

Powerful 211

Chapter 211: A Different Kind of Bar

Cai'Er obviously understood the look in Yang Yan's eyes and nodded with a smile.

Zhou Hanyu certainly knew what Yang Yan meant by that. She glared at him fiercely and said irritably:

"Yesterday you said you had something to deal with, gone for most of the day without a trace, and then came back and slept like a log, didn't even eat dinner, how were we supposed to tell you?"

"It's getting late, stop wasting time. Otherwise, we'll both be late."

Looking at the time, they really were about to be late, so Yang Yan quickly nodded, washed up hastily, and left.

Though it was said that Yang Yan would give a ride, it ended up being Zhou Hanyu who drove the car.

She certainly wouldn't sit in a car driven by someone like Yang Yan, who doesn't even have a license.

Moreover, his driving skills were truly nothing to brag about.

Cai'Er's kindergarten was indeed very close to Third Middle School.

The two places were just a three-minute walk apart.

After watching Zhou Hanyun and Cai'Er enter the school, Yang Yan could only take the Bentley back home by himself.

Automatic cars are always more convenient than manual ones.

At least, even for a super novice like Yang Yan, driving this car didn't immediately stall at the start.

The way home inevitably passed by "Yang Family Noodle Shop."

Yang Yan was moved, considering he had to pick up Zhou Qingyu and Cai'Er in the afternoon anyway, driving slowly back to the apartment now and having to drive back in the afternoon, why suffer?

So, Yang Yan parked the car in Yang Family Noodle Shop's parking space.

As usual, Yang Yan went in and had a free breakfast.

After chatting with Su Ye for a while, he went back to the apartment.

As soon as he entered, the bored little Nine Treasures of the White Tiger ran over, looking pitifully at him.

Yang Yan helplessly smiled, holding it in his arms.

The little guy immediately stretched lazily, then curled up like a lazy kitty in his arms and began to sleep soundly.

Not long after, Yang Yan's phone suddenly rang.

He picked up the phone and saw it was Xiaocao calling.

"Boss, it's confirmed. Blood Amber and Sarahville will indeed appear at the auction."

Xiaocao's respectful voice came from the other end.

Yang Yan couldn't help but frown and said in a deep voice:

"Got it. I'll attend the auction. Get me an invitation."

"That might not be necessary. Zhou Hanyun already received an invitation, so she'll likely bring you along. But during my investigation, I also heard about a revenge plan."

Xiaocao's voice was calm, but when mentioning revenge, Yang Yan could clearly sense a slight fluctuation in her emotions.

"Revenge, huh? This is really a storm brewing! Where is it?"

Yang Yan sighed then asked softly.

"It's also at the auction. However, it might not be up for auction. I heard that a wealthy person privately negotiated with the auction house and bought the dagger at a high price."

Xiaocao said.

"I see. We'll talk about it tonight at Fatty's place; it's inconvenient over the phone."

After saying that, Yang Yan hung up the phone.

The day quietly slipped by with the little Nine Treasures of the White Tiger sleeping soundly.

In the afternoon, Yang Yan took the Bentley keys and cycled to the entrance of Third Middle School to wait for Zhou Hanyu.

Cai'Er's class ended a bit earlier, so by the time Zhou Hanyu arrived, he was already sitting in the back seat with Cai'Er.

Zhou Hanyu shot Yang Yan a glance, snatched the car keys from his hand.

Now it seemed as though she was the driver, and Yang Yan was the boss.

Just as Zhou Hanyu started the car to head home, Yang Yan said:

"Let's not go home just yet, head to Intoxicated Bar, I have some business. Also, I'll introduce Cai'Er to a few people."

"Hey! Uncle, you're going too far! Clearly, you're the driver. Why do I have to drive you there?"

Though Zhou Hanyu complained verbally, she still turned the steering wheel and drove familiarly toward Intoxicated Bar.

Even though Intoxicated Bar seemed lukewarm, business was actually quite good and the spending wasn't cheap.

More accurately, the spending at Intoxicated Bar was among the highest in all of East Sea City.

But just a glance at the various luxury cars parked outside, and it all makes sense.

It had this peculiar charm that deeply attracted the second-generation rich kids of East Sea City to come here and burn money.

Moreover, Intoxicated Bar had a remarkable feature: from the time it opened until now, no fights had ever occurred inside.

So, one of Intoxicated Bar's biggest features was that there were no security guards inside.

This was the only bar like it in East Sea City and the surrounding area.

After parking, Zhou Hanyu said upon entering the bar:

"Cai'Er and I will go upstairs to wait for you. It's too noisy here."

She knew Yang Yan had a special relationship with the bar's owner, so she never stood on ceremony.

These waiters also knew that Yang Yan was the biggest shareholder here.

So when they saw Zhou Hanyu going straight upstairs, not only did no one say anything, but a particularly clever server went up to guide them enthusiastically.

"Hey! Zhang, who's that beautiful woman? Why can she go straight upstairs? We've wanted to go up there for ages but never managed it!"

A decently handsome young man said to the busy bartender.

"Get lost! If you want to go up, talk to Unrivalled Sister. The upstairs is her room, so try getting her permission instead of bothering me, a lowly staff member."

The server known as Zhang retorted impolitely.

This was another specialty of Intoxicated Bar.

Customers and staff joked like friends but never took it too far.

Perhaps, it was this feeling that deeply attracted these rich kids!

Sure enough, the young man, despite being scolded by a mere server, wasn't angry. Instead, he just pouted slightly:

"Tch! You think I don't dare try sneaking up there?"

"Hehe! Fine, Zhang Shuai, your drinking capacity hasn't improved, but your courage sure has? I'll be sure to tell Unrivaled Sister that."

Not far away, another server suddenly showed a sly smile and teased.

"Oh no! Don't be like that, my dear Li, I'm wrong, I know I'm wrong, isn't that enough? If that thorny rose finds out, she'll drink me under the table! Just the thought of it scares people."

The young man shivered suddenly, patting his chest in pleading.

"Humph! All bark and no bite. Guys like you are really embarrassing for you rich playboys."

The server teased coldly.

"Haha! Us playboy disciples were conquered by our Unrivaled Sister long ago, where's the face in that!"

The young man self-deprecatingly joked without a care.

"Well, then just get lost! What are you drinking today?"

The server told him to scram while asking what he wanted to drink today.

Though it sounded contradictory, this guy clearly enjoyed it, eagerly ordering a cocktail, savoring it in a single gulp.

Chapter 212: Ten Daggers

Zhou Hanyu and Cai'Er went upstairs, while Yang Yan found a seat by the bar downstairs.

"Yang, you're here! What would you like to drink?"

The waiter, who was joking around with someone earlier, asked enthusiastically.

She was the senior waiter Yang Yan met the first time he came here.

She and her brother have been working part-time in this place.

Her name, Yang Yan remembered now, was Li Hongyu.

Her nickname seemed to be Xiaoping.

Even though they had only met twice, Yang Yan still had a good impression of this girl.

Sincere, not pretentious.

Girls like her are already rare in this materialistic, luxury-driven era.

Especially in a place like a bar, it is even more valuable.

"Whatever! Bring out a bottle of Fatty's rare collection, I haven't had a good drink in a long time."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"I bet Fatty is going to cry again later."

Li Hongyu said this with her words, but her hands didn't slow down.

Under the bar, there was a hidden compartment containing a lot of good wine.

At first, Li Hongyu didn't know the value of these wines, but as she worked here for longer, she gradually realized...

More precisely, it was from seeing Fatty's hobby a lot, she became more knowledgeable about wine.

Isn't it exactly the reason why Yang Yan thought this girl was nice?

She even spent quite a lot of time specifically researching wine.

She might not know what these wines taste like, but she knows if they were sold outside, each bottle would fetch a sky-high price, easily sold at major auctions.

These wines, the boss himself couldn't bear to drink; it's usually only Wushuang the Unrivaled Sister and the real big boss in front of her who drink them.

Oh!

Almost forgot, there's Dou Dou too.

Dou Dou also seems to fancy the collection here.

Whenever there's a chance, he makes Fatty mourn and wail endlessly.

"Wow! Looks like I'm in for a treat again."

The young man sitting beside him suddenly said with a smile.

"Cut it out, this wine is for Yang to drink. If you drank it, it would be a miracle if the boss didn't kill you."

Li Hongyu sneered.

"Oh, come on! I'll just have a small cup, and who'd know if you don't tell and I don't tell? Besides, if it really doesn't work, we'll just make a bet with him. Trust your Brother Li, I won't lose."

The young man said with a flattering expression.

"Tch! Do you even need to say? No one loses when betting with the boss."

Li Hongyu said disdainfully.

Then, she poured a glass of wine for Yang Yan.

With Yang Yan's permission, she also poured a glass for this young man named Li Shuai.

"Tsk ts! This Fatty's wine is indeed strong! Even my dad's so-called collection is no match!"

Li Shuai lamented.

He was indeed speaking the truth.

Both Fatty and Yang Yan have a hobby of collecting wine.

Fatty collects regardless of origin, as long as it's good wine.

While Yang Yan only collects antique wine from Huaxia.

Just as Yang Yan and Li Shuai were enjoying drink after drink, Fatty unknowingly stood by their side.

With a resentful look at Yang Yan, he poured himself a glass of wine, mumbling under his breath:

"Even if I'm reluctant, I have to drink it, or else at this rate, everything will be gone."

Just as Fatty lifted his wine glass, his lips didn't even touch it when a jade hand reached over.

Fatty felt a sudden emptiness in his hand; the wine glass was snatched away and downed in one gulp.

Fatty was about to erupt in anger, but when he saw the person who drank his wine was Zhuge Wushuang, he instantly deflated.

He managed a forced smile, sat down, and poured himself another glass.

Just as he was about to drink again, another jade hand took it away.

This time, Fatty was truly furious.

This was insufferable.

Fatty was about to explode but took one look at the other person and backed down once more.

It was Mu Qingcheng!

Absolutely can't afford to provoke her!

"You all are here? Where's Xiaocao?"

Yang Yan finished his drink, then turned around and asked.

"Xiaocao first escorted Ruyi upstairs and is bringing the auction list for you to review."

Mu Qingcheng licked her lips, savoring the taste.

Yang Yan nodded.

Then, he felt something off behind him and turned to find Fatty glaring at him with a resentful look.

Meanwhile, Li Shuai, who also drank the wine, had already been kicked away by him.

Li Shuai didn't mind, rubbing his butt and smiling, he walked away quietly.

After all, this kick was worth it; having drunk Fatty's wine, he could brag about it to his buddies for a year.

"Boss, can't you stop drinking my wine every time you come? It's not like you don't have your own hidden stash, and yours is more and better; can't you drink your own?"

Fatty said with a face full of grievances.

"You also know mine is better than yours? If drinking yours makes you heartache, wouldn't drinking mine make me feel even worse?"

Yang Yan shamelessly remarked.

"So you drink mine? And you two!"

Fatty looked at Zhuge Wushuang and Mu Qingcheng, saying with a tear-stained face:

"Don't your consciences hurt treating me this way?"

"Not at all, not at all."

The three said in unison.

Fatty's eyes grew even more resentful.

Xiaocao came downstairs.

She stood behind Yang Yan like a diligent maid.

Yang Yan had told her many times not to do this, as it made him feel awkward.

However, Xiaocao always had a stubborn persistence in this regard.

Yang Yan could only let her be.

"Boss, here's the auction list for this time. Do you plan to bid on those two knives?"

Xiaocao asked softly.

"No."

Yang Yan shook his head and then coldly said:

"This time, I'm just going to observe; I won't bid myself. I want to see who buys them and understand the real intentions of those who put them up."

Mu Qingcheng furrowed her delicate brows and said indifferently:

"Well, that's fine too! Each of these ten daggers has its peculiarities. One or two occasionally appearing might be okay, but revealing so many at once implies something significant."

Zhuge Wushuang scoffed:

"Isn't that obvious? Anyone could tell there's a catch. But now we have the newly acquired Spirit Wings, Viper, and Black Gold Slaughter City daggers, along with Fatty's E Steel and Fire Meteor, making it five out of the ten with confirmed whereabouts."

"Since Vengeance has been privately bought, we might as well investigate and see what the real story is behind it."

Fatty, although not daring to get involved in the open and hidden battles between these two women, still spoke seriously since it was business:

"Each of these ten knives is a sinister object. Counting Vengeance, six have surfaced. Gan Jiang and Mo Ye are with Wushuang's family, making it seven!"

"Including the Blood Amber and Sarahville sure to appear at tomorrow's auction, only Ghost Hand remains."

Chapter 213: This Guy Actually Doesn't Recognize Me?

"Ghost Hand, huh?"

Yang Yan squinted his eyes, murmuring as if in a whisper.

As the number one ranked among the top ten famous blades, legend has it that Ghost Hand was crafted by a mad Italian blacksmith in the 14th century.

He cut off his wife's right hand to make the handle, used his son's ribs for the blade, and crafted the blade's body with his own calf bone.

Then, he sacrificed himself to a demon in a church, letting both angel and demon blood seep into the blade.

This knife is lethal not only to people in the real world but even those in the Hidden World who wield it might find death close at hand.

"Let's talk about it tomorrow! Xiaocao, issue orders immediately to keep a close watch on who actually bought those two knives. Then, investigate to see whose hands Revenge is in."

Yang Yan sat up, speaking in a deep voice.

"Can we leverage the official power of Huaxia? The Eight Divisions must know the danger of these knives. Surely, they don't want these knives to fall into the hands of Huaxia people either. After all, they are inauspicious objects."

Zhuge Wushuang quietly suggested.

Yang Yan thought for a moment, then nodded and said:

"Alright, I'll contact Lion King in a bit."

After the group roughly discussed their next steps, Xiaocao was the first to leave.

Her intelligence network in Huaxia was still weak, and many things required her personal attention.

Moreover, the stakes were high, and she couldn't afford to make the slightest mistake that might affect Yang Yan's plan.

Yang Yan went directly upstairs to check on Cai'Er and Ruyi.

He believed they would get along well with each other.

One is the Five-Colored Stone, and the other is a Thousand-year-old Snake Demon, and neither of them takes the usual path, each having the intelligence of a young child now.

Sure enough, when Yang Yan reached upstairs, he saw Cai'Er and Ruyi having a great time, eagerly playing house.

And Zhou Hanyu was earnestly playing along with them.

By right, Ruyi should be somewhat more mature than Cai'Er.

However, because Yang Yan had taught her some beneficial Dharma Gates for the Cyan Dragon Road, her mind became clear, now appearing like a six or seven-year-old child.

"Cai'Er, Ruyi."

Yang Yan called out softly.

"Daddy."

Upon seeing Yang Yan come in, Cai'Er immediately called sweetly.

Ruyi, on the other hand, wasn't as natural.

She had no idea what to call Yang Yan.

Deep down, she felt a strong familiarity with Yang Yan.

But, because of last time's incident, she also felt some fear towards Yang Yan.

Yang Yan glanced at Ruyi, pondered, and said:

"What's the matter, Ruyi? Do you have something on your mind?"

"Can I... can I call you Daddy too?"

Ruyi bit her lip, asking shyly.

"Er... why do you want to call me Daddy?"

Yang Yan asked suspiciously.

"Can't I?"

Ruyi softly asked, with tears seemingly glittering in her eyes.

Yang Yan hadn't said anything yet when Zhou Hanyu couldn't take it any longer.

She angrily spoke:

"The child just wants to call you Daddy, can't you fulfill even this little thing? That's too heartless of you!"

Yang Yan was speechless, exaggeratedly rolling his eyes, and said in exasperation:

"I didn't say she couldn't, so why are you so agitated!?"

"Then... can I call you Daddy?"

Ruyi quickly asked again.

"You can, but you have to tell me, why do you want to call me Daddy?"

Yang Yan still asked with a puzzled face.

"Cai'Er has a Daddy, but I don't. If you can be Cai'Er's Daddy, surely you can be mine too!"

Ruyi said matter-of-factly.

Yang Yan rubbed his forehead, speechless.

What a simple thought this girl has!

But, it also doesn't seem to matter.

After all, he quite liked Ruyi.

Perhaps because he turned into a Moonlit Dragon, there was a natural affinity towards Ruyi, who was on the path of the Ancient Cyan Dragon.

Watching Ruyi break into a smile, Zhou Hanyu gave Yang Yan a hefty side-eye, then continued playing house with the two little girls.

With a helpless chuckle, Yang Yan greeted Zhou Hanyu, notifying her that the matter was settled and if she wanted to go home, she should come find him as he would be downstairs.

After saying this, Yang Yan went downstairs to the bar counter.

Upon reaching the bar, a group of people was gathered around the counter, seemingly arguing about something.

Yang Yan walked straight over.

In front of the bar, some shady-looking guys were teasing Li Hongyu, saying inappropriate things.

Li Hongyu's brother, Li Jie, stood protectively in front of his sister, seemingly having a conflict with these people.

The Fatty was nowhere to be found and hadn't shown up.

And this was Li Hongyu's first time encountering such a situation in a bar, momentarily leaving her at a loss.

Although she had heard bars could be chaotic, nothing like this had ever happened at Intoxication.

Now, faced with it suddenly, she was a bit flustered.

Just as Yang Yan was about to intervene, Li Shuai, who had already left, heard the news and rushed back.

Upon entering the bar, Li Shuai saw a shady thug pulling aside Li Hongyu's brother, Li Jie, and reaching out to touch Li Hongyu's chin.

Enraged, he charged forward, kicking the thug solidly in the rear.

"Damn it, causing trouble here, tired of living?!"

Caught off guard, the thug fell flat on his face from Li Shuai's kick.

He got up, turned to confront Li Shuai, and angrily roared:

"Who the hell are you? You wanna die, don't you?!"

Faced with the question, Li Shuai was taken aback.

What the hell!

What's going on?

This guy doesn't even know me?

What kind of backwater bumpkin is this!

Li Shuai thought of himself as quite a renowned playboy all over East Sea City. Even if he was teased or told to scram by Fatty or Li Hongyu, who in the area wouldn't know the name Li Shuai?

Li Shuai coldly asked:

"Who are you guys? Where do you belong? Don't you know the rules of this bar?"

"Why should I care who you are? Which damn dog are you, daring to kick me? Today, I'll beat you until your mother doesn't recognize you!"

The thug, with a ferocious expression, threatened while waving his fists.

Seeing Li Shuai stepping forward, Yang Yan confidently sat at the bar's edge and told another bartender:

"Make me a cocktail, stronger this time."

"Ah!"

This bartender, an old hand who'd seen Yang Yan many times and knew Yang Yan's relationship with the boss, was surprised he wanted to drink in such a situation.

"It's fine, I'm here, nothing big will happen! Hurry up and make it, make sure it's strong, that makes it more exciting."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"Oh! Fine."

With Yang Yan, the big boss, saying so, she hurriedly grabbed a shaker and mixed a cocktail for Yang Yan.

She specifically added more XO, as Yang Yan requested.

Yang Yan picked up the glass, leisurely sipping the strong drink, watching the scene unfold with interest.

Chapter 214: Don't Rush, the Best Is Yet to Come

"Oh ho! Got some guts, don't you? Daring to curse at me?"

Li Shuai heard the other side cursing at him recklessly, and instead of getting angry, he laughed.

"Curse you? I'm gonna beat you up too!"

The thug who got kicked shouted and rushed up to kick Li Shuai.

Li Shuai didn't expect the other side to actually dare to hit him. Caught off guard, he was kicked to the ground.

Yang Yan saw this, shook his head, finished the drink in his glass in one go, and then walked over to Li Shuai, reaching out a hand to pull him up.

"So, got punched, huh? I told you, when you're in the grind, you gotta pay the price. Wasn't I right? Need me to help you get even?"

Yang Yan teased with a smile.

Li Shuai patted off the dust on his clothes, not angry, and grinned.

"I'll handle it myself! I can't even remember the last time I got beat like this. Yang, don't worry about it, just sit back and enjoy the show!"

That's also what Yang Yan admired about Li Shuai.

He had been here a few times and naturally knew about Li Shuai.

However, the latter had never shown him a temper nor acted like a stereotypical rich kid.

He was like a big brother from next door.

So, Yang Yan was happy to be friends with him.

Even willing to share Fatty's prized collection with him.

Moreover, Fatty had a good impression of him too.

Otherwise, try drinking his booze!

Even if Yang Yan was the one sharing, it wouldn't fly!

Even if on the surface he'd give Yang Yan face, there'd be a reckoning behind the scenes for sure.

"Still acting tough? I'm right here, you wanna bite me?"

The thug said triumphantly.

"Heh! Quite bold, aren't you? Interesting."

Li Shuai said coldly as he pulled out his phone to make a call.

"Oh ho! Making a call to bring in people? Better not be calling the cops! I just got to East Sea City, haven't had my fun yet!"

The thug said and also started making a call.

Seemed like he was calling for reinforcements too.

Yang Yan, seeing this, got even more interested.

He called the server over to mix him another drink, then held the glass and watched both sides call for backup with great interest.

To Yang Yan, those thugs were just fools.

They had the numbers now, and Li Shuai was alone. Why not teach him a lesson now, instead of waiting for him to call for help?

"Dumb as rocks!"

Yang Yan downed his second strong cocktail and muttered to himself.

"Yeah, dumb as rocks!"

Fatty and Zhuge Wushuang, who had been elsewhere, appeared.

They each took a drink like Yang Yan and joined him in watching the show.

"Boss, Li Shuai's been hit; those guys have the numbers. Please go help him!"

Li Hongyu said anxiously to Fatty.

Today, Li Shuai stood up for her, and she didn't want him to suffer because of it.

"Don't worry! It'll be fine. Those idiots aren't beating him up now; they'll definitely get beaten badly once his people arrive."

Fatty said with a smile.

"What's up, Xiaoping? Worried about Li Shuai, are you?"

Zhuge Wushuang walked over, put a hand on Li Hongyu's shoulder, and said with a sly smile.

"No, it's just that... he got into trouble for me, I... I..."

Li Hongyu stammered, unable to finish her sentence.

Her face was flushed, showing that her feelings had been revealed.

"Alright, you don't have to say it; I understand."

Zhuge Wushuang laughed.

Yang Yan also smiled without saying anything.

It was obvious to anyone except the blind.

The thugs' backup arrived first, a large group.

They came in and surrounded Li Shuai.

They were holding various things, iron rods, and watermelon knives.

After entering, they started banging on tables and chairs, putting on a fierce display.

Fatty squinted at this scene.

Zhuge Wushuang took out a cigarette, lit it, took a light drag, and sneered at the scene before him.

"Boss, they've damaged quite a bit of stuff!"

A server came over and said.

He wasn't nervous at all; in fact, there was a mocking smile on his face.

In the past, others had also tried to cause trouble in the bar, but each time, Fatty had thrown them out like little chicks.

So, this server had full confidence in his boss, who had an explosive level of force.

"No problem, someone will foot the bill. Wait till Li Shuai sorts it out. For now, let's just sit back and enjoy the show."

Fatty said, smiling.

Outside the bar, the sound of screeching brakes suddenly erupted.

Someone immediately looked outside gleefully.

Originally, the area outside was already filled with various luxury cars, but their numbers doubled in an instant.

At the same time, many people emerged from each car.

The screeching of brakes was incessant, seemingly never-ending.

The crowd outside and the luxury cars kept increasing until finally, led by a Ferrari owner, they all entered the bar.

"Bro, who's got a death wish stirring up trouble here?"

The young man in the lead said coldly.

"What are you all doing here?"

Li Shuai looked at them with confusion, frowning slightly.

As the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together. Those who could hang out and call each other brothers had to be from the same circle.

This group was naturally also the rich second generation of East Sea City.

These guys usually had nothing to do and spent all day stirring up trouble.

After running into Li Shuai and getting a good thrashing, they had quieted down significantly.

And they all treated Li Shuai as their leader.

"We heard someone's causing trouble at Intoxication and that you got hit, so we all came over."

The young leader quickly explained.

"Get lost! You think I need your help?"

Li Shuai glanced at the young leader and shouted sternly:

"What are you holding? Really here for a gang fight? Get lost quickly and drop what you're holding. Otherwise, I'll deal with you later."

With Li Shuai's words, the leader awkwardly smiled, then turned to his men and said:

"Didn't you hear what the boss said? Drop what you're holding."

Then there was a clattering sound in the silent bar.

The newcomers really dropped all their weapons on the floor.

The swaggering thug from earlier saw them drop their weapons and looked puzzled.

Although he felt today's situation was getting out of hand, in their line of work, the most important thing was saving face.

At this point, he was in a bind, so he decided to go all the way.

"What, already admitting defeat without even fighting? Just brought this many people? Not enough! Why don't you quickly admit your mistake, and we can call it a day?"

"Heh! Don't rush; the real show is yet to come."

Li Shuai gave the thug a cold glance and said in an icy tone.

Chapter 215: Fairness

Screech—

Accompanied by a more intense braking sound, a series of "thud, thud, thud" was heard from outside the bar.

Everyone instinctively looked towards the door and then froze.

"What happened? More people coming?"

A thug whose view was blocked asked quietly.

"No, no, no... it's..."

His companion next to him stuttered, unable to speak clearly.

Before the words were finished, a group of people in uniformed attire rushed in from outside.

Anyone who knew better could see that this group couldn't be a ragtag bunch, but rather a formidable force of men.

After they entered, the thug was stunned.

He never imagined that the call for backup would actually bring such a group of people.

"Li Shuai, a core family member of the Li Family, supposedly the old man is the head of a confidential core department; maybe due to his special status, they're afraid someone might use him for leverage, so this group is always around him."

Before Yang Yan could ask, Fatty had already explained mildly.

"What? You knew this all along?"

Yang Yan turned his head curiously and asked Fatty.

"Of course!"

Fatty raised his eyebrows, speaking somewhat proudly:

"Since coming back to Huaxia, I had to know who can be messed with and who we need to be low-key around to avoid causing you trouble, boss."

"Ha ha! Fatty, your sucking-up skills have improved recently, huh?"

Yang Yan said with a smile.

Fatty giggled, quickly handing Yang Yan another strong cocktail.

"Alright, my guys are here, how do you want to play it? Let's get started!"

Li Shuai said calmly.

"Well... Brother... No, big brother! This has nothing to do with us, we're just here as customers, not to cause trouble."

Someone hastily said.

"Oh? You're here as a customer and you brought a wrench?"

A nearby waiter immediately said with a smile.

"Um... I'm a mechanic. I just came out from fixing a car and haven't had time to go back, so I thought I'd grab a drink first. Heh! This wrench is for fixing cars."

The man hurriedly explained.

"Damn! Is that even possible? Talent! I need to learn a thing or two from him about talking my way out of stuff later."

Fatty exclaimed with wide eyes.

Not only Fatty, but others also looked at the man in astonishment.

"I'll admit defeat on this, name your terms! What do you want?"

The thug who made the original call was surprisingly straightforward. Even though he realized he was outmatched today, he was determined not to appear weak.

His background was not simple either, being the illegitimate son of a crime boss from a northern province.

He came to East Sea City to avoid trouble after causing quite an incident over there.

He just didn't expect that misfortune would strike, and he'd inadvertently cross someone he shouldn't have.

"Nothing more to say, take them all away and deal with them accordingly."

Li Shuai said with a cold sneer.

"Brother, you're not giving me a way out?"

The thug raised an eyebrow and said coldly.

"Weren't you very cocky just now? If I couldn't call for backup or couldn't suppress you, would you give me a way out?"

Li Shuai retorted with a smile.

Hearing Li Shuai's words, a seemingly leading figure waved his hand and said sternly:

"Take them all away."

Upon hearing the command, the fierce men began to start taking people out.

"Wait! You think you can just leave like that? What about my place?"

Fatty downed his glass of wine in one gulp, wiped his mouth, and said slowly.

The leading figure cast a suspicious glance at Fatty.

Normally, people would be eager for them to leave, right?

This Fatty seemed like a smart guy, why would he suddenly jump in and say something like this?

The leader was about to say something when Li Shuai interrupted him:

"Uncle Wei, leave it to me to handle."

As he spoke, he walked toward Fatty, smiling:

"Fatty, this was my fault. What do you plan to do?"

"Not much!"

Fatty glared at Li Shuai and said coldly:

"The debt must be repaid by its owner. Whoever did the damage is responsible. It's not about targeting you guys, but before these punks settle my place properly, no one is leaving!"

"Otherwise, if I let this slide, these punks will feel emboldened. Soon enough, any Tom, Dick, or Harry would dare to mess around in my bar, and it wouldn't need to stay open anymore."

The thug who had called for backup could see that Fatty seemed to have a solid background too.

Otherwise, Li Shuai wouldn't have this attitude.

So, he asked sternly:

"What do you want then?"

"What do I want?" Fatty sneered, "Simple! Master Fatty spent nearly three million on the stuff here. Compensate that and leave a hand behind, and we're good. Easy enough, right?"

"Killing someone's not a trivial thing. Don't go too far. I'm taking the loss today, but it has nothing to do with you. No one is made of mud! Right now, you're going for broke, but once I get through this, no matter who you are, you're dead meat."

The thug said viciously.

Even though his family's influence didn't reach here, it didn't mean it was impossible to strike back.

This time, due to a minor friction, they put up such a front, of course, he had to take the loss.

But it didn't mean he was truly easy to bully.

Once provoked, he might as well go all out.

"Alright, I'll keep your words in mind too. If you want to play, Master Fatty will accompany you to the end."

After saying so, Fatty turned to Li Shuai and asked:

"How do you plan on handling them? There are too many of them. You can't possibly take them all back, right?"

Li Shuai gave Fatty a puzzled look, not quite knowing how to respond for a moment.

He didn't understand why Fatty would question him like this in front of everyone, but he never underestimated Fatty.

You could tell by the man's collection of spirits; this guy was definitely not simple.

Not to mention that rose.

Honestly, the most unreadable character was that guy named Yang Yan.

Li Shuai wouldn't naively think that without him, this fat boss would suffer.

Today's whole fuss was actually a kind of test.

He also wanted to find out the true depth of this group's background.

Li Shuai thought about it and then said with a smile:

"Initially, I planned to properly teach them a lesson. What, does Fatty have a better suggestion?"

"Alright, anyways, you've regained your face, how about letting them go? You take your people and leave, and leave the rest to me?"

Fatty said with a smile.

Hearing Fatty's words, Yang Yan suddenly laughed.

Others might not understand, but he did!

This Fatty seemed easygoing, but he was actually a very proud person at heart.

If you smashed his store, then he'd smash your bones.

That's fair.

At least in Fatty's eyes, it's fair.

Chapter 216: A Reasonable Thug

Yang Yan naturally wouldn't sympathize with this group of thugs, so he simply picked up his cocktail and drank it in one gulp, continuing to watch Fatty's performance.

The thugs were unaware of the situation and heard Fatty asking Li Shuai to let them go, causing them to feel unexpectedly delighted.

They truly didn't want to go with this group of soldiers.

God knows what awaits them.

Li Shuai thought for a moment, gritting his teeth and said:

"Alright! Since Fatty has spoken up, I must give him this face. I'll call my men to leave; you're free to do as you please from now on."

After Li Shuai finished speaking, he informed his men.

The leader of his team also looked at Fatty in surprise, then lightly nodded, signaling his subordinates to line up and leave.

Being the head of the special operations group for Li Shuai's family, he was naturally unwilling to get involved in fights, as long as it didn't harm Li Shuai physically, he didn't bother with these trivial matters.

Seeing this group of menacing men really leave, the thugs felt a sudden sense of surviving a disaster.

The same went for the leader from the Second Generation of the Black.

After all, facing such a group of men, saying they were unafraid would be impossible.

However, he knew very well that what they would face next was the mysterious bar owner.

Before the Second Generation of the Black could speak, the thugs who were already thinking ahead prepared to sneak away.

"Want to leave? Did I say you could go?"

Fatty downed his vodka in one gulp and placed the glass heavily on the bar counter.

The Second Generation of the Black originally wanted to say something perfunctory, but was directly blocked and had no choice but to frown at the inscrutable bar owner.

"Master Fatty's words are final. Don't think Master Fatty is your savior, nor treat his words as passing remarks. From now on, you have half an hour to gather money. Three million, and each of you gets an arm broken."

Fatty said coldly, and the aura suddenly changed, seemingly lowering the temperature in the entire bar.

"Don't go too far."

The Second Generation of the Black said through clenched teeth.

"Too far? Oh, right, you started this by harassing my employee, correct? You'll have to pay an extra twenty thousand as compensation for the mental damage, or Master Fatty will break all your teeth."

"Alright, you can start calling to gather money. Everyone help keep track of the time! Once it's up, we'll act. There's another good show coming up!"

Fatty said as he pulled over a chair and sat down heavily.

He waved his hand, and a waitress who knew his preference handed him a full glass of whiskey.

The thugs immediately widened their eyes, looking at each other.

They suddenly felt that all these years in the underworld had been futile.

Look at him, asking for millions just like that.

This money comes easier than robbing!

Although, he's a bit silly.

With so many of us, why would we be afraid of you?!

No matter how impressive your background is, we'd directly beat you up and smash this place.

Someone completely ignored Fatty's words and turned to leave.

Unfortunately, just as someone reached to pull the door, there was a swishing sound.

Then, a shard of glass pinned that hand firmly to the door.

Ah!

Immediately, a heart-wrenching scream seemed to shake the ceiling.

"You think Master Fatty is playing house with you? I said you better hurry and call to gather money, or today I'll ruin both your hands. If you don't believe it, feel free to try."

Fatty said coldly.

Everyone suddenly saw that a corner of his glass was missing, precisely the shard that pierced the man's hand!

"Yang...Yang, the owner looks so...so terrifying now!"

Li Hongyu gently pushed Yang Yan's hand and stuttered.

"Not at all, I actually find him quite adorable. What do you think? Doesn't your current boss seem particularly reliable?"

Yang Yan said while handing the empty glass to Li Hongyu.

"Make another one, use your boss's private stock. The drink here really lacks taste. Now the good show is just starting, it must be paired with a good drink."

Li Hongyu paused visibly, saying with a bitter face:

"No way! I don't know about other places, but all the drinks here are genuine, the boss specially orders them from abroad, each batch comes with documentation, there's no problem at all."

As she spoke, she still opened the secret compartment under the counter and took out a bottle of Fatty's private stock.

"What? Not calling means you want to keep both hands?"

Fatty laughed as he spoke.

But in the eyes of the Second Generation of the Black and the thugs, this smile seemed extremely sinister.

Seeing the scene in front of them, even those with a screw loose knew that the Fatty in front of them was definitely not simple.

It's no wonder even the seemingly invincible Li Shuai showed such respect towards him.

Before the Second Generation of the Black could react, the other thugs were already pulling out their phones to call and gather money.

They definitely didn't want both hands broken.

As for breaking one hand, they'd discuss once the money was gathered.

Perhaps all that's wanted is an attitude?

The Second Generation of the Black stared at Fatty, as if he wanted to eat him alive.

But being under someone else's roof, he had to lower his head.

He could see that Fatty was definitely a master; if it came to a real fight, he'd be the first who couldn't escape.

He gritted his teeth and obediently pulled out his phone to call his father, briefly explaining today's incident.

Being the illegitimate son of a gangster boss, he indeed caused a lot of trouble growing up, but his dad always resolved them easily.

Though he might seem foolish, he wasn't actually stupid.

At least back home, he wouldn't provoke someone he couldn't afford to mess with.

No matter how well his dad mixed in, he was still a thug.

He understood this very well.

So every time he caused trouble, he never hid it, always saying everything.

Whether his dad could resolve it or not, he never really considered it.

At least so far, his dad hadn't faced anything he couldn't resolve.

"Pass the phone to him, I'll speak a few words."

The man said on the other end of the line.

The Second Generation of the Black quickly handed the phone to Fatty.

Unfazed, Fatty took the phone and said:

"Hello? Feel free to say whatever you want!"

"My foolish son has troubled you, I sincerely apologize. If you have any demands, feel free to state them; I'll strive to fulfill them. The child is young and impulsive, I hope you won't mind."

The voice on the other end was calm, and even through the network, one could sense the gangster boss's aura.

Oh dear!

Is this a reasonable thug?

Fatty now found it a bit tricky.

If the other party was hardline or unreasonable, there was nothing to discuss; he could play along as he wished.

But this person came in admitting fault and gave conditions to propose, making it quite difficult.

Moreover, he could tell the person was serious and very sincere.

Chapter 217: Don't Tempt Me Like That

"Ah! The hearts of parents are so compassionate everywhere!"

Fatty sighed as he spoke, then hung up the phone and tossed it to the Second Generation of the Black, whose expression was uncertain:

"Get lost! Don't let me see you again, or I'm really going to break your legs."

After saying that, Fatty returned to the bar counter, intending for someone to casually give him a drink. But he suddenly saw the bottle in Yang Yan's hand, gritted his teeth, and ordered an even better one.

Seeing that Fatty wasn't going to pursue the matter, the group of hooligans felt as if they'd received a pardon and hurriedly ran outside.

As if staying even a moment longer would result in being devoured by the bar's beasts.

However, there was one person who didn't run.

It was the Second Generation of the Black holding the phone, stunned.

The others standing far away perhaps didn't hear, but he did hear it.

It was his first time hearing his father speak to someone like that.

What was going on?

Even his dad caved in!

He thought about it but couldn't make sense of it, so he decided to leave first.

"What? You let them go just like that? I was ready to watch some drama as I drank!"

Yang Yan lifted the bottle in his hand and laughed as he asked.

"There's no way, as the saying goes, 'One doesn't hit a smiling face.' They're all big shots in the underworld, and they start off by apologizing; it's hard for me to do anything!"

Fatty shrugged helplessly and said with a bitter smile.

"So what about your place? Quite a few things were smashed."

Yang Yan asked with a smile.

"No worries, just some cleanup will do. As for the smashed things, they're just tables and chairs, nothing worth much."

Fatty said casually.

"Ha ha! Since that's the case, that's it then. I'll head back; tomorrow I'll check out the auction."

Yang Yan finished speaking, grabbed Fatty's treasure, and turned to go upstairs to call Zhou Hanyu and the others.

He knew Fatty had this temperament: respond to softness, not hardness.

If you reason and give face, Fatty is actually quite easy to talk to.

Yang Yan went upstairs, called Zhou Hanyu and Cai'Er, and then returned to the apartment together.

It's worth mentioning that this time Ruyi was added.

This wasn't Yang Yan's request, nor was it Ruyi's own idea, but Zhou Hanyu strongly insisted.

Miss Zhou Er said Ruyi was pitiful by herself in the bar, and the bar wasn't suitable for a child's growth, so she brought Ruyi back to the apartment.

Upon returning to the apartment, Zhou Hanyu briefly explained the situation with Ruyi to Zhou Hanyun.

Zhou Hanyun did not object.

After all, the apartment is spacious, and adding one person was no issue.

"Are you going to the auction tomorrow?"

Yang Yan asked Zhou Hanyun.

"Hmm?"

Zhou Hanyun glanced at Yang Yan in confusion. How did he know there was an auction tomorrow?

But she soon relaxed.

Given Yang Yan's mysterious background, knowing about this isn't surprising.

"Not really interested in going. I've seen the list; there's nothing I want to buy. Plus, I'll be busy with opening affairs in the next few days."

Zhou Hanyun said with a smile.

"Not going? Then give me your invitation letter! I'd like to go tomorrow; there's some stuff I'm quite interested in."

Yang Yan said.

"Alright! I'll have someone deliver it to you tomorrow; how many do you need?"

Zhou Hanyun asked.

"Two should be enough! Wait, there are many invitations?"

Yang Yan was a bit puzzled.

Judging from Zhou Hanyun's tone, there seemed to be plenty of invitations.

"Yes! This auction is held annually in East Sea City, nothing special. Anyone with money can go. Even if you pay a certain amount, anyone can get an invitation."

Zhou Hanyun said with a smile.

"That simple, huh! I thought a certain status was required."

Yang Yan said wryly.

If he'd known earlier, he would have handled it himself.

Apparently, Xiaocao hadn't gathered clear information!

"It's hosted by the Xu Family of East Sea, and the purpose is simple: purely for money. Although the items are decent, they're just luxury goods or antiques. I'm not very interested in them."

Zhou Hanyun said indifferently.

"Okay then! I'll have a look tomorrow; you should rest early!"

After saying that, Yang Yan returned to his room.

The next morning, when Yang Yan got up, Zhou Hanyun had already left for the company.

And knowing Yang Yan had plans today, Zhou Hanyun didn't disturb him and drove herself to school.

This surprised Yang Yan quite a bit.

"Didn't expect this girl to be so considerate!"

Yang Yan sat at the dining table, eating breakfast, feeling somewhat reflective.

Ding dong!

Suddenly, the sound of the doorbell was abrupt.

Yang Yan stuffed a dough stick into his mouth, grabbed a napkin to wipe his hands, and then went to open the door.

It was Zhou Yun, Zhou Hanyun's secretary.

She was here to deliver the invitation letter to Yang Yan.

After handing it over to Yang Yan, she turned and left.

Recently, she and Zhou Hanyun have been busy preparing for the jewelry store's opening, both not touching the ground.

Yang Yan glanced at the invitation letter; the craftsmanship was quite exquisite, only mentioning a corporation, without specifying a person's name.

Looks like it really is as Zhou Hanyun said, just a money-making scheme.

Yang Yan thought about it, took the invitation letter, and headed out.

The auction is in the evening, and now Yang Yan is out to find Wuyan.

Having been back for days without seeing Wuyan, Yang Yan felt unsettled.

The reason he requested an extra invitation was simply to take Wuyan along, to make her happy.

On the road, Yang Yan gave Wuyan a call.

Once he knew where she was, he went over directly.

Wuyan's mom had been discharged, and Wuyan stayed by her side.

Her home was in the old town; the environment there wasn't great.

But Wuyan didn't want to take her mom to the Prosperous Court.

Yang Yan found a fruit store and bought some rather expensive fruits, took a taxi, and headed straight to the old town.

The roads in the old town weren't easy, undergoing constant renovations.

The roads here are old, and with heavy trucks rolling over them, they've become riddled with potholes.

If Yang Yan hadn't paid a high price, this driver probably wouldn't have come.

After a bumpy thirty minutes, Yang Yan finally arrived at Wuyan's place.

"Does this count as the son-in-law visiting the mother-in-law?"

Yang Yan glanced at the fruits in his hand and muttered.

He came to Wuyan's door and gently knocked.

With a soft creak, the door opened.

Yang Yan saw Wuyan in her home clothes and couldn't help but gulp.

Today, she was wearing jeans paired with a white turtleneck, form-fitting wool sweater, perfectly highlighting her curves.

So alluring!

Yang Yan secretly exclaimed.

"What's wrong? Come in."

Wuyan looked skeptically at Yang Yan, who was in a daze, and let him in with a smile.

Chapter 218: Let Me Rest for a While, Okay?

"Wuyan, who is it?"

Inside, Wuyan's mother's voice came out.

"It's Yang Yan, Mom."

Wuyan said.

Then she pulled Yang Yan, who was still a bit dumbfounded, into the house.

She could certainly feel Yang Yan's burning gaze, and if her mother weren't there, she wouldn't mind being looked at by this man for a while longer.

Her mother had already met Yang Yan at the hospital.

In fact, Yang Yan had saved her mother's life.

So, Wuyan had no reservations about bringing Yang Yan here.

"Oh! Yang Yan is here! I heard from Wuyan that you went on a business trip for a while. So, you came back today?"

Wuyan's mother was speaking as she poured a glass of water for Yang Yan.

"Yes, Auntie, I just got back recently. I've been so busy that I only got a chance to come see you today. Please don't take offense!"

Yang Yan said while placing the fruit he brought on the table and accepting the glass of water with both hands that Wuyan's mother handed over.

"Work is, of course, important. How could I blame you? Come, sit down, and have some hot water. The weather is getting colder and colder. Look at that, you didn't need to bring so much fruit, you went to such trouble."

Wuyan's mother said with a smile.

Wuyan's mother seemed to be recovering well, not only able to take care of herself but also already capable of doing basic housework.

"I wasn't sure what to buy, so I just grabbed some fruit. Your body is just recovering, you should replenish some vitamins."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

Wuyan's mother said thank you, then turned to Wuyan and said:

"You two have a good chat. I'm going out for a walk, over to Zhang's house; her cat just had kittens. If there's a cute one, I want to bring one back to raise."

As soon as she finished speaking, she went out the door.

"Haha! Your mom is really open-minded! Intentionally leaving us some space. Doesn't she worry I'll eat you up?"

Yang Yan said with a laugh.

"When did you get back?"

Ignoring Yang Yan's teasing, Wuyan asked with concern.

"The night before last."

Yang Yan answered truthfully.

He really had nothing to hide from Wuyan.

Besides, he thought Wuyan wouldn't mind.

"Did you drive back the car parked at the hospital?"

Wuyan asked again.

"Yeah, I went to get it back the night before last. It was parked there for a few days because I left in a hurry."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"Did something happen?"

Wuyan asked with some concern.

"Nothing happened, just missed you."

Yang Yan said mischievously, looking at Wuyan.

His eyes, gleaming with mischief, roamed all over her body.

Upon hearing Yang Yan say he missed her, Wuyan's heart felt sweet.

She was initially a bit shy, but she decided to openly present herself in front of him, as if wanting him to look more.

"Look at you! Come on, let's go out for a walk."

Wuyan said with a smile after being looked at by Yang Yan for a while.

"Yeah! Sure."

Yang Yan nodded with a smile.

To be honest, even though he was at his mother-in-law's house, he still felt a bit uneasy.

Even though Wuyan's mother was understanding and created an opportunity for them to be alone, it still felt a bit strange.

Moreover, Yang Yan wasn't in such a hurry to do anything inappropriate at someone else's home, so when Wuyan suggested it, he readily agreed.

Honestly, if they stayed a moment longer, he feared he wouldn't be able to restrain himself.

Once outside, Yang Yan felt much more at ease.

Wuyan took him for a leisurely walk around the old town, and after a while, she asked:

"Do you have any plans for today?"

"I'm planning to take you to an auction tonight, how about it? Are you interested?"

Yang Yan asked with a smile.

"It's up to you how to arrange it!"

Wuyan also smiled lightly, seemingly indifferent.

For her, maybe as long as it's Yang Yan's plan and conditions permit, she's willing to comply.

Seeing her looking open to anything, Yang Yan suddenly flashed a naughty smile and suggested:

"Uh... it's still early, how about we go back to Prosperous Court to rest first?"

Hearing Yang Yan's words and seeing the wicked smile on his face, Wuyan immediately realized something.

Her cheeks flushed red, and she subconsciously hung her head.

Men and women are the same; once they've tasted the forbidden fruit, it's hard to stop wanting more.

And absence makes the heart grow fonder; Wuyan really did miss Yang Yan during this time.

Not saying anything was a tacit agreement.

Seeing that Wuyan didn't object, Yang Yan didn't say any more and quickly hailed a cab by the roadside.

If it weren't for the fact that it was broad daylight and he was afraid of scaring Wuyan, he would have loved to fly directly to their love nest right then.

Finally arriving at Prosperous Court, as soon as they entered the room, Yang Yan looked at Wuyan with a wolf-like gaze.

"Go close the curtains."

Wuyan's words were like an aphrodisiac, instantly igniting Yang Yan.

As clothes flew off one by one, Wuyan's alluring moans filled the room.

The afternoon quickly passed by.

During this time, they didn't even get up to eat.

"Wuyan, do you know you're really seductive? You're simply irresistible."

Yang Yan gently stroked Wuyan's smooth back and softly whispered in her ear.

"Stop, let me rest for a bit, okay? I feel like I'm falling apart."

Wuyan pleaded weakly.

The earlier action had been quite intense.

Yang Yan gently nodded, and with a slight pressure on her back, she drifted off to sleep.

About a quarter of an hour later, Yang Yan gently patted her arm and said with a smile:

"Time to get up, the auction is about to start."

"Let me rest a bit longer!"

Wuyan mumbled instinctively as she woke from her nap.

"If you don't get up, I might come at you again."

Yang Yan teased with a mischievous smile.

Wuyan was startled and quickly sat up on the bed:

"No more, okay? I'll get up, can't stand you, you're too much. I just barely got my strength back."

Wuyan complained while hurriedly getting dressed.

Watching Wuyan getting dressed, Yang Yan didn't know how much effort it took to control his impulse.

After getting dressed, she gave Yang Yan, whose mouth was practically watering, a fierce glare before escaping into the bathroom to freshen up.

Yang Yan smiled wryly and headed straight to the rooftop garden for some fresh air.

By the time Wuyan finished tidying up, it was already six in the afternoon.

The auction started at seven, so there was still enough time.

Yang Yan had already inquired with Zhou Yun about the auction's transaction methods.

Unlike the underground auctions in Myanmar, this one supported card payments and even bank cashier's checks, so it wasn't much of a hassle.

Chapter 219: Forced into Service

Arriving at the entrance of the auction, after showing their invitation, Yang Yan and Wuyan smoothly entered the auction hall.

This was quite different from the charity auction they attended with Zhou Hanyun last time; there was no banquet, and everyone was sitting properly in their seats.

Even if they spoke, they tried to lower their voices as much as possible.

Since it was Wuyan's first time attending an auction, she couldn't help but curiously look around.

There were quite a few men staring at her from all around.

After Yang Yan's careful grooming, Wuyan looked exceptionally beautiful and attracted the attention of the opposite sex naturally.

"Welcome everyone to our auction. Next, we will present the first item for today's guests."

On stage, a handsome auctioneer got straight to the point as he spoke.

As the first auction item was brought to the stage, Yang Yan immediately focused his attention there.

He had not forgotten the purpose of today's visit.

Item after item was auctioned off on stage, mostly antiques and the like.

Yang Yan was not interested in antiques, no matter how precious, and he didn't pay much attention to them.

"Alright, the next antique is a very nice collectible. This is a knife from the Middle Ages, said to have been heavily funded by a noblewoman who used it to kill her unfaithful husband with her own hands."

"Later on, women would kill their unfaithful husbands with such knives whenever they found out. This knife became a nightmare and disaster for men at that time."

The auctioneer started with a story that successfully captured almost everyone's attention and then continued with a smile, riding the wave:

"It is said that if you place this knife under a man's pillow, he would die silently in his sleep!"

Upon hearing the auctioneer's words, Yang Yan furrowed his brow immediately.

It's not "said to"; if you put this knife under a man's pillow, he will really die.

He didn't believe an auctioneer would know these secrets.

That meant someone was secretly fueling the flames.

"What's wrong? Is this knife magical?"

Wuyan noticed Yang Yan's expression seemed a bit off and couldn't help but lower her voice to ask.

"Yes, indeed, it is a magical knife. Don't doubt what the auctioneer said; it's all true."

Yang Yan chuckled lightly.

"How can that be? How can such a knife exist in the world?"

Wuyan wasn't quite convinced but, seeing Yang Yan's expression, she felt it wasn't a lie.

"There are many magical things in this world; I'll tell you about them slowly in the future. Let me first see who will buy this knife."

Yang Yan said softly.

"The starting bid is one million Huaxia Coins, with a minimum increase of twenty thousand each time."

The auctioneer noticed the crowd's emotions seemed stirred and announced loudly.

"Oh? The starting price is only one million? This price is almost like giving it away for free!"

Yang Yan showed a hint of a cold smile, murmuring to himself.

If no one was stirring up trouble, he wouldn't believe it even if he were beaten to death.

"Alright, now everyone can start bidding."

As the auctioneer finished speaking, a chorus of bids arose from the crowd below.

Yang Yan watched the people below with amusement.

Many didn't believe in the knife's magical properties and bought it solely for its potential to appreciate in value.

Little did they know they were bringing home a life talisman.

Just as Yang Yan watched a group of outsiders bidding, a man suddenly sat beside him.

Yang Yan glanced at him, smiled lightly, and teasingly said:

"I thought your Eight Divisions weren't going to handle this matter!"

Sitting next to Yang Yan was none other than the long-unseen Eight Divisions member from Huaxia, Jianghai.

He was the head and liaison of the Eight Divisions in East Sea City and was also responsible for handling matters related to Yang Yan.

"It's not that we aren't handling it; this came too suddenly, catching us off guard. Those two knives were added afterward, handled by the Xu Family's second son. We've communicated with the Xu Family's patriarch; he was unaware of this."

"Moreover, he also asked the Xu Family's second son, and that fool was merely used by someone, completely ignorant of the item's origin. He only took it because all the money from the auction, except the base price, was his."

Jianghai said with a bitter smile.

In fact, it was indeed their negligence.

If Yang Yan hadn't sent someone to inform them, they wouldn't have known such items appeared within Huaxia.

Lately, the Eight Divisions were so busy with the disappearance of the East Sea Dragon that they couldn't immediately notice this situation, which was understandable.

"Then how do you plan to handle it?"

Yang Yan asked.

"Aren't you planning to intervene in this matter? Then it's yours to handle! We'll provide intelligence for you."

Jianghai accompanied with a smile.

Upon hearing Jianghai's words, Yang Yan rolled his eyes at him fiercely.

This guy's skin was getting thicker, actually enlisting his strong arm without asking if he had any objections.

However, Yang Yan wasn't very confident if this kind of thing was handed over to the Eight Divisions.

So he thought for a while, then nodded slightly:

"I'm fine handling this. Later, help me find out which guy bought it, then investigate their background and see if they are connected to the Hidden World."

Jianghai didn't seem surprised by Yang Yan's attitude, and he quickly promised:

"Yes! I'll handle these tasks. That lord asked me to inquire whether there is any progress on the East Sea Dragon matter."

When Jianghai said this, he couldn't help but feel a little uneasy.

First, it was because Yang Yan's identity was extraordinary, and asking him like this felt somewhat presumptuous.

Second, it was because this matter was supposed to be investigated by their Eight Divisions, but now they had no clue, inevitably making them a laughingstock.

Of course, Yang Yan wouldn't be bothered by these; he understood that the Eight Divisions definitely tried, but their limited capabilities resulted in nothing gained.

He calmly stated:

"That matter will have a result in a week at most. Whether the dragon is alive or dead, I will find it. Tell that old man that he doesn't need to fret over it. If he isn't reassured, he can handle it himself."

"I bid ten million."

Just as Yang Yan had finished speaking, someone below suddenly shouted.

Everyone was shocked by the sudden voice.

One should know that the knife was currently only at about two million, and even though no one present lacked money, no one's money came out of nowhere, there was no need to bid such a high price.

Instantly, everyone's eyes were drawn to the voice.

A remarkably handsome young man sat there, holding a beautifully crafted, ancient-looking gourd.

But that gourd was used by the man to hold wine.

Because as he raised the gourd to sip sweetly, everyone smelled the rich and fragrant aroma of wine.

In that instant, the entire auction hall seemed to be filled with that rich scent.

Chapter 220: The Mysterious Handsome Man

"I bid ten million."

The handsome man saw that the auctioneer didn't react, so he repeated.

Yang Yan looked at this young man, and couldn't help but his eyelid twitched, causing his heart to beat violently.

This was his sixth sense, accurate to this day, never wrong.

Yang Yan furrowed his brow, staring hard at the handsome man to discern anything.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard he looked, this guy was just an ordinary person.

"This is getting more interesting."

Yang Yan squinted his eyes and murmured to himself.

His sixth sense wouldn't be wrong.

Since he couldn't discern the depths of this youth now, there were only two possibilities!

First, the youth had a treasure capable of completely blocking his senses.

Second, the youth's strength was greater than his own.

At the very least, he was on the same level!

Or perhaps, both...

Yang Yan gently whispered his guess into Jianghai's ear, causing Jianghai's body to jolt, rendering him speechless with shock.

Stronger than Yang Yan, or at least the same level!

What concept was that?

If Yang Yan's words were true, then the handsome man in front of them was indeed a major figure.

Jianghai had quality in character.

Even after hearing such news, he was only briefly dazed before promptly recovering.

He slowly stood up and made a gesture towards the back.

Someone at the back saw it and quietly stood up to leave.

Jianghai followed them outside.

Outside the auction hall, Jianghai instructed his assistant:

"Inform the Lion King, tell him there's an emergency here, ask him to come immediately. We'll explain the specifics when he arrives, but there's no time now."

After speaking, Jianghai turned and returned to the auction.

The man heard Jianghai's words, his figure flickering as he swiftly departed.

"Ten million first call, ten million second call, ten million third call! Sold."

The auctioneer shouted loudly, dropping the auction gavel heavily.

"How did it go? Did you inform your boss?"

Yang Yan glanced at Jianghai returning to his seat and asked with a smile.

"I've sent someone to inform them. But even if the boss comes, it might be redundant. If the opponent is truly on your level or stronger, I'm not sure if anyone in Huaxia can match them."

Jianghai said dejectedly.

Because the Sword Immortal once said, Yang Yan was stronger.

Since the Sword Immortal admitted Yang Yan's strength, and Yang Yan says the youth in front is likely on his level or stronger, how can Huaxia resist such a person?

Seeing Jianghai's reaction, Yang Yan instead laughed, patting his shoulder:

"Haha! Don't be so downcast, the situation isn't as dire as you think. You underestimate our Huaxia, do you think five thousand years of civilization is just talk?"

"Setting aside those old folks who don't make appearances, even on the Huaxia official side, the number of experts I know exceeds one hand. Besides, among the Hidden Clans, none are easy to deal with."

"In any case, just relax. They absolutely won't let this guy create trouble, Huaxia is not like other places, we call the shots here! Plus, you still have me!"

In terms of action, Yang Yan never feared anyone.

On equal ground, even those seemingly stronger, who dares claim victory over Moonlight of the Moonlit Dragon?

Even those true big shots within the Hidden World find Yang Yan troublesome.

Otherwise, with Yang Yan causing such chaos, how could they remain unmoved?

That's the Godslayer!

If someone else did such a thing, they'd likely be hunted down.

The handsome man with the wine gourd successfully purchased Blood Amber at a high price of ten million, prompting whispers and speculation about whether this young man was a flamboyant scion.

Yang Yan was racking his brain to figure out how this guy closed off his senses.

Yang Yan didn't believe he could sense him.

Yang Yan had full confidence in this aspect.

As Yang Yan pondered deeply without resolution, an elder entered the scene, sitting silently in the last row.

From far away, Yang Yan could smell the aura coming from the elder.

Ah, also a person from the Hidden World!

Yang Yan didn't turn around; instead, he directly activated his sixth sense.

The elder was accompanied by a beautiful woman.

The elder's clothing bore special patterns, like a totem, probably a family emblem or crest.

It seemed this elder was from a Huaxia Hidden Clan.

"Why is he here?"

Jianghai also noticed the elder, muttering in surprise.

Apparently, he knew this elder.

Just that there were many within the Hidden, Yang Yan didn't ask Jianghai who this elder was.

The handsome man in front curved his lips into a meaningful smile, evidently aware of the elder's presence too.

This elder, one wonders if he noticed them both.

While the handsome man's focus fell on the woman beside the elder, a slight tremor in his aura emerged.

Hmm?

Now this is getting interesting.

Yang Yan could sense the mysterious man had clearly taken an interest in the woman.

It felt like a beast discovering prey.

The following auction items were common goods, neither Yang Yan nor the young man acted.

Yang Yan didn't know the man's purpose, but it wouldn't be anything good.

At this moment, the auctioneer's voice rang out again.

Simultaneously, a fine box opened, revealing a delicate dagger.

"Next item is today's grand finale. It's a seventeenth-century object, quite renowned back then. Sarahville! I'm not sure if you've heard."

"This dagger is even more magical than Blood Amber just now. Its exact forging time is unknown, but in the seventeenth century, the Bloody Countess bestowed upon it this name."

"No one knows the meaning within, but she used this knife to slit the throats of hundreds of young girls, exceptionally bloody, making it a cursed weapon."

"The starting bid for this item is also one million Huaxia Coins, each bid increase must not be less than twenty thousand. If any of you are interested, you may start bidding."

Wuyan turned to Yang Yan and asked:

"Did this knife truly kill so many people?"

"Yes, it did. And more than he said. Ordinary people shouldn't even touch it, lest they experience recurrent nightmares."

"It's said the girls slain by it, their souls never found rest, bound by this dagger. This is one reason why it's cursed and deemed ominous."

"In any case, it's quite strange, holding it feels like a ticking bomb ready to explode. So, it's best to keep a distance to continue enjoying life."