

“What are you doing back here?” Han Jingru asked in a surprised manner as he saw Qi Bingying.

“I’m just tired after shopping. Can’t I return here? Or do you prefer me to sleep on the streets?” Qi Bingying responded in a matter-of-fact manner as she dragged her luggage into the room.

Han Jingru stood at the entrance as he looked at Qi Bingying unpacking her luggage in the room.

“Do you know what I’m dealing with now? You are going to be in greater danger if you stay here,” Han Jingru said.

Qi Bingying acted nonchalant as she heard this.

She replied,

“I know that I can never be together with you in my life, nor will you like me. However, I am still willing to die with you. Perhaps in our next lives, if Su Yimo did not exist, I will make sure you fall for me.”

Han Jingru did not know whether to laugh or cry. He never believed in the afterlife.

He always thought that it was better to live to his best at the present moment, and that it was foolish to place false hopes on unproven philosophies.

“I will follow you wherever you go,” Qi Bingying said firmly.

Han Jingru sighed. He thought that he could draw a clear boundary between the two of them after she left. He never expected Qi Bingying to return.

Han Jingru could not bear to kick Qi Bingying out again as she had indeed sacrificed a lot for him.

“Are you afraid of death?” Han Jingru asked.

“Yes, I'm afraid that I can't die with you,” Qi Bingying looked at Han Jingru as she said this. Her sincerity and her fearlessness of death could be seen clearly.

“Tell me how I can change so that you won't like me?” Han Jingru said.

“No way. I will like you however you are,” Qi Bingying was firm. While it was not her first time confessing to him, it was definitely the most forthright one.

After unpacking, Qi Bingying went to the kitchen and started to cook for Han Jingru as per normal.

Han Jingru returned to his own room and lay on the bed. If there was indeed an afterlife, he would be willing to repay her kindness then.

Unfortunately, he never believed in such things.

He suddenly sat up on the bed and thought of the weird object which he brought back to Yun City. He had always wanted to find out how to break it open but never had the time. An idea came to him as he recalled what Qi Bingying said about reincarnations and the afterlife.

He took out the box at the side of his bed and opened it. There was a skull that looked seemingly fake inside the box.

He removed the skull and held it in his hands. However, he could not tell what was so special about the skull, nor could he find an explanation as to the weird scene he saw the other day.

“Hmm, since the skull is missing a part, could the remaining parts be in the hands of others?” Han Jingru mumbled to himself as he frowned.

He quickly shook his head at this thought. This was deliberately made to be mystifying and mysterious. How could there be other parts?

He looked at his own fingers and made a small cut on his fingertip. He let his blood drip onto the skull to see if it would make a difference.

The cracks on the skull started to shine a faint red light. Evidently, it was absorbing the blood and the blood vanished very quickly.

“Well, this damn thing is a little scary. No wonder those people are so devoted to it,” Han Jingru sighed as he spoke to himself.

He was never a believer in the paranormal world,

so the skull was more of a toy to him.

“I think I should find an expert at such things,” Han Jingru placed the skull back into the box as he planned to find some kind of scientist to help him with it.

Han Jingru rested for a while as Qi Bingying cooked.

It was good to have Qi Bingying around as she took good care of Han Jingru. He never had to worry about his meals as Qi Bingying would make sure that he was well fed.

Qi Bingying was therefore useful in this aspect.

During dinner, Han Jingru received a call from Molan.

“Jingru, that friend of yours is really trouble. I heard he was arrested again because of a woman. Do you want to take a look?” Molan said.

Molan did not know what else to do, either. There were many ways to womanize. However, Qing

Yun just had to flirt with a married woman and could never change his habits.

It was a long time since Han Jingru had received updates about Qing Yun, especially since Qing Yun hid his true character rather well from Han Jingru.

However, what Han Jingru did not expect was for Qing Yun to keep making the same mistakes and to never learn from them!

“I'm still having dinner now; let me take a look later,” Han Jingru said.

After he hung up, Qi Bingying asked, “Did something happen?”

“It's a small matter. A friend of mine was arrested again for harassing a woman,” Han Jingru responded.

“Arrested again?” Qi Bingying frowned.

She continued,

“Seems like he is a stubborn guy.”

Qing Yun was indeed stubborn on matters like these.

“I suppose so,” Han Jingru replied.

After dinner, Han Jingru left the place and went to the station at which Qing Yun was detained.

Qing Yun was a frequent visitor of the police station and everyone there knew him because of his criminal records.

He looked rather pitiful as he stood in the cell at the detention center.

Actually, Qing Yun had learnt his lesson after what happened previously. He would never harass another woman after that. However, earlier today he fell into a trap. The perpetrators were eyeing his money, but since he had nothing in his wallet, they called the police.

“What is wrong with you? How many times have you been here? Will you only stop after you

really get imprisoned for a few years?" Han Jingru interrogated as he saw Qing Yun.

"Boss," Qing Yun wiped his tears away.

He continued as he sniffed,

"It's not my fault! We were both willing! However, a group of men rushed in after we went into the room and said that I flirted with his wife. He wanted me to give him money, too."

"Well, if you had stopped yourself from doing it, you would not have fallen into their trap," Han Jingru responded.

Qing Yun continued to sob silently.

Han Jingru knew that he had to investigate further if he wanted to know the truth.

"Stay here for a few days and self-reflect," Han Jingru said.

"No, please, boss. Please bail me out. I don't want to waste my time here," Qing Yun said worriedly.

“Where do you think you are? Do you think you can come and go as you want here? I can't help you,” Han Jingru said nonchalantly.

In fact, he could help to bail Qing Yun out. However, there was no need to and it was more important for Qing Yun to learn his lesson.

“Boss, please help me. I will never do it again. I will stick by your side. Please trust me,” Qing Yun begged.

Han Jingru frowned slightly. Qing Yun mentioned more than once he wanted to stay by his side. It was obvious what his intentions were.

Could it be that Qing Yun was in fact doing all these to get his attention?

Han Jingru kept his distance from Qing Yun all this while. If Qing Yun indeed had a motive for coming to Han Jingru, that distance would not be beneficial for the former.

So Qing Yun might just be trying different ways to get close to me.

Han Jingru pondered for a moment as he looked at Qing Yun, who was dressed in uniform at the detention center.

After a while, he said,

“Wait.”

He left the room and dialed Molan. Not long after, a middle-aged man approached Han Jingru in a respectful manner.

“Are you Mr. Han?” The middle-aged man asked Han Jingru.

He had received Molan's phone call earlier which instructed him to fulfill all of Han Jingru's wishes. He dared not show any disrespect since Han Jingru was an important figure.

“I want to take a look at Qing Yun's personal belongings. Is that possible?” Han Jingru did not appear arrogant as he was not one to bully others with his identity.

“No problem. Please follow me,” the middle-

aged man said.

They went to a storeroom that kept all the personal belongings of those detained. All of the plastic bags were labeled properly with detainees' names. The middle-aged man found Qing Yun's plastic bag and passed it to Han Jingru.

“Mr. Han, this belongs to Qing Yun. I will be at the door if you need anything,” the middle-aged man said.

No one else could enter this storeroom. However, he brought Han Jingru here and left him alone in the room. This showed how important Han Jingru was to him.

“Thank you,” Han Jingru responded politely.

Han Jingru took out Qing Yun's belongings and examined them after the man had left.

He wanted to see if there were any identity markers among his belongings, or perhaps any items that would reveal Qing Yun's intentions for getting close to him.

A piece of jade that looked priceless caught his attention. Unfortunately, there was not much which Han Jingru could get out of it.

There was also a small black box - the size of a matchbox. However, Han Jingru could not open it despite many tries. It seemed like only those who were good at picking locks could open it.

Han Jingru assumed that there must be something related to Qing Yun's identity in this box. Perhaps it was his secret. *Too bad it's not possible for me to open it within a short amount of time.*

Han Jingru placed the box in his own pocket and walked out of the storeroom.

As he did, he said to the middle-aged man standing outside,

“Thank you once again.”

“Please let me know if you need anything else, Mr. Han,” the man responded politely.

“Can I take Qing Yun along with me?” Han

Jingru asked.

“Of course, we have already found out that he was tricked by a group of scammers. He can leave anytime,” the man responded.

Not long after, Qing Yun walked out of the police station. He obviously looked pale and upset.

He never lost the black box which his master gave him - that box was extremely important to him. It was said that there was a secret inside the box which could bring great powers to the person who opened it.

Even though Qing Yun never believed his master's words, it was still an item left to him by his master. As such, he had always kept it well. But now the box was missing!

“Are you looking for this?” Han Jingru asked as he held up the box between his fingers. He was waiting for Qing Yun outside the station.

Qing Yun's first reaction was to reach out and grab it. However, he had never revealed his true

fighting abilities in front of Han Jingru. Qing Yun knew that if he were to act rashly now, Han Jingru would definitely realize what he was capable of.

“Boss, why is this with you?” Qing Yun asked as he approached Han Jingru.

“What is inside this box?” Han Jingru asked.

“It's just a small toy. Boss, why don't you return it to me?” Qing Yun said.

“Teach me how to open it, and I will give it back to you,” Han Jingru responded.

“Boss, will you believe me if I told you that I don't know how to open the box?” Qing Yun said in a rather awkward manner.

“What do you think?” Han Jingru raised his eyebrows as he asked. Of course he would not believe Qing Yun. How could he not know how to open his own belongings?

Qing Yun replied in a sincere manner, “Boss, let

me tell you the truth. I picked this up from the streets somewhere and never opened it. I just kept it because I thought it was so mysterious.”

“Oh,” Han Jingru nodded his head.

He continued,

“Since you picked it up, then it should be no problem giving it to me.”

Han Jingru kept the box as he said this.

A moment of anger flashed across Qing Yun's eyes. How could Han Jingru confiscate something that was so important to him!

“Boss, this box is not worth any money. Why do you want to keep it? I think it's better if you return it to me,” Qing Yun said.

“Hmm, it seems like you treat this box with great importance. Why don't you come and snatch it from me?” Han Jingru said.

Qing Yun controlled himself as he did not want to

reveal his true abilities. Furthermore, he was not Han Jingru's match.

He inhaled deeply and replied, "Boss, this was left to me by my master. I don't know what is inside and never opened it."

"Master? You mean those fortune-tellers on the streets?" Han Jingru asked.

He never liked fortune-tellers as it was they who had caused the Han family to go through so much during his childhood.

Han Jingru had tried to investigate the matter, but to no avail.

Qing Yun shook his head and said, "My master is very capable."

A thought flashed across Han Jingru's mind. *Could Qing Yun's master be the man who appeared at the Han family home years ago? It was highly unlikely that such a coincidence could happen.*

As Han Jingru pondered deeper, he realized this scenario was actually not entirely impossible. *Qing Yun has been following me around, and I was able to explain why he behaved the way he did.*

If Qing Yun's master is indeed that man from many years ago, Qing Yun's intentions for getting close to me would be crystal clear.

Shiyan once told Han Jingru that the fortune-teller was sent by someone targeting the Han family. The fortune-teller deliberately harmed Han Jingru back then, so Qing Yun's appearance could possibly be a continuation of the same scheme.

Qing Yun suddenly felt animosity from Han Jingru. He could not help but retreat a few steps as he did not know where it was coming from.

Did he accidentally reveal something about himself?

“Boss, I'm hungry. Why don't we find a place to eat?” Qing Yun attempted to change the topic.

Han Jingru suddenly stretched out his arms. That fortune-teller was the main reason why he had suffered so much all these years. He could not control his temper upon assuming that Qing Yun was related to him.

He grabbed Qing Yun's necks and focused all his force on his fingers until Qing Yun's lips turned purple.

Han Jingru said,

“Who is your master? Who did he work with last time?”

Qing Yun held onto Han Jingru's hands and tried to push them away, but he was not Han Jingru's match when it came to strength.

“B-Boss, I don't know what you are talking about,” Qing Yun said.

Han Jingru gritted his teeth as he raised Qing Yun in the air with his hands. The passersby looked on as this happened and thought that Han Jingru must be a madman for doing this right in front of

a police station!

Qing Yun struggled under Han Jingru's powerful grasp. Han Jingru only let him go after he saw that Qing Yun could struggle no more and was about to be breathless.

“I know that you have a motive for getting close to me. I did not call you out because I wanted to see what you could do. Qing Yun, this is going to be my first and last time warning you. If you dare to cause chaos, I will not give you mercy. I will not probe further into the past since your master is dead. You'd better look out for yourself,” Han Jingru turned and left after he finished his words.

Qing Yun panted as he took in deep breaths. He looked on as Han Jingru left and his face clouded over.

He became to Han Jingru in order to kill the latter one day. However, he knew that he was far from Han Jingru's abilities when it came to fight.

“Master, this man is not simple. I might have to disappoint you,” Qing Yun mumbled to himself.

After returning home, Han Jingru toyed with the box for a long time. There was no opening on the box. It seemed as though one could only use force to open it if one wanted to find out what was in that box.

However, the item inside the box could be destroyed if he tried that.

Han Jingru sat on the edge of his bed, dazed. He did not kill Qing Yun and decided to let him escape alive - meaning he was able to control his own temper rather well.

His fate would not have turned out like this if not for the words of the fortune-teller many years ago.

Han Jingru's achievements, which were on par with that of the Yan City Han family, were a result of the painful trauma he had endured in his childhood. If he had a choice, Han Jingru would have opted for happier days instead.

He touched the necklace on his neck. He remembered that the Han family went into chaos

after his grandfather went missing.

Han Jingru always felt that Han Xiuzhi was the only one that treated him like family. He would try his best to find his grandfather as long as the latter was alive. Unfortunately, there had been no news from Mole in Terra Prison.

“Should I visit personally?” Han Jingru mumbled to himself.

This was a rather ridiculous thought: he would have to pay a heavy price. After all, the veil of Terra Prison could never be pierced, and whether Han Jingru would return alive was also an issue.

“Maybe I should go after I deal with issues in Yun City. After Molan's matters are resolved, and if there is still no news from Terra Prison, I will go and find out more about Grandpa myself,” Han Jingru clenched his fists as he said this. He would not back away even if he were to risk dying.

At the Peninsula Hotel, Han Tong and Han Li were having dinner together. A man appeared in

front of them; he had been sent to find out more about Han Jia.

“Miss Han, there is news that Han Jia bought an apartment right next to Han Jingru,” the man reported to Han Tong.

Even though Han Tong expected this, she still acted surprised and responded, “Are you saying that Han Jia and Han Jingru are neighbors now?”

“Yes, that's right.”

Han Tong frowned and said to Han Li, “Dad, what is going on? Why is Han Jia doing this?”

Han Li also looked confused. Why would he buy the unit next to Han Jingru if he wanted to kill him? Did he misunderstand what Han Li had said previously?

“Could there be other reasons?” Han Li asked.

Han Tong shook her head and said, “I don't know what he is doing in Yun City, so...”

Before she could finish, Di Yang interrupted her and said, “Young Mistress, Old Master, I saw Qi Bingying in Yun City once. Could it be that Young Master bought the unit just because of that woman?”

“Qi Bingying?” Han Tong frowned.

She continued and asked,

“Are you referring to Qi Bingying of the Qi family in the Chinese community back in the States?”

“Yes, Young Master used to like her a lot. Could it be that they met again in Yun City?” Di Yang responded.

Han Li smiled coldly. He said, “Qi Donglin is in a dangerous situation himself. I can't believe he actually allowed Qi Bingying to come to Yun City. Is she trying to seduce Han Jia so we would help them?”

Han Li did not know that Qi Bingying had returned to Yun City a long time ago, nor did he

know that all these were just a trap set up by Han Tong for Han Jia. Before the trap was put into operation, though, Han Tong had already got Han Jia killed out of necessity.

“Dad, what if something happens to Han Jia?” Han Tong asked with a worried expression on her face.

Han Li's face clouded over. It was indeed weird that they could not contact Han Jia all this while.

“I don't think Han Jingru would dare do anything to him!” Han Li said firmly.

He continued,

“If he even lays a finger on Han Jia, I will crush him.”

“Go and take a look at Han Jia's place.”

They exited the Peninsula Hotel and left for the apartment.

Mi Xiaoxing and Yang Meng returned home after

working overtime. Just as they arrived downstairs, they saw Han Li, Han Tong, and Di Yang.

Han Li looked extremely imposing to them, especially to Mi Xiaoxing. Mi Xiaoxing had met many important figures through her business banquets. Still, Han Li's aura set him apart from other VIPs she had interacted with.

“Xiaoxing, do they stay with us? I don't think we've seen them before,” Yang Meng said.

Mi Xiaoxing shook her head. She guessed Han Li must be an important man. How could such a prominent figure stay here?

“I think you should go and check your eyes. How could such a man live in this place? Let's take a look at what they are going to do, come on.”

Mi Xiaoxing rushed up to the lift just as the doors were about to close.

As the lift doors open, Mi Xiaoxing and Yang Meng wanted to enter. However, Di Yang, Han

Tong, and Han Li were already inside.

Di Yang quickly blocked them from entering.

Mi Xiaoxing was slightly intimidated and dared not move a step. She looked on as the lift doors closed.

“Xiaoxing, they are so mean! Why can't we take the same lift as they?” Yang Meng complained.

Mi Xiaoxing sighed. This man was far more important than she thought.

“Well, wealthy people can do whatever they want. You can do the same once you become rich,” Mi Xiaoxing said.

Yang Meng shook her head and said, “*Pfft*, I won't be like that even if I'm rich.”

Mi Xiaoxing just laughed. People like Yang Meng would never understand the mindset of the rich. However, Mi Xiaoxing knew very clearly that once one had power and money; one would act differently. Otherwise, why would everyone

want to achieve success?

Yang Meng looked on with shock as the lift came to a stop.

“Xiaoxing, isn't that our floor...? Could he be our new neighbor?” Yang Meng asked.

Mi Xiaoxing frowned. She had looked forward to meeting the new neighbor previously as she thought that he bought the place in order to court her. However, reality slapped her right in the face.

“It's none of our business,” Mi Xiaoxing said, the change in her attitude toward her new neighbor was obvious from her voice.

Yang Meng kept silent. She knew that Mi Xiaoxing anticipated meeting the new neighbor and had a hard time accepting reality.

Upstairs, Han Tong pressed the doorbell several times and waited for a response.

Han Li's patience ran out after a few seconds. He

said to Di Yang, "Kick the door down."

Di Yang took a quick look at Han Tong before kicking the door open.

Bang! The whole building could hear the impact as the door was ripped out of its frame.

Next door, Han Jingru and Qi Bingying were watching television when they heard the sound.

"Is that coming from Han Jia's place?" Han Jingru frowned as he asked.

"Should I go and take a look?" Qi Bingying asked.

"No, I think it's Han Li," Han Jingru said.

Han Jingru knew clearly that Han Tong was putting on an act in her attempt to cover up for Han Jia's death.

There was no sign of life in the house. It was obvious that Han Jia never really moved in even though he had bought the place. Han Li's face

clouded over.

He could not contact Han Jia and neither could he find him. Something must have happened to him.

Han Li had placed all of his hopes on Han Jia as he was the male heir of the family. If something really happened to Han Jia, it would be a disaster for the Han family.

“Where is Qi Bingying and Han Jingru?” Han Li asked with gritted teeth.

“Dad, they are next door,” Han Tong said.

Han Li walked over to the unit next door and asked his bodyguard to break down the door.

Bang! Han Jingru's door was kicked down. However, he continued to sit on the sofa nonchalantly.

Han Tong scoffed as she saw Han Jingru seated there. How could he not show some respect to Han Li? Even she had to stand up and bow to him.

“Qi Bingying, what a coincidence,” Han Li said to her with a cold face.

Qi Bingying stood up and bowed slightly, “Uncle Han.”

“Han Jia came to find you, didn't he?” Han Jia asked.

“We saw each other once,” Qi Bingying said truthfully. There was nothing to hide. Since Han Jia bought a place here, no one would believe her if she said they never met.

“Where is he?” Han Li asked.

Qi Bingying shook her head and said, “I never saw him again after we met that time. Why don't you ask Han Tong?”

“Qi Bingying, I never saw Han Jia after he came

to Yun City. I don't understand what you are trying to say," Han Tong quickly jumped to defend herself.

If it was someone else, Han Tong's quick reaction and defensiveness would have given Han Li the red flags. However, Han Tong was his daughter, as well as Han Jia's sister. Han Li never thought that Han Tong would kill her own brother, so he did not give another thought about Han Tong's reaction.

"Even an outsider knows some manners. Don't you know how to at least greet someone, you piece of shit?" Han Li said to Han Jingru.

Han Jingru continued watching the television. He changed the channel and replied, "Manners come from respect. If you don't know how to respect, why should I show you any manners?"

Han Li scoffed. To him, it was ridiculous for an unwanted family member of the Han family to educate him about respect and manners.

"It seems like I must punish you on behalf of

your father, so that you would know what it means to respect your elders,” Han Li said.

The bodyguard approached Han Jingru as Han Li spoke.

Han Jingru continued to sit there. There was no point trying to fight back.

The bodyguard approached Han Jingru quickly and grabbed him by his collar. Very quickly, Han Jingru was lifted in the air and thrown out of the place.

Han Jingru's body was flung onto the wall with heavy impact.

Han Tong looked extremely satisfied. She could not punish Han Jingru last time. Furthermore, Di Yang did not dare attack as Yan Qiong was around. Fortunately for Han Tong, Han Jingru was not so lucky this time.

Han Tong wanted Han Jingru to die there and then so that she could pin Han Jia's death on him. Han Jingru would not be able to defend himself

since he would be dead, too.

Han Li walked towards Han Jingru and said, “Do you now know what manners are?”

Han Jingru gritted his teeth. The bodyguard that attacked him was much better than Di Yang. While he had no chance to fight back, that did not mean that he would cave in.

Han Jingru spat on the floor as he responded, “I only treat humans with respect. Who the f**k are you?”

Han Li froze momentarily. He was the apex of the United States' Chinese community and nobody ever spoke to him like that. *How dare you, Han Jingru!*

He stepped on Han Jingru's head and said, “You would be dead by now if your surname was not Han.”

“Are you afraid that your family will turn into chaos if you kill me?” Han Jingru scoffed.

Han Li was indeed afraid of that. He believed in karma and reincarnation; he was superstitious, too.

Han Li was extremely devout to his religion and that was why he did not want to kill Han Jingru.

However, that did not mean Han Jingru could do whatever he wanted in front of him.

He stepped again on Han Jingru's head and threatened, "I might not be able to kill you, but I have a thousand and one ways to make your life even worse than death. Do you want to try me?"

"Uncle Han, if you are here to find Han Jia, we don't have an answer for you," Qi Bingying said at this moment.

She was extremely hurt when she saw Han Jingru getting beaten up and had to think of a way for Han Jingru to be let go.

Han Li was extremely frustrated because Han Jingru treated him like nothing. However, he was here for Han Jia and not Han Jingru. As such, he

quickly calmed down after hearing Qi Bingying's words.

“Do you know where he is?” Han Li asked Han Jingru.

Han Jia was dead and was killed by Han Tong.

Han Jingru had evidence on hand. Even though he could not directly prove that Han Tong killed Han Jia, Han Jia's disappearance was definitely linked to her.

However, Han Jingru would not gain anything by showing Han Li the video. Han Li might even get angry at him and kill him there and then.

Han Jingru gritted his teeth and replied, “I don't know.”

Qi Bingying looked on with doubt. To her, Han Jingru could just show them the video. Why did he not do so?

“Let me warn you. If something happened to Han Jia, I would not let you off. You'd better let me

know right away if you have news of him,” Han Li said.

Han Li walked out of Han Jingru's house after that. Han Tong was extremely upset as she did not expect her father to just let Han Jingru off so easily. If he did not die, she could not pin Han Jia's death on him!

“Dad, are you going to let go of Han Jingru that easily?” Han Tong asked Han Li in the lift.

Han Li responded, “I don't know whether Han Jia is in the hands of this trash. If he is, Han Jia would be in a dangerous situation and nobody would be able to save him if Han Jingru died. Quickly find some men to search the whole of Yun City. We must find him.”

Han Li's train of thought was very simple. He was afraid that Han Jingru had kidnapped Han Jia. Han Jia was his only son and he had to make sure that he was safe at all costs.

Han Tong took a deep breath and said, “Yes, I will send some men right away.”

At home, Qi Bingying helped Han Jingru to the sofa. She looked at the entrance and made sure the group went off before heading back to the sofa.

“Why didn't you just tell them?” Qi Bingying asked.

Han Jingru gritted his teeth and replied, “That video is priceless. If I take it out now, I don't gain anything apart from ruining Han Tong.”

“You still want to gain something from this? Don't you know that Han Tong is trying to pin this all on you? If Han Li believed her words, you won't even have the time to prove yourself,” Qi Bingying said impatiently.

“Gain something?” Han Jingru smiled.

He continued,

“There is so much more to get out of this. Not only can it solve our problems in Yun City, but it can also help your family in the States.”

Qi Bingying frowned. Han Jingru must have a plan if he said this.

She asked him,

“What do you have in mind?”

“If Han Tong could kill her brother to be the head of the family, do you think she will kill her own father?” Han Jingru said.

Qi Bingying's eyes widened as she heard Han Jingru's words.

Han Jingru continued, “If Han Li knew that she killed Han Jia, she would lose everything. I'm sure she does not want that to happen!”

Qi Bingying's lips turned dry. She thought she herself was ruthless. However, compared to Han Jingru, her cold-bloodedness was nothing but a joke.

What is considered crazy?

Han Jingru had just demonstrated “craziness”

brilliantly.

“Are you for real? Are you sure that Han Tong would kill Han Li?” Qi Bingying asked in disbelief.

“We will see. I'm sure she won't disappoint me,” Han Jingru sneered.



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Han Tong spent a lot of money hiring men to look for Han Jia so that Han Li would not suspect her. Even Molan's men were approached to join the search team.

Molan quickly informed Han Jingru after he came to know about this. He asked Han Jingru if he wanted the search to stop.

However, not only did Han Jingru not stop Molan, he even asked Molan to send more men to help.

“Jingru, did you shake hands and make peace with Han Tong or something?” Molan asked through the phone.

“How could I make peace with this woman? It's just an act that she is putting on, and I'm just helping her add to the drama,” Han Jingru said.

An act?

While Molan did not understand Han Jingru very much, he still did as he was told.

“Alright, I never understand you anyway. Just explain it to me at the end so that my curiosity is satisfied,” Molan said.

“I will tell you everything you want to know once the dust settles,” Han Jingru said.

After hanging up, Han Jingru's face twisted into an evil smile. Upon seeing this, Qi Bingying felt cold shivers down her spine. Han Jingru seemed to have turned into a villain and Qi Bingying had no courage to face this version of him.

“What are you staring at me for? Am I that handsome?” Han Jingru smiled and asked Qi Bingying as he noticed her gaze fixed on him.

“Do you still doubt your looks?” Qi Bingying responded. She did not deny that Han Jingru was indeed handsome.

Han Jingru just laughed at this.

He was always very curious about Qi Bingying's mindset on liking him. She used to detest him and had even wanted to use him. *Why does she want to be with me now?*

However, Han Jingru did not want to explore this topic with her. He kept mum.

“Aren't you the least bit curious about why I like you?” Qi Bingying initiated the topic.

Han Jingru shook his head and stood up as he said, “There's nothing to be curious about. You like me, and I don't like you.”

Qi Bingying almost fainted at this response. If it was other men, they would at least engage in something flirtatious or ambiguous. However, Han Jingru kept his distance from her and rejected her repeatedly.

“What do you intend to do now?” Qi Bingying asked.

Han Jingru did a stretch as he said, “Han Li has a really good bodyguard next to him, and even Di Yang is not his match. It's not possible for me to deal with Han Li on my own. Only Han Tong can harm Han Li. All she needs is just a prompt and

some encouragement,” Han Jingru said.

“I heard my father say that Han Li's bodyguard is the best in the Han family. He never lost any boxing match,” Qi Bingying said.

“Well, he seems rather competitive given that he likes to compete,” Han Jingru smiled as he responded.

The best way to deal with such people was simply to never engage them. Furthermore, Han Jingru had no interest in him.

“You have to think about whether you would be able to survive even after Han Tong kills Han Li,” Qi Bingying said with a serious expression on her face.

“That is indeed a problem. However, there is no point thinking about this if Han Li is not dead yet. Have some rest. I have to go and see Han Tong tomorrow morning,” Han Jingru said as he left for his bedroom.

Han Jingru had had nightmares these few days.

He would wake up with his head hurting as though someone had tried to crack it. The pain would then slowly dissipate after he woke up until no trace was left.

The next morning, Qi Bingying woke up early to make breakfast for Han Jingru as she realized that Han Jingru was not well-rested and did not go for his morning jog.

“Why do you look so pale?” Qi Bingying asked as Han Jingru walked out of his room.

Han Jingru shook his head and said, “It's nothing, I'm just worried about my plans with Han Li.”

Han Jingru found an excuse for himself very quickly.

Qi Bingying nodded as she responded, “Have some porridge. If you are really not feeling well, just take a rest at home.”

Han Jingru washed up and dialed Han Tong even before having breakfast.

“Han Jingru, are you here to beg for your life now?” Han Tong had just woken up too. Before Han Li came, she would always sleep in till noon. However, she had to act more enthusiastic in front of Han Li, so she forced herself to wake up early.

“Han Tong, are you free today? I would like to see you,” Han Jingru said.

Han Tong smiled and replied, “You would like to see me? Why don't you ask if I would like to see you? It's difficult for me to even come close to a piece of trash like you. Don't you know you stink?”

“I don't have anything to say to you since you always treated me like trash anyway. However, this piece of trash now has a very interesting video to show you. If it was shown to Han Li, you would be in a dangerous situation,” Han Jingru said.

Han Tong frowned.

A video? What could it be?

Han Tong felt that Han Jingru had nothing on her.

“Don't try to scare me. I won't be threatened by you,” Han Tong said.

“Really?” Han Jingru paused for a while before continuing, “I will wait for you at the cafe along Zi Tong Street until eleven. If you don't come, I will send this video to Han Li. The ball's in your court,” Han Jingru said.

After he hung up, Han Tong's face clouded over. Even though she doubted the existence of the video which Han Jingru mentioned, she would not feel at ease if she did not meet with him.

Han Tong relayed the message to Di Yang. He, too, frowned.

“Young Mistress, is he just scaring you?” Di Yang asked in doubt. He killed Han Jia with absolute secrecy and doubted anyone saw him. It was impossible that a video even existed.

“Do you think I should go?” Han Tong said.

“Young Mistress, even though there is a chance that this might all be untrue, I think you should still meet with him just in case,” Di Yang said.

Whether Han Jingru really had something that could threaten them, there was no harm in meeting him to understand what was going on.

Han Tong nodded and responded, “Alright, I will see what he is up to.”

Han Jingru was extremely familiar with Zi Tong Street. He recalled that he was picking a birthday gift for Madam Su when people from the Han family came looking for him. He had told them right here that he was satisfied with being a loser. However, Han Jingru was nowhere near a loser now.

Han Jingru could not help but sigh as he thought of the past. At times, he really envied his carefree past.

Of course, envying did not mean that he looked forward to living like that again. Han Jingru had many responsibilities on his shoulders now. He

knew clearly that he had to be stronger in order to bear these responsibilities and help others.

As he walked into the cafe, a waitress came out and welcomed him, “Sir, table for one?”

“I have a friend coming along; I think she should be here soon,” Han Jingu replied. He always passed by this cafe but never entered. However, the maid uniform the waitresses wore had left a deep impression on him.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Would you like a window seat or a private space?” the waitress asked.

“I think a private space would be good,” Han Jingru said. He could not risk others finding out that he and Han Tong met.

Now that Han Jingru had plans for Han Tong, he had to consider things from her perspective. It would not be good for her if Han Li knew that they met.

“Please follow me,” the waitress led Han Jingru to a booth at the corner of the cafe.

Han Jingru ordered a cappuccino and looked at the time. Han Tong should arrive on the dot given her conceitedness.

He enjoyed his coffee while waiting for Han Tong.

Not long after, Han Jingru heard a commotion. It seemed like a customer was not happy with the service and argued with the waitress.

Initially, he ignored the commotion. However, as the situation got more and more chaotic and the commotion got louder and louder, a woman's sobs could be heard. Han Jingru became curious.

He wanted to stand up and see what was going on but was stopped by a blonde-haired young man.

“What are you looking at? Don't be a busybody; otherwise, you won't even know how you died.”

Han Jingru just laughed. He never knew how these youngsters got their courage to threaten others.

Just as Han Jingru was about to sit down, the waitress who was sobbing looked at him as though she was asking for his help.

It was the waitress who served Han Jingru earlier and she had a good attitude. It was obvious that the customer was just being overly fussy.

Han Jingru sighed and walked over. He was one that would always help others in need.

“What is going on?” Han Jingru asked as he approached.

“F**k off, didn't you hear what I said earlier? Don't be a busybody.” The youngster started to approach Han Jingru as he spoke.

Han Jingru ignored him and continued, “Let me know how I can help.”

“He... He took up-skirt pictures of me. I wanted him to delete them but he tried to change the subject by saying that I spilled coffee on him,” the waitress said feebly.

The youngster became even angrier as he heard this. He said as he pointed to his shirt, “Isn't this you're doing?”

“You spilled it on yourself and tried to blame it on me,” the waitress started to cry again.

Han Jingru sneered. This youngster could compare to Qing Yun in terms of his shamelessness.

Just as Han Jingru was about to speak nicely to the young man, the latter had already grabbed Han Jingru by his collar.

“Bro, it's going to be bad for you if you don't listen to advice. Look at yourself in the mirror. Do you think you have a right to meddle in other people's affairs?” the young man threatened Han Jingru.

“Let go of me or you will regret it,” Han Jingru said calmly.

The young man smiled and said to his few friends, “This stupid man is trying to threaten me. Does he not know who I am?”

The man's friends laughed as though they really were important figures in Yun City.

The young man turned back and said to Han Jingru, “I am...”

Before he could finish, Han Jingru grabbed onto the young man's wrists and pinned him down. Han Jingru added a kick to his bottom, and the

chap fell flat onto the floor.

The few friends stood up quickly upon seeing this.

“How dare you hit him!”

“Are you looking for trouble?”

“We should let this bastard know what we are made of!”

The few of them approached Han Jingru quickly. Even the waitresses were intimidated and backed away.

However, they were not Han Jingru's match at all when it came to fight.

They only realized this after they were beaten up by Han Jingru.

There were so many of them; how could Han Jingru beat them all at once?

The waitresses looked at Han Jingru in awe. They

had thought that he would be outnumbered.

Han Jingru was really impressive!

“Is this what you mean by showing me what you are made of?” Han Jingru sneered at his opponents.

“You...” the young man looked at Han Jingru with gritted teeth.

“Do you know who I am? How dare you hit me!” The young man continued.

“You are still young. Don't go around threatening others,” Han Jingru walked forward and lifted the young man in the air.

Even though the young man was beaten up, he did not look the least bit fearful. He was so sure that he would be able to take his revenge.

“I dare you to hit me again,” the young man scoffed.

Han Jingru punched him in the face without

hesitation.

“Once more?” Han Jingru challenged.

The young man hesitated. *Is this man not afraid of me taking revenge?*

Before he could respond, Han Jingru had already sent his fist across his face once more.

The young man whimpered in pain.

“I don't think that's enough,” Han Jingru held up his fists again as he spoke.

The young man could not even beg for mercy before Han Jingru sent another punch across his jaws.

The waitresses and his friends looked on in disbelief.

The young man acted so arrogantly earlier, but it was obvious that Han Jingru did not care!

“I can continue, but I wonder if you can take it?”

Han Jingru said to the young man after delivering him three punches.

The young man shook his head. All of his arrogance waned after those punches.

“I’m sorry, I was wrong. I’m sorry, please, let me go,” the young man begged.

He thought that Han Jingru would be threatened by him and did not expect him to be this domineering.

The young man thought that he could wait and take his revenge at a later date.

“Wrong? I don’t think you know that you are wrong. Surely you are thinking of taking revenge right now?” Han Jingru smiled as he kneed him. The young man screamed in pain.

The few friends just stared on as they wondered who this man was who would not give mercy even after begging.

The young man regretted his actions. He should

not have offended Han Jingru in the first place!

“Bro, I'm really sorry. Please, I'm really sorry. I will not take revenge, ever,” the young man promised.

“Give me your phone,” Han Jingru said.

The young man quickly took out his phone and gave it to Han Jingru.

Han Jingru let go of the young man and walked to the waitress.

He said,

“See if the pictures are still there.”

The waitress looked at Han Jingru, intimidated. Even though Han Jingru just helped her, his ruthlessness gave her a fright, too.

Han Jingru laughed and said, “Don't worry, I will not harm you. Hurry up and make sure that the videos are not there anymore.”

The waitress quickly took the phone from him.

Han Jingru turned around to face away so that she would not be embarrassed. However, the young man and his friends started trembling.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Han Tong smiled as she stood at the entrance of the cafe and saw everything unfold.

She approached Han Jingru and said, “You only know how to fight with all these useless people. I suppose you feel very satisfied now?”

“Well, not really. But it's good to teach these punks a lesson,” Han Jingru responded.

Han Tong shook her head as she never respected Han Jingru's actions. She thought that he was a loser by bullying others with those fighting abilities of his.

“You never disappoint me; a loser will always be a loser.”

Han Jingru saw that the waitress deleted all the videos and tossed the phone back to the young man. He said to him,

“Get out and never let me see you again.”

The group quickly scurried out of the cafe.

The waitress bowed her head in appreciation to Han Jingru.

He simply smiled and went back to his seat, asking Han Tong, "Do you want to get a drink?"

"Just spit out what you have. My time is precious," Han Tong said coldly.

She did not want to come and meet Han Jingru at all as she thought that it was too embarrassing for her. Men like Han Jingru had no right to even speak to her.

However, Han Tong had no choice because of what Han Jingru told her over the phone earlier.

"Don't rush. Let me show you something," Han Jingru fished out his phone as he replied Han Tong.

Han Tong's face turned pale as she saw the video. It was the video of her bringing Han Jia to the old estate and upon some editing, it showed exactly what she was doing.

The video showed Han Tong and Han Jia going into the estate together. However, only Han Tong appeared later on with Di Yang. Throughout the whole video, Han Jia never appeared again. If Han Li saw this video, Han Tong would not be able to explain herself.

“Where did you get this from?” Han Tong asked Han Jingru with gritted teeth. She wanted to kill him so badly!

“You don't have to care where I got it from. I'm just curious. If Han Li saw this video, what would he think? I suppose Han Jia is dead now and you don't have the ability to bring him back to life, do you?” Han Jingru said with a smile.

Han Tong only had one thought in her mind, and that was for Di Yang to kill Han Jingru at all costs so that the video would never see the light of day.

“Don't even think about killing me. If I die, the video will be uploaded onto the internet and everyone will know about it, including Han Li,” Han Jingru said. He had already thought of all

scenarios before he came to meet Han Tong.

He knew that Han Tong would kill him if he showed her the video. There was thus only one way to prevent himself from getting hurt - to let Han Tong know that the video would still be spread even if he died.

Han Tong's expression clouded over as she heard Han Jingru's words. To have something like this in Han Jingru's hands was fatal to her.

Han Tong could not accept this. She was the Young Mistress of the Han family and could be the head of the Han family in the future! How could she let a loser like Han Jingru threaten and blackmail her!

“Han Jingru, what do you want?” Han Tong said.

Han Jingru shook his head and said, “It's not about me, it's about you.”

“Me?” Han Tong frowned as she asked.

She continued,

“What do you mean?”

“I know that you want to become the head of the Han family and Han Jia was your biggest obstacle. Nobody would fight with you for the position of the head as long as Han Jia is dead. However, have you thought about it? It's not as easy to cover up Han Jia's death as you think. If you try to pin it on me, I will have no choice but to show this video to Han Li,” Han Jingru said.

“Don't beat around the bush. Tell me what you want,” Han Tong said. She knew that Han Jingru had a plan.

“I'm just here to tell you that it's not enough that Han Jia is dead,” Han Jingu responded.

“Like you said, nobody else can compete with me after Han Jia is dead. What makes you think that I'm not able to become the head of the Han family?” Han Tong said with much disdain.

“Han Li's son is dead. Don't you think he will investigate it?” Han Jingru smiled and replied.

“From my perspective, Han Jia's death is not enough. Han Li must die too.”

Han Tong felt goosebumps immediately. *Han Li must die too?*

She never wanted to harm Han Li in any way.

Killing Han Jia was one of the most extreme things which Han Tong did. Every day since he died, she had had nightmares of Han Jia begging for her mercy.

Han Tong would feel as though someone was spying on her after she woke up from her nightmare. She did not dare to switch off her lights at night anymore.

If she killed Han Li, she might become mentally unstable.

“No way!” Han Tong shook her head firmly as she continued, “You cannot convince me to kill my father.”

“Don't come to conclusions too early. I'm sure

you never thought that you would kill Han Jia. But look at what happened?" Han Jingru said.

"It's two different matters. There's no comparison," Han Tong retorted.

"Two different matters? Han Jia was your obstacle from becoming the head of the family, so is Han Li. What is so different about these two people? If Han Li knew that you killed Han Jia, do you think he will just let you off that easily? Are you sure you want your effort to just go to waste like this?" Han Jingru said.

He hit the bull's eyes with those words.

Han Jingru was right. All her efforts in becoming the head of the family would be wasted if Han Li found out about everything.

Han Jingru knew that Han Tong was considering his proposal as her facial expressions changed.

He continued,

"As long as you become the head of the family,

the Han family will be at your disposal. No one will care how Han Li and Han Jia died.”

“Han Jingru, don't even try to mislead me with your words.”

“I'm not misleading you, I'm sure you know that. You only have one option if you want to become the head of the family... unless you are willing to give that up, and you are ready to confess to Han Li what you did. After all, you killed his son,” Han Jingru said.

“Do you think this is the first time I'm doing it? I killed his illegitimate sons too! Some of whom he was not even aware of. Don't you know how much work I put in just to become the next head of the family? I will never stop here!” Han Tong gritted her teeth as she revealed her past deeds.

Han Jingru was slightly surprised as he did not expect Han Tong to have killed Han Li's other sons too. She was really ruthless!

Han Jingru finally realized how vicious and cold-blooded this woman can be.

But all this was good news to Han Jingru. The more vindictive Han Tong was, the greater success he would have at using her to kill Han Li.

Han Jingru leaned forward and whispered into her ear, "You only live once. Since you've already killed so many, why not kill Han Li too?"

Han Tong clenched her fists and stood up.

Exactly. Since I've already killed so many, what's one more?

As long as she could become the head of the Han family, it did not matter to her that she was killing her own father.

"Han Jingru, don't you just want to turn me into a puppet? You just want me to do as you say now that you can blackmail me," Han Tong said.

"I'm just an outsider. No one will believe me, especially those family members of yours from the States. You don't have to care about me," Han Jingru said.

Han Tong scoffed. She continued, “Good that you know. If you ever try to blackmail me, I will kill you without a second thought. I'm sure you know how capable you are compared to me.”

Han Jingru shrugged his shoulders and replied, “As long as you don't put me in a spot, I'm sure we can work together.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Han Jingru stayed at the cafe for a while longer after Han Tong left. It was clear that Han Tong had made up her mind, and this was both good and bad news to Han Jingru.

Since Han Tong intended to kill her father, this meant that she was an extremely cold-blooded and ruthless woman. Han Jingru would never be able to keep her under control in the future. If Han Tong really became the head of the family and gained power, Han Jingru would no doubt face an extremely strong opponent. She would be able to crush him even if she was in the States.

To Han Jingru, while Han Li could be disposed of, the root of the problem was still this madwoman.

“Perhaps she would be even scarier than Han Li,” Han Jingru shook his head as he mumbled to himself.

Just as he stood up, the blonde-haired young man from earlier came back with a group of people.

“Luo, that's him,” the young man pointed at Han

Jingru and said.

Han Jingru smiled at this. This young man was really fearless. He had just begged for mercy and promised not to take revenge, yet he returned so swiftly.

“How dare you lay a finger on my men. You are really looking for trouble,” Luo approached Han Jingru.

He was dressed in a white singlet; every inch of his flesh was covered in tattoos. He was also of strong built and looked much fitter and powerful than the young man and his group of friends earlier.

“Who are you?” Han Jingru said.

Luo smiled at this as he replied, “You have no right to know who I am. How dare you beat my brother up? I will beat the hell out of your legs today, or else I'm not called Boss Luo!”

Boss Luo? What an arrogant way to introduce yourself.

Han Jingru had never heard of this name before. Did Yun City's mafia become so disorganized that these men could just beat up others easily without fear of punishment from their bosses?

If something did happen, Molan would definitely be the first to take the hit as he was well known among the underworld. Han Jingru reminded himself to tell Molan about this so that he could keep his men in check.

“You think you can scare others just by having protein shakes and gaining some muscles?” Han Jingru responded with a jeer.

Luo's face froze and he became much more agitated. He hated it when others said that his built came from protein powder and shakes.

“Motherf**ker, you really are looking for trouble,” Luo dashed in the direction of Han Jingru as he cursed.

Luo was definitely stronger and faster than others. Judging from his rock-hard muscles, he must have undergone extensive training.

Han Jingru quickly avoided Luo's punch as his fist neared him. However, Luo was still in attack mode; he spotted a window of opportunity and sent a kick in Han Jingru's direction.

Luo was indeed professional. Han Jingru almost couldn't react in time; he only managed to lift his arms to block Luo's kick.

Even at Han Jingru's skill level, the sheer force of Luo's kick still sent him a few steps back.

Luo sneered and said, "Damn, I didn't know you could fight. Too bad I never really saw it."

Just as he finished saying that, Luo started to attack again. His movements were fast and furious. The blond-haired young man and his friends could only look on, holding their breaths.

Meanwhile, the waitress from earlier was worried for Han Jingru as she saw the fight.

She felt bad that Han Jingru was getting into trouble because of her again. What if he really broke his leg?

“Should we call the police?” The waitress went to ask the cafe manager.

The cafe manager was a middle-aged woman. The lace on her low-cut black blouse combined with her looks and figures could make many men fall for her quickly.

As she heard the waitress' question, she shook her head. She was more concerned about the cafe rather than Han Jingru's safety.

She was grateful that Han Jingru helped the waitress earlier. However, if these punks started to take revenge, it would be difficult for her to continue running the cafe properly.

Nobody would want to patronize them if they knew that these punks hung out and fought here.

“Don't meddle in others' affairs,” the manager said.

The waitress became anxious. *How is this others' affairs?*

“But he's in trouble now because of me,” the waitress said.

“He wanted to help you earlier - he made that decision on his own. Did he think that he could offend those people? The cafe will shut down if he continues to fight them,” the manager reprimanded.

The waitress' eyes welled up with tears as she saw Han Jingru backed into a corner.

Han Jingru thought that Luo was just someone who looked scary but could not fight. However, he became shocked as he started to get attacked. Luo's fighting ability was about the same as that of Number 12.

Of course, Han Jingru was backed into a corner not because he was not adept at fighting, but rather because he did not return the punches or kicks. Han Jingru merely wanted to test Luo's limits.

It was obvious that retreating would not allow Luo to exhibit his full potential.

“You are much better than I thought, but I think I know how I can win this,” Han Jingru said.

Luo thought that Han Jingru was just a nobody. He became even more arrogant as he heard this and said, “You piece of shit, don't just use your mouth. Show me what you are made of.”

“Sure,” Han Jingru smiled and raised his fists.

Before Luo could even react, Han Jingru struck his punch right in Luo's face.

Luo was shocked that Han Jingru could fight. How did he have so much strength?

“F**k,” Luo cursed as he barely managed to avoid his punch.

Bang!

As Han Jingru's fists landed on the wall, it felt as though the whole wall shook; a loud cracking sound could be heard.

The young man looked on in disbelief.

The waitresses also widened their eyes.

Luo felt cold sweat run down his spine as the walls showed some cracks. If the punch had landed on his face, he might have died.

Just as everyone was in shock, Han Jingru felt uneasy.

He knew his strengths well and did not expect the wall to crack. However, reality proved him wrong and he started to doubt himself.

Luo quickly distanced himself from Han Jingru as the cracks on the wall continue to spread in all directions like a spider's web.

One could see Luo swallowing his saliva and wiping his sweat. He asked Han Jingru with a trembling voice, "Who the f**k are you?"

Han Jingru took a deep breath and replied, "You don't have the right to know who I am."

Luo would have punched him given his arrogant attitude earlier. However, after seeing Han

Jingru's abilities, Luo hesitated.

Han Jingru retreated early on, giving Luo the illusion that he had the upper hand. However, after what Han Jingru just did, Luo knew that he was not Han Jingru's match at all.

“Let's leave it here,” Luo said.

His words left the group of onlookers dumbfounded. No one thought that Luo would cave in so easily. Only Luo himself knew that if they continued to fight, he might get seriously injured and there would be nothing else to gain from this.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Is this for real?

“Wow, this guy is really impressive. Just one punch and the wall cracked!”

“Are you sure he's not some martial arts fighter?”

Han Jingru left the cafe after Luo brought his men away. A few staff crowded in front of the cracks on the wall with shock still lingering on their faces.

The manager took a deep breath. Initially, she was mentally prepared for Han Jingru to be injured severely. She then realized she had underestimated him when she saw those cracks on the wall.

“Are you sure he's human?” the waitress said to the manager with her mouth still ajar.

The manager just smiled and said, “I don't know if he's human, but he is definitely very good at what he does. I'm sure he's an important figure in Yun City. You are lucky to have him help you.”

After leaving the cafe, Han Jingru was preoccupied with his thoughts. That punch he made was far beyond his ability and he did not know how he managed to do it.

A thought flashed through his mind. Could it be the poor construction of the wall, rather than his strength, that caused the crack?

Han Jingru came to a stop in front of a Taekwondo training school at the corner of Zi Tong Street.

“Sir, are you interested in Taekwondo? We have a promotion going on now, as long as you register with us,” the staff at the door passed him a flyer.

It was a good opportunity to find out whether it was bad construction or his immense strength that cracked the wall.

Taekwondo training schools normally had punching bags. Han Jingru just had to try what he did once more, to find out what was going on.

“Do you have punching bags?” Han Jingru asked.

“Of course, we have all the facilities you need. We are one of the most famous Taekwondo schools in Yun City,” the staff said.

Han Jingru nodded and walked into the place.

He did not care whether the place was famous or not. But as he glanced around he noticed the school occupied a large area and was indeed crowded with students. Tian Jingshuo could not compare to this at all.

A man who looked like a trainer walked over as he saw Han Jingru.

He asked,

“Hey man, are you here to register for a class? We are the best in Yun City. If you have any questions, let me know.”

Han Jingru asked, “How heavy is the heaviest punching bag you have here?”

The trainer looked at Han Jingru in doubt. No student would care about the weight of the

punching bag.

“If you are a beginner, about ten kilograms would be more than enough. We have different categories of punching bags and you can choose to train according to your skill level. Of course, it doesn't necessarily mean that the heaviest is the best. Your skills are the most important,” the trainer said.

“I want to try the heaviest,” Han Jingru said.

The trainer frowned as he looked at Han Jingru. He thought that Han Jingru was not a man with great strength at all.

“Listen to me, don't embarrass yourself,” the trainer said.

Han Jingru smiled and responded, “Don't worry, I'm just here for fun.”

“Alright then, follow me,” the trainer said as he led Han Jingru to the area with punching bags.

There were many people training at that spot,

including children and adults.

“Try this one,” the trainer said to Han Jingru. However, he noticed that Han Jingru's gaze was already fixed on another black punching bag.

He scoffed slightly and said, “Hey, don't even think about trying that one. We only use that for decoration since it's filled with iron sand. It takes a lot of strength just to move it around.”

“Could I try?” Han Jingru asked. Since he was here to test his strength, he should go for the heaviest one.

The trainer burst into a fit of laughter. Even the students around Han Jingru smiled in amusement as they heard him. There were men like Han Jingru previously who visited their training school and tried that punching bag. In the end, some of them even broke their legs and were hospitalized for a few months.

“Seems like this guy likes the hospital a little too much.”

“He's just trying to act cool.”

“Why don't we bet on how long the ambulance will take to come?”

“Ten minutes, and he will ask for it.”

“I bet that he will leave hopping on a single leg and only call for the ambulance when he reaches the entrance.”

The others did not care whether Han Jingru could hear them and started to make fun of him.

Han Jingru walked in front of the punching bag and tried to move it with his arms. It was indeed very heavy, but it was precisely what he wanted to test his strength with.

“Could I try it?” Han Jingru asked the trainer again.

The trainer just looked at him with disdain. Since he wanted to embarrass himself, the trainer didn't stop him from doing whatever he wanted.

“Sure; however, we will not bear any responsibility if you get injured,” the trainer reminded him.

Han Jingru nodded as he squatted down slightly and readied himself for the strike.

Everyone laughed as he went into this stance. Han Jingru was obviously not a professional taekwondo fighter; how could he move the punching bag?

“His fingers are going to break if he uses his fists.”

“That's for sure. That punching bag is almost like an iron wall.”

“What kind of man is this? He comes here and act cool and does something so stupid.”

Everyone started to guess who Han Jingru was. Some thought he was here to show who was boss, while others thought he was a mad man. Nobody believed that Han Jingru could do what he wanted to do. The audience looked on scornfully.

Han Jingru concentrated all his energy on his right fist.

Just as Han Jingru turned and wanted to gain more power by turning his waist, the trainer shook his head.

“This man is crazy. Not only would he hurt his hands, he would also hurt his waist,” the trainer commented. He was not impressed with Han Jingru's actions at all.

At the same time, Han Jingru punched straight ahead. Everyone thought he was going to suffer the consequences and even prepared for him to scream in pain.

Nobody expected a miracle.

Nobody thought he could move the iron sand punching bag by even a millimeter.

However, the next second, a loud impact could be heard and the punching bag swung.

Everyone inhaled deeply and looked on in shock.

Some students even covered their mouths as they stared in disbelief.

The trainer also felt goosebumps on his skin as he saw this.

He thought Han Jingru was a joke when he led him in. However, not only was he not a joke anymore, he was also very much a miracle.

“How... How is this possible?”

“H-He managed to do it! And it swung so high!”

“Is he human?”

Everyone started to talk among themselves as they could not believe what they just saw.

As the punching bag started to swing back, a normal person would react by avoiding the punching bag as its weight and inertia could bring severe injury. However, Han Jingru just stood there with no intention to avoid the bag.

“Hurry up and duck!” The trainer yelled at Han

Jingru. He did not want anyone to die at the training school.

Han Jingru stood at his spot and prepared to strike again. This meant that he was going to try and stop the punching bag with his fists.

One could only imagine the combined impact of the weight and speed of the swinging bag.

Again, everyone thought Han Jingru was mad. Otherwise, why would he be so crazy as to risk his life?

Nobody could stop him within that split second.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Is this guy trying to ruin the reputation of our school? The trainer looked on at this scene as his hatred for Han Jingru arose.

If someone died at the training school, it would affect their reputation badly. The trainer started to think that this mad man was from a competitor that was deliberately trying to sabotage their business.

However, he could do nothing else but observe the scene unfolding before his eyes.

Some of the female students covered their eyes as they could not bear to see Han Jingru getting hit.

Bang!

The impact on the punching bag echoed throughout the whole place.

The female students did not hear any screaming. Instead, there was a moment of silence.

Why was it so quiet? Could he be dead already?

When they opened their eyes, they, too, froze.

Han Jingru was still standing at his spot; his right fist penetrated the punching bag.

How is this even possible!

It was a pin drop silence in the training area.

Some slight panting could be heard amidst the stillness.

Everyone's eyes widened and their jaws were agape. All were shocked.

The trainer turned pale with incredulity. He had expected Han Jingru to die from the impact of the punching bag. Instead, he punched right through the punching bag.

No words could describe Han Jingru now. His stance in front of the punching bag made him look like a demigod, except for the lack of a halo.

The female students started to admire him and looked as though they could not wait to profess

their love.

Han Jingru retracted his hand and the iron sand started to flow out of the bag.

“I will pay you back,” Han Jingru walked in front of the trainer and said.

“Oh!” the trainer retreated as he saw Han Jingru approach. He still had not recovered his senses.

The trainer had learned taekwondo since young and had been a trainer for a few years. He had never met someone like Han Jingru, and today's incident had broadened his horizons.

“No, it's alright, man. Do you want to stay on as a trainer?” the trainer asked Han Jingru.

“If you stay as a trainer, I will continue training here for another two more years.”

“Five years for me!”

“Ten years!”

The few female students did not even try to conceal their excitement about Han Jingru.

Han Jingru only wanted to test the limits of his strengths and never wanted to become a trainer.

“I’m sorry, I never thought about it,” Han Jingru replied.

The trainer did not give up and continued, “Don’t worry, if the boss knew about you, he will give you a very high salary. Why don’t I get him here so you two can discuss the details?”

“I know you mean well, but I’ve never worked as a coach before,” Han Jingru said.

The coach saw that Han Jingru was firm and did not insist. However, if Han Jingru could stay, it would be beneficial for the school.

“If you don’t want to become a trainer, why don’t you just place your name down? Something like a temporary position, or trainer-in-name?” The trainer continued to persuade him.

Han Jingru was not interested as he knew that being a coach-in-name meant that he had to show his face during competitions.

Just as he shook his head, a few female students approached him.

They only wanted his contact number and did not care whether he stayed as a coach at the taekwondo school.

Han Jingru never expected this to happen.

He quickly scurried out of the place and finally escaped the grasp of the ladies.

The trainer sighed as he looked at the hole in the punching bag.

He said,

“If he could stay, no one would ever want to compete with us again.”

“Exactly. He is really good,” another trainer sighed as well. Nobody would ever believe what

Han Jingru just did.

Han Jingru quickly headed home after he left the training school.

He locked himself in his room and looked at his fists blankly.

He knew that something was happening to his body. Otherwise, he would not have such incredible strength.

However, Han Jingru could not figure out what was going on. It was as though he was gifted with this strength out of nowhere.

Han Jingru would normally go to Yan Qiong whenever something like this happened, and Yan Qiong would give him much advice. However, Han Jingru hesitated in telling Yan Qiong about this: he was afraid that even Yan Qiong would not have an answer for him. If that were true, he would feel even more uneasy.

Qi Bingying did not know what was going on with Han Jingru. He only locked himself in his

room upon returning home without saying anything.

Could it be that something happened while meeting Han Tong?

His plan was extremely wild and ridiculous. Qi Bingying was not surprised if Han Tong did not accept it. However, Han Jingru came home with a serious expression on his face, which made Qi Bingying suspect that things were not as simple as she thought.

When dinner time came, Qi Bingying found an excuse to knock on Han Jingru's door.

“Jingru, time for food,” Qi Bingying said as she stood at the door.

Han Jingru recovered his senses and opened the door for her.

Qi Bingying noticed Han Jingru's weariness and asked, “What is going on with you? You look tired.”

Han Jingru shook his head. He was indeed tired as the sudden strength he had gained made him uneasy. He was also worried that this phenomenon might bring him serious injury.

Han Jingru had never feared death previously. However, he now had many responsibilities on his shoulders, such as taking care of Su Yimo and finding Han Xiuzhi. He could not afford to die!

“It’s nothing,” Han Jingru said.

“Is it Han Tong? Does she not agree with your plan?” Qi Bingying asked.

“No. I mean, she did not exactly say that she agreed, but I'm confident that she will make the decision that I wanted her to. She has no other choice anyway,” Han Jingru explained.

Han Tong will definitely find a way to kill Han Li. It's the only way for her to become the head of the Han family.

Qi Bingying frowned. *If it was not Han Tong, what else could make Han Jingru fret this much?*

Could this be about Su Yimo?

“Did something happen to Yimo?” Qi Bingying asked.

“You seem to be getting nosier these few days. I will have no choice but to kick you out if you keep asking questions,” Han Jingru warned.

Qi Bingying gritted her teeth. She was just trying to show some care and concern, and yet Han Jingru gave her attitude.

“Are you stupid or what?” Qi Bingying said.

“What do you mean?” Han Jingru asked in a puzzled manner.

“You are too firm and stupid. A beautiful woman is showing you care and concern. Not only are you not grateful, you even want to kick me out,” Qi Bingying retorted.

Firm and stupid? He was definitely a romantic in front of Su Yimo. Not only that, he was also gentle and caring. However, not every woman will get to enjo

y this side of him. The privilege belongs only to Su Yimo.

“I don't care how pretty you are. You are just another woman in my eyes,” Han Jingru said calmly. He did not bother about Qi Bingying's mood.

Qi Bingying was on the verge of an eruption. However, she was well used to Han Jingru's reactions and rejections, and his response was still within her tolerable limits.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Ever since Number 12 had lost his leading position among the pugilists and the place was trashed up continuously, business at the underground boxing arena had been horrible. As a bustling ambiance was of utmost importance to such venues, the number of spectators in the boxing arena dwindled to zero.

At 10 p.m. - when business was supposed to be at its peak - there was dead silence in the arena. No customer was in sight. A look of gloom fell on Number 12's face as he stood on the stage.

Han Jingru had entrusted the underground boxing arena to him, including the management of its finances. The business had flourished under Number 12's management for a while, but it had now passed its glory.

Zhou Bo stood beside Number 12 empathetically. He had witnessed for himself the effort that Number 12 had put into the business. However, once the reputation of the boxing arena crumbled, it would be difficult to entice customers to return. Regaining customers' trust was no easy feat.

“Number 12, why don't we end this business? We can revert to our old trade.” Though Zhou Bo did not bear any animosity toward Han Jingru, he had always felt that it was a pity for Number 12 to be confined to such a small place.

Number 12 had never considered returning to his old trade, not even for a second. Because he was no longer alone. He had the added responsibility to take care of Tang Qingwan now.

“Zhou Bo, I cannot only think for myself now. I have to take care of Tang Qingwan.”

Zhou Bo knew that Tang Qingwan would always be an obstacle in Number 12's path, but her existence was not one that Zhou Bo could erase easily.

“Why don't we go down to Green Dragon Boxing Arena and snatch back the customers?” Zhou Bo gritted his teeth in anger. Green Dragon Boxing Arena had snatched all their customers after Number 12 lost in his last fight, the Green Dragon team even belittled Number 12. Zhou Bo had been bottling up his anger over this for a long

time, and could not wait to cause a ruckus at Green Dragon.

Number 12 shook his head. *Although Green Dragon has taken advantage of our plight to steal away our customers, it is full of skilled pugilists. Even I am not their match, so why should we embarrass ourselves by going there?*

“Have you not seen how strong that man is? So what if we go there? We would only embarrass ourselves,” Number 12 said.

Zhou Bo could not swallow his anger but he was unable to retort, either. *That man is indeed stronger than us.*

“Number 12, why is there no customer here?” A familiar voice drifted in.

Number 12 straightened up when he saw the owner of that familiar voice. He greeted respectfully, “Jingru.”

“Jingru.”

Walking up to Number 12, Han Jingru continued, "What happened?"

Guilt flashed across Number 12's face. When Han Jingru first entrusted him with the boxing arena, it had prospered for a time before going on a decline. In Number 12's eyes, he had failed Han Jingru.

"Jingru, I am useless." Number 12 lowered his head in shame.

"Jingru, Green Dragon Boxing Arena has snatched our customers," Zhou Bo chipped in.

Number 12 glared at Zhou Bo. He was racking his brains to reverse the situation and had reminded Molan not to inform Han Jingru. Thus Han Jingru did not know about the current situation. Now that Zhou Bo had blurted everything to Han Jingru, Number 12 felt even more ashamed of himself.

"Green Dragon Boxing Arena?" Han Jingru knitted his brows and asked, "Why haven't I heard of it before? Is it new?"

Zhou Bo dared not speak after incurring Number 12's wrath. Han Jingru stared at Number 12 expectantly, thus Number 12 had no choice but to reply, "Yes, it is new."

"A new boxing arena that is capable of snatching all our customers... Seems like it does have some tricks up its sleeves."

"The reputation of our arena was badly hit after I lost twice in the competition that I have organized. Now that Green Dragon has replicated my competition model, it has been enjoying a surge in its popularity."

The competition model was such that any pugilist can participate. Han Jingru could guess easily that Number 12 was not a match for his opponent, thus he had not participated in it so far.

Number 12 is considered a very strong fighter by most standards. Whoever capable of engaging a pugilist who is stronger than he must not be from a simple background.

"Let's go to the Green Dragon Boxing Arena,"

Han Jingru suggested. The purpose of Han Jingru's visit today was to fight a duel with Number 12 to reaffirm his newfound strength. Since there was a stronger opponent now, he did not need to spar with Number 12 anymore.

“Jingru, the opponent is really very strong. There is no use even if we go.”

“We will never know until we try.”

Number 12's heart sank. He had mistakenly assumed that Han Jingru wanted him to take revenge on the Green Dragon Boxing Arena, so said resignedly, “Jingru, I will try my best.”

Han Jingru smiled, not caring to explain. *I am trying to find a chance to test out my strength. How can I give up such an opportunity to Number 12?*

The trio arrived at Green Dragon Boxing Arena. Its setup was similar to Number 12's boxing arena. It had a gigantic basement, and the ring in the center was surrounded by rows of spectators who were cheering on in deafening enthusiasm

for the two boxers in the ring.

From a glance, there was not much difference between the two arenas. However, if one was to take a good look around, it was not difficult to notice the scantily clad waitresses arousing the male spectators' interest, as well as the illegal transactions going on all over the place. This was the main reason why Green Dragon Boxing Arena could snatch all their customers.

At this moment, a bald, middle-aged man with a potbelly sat in one of the private rooms, looking at the match going on in the ring. He had a thick, gold necklace around his neck. Beside him was a heavy-set man with a proud expression on his face.

That middle-aged man was Zhou Yangfu, the boss of Green Dragon Boxing Arena. The heavy-set man was Shan Qing, his top pugilist.

“All men dream of watching boxing and toying with women concurrently. Number 12's boxing arena should have closed down long ago. What is the point of watching boxing alone?” Zhou

Yangfu sneered. He only took barely half a month to snatch all of Number 12's customers. This was his proudest accomplishment yet.

His subordinate came into the private room and reported, "Boss, Number 12 is here."

A look of astonishment flashed across Zhou Yangfu's face. With a satisfied smile, he said, "He finally can't take it anymore. Good. If he doesn't come, I wouldn't have a chance to teach him a lesson."

Zhou Yangfu then looked at Shan Qing and ordered, "It's time for you to perform. Tonight will be your best chance to make a name for yourself."

Shan Qing laughed arrogantly and replied, "From tonight onwards, Number 12 will cease to exist in Yun City. I will let him die in my hands."

Zhou Yangfu was pleased with Shan Qing's claims. He had no qualms about someone dying on his premises. In order to groom Shan Qing to be the top pugilist in Yun City, Shan Qing must

beat Number 12. Number 12 was to be Shan Qing's stepping stone.

Zhou Yangfu ordered his subordinate, "After this match is over, shine the spotlight on Number 12. I have something to say to him."

His subordinate nodded, "Yes Boss. I will arrange it immediately."

Looking at the ring, Number 12 was met with mixed emotions. Such a bustling scene should take place at his arena instead of Green Dragon. However, he could not blame anyone but himself for not being stronger than Shan Qing. He had single-handedly caused his boxing arena business to deteriorate, and now it was on the verge of closing down.

Han Jingru asked, "Have you noticed the differences?"

Number 12 noticed that the scantily-clad waitresses were the feature that attracted male spectators. But he could not bring himself to do it even if he was asked to.

“Jingru, this place is total pandemonium.”

Han Jingru shook his head at Number 12. He did not investigate Number 12's past but in such an environment, it was common for the spectators to be driven by lust and violence. *It's quite ridiculous that Number 12 cannot accept it.*

“One has to satisfy their customers' requirements to make money,” Han Jingru said flatly.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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After the match ended, the harsh spotlight suddenly shone on Number 12. Just when Number 12 and all the spectators were baffled, they heard an announcement over the PA system.

“Green Dragon Boxing Arena is deeply honored to be graced by Number 12's presence. Applause, everyone.”

Everyone who was familiar with underground boxing would have heard of Number 12. After all, Number 12 used to be the underground boxing champion in Yun City with a startling track record of winning. Furthermore, most spectators in Green Dragon Boxing Arena used to frequent Number 12's boxing arena. Thus all eyes were on him now.

Zhou Yangfu continued his announcement over the PA system, “Number 12, you can't be coming here just to watch the match. I can help to bring forward the competition if you wish to participate. Just take it as giving the spectators a treat. What do you think?”

The spectators broke into an uproar after the

announcement was made, chanting Number 12's name. Obviously, Zhou Yangfu wanted to pressure Number 12 to join the competition.

Seeing that Number 12 was indifferent, Zhou Yangfu continued, "Number 12, you used to be the underground boxing champion and owned the highest number of consecutive wins. Are you scared now? You understand Shan Qing's prowess very well. If you don't have the guts to join the competition, I will understand, but you need to scram and swear that you will never step foot into underground boxing ever again."

Zhou Yangfu leaned back against his chair after his announcement, smiling like a satisfied cat. *It feels so good to be able to belittle the former underground boxing champion.*

"Aren't you worried that he will run away?" Shan Qing asked Zhou Yangfu.

Zhou Yangfu shook his head and explained, "I have nothing to say if he is really such a coward. But if he is a real man, he will face up to the competition. If he runs away with his tail

between his legs, his reputation in Yun City will go down the drain.”

Shan Qing smiled and said, “That may not be true. Since he knows he cannot win against me, it is understandable that he chooses to be a coward. At least he won't get killed by me.”

“If you were in his shoes, will you choose to be a coward or to die?”

Shan Qing smirked and said, “Who can beat me in Yun City?”

Zhou Yangfu guffawed, “*Haha!* I admire your arrogance. Yes, you are unbeatable.”

Shan Qing may not be unbeatable, but there was indeed no one he could look up to in Yun City.

“Number 12, you are the underground boxing champion. Don't be a coward.”

“So many people are looking at you. Don't you feel shame? Don't be a coward.”

“Just rename yourself Coward 12 instead of Number 12.”

Number 12's face grew gloomier by the second as more spectators jeered at him.

I would be totally ashamed of myself if I back out of the competition now.

Just as he had taken his first step forward, he felt a hand on his shoulder pulling him back.

“Jingru, I cannot put up with such humiliation. My manly ego cannot allow it.”

“Watch closely. I will fight the match.”

Number 12 and Zhou Bo shared a doubtful glance with each other. Never had they expected Han Jingru to say such a thing.

“No, this Shan Qing will not let you go lightly,” Number 12 rejected firmly.

“Of course he won't. If you don't beat him, you will only die in the ring,” Han Jingru replied.

Number 12 looked at Han Jingru in confusion. *If you know the stakes are so high, why do you still want to stand in for me to participate in the competition?*

“Jingru, if you know already...”

“Do you think I will lose to him?” Han Jingru cut him off.

Number 12 looked troubled. To him, Han Jingru is no better than he, and the consequences of losing the competition were apparent to all. But Han Jingru was his boss, so it did not seem appropriate to tell him so.

“Just watch closely. I will teach you how to fight today.” Han Jingru headed towards the ring.

“What is Jingru thinking?” Zhou Bo asked Number 12.

Number 12 shook his head. He, too, did not understand Han Jingru's train of thought. *Given Han Jingru's status now, he need not put himself in danger. The closure of the underground boxing arena would have no impact on him. So why is he standing in for me in this competi*

on?

“Maybe Jingru stands a chance?” Zhou Bo guessed.

Number 12 rejected this suggestion flatly, explaining, “I fought with him just a few months ago. Even if he has improved over the last few months, he cannot improve that tremendously. I know how strong Shan Qing is. Jingru will never be able to defeat him.”

By now, Han Jingru had already entered the ring. All the spectators were confused by his appearance.

Zhou Yangfu challenged Number 12. Why has this fellow entered the ring instead?

“What is this guy doing? Can he be thinking of challenging Shan Qing?”

“It is a parody. Given his slim frame, how can he hope to beat Shan Qing?”

“To me, Number 12 dares not fight so he sends a

cannon fodder instead.”

Of course, some spectators jeered at Han Jingru.

“Kid, get lost. Shan Qing can beat you with one hand.”

“What right do you have to fight with Shan Qing? We have been watching underground boxing for ages, and no one recognizes you.”

“Get lost. Don't embarrass yourself and lose your life.”

Han Jingru was indifferent to the sneers around him.

In the private room, Zhou Yangfu snickered, “Seems like you have guessed correctly. Number 12 really wants to be a coward and has actually sent a cannon fodder.”

Shan Qing smiled coldly and stood up.

“What are you doing? You don't need to fight such a small fry personally. I can find someone to

settle him easily.”

“We can force Number 12 to fight by killing this fellow. How can I prove myself if I don't fight Number 12 personally?” With that, Shan Qing turned to leave the private room.

Zhou Yangfu looked at him helplessly. Although Shan Qing was his subordinate, there were many occasions when he could not make him change his mind. Zhou Yangfu was not very pleased about this, but he could only put up with Shan Qing's temperament. After all, Shan Qing had brought fame to Green Dragon Boxing Arena, and Zhou Yangfu could not afford to fall out with his cash cow.

“Poor boy. I hope that you will have a swift death and not suffer so much pain. Otherwise, you might not even have the guts to reincarnate as a human in your next life,” Zhou Yangfu sighed, shaking his head. To him, Han Jingru was already a dead man even before suffering his tortuous death at Shan Qing's hands.

When Shan Qing appeared on stage, the jeering

from the spectators suddenly turned into loud cheers.

Shan Qing had appeared in the matches organized by Green Dragon Boxing Arena three times only. And at every appearance he beat his opponent swiftly. Although his opponents did not die, the boxing arena's management had purposely released fake news that they had either become paralyzed or fallen into a coma.

Green Dragon Boxing Arena had successfully built up Shan Qing's formidable image. To others, he was a killing machine who demonstrated real violence in every match, thus it was easy to understand why the spectators were in such excited anticipation.

From a marketing perspective, Zhou Yangfu was very clever and had only scheduled Shan Qing to fight in ad-hoc matches. By not fixing Shan Qing's schedule, the audience would not jam up the arena every night, but a high daily turnout could still be guaranteed as spectators hoped that Shan Qing would appear in that night's matches. Zhou Yangfu had indeed maximized Shan Qing's

value.

“Shan Qing, kill him.”

“Let us witness real violence.”

“He has no right to fight with you. Finish him with one blow and let him pay for his arrogance.”

The spectators' excitement was running high. All of them were waiting for Shan Qing to kill Han Jingru. After all, there was a big difference between injuring one's opponent and killing him. They were accustomed to seeing a defeated pugilist covered with injuries and were looking forward to an even bloodier outcome.

Shan Qing strutted into the ring and sneered, “How do you want to die?”

How do you want to die?

These 6 simple words drove the audience into a new summit of excitement.

Everyone's blood was running hot at this moment.

But the instant when Shan Qing raised his hand, everyone fell silent. That was how influential Shan Qing was.

“It seems like everyone thinks that you will lose. Have you thought of the consequences by standing in for Number 12?” Shan Qing raised his head to stare at Number 12 and continued, “You were the underground boxing champion. But you'd rather be a coward now. Are you so afraid of dying?”

Han Jingru replied, “I can handle you well enough.”

Shan Qing guffawed. All the spectators joined him in the laughter, as if Han Jingru had just told them a big joke.

“This fellow is really full of himself. He actually looks down on Shan Qing.”

“How dare he speak to Shan Qing in this manner. Shan Qing will not let him off.”

“I wonder how he will die in Shan Qing's hands. Shan Qing would surely torture him to death.”

After Shan Qing stopped laughing, he taunted, “Look at you. Even if I give in to you by 10 punches, you will never beat me.”

The corners of Han Jingru's mouth curved upwards. He was not certain whether he could beat this fellow initially, but never would he expect Shan Qing to make him such an offer.

So long as I throw the right punches, this fellow would not stand a chance.

“I don't need you to give in to me by 10 punches. One is sufficient.”

Shan Qing wriggled his right index finger at Han Jingru and replied, “Okay, I will give in to you by

one punch. Let me see how much strength you have in that frail body of yours.”

“Don't regret it.”

“Regret? Why would I regret it? You are such a loser,” Shan Qing said deprecatingly.

Han Jingru bent his knees with his toes pointing forward, positioning himself into a martial-arts squat.

The spectators burst into disdainful laughter once again.

“This fellow is an idiot. He knows nothing yet he dares to challenge Shan Qing.”

“It is a one-sided match again. So boring.”

“It will be fun to see how Shan Qing beat this guy. Take it as tonight's bonus round.”

Number 12's face turned ghastly white upon hearing those jeers. *Han Jingru would not be able to defeat Shan Qing with one blow. After that one blow, Shan Qing would surely give him numerous heavy punches.*

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Suddenly, Han Jingru stomped on the ground loudly, shocking everyone with his sheer strength. They had never expected him to have so much strength given his slim build.

Shan Qing was startled but dismissed it quickly. To him, Han Jingru, though stronger than he had guessed initially, could never match up to his own strength.

Since he had agreed to give Han Jingru a one-punch concession, he could not regret his decision or break his promise in public.

“Your strength is only good for fighting ordinary people. It will never hurt me,” Shan Qing actually closed his eyes at this point, mimicking the stance of a world-class master.

The spectators were impressed by Shan Qing's guts. *He actually closed his eyes in front of his opponent. He must have really held his opponent in disregard.*

“This guy actually looked down on Jingru to such an extent.” Zhou Bo gritted his teeth. Shan Qing's arrogance had irked him so much that Zhou Bo wished to challenge him personally. On the flip side, however, Zhou Bo was also well aware that he was no match for Shan Qing.

Number 12 sighed, “Given his prowess, of course he will look down on Jingru. They are of entirely different levels.”

Han Jingru was very powerful, but the spectators were blind to this fact due to Shan Qing's public belittlement of him.

At this moment, Han Jingru was inching closer to Shan Qing. He mumbled under his breath with reference to Shan Qing's act of closing his eyes, “Stupid fool.”

The second when Han Jingru's punch landed on Shan Qing's face, Shan Qing opened his eyes in shock. He could see Han Jingru's gleeful face in front of him.

A few seconds later, Shan Qing's face started to

contort with pain. The next moment, he felt himself flying in the air uncontrollably.

He crashed onto a few unfortunate spectators, causing them to howl in pain.

The flurry of events happened so fast that many spectators were still trying to take them all in.

They had just witnessed the earth-shattering moment of Shan Qing standing wobbly in the ring before he collapsed onto the ground with blood gushing out from his mouth.

In the private room, Zhou Yangfu finally recovered from his dazed and jumped down from his sofa with an incredulous look on his face. He could not believe what he had seen.

This fellow...

He actually knocked Shan Qing out with a single punch! How is this possible?!

How can Shan Qing, given his prowess, be knocked out?

This fellow has such a slim frame!

Lost in his thoughts, Zhou Yangfu rubbed his bald crown subconsciously; he was puzzled and in a panic.

Green Dragon Boxing Arena has relied solely on Shan Qing to achieve its popularity today. Now that Shan Qing was knocked out in public, Green Dragon Boxing Arena's reputation is going down the drain!

The dead silence in the arena turned into an uproar. Everyone stared at Han Jingru, their eyes wide with shock. *Am I dreaming? How can Shan Qing be knocked out of the ring with a single punch?*

Shouldn't he be the one dying instead?

“I saw it! He knocked Shan Qing out with a single punch!”

“Oh gosh! Did I see wrongly? How can he knock Shan Qing out with a single punch!”

“Shan Qing is almost dying now. It is enough proof! Never could I imagine that this slim fellow is actually so formidable!”

“I can't tell that he is so powerful.”

The spectators who had jeered at Han Jingru earlier were by now exclaiming in wonder. Their admiration of the ever-powerful Shan Qing had dissolved instantaneously. Nobody dared to look down on Han Jingru now.

Zhou Bo gave himself two slaps on the face and asked Number 12, “Hey, tell me I am not dreaming.”

Number 12 was breathing heavily, his heart thumping wildly. His heart could hardly take the shock that was brought on by this unexpected development. *Han Jingru has knocked Shan Qing out with a single punch.*

But how can I doubt what I have just seen?

“You are not dreaming. Jingru has really become frighteningly strong now,” Number 12 replied,

not realizing that his own voice was trembling.

Zhou Bo swallowed hard and clenched his face. Looking at Han Jingru with determined eyes, he made a promise to himself, "I must ask Jingru to be my master now that he has become so strong. I will kneel before him until he agrees to take me in as his disciple."

Seeing how ridiculously determined Zhou Bo was, Number 12 smiled helplessly and replied, "Do you think Jingru is so free that he has the time to teach you? Just forget about it. Don't bother Jingru."

Zhou Bo hung his head low in misery. He was well aware of how busy Han Jingru was, but before Number 12 completely dashed his hopes Zhou Bo was still hopeful that Han Jingru could accept him as his disciple before Number 12.

"I deserve to die. I used to look down on Jingru. Luckily you scolded me in time, or else I would have offended such a formidable person," Zhou Bo mumbled in shame. In his world, only the strongest pugilist deserved his respect -

apparently, Han Jingru had earned this right now.

Number 12 straightened his back subconsciously and said, "Jingru would not mind the words of a small fry like you. Don't think too much."

Zhou Bo scratched his head embarrassingly and said, "You are so mean. Although I cannot fight as well as Jingru, I am definitely not weak."

"Really? Do you want to spar with Jingru?"

Zhou Bo's eyelids twitched and rejected this suggestion hurriedly, "No need, no need. Stop poking fun at me. Even Shan Qing was knocked out by Jingru's single punch. I would die under his hand."

At this moment, Han Jingru turned around to look up at the private room. He knew that the person who taunted him over the PA system just now was in the room.

"Do you want to continue?" Han Jingru asked coolly. He was challenging the entire Green Dragon Boxing Arena!

The spectators were in a frenzied state of excitement now, even more excited than when Shan Qing first entered the ring. Although they did not know Han Jingru by his name, they were chanting “Boxing Champion” as if they had already acknowledged him as the new champion.

Boxing was a world where only the strongest could survive. No proper underground boxing fan would have binding loyalty to any pugilist. They would discard their idol the instant he was defeated by a stronger pugilist, recognizing the latter as their new idol while devoting their blind admiration to him until the time when he was defeated.

In the private room, Zhou Yangfu was in such a rage that his whole body trembled. He knew that Number 12 would never re-emerge as the boxing champion in Yun City again and had assumed that for as long as Shan Qing was around, he could remain boss of the top boxing arena without a worry.

Never did he expect Shan Qing to be knocked out by a single punch just a few days after he started

enjoying his new title as owner of the city's top boxing arena.

If no one accepts the challenge from Han Jingru, the reputation of Green Dragon Boxing Arena will surely go down the drain.

However, even Shan Qing was no match for him. Zhou Yangfu knew it was a lost cause even if he sent other boxers to spar with him.

“Who is this fellow? How does Number 12 manage to find such a powerful guy?” Zhou Yangfu gritted his teeth in frustrated resignation. The emergence of Han Jingru had destroyed his control over the lucrative underground boxing industry in Yun City. Zhou Yangfu could not accept this fact.

“Should we investigate his background?” Zhou Yangfu's subordinate asked.

Zhou Yangfu glared at Han Jingru. He was very curious about his background but the consequences would be unbearable if a strong pugilist such as Han Jingru found out that he was

being investigated.

“No hurry. Let me think of other plans.” Zhou Yangfu had shrunk from his arrogant self to a coward afraid of antagonizing Han Jingru.

“What should we do? Should we send other pugilists into the ring?” His subordinate continued asking.

Zhou Yangfu turned livid at this question. He vented his anger on his subordinate by throwing vicious punches and kicks at the poor man while hollering, “Are you stupid? Even Shan Qing is not his match. Should we continue to send someone to die?”

In the ring, Han Jingru smirked when no other challenger stepped forward. He walked out of the ring.

Zhou Yangfu had placed all his hopes onto Shan Qing. He had expected that Zhou Yangfu would not dare to send other pugilists to spar with him after he defeated Shan Qing.

All eyes were on Han Jingru. As Han Jingru walked out of the ring, disappointment fell upon the spectators and they started to curse and swear at Green Dragon Boxing Arena.

“Lousy Green Dragon Boxing Arena. As the host of the competition, it actually withdrew itself from new challenges. So shameful.”

“I am not coming to Green Dragon Boxing Arena ever again. It is worthless to spend my money on a bunch of useless losers.”

“Zhou Yangfu was rather arrogant just now. But now he has turned into a coward and doesn't dare to utter a single word. I will not come to this place ever again.”

The dissatisfied spectators burst into an uproar again, but this time they were all denouncing Green Dragon Boxing Arena, vowing not to return to the establishment.

Number 12 and Zhou Bo walked to Han Jingru's side. Number 12 asked, “Jingru, where do we go now?”

“Shouldn't we start preparing for the boxing arena's opening ceremony tomorrow?” Han Jingru said, his eyes twinkling.

Number 12 was stumped. *Indeed. Looking at Green Dragon's situation now, I can take the opportunity to reopen our boxing arena.* Number 12 could not believe how fast the tides turned towards him.

After leaving Green Dragon Boxing Arena, Zhou Bo asked, “Jingru, do you have some time now?”

“What do you mean?” Han Jingru looked at Zhou Bo in bafflement.

Zhou Bo sneaked a glance at Number 12 in embarrassment. Although Number 12 had made it clear to him, he would still like Han Jingru to answer him personally. *What if Han Jingru agrees to my request?*

“Jingru, if you have some time, please take me in as your disciple!”

Han Jingru shook his head helplessly and said,

“You'd better learn from Number 12. I am not fit to be your master.”

“Yes, of course you are. You managed to knock Shan Qing out with a single punch, so of course you are fit to be my master.”

No one else, except Han Jingru himself, had an inkling of the turmoil he was going through.

Actually, his prowess did not improve that much. He had no idea where this strange and formidable strength stemmed from, or when it would disappear.

However, Han Jingru could not tell the truth to Number 12 and Zhou Bo.

“Hurry up and go home. I need to return home to rest, too.” With that, Han Jingru strode away.

Zhou Bo sighed. He had expected such an answer, but he still felt a tinge of disappointment.

“I can't see through Jingru. I'm starting to

understand why you chose to support him,” Zhou Bo told Number 12.

“He has a unique charm. You will understand it in the future. Though I can't promise that he can give you a bright future, I can definitely guarantee you will not regret supporting him,” Number 12 said firmly.

When Han Jingru reached home, he was surprised to see Qi Bingying dressed in her silky nightgown, watching television in the living room. *I made sure that she was sleeping before I left the house just now.*

“Aren't you sleeping?” Han Jingru was puzzled.

Indeed, Qi Bingying had fallen asleep, but she woke up at the sound of Han Jingru closing the main door. After tossing and turning in her bed all night, she decided to get up and wait for Han Jingru in the living room.

“I am worried that you will be beaten up again and needed me to save you.”

“Am I so weak in your eyes? I have knocked out a top pugilist with a single punch tonight!”

Qi Bingying replied in disbelief, “You can beat a top pugilist? I guess you are just too overwhelmed after winning some small fry.”

Han Jingru shrugged his shoulders and replied, “If you have heard of the name 'Shan Qing' before, you would have known that he was not some small fry. Too bad you do not understand underground boxing. I shall not waste time explaining to you. Let me go and sleep now.”

With that, he headed straight to his room. He did not notice the astonishment on Qi Bingying's face.

Even if Qi Bingying did not understand much about underground boxing, she had heard of Shan Qing before.

She had heard about Green Dragon Boxing Arena's top pugilist from Dong Hao.

According to Dong Hao, Shan Qing was

formidable and even he needed to be on his guard while sparring with Shan Qing. *single blow!*

“I have no idea you are getting better at boasting now. But what is the point of boasting to me?” Qi Bingying puckered her lips and returned to her room.

Han Jingru lay on his bed with his limbs stretched out. Instead of sleeping, he was pondering over that rush of unfamiliar strength in him.

After a few tests, he had now confirmed that he possessed almost “superhuman” strength, but he could not fathom what had led to this strength.

Did the god of war really bless me with such strength?

Han Jingru was amused at this absurd thought. Even if he was not an atheist and believed there was indeed a god, the god would not bless him with such strength for no reason.

“Seems like I have to ask Yan Qiong.” Han

Jingru took in a deep breath. He was used to seeking advice from Yan Qiong for problems he was unable to resolve on his own.

That night, Han Jingru did not wake up abruptly due to a headache. However, in the next morning, he suffered from a splitting headache, so painful that he curled up on his bed. The entire ordeal lasted half an hour, but the pain felt like it had gone on for a lifetime.

As the pain dissipated slowly, Han Jingru became drenched in his own cold sweat. His entire body was drained of all energy.

“Do you want breakfast?” Qi Bingying asked, standing outside his door.

Han Jingru managed to reply weakly, “You eat first. I will sleep a while more.”

Qi Bingying was perplexed. Recently, Han Jingru had been waking up later - this was not in tune with his disciplined lifestyle. However, Qi Bingying could relate to this. *He has too many troubles now, so he must be having difficulty sleeping at night. It is only natural that he wakes up at a later timing nowadays.*

Han Jingru came out of his room after a short while. Qi Bingying noticed that his face was unusually pale.

“What happened to you? Are you sick?” Qi Bingying asked out of concern.

Han Jingru shook his head. His headache was gone and his body seemed fine, except that he was a bit weak now. “I’m okay. I did not sleep well last night.”

“I know that you are under a lot of stress. But you must take care of yourself. It would be disastrous if you collapse.”

“Then you must remember not to hang your lingerie in the bathroom. Otherwise, my body would give way soon,” Han Jingru teased.

Qi Bingying showed no sign of abashment because she had done so deliberately, and she was prepared for Han Jingru to see through her little trick. She retorted, “Are those nice? Do you fix your gaze on them every time you go to the toilet?”

Han Jingru had not expected Qi Bingying to reply in such a composed manner. Han Jingru's face flushed red and denied vehemently, "No, I never. Those are just bits of fabric, what's so nice about them."

"Don't want to see those bits of fabric? I can show you other things, if you like," Qi Bingying teased, lifting her brow.

Han Jingru lowered his head and went to the dining table hurriedly, burying his head in the big bowl of rice.

He was absolutely faithful to Su Yimo; however, men are born with a very low resistance to carnal temptation. What's more, it's from a babe such as Qi Bingying. Han Jingru was worried that he might give in to temptation one day and commit a grave mistake.

Qi Bingying walked to Han Jingru suddenly and whispered into his ears seductively, "I can help you destress with any method that you like. Do you want to try?"

The hairs on the back of Han Jingru's neck stood up. This devilishly seductive side of Qi Bingying was new to him. His heart was beating furiously, and his breathing became more ragged.

“Qi Bingying, stop seducing me. Do you want to be chased out of the house?” Han Jingru asked coldly.

Qi Bingying rolled her eyes at him. “Did I seduce you? I mean to massage you to help you destress. How can you blame me for your dirty thoughts? You men don't know what is good for you.”

Han Jingru smiled helplessly. He knew it was a lost cause arguing with a woman, therefore his best option was to keep his mouth shut.

After breakfast, Han Jingru set out to look for Yan Qiong, hoping he would be able to explain the weird strength.

Not long after Han Jingru left the house, the doorbell rang. Qi Bingying was not surprised to see that it was Dong Hao and let him into the house nonchalantly.

“Is it true that Han Jingru knocked Shan Qing out with a single punch?” Qi Bingying questioned Dong Hao. She had assumed that Han Jingru was boasting the night before. But after that, she deduced that showing off was not in line with his character, and had asked Dong Hao over to verify Han Jingru's claims.

Dong Hao did not want to admit it, but he had witnessed the scene last night. He had no choice but to nod his head.

Han Jingru's performance last night was astounding.

Dong Hao had the shock of his life when he saw Shan Qing flying out of the ring from the impact of Han Jingru's punch.

He was very aware of Han Jingru's prowess, but Han Jingru's performance last night was way out of his comprehension.

What kind of superhuman strength does he have?

Qi Bingying frowned at Dong Hao's nod. How is this possible? Han Jingru actually knocked out Shan Qing with

h a single punch?

“Is this Shan Qing's prowess overly exaggerated?” Qi Bingying asked suspiciously. *This is the only reason why Han Jingru can defeat him with a punch.*

Shaking his head, Dong Hao replied, “He is really a top pugilist.”

“Then what is happening? Can Han Jingru be possessed by some god then?” Qi Bingying demanded.

Dong Hao would also like to know the reason behind Han Jingru's sudden strength. He suspected that even himself was no match for Han Jingru now. Recalling that punch last night, he knew he might very well end up defeated, just like Shan Qing, if he was to spar with Han Jingru this moment.

“I don't understand, too. But what I am certain of is that Han Jingru has indeed become stronger, much stronger.” Dong Hao took in a deep breath. Before, he could crush Han Jingru easily if he

ever defied Qi Bingying, but now he had to scrap his mindset and treat Han Jingru as an equal. Otherwise, he himself might end up dying instead.

Qi Bingying was stupefied for a moment. The corners of her mouth turned upwards slowly. It was good news to her that Han Jingru became stronger. The only problem was that she was even more smitten with him now.

“You may go if there is no other matter.”

Dong Hao was willing to do anything for Qi Bingying, but seeing that their control over Han Jingru had broken he had no choice but to remind her, “It is not a good thing for us if Han Jingru gets stronger. No one can stop him if he turns his back on us now. Do you want to think of a plan to control him?”

“He will not love me in this life, but he will definitely not treat me this heartlessly. Do you know why I chose to return?” Qi Bingying asked with a tinge of sadness in her voice.

Dong Hao did not understand why Qi Bingying chose to return to Han Jingru's side when she had already left him.

“I want him to feel apologetic towards me. Even a bit of guilt on his part will suffice,” Qi Bingying smiled bitterly. She had given up her wishful thinking that Han Jingru would fall in love with her one day. Still, she would be satisfied if he was just a bit guilty towards her. *Perhaps this is the lowliest one-sided love in the world.*

Dong Hao's heart ached for her and asked, “Why do you make things so difficult for yourself?”

“Difficult?” Qi Bingying smiled and continued, “It is not at all difficult for me. In fact, I enjoy it. I still hope that he will help me with my family's problems. What is so difficult?”

“But...”

“No buts. Hurry up and do your own stuff,” Qi Bingying cut him off and started to clean up the dining table.

Dong Hao felt aggrieved on behalf of Qi Bingying. But he knew that no one could change her mind once she was determined to do something.

In the kitchen, Qi Bingying was washing the dishes like some ordinary housewife. To a rich girl like her, such household chores were way beneath her status, yet she did them willingly without a single complaint.

To her, she was in the most blissful moment of her life simply by washing Han Jingru's chopsticks.

On the other hand, Han Jingru had driven out to a small village outside the city alone. He had contacted Yan Qiong earlier and learnt that he was now staying in the small village. It did not take much for Han Jingru to guess the reason why Yan Qiong chose to stay in the small village so close to Yun City.

When he last visited Shiyan in Yan City, Shiyan had informed him that Yan Qiong was out dealing with some important matter. It turned out

that Yan Qiong was protecting him secretly. Han Jingru was deeply moved by Yan Qiong's gesture.

Ever since Han Jingru was thrown out by the Han family, the only person who showed him concern was Yan Qiong. Yan Qiong had cared for him throughout all these years.

There were mostly elderly and children left in the small village. Most able-bodied young men had ventured out of the village to seek work, a common trend in most villages nowadays. After all, it was tough to make a living in this society now.

Han Jingru stopped his car outside Yan Qiong's house. A few kids had run over to his car in curiosity.

The village was near Yun City, so cars should not be a rarity to these kids. However, it was rare for them to see a car so close by which they could touch. To these kids, it was a luxury to feel a car, from its cold, hard body to its smooth contour.

In the yard, Yan Qiong was dressed in a simple

outfit tending to his vegetable farm. He looked like an ordinary farmer.

Without a word, Han Jingru squatted down to help him. They tended to the vegetables for the entire day. Looking at them, one would never imagine that the elderly was a man who could make anyone in Yun City tremble at the mere mention of his name, and the young chap the prominent Han family's young master.



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