

# THE MOST POWERFUL BODYGUARD

## Chapter 8: This Way, Young Mistress

Yang Yan rode his borrowed old bicycle to the gate of No. 3 Middle School.

He glanced at the not particularly grand school entrance and quietly waited for Zhou Hanyun's sister Zhou Hanyu.

Yang Yan didn't have anything to check the time. His ancient, broken phone was so outdated that he had to reset the time every time he turned it on.

But relying on his keen intuition, Yang Yan was certain class would soon be dismissed.

"Hey! Stand further back."

Security guards are a mixed bunch; no matter where you go, there will always be unpleasant ones.

Yang Yan, with his untidy clothes and a broken bicycle, naturally became a target for the security guard's reprimand.

"Hey! You must be new here, right?"

Yang Yan stepped back a bit, flashed his white teeth, and said with a grin.

"Lunatic!"

The security guard seemed afraid stooping down and arguing with someone like Yang Yan would lower his status, so after cursing, he turned away and ignored him.

A moment later, the school bell rang, and a throng of students poured out of the campus.

Yang Yan was 1.78 meters tall, not particularly short, but he still stood on tiptoe, searching for Zhou Hanyu.

Yang Yan's unique talent allowed him to find Zhou Hanyun's sister in the dense crowd, even though they had never met.

Especially since there was a photo of the sisters together in Zhou Hanyun's car.

After accepting this task, Yang Yan had firmly memorized what she looked like.

A girl with a simple ponytail, carrying a backpack, was looking around as she walked out.

Her plain school uniform couldn't hide her stunning beauty.

Several boys walked past her, pretending to talk loudly but didn't dare to chat her up.

A male teacher wearing glasses and looking quite refined walked over to the ponytail girl and feigned concern by saying:

"Hanyu, make sure to stay safe on the way back."

The ponytail girl flashed a smile and mischievously said to the teacher:

"Teacher Chen, someone is here to pick me up."

Over there, Yang Yan, upon spotting Zhou Hanyu, attempted to make his way through the crowd, but his progress was slow as he moved against the flow.

It wasn't until the crowd thinned that Yang Yan reached Zhou Hanyu's side.

"Is it you?"

Zhou Hanyu's eyes were full of playful mischief.

"Yes, yes, it's me!" Yang Yan hurriedly replied, afraid of messing up the task again, "I'm here to pick you up, Miss Zhou Er."

He couldn't drive, and although to him the old bicycle was a romantically charming vehicle, it certainly wasn't as comfortable as a car.

Therefore, Yang Yan had to swallow his pride and call her Miss Zhou, lowering his stance considerably.

To his surprise, Zhou Hanyu burst into laughter, leaving him bewildered.

As the saying goes, one has to bow when under someone else's roof.

Yang Yan hastily smiled apologetically, not daring to ask further questions.

After laughing for a while, Zhou Hanyu finally said to Yang Yan:

"My sister told me you're very... well, very amusing. Now it seems she wasn't lying; you really are funny! Haha!"

At this point, Miss Zhou Er giggled again.

Yang Yan awkwardly scratched the back of his head and shyly said:

"Actually, I'm not just funny, I've got skills too!"

Seeing Yang Yan like this, Zhou Hanyu laughed even harder and bent over.

In fact, Zhou Hanyu had several humorous photos of Yang Yan on her phone.

What her sister Zhou Hanyun had actually told Zhou Hanyu was that the newly hired driver was a nutcase and advised her not to talk to him!

Not only was Zhou Hanyu beautiful, but she was also among the top students at No.3 Middle School.

Perhaps due to her high intelligence, she greatly enjoyed playing pranks.

Even some of Zhou Hanyun's adult friends would be tricked by this little girl, often left in fits of laughter and frustration.

Given that her sister described the guy in front of her as a nutjob, how could Zhou Hanyu not take a chance to prank him? That wouldn't fit her style at all!

"Don't call me Miss Zhou Er, that's so outdated."

Zhou Hanyu casually slung her backpack over one shoulder, looking proud as she spoke.

Yang Yan looked surprised for a moment, thought it over, and finally flashed an extremely confident smile. Bowing again to Zhou Hanyu, he said:

"Auntie, this way please..."

Zhou Hanyu gave Yang Yan a quirky look and was even more baffled.

Could this guy, who seemed so earnest, really be a nutjob?

He actually called me auntie...

"Let's go, Yan."

After hesitating for a moment, Zhou Hanyu's playful mood kicked in, and she earnestly instructed Yang Yan.

As for Yang Yan's name, Zhou Hanyu had already been informed by her sister Zhou Hanyun while receiving Yang's photos.

Yang Yan didn't let the "Yan" nickname bother him; he eagerly ran over and pushed his broken bicycle forward.

For him, as long as he didn't lose his job, what did it matter what he was called?

"You... you're really planning to pick me up with this?"

Zhou Hanyu looked around but didn't see her BMW, then focused intently on Yang Yan, unsurely asking.

Feeling a little guilty, Yang Yan quickly said:

"Frequent rides in a BMW might tire you out. How about a bicycle ride to refresh with some light-hearted charm?"

Zhou Hanyu remained silent, just stared at Yang Yan.

This made Yang Yan feel even more insecure.

His eyes darted around, and he quickly grabbed his rusty bicycle with both hands, pulling up his shabby grass-green vest to wipe the rusted back seat repeatedly.

Yet, the seat was severely rusted, and his wiping had no real effect.

Zhou Hanyu furrowed her brows, snorted, took out a workbook from her backpack, placed it on the back seat, and sat down aggressively.

Though the action had a bit of a defiant flavor, the force was somewhat increased.

Generally speaking, one wouldn't have been able to control such a brakeless bicycle with this kind of force; it would at least tilt slightly.

But under Yang Yan's control, the bicycle was stable, motionless.

"Hold on tight, we're off!"

Seeing the employer's sister on the bike, Yang Yan couldn't help but secretly rejoice.

It seemed this Miss Zhou wasn't so hard to handle after all.

He jumped like a frog, straight up onto the bike seat, and went into motion.

Zhou Hanyu, already puzzled, grew even more suspicious.

She felt this couldn't be a mere coincidence.

This guy, who her sister called a nutcase, was anything but simple.

Not to mention the jump Yang Yan had just done; the old bicycle stayed perfectly still with such exaggerated airtime, something a regular person couldn't achieve.

Just then, an unexpected voice rang out.