

Qi Bingying could obviously feel her heart pounding. With her chest heaving noticeably, she breathed fast and loud.

To her, it was quite unthinkable that Han Tong was willing to serve him like a lapdog. This sounded like a joke.

But the expression on Han Jingru's face clearly showed he was serious and not joking at all.

Qi Bingying knew very well Han Jingru would not have said things like these merely for fun; he was not the kind of man who liked to brag. He meant what he said, therefore, it had to be true.

*But, how is this possible?*

*What on earth has Han Jingru done to bring about this?*

“Of course it is true. Don't tell me that all along I have been giving you the impression that I like to boast!” teased Han Jingru. He was confident that this news would give her a shock because of her detailed understanding of the U.S. Han family as

well as Han Long's strengths. That was why when compared to others, Qi Bingying would be the most surprised.

“How did you do it? Where is Han Long? Didn't he do anything to you?” asked Qi Bingying with her eyes wide open, anxiously waiting for an explanation from Han Jingru.

“I killed Han Long with a punch,” said Han Jingru.

Qi Bingying was stunned beyond words.

*Killed with a punch!*

To Qi Bingying, the message sounded like a roar of thunder, shaking her to the core.

In a previous fight, Shan Qing was hospitalized because of Han Jingru's punch. At first, Qi Bingying was rather skeptical about this incident, but Dong Hao had convinced her of its truthfulness.

*Now, he could even kill Han Long with one*

*punch!* ru's words.

Qi Bingying stood up rather instinctively and walked in front of Han Jingru. She took his right hand and asked, "Your fist possesses godly powers, does it?"

Han Jingru was aware that his physical strength had increased quite mysteriously. He did not know how or why it happened, but he believed this was no "godly" power. He had heard Yan Qiong speak of the existence of some mysterious higher community somewhere in this world. Yan Qiong had also told him that he would be able to comprehend all these if he succeeded in getting himself elevated to that higher state of being.

"Han Tong will help you solve all your problems. Just go back to the U.S. with her tomorrow," Han Jingru instructed.

Qi Bingying felt her body becoming stiff with disappointment.

To her, going back to the U.S. meant the end of her cohabitation with him; no one could be

certain if they would ever meet again.

This piece of bad news was a devastating blow to Qi Bingying.

But she had to go; she needed to resolve the problems of the Qi family. She knew that she would only jeopardize the well-being of the entire Qi family if she chose to stay back with Han Jingru.

Seeing Qi Bingying lower her head with dejection, Han Jingru continued, "Right from the start, you knew clearly that we cannot stay together for long. That's why going back to the U.S. is your best option. I believe you can find the man who really loves you."

Qi Bingying shook her head in slow motion and said sadly, "There are many guys out there who love me. But all my love has already been spent; by now, I don't have anything to give to any of them."

The message was clear: she had poured all her love onto Han Jingru alone. It was a pity that Han

Jingru was not touched by that at all.

“Go and have a good sleep. I need to pack up,” said Han Jingru while walking back to his room.

Like a zombie, Qi Bingying moved slowly back to her own room and buried her head under the pillow. She tried to muffle her cry by biting at a corner of the mattress, but her sobs sounded so piercingly heart-rending in the dead of the night.

The soundproofing of the rooms in the high-rise apartment was not ideal. Han Jingru could hear her sobs while he was packing up in his room. He couldn't help sighing.

Qi Bingying was no doubt a very beautiful and nice woman. Han Jingru believed he was not blessed with the good fortune to have her by his side. Certainly not in this life.

After having packed up his luggage, Han Jingru decided to leave quietly without even bidding goodbye to Qi Bingying.

Agonizing over the silent parting, Qi Bingying

spent the rest of the night in agony.

Those days of cohabitation with Han Jingru were no doubt full of joy; however, the more the joy she had felt then, the greater the pain now.

The next morning, Qi Bingying stepped out to the living room with swollen eyes. She knew Han Jingru was already gone, but she still went over to open the door to his room.

The familiar setting in the room was staring right at her face. Obviously, he had taken away all things related to both of them.

Sitting at one end of his bed, Qi Bingying found something he left behind: his lingering scent.

After a long time, Qi Bingying finally got through to Dong Hao by phone.

Dong Hao was living nearby on purpose. He wanted to be able to turn up before Qi Bingying at the earliest moment when she needed him.

“Buy up everything here, but don't move

anything.” This was her clear instruction to Dong Hao.

It pained Dong Hao to see Qi Bingying's eyes swollen from prolonged crying, but he knew there was nothing he could do. Qi Bingying's suffering was brought upon by Han Jingru, and only he could make it up to her.

“Yes,” Dong Hao nodded in obedience.

“Book my flight ticket to the U.S. As soon as the apartment is dealt with, we'll go back,” continued Qi Bingying.

“Tickets for three?” asked Dong Hao. Though Dong Hao was reluctant to go back to the U.S. with Han Jingru tagging along, he had to concede that the latter was the right person to help solve the problems of the Qi family.

“Two.”

*Two!*

Strangely, Dong Hao felt a bit angry. He reasoned

that Han Jingru should not have refused to help the Qi family considering the fact that Qi Bingying had given him so much, one way or another.

“Ms. Qi, I see Mr. Han has taken advantage of you. It is ungrateful of him to refuse to help you solve your family's problems, isn't it? If this is true, I will now go and kill him for you!” said Dong Hao, sounding very determined to carry out what he had just declared.

“By you?” Qi Bingying cast a nonchalant glance at Dong Hao and continued, “He even killed Han Long, so why do you think you can kill him? The Han family is nothing but a tool at his disposal, serving his interests faithfully like a lapdog. There is no need for him to give instructions in person; the Han family will do whatever is necessary to solve our problems.”

“What?” Dong Hao suddenly looked up and gave Qi Bingying a bewildered stare.

*Han Jingru killed Han Long?* It was impossible to accept this - Dong Hao knew very well that Han Long was a distinguished ma



ster fighter in the Chinese community in the U.S. He had seen Han Long in action with his own eyes before. Considering Han Long's physical prowess, Dong Hao needed to muster up great courage just to stand in front of him, never mind fight him.

“Ms. Qi, how could Mr. Han have succeeded in killing Han Long?” asked Dong Hao in disbelief.

“Whatever you may want to say is unimportant; the truth is, he did kill him. And the killing has resolved the problems of the Qi family at the same time,” Qi Bingying said.

Dong Hao was still mired in disbelief. The killing was wholly beyond his comprehension.

Dong Hao thought he knew how physically strong Han Jingru was, and estimated that Han Long was over 10 times stronger than Han Jingru. To him, there was no doubt at all who would have killed who.

Just then, Qi Bingying's mobile phone rang. It was a call from a stranger.

“I am Han Tong. Contact me as soon as you are back in the U.S. I will help solve the problems facing your family,” so said the caller.

On hearing this, Qi Bingying became crystal clear on Han Tong's relationship with Han Jingru. There was no doubt about it.

“I am going back today,” said Qi Bingying.

Han Tong ended the call without uttering a word more.

Qi Bingying said to Dong Hao, “Han Tong personally rang me up just now. So you can now believe what I said about the killing, can't you?”

Dong Hao took a deep breath. Despite racking his brains, he just couldn't imagine how Han Jingru could have succeeded in killing Han Long.

“Ms. Qi, I am now going to attend to the matters of this apartment,” said Dong Hao.

Soon after Dong Hao left, Qi Bingying saved Han Tong's phone number. She believed this

would be the most valuable contact number on her phone.

*“Han Tong is only a minion at your disposal. When are you going to trample upon the U.S. Han family and gain full control? If you are serious in this matter, I am sure you will have to personally come to the U.S.”* Qi Bingying murmured what was brewing in her mind. She smiled pleasantly, confident that she would eventually meet up with Han Jingru when the latter came over to the U.S. to go after the Han family.

The present parting with Han Jingru was painful, but just visualizing their next meet-up in the near future already rendered Qi Bingying ecstatic.

*“Even if I cannot win your heart, I don't mind settling for the physical you.”*

Qi Bingying became ever more determined to have Han Jingru. If confronted with the opportunity, she wouldn't mind tying him up in bed just to meet her second-best option.

*In the villa...*

Han Jingru suddenly sneezed, as if his sixth sense suggested that someone had said something bad about him.

“Who on earth is missing me dearly? Or is there a sniper somewhere targeting me?” murmured Han Jingru.

At this juncture, Su Yimo approached Han Jingru in high spirits, wheeling her luggage.

“Follow me,” she told him.

“Hey, you have yet to tell me where to go.” As soon as Han Jingru arrived at the villa, he noticed Su Yimo was starting to pack up her luggage. This baffled him.

“Make it quick; you will find out by the time you arrive there,” said Su Yimo. Her face flushed with a tinge of shyness.

After getting into the car, with Su Yimo at the steering wheel, Han Jingru found himself blindfolded against his will. This made Han Jingru even more curious as to what Su Yimo was trying to do.

After traveling some distance smoothly, the journey started to get bumpy. To Jingru, this meant they had already left the city area and were probably now entering the outskirts.

The car stopped after traveling for about 2 hours. Han Jingru was keenly aware that until there was specific instruction to remove the blindfold, he was to see nothing.

A most majestic garden villa stood in front of Su Yimo. It was Su Yimo's holiday homestay as arranged by Shen Zhuoman.

Of course, given its grand architecture and elaborate decor, the villa far exceeded anyone's expectations for a homestay. Su Yimo was very impressed by its superb ambience. Though the neighboring villas were occupied, this villa was so spacious that they could do anything wild and

boisterous without worrying about being overheard by anyone.

The villa also boasted of a private swimming pool. It would be nice for them to have a swim just before the summer was over.

“Follow me,” said Su Yimo as she held Han Jingru's hand and headed towards the main gate of the villa.

With the blindfold still on, Han Jingru could see nothing. But deep down in his heart, he thought he could guess what Su Yimo was trying to do.

Su Yimo brought Han Jingru to the poolside and told him, “You wait here, okay? I will be back in a second. But you cannot remove the blindfold.”

Han Jingru stayed put obligingly and nodded. But deep down, he was beginning to get restless.

He stood beside the swimming pool. Even though still blindfolded, he could feel the refreshing cool air. He guessed Su Yimo had made him wait so she could change into her swimsuit.

Suddenly, he felt his mouth getting dry. His mind began to run wild, awash with scenes of what might take place shortly.

He remembered the last time he met with Yan Qiong: the latter jeered at him for being a boy. The day had now come for Han Jingru to complete his transformation into a man.

Although Han Jingru was already a grown man, he still found himself unduly nervous in this kind of situation. This would be, after all, his very first time.

Before long, Han Jingru could hear Su Yimo stepping close by. She moved with great care but without the slightest sign of hesitation.

Once she had decided to have a homestay experience with Han Jingru here, Su Yimo knew she could no longer afford to be overly cordial with him or to feel bashful in his presence.

After suffering so many minutes of darkness, Han Jingru's eyes felt uncomfortable when Su Yimo lifted the blindfold for him. They needed some

time to adjust to their surroundings.

By the time his eyesight had recovered, what he saw aroused all his senses - so much so that his eyes felt like they would pop out.

Before Han Jingru could react, Su Yimo had already held him in a tight embrace.

“Jingru, I love you, and have loved you so much for three years. We should be a true couple,” Su Yimo held Han Jingru close to her chest ever so tenaciously, as if she feared he would slip away.

Whatever that should follow had finally come.

Han Jingru knew he should not say anything redundant. Having found himself in this situation, he knew he must do what a man had got to do.

He carried Su Yimo in his arms and headed to the room.

An event that should have taken place three years ago was finally celebrated that day.



When the wild passion had receded, all of a sudden Han Jingru heard Su Yimo's sobs; he became nervous.

He sat up at once and asked Su Yimo, "What happened?"

Su Yimo shook her head. Though her face was full of tears, there was not a sign of sadness. On the contrary, she was all smiles.

"Nothing. I am just feeling very happy that we have finally become a true couple," said Su Yimo with the merriest smile as she wiped her tears.

Han Jingru took a deep breath. In fact, he had waited very long for this day as well. Even though it happened somewhat later than he had desired, it was certainly worth his while.

"I have rented this place for half a month, and I have also taken leave from work for this," continued Su Yimo.

*Half a month!* Han Jingru was surprised.

“But can you stand it?” Han Jingru teased her with a devilish smile.

Su Yimo looked up and teased him suggestively in return, “When my man does all the hard work, what have I got to fear?”

Confronted with such an open challenge, Han Jingru knew he had to take up the gauntlet to prove his manliness. Like a famished tiger pouncing on its prey, Han Jingru immediately started to make love to Su Yimo again.

Their quiet life in the homestay villa brought great joy to them. During this time, they had each other to cling to and they refused to be disturbed by all the petty things in the world. Needless to say, life in this state of bliss was so enjoyable and fascinating that even Han Jingru had a sudden urge to stay here forever.

But the heavy responsibilities weighing on his shoulders would not allow him the privilege to enjoy happy days like these any longer.

When he heard the news that his grandpa could

still be alive, Han Jingru knew his fate had been sealed. He would have to keep moving towards the summit, no matter how bumpy the climb. Han Jingru was believed that somewhere, his grandfather was suffering. This realization pained him greatly and had distracted him from wholeheartedly sharing his moments of joy with Su Yimo.

A week had passed. Han Jingru and Su Yimo were plucking some vegetables from the villa's garden just before lunch. Out of the blue, Su Yimo asked Han Jingru about the necklace.

Han Jingru did not have much to tell her about the secret concerning the necklace. It had been quite some time since Mole had entered Terra Prison, but the device had received no signal. Maybe Mole had died in prison, or maybe he was facing difficulty sending out a signal. Either way, this was bad news to Han Jingru.

Without Mole, it was impossible for Han Jingru to ascertain the situation in Terra Prison. In order to find out if his grandfather was indeed locked up there, Han Jingru had only one option left.

In the past, Han Jingru would not have been so foolhardy as to risk his life. But now he was confident of his ability, provided he could make good use of his new-found power. No matter how heavily guarded Terra Prison was, he was sure he could go in and come out safely.

“To me, this thing is very important. It has something to do with my grandfather,” said Han Jingru.

Ever since Su Yimo found out the true identity of Han Jingru, she had started to learn more about Yan City's Han family, including how unfairly Han Jingru had been treated by his family.

But as far as Su Yimo knew, Han Jingru's grandpa, Han Xiuzhi, had already been dead for years.

“Is it a relic of your grandpa's?” asked Su Yimo.

“No. My grandpa is most probably not dead; he is still alive somewhere,” Han Jingru stressed.

“Not dead!” Su Yimo was bewildered. She

remembered Han Xiuzhi's death caused a stir in Yan City. With practically all the local dignitaries paying their respects, it was considered the grandest ever private funeral in the city.

Realizing that she might have overstepped the bounds of courtesy, Su Yimo quickly explained, "I am sorry; I was only baffled as to what happened to him. Please don't get me wrong. I did not intend to curse your grandpa."

Han Jingru smiled calmly. He understood Su Yimo wasn't ill-intentioned. Any decent individual would have reacted in the same bewildered way as Su Yimo.

"This is something which has yet to be confirmed, and that's why..." Han Jingru paused hesitantly before he continued, "That's why I am planning to leave Yun City for some time. I want to find out the truth."

"Grandpa has been very nice to me. He wasn't prejudiced against me, nor did he favor Han Yu over me. He is my closest family member."

Su Yimo understood Han Jingru's underlying message. He was telling her that he must personally attend to the matter.

“Is it going to be dangerous?” asked Su Yimo, looking troubled.

“People do get knocked down while walking on the road. Of course, there are risks in everything we do. But, trust me, I can handle the risks,” assured Han Jingru. He had deliberately avoided telling her what kind of place Terra Prison was; otherwise, it would only make her very worried.

Su Yimo laughed and said, “I believe nothing in this world can defeat you.”

“I surely hope so,” replied Han Jingru.

Just then, someone turned up at the gate of the villa. Han Jingru recognized the visitor and told Su Yimo, “Today we have a guest for lunch; we need to prepare another setting.”

Having said that, Han Jingru raced to the gate. He was not surprised by Yan Qiong's visit. He knew

Yan Qiong was very competent in finding out his whereabouts: a small thing like this was a piece of cake to him.

“Grandpa Yan, are you leaving now?” asked Han Jingru.

Yan Qiong nodded and said, “I have left Yan City long enough. It is time to go back. What's your plan?”

Han Jingru looked in the direction of the vegetable garden where Su Yimo was, and replied, “I have promised to be with her here for a fortnight. After that, I will complete some unfinished business in Yun City before heading to Terra Prison!”



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Before he asked Han Jingru about his plan, Yan Qiong had already anticipated his answer. He had watched him grow up all these years; he knew Han Jingru much better than anyone else in the Han family.

“I have a very incomplete picture of the workings of Terra Prison. All I know for sure is that it is a terribly dangerous place. Even if one can succeed in getting in, the chances of leaving are far too slim to be comforting. I would put it at less than 1 percent,” analyzed Yan Qiong with a pensive look.

“Grandpa Yan, before I killed Han Long, what did you think of my chances?” asked Han Jingru with a laugh.

“Not a chance,” replied Yan Qiong tersely.

Han Jingru stretched out his hands and said, “This means a slim chance is good enough for me. At least I still stand a chance, right?”

This only won a wry smile from Yan Qiong. When confronted with a slim chance of success



in any undertaking, many people would choose to back off. But not Han Jingru, who was both daring and optimistic. He had the strength of character to take chances, however slim, to do what he considered to be worthwhile.

“What about her? Have you ever thought about what will happen to her if you fail to come back?” asked Yan Qiong, referring to Su Yimo, who was not privy to the ongoing discussion.

This was certainly a big problem Han Jingru must face. He had thought about it over the last couple of days and had made his decision.

“If I cannot come back alive, I will have to make it up to her in my next life. The thing is, I will suffer much if I don't try to find out what has happened to Grandpa. He is so important to me, you know?” said Han Jingru.

Yan Qiong heaved a sigh and said, “Don't worry, I will take care of her. But you must be very careful; Terra Prison is certainly a very dangerous place. It's difficult to get inside, and it's even more difficult, if not impossible, to get out alive.

Remember this: staying alive is your top priority.”

“Not to worry, Grandpa Yan. I don't want to die at such a young age. I will do my best to come back alive from the worst imaginable situation, even if it's hell,” Han Jingru spoke with assurance.

“Keep this properly. I've had this for over 20 years. Back then, many people were trying to get a hold of it. To be honest, I don't even know what it is for. Why don't you go and find out,” said Yan Qiong as he took out an exquisite box, content unknown.

Seeing that Yan Qiong was about to leave, Han Jingru instantly said, “Grandpa Yan, it's almost noon. Why don't you stay back for lunch?”

“I have left Yan City for far too long. I know by now some people are becoming restless and are ready to make a move. If I don't go back now, I am worried about your mother's safety,” said Yan Qiong as he was turning around to wave goodbye at Han Jingru.

“Grandpa Yan, I won't let you down,” said Han Jingru.

Han Jingru came into the villa once Yan Qiong had gone out of sight.

“Why did he leave in a hurry?” asked the perplexed Su Yimo.

“He's got to get back to Yan City,” explained Han Jingru.

Su Yimo nodded without further questions.

After lunch, both of them watched the TV broadcast in the living room. While Su Yimo was away in the washroom, Jingru opened the little box given by Yan Qiong. It contained a small piece of jade of a peculiar design. This jade piece was translucent and had on it a series of strange lines.

At first glance, Han Jingru felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity with this jade piece. While searching hard in his memory, he was shocked to conclude that it was not a jade piece at all, but it

resembled the missing fragment of the human skull he kept at home.

*How on earth did Grandpa Yan come by this thing?*

*How is it possible? Don't tell me he just picked up this fragment of a human skull. Is there some kind of secret behind it? Otherwise, how could Grandpa Yan have kept this thing for 20 years?*

With all these questions on his mind, he gulped down some saliva to soothe his dry throat. As he was about to explore this matter further, he heard Su Yimo knocking on the door.

He put away the little box before opening the door for Su Yimo. He asked, "Don't you know we have a washroom upstairs?"

"I didn't go to the washroom. At this hour of the day, shouldn't we be doing something?" asked Su Yimo as she raised her eyebrows in a flirtatious manner.

After a fortnight of intimacy with Han Jingru, Su

Yimo had become used to expressing her passion openly, without showing a bit of bashfulness.

Of course, the same could be said of Han Jingru. He took carried Su Yimo in his arms and headed straight into the room.

The happy days flew by. It was now the last day of their homestay. Su Yimo packed up her luggage and was very reluctant to leave.

“This is my happiest fortnight. Alas, it is over so soon!” lamented Su Yimo. It was a two-week stay, but to her it felt like two short days.

“How about we buy this property? So that when we find the time, we can come for our holidays here?” suggested Han Jingru.

“That's a good idea! But are you sure the owner is willing to sell?” queried Su Yimo.

“Not to worry! I will get Molan to handle this; he'll have a way,” said Han Jingru.

They finally returned to Yun City after spending a

fortnight in the villa. That night, they both knew they had to restrain their boisterous behavior so as not to disturb Ho Ting and Su Wenlun, who were staying in the same house.

The next day, after sending Su Yimo to her office, Han Jingru dropped by the office of Rumo Real Estate.

Han Jingru did not pressure Zhong Ji to fire Mi Xiaoxing because of their personal grudge. However, Mi Xiaoxing did pay a heavy price for her mistakes on the job.

On seeing the arrival of Han Jingru, Mi Xiaoxing was full of mixed feelings.

Since knowing the true identity of Jingru, Mi Xiaoxing would laugh at herself each time she recalled how she used to ridicule him.

On many occasions, she dreamed of being the lady standing beside the boss of Rumo Real Estate. On the other hand, she had frequently sneered at him and even went to the extent of mocking and taunting him. She now realized her

behavior at the time had been idiotic beyond words.

Mi Xiaoxing thought of apologizing to Jingru, but so far she had failed to muster up the courage to do so.

As soon as he entered Zhong Ji's office, Han Jingru asked Zhong Ji about the problems concerning the construction of Chengzhong Village.

This project was once put on hold by Liu Da, who at that time was in conspiracy with Han Tong to set up a trap to ruin Rumo Real Estate. That was why when Han Jingru approached Liu Da for negotiation, the latter was very haughty and did not give Han Jingru the respect that he deserved.

But now Han Tong had already left Yun City and had pulled out her vast capital investment there.

In Yun City's business circle, the Tian family had made a comeback to the top of the charts, and they openly pledged their support for all

development projects undertaken by Rumo Real Estate. This news struck Liu Da like thunder.

“Liu Da has been coming to see me every day, begging me to give him the green light to resume the construction of Chengzhong Village,” Zhong Ji reported.

Han Jingru chuckled and asked, “Isn't this fellow thinking of leaving Yun City to become a higher-ranking official?”

On hearing that, Zhong Ji burst into laughter. He knew Liu Da no longer had such high ambitions - he might even have to worry about being dismissed from his existing official position.

“He doesn't even mind kneeling down before me. People like him will do anything at all to get benefits; they don't have any dignity to uphold,” said Zhong Ji.

Right then, the secretary came knocking on Zhong Ji's door and said, “Mr. Zhong, Liu Da is here again. It looks like he will make a scene if he doesn't get to see you today.”



Zhong Ji did not say a word in response. He waited quietly for Han Jingru to call the shots.

Of course the secretary knew Han Jingru's position in the company. She would have fallen for him just by taking a view of his back. She knew a handsome and rich young man like Han Jingru would never fail to be the Prince Charming of every girl.

“Just let him see Yang Xing,” said Han Jingru. In his view, Liu Da was no longer worthy of his time. Or even Zhong Ji's time.

“Mr. Han, are we going to let Yang Xing handle the Chengzhong Village construction project?” asked Zhong Ji. He was rather baffled as to why such a big construction project was entrusted to Yang Xing, who was just an unambitious and incompetent person. If the project failed, Rumo Real Estate would suffer great losses.

“Of course you are in charge of the construction project. Liu Da cannot come to see you: he is beneath you. In the future, however, I believe we can make good use of him. I think he can help us

in many ways," said Han Jingru.

Zhong Ji merely chuckled upon learning about his appointment as the project lead. He knew he had no reason to be overjoyed. Everything was under close control by Han Jingru, so it did not matter how much power or advantage Zhong Ji could gain from managing the project.

But Han Jingru's words carried a hidden message, and Zhong Ji knew he needed to think though that message for his own good.

Han Jingru wanted Zhong Ji to make good use of Yang Xing; this seemed to foretell the development plans Han Jingru had in mind for Yun City.

"Young Master, are you leaving Yun City?" asked Zhong Ji. He was being nosy.

Han Jingru didn't mind him asking and answered, "You're right. There are things that I must attend to elsewhere. So I am entrusting you with everything in Yun City. I hope you won't disappoint me."

Zhong Ji lowered his head in deference and replied with assurance, “Don't worry, Young Master, I won't disappoint you.”

“Please help me take care of the Su Corporation.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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After Han Jingru left Rumo Real Estate, Zhong Ji found himself suffering from shortness of breath while seated at his office desk.

After all these years of working for the Han family, Zhong Ji had never been entrusted with any important task. He knew his opportunity had come for the taking.

From now on, Yan City's Han family would be under the control of Han Jingru. Having just won the trust of Han Jingru to handle a big project, it meant that Zhong Ji had become part of the backbone of the Han family. This would bring huge changes to him in the days to come. Having the honor of being associated with the Han family would also elevate the Zhong family's social status for at least the next few generations.

Furthermore, through Han Jingru, the Han family would become more prosperous and more influential.

It would even be possible for Han Jingru to take over the Han family's businesses in the U.S. To Zhong Ji, this was fantastic news.

“Young Master, thank you for giving me the chance. I will do my best to meet your expectations.”

Public Square.

This was the place where Han Jingru staged the most marvelous comeback ever known to Yun City. Jiang Fu had once ordered Han Jingru to kneel right there in shame. The Jiang family had since met its downfall, and the people who used to consider Han Jingru to be a hopeless loser had now come to perceive him differently ever since this incident.

Revisiting Public Square did not make Han Jingru feel proud at all. To him, there was no cause for pride in annihilating Jiang Fu, whom he considered as lowly as a pest.

At that moment, Qing Yun ran over to Han Jingru and said with a grin, “Brother, looking for me? What can I do for you?”

Qing Yun could still remember the last occasion in which Han Jingru almost severed his neck by

strangling. That was why, despite looking like a gangster, he was actually very afraid of coming face-to-face with Han Jingru.

“I am leaving Yun City for some time,” said Han Jingru.

Qing Yun raised his eyebrows, feeling rather baffled as to why Han Jingru would tell him about this.

“Brother, where are you going? Shall I come with you so that I can attend to those little things and help save your time and energy?” offered Qing Yun.

“Well, indeed I have a nagging problem, and I don't know how to resolve it. Perhaps you can help me decide?” suggested Han Jingru.

Qing Yun was overwhelmed with suspicion. Deep down, he questioned Han Jingru's motive for getting him to attend to a so-called nagging problem. *There must be something mischievous here.*

“Brother, I may not be correct in what I say. But if you're asking for my opinion, I would give it a try,” said Qing Yun.

Han Jingru nodded. He stared at Qing Yun with fiery eyes and said, “I am about to leave Yun City, but I have to worry about a big threat here while I am away, and that is you. Until now, I don't quite know your actual motive for following me. You know, I am absolutely worried whether you will hurt the people close to me. So, what do you think? Shall I kill you in order not to have to worry about you anymore?”

Han Jingru had never bothered to investigate Qing Yun's motive. Han Jingru had even declared he would not persecute Qing Yun, on the unspoken premise that he could monitor Qing Yun's every move. The situation would become totally different as soon as Han Jingru was no longer around. That was why his attitude towards Qing Yun changed drastically.

Qing Yun's face turned pale on hearing what Han Jingru had just said. He would never have anticipated that the meet-up was to let him decide

whether Han Jingru should kill him.

“Brother, I am an honest guy. How could I pose a threat to you? Look, you are strong and tall with good fighting skills, and I...”

Han Jingru cut short Qing Yun's sweet talk abruptly, “Do you really think this kind of flattery has any impact on me?”

Qing Yun's heart sank. It was obvious that Han Jingru had no patience to hear his empty talk. If he failed to come up with a solid explanation soon enough, he knew his life would surely come to an end.

Drawing a deep breath, Qing Yun asked, “What should I do to save my own life?”

“It's very simple. If you don't want to die, just make me feel that you no longer pose a threat to me,” said Han Jingru unpretentiously.

Biting his lips, Qing Yun walked towards an old gentleman nearby who was having fun with a spinning top made of iron. He picked up the iron



top without asking for permission and straightaway put it in the middle of his left palm. The still-spinning iron top cut into his palm, causing him grave injury. Yet he braved himself to not show any sign of suffering.

“Sir, lend me your iron top. I will return it to you shortly,” said Qing Yun to the old gentleman with an unnatural laugh.

The old man was baffled. He thought Qing Yun was impolite and lacking in respect for elders. However, when he saw what Qing Yun did with the spinning top, he shook in terror.

Qing Yun was using the pointy end of the iron top to stab his own leg, over and over again. Despite the hand injury he had just sustained, he could still muster up great force to cause grievous injury to his right leg.

After crippling his own right leg, Qing Yun moved on to do likewise to his left leg.

Seeing this self-torture firsthand, the old gentleman finally broke down in horror, calling

Qing Yun a mad man as he ran away from the scene.

Han Jingru remained detached while Qing Yun tortured himself until both his legs and his left hand were crippled.

By then, Qing Yun had already collapsed in his own pool of blood. Passersby were horrified upon seeing him suffer such serious injury and excruciating pain.

“Brother, I am left with only one hand to feed myself,” said Qing Yun to Han Jingru. Cold sweat could be seen collecting on his forehead.

Han Jingru nodded and turned around to leave without saying a word. He didn't expect Qing Yun to go so far as to crippling himself to this extent. As such, he concluded there was no need to kill him.

Han Jingru wondered what threats a severely-crippled man could pose to him.

While Qing Yun lay in great pain at the Public

Square, some kind-hearted passersby called for an ambulance, which arrived promptly to rush Qing Yun to the hospital. However, while he allowed medics to help him stop the bleeding, he refused to receive intensive care for his serious hand and leg injuries. He yelled like a mad man as soon as anyone dared to come near him. The doctors were bewildered by his behavior.

They were unsure why this man would deliberately hurt himself so badly.

No one except Qing Yun would truly understand what was going on in his own mind. In his calculation, if his wounds were healed, he would still be vulnerable to Han Jingru's death threat.

The only way for him to stay alive would be to sit in a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

Mojo

When Han Jingru told Molan and others about his plan of going to Terra Prison, they all objected. Even Number 12 and the usually introverted Lin Heng expressed their opposition without

hesitation.

“Are you mad, Jingru? Mole has been away for so long without any news. God knows what he may be suffering there. I definitely don't agree to let you go there to risk your life,” said Molan angrily, not knowing how else to respond to Han Jingru's decision.

“Jingru, let's talk about this later. Terra Prison is really a very dangerous place. You shouldn't be taking on such high risks,” said Number 12.

Lin Heng stood beside Molan. He was a bit timid compared to Molan, but even he made his stance clear by saying, “Maybe Mole will send back news to you. Take it easy; let us wait and see.”

Han Jingru glanced at the people around him and said, “All of you do not agree to let me go there.”

“Of course! If you dare go there, I'd rather kill you straight away so you won't have to suffer in Terra Prison,” said Molan firmly. He had witnessed Han Jingru survive all his previous adversity. In Molan's view, given Han Jingru and

Su Yimo had finally become a couple, they should enjoy their happy days together. It made no sense at all for Han Jingru to risk death in Terra Prison.

Having regretted over failed relationships before, Molan did not want to see Han Jingru repeat his mistakes.

“What if I insist on going?” said Han Jingru calmly.

“Lin Heng, get me the ropes and tie up this idiot. I will watch over him 24 hours,” said Molan to Lin Heng, not minding to be polite anymore.

Lin Heng did not spring into action. There was no way he would dare tie up Han Jingru. Only Molan was daring enough to say those words he uttered just now. And, of course, no one else dared to execute that kind of order.

“You don't have any confidence in me?” asked Han Jingru helplessly.

“It's not that I don't have any confidence in you.

Terra Prison is notorious. You could always send another man there. Why must you go there yourself? Have you ever thought about us?"

Molan berated him out of concern for Han Jingru.

Han Jingru had already considered all adverse consequences from the perspective of Su Yimo. Still, he concluded this is what he must do.

"I have nothing to worry about, because I am sure I can always count on you to take care of her," said Han Jingru.

"Bullshit," retorted Molan in anger as he continued to remind Han Jingru, "I am nothing compared to you, idiot. To her, you are her only source of spiritual support. If you die, her whole world will collapse. How can you expect her to be able to handle that kind of situation?"

"Molan," Han Jingru stood up, seemingly taller now than usual. He continued, "I must go personally. If I can overcome this obstacle, I will be able to ensure better days ahead for her. Also, I will be able to keep my promise of giving you and your missus a Xanadu."

“Trust me.”

“Whether it is Terra Prison or a hell of a place, I am sure I can come back alive.”

“I only wanted to see my grandpa, to find out whether he is still alive there.”



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Han Jingru's words had a deep impact on those who heard them. They lowered their heads, looking deep in thought. It was indeed difficult for them to fathom the depth of Han Jingru's feelings for his grandpa. At least now they understood how important his grandpa was to him.

Once Han Jingru had made up his mind, no one could subsequently persuade him otherwise.

Molan sighed and walked to Han Jingru. He gave him a pat on the shoulder and said, "Jingru, you must always consider the worst scenarios of whatever you propose to do, especially when it is so dangerous. If you cannot make it back alive, what are we going to do? What is she going to do?"

"If I cannot make it, please take care of her for me. If there is someone she likes, even after her remarriage, I also want you all to protect her well," said Han Jingru.

Molan felt very uncomfortable at the mention of remarriage.



It had taken Han Jingru so many years in Yun City and so much effort to build his relationship with Su Yimo. But now they were about to face a tough challenge because of his upcoming trip.

After three long years of courtship with many obstacles in between, they finally married out of true love. However, what Han Jingru now intended to do might ruin everything that they had built. He might fail to reciprocate Su Yimo's love for him and make her miserable for the rest of her life.

Molan suddenly gave a kick at Han Jingru's backside and scolded him, "What the heck! Whatever it is, even if you are said to be dead, I won't believe it unless I see your corpse."

Han Jingru rubbed his painful buttock and managed to come up with a smile, "Don't worry, I will try my very best to come back alive."

Molan walked in front of Han Jingru. The eyes of this middle-aged man welled with tears as he gripped Han Jingru's shoulder with his right hand.

“Remember this. Your wife is waiting for you. If you are dead, she will be sleeping with another man,” said Molan.

“Mr. Mo, your words are very harsh. I am sure you can do much better than this to motivate me,” said Han Jingru with a reluctant smile. He knew Molan's words were well-meaning, but he considered Molan's tease as having gone beyond the limits of his comfort.

*Su Yimo sleeping with another man!*

Han Jingru had a headache visualizing Su Yimo sleeping with another man.

“If not, do you want her to be a widow for the rest of her life? Let me make it clear to you. If you don't come back alive, I will erect a cenotaph for you and there, I will tell you every day what kind of life she is having with another man,” said Molan.

Every now and then Han Jingru would find himself very helpless in face of Molan's childish behavior, despite the latter being a middle-aged

man.

Han Jingru took out a signal receiver as big as a matchbox. It had a green light on constantly.

“What is this?” Molan asked with curiosity.

“When the green light turns red, it means I am dead,” said Han Jingru. Earlier on, he had implanted into himself the same signaling chip as the one Mole had before he went to Terra Prison. Han Jingru had already anticipated that should Mole fail to send back any useful news, he would have to go there personally.

Han Jingru had a habit of preparing for the unexpected in whatever he did, so that he could respond appropriately to any change in circumstances.

Ever since he ventured into the business world at the tender age of 14, Han Jingru had overcome many obstacles. He could not have succeeded had it not been for his ability to prepare for the unexpected.

Molan pressed the button of the signal receiver and said, "This thing won't go wrong, will it? If it turns red but you are not dead, don't blame me if Su Yimo is married to another man."

"Don't worry; I won't let the light turn red. And you need to stop threatening me in this roundabout way. Listen, I will try my best," promised Han Jingru.

"When are you going?" asked Molan in a low voice.

Han Jingru looked in the direction of Number 12 and asked him, "Can you still contact someone in Terra Prison?"

"No problem. I can give it a try. But I am afraid if I try two times in a row, these attempts may alert the guys at Terra Prison. On top of that, we will have to spend more money for this purpose," said Number 12.

"Money is not a problem. Go contact him as soon as possible," said Han Jingru.

“Yes, will do.”

After giving necessary instructions regarding certain things to be attended to, Han Jingru left Mojo. He decided to spend a short time with Su Yimo before setting out to Terra Prison.

“Man, Jingru really deserves our respect. He has the guts to go to Terra Prison,” said Zhou Bo to Number 12 with unabashed admiration.

“This is Terra Prison we are talking about. No one has ever come out of it alive. I sincerely hope he can make a miraculous escape from it.”

“Number 12, are you sure no one has ever done that?” asked Molan with disbelief.

Number 12 shook his head with conviction and said, “If anyone has succeeded, news of the escape would have circulated widely in the underground world. A successful escape is something anyone can take pride in. However, till today, I have not heard anything like this.”

“You will hear it soon,” uttered Molan as he

gnashed his teeth, thinking optimistically that Han Jingru could well be the one to break the record.

Number 12 agreed with a grunt and said, "Let me go and get in touch with my guy in Terra Prison. Contact me if there is anything."

After Number 12 and Zhou Bo left, Molan collapsed on the sofa in low spirits. Lin Heng knew Molan was worried about Han Jingru's trip to Terra Prison. Since no one could step forward to help Han Jingru, there was no use worrying about something that was beyond control.

"Mr. Mo, ever since I came to know Han Jingru, he has never failed in what he set out to do," said Lin Heng.

"Starting today, don't let any man get close to Su Yimo; if any guy dares to show interest in her, have his legs broken straight away," ordered Molan.

"Yes," nodded Lin Heng.

In front of the Su Corporation office building.

Han Jingru waited patiently for Su Yimo at the entrance of the office building.

Han Jingru had not done this for quite some time already. This familiar feeling of looking forward to something gave him comfort and soothed his mind.

Suddenly, a car drove up and stopped beside him. He had a shock when he saw the people stepping out of the car.

Han Jingru was baffled as to why Su Ruijin and Su Huiqi both turned up at the Su Corporation office.

Su Ruijin's life had prospered ever since he set up his business with Shen Weng's covert support. The fact that he was driving around in a sports car was enough proof that he was now having a good time.

But Han Jingru was aware that Shen Weng had already died. Without Shen Weng's support, he

guessed Su Ruijin's business would most probably not thrive as well as before.

“Hi, Han Jingru. What a coincidence!” greeted Su Ruijin as he came near Han Jingru, offering the latter a cigarette.

Han Jingru did not accept the cigarette but said calmly, “Why are you here?”

Su Ruijin used to behave high and mighty in front of Han Jingru, especially during those days when he received strong support from Shen Weng. With the demise of his only supporter, Su Ruijin had learned to stop showing off.

Even though Su Ruijin still regarded Han Jingru as an abandoned child of the Han family, he understood he was not as capable as Han Jingru and therefore could not be compared to the latter.

“I am coming over to discuss with Su Yimo how both our companies can work together to expand our businesses,” said Su Ruijin shamelessly.

Han Jingru could not help but laugh at Su Ruijin's



idea of achieving synergy between the two companies.

To Han Jingru, the idea was totally ridiculous. Without the support of Shen Weng, Su Ruijin's company would sooner or later head towards bankruptcy.

“Su Ruijin, I am waiting to congratulate you on the day your company closes down,” said Han Jingru calmly.

Su Ruijin was shocked. He had deliberately tried to keep his company's affairs mum. It now seemed obvious that Han Jingru was already sufficiently informed of his company's predicaments.

“Close down?” Su Ruijin gave a reluctant smile and said, “Han Jingru, even though you are from Yan City's Han family, you should not look down on others. My company is making comfortable profits under my management. How could it close down?”

“Making profits?” Han Jingru turned around to

look in the direction of Su Ruijin.

Obviously, Su Ruijin felt guilty and dared not look back. He countered, "What's wrong with making profits? I do business to make money. There is nothing weird about making profits, is there?"

"If your company is making profits, why are you coming over to discuss partnership with Su Yimo? In my view, after Shen Weng's death you have lost the financial support for your business. I guess your company is no longer sustainable," Han Jingru calmly pointed out.

Su Ruijin stared at Han Jingru in horror: he actually didn't know of Shen Weng's demise. All this while, he thought his failure to keep in touch with Shen Weng was simply because the latter was no longer willing to give him financial support.

It was indeed a shock to learn that he had passed away!

News of Shen Weng's death came as a great blow to Su Ruijin, so much so that it put him into a deep trance.

Su Ruijin didn't mind compromising with Su Yimo for the time being. He was still earnestly hoping for Shen Weng to turn up one day and give him the necessary support, with which he would then stage an about-face against Su Yimo. By doing so he had even hoped to make Su Yimo subservient to him.

But now, Shen Weng had already died. Su Ruijin found himself having lost all hopes.

Any secret plan that Su Ruijin could devise to defeat Su Yimo had now become impossible to execute.

“You're a liar. Shen Weng couldn't have died for no reason!” rebuked Su Ruijin as he cast a stare of disbelief at Han Jingru.

“Su Ruijin, whether you believe it or not, I know what is on your mind. I advise you to get lost immediately. If you dare to harm Su Yimo, you

will be the next one to die,” said Jingru coldly.

Su Ruijin shivered instinctively. He had no doubt Han Jingru really meant to carry out the threat he had just given. Even though Han Jingru was an abandoned child with a poor reputation, it would be ludicrous for Su Ruijin to think he could put up a fight against him as equals.

But Su Ruijin knew if he were to leave empty-handed, his company could only survive for another month before going bankrupt.

Su Ruijin was crossed with himself. He did not want to become penniless and revert to leading a commoner's life. He was not prepared to give up the lavish lifestyle he was used to enjoying.

“You have no say whatsoever in any matter regarding the Su family. I am here to discuss this with Su Yimo. Who are you to ask me to leave?” said Su Ruijin with disdain.

Han Jingru just smiled calmly and said, “Then I shall leave it to Su Yimo to chase you away.”

“Su Yimo and I are close relatives. We're related by blood, you know. She is definitely not as heartless as you're making her out to be,” said Su Ruijin. After having been humiliated on numerous occasions in the past, it was farcical that Su Ruijin still had the nerves to talk like this in front of Han Jingru.

Han Jingru had met many thick-skinned people before, whether from the Su family or the Jiang family. He sometimes wondered what special substance their skin was made of which enabled them to behave so blatantly absurd.

“If so, let's just wait and see,” replied Han Jingru.

Before long, it was time for Su Yimo to call it a day and leave her office. Stepping out in high heels wearing a long skirt, Su Yimo retained her charms as the most beautiful woman in Yun City. The fact that she was fast transforming into Han Jingru's woman had also boosted her feminine appeal.

Su Yimo was pleasantly surprised when she saw Han Jingru. But the pleasant feelings faded at

once when she discovered Su Ruijin was there with him.

“Su Yimo, have you thought through what I spoke with you earlier?” asked Su Ruijin in a haste.

Su Yimo became impatient and said, “I have made it very clear to you; I won't co-operate with you. Why are you still coming to see me?”

“Su Yimo, I am your brother, you know. How can you be so heartless? Anyway, I am prepared to give you all my shareholdings in the company, for free,” said Su Ruijin.

“Heartless?” Su Yimo laughed coldly and said, “Do you still remember the day you poached all the staff of Su Corporation? Weren't you heartless then? I still remember you were very proud of what you did. What happened to that pride of yours now? Let me put it this way: your company is in very bad shape indeed, and I would be foolish to take over it, even if you give it to me for free.”

Su Ruijin's face turned pale and said, "We are close relatives, aren't we?"

"Su Ruijin, I have not treated you as my close relative since long ago. You'd better get lost. I don't care whether you live or die," said Su Yimo impatiently. Deep down in her heart, she was thinking of spending time with Han Jingru to celebrate their love; there was no point wasting even one more second on Su Ruijin.

"Earlier on I have already told you to get lost. But you refused," sneered Han Jingru with a laugh.

"Su Yimo, I beg you. Please help me now," said Su Ruijin as he fell down on his knees.

It shocked Han Jingru and Su Yimo to see Su Ruijin kneeling down in front of her, begging for her help. Su Huiqi, who was standing beside Su Ruijin, was also filled with consternation.

Su Huiqi was never willing to admit that Su Yimo was the better one between the two of them. Even now, she continued to dream of

marrying a rich man from a wealthy family, so that she would be able to rise up above Su Yimo with a sense of superiority.

Before her dream could come true, Su Huiqi placed her hope on Su Ruijin. But that hope was now dashed when she saw him kneeling in front of Su Yimo.

In order to maintain his current standard of living, Su Ruijin did not care about losing whatever dignity he had.

“What's the use if only you are kneeling down?” asked Han Jingru calmly.

Su Ruijin knew what Han Jingru meant; the latter wanted Su Huiqi to kneel down as well. This was because both of them had previously offended Han Jingru and Su Yimo.

Su Ruijin looked gloomy and turned to Su Huiqi. “You, knees down, now.”

Su Huiqi shook her head without hesitation and said, “Why should I kneel before her? Su Ruijin,



you may not mind losing face, but I do. Have you forgotten what kind of a person she is? She's the most useless member of the Su family. I find it completely unthinkable - why on earth are you kneeling before her?"

"You know that is all in the past. Can you think of anybody in the Su family now who can compare to her?" asked Su Ruijin while he was gnashing his teeth. Though he was unwilling to admit it, Su Ruijin knew the facts all too well - that only Su Yimo could help him out of his troubles. Otherwise, his well-being, or that of the entire Su family, would be wiped out.

"You and I are different; I still stand a chance to surpass her by marrying a rich man. Her struggling company is nothing to me," said Su Huiqi defiantly.

Han Jingru smiled disdainfully. As he walked up to Su Huiqi, he said, "No matter who you marry, he can never compare to me. Furthermore, if I care to do it, I can make all men in the entire Yun City dare not take a glance at you. Your dream of marrying a rich man is nothing but cold comfort

to yourself.”

To Su Huiqi, those words came like a lightning strike. She knew how influential Han Jingru was in Yun City; even the Tian family would feel obliged to defer to him. If Han Jingru were to carry out his threat, no man would dare marry her.

All of a sudden, Su Ruijin stood up. He paced to where Su Huiqi was and pulled at her hair forcibly to bring her down to her knees in front of Su Yimo.

There were many passersby in front of the Su Corporation building, including the company's staff who were off duty by then. They stopped in their tracks to witness Su Ruijin and Su Huiqi suffer what was probably the greatest disgrace in their lives.

“Su Yimo, help me, please,” begged Su Ruijin, lowering his head.

Su Yimo glanced at Han Jingru, hinting at him to make the final decision on the matter.

“You have already knelt down. But don't get me wrong: I did not promise to help you on the condition that you do this. Anyway, this is the price you have to pay for asking for help. Indeed, you have to pay far more than this. Remember Grandma Su? She shouldn't have died for nothing,” said Han Jingru.

Su Ruijin was livid over the mention of kneeling as the entry price for getting help. He immediately broke down upon hearing the last few words Han Jingru said.

It was a bad enough situation for Su Ruijin to face at a time when he stood to lose every materialistic thing that he cherished. And if the cause of Madam Su's death was uncovered, Su Ruijin knew he would have to go to prison and spend the rest of his life behind bars.

“Han Jingru, I am sorry. I am very sorry for what I have done to you. Please, give me a chance; I will do whatever you want me to do,” Su Ruijin re-positioned himself to kowtow to Han Jingru continuously. Even though the death of Madam Su seemed to be untraceable as no evidence was

left behind, Su Ruijin knew the truth would definitely come out if Han Jingru cared enough to investigate.

“I am sure you are principally responsible for giving me a bad reputation in Yun City. Do you really think I can let you go just like that?” laughed Han Jingru coldly. Much of Han Jingru's bad reputation had stemmed from malicious falsehoods spread by Su Ruijin. Now was the right moment for Han Jingru to restore his good name.

“I will do anything for you if you can just let me off the hook,” said Su Ruijin in a panic.

“While many in Yun City no longer treat me as a hopeless loser, I don't really mind whatever they think I am. However, I do hold you responsible for taking back whatever lies you have said about me all this while. Think about how you can do it!” ordered Han Jingru as he held Su Yimo's and walked toward the car.

Su Ruijin kept kneeling there, saying repeatedly, “Don't worry, I will do it to your satisfaction.”

In the car, Su Yimo looked at Han Jingru, perplexed. *If you don't really mind what others think of you, why did you make Su Ruijin take back his lies to restore your reputation?*

“Are you beginning to care what others think of you?” asked Su Yimo with curiosity.

Han Jingru nodded and said, “Who doesn't mind being labeled a hopeless loser? It is good to set the record straight.”

All these years, Han Jingru did not seem to mind the jeers. She was baffled as to why he took it so seriously now.

In fact, he did this for the sake of Su Yimo. He did not want her to be mocked because of his negative image.

After what happened at the Public Square, many people became aware that the rumors surrounding Han Jingru had been false. However, some remained under a rock and it was still up to Su Ruijin to finish what he had started.

Although these were but trivial matters, Han Jingru felt it was necessary out of consideration for Su Yimo.

He was leaving soon and he did not want her to leave behind any baggage in Yun City.

When Han Jingru's car turned into Pearl Building, Su Yimo's expression grew stern.

This was where Han Jingru first surprised her. Their wedding anniversary that year was an event she would never forget.

The Crystal Restaurant had a special place in her heart. It was an important place reserved only for important events.

“Are you leaving?” Su Yimo suddenly blurted as Han Jingru stepped out of the car.

“Do you still remember what happened on our wedding anniversary? To this day, it is still the talk of the town. But people are still unaware of who the main character truly was, so today I plan on declaring to the people of Yun City that the rose at Crystal Restaurant was actually meant for you,” Han Jingru coolly explained.

Su Yimo knew he was trying to change the topic but she would have none of that. “Answer my question.”

Han Jingru had a pained expression as he smiled bitterly. “Yes.”

Su Yimo silently took Han Jingru's hand in hers. She would not stop him from doing what he had to do. All she needed to do was to wait patiently for him.

When they arrived at the Crystal Restaurant, Su Yimo found that Han Jingru had booked the whole place. The manager that had served them previously greeted Han Jingru with even more respect than before. Although people were calling Han Jingru a worthless son-in-law, the manager

knew that he was actually a powerful man deserving of the highest esteem.

“Mr. Han, please let me know if there is anything you require. The restaurant will do all it can to satisfy you.”

“I heard that the restaurant has a new feature that allows patrons to project an image onto Pearl Building. Is that right?” Han Jingru enquired.

“Yes. This is a new feature exclusive to those who reserve the whole restaurant,” the manager quipped. This addition was meant to cater to the rich who wanted to show off their wealth. If one could project an image they desired onto the Pearl Building, it would be a grand display seen by everyone as well. What could be more impressive?

However, something about Han Jingru's question bothered the manager, for Han Jingru was the type who stayed under the radar and did not match the high-profile character of this feature's usual clientele.



“When will it be ready?” Han Jingru asked plainly.

“All we have to do is to turn on the machine; it needs no preparation time,” the manager promptly replied.

“Noted. Please begin the arrangements.” Han Jingru said as he led Su Yimo to the center of the restaurant.

When an image of the restaurant appeared on Pearl Building, it caught the attention of everyone on the streets.

Su Yimo was undeniably famous in Yun City so her appearance immediately garnered crowds, which only grew as word spread.

“What's going on?”

“Crystal Restaurant is a prime proposal location, but isn't Su Yimo already married?”

“No, she has already divorced Han Jingru. Could she already have a new partner?”

“Hahaha, how tragic for Han Jingru. Not only is he a loser but now he's a single loser.”

The ignoramuses continued to ridicule Han Jingru.

It was at this moment that Han Jingru appeared beside a piano, making onlookers even more suspicious.

As a melodious tune began to play, people were soon ensconced by the beautiful music. They all fell silent, none daring to disturb the ethereal harmony.

The song ended, to the reluctance of its audience who yearned to hear more. Abruptly, someone called from the masses, “Why is this music so familiar?”

“Isn't this... that song from before? The song which was played at the anonymous proposal at Crystal Restaurant?”

“That's right. Could it be that it wasn't a proposal then, but had come from Han Jingru and Su

Yimo?"

"I remember. I think that day was Han Jingru and Su Yimo's wedding anniversary. There were many who compared the two events."

"Oh my god, it was actually Han Jingru's wedding anniversary surprise for Su Yimo. How romantic."

Many women in the crowd swooned in envy.

On the projected image above the crowd, Su Yimo covered her face with her hands as tears cascaded down her cheeks.

This scene was being live-streamed as well, and it soon received an enormous audience.

The truth about the wedding anniversary also spread through the net like wildfire. Whoever opened their Wechat Moments would be met with this touchingly glorious scene.

From that moment on, people no longer believed that Su Yimo had married a loser, or that Han

Jingru had ruined her life.

Instead, they even felt slightly bitter that she had managed to clinch such a husband.

In Shen Zhuoman's home, she lay on her bed, looking into her phone and wiping seemingly endless tears.

She had witnessed such a sight before but a second time did not diminish its overwhelming effect at all.

“How blissful you must be, dear sister.”

In the Tian family villa, Tian Shuirou stared at the live stream in a trance, as jealousy coursed through her. Although she was trying to control herself to only regard Han Jingru as a brother, this scene threatened to destroy all that progress she had made.

“Lift your head so tears won't fall. Tian Shuirou, how dare you cry.” She chided herself as she tilted her head upwards.

In a public housing neighborhood somewhere, Qi Ran was looking at her phone in a stupor. She had only met Han Jingru twice, but that was enough for her life to be transformed with his help.

Without him, she would never have been able to successfully complete her task with Rumo Real Estate, much less gain her current position in the office, given that she was a mere fresh graduate.

She owed it all to Han Jingru whom she could never seem to understand, until this moment.

“Who knew you were so outstanding... No wonder I was nothing to you.”

In the apartment that Han Jingru used to rent, Yang Meng and Mi Xiaoxing sat in the living room, fixated on their own phones. The house was eerily quiet.

Both their phones showed the Pearl Building feed. Han Jingru had captured the attention of the entire Yun City, and Mi Xiaoxing became acutely aware of how stupid she had been.

How could she have ever thought that Han Jingru was interested in her? He was married to the belle of Yun City, Su Yimo.

Yang Meng's mind was a mess. After she learned of Han Jingru's true identity, she had been trying her best to subdue any feelings for him. However, the image on her phone would sting any woman and turn her into a green-eyed monster that wished this man had chosen her instead.

This event spread beyond Yun City; it even traveled all the way to catch the attention of Qi Bingying.

She had already left Yun City, but she had continued to keep tabs on the city's happenings.

The silhouette of Han Jingru playing the piano moved the deepest and most vulnerable side of Qi Bingying. She could not help but imagine herself in that restaurant instead and wondered what she would be feeling then.

Unlike the masses, she was not envious. Rather, she was looking forward to her next meeting with

Han Jingru.

Qi Bingying finally felt that she was in charge of her own happiness. Regardless of whether Han Jingru was married, as long as he was alive, she was not out of the game.

The paranoia of women can be terrifying, especially when women like Qi Bingying were the source. Even if it required lashing him to the bed, she would never give up!



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It was pitch black.

There was pin-drop silence. One could only hear one's own breath.

Having injected himself with Terra Prison's unique anesthetic, Han Jingru woke up to find himself in such a place.

He had no idea how long he had been there. The darkness had stolen away any concept of time.

This was the first lesson that every new entrant to Terra Prison had to undergo. This environment would be suffocating to even the strongest willed, so those of weaker minds would crumble for sure. This was the nightmare that anyone who stepped into Terra Prison had to endure.

To ensure their guests' safety, no physical harm could be done to anyone living at Terra Prison. Instead, psychological torture was employed so that Terra Prison remained a place that struck fear into their hearts.

Terra Prison's most serious punishment was the



Detention Chamber, where victims would be left in utter silence and darkness. It might appear to be easy, but a trip or two in there would be enough to tame anyone. People naturally abhor loneliness: it brings its unimaginable stress and misery. This, coupled with the maddening slip of time, pushed people off the edge even more quickly.

Han Jingru was a man of impressive mental strength but even he would feel the torturous effects of this setting. Without being able to feel the flow of time, darkness engulfed him for what felt like forever, and his mind drifted to the scariest depths of his imagination, inching him closer to the brink of sanity.

Just as his will was about to shatter, he wrenched himself back and tried to focus on precious and happy memories of his time spent with Su Yimo. It was only then that he managed to stabilize his fraying mind.

An unknown amount of time passed before a sliver of light appeared amongst the darkness. From it emerged two large foreign men who

escorted Han Jingru out of the Detention Chamber.

It had been some time since Han Jingru's eyes had received light, so they took a while to adjust. The light was piercing to his sleep-deprived pupils; tears welled up.

If he had a mirror in front of him, Han Jingru would realize that he had lost a fair amount of weight. His cheeks were almost hollow. If Su Yimo were to see him in this state, her heart would break.

Once his eyes adjusted, he found himself in a massive metal cage. The cage was surrounded by three levels of viewing areas, making it look like an arena.

*I have only just left the Detention Chamber. Am I expected to fight now?*

Han Jingru furrowed his brow. He was now one step closer to understanding the workings of Terra Prison.

Soon, sounds of movement came from all around him, getting closer by the second. It seemed that people were approaching the metal cage.

“I heard there's a rookie in the arena today. This has never happened in Terra Prison before.” Guan Yong and Mole had already been in Terra Prison for a long time and were familiar with its system.

Regular arena matches took place, although no one knew what they were for. Mole's guess was that the arena matches somehow generated profits for Terra Prison.

This was just speculation and Mole did not dare to assert his claim.

However, there had truly never been a rookie that entered the arena before.

“It looks like the new guy is special. We'll only find out why if we watch,” Mole said.

The structure of Terra Prison turned out to be completely different from Mole's initial conjecture. He had originally thought that the

criminals did not have any opportunity to interact but he realized that the prison allowed them some outdoor time daily, where they were free to move around. It was during this time that gangs would form. Mole had heard from some of them that information about Terra Prison was being traded between the gangs, to the extent that they were able to shape some of the prison's arrangements.

Terra Prison chose to turn a blind eye to such actions, owing to their absolute confidence that any scheme the criminals could cook up would be easily stopped. None had succeeded so far.

When all the criminals were gathered on the third-floor viewing area, they saw that the gigantic cage contained only a scrawny figure, blindfolded so no one could tell his identity.

“F\*\*k, what's so special about that brat?” Guan Yong asked in disbelief as he looked at the man in the cage. He had imagined a ferocious beast of a man, yet reality proved to be disappointing.

Mole did not expect this result, either, but he noticed something different about the caged man.

Although he was blindfolded, the color of his skin gave away part of his identity.

“That man is Chinese,” Mole said.

“Chinese? So what? Look at his frame. He's going to be beaten to a pulp for sure,” Guan Yong said.

“I can't disagree with that,” Mole replied.

It was not only Mole and Guan Yong who felt that way. All their fellow prisoners shared their sentiment. Some exploded into anger and banged on the cage as they hurled insults at Han Jingru.

“What's the meaning of this? How can such a man compete in the arena?”

“Get him out and let me in instead. Why waste our time with him?”

“Get out, let someone else go.”

“Switch out. Switch out.”

The arena was filled with the roars of displeasure. This was motivated by the prize that would be awarded to the winner. The winner would be entitled to special treatment at Terra Prison.

Although they had no want for clothes or food, they longed for access to women. If they won, that dream would be fulfilled. This presented a most alluring temptation to any prisoner at Terra Prison. However, not everyone had the opportunity to try their hand at the arena, which further incensed them when they saw the sorry sight that was Han Jingru.

They banged on any inch of the cage they could get their hands on; the sound of ringing metal was deafening.

It was then that a slender woman dressed in thin garments made her way into the cage. She was to be the spoil of the victor.

The appearance of a woman seemed like a fantasy to any locked up man.

The protests grew in volume as every criminal's

testosterone spiked.

“Get that piece of shit out! What right does he have to enter the arena?”

“Damn it, such an opportunity wasted on that trash. It's not fair.”

“Drag him out, let me go. Don't give this crap the chance.”

The shouts continued to climb and Guan Yong could no longer hold his voice back, either.

“That woman's body is out of this world. She has to be the best one out of all of them,” Guan Yong proclaimed as he wagged his finger vigorously, his eyes trained onto the woman, trying to burn her image into his brain.

“Definitely,” Mole said, shaking his head. The appearance of any female would draw out a massive reaction, much less one as beautiful as this one.

“On a serious note, he's bound to have a rough

time here from now on,” Guan Yong said.

He might be blindfolded for the time being, but once the blindfold was removed, his prominent figure would be sure to attract much unwanted attention in the prison.

“He might be in for a beating, but at least he needn't worry about losing his life. The prison wouldn't let that happen,” Mole dryly uttered. That was an iron rule at Terra Prison, for it was most undesirable for any prisoner - regarded as clients - to die.

It was at this moment that the noisy arena instantaneously hushed. Everyone present turned to face Han Jingru's opponent, with terror apparent on every face.



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“It's Yury!”

“Why is it him? Hasn't he been imprisoned in the Detention Chamber?”

“I heard this bastard was serving out life imprisonment for killing his last opponent. Why is he entering the arena again?”

Those who, moments ago, were screeching to switch places with Han Jingru were now all singing a completely different tune of shocked horror.

Yury was the current champion of the arena. Not only was he undefeated, but he had even accidentally killed his last opponent, which resulted in life imprisonment in the Detention Chamber.

A chance?

None of them would take it even if was offered to them on a silver platter.

Who would be willing to die over a woman?

“Mole, since Yury has entered, doesn't this mean that the prison wants this man dead?” Guan Yong squeaked in fright. Although he had only witnessed two of Yury's fights, the man was unquestionably brutal, not to mention that he had killed someone. His appearance could only mean that Terra Prison was sentencing Yury's opponent to death.

Mole's bright eyes scanned the blindfolded Han Jingru, trying to figure out who the man that the prison was so plainly condemning.

*Sending out Yury could only mean that they want this guy dead.*

“But if someone wanted him dead, why bother sending him all the way here?” Mole shook his head in befuddlement.

“Who cares? Either way, this man is dead meat. The reason is irrelevant. Look at the other prisoners who were so eager to take his place; they all shut up after seeing Yury,” Guan Yong spat disdainfully.

His words were not only honest but also reflected the current situation at Terra Prison. The rowdy prisoners seemed to have deflated. Even the woman on the stage appeared less beautiful.

“That's true. We can only watch how he dies,” Mole agreed.

Although Han Jingru had no clue what kind of man Yury was, he had heard enough from the spectators and gathered from their reactions that his opponent was nothing short of feral.

This was his first real encounter with Terra Prison since stepping out of the Detention Chamber. He had been sent to this arena for some unknown reason, and as much as the meaning behind this was lost on him, he was certain of one thing. By fair means or foul, he had to win, for he dreaded to find out what would await him if he lost.

“It looks like you've offended some big fish. I was already serving life imprisonment, but just to kill you they've let me out.” Yury's voice was monotonous.

“Do they really think they can get rid of me using you?” Han Jingru retorted indifferently.

When he heard Han Jingru's voice, Mole's breathing quickened and his face lost all colors.

“It can't be. It can't be. It's impossible,” Mole shook his head, chanting.

Guan Yong was confused by this. “What's impossible?”

Mole's chest heaved heavily as he went through a myriad of emotions. This voice struck him like a bolt of lightning.

It was too familiar. So familiar that he was certain he knew the face beneath the cloth.

But how was this possible? How could this man be in Terra Prison?

“Nothing,” Mole said as he forced himself to quell his tsunami of emotions. *It must just be someone with a similar voice. If doppelgangers exist, why not people with the same voice?*

Guan Yong pursed his lips and did not pursue the matter further.

Yury stretched, joints cracking as he sluggishly drawled, "I must have been cooped up in the Detention Chamber for too long that even newbies like you dare to look down on me. I've already killed one person, so what's one more?"

"Then we'll have to see if you actually have the strength," Han Jingru countered. The man standing before him was certainly not to be underestimated, and the old Han Jingru might have even felt a bit silly to be spouting such big words. However, he now had a winning hand for which, given the opportunity, even Yury would be no match.

Hearing this, Yury burst into a fit of laughter, looking down upon Han Jingru superciliously.

"People of your color sure say interesting things, not unlike the ones I know. You talk big, but let's see how long you can keep this up when I've broken all your limbs," Yury sneered.

Han Jingru felt rage boiling in the pit of his stomach. He would not condone even a shred of racism.

Han Jingru had always been proud of his Chinese heritage. *The Chinese are descendants of dragons. How could our glorious race take such insult lying down?*

“You can insult me, but I will not allow you to insult my country,” Han Jingru bellowed, asserting himself.

The onlookers scoffed in contempt.

“This guy is asking for it. How dare he challenge Yury?”

“He must want to die. He knows that he will lose and doesn't want to prolong the pain.”

“Yury's already killed one man; he won't hesitate to do it again. Poor fellow, he has just lost his sorry life.”

“At least we get to see Yury in action again. He

might even take that woman there and then, and we'll have a show to look forward to.”

Guan Yong sighed. “What a stupid guy. He has basically just sealed his fate. If he had tried to cower and dodge, he might have been able to live a bit longer.”

Mole turned his stony gaze on Guan Yong.

Guan Yong felt a shiver run up his spine and chose his next words carefully. “Why are you looking at me?”

“Didn't you hear how Yury insulted him? He attacked us as well. Yet you continue to kick the man when he's down,” Mole muttered through gritted teeth. If Mole was not on a mission, he would have jumped into that cage and fought Yury himself. Even if he died, it would have been honorable.

Mole was an eccentric man who enjoyed prison breaks and different challenges, but he was steadfastly against anything unethical. He was a patriot through and through and would not let any

outsider dishonor his country. Yury's words had not only triggered Han Jingru, but Mole was incensed as well.

Guan Yong noticed Mole's murderous energy and stood back, murmuring, "I... Of course, I know. I was just saying it for his own good."

"Even if he dies, he's still a better man than you, you coward." Mole's icy tone could cut glass.

Guan Yong did not dare to reply. Mole might not have the guts to kill him, but he was more than capable of inflicting excruciating torture. Moreover, he was still hoping that Mole would be his ticket out of Terra Prison.

Even after Han Jingru's provocation, Yury maintained his complacent attitude. He clearly viewed Han Jingru as less than unworthy.

He was not alone. Every person in the arena was sure that Yury - Terra Prison's undefeated champion - would crush Han Jingru's aggressive display in no time. A rookie stood no chance.



Han Jingru smirked cunningly. He loved clashing with such insolent blocks because he knew that their arrogance was their Achilles' heel, and his key to victory.

No one would see his unimaginable strength coming, and by the time his foe was any wiser, it would be too late.

With explosive power, he finished Han Long in one punch. Yury seemed stronger than Han Long, but he would still be severely injured at the very least.

“Pay for what you said!” Han Jingru cried, his voice reverberating throughout the arena.

Mole broke out in cold sweat. If that strike failed to harm Yury, the following blow by Yury at such close distance would be a deadly one.

Mole's anxiety seemed ridiculous to Guan Yong, for the latter cared not if that man lost his life. In fact, he was sure that the man was already dead meat. How could he ever hope to stand up to Yury?

However, he buried his disdain, not daring enough to show it publicly.

The rest of the people in the arena shared his sentiment. Not a soul thought that Han Jingru stood a chance and that Han Jingru was only marching towards his end. The only point of ambiguity was whether his death would be a quick and merciful one.

This decision rested upon Yury.

The arena reached its consensus, and even Yury continued his high and mighty act. However, once Han Jingru's fist made contact with Yury's body, it was clear that the tide had completely changed.

Yury had never experienced such force before in his entire life. The impact was enough to kick his

instincts into high gear, and the undefeated champion started to back away from his opponent.

Han Jingru rode on the momentum of his first blow and swiftly followed on with another devastating strike. He had to act quickly: any margin of opportunity would be enough for Yury to retaliate.

But Han Jingru had no reason for such deep consideration, for Yury's success in the arena stemmed from brute strength rather than technique. That was what set Yury apart from Han Long.

Han Long's strength lay with his technique, hence Han Jingru only prayed for a single window of opportunity - because he knew that it would be the only one he could hope to get.

However, Yury lacked skill and could only rely on muscles. In this aspect, Han Jingru could stand toe to toe with him.

Han Jingru's second punch carried the same

tremendous impact, forcing Yury to raise his arms in defense. Although not physically hurt, Yury's arms went numb from the sheer force they absorbed.

“How could this be? Where is all this power coming from?” Yury stammered, shellshocked. Han Jingru's display of strength not only exceeded his expectations but even seemed to be on a level he could not compete with.

Everyone in the arena was stunned.

No one expected Yury to be the one backed into a corner.

What was happening?

“What did I just see? He actually has the upper hand over Yury. How could this be?”

“Could it be that Yury became weak after being imprisoned for too long?”

“My god, who is that guy? Even Yury seems to be no match for him.”

Exclamations of shock resounded from all corners of the arena as every person watching sat in bewilderment. None could believe their eyes. The great Yury had actually been forced to retreat.

Mole sucked in a breath. Even he could never have predicted such a result.

Although he had hoped that the man would win, he had assumed it was rationally impossible. Their abilities seemed too far apart, a gap that could not be closed even with the biggest surge of adrenaline. Yet reality gave him a brutal wake-up call.

It was a call he was happy to receive. He was over the moon, every fiber of his being jumping with joy.

“Did you see that? He's winning!” Guan Yong shouted in astonishment, gripping Mole's hand.

“You can insult him but not his country. Yury's in for it now!” Mole exclaimed as a smile stretched across his face. This was the day Yury finally

agitated an opponent he could not afford to offend. The memory would probably be painfully etched into him for the rest of his life.

“Who would have thought that this skinny fellow had a chance against Yury. Good for him!” Guan Yong said.

“Did you already forget how you were condemning him earlier on?” Mole snarled in derision.

Guan Yong was embarrassed. He had been so sure that Yury was the clear winner. Who could have expected this upset?

Mole shook his head. He had thought that the voice strongly resembled Han Jingru, but that man would never show up at Terra Prison. Mole was now more sure than ever that they merely shared similar voices. The Han Jingru he knew definitely did not possess such strength, so there was no way he was the one standing up to Yury.

At this point, Han Jingru had already delivered his third strike, not giving Yury a moment to

react.

Yury had long abandoned his initial cocky attitude and was in the midst of retreating.

Terra Prison's indisputable champion was now running away with his tail between his legs. The spectators were wholly dumbstruck.

“Sorry sir, I was just kidding around just now. Don't take it so seriously,” Yury cried as he ran.

Han Jingru did not take this as a genuine compromise. He knew that Yury's goal was to get him to lower his guard so he could turn the tables.

“You haven't been punished enough. Joke or not, I will not let you get away with this,” Han Jingru shot back harshly.

Based on speed, Han Jingru had Yury beat. But Han Jingru also could not properly engage all his strength when faced with a moving target.

The relief was that Han Jingru noticed that Yury

was not as mighty as he had initially thought. In fact, from the way he was scrambling to escape, the man seemed less and less powerful by the second.

If Yury had only earned his position of Terra Prison's strongest warrior because of his brute strength, Han Jingru would have nothing to worry about.

Han Jingru stopped chasing.

Yury was delighted at his supposed chance at recovery.

Suddenly, Han Jingru's body trembled and he fell to his knees, looking as though he had just suffered serious injury.

This astounded everyone. He seemed fine just seconds ago, what could have caused this?

“What happened?” Guan Yong asked in confusion.

Mole tightened his grip on the metal banister and



growled through gritted teeth, "Terra Prison's trying to rig the match by electrocuting him."

Mole turned his gaze towards the lowest level of the arena, where a uniformed man was holding a taser. This taser was a staple at Terra Prison and could send electric waves over a distance. It could shock its targets enough to paralyze them for a few minutes, but not enough to cause actual harm.

However, a few minutes was enough to be a game-changer on the arena floor.

"That bastard. How despicable," Yury said scornfully. Yury's defeat had been all but assured and Terra Prison's meddling was nothing but bad news.

Yury chuckled coldly as he stalked towards Han Jingru, coming to a stop right by the still-paralyzed man. He kicked Han Jingru's face, who went tumbling.

Han Jingru's face became a bloodied mass of mangled flesh. His limbs were still too weak and

he could not even muster up enough strength to stand.

“That's enough of a show from you, Yellow Monkey. You're about to die,” Yury taunted him.

Han Jingru's limbs had not stopped trembling. He was still feeling the effects of the electricity and had not yet regained control of his body.

Yury sent another kick to Han Jingru's face and his body flew five meters across the arena, landing with a hard thud. Blood began to seep from his mouth.

“He's done for,” Guan Yong said nervously.

Outside the cage, Mole's anxiety climbed as he cursed his helpless position. If he were not on a mission, he might have been able to do something.

He sighed. “Since Terra Prison wants him dead, that's what will happen.”

“What despicable bastards, stooping to vile tricks

in order to win,” Guan Yong bemoaned. How anti-climatic. He had been so sure of Han Jingru's loss and even trampled on the man. But after witnessing such an appalling upset, he could not help but root for Han Jingru and felt outraged at the unjust treatment he received.

The other people present did not feel the same way. They wished for Han Jingru to die at the hands of Yury.

A chant erupted from the spectators.

“Kill him!”

“Kill him!”

“Kill him!”



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