

# THE MOST POWERFUL BODYGUARD

## Chapter 7: Career Change—From Studhorse to Driver

One must understand, even with so many heavily armed special police, Yang Yan, no matter how arrogant, wasn't very confident.

His move just now was already prepared to take a bullet to force his way close to the crowd.

Unexpectedly, these self-righteous guys didn't fire.

When Yang Yan leaped into the midst of those special police, it was like a tiger entering a flock of sheep.

In just a moment, two or three special police were knocked away.

Their usual grappling and fighting skills, used to deal with hooligans, simply couldn't be displayed.

"Shoot the criminal!"

The commander present was shocked and decisively issued a kill order.

"You're still so unreasonable, huh! Hmph..."

The perpetually nonchalant Yang Yan moved nimbly, but his face became extremely grim, yet he wore a morbid cold smile.

Planning not to leave behind any fatalities, Yang Yan suddenly grabbed someone's neck, his claw-like fingers ready to squeeze down.

"Stop!"

At this moment, Mr. Zhou from inside the villa slowly walked out.

The grim-faced Yang Yan, upon hearing this, immediately halted his action, then sneered and released the person he was holding.

He clapped his hands, turned around, and gave Mr. Zhou a shy smile, as if nothing had happened.

"Who's in command? Come inside to talk! Everyone else, withdraw. I was kidnapped? Who said that?"

After Mr. Zhou said this, he turned around and walked back inside the house without looking back.

"This..."

The group of people who came with much fanfare couldn't help but look at each other, momentarily unsure of what to do.

However, upon hearing Mr. Zhou's words, Yang Yan said no more and embraced a beer-bellied guy, walking into the villa.

No one knew what the two discussed with Mr. Zhou inside the villa.

But what was supposed to be a major case of kidnapping and hostage-taking ended up being an exercise.

After the storm passed, Yang Yan, like a good little baby, placed his hands on his knees, looking pitifully at Mr. Zhou.

"Alright, I won't ask about your identity, but if you want to be with Hanyun, huh! You must pass a test! Is it so easy to have a member of the Zhou Family?"

Mr. Zhou looked at Yang Yan with burning eyes and said.

Yang Yan nodded quickly, just like a student making a promise to a teacher, indicating he would work hard to pass the test.

Seeing Yang Yan handling the situation well, Zhou Hanyun finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Grandpa, we'll head back now, I still have things to take care of."

Zhou Hanyun wasn't really sure why her grandfather suddenly said such words, but the big storm had finally calmed down.

Even though the whole process seemed very bizarre.

And now leaving Yang Yan here, the longer, the more dangerous it seemed.

To avoid unnecessary complications, it's best to leave early.

"Go on, bring him often, so I can straighten him out."

Mr. Zhou waved his hand, telling Zhou Hanyun.

Feeling like she received amnesty, Zhou Hanyun quickly grabbed the still-talking Yang Yan and went out the door.

After leaving, Zhou Hanyun stroked her graying beard and muttered to himself:

"Someone from that place? Little Hanyun, you've found a treasure now!"

Yang Yan sat in the passenger seat of Zhou Hanyun's car, his fingers constantly twirling, finally gathering the courage to ask:

"Boss, my... my salary, well..."

In truth, even if Yang Yan was foolish, he understood he had messed things up today.

"Hmph!"

Zhou Hanyun snorted coldly without saying a word.

Grandpa's words clearly favored Yang Yan, being keenly perceptive, she couldn't miss it.

However, this guy seemed like a highly destructive husky; even she, as smart as she was, wasn't sure how to handle him next.

Hearing the beauty boss's snort, Yang Yan feared not getting paid even more.

Knowing the more he spoke, the more mistakes he made, he opted to keep quiet in trepidation.

After a long silence, Zhou Hanyun finally spoke.

"My sister Zhou Hanyu attends No. 3 Middle School, it's fine at school and home, but it's too dangerous on the road. You can be her driver."

Yang Yan was taken aback, not expecting a turn of events.

However, he quickly asked:

"What about the salary?"

"It'll be paid!"

Zhou Hanyun gritted her teeth and said.

Then, she slammed on the gas pedal, and the sports car accelerated, shooting out like an arrow from a bow.

Zhou Hanyun lived in a mid-range community in the city center.

Compared to the Zhou Family villa in the old town, this community inevitably seemed a bit shabby.

But its advantage was the convenient transportation, not too far from either Zhou Hanyun's company or Zhou Hanyu's school, very convenient.

"Go pick up my sister."

Fuming, Zhou Hanyun threw these words as soon as she got out of the car.

Without waiting to see if Yang Yan heard, she clacked her heels as she went upstairs.

Holding the keys, Yang Yan stared blankly at the place Zhou Hanyun left.

After a long while, Yang Yan finally muttered to himself with a grim face:

"I... can't drive!"

At this time, with the beauty boss still angry, Yang Yan dared not look for Zhou Hanyun.

Besides, if he failed to play the role of a boyfriend, and now being asked to be a driver, if he couldn't do it, wouldn't his wages be forfeit?

Convinced of his outstanding ability, Yang Yan wasn't one to give up easily.

Scratching his head, trying hard to think of a solution, he suddenly caught sight of a bicycle standing in the corner of the wall from the corner of his eye.

No one knew whose it was for grocery shopping, but it was leaning against the wall unlocked.

For such a clunker that made noise everywhere except the bell, no one seemed to want it.

Seizing it like a life-saving straw, Yang Yan quickly ran over.

Leaving the BMW key at the spot of the bicycle, he pushed the old bike and happily headed towards the direction of No. 3 Middle School.

A young high school couple, likely having skipped classes, sped by on a bicycle, the girl on the back seat holding her boyfriend's waist, her laughter crisp like silver bells.

Riding the shabby bicycle, Yang Yan, as if reminded of something, stared blankly at the two in a trance.

A moment later, he fiercely punched his own head and cursed:

"Why'd you come out again!"

No. 3 Middle School is considered the best high school in the city, with excellent graduation rates.

Every child of wealthy and powerful families all struggled to squeeze in for a chance to study there.

According to most, getting into this school was like having one foot in a prestigious university.

Most importantly, students here were either rich or top-performing, and having such high-quality classmates was greatly beneficial for future development.

Thus, every parent in the city longed for their children to grow here, laying a solid foundation for the future, winning from the starting line.