

## Powerful 147

### Chapter 147: Too Old to Retire, Still Chasing Thrills?

"Not bad skills, but that's all there is to it. I saw you during the racing competition just now. You knocked down a dozen people, right? I saw it all."

"But, so what? No matter how good you are, you're still just one person. Besides, there's always someone better than you. How many can you fight?"

After a brief moment of shock, Zhang Yu suddenly smiled and said.

In a short while, a large group of people had suddenly appeared around him.

Even though they watched their companions all lying on the ground, with a hint of fear in their eyes, not one of them backed down.

Yang Yan couldn't help but glance at him.

No wonder this guy has a big reputation in the East Sea, it seems he really knows how to manage his people.

And the gazes of a group of girls fell worriedly on Yang Yan.

Zhang Yu was speaking the truth.

No matter how good Yang Yan was, he would eventually tire, and indeed there were a lot of the opponent's people.

As the saying goes, two fists can't resist four hands, how could one person fight so many?

Of course, this didn't include Miss Zhou Er, who was well aware of Yang Yan's extraordinary combat skills.

"That's a bold statement. To put it frankly, there might be a few guys I can't say I'll definitely beat, but they also can't say they'll definitely beat me."

"Moreover, as of now, insignificant characters like you don't even have the qualification to invite them. To be honest, even if you had a hundred times more minions like these, it wouldn't be enough!"

Yang Yan stared intently at Zhang Yu, his tone even more arrogant than before.

"You arrogant brat, I want to see where you get the courage to talk like that."

The speaker was an old man, who had rushed over after hearing the news.

Zhang Yu had recognized Yang Yan earlier and had sent his men to get reinforcements.

The old man was wearing a modified Zhongshan suit, his hair and beard were all gray, but he was full of energy, especially his eyes, which occasionally flashed with a sharp light.

Beside the old man was a follower who had been with Zhang Yu from the start.

He was standing honestly behind the old man now, but his eyes radiated confidence.

Evidently, he had a lot of faith in the old man's skills.

"Sir Xu, sorry to trouble you again. After this is over, I'll definitely prepare a generous gift for you."

Zhang Yu said respectfully, then turned to glance at Zhou Hanyu before addressing Yang Yan:

"Aren't you really good at fighting? I said it before, there are many people in this world who can fight, and even if you're good, there's always someone better. Next, why not try with my Sir Xu?"

After speaking, he immediately took a few steps back, and Zhang Yu's newly arrived men also hurriedly stepped back.

"Young man, I heard you're quite skilled at fighting?"

The old man looked at Yang Yan and squinted slightly as he spoke.

"I'm decent! When it comes to fighting, I do have a bit of confidence. So what, old man, do you want to give it a try?"

Yang Yan picked his ear with his little finger, flicked his nails lightly, and then said casually.

"I like confident young people. But, excessive confidence is arrogance. Which one are you? Let me have a look!"

After finishing, the old man slowly walked towards Yang Yan.

Seeing the aura emanating from the other side, Yang Yan suddenly squinted his eyes.

Damn, Dragon Walk and Tiger Stride, is this old guy from the "Hidden World"?

This day really is something else.

How is it so easy to encounter someone from the "Hidden World"?

What is the deal with this Young Master Zhang, to be able to employ someone from the Hidden World to work for him!

But anyone from the "Hidden World" has a minimum standard.

Only by reaching this standard can one enter the "Hidden World."

However, the old guy in front of him didn't seem to possess any superpower.

But since we are in Huaxia, there's only one explanation, the old guy in front of me is likely an Ancient Martial Artist.

Just as the old man approached, Yang Yan gently pushed Zhou Hanyu back, staring directly at the old man.

The old man's left hand extended, forming a sword finger pointing at Yang Yan.

Whoa!

He's actually using a sword?

If he's an expert, you can tell as soon as he makes a move.

Yang Yan took a step back, avoiding the old man's edge, then extended a single fist, striking hard at the old man's sword-like finger.

"Hmm?"

The old man was also taken aback.

He thought this move would take down this young man who didn't know the immensity of heaven and earth, but Yang Yan not only dodged it effortlessly, he also retaliated.

Bang!

With a loud bang, the old man was forced back three steps, but Yang Yan didn't move an inch.

"Who are your elders?"

The old man stared fiercely at Yang Yan, his face dark as he asked.

"Here we go again trying to dig for dirt. What is it? You want to recognize kin? Rest assured, my family has absolutely no relation to you. If you want to fight, then fight, if not, step aside quickly!"

"It's getting late. If you don't need a rest, we still do! Everyone acting like you guys won't have to work tomorrow."

Yang Yan said offhandedly.

"Tsk tsk! Youth is wonderful, full of vigor, thinking that with just a little skill, the sky's the limit. But do you think you can get away with it? Not a chance!"

After the old man finished speaking, he made a quick move, as if he appeared out of thin air in front of Yang Yan.

Then, his right hand, like a knife, slashed fiercely toward Yang Yan.

"Splitting Palm?"

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow and stepped forward, his shoulder slamming hard into the old man.

"Wall Lean? Are you from the Wu Family?"

The old man's pupils shrank, exclaiming in surprise.

"I told you, you don't need to establish familial connections. If you want to fight, fight. If not, step aside. Don't worry, no one will trouble you."

Yang Yan's tone remained calm.

"Arrogant! Even if it were Old Man Wu in person, here we would just be on equal footing, who do you think you are?"

The old man growled.

"Tch! Using age as an advantage? If that Wu guy were here, would you still dare to say that? Come on, if you're going to fight, quit wasting time. If you don't come, I will!"

Yang Yan didn't give an inch, urging him on.

But seeing the old man with an indecisive expression, seemingly not intending to move immediately, Yang Yan suddenly snorted coldly:

"I gave you a chance, so don't blame me for not respecting the old and cherishing the young."

Before he finished speaking, Yang Yan had already transformed into a shadow, soaring towards the old man.

This time, he still didn't use any flashy moves, just a simple straight punch.

But this seemingly effortless straight punch, in the old man's view, had already achieved simplicity beyond complexity, flawless and unavoidable.

How is this possible?

This thought had just flashed through his mind when the old man felt a force as if overturning rivers and seas roaring towards him, sweeping him off the ground and slamming him hard into the wall.

"Why don't you just retire at home peacefully when you're old? Why come out to wander and even try to snatch beauties like some bandit? Have you perhaps developed dementia and can't think straight?"

Yang Yan blew on his fist and said casually.

"Indeed, you have the capital to be arrogant. To reach the realm of returning to simplicity at such a young age?"

The old man slowly stood up, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, clutching his bruised right shoulder, his voice cold as he spoke.