

## Powerful 179

### Chapter 179: If You Leave Here Alive Today, I'll Write My Name Backwards

"Yang, look what you're saying. We came together, so naturally, we should leave together."

If Zheng Feng had still harbored a slight disdain for Yang Yan earlier, it had entirely dissipated now.

When they first met, he thought that although the man in front of him was quite handsome, he still seemed unworthy of Zhou Hanyun.

So, he naturally categorized Yang Yan as just a pretty boy.

But now, he finally realized that this man was truly someone formidable.

"Haha! Right, we came together, so we should leave together. Don't worry, we'll all return safely."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"Thank you all for attending this auction. With this, the auction has officially concluded. I hope I'll have the opportunity to host for you all again in the future. Goodbye, everyone."

The beautiful auctioneer, who had just stepped down, said loudly into her microphone.

"Please follow us."

At this moment, a bald man, shirtless and massive, spoke in a deep voice from the side.

As they followed through a closed corridor, Yang Yan knew they were about to leave the Hidden World.

This corridor was designed to conceal the Hidden World Gate.

Now he understood the true nature of this seemingly magnificent temple.

There was no doubt, this was indeed the temple of Vishnu.

The corridor stretched over a hundred meters, and the group hadn't walked long before they exited.

Zheng Feng noticed that even though there were about a thousand people at the auction, only one or two hundred had made it here.

Though he was full of doubts, he dared not ask.

Once out of the corridor, a massive lawn lay ahead.

Perhaps to avoid exposure from above, or due to the number of people, there were no helicopters on the lawn, only around twenty Jeeps.

"These vehicles are available for you to drive away. If you don't want them once out of here, you can just leave them by the road. The passes have been prepared; no one in Myanmar will stop you. To go to Huaxia, take this direction; to Yue Kingdom, go this way; to Laos, head this way."

After the man spoke, he turned and left.

"What do we do?"

Zheng Feng asked.

"What else? We go home! They've even got the cars ready for us. Oh, right, can you drive this kind of vehicle?"

Yang Yan asked.

To be honest, if he were alone, he'd prefer walking back to driving.

"I can drive, but are we just leaving like this?"

Zheng Feng asked, furrowing his brow.

"Come on, stop dawdling! Don't you see everyone's left? Let's get moving!"

With that, Yang Yan opened the back door of the Jeep, letting Cai'Er in first.

Though Zhou Hanyun was full of doubts as well, she wisely didn't ask anything and followed immediately.

Yang Yan himself sat in the front passenger seat.

Once they were all in, Zheng Feng didn't press further questions and silently drove away.

Compared to Huaxia, the roads in Myanmar were not just a little lacking.

Not to mention other areas, even some of the major cities had underdeveloped road infrastructure.

Especially in such remote places?

Here, calling it a road felt more like traversing a wild path.

Unlike the now rapidly developing Huaxia, where roads reach every village and cars can drive right to doorsteps.

The Jeep sped down the muddy path, with Zheng Feng driving particularly fast out of concern for unexpected incidents.

Even though he was a skilled driver, the poor road conditions were too challenging, causing Zhou Hanyun, who usually didn't get motion sickness, to vomit.

As for Cai'Er, as per usual, she fell asleep as soon as she got in the car, unaffected by anything around her.

"Drive slower and steadier, don't rush. With me here, it's quite safe!"

Yang Yan finally couldn't stand it any longer and hurriedly reminded him.

"Yang, I know you're certainly not an ordinary person. But, one person can't fight against many; a wise man doesn't stand under a collapsing wall. This place is full of danger, staying longer isn't an option, returning to Huaxia early is the only assurance."

Zheng Feng said seriously.

As if worried about something happening, just as he finished speaking, they heard the sound of gunshots.

It finally happened!

A glint of murderous intent flashed in Yang Yan's eyes. He swiftly reached out in front of Zhou Hanyun as if doing something.

Zheng Feng exclaimed, bringing the car to a sudden stop.

Ahead, a few men had felled a tree blocking the road, and they were brandishing AK-47s.

"What do we do, Yang?"

At this point, Zheng Feng was stammering slightly.

But that's normal, too.

How many people in this world can calmly face a threat to their life?

It could be said that Zheng Feng was already handling it quite well.

"I'll handle it, you stay in the car."

Yang Yan said, then pushed open the car door and stepped out.

"Yang!"

Zheng Feng's face turned pale as he saw Yang Yan get out, and he hurriedly called out.

He originally wanted to suggest handing over everything they had if necessary.

As long as there's life, there's hope for the future.

Money can always be earned again if one's alive.

But the next moment, Zheng Feng was stunned.

"What do you mean by this, everyone?"

Yang Yan actually spoke in standard Myanmar language to the people in front.

"Hand over those things, leave the woman, and get lost!"

At that moment, a portly middle-aged man, grinning menacingly, stepped out from behind the group and spoke.

Yang Yan glanced at him, vaguely remembering him.

This guy had participated in the auction just now.

"Not afraid of death, are you? Do you really dare to play robbery by ambushing us? Robbing for money is one thing, but also intending to harm?"

Yang Yan replied coldly.

Since setting foot on Myanmar soil, his blood had been boiling all the while.

It was a conditioned reflex.

Those not long but unforgettable memories were imprinted in his bloodline.

"Haha! So bold of you to utter these useless words when death is imminent! With your guts, today you'll just stay here!"

The man arrogantly declared.

"Yes, so unaware of your impending doom!"

Yang Yan's tone remained very calm, as if discussing something ordinary.

"Kill the man, leave the woman. Oh, and don't harm the girl; I've never tried a young one, especially such an adorable one."

Just as the man finished his words, Yang Yan suddenly radiated an intense and nearly tangible murderous aura, freezing the surrounding air.

"Very well, if you manage to leave alive today, I'll write my surname backwards."

Yang Yan enunciated clearly.

The opponents had quite a few people, totaling around twenty, all fully armed.

Sensing the terrifying aura Yang Yan suddenly emitted, without waiting for the man to speak, they instinctively pulled their triggers.

AK-47 assault rifles are affordable and easy to handle, equipped by approximately over thirty countries around the world.

Local armed forces or terrorists had even more in supply.

Ratatatat!

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

The bullets rained down on Yang Yan like a storm.

However, the bullets merely reached Yang Yan, as if stopped by some mysterious force, before clattering to the ground.

In the blink of an eye, countless bullet heads piled up less than half a foot in front of Yang Yan.