

In the days leading up to the Martial Arts Summit, Han Jingru became increasingly idle with nothing much to do. Having the Three Principal Families as his allies, the man did not have to worry about any business-related matters. It was a given that Dynasty would overtake the Three Principal Families eventually and was just a matter of time. As such, there was not much that required Han Jingru to attend to.

However, something unexpected was brewing in the meantime.

An uninvited guest had turned up at the Yang residence and all of the family's bodyguards were lying on the floor wincing in pain. Yang Wanlin was looking flustered and at a loss.

Just when he was about to send someone to get Yang Bin over to settle the matter, Yang Bin arrived on his own.

Yang Bin was displeased with what the uninvited guest had done. Without saying anything, he had beaten up all the Yang family's servants. Even though that man was a skilled fighter, with Han

Jingru's support, Yang Bin did not fear the stranger at all.

“Who are you? How dare you wreak havoc at our Yang residence?” Yang Bin asked in a cold voice.

The other party was a clean and smart-looking middle-aged man who had a very imposing aura. With a faint smile on his face, he exuded an air of dominance.

“So, you're Yang Bin?” The man asked.

“That's me indeed,” Yang Bin replied candidly.

“My name is Yuan Hai. I'm from the Apocalypse,” Yuan Hai announced.

*Someone from the Apocalypse!*

That piece of information shocked Yang Bin tremendously that a shiver ran through his spine. *No wonder the man was so formidable and has such an arrogant attitude! Turns out that he's from the Apocalypse.*

Since he was from the Apocalypse, it was understandable that he had such a hot temper. After all, the Apocalypse was way above the mundane world.

“May I ask what’s your purpose for coming to the Yang residence?” Yang Bin asked cautiously, with a complete change in attitude from earlier on. That was the way reality was. When faced with someone more powerful, even Yang Bin from one of the Three Principal Families dared not display any impudence.

Yuan Hai sneered and replied, “I heard that you’re on good terms with Han Jingru. Besides, it seemed like there’s something unusual about Han Jingru’s identity.”

Yang Bin frowned slightly. *Isn’t Han Jingru also from the Apocalypse? Why does this guy seem not to know him at all?*

That felt rather strange to Yang Bin. Since both of them were from the Apocalypse, it was only right that they should know each other. If that wasn’t the case, one of them had to be lying.

“That’s right. He’s also from the Apocalypse and that’s not something usual, if that’s what you mean,” Yang Bin replied.

With a look of disdain on his face, Yuan Hai said to Yang Bin, “As the head of one of the Three Principal Families, how can you believe that a little brat is from the Apocalypse? What a joke!”

*Does he mean that Han Jingru is not actually from the Apocalypse?*

Yang Bin used to have suspicions about that as well. However, Han Jingru was really too powerful. If he wasn’t from the Apocalypse, there seemed to be no other reason to explain his extraordinarily capabilities.

“There’s no way for me to determine which one of you is lying. How would I know that you’re indeed from the Apocalypse?” Yang Bin asked doubtfully. That man had barged into the Yang residence for no reason and stated that he was from the Apocalypse. Furthermore, he had also claimed that Han Jingru was a fake. Naturally, Yang Bin wouldn’t be easily convinced.

Besides, even though the man was really skilled at fighting, he might not win against Han Jingru. As such, Yang Bin did not dare to make a hasty judgement.

“I’ve already joined the Apocalypse for five years but have not heard of the name ‘Han Jingru’. I’m also not aware that the Apocalypse has a kid who’s only fourteen. Do you really believe him?” Yuan Hai said. As a Bronze rank fighter, Yuan Hai was of the lowest status in the Apocalypse. However, he was sure that if there was really a fourteen-year-old at the Apocalypse, the whole of Apocalypse would know about him. However, he had not heard of Han Jingru’s name and just by that alone, he could already conclude that Han Jingru’s identity must be fake.

In a way, it was true that the present Han Jingru did not have an identity in the Apocalypse. After all, being a fighter at the Platinum rank happened before he was reborn.

“I’m just a normal person and not familiar with the intricacies of the Apocalypse. So, I’m really having a hard deciding who to believe,” Yang Bin

said, looking conflicted.

“You can get him here so that I can confront him. I’ll be able to prove to you that he’s lying about his identity,” Yuan Hai suggested.

Yang Bin nodded as that seemed like the best solution indeed. A face-to-face confrontation would give him an answer as to who was telling the truth.

However, before there was any indisputable conclusion, there was no reason for Yang Bin to suspect Han Jingru because of the current relationship the Yang family had with Han Jingru. Having a crack in their relationship would do no good to the Yang family.

“Give Han Jingru a call and ask if he’s free to make a trip here,” Yang Bin said to Yang Wanlin.

Yang Wanlin nodded while taking out his phone.

Meanwhile, Han Jingru was at home accompanying Shi Yan and they were watching a drama series together.

Han Jingru was not the least bit interested in such dramas but Shi Yan was very engrossed in it and was actively engaging Han Jingru in discussions about the plot and characters of the drama.

Han Jingru was relieved to hear his phone ring. It felt like salvation to him.

“Mom, you carry on watching. I’ll go pick up a call first,” Han Jingru said and hurried back to his room.

“What’s up?” Han Jingru asked after picking up.

“Jingru, do you have some time now? Can you come to my house for a while?” Yang Wanlin asked tentatively.

“No problem. I’ll come over right now.” Han Jingru ended the call after saying that. He did not hesitate at all because he was desperate to escape from watching that drama series.

On the other side of the line, Yang Wanlin had a stunned expression on his face as he had not expected Han Jingru to agree so readily. He even

sounded like he couldn't wait to come over, as if he were being saved from peril.

“Patriarch, he's coming over right now,” Yang Wanlin informed Yang Bin.

Yang Bin nodded and said to Yuan Hai, “Please wait for a while.”

As Yuan Hai was a true-blue martial arts practitioner from the Apocalypse, he wasn't worried at all and said to Yang Wanlin, “The Yang family has caused great damage to the reputation of the Apocalypse by believing that a random impostor was one of us. I trust you will know what to do after I expose Han Jingru's lie.”

There were many Bronze rank fighters from the Apocalypse like Yuan Hai in the mundane world. Their task was to scout for those with potential to join the Apocalypse and most of them would make use of their special status to gain profits, just like Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian in the past. Those people would act as if they were high and mighty and take advantage of such authority to extort monetary payments from their targets.



The reason Yuan Hai appeared at the Yang residence was exactly that. He wanted to use Han Jingru as an excuse to make the Yang family offer him benefits willingly. Otherwise, he would never have wasted his energy going there. After all, Han Jingru's lies would still be exposed during the final round of the Martial Arts Summit.

Yang Bin was a smart man and understood what Yuan Hai meant by that. He simply nodded and replied, "Don't worry. If it's really exposed that Han Jingru is a fake, our Yang family would definitely show our appreciation generously."



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While waiting for Han Jingru, Yang Wanlin asked Yang Bin softly, “Patriarch, what do you think about it?”

When he heard the question, Yang Wanlin looked toward Yuan Hai by reflex. It was obvious that the latter wanted money. If that was the case, he must have some basis for demanding it. And other than the fact that he was from Apocalypse, Yang Wanlin couldn’t think of any other possibility.

Given that he was potentially from Apocalypse, it made sense that he attempted to expose Han Jingru. *But still, does it mean Han Jingru is a fake?* Yang Wanlin wasn’t sure as Han Jingru was indeed extremely strong. Besides, Yang Bin didn’t wish for Han Jingru to be a fake as the Yang family needed to rely on Han Jingru’s status.

“In the worst-case scenario where Han Jingru is proven to be a fake, we will have to pay a heavy price,” Yang Bin commented.

Yang Wanlin’s expression changed dramatically.

Paying a heavy price was the least of their problems. If Han Jingru were indeed a phony, its impact on the Yang family would be devastating. They had wanted to rely on him to push the Yang family to the forefront of Yan City so that they could become the most powerful family there.

“Patriarch, if he is a fraud, wouldn’t all our efforts be for naught then?” Yang Wanlin asked.

Yang Bin sighed. He understood Yang Wanlin’s concerns, but there was little they could do. If Han Jingru’s identity was a lie, there was no turning back for them.

“Let’s just go with the flow for now,” Yang Bin concluded.

Before long, Han Jingru arrived at the Yang residence.

When he saw Yang Wanlin and Yang Bin sitting together with a troubled expression, he could sense something was wrong.

Besides them, there was an unfamiliar face

present. Hence, he deduced something serious must have caused Yang Wanlin to call for him.

“Patriarch, it seems you have a guest,” Han Jingru remarked with a smile.

“Han Jingru, do you know what’s the consequences of masquerading as someone from Apocalypse?” Yuan Hai demanded. Since he was here to expose Han Jingru, he decided to cut straight to the point.

Han Jingru raised his brow. He instantly understood why Yang Wanlin had asked him to come.

*It seems the middle-aged man is from Apocalypse and he is here for the sole purpose of exposing me.*

If Han Jingru didn’t understand anything about Apocalypse, Yuan Hai naturally had the right to expose him. However, Han Jingru was already a Platinum rank fighter and knew Apocalypse like the back of his palm. As such, other than Mr. Yi himself, no one else would be able to expose him.

“Who is this?” Han Jingru asked Yang Bin.

Yuan Hai stood up proudly and looked as if he didn't need Yang Bin to introduce him. He declared, “I am from Apocalypse and I'm here to expose your lie. What do you have to say for yourself?”

Smiling faintly, Han Jingru replied, “On what basis do you claim you're from Apocalypse and accuse me of being a fraud?”

“Han Jingru, do you know what the consequences of pretending to be someone from Apocalypse are? Your performance at the Martial Arts Summit was indeed commendable. However, in the eyes of Apocalypse, you're still just a novice. Compared to a fighter from Apocalypse, you won't even have a chance to fight back,” Yuan Hai declared haughtily. He had no respect for Han Jingru as he had seen many formidable fighters in the mundane world. However, all of them were nothing compared to someone from Apocalypse.

“Since you're roaming around the mundane

world, I bet you must be a Bronze rank member from Apocalypse, am I right? Your duty is to scout for more talent for Apocalypse,” Han Jingru explained.

His words caused Yuan Hai’s expression to change dramatically because only someone from Apocalypse would know the difference between the ranks. Although there were many rumors about Apocalypse floating around the mundane world, it was an absolute certainty that no one knew about the four ranks Apocalypse had.

“Based on what I know, many Bronze rank members use this as an excuse to gather their own wealth. Isn’t that what you’re doing now?” Han Jingru continued as he had experienced the same when dealing with Zhuang Tang. Previously, when he met both Zhuang Tang and his disciple at the Nangong residence, both of them were extorting money from Nangong Boling by doing the same thing.

*Why is Yuan Hai here at the Yang residence and why does he want to expose me?*

The only reason Han Jingru could think of was that Yuan Hai wanted to blackmail the Yang family.

Yuan Hai's face turned ashen. He didn't expect Han Jingru to know so much and also the fact that he seemed to be reprimanding him as his superior.

“Do you know what the consequences are if your superiors found out that you have exploited the name of Apocalypse for your own personal gain?” Han Jingru demanded.

Yuan Hai was seized by panic as he didn't expect Han Jingru to say such words. It seemed that the latter was really from Apocalypse. Or else, it would have been impossible for him to know so much.

“You... how do you know all these?” Yuan Hai asked, wiping the cold sweat off his brow. Just a while ago, he had confidently insisted that Han Jingru was a fraud. But after hearing what he said, Yuan Hai couldn't help but doubt himself.

“Among the Four Gates and Three Halls, which one do you belong to?” Han Jingru continued questioning.

Yuan Hai knees buckled and he dropped to the ground.

*He even knows about the Four Gates and the Three Halls!*

*Th-there's no way he can know about all those unless he is a member of Apocalypse.*

Initially, Yang Bin and Yang Wanlin were worried about Han Jingru's identity. But when they saw Yuan Hai kneel, both of them couldn't help but laugh.

It was now obvious that Han Jingru's identity was real. The only reason Yuan Hai couldn't recognize Han Jingru was that his rank was too low.

“Patriarch, it seems he is likely a high-ranking member in Apocalypse,” Yang Wanlin whispered to Yang Bin in glee.



Yang Bin nodded in satisfaction as this was the result he wanted.

“Are you Mr. Yi’s subordinate or He Qingfeng’s?” Han Jingru pressed on with his questions.

At that moment, Yuan Hai’s heart was racing so furiously he felt it was about to explode. Mr. Yi and He Qingfeng were both Apocalypse’s top leaders. Knowing their name alone was proof of Han Jingru’s identity.

“I’m a Platinum rank fighter. How dare a lowly Bronze rank fighter such as you doubt me. Moreover, you are trying to gain a profit for yourself by doing this. Do you now regret your actions?”

*Boom!*

Yuan Hai was shaken to the core by Han Jingru’s revelation.

The mere mention of Platinum rank fighter caused Yuan Hai’s mind to go blank.

The reason he doubted Han Jingru was because he had never heard of him. However, if Han Jingru really were a platinum rank fighter, it would explain why Yuan Hai didn't know him.

The Platinum rank fighters were the most mysterious group within Apocalypse. As a low-ranking Bronze rank member, it was impossible for him to know what was going on amongst the higher ranks.



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Yuan Hai's expression was filled with extreme dismay. Every single word of Han Jingru's made a devastating impact on him. To the extent that he began to doubt his own existence.

Yuan Hai couldn't help but wonder who was this person in front of him and why did he even doubt him in the first place.

*A Platinum rank fighter is among the elite within Apocalypse. As a lowly Bronze rank fighter, what am I compared to him?*

At that moment, Yuan Hai no longer doubted Han Jingru. Even though Han Jingru didn't show him any concrete proof, his words alone had made his identity clear. After all, only a member of Apocalypse would have such detailed knowledge of the organization.

“No matter who you work for, I have the authority to punish you. By exploiting the good name of Apocalypse for your own personal gain, you have broken its rules. The crime is punishable by death,” Han Jingru declared.

Bursting out in tears, Yuan Hai bawled aloud.

Kneeling in front of Han Jingru, he bowed incessantly to beg for mercy.

He was utterly shocked to the extent he was in panic.

He didn't expect the turn of events at all.

Yuan Hai had spent a lot of effort just to enter Apocalypse. As of now, he couldn't imagine that he had committed such a crime just two years after he was accepted. If Han Jingru pressed the matter, all his previous efforts would have gone to waste. In fact, he would even end up losing his life.

"It's my fault, I know I'm wrong." Yuan Hai repeated incessantly, hoping that Han Jingru would forgive him.

Ever since he encountered Zhuang Tang and his disciple, Han Jingru knew how unscrupulous these Bronze rank fighters were when they traveled through the mundane world. Now that he

was directly affected this time, he wasn't going to let Yuan Hai off easily.

After all, he was doing Apocalypse a favor by cleaning up its members.

Han Jingru approached Yuan Hai step by step.

Yuan Hai's heart was beating so fast it felt like it could explode anytime.

*Bam! Bam! Bam!*

Yuan Hai bowed incessantly, hoping that Han Jingru would stop in his tracks and let him go.

However, Han Jingru simply kept walking toward him.

“This is the price you have to pay. Because of people like you, Apocalypse cannot recover their former glory,” Han Jingru sneered.

*Crack!*

*“Ahh!”*

An agonizing scream rang out.

Han Jingru broke Yuan Hai's arm with brute strength.

Both Yang Wanlin and Yang Bin were shocked to their core as they watched the scene unfold before them.

This was the first time they saw Han Jingru's cruel side. At that moment, Han Jingru didn't seem like a fourteen-year-old kid anymore.

He was both decisive and ruthless.

"Patriarch, Jingru is being really vicious," Yang Wanlin carefully commented.

When Yang Bin was young, his temper was equally explosive. Hence, he didn't feel that Han Jingru was ruthless at all. After all, his station was a lot higher than that of Yuan Hai and he was just making Yuan Hai pay for his crimes.

*How can someone of low rank go around accusing someone of higher rank of fraud?*

Furthermore, when he heard what Han Jingru said to Yuan Hai, he could surmise that Han Jingru was among the top-tier members of Apocalypse.

“Han Jingru’s position is insurmountable. Besides, Yuan Hai deserves what he is getting,” Yang Bin explained.

When Yang Wanlin heard the word “insurmountable,” he couldn’t hide his delight. As of today, the Yang family enjoyed a tight-knit relationship with Han Jingru. If the latter really was a high-ranking member of Apocalypse, the Yang family’s future was secured.

Yang Wanlin couldn’t help but fantasize that by the time he took over the Yang family, it would already become Yan City’s most prominent family. And he would be the most powerful man within the city’s business circle.

“Patriarch, I’m sure you didn’t expect this to happen too. It seems all my recent hard work has paid off handsomely now,” Yang Wanlin remarked with a laugh, taking the opportunity to

show Yang Bin that he was the one who ran around fulfilling all of Han Jingru's requests.

Taking a deep breath, Yang Bin's expression changed.

"Patriarch, what's going on? Aren't you happy that Jingru is so powerful?" Yang Wanlin asked out of curiosity.

With a faint but wry smile, Yang Bin replied, "Of course I'm happy. But I'm afraid after what happened today, there might be some distrust between Han Jingru and us."

"Distrust?" Yang Wanlin asked curiously, "Why? Doesn't this resolve everything?"

Yang Bin shook his head and couldn't be bothered to explain everything. In his eyes, Yang Wanlin was simply too young to understand the implications of what had transpired.

On the surface, it appeared Yuan Hai was the one that doubted Han Jingru's identity. However, the moment Yang Wanlin called him, it also implied



that the Yang family had their doubts too. If this had crossed Han Jingru's mind, he would naturally feel displeased with the Yang family.

Therefore, Yang Bin could only pray that Han Jingru's thoughts were not as shrewd yet. The distrust between Han Jingru and the Yang family could only be avoided if he didn't analyze the matter too deeply.

Faced with Yang Bin's silence, Yang Wanlin shook his head as he didn't know what Yang Bin was thinking about. From his perspective, the events that unfolded in front of them were fantastic news to the Yang family. Going forward, they would stand at the pinnacle of the business world.

At that moment, Yuan Hai, who was sweating from the excruciating pain, was still bowing for forgiveness to Han Jingru. His forehead was already bleeding but he didn't stop at all.

Even though he already had his arm broken as punishment, he was still worried that Han Jingru was going to end his life.

“From now on, don’t let me see you again,” Han Jingru sneered

Yuan Hai was stunned before feeling relieved. He quickly added, “Thank you for showing me mercy.”

Just as he spoke, Yuan Hai scrambled up and fled. He didn’t dare to linger a second longer.

The matter ended in a way which no one had expected.

Yang Wanlin was prepared to approach Han Jingru to ingratiate himself with him when he noticed that Han Jingru had a terrifying expression on. This caused Yang Wanlin to shudder in fear and halted in his tracks.

Han Jingru took a seat beside the coffee table.

When Yang Wanlin was about to pour a cup of tea for Han Jingru, Yang Bin quickly stopped him and did it himself.

“Han Jingru, we had no choice regarding what

happened today,” Yang Bin remarked with a remorseful tone.

Yang Wanlin was puzzled as to why the Patriarch’s words took an apologetic tone. *Did something happen just now that I missed?*

Han Jingru lifted the teacup and took a sip. After that, he poured the rest onto the ground.

Yang Bin’s eyebrows twitched at the sight of it. He was suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of dread.

“It seems the drinks at the Yang family no longer fit my taste. It’s unpalatable,” Han Jingru remarked with a resentful expression.

Yang Bin’s face lost all color in response.

Meanwhile, Yang Wanlin, who still had no idea what was going on interjected, “Jingru, if you don’t like this particular tea...”

Yang Bin gritted his teeth when he heard Yang Wanlin's words. *Does this idiot not know that Han Jingru's words had nothing to do with how the tea taste? Han Jingru is obviously drawing a line between himself and the Yang family. How can Yang Wanlin not even understand something as simple as that?*

*What use would it be even if we prepared the best tea in the world?*

"I'm the one at fault because I didn't stand firm," Yang Bin explained.

Han Jingru put down the empty teacup and replied, "Although the Yang family has decades of history, do you believe that I can groom another family into your equal in just one year?"

*Boom!*

Yang Bin's mind was blown when he heard those words.

He knew that with Han Jingru's position in Apocalypse, he was definitely capable of such a

thing. In fact, he would barely need to lift a finger.

However, it would mean disaster for the Yang family.

To be replaced simply meant the Yang family would be wiped out.

“Of course I believe you are entirely capable of that. However, I think there’s no need to waste a year’s worth of time,” Yang Bin replied.

Meanwhile, Yang Wanlin was puzzled by the entire conversation as he had no idea what was going on. *Why is Patriarch admitting his mistake? What did he do wrong?*

He also didn’t understand why Han Jingru wanted to groom a new family that could rival the Yangs.

Nonetheless, Yang Wanlin didn’t dare to interrupt any further after he saw Yang Bin’s expression. In the end, he could only observe and try to understand what was going on from their

conversation.

“A year would pass just as quickly as a finger snap. Besides, I don’t even need to do it myself. So I don’t really consider it a waste of time,” Han Jingru continued.

Yang Bin took a deep breath to try and calm himself down.

He didn’t expect a single phone call to escalate into such a huge misunderstanding. To a certain extent, he really had no choice when Yuan Hai made those demands earlier.

However, as someone that was extremely experienced, he was well aware that claiming that he was forced would still be seen as an excuse by Han Jingru.

After all, he himself used to have the same attitude. Whenever his subordinates failed in their task, he didn’t care what their reason was. All he wanted was results.

“I hope you can give us a chance to make it up to

you,” Yang Bin pleaded.

Han Jingru looked at the time on purpose and answered, “I need to go as I have something to do. As for the Yang family...”

Before he finished his sentence, Han Jingru turned and left. He purposely left them in suspense.

The suspense made Yang Bin feel tormented. At that moment, he felt as if his head had been placed on the guillotine with the blade primed and ready to fall. He just didn’t know when.

The dreadful feeling he had now was simply indescribable.

“Patriarch, what’s going on? Why is Han Jingru turning his back on us?” Yang Wanlin asked Yang Bin after Han Jingru left.

Yang Bin shot a glare at Yang Wanlin. *Given his lack of shrewdness, how is he going to shoulder the burden of leading the Yang family? He is just an idiot. I’m afraid even after he has been had, he would still be smiling at the enemy.*

“Can you be smart for once?” Yang Bin snapped as he started comparing Yang Bin to Han Jingru. The gap between them was simply too big. More importantly, Han Jingru was only fourteen while Yang Wanlin was already an adult.

Their level of savviness were on totally different levels.

Yang Bin was envious of Han Xiuzhi for having such an impressive grandson. Even though the old man was probably dead, it didn't stop Yang Bin from feeling jealous.

“Han Jingru drew the line with our family because we didn't have enough faith in him. Did you really think it was because he didn't like the tea? What he meant was that the Yang family no longer suited him,” Yang Bin explained. He was worried that if he didn't, Yang Wanlin might not understand it within his lifetime.

Realization finally dawned on Yang Wanlin after hearing Yang Bin's explanation. However, he still



didn't understand why Han Jingru was blaming the Yang family when they weren't the ones to have started it.

“But Patriarch, wasn't this Yuan Hai's demand in the first place? How could we have turned him down? Why don't you let me explain to Han Jingru that we had no choice? That should resolve the issue,” Yang Wanlin remarked naively.

Yang Bin was so infuriated that he smacked Yang Wanlin's head and scolded, “From today onwards, you should lock yourself in your room until you understand what's going on. If you don't figure it out within your lifetime, you should just die of old age in there.”

Yang Wanlin was stunned. *What is there to understand?* As he had no idea what was going on, he wondered how was he even supposed to begin understanding.

After leaving the Yang residence, Han Jingru felt troubled. He knew that Yuan Hai's appearance would cause him to come into contact with

Apocalypse much earlier. This was something that he wasn't willing to face for the time being. Instead, he wanted to stay longer in Yun City and spend more time with Su Yimo.

If news of his existence were relayed back to Apocalypse, Mr. Yi would likely start searching for him. In fact, He Qingfeng himself might also appear which would turn into a real problem.

Nevertheless, there was nothing much Han Jingru could do to change anything. He had no choice but to wait for the old buggers to come knocking on his door.

*Zoom!*

Just then, a car zoomed past Han Jingru with its engine roaring.

The red Ferrari was especially eye-catching. On the streets, a supercar of this level would cause everyone to turn their heads. Furthermore, there was a gorgeous girl sitting inside, which was the cherry on the cake.

After passing by Han Jingru, the Ferrari came to a sudden stop. It then began to reverse, causing Han Jingru to feel amused.

He never expected to meet the person he wanted to avoid under such circumstances.

Although he didn't manage to catch a glimpse of the owner of the car, there was only one person who would back up on purpose toward him. It had to be Wu Xin.

When the car reached Han Jingru's side, its front passenger window came down. As expected, it was Wu Xin decked out in branded clothes. She waved at Han Jingru and yelled, "Get in!"

Shrugging his shoulders, Han Jingru got in the car under the envious eyes of countless passersby.

"You seem to be doing great," Han Jingru commented. The Wu Xin of now seemed to be consumed by materialism.

"It's all thanks to you. Without you, I wouldn't have struck it rich so suddenly," Wu Xin replied

with a smile. Ever since she became filthy rich, her life changed drastically. It was a feeling that she immensely enjoyed. All the branded items that she lusted for previously were now easily within reach. She splurged however she wanted and didn't need to worry about busting her card. It was a huge contrast to the old days when she needed to count her pennies just for a meal.



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Han Jingru didn't know whether to laugh or cry when Wu Xin thanked him. He could already foresee what was going to happen to her in the future. By the time she was used to her lavish lifestyle, she would be devastated when she no longer had anything. Given the rate she was splurging and not making any money, it was just a matter of time before she spent everything.

“Let me give you a piece of advice. You should do some investment while you still have tons of money on hand. Or else, once you finish spending them, you will be back to square one, just like the old times,” Han Jingru reminded.

Wu Xin replied with a smile, “I did plan to do that recently. After all, the money I have isn't enough for me to splurge my entire life.”

Han Jingru nodded. Given that she had such plans, it meant that she was conscious of her situation. Perhaps, she would not end up in the worst-case scenario he imagined for her.

However, what she said next came as a surprise to him.

“I’ve studied many investments but don’t really understand much of them. Why don’t you help me invest instead?” Wu Xin asked.

Shaking his head immediately, Han Jingru replied, “I can’t help you.”

“Why not? Dynasty is now the company with the highest potential in Yan City. If you let me invest in it, my money would definitely last me a lifetime,” Wu Xin suggested with a grin.

Everything Han Jingru did for Wu Xin was so that he could draw the line with her. *If I let her invest in Dynasty, wouldn’t that mean I’ll be connected to her forever?*

“Stop the car,” Han Jingru quipped.

Wu Xin’s expression changed as she answered, “I almost lost my life because of you. Why aren’t you willing to help me out a little?”

“If not for the risk you took, could you still enjoy such a lavish lifestyle now? This is what I have compensated you with,” Han Jingru plainly

replied.

“This compensation is nothing. What I want is to be able to splurge till the day I die,” Wu Xin explained.

Han Jingru frowned when he realized Wu Xin had been utterly consumed by money. She had changed and turned into the kind of person he actually hated.

The Wu Xin of old would never have said something like that. But now, she made it sound like she was entitled to it. As if Han Jingru was in her debt for her entire life.

“Don’t tell me you expect me to take care of you for life?” Han Jingru asked.

“Pfft! Of course not!” Wu Xin chuckled and added, “I’m not asking you to take care of me directly. I’m just asking you to let me invest.”

Han Jingru found her words laughable. Given Dynasty’s current progress, it didn’t even need any investors. Even if they did, there would be

innumerable companies scrambling to invest as long as Dynasty put the word out. All those people were a lot more powerful than Wu Xin and yet here she was, asking to invest with her arrogant demeanor.

“Stop the car,” Han Jingru repeated.

“If you don’t agree, I will never let you go. Jingru, this money means nothing to you. Just let me be a shareholder, it’s not like you will lose anything.” Right after she spoke, Wu Xin floored the accelerator.

Han Jingru’s expression darkened at the woman’s actions.

Wu Xin continued, “Or, there’s another way. You could just give me a billion. Then, I’ll forget about being a shareholder.”

Han Jingru burst into laughter. *A billion? Seems like Wu Xin’s appetite has grown to ridiculous proportions. Does she really think money drops from the sky?*



“Wu Xin, it seems a billion now feels very little to you. You really have become a greedy person,” Han Jingru sneered.

“Now that’s where you’re wrong. A billion is a lot to me still. However, Dynasty’s valuation is now so high that it’s undeterminable. Therefore, a billion is nothing to you,” Wu Xin retorted.

Han Jingru was disgusted by the fact that she could utter such shameless words. If Shi Yan heard her, she would be even more disappointed. After all, Shi Yan always assumed that Wu Xin was a kind person.

Just then, Wu Xin noticed that her car was gradually slowing down. However, she wasn’t jamming the brakes at all.

When she tried pressing further on the accelerator, the car continued to slow down, causing Wu Xin to panic.

“What’s going on?” Despite flooring the accelerator, it wasn’t responding at all.

In the end, the car rolled to a stop by the roadside after which Han Jingru opened the car door. As he was getting down, he told Wu Xin, “Don’t come looking for me again and stop dreaming about leeching off me for more money. Or else, I will make sure that you’ll lose everything you have now.”

His words caused Wu Xin to seethed in anger. Her greed was getting out of hand. She knew that the money she had wasn’t enough to satisfy her for her entire life. Therefore, she had placed her hopes on Han Jingru.

However, she didn’t expect him to reject her blatantly.

“Han Jingru, you owe me. Who gave you the right to stop me from looking for you? I will never let you off!” Wu Xin roared.

In response, he pretended that he didn’t hear her. After he got down from the car, he couldn’t help but sigh.

The change that money brought upon her was

simply unbelievable. Han Jingru could never understand the allure of money. Hence, he had no idea how Wu Xin's insatiable lust for money felt like.

Nevertheless, he wasn't going to allow others to treat him as an ATM. Although he did put Wu Xin in danger before, he had made it up to her with all the monetary compensation she received.

Just when Han Jingru was waiting to catch a cab home, a group of young men wearing martial art uniforms walked past him. All of them looked like they were disciples of a martial arts academy.

Han Jingru couldn't help but laugh faintly as the finals of the Martial Arts Summit were starting soon. After the final, he would finally be able to go to Yun City. He couldn't wait to see how his future wife looks like.

Han Jingru was extremely curious about how Su Yimo looked when she was young.

“What are you laughing at?” Just as he was deep in his thoughts, a questioning voice rang out

beside Han Jingru's ear.

The group of young men in martial art uniforms glared angrily in Han Jingru's direction. They had mistakenly thought that Han Jingru was mocking them with his laugh.

"Hmm?" Puzzled, Han Jingru asked, "What does my laughter have anything to do with you?"

The man who spoke glared at Han Jingru coldly as he approached. Because he was taller than Han Jingru, he looked down at him while talking.

"Little boy, if you have anything against us, just spit it out. Let me teach you how to be polite," the man snapped.

Han Jingru smiled wryly at the unexpected turn of events. All he did was laugh while thinking about Su Yimo. He didn't expect to inexplicably get into trouble for it.

Nevertheless, Han Jingru wasn't the least bit interested to get into an altercation with them. Given how weak they were, it was simply a waste

of time.

“My laugh has nothing to do with you. However, if you insist on getting in my way, you had better find out who Han Jingru is first,” Han Jingru replied.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Han Jingru was already famous throughout Yan City. Hence, when the group of men heard his name, they were visibly stunned.

As students of martial arts, they naturally knew what to expect at the mention of his name. Furthermore, their instructor told them that Han Jingru would definitely win the Martial Arts Summit this year. He was filled with praise for Han Jingru and commented that he was the most promising talent the martial arts world had seen in recent years.

It didn't mean much if only a single master of a martial arts academy carried that opinion. But now, almost all the masters in the city had the same sentiment. Hence, Han Jingru had inadvertently been placed on a pedestal. Even the girls outside of the martial arts world would swoon over him. While students at martial arts academy see him as an idol, constantly fantasizing that they had Han Jingru's strength. Therefore, the impact he made on Yan City's martial arts scene was immense.

Even within this group of men, there were some

who were his fans.

Unfortunately, they did not have the opportunity to watch the competition as they were only students. Hence, they had no idea how Han Jingru looked like. Even if he were standing in front of them, they would not be able to recognize him.

“Hey, little boy, are you claiming to be Han Jingru?” the man mocked while looking at Han Jingru. Although the boy before him did look to be Han Jingru’s age, the man just felt that he couldn’t have been Han Jingru.

*There’s no way a person who performed so gloriously at the Martial Arts Summit looks just like an ordinary kid.*

“I don’t want any trouble so I advise you not to get on my nerves. Or else, I will make you regret it regardless of who you are,” Han Jingru asserted coldly. In a different time, he would have let it slide. But he was in an extremely bad mood after coming down from Wu Xin’s car. He had just seen with his own eyes how drastically Wu Xin

changed because of money. To the extent that she was shamelessly declaring that Han Jingru was in her debt. Anyone else in his position would feel equally exasperated.

When the man who spoke sensed how rude Han Jingru was, he too became infuriated. He pushed Han Jingru and exclaimed, “Don’t you know Han Jingru is my idol? How dare you exploit his name to cheat others. Tell me, what is your agenda?”

In response to the question, Han Jingru didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“Did none of you watch the Martial Arts Summit?” Han Jingru questioned helplessly. As long as one of them did, they would be able to recognize him.

Unfortunately, the group of young men was still new students. Hence, they didn’t even have the opportunity to stay outside the venue for the Martial Arts Summit.

That being said, by acknowledging that they didn’t attend the Martial Arts Summit, they were



implicitly admitting that they were low-ranking students, which would be humiliating for them.

Therefore, one of the men stepped forward and declared, “Of course I was there. Sadly, the person I saw in the ring wasn’t you.”

“Kid, it seems someone has exposed you.”

“Let see how far you can continue this charade of yours without any consequences.”

“Tell me, what unscrupulous deeds have you done using the name of my idol? Today, I will teach you a lesson on his behalf.”

Han Jingru could feel his temple started to throb when he saw how riled up they were.

In a sense, they were acting in his best interest. After all, he wouldn’t like others exploiting his name too.

However, Han Jingru felt it was ridiculous for them to declare they were his fans without even knowing who he was.

“Where is your master? I know him. Why don’t you get him to resolve this? Or else, you will get yourselves hurt unnecessarily over a misunderstanding.” Han Jingru’s anger had turned into helplessness. After all, it would be inappropriate for him to hurt his own fans.

“Do you think a fraud like you deserves to see our master?” one of them retorted.

Usually, it was rare for martial art students to be walking around in groups wearing their uniforms unless they had just come from practice. Han Jingru deduced that there definitely would be other more senior members around.

Scanning his surroundings, Han Jingru saw another group of people in martial art uniforms walking in his direction. He also noticed that they were visibly older than the group in front of him. Hence, he surmised that they were probably senior members of the same martial arts academy.

This was good news to him. As long as one of them recognized him, a fight could be avoided.

“Are those your seniors?” Han Jingru pointed at the group that was approaching him slowly.

“Are you blind to even ask such a question? Can’t you see that we’re wearing the same uniform?”

Han Jingru couldn’t help but roll his eyes in exasperation. Dealing with the idiots in front of him was causing him a headache.

“Why don’t you ask them who I am then? Perhaps they can help broaden your horizon,” Han Jingru replied.

When they saw how calm Han Jingru was and that he didn’t look like he was lying, the few young men who spoke earlier began to worry. They were afraid that the kid before them was actually telling the truth.

Since their seniors were nearby, it made sense to ask them about the kid’s identity. If he really weren’t Han Jingru, the seniors could then teach him a lesson.

One of them ran towards the approaching group and noticed that other than the seniors, their master was also present within the group.

“Master, we met a fraud who claims he is Han Jingru. How should we deal with him?” the man asked his master.

The master was surprised to hear the question. Han Jingru was now famous all over Yan City. But his reputation was backed up by true strength. Anyone who dared masquerade as Han Jingru also had to have the capability to back it up. Therefore, this wasn't something an ordinary person with some brains would do.

“Quick, bring me to him,” the master replied. He felt anxious because he knew no one would dare pretend to be Han Jingru. In fact, there was a high possibility that the kid mentioned was the real deal and that his students were unable to recognize him.

Hurrying over, the master was stunned when he stood in front of Han Jingru.

Han Jingru made a huge impression on him as he had watched all of Han Jingru's fights. Gaping at Han Jingru, he wondered, *if this isn't Han Jingru, then who is?*

Just when his master was astounded, the student sneered at Han Jingru, "My master is here. You'd better come clean about your true identity, or else we will not let you off easily. I mean, have you even looked at yourself in the mirror before pretending to be Han Jingru?"

The master felt exasperated at how rude his student was to Han Jingru.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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As of now, Han Jingru would be worshipped in whichever martial arts academy that he visited.

There was no academy that would dare disrespect him.

Ever since he beat Chong Yang, all the martial art academies in Yan City acknowledged Han Jingru as the best fighter within the martial arts world. Unless there was a retired master hidden up in the mountains, no one could possibly pose a challenge to him.

Under such circumstances, even Han Jingru himself couldn't begin to fathom the adulation he received.

As such, no ordinary martial arts academy would dare to offend him.

The master gave the person who spoke an immediate kick. After that, he lowered his head and spoke with a trembling voice, "I'm sorry. My student must be blind to not have recognized you. I hope you will forgive him."

When the group of young students saw how their master reacted, they were flabbergasted.

*It can't be!*

*He really is Han Jingru!*

When they recalled their snide remarks from earlier, the group suddenly felt a chill down their spines.

Luckily, Han Jingru wasn't particular about it. After all, they were just a group of young immature students who didn't even get to attend the Martial Arts Summit. Hence, it was understandable that they didn't know him and there was no need to make a fuss.

"It's just a minor misunderstanding. Don't worry about it," Han Jingru replied.

The master was grateful to Han Jingru for his magnanimity and ordered his students to apologize immediately.

"I'm sorry."

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry.” They apologized one by one.

Since the misunderstanding had been resolved, Han Jingru felt it was time for him to go.

However, he suddenly recalled something and asked the master, “By the way, do you know Chong Yang?”

Chong Yang was once considered a legend in Yan City. Other than the young, everyone else especially the older generation knew him. Coincidentally, the master and Chong Yang were close and the latter was currently staying in his house.

Chong Yang didn’t leave Yan City right after losing his fight with Han Jingru. He had lost so terribly that he didn’t even manage to challenge Han Jingru into showing his actual strength. Hence, he wanted to stay back and watch the upcoming fights to see how powerful Han Jingru really was.



“Yes, I do.” The master nodded repeatedly.

“Do you know where he is now? Has he left Yan City?” Han Jingru asked.

“To be honest with you, I have known Chong Yang for many years and we are really good friends. In fact, he is currently staying at my house,” the master replied.

Han Jingru’s raised his eyebrow. He was planning to see Qi Hu and was surprised by the coincidence.

“Take me to him,” Han Jingru suggested.

Seeing that both men were rivals before, the master was a bit wary about his request. Moreover, he didn’t know the reason why Han Jingru wanted to meet Chong Yang.

As a friend, he didn’t want to cause Chong Yang any trouble. And yet, he knew he couldn’t afford to offend Han Jingru. He carefully probed, “Is there any particular reason you want to see him?”

“Don’t worry, I’m not planning to give him trouble. I just want to see Qi Hu,” Han Jingru replied with a smile.

“Qi Hu?” The master gave Han Jingru a puzzled look as the name didn’t sound familiar to him.

“He’s Chong Yang’s disciple,” Han Jingru explained.

The master understood immediately. Chong Yang had never introduced his disciple before, hence he wasn’t aware of his name.

However, he was curious as to why Han Jingru wanted to see Chong Yang’s disciple instead.

As questions filled his head, the master brought Han Jingru to his home. After all, he dared not refuse Han Jingru’s request.

Furthermore, having Han Jingru grace his home was an honorable occasion. It gave him enough reason to boast about it to the other masters.

The master’s home was in an old area of the city.

It wasn't big and he looked to be the only one staying there.

“Chong Yang,” the master called out when he reached home.

Walking out of the room, Chong Yang looked depressed.

Ever since he lost to Han Jingru, Chong Yang was overcome by a sense of defeat. In the beginning, he had underestimated Han Jingru because he didn't feel that a kid deserved to face him as an opponent. If it weren't for Nangong Boling's request, there was no way he would fight Han Jingru.

However, the result of the fight was so shocking to him that he still couldn't accept it.

Despite being a legend within the Yan City martial arts world, he still lost easily to Han Jingru and until now, he still didn't understand why or how.

“You old bugger, why do you have to nag the

moment you are back? I'm only staying for a few days. Can't you have a little more patience?"

"Look who's here," the master remarked with a smile.

With his head hanging low, Chong Yang looked up upon hearing that and his eyes widened in shock.

He was visibly shaken the moment he saw Han Jingru.

"You!" Chong Yang exclaimed.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to see Qi Hu," Han Jingru replied with a smile. Qi Hu was like a brother to him. Hence, he couldn't help but smile when he mentioned the name.

However, Chong Yang felt odd to hear Han Jingru bring the name up.

Ever since he came to Yan City, he never

introduced Qi Hu to anyone despite how the latter had stayed by his side all the time. Even his friend, the master, didn't know Qi Hu's name.

*So how did Han Jingru find out?*

“How do you know he's called Qi Hu?” Chong Yang looked at Han Jingru warily. Qi Hu was an orphan born in the mountains that Chong Yang had taken in. After that, he brought Qi Hu deeper into the forest. As such, no matter how capable Han Jingru was, it was impossible for him to know anything about Qi Hu.

“Are you expecting me to explain myself to you?” Han Jingru plainly asked.

Chong Yang's eyelids twitched as he could feel the aggression behind Han Jingru's words.

If it were anyone else, Chong Yang would have started a fight without hesitation.

Unfortunately, the person standing in front of him was Han Jingru, the man who had struck fear into him. He knew that if he threw a punch, he would

be the one getting knocked out instead.

“What do you want with him? Qi Hu is my disciple. If he has offended you, you can hold me accountable for not educating him properly. If you need someone to blame, it will have to be me,” Chong Yang declared.

Han Jingru didn't expect Chong Yang to be so protective of his disciple. When he first met them deep in the mountains, he didn't feel that Chong Yang treated Qi Hu very well.

“Don't worry, I'm not going to cause him any trouble, and neither did he offend me. I just want to buy him a meal,” Han Jingru explained.

“A meal?” Chong Yang furrowed his eyebrows. To enjoy a treat from Han Jingru would be the most honorable thing to happen to anyone within the Yan City martial arts world. However, he didn't understand why Han Jingru wanted to do so. Logically speaking, both of them have nothing to do with each other at all.

“How do you know him?” Chong Yang asked.

Han Jingru and Qi Hu’s relationship would have started more than ten years later. Therefore, there was no way he could explain to Chong Yang how he knew Qi Hu.

“Are you worried that I’ll hurt him?” Han Jingru asked with a smile.

Chong Yang nodded. Although Chong Yang never treated Qi Hu well, the latter was still indispensable in Chong Yang’s heart. After all, he had acknowledged Qi Hu when he accepted him as his disciple. Therefore, Chong Yang wasn’t going to allow anyone to harm him.

Despite knowing full well that he was no match for Han Jingru, he would still try his best to protect Qi Hu.

“Don’t worry so much. I just want to share a meal with him. Unless you don’t think I can be trusted and that you can actually stop me?” Just as he spoke, Han Jingru walked up to Chong Yang.

Not too long ago, Chong Yang was an equally intimidating and aloof man. He would treat others with similar condescension.

Now, however, when faced with Han Jingru who was a lot shorter than him, he could only feel fear in his heart. To be exact, he was actually terrified.

Never in his life had he imagine that he would be afraid of a kid one day.

“I can’t stop you. But you will have to step over my dead body first if you want to get to my disciple.” Chong Yang gritted his teeth and braced himself for battle.

Han Jingru let out a wry laugh. *This guy just doesn’t seem to listen. And yet I can’t beat him up. Without him, who is going to train Qi Hu?*

Although Han Jingru no longer needed Qi Hu’s strength here, he still had high expectations for him.

In Xenos, Han Jingru wasn’t strong enough to defeat Qilin alone. If he could elevate Qi Hu’s



skills further and take him to Xenos, he might be able to change the odds.

Now, Han Jingru wasn't just focused on fixing his regrets. He was also using the time to strengthen himself in order to face Qilin, which he knew was inevitable. Unless he was well prepared, history would just repeat itself. Furthermore, he might not be so lucky to be reborn again.

He doesn't want to die at the hands of Qilin.

“There's no need for anyone to die. I don't want Qi Hu to lose his master,” Han Jingru reassured him.

Chong Yang was utterly confused. He could feel that Han Jingru wasn't hostile and didn't look like he would harm Qi Hu. However, he still didn't understand how Han Jingru knew Qi Hu and the reason why he wanted to give him a treat. Puzzled by the events, he couldn't help but feel worried.

“Master.” At that moment, Qi Hu walked out of

the room. Although he didn't show his face earlier, he heard everything that transpired in the living room clearly.

Furthermore, Qi Hu knew that his master was no match for Han Jingru. If both of them fought, his master would definitely be hurt.

“Why did you come out? Go back to your room,” Chong Yang instructed sternly.

Qi Hu shook his head stubbornly and replied, “Master, you are no match for him. I don't want you to get hurt.”

Seeing the younger version of Qi Hu, Han Jingru couldn't help but laugh. The adult version of him was as strong as a beast. But now, he was just a kid and visually it was a huge contrast.

“I didn't expect you to be this thin. Did Chong Yang cut down on your food? Come, I'll buy you something delicious,” Han Jingru suggested with a smile.

Although Qi Hu wasn't a formidable fighter yet,

he didn't feel any hostility from Han Jingru. Hence, he wasn't wary of him.

“Master, I'm hungry,” Qi Hu told Chong Yang.

Chong Yang sighed. *This innocent and foolish child doesn't know danger at all.*

However, Chong Yang knew that he couldn't stop Han Jingru. Whatever Han Jingru's intentions were, it would be up to Qi Hu's fate.

“Go, and don't come back late,” Chong Yang instructed.

After both of them left, Chong Yang collapsed onto the sofa. Although he and Han Jingru didn't fight, the emotional pressure he felt had taken everything out of him.

“What's wrong with you? Aren't you supposed to be a master too? How can you look so defeated without even fighting?” his friend, the master, teased Chong Yang with a grin.

Chong Yang stared at the master from the corner

of his eye and scoff, “People like you won’t understand what it feels like to look at an extremely powerful fighter in the eye. Despite not lifting a finger, the pressure alone is immense.”

“Tell me then, how strong is he really? Many people are speculating about how powerful he is. They each have their opinion but I’m sure none can be trusted,” the master asked curiously.

Truth be told, Chong Yang too wanted to know the answer to that question and that was the reason why he stayed back in Yan City.

Unfortunately, he, along with everyone else, could only speculate as no one seemed to know the true extent of Han Jingru’s power.

“In my opinion, no one in the mundane world can beat him.” Despite sounding like an exaggeration, that was what Chong Yang truly felt.

The master’s eyes twitched in shock. Rubbing his eyes, he clarified, “Do you mean that other than Apocalypse, he has no rival?”

Chong Yang nodded solemnly and replied, "I'm afraid that even within Apocalypse, he may be the strongest among them. To the extent..."

With Chong Yang keeping him in suspense, the master pestered him impatiently, "To the extent of what? Spit it out, don't leave me hanging like that."

"I suspect he is from Apocalypse," Chong Yang answered.

The master shook his head in response because the Martial Arts Summit was a competition within the martial arts world in the mundane world. Furthermore, it was divided by geographic regions. Hence, it didn't make sense for Apocalypse to send someone to participate.

He reckoned that to those from Apocalypse, the Martial Arts Summit was not even worth mentioning.

"Your words don't seem to make sense. If he really is from Apocalypse, why does he need to enter the Martial Arts Summit? Although it is the

most prestigious competition in Yan City, it is still nothing to those from Apocalypse,” the master asserted.

Chong Yang understood what he meant. The Martial Arts Summit was a joke to those in Apocalypse. To them, it was just a competition among the weak.

*However, Han Jingru is extremely powerful. If he isn't from Apocalypse, how did he become so strong?*

“Once the finals begin, the truth will reveal itself. Representatives from Apocalypse will definitely be there,” Chong Yang remarked.

The master agreed with Chong Yang because it was common for Apocalypse to scout such events for new blood. Once they identified someone talented, they would recruit them to join Apocalypse.

Given Han Jingru's current strength, he was no doubt qualified to join them. All they need was to wait for the finals to start and Han Jingru's

identity would reveal itself.

“Your disciple is really lucky to have Han Jingru treat him to a meal. If this gets out, I’m sure it will become the envy of the city.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

With Qi Hu in tow, Han Jingru didn't take him to any fancy restaurants. Instead, he brought him to a humble restaurant by the road that would become a place the former frequented in the future.

Qi Hu never cared for the ambiance of a place when he ate. He would be easily satisfied as long as he saw a plate of fried pork in front of him.

While waiting for their food to be served, Qi Hu stared at Han Jingru. He knew that despite not being much older than him, Han Jingru was immensely stronger to the point that his master, Chong Yang, was no match for him. Therefore, he was curious as to how Han Jingru could become so strong. At the same time, he wondered when he could become as strong as Han Jingru.

“Why are you staring at me?” Han Jingru asked with a smile.

Qi Hu answered with an earnest expression, “Why are you so strong?”

“Haven't you heard of the word 'talent'?” Han



Jingru asked.

“Master did mention that before... But I have no idea what it is and where to find it...” Qi Hu continued to question with a serious expression.

Han Jingru was amused. *When this blockhead followed me out of the mountain, he was extremely ignorant. I didn't expect his younger self to be even more adorable.*

Moreover, Han Jingru still couldn't tie the current Qi Hu he saw to the one he knew. In the future, Qi Hu was as strong as an ox.

“That is something you will never achieve. But, if you train hard, you will also be extremely powerful in the future,” Han Jingru answered.

“It's been very tough for me. Every day I need to charge against trees. If I slack off, Master won't allow me to eat. Am I not working hard enough?” Qi Hu grumbled helplessly. Ever since he followed his master into the mountains, his training never stopped. Slacking was out of the question as it would result in an empty stomach.

To someone who had a massive appetite such as Qi Hu, going hungry felt worse than death.

“Don’t worry, he won’t starve you from today onward,” Han Jingru reassured him.

“No,” Qi Hu refused abruptly.

Han Jingru was surprised. He wanted to warn Chong Yang not to abuse Qi Hu but didn’t expect Qi Hu to decline his offer.

“Why?” Han Jingru was puzzled.

“Master is doing this for my own good. So don’t blame him for it,” Qi Hu explained.

“You are being too kind. But, if you don’t eat, where will you get the energy to train? As long as I say something, your master will not let you go hungry. Wouldn’t that be great?” Han Jingru suggested.

Qi Hu was visibly in a dilemma. To him, not going hungry was the best feeling in the world. But as Chong Yang’s disciple, he was supposed

to obey his master. Therefore, he felt it was inappropriate to get an outsider involved.

“Are you going to beat up my master?” Qi Hu carefully probed.

Han Jingru didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Dealing with someone innocent was exasperating enough. But Qi Hu's naiveté was simply astounding.

In current society, even little brats were already sly little creatures. It was hard to find someone as naive as Qi Hu anymore.

“Don't worry, I won't beat him up. I'll just suggest it to him. Besides, once you eat your fill, you will be able to grow better and naturally become even stronger,” Han Jingru explained. The previous Qi Hu was already extremely strong in the eyes of ordinary people. But, it wasn't enough for Han Jingru. Therefore, he hoped that Qi Hu could become even stronger than that.

“If I become stronger, will I be able to beat you?” Qi Hu asked curiously.

“Erm...” Han Jingru hesitated for a moment before adding, “I’m afraid you won’t be able to beat me within this lifetime.”

Qi Hu sighed and added, “Master said that I’ll never be as good as you within my lifetime too.”

“You don’t have to compare yourself to me. If you become stronger, I will take you to see another world. How about that?” Han Jingru suggested.

*Another world?*

Those two words piqued Qi Hu’s interest. He asked, “Where is it? Is it someplace fantastic? What kind of place is it?”

“It’s really awesome. The people there are exceptionally strong. Also... there is a powerful dragon,” Han Jingru continued.

“Dragon!” Qi Hu widened his eyes in amazement. Then he said something that caused Han Jingru to be dumbfounded. “What is a dragon?”

Han Jingru hung his head in dismay. It was simply too exhausting talking to someone who knew nothing. Although Chong Yang brought Qi Hu into the mountains to train so that they wouldn't be disturbed, it had become a huge impediment to his understanding of the world.

“When you've become really strong, seek me out and I will explain everything to you. How about that?” Han Jingru replied.

“Can't you explain it to me now?” Qi Hu was both curious and excited at the same time.

When Han Jingru saw that the waiter was about to serve their food, he remarked with a grin, “I'm afraid you won't have the time nor the mood to hear about it anymore.”

Qi Hu didn't understand what he meant until he saw the fried pork being served. Only then, did he start to salivate profusely and gulp.

“What is this? It smells delicious!” Qi Hu exclaimed and couldn't wait to dig in.

“This is fried pork. It’s your favorite. Go on and give it a try,” Han Jingru urged.

At Han Jingru’s cue, Qi Hu no longer held himself back and started wolfing down the meat.

Han Jingru knew how big Qi Hu’s appetite was, so he ordered five portions of the fried pork. Nonetheless, he still underestimated him as five portions were barely enough.

“Is there more?” Staring at the five empty plates in front of him, Qi Hu looked at Han Jingru in anticipation.

“Of course, you can eat as much as you like,” Han Jingru replied.

“In that case, when I look for you next time, can I still have fried pork?” Qi Hu asked.

“Once you are strong enough to leave the mountain, you can come search for me. I guarantee you will have fried pork for every meal,” Han Jingru declared.

Qi Hu was overjoyed to hear those words. To have such delicious meat for every meal was more important than anything else in the world.

“I will train hard when I return so that I can leave the mountain as soon as possible. Remember to take me to the other world so that I can see what a dragon really looks like,” Qi Hu added.

“Sure, but promise me one thing, don’t tell your master about this. Or else I will not let you eat fried pork anymore,” Han Jingru reminded. The reason he told Qi Hu the truth was that he hoped Qi Hu would be able to help him defeat the Qilin in the future.

Chong Yang should be kept in the dark or else he would become suspicious of Han Jingru’s identity.

Tempted by fried pork, Qi Hu would definitely not betray Han Jingru. As he nodded repeatedly, he continued eating still.

In the end, Qi Hu finished ten portions of fried pork by himself, which shocked the restaurant owner and all his staff. This was the first time they saw someone eating so much.

“Aren’t you sick of it yet?” Han Jingru asked with a smile.

Qi Hu nodded. Although they were delicious, he had had enough. The pork was very oily, causing him to feel his chest tighten.

Han Jingru took out one of the few remaining Holy Chestnut that he had and offered it to Qi Hu. In his mind, Qi Hu definitely deserved one.

“Here, eat this. It’s a fruit that will help with your digestion,” Han Jingru urged.

Qi Hu swallowed the fruit without question. As he hardly chewed it, he didn’t even know how it tasted.



After settling the bill, Han Jingru sent Qi Hu back to the master's house. He was worried that the fool would lose his way.

Faced with what happened, Chong Yang was again shocked. *Han Jingru not only treated Qi Hu to a meal but also personally sent him home. Why is Qi Hu getting such treatment?*

Given Han Jingru's current status in Yan City, many in both the business and martial arts world respected him. At least more than half of them hoped to be on good terms with him. And yet, he didn't care for those in high positions. Instead, he was being especially nice to Qi Hu, for which Chong Yang had no clue as to why.

"Qi Hu, what did he say to you?" Chong Yang asked Qi Hu after Han Jingru left.

"Master, I'm really full, can I take a nap first?" Qi Hu asked.

"Sleeping right after food? Are you a pig? Tell me quickly what happened between both of you?" Chong Yang demanded sternly.

Not daring to offend his master, Qi Hu answered honestly, “He treated me to fried pork and told me that once I have completed my training, I should leave the mountain and seek him out. After that, he will give me another treat.”

When Chong Yang heard those words, he glanced at his friend, the master.

The master speculated, “Perhaps Han Jingru has seen the potential of your disciple and wants to groom him for himself?”

Qi Hu was chosen by Chong Yang for his inherent physical potential. Therefore, it goes without saying that he will definitely achieve greatness in the martial world in the future.

If it were any other martial arts academy, Chong Yang wouldn't have thought much about it. After all, Qi Hu's strength would be invaluable to any of them.

But given that it was Han Jingru that was interested, Chong Yang couldn't help but suspect the kid had some other agenda.

Qi Hu would only continue to grow stronger in the future. But even after completing his training, Chong Yang surmised he still wouldn't be half as strong as Han Jingru. Therefore, it was strange for Han Jingru to be in such a hurry to take over Qi Hu's training.

“Would he be able to defeat Han Jingru if he had more talent?” Chong Yang retorted.

The master shook his head. Given the strength that Han Jingru currently displayed, his power in the future was simply unimaginable. Therefore, there was no reason for Han Jingru to be concerned about Qi Hu at this point in time.

“What else did he tell you?” Chong Yang continued to ask Qi Hu.

“That's all.” Qi Hu shook his head firmly. Han Jingru had reminded him to not tell Chong Yang about the other world. Or else, he would not get his fried pork treat, which was Qi Hu's greatest fear now.

Chong Yang didn't doubt Qi Hu at all as he knew

his disciple had no guts to lie to him.

*Perhaps, that's all there is to Han Jingru's agenda.*

Meanwhile, a plane landed in Yan City airport. A man that was dressed simply walked onto the tarmac.

Breathing deeply to take in the familiar air of Yan City, the old man gradually let out a smile.

Compared to Terra Prison, the air here was simply mesmerizing.

“I didn't imagine I could still come back here one day,” Han Xiuzhi lamented. Ever since he was put in Terra Prison, he had accepted his fate. He knew what the place was for. Therefore, to be able to see the light of day again was a massive surprise to him.

What surprised him even more was that Han Jingru had something to do with his release from Terra Prison. On his way back, he had tried his best to figure out how it happened. But despite

his best efforts, he could not link what happened to him with Han Jingru.

After all, Han Jingru was only in his teens currently. Han Xiuzhi felt that it was impossible for the kid to be connected to Nangong Boling.

“Hey, old bugger, keep walking and don’t be an ass by blocking the way.” An impatient voice rang out from behind him.

Han Xiuzhi stepped aside with a smile. If the young man knew who the person standing in front of him really was, he would likely be shocked. But Han Xiuzhi just let the matter slide.

Having escaped from the jaws of death, he was in a wonderful mood and didn’t feel the need to make a fuss over something so trivial.

After leaving the airport, Han Xiuzhi didn’t get a cab to hurry back to the Han residence. Instead, he just strolled leisurely around. It had been a long time since he was able to enjoy such a peaceful feeling. During his time in Terra Prison, he lived with other ruthless criminals and would

smell the stench of blood throughout the day. Under those conditions, he had lost the will to live.

But now, his zest for life had returned. The blue sky and fresh air were taken for granted by many. But for him, it felt especially precious.

Han Xiuzhi had no idea how the Han family was doing. But he believed that under Nangong Shuxian, the family would still maintain their current status even if they didn't manage to expand.

Just then, a car screeched to a stop about ten meters in front of him.

A familiar figure got out of the car and looked at him in disbelief.

The figure was none other than Han Ying who had sent a client to the airport. He never expected that he would bump into someone that looked exactly like his father. At that moment, he wondered if he was hallucinating.

After rubbing his eyes a couple of times, Han Ying realized it wasn't an illusion. Even though he knew that it was just someone that looked like his father, he still had the urge to stop his car.

*Wasn't he burnt to ashes? I can't believe he's here.*

*Unless...*

Han Ying suddenly thought of something. He knew of the Han family from overseas and also about Han Xiuyuan. *Perhaps the man in front of me is Han Xiuyuan who had returned. But I have to say, the resemblance is uncanny.*

Han Xiuzhi could understand why Han Ying was stunned. After all, to return from the dead was something that was unbelievable to anyone.

As he approached Han Ying, Han Xiuzhi asked with a smile, "Young man, why are you looking at me like that? Is there anything of interest to you?"

Hearing that, Han Ying realized he was staring

rudely, he quickly apologized, “I’m sorry. You look just like my father. That’s why I was staring.”

“Do I just look like him?” Han Xiuzhi replied with a laugh.



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Han Ying's mind was blown when he heard those words.

Only then did he realize the person in front of him not only looked like his father but also sounded exactly the same.

*But...*

*How is that possible? Dad had obviously died. How could he possibly appear here?*

Han Ying could still remember watching his father's body enter the cremation chamber and being burnt into ashes.

*No one can come back from the dead. It's just not possible for ash to turn into flesh.*

"It's really complicated. I'll explain to you when we get home," Han Xiuzhi remarked.

Han Ying gulped nervously. He was now sure that the person in front of him was his father. He also knew that something strange must have happened for him to be "resurrected".

Or perhaps, his father's death was all just an illusion.

“Dad, get in the car,” Han Ying choked out emotionally.

After Han Xiuzhi got in the car, Han Ying kept checking on him from the rearview mirror. He still couldn't believe what had just happened. Despite appearing alive and well, Han Ying still doubted that the elderly man he was seeing was Han Xiuzhi.

In fact, Han Ying thought that he had seen a ghost, but he dispelled that possibility once he saw Han Xiuzhi's shadow.

“How's everything at home recently?” Han Xiuzhi asked Han Ying.

The question put Han Ying in a spot. Their company's condition was deteriorating day by day. Most of their partners had withdrawn from the joint ventures with them. At the rate it was going, the Han family's company would likely go bust within three months. Furthermore, Nangong

Shuxian had run out of ideas to save the Han family.

“Based on its current trajectory, the company will go bankrupt in three months,” Han Jingru replied.

*Bankrupt?*

The word caused Han Xiuzhi to frown. *The Han family’s business had always been on the right track. As long as Nangong Shuxian didn’t do anything irresponsible, how could it possibly be facing bankruptcy?*

“What did your mom do?” Han Xiuzhi asked.

“Actually, she didn’t do anything other than kick Jingru out of the Han family,” Han Ying replied.

“What?” Han Xiuzhi exclaimed in anger. He knew Nangong Shuxian was biased towards Han Yu, but Han Jingru was still a member of the Han family. No matter what happened, he didn’t deserve to be chased out.

“Dad, I’m sure you know how much Mom loves

Han Yu. In her eyes, Jingru is nothing. Their relationship broke apart after some conflict. That is also the reason why the company is facing bankruptcy,” Han Ying explained.

“How does Jingru have anything to do with that?” Han Xiuzhi was puzzled. Given his age, it was impossible for Han Jingru to exact revenge against the Han family for chasing him out.

However, in view of his release from Terra Prison and Nangong Boling’s words that it was because of Han Jingru, Han Xiuzhi wondered if his grandson really had become exceptionally successful at such a young age.

“Well, to be honest, Han Jingru doesn’t have anything to do with the company going bankrupt and he never did anything to harm it. It’s just that he is simply too powerful now. Hence, all the companies in Yan City regardless of their size want to work with him. As for those previous Han family’s partners, they have severed ties with us for that same reason. That’s how we ended up in such dire consequences,” Han Ying explained. He doesn’t blame Han Jingru as it was Nangong

Shuxian who was in the wrong. Moreover, Han Jingru really didn't do anything concrete to harm the Han family, or else they would have been destroyed a long time ago.

*As of now, Han Jingru is in a position where he is able to destroy the Han family with just a single word should he want to.*

“It seems a lot has happened since I left. How did he demonstrate his capabilities?” Han Xiuzhi asked.

“At the Martial Arts Summit,” Han Ying replied.

Han Xiuzhi furrowed his eyebrows.

*The Martial Arts Summit is a grand annual event for the Yan City martial arts world. So what has it got to do with Han Jingru?*

Although Han Xiuzhi knew that Yan Qiong had always been training Han Jingru, his age and his strength were still a far cry from being able to qualify for the Martial Arts Summit.

“Did he participate in it?” Han Xiuzhi inquired.

“More than that actually.” Just as he spoke, Han Ying smiled wryly. At one point in time, he and Nangong Shuxian had assumed Han Jingru’s participation in the Martial Arts Summit was a joke. They wondered how was he even going to compete with professional fighters.

But now, Han Ying realized the joke was on them.

Not only did Han Jingru participate in it, but he also shocked the entire Yan City martial arts scene by dominating it.

Everyone in the entire community now knew who he was and no one dared to underestimate him.

“His performance in the competition shocked the entire martial arts world. Furthermore, many of them already see him as the champion. So far, the competition hasn’t reached the finals yet. But all his competitors preferred to disqualify themselves instead. Hence, only the finals await

him now,” Han Ying explained.

“That’s really impressive!” Han Xiuzhi was astounded. *Han Jingru is but a kid now, and yet he has no rival in Yan City?*

“I’m sure you know who Chong Yang is,” Han Ying remarked.

Han Xiuzhi nodded. He and Chong Yang were of the same generation. When Chong Yang was a legend in Yan City, the Han family hadn’t established their presence yet. Han Xiuzhi was still relatively unknown then.

“Isn’t Chong Yang retired?” Han Xiuzhi asked.

“He was. But he came out of retirement just to face Han Jingru,” Han Jingru explained.

Han Xiuzhi’s eyelids twitched. Although he didn’t ask about the result, he could easily guess from Han Ying’s expression.

It was unbelievable to him that Han Jingru had beaten Chong Yang at the Martial Arts Summit.

No matter how he thought about it, Han Xiuzhi felt as if he had heard a fairytale. But from the look on Han Ying's face, he knew there was more to the matter than met the eye.

“After beating Chong Yang, many martial artists in the city declared that Jingru is the best fighter in Yan City,” Han Ying added.

Han Xiuzhi took a deep breath. *Could it be that this is the reason why Nangong Boling let me go?*

*But Nangong Boling is the largest private economic entity in the world. He has no reason to fear someone who is excellent at fighting. Besides, can't the assassin organization he controls deal with a single man?*

*Perhaps, there's more to Han Jingru's strength than what can be seen.*

“How did Jingru become so powerful?” Han Xiuzhi asked curiously.

Han Ying shook his head as he too had the same question. In fact, he had deliberately asked Yan



Qiong about it but even Yan Qiong was stumped.

“I don’t know and neither does Yan Qiong,” Han Ying replied.

“Let’s head home first. I want to see Yan Qiong,” Han Xiuzhi instructed. In a sense, Yan Qiong was Han Jingru’s master. Hence, he was best placed to know how strong Han Jingru really was.

Upon their arrival, Nangong Shuxian and Han Yu were not at home. When Yan Qiong saw Han Xiuzhi, he wasn’t surprised at all. After all, he was the only person aware that Han Xiuzhi wasn’t dead.



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