemed to revert to his previous harmless chatterbox self.

Once Zhang Zhijian was released, the group collectively breathed a heavy sigh of relief.

And the forehead of this high-ranking big shot was already drenched in sweat.

However, after Yang Yan released Zhang Zhijian, the surrounding people momentarily didn't know what to do.

Everyone stayed silent, seemingly waiting for Zhang Zhijian's decision.

Yang Yan, unfazed, walked cheerfully over to the elderly man with graying hair and said to him:

"I suppose you must be my wife's grandpa! Truly vigorous and full of energy, still going strong!"

This guy was now smiling at the old man like a husky; where was that murderous aura just now?

This old man was none other than Zhou Hanyun's grandpa.

However, at this moment, the old man's mind was somewhat slow to react.

Wife?

Since when did his granddaughter have a husband...

"Wife, what are you standing there for? Come and introduce your man to our grandpa. And... this visit was so sudden, I didn't bring any gifts, so this little thing for grandpa to play with!"

Yang Yan beckoned to Zhou Hanyun and then fumbled around his body for a while, producing a piece of entirely black iron.

The iron block was pitch-black, seemingly without anything special about it; no idea which junk heap it came from.

Now, the old man completely felt his mind wasn't functioning right, momentarily unsure of what to do.

To speak of, having traveled and seen much in his youth, he should be considered quite knowledgeable.

But encountering such an oddball was still a first.

"Stop messing around, handle the business."

Zhou Hanyun's cheeks were flushed, but her eyes held more worry.

Harming so many people and insulting the general manager of Donghai Group like this isn't a small matter, even for a family like the Zhou Family, still at its peak.

Especially in these turbulent times.

Though Donghai Group isn't a state-owned enterprise, Zhang Zhijian has substantial roots, coming from a distinguished background, with a broad web of connections to the upper echelons.

For a wanderer like Yang Yan to provoke him is akin to piercing the sky.

No matter how skilled he is, it's useless.

"Introducing your husband to grandpa is as important as it gets! By the way, grandpa, don't you like this gift?"

Yang Yan frowned, raising the black iron block in his hand.

This gesture worried the old man.

Because he could feel an inexplicable pressure from the young man in front of him, making him fearful.

Helplessly, he quickly received the iron block with both hands, not speaking, he turned his head to ask Zhang Zhijian with concern:

"President Zhang, are you alright?"

"Hmph!"

Unfortunately, Zhang Zhijian didn't appreciate it, merely snorting heavily and turned to leave.

Seeing Zhang Zhijian ready to leave, Yang Yan was instantly displeased.

Sneering at Zhang Zhijian's departing figure, he coldly said:

"Stop, did I let you leave? You haven't greeted my wife yet..."

Zhou Hanyun was alarmed, quickly pulled Yang Yan, and covered his mouth with her jade hand, fearing he would spout more maddening nonsense.

Yang Yan gently removed her hand, putting away his murderous gaze, turned to her softly said:

"Wifey, these punks under that old bastard's thumb are lethal, back at our base, I'd have thrashed the root cause to the point even his mother wouldn't recognize him. But seeing you and our grandpa, I've benevolently spared him."

"Look, that guy doesn't know his luck, just walks away without a single thanks, totally ignoring us! I must teach him a lesson, or he'll suffer greatly in the future."

"You... how could you be like this! Ugh, you dumb and idiot!"

Zhou Hanyun, feeling distressed and tears welling up, scolded him tearfully.

Yang Yan, who dreaded women crying, hurriedly used his hand to wipe Zhou Hanyun's tears, ultra gently saying:

"Alright, alright, I'm a dumbass, I'm an idiot! Come, let's not cry! No more crying, okay?"

Cough, cough...

Unable to bear it any longer, Master Zhou pretended to cough several times.

"Grandpa, what should we do!"

Upon hearing Master Zhou's cough, Zhou Hanyun came back to her senses, anxiously speaking.

Master Zhou, wise from experience, sensed his granddaughter's protective feelings for this rascal.

He could only helplessly say:

"Let's go inside to discuss strategies! This young fellow's identity is likely not simple, causing Zhang Zhijian to be hesitant."

The three then entered a rather modest villa behind them.

Master Zhou's analysis was correct, but he forgot about Li Zheng, who fled in panic during the chaos earlier.

At a distance from the villa area, Li Zheng pulled out his phone, glaring darkly toward the Zhou Family's direction, gritting his teeth as he dialed a number.

Just after entering, Yang Yan found the living room filled with a table of sumptuous dishes.

He cheered as he rushed over, eating voraciously.

Master Zhou's mind wasn't on this, so he didn't blame him.

The key now was to uncover Yang Yan's identity background.

If Yang Yan's background checks out, with his reputation, they wouldn't fear Li Zheng or Zhang Zhijian.

Despite Yang Yan's appearance, being able to cause such heavy losses to a top enterprise manager's bodyguards spoke volumes.

Additionally, he clearly heard Yang Yan mention something about a base.

He vaguely felt Yang Yan's origins were extraordinary.

"Young man, what does your family do?"

Master Zhou sat beside him, asking Yang Yan, who was immersed in eating.

"Work?"

Yang Yan, with half a chicken leg in his mouth, asked indistinctly.

"It's about what you interact with, specialize in."

Master Zhou explained patiently.

"Oh, this! I'm not sure about the others; my grandfather dealt with land for a long time, might have some expertise."

"Oh? Is your grandfather a farmer?"

Master Zhou's voice rose.

If two generations were farmers, then no matter how hard Yang Yan's parents worked, the foundation should be weak.

In that case, he'd have to consider whether to treat Yang Yan as disposable.

Zhang Zhijian's roots run deep, plus the Li Family, even the Zhou Family at its peak couldn't do anything.

"No!"

Yang Yan shook his head like a rattle.

Master Zhou felt relieved instantly.

Dealing with land, as long as it's not a farmer, might have some depth.

So he cautiously asked again:

"Then was the old man a geologist?"

"No, he's been buried in the land for over a decade."

Saying this, Yang Yan spat a chicken bone with a sound.