

Seeing as the other party had made a move, Han Jingru's men ran off for fear that they would get entangled in the fight. If he was going to look for trouble, then there was no way they would stay behind and face the consequences with him together.

“Ugh! Why won't he-listen to us? Does he really have a death wish?”

“Young people nowadays are really ignorant. They just don't know when to stop.”

“That might not be the case. Since he has the audacity to stay back, it only means he doesn't see them as a threat.”

While a minority of people had faith in him, the rest were gloating over his misfortunes as they sneered, “Are you kidding me? He's up against six people. Look how muscular they all are! He doesn't stand a chance!”

“Exactly. Anyone can tell it's going to be a one-sided fight.”

Just then, one of the guys claiming to be Ling Heng's subordinates threw his punch at Han Jingru.

He smiled with confidence in the belief that his agility would spare the latter no chance to even dodge.

I could deal with this loser all by myself. How did the guy with tattooed arms lose to someone like him?

“Is that punk scared silly? Why isn't he moving at all?” the guy with tattooed arms voiced his confusion. *This wasn't what happened the last time. Perhaps he knew he didn't stand a chance against the man, so there was no point fighting back...*

Just when everyone thought that Han Jingru was going to get punched, he tilted his head slightly, dodging the punch by the fraction of a centimeter.

The guy who threw the punch was completely baffled; *The fist was right in front of his face! How did he manage to dodge it?*

While in a daze, he heard Han Jingru say, "What are you waiting for? Let's continue."

Humiliated, a grim look crept across his face as he withdrew his fist and prepared for his next attack.

He threw a couple more punches, but alas, every single one of them missed by a hair. The man became frustrated, *How did he escape my punches so effortlessly?*

"What's going on? Why can't the punches get to him?"

"Exactly! How did he shun the attack?"

The audience was very puzzled at the sight. Han Jingru should have been knocked to the ground by now. Yet, he was standing there unscathed.

"What are you guys waiting for? Let's finish off this guy together!" The man knew he had been toyed and quickly beckoned to his companions for help.

With the six of them launching their attacks at Han Jingru in one go, it should have left the latter without a chance to dodge. However, to everyone's surprise, he managed to escape the punches yet again! His physical agility left the crowd watching in bewilderment with mouths agape.

“Hey you pussy! Is this all that you have got?” the man taunted Han Jingru with fury in his eyes.

“Are you sure you want me to fight back?” Han Jingru arched his brows as he asked.

The tattooed man felt a chill down his spine at Han Jingru's words, *There were six of us against him earlier yet none of us were able to harm him. If he were to fight back, could we hold out against him?*

Earlier today, he was feeling rather confident when he had brought along his men to take revenge. However, his confidence wavered after this match.

While he and his men were gasping for air after

the fight, Han Jingru didn't seem to be affected at all. Despite their attempts, none of them managed to harm the latter who did not even lift a finger to counterattack. Who knew what could have happened if he retaliated?

“Come on. Show me what you have got,” the tattooed man challenged.

“Sure, let me show you how is it done,” he said with a sly grin on his face.

Tensions were boiling over among the audience. They had expected him to crumble before the six men. But after seeing how he managed to weave through these men unscathed, they began to question the earlier skepticism towards him, *Is he stronger than he actually appeared to be?*

In the meantime, Han Jingru was poised to confront the men as he dashed towards the group in lightning speed.

In a split second, Han Jingru was already standing before them. Before anyone could react at all, the tattooed man was attacked on the chest

followed by a searing pain that spread across his upper body. Next thing he knew, he was flying across the room like a kite with a broken string.

With a loud thud, he landed on the cold hard ground as the dust swirled in the air. The crowd reeled in shock at the sight.

All it took was one punch to knock down that guy! Would it just take him six punches to bring down all of them?

“Oh my god! Do Kung Fu masters still exist at this day?”

“He must be a Kung Fu master. No wonder he was collected when facing them.”

“I always thought Kung Fu was fake!”

The room immediately broke into a buzz as the crowd exclaimed in disbelief. At the same time, Han Jingru pressed on with his attacks against the men ferociously. After some time, all six men was seen curling up on the ground while wailing in pain.

His invincibility was fortified through the wrestle which had only taken a mere two minutes. There were six against one and yet, none was able to knock him down. At that moment, he appeared almighty as he stood before the defeated men.

It was also at this moment that the crowd realized what a man Han Jingru really was.

“Holy f***! That was insane!”

“He actually took care of all of them singlehandedly! He wasn't bragging at all.”

“He's amazing! I want to become his disciple!”

The audience widened their eyes in shock at the unbelievable turn in events.

The few who had faith in him from the start watched on proudly, as though they were the ones who pulled off that incredible feat.

“See, I told you so. Those guys are definitely no match for him. Do you believe me now?”

Those standing beside him nodded their heads profusely. It was undeniable as the scene unfolded right before their eyes.

“Of course! Of course!”

“You were absolutely right. I completely underestimated him.”

“I hope he didn't hear what I had said. How could I have looked down on such a Kung Fu master?”

Han Jingru stared at the guy with tattooed arms laying on the ground and said, “Remember to bring along more men when you come to take revenge next time.”

The man was remorseful and humiliated when he heard Han Jingru's words. *Had I known he is so skillful; I wouldn't have thought of revenge. The five men are the best I have yet they were not good enough!*

Besides, judging by Han Jingru's combat skills, he doubted the possibility of a victory even if there were 10 more men with him. Thus, he had

absolutely no desire to get back at him. He just hoped that Han Jingru would let them off the hook.

Although the tattooed man had surrendered, the guy who claimed to be Ling Heng's subordinate was far from calling it quits.

He had garnered envy and reverence by the mere mention of being Ling Heng's subordinate. Having been someone who had always enjoyed an esteemed status, there was no way he would admit defeat so easily.

He struggled to get up on his feet with a nasty scowl on his face. His body swaying beneath his weight as he scorned, "You've got some skills, punk. But so what if you can fight? Do you know who the f*** are you dealing with?"

"Oh?" Han Jingru's eyes gleamed with interest as he asked, "Now that you've mentioned, I don't. Why don't you tell me so I can bask in the glory of your presence?"

The man's lips twisted into a sly smile as he

boasted, "I'm Ling Heng's subordinate! His right-hand man! You've got quite the nerve to hit me. Do you know what's going to happen to you?"

Han Jingru appeared taken aback by what he said. The crowd on the other hand had completely turned aghast in fright.

Even though Molan was the ruler of the underground world in Yun City, Ling Heng had made quite the reputation for himself too. After all, he was Molan's most capable subordinate. Even the thugs under him were fearsome throughout Yun City.

At this point, many were praying for the survival of Han Jingru as they knew the severe consequences of offending Ling Heng's subordinates. No matter how well one could fight, how would he fare against hundreds of his thugs?

However, not a single one of them dared to utter a single word. They were afraid of getting implicated into the mess which would result in putting their families and themselves in the line

of danger.

“Are you scared? You can kneel down and apologize to me now. Then, it's my turn to have a go at you,” the man smirked as he watched Han Jingru paused in his tracks.



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While his facial expression was mistaken as being scared, Han Jingru was actually puzzled at the man's claims as he thought to himself, *If that guy truly worked for Ling Heng and was his right-hand man, he should have frequented Mojo. Which meant, I should have seen him before...*

The only explanation he could think of was that the guy was blowing his own horn. Perhaps he did have connections with Ling Heng, but he was definitely not as close to him as he claimed.

“Wow! What an honor to be speaking to Ling Heng's subordinate,” Han Jingru said as he put on a wide grin.

Hearing his flattery, the guy looked even more smug. He haughtily declared, “Now that you know my identity, get on your knees and apologize!”

However, Han Jingru shook his head and said, “Even if Ling Heng himself came, he wouldn't have the guts to ask for my apology. Who are you to do so?”

“How dare you disrespect Mr. Heng?” the man hissed through his clenched teeth. He didn't expect Ling Heng's name would mean nothing to him as this tactic would work all the time.

“Why don't you get Ling Heng to come? Let's see if he has the guts to ask for my apology,” Han Jingru suggested.

The man became jittery at his request because he knew very well he was only boasting all this while. There was no way he could get him to come over.

Did he see through my lies? Otherwise, I believe he wouldn't dare challenge me.

“Pfft! Who are you to request for a meeting with Mr. Heng?” the man retorted.

His reply had confirmed Han Jingru's assumptions that he was a fraud. This man had probably committed so many crimes in Ling Heng's name and it's about time Ling Heng learnt about the existence of this “subordinate” of his.

“Oh well. Let me call him instead,” he said as he fished out his phone and prepared to dial the number.

This resulted in another commotion among the crowd. *Does he know Ling Heng too? Things are about to get really interesting here... Who is Ling Heng going to help if he really came?*

“Oh my, I wouldn't miss this for the world. Even the powerful Ling Heng is getting involved.”

“In my opinion, both of them are just bragging. It's impossible either of them can just call him over.”

“I don't think so. Look, he's making a call. If that person isn't Ling Heng, then he will be so ashamed.”

The crowd was divided about the possibility of Han Jingru getting Ling Heng to come over.

In the meantime, the man who claimed to be working for Ling Heng was like a cat on hot bricks.

Han Jingru certainly doesn't look like he was faking the call. If Ling Heng were to drop by, everyone would know I've been lying all this time!

The man with tattooed arms walked up to him and asked, "I'm sure the both of you have met before, haven't you?"

The guy carried on his act and retorted, "Do you believe his words? Would you believe me if I told you that I'm friends with Molan?"

The former shook his head immediately. After all, Molan was the big shot in the underworld. It was impossible for a small fry like themselves to get acquainted with him.

"Are you saying it is just a tissue of lies?" he asked.

"Of course," that guy replied confidently. Deep down, he was praying desperately that it was the case. Otherwise, his lies would be exposed today.

After the call went through, Han Jingru said,

“There's a guy here who claims to work for you. He wants me to get on my knees and apologize. What do you think?”

Ling Heng was still a little groggy from his slumber. After all, it was the morning and he had just woken up. But after hearing what he said, he immediately jolted awake.

“You can't be serious...” he asked. Only those who worked closely with him dared to make such audacious claims. If that was the case then Han Jingru would have recognized them on first sight already.

“Do you want to come over and see it for yourself?” he asked.

“Of course! I'll come right away!” he assured. After that, he quickly put on a fresh set of clothes without further delay.

Han Jingru hung up the phone and turned to smile at the person, “Ling Heng is on his way. Are you going to stay or leave?”

The man was obviously uneasy upon listening to his words. But if he were to leave now, then it would imply that all that he had said was nothing but a fish tale.

With the hope that Han Jingru was a bluff, he put on a strong front and shrugged it off, "Why would I run? Don't try and scare me."

"You've got balls. But if you were betting on the possibility that I'm a fake, then you're sorely mistaken," he said. He proceeded to walk into a store selling soy milk and fried dough critters. After purchasing his breakfast, he sat down and began his meal.

Han Jingru's calm and confident demeanor was much more convincing in the crowd's eyes. That person, on the other hand, looked much more anxious and had even begun trembling.

Those who were buying their breakfast were supposed to go to work. Yet, none of them could bare to leave the drama.

Qi Ran was a little late that day. By the time she

arrived, Han Jingru was already munching down on his breakfast. She was completely unaware of the events that had unfolded. However, she did notice the atmosphere was rather tensed.

She walked to his side and asked, "Did the man come here to seek for revenge?"

"Yes, he did. But he didn't succeed," he replied calmly.

She stole a glance at the man with heavily tattooed arms and whispered, "What do you mean he didn't succeed? Why are they still here?"

"They're waiting for what's about to happen," he grinned.

What's about to happen?

With no knowledge of what had just happened, Qi Ran failed to understand what he meant. However, she had come today to thank him. This was because her company had settled on a partnership with Rumo Real Estate. Although she was new, she came to be highly regarded by her

boss as she was the one who had accomplished this impossible task. He had promoted her to the higher management while Huang Ting Ting, on the other hand, had been fired. She was rather pleased with the outcome.

“Why don't I treat you to a meal when you have the time?” she offered.

He figured she had offered the treat as a gratitude for his help. However, he had not expected anything in return when he helped her.

“It's fine. Even though the deal has been sealed, it's entirely up to your company's own capabilities to maintain your ties going forward. You should spend more time on your company's business.” He had turned her life around with one sentence. But that was as far as he was going to help her.

“Of course I will work hard on my part. But I also need to thank you properly. Both are important matters to me,” she insisted.

“But I'll be quite busy for the time being. Next

time, perhaps,” he said. The episode regarding Chengzhong Village was coming to a close. Yet there were still many things that he had to settle. Thus he wasn't in the mood to have a meal with her.

Hearing what he said, Qi Ran didn't persist. However, deep down, she was a little disappointed.

“Fine. I'll treat you again when you have the time. But you better give me the chance. Otherwise, I'll feel uneasy for the rest of my life,” she said. As a fresh graduate who was new to the workforce, she would not have had such a rapid promotion had it not been for Han Jingru. Without his help, she would have probably been fired. Hence, it was important for her to return the favor.

“Don't be so dramatic. Hahaha,” he said as he broke out laughing.

“I'm serious!” She firmly nodded her head and continued, “so please let me know when you have the time for a meal with me.”

Han Jingru suddenly got to his feet. Not far off, Ling Heng was jogging over.

After he ended the call, Ling Heng had rushed over immediately. He wouldn't dare delay a further second when it came to matters regarding Han Jingru. The former would appear before him whenever he pleased.

“Is that Ling Heng hurrying over?”

“I don't think so. Why would someone like Ling Heng be in a rush?”

As Ling Heng got closer to where they stood, that person immediately became as pale as a sheet. His knees buckled under his weight as his legs turned to jelly.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“It's Ling Heng! It's really him!”

“Ling Heng really came for this fella! Holy f***, who is this guy?”

“I never expected someone who bought breakfast with me every day to know Ling Heng!”

In that moment, all of the crowd's attention was focused on him. Their eyes widened and jaws agaped in utter shock and disbelief.

As for those who didn't believe in Han Jingru, they could only hang their heads in shame.

Sweating all over, Ling Heng jogged over to his side and greeted him, “Mr. Jingru.”

Another commotion erupted among the crowd upon seeing how respectful he was to the latter. There was no way that they were just simply friends. Han Jingru obviously had a higher ranking than him.

“Oh my god! Who on earth is this guy? Even Ling Heng is so respectful when addressing

him!”

“So that person was the one who was bragging. Look at his expression!”

“Haha! So this is how a braggart looks like when he meets the real deal!”

That person had a look of despair on his face. Never would he have dreamt that his lies would be exposed like this. He could barely fathom the dire consequences that awaited him.

Ling Heng could wipe him off the face of the earth at the wave of a hand.

The man with tattooed arms and his companions discreetly distanced themselves from him. They had no intention of getting dragged into the situation, especially when it involved Ling Heng. With things taking such a serious turn, it was no longer a simple matter that could be resolved through simple beating.

“Who does that guy work for?” Han Jingru asked.

Ling Heng gazed at him as he tried to recall. As expected, his face was unfamiliar and he was sure that he had never seen the man before.

“Mr. Jingru, I've never seen him before,” he replied.

“You are only refusing to acknowledge your own lackey to avoid getting implicated into the spat, aren't you?” he teased.

Ling Heng's heart skipped a beat as he explained swiftly, “I'm speaking the truth. I really have no idea who he is.”

“So that means he's just been using your name to get away with everything that he has done?” he asked smilingly.

“Yes. Yes that's it,” he firmly replied.

“If that's the case, then I'll leave it to you to deal with him,” he said.

Ling Heng drew in a shaky breath to control his anger. It was one thing to use his name to get

away with all those thing he did. It was another to offend Han Jingru. Now that he had almost implicated him, he wasn't about to let him off easy.

Although the guy had been scared silly, it was plain to him that he needed Han Jingru's forgiveness if he wanted to get out of the situation unscathed.

With his legs still weak, he crawled towards him and pleaded, "I'm sorry, it's all my fault! I shouldn't have made up all those stories! I'm a fake, that's all I am! I'm the complete opposite of you! Please, please let me off the hook!"

Han Jingru looked unimpressed. Glancing at the man, he said, "It's out of my hands now. Since you used Ling Heng's name to deceive people, then he's the one who decides your fate."

That person immediately began kowtowing to Ling Heng as he begged, "Mr. Heng, I'm sorry! I won't ever do it again!"

Ling Heng aimed a swift kick at his face

mercilessly and the blood immediately started streaming down. He barked coldly, "How dare a trash like you use my name to deceive people!"

In that moment, the man regretted everything that he had done. Ling Heng's name had benefitted him greatly, but no amount of incentive could make up to his imminent demise.

He didn't want to die! He was terrified of death!

"Mr. Heng, I won't do it again! Please forgive me!"

"Next time? Do you think there will be a next time?" he scorned. He had left in a hurry and hadn't brought any of his thugs. Thus, he looked at the man with tattooed arms and his companions as he asked them, "Are you his accomplice?"

"No, no, no! Mr. Heng, we're just acquaintances. We barely know each other," the man with tattooed arms declared as he shook his head vigorously.

The others had the exact same reaction as him. None of them wanted to admit that they were in cahoots with him.

“Then bring him along and follow me,” he ordered.

The man with tattooed arms immediately hoisted up that person without hesitation.

He writhed and struggled as he tried to escape. But there was no way the tattooed man would let him go. So he proceeded to beat him up until he was too weak to even resist.

“Mr. Jingru, we'll take our leave first,” Ling Heng said politely.

The newly recruited thugs were stunned when he heard Ling Heng's tone when speaking to Han Jingru. *Even Ling Heng had to address him respectfully. Was he someone from Molan's level?*

It was only then that the man with tattooed arms realized how foolish he was to dream of taking a

revenge on him. *unishments would have awaited him?*

After Ling Heng took that person away, the breakfast shop resumed its usual peace and quiet. Those who had lingered to watch the drama dispersed and got on with their lives.

After finishing his meal, Han Jingru ordered another takeaway. He had to pack a meal home for Qi Bingying.

As Qi Ran saw him order another meal to take away, the sparkle in her eyes dimmed. There was clearly someone waiting for him at home. And that person was most probably his girlfriend.

However, he was too lazy to clear up the misunderstanding. He took the packed breakfast and parted ways with her.

Back at home, Qi Bingying sat in the living room. She used to make her own breakfast. But ever since Han Jingru started bringing home breakfast after his morning jog, she had stopped doing so.

Looking at the soy milk and fried dough critters, she swallowed back the drool that was forming at the sides of her mouth. She was famished.

“I won't be able to come home for the next few days. If anything happens, just call me,” he informed her.

“You're going back to the villa?” she asked. Although her face remained expressionless, the misery swimming in her eyes was as plain as day.

He shook his head. He was already divorced from Su Yimo. Although Han Tong had already guessed that it was just a ruse, everybody else was in the dark. To them, it was a sensitive period between the Su Family and him. Tongues would wag if he were to return to the villa.

He did not want the attention of Yun City to be focused on him.

“Chengzhong Village is almost ready for development. Only then will Rumo Real Estate have a bigger say in Yun City,” he replied.

After hearing his words, there was a visible change in her expression as a smile began to spread across her face. Yet, she tried to suppress her emotions and said casually, "It doesn't really matter. I've already paid the money. All that's left is to watch your performance. But if you fail, it will be over for the Qi Family as well."

"You can put your mind at ease. The only thing that will kill me is time," he reassured her calmly. Han Jingru carried a heavy weight on his shoulders. Not only was Su Yimo's happiness depending on him, so was Han Xiuzhi's. He could not let himself fail.

Qi Bingying had always had faith in him. There was neither rhyme nor reason to this faith. She just believed in him wholeheartedly.

"Be careful. I fear that there is something more to Han Jia's appearance," she warned.

"How so?" he asked curiously. *Didn't Han Jia appear because of her?*

She pondered for a moment before replying,

“Based on my understanding of Han Tong, she's a scheming woman who would do anything to get what she wants. Han Jia should have come to Yun City together with her. But why did he choose to appear only now?”

He grimaced, “What are you trying to say? After all, I don't know Han-Tong as well you do.”

“I suspect she is trying to stir up confrontation with her brother. That would then be used as a pretext to kill him,” she replied.

Han Jingru's eyebrows contorted into a frown at this piece of insight. She deliberately put her brother in the line of danger. The moment he did anything to hurt Han Jia, she would have the perfect excuse to kill him.

“She's truly a vicious woman. Even her brother is caught into her schemes,” he sighed.

“I have reasons to believe that she would want him dead. That way, the title of head of the Han Family would be in her grasp. No one would be able to get in her way,” she said.

Qi Bingying's explanation helped Han Jingru to understand Han Tong's personality better. If she was truly a brutal woman, he would have to be more careful when dealing with her.

Although she couldn't be bothered to deal with the Su family right now, but there would come a time for the latter to become one of her bargaining chips.

She was willing to use her brother to achieve her goals. Was there anything else she wasn't willing to do?

“Looks like Yimo isn't safe now,” he murmured.

She had explained the situation in hopes of warning him. Yet, all he could think about was how it would affect Su Yimo. She took a sigh as the heart-wrenching truth dawned on her once again. No matter what, the most important person to him was Su Yimo.

“It would be great if you could show me that much concern as well,” she said seriously.

“You should eat up. I'll leave first,” he said and left the house.

At the Peninsula Hotel, Han Tong laid elegantly on her bed as she slipped in and out of her slumber. Her hair was rather neat and her sleeping posture was extremely graceful. Unlike many who adopted the posture most comfortable to them, she always maintained her image even whilst asleep. The rules she lived by were strict to the point of being harsh. This was because she felt that nobles had to maintain their distinguished aura no matter what they were doing. Only by following strict rules and regulations would she become a true noble.

After she was awake, she spent no time dawdling in bed. Han Tong washed her face and brushed her teeth before applying a beautiful layer of make up. She never bared her natural face in front of anyone. No matter who she was facing, she had to have a layer of elaborate make up on. It was as though she had OCD when it came to this detail.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Checking the mirror

to ensure that she was satisfied with her make-up, she then got to her feet to open the door.

“Sister, I have been waiting out the door for ages. Couldn't you have opened the door earlier?” Han Jia complained after she finally let him in.

“Don't you know I was putting on my make up?” she replied calmly.

“We grew up together. I've seen your face without make up,” he retorted as he spread his body across the sofa.

Looking at his uncouth demeanor, a streak of disgust flashed across her eyes. Although he was from the upper class, he had none of the etiquette of one. If he were to become the head of the Han Family, they would never become true nobles.

On the other hand, if she were to become the head of the Han Family, the Han Family would be led into a member of the elite. A family that the upper classes of the U.S would acknowledge.

“Why did you come looking for me so early in

the morning?" she asked.

"Sister, I've decided to turn over a new leaf," he declared.

Her lips curled into a faint smile as she asked, "Are you doing this for Qi Bingying?"

He shook his head as he said firmly, "I want to prove to dad that I've got what it takes to succeed as the head of Han Family. I've fooled around for long enough and now it's time to get down to business."

Han Tong's expression froze. *What has gotten into him? If he were to go after the position of the head of the Han's, my efforts all these years would go to waste...*

"Do you know how tiring it is to be the head of the family? Your freedom will be restricted and you would have to give up your current lifestyle. Are you really sure about that?" she asked.

"Sister, you're bound to get married someday. If I carry on like this, there'll be no one left to take

over. Besides, I wouldn't be able to afford the lifestyle that I have if the Han Family were to hit the rough patch," he replied cheekily. Han Jia wanted her to understand that she would not stand a chance if he wanted to become head of the family.

His words cast a shadow across her face. That was probably the most pathetic fact about being a woman.

This was exactly why she had to excel Han Jia to be potentially acknowledged by others.

The title of the head of the family was not one for her father to grant freely. Rather, it required the collective consent of the rest of the family. This became an enormous setback for Han Tong as they had always placed emphasis on the male lineage.

She had spoiled her little brother ever since they were young. She would condone his nonsensical behaviors and even think up ways to cover up for him. She did this to cultivate him into a rash and foolhardy person. But what he had said today

proved to her that he was still a huge threat to her plans.

“I never said yes to getting married,” she protested.

“Sister, you're the jewel of our Han Family. You would be a laughingstock if you never got married. Are you not afraid that people would gossip about you behind your back?” he laughed.

She drew in a deep breath to calm herself down. Han Tong could barely recognize the man before her today. It was as though he was a completely different person from the younger brother she had known for twenty over years.

What resulted in this change of heart?

“Did Qi Bingying teach you to say all this?” she asked.

“She's just a woman. Who is she to tell me what to do? I like her very much, but she's just a toy who is a bit different than the rest,” he replied.

What other reasons could there be besides Qi Bingying? No matter how hard she wrecked her brains, she could not think of the cause. But if she ever found out who was behind his transformation, she would wipe him off the face of the earth.

“Sister, let me handle Han Jingru. I'm giving you a head's up before I tell dad. He'll definitely want me to take this as a learning opportunity. You can take this time to take care for yourself. You've been too busy lately and I am extremely concerned,” he said with a worried look.

She forced a smile on her face and said, “You had better think through this carefully. This is not as easy as you think it is. I'm afraid you won't be able to handle it.”

He got to his feet and walked behind her. Putting his hands on her shoulders, he started massaging her as he assured her, “Sister, it's time for me to shoulder some of the burden. You've worked so hard on behalf of me in the past. How can I bear to let this continue on?”

Her expression grew dark and cold. After he left the room, she immediately balled her fists as a menacing scowl was etched across her face.

Soon, she received the call from her father to hand over everything in Yun City to Han Jia. He would take full charge of it. After hearing this, she became seething with rage.

Although her father had said umpteenth times that the siblings held equal places in his heart, she knew that that was not true. *Han Jia was much more valued all because he was a man.*

Otherwise, why do I have to hand over all my plans and schemes to him after he had just expressed his interest?

“Han Jia, you had your chance at enjoying life for the rest of your days. Now, your demise is inevitable. Don't blame me because you are the one who forced my hand,” she hissed through clenched teeth. She had spent all her life conditioning him to become a useless bum. This was to reduce a falling out between siblings. But he had forced her to take extreme action right from the moment he expressed his desire to wring

the title of head of the family from her clutches.

After spending years of planning, of course she would not give up the position of head of the family to him. She would do whatever it took to get what she had always wanted.

Han Jia was in his room. The indifferent smile that he used to have was no longer on his face. Ever since Qi Bingying had explained everything to him, it was extremely clear to him what he had to do now.

To me, women are important. But the position of head of the family was more so.

Only by gaining more control within the Han Family would I be able to get more women.

“Sister, you can forget about fighting with me. After all, you're just a woman. You need to come to your senses. The head of the Han Family cannot be a woman,” he muttered to himself.

Just then, the door to his room was opened and Di Yang walked in.

Han Jia didn't even look at him and said, "I know you like my sister better. But you're now at a crossroad."



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As Han Jia paused to collect his thoughts, Di Yang chose to stay silent and continue listening.

“You can continue helping my sister. But after I become the head of the family, you can forget about the Han Family taking care of you when you're old. Or, you can help me and I will guarantee you a peaceful life after you grow old.”

Di Yang kept his head down. Deep down, he preferred Han Tong. Everybody in the Han Family knew that she was much more capable than Han Jia.

But on the other hand, he knew that if Han Jia wanted to take over as the head of the family, the edge he had over his sister was incontestable.

If she wanted to become the head of the family, she had to put in a hundred more times effort than her brother.

This point alone meant that it would not be wise to bet against Han Jia.

“How can I be sure that this isn't just one of your

whims?" Di Yang asked.

Frankly, Han Jia wasn't surprised by this question. It was probably on the minds of many in the Han Family. However, he had thought it through. The man now knew how important that position was. Especially after coming to realize that his sister's years of overindulgence was not out of goodwill. Rather, she wanted to condition him into someone who would pose lesser of a threat in her path to becoming the head of the family. He was naturally displeased and did not want to give her the satisfaction of achieving her goals.

"A promise would mean nothing to you. No matter what I say, you would still be suspicious. So the choice is yours. It's up to you to choose who you want," he said with a smile.

People like Di Yang had made countless enemies during their lifetime. Eventually, when they get old, they would want to retire to a peaceful life. Then, they would need to depend on someone powerful enough to protect them from their enemies.

The Han Family could give him a stable life. If he were to leave, Di Yang dared not imagine how many people would come after him. Chances were he would wind up dead in a ditch somewhere and that was definitely not what he wanted.

The stake was high as it would decide the way he spent his later years.

“Han Tong is the better candidate. But you have the bigger edge. So what do you want me to do for you?” Di Yang asked.

A smug smirk spread across Han Jia's face as he heard what he said. He was pleased with Di Yang's declaration of loyalty as that would make him one step closer to retrieving what was belonged to him.

“Let's go meet my sister together,” he answered.

Di Yang nodded in compliance.

He had to consider what he could gain from who he followed. It didn't matter if he betrayed Han

Tong in the process, it was his own benefit that mattered. Di Yang was not prepared to sacrifice his future in a mere demonstration of loyalty.

When Han Jia returned with him by his side, Han Tong immediately understood what had happened. She didn't even need to hear their explanations.

She was the one who hired Di Yang. But as he stood next to her little brother, it was clear that he had defected to the other side.

“Di Yang, what a pleasant surprise,” she said sarcastically.

“Sorry, I had no other choice. If Young Master wants to become the head of the family, no one would be able to go against that,” he replied.

She clenched her teeth together indignantly. Her plans involved years of hard work. How could she allow all that to go down the drain just because her brother had a change of heart? There was no way she would allow that to happen.

“My dearest brother, I've treated you so well since we were young. Why are you taking away what's mine?” she purred.

“Sister, you know better than anyone else why you were so nice to me! I never understood it before. But now that I do, you can drop the act,” he replied mockingly.

She drew in a deep breath and said, “I hope you won't disappoint dad. And I won't interfere with this matter anymore. We are siblings after all. I do not wish for things to escalate to the point of no return.”

“Thank you, sister,” he said before leaving the room with Di Yang.

When Han Jingru arrived at Yang Xing's house in Chengzhong Village, Yang Xing informed him of the current situation. Except for the remaining two families, the rest of the village was in their control.

“Mr. Jingru, you can be rest assured. Give me three days and I'll settle these two,” he

guaranteed.

Han Jingru had been keeping a close eye on Yang Xing through Molan's subordinates. Although he was like a king in a small place like Chengzhong Village, he was indeed quite capable and almost on par with Ling Heng. With more training, he could become a great leader in the future.

“I believe you. But remember, don't coerce them into doing anything,” he warned.

He laughed, “Mr. Jingru, they're really lucky to have you in charge here. If it were the other developers, god knows what kind of unscrupulous methods they would have used to evict them.”

Actually, Han Jingru's true intentions weren't kind at all. He just wanted to avoid any unnecessary trouble. After all, they were in an era of widespread media. Any negative publicity about them posted on the internet could yield disastrous consequences.

The whole point of the village's development was

to increase Rumo Real Estate's influence in Yun City. Everything would have gone down the drain if they created negative news as a result.

Just then, one of Yang Xing's subordinate rushed into the room.

He sternly berated him, "Can't you see that I'm in a discussion with Mr. Jingru? Get out of here!"

The subordinate had anticipated the scolding. However, the matter at hand had to be reported so he blurted out, "Mr. Jingru, someone wants to meet you. And she's a real beauty."

Yang Xing stole a glance at him. *So it was one of his relationship problems. This wasn't something he could help with.*

Han Jingru's brows arched at the subordinate's words. *A beauty? Who could that be? Is it Qi Bingying?*

No, it couldn't be her. She knows why I'm here. She would not have come here looking for me on a whim.

“Bring her in,” he said.

“Of course,” the subordinate replied and exited the room.

At that moment, a girl in white was outside the door. Standing there in her dress, she was the center of attention and there were many young girls who stared longingly at her.

It was miraculous to even see such a beauty in Chengzhong Village. The men walking by all stared fervently at her as they desperately tried to memorize every detail of her stunning presence.

“Mr. Jingru asked me to bring you in,” the subordinate told her. Lowering his head, he studied her pair of exquisite legs. They looked perfect and absolutely luscious.

Just as Han Jingru was wondering who this visitor was, the subordinate had brought her in.

“Han Tong!” he exclaimed in bewilderment when he saw her. He had even considered the possibility that the visitor was Su Yimo. But

never would he have guessed that she would pay him a visit.

Han Tong was extremely repulsed by the village's environment. Especially when those people were staring at her, she felt absolutely disgusted. In her mind, peasants like them weren't even worthy of gazing at someone as distinguished as her.

But she really needed to look for Han Jingru.

In terms of capabilities, she exceeded Han Jia by leaps and bounds. But what was the point?

The only advantage Han Jia had was that he was a man. And that was enough to overturn all her efforts.

Who would care how resourceful a woman was?

“Do you have the time? I would like a word with you,” she requested.

Han Jingru flashed her a brief smile. Although he could not guess her reason for coming, he was sure that it had something to do with Han Jia.

“Of course,” he replied.

The room fell silent. Yang Xing was too busy taking in her features to even realize that that was his cue to go.

He had a lot of women. But not one of them could hold a candle to her. She was the woman of every man's dreams.

“Ahem,” Han Jingru harrumphed before turning to his distracted friend, “Yang Xing, don't you have something you need to do?”

Yang Xing was clearly in a trance. Even though he caught every word he said, he just didn't take the hint.

“Mr. Jingru, what's there for me to do?” he asked.

Han Jingru rolled his eyes. *Had he never seen a woman before in his life? It was as though he had lost his soul just by looking at her.*

Although Han Tong was gorgeous, he felt that his response was quite an overreaction.

“What you need to do is to get out. Right now. Immediately,” he ordered.



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“Ah!” Yang Xing took a good look at Han Jingru before stumbling out, getting his henchmen to close the door behind him.

Outside, Yang Xing was drenched in cold sweat. “Man, that was close. If I messed up Jingru's plans, it would've been the end of me.”

A moment later, Yang Xing started to be envious. “Jingru has such good luck with women. He's already the husband of the prettiest lady in Yun City, yet hot girls are still throwing themselves at him.”

After that, his envy turned to anxiety. His house was in a mess, which might prevent Jingru from having a good time. If that happened, Yang Xing might actually meet his end.

“Better start cleaning up just in case.”

The scenarios inside Yang Xing's mind began to get more and more convincing.

However, reality inside the room was nowhere near what he had imagined.

Han Tong was pretty, but she's still Hang Jingru's blood relative. But then again, even if they weren't related Han Jingru still wouldn't be attracted to her.

Judging by visuals alone, Han Tong paled in comparison to Qi Bingying. If Han Jingru had no feelings even towards Qi Bingying who literally lived with him, Han Tong wouldn't stand a chance.

“I didn't expect you to grace us with your presence, I'd say,” Han Jingru said to Han Tong.

“Stop the nonsense. The enemy of my enemy is my friend, so to some extent, we can consider ourselves friends for now,” Han Tong responded.

“Friends?” Han Jingru snickered. That was the biggest joke of his life.

“I can help you out,” Han Tong suggested.

“How? Why?” Han Jingru asked.

“For me to gain control of the family, Han Jia has

to die,” Han Tong said.

Han Jingru gave Han Tong a belittling look. “So if I killed Han Jia, you would have a legitimate reason to get rid of me and garner some support from the family. What a perfect plan, if you'd asked me. And if I was as stupid as you thought.”

She did think of him that way. However, she knew that Han Jingru had his reservations and wasn't so dumb to the extent that she could order him around.

“We can strike a deal. I promise you that I will leave you alone after Han Jia dies, and that I will leave Yun City once I get the opportunity,” Han Tong offered.

Han Jingru stood up. “Do you know what's the most useless thing in this world?”

“Promises,” Han Tong finished for him.

“Since you know that, you should also know just how worthless your words are to me. I don't care about promises,” Han Jingru said.

Han Tong clenched her jaw. There was no one else she could turn to for help besides Han Jingru.

If Han Jingru refused to work with her, she would have nothing to use against Han Jia.

“I pity you, too. You're obviously stronger than Han Jia, but you couldn't compete with him, simply because you're a woman,” Han Jingru sighed.

That statement struck her weak spot. Everything she had done had gone to waste just because she was female. Han Tong wished she could switch genders in that very second.

“I can give you anything you want,” Han Tong offered.

Han Jingru was not prepared to become the one actively advancing the conversation. He paused, unable to come up with a request at the moment.

“Give me a day to think about it,” Han Jingru said. Rather than rejecting it outright, he figured that getting both of them on the same page would

simplify things greatly.

“Alright. You have one day. Don't let me down,” Han Tong said before leaving the house.

Yang Xing had been waiting outside the whole time. He figured that Han Jingru wouldn't come out for at least a couple of hours.

That was why he was shocked when he saw Han Tong leaving the house. It hadn't even been a few minutes! Since when had Jingru become so swift?

He is so young, and yet he gives up so quickly?

“Jingru, is that it?” Yang Xing immediately asked when Han Jingru stepped out of the door.

Han Jingru simply sighed. Working with Han Tong was like holding a time bomb, making it impossible for him to stay calm. Even so, it was undeniably his best option right now. Han Jingru was conflicted.

Yang Xing was oblivious to Han Jingru's woes.

Yang Xing believed that the latter was just disappointed about his own lack of stamina. “Jingru, I know this experienced traditional medicine practitioner who might be able to help you with 'those issues'. You want to meet him?”

Han Jingru looked at Yang Xing, bewildered. *Why is he bringing up doctors all of a sudden?*

“What? Why are you telling me this?” Han Jingru questioned.

Yang Xing smiled, “Jingru, you don't have to be embarrassed. I'm a man too, so I know the pain of not being able to last long. In fact, it might not even be your fault, since she's so pretty.”

Han Jingru was stunned for a moment before his fist came down on Yang Xing, who let out a loud yelp.

“Why are you hitting me? Did I say something wrong?” Yang Xing protested, his hands holding his throbbing head.

Han Jingru was so angry he could kill someone. He went easy on Yang Xing this time.

“She's Han Tong! What were you thinking?” Han Jingru bellowed.

Yang Xing was startled for a moment before the truth dawned upon him. He'd really deserved the beating.

“I'm sorry, Jingru. I was mistaken,” Yang Xing apologized.

Han Jingru glared at him, which sent Yang Xing stumbling away in fear.

After leaving Chengzhong Village, Han Jingru returned to his home.

Qi Bingying was expecting him to disappear for the next few days, so when she saw him at the doorstep, she was surprised.

“You're back early. Did something happen?” Qi Bingying asked.

“You don't seem to know Han Tong as well as you think you do. She came to find me today,” Han Jingru said.

“Does she want you to help her get rid of Han Jia?” Qi Bingying asked.

Han Jingru simply nodded.

Qi Bingying sighed. “Indeed. I didn't expect her to use you like that. She doesn't seem to care about your sibling bond with her.”

“Should I agree? She definitely wants Han Jia to die in Yun City, but the Han family might want greater retribution from me for that,” Han Jingru said.

Qi Bingying remained silent, deep in thought.

Han Jia's death would definitely be blamed on Han Jingru.

If the Han family in the U.S. was provoked, Han Jingru wouldn't stand a chance against them in his current circumstance.

The American Han family was like a fully-fledged lion, while Han Jingru was merely a cub. The difference was real and huge.

“Considering our current situation, the best way to get Yun City out of trouble would be to work with Han Tong. Of course, this is notwithstanding all other possible consequences,” Han Jingru continued.

Qi Bingying nodded. She knew what Han Jingru was talking about even when he didn't mention it explicitly.

Most importantly, they would have to figure out how to hold Han Tong down so that she wouldn't pin Han Jia's death onto Han Jingru.

Qi Bingying suddenly looked up with a smile.

Upon seeing her face, Han Jingru knew that she had a plan. “Say it,” he said impatiently.

“What benefits will I get?” Qi Bingying chirped.

Han Jingru shrugged, making it clear that there

wouldn't be any. "I'm hanging on by a thread right now. If I get busted, it would be the end of the Qi family as well. What benefits would you get from that?"

Qi Bingying glared at him helplessly. "It's easy to kill Han Jia. The key is getting the right person to kill him and making sure people believe that that's the killer. Of course, you can't leave any loose ends."

Han Jingru was silent for a moment before sucking in a deep, shaky breath. "You're really cruel for a woman, coming up with nefarious plans like that."

Qi Bingying's intentions were clear. Han Tong must be the one to end Han Jia's life, and Han Jingru must make sure that all evidence points to her as the killer so as to blackmail her.

“Have you not heard of 'femme fatale' before?” Qi Bingying asked. She didn't want to hide her cruel side; rather, she wanted to present the most unedited version of herself to Han Jingru so that he knew who the real Qi Bingying was.

Putting up a facade could make people happy, but Qi Bingying knew that people would be more repulsed if they found out what was under the mask.

Needless to say, everything Qi Bingying did was for the sake of Han Jingru, as though he had become the most important person in her life.

“Han Tong wouldn't be so stupid to leave something this important in my hands, right?” Han Jingru asked.

“Not if she has no other way out. You can foil her other plans, though. I'm willing to believe that she would do anything to save herself when she's desperate.”

Desperate?

Han Jingru wasn't sure how much he had to do to make her desperate. There was only one way to find out.

"I'll treat you to dinner, since you helped me out so much," Han Jingru offered.

"Give me a second; I'll go and change," Qi Bingying said, launching herself from her seat. This was a rare opportunity she had to seize. Even if it was just an ordinary meal, she would be happy to have it with Han Jingru.

When Qi Bingying emerged from her room, Han Jingru was blown away by her beauty. If not for his iron resolve, he might have just fallen for her there and then.

"It's just a meal, surely there's no need to dress up?" Han Jingru said. If they went out like this, they would definitely attract the attention of countless men. Han Jingru could almost see the trouble they were going to get themselves into.

"Dress up? Come on, it's just a normal dress," Qi Bingying said, spinning around to showcase her

clothes. It turned out to be as ordinary as she said, but her body made it look much more exquisite than it really was.

“Let's go,” Han Jingru said, not knowing whether he should laugh or cry.

As they stood at the lift lobby, Qi Bingying asked Han Jingru, “If you had a second chance, who would you pick? Assuming that both Su Yimo and I met you at the same time.”

“Regardless of gender, we are all visual beings. Based on that alone, I would probably have picked you,” Han Jingru said. Although that made him feel like he cheated on Su Yimo, it was still a truthful reply. Between Su Yimo and Qi Bingying, the latter was obviously more attractive. Any man would agree with him.

“If only I had met you earlier,” Qi Bingying said, feeling both satisfied and disappointed at the same time. Despite everything he said, her hypothetical situation would never come true.

At that moment, the lift arrived and its door

opened to reveal Mi Xiaoxing and Yang Meng engaged in a conversation. The moment they saw Qi Bingying, they froze.

The first time they met Qi Bingying, she was wearing unflattering clothes but she managed to look great. This time, Qi Bingying's choice of clothing had outshone them all.

Even the egoistic Mi Xiaoxing couldn't help but lower her head, as though she didn't want to compete with Qi Bingying's beauty.

“Are you going out, Mr. Han?” Yang Meng asked. Although she felt inferior in front of Qi Bingying, she never saw her as a rival, unlike Mi Xiaoxing.

“Yep, we're going out for dinner,” Han Jingru said.

Yang Meng gave Qi Bingying a faint smile as a form of greeting.

As Yang Meng and Mi Xiaoxing exited the lift, they brushed past Han Jingru and Qi Bingying

who were heading in.

When the lift door closed, Yang Meng immediately turned to Mi Xiaoxing and said, "She's so pretty. If I was half as beautiful as she, there will be so many men asking to date me!"

Mi Xiaoxing remained silent. She didn't want to admit defeat, but she knew perfectly well that she would never be as good as Qi Bingying. Her looks and body weren't something someone could just model after, so there was no way she could ever compete with Qi Bingying's beauty.

"So what if she has a pretty face? That jerk would ruin it sooner or later," Mi Xiaoxing spat.

"Xiaoxing, don't you know that Mr. Han..." Yang Meng slapped her own mouth as she was about to let slip Han Jingru's true identity.

"I don't know what?" Mi Xiaoxing asked.

"No... Nothing," Yang Meng said, trying her best to not be flustered. "Xiaoxing, let's go home. I gotta cook..."

Mi Xiaoxing took a step sideways and blocked Yang Meng's path. "Girl, you're hiding something."

Yang Meng lowered her head, unable to face Mi Xiaoxing. She didn't dare reveal Han Jingru's true identity without his approval.

"Xiaoxing, I'm not hiding anything. Really," Yang Meng said.

Mi Xiaoxing clenched her jaw. She could guess that it was something related to Han Jingru. Who knows what drug that jerk put Yang Meng under!

"Alright, I'll let it go. When he's back, I'll interrogate him. If he dares to hurt you again, I won't let him off so easily," Mi Xiaoxing said coldly.

"Xiaoxing, it's nothing related to Mr. Han. You probably shouldn't go to him looking for trouble," Yang Meng pleaded. Han Jingru was the mysterious boss of Rumo Real Estate, and if Mi Xiaoxing angered him, Yang Meng might just lose her job.

Mi Xiaoxing stayed silent and went back to her house.

Meanwhile, Han Jingru and Qi Bingying drove to the fanciest shopping street in Yun City. Although Han Jingru wanted to find a quieter place to eat so that they wouldn't attract too much attention, Qi Bingying insisted on a particular restaurant on the shopping street. He had no choice but to bring her there.

The shopping street was bustling as the sun was setting in the distance. No one took a second glance as Han Jingru stepped out of the car, but several heads turned the moment Qi Bingying came out.

Women envied her. Men fell for her.

Qi Bingying was like a goddess that descended from the heavens, basking in the admiration of mortals.

Han Jingru sighed, "You should go out less often so other women won't die of jealousy."

Qi Bingying gave a light smile. Although she used to conceal her true self, she had since grown to like the attention she was getting. The more people noticing her, the better Han Jingru would realize her attractiveness.

“So I should stay home just because I'm pretty? Why do I care about how other women feel?” Qi Bingying challenged him.

She would have angered every woman in Yun City with those words, but Han Jingru couldn't find a way to rebut her at all.

“Women could just use their looks for everything, unlike men, who need money,” Han Jingru sighed.

“So you're saying that I'm just being vain?” Qi Bingying retorted.

“Um... let's go to the restaurant. The longer you stay here, the more unruly people would get,” Han Jingru said. Hoards of people have stopped to sneak a look at Qi Bingying. If this continued, there would be a huge traffic jam.

“Why don't you try holding my hand?” Qi Bingying said, grinning.

Han Jingru ignored her words completely. What's the point? After all, he might not live to see another day if he actually held her hand.

Just standing next to Qi Bingying could almost make him drown in those envious looks.

The two of them hurried along to the restaurant Qi Bingying was talking about, but the crowd did not disperse. Instead, people followed them all the way into the restaurant; some even blocked its entrance.

This made the restaurant manager panic, fearing that these people had come to stir up trouble.

“The amount of influence you have baffles me,” Han Jingru said to Qi Bingying as they sat down at their table.

The restaurant was barely occupied, but Qi Bingying's presence had filled it up to the brim. Some people even blocked the door and refused to leave. Han Jingru couldn't help but stare in awe. People murmured amongst themselves in the crowd.

Many thought that Qi Bingying was a celebrity. To them, only celebrities could be so pretty.

“Since I have so much influence, why don't you recruit me as Rumo Real Estate's ambassador? Maybe your reputation in Yun City would improve because of that,” Qi Bingying smiled.

Han Jingru was stunned by the audacity of this suggestion. It wouldn't be easy for Rumo Real Estate to improve its reputation, but if this was a shortcut he might actually take it. Considering the ruckus Qi Bingying stirred up with her presence alone, it actually might not be a bad plan at all.

He just wasn't sure how Su Yimo would react if he agreed.

“Forget it. I don't want Yimo to suspect that

something's going on between us,” Han Jingru said.

Qi Bingying's heart twitched painfully. *Su Yimo again!* No matter how well Qi Bingying got along with Han Jingru, Su Yimo was always the biggest roadblock in their relationship. Han Jingru would always consider the impact on Su Yimo before making any decisions.

“It's just for work. She won't think too much, would she?” Qi Bingying said.

“A woman's mood is like the weather. I don't want to be the one provoking her,” Han Jingru said calmly. Although Su Yimo was a relatively well-behaved woman, she was still prone to the common “women's problems” - something Han Jingru had witnessed several times.

Qi Bingying fell silent, while a plan bloomed in her mind. Although asking to become their ambassador was just a fleeting comment, it's obvious that it wouldn't be a complete failure. Since Han Jingru was concerned about Su Yimo's reaction, all Qi Bingying had to do was to explain

her intentions to Su Yimo. Surely she won't reject such a reasonable plan.

Throughout their meal, a few men approached Qi Bingying for her phone number and some even showed her their car keys. All of them seemed to be rich, judging from their luxury vehicles.

However, to Qi Bingying, those sports cars had done nothing to sway her. She was way richer than any of them, and the only person she cared about at that moment was Han Jingru.

After several rejections, they finally finished their meal.

"I'm not going out with you anymore unless you wear your spectacles," Han Jingru said. Although nothing serious happened, he didn't like getting disturbed while eating.

"I never expected you to ask me out for dinner, so I was just making the best out of this chance to be with you," Qi Bingying replied with a smile.

"What do you mean?" Han Jingru said, alarmed.

“I've been cooped up at home for a really long time, so I just wanted to go shopping for a bit,” Qi Bingying said.

Shopping? They had already caused a mess just by going to a restaurant, and now she wants to go shopping?

Han Jingru shook his head vehemently, “Give me a break. Let's go home before people start throwing themselves at you again, and before I start picking fights.”

Han Jingru's rejection came down hard on Qi Bingying. Her disappointment was immeasurable. However, she still gave up the idea of shopping because she didn't want Han Jingru to get injured again.

Meanwhile, Jiang Yan was lounging in her villa, snickering at her phone screen.

On the phone was a picture of Han Jingru and Qi Bingying having a meal together, passed to her by someone she had sent to stalk Han Jingru.

Jiang Yan didn't give up trying to pull Su Yimo and Han Jingru apart even after her setback. Though Han Jingru had given Jiang Yan a stern warning at the old town, she refused to back down. She firmly believed that the stability of the Su family could only be achieved with the death of Han Jingru. Only his death would save the Su family and allow Su Yimo to start a new life of her own.

“Who knew that an imbecile like you could get a date with such a beautiful woman? What kind of lottery did you strike in your last life?” Jiang Yan said to herself. Qi Bingying's face in the picture didn't ring a bell in her mind at all, even though they had met several times. After all, no one could match the bespectacled Qi Bingying to the glamorous Qi Bingying in the picture.

Su Yimo had yet to return. Recently, she had been spending her nights eating out with Shen Zhuoman or even staying over at her house, since the villa brought back too many memories of Han Jingru. Once she returned, she would be struck by nostalgia again, and end up tossing and turning the whole night.

To make sure Su Yimo would see the evidence of Han Jingru cheating on her with Qi Bingying, Jiang Yan gave her a call.

“Yimo, are you coming home tonight?” Jiang Yan asked.

On the other end of the line, Yimo was still eating with Shen Zhuoman. She had indeed planned to sleep over at Shen Zhuoman's place that night.

“Did something happen, Mom?” Su Yimo asked.

“Yes. It's serious. Come home now,” Jiang Yan said.

“Alright, I'll go home after I finish eating.”

“What's wrong?” Shen Zhuoman asked once Su Yimo hung up.

“My mom said that something serious happened, though she might just be exaggerating things again,” Su Yimo said, shaking her head in exasperation.

“Why is your mother meddling in the matters between you and Han Jingru?” Shen Zhuoman could not understand. Su Yimo had complained to her a lot, so she too was confused about Jiang Yan's intentions.

It might have made sense for Jiang Yan to try to pull them apart when she had not known about Han Jingru's contributions to the Su family. However, now that the truth had been unveiled, why wouldn't she stop?

If not for Han Jingru, she wouldn't be able to live a comfortable life in her villa.

Su Yimo shook her head, equally confused. Jiang Yan never grew tired of picking on Han Jingru, and her intentions were never made clear.

“Let's hurry up and eat. I gotta go home after this,” Su Yimo said.

By the time she arrived at home, it was almost 9pm.

Both Jiang Yan and Su Wenlun were sitting in the

living room.

Su Wenlun had seen the photo as well. Although it was obviously nothing out of the ordinary, Jiang Yan had already weaved a tall tale of Han Jingru's infidelity to which Su Wenlun had no way of refuting.

“Mom, what's wrong?” Su Yimo asked Jiang Yan.

“Han Jingru's with another woman now,” Jiang Yan replied.

Su Yimo was unfazed by that statement. After all, this wasn't the first time Jiang Yan had badmouthed Han Jingru.

“You did everything you could to pull us apart, but did you actually think that I would believe anything you say?” Su Yimo said, expressionless.

“I knew you won't believe me, so I went to get evidence. He had been eating out with that whore and my friend just happened to take a picture of it. It's indisputable evidence!” Jiang Yan scoffed,

throwing her phone onto the table.

Su Yimo took in Jiang Yan's confidence and began to doubt herself. Picking up Jiang Yan's phone, she took a good look at the picture on the screen.

The two people in the picture were indeed Han Jingru and Qi Bingying. Su Yimo was confused.

Why would they go on a date together?

Qi Bingying had ditched her spectacles and pulled off the look of a goddess with a simple dress. Su Yimo was sure that she had seduced several men with that look.

But why would Han Jingru be one of them?

“You see that? I'm not joking this time. This woman is pretty, and they seem to be living together now,” Jiang Yan added.

“No way,” Su Yimo said in a determined tone. Han Jingru was her husband, and Qi Bingying was her best friend. Why would they be living

together?



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“Yimo, are you blind? The evidence is right before you. You still want to defend him?” Jiang Yan was hopping mad. She simply could not understand why Su Yimo was so enamored by Han Jingru. *Does she not know how much trouble Han Jingru will bring to our family?*

Besides, it is now a fact that he has cheated on her. Isn't that enough for Yimo to split up with him?

“This is Bingying. She is my best friend. She would not sleep with Jingru.”

Jiang Yan was dumbfounded upon hearing the name “Bingying”. *I have seen the woman in this photo more than once. How can she be Qi Bingying?*

“Since when are you short-sighted? Bingying looks so ordinary; how can she be the woman in the photo?”

The bespectacled Qi Bingying did indeed look ordinary, but Su Yimo was well aware of her beauty when she wasn't in glasses. *How could I have recognized the wrong woman?*

“Mom, she really is Bingying. Perhaps they are only having dinner together.”

Jiang Yan gritted her teeth. She had finally chanced upon this opportunity to get rid of Han Jingru. *So what if she is Qi Bingying? Can't she be having an affair with Han Jingru?*

“Your husband is now seduced by your best friend. Do you really think that a man and a woman can innocently have dinner together?”

Su Yimo acknowledged that something was amiss as Han Jingru and Qi Bingying had met up with each other privately, but she chose to believe Han Jingru. After all, they had been together for over 3 years. She would never believe that Han Jingru would cheat on her.

“Mom, I believe both of them. If there is nothing else, I will return to my room.” Su Yimo put down the phone and headed for her room.

Jiang Yan clenched her teeth in frustration. She

had thought that the photo alone would expose Han Jingru's true colors to Su Yimo.

“Your daughter is so stupid. The truth is in her face, yet she still believes that useless thing!” Jiang Yan complained to Su Wenlun angrily.

Su Wenlun suggested, “Maybe they are really just having dinner together?”

Jiang Yan glared at Su Wenlun and retorted, “Even if it is only an innocent dinner, I still want to accuse them of having an affair. I won't allow Han Jingru to step foot into my Su Family again!”

Su Wenlun sighed. *Although this villa is owned by Su Yimo, it is actually purchased by Han Jingru.* This was an undeniable fact, but Jiang Yan seemed to have forgotten about this entirely.

“Go and continue to stir up trouble. You will only be satisfied when this family is in chaos.” Su Wenlun said in a resigned tone.

Jiang Yan grabbed Su Wenlun by his ear, pulling

on it forcibly while berating him, "It is all for the sake of this family. Do you think I am a slouch like you, who does nothing but eat and sleep?"

Su Wenlun would usually plead with Jiang Yan for her mercy; today, he was different.

Maintaining an indifferent expression, he rebuked, "I have put up with you for many years. Jiang Yan, this is my last warning to you. Stop hitting me. I have my manly ego and if you really think I am useless, we can divorce."

Su Wenlun had never been so forceful in his life.

Jiang Yan could not believe it. *This useless man actually dares to stand up to me!*

"Okay, then let us go file for divorce tomorrow. Since you are the one to initiate it, don't you beg me to change my mind," Jiang Yan retorted coldly.

Su Wenlun smiled mournfully. Every time when Jiang Yan threatened him with divorce, he would admit his mistakes and beg for her forgiveness. She seemed to really have taken him for granted.

But Su Wenlun would not give in to her this time. He had never cared to fight for power within the family, but now that Jiang Yan was getting more domineering, he could not bear to live this kind of life anymore.

“We shall go to the Civil Affairs Bureau tomorrow morning after we wake up,” Su Wenlun suggested coldly and headed for Han Jingru's old storeroom instead of his own bedroom on the second level.

Jiang Yan sneered. She did not believe Su Wenlun would dare to go ahead with the divorce. She was convinced that he would beg for her forgiveness eventually.

Of course, Jiang Yan did not wish to divorce. *To get divorced at my age would surely make me the laughing stock of everyone.*

In her bedroom on the second level, her anxiety increased with every passing second.

It is almost midnight now. Su Wenlun still isn't appearing. Does this loser really want to divorce

me? It is impossible!

How can he have the guts to divorce me! He will end up with nothing after the divorce!

Jiang Yan tossed and turned in her bed till 2 a.m. While Su Wenlun still did not appear, she remained convinced that given some more time he would definitely turn up to beg for her forgiveness.

“You want to scare me? Su Wenlun, you loser. You are not fit yet,” Jiang Yan mumbled to herself and finally drifted off to sleep, expecting Su Wenlun to make breakfast and apologize to her when she woke up.

On the other hand, in the storeroom, Su Wenlun remained determined to proceed with the divorce. Instead of being afraid, he was actually looking forward to the divorce. He felt that only by divorcing Jiang Yan would he be free to lead his own life.

Even if I end up with nothing, I will at least regain my manly pride! I can finally stand tall as

a man again!

The next morning when Jiang Yan did not catch sight of Su Wenlun or her breakfast, she bristled with anger and rushed to the living room.

Upon seeing Su Wenlun having his breakfast at the dining table, she lashed out at him, "Su Wenlun, how dare you not bring me breakfast! No way would I forgive you!"

Su Wenlun looked at her placidly and replied coolly, "Since when do I want your forgiveness? What wrong have I done? Do not assume that you are always right and expect other people to apologize to you every time. I will not do that now, or ever again in the future."

"Su Wenlun, how dare you put on an act in front of me. Don't I understand that loser nature of yours very well?" Jiang Yan scoffed.

Su Wenlun had reached enlightenment by now and nothing could sway him. He smiled in return, "Indeed you understand this loser character of mine very well. But you are wrong this time.

Hurry up to have your breakfast so that we can settle the divorce proceedings after that.”

Jiang Yan walked up to Su Wenlun and gave him a tight slap across his face while warning him sternly, “You still want to act? Su Wenlun, kneel down and apologize to me now. Otherwise, I will not let you off.”

Su Wenlun stood up calmly and stared at his right hand intently. Then he looked at Jiang Yan and asked, “Do you want to feel my slap?”

With that, he struck her violently across her face with a resounding *slap*.

Jiang Yan froze on the spot after being slapped. She was in disbelief!

.”You.. You dare to hit me?”

“You have broken the peace within our family. So what if I hit you?” Su Wenlun replied coolly.

The incredulous look on Jiang Yan's face gradually dissolved into pure anguish, “I want to

divorce you! I want you to scam out of the Su Family!”

Su Wenlun smiled, “Is it still called the Su Family without me? After the divorce, you will also be chased out of the Su Family. Have you forgotten your surname?”

Indeed, Jiang Yan has no right to kick him out of the house if Su Wenlun objected to it. It might very well be Jiang Yan who would be asked to leave instead.

Of course, it depended on Su Yimo's stance. After all, she is the owner of this house!

Jiang Yan sneered, “Loser, you have the guts to divorce me? The Su Family will eventually run aground without me!”

“Jiang Yan, you have overestimated yourself. All these years you have one-sidedly thought that you have supported the Su Family, but in actual fact, what have you contributed? You are just taking Yimo's credit. Although I am a loser, so are you! Now hurry up and finish your breakfast

so that we can get divorced,” Su Wenlun said calmly.



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Su Wenlun's behavior was odd today but Jiang Yan maintained the haughty sneer on her face. Till now, she still believed that Su Wenlun would not dare to go ahead with the divorce.

For the last 20 or so years, this loser Su Wenlun has always been meek and forbearing. How can he be so daring suddenly!

“Su Wenlun, no matter how much you plead with me today, I will not forgive you!”

After their breakfast, Su Wenlun was waiting patiently for Jiang Yan. Jiang Yan changed her clothes and said arrogantly, “Let's go! Do you think I would really be scared of you?”

During the drive to Civil Affairs Bureau, Jiang Yan taunted Su Wenlun relentlessly as she remained convinced that he would not divorce her.

He will surely beg for my forgiveness even at the last minute!

Upon reaching the Civil Affairs Bureau, Jiang

Yan noticed a strange phenomenon. The people seeking divorce outnumbered those getting married!

“It seems like the trend nowadays is to divorce. To think that I can be so trendy at my senior age,” Su Wenlun smiled. He was relieved that he could finally put down this burden he had carried for over 20 years. All his stress dissipated instantaneously.

Su Wenlun was in glee. *Finally, I need not face Jiang Yan ever again in the future.* He was glad that he found enlightenment at this age. *At least I can enjoy the next few years of my life.*

“Su Wenlun, you are so embarrassing. I will go ahead with this divorce for sure if you don't kneel down before me!”

“Yes, this divorce will definitely go ahead. Do you really think I will give in? Jiang Yan, stop dreaming. I have tolerated you for the last twenty odd years. I've had enough,” Su Wenlun smiled with a tinge of anticipation for his bright future.

Even with divorce papers in her hands, Jiang Yan still could not believe it.

*Is Su Wenlun mad? How dare you divorce me?
You have no right!*

Only after Jiang Yan was left alone, standing by the roadside watching Su Wenlun drive off, did she feel a sense of loss.

However, the emotion that gripped her was one of anger. Su Wenlun had been listening to her words obediently for so many years without complaint. She had taken him for granted and had never imagined that he would defy her!

What's more, he has actually divorced me!

Jiang Yan took a cab back to the villa resentfully.

Su Wenlun had returned home long ago and was sitting on the sofa in the living room with 2 luggage cases in front of him.

“Su Wenlun, at least you know your limits and know that you should scram. Be prepared to sleep

on the streets. How dare you divorce me! I want you to live worse than a dog!” Jiang Yan bellowed at Su Wenlun viciously.

With a stoic look, Su Wenlun stood up and said calmly, “The one leaving is you and not I.”

“Me?” Jiang Yan sneered, “What right do you have to chase me out? This is my home!”

Su Wenlun shook his head, “This is the Su Family. It has nothing to do with you, Jiang Yan. Now that we are divorced, you should get out of here.”

Su Wenlun dragged the luggage behind him and simply threw them out of the main door.

Jiang Yan was livid. She grabbed Su Wenlun by his hair and said coldly, “You are getting too much! Su Wenlun, I am going to teach you a lesson you will never forget!”

Su Wenlun retaliated and punched Jiang Yan in her stomach. Although a man should never hit a woman, is it too much for him to hit her after his

years of suffering at her hands?

Jiang Yan's face turned pale at the pain; her entire body trembled uncontrollably.

“Su Wenlun, you actually...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Su Wenlun had already grabbed hold of her hair and remarked coldly, “I've been bullied by you for so many years. It is time for me to restore my manly ego. Jiang Yan, you only married me for my wealth and have always complained that I don't have enough money or power within the Su Family. That's why you kept scolding and beating me over the years. Do you know what kind of humiliation that is to a man? We are now divorced and you have no right to scold me. I don't want you anymore.”

“

“I will tell Yimo everything that has transpired between us. Yimo would not want you to stay here.”

“Trying to chase me out? Jiang Yan, you must be dreaming.”

Having said his piece, Su Wenlun pushed Jiang Yan out of the house. At this moment, he finally felt like a real man.

“Su Wenlun, you will regret this! I want you and that loser Han Jingru to die together!” Jiang Yan cursed from the other side of the door, but Su Wenlun was impassive. He knew Jiang Yan would not let this matter rest easily and would definitely seek revenge against him. *But why does this matter? I would rather die than to be with her.*

“Ho Ting, pour me a glass of water,” Su Wenlun requested after he returned to the living room.

Ho Ting had always pretended not to see nor hear anything with regards to the Su Family.

But in her eyes, Jiang Yan got what she deserved. Although her downfall came earlier than she expected, Ho Ting was not surprised at all. *A troublemaker like her would come to no good ending.*

“Should you inform Yimo?” Ho Ting asked uncharacteristically when she delivered the glass of water to Su Wenlun.

“I will make a trip down to her office later, in case Jiang Yan creates a scene there.”

Ho Ting nodded, not daring to comment further.

After resting for a while, Su Wenlun drove to the Su Corporation. He was surprised to learn that Jiang Yan did not turn up at the company. *This is unlike her.*

Su Wenlun had thought that she would create a scene at the company to force Su Yimo on her side and chase him out of the house.

“Dad, why are you here?” Su Yimo was astonished to see Su Wenlun when he walked into her office. Ever since she had taken over the West City Project, Su Wenlun had not stepped foot into the company.

“I have divorced your mom.”

An incredulous look appeared on Su Yimo's face. Although her parents were always fighting, never in her wildest dream did she believe they would get divorced. After all, Su Wenlun had put up with Jiang Yan for so many years, so why would he erupt out of the blue?

“Dad, have you offended Mom and want me to put in a good word for you?”

Shaking his head, Su Wenlun explained, “I have initiated the divorce and have chased her out of the villa.”

Su Yimo's mouth was agape after hearing his words. *He initiated the divorce and even chased Mom out of the villa!*

Doesn't that mean Mom is homeless now?

“Dad, aren't you worried that Mom would be homeless? Why do you divorce her?” Su Yimo reproached Su Wenlun.

“Do you think that I should continue to put up with her nonsense until the day I die?” Su Wenlun sounded bitter.

Su Yimo knew very well how much Su Wenlun had suffered at home. *He must have reached his limits to bring up divorce.*

Su Yimo knew that she as a daughter should not favor anyone.

“Dad, I know that you have suffered a lot. But where would Mom stay if you chase her out?” Su Yimo asked resignedly.

“If she doesn't go, she would drag the family into huge trouble one day. Do you know what she has been up to recently?”

“What?” Su Yimo asked in curiosity.

Su Wenlun took a deep breath and continued, “She tried to have Han Jingru killed but to no avail. So she is now trying to destroy the relationship between you and Han Jingru and would not give up until she succeeds. Do you still

think I am wrong in chasing her out?"



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