

## Chapter 160 Talents in the Underworld

The guys from the Black Dragons were stunned. They were supposed to be here for me, but now that they saw me they had no response. All eyes were trained on the old man with the erhu.

It could not have been the white-haired old man who felled Jin, except there was no one else around besides him. It was definitely impossible for the kids to have done it.

But the old man was at least seventy, and blind. How did he throw a sturdy man like Jin to the ground? This was not a wuxia novel where everyone had special powers.

"Young gentleman, return to your tea."

I was about to say something when the old man spoke to me in a hoarse voice, fiddling with his bow. The sad sound of the erhu suddenly seemed powerful when he spoke.

I glanced around. Who was he talking to? He could not be referring to Jin on the floor, but how did the old man know I was standing there? I had only just stepped out of the room.

"Uncle, why are you standing there in a daze? Grandpa Yu told you to go in and hide."

I was surprised. The old man had actually seen me, but the blind did have good hearing, so it was not that shocking.

I spoke up. "Sir, Jin here is a gangster. Please hide in case he attacks you."

Just as the words left my mouth, I felt that something was off. Jin did not look like a mighty gangster lying on the floor, but like a helpless person who had been bullied.

Old Yu played his erhu, shaking his head. "What rogue? In my ancient eyes, all are children."

I shook my head. The old man was really stubborn.

Regardless of whether he had actually beat up Jin, I could not sit and watch an old man in his seventies fight on my behalf.

Jin seemed to fear this old man. He looked as though he had seen a ghost, and did not even dare to curse. Just then, he spotted me. He stared at me as if I was his savior, and not his enemy.

"Zhang Chao, great timing! I've been looking for you. We haven't settled our score from before. If you're a real man, face me one-on-one downstairs."

Daring to challenge me? Had he knocked his head too hard? Jin seemed to be making a big fuss and looking for an excuse to run away from the old man. He looked a bit desperate. Was the old man that terrifying?

Before I could answer, there was an explosive shriek from the erhu. It was so piercing that it almost ripped my eardrums apart. I wondered what murderous music this was, but when I listened carefully... Damn! It was a sound effect out of Honor Of Kings.

"Young gentleman, fall not into the web of deception."

For a moment, I was torn between going and not going.

It was strange. Jin was always braver than he was smart, but for some reason, he was being a coward today. I had not seen what had happened, but it was obvious that he was terrified of Old Yu.

Jin was not a person who respected the old and cherished the young.

I could not help but be curious about what had happened. Since the old man said so, I decided to stay.

My decision left Jin in a panic. It looked like he wanted to leave here without caring about me. This was a rare moment. The Black Dragons had egos bigger than the universe. It was a great embarrassment to slink out with their tails between their legs.

"Zhang Chao, don't let me see you again!"

Jin said. His men helped him up and he was about to slip away when the old man spoke up. He said slowly, "You can't leave. You have disturbed the cleanliness of my shop and left this young gentleman quaking in his boots. How can you turn tail now?"

This blind man was something else, I thought to myself, he really spoke blindly. The one who was quaking in his boots was obviously Jin.

Jin was exasperated by blind Old Yu. He could not stay, and he could not leave. Retreat might be embarrassing, but if he did not retreat now, it would become even more embarrassing.

Jin stuck out his neck and shouted, "This is daylight robbery! This is blackmail!"

Old Yu swayed gently and shook his head. His nonsensical show was accompanied by the wail of the erhu. "This is a dog-eat-dog world."

I almost let out a laugh. The old man was straightfaced and Jin was close to bursting.

Jin plucked up his courage and asked, "What do you want?!"

Old Yu replied crisply, "Compensation!"

"You, you old fart!" Jin was incensed, but he had no choice. He was so fearful of the old man, though I did not know why.

Just as he finished speaking, before anyone else could react, there was an intense note from the erhu. It felt like centipedes were burrowing their way into my ears. It was so uncomfortable that I felt as if my blood was churning. I leaned back against the wall and almost vomited.

What in the world was this? Was this the "internal strength" that was discussed in wuxia novels? Was this for real?

I was stunned. I had never seen anything like it.

Having been a soldier for so many years, I knew my way around all manner of weapons. There were weapons that generated immense pressure from a sonic boom. They used the concept that objects breaking the sound barrier will create pressure. But there was no way to make such a sonic boom with an old erhu!

"You, you... Let's go..."

"Leave your money."

"We can talk about this, you don't need to play. Other people want money for playing the erhu, you want my life. Hurry up and give the old man money!"

Jin was in such a hurry to hand over his money. He was even more honest than when I last beat him up.

He slunk out after handing over all the money on his person. I did not think he would ever come back to this wonton store for the rest of his life.

I had not expected the blind man to be so powerful! I now understood why Gan had told me not to bother and to enjoy my tea.

There were talented people of all ages in the underworld. No wonder the chief had told me not to underestimate them.

Today, I had seen for myself the capability of the talent in the vast underworld.

The kids looked bored after Jin left. They had been so excited earlier as if watching Old Yu teach Jin a lesson was more fun than playing Honor Of Kings.

Everyone left, leaving Old Yu sitting alone. The erhu trilled under his skilled hands, and he even asked me if I had any requests.

As long as it does not take my life, I said to myself.

I observed as Old Yu played, but could not figure out how he could hurt anything. My results in high school were good—my knowledge of physics excellent—and I had not forgotten any of it.