

Powerful 180

Chapter 180: Trying to Escape? Too Late!

"How... how is this possible!"

The man stared at Yang Yan in disbelief, stammering as he spoke.

The scene before him completely overturned his worldview.

Not only this pot-bellied man, but Zheng Feng, who was ducking his head in the driver's seat, also felt his mind was a bit overwhelmed.

Although he often traveled between Myanmar and Huaxia, and had heard many absurd tales,

it was the first time he had witnessed something like this firsthand.

Previously, he only thought Yang Yan had an extraordinary background, mysterious origins, but it wasn't until now he realized Yang Yan's strength was beyond imagination.

However, Zhou Hanyun, who had experienced the previous Kalfa Squad incident, didn't feel surprised at all.

The scene before her was so similar to what happened that night.

Moreover, although the number of opponents had increased, they seemed far less powerful.

Therefore, when Yang Yan went down, she wasn't worried at all.

"Who... who are you, exactly?"

The man finally managed to catch his breath and asked, trembling.

"Why ask so much? You're almost a dead man anyway."

Yang Yan said calmly.

A dragon has a reverse scale, touch it and you die!

Yang Yan is an orphan; his reverse scale is his friends around him.

Especially now that he had a family member—Cai'Er.

When the man uttered those words, he was already a dead man.

Suddenly, a mercenary who was opening fire on them knelt down towards Yang Yan, muttering something.

Yang Yan understood; they were begging Brahma Heaven to spare them, admitting their mistakes and so on.

In the Southern Border, death was an all too common occurrence.

The area sat at the intersection of four countries, with various forces jumbled together, like a mixed bag of snakes and dragons.

No one obeyed anyone else, and disagreements often led to fierce conflicts and bloodshed.

A minute later, Yang Yan and his group were back on their way to Huaxia.

At this moment, Yang Yan was sitting with his eyes closed, lost in thought.

The group from earlier was now a pile of corpses, and it was unknown if any wild wolves would feast on them.

Especially that Fatty, whose soul Yang Yan had directly torn out.

This scene made Zhou Hanyun feel like she'd seen it somewhere before.

But try as she might, she couldn't remember where.

"Yang, which way do we go? Ahead is the rainforest, and once we're in, we'll have to rely on ourselves to find the way."

After witnessing the terrifying scene earlier, Zheng Feng had a completely new impression of Yang Yan.

Even now, he still found it a bit hard to adjust to being around Yang Yan.

Nevertheless, Zheng Feng was a socially adept person.

Fear was fear, but he hid it well.

Along the way, he actively searched for topics to chat about with Yang Yan.

Yang Yan, of course, understood his intention but didn't point it out, occasionally replying to avoid awkwardness.

"Take your pick. The closer route might not be peaceful; it's not that we're scared, but it's kind of troublesome."

Yang Yan said lightly without opening his eyes.

"Alright."

Zheng Feng wisely chose not to ask further and opted for a more roundabout path.

The climate in Myanmar was unpredictable, spanning two latitudes with both subtropical and tropical climates.

In the morning, it was sunny over by Yang Guang.

But now, it was pouring rain here.

Due to the heavy rain, Zheng Feng had no choice but to park the car, planning to continue once the rain let up.

"Stay here and wait for me. Don't start the car or get out. Just wait inside, remember that."

Yang Yan instructed seriously.

"Be careful."

Zhou Hanyun didn't ask much, just gently reminded him.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of myself. Just wait here obediently."

With that, Yang Yan got out of the car.

He let the rain drench him, not bothering to use any means to keep dry.

He suddenly stopped, turned around, gesturing towards the car, and the space around it seemed to twist slightly before returning to normal.

After finishing, he waved to the concerned Zhou Hanyun, turned around, and vanished into the rain.

But nobody noticed that, as he turned, a sinister smile crept on his lips, and a murderous aura emanated from him.

It had been a long time since he could let loose and fight with abandon!

As Yang Yan walked, he removed his outerwear and threw it aside with force.

Before the coat even hit the ground, he transformed into a blur and shot into the depths of the rainforest like lightning.

"Let's see who's first,"

Yang Yan said with a mischievous smile, as if talking to himself.

"Kid, why are you alone? Where are the others?"

Suddenly, two figures seemed to appear out of thin air behind Yang Yan.

One of them, a lean man with a fierce look, barked at Yang Yan.

"I remember, you were the one trading the Thousand Black Magic for the Spirit Wings, right?"

Yang Yan pointed at the mysterious figure shrouded in a black robe, who remained silent.

"And you, I recall, are the one who failed to trade the Thousand Black Magic with him? Strange, how did you two end up working together?"

Yang Yan asked, smiling.

"It's simple, we're all interested in what you have. Especially those Longevity Fruits from the Tree of Longevity. Plus, you're excellent material for a Thousand Black Magic! Capture you, and I'll have everything." The first lean man greedily licked his lips and sneered.

"At the auction, I knew you were one of us and must be strong. But now, it's two against one, you stand no chance. Hand over the Longevity Fruit and come with us voluntarily. Otherwise, your woman and child will die too."

The black-robed man's voice seemed raspier, each word stabbing at the ears.

Yang Yan didn't reply, only gave a cold snort and suddenly vanished.

"Not good!"

The black-robed man cried out in alarm as Yang Yan disappeared.

But it was too late.

He felt a chill on his neck as his headless body receded from him, everything fading into endless darkness.

"How could this be?"

The arrogant lean man, seeing Yang Yan instantly kill his companion, couldn't help but exclaim.

He knew he had hit a brick wall today.

Without thinking, the man turned and dissolved into water, merging with the rain at Yang Yan's feet.

"Trying to escape? Too late! It's a pity about this ability,"

Seeing his opponent dissolve into water and vanish, Yang Yan wasn't surprised, instead, he casually remarked.

Before his words were finished, his right hand plunged into his left waist, slowly drawing out a long blade glimmering with a blood-red light.