

At noon, under the scorching sun, the old man and the young lad sat by the door to cool themselves off. Their hands were full of mud but like other native villagers, they did not bother to wash them.

“I heard about what happened last night,” Yan Qiong smiled at Han Jingru benevolently.

Yan Qiong once had a dashing visage. Although it was now full of wrinkles, it was still the only face in the world that made Han Jingru feel at ease.

“Grandpa Yan, don't you think it's weird? With my current skills I actually knocked out someone with a single punch,” Han Jingru said.

Yan Qiong nodded undeniably and said, “With your skills, it is indeed impossible for you to be Shan Qing's opponent. I was very surprised when I heard this news.”

“Grandpa Yan, if I said I suddenly have the power to do so, would you believe it?” Han Jingru asked.

Yan Qiong's expression became serious for a moment, and said, "Did anything special happen to you recently?"

If there was anything special, it was probably just the headaches that recurred every night for no particular reason. But when Han Jingru told Yan Qiong about it, Yan Qiong's doubts became more intense.

"Headache?" Yan Qiong shook his head. He was unable to see the connection between the two things even after some thought.

"It's strange, to say the least. After the headache started, I realized that my strength suddenly became stronger, and then it became unbelievably incredible. Grandpa Yan, although the two things seem to be unrelated, I think there must be some kind of connection," Han Jingru observed.

Yan Qiong nodded. He believed Han Jingru's instinct. Since Han Jingru had said so, there was definitely no mistake.

However, Yan Qiong couldn't explain why Han

Jingru experienced those headaches, or from where his strength originated.

“In this world, there is indeed a group of people who possess powers ordinary folks can't fathom. I have seen it on the battlefield: a man broke through an army of a thousand soldiers with his own strength. But I have only met him once. I believe in this world, there are some spheres that ordinary people cannot come into contact with. I tried to check it out, but unfortunately I couldn't find anything. Maybe only people from that sphere can explain the reason behind your strength,” Yan Qiong said.

“Grandpa Yan, the sphere you are speaking of... It can't be where immortal beings are, can it?” Han Jingru smiled.

Yan Qiong knew Han Jingru was teasing him. He smashed a chestnut on Han Jingru's head and said, “You even dare to tease me. You are quite brave, huh.”

Han Jingru held his head with an aggrieved expression, and said, “Grandpa Yan, I was

wrong.”

Yan Qiong shook his head and continued, “They are also ordinary people. They just have a special side to them. However, I don't know what is special and how special it is. I had initially thought I would bring this doubt of mine into the coffin. But now it seems that maybe you can help me find the answer.”

“Grandpa Yan, I came to you for help. How come I'm the one helping you to find the answer now?” Han Jingru asked aggrievedly.

“Boy, you haven't practiced with me for a long time. You are trying your luck now, eh?” Yan Qiong threatened.

Han Jingru hurriedly waved his hand and said, “Grandpa Yan, I didn't mean to provoke you.” He changed the subject and asked, “Will this kind of power affect my health?”

“I don't know,” Yan Qiong said without hesitation. This matter was out of his knowledge, so he can't be sure what would happen. Han

Jingru would need to explore all the unknowns himself.

Han Jingru sighed. He was most worried that this force would affect his physical condition. It would be greatly unjust if it were to cause some kind of backlash and claim his life.

“You don't need to worry too much. At least for now, this power can bring you great benefit. You've already defeated Shan Qing. Perhaps even Di Yang and Han Li's bodyguard are no match for you,” Yan Qiong said.

Han Jingru smiled bitterly. He didn't dare think of defeating Di Yang, let alone the mighty warrior beside Han Li.

“Grandpa Yan, you really have high expectations of me,” Han Jingru said.

Yan Qiong looked serious and said, “Upon dabbling in that sphere, you will realize that the masters you once thought to be formidable are just a bunch of ants.”

“Grandpa Yan, I suspect that you are just bragging. Could it be possible that they really are immortal beings?” Han Jingru questioned flatly.

“They are not immortals, and they don't have the ability to move mountains and seas as in the myths, but they are indeed different from ordinary people. Still, if you want to know the truth, you can only explore step by step,” Yan Qiong said.

“Well, seems like I have come today to help you farm. I didn't gain anything,” Han Jingru helplessly stretched out his hands which were covered with soil.

Yan Qiong slapped Han Jingru's forehead. “You've rested enough. Now, get to work quickly.”

Although Han Jingru pretended to be reluctant, he wasn't lazy at all while working. The two of them worked so hard that they even skipped lunch. It was not until the sun had set that Han Jingru went to the kitchen to cook dinner.

Yan Qiong didn't have any bad habits. He didn't like to smoke nor drink. It could be said that he was completely free of desires. His only pursuit was to ensure the safety of the Han family before his death. But now, he had another longing, and it had to do with Han Jingru.

It seemed like Han Jingru could slowly help him unravel the mystery behind the sphere which he had always been curious about but couldn't enter.

“Looks like these old bones of mine will have to live a few more years. Otherwise, I will never rest in peace,” Yan Qiong sighed.

When dinner was ready, the two of them quickly gobbled up the food. After all, they had skipped lunch.

“Grandpa Yan, if only you were my real grandpa,” Han Jingru suddenly said to Yan Qiong as he was eating.

Yan Qiong choked, spat out a mouthful of rice, and coughed repeatedly.

“You brat, what are you talking about?” Yan Qiong said dumbfoundedly.

Han Jingru spoke casually because, in his heart, Yan Qiong's place was no different from that of Han Xiuzhi. Han Jingru merely wanted to express how he felt.

Now that he had given it another thought, what he said was indeed inappropriate. If Yan Qiong were his biological grandfather, Han Xiuzhi would have been made a cuckold!

“Kids say the darndest things,” Han Jingru said in embarrassment.

Yan Qiong glared at Han Jingru and berated, “You still treat yourself as a child. How old are you already? But then again, how are things between you and Su Yimo? Have you become a man after all these years?”

Han Jingru coughed and looked embarrassed again. The fact was that he was still a virgin, but no one would believe him. The furthest he had gone was knowing what it was like to kiss.

Yan Qiong was not pleased. "If you go on like this, when will the Han family have the next generation? I'm afraid there is no chance in this life for that useless brother of yours."

"What's wrong with Han Yu?" Han Jingru was baffled.

"What's wrong? You crippled him and you're asking me what's wrong?" Yan Qiong challenged.

Han Jingru laughed awkwardly. He had almost forgotten about it. The fact is, Han Yu had brought it upon himself.

"Grandpa Yan, as long as he doesn't cause me any trouble, I will support him for the rest of my life. It won't be a problem finding him a beautiful wife," Han Jingru said.

"He should settle down by now. Without Shen Weng, he can't cook up any tricks," Yan Qiong said.

"Grandpa Yan, just say what you mean. I can't understand if you beat around the bush," Han

Jingru said helplessly. By bringing up Han Yu, Yan Qiong must have wanted to tell him something. Han Jingru wished Yan Qiong to get straight to the point.

Yan Qiong said, "Han Li killed Shen Weng."

Han Jingru's eyes stopped blinking. Shi Yan had told him about Han Li's visit to Yan City, and how Han Li had destroyed all the memorial tablets in the ancestral hall. What Han Jingru didn't know was that Han Li had also killed Shen Weng.

"Shen Weng was no small potato in Yan City. How impudent he is, having no scruples about the consequences," Han Jingru sighed.

"This is the scary side of Han Li. With the backing of the U.S., he can do whatever he wants. He hasn't killed you, and that's something I still can't figure out," Yan Qiong shook his head. If Han Li was determined to kill Han Jingru, no one could stop him. But until now he had not used this simplest and most direct means of problem-solving. This was something Yan

Qiong could not understand.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Jingru had discussed this matter with Han Li, so when Yan Qiong expressed his doubts, Han Jingru told him about Han Li's concerns.

Yan Qiong was dumbfounded after hearing Han Jingru's response. *The reason why Han Li has not killed Han Jingru is that he's afraid of retribution?*

“You're such a fool. He can become the patriarch of the 'first family' of the American Chinese community. Do you think he hasn't done worse things?” Yan Qiong questioned.

Han Jingru frowned and asked, “Grandpa Yan, are you saying it was not for this reason that he didn't kill me?”

Yan Qiong chuckled. “Silly boy, if he has to, he can even kill his own family. How can he not kill you simply for this reason?”

Although Han Li's explanation had surprised Han Jingru, the latter didn't think much about it. Many rich people now had this mentality, so it was understandable that Han Li would think this way.

However, after he heard what Yan Qiong said, Han Jingru was no longer so naive to believe Han Li's words.

“Could it be that I still have some value to him?” Han Jingru asked in doubt.

“I only know Han Li superficially. If he really wants to get something from you, only you can find out,” Yan Qiong said. Many years ago, Yan Qiong came into contact with Han Li and he also investigated Han Li for a period of time. He had a rough idea of what kind of person he was, so he didn't buy Han Li's explanation at all.

Han Jingru nodded solemnly. “Grandpa Yan, if Han Tong can kill Han Li, these things shouldn't matter.”

“Huh?” Yan Qiong turned his head and looked at Han Jingru intensely.

Han Jingru took a deep breath and continued, “Han Tong has now killed Han Jia. If she doesn't want to be exposed, she will have to take the seat of the head of the Han family. This is her only

choice, which I have also pointed out to her. I think she will follow my advice.”

“Boy, don't be too hopeful. Even if she is his own daughter, Han Li will be wary and treat her like an outsider. Using Han Tong to kill him is indeed a seemingly good method, but the possibility of the plan falling through is very high. If Han Tong confessed that you are the mastermind behind the plan, you will be in danger,” Yan Qiong warned.

Han Jingru had considered the risks that his plan would bring, but those risks only applied to Han Tong. Furthermore, he believed that Han Tong's chances of success were very high. After all, she was Han Li's own daughter. No one would be able to find out the truth if he was harmed by the person closest to him.

But upon hearing Yan Qiong's analysis, Han Jingru had to reassess the risks that his plan would bring.

“Grandpa Yan, it's late. You should go rest,” Han Jingru said.

Yan Qiong reminded him, "If this matter is exposed, don't worry too much. Try to fight Han Li's bodyguard. Don't lose the courage to make a move just because he looks unbeatable. You can't admit defeat at any time."

Han Jingru nodded firmly and declared, "If the Heavens want me dead, I will destroy the Heavens!"

"Brat, from where did you learn these exaggerations?" Yan Qiong was exasperated.

"Grandpa Yan, I'm a film enthusiast."

Han Jingru drove away in his car. He had just parked the car downstairs from his unit when a woman with long, cascading hair ran towards him.

When the woman was closer to him, Han Jingru realized that it was Mi Xiaoxing.

She seemed to have been waiting for him.

"Han, I beg you. Please do me a favor," Mi

Xiaoxing said. There was panic in her eyes and she held Han Jingru's hand like he was her savior.

Han Jingru did not have a good impression of Mi Xiaoxing. This woman was a spitting image of Jiang Yan - practically her clone. Had it not been for Yang Meng, Han Jingru would never have interfered with Mi Xiaoxing's affairs.

“Is it related to Yang Meng?” Han Jingru asked flatly.

Mi Xiaoxing shook her head and said, “It's my own matter. It has nothing to do with her.”

Han Jingru shook off Mi Xiaoxing's hand, walked towards the elevator, and said, “Since it has nothing to do with her, what has your matter got to do with me?”

Mi Xiaoxing was stunned. She didn't expect that she would be rejected so quickly. Han Jingru didn't even take his time to hesitate or think about it.

“Wait. As long as you are willing to help me, I

can promise you anything,” Mi Xiaoxing roared.

Han Jingru turned around and found that Mi Xiaoxing had deliberately lowered her neckline a great deal. This was the most direct way to seduce men, but unfortunately Han Jingru was a no-nonsense kind of man who could even turn a blind eye to an outstanding beauty like Qi Bingying.

“Ha-ha.” Han Jingru left her with a sarcastic laugh and took the elevator upstairs.

Mi Xiaoxing stood at the spot as if she was struck by lightning. She had abandoned her dignity and had even betrayed her body, but in the end she was only left with a “ha-ha” from Han Jingru!

Han Jingru's snicker was full of ridicule and contempt, which gave Mi Xiaoxing great humiliation.

“I have already lowered myself in asking you for help. How dare you dismiss me!” Mi Xiaoxing gritted her teeth. She thought that as long as she asked for help, Han Jingru must come to her aid.

Back at home, Qi Bingying was watching TV on the sofa in the living room. She curled her legs and did not assume an overly sexy pose. Now, it had become habitual for her to wait for Han Jingru: she would return to her room to rest only when he was back.

Sometimes, Qi Bingying was afraid this routine would abruptly end and that she would lose her right to wait for Han Jingru to return home. If this habit of hers really were to end, perhaps it would be the start of a life filled with darkness.

“Would you like to have supper?” Qi Bingying stood up and asked Han Jingru. She dressed very casually at home, but because of her outstanding looks and figure, even the plainest clothes on her would give others tremendous visual impact.

“Why is there such a good treatment as supper?” Han Jingru smiled.

“There are also special services. Do you dare to have them?” Qi Bingying teased with raised eyebrows.

Han Jingru frowned slightly. Qi Bingying seemed to be in a particularly good mood today, so much so that she even cracked a joke at him.

“Have you won the lottery, or has a pie fallen from the sky and hit you on the head?” Han Jingru asked curiously.

“Neither, but there was something that made me happy.” After Qi Bingying found out that Han Jingru had knocked out Shan Qing, she had been in a good mood all day. For her, the more powerful Han Jingru was, the more elated she felt.

“Would you care to share it with me and make me happy, too?” Han Jingru smiled.

Qi Bingying went straight to the kitchen. She wouldn't let Han Jingru know why she was happy.

“I made this fruit pizza myself. Have a try,” Qi Bingying offered.

Qi Bingying was a talented cook. Han Jingru had

already had a taste of her culinary finesse. In some aspects, Qi Bingying was indeed a very good choice for a wife. She was born into a wealthy family but she did not have any air of arrogance, nor was she willful. She also did all kinds of house chores, which other rich missies would certainly not do.

Unfortunately, she appeared a few years too late in Han Jingru's life.

“Not bad, not bad.” Han Jingru tasted a piece and gave his compliments.

Qi Bingying beamed, showing those lovely dimples at the corners of her mouth. But right when they were enjoying the nice atmosphere, there came a rapid series of knocks on the door.

Han Jingru had an idea of who it was, but Qi Bingying was puzzled. Rarely would anyone knock on their door.

“Do you know who it is?” Qi Bingying asked in confusion after she saw how calm Han Jingru appeared to be.

“It should be the beautiful neighbor living opposite. She asked me for help just now. I didn't pay her any attention. Maybe she can't get over it,” Han Jingru answered plainly.

He had planned to ignore Mi Xiaoxing and put an end to the matter, but Qi Bingying stood up.

“What are you doing?” Han Jingru asked.

“Getting her to leave,” Qi Bingying said flatly, with a hint of murderous intent in her tone.

She was getting along harmoniously with Han Jingru, but the atmosphere was ruined. How could Qi Bingying not be angry?

Qi Bingying opened the door and was immediately barraged with swear words, “Where the f**k is Han? Ask him to get the f**k out! Who is he to ignore me?”

Qi Bingying didn't know what happened, but those who dared to insult Han Jingru, she treated as her enemies.

Slap!

Qi Bingying raised her hand and slapped Mi Xiaoxing on the face.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Mi Xiaoxing refused to accept being disregarded by Han Jingru. She was also furious that he behaved indifferently toward her seduction, so she came to Han Jingru to argue. However, she never expected she would meet the domineering Qi Bingying.

Qi Bingying had appeared to be submissive for most of her life, at least to outsiders, but her character was actually rather strong. After all, she is the daughter of a well-to-do family. How could she not have the slightest temper?

All this while, she had kept her temper under control, as her bottom line had not been breached.

That bottom line was Han Jingru. Because Mi Xiaoxing disturbed her quality time with Han Jingru, that was enough to drive her mad.

“What are you doing making a scene here?” Qi Bingying interrogated Mi Xiaoxing in an imposing manner.

Mi Xiaoxing covered her face and was taken aback. She could see from Qi Bingying's eyes the

attitude peculiar to wealthy housewives - the kind of aura that exuded an air of nobility -which was enough to scare Mi Xiaoxing.

Mi Xiaoxing could act superior to others of similar social status, but she would subconsciously feel inferior when interacting with people richer than she. This was why she pursued fame and fortune fervently, as she did not want to show her inferiority before others. She would do anything possible to make herself rich. Unfortunately, although there had been many suitors over the years, none were wealthy enough to be worthy of her consideration.

“Where is Han? I'm not looking for you. I'm looking for him,” Mi Xiaoxing asked meekly.

“You have disturbed our rest. If there is nothing else, get lost. If you dare knock on our door again, I will teach you a lesson each time you knock,” Qi Bingying said coldly.

Mi Xiaoxing originally came to question Han Jingru because she couldn't accept that she was being ignored by him. However, she was unable

to refute Qi Bingying due to the latter's dominance.

“Sorry.” Mi Xiaoxing stopped talking, turned around, and returned home. Although she was unwilling to do so, she did not dare throw a fit.

Qi Bingying closed the door and returned to the living room. “Alas, this is your real identity as a rich missy. But I must say, your gentle pretense has been quite convincing,” Han Jingru said with a smile.

“My gentleness is real, but it is only for you,” Qi Bingying said plainly.

“*Ahem.*” Han Jingru looked embarrassed and regretted that he had started this damned topic. He stood up with a tired expression and said, “I'm tired. I'll go to bed first. You'd better rest early, too.”

He then quickly slipped away.

Qi Bingying wanted to go to Mi Xiaoxing's house and slap her again. If it weren't for her

interruption, she could have at least chatted with Han Jingru for a while longer.

Meanwhile, after Mi Xiaoxing returned to her room and saw the bright red fingerprints imprinted on her face, she gritted her teeth with hatred.

Although she was suppressed by Qi Bingying's aura just now, her hatred was urging her to seek revenge. *You're just a stupid woman who got tricked by that loser; what right do you have to slap me!*

Mi Xiaoxing took out her phone and dialed the number of a suitor.

This person had a certain status in Yun City's grey area. He liked Mi Xiaoxing and had pursued her for a long time. However, because of his identity, Mi Xiaoxing had always been repulsive towards him. She hoped to marry into a rich family, not to a street rat.

However, he was the only person that could help Mi Xiaoxing now.

“Cheng Peng, where are you?”

“Xiaoxing, you actually called me. Are you willing to give me a chance now?” Cheng Peng was excited.

“Help me do something. As long as it is done, I can consider giving you a chance,” Mi Xiaoxing responded.

“No problem, what is it?” Cheng Peng asked.

“Early tomorrow morning, help me teach a woman a lesson. I will send you the address,” Mi Xiaoxing said.

“Okay. I will book a table at Crystal Restaurant tomorrow and we can have dinner together,” Cheng Peng chirped happily.

“Okay.” Mi Xiaoxing hung up the phone and sneered viciously.

“Silly woman, you will pay a huge price for the way you treated me. Tomorrow is when you will kneel and beg for mercy,” Mi Xiaoxing assured

herself.

At this time, Yang Meng suddenly knocked on the door. She showed half of her head and asked, "Xiaoxing, have you thought of a solution? Will there be any problems at the company tomorrow?"

Mi Xiaoxing had made a huge mistake at work, and it would not be unjustifiable for her employer to fire her. That was why Mi Xiaoxing asked Han Jingru for help. After all, he and Zhong Ji knew each other. If Han Jingru could put in a good word for her, she might be exempted from liability.

But now, Mi Xiaoxing no longer cared about the outcome of this incident. She wanted to teach Qi Bingying a lesson and make Han Jingru, who ignored her, pay the price.

"Don't worry, things will be fine. You should go to bed first," Mi Xiaoxing said.

Yang Meng was convinced by Mi Xiaoxing's words, and went back to bed with peace of mind.

Qi Bingying cooked up different dishes for Han Jingru every day, so going to the wet market every morning was a necessary part of her itinerary. From their home to the wet market, she must pass through a small alley. On odd days, some stalls would be set up and there would be many people in the small alley. On even days, however, the alleys were quiet and deserted.

Qi Bingying was carrying out her usual activities today, going to the wet market to buy groceries. She did not feel anything amiss as she passed through the narrow and quiet alley. However, when a few men blocked her way, Qi Bingying felt something was wrong.

“What do you want?” Qi Bingying asked flatly.

The leader had a buzz cut. He was Mi Xiaoxing's suitor, Cheng Peng.

“Glasses girl, you are f**king blind. You even dared to offend my woman,” Cheng Peng sneered.

“Is your woman Mi Xiaoxing?” Qi Bingying

chuckled softly.

A hint of panic clearly flashed across Cheng Peng's face. Mi Xiaoxing had warned him not to expose his identity. He did not expect this woman to be able to figure him out at once.

“If you dare to come for me, what are you afraid of?” Qi Bingying asked flatly.

Cheng Peng furrowed his brows and said, “What a joke, I am scared of a mere woman like you? Yes, my woman is Mi Xiaoxing, so what? She asked me to teach you a lesson and make you kneel down and apologize. It's better for you to know your situation. Don't force me to act, or you will suffer.”

“So your only ability is to show off in front of a woman?” Qi Bingying asked.

Cheng Peng laughed and replied, “Are you trying to reason with me that men can't beat women? I'm sorry, I've never discriminated between men and women when I beat up people. I just have fun.”

“Really?” Qi Bingying slowly took off her glasses and said, “A man who beats a woman is not a good man.”

Cheng Peng and his men were stunned by Qi Bingying's beauty when they saw her take off her glasses.

Cheng Peng had had a crush on Mi Xiaoxing for a long time. But at this moment, he suddenly felt that his affection had shifted.

In front of this woman, Mi Xiaoxing amounted to nothing. Whether it's figures or looks, Mi Xiaoxing could not compete with the woman standing before him.

Cheng Peng swallowed his own saliva in gulps. He never expected a bespectacled person could look so different without glasses.

Before, Qi Bingying was an ordinary woman at best, but now she was like a fairy who descended onto the earth.

“Are you still going to hit me?” Qi Bingying

asked.

How could he bear to hurt her? Beautiful women are to be pampered, not to be hit.

“Pretty girl, do you have a boyfriend?” Cheng Peng asked instinctively. He had completely forgotten that Mi Xiaoxing was disguised as one of his men and was standing just behind him.

“Cheng Peng, what do you mean?” Having heard his words, Mi Xiaoxing tossed away the cap on her head and questioned Cheng Peng as her teeth gritted with fury.

Instead of being flustered, Cheng Peng was justified and confident. He said, “Mi Xiaoxing, take a good look at the gap between yourself and her. If I can be her boyfriend, would I still bother to look at you?”

Mi Xiaoxing's lungs were about to explode. She did not expect Cheng Peng, who had liked her for so many years, to have a change of heart in an instant.

“By the way, you have been using me as your back-up guy all these years. Did you think I didn't know? You only look for me if you need help, and kick me away when your problems are solved. Mi Xiaoxing, do you really think of yourself as a queen?” Cheng Peng said with disdain.

Mi Xiaoxing's face turned white as paper. She had already felt inferior in front of Qi Bingying. Now she was even more embarrassed.

“Are you both done arguing? I'm already here. If you want to hit me, do so quickly,” Qi Bingying chuckled. She had deliberately bought time and had sent her location to Dong Hao. Right at this time, Dong Hao appeared in the alley.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Cheng Peng could not understand what Qi Bingying meant. However, he reacted when Dong Hao walked to Qi Bingying's side.

“Beauty, you have a boyfriend,” Cheng Peng unwillingly pointed out.

Dong Hao stood beside Qi Bingying, bowed his head, and asked, “Miss, how do you want to deal with these scums?”

“Just teach them a lesson,” Qi Bingying said flatly.

Miss

And “just teach them a lesson”

Cheng Peng glanced at Mi Xiaoxing automatically. *Who had she offended?* It seemed she wasn't an ordinary person. Otherwise, she wouldn't have a bodyguard.

Mi Xiaoxing was also confused. In her view, Qi Bingying was just an ignorant girl who was deceived by Han Jingru. How could she be the

daughter of a wealthy family, and even have a personal bodyguard?

“Hey Cutie, you look down on us too much. You dare to fight us with only one person?” Cheng Peng sensed that Qi Bingying's identity was not so simple, but he didn't take Dong Hao seriously. In his opinion, fighting is about strength in numbers. He didn't believe that he can't defeat one man when he had many.

Dong Hao sneered coldly. These thugs were not worthy of him to deal with, but since Qi Bingying had already spoken, he had to show Cheng Peng a lesson.

“One hand is enough to deal with a piece of shit like you,” Dong Hao said plainly and walked towards Cheng Peng's group.

In front of beautiful women, pride was very important to men. In Cheng Peng's view, this was when he showed off his true qualities as a man. Maybe once he showed his might, this wealthy lady would like him.

“Brothers, let him see how good we are.” Cheng Peng signaled his subordinates to come forward. He was also not to be outdone and took the lead.

From Dong Hao's perspective, thugs like them were akin to a group of kindergarten children.

In less than a minute, Cheng Peng and his men were all writhing on the ground, wailing incessantly.

Seeing this scene, Mi Xiaoxing burst into tears.

She wanted revenge, but reality gave her a slap in the face. However, she could not understand how someone like Han Jingru was able to dupe a rich young woman.

Is she blind?

Qi Bingying walked up to Mi Xiaoxing and said flatly, “You want revenge, but do you have the ability?”

Mi Xiaoxing did not dare to look directly at Qi Bingying's eyes. At this moment, her own

inferiority complex besieged her again.

“Since you are rich and young, why do you want to be with a loser like Han?” Mi Xiaoxing asked, puzzled.

“Loser?” Qi Bingying couldn't help but laughed, “I really don't know how you saw him as a loser.”

“You are from a wealthy family; he can only afford to rent an apartment. Isn't he a loser?” Mi Xiaoxing had never changed her impression of Han Jingru, even though he had stunned her before with his amazing abilities.

Qi Bingying shook her head in resignation and replied, “You are such an arrogant subordinate, treating your boss as a loser. This is the first time I have seen someone like you. He didn't take it up with you because he thinks you are not worth his while. And you, you think you are beautiful and have what it takes to stand high and mighty in front of him!”

Boss?

Mi Xiaoxing raised her head in confusion. She did not understand what Qi Bingying meant. However, she had indeed stood tall in front of Han Jingru because of her looks. She even once thought that Han Jingru liked her, only that he deliberately pretended to care more about Yang Meng instead.

“What boss and subordinate? I don't understand what you are talking about,” Mi Xiaoxing was baffled.

“If you really don't understand, you can ask your best friend. You will find out how ridiculous you are. Also, if you don't even have the right to be looked at by him, don't fantasize that he will like you. After all, not even I could tempt him,” Qi Bingying laughed.

“Give them a piece of advice so they won't show up in front of me in the future. I'm going to buy groceries.” After Qi Bingying gave Dong Hao instructions, she walked towards the wet market.

Dong Hao sighed. The young lady had now become a frequent visitor of the wet market, and

all this is because of Han Jingru.

Mi Xiaoxing didn't look at Cheng Peng. She didn't care how he would end up. After all, she only used Cheng Peng as a tool. Even if Cheng Peng died, she would not feel any guilt.

Mi Xiaoxing dashed all the way to her office and yanked Yang Meng away from her work station without a word.

The fire escape stairwell was usually deserted, so it was a good place to talk privately.

Yang Meng saw Mi Xiaoxing sweating profusely and looking very flustered. "Xiaoxing, what's wrong with you? Did Zhong refuse to let you off?"

Mi Xiaoxing panted heavily and couldn't speak.

Yang Meng continued and said, "Xiaoxing, let me help you think of a solution."

Yang Meng had been unwilling to intervene in this matter because she knew Mi Xiaoxing had a

strong personality and certainly wouldn't want her help. At the same time, however, she did not want Mi Xiaoxing to be fired. She knew the only person who could save Mi Xiaoxing now was Han Jingru.

“Yang Meng, whatever you are hiding from me, tell me now,” Mi Xiaoxing took a breath and asked Yang Meng.

Yang Meng panicked for a moment. The only thing she was hiding from Mi Xiaoxing was the truth about Han Jingru's identity, and that was because of Han Jingru's instruction for her not to tell anyone else.

Mi Xiaoxing knew her well. Seeing her reaction, she was almost sure that Yang Meng was concealing something from her.

“If you don't tell me, our friendship will end today,” Mi Xiaoxing threatened.

Yang Meng became even more panicked. She had been friends with Mi Xiaoxing for so many years. She didn't want the friendship between the two to

end.

“Xiaoxing, actually, Han is Han Jingru,” Yang Meng finally said.

“So what if he is called Han Jingru?” Mi Xiaoxing still didn't understand.

“Han Jingru is the owner of Rumo Real Estate, and the son-in-law of the Su family,” Yang Meng explained.

Boom!

A thunderbolt struck Mi Xiaoxing's mind.

Han Jingru being the son-in-law of the Su family meant nothing to her, but him being the owner of Rumo Real Estate gave her a mental breakdown.

The person she looked down on was the one whom she had been looking forward to meeting and whom she had even fantasized about hooking up with.

Han, Han Jingru, Rumo Real Estate owner, the

Yan City Han family's young master...

Mi Xiaoxing lost her balance in her seat. She fell on the floor.

Yang Meng squatted down and held her as she asked, "Xiaoxing, are you okay?"

Mi Xiaoxing's eyes were in a daze. She had been very eager to meet the boss of Rumo Real Estate. For this reason, she prepared a sexy outfit at home and had been waiting to wear it when the boss showed up.

In actual fact, the boss had always been by her side, just that she had always despised him and even told him bluntly that he was a loser.

At this moment, Mi Xiaoxing finally understood why Qi Bingying said that when she knew the truth, she would know how ridiculous she was.

This was more than just ridiculous. It was an overwhelming humiliation.

Her self-elevation in front of Han Jingru became

a shameful memory that Mi Xiaoxing never wanted to recall.

She had mocked, despised, and yelled at Han Jingru. In return, he never refuted her and instead made her think that he was a coward and a loser.

But now Mi Xiaoxing understood. It was Han Jingru's way of showing disdain for people like her.

Would the young master of the Han family pay attention to an ordinary woman like me?

My looks are nothing special to the eyes of the young master of the Han family.

“I'm so ridiculous. So ridiculous! I even treated the boss as a loser,” Mi Xiaoxing lamented with a blank expression. She had hoped to realize her career ambitions in Rumo Real Estate. She even imagined the day when she became the boss' woman. Her sweet dreams had now burst like bubbles, revealing the ugliness inside her.

“Xiaoxing, this has nothing to do with you. You

didn't know his identity, so how can you blame yourself?" Yang Meng consoled her.

Mi Xiaoxing's eyes regained their focus. She suddenly showed an expression of disgust and slapped Yang Meng's face. "It's all your fault! If you had just told me, I wouldn't have such a big misunderstanding with him."

"Yang Meng, what happened to me today was all your fault. I treated you as a sister, but you didn't even bother to tell me something so important!"

"Starting from today, our friendship has ended."

At this moment, Mi Xiaoxing's ugly side was completely exposed as she pushed all the blame onto Yang Meng.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Yang Meng stood still. From the first day they met Han Jingru, Mi Xiaoxing's attitude towards Han Jingru had been poor. She had no respect for him at all. It had nothing to do with whether she knew Han Jingru's identity.

But now, Mi Xiaoxing had attributed her own fault to Yang Meng's concealment of Han Jingru's identity.

Even if Yang Meng did not conceal the truth, could the fact that Mi Xiaoxing had offended Han Jingru be changed?

“Xiaoxing, I didn't know Han's identity from the very first day. However, you have offended him since the first day we met him,” Yang Meng said plainly.

“I had a chance to redeem my sins. If you had told me earlier, how things could have developed to this point?” Mi Xiaoxing glared at Yang Meng fiercely. She still did not feel that she was in the wrong. Instead, she felt Yang Meng had faulted by keeping her in the dark about Han Jingru's true identity.

Yang Meng laughed faintly. She had always treated Mi Xiaoxing as her sister, so sometimes when she faced Mi Xiaoxing's strong personality she would choose to be patient. However, on this matter, Yang Meng couldn't give in. *It wasn't my fault, so why should I take responsibility for what Mi Xiaoxing did?*

“Mi Xiaoxing, I know that you have been very good to me, but I also know that you treat me well only because you can feel superior in front of me. I never cared about it, but now I cannot endure your attitude anymore.”

“You act all high-and-mighty when in fact you are worthless. You have nothing, but you still think of yourself as a princess, and that all men in the world should spoil you. Do you even have what it takes?”

“If it weren't for your arrogance, how could you possibly have offended Han? Besides, the woman next to him is so beautiful; why are you so obsessed with thinking that he likes you?”

“You are so absurd. Extremely absurd!”

Yang Meng erupted, venting all the dissatisfaction in her heart.

Mi Xiaoxing became even angrier: Yang Meng's words had pierced her heart. The more Yang Meng told the truth, the more Mi Xiaoxing couldn't bear it because the latter was living in her own world. Once her imaginary world was dismantled, all these illusions became a huge blow to her.

“Yang Meng, it is a fact that I am better than you. What right have you to say that I am worthless?” Mi Xiaoxing said with gritted teeth.

“You have nothing now and you will soon lose your job. Do you still think it's not your fault?” Yang Meng laughed. Mi Xiaoxing had repeatedly offended Han Jingru and thoroughly tested his limits. Han Jingru was already generous towards her, but she kept pushing her luck. As a bystander observing Mi Xiaoxing's behavior, Yang Meng felt it was farcical from the bottom of her heart.

Han Jingru could determine Mi Xiaoxing's future with just one word, but Mi Xiaoxing thought that

she was a goddess - Han Jingru's unattainable goddess. Isn't this a joke?

“Yang Meng, how dare you talk to me like this. Have you forgotten how I have treated you for so many years? Have you lost your conscience?” Mi Xiaoxing couldn't stand Yang Meng's retort.

“Of course I do. But do you remember that for so many years, I have been cooking every meal for you? Perhaps you have never appreciated my care for you,” Yang Meng voiced her disappointment. People like Mi Xiaoxing would only remember their own contributions but would never pay attention to the contributions of others.

“As you wish, our friendship ends here.” Yang Meng finished speaking and went back to work at her desk.

Although the end of this friendship would break Yang Meng's heart, she would not regret it. In this best friends' role-play, Yang Meng had always been the one who submitted to Mi Xiaoxing. Any disagreement with Mi Xiaoxing's point of view would be considered Yang Meng's mistake. Yang

Meng had always chosen to be obedient, but now it was time for her to lead a new life.

Life is such: a person would remember having done someone else a favor, but the same person would have difficulty recalling favors that others had done for him or her.

Meanwhile, at the Peninsula Hotel. Han Tong had been restless ever since she met with Han Jingru. She was already determined to become the matriarch to prevent Han Jia's death from being investigated. Her only choice was to kill Han Li and end all her troubles once and for all. However, she didn't know what to do.

She was not afraid of retribution for killing her own father. She was only afraid that her plan would not proceed smoothly. If Han Li found out, it would be the end of her.

“Miss, what's wrong with you these past couple of days? If you have any concerns, you can tell me,” Di Yang asked Han Tong. Di Yang sensed that something was not right ever since she met Han Jingru, as she would often be in a daze.

Han Tong didn't tell Di Yang about what Han Jingru said. After all, Di Yang was Han Li's loyal subordinate. If this matter was not supported by Di Yang, the plan could not be implemented.

But without the help of Di Yang, Han Tong would not know what to do, either.

“Di Yang, you also had a part in killing Han Jia,” Han Tong said.

Di Yang frowned. He didn't understand why Han Tong suddenly raised this matter. Could it be that Han Tong wanted to save herself and let him take responsibility?

“Miss, you don't mean for me to take responsibility for you, do you?” Di Yang asked.

Han Tong shook her head, walked to Di Yang, and said, “I have a way to ensure our safety while also allowing me to sit as the head of the Han family. When that happens, I can grant you special status in the Han family.”

“Miss, just tell me straight to the point if you

have anything to say. At my age, I don't have the time to guess," Di Yang said.

Han Tong took a deep breath and said solemnly, "If my father dies, I will control the Han family, and Han Jia's death will not be detected."

Di Yang's expression turned cold. *No wonder Han Tong was always looking disturbed these days. She was actually thinking about this.*

To kill Han Li!

Di Yang never dared to have such thoughts, not even the slightest inkling of it.

On the surface, Han Li was a businessman. Deep down, though, he was like a cold-faced god of the underworld, controlling the souls of thousands of people who had enabled him to make a name for himself among the Chinese community in the U.S. One would need to pay a high price and face unimaginable risks in order to plot against such a cruel person.

Di Yang said, "Miss, you should be familiar with

Han Long's skills. He is the only one among all the bodyguards of the Han family who was given the surname 'Han'.”

The “Di” surname represented the strongest bodyguards of the Han family. However, Han Long was an exception. He had changed his surname many years ago under Han Li's authorization. It was a great honor for an outsider to adopt the “Han” surname, and it also illustrated Han Long's superior capabilities.

Di Yang heard that Han Long used to be the number one assassin of some organization, and had even earned the title “Killer God”. Many of Han Li's opponents had died in the hands of Han Long. He had never missed his target and his 100% success rate was unattainable even for Di Yang.

In the entire Han family, apart from his respect for Han Li, the only person who Di Yang feared was Han Long.

Han Tong's face turned grim. Han Long was indeed a huge threat. However, her status was

special. In addition, there were many ways to kill Han Li so there was no need to take on Han Long directly. It's just that after Han Li's death, she needed to give Han Long a plausible reason to believe in her story.

“I am his daughter, someone who can get close to him at will. To kill him does not require force.” Han Tong finished, took out a capsule, and continued, “This capsule is enough to kill him thousands of times.”

Di Yang's eyelids twitched profusely as he looked at the capsule. Killing Han Jia was already out of line. He didn't expect he would then proceed to embark on the path to kill Han Li.

“If you don't do this, sooner or later my father will find out how Han Jia died. At that time, I might be locked in the cellar of the Han family for a lifetime, and you will die,” Han Tong said.

“Miss, since you are the closest person to the patriarch, shouldn't this matter be better done by you?” Di Yang asked.

“Now that you know about this, do you think you still have the right to refuse to participate? I will deliver the food personally, and you are responsible for getting the chef ready,” Han Tong instructed.

Di Yang felt a shortness of breath. After a fierce struggle internally, he took the capsule from Han Tong.

“I hope that Miss will become the head of the Han family, and that you will keep your promise,” Di Yang said.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

In another room within the hotel, Han Li stood before the window emotionlessly. The search for Han Jia in the past two days had yielded no results, but during the course of the search, he noticed Han Tong was a little peculiar.

He knew his daughter like the back of his hand. Her weird behavior definitely meant that she was hiding something.

“Han Long, have you noticed that Tong has been a little weird for the past two days?” he asked.

“Ms. Han seems distracted of late. She may have something to do with Young Master's disappearance,” Han Long replied candidly. For so many years, Han Tong had not betrayed any of her ambitions. However, based on how she had treated Han Jia, it was obvious that she had her eyes on the position of the Han family head.

Han Li drew in a deep breath as he said, “I hope that is not the case. They are both my children after all.”

“You must be careful,” Han Long suddenly

warned.

Han Li's eyes turned serious as he spun around and stared at Han Long intensely. "What do you mean by that?" He barked.

"Sir, with all due respect, Ms. Han's wild ambitions have reached the point of no return. Perhaps she has her back against the wall," he continued. He had minced his words, but Han Li was smart enough to understand the meaning behind what he had just said.

If Han Jia's disappearance really had something to do with her, then it would be perfectly logical for her to make her next move against him.

"If Ms. Han is really involved in Young Master's disappearance, how do you think she will cover up her tracks? And how would she in turn assume the position of the head of the family?" He asked.

"If I find out that she's behind all this, she'll live out the rest of her life in misery," Han Li vowed vehemently. He then proceeded to give a resigned sigh. Although he really didn't want to admit it, it

was entirely plausible for something like this to happen. He knew extremely well how one mistake needed many more to cover it up. After all, this was a choice he had faced in the past.

“Sir, Ms. Han will certainly make her move soon. You must be on your guard,” Han Long warned.

Han Li nodded in agreement. Although she was his daughter, he would not allow her to continue running down this treacherous path.

“I hope for her sake that she doesn't go that far. Otherwise, I won't let her off,” he spat as his tone became increasingly icy.

Han Long, on the other hand, shook his head resignedly. It was plain to him that Han Li's hopes for her were in vain. She probably already had a plan to take him down. After all, she had already taken a big step down the path of no return.

Before dinner that night, Han Tong pondered about how she would present herself. When she reached the dinner table, she finally settled on

being the well-behaved girl. Han Li would definitely not sense anything wrong.

However, it was precisely because she was suddenly acting too normal that made her father even more suspicious.

She had been behaving rather oddly for the past few days. Thus, her sudden change had become the biggest loophole in her act.

“Dad, I'll get the chefs to make you your favorite dishes. You've worked really hard for the past few days,” she smiled sweetly.

“I haven't been working hard. The one who's really been working hard is you! You've put in so much effort looking for Han Jia,” he replied.

As he brought up the topic of Han Jia, Han Tong deliberately shook her head and sighed, “Too bad we haven't found anything about him. Dad, have you thought of what to do next?”

“Han Jingru's biggest weakness is Su Yimo. If he were to threaten me with Han Jia, she would be

my biggest bargaining chip. You can get someone to capture her,” he replied.

Han Tong nodded as she agreed, “I’ll get someone on this tonight. How dare he touch my little brother? I’ll make him pay for what he’s done.”

As they were talking, Han Li’s favorite dishes were served. She pretentiously put some food into his bowl and recommended, “Dad, try this and see if it’s any different from what the chefs cook up back at home. If you like it, I’ll invite this chef back to the U.S. with us.”

“You know me so well. If only Han Jia paid as much attention as you did,” As he lamented, he swapped his bowl with Han Tong’s empty one and suggested, “Why don’t you eat first? Help me taste how different it is. If it isn’t great, then I won’t eat at all. I don’t want this chef’s take to spoil my impression of the dish.”

The expression on her face changed. She never expected him to react that way.

The dish had been laced with poison. One was as good as dead upon eating it.

“What's wrong? I just want you to help me try out this dish. Are you not willing to do such a simple thing?” He probed further.

Her expression soured as she declined, “Dad, I don't feel quite well today. My stomach's quite uncomfortable. I think it's best if I don't eat.”

“Oh,” he replied smilingly. Just as she heaved a sigh of relief, Han Long beckoned a waiter to come over.

“Help me see if it tastes a bit different,” Han Li instructed the waiter.

Although he was quite puzzled, the waiter dared not reject a request from a big-shot like him.

Just as he was about to pick up the bowl, Han Tong panicked and blurted out, “Just throw away the dish! Get the chef to come out and take a look at what he's prepared! I can tell it's disgusting just from the smell. Does he not know this is Dad's

favorite? How can he cook up something so horrible?"

The waiter flinched as he backed off in fright. He was no stranger to her tantrums. He had seen her fight with others over the slightest disagreements.

Just as he was about to lay down the bowl and go look for the chef, Han Li cut in, "Don't listen to her. If I tell you to eat, you eat it."

"Dad, I think it's better if we get the chef to make another plate," she anxiously suggested.

"We have to try first before deciding if it's tasty or not. We can't waste food like that." With that, he gestured for the waiter to eat it.

After making sure that she no longer objected, the waiter cautiously picked up some of the food and put it into his mouth. The taste was great and there was no problem at all. But just as he was about to report his tasting, he felt as though his whole body had burst into flames. A searing pain rippled across his entire body.

Within a matter of seconds, he had collapsed with blood trickling out of his mouth. His cold, dead eyes stared in bewilderment as though he was perplexed about how he had just died.

Watching this scene unfold before her eyes, Han Tong immediately plunged into despair.

The first thought that raced across Di Yang's mind was to run. Maybe if he ran, there would still be a small chance that he could escape. He barely had time to even consider how he would have to live out the rest of his life constantly looking over his shoulder.

But before he even managed to gain some distance, a brutal force impacted him from the back and sent him flying to the ground.

“Escaping? Di Yang, you really are quite bold,” Han Long observed coldly.

Di Yang was the strongest among the Han Family's “Di” generation of bodyguards. But when faced with Han Long, Di Yang didn't even have the courage to retaliate.

“I had nothing to do this! Absolutely nothing! Ms. Han thought of it all by herself! I was just following her orders!” he fearfully shook his head as his face turned pale.

“You withheld the information! You deserve to die!” Han Long smirked coldly before delivering a punch on his chest.

Di Yang's eyes bulged; the whites of his eyes rapidly reddened. Crimson red blood proceeded to trickle out of his ears and nose.

That punch alone had shattered his heart, which resulted in massive internal bleeding.

“The strongest of the Di generation?” Han Long mused as he smirked in contempt. Without even sparing him another glance, he walked back to Han Li's side.

At that moment, Han Tong had fallen to her knees. There was a flustered look on her face. It clearly indicated that she was experiencing regret for the first time in her entire life.

She had never regretted anything she had done in the past. The word regret wasn't even in her dictionary.

But as she knelt there, she could feel terror gripping her heart. She knew that Han Li would not let her off easily.

“Where's your brother?” he demanded in a gravelly voice. Since Han Tong was the one who had poisoned his food, Han Jingru clearly had nothing to do with Han Jia's disappearance. *She must be the perpetrator.*

“Dad, Han Jingru has already murdered Han Jia! And he also forced me to kill you! It's all his fault; please forgive me!” she pleaded.

“What!” he bellowed as he came to his feet. He was filled with rage.

Although Han Li was worried for Han Jia, he was certain that his son was still alive. As long as it was that way, there wouldn't have been much of a problem.

He had never expected this shocking outcome.

He had yet to inherit the U.S. Han Family's patriarch position. *But now, he... he is dead!*

Absolutely livid, he grabbed her by the hair as his lips contorted into a malicious scowl. “He's your little brother! How could you kill your own brother!” he hollered.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Li knew deep down that this had nothing to do with Han Jingru. With Di Yang's protection, how could Han Tong be threatened by him?

She had killed Han Jia in order to be the head of the family. That was the truth, no matter how hard she tried to argue.

“Is Family Head really so important to you? He grew up with you! He's your little brother!” Han Li cried grief-stricken, tears gushing down his face. With Han Jia dead, he had lost not only his son but his daughter, too. After this incident, there would be no way he could treat her as his own daughter anymore. Furthermore, the Han Family would never accept her again.

Han Tong felt the pain exploding across her scalp as her father yanked her hair. She wanted to plead for mercy, his forgiveness. But she knew that he would never forgive her for having committed such a heinous deed.

Since there is no use in groveling at his feet, what is the point to continue begging for his forgiveness?

“I've done so much for the Han family! But you passed on the position of family head to him just because he asked for it! Have you ever considered my feelings?” she retorted shrilly.

“Your worth is in helping the Han Family win over various organizations in the U.S. so that we would finally be acknowledged by the real upper class there. Your worth is not in becoming Family Head and inciting the derision that our family is out of talented leaders!” he berated.

“Just because I'm a woman?” she countered. Her gender was something out of her control. But she wasn't about to let that limit her success. She was capable of proving herself to be better than Han Jia. And she had already done so. How could she surrender to fate?

“It doesn't even matter anymore. Not only did you kill Han Jia, you even tried to kill me. You'll spend the rest of your life in misery,” he said spitefully as he shoved her aside. At that moment, the woman before him was no longer his daughter.

“Dad, please give me another chance. Although I did kill Han Jia, eliminating you wasn't my idea. It was Han Jingru's. He forced me to do this!” she pleaded on her knees. She knew exactly what he meant by a lifetime of misery. The Han Family owned an island. The people imprisoned on it had offended the Han Family but were still too valuable to kill.

She knew that it would be a living nightmare for her if she were to be sentenced there. She could barely imagine what the people living on the island would do to her as she had been one of their captors.

“Do you think I'll believe you? And how can a piece of shit like Han Jingru even threaten you?” he dismissed her pleas disdainfully.

“It's true! Everything I said is true! He has evidence proving that I killed Han Jia. That's why I had to comply with his demands. Dad, I want to be the family head really badly. But I would never try to kill you had it not for been him,” she sobbed.

He drew in a deep breath. *How dare that discarded pawn coerced her into killing him!*

“How dare he take advantage of my pity? Looks like that loser hasn't realized how weak he is compared to me,” he spat coldly.

“Dad, I know I've made a mistake. And I don't want to continue making more. Please...”

“Enough! I'll deal with you after I kill Han Jingru,” he interrupted her pleas.

“I had a shred of pity for you. I was even going to let you off easy. But since you're looking for trouble, don't blame me for what happens next,” he muttered to himself as he left the Peninsula Hotel.

Su Yimo's life of late had been quite normal. But every night, she could not help but miss Han Jingru. Furthermore, ever since Su Wenlun and Jiang Yan got divorced, the house seemed to have lost a little something. The atmosphere became lifeless and mundane.

But she didn't sympathize with Jiang Yan's outcome. She had tried to kill Han Jingru and had used her phone to send him messages to mislead him. Su Yimo would never forgive her for that.

As she sat in the living room watching the television, the phone rang. Realizing that it was Su Ruijin, her eyebrows contorted into a frown.

This was not the first time he had tried to contact her in the past few days. He had been trying to get into her good books and form a partnership with her. Thus, she could not help but feel suspicious.

Based on their grievances in the past, why would he be so nice to her all of a sudden? In her opinion, he had an ulterior motive for doing so.

“Yimo, have you thought through my proposal? The merger between both our companies would present us with so many new and exciting opportunities,” he said.

“Su Ruijin, what are you trying to do?” she cut to the chase exasperatedly. She refused to believe

anything he said.

“I really want to form a partnership with you. Don't worry, this isn't a trap or anything. If you still don't believe me, I'm willing to show my sincerity. I'll give you 50% of my company's shares,” he offered.

50% of his company's shares for free?

This compromise only made his offer even less believable to her.

“I just want to bring the Su Family to greater heights. And to let Grandma's soul rest in peace. I don't have any nasty plans up my sleeves,” he assured her.

At that moment, the doorbell rang. She excused herself from the phone as she said, “I've got something on. I'll hang up first.”

After she hung up, the expression on Su Ruijin's face completely changed.

Shen Weng had disappeared. As a result, Su

Ruijin's funding chain had broken and he could barely continue to operate his company. If not for this reason, why would he grovel at Su Yimo's feet for a partnership?

“What happened? Did she not agree again?” Su Huiqi asked.

He hissed through clenched teeth, “That bitch didn't even agree when I offered her the shares for free.”

Su Huiqi continued asking, “How about the guy you've been trying to get into contact with? Has there been no progress on that end? Why did he disappear just like that?”

A serious expression crept across his face as he said, “From what I've heard, he seems to be dead. Otherwise, why would I seek help from Su Yimo?”

“He's dead!” she exclaimed. If their investor was truly dead, it would only be a matter of time before their company went bankrupt. Su Ruijin had splurged a large amount of Shen Weng's

investment on himself. The company, on the other hand, didn't have any profitable projects and it was next to impossible for them to solve their problem.

“Ruijin, rumors have started surfacing in the company. They're saying that you can't afford to pay them and that they regret betraying Su Yimo. If this continues, I'm afraid the company would go bust soon,” she warned him.

“What else can I do? You want me to rob a bank? If that bitch refuses to cooperate with us, we're dead meat,” he grumbled. For now, he could only pin his hopes on Su Yimo. The only way he could dodge this bullet was if she took this problem off his hands. But with her refusal to cooperate, he found himself in a very sticky situation.

“I heard that Jiang Yan and Su Wenlun got a divorce. Why don't we whip up some rumors about that?” she suggested.

“What rumors?” he asked, confused.

“I've got an idea. And it'll make Su Yimo beg you

for the deal. The most vital thing for a company is its reputation. Once that has been tainted, no one would want to work with her anymore,” she cackled smugly.

“Alright, then I'll leave this in your hands. If you pull this off, I'll make sure that you get more benefits at the company. Since it's all Su Yimo's money, we might as well just take it,” he said.

At the villa, Su Yimo's right cheek was red and swollen. Su Wenlun had been beaten unconscious. Even Ho Ting lay defeated on the floor.

Su Yimo had no idea why these two strangers started getting aggressive the moment she let them in.

“What do you guys want? I don't know you. Why did you attack me?” she asked Han Li.

“You'll get to know us soon. You were destined to a miserable life ever since you married that loser. He killed my son. Now, I want to repay that favor and make him watch the woman he loves die

before him,” he replied.

Her heart skipped a beat. *These guys are looking for Han Jingru! And they wanted to kill me!*

“You... You are the Han Family from the U.S?” she guessed. Other than they, she couldn't think of anyone else who would want to hurt Han Jingru.

“Looks like you're pretty smart. You're right, I'm the Han Family's head, Han Li. I was going to let that loser off the hook. But since he's looking for trouble, he can't blame me for what I'm about to do. Call him and tell him to get here now!” he coldly ordered.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!