

*Tried to have Han Jingru killed?*

This news came like a bolt from the blue.

*I know Mom is against Han Jingru returning home, but I have never imagined her to be so malicious in wanting Han Jingru dead!*

“Dad, are you for real?” Su Yimo asked with her face ashen.

“Of course I am. She is the one behind all the bad things that had happened to Han Jingru. I chased her out for the sake of maintaining harmony in our family.”

*Yimo is now the only one who calls the shots. I have only chased Jiang Yan as a temporary measure. Only Yimo can decide if Jiang Yan gets to stay or leave the house permanently.*

“You are not lying to me on purpose to slander her?” Su Yimo questioned Su Wenlun doubtfully. *They have divorced now, and only I can decide who gets to stay in the house.* Thus Su Yimo could not rule out the possibility that Su Yimo had made up this whole thing to slander Jiang Yan on purpose.

“What I am saying is the truth. I want to stay in the villa but I would never spin stories. If you do not believe me, you can check the deleted messages on your phone,” Su Wenlun said. He had collected the evidence of Jiang Yan's wrongdoings long ago with the objective of controlling the situation before it got out of hand. *This will be my bargaining chip to continue staying in the villa.*

“What is in my phone?”

“Your mom had used your phone to contact Han Jingru and schedule a meeting with him before. In other words, she used you to bait Han Jingru and ordered someone to kill him, just that the plan failed.”

Su Yimo took in a deep breath. *What is wrong with Mom? How can she be this vicious?*

Su Yimo knew that Su Wenlun was not lying. After all, she could verify his words easily by checking her phone anytime.

“Why does Mom hate Jingru so much? Has Jingru not done enough for our family?” Su Yimo said through clenched teeth. Han Jingru had proven his worth long ago but Jiang Yan just would not let him go. Su Yimo could not fathom the reason.

“Your mother adopts a very possessive attitude towards the Su Family. She claims that she does not want Han Jingru to implicate the Su Family but in actual fact, her real objective is to retain control over the family. She is worried that Han Jingru would take over the Su Family in the future. She wants someone else to take his place, preferably a loser like the old Han Jingru.”

“Dad, you mean that Han Jingru should not reveal his outstanding side to others?”

Su Wenlun shook his head, “The fault lies with your mother. She is too possessive.”

Su Yimo sighed heavily and continued, “Since both of you have divorced, I will not pursue this matter with her. After all, she did give birth to me.”

“Even though we have divorced, she won't let Han Jingru off. Have you thought about that?” Su Wenlun reminded her.

*Of course I have! And I am well aware of Mom's temperament. There is a 99% chance that she would not let the matter rest. But what can I do? She is bent on killing Han Jingru, and I can only take it one step at a time.*

But in order to prevent Jiang Yan from stirring up trouble at home, Su Yimo contacted the villa's management office to cancel Jiang Yan's access rights to the villa.

Shortly after Su Wenlun had left, someone walked into Su Yimo's office and caught her by surprise. It was the person whom she and Jiang Yan were arguing over yesterday. *What a coincidence that she's dropping by today!*

“Bingying, why are you here? Are you too bored at home?” Shen Zhuoman put her hand on Qi Bingying's shoulder and teased her smilingly.

“I have come here to discuss something with

Yimo. You should go and attend to other matters.”

Su Yimo batted her eyelids at Qi Bingying's words. She remembered the photo vividly. *Now that Qi Bingying has come looking for me, can she be showing me her hand?* If it was true, Su Yimo would not know how to handle the situation.

*One is my best friend of so many years, and another is my husband.*

She could not imagine what she would feel or do if both of them betrayed her at the same time.

Shen Zhuoman smiled impishly and said, “Are you planning a birthday surprise for me? Have I reminded you that there are still 3 more days to my birthday?”

“A person who is too clever for her own good won't get any surprise,” Qi Bingying said.

Shen Zhuoman nodded her head hurriedly, “Yes yes yes, I shall not be too clever. I shall go out

now. You guys take your time to discuss.”

Qi Bingying sat down in front of Su Yimo's table.

Su Yimo cast her eyes downwards, not daring to look at Qi Bingying in her eyes or to listen to what Qi Bingying had to say next.

“I have planned to be the spokesperson for Rumo Real Estate, to help it to expand its influence in Yun City.”

Su Yimo mustered up her courage and asked, “Did you and Jingru have dinner together yesterday?”

Qi Bingying was startled. *How did she learn of this? And judging by her troubled expression, she seems to be avoiding something.*

“Do you think that he and I are having an affair?” Qi Bingying smiled. Although she really wanted to tell Su Yimo that they are staying together now, she knew that Han Jingru would chase her out immediately once he learned of this.

This was not the way to make Han Jingru change his mind. Whatever lies she told Su Yimo would be useless.

“Why are you having dinner together?”

“Did you not hear what I just said? I plan to be Rumo Real Estate's spokesperson, so of course I need to meet up with the boss.”

Su Yimo raised her head and asked carefully, “Is that the only reason?”

“Of course. What else do you think? He is your husband; do you think I would seduce him?” Qi Bingying lied. She knew very well that she had tried to seduce Han Jingru by hanging her lingerie in the bathroom deliberately. Too bad that he was simply not interested in her.

“Really?” Su Yimo was relieved and cheered up immediately.

“Silly girl. I am so pretty; do I need to seduce a married man?”

“No, there's certainly no need.” Su Yimo nodded her head fervently. She was so worried that what Jiang Yan said was true, which then meant she would lose the two most important people in her life at the same time.

“My suggestion... Do you think it'll work?” Qi Bingying asked.

“It is true that Rumo Real Estate needs to expand its influence in Yun City, but it is not as easy as finding a spokesperson,” Su Yimo commented, unaware of Qi Bingying's influence as she did not witness the scene last night.

Although Qi Bingying alone was not enough to build up Rumo Real Estate's image, expanding its influence was a small feat for her.

The effect would be even better if they also kicked up some hype in the media.

“We can try so long as you agree,” persuaded Qi Bingying.

“Why do you want to do that?” Su Yimo realized



with a start. *And besides, how does she know that Han Jingru is the boss of Rumo Real Estate?*

*Are they so close that Han Jingru has told her everything?*

Qi Bingying had planned to reveal her true identity to Su Yimo, so she replied, “I am helping myself, not Rumo Real Estate.”

“Help yourself?” Su Yimo was perplexed.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Su Yimo was in a daze after she learnt of Qi Bingying's true identity, her present troubles, and the collaboration between her and Han Jingru.

Su Yimo's face was stuck with an incredulous expression, her eyes dull and unblinking. She froze at the spot for some time.

*I have always thought that Qi Bingying is from a poor family and that she has suffered tremendous hardships since young. I thought she has an inferior complex, that's why she doesn't dare reveal her beauty to the rest of the world.*

But now, Su Yimo realized how foolish she had been. Qi Bingying's family was even wealthier and more prominent in the U.S. than the Su Family ever was.

A sudden thought flashed through Su Yimo's mind, causing her face to flush red. *I used to change out her used toothpaste and shampoo with new ones behind her back, fearing that she would be too shy to tell me when they are used up.*

*This was so foolish of me! Qi Bingying has never*

*needed my help!ers.*

“Bingying, your family is actually so rich!” Su Yimo exclaimed, still gaping at what she had just heard.

“I'm sorry. I have lied to everyone for so many years. Please do not blame me. Since I have chosen this path, naturally I do not want anyone to learn of my real identity,” guilt flashed across Qi Bingying's face.

Su Yimo shook her head, “No no, I am not blaming you. I just find that this whole matter so unbelievable.”

“No matter what, I am very grateful that you filled up my shampoo secretly.” Qi Bingying smiled.

With a look of embarrassment, Su Yimo replied, “I have flattered myself. It was embarrassing.”

Qi Bingying gave a silent sigh. *Between their friendship and Han Jingru, I would prefer the latter. Nonetheless, I cannot give up my years of friendship with Su Yimo easily.*

*We have too many happy memories together, and she has really treated me very well.*

“Oh yes, what troubles has your family run into that need Jingru's help?”

“It is best if you do not know much of this matter. I can only tell you that he is helping me now. Of course, I will help him tide over his difficulties too, thus we are partners now.”

Su Yimo did not persist in asking. She nodded in acknowledgement, “Sure, please carry on with your plans. Don't worry about me. I only hope that you and Jingru would resolve your respective problems soon.”

Her calm response is within Qi Bingying's expectations. She had expected that Su Yimo would consent to her collaboration with Han Jingru.

“Thank you, Yimo. I will repay you once I have settled my family problems.”

“We are best friends. Of course I wish you well.

If I needed your repayment what good am I to you?" Su Yimo put her hand over Qi Bingying's shoulders and smiled at her.

At this time, someone opened the door. She poked her head through the partly opened door and asked with anticipation, "Are you done discussing? Can you give me some hints to satisfy my curiosity?"

"Go out."

"Go out."

Qi Bingying and Su Yimo chorused in unison.

Shen Zhuoman hurriedly withdrew her head and shut the door behind her.

Hearing their laughter from the office, Shen Zhuoman was delighted. She had been worried that the friendship between Qi Bingying and Su Yimo would be in tatters over Han Jingru, because she was well aware that Qi Bingying was in love with him. Seeing that they were getting along so well, Shen Zhuoman became more at

ease.

Han Jingru was lying on the sofa at Mojo, massaging his temples.

The loose ends regarding Chengzhong Village were starting to be dealt with. However, Molan could not get anything out of Liu Da. Liu Da had firmly believed in Han Tong's promises and was obsessed with power - he really thought that he was some prominent figure of Yun City with the potential to achieve greater heights outside the City.

“This fellow is mad. He just wants to rise through the ranks no matter what I have said. Jingru, should we try out some special methods on him?” Molan asked. Although one should not implicate the innocent, he really had no way to pry a confession from Liu Da except through such methods.

“There is no need to implicate innocent people. I think you understand this point better than I do,” Han Jingru replied. Molan's wife had died because Changbin had violated this long-standing

principle among the triads. Thus, Han Jingru believed that Molan should stand by this principle more than anyone else.

Molan sighed. He really believed in this principle, but he was at a loss on what to do next regarding Liu Da.

“You have not seen Liu Da the last few times. He is utterly crazy now. He is even coveting the top position in the central government.”

“Are you sure?” Han Jingru was dumbfounded. Liu Da must be dreaming. *He must be crazy to think that he can achieve all these simply with the promises that Han Tong has given him.*

Molan put up his hands helplessly as if he was surrendering, “I am speaking the truth. You can ask Ling Heng if you don't believe me.”

Han Jingru looked at Ling Heng and before he could speak, Ling Heng said, “Jingru, Liu Da is indeed crazy.”

“Seems like we have to get Han Tong to dash his

hopes then,” Han Jingru replied coolly.

“This is even more ridiculous than capturing his wife and children. How can you expect Han Tong to speak up for you?” Molan stood up and walked to Han Jingru, putting his hand over Han Jingru's forehead.

“What are you doing?” Han Jingru asked Molan in a puzzled tone.

“I'm checking if you are having a fever. You are actually expecting Han Tong to help you.”

Han Jingru slapped Molan's hand away and explained, “To be honest with you, Han Tong will help me. Furthermore, she was the one approaching me first to ask for my cooperation.”

Astonishment spread across Molan's and Ling Heng's faces. *Doesn't Han Tong want Han Jingru dead? Why does she suddenly want to cooperate with him?*

“You must be mad or delusional.”



“Sit down properly now if you want to listen to the full story. Don't touch me.”

Molan sat down obediently with curious anticipation.

“Han Tong has a younger brother whom she has always indulged. She wanted her brother to become a loser so that he would not fight her for control of the Han family. After all, being a girl has its disadvantages and she could not depend on her hard work alone to retain her authority in the family. She needed her brother to be a complete piece of trash. But now that her loser brother finally has an awakening and wants to take control of the Han Family, she proposed a collaboration with me. I think her ultimate objective is to kill her brother.”

Molan frowned at Han Jingru's explanation. His concern was the same as Han Jingru's initial worry. “Only she will benefit from this collaboration. You may even end up being her killing tool. Her position in the family could even be elevated if she kills you to avenge her brother.”

“I understand this and there is a solution to this problem now. The only problem is that I am not certain of how to execute the plans I have made with her...”

Before Han Jingru could finish, his phone rang.

Han Jingru smiled after glancing at his phone, “Such a coincidence. Speaking of the devil.”

“Why are you calling me?”

“Have you made up your mind?” Han Tong asked anxiously. She needed a firm reply from Han Jingru; if he rejected her she would have to think of another solution.

“Let's talk when we meet up. Where are you now?”

“I am not staying at the Peninsula Hotel anymore. I'll send you the new address.” With that, Han Tong hung up the phone.

Han Jingru set off for Han Tong's new address alone. He was perplexed when he reached. *Han Tong is used to living in luxury; why is she living in this kind of place now?*

It was a very old building. Its residents were mostly the elderly and blue-collar workers. He could not catch sight of a young person here.

Han Jingru was baffled.

*Even if Han Tong and Han Jia had an acrimonious fallout, she is still a rich young mistress of the Han family. It's impossible that she would stay in such places.*

*Furthermore, one can easily tell how ambitious and proud she is since she looks down on everyone in China.*

Han Jingru called Han Tong when he reached the building and said, "I do not know which unit you are staying at. Come and meet me at the entrance."

Han Tong was dumbfounded for a second before

replying, "Haven't I sent you the location already? You just come straight to the address that I sent you."

Han Jingru could sense a tinge of anxiety in Han Tong's voice. Though she had tried her best to disguise it, there was still a noticeable change in her tone.

*Why is she in such a hurry? And why did she come to this run-down place?*

Han Jingru took in a deep breath before answering in a low voice, "Han Tong, what on earth have you got up your sleeve?"

"I want to discuss with you how to handle Han Jia. You come up first. Han Jia has sent his men to stalk me, I dare not show up in public now."

"I will not show up unless you appear." With that, Han Jingru hung up the phone. His intuition told him that Han Tong was plotting a conspiracy. Although he did not know the reason, he would not voluntarily walk into a trap.

Han Tong was actually in her room at the Peninsula. After Han Jingru hung up the phone, she paced back and forth with worries written all over her face.

More importantly, the traitor Di Yang was beside her now!

“Ms. Han, he did not take the bait. What should we do now?” Di Yang asked.

Han Tong's features were contorted with anger. Her plan was perfect, she had even set the meeting venue in an old and run-down apartment to better demonstrate her current plight. Never did she expect that Han Jingru would refuse to walk into her trap!

Han Tong would never know that Han Jingru grew suspicious of her precisely because she was too smart for her own good. He would not think twice if it was someone else.

“How long more can Han Jia survive in the trap that you have prepared?” Han Tong asked.

“We are still in time to save him” Di Yang replied.

After Di Yang betrayed Han Tong, she had approached him once again and detailed her analysis to him. If the Han family really fell into the hands of Han Jia, given Han Jia's capability the family would definitely collapse over time. The family also would not be able to protect Di Yang anymore.

Di Yang was very well aware of the differences in capability between the two siblings.

*One is only an indulgent playboy while the other is a lot more seasoned and experienced with the Han family's operations. Han Jia can never match up to Han Tong.*

Thus after thinking it through, he believed that the best way for him to live out his remaining years in peace was to support Han Tong instead of Han Jia. But since Han Jia was born with a great advantage - something Han Tong could never have - they must let Han Jia die in China.

Thus, an evil conspiracy to frame Han Jingru was hatched.

Han Jia was held captive in the apartment at which the location Han Tong had sent to Han Jingru. Di Yang had set up a trap in the apartment to kill Han Jia at a certain time. If Han Jingru appeared at the apartment, they could frame him for the murder of Han Jia and would be allowed to kill Han Jingru to avenge Han Jia. Talk about killing two birds with one stone!

But Han Tong had never thought of the possibility that Han Jingru would not turn up at the apartment as planned. *If I miss this opportunity to frame Han Jingru, how can I explain Han Jia's death to Father?*

“Save him?” Han Tong gritted her teeth. *How can I allow Han Jia to live on at this stage now? He will be my biggest threat if he survives.*

“Ms. Han, if Han Jingru does not turn up, Master will surely conduct a thorough investigation. He may not kill you but I will definitely die,” Di Yang told Han Tong anxiously. His confidence in

the seemingly perfect plan had turned into anxiety as the plan went awry. Though Di Yang was formidable, he could never escape from the Han family, or from even his own enemies, once it had been made known that he was no longer protected by the Han family.

“Let me call him again,” Han Tong replied reluctantly.

On the other hand, Han Jingru was still standing at the entrance. He felt that something was amiss but his curiosity got the better of him. He was tempted to go up to the apartment to check it out.

But this could very well be a trap. Han Jingru was in a dilemma.

He checked out the shops nearby and realized that one of the shops happened to have a surveillance camera facing the entrance of the building. *Maybe the camera captured something useful.*

On his way to that shop, his phone rang again.



He did not reject Han Tong this time but simply told her that he would find his way up soon.

After hanging up the phone, Han Jingru asked for the camera footage from the shop owner. Though the shop owner was skeptical of Han Jingru's identity, he still handed over the footage after Han Jingru transferred ten thousand to him.

Fast-forwarding the footage recorded this morning, he finally saw what he was looking for.

Han Tong and Han Jia appeared in front of the building and they seemed to be on good terms! *Hasn't this pair of siblings fallen out with each other? How can they be on such good terms now?*

Just as Han Jingru was watching on in bafflement, another person turned up behind the siblings. It was Di Yang.

“Han Tong, what have you done?” Han Jingru muttered to himself. He fast-forwarded the footage again after the three of them entered the building.

After almost an hour, Han Tong reappeared but this time around, only Di Yang was with her. While they were walking at a steady pace initially, their pace obviously quickened when they were reaching the car, as if they could not wait to get out of this place.

Seeing this, Han Jingru thought of a mind-numbing possibility and sucked in a deep breath.

*Did Han Tong kill her own brother and create this trap to frame me?*

*Qi Bingying proposed for Han Tong to kill Han Jia so that I could then leave traces of evidence to point to Han Tong as the murderer. And I thought Qi Bingying was vicious.*

But at this moment, Han Jingru finally realized who was the most vicious among them all.

*Han Tong actually wants to murder Han Jia and frame me!*

Although Han Jingru could not confirm Han Tong's conspiracy, he was almost certain that it

was true.

“Han Tong, you are indeed vicious. Luckily I am alert, or I would have died by now,” Han Jingru muttered to himself. *The consequences would be terrible if I have not grown suspicious of the run-down state of this place!*

*The influence of the U.S. Han family is not to be understated. If they think that I have killed Han Jia and given my current power now, I would surely be killed by them.*

“Boss, is there a backup copy of this footage? I want it all.”

“No, there is no backup copy. There is only 1 memory card. You can take it if you want.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Now that Han Jingru had discovered Han Tong's conspiracy, he would certainly not go up and give Han Tong the chance to frame him. After taking the memory card from the shop owner, he left the place.

Han Tong called Han Jingru again and was hopping mad after he said he had left the place due to some urgent matters.

“This loser actually left!” Han Tong threw her phone down onto the ground in frustration, breaking it into pieces. Her plan was perfect and she was even prepared to call her father to inform him of Han Jia's death. But all her effort came to naught.

“Ms. Han, we would not be in time to save Young Master if we do not go now,” Di Yang reminded Han Tong.

Han Tong looked grim. *Han Jia is now eyeing the position of the patriarch and does not see me as competition at all. Most other family members would also not pin their hopes on me. So in order for me to be the patriarch, Han Jia must die!*

*I cannot let him live since things have already come to this stage.*

“No need, he must die. Otherwise, how can I rise to the position of the patriarch?”

Di Yang was on the same boat as Han Tong now. Although he did not agree with Han Tong's methods, he would not dare defy her and save Han Jia on his own accord.

“Ms. Han, what do you plan to do next?”

“One can always trump up a charge against somebody. Even if he does not appear in the apartment, I can still frame him. Does he think that he can escape from this? Can my father trust an outsider more than me?”

“Given the weather, Young Master's body will definitely start to smell in days. Someone will discover his body after that. Ms. Han, you must think of a plan within these 3 days,” Di Yang reminded her. *Now that things have come to this stage, I only hope she can wrap things up nicely.*

“Three days is enough. Don't worry, I won't let you die.”

In a certain apartment in that run-down building, Han Jia's eyes were wide in aggrievement and his shirt was soaked with blood. There was no sign of life in him. Never would he dream that he would die for wanting to take over the family business. What's more, he had died at the hands of his own sister!

When Han Jingru reached home, he played the camera footage for Qi Bingying to see.

“Do you think that Han Jia is dead or alive at this very moment?”

“Dead,” Qi Bingying replied immediately without a moment of hesitation.

Han Jingru batted an eyelid and asked, “Why are you so sure?”

“It is not that I'm sure, but Han Tong has no other choice. Otherwise, she would never inherit the position of the patriarch,” Qi Bingying explained

*coolly. this option is out now that Han Jia has finally cleaned up his act.*

*The second option is for Han Jia to die, leaving the Han family with no choice but to elevate Han Tong to the position of the patriarch.*

*Since the first option is out, Han Tong is only left with the second.*

Han Jingru sighed heavily, "Women can be more vicious than men. Han Jia is her own brother."

Qi Bingying smiled coldly and said, "She is not vicious, she's just reluctant to give up. If I were in her shoes, after spending so much effort for so many years and seeing my position shaken simply because Han Jia changed his mind, I would kill him too."

"Women are scary. I should stay away from you," Han Jingru joked.

Qi Bingying held Han Jingru's views in high regard and changed herself at times due to some casual remarks from him. But on this point, she

could not change. She was responsible for the Qi family so she could not be as sweet or innocent as ordinary girls.

In her world, schemes and conspiracies are the norm.

“To you, Yimo is always the best. Only she is perfect, right?” Qi Bingying asked in resignation.

“Of course, she is not someone that people like you can match up to,” Han Jingru naturally replied.

Qi Bingying rolled her eyes at him and continued, “What are you planning to do now that Han Jia is dead? Han Tong would surely try to pin the murder on you. If her father believes that you have something to do with his murder, my guess is you won't live beyond 3 days.”

“That patriarch from the U.S. Han family would definitely not believe my words. So I don't care for his views. But I guess Han Tong has to think twice before she dares to tell her father,” Han Jingru dialed Molan's number on his phone.



“Do you have any subordinate who is good with computers, especially video editing, and whom you trust?”

“Jingru, you are putting me in a difficult spot. Since when does a triad member possess such skills? A person like this wouldn't even be in the triads!”

“Go ask around. This is a simple matter. Surely there must be one person who is skilled in this area out of your few thousand subordinates?”

“Okay, I will ask around. Don't blame me if I can't find one.”

At this moment, Qi Bingying remarked casually, “You have such a person right before you, yet you want to find others. Are you blind?”

Han Jingru stood up suddenly and said, “Don't you interfere in this matter. You should erase the video you saw just now from your memories. Do move out soon, too.”

Qi Bingying looked at Han Jingru in shock. She

had thought that she could flaunt her skills in front of Han Jingru, but she didn't expect Han Jingru to suddenly turn the table on her and demand her to move out!

“Why?” Qi Bingying gritted her teeth. *I don't want to move out. I want to capture every precious moment I have with you!*

“If I am being targeted by the Han family, their revenge will surely come in the most horrendous fashion. You will only get implicated if you stay with me,” Han Jingru explained. *I cannot guarantee what will happen next, and Qi Bingying will be in grave danger if she sticks to me. It is better if she cut all ties with me now.*

Qi Bingying froze on the spot. *So he is chasing me out in order to protect me?*

Warmth spread throughout her. She felt he treated her the same way as he had Su Yimo.

“No, I will not leave. If you die, the Qi family will be gone, too. What is the point of me living on?”

“I do not need a partner to accompany me in death. I will go if you don't,” Han Jingru was determined. Although he would not fall in love with Qi Bingying, he had no wish to implicate her, either.

“Han Tong already knows that we are staying together. Even if I leave now, how is it possible that I can steer clear of all trouble?” asked Qi Bingying.

“I'm not sure if you can avoid trouble by moving out. But if you don't, I am sure that you will be in a dangerous situation.”

Qi Bingying clenched her fists tightly. *If it were up to me to choose, I would never leave your side even in the face of death.*

But judging by Han Jingru's attitude, she had no choice but to leave.

“Han Jingru, I am very fond of you. Even if you don't like me, I will continue to like you. So if you dare to die, I will dare to accompany you in death.” Qi Bingying stood up and went into her

room to pack her luggage.

Han Jingru smiled bitterly. This woman has a volatile temper. Judging by her usual gentle demeanor, one would never guess that she has such a strong character.

Qi Bingying returned to the living room with her luggage. With eyes full of sincerity, she repeated her words, “Remember, you cannot die. If you really die, I will join you shortly after.”

Han Jingru did not even raise his head. After he heard the door shut, he lay on the sofa.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Shortly after Qi Bingying had left, Molan returned with good news. He had found the person. After all, video editing was not too difficult. Just when Han Jingru was preparing to set off for Mojo, an unexpected figure knocked on his door.

“Han Tong, what do you want?” Han Jingru asked Han Tong suspiciously. *This woman is indeed bold and full of tricks.* Han Jingru could not figure her out. *One moment she was fearful of Han Jia, and by the next moment she had already killed him. Now she is even calling on me.*

“Why did you not appear? I was waiting for you in vain.”

“I have something urgent to attend to, so I returned home,” Han Jingru said. He would not flash the evidence he had to her at this stage. *That evidence is meant to save my life.* He was worried that this crazy woman would try all sorts of unscrupulous means to lay her hands on it if she knew about it.

“What kind of urgent matters?” Han Tong

persisted. She had come to find Han Jingru to test whether he had seen through her plans. *I would have to think of another plan instead of reporting Han Jia's death to Father.*

“I do not need to report my personal matters to you. Furthermore, we are only partners.”

Han Tong knew that Qi Bingying and Han Jingru were staying together and that Qi Bingying spent her time in the house most of the time. But she could not spot Qi Bingying now.

“There should be another woman staying with you in this house. Where is she?”

Han Jingru knew that Han Tong understood his situation very well. Otherwise, Han Jia would not have coincidentally bought his neighboring unit.

“Han Tong, I have no objection to you investigating me. But I do not need to report everything to you, right?”

Looking at Han Jingru's solemn expression, she knew that her plan had fallen through. She would

not allow him to know anything else, or else she would fail to be the Han family's patriarch. Even worse, she would be locked up by her father forever.

“I want to confirm that you will not betray me, so of course I need to know every single detail of yours.”

“Judging by your tone, you seem to see me as one of your lackeys. Don't forget that we are only partners. I am not your subordinate.”

Han Tong had adopted a humble attitude when she first approached Han Jingru for help. Now that she no longer needed him, she had naturally resumed her proud manners. In order to not be detected by Han Jingru, she had tried her best to act humble, but her change in attitude could not escape Han Jingru's sharp eyes. He was even more convinced now that Han Jia was dead.

*If Han Jia is still alive and she's not guilty of murder, why would she come to test me?*

“If there is nothing else, I am going out now. Feel

free to stay here if you like, just help me close the door behind you when you leave.” With that, Han Jingru turned around and left.

*Since Han Tong is already suspicious of me, I shall let her stay until she is satisfied.*

Han Tong left shortly after Han Jingru left. *Since Han Jingru is so honest with me, he should not be in the know about Han Jia.*

How could Han Tong beat Han Jingru in psychological games? Growing up in that sort of environment, Han Jingru had been well-trained. Han Tong had totally underestimated Han Jingru. He would never allow her to see through him. On the other hand, Han Tong was the one who had unintentionally exposed her plans several times to Han Jingru.

By the time Han Jingru arrived at Mojo, Molan already had his expert on standby. The boy was bespectacled and seemed cultured. Judging from his appearance, he looked nothing like a triad member but more like a highly educated boy.



“With such a cultured appearance as yours, what are you doing in the triads?” Han Jingru joked.

The young boy adjusted his glasses nervously, too afraid to reply.

But Molan was not happy and demanded to know, “Jingru, what do you mean? Am I not cultured?”

Ling Heng was used to the sight of them bickering. It would mean real trouble if they did not bicker.

However, the poor young boy was so nervous he was sweating profusely. *How is it possible that two big bosses are acting like kids?*

“Stand on one side; don't disturb me. Or else I'll have you thrown outside,” Han Jingru teased Molan.

Although Molan was the boss of Mojo, he obeyed Han Jingru's orders and stood aside. After all, he still owed Han Jingru 2 billion so there was no way he could stand tall before Han Jingru.

Han Jingru directed the young chap to edit out certain parts of the video. The boy worked fast and the video was ready within a short span of time. This video would be Han Jingru's trump card; he could not risk any leak to this content.

Han Jingru glanced at Molan and patted the young man on his shoulder, "Sorry that I have to put you through some suffering. But rest assured, I will make it up to you."

Molan caught Han Jingru's meaning and he shared a glance with Ling Heng. Ling Heng brought the young chap into Mojo's basement and confiscated his handphone, cutting off his communications to the rest of the world.

"Is this video so important?" Molan asked.

"It's more important than you think," Han Jingru kept the memory card and looked at Qi Hu.

"Jingru, what is your order?" Qi Hu asked. Ever since he was saved by Han Jingru previously, he had built up an unwavering sense of loyalty to Han Jingru. He would do literally anything that

Han Jingru asked of him.

“Help me protect her.”

All along, Han Jingru was not worried that Han Tong would implicate Su Yimo. Because the high-and-mighty Han Tong would not stoop to this level. But the stakes were high now. In order to frame Han Jingru for Han Jia's murder, she would try all sorts of unscrupulous means and might very well use Su Yimo to threaten him. *I must guarantee Su Yimo's safety.*

It wasn't enough to depend only on Molan's subordinates. Han Jingru would only feel at ease if Qi Hu was personally protecting her.

“No problem,” Qi Hu promised without hesitation.

Molan furrowed his brows upon hearing Han Jingru's instructions to Qi Hu. *I have already arranged for many men to protect Su Yimo. They well understand that if they slip up again, they can only die to redeem themselves. They won't take my instructions lightly. Now that Han Jingru suddenly makes such an arrangement, things must be really serious.*

“Should I ask Number 12 for help?”

“I heard that there are a lot of things going on at the boxing arena. Let's not disturb him,” Han Jingru said. *Number 12 is already occupied with managing the boxing arena. Furthermore, he is a father now and needs to spend time with his daughter. I can't take up all his time.*

“Since you do not want to tell me what has happened, I would not ask. But remember, let me know if there is any trouble. We shall face them together,” Molan offered gravely.

“Don't worry, I will pull you along if I die. Otherwise, how bored will I be!”

Though this is only a joke on Han Jingru's part, Molan took it seriously and nodded, “Yes, I will accompany you even in death.”

Han Jingru stood up and said, “Don't act emotional with me. I cannot stand this gay face of yours!”

The two men started to bicker again. Molan could not stand being called gay by Han Jingru.

Ling Heng watched them argue in resignation. *These two men enjoy so much power in Yun City and yet they would bicker like 3-year-olds the moment they see each other.*”

When Qi Hu reached the Su Corporation office unannounced, he was blocked by security guards at the entrance. Since he had never cared to explain himself, he fought his way to Su Yimo's office.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Who are you?” Su Yimo asked Qi Hu, utterly confused.

“President Su, this guy barged into the office and beat us up. Be careful,” a security officer told Su Yimo.

Although Qi Hu had fought his way into the office, he didn't hurt any security officer on the way. If he had not gone easy on them, they wouldn't still be standing there and giving Su Yimo their warning.

“I came to protect you,” Qi Hu answered.

Su Yimo furrowed her eyebrows. *So this person appeared at my office after beating up a couple of staff, only to tell me that he's there to protect me? Ridiculous.*

“Who sent you?” Su Yimo asked.

“Jingru,” Qi Hu answered.

Han Jingru!

Su Yimo's heart quivered. Did Han Jingru send this guy to protect her?

“What happened? Why did he ask you to come?”  
Su Yimo asked.

Qi Hu shook his head and didn't answer. His responsibility was to protect Su Yimo from danger, not to tell her about what happened with Han Jingru.

“It's fine. You can leave,” Su Yimo told the security officers.

The security officers glanced at Qi Hu, not entirely ready to trust him. They couldn't tell this giant's real intentions.

“President Su, this guy seems suspicious; you can't just trust him like that!” One of them said.

Qi Hu grinned, “If I was really that suspicious, y'all won't be standing here right now.”

“Don't you dare belittle us! Want another fight?”  
The officers growled, obviously not ready to give

up just yet.

Qi Hu stamped his foot, and the floor of the office shook upon impact. The officers paled at this display of strength.

“Get out. You can't beat me. Don't worry, I won't hurt her,” Qi Hu said.

The security officers stole glances at each other. Although they didn't want to back down like that, Qi Hu was way beyond their league. If they insisted on a fight, they might have to skip the hospital and go straight to the morgue.

The officers looked at Su Yimo again. After all, she was their superior and they only took orders from her.

“You're dismissed,” Su Yimo instructed with a nod.

They dispersed immediately, not willing to stay a moment longer in the room.

“Did he run into trouble?”



“Is he in danger?”

“Is someone after him?”

Su Yimo fired question upon question at Qi Hu, but he remained silent. He didn't have the authority to answer any of them.

At that moment, Shen Zhuoman rushed into the office. “Yimo, are you alright?”

Shen Zhuoman only noticed Qi Hu's presence after asking Su Yimo if she was fine. Shen Zhuoman was shocked by Qi Hu - he was massive, bigger than any gym instructor out there and obviously more well-built.

“Everything's fine. Jingru sent him to protect me,” Su Yimo said, slightly exasperated by Qi Hu's stubborn silence.

Shen Zhuoman faced Qi Hu and studied him from head to toe. “Jingru sent you?”

Qi Hu nodded.

Shen Zhuoman lifted her index finger. "Can I touch it?"

Qi Hu was bewildered, unable to figure out the purpose of her question. He nodded anyway.

When Shen Zhuoman's finger came into contact with Qi Hu's arm, her expression turned to shock. "That's amazing! How did you build up all this muscle?"

"By slamming into trees," Qi Hu said, telling the truth.

Shen Zhuoman rolled her eyes. "You had the right to remain silent. Why lie?"

Qi Hu didn't explain further. Ordinary people wouldn't understand his training regime since his methods weren't ordinary to begin with.

Shen Zhuoman returned to Su Yimo's side and whispered, "Yimo, this guy looks pretty strong. I would never have guessed that Han Jingru has someone like him as a subordinate."

“Weren't you wishing for a muscular boyfriend? He seems like a good fit,” Su Yimo laughed.

Shen Zhuoman shook her head vehemently. Her idea of a muscular boyfriend was nowhere near this. If she dated someone like Qi Hu, every argument would have ended up with her on the floor, if not dead.

“He isn't just muscular, he is *abnormally* muscular,” Shen Zhuoman said in a quiet voice.

Su Yimo gave her a strained smile. Qi Hu would attract too much attention, but she had no reason to send him away when it was Han Jingru who had asked him to come.

Considering Han Jingru's predicament, she didn't want to become part of his burden.

In the Peninsula Hotel, Han Tong's situation was akin to that of an ant on a hot pan. Han Jia's death had been confirmed; all she had to do now was to hatch a plan to make Han Jingru the scapegoat, and the Han family's matriarch position would

belong to her legitimately. Aside from gaining the title, she would also have a perfect excuse to dispose of Han Jingru.

However, a plan was exactly what she was lacking.

“Di Yang, you've spilled the blood of so many, can't you help me come up with the perfect plan?” Han Tong asked Di Yang.

Di Yang could recite numerous assassination methods. He had countless kills under his belt and possessed expert knowledge on corpse disposal. However, it was different this time. The corpse they were dealing with was Han Jia's, and if anything went wrong in the process, it would definitely attract the attention of Han Li, the current head of the Han family. If he wasn't careful, his death would be imminent.

Di Yang regretted his partnership with Han Tong. If not for that, he wouldn't have had to live in fear.

“Young Mistress, the Patriarch is a sharp man. If

anything could not be explained, he would definitely investigate it thoroughly. I really have no perfect plan,” Di Yang said.

Han Tong knew the power of Han Li. His eyes were like those of a hawk, never overlooking even the smallest of details. That was why she couldn't just badmouth Han Jingru as she wished.

“What if we just killed Han Jingru first?” Han Tong suggested through clenched jaws.

“Young Mistress, are you saying that we act first and report later?” Di Yang asked.

Han Tong nodded. “That's right. If he died, there wouldn't be anything suspicious about Han Jia's death. Any story I weave would be convincing, and Dad wouldn't be able to find anything to accuse me of. “

Di Yang took a deep breath. That sounded feasible, but it would be no easy feat. Yan Qiong had always been lurking in the shadows and protecting Han Jingru out of harm's way. If Han Jingru was in mortal danger, Yan Qiong would

definitely swoop in to save the day.

“Young Mistress, don't forget that there are professionals protecting Han Jingru,” reminded Di Yang.

Han Tong knew that too, so she wasn't planning to send Di Yang himself. If the plan foiled, not only would she not be able to kill Han Jingru, their relationship would also go down in flames.

“You're so useless! You said that no one could defeat you, yet you don't even want to face off against the mentor of some jerk?” Han Tong snarled.

Di Yang buried his head in his chest and didn't try to talk back. He did boast of his abilities, and it was true that he had few rivals. However, he never expected there would be such impressive masters in China.

“Young Mistress, I admit that I had a myopic mindset,” Di Yang said.

Han Tong glared at him coldly. So that's his

excuse?

“...”

Just as Han Tong was about to continue berating him, her phone rang.

Han Tong thought that it was Han Jingru who called, but when she picked up her phone and saw the name of the caller, it sent a shiver down her spine.

*Dad!*

*Why is he calling all of a sudden?*

“It's Dad. You stay quiet,” Han Tong reminded Di Yang.

Di Yang's face grew even paler as she said that, his heart thumping against his chest.

Han Tong took a deep breath and answered the call. “Dad, why are you calling me at this hour? Haven't you slept?” She said in a shrill voice.

Considering time zone differences, it must have been nighttime in the U.S. Based on that, Han Tong decided to feign confusion.

“I’m in Yan City already,” Han Li said, smiling.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



*Yan City!*

Those words hit Han Tong hard, almost making her crash onto the floor.

*Why is he in China all of a sudden?*

Han Jia was dead and Han Tong hadn't found a way to make Han Jingru the top suspect yet; Han Li's presence would make it even harder to keep everything under wraps.

“Dad, w-why are you in Yan City?” Han Tong was shocked and was trying her best to stay calm. Even so, her voice was obviously trembling.

“There are some issues in Yan City that I need to attend to. Some names that shouldn't exist should be erased forever. You've wasted enough time in China already, so I'd better settle the issues on Han Jingru, too,” Han Li explained.

Han Tong's anxiety only snowballed at the sound of that. If Han Li were to settle Han Jingru's issues personally, he would have to come to Yun City, which would be a fatal blow to all of Han

Tong's plans.

“Dad, give me some time. I'll settle them myself,” Han Tong pleaded.

“I thought your brother is doing that?” Han Li asked.

Han Tong almost broke down the moment she heard that question. Of course, Han Jia was dead, so naturally she would think that she was the one in charge.

“Y-yes! Of course! I meant that you should have more faith in him,” Han Tong said.

Han Li smiled. “That's great to hear. I don't want him wasting too much time here, though. He should get it done and go back as soon as possible. He needs to learn the ropes of the family business so that he can become a better head of the family in the future.”

Han Tong's expression grew ugly. She had worked so hard over the past few years, yet when her brother turned over a new leaf, her father

caught on quicker than lightning.

*Why does he deserve that position?*

“I understand, Dad,” Han Tong said.

“If there's nothing else, I'll go to the Han family house right now.”

In the vast courtyard of the Han family house in Yan City, Shiyan's lone figure was a pitiful sight. As the sole occupant of the sprawling residence, she hadn't spoken to a living person for ages. Ever since Yan Qiong left, she hadn't been around another living soul.

Despite that, she knew everything that happened in Yun City and the perilous situation Han Jingru was in. She figured that once Han Jingru overcame this obstacle, it would be a smooth road ahead for his ascension. Maybe - just maybe - it would gain them some respect from the American Han family.

This whole time, the Yan City Han family had been considered a branch of the family, but that

was actually quite ridiculous. When Han Xiuzhi returned to the country, his only intention was to build his own business here, not to break away from the American Han family to form a faction. Even so, the American Han family despised Han Xiuzhi's "branch", and Shiyan knew how resentful Han Xiuzhi was toward their haughty stance.

To Shiyan, all she wished was for Han Jingru to change the attitudes of their American counterparts by showing the Yan City Han family's true capabilities.

"Jingru, that's the dying wish of your grandfather. Please don't let him down," Shiyan muttered to herself.

At that moment, a series of hurried taps on the door knocked her out of her trance.

Shiyan frowned. The house had rarely seen visitors ever since the deaths of Han Ying and Nangong Shuxian. Since then, the Han family's economic influence in Yan City had been compromised. Although the extent of the damage

was relatively small, many people still lost their respect for the family. No one in their right mind would visit them.

*Could it be Han Jingru?*

Thinking about that made Shiyan's heart flutter. Her steps quickened in excitement.

However, when she opened the door, it was not Han Jingru standing in the doorway but two strangers.

“Who are you?” Shiyan questioned.

The people standing outside were Han Li and his bodyguard, who could rival - or perhaps even outshine - Di Yang in terms of capability.

“So, you are Shiyan?” Han Li asked calmly.

“Yes. And you are?” Shiyan asked.

“Han Li, the patriarch of the American Han family,” Han Li replied, getting arrogant.

Shiyan was shocked. Why would the head of the American Han family just appear at their doorstep? Why was he here in the first place?

“What... what are you doing here?” Shiyan was puzzled.

“Don't worry. I'm just here to pay our ancestors a visit,” Han Li said in a belittling tone. No wonder the Yan City Han family had lost its glory - this loser of a woman was their last hope.

“I don't know much about you or your family, but I know that you don't see us as relatives. Do you really care about the feelings of our ancestors?” Shiyan scoffed.

“Why are you questioning me?” Han Li spat.

His bodyguard stepped forward and shoved Shiyan roughly. “Don't get in our way. Or else.”

His menacing presence was suffocating her. Shiyan could tell that things would not end well for her if she resisted. She couldn't fathom how many people that bodyguard had killed with his

scarred hands.

“The shrine is in the backyard,” Shiyan said.

Han Li made his way to the shrine in the backyard while Shiyan followed him, utterly confused.

*What is Han Li doing in China if he despises them in the first place?* What made it even more peculiar was his request to see their ancestors.

Humans are mindful of their roots, but Shiyan was sure that the American Han family didn't see that as a need at all.

At the Han family shrine, Han Li smiled with contempt. “I didn't expect this place to be so well-maintained. Looks like Han Xiuzhi wasn't exactly useless.”

Han Xiuzhi was Han Li's senior, yet the latter never gave him a single bit of respect, choosing to look down upon him instead. Han Li wasn't the only one with such an attitude toward Han Xiuzhi, though. Others also badmouthed Han

Xiuzhi when he returned to China, ruining his reputation for generations to come.

To Han Li and his children, Han Xiuzhi was a retarded imbecile who chose the hard route of returning to China instead of the readily available bounty in the U.S.

As they entered the shrine, Han Li's hatred grew even more apparent. To him, these people were the skeletons in the American Han family's closet, yet Han Xiuzhi had the audacity to put them on a pedestal.

Upon seeing Han Xiuzhi's memorial, Han Li immediately grabbed the tablet.

“What are you doing?” Shiyan yelled in shock.

Han Li smiled coldly. “People like him should be erased from existence in all forms once they die. Keeping this here would be an insult to the Han family.”

After that, as Shiyan looked on with horror, Han Li broke the tablet into two with his bare hands



and tossed the pieces onto the floor.

“What have you done!” Shiyan shrieked. Although Han Xiuzhi had yet to be confirmed dead, Han Li's actions were disrespectful to the extreme. That was something she could never tolerate.

“Shut up! Everyone here had no right to be remembered,” Han Li said scornfully.

After that, his bodyguard took the tablets that had been maintained for decades and smashed them one by one. Shiyan could only watch helplessly on the side.

“Looks like I came too late. If I'd known earlier, I would have come at the first opportunity,” Han Li remarked calmly.

“Han Li! They're your ancestors! Aren't you scared of karma?” Shiyan growled.

“Karma?” Han Li said, towering over Shiyan, “Karma would only punish me if I let these embarrassments be remembered! Look at them,

what use have they ever been to the family?"

"The American Han family will go down in history as the nobility of America, and I won't allow these scumbags to taint our reputation!"

"Also, if Han Jingru and Han Yu refuse to change their family name, then I would have no choice but to disappear them off the face of the earth."

Shiyan was furious but helpless against Han Li. She could only place all her hopes on Han Jingru.

"Jingru would make you regret what you just said," Shiyan snarled.

"How? He was never a threat to me."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

After Han Li left, Shiyan stared at the ruined shrine, her face streaked with tear stains. She had kept up the tradition of giving offerings to the ancestors in the shrine first thing in the morning, which was why she was reluctant to abandon the house. The last thing she saw coming was Han Li reducing the shrine to ruins.

None of the memorials were spared.

They could be restored in no time, but Han Li had already trampled the dignity of the Han family to dust.

Picking up Han Ying's broken memorial, Shiyan hugged the pieces close to her chest. He was her one and only love, and even though he was deceased her loyalty to him had never wavered.

Shiyan had never considered remarriage, despite her assets and pursuers. Betraying the Han family had never crossed her mind.

To her, the Han family was her only source of motivation to live. All she wanted was to restore the Han family to its former glory.

“Jingru, I hope you will punish them twice as hard as they disrespected us today,” Shiyan growled. No one would have expected the abandoned child of the Han family to shoulder the responsibility of saving it.

Nangong Shuxian would never have guessed that her most hated grandson would become the family's savior.

After leaving the premises, Han Li asked his bodyguard, “Have you found out who contacted me the last time?”

“Yes. His name is Shen Weng, and everything he had been doing so far was to help Han Yu get rid of Han Jingru,” his bodyguard replied.

Han Li grinned coldly, “He has the guts to use me as his weapon? Let's go meet him.”

Shen Weng had been frequenting Han Yu's prison to update him on the happenings of Yun City. Han Jingru's troubles were exactly what both of them wished to see, and they couldn't wait for Han Jingru to die. Only Han Jingru's death would

allow Han Yu to take control of the Han family upon his release from prison.

To Shen Weng, this plan was flawless. Just that he never factored in the possibility that Han Li might visit them personally.

When Han Li appeared before Shen Weng, the arrogant attitude the latter had always exhibited around Han Jingru disappeared into thin air. Fear filled the void instead.

Shen Weng was an influential person in Yan City, but he was clear about Han Li's superiority over him. As such, he was exceptionally cautious around Han Li.

“So you're Shen Weng?” Han Li asked.

Shen Weng nodded. “That's right.”

“So you're the one who leaked intel on Han Jingru to me so that I would become the one to kill him instead of you? That's pretty fearless coming from you,” Han Li noted calmly.

Shen Weng shivered at the sound of that. "I just wanted to stop Han Jingru from destroying the Han family's reputation. I'm sure you don't want to live in embarrassment because of him?"

"Good reason, but not good enough. Besides, I don't like people using me," Han Li continued.

Shen Weng's head went numb. Although he knew how to fight, the bodyguard standing beside Han Li was obviously better. He didn't want to get into a fight with that bodyguard.

If Han Li wanted to dispose of him today, he would be dead meat.

"Yes, I did consider using you to get rid of Han Jingru, but I'm also protecting the reputation of the Han family to some extent, no?" Shen Weng said stiffly.

"Since you're helping me with that, why not kill Han Yu first?" Han Li said coldly.

Shen Weng clenched his jaw. Looks like Han Li already knew about his plans to deal with Han

Jingru, so there's no reason to hide anymore.

“Han Yu is smart. He's willing to become a pawn of the American Han family, so you can use him to infiltrate the Chinese community as you wish,” Shen Weng said.

Han Li burst into laughter. Seizing power in China was only a matter of decision, and someone as insignificant as Han Yu would never be included in their plans.

“Shen Weng, you're overestimating him. Did you really think I would consider him as one of my own?” Han Li scoffed.

Cold sweat ran down Shen Weng's forehead uncontrollably. Han Li definitely had an ulterior motive.

“What do you want?” Shen Weng finally asked.

“People who make use of me for their own selfish deeds only deserve one way out,” Han Li spat before turning around to leave.

The bodyguard thrust his hand out and grabbed Shen Weng in a chokehold.

Shen Weng's face turned red as a beetroot and kicked his hanging legs around frantically. After a while, his movements slowed, before he went limp with a final twitch of his leg.

The bodyguard grinned. To him, killing a human was just as easy as smashing an ant to death. He felt no remorse whatsoever as life after life perished in his hands.

“Sir, are we going to Yun City now?” The bodyguard asked, returning to Han Li's side.

Han Li shook his head. “Let's visit Han Xiuzhi's grave first, as requested by Dad. He wants me to confirm Han Xiuzhi's death.”

The bodyguard frowned. How would Han Xiuzhi still be alive when there was already a memorial for him in the family shrine? Besides, there was no reason to suspect that Han Xiuzhi was still alive.



However, since the Old Master gave such an order, they had to do as told.

Although Han Li was the one in control of the family, he didn't dare to defy the Old Master's orders.

The public cemetery in Yan City at which Han Xiuzhi was supposedly buried rarely saw visitors other than on Tomb-Sweeping Day or other traditional festivals. When Han Li and his bodyguard showed up at the cemetery, the caretaker on duty was confused.

“What are you two here for?” The caretaker asked.

“Where's the grave of Han Xiuzhi?” Han Li asked.

Han Xiuzhi was well-known in Yan City. His high-profile burial was attended by several high-ranking people. The caretaker knew exactly where his grave was, but why would two people who didn't even know where he was buried come to visit his tomb?

“So you're from the Han family? I don't recall seeing you during previous Tomb-Sweeping Days,” the caretaker asked, still bewildered.

At that moment, the bodyguard took a wad of cash out of nowhere. “Shut up and lead the way.”

The caretaker's eyes sparkled at the sight of money and led them to Han Xiuzhi's grave without hesitation.

“This is it. He was so well-known when he died that everyone with a reputation in Yan City came to see him off,” the regulator sighed.

Han Li scoffed. *Well-known? How would a good-for-nothing like him deserve that title? Only these idiots in China would respect him.*

“Do you have a shovel?” Han Li asked.

“Shovel? What now?” The caretaker was back to being confused.

“We're excavating the grave.”

“Ex-excavation?!” The caretaker was horrified. Any past grudges with the dead should be buried together with their body, yet these people came to dig out Han Xiuzhi's remains? Won't this anger the Han family?

“Don't just stand there! Get us a shovel now!” The bodyguard snarled at the caretaker.

“Don't you know whose grave this is? If the Han family knew that you dug Old Master Han's body out, you would never hear the end of it!” The caretaker exclaimed.

“The Han family means nothing to me. If you don't want to die, get me a shovel now. If not, I'm adding a new grave to this cemetery today,” Han Li threatened.

The caretaker shuddered. Han Li was looking at him like how he would look at a dead body.

The caretaker knew that he couldn't afford to provoke these people; he had no choice but to do as told.

After giving them a shovel, the caretaker stood and watched in uncomfortable silence.

The bodyguard dug open the grave to reveal an urn with a red cloth tied around it. He glanced at Han Li.

“Open it,” Han Li instructed.

The bodyguard did as told without hesitation. Ripping off the red cloth and removing the lid of the urn, he was shocked to find nothing inside it.

“Sir...” The bodyguard frowned as he trailed off in shock. *Since there was nothing in the urn, could it mean that Han Xiuzhi was still alive?*

Han Li's face contorted into a twisted smile. “So this old geezer is still alive, after all. I wonder what tricks he is going to pull next.”

Han Xiuzhi didn't die!

The caretaker widened his eyes in shock. When Han Xiuzhi was announced dead, it shook the whole of Yan City to the core. Now that they

discovered the truth, how would the city react to this news?

“Don't you dare bring this up ever again,” the bodyguard snarled at the caretaker. “If anyone else finds out about this from you, I will personally end you and your whole family.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The caretaker was scared out of his wits. However, he still mustered up the courage to contact Shiyan about this after the duo had left.

When Shiyan received the news, she was strangely calm. After all, that was nothing compared to the shrine that they had destroyed in cold blood.

Shiyan simply told the caretaker to cover up the grave before hanging up the phone.

After a few more moments of hesitation, Shiyan finally decided to call Han Jingru.

Shiyan was not expecting a good attitude from Han Jingru at all. Although he knew that Nangong Shuxian's oppressive tactics had left Shiyan with no way to intervene, Shiyan's cold glares were still hard for him to swallow.

“What do you want?” Han Jingru asked gruffly.

Shiyan couldn't find a single bit of affection in his frigid voice, as though he no longer regarded her as his birth mother.

Even so, Shiyan didn't have any reason to reprimand him, nor did she have any excuse for her past behavior.

“The head of the American Han family is back,” Shiyan said.

*The head of the American family... is back?*

That piece of information startled Han Jingru by a little. He knew how much disdain the American Han family had towards the Chinese Han family just by interacting with Han Tong. She even thought that coming back to China was a shame to the family. So why would Han Li care to come?

“Did you meet him?” Han Jingru asked.

“Yes, he did. Not only that, he destroyed the memorials in the shrine and excavated your grandpa's grave,” Shiyan said.

This angered Han Jingru completely. He clenched his fists as a strong desire for bloodshed welled up in his heart.

Not only did they destroy the memorials, they also dug up Han Xiuzhi's grave!

Although Han Jingru had hoped for the grave to be fake and for Han Xiuzhi to still be alive, he would never allow Han Li to commit such atrocity.

“Why is he doing this?” Han Jingru said through gritted teeth.

“He said that the names of our ancestors should be erased forever before they ruin the reputation of the Han family,” Shiyan continued.

Han Jingru's mouth curled upwards into a chilling grin. An embarrassment! He'd never guessed that the American Han family would go as far as to play God and meddle in such matters.

“Understood,” Han Jingru growled.

Shiyan stopped herself from saying anything else. There was no need for her to purposefully anger him and deepen his hatred towards Han Li. Anything regarding Han Xiuzhi would make him



furious, since Han Xiuzhi was the only family member he ever showed affection toward.

“All our hope rests on Han Jingru's shoulders now. Nangong Shuxian, you can dislike him all you want, but it's about time you give him some of your blessings. Who else would be able to restore our former glory besides him?” Shiyan muttered to herself as she stared at the broken pieces of Nangong Shuxian's memorial.

Meanwhile, in Yun City's Peninsula Hotel.

Han Tong was as anxious as ever. Han Li's sudden return immediately after Han Jia's death had caught her off guard. By the time Han Li came to Yun City, everything she had done would be exposed. If she didn't push the blame to Han Jingru quickly enough, she might just meet her end.

Di Yang was just as scared as she was. Even after ending countless lives, he still regretted this particular assassination. If he could go back in time, he would never have agreed to help Han Tong kill Han Jia.

Alas, time cannot be reversed, and hypothetical situations will only remain fantasies.

“Di Yang, give me ideas. Give me ideas now! This is an order!” Han Tong yelled at Di Yang frantically. With her own mind in a mess, her only hope was Di Yang.

Unfortunately, Di Yang was just as shell-shocked as she was. Neither of them predicted Han Li's arrival, so there was no way he could come up with a flawless plan on such short notice.

“Young Mistress, please calm down. We will settle this together,” Di Yang said.

“Calm down?” Han Tong glared at Di Yang.

“You're telling me to calm down? Dad is coming to town soon, so how am I going to answer his questions about Han Jia? Am I going to tell him that Han Jia is dead because of me?”

Displeasure shot across Di Yang's face for just a moment. If it were not for Han Tong, Han Jia wouldn't be dead, and they wouldn't have to scramble to come up with an explanation for Han

Li.

Han Tong was solely responsible for their predicament, yet Han Tong was also the one scolding him for it.

“Di Yang, I'm warning you, if you die, you'd better not drag me down with you,” Han Tong snarled as she loomed over Di Yang.

Di Yang gave a cold smile. “Young Mistress, so you're saying that I should become your scapegoat? I highly doubt the Master would believe that I'm the only one responsible.”

Han Tong clenched her jaw. Di Yang had no motive to kill Han Jia, nor did he have the guts. Throwing him out as the scapegoat would never work.

Despite that, she would never resort to giving up her pursuit for the head of the Han family.

“The only one left is Han Jingru, then. Only he can take the blame off our shoulders. Why don't you come up with a plan to make him the prime

suspect?" Han Tong said.

Di Yang was silent for a moment as he contemplated the possibilities. After a while, he spoke up, "Young Mistress, I know that Young Master had once bought a house right next to Han Jingru's residence."

"So?"

Di Yang merely smiled menacingly. "When Master reaches Yun City, we can tell him that Young Master hasn't visited you for a long time, along with his address. When Master finds out that Young Master is gone, you can pretend that you don't know anything about his whereabouts. Just like that, Han Jingru would definitely become Master's prime suspect," He schemed, "Besides, we can make use of Qi Bingying by telling Master that Han Jingru killed the Young Master when fighting for Qi Bingying's love. That should make it sufficient to shift the blame away from us."

Han Tong pondered over it carefully. It was indeed a good plan, but not the best one. Even so,

there was no other choice.

“I guess we’ll go ahead with that,” Han Tong said.

The next day, Han Li appeared along the corridors of Yun City Airport after disembarking his chartered flight. Being a wealthy middle-aged man had made him eye candy for many women. Over the course of the flight, several flight attendants had given him suggestive looks, but he ignored all of them. As someone with high beauty standards, he didn’t even bother to look at their average-looking faces. The flight attendants spent the entire flight feeling disappointed by his lack of interest in them.

“Dad,” Han Tong cooed as she linked arms with Han Li, putting on her best “good girl” face.

Han Li smiled lightly. “Looks like you’ve been having a good time here. You seemed to have gained weight.”

Han Tong’s footsteps screeched to a halt as she covered her face in horror. “Dad! I gained

weight?!”

To Han Tong, who was very particular about her looks, gaining weight was the bane of her existence.

“Isn't it good to put on a few pounds? Why are you so scared?” Han Li laughed.

Han Tong shook her head vehemently. “How could it be a good thing? Don't you know how demoralizing it is for a woman to get fat?”

Han Li wasn't sure how what expression to show. “As a father, I'm happy to see you get chubbier.”

Han Tong scowled. It's not like she hadn't been watching her mouth recently, so why would she gain weight? *Looks like it's time to go on a diet again.*

“Oh right, where's Han Jia? Why is he not here?” Han Li asked.

Han Tong had prepared herself thoroughly for this question. Her expression didn't shift a single

bit as she answered, "I've only met him once since coming to Yun City. He told me that he's going to deal with Han Jingru, and then he's gone."

Han Li knitted his eyebrows. *So what Han Jia said to me on the phone last time was just in the heat of the moment?*

"This naughty boy keeps getting himself entangled in women! Get him to see me now," Han Li ordered.

"Dad, don't get angry! He's just being boisterous like any boy his age. I'll give him a call now," Han Tong said, taking out her phone.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Jia was dead, so the phone call would never go through. Han Tong had gone into acting mode the moment she frowned at the unanswered call.

“Dad, his phone is turned off,” Han Tong said.

Han Li was about to throw a fit, but Han Tong pacified him. “Dad, calm down. You should go to your hotel first while I get someone to look for him.”

“You! You've been coddling him since he was a kid! It's your fault that he is so defiant now,” Han Li said, exasperated.

Han Tong smiled. “He's my only brother. Of course I love him more than anyone.”

Back at the hotel, Han Tong made a show of sending someone to sniff out Han Jia, while Han Li questioned her regarding Han Jingru.

Han Li never saw Han Jingru as an equal. Han Jingru was someone who could easily be disposed of, so he was never important to Han Li.



“Dad, since you didn't let me kill him, I had no choice but to go after him from another angle. You don't have to worry, though - I have more control over the economy than he, so give me a bit more time and he will be pleading for mercy at my feet,” Han Tong said.

“I didn't want him dead as he's still part of the family after all. Although I don't want to admit it, the truth is the truth. So as long as he changes his family name I'll spare him his life. That's how much mercy I'm willing to show him,” Han Li said coldly.

“Dad, that's too nice of you. What's the point of keeping that scum alive?” Han Tong scoffed.

Han Li smiled lightly. “Did he give you any trouble?”

“Yun City has a Chengzhong Village that we wanted to take over for redevelopment, but he beat us to it so as to improve the reputation of his company in Yun City. I bet he wanted to get back at us using this,” Han Tong said, “He isn't smart enough, though. Chengzhong Village is just a

land of ruins that can't be utilized, so he's just wasted the funds he invested. Even if he doesn't want to admit it, he has lost.”

Han Li shook his head. Not only did the supposed savior of the Yan City Han family not manage to bring anything of value to the table, but he was also defeated by Han Tong so easily?

*Looks like trash remains trash no matter what. Even someone like Xi Yi won't be able to make a miracle out of this.*

“Leave it to Han Jia. It's about time he learned to grow up,” Han Li said.

Resentment began to grip at Han Tong's heart. She had taken care of the whole matter, yet Han Li still wanted Han Jia to take over. If that was not freeloading, she didn't know what was.

“Dad, I've told him all the plans already. I'm just waiting for him to prove himself,” Han Tong said.

Han Li nodded, looking at Han Tong with

approval in his eyes. "I know that you aren't happy with me. You've impressed me over the years, but I still need you to understand that Han Jia will be the one taking over. This is his fate and responsibility. You can be of much help to the family in other ways, no?"

*Other ways?*

Han Tong knew exactly what he meant by that. The only way she could fulfill her duty was to marry into another powerful family to form an alliance with them, while all profits would go into Han Jia's pockets.

She hated Han Li for that, but there's always a time and place to confront him about that.

That was her fate as a woman. Regardless of ability, her only purpose in life was to marry the right person, rather than contribute using her own capabilities.

She might have regretted killing Han Jia before, but not anymore.

If Han Jia lived, she would just be a pawn of the Han family.

“I won't blame you for that. Don't worry, Dad, I know what I'm doing,” Han Tong said.

Han Li nodded with a smile. “Tell me when you've found Han Jia. I'll be going to sleep now, the jet lag's really getting to me.”

Han Tong sent Han Li back to his room. The moment the door closed with a click behind her, her expression darkened.

“I've done so much for the family, but it was all for nothing! What have I done to deserve such unfairness?!” She yelled after returning to her own room.

She's unhappy, very unhappy. Han Jia had not accomplished anything of value, yet he was favored by Han Li while she remained as a tool to form alliances in Han Li's eyes.

“Young Mistress, calm down. If Master finds out about our true intentions, we will be in grave

danger,” Di Yang said.

“You don't know how much effort I've put into this! I've killed all his illegitimate kids to stop them from getting in my way, and now even my own little brother is dead! Did that change his mind? No! Why am I discriminated against just because I'm a woman?” Han Tong growled.

Di Yang was stunned for a moment. Whereas he didn't even know about Han Li's illegitimate children, Han Tong had already eliminated them one by one. Obviously, the Young Mistress was more ruthless than he had thought.

“I don't know how many of those bastards are left out there. Han Jia is no more, but what if he gives his spot to someone else?” Han Tong sobbed. She had put her life and soul into helping the family rise to the top. Some children she killed were definitely Han Li's while others were unconfirmed, but she would rather murder the innocent than let any one of them live.

Even so, Han Tong wasn't sure if she had rid every last one of them.

That's why she's paranoid of some unknown half-brother emerging from the shadows and snatching away the position of power from her.

Di Yang heaved a huge sigh. He'd never guessed that a woman could be so cruel.

“Young Mistress, our current goal is to prevent ourselves from being convicted as Young Master's killer. As for Master's illegitimate children, you shouldn't be worrying about them right now. If Master found out that you killed Young Master, he would never give his position to you, even if he had no other kid,” Di Yang warned.

Upon hearing that, Han Tong began to calm down.

“When I'm alone with Dad tomorrow, you are to send someone to 'inform' me of Han Jia's new house,” Han Tong said.

“Yes, Young Mistress,” Di Yang said, nodding.

Meanwhile, Han Jingru was at home.

After Qi Bingying left, the atmosphere of the house became less lively; Han Jingru's grim expression only worsened the mood.

Upon finding out about Han Li's actions in Yan City, Han Jingru couldn't contain his anger, yet he had nowhere to let it out.

The leader of the American Han family was not someone Han Jingru could defeat so easily. According to Molan's intel, Han Li had a bodyguard that rivaled Di Yang in terms of ability. After all, he would not be able to serve Han Li if his skills weren't top-notch.

*How would someone even better than Di Yang look like?* That was something Han Jingru struggled to find an answer to. He began to think that even Yan Qiong might not be able to outsmart that guy.

This obstacle to Han Jingru was like a mountain in the middle of the road - it looked impossible to overcome.

Suddenly, the sound of keys jangling at the door

jolted Han Jingru out of his thoughts. When the door opened and Qi Bingying entered the house, Han Jingru was shocked.

Didn't she kick herself out? Why did she come back?

Han Li's arrival at Yun City had made matters much worse for Han Jingru. Qi Bingying would only get herself killed if she stayed by his side.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!