

Han Jingru's rental apartment.

Qi Bingying noticed Han Jingru's serious expression after he hung up the phone. Sparks of rage burned in his eyes. She immediately deduced that something had gone wrong on Han Tong's end. That was the only thing he would treat so seriously now.

“Han Tong failed?” she asked.

He got up to his feet and drew in a deep breath before replying, “Han Li is at the villa.”

Hearing what he had said, she hastily got to her feet and exclaimed, “What has he done to Yimo?”

Although she fancied Han Jingru, that did not hinder her friendship with Su Yimo. She had thought of giving up this friendship for him, but if her best friend was in danger, she wasn't about to sit around and leave her to die.

He shook his head and answered, “I don't know. But he asked me to go over immediately.”

"I'm coming with you," she stated firmly as she headed to her room to change her clothes.

"No, you stay home," he replied gravely. He did not know what to expect on this trip. If he could not make it out alive, she would definitely be implicated should she tag along.

"I can't do that! Yimo's my best friend! How can I stand aside when she's in trouble!" she protested.

"If you take one step out that door, it's all over between the Qi Family and me. And don't ever appear before me again if you do so," he threatened before leaving the house.

It was a while before Qi Bingying came to her senses. Although the aura he had just exuded was extremely domineering, she could not help but feel her heart starting to race.

"You only shower me with overbearing concern at times like these," she grumbled. Sighing, she proceeded to sink back into the sofa.

Han Jingru quickly drove to the villa. At the main gates, he spotted a defeated Qi Hu.

“I’m sorry Jingru! I was too weak to stop them!” he guiltily apologized.

“How are you feeling?” Han Jingru asked.

“I’m a little injured. But I’ll be fine,” he replied as he shook his head helplessly. Going up against someone like Han Long had made all his years of training and hard work seem in vain. Even the broken branches that laid all over the ground seemed to be a bitter joke. Qi Hu didn’t even have a chance to fight back.

“Take a break first,” Han Jingru ordered.

“No! I want to go in with you! I can still fight!” he objected firmly.

Han Jingru nodded silently. The two of them proceeded to head into the villa.

The Tian Family.



Tian Jingshuo had all the information regarding Genting Hill in the palm of his hand. At that moment, he was sitting in the living room with a serious expression on his face. Opposite him sat Tian Honghui.

“Dad, between the two factions of the Han Family, we more or less know which side will emerge victorious tonight, right?” Tian Honghui anxiously asked his father. Ever since the Tian Family had been forced out of Yun City's markets, they had been keeping a low profile. They didn't turn up for any events and rarely appeared before the public.

This lifestyle was extremely torturous for Tian Honghui, but they had no other choice as they were up against the Han Family.

He had pinned all his hopes on Han Jingru. The Tian Family could only come back from the dead if he won. But if he lost, both the Tian Family and Han Jingru himself would no longer be able to stay in Yun City!

“But how could Han Jingru even be a match for



Han Li?" Tian Jingshuo grimaced. He wasn't looking down on Han Jingru. On the contrary, he thought rather highly of him. It was just perfectly logical that he would not be Han Li's match. After all, the Han Family had been around for many years. The fortune they had amassed was not something Han Jingru could contend with.

Tian Honghui hung his head in defeat. If he really did lose, then the Tian Family would have no choice but to resign to fate.

"Is there not even the slightest chance?" Tian Honghui protested.

His father sighed, "It'll take a miracle to pull this off. After all, nothing's impossible. But you know how powerful that guy beside him is.

Furthermore, Han Jingru's finances can't even hold a candle to the fortunes Han Li has amassed. If he can't win this with his fists, what other ways can he win this fight? You can't expect Han Li to just get struck by lightning!"

*A miracle?*

Tian Honghui's lips curled into a wry smile. The chances of something like that happening were extremely slim.

“There isn't a place for us in Yun City anymore. Looks like it's time we leave,” he said dejectedly. Although they would have other opportunities elsewhere, they had spent a lot of time and effort here. He felt a pang of pain in his heart at the thought of leaving all of a sudden.

“Let's wait and see for a while longer,” Tian Jingshuo suggested.

His son looked at him, puzzled. He asked, “Dad, do you still believe in him? It won't be easy to pull off a miracle like that.”

“I believe in him.” Tian Shuirou's voice came from the stairs.

As she looked at the two men with a firm and confident expression, Tian Honghui asked, “Why haven't you gone to sleep?”

She ignored his question and continued, “I



believe in my big brother. He will definitely defeat Han Li.”

Tian Honghui put on a faint smile. He had always thought that it was a good thing she addressed Han Jingru as Big Brother. After all, Han Jingru could bring benefits to the Tian Family and this relationship could be extremely useful in the future.

But now, it all seemed like a huge joke to him.

“Don't call him Big Brother anymore. After tonight, there might not even be such a person anymore,” he said.

Tian Shuirou had Tian Jingshuo wrapped around her finger. However, she had always been quite scared of Tian Honghui, especially when he was serious. She often felt as though she couldn't breathe when he showed that face.

But today, her tone was unusually firm. She insisted, “Dad, I want to call him Big Brother for the rest of my life! I believe in him! Even if you don't!”

“You...” Tian Honghui cried out as he pointed a finger at her. He seemed to be at a loss for words. Then, he turned to his father and said, “Dad, you should know how serious the consequences are if we don't leave early. Many people are watching us here in Yun City. When the battle is over, it'll be too late for us to leave.”

He knew better than anyone what his father was worried about. They had spent years in Yun City and had made countless enemies. As of now, the Tian Family had temporarily withdrawn from the Yun City markets. As long as the Han Family held onto the Tian family's assets and capital, the Tian family would still be alright. But once the Han family released them, a fight would break out across Yun City for the lion's share. The people that the Han Family chose to support would then devour the Tian Family in full.

But how was Tian Jingshuo willing to leave just like that?

He was ageing and had long lost the fires of his youth. Furthermore, leaving would require a lot of travelling around. And he may never have a



chance to come back to his birthplace.

Tian Jingshuo drew in a deep breath before saying, "I'm willing to take a gamble."

Tian Honghui hung his head weakly. In his opinion, they should leave Yun City immediately. But if his father decided to stay, so would he.

"I hope Han Jingru can live up to your expectations," he sighed.

"Dad, he's my Big Brother. He won't lose," she assured him.

However, Tian Honghui continued shaking his head. *Big Brother, my ass.* Although he had acknowledged this relationship in the past, he could only turn a deaf ear to it now. This was because he no longer saw the value in winning over Han Jingru and roping him in.

"I'll go sleep first," he said before heading to his room.

Tian Shuirou sat beside Tian Jingshuo and

grabbed his arms.

He could feel how her hands were slightly trembling. He broke into an amiable smile and assured her, "Don't worry. He's been through many hardships since young. I'm sure this is just another one that he'll overcome in the end."

"Grandfather, tell me honestly, what are his chances of winning?" she asked.

"From what I can see, he doesn't stand a single chance," he answered without hesitation. This wasn't a question that required a lot of thinking. Han Li was the patriarch of his family. Furthermore, he had a powerful man at his side. Han Jingru didn't have any advantage over Han Li whatsoever.

Hearing this, two streams of tears trickled down her cheeks as she started sobbing.

He patted her on the back. Although she addressed him as Big Brother, he knew that she was still deeply in love with him.



At the villa.

The moment Han Jingru appeared, the first thing Han Li demanded him to do was to kneel.

“Except for my grandfather and master, nobody in this world has the authority to make me kneel,” he replied. Han Jingru knew Han Li was trying to humiliate him. And he was not about to give Han Li the satisfaction.

Han Li smirked as he continued, “Is there a point in being willful now? I wasn't asking you. When I tell people to do things, they obey.”

The moment he finished, Han Long strolled towards Su Yimo and gripped her neck. He then proceeded to lift her off the ground.

Witnessing this, Han Jingru balled his fists as his nails clawed into his flesh.

“You have thirty seconds. And I can tell you, this is going to be the longest thirty seconds of your life,” Han Li said.

Su Yimo grappled against Han Long's hands as she struggled to release herself from his grip. Not once did she give Han Jingru a look pleading for his help. The fearless glint in her eyes plainly showed her unwillingness for Han Jingru to go onto his knees.

“Let her go!” he hissed through clenched teeth, “What kind of a man takes it out on a woman?”

“The ends justify the means. People only see your success; no one cares how you achieved it. Have you not heard how history is written by the victors?” he asked.

As the thirty seconds slowly trickled by, Su Yimo's face started to turn scarlet. A tinge of purple was starting to form on her lips. She was clearly getting asphyxiated.

“3...”

“2...”

*Thump!*



Han Jingru's knees slammed to the ground as he buried his head low and conceded, "Let her go."

Han Li smiled coldly and waved his hand. Han Long proceeded to shove Su Yimo to a side.

Han Li was not surprised at all with this outcome. He was used to being in control of everything that happened. Everything had always gone according to his plan without fail.

As she crashed onto the floor, Su Yimo started to desperately gasp for air to re-enter her system. However, she showed no signs of elation having just cheated death. Rather, tears started streaming down her cheeks.

She knew how big of a deal kneeling was to him.

He had been humiliated on countless occasions in the Su Family. There were even times when he was beaten and didn't retaliate. But every time Su Ruijin demanded him to beg for mercy on his knees, he refused. His body was like a tough piece of steel that refused to bend.

But today, he knelt for her.

“Jingru,” she cried with a weak, raspy voice.

“I always feel a tinge of pity when I'm about to kill a pair of lovebirds. I just can't seem to do away with this bad habit,” he lamented to himself and sighed.

“But I can endure it.”

He stood up with an ash tray in hand and ambled towards Han Jingru.

“My son wouldn't have died if not for you!” As he finished, he wielded the ash tray and smashed it at Han Jingu's head.

*Smash!*

Blood started trickling down his head and immediately stained his entire face.

“Han Jia was killed by Han Tong. What does it have to do with me?” he said.



Han Li aimed a swift kick into his chest and burst out, "If not for you, why would he have come to a shitty place like Yun City?"

"Han Li, I didn't send an invitation card to your doorstep. In the end, Han Tong killed Han Jia. And you were the reason behind it. Even if you are looking for someone to blame, that person isn't me." Replying from the floor, Han Jingru looked extremely frightening with blood splattered across his face.

Hearing this, Han Li became much more agitated. He knew exactly why Han Tong killed Han Jia. If he had not handed over the matter of handling Han Jingru to Han Jia all of a sudden, she might not have killed him.

But he wasn't about to admit that this was his fault. All the blame and responsibility were Han Jingru's.

"You are a wilting branch of the Han family tree. Your existence is nothing more than an embarrassment to the Han Family. You should have just died. My son didn't deserve that!" He

became increasingly livid as he ranted on. He staggered over to Han Jingru and grabbed him by the collar. Looking down at Han Jingru, he yelled, "Why can't you just admit that you're a loser? Why did you have to implicate my son!"

Han Jingru smirked disdainfully as he watched him start the blame game and said, "Han Li, you were the one who caused Han Jia's death. And I am no loser."

"My closest kin is dead! Do you have any idea how much pain I am in now!" he howled.

He looked straight into his eyes and continued, "Doesn't it hurt more just knowing that you caused your son's death?"

Han Li suddenly threw his head back and started laughing. He shrieked, "You're going to feel my pain real soon. Su Yimo is going to die before you today. I will slowly torture her until I squeeze the last ounce of life out of her. And you're just going to watch helplessly as I kill her!"

"Han Long, it's been a while since I saw you kill



someone. I want to see how long she can live with all her bones broken,” Han Li instructed.

“I also want to know if it sounds crispier when it's a woman's bones that are breaking,” Han Long snarled as he made his way towards her.

Han Jingru quickly got to his feet and threatened Han Long, “I'll kill you if you as much as touch a hair on her head!”

“You?” Han Long scoffed before continuing, “You should take a look at yourself before you threaten me. You think you can change anything with your bluster?”

As Han Long came closer to Su Yimo, Han Jingru knew he didn't have a choice anymore.

It didn't matter if he wasn't a match for Han Long. He had to try. He could not watch Su Yimo getting tortured!

At that moment, a figure darted out from behind Han Jingru.

It was Qi Hu. He proceeded to attack him.

“Another loser! Looks like I didn't give you a good enough thrashing back there,” Han Long scorned. Han Long had merely knocked Qi Hu down back at the main gates. Obviously, that was not enough.

Qi Hu was agile and strong. By the next second, however, he quickly retreated. This was not out of choice: Han Long had forced him to back off.

With a loud crash, Qi Hu's huge frame flew backwards and landed flat on the ground before Han Jingru.

Han Long seemed to have done that on purpose; he controlled his strength and made sure that Qi Hu would land right in front of Han Jingru.

Han Jingru could barely imagine how powerful he was.

“Do you know how weak a rabbit is compared to a tiger?” Han Long boasted.



Seeing Qi Hu cough out another two spurts of blood, Han Jingru was relieved that he had not died, and paid him no further attention.

“You've got the guts to take me on?” Han Jingru challenged Han Long.

Han Long snorted in derision. *A loser like you are challenging me?*

“Do you have any idea how much trash like you I kill every year?” Han Long scoffed.

“You think you can change anything with your bluster?” Han Jingru repeated Han Long's previous words. Han Long's expression quickly froze; he turned frigid.

No one had ever dared to belittle him like Han Jingru. But as long as Han Li had not given the order, he would not accept his challenge.

“Since he isn't convinced, beat him up until he is,” Han Li ordered Han Long from the sofa. Han Li wanted to torture Han Jingru, and to do so he had to first make Han Jingru submit to him.

Although it was getting late, Han Li wasn't in a rush to get rested. He had bottled up the rage that had imploded within him upon learning of his son's death. Now, he wanted to vent all of that fury onto Han Jingru. He wanted Han Jingru to know what despair tasted like.

He wanted Han Jingru to lay on the ground like a dead dog and watch Su Yimo get tortured. Only then would he be satisfied.

He needed Han Jingru to beg for mercy, to be a sniveling weakling who could do nothing against his humiliation.

Hearing what Han Li said, Han Long turned around and walked towards Han Jingru.

“You should feel honored that the patriarch of the family has given you this opportunity. But if you think that you have any chance of defeating me, you're out of your mind,” he said.

“We haven't even duked it out yet. How do you know you aren't going to lose?” Han Jingru retorted.



“You ignorant piece of trash,” Han Long scoffed before making a sudden attack.

All Han Jingru saw was a blur as he instantly lost sight of Han Long. Before he could even tell what was going on, Han Jingru had already received a mighty blow at his chest. Han Jingru lost his balance and fell backwards.

Han Long was completely out of Han Jingru's league. Defeating him would be nearly impossible.

But Han Jingru knew that there was a glimmer of hope. As long as he could find a weakness in Han Long's defense, he believed he could finish Han Long off with a punch.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Han Jingru had pinned all his hopes on his trump card - his strength. Given the right opportunity, he was sure that even Han Long would fall.

But searching for a weakness to exploit on someone like Han Long was nearly impossible.

After the impact, Han Jingru laid on the floor motionless. He did not want to waste a single ounce of energy. He knew he only had one chance so he had to make it count.

“All it took was one punch and you're down?” Han Long jeered, the disdain on his face clear as day.

“Are you trying to tickle me?” Han Jingru grunted through his clenched teeth. Swaying precariously, he slowly got up to his feet.

Just as he had found his balance, Han Long aimed a swift kick at him.

It hit the same spot with the same amount of strength. Unsurprisingly, it was the same outcome. Han Jingru flew backwards once more



and crashed into a wall this time. The thunderous crash resounded throughout the house, as though the whole building was also trembling.

Seeing this, Su Yimo scrambled towards Han Jingru. She put him behind her back as she sank to her knees. Burying her tear stricken face to the ground, she begged them, "Please, let us off! Stop hurting him!"

A brief smile flashed across Han Li's face as he asked, "Is this loser really worth it?"

With the tears streaming down her face, she shook her head profusely and sobbed, "He's not a loser! He's my husband! I beg you! If you want to kill me, just do it! I'll do anything as long as you're willing to let him off!"

"You're really willing to die for him. Is trash like him worth it?" Han Li's brow arched upwards. He was very familiar with the situation in Yun City. The Su Family didn't really belong to the upper class. However, carrying the title of the fairest maiden in Yun City, Su Yimo could easily marry into any of the richest families in the city.

Yet, she had chosen to marry a loser like Han Jingru.

Han Li had assumed that she had been forced into the marriage; thus, her willingness to die for Han Jingru greatly perplexed him.

The old Su Yimo had indeed been forced into a marriage with him. However, she had come to regard him as her husband. He was her lover and she loved him with all her heart. She was willing to die if that was what it would take to save him.

“I love him. I'll do anything for him,” she said as she kowtowed towards Han Li and continued, “I beg you. Just kill me and let him go. Stop hurting him.”

A love that ran so deep would be the envy of any ordinary person. However, Han Li detested it. How could someone else enjoy something he never had? Especially a loser like Han Jingru.

He shot her a loathsome look before kicking her to the side. Coldly, he barked, “Begging for mercy isn't going to work. You're going to die.



He's going to die. And I'm going to make it very painful.”

Su Yimo sprawled across the floor from the force of that kick. Laying there dejectedly, she could only watch on helplessly. She did not want Han Jingru to get hurt, but she also had no strength to stop Han Li.

When Su Yimo saw Han Jingru cough out another mouthful of blood from the severe beating, she could feel her heart shattering into smithereens.

Han Jingru had done so much for her over the years. Yet, she hadn't even repaid his debt. They weren't even a real couple.

At that moment, she could feel the immense regret that had started taking root in her heart. She regretted not taking the initiative. If they had done it, she would at least be at peace even if she couldn't make it out of the current ordeal alive.

Actually, she had taken enough initiative. It was Han Jingru who had been too careful. But at that

moment, she didn't blame him one bit. Instead, she was finding fault with herself. It was clear how deep a love she had for him.

No matter who was at fault, she was willing to take all the blame.

“Jingru, if we get out of this alive, I'll give you my everything. I won't let myself regret anymore.” She gazed into his eyes as tears drowned out her beautiful eyes.

When Han Jingru saw Su Yimo getting kicked out of the way from the corner of his eye, the rage within him exploded.

He had once promised that he would take good care of her and not let any harm befall her. *If I can't keep my word, what kind of a man am I?*

“That wasn't even my all. Do you still think you have a chance at defeating me?” Han Long taunted.

“Haven't you noticed that I actually haven't fought back?” Han Jingru grunted. The searing



agony throughout his body felt as though his bones and flesh had been ripped apart. But he knew that he could not fall. Otherwise, not only would he die, so would Su Yimo.

“You didn't even have the chance to retaliate. Why don't I give you a chance? See how strong you really are?” Han Long offered mockingly. There was too great a disparity between their prowess. Han Jingru wouldn't even be able to lay a finger on Han Long unless that's what the latter wanted.

“I'm afraid I might kill you with a punch. You've got the guts to take it?” Han Jingru deliberately taunted. It was almost impossible for him to get close and execute an effective attack, so he needed Han Long to stand still and take the hit for his strategy work.

Only by repeating what had happened with Shan Qing would he have any chance of winning this round.

“Kill me with a punch?” Han Long burst into a fit of laughter, as if someone just blurted out the

punchline to some hilarious joke. Han Long continued, "You've got guts, punk. But I can kill you with one punch. You want to try?"

"You don't dare to take a hit from me?" Han Jingru coldly jeered with disdain in his eyes.

Han Long put his hands behind his back. For a moment, he looked like a Kungfu master untethered from worldly desires. He arrogantly proclaimed, "I'm going to make you admit defeat today. Come on, give it your best shot! I want you to know how far apart we are!"

Han Jingru's heart erupted in glee upon seeing that Han Long had taken his bait. This was the chance he had been waiting for - the chance to turn the tables. Once Han Long was killed, he and Su Yimo would have nothing more to fear.

Han Jingru still wasn't a match for Han Long even after receiving his superhuman strength. This was because he had just gotten stronger and hadn't had enough time to adjust and improve his techniques. Given some time, it was highly possible that Han Jingru could even take on Han



Long.

Han Jingru crouched down like a leopard preparing to pounce on its prey.

Han Long smirked, "Stop fooling around. An ant is just an ant. How could it ever dream of knocking over an elephant?"

"We'll see," Han Jingru forced the words out through clenched teeth. He had to summon every last bit of energy he could muster. If Han Long was still standing after this punch, it would be all over for both Su Yimo and him.

Su Yimo looked nervously at Han Jingru. She also knew this was his only chance. If he could really take down Han Long, the tables would be completely turned.

Han Li immediately saw through what she was thinking. With a large smile plastered on his face, he chuckled, "Don't pin your hopes on trash like him. You will only be repaid with despair."

Han Li had absolute faith in Han Long because

he knew how strong he was. Han Long was a true soldier. Even though he had retired many years ago, Han Long had maintained his rigorous daily exercise. His muscles had almost transcended the boundaries of human anatomy. Other than the use of firearms, normal people had no way of hurting him.

Su Yimo kept quiet. Unlike Han Li's disdain for Han Jingru, she had chosen to believe her husband. He had never let her down and had always fulfilled his promises.

On the other hand, Qi Hu felt that it was over for them, no matter how much he refused to admit it. Even if Han Long gave Han Jingru a chance to attack, there was no way Han Jingru could even leave a dent on him.

*Even I myself couldn't hurt Han Long. How could Han Jingru do it?*

“Jingru, I don't regret following you. If I die today, so be it,” Qi Hu confessed to Han Jingru.

Han Jingru's mouth cracked into a smile, “I



haven't allowed you to die yet!”

Just as Han Jingru finished talking, his legs rapidly pushed off the ground. Like a bolt of lightning, he zipped towards Han Long, concentrating all the energy he could gather into his right fist.

Han Long smirked dismissively, “My grandmother can run faster than you! Can you pick up the pace a little? I'm getting impatient.”

“Die!” Han Jingru bellowed as his fist whipped through the air and closed in on Han Long's muscular chest.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Qi Hu and Su Yimo's nervous demeanor formed a stark contrast against the Han Li duo.

Han Long still stood around apathetically. To him, Han Jingru didn't exist. He didn't even want to look at a weakling like him.

As for Han Li, he sat on the sofa steadily with a hint of a smile on his face. *Su Yimo will lose all her hope very soon. Han Jingru will realize how different he is from Han Long.* Even so, Han Jingru's tenacity surprised Han Li.

He couldn't help but admit that Han Jingru was much better than Han Jia. *If Han Jia could have half of Han Jingru's abilities, he as the next-in-line patriarch would be able to elevate the Han family to greater heights.*

“Too bad you're just an abandoned child from a branch family. Even if you had true talent, you were born as a lowlife and you are meant to live as one for the rest of your life. This is your destiny. You don't have any other choice but to accept it,” Han Li flatly said.



Su Yimo's heart was in her throat; she clenched her fists unwittingly as she cheered for Han Jingru.

“Kid, is that all you've got?” Han Long was talking trash to Han Jingru even before they started to fight.

Han Jingru smiled even wider. *This guy is about to pay for his arrogance. Even if he was tougher than I, he still isn't invincible. The heart is every person's weak spot; he definitely can't withstand a strong blow to it.*

“The same day next year would be the anniversary of your death!” Han Jingru taunted him.

*Bang!*

Han Jingru's fist reached Han Long but the latter didn't even dodge it. Han Long just took on Han Jingru's punch.

Time seemed to have stood still at that instant.

Han Long glared in shock.

“Han Jingru, now do you know weak you are. The punch you were charging up for so long did nothing to Han Long,” Han Li couldn't help but to mock him.

At that moment, Han Long was sent 10 meters back, away from Han Jingru. He stopped just before reaching a wall.

“I'm so surprised you could still stand,” Han Jingru grinned.

*Han Long froze. I was launched so far back - how much power did he pack into this punch?*

*This loser is pretty strong! How come even Han Long can't withstand his strength?*

“Han Long, how are you?” Han Li asked him anxiously as his breath quickened. Han Long was the strongest of the Han family. What happened just now was not only a huge blow to Han Li, but rather a devastating turn of events for the entire Han family in the U.S.



For a prominent family, the presence of someone strong was imperative, along with the possession of money and power. Although the Han family in the U.S. was already influential with their “Di” bodyguards, Han Long was the one who had single-handedly raised the Han family's military prowess!

Han Long was trying to speak, but a strong raw smell swelled from his throat.

*Poof...*

The mist of blood was like a rose blooming in front of Han Long.

Han Li's expression changed. *This piece of trash actually managed to hurt Han Long. How is this possible! How can someone like him compare to Han Long!*

“Han Jingru, what kind of despicable moves did you employ!” Han Li clenched his teeth.

Han Jingru smiled slightly and said, “I didn't do anything despicable, it's just that he wanted to act

tough even when he couldn't handle my strength; this was his price to pay.”

“*Hmph*,” Han Li snorted, “You did surprise me because you were able to hurt Han Long, but you won't have a chance to fight back the next time.”

Han Jingru looked at Han Long's bloodshot eyes. He couldn't estimate how much damage he did to Han Long just now, but Han Long was definitely injured.

“Do you think there will be a next time?” Han Jingru asked flatly.

Just after Han Jingru had finished speaking, Han Long collapsed onto the ground with *abang!* Blood gushed out of his orifices.

Han Li panicked and ran to Han Long's side.

He thought that Han Long only suffered a minor injury; he couldn't believe that Han Long was down just like that.

“Are you ok, Han Long!” Han Li asked.



The only reason why Han Long could still stand after his blow was his sheer will. Han Long knew the full extent of the damage that Han Jingru had inflicted on him: his heart was almost crushed by that fatal blow!

He thought he could kill Han Jingru like he could an insect, but his arrogance, which allowed Han Jingru to make the first move, had led to his downfall.

Han Long regretted his actions completely. He never thought that he would die in such a humiliating fashion!

*But the milk has been spilt - why bother regretting?*

Han Long shook his head lifelessly and closed his eyes.

Han Li was stunned as if he was struck by lightning. He never imagined this would happen.

He never once thought that a loser a Han Jingru could kill Han Long in one blow!

At that moment, Qi Hu walked to Han Jingru's side in utter shock and said, "Third... Jingru, you, you really killed him!"

Qi Hu knew how powerful Han Long was, so he didn't have any expectations for Han Jingru's first blow. But now, the truth before his eyes was so vastly different from what was in his mind.

*Just one punch!*

*It only took one punch for Han Jingru to kill someone as strong as Han Long!*

"I said it before that if I don't let you die, it means that you don't have the right to die," Han Jingru smiled faintly. He wasn't surprised at all at the outcome: if Han Long could give him the first move, he could make sure Han Long would not be able to stand afterwards.

This punch was even stronger than when he fought Shan Qing. Despite that, Han Jingru felt that he hadn't reached the upper limit of his strength.



He still had to figure out where that limit was.

“Jingru, are you alright?” Su Yimo ran towards Han Li frantically. She felt her heart aching when Han Jingru was beaten up earlier, as if someone was carving at her heart nonstop.

Han Jingru smiled gently and pulled Su Yimo into his embrace.

Su Yimo knelt to beg Han Li to let him go just now, and he took it to heart. *Everything was worth it if I had Su Yimo's affection.*

“I'm fine. It's just a small scratch. Go back to your room and rest; I still have some things to handle,” Han Jingru told Su Yimo.

Su Yimo shook her head stubbornly and said, “I don't want to avoid these kinds of things. I know what you want to do and I accept it. I am your woman. If I didn't have this tenacity, how can I be worthy of being your wife?”

Han Jingru smiled helplessly; her words touched him, but things like killing was a tough mental

barrier for any ordinary person. Han Jingru was scared that Su Yimo would have nightmares from it.

“I’m not going away. I’m not leaving you even if you chase me away or beat me. I want to stay by your side forever until the day we die,” Su Yimo continued, not giving Han Jingru a chance to persuade her. She was unbelievably adamant.

Han Jingru could only nod as he said, “Then look closely. Look at what the real me is like.”

“Mm,” Su Yimo had already prepared herself mentally. She understood that she had to accept everything about Han Jingru the moment she declared herself his wife.

When Han Jingru walked towards Han Li, Han Li had a look of trepidation as he had lost the boulder he depended on.

With Han Long's protection, Han Li could do whatever he wanted. But now that he's dead, Han Li was in no position to fight Han Jingru by himself.



“What are you trying to do?” Han Li asked Han Jingru.

“Since you already came, did you think that you can make it out of here alive?” Han Jingru said emotionlessly.

Han Li clenched his teeth and shouted, “I’m the head of the Han family in the U.S. and I think you understand our power. Do you really not want to give yourself an alternative?”

“An alternative?” Han Jingru smiled with contempt. This word was like poison to him; he never dared to think that he had any alternatives.

“When I was twelve I knew that I had no other paths to take in my life, so I just had to charge head-first.”

“You actually compared Yan City to the U.S. That's hilarious,” Han Li said with contempt. In his mind only the U.S was a big country - China couldn't even compare to one-tenth of it. To Han Li, Han Jingru's comparison of the two had only exemplified his ignorance.

At his words, Han Jingru laughed. “Who's the funny one here? It has already been proven that today's China is not the China that it used to be. It's only a matter of time before it becomes a global superpower. Maybe you should've come back earlier and taken a look at China's development; maybe then you would realize how ignorant you are.”

Han Li had been prejudiced against China ever since Han Xiuzhi ran away from the U.S. Everyone in the Han family who was left in the U.S wanted to see Han Xiuzhi embarrass himself, so they never thought that China could ever go far.

Undoubtedly, the Han family in the U.S. was very ignorant in this aspect. Their impression of China had remained the same after a decade, and



they didn't even want to see for themselves China's development.

“Do you have the guts to kill me? Do you know what my family would do to you after I die? Do you dare to gamble with your own fate?” Han Li asked.

“I was forced to kill when I was twelve. I understood that if I was to become stronger, I needed to eliminate any enemies that blocked my way. That night was really tough for me; it was raining cats and dogs and all I could do was squat in front of the door and hope that the rain could wash away the blood on my body. But after that night, I realized those who deserved to die must be removed. I needed to use the bodies I killed to gain glory because the Han family couldn't give me anything.”

“I needed to work hard to achieve everything I have. In the eyes of others, I am just someone who even the servants patronize.”

“Since they patronized me, I just needed to prove that I am worthy with my own hands.”

“My life is mine. My destiny, too, is mine. No one can dictate that. Not you, not the Han family, not even God.”

“Only I, Han Jingru, can dictate my life.”

Han Li was turning breathless. As he looked at Han Jingru, he realized how much he had looked down on the youngster over the years. Han Jingru's indignance, spite, and fighting spirit had shaped him into someone who was meant to go against the tides. It was as if nothing could stop him from going forward.

*Why!*

*Why did someone like him appear in Yan City's Han family, instead of the U.S. Han family?*

*If he could replace Han Jia, how can the U.S. Han family not achieve royalty status?*

*It's too bad that there are no “ifs” in this world*

*Han Jingru would never be part of the U.S. Han family, and Han Li would never witness its*



*future.*

As Han Jingru walked towards Han Li, he felt death looming closer. Han Li retreated.

When Han Li was forced to the corner and had no way to escape, he tried to reason with Han Jingru, “You can't kill me. I've had so many opportunities to kill you, but I never did. Don't I deserve forgiveness for this?”

“I don't think I need to tell you about the consequences of showing an enemy mercy. Do you think I am so stupid to let you walk away?” Han Jingru calmly said.

Han Li couldn't rebuke his point. If he made it out of the villa alive, he would definitely find other ways to target Han Jingru.

Han Jingru's presence had threatened the U.S. Han family. If he was to be left to his own devices, the U.S. Han family would very possibly become his stepping stone, so it made sense for Han Li to find a way to eliminate Han Jingru.

“I was curious, too. Why didn't you kill me all this time?” Han Jingru asked. He used to believe Han Li's words, but after meeting Yan Qiong, he felt that Han Li's excuses were very contrived. *Han Li never even cared about the Yan City Han family, so how could he have spared me out of “familial ties”?*

This questioned caused Han Li's expression to change drastically. There was even tangible fear in his eyes.

*Where did this fear come from?*

*Don't tell me that there was someone behind Han Li that didn't allow me to die?*

“There is no particular reason,” Han Li said firmly.

Han Jingru frowned. He walked towards Han Li and grabbed his neck. “I'll give you one last chance. If your answer satisfies me I might let you live.”

Han Li let out a laugh. How could he believe



something like that?

Han Jingru's intent to kill was evident. No matter what he said, death was the only outcome.

“Are you treating me like a three-year-old?” Han Li asked.

“Then die,” Han Jingru tightened his grip. *Crack.* He snapped Han Li's neck, just like that.

The formidable patriarch of the U.S. Han family would never have thought that his trip to China would be his last.

Han Jingru kept his doubts in his heart. He didn't know what Han Li was hiding, but he just had to keep investigating. The truth would definitely unfold one day.

“Don't let anyone find out about Han Li's death,” Han Jingru instructed the people in the villa.

Even though Su Wenlun was injured, his paleness wasn't a result of his injuries, but rather from how

Han Jingru killed those people. *long?*

Su Wenlun wouldn't understand that in Han Jingru's life, hiding was something he had to do. In fact, Han Jingru had not revealed his true identity to anyone else since he was twelve.

“Jingru, don't worry. We won't tell anyone else,” Su Wenlun said as he stood up painstakingly.

Ho Ting was scared upon witnessing another side of Han Jingru. She would never tell anyone, even her daughter, about what happened.

Han Jingru's true self didn't matter; he was still Ho Ting's savior. If it wasn't for him, she wouldn't have been able to find a job, and her daughter's troubles wouldn't be resolved that easily.

No matter what happened, Ho Ting would still be grateful towards Han Jingru.

“Jingru, what about these two bodies?” Qi Hu asked as he walked towards Han Jingru.



“I'll let Molan take care of it. No one can find out,” Han Jingru pulled out his phone.

The Tian family villa.

Tian Jingshuo and Tian Shuirou sat in the living room. They didn't feel like sleeping, even when it was already late into the night.

At that moment, Tian Honghui, who had said wanted to sleep, came into the living room. He couldn't sleep. All he could see was what happened in the villa when he closed his eyes.

He didn't trust Han Jingru, so he was perplexed at what the Tian family's next move is.

He thought that leaving Yun City was the best option, but Tian Jingshuo and Tian Shuirou didn't agree.

“Dad, we still have a chance to leave now. Do you really want to bet everything on Han Jingru?” Tian Honghui asked.

Tian Jingshuo glared at him and said, “Our

generation is all about following our roots, and now you want me to abandon it and leave? Besides, it's not like we don't have a chance.”

“A chance?” Tian Honghui didn't dare to mock Tian Jingshuo's point of view, so he said helplessly, “Dad, don't you know that we really don't have a chance? How could Han Jingru fight against Han Li with his current abilities? If we gave Han Jingru a decade, maybe he could give it a try; but now, what option does he have besides death?”

Tian Shuirou rebuked him, “Dad, you're not my brother. How do you know that he doesn't have the ability to fight Han Li? Maybe he had already killed Han Li.”

Tian Honghui's head drooped. *They seem to be hypnotized or bewitched. How can they trust Han Jingru so much?*

*Han Jingru really was brilliant compared to his peers, but all things are relative. His capability doesn't mean anything when compared to Han Li.*



“Don't call him 'brother' next time; he isn't worth it,” Tian Honghui told his daughter.

Tian Shuirou clenched her teeth. Even though eternal friendship was non-existent in the business world, her love for Han Jingru had made her willing to treat him like a brother eternally.

At that moment, Tian Jingshuo's phone rang.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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While Tian Shuirou and Tian Honghui were wondering who would possibly be calling Tian Jingshuo in the middle of the night, Tian Jingshuo suddenly jumped up from the sofa in agitation.

Tian Jingshuo's whole body was clearly trembling as if he had Parkinson's disease. His cheeks became flushed; it looked like he had taken stimulants.

“Dad, what happened to you?”

“Grandpa, who called?”

Tian Jingshuo was agitated to the point where he couldn't speak; instead, he pointed intensely at his phone which showed Han Jingru's name.

Both of them were even more confused now. *What could've happened that even Tian Jingshuo is so worked up that he can't talk?*

“It's... it's Han Jingru, it's Han Jingru!” Tian Jingshuo managed to utter these few words as his face turned bright red.



Tian Shuirou and Tian Honghui were also surprised; they jumped abruptly onto the floor from the sofa.

When they saw that the caller was Han Jingru, their breaths hastened.

“Is it really Brother? Please tell me he managed to get rid of Han Li, since he is calling Grandpa now!” Tian Shuirou was excited.

Tian Honghui was so surprised he didn't know what to say.

He thought that Han Jingru would die for sure; he never thought that Han Jingru could have any chance of survival.

But now Han Jingru called. *What happened?*

“Don't be too happy yet. Han Li could be the one calling. Han Jingru might have gotten all of us into trouble. He might have harmed the Tian family.” Tian Honghui said so because he thought this possibility was more realistic. He wasn't looking down on Han Jingru. It's just that in that

situation, no one could believe Han Jingru, especially since his opponent was Han Li, whose bodyguard was unimaginably strong.

Tian Jingshuo's heart sank as he picked up the phone and pressed the speaker button.

“Master, aren't you afraid of waking up an old disciple like me by calling in the middle of the night like this?” Tian Jingshuo deliberately acted like he was awakened by the call.

“Old man, the people at the Villa are all from the Tian family. Even if you have left Yun City market, your men would still be here. Don't you understand what happened here? Could you still sleep after knowing?” Han Jingru flatly said.

Tian Jingshuo was embarrassed his lie was exposed so easily, so he had to say, “Master, I'm just so worried about you that I couldn't sleep.”

“Stop talking nonsense. Ask your people to turn off all surveillance in the villa, and remove all the security people,” Han Jingru ordered.



Tian Jingshuo unwittingly swallowed his breath and asked, “Master, did... did you take care of it?”

“Take care of what? Did I have any problems? Nothing happened tonight in the Genting villa.” Han Jingru immediately hung up.

Tian Jingshuo shook even more violently. Even if he had placed his hope on Han Jingru, he knew clearly how small that hope was.

And now, Han Jingru really created a miracle. Even Tian Jingshuo couldn't believe it.

*He did it!*

*He really did it!*

“Honghui, quickly call someone in the villa and ask them to shut down the surveillance and clear everyone out,” Tian Jingshuo hurried his son.

Tian Honghui immediately took his phone out.

Tian Shuirou rubbed his delicate hands and said

joyfully, "I just knew that Brother wouldn't lose. He's Han Jingru - how could he ever lose to Han Li? That old fart can't even compare to Brother."

Tian Jingshuo smiled melancholically and said, "Stop boasting. We don't know what happened, but this incident was definitely quite complicated for Han Jingru."

After pausing, Tian Jingshuo continued, "But the miracle he created deserves its fair share of admiration. He even managed to succeed with almost zero chance. It's too hard to guess what had happened."

"What happened does not matter; what matters now is that we don't have to leave Yun City anymore," Tian Shuirou deliberately looked at her father after she commented.

Tian Honghui looked embarrassed. He was the only one who didn't trust Han Jingru from the start, even though his father and daughter showed unwavering support for Han Jingru. Now, it really was because of their effort that had allowed the Tian family to continue to stay in Yun City.



“Dad, you even asked me to not call him 'Brother'. Does he have the right now?” Tian Shuirou deliberately asked Tian Honghui.

Tian Jingshuo didn't stop Tian Shuirou's sarcasm, because he knows that Tian Honghui has always been prejudiced against Han Jingru. *Maybe he just didn't have high expectations for Han Jingru. This is a great opportunity for Tian Honghui to accept the truth.*

Tian Honghui perspired heavily as he said to his daughter, “I really did look down on him, but now I don't doubt his qualifications. What I doubt now is if you have the qualifications instead.”

The fact that Han Jingru could handle Han Li and the U.S. Han family was irrefutable. It may well be a part of Han Jingru's plans. In the future, no one could imagine how far Han Jingru would go, but by contrast the Tian family would always be stuck in Yun City. Given that scenario, the gap between Tian Shuirou and Han Jingru's social status will widen, and Tian Shuirou will become increasingly unqualified.

“*Hmph*,” Tian Shuirou snorted as she crinkled her nose, “My brother isn't as power-crazy as you. He even told me that he would protect me forever.”

“I hope so too,” Tian Honghui sighed.

“Honghui, stop being prejudiced. Try to see through his intentions. Han Jingru is a man of honor, and he wouldn't go back on his promises. Once you get to know more people, you will understand why he is trustworthy,” Tian Jingshuo said.

“Dad, I was wrong about this. I shouldn't have looked down on him. But we still don't know if we could rely on him in the future,” Tian Honghui said worriedly.

“What, are you still thinking of using him to increase the Tian family's influence? Throw that thought away as far as possible. Did you forget what happened the last time we used him?” Tian Jingshuo berated him coldly. The old man refused to use Han Jingru as a tool: the Tian family will need to develop on its own merits. And as to how



they could leave Yun City, it was Tian Honghui's responsibility as well. If he chose to go astray and use Han Jingru to his own benefit, well, that path would be a dead end.

Tian Honghui recalled what happened the last time and promised, "Dad, don't worry. I wouldn't dare to think of that anymore."

"I want to have a good night's rest and then have a meal with Brother tomorrow." Tian Shuirou happily returned to her room.

Tian Jingshuo moved to Tian Honghui's side, patted his shoulder, and said, "Don't ever be reluctant to recognize Han Jingru's excellence, and don't compare yourself to him. A lot of people are qualified to be compared with him, but you're still not yet one of them."

Tian Honghui lowered his head after Tian Jingshuo's speech. Undeniably, he had compared himself to Han Jingru. Sometimes he even wished that Han Jingru would fail against the U.S. Han family, because only then would Tian Honghui have the means to reassure himself.

But now Tian Honghui saw the truth. It was just as Tian Jingshuo said: he wasn't even qualified to be compared to Han Jingru.

“Dad, can he be someone so powerful to take over the whole world?” Tian Honghui couldn't help but ask.

Tian Jingshuo smiled but didn't answer; he just went back to his room.

The Genting villa.

After surveillance had been turned off and all the security guards had left, Han Jingru asked Molan to bring someone to secretly send Han Li and Han Long's corpses away. It happened so surreptitiously that no one even knew - as if nothing had ever happened at the Genting villa.

Su Yimo pulled on Han Jingru's hand and said, “You can go home now; let's go get married again.”

“There is still one thing I need to do; I'll come home after I handle it,” Han Jingru smiled as he



said.

He never thought that it would end this way, but the process didn't matter if the results were good.

Su Yimo nodded and said, "I'll wait for you."

After Han Jingru left the villa, Su Yimo called Shen Zhuoman even though it was already late in the night.

"You wretched woman, interrupting my sleep at this hour! Even if you are my boss you can't possibly invade my personal time like this," Shen Zhuoman said, displeased.

"Man, do you know if there are any homestays in Yun City? It's best if it is a bit secluded," Su Yimo asked.

"Why are you looking for a homestay?" Shen Zhuoman asked in confusion.

"I am about to remarry Jingru and I want to repay him what I have owed him for the past three years. That's why I'm looking for a homestay. It

must come with no disturbance,” Su Yimo explained, unabashed.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The groggy Shen Zhuoman woke up immediately at Su Yimo's words. She sat up abruptly.

“This suddenly? What happened?” Shen Zhuoman curiously asked. She knew that the divorce took a huge toll on Su Yimo, and she also hoped that they could quickly remarry and be together again. But all this had happened too suddenly, so she was curious as to how it actually happened.

“Things are very complicated; just help me find somewhere to stay. Don't ask about anything else,” Su Yimo said.

Shen Zhuoman suddenly laughed and said, “You owe him three years. Can you imagine how much that is? Can your body handle it if you gave it all back to him?”

Su Yimo blushed. Even if she felt a bit embarrassed, she still decided to call Shen Zhuoman, which meant that she had already stepped out of her comfort zone.

“Please quickly help me find a place. Don't talk

so much nonsense,” Su Yimo reiterated.

“Yes, yes, yes. My Ms. Su, don't worry. I would definitely find someplace that will satisfy you. I know every corner of Yun City; how can a small thing like this be of any challenge to me?” Shen Zhuoman reassured her.

At the Peninsula Hotel, Han Tong sat lifelessly on the side of her bed. When Han Li figured out that she wanted to kill him and saw through her plan, her world was ruined. She knew that she wasn't someone powerful in the Han family. If she went back to the U.S., she would definitely get thrown onto that island, and her nightmare will continue until the day she dies.

Han Tong couldn't accept that fate, yet she didn't have the power to change it.

If she had a choice, she probably wouldn't kill Han Jia. If Han Jia was still alive, she probably wouldn't end up getting abandoned on that island. Even if she couldn't become the head of the family, no one could threaten her position as the Han family's Young Mistress.



Too bad that it was already too late. She didn't have a chance to regret her choice anymore.

Tears streamed down her expressionless face. As she rubbed her tears away, a cold smile emerged on her face.

“I can't escape, so neither can you. But at least I can still stay alive. You? You're dead for sure,” Han Tong flatly said. She was talking about Han Jingru. In her mind, Han Jingru was dead for sure; there was no chance of survival for him.

But as she murmured, the room door was kicked down, and the person that stood there was the person she thought would be dead for sure - Han Jingru.

Han Jingru straightened his body and acted surprised. “It's you! Why are you here in the Peninsula Hotel?”

“Don't tell me you thought that I was dead?” Han Jingru looked pleased and entered the room.

Han Tong thought of several possible scenarios

instantly, but these possibilities were demolished by that one name.

Han Long!

If Han Long was still alive, Han Jingru would never have survived, and the possibilities she thought of would cease to be possible.

*But... Here he is.* Han Jingru stood in front of her unharmed, only looking slightly paler. *What happened?*

“Are you a ghost?” Han Tong asked.

Han Jingru couldn't help but laugh. He could understand what Han Tong was thinking. Even he himself thought that his survival was a miracle.

“A ghost doesn't have a shadow,” Han Jingru said as he pointed at his shadow cast by the lights.

Han Tong frowned in confusion; she couldn't think of why Han Li would let Han Jingru go, but if it wasn't as such, why did he show up at the hotel?



“Stop guessing. I captured Han Li, and if you're willing to follow my instructions, I can make you the head of the U.S. Han family,” Han Jingru offered.

Han Tong laughed in contempt at his comment and said, “Han Jingru, you really know how to boast. Han Long could easily take on one hundred losers like you, and now you boast about capturing my father.”

Reacting to her contempt, Han Jingru took out his phone and threw it at her direction.

This action was very sudden. Fortunately, Han Tong reached out her hand in time and caught the phone awkwardly.

There was a photo on the phone. Han Li and Han Long were kneeling next to two captors. Their heads were down, but Han Tong could confirm that they were indeed Han Li and Han Long.

This shocked Han Tong beyond belief; her eyeballs almost fell off.

The Han Jingru, whom she had thought would be dead for sure, managed to capture Han Long and Han Li. *How could that be?*

*With Han Long's prowess, how could they get captured by Han Jingru?*

*Don't tell me there's someone even stronger than Han Long on Han Jingru's side?*

*Impossible. It's absolutely impossible!*

*If there was really someone that strong on his side, he would've struck earlier. Why would he wait until now?*

“How did you do it?” Han Tong asked as her breathing hastened.

“How I did it is none of your business. You just need to know that Han Li is under my custody and if I wanted to, he won't be able to go back to the U.S. for the rest of his life. And now, you are the head of the U.S. Han family,” Han Jingru informed her.



Han Tong never thought that there would be such a significant turn of events. She thought that her future was just darkness; she never expected to welcome the ray of light that is Han Jingru!

She saw hope, but she was clear that that hope was under Han Jingru's control.

That means, even if she did become the head of the Han family, she would still be under Han Jingru's control.

Being that loser's puppet was something Han Tong would never agree to.

“There's no need to consider it any further. You don't have any other choice. If you have any doubts about me, I can easily take away this position I gave you, and I can guarantee that you'll die miserably,” Han Jingru warned her.

“What did you do to my father!” Han Tong asked.

“Don't worry, he's not dead. After all, he's my bargaining chip to threaten you. I will give him a

good life. If one day you become disobedient, I will let him return to the U.S.," Han Jingru said.

How could Han Tong not worry?

If Han Li just died, she wouldn't worry because Han Jingru wouldn't have anything to threaten her with.

But now, her throat would be forever choked by Han Jingru: she must do whatever he asked her to do. If not, her position as the head of the family would be taken away by Han Li's return.

"What good is it returning him to the U.S.? It's just like returning a tiger to its forest and knowing fully that it will come back to attack you. Do you think that you could get lucky every time?" Han Tong asked gloomily. She couldn't back down on this, because she can't live her whole life following Han Jingru's instructions.

"Returning a tiger to its forest is dangerous, but what can a brainwashed tiger do except to jump through hoops?" Han Jingru smiled slightly.



Han Tong's expression darkened even more. She didn't know what Han Jingru would do to Han Li, but she knew he already had a plan.

She never would've thought that an opponent she had looked down upon could control the future of the entire U.S. Han family!

“My dad should've killed you, if not he wouldn't end up like this,” Han Tong sighed.

“Young Mistress Han, don't you know how dangerous it is to say something like this to me? I still have evidence that you killed Han Jia, and if the people in the U.S. Han family found out, you would have a hard time going back there,” Han Jingru smiled.

Han Tong took a deep breath. She knew that she didn't have a choice under these circumstances. Only by following Han Jingru's plan could she get what she wanted.

But Han Tong was also clear about the price she had to pay.

“Do you want me to be your puppet?” Han Tong asked.

Han Jingru appeared pensive before he shook his head and said, “Just a dog.”

Han Tong's face darkened. Being a puppet was already degrading to her, and now Han Jingru wants to treat her like a dog!

She was still the legitimate Young Mistress of the Han family. Han Jingru was just the abandoned child from a branch family!

“Han Jingru, what right do you have to treat me like a dog!” Han Tong clenched her teeth and shouted at him.

Han Jingru walked towards Han Tong, stretching out his right hand and tightly pinching Han Tong's chin. Because of his excessive force, Han Tong's face twisted.

“Han Tong, aren't you clear about what rights I have? Your fate is in my hands; how can you resist me if I wanted to treat you like a dog? Is it



that you can't choose between death or becoming the head of the U.S. Han family?" Han Jingru said icily.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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As the Young Mistress of the Han Family, Han Tong's sense of pride prohibited her from succumbing to Han Jingru.

But it was her only choice to be the head of the family. Even if she still looked down on Han Jingru and thought of him as a loser, there was only one road ahead for her.

“Up to you,” Han Tong lowered her head and said. Once she returned to the U.S., she would think of every way possible to free herself from Han Jingru's control. This meant the compromise wasn't really a compromise for her; rather, it was just her momentary retreat.

Han Jingru knew Han Tong's character. *She must have some wicked plan in mind if she is this willing to bow down to me.*

The U.S. Han family would serve as a stepping stone for Han Jingru in the future, while Han Tong would be sure to interfere with - and add uncertainty to - Han Jingru's plans.

“If you betray me, only death will await you. If



you are looking for revenge and you want to escape my control, I advise you to think carefully about what would happen to you if Han Li returned to the U.S.," Han Jingru said.

Han Li had already determined Han Tong's fate from the start, which was why she felt helpless.

But Han Jingru's words didn't pose much threat to Han Tong. She felt that she could still fight against Han Jingru even after she went back to the U.S., and that she could even try to make Han Li lose his status in the family. As long as people hated Han Li, his return to the U.S. would mean nothing.

"Don't worry, I've never thought of taking my revenge," Han Tong said.

In his mind Han Jingru sighed with relief; interacting with a devious woman like her wasn't easy. Even if he knew that she wasn't trustworthy, he couldn't do anything. He could only play it by ear.

"The first thing I want you to do is to help the Qi

family. It should be no problem for you?” Han Jingru instructed.

The trouble faced by the Qi family was so serious that it had the potential to destroy the entire family.

But to the Han family, it was just a piece of cake. If the Han family helped, the Qi family's crisis could be resolved easily.

“No problem, I can guarantee that the Qi family can have a better life in the Chinese community in the U.S.,” Han Tong said.

“I hope you remember what you said; if not, I will make your life a living hell,” Han Jingru told her outright.

After he left the Peninsula Hotel, Han Jingru made his way to his rental house.

“Jingru, why not just kill that woman?” Qi Hu asked Han Jingru in confusion. He could feel the indignance in Han Tong's heart. She would never be as obedient as she seemed, so Qi Hu felt that



the only way to truly solve this problem was to kill her.

“*Sigh*,” Han Jingru continued, “Killing her would be better, but a pawn like her is too useful right now. With her here, she could help me with a lot of troubles, so even if I know that she is a ticking time bomb, I couldn't possibly let her die.”

Qi Hu didn't know about these methods; to him, the only way to solve a problem was to use violence.

“Jingru, so the world out there is really that complicated,” Qi Hu exclaimed.

“What you can see is just the tip of the iceberg. I advise you not to try to understand the real complexities of the matter. If not, your brain will explode,” Han Jingru said.

Qi Hu scratched his head in embarrassment and asked, “Jingru, are you saying that I'm dumb?”

“You are pretty smart,” Han Jingru smiled and continued, “Go back to the Mojo. Your injury

isn't light.”

Qi Hu stood still, confused. *Is Han Jingru genuinely complimenting my intelligence, or does he think that I have some self-awareness to understand that I'm dumb?*

After giving it some thought, Qi Hu couldn't come to an answer, so he muttered to himself helplessly, “The people in the real world speak in riddles. No wonder Master doesn't want to leave the mountain his whole life.”

As he arrived at his apartment, Han Jingru stood on the ground floor and didn't enter the lift for some time.

He could feel Qi Bingying's affection for him, but now he would be ending his stay with her. She definitely would be very reluctant; she might even be deeply hurt.

To be honest, Han Jingru didn't want to do this, but he didn't have a choice.

At his apartment upstairs.



After Han Jingru had left her, Qi Bingying was constantly worried about him to the point at which her hands would perspire all the time.

She knew how strong Han Long was and she felt that Han Jingru would definitely die as he stepped out of the house. It's just that she didn't want to admit it.

She didn't know what happened in the Genting villa, and even though she could ask Dong Hao to help her gather some information, she didn't. That was because she would rather stay ignorant waiting at home than receive bad news she couldn't accept.

Maybe it would be ten days; maybe it would be half a month. Or even a year. But Qi Bingying would rather not know anything and continue waiting in the house.

Her feelings for Han Jingru had already turned from admiration to profound love. The more she interacted with Han Jingru, the more she was drawn in by his charisma. To her, that charisma came from how deeply he loved Su Yimo.

That fact was a fatal blow to Qi Bingying, but it was also something she craved. She hoped that she could replace Su Yimo and be the one Han Jingru loved with all his heart.

But she also knew that that could never happen, and even if it did, Han Jingru's charisma would have changed.

In this period of time, Qi Bingying had always been conflicted.

At that moment, the sound of a key opening the main door could be heard.

Qi Bingying unwittingly tightened her fists and stared at the door in anticipation. Her breath quickened.

When the door opened and Han Jingru walked in, Qi Bingying immediately ran towards Han Jingru and embraced him with tears all over her face.

Han Jingru stood with his hands behind his back. He didn't do anything to console Qi Bingying; he also seemed reluctant to make physical contact



with Qi Bingying.

After Qi Bingying cried for a while, Han Jingru couldn't help but ask, "Do you want to know what happened?"

Qi Bingying let go of Han Jingru, rubbed her tears away, and asked, "Han Li didn't kill you. What about Yimo? Was she hurt?"

"Yimo is safe," Han Jingru said.

"How did Han Li suddenly let you go? Don't tell me he changed his mind and wants to use you to increase his influence in China?" Qi Bingying asked in confusion.

"Why did you think that Han Li must have let go of me, instead of thinking that he couldn't do anything to me?" Han Jingru asked with a curious smile.

Qi Bingying rolled her eyes dramatically at Han Jingru. *How could Han Li have no way of hurting Han Jingru?* His bodyguard Han Long was a renowned fighter in the U.S. Chinese community - he was even known to be undefeatable. A few dissatisfied families tried to send someone to fight Han Lon

g, but all were defeated and some even died in his arms.

Han Long's status was earned by his fists. Everyone knew this, including Qi Bingying.

“Are you trying to earn my admiration by boasting to me?” Qi Bingying pouted as she said.

“If it was possible, I would rather you hate me even more,” Han Jingru said as he smiled.

The topic was leaning towards their relationship, and Qi Bingying knew that if this topic was pursued even further, she would only be met with rejection. She digressed swiftly and asked, “Just what happened? Tell me.”

“Didn't I say it very clearly already? Han Li couldn't handle me,” Han Jingru said.

Qi Bingying sat on the sofa helplessly as she crossed her legs, exposing her sexy curves, but Han Jingru didn't even bat an eye at it.

“If Han Li couldn't handle you, then you can just



step all over the whole U.S. Han family, right? If that's the case, can't you already rescue the Qi family from our crisis?" Qi Bingying flatly said.

"I could step all over the U.S. Han family, just not now. As for the troubles of the Qi family, Han Tong is willing to serve under me so you can consider them resolved as well. Just follow Han Tong back to the U.S. and she will help you deal with everything," Han Jingru explained.

Qi Bingying couldn't suppress her laugh, but after seeing Han Jingru's serious expression, her laughter faded. She turned solemn as well.

"A-Are you for real? You're not joking?"



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