

“Do you see now? This is how powerful I am here. No one wants to see you win. They all think it's a fitting end for you to be killed by me,” Yury said gleefully, basking in the audience's support.

Han Jingru's hands pressed into the ground. Yury was beginning to make his way over, but the effects of the electric shock had not worn off.

If he did not stand up now, he would truly meet his end.

“Do you... really think so?” Han Jingru muttered through gnashed teeth.

“You're already stuttering. Did you really think you stood any chance against me?” Yury scoffed.

Han Jingru drew a deep breath and erupted into a thundering roar.

Grandpa is still missing.

Su Yimo is still waiting for me!

How could I die here?

“I can't die. Not here.” Han Jingru shakily got to his feet, but anyone could tell this was futile.

Mole watched from outside the cage, sighing as he felt wronged for Han Jingru. If he had lost due to a lack of ability, at least that would have been honorable.

But his win had been stolen because of Terra Prison's interference. It was hard to watch.

“Why did Terra Prison do this? Why do they insist on his death?” Mole was so enraged that he gripped the banisters till his knuckles turned white.

Guan Yong quickly reminded him, “Stay calm. Don't get riled up because of him. Didn't you promise to get me out of here?”

Guan Yong was none the wiser about Mole's mission or his own value. He only knew that Mole was his ticket out of prison, and so he pinned all his hopes on Mole. He could not let Mole screw up the plan over some stranger.

Guan Yong's words quelled Mole slightly. Other than wanting to challenge himself, he had come to Terra Prison in order to gather information on the whereabouts of Old Master Han. He had uncovered nothing so far, and he could not afford to let some stranger derail him.

“Relax. I won't go against Terra Prison over him,” Mole replied in a blase manner.

Just then, Yury addressed the crowd. “How should I kill him?”

“Wring his neck.”

“Let him have a taste of your might and break his limbs first. Make the pain last.”

“Make him beg for mercy.”

Ideas poured in from all over the arena and Yury thought over them. “All great ideas, but I think I would like to see him bleed out of every orifice. Do you know what internal bleeding feels like? When blood is gushing out of your organs and slowly flooding your body - I heard it's very

satisfying.”

Yury dared to speak so boldly because he was certain of how long the effects of the electricity would last. He was carefully calculating the right time to deliver the final blow.

It was then that Yury raised his arms and swung them towards Han Jingru's chest.

Although Han Jingru had managed to stand, his body was hunched over, clearly not yet recovered from the electrocution.

Everyone waited with bated breath for that swing to be the end of the match. Suddenly, Han Jingru lifted an arm and threw it to meet Yury's.

“That idiot is still fighting. How pathetic.”

“He's still trying to use strength against Yury. What a rookie. He has no clue how strong Yury really is.”

“He's about to die so soon. How boring.”

As the crowd was jeering Han Jingru, the foes' fists met.

Yury had been confident of this being the deciding blow, but once his fist made contact with Han Jingru's, he knew he had made a horrible mistake.

Yury felt as though he had just punched an iron wall. Not only did he fail to overcome Han Jingru, but the backlash of force had seriously injured his finger joints.

As panic began to set in, Yury caught sight of the eyes beneath that blindfold. They seemed to be smiling.

Yes, those eyes were definitely gleaming in happiness.

Why is he happy?

How could a man so close to death be smiling?

All the hair on Yury's body stood on end.

A bad feeling washed over him.

He heard Han Jingru murmur, "What a pity."

His words made Yury want to turn tail and get as far away from this man as possible.

But he remained rooted to the ground.

Yury could feel the immense power that Han Jingru's fist carried. He was frozen in fear, his mind screaming at him to run.

The crowd was sure that this was it for Han Jingru.

Only Yury knew that he was the one who had lost in this fight of strength. Furthermore, he was sure that even more ruthless attacks were to come.

Han Jingru had recovered quicker than he had estimated.

Yury felt his heart fill to the brim with terror for the first time.

He had never felt threatened by a lack of strength before.

Here in Terra Prison, Yury had sat comfortably on his throne for almost ten years, never meeting his match.

Today, that all changed because of this yellow-skinned person.

“No.” Yury had started begging for mercy even before Han Jingru struck again.

His words befuddled the audience. He had obviously already won, so why was he saying that?

“What did Yury say?”

“Is he trying to take his time killing that brat?”

“Could he not have it in him to murder anyone anymore after being locked up for so long?”

The audience could not make sense of the scene before them.

Yury's body wobbled unsteadily while Han Jingru had the intense focus of a hunter stalking its prey.

While Yury was still in the air, Han Jingru launched multiple blows.

Bang!

When Yury's massive body crashed to the ground, Han Jingru pressed his foot onto Yury's chest. Yury had been rendered immobile; blood was flowing freely from his mouth. The prisoners all went numb with shock.

He... beat Yury?

The arena's mighty champion, the invincible Yury, had lost so pitifully.

At that moment, everyone who had sneered at Han Jingru felt a chill going down their spine.

They were afraid that Han Jingru had overheard what they had been saying.

They could not risk incurring his wrath.

At that moment, as though they were of one mind, all the prisoners averted Han Jingru's gaze.

Only Mole, whose face was flushed as he stared incredulously at the victor in the cage, was utterly overwhelmed with emotion. That man now held a similar place in Mole's heart as Han Jingru.

Of course, Mole was still unaware that the man was actually Han Jingru.

Han Jingru surveyed the cage. The eminence of his sheer power was suffocating the prisoners.

When Han Jingru noticed Mole, his eyebrows lifted. *So neither he nor Guan Yong has died yet. That means they have learned nothing throughout their time in prison.*

Han Jingru's gaze lingered on Mole, further scaring the already terrified Guan Yong. "Why is he staring at you? Does he have something against you?"

Mole shook his head. He had no idea why he was being singled out, but he could tell from the

man's eyes that he meant no harm.

“Damn it. Could he have heard what I said about him and is now out for revenge?” Guan Yong was frantic, close to tears at this point.

Mole sighed heavily as he watched Guan Yong scare himself. How could that man have heard anything in this noisy place?

But then again, why is that man staring at me?

Suddenly, Yury twitched under Han Jingru's feet. He was still breathing.

Of course, he was alive. It was not because Han Jingru could not finish the job, but because he chose not to kill.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

A group of uniformed men entered the arena and aimed their tasers at Han Jingru, who immediately collapsed. They quickly dragged him out, signaling the end of the match.

Anyone could see that Yury had clearly lost. The prisoners were all curious about the victor's identity. *Who is he that Terra Prison seems so bent on stamping out? Who is he that managed to dethrone Yury?*

This match was sure to become the talk of the prison.

As Guan Yong and Mole were walking out, he asked, "That guy is obviously very dangerous. Do you think he'll be held in Zone A?"

Zone A!

Mole's footsteps halted.

Terra Prison was separated into two zones, A and B. Zone B housed most of the prisoners but Zone A was kept away from the prisoners of Zone B. Mole only knew of Zone A's existence upon

hearing about it through the prisoners' grapevine. He had always suspected that Han Xiuzhi was locked up in Zone A, but as he lacked access rights he wasn't able to investigate his suspicions.

“Probably not,” Mole replied. Even Yury, who had killed a man, was kept in Zone B. This man might be dangerous, but not to the extent of being kept in Zone A.

“But Terra Prison is trying so hard to finish him off. How could they place him in Zone B? If such a dangerous person were to stay in Zone B, none of the other prisoners would dare to leave their cells even during outdoor time,” Guan Yong said.

Mole agreed that the man's appearance would greatly alter the dynamics of Zone B, for who would dare to engage such a formidable person?

“We don't have much time left. We need to return to our cells now unless you want to get a taste of the taser,” Mole warned Guan Yong.

Guan Yong shivered at the thought and quickened his pace.

At Terra Prison, they had a set amount of outdoor time each day and once that time was up, they had to return to their cells or pay dearly for it. Thus, no one dared to linger. It was hard to imagine such a rule being adhered to so strictly in such a place, but this was an undeniable fact that had proven itself day after day.

When Mole first arrived, he had felt he had enlisted in the military, with each prisoner more obedient than the one before. He could not believe it.

But after some time, he came to understand why they acted this way. *If you can't beat them, you can only quietly submit.*

No one was willing to risk being sent to the devastatingly dark Detention Chamber or receive a shock from the taser.

The prisoners' cells were extremely narrow and in order to prevent any fights from breaking out, each person had a room to themselves. Besides a wooden bed, there was a squatting toilet as well. The furnishing was minimal.

When he returned to his room, Mole squatted in a corner, as though in reflection.

He lifted his sleeve and peered at his arm that was peppered with scars.

It was easy to lose track of time in Terra Prison. There was no access to natural light, so one could only guess the current time of day. Mole could only record the passing of each day by scarring himself, for each time the cell door opened, the guards would scrutinize him.

His arm had already recorded half a year's worth of scars; however, he was still no closer to accomplishing his mission.

He did not have any authority to enter Zone A so it was impossible to find out if Han Xiuzhi was truly inside.

“You're a useful ally but how can I get you to obey me?” Mole muttered wistfully, deep in thought as he revisited today's arena match. It had ended some time ago but he was still feeling that rush of excitement.

He needed someone to help him out of this rut. That useless Guan Yong was of no help. His only option was the masked man, but his overwhelming strength was concerning since it meant he was unlikely to take any orders.

“If I try to get close to you by saying that you sound a lot like my friend... That will probably not work,” Mole laughed bitterly at his foolish idea.

It was at this moment that the cell began to sway. The movement was subtle but noticeable.

This had occurred countless times before so Mole thought nothing of it.

Small earthquakes like this were common. Minor tremors like this had also allowed Mole to reassure himself that he truly was underground.

He was amazed that they had managed to construct such a massive underground facility. To this day he was not fully sure of how large the entire place was.

In another cell, Han Jingru had his brows furrowed. He had felt similar tremors multiple times when in the dark room. At first, he assumed they were brought on by earthquakes but when he carefully examined the swaying, they seemed off. *But what else could produce such tremors?*

In a secret area somewhere within Terra Prison, the barely alive Yury lay sprawled on the ground. In front of him was a blinding light. A person sat in front of the light, only discernable by his silhouette.

But Yury knew that this person came from the top, and it was he who had the authority to let Yury out of the Detention Chamber to fight Han Jingru at the arena.

“I'm sorry for failing to complete my task. Please give me another chance, I was just careless this time. I swear that I won't disappoint you again,” Yury implored the figure before him.

“Haven't you realized that he's way beyond you? Even if you get ten tries, the result will be the same.” His voice was heavy with power but his

tone measured and low.

His words alarmed Yury. Although there was a no-killing rule in Terra Prison, angering this person could only lead to one's demise.

“That's impossible. How could I be no match for him? He only won because I slipped up. As long as you give me another chance I can prove it to you,” Yury pleaded. He had to prove his worth. His life hung in the balance.

“I have no need for trash like you. Someone better will come to take your place. So...” That person pondered over his next words, “The only thing awaiting you is death.”

Yury's expression turned into one of pure fright as he gathered all the strength he could and lifted his hulking body so he was kneeling by the person. Yury kowtowed continuously. “I'm begging you, please let me go. Please give me another chance! I promise not to disappoint you again.”

The figure only wordlessly lifted a hand.

Seeing this, several men closed in on Yury.

As he fell into the pit of despair, Yury shut his eyes and drew his last breath.

After Yury's death, the figure revealed himself. With breathtakingly exquisite features, handsome seemed like a gross understatement. When he smiled, it somehow appeared both friendly and conniving at the same time.

“Clean up this mess. That loser's blood stinks.”
The person hissed, his voice more animated than before.

He was ostensibly flawless, a perfect work of art by God.

“Who would have thought that that guy had this much in him? But he lacks the capabilities to be taken under my wing as of yet. If he survives this next challenge I might throw him a bone, but if he fails the fishes will have him.”

Over the next few days, Han Jingru remained locked up, even during the designated outdoor

time. It was evident that the prison was keeping him captive on purpose.

Mole wondered if he was still in Zone B, and felt an impulse to investigate. But once the cell doors opened, any change in route would be spotted by the prison's guards, earning him a one-way ticket to the Detention Chamber. He could only do his best to control his curiosity.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Half a month later.

It was outdoor time. People gathered in groups. There were many who came seeking information about Terra Prison, and this was the time when they could exchange what they had learned. However, these were all useless since they were stuck in Zone B and could only find information regarding the system in Zone B. They were completely clueless as to what went on in the rest of the prison, which was why Terra Prison sanctioned such a time.

Terra Prison was the ultimate locked box; its authorities need not fear any leak of information.

On the surface, this looked like a cage. In actual fact, this was a cage with a higher entry requirement than any ultra-luxury hotel in the world. It was down to the basic principle of catering to the whims of the rich.

As long as you had money, you could send anyone into Terra Prison.

But leaving is another story.

Mole squatted in a corner watching others exchanging information. He could not help but smirk. Those fellows had clearly been sent here in the hopes of finding out the workings of Terra Prison. But once in, they had to cut off connection with the outside world, and the prison would become their final resting place.

“The pot calling the kettle black.” Mole shook his head in exasperation. He was in the same boat after all. He was known as an expert prison breaker but even he became helpless when faced with a place like Terra Prison.

The sound of a chain being dragged along the ground drew the attention of the entire compound. Even Mole stood to find out the source.

They saw a hooded man with feet bound by a ten-kilogram chain that dragged behind him as he walked. The sight was enough to perturb any person that laid eyes on him.

Han Jingru's figure brought nothing but terror to them.

They all put as much distance between him and themselves as possible, as if space could quell their fear.

“Damn, they let this guy out, too.”

“Terra Prison actually only detained him for half a month.”

“Let's go, keep your distance. If you become his next target that's it for sure.”

Han Jingru's appearance shocked the crowd.

The crowd avoided Han Jingru like the plague. The prisoners naturally formed a circle with a ten-meter radius around him.

“Mole, this has to be the first time such a thing has happened in Terra Prison,” Guan Yong said, awe apparent on his face. If he had been the one chained, he would not be able to move, much less walk.

Mole's expression was stern. He originally assumed that Terra Prison had wanted this man

dead. If that was the case, however, why did they let him out now?

Shouldn't they keep such deadly people locked up forever?

“What the hell is Terra Prison doing!” Mole groaned in a mixture of frustration and confusion.

“He must have an impressive background,” Guan Yong sighed. Although he would not wish to be treated like this himself, in a way it could be said that Terra Prison was bestowing the man an honor. After all, his treatment was a testament to his power.

Mole made his way towards Han Jingru.

Everyone else was trying their utmost best to avoid him.

Seeing this, Guan Yong grabbed him by the shoulders. “Are you mad? He could kill you!”

“I have nothing against him. Why would he attack me?” Mole brushed Guan Yong off.

“Even if he doesn't hit you, interacting with him could make you his next target,” Guan Yong warned, speechless at Mole's actions. It was always best to avoid interactions with such people.

Mole hesitated a little before stopping. He hoped that the masked man would be able to help him, but he knew he had no right to control the man. Moreover, these meetings could anger Terra Prison, and Mole could not afford to become the prison's target.

But once Mole had stopped walking, Han Jingru started heading in his direction.

“What is this guy trying to pull?”

“Is he trying to start something here?”

“Terra Prison's rules clearly state that any trouble caused during outdoor time is grounds for three years' imprisonment. There's no way he doesn't know!”

As the people were throwing around guesses,

Guan Yong wanted badly to grab Mole and get out of there, but Mole went on standing as still as a statue.

“Are you insane? If that lunatic tries to kill you, no one will be able to stop him,” Guan Yong urged Mole. He could not let his only way out of the prison die right before his eyes.

“Get lost if you're scared,” Mole said.

Guan Yong's trepidation grew as Han Jingru neared. He eventually released Mole and took off, not even stopping to look back once.

When Han Jingru came face to face with Mole, Mole found himself having to tilt his head upwards due to their height difference. This angle brought out a sense of *deja vu* in Mole.

Neither spoke for a while. Mole broke the silence by asking, “You looked at me this way at the arena as well. Do we know each other?”

He received no reply. The man's icy gaze petrified Mole to his core. A chill ran down his

spine.

“What... What do you want?” Mole spluttered, his fear reaching peak levels.

“How well do you know this place?” Han Jingru asked coolly.

A familiar voice. It was so familiar that Mole could picture Han Jingru standing right in front of him.

But he knew that that was preposterous.

Han Jingru would never turn up in Terra Prison. Even if he did, he could never possess such raging might.

“Not... Not well. The place is very well guarded. It's not just me. Everyone's understanding of the place is basically limited to Zone B,” Mole stammered and squeaked.

“Zone B?” Han Jingru's brow drew slightly closer.

“You're new here so you must not know that Terra Prison has a Zone A as well. However, it's said that the people in Zone A are more powerful than us,” Mole explained.

More powerful?

Could Grandpa be held in Zone A?

Han Jingru restrained himself and walked to the center of the compound.

The clanging of his metal chains frightened the people around him.

When he arrived at the center and sat down, the other prisoners let out a collective sigh of relief. Still, no one dared to venture within a ten-meter radius of him.

They feared being near to this man who harnessed enough power to defeat Yury.

Mole swiped the sweat from his brow as he struggled to keep steady on his jellied legs.

He had only exchanged a few words with the man but if any physical altercation were to break out, he would lose his life for sure.

How terrifying!

Outrageously terrifying!

Mole had never felt such pressure before. He feared for his life now, much more than when Han Jingru had tried to kill him previously.

When Han Jingru sat down, he closed his eyes to rest. He knew that he was currently receiving the prison's special treatment so he could not reveal himself to Mole yet, lest Mole let slip about their relationship. He did not want to risk Mole's life.

“Holy shit, you are too brave. You actually dared to face him.” Guan Yong's voice carried frank admiration as he returned to Mole's side.

Mole was sitting at a corner, paralyzed as both his legs had gone soft. He felt nothing like how brave he looked.

“What did he say to you?” Guan Yong asked, curious.

“He asked me how well I knew Terra Prison,” Mole said.

Guan Yong frowned. “Could he be trying to break out? Given how the prison has been treating him, I'd say that he's bound to die here. How could he hope to escape?”

Mole could not disagree. Even if one had not been singled out by the prison, breaking out was a mere fantasy. There were probably countless people surveilling his every move. There was no way he could escape.

Suddenly, the swaying started up again.

“What were these people thinking, building this place underground. Aren't they scared of earthquakes? I can't think of a worse way to go than to be buried alive here,” Guan Yong grumbled.

The tremors continued, but no one seemed the tiniest bit bothered. They were obviously accustomed to them. This phenomenon made Han Jingru even more confused.

How did Terra Prison remain stable despite these frequent earthquakes? Moreso, if they were really underground, the tremors would definitely not be so mild.

Unless "Terra Prison" is just a smokescreen to hide the true identity of the building from its prisoners.

After the break, the crowd dispersed quickly, as though they didn't want to be in the same room as Han Jingru.

Soon, the room emptied, leaving Han Jingru sitting alone. He could only sigh helplessly.

Terra Prison was where the most dangerous criminals were imprisoned. Han Jingru used to believe that its prisoners were ruthless barbarians; however, everyone he had met so far was a pushover, much to his surprise.

He overcame his surprise quickly upon realizing how easily solitary confinement can break even the most heartless people.

Terra Prison was like a miller: no matter how rough a person was before entering its premises, Terra Prison would never fail to smooth out those rough edges after a year or two. After all, no one would voluntarily go through that level of suffering and loneliness.

After returning to his prison cell, Han Jingru removed his mask. His face was disfigured beyond recognition due to the injuries he received from Yury's beating.

Regarding the question he was pondering over previously, Han Jingru was sure that something smelled fishy. Whether he could prove it was another feat. After all, he had next to no freedom.

Han Jingru had been exceptionally observant of Area A, which was the area mentioned by Mole. If Han Xiuzhi had never appeared in Area B, then there was a high chance that he was being held in Area A. The basic assumption driving this

reasoning was that Han Xiuzhi was indeed in Terra Prison in the first place.

Han Jingru felt helpless. He was on his own and would never be able to bring down Terra Prison single-handedly.

Han Jingru had considered gaining the trust of more people, but he wasn't sure who was worthy of his trust. Any betrayal meant he would never hear the end of it from Terra Prison.

That's why he had no choice but to be extra careful. There was no room for even the most minor slip-up.

For the next couple of weeks, Han Jingru followed everyone else out for a walk during their free time. Afterwards, they would all return to their cells to reflect on their experiences. The only difference between him and the other inmates were the chains at his feet, which always frightened everyone else.

His devilish reputation had spread to every corner of Terra Prison, and no one dared to provoke him.

A wise choice, considering that he could beat a beast like Yury into pulp.

He didn't know how much time had passed, but it seemed like ages. He had lost track of time.

One day, however, his cell door burst open before he was supposed to go out for his walk. His heart plummeted into his stomach.

What will come has finally come.

Two men armed with tasers dragged Han Jingru out his cell and into the arena.

In a flash, inmates from all around Terra Prison crowded around the ring. No one dared to belittle him this time. Instead, their expressions were of pity - pity for whoever that had to go against Han Jingru.

No one would survive a fight with the guy who defeated Yury.

“Which poor guy got picked to fight with him this time?”

“I'm afraid he's the strongest here in Terra Prison.”

“Yury's title belongs to him now. I bet his opponent is going to be scared to death.”

The onlookers continued with their teasing, happy that they're not the ones getting beat up.

Mole stood outside the cage, counting the scars on his arm. It had been a month since his last fight in the ring, and even though being called back for this fight wouldn't be considered frequent, it still seemed suspicious.

“I wonder which hot chick would be there today,” Guan Yong said, excited. He looked forward to every fight, but he was more interested in the woman that was the bounty rather than the duel itself.

“What else do you even care about besides women?” Mole asked scornfully.

Guan Yong ignored Mole's insult. “So what? Aren't we men supposed to earn a fortune and be

respected just to get the best woman? What's the point of being rich if you don't have a beauty to sleep with?"

"You think you have the right to talk about getting rich?" Mole scoffed.

"Don't you belittle me, Mole! I used to have thousands of subordinates and my own territory, you know," Guan Yong said smugly, reminiscing his former glory.

Mole shook his head. Guan Yong wasn't someone he cared to show respect towards. To be frank, he was just a lowly gang leader.

At that moment, a deep voice rumbled across the arena.

"Only one shall live."

That came as a massive shock to everyone watching.

In particular, those who had been imprisoned in Terra Prison for more than a decade were

absolutely stupefied.

Since the establishment of Terra Prison, only one person had ever been killed, and even that was an accident on Yury's part. No one expected the arena to be transformed into a battlefield.

Why would anyone spend a fortune just to lock someone up in Terra Prison?

The main reason was that those who were locked up still had value, but their enemies just didn't want them to roam freely. By being imprisoned in Terra Prison, one could enjoy protection from mortal danger in exchange for one's freedom.

But why did that change?

As the crowd muttered amongst themselves, Guan Yong turned to Mole. "I bet they're doing this to target that guy. They seem to really want him dead."

Mole nodded in agreement. They wouldn't change the rules so easily, or else it would have defeated the purpose of Terra Prison's existence.

But why did Terra Prison want him dead so badly?

“Strange,” Mole said, bewildered.

“What's strange?” Guan Yong asked.

“There are so many ways Terra Prison could kill that guy, but why choose the arena? If Yury can't beat him, who can?” Mole wondered out loud. That was the most confusing thing for him at the moment.

Terra Prison seemed to want Han Jingru dead very badly, yet they chose the most cumbersome method, which baffled Mole.

“You'd really knocked some sense into me with that,” Guan Yong said, frowning. To Terra Prison, killing someone wouldn't be difficult at all, since it was just a matter of commands. There was absolutely no need for such a troublesome approach.

“What if Terra Prison doesn't want to kill him?” Guan Yong asked.

Mole's mind was in a mess. He also didn't know the answer.

“Either that, or they want to give him a slow, painful death?” Guan Yong asked.

It was a possibility, but Mole felt that something was still off. Han Jingru had turned the entire Terra Prison's atmosphere upside down from the moment he arrived.

“In any case, let's see if he can make it out of here alive,” Mole said.

At that moment, the bounty appeared. She was the same woman as last time, but her clothes showed more skin this time, earning an excited roar from the crowd.

Guan Yong couldn't stop swallowing, his gaze fixated on her.

Mole, however, stared intensely at Han Jingru, completely ignoring the woman.

After that, Han Jingru's opponent walked into the

ring. It was an unfamiliar face and his upper body was completely naked, exposing his bulging muscles and scars to anyone watching. He was obviously a seasoned fighter.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Compared to Han Jingru, the newbie looked several times more intimidating. Those scars made him look like a monster, sending shivers down onlookers' spines.

“Who is this guy?”

“A new one, probably. There's a lot of them recently.”

“Is he from Area A? He seems to have killed a lot of people.”

“Today's fight is going to be so entertaining! I think that guy won't be as lucky as last time.”

As everyone chattered away, Mole was lost in his own thoughts.

To him, this guy seemed to be handpicked by Terra Prison to deal with the masked man. If the new contender was indeed from Area A, he wouldn't casually appear in Area B, nor would he take part in this deathmatch.

Mole had never stepped foot into Area A, and he

didn't know what kind of people were kept there. However, Terra Prison would definitely put in more effort to protect the lives of those that mattered more.

“Why hasn't anyone taken out his chains yet?” Mole wondered. The heavy chains weighed him down greatly, even making it difficult for him to walk. If he participated in the brawl like that, he would only end up dead.

“I bet he was meant to die in this battle. If not, why wouldn't they take out his chains?” Guan Yong said.

Mole's heart sank. The opponent was obviously very strong, so if Han Jingru was forced to fight like that, his chances of winning would be next to none.

“Shut up!” Mole snarled.

Guan Yong pouted and didn't say another word.

The woman raised her hand, signaling to everyone that the brawl was about to start. Even

then, Han Jingru was still wearing his chains on his ankles.

That shocked the crowd. A few of Han Jingru's supporters immediately began to switch sides.

“He's definitely going to die.”

“Terra Prison is so merciless! Forcing him to fight to his death with those chains?”

“Oh my, sucks to be that guy! He hasn't been here for long and now he has to die?”

Han Jingru was strong, but the chains held him down greatly and restricted his movement. He wouldn't be as agile as before, but that wouldn't be a problem for him.

One way to get around the matter would be to stand still, so he wouldn't have to drag his chains around. He might have to endure a couple of blows out of necessity to figure out his opponent's weak spots before taking him down, just like how he defeated Yury.

The fight began as the woman lowered her hand.

Han Jingru stood rooted to the ground. The opponent began his attacks without a moment's hesitation.

His running resembled that of an elephant, making it hard for the crowd to follow him.

Even those standing outside the ring could feel his power as he neared Han Jingru.

Mole clasped his hands together tightly without even realizing it. The odds were not in Han Jingru's favor. If he couldn't block the attacks, he wouldn't be able to survive for long.

Is his value to Terra Prison really so short-lived?

Despite everything, Han Jingru felt calm beneath his mask. He was even mildly pleased. He would have been in deep trouble if the opponent was trained, since he in his handicap wouldn't be able to handle different styles of attack coming from a skilled fighter.

However, it was obvious that this opponent was just like Yury, only slightly stronger.

He wouldn't be any stronger than I anyway.

Han Jingru raised his right fist as though getting ready to wrestle with his opponent.

The latter gave an ugly grin: *So this piece of trash wants to fight it out with me?*

“Die!” The guy yelled, his fist coming down with such speed that it made a whistling sound in the air.

Han Jingru also sent his fist flying into his opponent. This competition of strength was the only thing he could accomplish at the moment, and he didn't mess it up.

When their fists made contact, Han Jingru staggered backward a little bit. Although it made him look like he had lost the match of strength, people began to notice how his opponent had frozen in his tracks too.

The new contender was shocked. He felt like he had just slammed his fist into a metal wall. The punch he had thrown was with all his strength, yet all it did was to push Han Jingru back by a little bit.

How could this be?

When he was still reeling from shock, Han Jingru had already raised his fist again, this time aiming for his temple.

He could only watch helplessly as Han Jingru's fist came nearer and nearer.

The impact of Han Jingru's punch on his temple knocked him out completely, sending his limp body flying like a ragdoll.

Everything happened in a flash. While everyone thought that Han Jingru was dead meat, they noticed that the person lying motionless on the ground was not him but rather the half-naked opponent. This unexpected turn of events sent ripples of shock across the crowd.

Silence!

An ominous silence began to permeate the air.

Everyone's eyes widened in surprise.

Wasn't the guy flexing his power just a moment ago? How did he get knocked out by a single punch?

Did he...die?

The crowd sucked in a collective breath and looked toward Han Jingru with fear and respect.

Just one punch!

Again, he had nailed his opponent with a single blow.

And this guy got it even worse than Yury.

What kind of monster would have such uncanny strength?

“God, what did I just see? Is he even human?”

“That newbie looked stronger than Yury, but... but he died after one punch!”

“That's so scary! Where did Terra Prison get this fiend from? I'm going to stay away from him from now on.”

Amidst the uproar, Han Jingru walked towards the woman and hoisted her up with his shoulder, as though claiming her for himself.

No one envied him; everyone was convinced that he deserved the prize.

Mole scratched his numb scalp, goosebumps popping up all over his body. Once again, the short-lived fight had changed his perception of strength completely.

Although he didn't know just how strong Han Jingru was, all the scarred man managed to do was to give him a little shove!

Sighing deeply, Mole said, “This guy is scary. If Jingru got to know him, he would definitely become his right-hand man.”

“Mole, you're so innocent. Why would this guy want to serve Han Jingru?” Guan Yong scoffed, “It's not that I don't respect him, but they're on completely different levels, you see.”

Guan Yong's words seemed jarring, but Mole couldn't deny what he just said.

“Who gave you the right to call him by his full name?” Mole growled.

Guan Yong flinched in fear. “I'm sorry! My tongue slipped. I meant to say Jingru.”

“If you dare disrespect him again, you will get it from me,” Mole threatened.

“Yes, of course! Of course I won't do it again,” Guan Yong stammered. However, deep down inside, he felt a twinge of disdain. Guan Yong saw no point in pretending to honor Han Jingru, especially when they didn't even know if they're ever going to meet again. There was even a hint of hatred in Guan Yong's disdain. If not for Han Jingru, he wouldn't have been here in the first place.

At that moment, the door to the cage opened and Han Jingru came out carrying his prize. He made his way back to his cell.

Back at the special zone, the man whose beauty rivalled that of women was beaming ear to ear.

“That's surprising. Find me more experts. I want to test his limits,” he said, “I want to train this dog to realize his fullest potential.”

“I thought he wouldn't deserve to be a dog I could train, but it looks like I've underestimated him. Interesting.”

After that, the handsome man looked to the sky and cackled loudly.

In Han Jingru's cell, the woman was lying on his bed like a fish ready to be sliced.

She had a pretty face and a curvy body. However, Han Jingru didn't bring her here just to satisfy those desires.

“How many places in Terra Prison have you been to?” “How big is Terra Prison beyond Area B?” Han Jingru shot question after question at the woman, but all she did was to lie on the bed while keeping her silence.

He knew that he wouldn't be able to get an answer out of her anytime soon. “I know some of my questions might get you into trouble, so what would you like from me in exchange for whatever you know?”

She didn't reply, and instead proceeded to strip off her clothes.

Han Jingru remained calm. He had no feelings whatsoever for women other than Su Yimo. Even a fleeting glance would leave him feeling disgusted.

“As long as you are willing to tell me, I can get you out of here in the future,” Han Jingru said, baiting her. He didn't know how effective it would be, but there was no harm trying.

At the sound of that, she sat up suddenly, opening

her mouth and shaking her head.

Han Jingru frowned. Does this mean that she couldn't talk?

“You can't talk?” Han Jingru asked.

When she nodded, Han Jingru could only smile weakly. Terra Prison really went as far as taking away this woman's ability to talk, it seemed.

“Get some rest. You can get out of here tomorrow,” Han Jingru said, lying down on the floor to spare her the bed.

She frowned in mild confusion, as though wondering why Han Jingru chose to ignore her.

“I have a wife and I love her a lot. I'm not interested in any other woman,” Han Jingru said calmly.

She smiled and put her clothes back on.

The next day, the woman was taken away before free time. Han Jingru also seemed to have been

denied his free time.

During their daily walk, the inmates chattered away about the fight the previous day. Han Jingru's reputation seemed to have improved.

However, Mole was concerned that the situation would only get worse for Han Jingru. He could foresee even more fights from now on, with Han Jingru's opponents getting stronger each round. *Just how much more can he endure before he gets crushed?*

“Why are you so concerned about a random stranger? Does it matter if he lives or dies?” Guan Yong asked, baffled at why Mole kept thinking about the masked man. *Why care so much about some stranger?*

“He can influence whether we can leave this place,” Mole said.

“How? What has our leaving got to do with that guy?” Guan Yong said in a hushed whisper. His freedom was on the line, and he would do anything to get it back.

“You don't need to know,” Mole said coldly. Guan Yong was nothing but a transmitter fated to die one day. He didn't need to know about the important things.

“Mole, both of us are on the chopping board now. Why are you still keeping things from me?” Guan Yong did not understand.

Guan Yong's questioning only earned him a scornful look from Mole. *Asking this guy for ideas? We might as well die here.*

As usual, Mole would carve a line onto his arm to keep track of the number of days in Terra Prison. In the blink of an eye, three months had passed and there had been no news of the masked man at all. Rumors began to circulate that he had already been culled.

That worried Mole greatly. If he had actually been killed, he might have to live out his days trapped in Terra Prison.

Meanwhile, in Yun City.

The wintry breeze blew across the streets, and everyone in sight was decked out in winter coats. The snow that fluttered down from the sky covered the city like a white blanket.

Several cars were parked in front of Su Yimo's villa, and a group of men led by Molan waited patiently outside.

When the front door of the villa opened, Su Yimo walked out beaming. Her thick winter coat made her body look swollen, particularly around her abdomen.

“Lan, I'm just going for a regular checkup at the hospital. I don't think I need so many people to accompany me,” Su Yimo said, sighing.

Molan didn't budge. “You call this a crowd? This is only a small portion of my army. I promised Jingru to take care of you before he left, so if anything happens to you, how am I going to face him when he comes back?”

When Molan first heard about her pregnancy, he spent a week reeling from shock. He'd never

expected Jingru to drop such a bomb on him even when he's gone.

That guy's at Terra Prison! There was no telling when he would be able to come back, if ever. Even then, he still impregnated Su Yimo.

Maybe he would have stayed had he known about the pregnancy.

“Please don't do this. I'm just an ordinary person, nothing special,” Su Yimo said hurriedly. She knew how Molan was like - anything he says would be done, no matter what.

“That's not true! Jingru's wife and child would never be the average person,” Molan replied.

Su Yimo sighed. She knew that she wouldn't be able to talk herself out of this. On the other hand, she now knew just how much Molan cared about Han Jingru.

“What are you waiting for? Help her onto the car,” Molan spat at Ling Heng.

Ling Heng immediately scooted forward and held Su Yimo's hand carefully, like how a eunuch would to his assigned concubine.

Of course, he could only do so because of her thick clothing. If it was summertime, he wouldn't dare touch her bare skin like that.

After Su Yimo was buckled up, the car set off for the First Hospital.

Whenever Su Yimo went for checkups, the entire hospital would go into panic mode. No matter how trivial the matter was, the head of the hospital would attend to her himself, while specialists from every department would make an appearance to show their consideration for her health.

It was as though Su Yimo was a precious artefact that must be protected by everyone.

When the checkup wrapped up and no issues were found, Molan breathed a huge sigh of relief and wiped the cold sweat off his forehead.

He felt anxious whenever Su Yimo went for checkups. With Han Jingru gone, he had to be wholly responsible for the safety of Su Yimo and their unborn child. If anything happened to them, he would never forgive himself.

“Su Yimo, when you get back, tell Ho Ting to cook you more nutritious food. You're so thin that your child is starving as well,” Molan told Su Yimo, visibly concerned.

Su Yimo didn't know whether to laugh or cry at his words. She was barely five months pregnant, yet she had already gained so much weight that Han Jingru might not be able to recognize her by the time he returned.

“Lan, you're really attractive when you speak from your heart,” Su Yimo teased.

Molan wasn't humored. He cared more about Su Yimo than she cared for herself. “I'm fine with you joking about me, but you'd better not joke around with your health.”

Su Yimo nodded. Molan may have gone slightly

overboard, but it was obvious that it was out of genuine concern.

“Don't worry! I've been eating well,” Su Yimo assured him.

Molan nodded, and they set off for Su Yimo's villa again.

News about her pregnancy had already spread like wildfire in Yun City. Many prominent families had already known about the special treatment Su Yimo had gotten, but all they could do was to look on with admiration.

Even the Tian family wouldn't make Molan so concerned.

After dropping off Su Yimo at her house, Molan sat in his car, his expression grim. He had asked Number 12 countless times whether Han Jingru would make it back alive, but even Number 12 was being pessimistic. That irritated Molan greatly.

“Is there a way to tell him that Su Yimo is

pregnant? Maybe that will motivate him to find a way out,” Molan muttered to himself.

Ling Heng, who was right next to him, didn't dare make a sound. It would be a grave mistake to provoke Molan whenever he was thinking about Han Jingru.

“Let's go to the boxing place,” Molan told Ling Heng.

“Yes, Sir,” Ling Heng replied, steering the car towards the direction of the boxing arena.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Ever since Shan Qing was injured, the popularity of the Green Dragon Boxing Arena had waned. In the meantime, Number 12's boxing arena had risen to prominence after a period of rest and recuperation.

Although Number 12's boxing arena was relatively free of shady business, the spontaneity of their matches still managed to attract those who were genuinely interested in its fights.

No rehearsed act meant that every punch was real, and only the nimble and strong would win the grand prize. Fighters had the motivation to display their true strength, which made the fights very entertaining.

Number 12 personally gave his fighters daily training so as to keep them in shape.

When Molan arrived at the arena, Number 12 told Zhou Bo to cover for him as he led Molan to his office.

“I wasn't expecting you to visit, Mr. Mo. Tell me if you need anything,” Number 12 said. He knew

that Molan wouldn't pay a visit to his arena without a reason.

“I took Su Yimo for her checkup today. Look, it's been almost half a year, and Han Jingru still hasn't given us any updates. He doesn't even know that Su Yimo is pregnant,” Molan said.

Number 12 didn't interrupt him, giving him the signal to continue.

“I was thinking that letting Jingru know that Su Yimo is pregnant would motivate him to find a way out of there. What do you think?” Molan continued.

Molan's intentions became crystal clear at that moment. Indeed, if Han Jingru found out that Su Yimo was pregnant, he would definitely fight his way out of Terra Prison, rather than be held there forever.

But how were they going to relay the message to Han Jingru?

“We can only tell him through a messenger,”

Number 12 said.

“I need that messenger to not only tell him the news, but also assist him in escaping,” Molan said. If the task was as simple as relaying a message, he would have just picked any random person from his own team. However, Molan figured that since that person was going to infiltrate Terra Prison anyway, why not have him help Han Jingru break out of prison as well?

Number 12 saw through Molan in a flash. “Your best candidate is standing right in front of you, am I right?”

Molan didn't feel embarrassed that his true intentions were exposed so quickly. He agreed, “That's right. I can't think of anyone else more suitable for this. If you're not willing, though, I won't push you, since you still have your daughter to worry about.”

Number 12 smiled calmly. Tang Qingwan was important to him, but he knew that Molan would take care of her when he's gone. Even if he didn't make it out alive, Tang Qingwan still wouldn't

suffer a single bit of misery under Molan's protection, so there was no need to worry at all.

"I've thought about it and I'm fine with it," Number 12 said.

Number 12's enthusiasm didn't surprise Molan. He knew exactly what kind of person Number 12 was.

"Would it be suspicious for us to send someone to Terra Prison at the same location three times in a row?" Molan asked.

Number 12 shook his head. "Even if they knew that they were being spied on, they wouldn't care," he explained.

"You're that confident?" Molan asked, frowning.

"So many people have infiltrated into the depths of Terra Prison over the years just to find out the truth about them, yet none of them succeeded. Those people at Terra Prison use this fact to feed their ego. Even if I wore a sign saying that I'm going to spy on them, they won't take it

seriously,” Number 12 explained.

Molan sighed. This display of confidence by the Terra Prison made him even more skeptical of Han Jingru's chances of breaking out. If a mysterious organization like Terra Prison could be so conceited, it was indeed inescapable.

“Why don't we discuss this further? If we don't send someone capable, we will ruin their lives forever,” Molan said desperately.

“Mr. Mo, please take care of Tang Qingwan for me. Don't let anyone hurt her,” Number 12 said. Even if Molan didn't show up today, he would have gone to seek him out sooner or later. Number 12 had made up his mind to enter Terra Prison and bring the news of Su Yimo's pregnancy to Han Jingru himself. He was sure that Han Jingru wouldn't want to stay in Terra Prison any longer once he heard of her pregnancy.

“Don't worry. From today onwards, Tang Qingwan will become my daughter,” Molan promised.

Number 12 grinned. "I'll go finish those guys' training now. Contacting the people at Terra Prison might take another week or so."

Molan opened his mouth to say something but hesitated. He ended up sighing and patting Number 12's shoulder before taking his leave.

Back in the car, Molan told Ling Heng, "Jingru's lucky to have someone like Number 12 who's willing to give up his life for him. Number 12 didn't back down even when it was obvious that he might die."

Ling Heng nodded. Number 12 was surprisingly adamant about bringing Han Jingru back from Terra Prison.

"He probably knows the most about Terra Prison among all of us. Even so, it's really brave of him to agree to this. He must really care about Jingru," Ling Heng said.

Molan rubbed his chin, looking confused. "This guy is really attractive. Women throw themselves at him and men are willing to die for him."

That struck a chord within Ling Heng. He had been a lowly, ordinary subordinate until Han Jingru gave him a chance to ascend his status. Unlike other powerful people, Han Jingru didn't act arrogant in front of his subordinates, but rather he gave them opportunities to seize and prove themselves to him. Once successful, money and power would follow.

If not for his indecisiveness when dealing with Changbin, Ling Heng might have been more highly ranked in the organization by now.

But then again, Ling Heng never blamed Han Jingru for that. He could only lament his own lack of capability.

“Jingru is different from other bosses. He is not oppressive towards his subordinates and gives them as much creative freedom as they wanted. His subordinates' matters are his matters as well. Maybe that's why he's so attractive,” Ling Heng said.

“This guy has some impressive leadership skills. Alas, he chose to imprison himself in Terra

Prison, out of all places. Who knows if he will ever be freed,” Molan sighed. Although he knew very little about Terra Prison, Number 12's description of it had given him the impression that it had the tallest wall of all buildings in the world. No matter how much confidence he had in Han Jingru's abilities, he knew it would be near impossible to escape from that place.

“I hope Number 12 can convince him to not give up with the news of Su Yimo's pregnancy,” Ling Heng said.

Molan nodded. That was precisely why he wanted Number 12 to send the message to Han Jingru. Telling him that Su Yimo was pregnant was probably the only way to stop him from giving up. After all, he couldn't just sit and watch his wife and child suffer in Yun City all alone.

“He'd better come back! I can't be responsible for his wife and child forever,” Molan growled. Regret gnawed at his conscience for not stopping Han Jingru from going to Terra Prison in the first place. If he had stayed at Yun City, all this wouldn't have happened.

Han Xiuzhi was important to Han Jingru, but he probably wouldn't be so adamant about going to Terra Prison if he had known about Su Yimo's pregnancy.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Su Yimo couldn't do anything on her own in the villa.

She wasn't being lazy. Ho Ting was the one prohibiting her from doing things.

Ho Ting had taken full responsibility for everything, almost going as far as offering to follow Su Yimo during her toilet breaks.

With Han Jingru gone and Su Wenlun wasting his days away with questionable company, Ho Ting treated Su Yimo like she was her own daughter, fearing for her safety all the time.

Han Jingru changed Ho Ting's life forever. If not for him, Ho Ting wouldn't be here right now. Her gratefulness for Han Jingru was immeasurable, so she could only pay back using her actions. To her, taking care of Su Yimo was the best thing she could do in return.

Su Yimo was watching TV in the living room, and Ho Ting rushed to her side the moment she stood up. "What do you need? I'll get it for you."

“Aunt Ho, even the doctor says I shouldn't be sitting down all day. Just let me move around for a bit, okay?” Su Yimo pleaded.

“Of course you can move around, but I'll get whatever you need for you,” Ho Ting said.

“I don't need anything. I'm just getting up for a stretch, don't panic,” Su Yimo said.

Ho Ting nodded. “If you need anything, make sure to tell me.”

“Got it. I'm getting hungry, by the way,” Su Yimo said.

Upon hearing that, Ho Ting rushed back to the kitchen. The last thing she wanted was for Su Yimo to go hungry.

In the evening, Shen Zhuoman came to Su Yimo's villa. She was becoming a regular there, appearing every couple of days to give Su Yimo some company. Now that Han Jingru had disappeared, Shen Zhuoman was worried that Su Yimo would spiral into anxiety. As long as she's

free, she would pay a visit to Su Yimo.

“It's so cold outside today! My cheeks are going to freeze,” Shen Zhuoman said, rubbing her cheeks as her breath turned to mist in the air.

“You should just go home instead of coming to visit me, since it's so cold nowadays. And you're so busy anyway,” Su Yimo said. The Su Corporation was essentially run by Shen Zhuoman now, while Su Yimo only took part in making a few major decisions. The sudden increase in workload must have been difficult for Shen Zhuoman.

“It's boring at home, so I'd rather come and be with you. Besides, I can visit my godson as well,” Shen Zhuoman said, walking over to Su Yimo and patting her stomach.

“How do you know it's a boy? What if it's a girl?” Su Yimo laughed.

Shen Zhuoman shook her head. “Don't you think a son is a million times better than a daughter? Even if he becomes a playboy in the future, he

wouldn't get hurt. A daughter would suffer so much even if she meets just one scumbag. I don't want this little one to go through that pain.”

“As if you have never hurt men before! I heard that you've rejected yet another one of your suitors,” Su Yimo said, grinning.

Shen Zhuoman had no shortage of suitors in the office, but she had never been interested in them. Daily flower deliveries would only end up in the trash.

But how would Su Yimo know about what goes on in the office?

“Do you have spies in the office or something?” Shen Zhuoman interrogated Su Yimo, deliberately making a scary face.

“I care about you! You're single and yet you don't allow anyone to date you. Pretty pretentious of you, in my opinion,” Su Yimo replied.

Shen Zhuoman couldn't help but roll her eyes. “I don't have high standards! I would be happy if

these people could be one-tenth as good as Han Jingru, but none of them are even close to that! Why would I agree to date them?"

"So Han Jingru is perfect in your eyes?" Su Yimo said, her smile unwavering.

"Of course!" Shen Zhuoman didn't bother to hide her admiration towards Han Jingru, since she had already come clean with Su Yimo regarding her feelings for him. "The Piano Prince will always have a special place in my heart, but you snatched him first, unfortunately."

"I was a good three years ahead of you," Su Yimo said.

"Okay, alright! You win, you win. And now you have a child with him! It's game over for me," Shen Zhuoman said, stroking Su Yimo's stomach. "Little one, your dad's an amazing man! You'd better surpass him one day."

Su Yimo was speechless. Shen Zhuoman had already determined the gender of the baby by herself before it could even be confirmed.

Although gender testing was forbidden, someone like Su Yimo could easily get it as long as she asked.

However, Su Yimo had never considered doing that. She didn't care if it was a boy or a girl - all she wanted was to have a child with Han Jingru.

“Oh right, has your mom been a nuisance lately?”
Shen Zhuoman's expression darkened all of a sudden.

After Jiang Yan and Su Wenlun divorced, the former was chased out of the villa. She then disappeared from the public eye for a while.

However, ever since the news of Su Yimo's pregnancy had spread all over Yun City, Jiang Yan reappeared in Su Yimo and Su Wenlun's lives, begging for their forgiveness and even offering to remarry Su Wenlun.

However, Su Wenlun refused to entertain her pleas. After dealing with her for a couple of decades, he was more than happy to kick her out in exchange for peace and quiet.

Su Yimo also wasn't ready to forgive her mother just yet. Jiang Yan had plotted to kill Han Jingru before, and that was something Su Yimo would never forget.

“Yeah, she did. The security guard told me about it,” Su Yimo said, sighing.

“You're lucky that the Tian family's security guards are good. Who knows what havoc she would stir up!” Shen Zhuoman said.

Everyone knew just how well the Tian family treated Su Yimo. In the case of Jiang Yan, they had sent additional manpower to stop her from sneaking into the villa. They had also stationed guards at the roads leading to the villa who stop and question every passerby.

Now, the villa was essentially an impenetrable fortress.

Su Yimo sighed. Although she would never forgive Jiang Yan for what she had done, it did not erase the fact that Jiang Yan was her own mother. Just thinking about her mother's

predicament right now made her heart ache.

Jiang Yan had a huge ego. If the Jiang family found out about her divorce, she would die of shame.

“If she hadn't tried to kill Han Jingru, I wouldn't be as heartless toward her,” Su Yimo confessed.

“This isn't your fault; it's all her own doing. Now that you're pregnant, you shouldn't let her approach you at all,” Shen Zhuoman advised. Still fearing that Su Yimo would cave in if Jiang Yan tried hard enough, she continued, “Always think of your baby first.”

“Don't worry, I know that,” Su Yimo said.

Meanwhile, Jiang Yan was still making a scene outside the villa. She only left after a good half an hour.

After some walking, a seemingly dejected Jiang Yan entered a Rolls-Royce Phantom with a personal chauffeur at the wheel. If Su Wenlun and Su Yimo saw that, they would be in for a

surprise.

Jiang Yan was kicked out of the Su family with next to nothing. How was she able to get a personal chauffeur and a Phantom?

“Su Yimo, how cruel of you! You still don't want to meet me even after so long!” Jiang Yan growled. “Well then, don't be surprised if I treat you the same way!”

“You have less than four months' time. If you still can't get a chance to talk to Su Yimo by the time the baby is born, you will lose your value completely,” the chauffeur suddenly said.

Jiang Yan's face paled. She immediately said, “You don't have to worry, I'll find a way to get closer to her by then. She's my daughter after all; she won't avoid me forever.”

The driver smirked. He was hiding something under his mask of a chauffeur.

“What kind of mother were you? What horrendous things did you do to your daughter

that she doesn't even want to associate herself with you anymore?" The driver asked.

Jiang Yan knew that Su Yimo loathed her for wanting to kill Han Jingru.

Even so, she never regretted her decision.

The only person to blame here was Han Jingru. If he hadn't survived, she wouldn't be suffering like this!



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Back at Terra Prison, the handsome man held stacks of documents in his hand.

They had almost every detail about Number 12's life written out in full.

However, he was more interested in Number 12's association with Han Jingru rather than his own life stories.

“I was stumped on who to pit him against, but now someone has offered himself on a platter. I do want to see both of them fight each other.

“Will it kill him?”

The handsome man took a deep breath, the smile on his face laced with malice.

“Send someone to Yun City and get Number 12 here,” the handsome man ordered.

Yun City.

When Number 12 received news that people were coming to fetch him, he informed Molan at first

notice.

When he's gone everything in Yun City would become Molan's responsibility, including the management of the underground arena, so he must settle those matters with Molan as soon as possible.

When they met, Number 12 was about to tell Molan everything he needed to do, but Molan cut him off before he could say a word. "Don't worry about Yun City and the arena; I'll take good care of them. You should spend some time with Tang Qingwan before you go."

Number 12 did have plans to spend time with her before leaving. He was prepared for death, anyway. He knew the chances of him making it back alive from Terra Prison were next to none.

"Mr. Mo, take care of her for me. Make sure she doesn't suffer a single bit," Number 12 said.

Molan patted his chest. "If anyone dares to touch her, I will personally end them. Tang Qingwan isn't just your daughter, she's mine as well."

Number 12 nodded. With Molan's promise, he could rest assured forever. No one in their right mind would dare to think about provoking Molan.

“If you're not convinced, I could call for a gathering to announce that Tang Qingwan is my goddaughter now,” Molan said.

“No need. I believe you,” said Number 12.

Molan took a deep breath. “I hope - no, I order you to bring Jingru back this time.”

Things would likely end badly for Number 12. However, since he had already agreed to go, he would try his best to help Han Jingru get out of Terra Prison. If his only purpose was to tell him that Su Yimo was pregnant, it wouldn't be worth it to put his life on the line.

“Don't worry. I don't want to die yet,” Number 12 said.

Molan nodded. “Go and spend some time with Tang Qingwan now.”

Number 12 got up and left the arena.

Two weeks later, in Terra Prison.

At the rest area, Han Jingru continued to drag his chains around, with no one having the guts to step within a ten-meter radius of him. Everyone feared him and kept their distance. Some even gave up their privilege to go out, choosing to stay in their cells in fear of running into Han Jingru.

“Mole, there have been fewer people coming out during free time recently. That guy is so intimidating that people are afraid to leave their cells,” Guan Yong sighed. Yury used to terrify everyone with his presence, too, but never to this extent.

“Do you dare to provoke him?” Mole asked.

Guan Yong shook his head violently. “I would rather kill myself than approach him! Maybe I’ll die less painfully that way.”

Mole smiled faintly. “Many others share your sentiments too, especially those who would rather

stay inside. Those are the bullies who used to terrorize other people. Now that he's here, they would lock themselves in their cells so he wouldn't take notice of them.”

Guan Yong finally realized that the people who gave up their free time were indeed the unruly ones.

“So the evil needs an even more despicable force to discipline them! I used to get nightmares from their stares, and I'd never have guessed that they would become like this,” Guan Yong scoffed.

“Such a weakling,” Mole glared at Guan Yong. If not for his potential value, Mole wouldn't have cared for his life at all.

Guan Yong didn't try to defend himself. He knew that he was a weakling - when he first arrived at the prison, he didn't even have the guts to look at those guys in their eyes. He was a scaredy-cat in Terra Prison despite his status as the leader of a large gang.

“Oh yes, is he scheduled for any more arena

fights? There hasn't been any recently," Guan Yong asked, curious.

The answer was obvious. It was just a matter of time.

However, after two fights, Han Jingru had gained Mole's full confidence. As long as the opponent was empty-handed, there was little chance of him losing.

"It must be getting harder for them to find him a worthy opponent," Mole said, laughing.

"If only I was as strong as he! Imagine everyone making way for me wherever I go... feels great just thinking about it," Guan Yong said with envy.

Mole scoffed. "He's a hundred times better than you, and you're thinking about getting the same treatment as he?"

"I'm just fantasizing to satisfy myself," Guan Yong said, giving him a crooked smile. Of course, his fantasies would never come true as

there was no way he would become that strong.

After free time was over, Han Jingru stayed put. Everyone around him stood and waited with bated breath and only scurried back to their cells after Han Jingru dragged himself out, chains scratching against the floor.

This was the first time someone received such treatment at Terra Prison, though it wasn't the first time a ruthless killer had appeared there. No one had ever come close to Han Jingru on the fear factor.

It might be because of his mask, or the chains around his feet.

Of course, the real reason was his strength.

During his stay at Terra Prison, Han Jingru had indeed become stronger. Thanks to the better opportunities to train up his strength, he might even be able to stand a chance against Han Long now, should the latter rise from the dead.

Finally, one day the arena opened signaling the

start of another fight.

Everyone rushed to crowd around the cage, waiting to watch Han Jingru's third fight.

Many of them placed their bets on Han Jingru since they had all seen him win while being chained up. His chains were nowhere to be seen this time, which meant that he would be able to use even more of his strength.

“They took out his chains? Did they finally find a worthy opponent for him?” Guan Yong asked, confused. Both he and Mole had assumed that pushing Han Jingru into the arena repeatedly was meant to kill him off, so why did they take off his chains this time?

Mole was frowning as well. *Did those in charge of the prison change their minds and decided to let him unleash his true strength instead?*

On the other hand, how would anyone be able to kill him now?

The other possibility was that his theory was

wrong from the very start. Maybe they didn't want him dead - they just wanted to test his limits.

As Mole was busy thinking, Han Jingru's opponent was led into the arena.

The moment Mole set his eyes on him, Mole's own eyes widened in disbelief.

Number 12!

How could it be him?

Why did he come to Terra Prison?

Mole had never really met with Number 12, but he knew that Number 12 was Han Jingru's subordinate.

At the same time, Han Jingru shivered when he saw Number 12 standing before him.

Shouldn't he be in Yun City right now? Why did he come here? Most importantly... why did he become his opponent?

If it were another person, Han Jingru would have easily killed him given he was no longer held down by chains.

But it was Number 12 standing before him right now, and he couldn't bring himself to think about killing him.

“Rules are the same: only one can live. Kill your opponent and you will receive your reward,” that same voice rang.

After that, a woman entered the ring and raised her hand. Once her hand was lowered, the fight would begin.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Number 12 was just as shocked upon seeing Han Jingru standing before him.

Although Han Jingru was wearing his mask, Number 12 knew him well enough to tell that it was him from his body.

Before coming to Terra Prison, Number 12 had thought of several possible ways he could get in contact with Han Jingru. He knew that there was also the possibility that he wouldn't get to meet him anytime soon.

Who knew that he was going to be thrown into a death match with Han Jingru himself the moment he woke up from sedation?

“By the way, both of you would be in for a lot of suffering if you don't manage to kill your opponent in time,” the same voice warned.

The veins on Han Jingru's fists looked like they were going to explode seeing how hard he was clenching them.

This was definitely done on purpose. The person

in charge of Terra Prison must have known about his association with Number 12, and had set them up to fight to their deaths.

Killing Number 12?

That was not something he would accept just like that.

“What are you doing here?!” Han Jingru bellowed at Number 12.

Number 12 walked up to Han Jingru, standing less than a meter away from his face. His voice would be inaudible to the onlookers that way.

“Su Yimo is pregnant,” Number 12 said.

Boom!

His words hit like a thunderbolt. Han Jingru staggered backwards.

Su Yimo... is pregnant!

He wanted to fly back to Yun City at that very

moment. Su Yimo needed him, yet he had trapped himself in this prison, not knowing when he would ever be freed.

“How long?” Han Jingru asked, his voice trembling.

“When I left, she was close to six months already,” Number 12 answered.

Six months!

That means that he had barely three months before the child would be born.

Han Jingru's eyes filled with tears. It was impossible for him to break out in three months, which meant that he wouldn't be there for the most important stage of Su Yimo's life.

Han Jingru took a deep breath. “Did you come just to tell me about this?”

“I came with this news to give you motivation to break out of this place,” Number 12 replied.

Han Jingru didn't need to ask to know that Molan was behind all this. If not, Number 12 wouldn't have done this all by himself.

However, it didn't matter anymore as to who was the mastermind. Number 12 was standing in front of him, and he had to come up with a plan to get both of them out alive.

The onlookers were getting impatient too.

“What are you doing? This is just wasting my time.”

“Kill him! Kill him now!”

“Why aren't you starting the fight? You mean you can't kill him?”

As the onlookers rallied on, Mole was in despair. A ridiculous thought had sprouted in his mind, and the more he entertained it, the more real it seemed.

Why didn't he kill Number 12 right away?

And why did Number 12 look like he knew the masked man as well?

The masked man had a voice that strongly resembled that of Han Jingru, but Mole had made the assumption that Han Jingru wouldn't go to a place like Terra Prison. Mole felt that no matter how much he sounded like Han Jingru, he could never be Han Jingru.

However, he was now beginning to doubt himself.

If he isn't Han Jingru, why is he so hesitant?

The only logical explanation for that was that the masked man was Han Jingru himself.

Only Han Jingru would refuse to kill Number 12.

But how true could that be? Would he really come here?

When Guan Yong noticed Mole's agitation, he couldn't help but ask, "What's up with you? The fight hasn't started yet. Why are you being so

jittery?”

Of course he was jittery. If the masked man was indeed Han Jingru, Mole would definitely have a good chance of leaving Terra Prison. On top of that, his immense strength also surprised Mole.

When Han Jingru almost killed Mole the last time, Mole had felt his dominating aura. Now, Han Jingru had only grown even stronger, as though he had transformed into a completely different person.

“What do you know?” Mole spat, taking in a deep breath. Even so, his anxiety wouldn't let up.

“I may not understand, but you could always explain it to me and help me understand, you know,” Guan Yong said innocently.

“I'm warning you, if you dare blabber with that mouth of yours any further, I'll personally destroy you,” Mole snarled at Guan Yong. He was almost certain that the masked man was Han Jingru, which meant that Guan Yong had become worthless to him.

Guan Yong was startled and backed away. Mole's gaze looked like it could kill. It was something Guan Yong had never seen before.

“Such a lunatic. It's not like I've done anything to you,” Guan Yong muttered to himself in protest.

Back in the ring, Number 12 smiled at Han Jingru. “Jingru, I've given you the news, so my job here is done.”

“No!” Han Jingru gritted his teeth. Number 12 had just made a death wish with those words - something Han Jingru would never entertain.

“Jingru, Su Yimo is waiting for you at home. Have you ever thought about what would happen if you don't follow instructions here?” Number 12 said, desperation creeping into his voice.

Although he had not expected to be pushed into this, he had always been willing to give up his life for Han Jingru. Considering their current predicament, he might as well sacrifice his life to save Han Jingru.

“Don't you dare die on me! I won't allow that!”

Han Jingru yelled. He wouldn't be the one ending Number 12's life, nor would he allow Number 12 to die in Terra Prison.

Since he's here, they might as well work out a way to escape together.

That voice rang again, obviously impatient.

“Are you resisting orders now?”

Han Jingru looked up at the source of the voice. He couldn't see who it belonged to, but that wouldn't stop him from being defiant.

“Why don't you come out? Why are you such a coward?” He scoffed.

Silence ensued, and Han Jingru got his reply physically.

He was struck by a taser and was momentarily stunned by electricity. However, it only did so much as shake him a little; his feet still stayed glued on the floor.

At the special zone, the handsome man was furious. He wouldn't accept any defiance. To him, no one had the authority to defy his orders.

“You piece of trash! How dare you!” He yelled.

“Go and punish him for me! Make sure he understands what happens if someone resists my orders,” he barked at his subordinates. Anger burnt like an inferno in his eyes. For someone who was used to controlling others, getting rebelled against was not something he would swallow so easily.

A hoard of Terra Prison employees filled the arena within seconds, each one of them armed with a taser gun. However, none of them dared to approach Han Jingru too quickly. After all, the man standing before them had knocked out both Yury and the scarred guy with one blow, and none of them wanted to suffer the same fate.

“The audacity of this guy! Looks like he's going to suffer.”

“What an idiot! He's just an animal in a cage;

rebellion would just get him killed.”

“So he thinks he rules the place just because he defeated two people? He's got a lot of guts and stupidity.”

“He's living at the prison's mercy, and it might have gotten to his head. Does he think he's above us all just because he killed, like, two people?”

People began to shoot belittling glances at Han Jingru upon witnessing this scene.

He may be strong and intimidating, but no one would respect a rebel.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!