

At the Yun City hospital.

The corridors outside the delivery room were packed like sardines and bustling with people.

However, these were no ordinary people. They were the bosses of various companies throughout Yun City. Some had net worth in the hundreds of millions, while others were more modest multimillionaires.

But at this moment, no matter how much assets they owned, they all wished to be able to get closer to the delivery room. This was because Molan and the Tian Family were standing outside the delivery room: they were huge figures in the city.

Most importantly, the woman inside the delivery room was Su Yimo.

They were all desperately trying to use this chance to get closer to Su Yimo, both literally and figuratively. They knew that their development in Yun City would be easier and better if they could get into her good books.

Every single one of them had brought along expensive gifts. They were all clamoring to be the first to hand their gifts over to the newborn child.

The crowd along the corridors soon became rather noisy and rowdy. This caused Molan to become quite frustrated as he hollered, “The next f\*\*king person who makes any noise can forget about living in Yun City.”

The moment he said that an enormous silence fell over the corridors. Everyone was even carefully regulating their breathing to keep their volume down.

They had come to get on good terms with Su Yimo. It would be completely disastrous if they pissed off Molan in the process.

“So this is how it is like to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth. The response to my birth was nothing compared to this,” Tian Shuirou sighed. Back when she was born, there were also people who came to grovel. But there definitely weren't as many people as today.

Tian Jingshuo chuckled as he replied, "A lot of them don't know how influential your big brother is. Instead, they think that it's been Molan and the Su Family's doing all this while. How would greedy people like them pass up an opportunity to become friendly with Su Yimo?"

"Grandfather, what on earth are these people thinking? Look at the presents they brought. I heard that there are several Ferraris parked in the car park. Do they think the baby's going to be some prodigy who will be born knowing how to drive?" she rolled her eyes. She could not understand how one could have thought up such ridiculous gifts.

"It doesn't matter what the present is. What matters is that it's expensive. The child hasn't even been born and he's got so many expensive cars. He's absolutely living the dream," he said amusedly. Although these gifts were a little strange, it wasn't hard to understand why they had been chosen. Businessmen like them treasured money. To them, the more expensive the gift is, the more sincere the giver.

Tian Shuirou glanced at the delivery room. Two hours had passed and no one had come out.

“I wonder if it's going to be a boy or girl. If it's a boy, he'll be the Young Master of Yun City. But it'll be better if it's a girl. She'll be treated like a princess,” she commented.

“Do you wish for the baby to be a boy or a girl?” her grandfather asked curiously.

“Of course I want the baby to be a girl. I want to have a niece whom I can dress up nicely,” she said smilingly. It was as though she was already imagining all the fun times she would have with the little girl.

“Did you come without bringing anything?” he teased.

She looked haughtily at her grandfather and said, “We're all cut from the same fabric, Grandfather. You're in no position to tease me. I heard that you had your present custom made months ago.”

He rubbed his face in embarrassment as he

replied, "Well, I couldn't help myself."

Dissatisfied, she wiggled her nose and lamented, "You've never put in so much effort for my birthdays. You've never had a present custom made for me before."

"We're a family. We needn't do such formal things like that," he protested.

"You're just playing favorites." Just as she finished, she gave a little yank on his goatee. Tian Jingshuo felt the pain searing through his chin and cried out.

He quickly proceeded to beg her for forgiveness. Molan, on the other hand, watched on with frustration.

He couldn't stand the noise anymore: every second had been absolute torture to him. After all, Su Yimo was going through something extremely dangerous.

"Are you two done? Knock it off," he snapped.

Tian Shuirou quickly released her grandfather's goatee and settled down. She could hardly blame Molan. This was an important point in time for him and it was understandable that he would be a little cranky.

“Ling Heng, are the guys outside the hospital prepared?” Molan asked Ling Heng.

“We've got more than a thousand guys surrounding the building. Even a fly wouldn't be able to escape,” Ling Heng assured.

Molan was afraid that someone would come looking for trouble on this very special day. Thus, he had over a thousand men patrolling inside and outside the hospital. Patients and family members were allowed to enter and exit freely. However, those who had no business here were all barred from entry. Molan was extremely strict with visitors at this point in time.

At that moment, Jiang Yan sat on a bench outside the delivery room with an icy glint hidden in her eyes.

She had waited a long time for this day. Indeed, even a fly wouldn't be able to enter from the outside. But who would have known that the biggest threat would be someone beside Su Yimo?

Looking down the crowded hallways, Molan told his subordinate, "Get these people to leave their presents and record them. Then get all of them out of here!"

"Of course," Ling Heng replied and went off to carry out his orders. Although those people were a little upset that they didn't get to see Su Yimo, they could only obey orders when faced with Molan.

None of them was willing to offend an obviously agitated Molan. Otherwise, they would be kissing their lives in Yun City goodbye.

"Everyone who sent gifts can attend the baby's first-month and hundred-day celebrations," he announced to the crowd.

Hearing this, wide grins broke across the faces of

those who were quite disgruntled. After leaving their gifts, they all happily left.

As the crowd dispersed, the corridors outside the delivery room finally quieted down.

Molan anxiously paced up and down the hallways. Ever since Su Yimo had entered the delivery room, he had spent every second on his feet. It was as though the woman in the delivery room was his own wife.

But to him, Su Yimo was probably a higher priority than his woman at that moment. After Han Jingru had left, he had taken the responsibility of protecting her very seriously. Nothing compared to her safety.

“What's going on? It's been almost three hours. Why hasn't anyone come out yet?” He was on the verge of bursting into the delivery room to find what the holdup was about. If there were to be any accidents, how would he explain to Han Jingru when he returned?

“Mr. Mo, calm down. I've heard that deliveries



can take up to a day. It's only been three hours. It's still quite early," Ling Heng reassured him.

Molan fired him an icy stare and barked, "Shut the hell up! Can you imagine how painful it'll be if it takes an entire day?"

He flinched and quickly zipped his trap. This was not a good time to provoke Molan.

Every second was an eternity for the people outside the delivery room. But on the inside, Su Yimo was experiencing the most painful thing in her life. She felt as though she was about to be torn apart.

Women often were on the brink of death when they gave birth. The pain involved was completely unfathomable to many.

After an agonizing five hours, the doors to the delivery room finally opened.

At this moment, it was supposed to be Han Jingru, the father, who would take over the baby from the nurse. But as he was currently not in

town, this responsibility fell on Molan's shoulders.

“F\*\*king hell!” he exclaimed whilst carrying the baby, “Nurse, there has to be a mix-up! It's so ugly!”

The nurse knew what a big shot he was. However, even she could not help but roll her eyes at his comment and reply, “All newborn babies look like that. Especially when they're delivered normally.”

He realized that he had misspoken and hastily apologized, “Sorry! Sorry! I'm a little vulgar. Don't mind me!”

“The mother still needs to rest for a while. You guys should carry the baby back to the room first,” she suggested.

Molan nodded profusely before asking, “So nurse, is the baby a boy or a girl?”

“It's a girl,” she replied.

He immediately started beaming from ear to ear and said happily, "That's great! She's going to be my princess! I'll kill anyone who dares to displease her."

The nurse immediately got a shock and hastily retreated back into the delivery room.

At that moment, both Tian Jingshuo and Tian Shuirou had crowded around him to see the baby. Only Jiang Yan remained sat quietly where she had been for the past few hours.

She couldn't pick up the baby and leave at such a time. This, she needed to wait until the right opportunity presented itself.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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What had happened to the people from the Terra Prison?

Han Jingru and his companions were unaware of how Terra Prison had completely transformed into a living hell.

Han Jingru, Number 12, and Mole were all drenched in blood. They had killed more than half of the people who had been attacking them in a frenzy. Now, they had stopped to rest in a room.

He had never expected things to come to this stage. Neither did his companions.

Other than ensuring that none of the prisoners could escape, the Terra Prison was supposed to also ensure their safety. But with so many people dead, things had clearly gone astray. It was as though the prison was slowly heading towards its destruction.

“Jingru, it'll be over for the Terra Prison if they continue like this. There's clearly a mastermind behind all this. But why would he do such a

thing?" Mole curiously asked him.

Terra Prison had spent more than a hundred years developing its reputation. People were willing to pay the prison to lock up those they didn't want to see anymore. But now, it seemed that Terra Prison had changed. If word got out, who would still be willing to send people here?

Han Jingru shook his head. He wouldn't be so vexed if he had understood their motives.

Everybody in Terra Prison was extremely wealthy. If the prison was destroyed, the mastermind's pay cheque would definitely be affected. More than a hundred years of effort and hard work would go down the drain. Had he no further use of these people? Or was the prison no longer useful to him and he wanted it gone?

"Jingru, I think these changes have something to do with you," Number 12 deduced.

Indeed, many unusual things had started happening ever since Han Jingru arrived. It was quite logical to associate him with all the changes

the prison had undergone.

But there had to be a reason to the situation they were facing.

“We'll only know why after we've fought our way out,” he said gravely.

The two of his comrades knew this as well.

“Jingru, I've rested enough,” Mole said.

“Me too.”

Han Jingru nodded his head. Getting to his feet, he drew in a deep breath and said, “Since the mastermind wants us to kill everybody in here, let's fulfil his little wish.”

“Jingru, be careful,” Han Xiuzhi warned him.

Han Jingru turned his head over and replied, “Don't worry, Grandpa. I'll be fine. I'm going to bring you back to Yun City to see your great-grandchild.”

Hearing this, Han Xiuzhi immediately got to his feet. But before he could question further, his grandson had left the room.

*Great-grandchild!*

*He had a son?*

This was a huge shock to him. His face contorted into an agonized expression as he weakly crouched in a corner. Covering his face with his hands, it was as though he had done something that he immensely regretted.

The stench of blood wafted throughout the entire Terra Prison.

To call the place before them hell was not an exaggeration. As for Han Jingru's group, they looked like three grim reapers as they walked past all the corpses strewn over the floor.

As all the doors in the prison had been opened automatically for a few days, Han Jingru had already familiarized himself with the layout of the place. He had ventured to the mysterious

Area A and had checked out their escape route.

Their escape route was the only door that remained tightly shut when all the others had been automatically opened. It was clear to him that that door was the way out, but no matter how hard they tried they just couldn't get it to open. To make matters worse, those crazy people always manage to find them when they were in the vicinity of that closed door.

This was the worst section of the battlefield; corpses were starting to pile up.

They each knew what they had to do when they arrived at the place again. Number 12 and Han Jingru were in charge of holding off the crazy mob, while Mole immediately got to work on opening the door.

This was how they had spent the last two days. When they had exhausted most of their strength and still had not found a way to open the door, they would retreat into the room. There, they would wait till they were fully rested before coming out here again.



“I can't believe I did all this,” Looking at the corpses littering the battlefield, it all seemed a little surreal to Han Jingru. Although he had killed people at a very young age, it was because he had been forced to do so back then.

But never would he have dreamt that he would one day become so desensitized to killing people. Although he had killed before, he had now become a killing machine.

“Jingru, the most effective solution to any problem is always violence,” Number 12 told him.

Han Jingru nodded in agreement. That was the indisputable truth. Violence had always been the most direct means of conflict resolution.

“Mole, it's all up to you now,” he said.

Pretty soon, more of the mob found them. Han Jingru and Number 12 quickly became engaged in battle. Mole, on the other hand, perspired profusely while he looked everywhere to find the hidden switch that opened the door.

Before long, both fighters had exerted their last ounce of strength. They had barely eaten anything for the past few days and drank only water most of the time. Thus, even when they were fully rested, they were far from being in peak condition.

Grinding their teeth in frustration, the three of them retreated once more.

Meanwhile, Su Yimo had returned to her villa.

She had delivered the baby naturally, so she was discharged from the hospital in three days. In fact, she had already been able to walk around by herself since the second day.

Outside the villa, more than a hundred of Molan's thugs stood guard. It would be extremely difficult for even a fly to enter the villa, let alone a person.

Su Yimo looked lovingly at her baby daughter in her arms.

She had never expected to become a mother so quickly. But this was the fruition of her love with

Han Jingru and she adapted quickly. Even if she had to breastfeed the baby many times a night, she enjoyed every moment of it.

Ho Ting brought a bowl of soup to her and smiled. "Yimo, drink up this bowl of soup first."

Su Yimo nodded and handed over the baby.

"When are you going to decide on a name?" she asked as she carefully picked up the Han family's princess.

"What do you think of Han Xiang?" Su Yimo asked. She had wanted to wait until Han Jingru returned before giving their daughter a name. But with no news of him, she had to make the decision on her own.

Ho Ting smiled and nodded, "That's a lovely name. Han Xiang! Her father would be over the moon when he hears her name."

A gentle smile touched her face. Both Han Jingru's and her name resembled three out of four words of the idiom that meant helping one

another. With "Xiang" as the last word of that idiom, she couldn't think of a better name for her daughter. Getting Ho Ting's approval meant a lot to her.

"I hope her father will come home soon," she said.

"Even if you're anxious, you can't teach her how to say the word 'Daddy' yet. It's only been three days. You really think she's going to start talking now?" Ho Ting teased.

Su Yimo had indeed been secretly teaching her daughter to say "Daddy". She knew that this was not going to happen anytime soon, but she really missed Han Jingru. This was the only way she could get some kind of relief.

Getting teased by Ho Ting, Su Yimo immediately became red with embarrassment and protested, "Aunt Ho, it's not right to eavesdrop on people!"

"Ok! Ok! I'll just keep it to myself next time," Ho Ting said as she burst out laughing.

Just then, Molan arrived. Before he did anything, he first took Han Xiang into his arms and played with her for a while. After that, he told Su Yimo, "The presents have all been listed down. This little princess has received a lot of gifts."

"6 Ferraris, 2 McLarens, 3 Lamborghinis, and a couple of Bentleys and Rolls-Royces. I've discussed this with Tian Jingshuo. And we've decided to build a car park in the villa to fit all these cars. We also plan to build a garage to house all the other presents. What do you think?"

The presents didn't matter to Su Yimo. Money was nothing but a worldly possession to her. And Han Xiang was definitely not going to be using any of those.

"Lan, you can settle the presents as you see fit. I don't have any objections," she said.

"Alright then, I won't trouble you with the details. But if you want any of them, you can look for me anytime," Molan said.

On the second floor bedroom at the villa.

The door had been shut tight and locked. Jiang Yan was cautiously making a call.

“Molan has a lot of people guarding the villa. There’re more than a hundred pair of eyes on watch. It's impossible to bring her outside. What do you want me to do?” she complained.

“Rest assured. I'll think of something. Just give me a few more days.”

Jiang Yan continued, “I know you'll kill me. But if they find out about me, there'll be no one left to help you. What's the point in even threatening me?”

“Fine. Three days. I'll think of something in the next three days.”

After she hung up the phone, she drew in a deep breath. She had thought that the opportunity would reveal itself after they returned home. However, Molan that busybody had arranged for more than a hundred men to guard the villa, and

no stranger was allowed in. People leaving the villa even had to be interrogated.

Frustrated, she started venting her anger on Su Wenlun and hit him all over the body.

Only when she had vented all her frustrations did she turn around and leave the room.

At that moment, Su Wenlun's brows twitched continuously. It was as though he had finally regained a shred of consciousness.

When she came down to the living room and saw Molan, the frustration in her heart grew tenfold.

“Molan, what do you mean by this? This is our home! Your men outside there have greatly inconvenienced our lives! Get your men to leave now!” she rudely demanded.

Had it not been that Su Wenlun needed someone to take care of him, Molan would never have allowed her to be here. This was because he had labeled her a dangerous variable. After all, she had tried to kill Han Jingru in the past. Who

knew if she was harboring some kind of grudge?

Maybe she had changed. But his suspicions had not.

“Are you ordering me around?” he asked calmly.

She stared at him unafraid and continued, “I just don't want your men to disturb our lives. We're not criminals. Why must we be watched 24/7?”

“Yimo, do you like being watched over by other people?” she turned to her daughter.

Su Yimo didn't actually have anything against the people outside the villa. She knew that Molan had done it out of goodwill. He was afraid of any sort of accident happening in the house, hence he sent so many of his men on guard outside.

In a way, this was a good thing. With the exception of the unconscious Su Wenlun, there were only a few women in the house. If anything were to happen, who would resolve the problem?

“Mum, Lan is trying to be nice. I don't think



there's much of a problem," she said.

Jiang Yan ground her teeth. When even Su Yimo agreed, there was no way she would be able to convince Molan to withdraw his people.

As long as Molan's thugs were out there, it was impossible for her to bring Han Xiang out. To make matters worse, she had a deadline of three days.

If she didn't hand Han Xiang over to him in three days, she could get killed. This was something that she definitely didn't wish would happen.

*Han Jingru can die. So can Han Xiang. But I am definitely not about to let myself get killed.*

There was still so much money in the Su Family waiting to be spent by her. How could she afford to die?

"How's Dad?" Su Yimo asked.

Putting on an act in front of her, Jiang Yan deliberately gave a loud sigh of regret and said,

“He still hasn't shown any signs of consciousness. But even if he's comatose for the rest of his life, I'll take care of him all the way.”

Su Yimo sighed as well. *A perfectly healthy person has been reduced to an unconscious vegetable. Life is too unpredictable.*

Just then, Jiang Yan walked over to her and suggested, “Give me the baby. You should get some rest. I'll bring her upstairs to talk to your father. Who knows? She might be able to wake him up. He's always wanted to be a grandfather.”

Su Yimo smiled and beckoned Molan to hand over the baby.

Molan unwillingly handed Han Xiang over. While doing so, he didn't forget to remind her, “Be careful! And don't let her get too cold!”

“I don't need you to remind me,” she scoffed.

After she brought the baby upstairs, Molan left. He still had a lot of presents to sort and pack. After all, there were heaps and piles of items.

And they all belonged to the baby. He had better account for all of them.

Once in the room, Jiang Yan closed the door behind her and proceeded to toss Han Xiang onto the bed. The little baby felt that she wasn't being carried and quickly broke into tears. However, she was only three days old and her crying was still quite soft.

“Your father's a loser and so are you. I've just put you down and you start crying. Can you not fall asleep by yourself? Do you really think that you're a princess?” she snarled viciously. As the baby's grandmother, she had the demeanor of Nangong Shuxian. She didn't love the baby one bit. It was as though Han Xiang was a baby they had just picked off the streets.

“Cry, cry, cry. That's all you know. Cry some more and I'll strangle you to death.” She had obviously become quite vexed with the crying to start threatening a baby.

On the bed, Su Wenlun's eyelashes seemed to twitch more obviously.

Jiang Yan walked out to the balcony. Spotting all of Molan's subordinates patrolling outside, she started fuming with rage. Unless she could fly, there was no way she could bring Han Xiang out.

Her life was at stake. Family meant nothing to a greedy woman like her. She had caused a car accident and nearly killed Su Wenlun to get back into the Su Family. Naturally, using her granddaughter to return to her extravagant lifestyle meant nothing to her.

What's more, she detested Han Jingru, so his daughter was also an enemy to her. Even though she was the baby's biological grandmother, she in no way regarded Han Xiang as family.

As the cold winds blew, she could not help but shudder a little.

*Be careful. Don't let her get too cold.*

Molan's reminder suddenly rang in her mind.

Su Yimo was currently in her confinement period at the villa, so she would not leave the place

easily. If Han Xiang were to fall ill, she would have the perfect reason to bring her out.

The moment this sickening plan formed in her mind, she quickly went back into the room. She smiled maliciously at the crying baby.

“Little fellow, it's such a cold day today. Why don't we see how cold this wind is? We can only leave this place if you fall sick.” After she finished talking, she proceeded to take off the blanket covering Han Xiang's tiny body.

At that moment, Su Wenlun's eyelashes twitched even more vigorously. Even his fingers started to show some movement. He had clearly regained some form of consciousness and was desperately trying to stop Jiang Yan. Alas, his body was too weak to do so.

She carried Han Xiang out into the balcony and laid her on the cold, hard ground.

As she looked at her crying granddaughter, there wasn't even a glimmer of pity in her eyes. It was plain malice.

“If only your father could see you now,” she laughed mirthlessly.

Han Xiang's soft and tender skin quickly turned purple. Even her lips started turning into a darker shade of red. She kept kicking her little legs as her arms trembled.

Her cries seemed to be begging Jiang Yan to let her off.

However, Jiang Yan was undeterred. Her cold smile showed no pity whatsoever toward the wailing infant.

She was indeed cruel to do such a thing to a newborn infant. It was definitely a mistake that Han Jingru had spared her life the last time.

As Han Xiang's cries started getting softer, she finally picked her off the floor.

“If it's not because he needs you alive, I would've just let you die on the floor,” she said heartlessly.

When they got back into the room, Jiang Yan

wrapped Han Xiang's body in the blanket again.

It was an extremely cold day even for an adult, let alone a baby.

In no time, her little body started to heat up. She had even begun to start trembling. There was no doubt that she was falling sick.

Jiang Yan hastily brought her downstairs and informed Su Yimo, "Yimo, I think the baby's fallen sick. Should we bring her to the hospital?"

Su Yimo had been resting on the bed before that. But as soon as she heard that her baby was sick, she immediately jumped out of bed.

"What happened? How did she fall sick all of a sudden?" she anxiously asked.

Jiang Yan shook her head and replied, "I don't know. She was playing with her grandfather when she suddenly became like this."

Han Xiang was obviously coming down with something. Su Yimo's first reaction was to rush

her to the hospital. She could not let anything happen to her daughter.

“Get someone to prepare the car. We're going to the hospital,” she ordered.

“You need your rest. And it's such a cold day out there. You're in no condition to go. Let me bring her instead,” Jiang Yan suggested.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Su Yimo carried Han Xiang out of the room without even thinking.

How could she not go after such a serious thing had happened?

She wouldn't be able to set her mind at ease if she could not keep an eye on Han Xiang.

Jiang Yan, on the other hand, had no plans of bringing her along. Otherwise, her plan would fail. This was her only chance to bring Han Xiang out by herself.

“Listen to me. Stay home and let me go instead. You can't go out now. It's extremely important for a woman to rest after delivery,” she anxiously objected.

“No way,” Su Yimo replied firmly, “I'm going too. Aunt Ho, get someone to prepare the car.”

Ho Ting had overheard the commotion and ran over to them asking, “What happened?”

“Han Xiang has fallen sick. We need to bring her

to the hospital," she replied.

Ho Ting was shocked. *Han Xiang had been healthy not too long ago. How had she fallen ill so quickly? And judging by the looks of her, she was quite badly ill.*

Jiang Yan was very anxious deep down. It wasn't easy coming up with this plan to leave the house with Han Xiang. Everything would go down the drain if Su Yimo were to tag along.

"Ho Ting, why don't both of us go? Let Yimo stay at home. It's so cold out there and she's in her confinement period. There's no way she should be out there," Jiang Yan suggested.

Ho Ting had been through her confinement period herself and knew how important it was to a woman. If Su Yimo were to fall ill, the ailment might come back to bite her when she grew older.

"Yimo, your mother is right. You're in no state to go out. Rest at home and leave it to both of us. I'll call you immediately if anything happens," she said.

“Aunt Ho, how can I not go? I'm too worried to stay at home,” Su Yimo protested.

At that moment, Jiang Yan took Han Xiang from her arms and asked, “You can rest assured. It doesn't matter if you go or not. No one at the hospital would dare to take us lightly, so you can set your mind to ease at home.”

“Exactly! It would be very troublesome if you fell ill as well,” Ho Ting agreed. Unlike Jiang Yan, Ho Ting was genuinely concerned for Su Yimo.

After a moment of internal struggle, Su Yimo conceded, “Fine, you two go first. Remember to call me if anything happens.”

Ho Ting prepared several diapers and some milk powder before leaving the house with Jiang Yan.

The moment they left the house, Jiang Yan immediately felt much more at ease.

Now that Su Yimo wasn't tagging along, she could finally set her plan into motion. With Ho

Ting at her side, she even had a scapegoat ready.

Both of them went into the car and sped off to the hospital. But the moment they reached the hospital, Jiang Yan immediately carried Han Xiang onto another car.

Ho Ting was confused as to why she had boarded another car. But as Jiang Yan had already sat inside, Ho Ting had no choice but to follow suit.

“Where are you going? Aren't we already at the hospital?” she was perplexed.

“I know a better doctor who deals with children's illnesses,” Jiang Yan lied.

Unfortunately, Ho Ting didn't smell a rat. After all, she never would have expected Jiang Yan would hurt her own granddaughter.

As the car slowly approached the suburbs, Ho Ting finally became a little concerned. *What kind of doctor is she looking for? Is this person capable?*

She wanted to ask Jiang Yan to return to the hospital in the city as the doctors there were more reliable, but she was only a maid in the Su Family. *Who am I to object?*

They came to a little house and met that driver.

“You saved your life,” he told Jiang Yan with a smile.

“I always keep my word. No one can stop me,” Jiang Yan calmly replied.

“You're her biological grandmother. Yet, I don't think you're sorry at all for doing such a wicked thing,” he mocked.

She smiled mirthlessly and replied, “Sorry? Why would I feel sorry for that loser's daughter? How would be who I am today if not for him?”

“Indeed, you would not be who you are today if not for him,” he said wryly, his words carrying a double meaning. *If not for Han Jingru, how would the Su Family have become what they are today?* Han Jingru was the one who had helped the Su Family reach where they were today, but Jiang Yan was just refusing to acknowledge it.

Instead, what Jiang Yan was referring to was her predicament, not the glory the Su Family now enjoyed. In her eyes, everything that the Su Family had gained had nothing to do with Han Jingru.

“I’ve done my part,” she said as she handed Han Xiang to the driver.

Only then did Ho Ting realize that something was amiss.

*Jiang Yan wasn't looking for a doctor to treat the baby! She wanted to hand Han Xiang to that stranger! And they seemed to have made some kind of deal!*

“Jiang Yan, what are you doing?” she hastily blurted out.

Jiang Yan turned to look at her with a cold smile plastered on her face and said, “I’ve wanted to kick you out of the Su Family for a long time now but to no avail. Looks like my prayers have

finally been heard. You're going to take the blame for me.”

Ho Ting was completely taken aback.

“She's your granddaughter! Why are you doing this to her?” Ho Ting shouted. Even the most vicious of tigers didn't eat their young. Jiang Yan was even more savage than an animal to be harming her own granddaughter!

“Since when have I admitted that this abomination is my granddaughter? She's that loser's son. So she is my enemy as well.” Jiang Yan angrily slapped Ho Ting before she continued, “And you! You've lived off us for so long! This has probably been the time of your life, hasn't it, you bitch? Peasants like you have no right to live in our villa!”

The slap seemed to help Ho Ting regain her senses. She instinctively made a grab for the baby from the driver's arms.

However, he aimed a swift kick on Ho Ting's abdomen in return. She was then left crouching

on the floor in pain.

“I'll leave both of them to you. I don't ever want to see them again,” Jiang Yan told him.

“Is that an order?” he asked dangerously. Little embers of rage started dancing within his eyes.

Her imposing attitude was quickly subdued as she hung her head and meekly said, “It's just a suggestion.”

“Scram! I've got nothing else for you!” he said.

She hastily retreated from the little house. After she reached the hospital once more, she gave Su Yimo a call.

“Yimo, Ho Ting took the baby! I can't find them anywhere in the hospital!” Her voice sounded panicky and anxious. She even started panting as though she had just scoured the entire hospital.

“What!” Su Yimo exclaimed. She knew Ho Ting very well. Why would she take Han Xiang and just disappear?



“Give Molan a call and get him to send some people to search the hospital. I suspect that Ho Ting has been bribed by someone to kidnap Han Xiang,” she suggested.

This was terrible news for Su Yimo.

“Okay,” she hastily replied before hanging up. After that, she immediately rang up Molan.

At that moment, he happened to be going through Han Xiang's presents. He was quite satisfied with the businessmen who had gone all out and purchased such exorbitant gifts.

Although Su Yimo didn't care for such things, he did. They showed how influential Han Xiang was in Yun City.

She was Han Jingru's daughter. It seemed perfectly logical to him that she was so influential.

When Molan received the call from Su Yimo, he thought she was ringing him up to ask about the presents. Thus, when he picked up, he

immediately said, "I'm sorting out the presents. After I'm done, I'll send you a list of all of them."

"Lan, Han Xiang is missing," she said.

He was taken aback for a moment before hastily inquiring, "What happened?"

"Han Xiang fell sick and went to the hospital. But Aunt Ho and Han Xiang are now missing. My mum just called me to say that she had searched the entire hospital and still could not find them," she replied.

He drew in a deep breath. He had accounted for everything and had even stationed more than a hundred men around the villa. This was all because he was afraid something would happen to Han Xiang. Alas, his worst fears had become true.

"I'll get my men to look for them right away. We'll turn the whole Yun City upside down if need be. If it really was Ho Ting who did it, I'll make sure she regrets it!" he hissed through clenched teeth.

He would kill anyone who posed a threat to Han Xiang.

Thereafter, he quickly abandoned whatever he was doing and rushed down to the City Hospital. There, he met Jiang Yan.

Her eyes were all red and puffy from the crying. After she spotted him, she grabbed his arms and wailed, "Get your men! Get all your men to start searching for Han Xiang! You have to find her!"

However, his arm quickly shot out and grabbed her by the neck. Choking her, he coldly spat, "Confess! Do you have something to do with this, too?"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Molan suspected Jiang Yan because he viewed her as a threat. He had never let his guard down against her. He had stationed his hundred-strong security force around the villa assuming that would prevent her from trying anything funny. Yet, something like that still happened.

At that moment, besides the raging flames that were fueling his heart, he was also filled with remorse. If he had stayed faithfully beside Han Xiang every moment, this tragedy would never have happened!

More importantly, based on his impression of Ho Ting, it was highly unlikely that she had pulled off something like this. Without Han Jingru, she wouldn't be where she was today. What reason did she have to betray him?

Feeling the vice-like grip around her neck, she started grappling at his hands as she tried to break free. However, she was no match for his muscular arms. With her windpipe constricted, she could barely breathe, let alone speak.

Jiang Yan could only shake her head to convey

her message.

Molan released his grip slightly and allowed her to talk.

She drew in a deep breath. Wheezing, she replied, "It wasn't me! I'm her grandmother! How could I do something like that? I know that I've made mistakes in the past. But I've changed. I've turned over a new leaf."

No matter how believable - or unbelievable - she sounded, he wasn't in the mood to question her. The priority now was to commence the search for Han Xiang. He couldn't let her get hurt.

Releasing Jiang Yan from his stranglehold, he threatened, "If you have anything to do with this, I'll make sure you regret it."

Gasping, she felt fresh air rushing back into her lungs. She could feel life slowly returning to her. After a while, she finally said, "Ho Ting must have abducted Han Xiang for money. She must be in cahoots with someone to extort money from us."

“We'll find out if it's an extortion,” he snapped coldly. At that moment, he seemed like a cold-blooded beast ready to pounce on his prey. No one dared to get close to him.

“Set up camp at the various roads leading out of Yun City. Check and question every vehicle leaving. We can't let them bring Han Xiang out of Yun City,” he instructed Ling Heng.

Not daring to delay any further, Ling Heng immediately relayed on the information and got to work.

From the people in Mojo to the thugs scattered throughout Yun City, everybody began the search for Han Xiang. This was the first time he had revealed his true influence in the underworld and it was truly astounding.

“Bring her back to the villa. She isn't allowed to leave without my permission,” he continued.

“Roger!” Ling Heng beckoned to two of his underlings who proceeded to bring Jiang Yan into a car.

Molan's eyes were smoldering with fury. Looking up into the sky, he forced out his words through clenched teeth, "I don't care who you are. But since you've got the guts to lay your hands on Han Xiang, you're dead meat."

Yan City.

The Han family home.

With nothing to do, Shiyan had picked up gardening. As they no longer had any helpers, all household chores landed on her shoulders. This turned out to be a good way for her to kill time.

She had known that Su Yimo gave birth to a baby girl. And she really wanted to go to Yun City to have a look. After all, she was the baby's grandmother and had the responsibility to take care of her. However, Han Jingru was not around. And he still blamed her, so she could only resist this impulse. Hopefully, he would one day forgive her and bring along Han Xiang to visit her in Yan City.

Just as she was pruning the flowers, Yan Qiong

suddenly said, "We've just received news that Jingru's daughter may have been abducted."

"What!" she exclaimed. She whipped around and fixed him with an intense stare. *Someone had kidnapped my granddaughter?*

"The sources should be accurate," he continued.

She drew in a deep breath before regaining her composure, "Didn't Molan send a lot of his men to guard the villa? How was she abducted?"

"According to the source, it was the Su Family maid who abducted the child." Although Yan Qiong seemed calm and composed, his balled fists and white knuckles had betrayed the rage within him.

Shiyan gnawed her teeth in frustration. Even though this information had deeply angered her, she had not lost her mind.

She knew Ho Ting. She was indebted to Han Jingru and had no reason for abducting his daughter.



Bear in mind that Han Jingru had not requested any assistance from the Han Family since he left Yan City. The first time he had sought her help was regarding Ho Ting's daughter. Shiyan believed that this was enough to make Ho Ting grateful for the rest of her life.

“As compared to Ho Ting, I feel that it's much more possible that this has something to do with Jiang Yan,” she said coldly. Her first reaction was exactly the same as Molan's. After all, Jiang Yan had once spent a lot of effort into eliminating Han Jingru. It wouldn't be much of a surprise to Shiyan if Jiang Yan had decided to take out his daughter as well.

“What do you plan to do?” he asked.

“I wasn't there when Su Yimo was delivering the baby because I was afraid of upsetting Han Jingru. But now that such a serious thing has happened, how can I continue acting as though nothing has happened? She is my granddaughter after all,” she said flatly.

That day, a private jet made its way towards Yun

City from the Yan City airport.

Jiang Yan comforted a bawling Su Yimo when she came home. However, she just wouldn't calm down.

She had spent nine months carrying Han Xiang around. In that time, she had formed a very deep bond with her baby. Moreover, losing a child was every mother's worst nightmare.

Jiang Yan pretentiously comforted by saying that Molan would definitely find her. But deep down, she desperately yearned for that driver to kill both Han Xiang and Ho Ting.

She didn't have a chance to kill Han Jingru. But if that abomination of a baby was murdered, it would be something equally satisfying for her.

That night around 9 o'clock, Su Yimo sat dejectedly in the living room. She had not even taken a sip of water since her mother had broken the news. Jiang Yan, on the other hand, had just enjoyed a hearty meal and was resting happily on the sofa.

She had gotten quite fed up with her daughter's weeping, so she decided to leave Su Yimo alone to cry her heart out.

Just then, the doorbell rang. She instinctively wiped the corner of her mouth in fear of showing an oily stain.

She had assumed that the visitor was Molan. And she did not plan on letting him see her unceremonious side.

However, the moment she opened the door, she got quite the shock and stumbled a few steps backward.

*Shiyan!*

*What is this woman doing here?*

If Jiang Yan had to choose one person who had given her the most traumatic experience of her life, Shiyan would probably be her first choice.

That slap that Shiyan had bestowed upon her cheeks had scarred her for life.

In the presence of her naturally aloof demeanor, Jiang Yan felt the weight of mountains on her shoulders. Just standing beside Shiyan resulted in her having difficulty breathing.

“What... What are you doing here?” Jiang Yan's face immediately soured. She had completely forgotten about Shiyan but there she was, standing right in front of her.

When Su Yimo saw Shiyan, her tears started flowing again. She weakly sank to her knees and apologized, “Mum, I'm sorry! I've lost Han Xiang!”

Seeing Su Yimo filled with remorse, Shiyan felt a pang of pain in her heart. She could understand Su Yimo's anxiety and pain. Just like the time when she herself had cooked up a full spread of dishes for Han Jingru, only to see him turn around and leave without eating a single mouthful.

As a fellow mother herself, how could she not understand what Su Yimo was going through?

“Jiang Yan, where is my granddaughter?” she asked coldly with a frigid stare.

Shiyan struck more fear in Jiang Yan's heart than Han Jingru ever did. She hastily shook her head and said, “Ho Ting took her away! It's got nothing to do with me. I'm Han Xiang's grandmother! Do you think I'll harm her?”

Shiyan slapped Jiang Yan forcefully on the face and asked again, “Where is my granddaughter?”

“I really don't know! It's got nothing to do with me!” Jiang Yan feigned innocence as she nursed her injured cheeks.

*Slap!*

Another slap made its way across Jiang Yan's face. Shiyan then repeated the four words, “Where is my granddaughter?”

By now Jiang Yan's cheeks felt like they were on fire; Shiyan definitely didn't go easy on her.

“What right do you have to hit me? I'm her

grandmother, just like you! Who are you to tell me off like that?" Jiang Yan suddenly flared up and shrieked hoarsely.

Facing a crazed Jiang Yan, Shiyan's face remained expressionless. She reached out swiftly and grabbed her by the hair. Following that, Shiyan yanked Jiang Yan's head downward and lifted her own knee to strike Jiang Yan's face.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Even men could not compare to Shiyan when she became ruthless. As she was born into a prestigious and prominent family, she had seen a different side of the world which resulted in her strong character.

Shiyan would never let off people like Jiang Yan who plotted to kill her son.

Jiang Yan screamed in pain as blood streamed from her nose.

She never expected Shiyan to appear suddenly and beat her up this badly.

“Where is my granddaughter?” Shiyan asked.

Jiang Yan trembled as she heard Shiyan's words.

However, Jiang Yan knew that she could not tell the truth even if it meant losing her life. Otherwise, there would be irreparable consequences.

Jiang Yan had no choice but to act pitiful in front of Shiyan in hopes that Shiyan would sympathize

with her.

She swallowed her pride and knelt in front of Shiyan, even though Shiyan was supposedly her in-law of equal footing.

"I really don't know anything about this, please don't beat me anymore. Let me go," Jiang Yan begged.

Shiyan looked at Jiang Yan with a cold expression. She did not believe Jiang Yan and suspected that Han Xiang had come into harm's way because of her.

As for Ho Ting's disappearance, Jiang Yan was the prime suspect, too.

However, there was no evidence and Jiang Yan refused to confess.

Shiyan could not kill Jiang Yan as she was still Su Yimo's mother. Furthermore, she was afraid that Han Jingru would be upset with her. After all, Han Jingru did let it go when Jiang Yan plotted to kill him previously.



Shiyan let go of Jiang Yan and walked towards Su Yimo. As she helped her up, she said gently, "I will find her. It's not your fault, don't blame yourself."

Su Yimo's eyes welled up with tears upon hearing this. She would rather Shiyan blame her and scold her.

Su Yimo thought that she was not worthy of Shiyan's care and concern since she herself could not even take care of her own baby daughter.

"Mother, please, you must find Han Xiang. Otherwise, I will not be able to live on. How could I face Jingru?" Su Yimo begged.

Shiyan nodded and said to Yan Qiong, "I know you have many men working for you. It's time to put them to use. Your responsibility is to protect the Han family; I'm sure you can't reject me."

Yan Qiong would definitely help out even without Shiyan's orders, given Han Xiang was Han Jingru's daughter.

“Many people might lose their lives over this,” Yan Qiong said.

“I don't care, as long as Han Xiang is not dead. She cannot be harmed in any way,” Shiyan said coldly.

Yan Qiong left the villa without another word. It was the first time he became angry in many years.

Yan Qiong was definitely an uncontrollable, ferocious beast when he turned angry. After all, he was once known as the legendary conqueror of Yan City! No one should ever underestimate him.

At ten o'clock, Molan arrived at the villa. He was surprised to see Shiyan there.

Even though Jiang Yan and Shiyan were both Han Jingru's mothers, they were extremely different. Molan had no respect for Jiang Yan, but he admired Shiyan very much.

She was, after all, Han Jingru's mother and the matriarch of Yan City's Han family. Shiyan was

not one to be underestimated.

How could Molan, an underworld boss, compare to the first lady of Yan City's Han family?

“Madam Han,” Molan bowed and greeted her with respect.

Shiyan said coldly, “You are Jingru's man, and yet you did not protect his daughter. You should be dead by now.”

Even though Han Jingru never treated Molan as his man, Molan had always thought of himself as subordinate to Han Jingru. As such, he did not protest Shiyan's words.

“Let me find Han Xiang first. I will be punished however you want after that,” Molan said.

Shiyan never doubted Molan's loyalty. She asked, “Are there any updates?”

Molan sighed and shook his head. He had all his men looking and yet there was no sign of Han Xiang.

"I already sent people to Rong City. We would be able to contact Ho Ting once we catch Jiang Yingying," Molan said.

"You should know that even if we catch Jiang Yingying, she would be of minimal use to us," Shiyan said.

It was no use catching Jiang Yingying if they could not find Ho Ting.

Molan knew this very well. However, he had no other choice except to try to find Ho Ting via Jiang Yingying.

"We have no other choice," Molan said.

"Don't disturb Yimo. Contact me again once you have further news. This is my name card," Shiyan said.

Molan took Shiyan's name card and sighed, "Please tell Yimo not to worry too much. I will find Han Xiang."

"Who is Han Jingru to you?" Shiyan asked

suddenly.

Molan replied without hesitation, "A man whom I should protect with my life."

Shiyan smiled faintly and seemed satisfied with this response. She said, "I hope you don't disappoint me. Han Jingru may not kill you, but I will."

Molan was not afraid of Shiyan's threat. He would rather die if he could not find Han Xiang.

After Molan left, Shiyan helped Su Yimo back to her room. Su Yimo was tired from all the crying and the lethargy could be seen on her face.

In the master bedroom on the second floor, Jiang Yan looked at the battered reflection of herself in the mirror. She vowed to herself to take revenge on Shiyan when she had the opportunity.

"One day, I will ask you all to kowtow and beg in front of me. Han Jingru should die. Han Xiang should die. Shiyan should die, too!" Jiang Yan mumbled to herself as she gritted her teeth and

clenched her fists. She was truly a narrow-minded and petty woman.

Jiang Yan would always vent her frustrations on Su Wenlun whenever she was angry. Today was no exception. Jiang Yan sent kicks and punches at him until she felt at ease.

At the Tian family villa, after getting news that Han Xiang was kidnapped, Tian Shuirou and Tian Jingshuo got to work immediately. They quickly called up their contacts to investigate this matter. Unfortunately, there was no news even after the day turned dark.

They returned home.

Tian Jingshuo plonked himself on the sofa as he returned.

Tian Shuirou kicked her shoes aside and sat beside her grandfather on the sofa.

“Grandfather, do you think Han Xiang will be alright?” Tian Shuirou asked with a worried expression on her face.

Tian Jingshuo looked extremely serious. As a newborn, Han Xiang could not be away from her mother. The situation was indeed worrying.

“I hope she is alright. Otherwise, Han Jingru will flip over the entire Yun City once he returns,” Tian Jingshuo said. He knew that Han Jingru would become an extremely scary and intimidating man should he know about this.

Not only would the whole Yun City be affected, but even the Tian family might not be able to escape his wrath.

Han Jingru was definitely the number one man in Yun City now.

“Well, I feel lucky to have such a capable big brother,” Tian Shuirou said.

Terra Prison was in chaos, just like Yun City.

It was hell in Terra Prison as the smell of blood emanated in the air. The place was filled with dead bodies and only the trio stood in the midst alive, with blood all over their body.

“Jingru, I think we killed everyone here,” Mole said to Han Jingru as he realized that no one was attacking them anymore.

Did they kill the hundreds of prisoners in Terra Prison?

This was considered extreme for Mole, who enjoyed breaking out of prisons rather than killing.

Han Jingru took a glance at Number 12. If no one else appeared, that meant that the three of them were the only survivors in Terra Prison.

However, they still could not open the door in front of them. Killing the rest was of no use at all.

“Jingru, what should we do now?” Number 12



asked.

Han Jingru did not respond to his question.

Rather, he said, "We've already killed everyone. What else do you think we can do?"

Han Jingru's words were obviously meant for the person controlling Terra Prison. Even though Han Jingru did not know what this mysterious person was up to, he was certain that they had achieved this person's goal.

Suddenly, the door started to creak open.

Mole and Number 12 looked at Han Jingru at the same time. It was obvious that his words had provoked the mysterious person and made him open the door.

"Jingru, should we go in?" Number 12 asked. It was not a big space and looked more like an elevator. It was only by going into this elevator that they would know where they were headed.

*Will it be heaven or hell?*

*Will it be death or life?*

Han Jingru did not know.

However, he had no other choice.

“Get my grandfather,” Han Jingru told Mole.

Mole jogged over and brought Han Xiuzhi back.

“Grandpa, we will be able to leave this place soon,” Han Jingru said to Han Xiuzhi.

Han Xiuzhi saw the lifeless bodies as he walked over and felt rather shocked. However, he knew that this was just the beginning for Han Jingru.

“Jingru, I have something to tell you,” Han Xiuzhi said.

“Let's talk when we get out,” Han Jingru said. He was curious as to what Han Xiuzhi had to say but knew that it was not the right time.

Han Xiuzhi did not insist and walked into the elevator with Han Jingru.

The lift moved slowly and only stopped after a few minutes.

As the doors opened, a gust of wind blew in their faces. This meant that they were already outside of Terra Prison. However, there was a slight saltiness in the wind.

As they walked out, the scene in front of them made their eyes open wide.

It was the vast ocean.

Terra Prison was in fact an enormous cargo ship at sea!

Mole rubbed his eyes as he could not believe what he saw in front of him.

Mole thought that Terra Prison was located underground due to the frequent earthquakes he witnessed.

He could not accept reality when it was right in his face.

Number 12 was also in disbelief. Everyone thought that Terra Prison was at a fixed location. Who would think that it was a roving prison?

No wonder nobody ever found out where it was and nobody succeeded in escaping it.

Even those who managed to get onto the deck would have had their hopes dashed when they saw the sea.

Han Jingru did not look surprised. He had already felt that something was amiss with the earthquakes and saw things differently from Mole.

“Jingru, this is a cargo ship!” Mole finally exclaimed.

Number 12 added on, “No wonder nobody ever escaped this place. How would one survive the sea even if they got onto the deck?”

“What should we do now?” Mole asked.

“Don't panic. If we were allowed to come here,

he would definitely not allow us to die,” Han Jingru said.

Number 12 and Mole looked at their surroundings. They thought that someone would appear soon based on what Han Jingru said.

Indeed, a scrawny figure approached them not long after.

He was a man, but his features somehow resembled a woman.

“Let me introduce myself. I am Nangong Sun,” the man spoke to Han Jingru with a smile.

“I don't need to know who you are, but you must be very brave to appear alone in front of me,” Han Jingru said coldly.

“Of course, it would be easy for you to kill me right now. However, don't you think I would at least have a backup if I dare approach you alone?” Nangong Sun said.

Han Jingru knew that Nangong Sun was not a

foolish man. However, he was confident that he could defeat Nangong Sun easily since there was no one around. As long as Nangong Sun was in his hands, no one would be able to save him.

“You will pay a price for your arrogance,” Han Jingru said. Within the next split second, Han Jingru had already dived towards Nangong Sun and grabbed onto his neck.

“Am I too fast for you?” Han Jingru asked.

Nangong Sun gritted his teeth as his lips turned purple, “You'd better let me go now. Or else I will make you regret the rest of your life.”

Han Jingru smiled and replied, “If only you were a woman. You would definitely be a beauty.”

Nangong Sun hated it when others made fun of his looks and those who did were already dead by now.

“Kneel down and apologize to me!” Nangong Sun ordered.

“Don't you understand what is going on? Your life is in my hands now. I will kill you even before any of your men can even lay a finger on me,” Han Jingru said with a sly smile on his face.

Nangong Sun took out his phone. Han Jingru frowned: he did not know what Nangong Sun was going to do.

He showed Han Jingru a picture of a baby. Han Jingru felt uncomfortable immediately.

“I'm sure you have not seen this baby girl before. I heard that her surname is Han... Han Xiang, was it?” Nangong Sun said.

*Han Xiang!*

This name shook Han Jingru to the core.

*Is this my daughter?*

Han Jingru snatched the phone away from Nangong Sun and looked at the picture with a smile.

*It's my daughter.*

Han Jingru never thought that he would have a daughter in his life.

Han Xiang was a name that meant a lot to both Su Yimo and Han Jingru metaphorically.

Han Jingru wiped a tear at the corner of his eye.

Just as he was engrossed in the photo, Nangong Sun's words pulled him back to reality.

“I'm sure you don't want such a cute baby to die, no?” Nangong Sun asked.

Han Jingru looked at Nangong Sun as a moment of anger flashed across his eyes. He asked, “Where is she now? What did you do to her?”

“Don't worry, she is in good hands. However, I can't guarantee her safety if you don't listen to me. If the maid accidentally spilt hot water on her or dropped her on the floor, I'm sure she will be permanently injured,” Nangong Sun said smugly.



Han Jingru wanted to kill Nangong Sun so badly upon hearing his words.

However, he knew that he had to control himself.

All he could do was to listen to him, now that Han Xiang was in his hands.

“What do you want me to do?” Han Jingru took a deep breath and asked.

“Kneel down in front of me now.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Nangong Sun looked at Han Jingru with a smug smile on his face.

*So what if you're good at fighting?*

*So what if you managed to kill everyone in Terra Prison?*

Han Jingru was only a lapdog in front of Nangong Sun, and the latter felt extremely satisfied at this.

He enjoyed controlling men like Han Jingru. It gave him the wonderful feeling of having conquered the world.

Since young, he had been ridiculed for his feminine looks. Because of this, Nangong Sun had grown more and more psychotic.

He wanted all those who had made fun of his looks to see that even men like Han Jingru could only kneel before him.

“I will kneel!” announced Number 12. He walked towards Nangong Sun and went on his knees.

“Me too,” Mole did the same thing as Number 12.

The two would rather be humiliated themselves than let Han Jingru submit to Nangong Sun.

In both of their hearts, Han Jingru was a respectable man and could not be humiliated like this.

Nangong Sun laughed coldly and disdainfully.

“Who do you think the two of you are? You don't even have the right to kneel in front of me. How dare you think you can replace him?”

“Don't cross the line!” Number 12 said to Nangong Sun as he gritted his teeth. Nangong Sun indeed had Han Jingru's weak spot in his hands. However, that did not mean that he could threaten Han Jingru however he liked - at least Number 12 would not allow him to do that.

“Cross the line?” Nangong Sun kicked Number 12's shoulder as he continued, “Did I cross the line? Why don't you ask him?”

At this moment, Han Jingru was about to bend his legs and kneel.

Number 12 and Mole were shocked to witness the scene.

“Jingru, no!”

“Jingru, don't do it!”

Number 12 and Mole shouted at Han Jingru at the same time. However, they could not stop him from kneeling.

Han Xiang was just a newborn, and Han Jingru could not be by her side. He felt apologetic and remorseful that she was in danger. Compared to the profound feelings he had for his daughter, kneeling in front of Nangong Sun was nothing.

As long as Han Xiang was safe, Han Jingru was willing to do anything.

Nangong Sun burst into a fit of evil laughter as he saw this. He said, “Look at this man. So what if you are a respectable man? You still have to beg

for my mercy!”

“What do I have to do so that you will let her go?” Han Jingru asked.

Nangong Sun stopped laughing and walked towards Han Jingru.

He looked down at him and said, “I want you to serve me from now on and obey all my orders. If I ask you to move right, you can't even move a centimeter to the left. Do you understand me?”

Han Jingru lowered his head and repeated himself, “What do I have to do so you would let her go?”

Nangong Sun bent down and grabbed the hair by the back of his head and said, “You are just a dog that has no right to negotiate with me.”

Han Jingru looked up at Nangong Sun. He knew that caving in did not mean that Han Xiang would be safe. It would just allow Nangong Sun to do whatever he wanted.

He needed a clear answer. He also wanted Nangong Sun to know that he would have to pay a price for using him.

“What do I have to do?” Han Jingru asked for the third time.

Nangong Sun felt shivers down his spine as he saw Han Jingru's cold expression. He suddenly felt that he would die in Han Jingru's hands as Han Jingru continued to scrutinize him.

Even though he had Han Xiang in his hands, he was always afraid that Han Jingru would lose control if provoked.

Nangong Sun did not want that to happen.

He would never allow a man like Han Jingru to kill himself.

“Just help me with a few things. I will let you off if I'm satisfied,” Nangong Sun said.

“I want all of them returned to Yun City safely,” Han Jingru looked at Number 12, Mole, and Han

Xiuzhi as he demanded.

“I really hate it when others try to negotiate with me,” Nangong Sun's face clouded over as he said this.

Han Jingru kept silent and continued to fix his gaze upon Nangong Sun. Somehow, Nangong Sun felt pressured by this. However, he would not yield to Han Jingru.

“Only one of them can live. Make your choice,” Nangong Sun said, wanting to punish Han Jingru for disobeying him.

Number 12 and Mole were shocked. This meant that only Han Xiuzhi would live, since Han Jingru had come to Terra Prison to save him.

“Jingru, don't bother about me,” Number 12 said without hesitation. He was already mentally prepared to die when he came to Terra Prison. He even made arrangements for Tang Qingwan should something happen to him. After all, he did not want to put Han Jingru in a spot.

Mole did not have the same determination as Number 12 as he did not want to die like this, especially since it took him much effort to escape Terra Prison.

“What are you thinking about? Do you want me to kill you?” Number 12 said to Mole.

Mole bowed his head in silence. He could not say that he was willing to die, nor could he say that he wanted to live. He knew clearly that he could not compare to Han Xiuzhi.

At this moment, Han Jingru took out a dagger.

Nangong Sun thought that it was aimed at him; he backed away.

He warned Han Jingru, “Don't forget that your daughter is in my hands.”

Just as he said this, Han Jingru stabbed the dagger into his own thigh.

Everyone was in disbelief as they saw this; they did not understand why Han Jingru did that.



“What... What are you doing?” Nangong Sun asked with a slightly trembling voice. *Is this man mad? Why did he just stab himself?*

“I'm sure you have many great plans where you can use me. If I'm injured, would it affect your grand plan?” Han Jingru said without flinching at all before yanking the dagger out of his thigh.

Nangong Sun's heart sank. Han Jingru was indeed very useful to him. If not for Han Jingru he would not have destroyed Terra Prison.

Han Jingru's appearance had rendered Terra Prison meaningless.

Everyone thought that Terra Prison was a profit-making machine. However, only those who understood the core of the Nangong family would know that the purpose of Terra Prison was to find a great fighter that could bring the family to greater heights.

The Nangong family was extremely rich and powerful. However, there was a secret community that could not be entered even with

money, and that was the apex of the martial arts community. Everyone in high society clamored to be a part of it.

“I want all of them to leave safely,” Han Jingru demanded as he stabbed his other thigh with the dagger again.

“Jingru!” Han Xiuzhi exclaimed.

“Jingru, please,” Number 12 begged loudly.

Mole bowed his head and trembled in fear without saying a word.

He did not think that Han Jingru would sacrifice himself in order for them to leave safely. He finally understood why Number 12 was willing to risk his own life to keep Han Jingru alive.

Han Jingru did not flinch even though both of his legs started to be covered in blood. It was as though he could not feel pain at all.

“Are you f\*\*king mad?” Nangong Sun gritted his teeth and yelled. He could not understand why

Han Jingru stabbed himself for two people unrelated to him.

It was just two men. Their deaths would not matter!

Han Jingru pulled out the dagger again. He dared not kill Nangong Sun as Han Xiang was still in his hands. Neither did he want Mole and Number 12 to die here. Hence, this was his only choice.

He was useful to Nangong Sun because of his fighting abilities. If he was injured, he would not be of value to Nangong Sun anymore.

He bet that Nangong Sun did not want to see him injured. He had no other choice but to try, knowing his chances of success were slim.

“You only live once,” Han Jingru said.

Nangong Sun did not want to yield to Han Jingru. However, Han Jingru's behavior had clearly demonstrated that he would continue to injure himself if Nangong Sun did not agree to his conditions.

If Han Jingru continued to be injured, he would be of no use to the Nangong family.

On top of that, Nangong Sun would not be able to answer to his family for destroying Terra Prison over a useless fighter.



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Han Jingru noticed Nangong Sun's hesitation and knew he had a good chance of getting what he wanted.

“Are you sure you want to return empty-handed? You paid a big price destroying Terra Prison,” Han Jingru said.

Nangong Sun was stunned as Han Jingru saw right through him.

It was fortunate that the trump card was with him. As long as Han Xiang was still in his hands, Han Jingru could only obey his orders.

It did not matter to Nangong Sun whether the three other men were dead or alive. He did not want to be shamed by his family because of these people.

“I can let them go. However, if you don't execute my orders to my satisfaction, I will ask my men to kill them - including your daughter,” Nangong Sun said.

Han Jingru sighed with relief as he heard this. He

walked towards Number 12 and whispered in a low voice, "Take care of Yimo after you return. Tell her that I will rescue Han Xiang and make sure she doesn't worry too much."

Number 12 looked at Han Jingru's wounds and took a deep breath. He said, "I will never allow anyone to hurt her, even if it means risking my life."

Han Jingru patted Number 12 on the shoulder and said, "You still have a daughter; take care of her too."

Han Jingru walked towards Han Xiuzhi after and looked at him worriedly.

He said, "Grandpa, don't worry. I will return and listen to all the stories you have to tell me."

Han Xiuzhi replied with a hoarse voice, "You must come back alive. We will be waiting for you."

Han Jingru nodded and said to Nangong Sun, "Let them go."

Nangong Sun waved his hands in the air and a helicopter on the deck started its engine.

Han Jingru felt relieved only after the three of them had left via helicopter. He had to survive because of Han Xiang.

“Give me some time to recuperate. I will do anything you want after that,” Han Jingru said to Nangong Sun.

“You are one of the most ruthless men I've ever seen in my life. But remember, your daughter is still in my hands,” Nangong Sun said.

“Are you afraid of me? That's why you have to keep reminding me of that?” Han Jingru asked with a smile.

Nangong Sun replied, “I have no reason to be afraid of you. You are just a dog to me.”

Han Jingru kept silent.

He was sure that Nangong Sun was afraid of him.

Nangong Sun had already shown his fear by responding the way he did.

Denying the truth did not mean it never happened.

After a few days, in Yun City.

When Number 12, Mole, and Han Xiuzhi appeared at the entrance of Mojo, the men stationed at the door were shocked. They quickly went in to inform Molan and Lin Heng.

They rushed to the door upon hearing the news.

“Where is Jingru?” Molan asked Number 12. He was afraid that something bad had happened to Han Jingru.

“He's still alive,” Number 12 said.

Molan sighed a relief and asked, “Did he return to the villa already?”

Number 12 shook his head and relayed what happened at Terra Prison to Molan.



Molan gritted his teeth as he heard that it was those at Terra Prison who had taken Han Xiang away. How could they threaten Han Jingru with a newborn? It was too despicable!

“Number 12, you killed everyone at Terra Prison?” Lin Heng asked as he felt shivers down his spine.

He was not familiar with Terra Prison but knew what kind of people were imprisoned there. If what Number 12 said was true, it was indeed shocking.

“Yes, I suppose that was also a test for Jingru by Nangong Sun,” Number 12 replied.

Lin Heng inhaled deeply as he heard this. Han Jingru's abilities were indeed shocking as he did what no one else could do.

“Lin Heng, quickly get a change of clothes for Old Master Han and send him back to the villa,” Number 12 instructed Lin Heng.

Lin Heng looked at Han Xiuzhi. He did not

expect Han Xiuzhi, a legend in Yun City, to be very much alive in front of his eyes. If those people in Yan City knew about this, they would flip in anger.

Molan also respected Han Xiuzhi very much, not just because he was Han Jingru's grandfather, but also because Han Xiuzhi was indeed a capable man.

Han Xiuzhi brought the Han family from rags to riches in Yan City many years ago, making an impact on the economy as well as the underworld of Yan City. Many people respected and worshipped him, and his name continue to live on even after everyone thought he was dead.

“Old Master Han, let me send you back,” Molan said.

Han Xiuzhi nodded his head.

Lin Heng brought a change of clothes and arranged for a stylist so that Han Xiuzhi would return home looking more presentable. After all, he had been in Terra Prison for such a long time

and looked rather unkempt.

Han Xiuzhi immediately felt refreshed and rejuvenated after getting a haircut and a shave. He had an imposing manner around him which made the others look like his subordinates.

Molan sent Han Xiuzhi to the entrance of the villa.

Tian Jingshuo was overjoyed and excited as he heard the news that Han Xiuzhi was alive.

He knew Han Xiuzhi better than anyone since they lived in the same era. Han Xiuzhi was a legendary figure when they were young, and even Tian Jingshuo himself worshipped him.

Tian Jingshuo could not imagine what would happen if those in Yan City knew that Han Xiuzhi was still alive.

Perhaps they would continue to live in fear.

Han Xiuzhi pressed the doorbell as he arrived at the villa.

Ho Ting used to answer the door. However, she was missing now and there were only Jiang Yan, Su Yimo, and Shiyan in the villa.

Su Yimo was still in a state of despair and could not answer the door.

Jiang Yan did not dare ask Shiyan to answer the door. She walked to the door herself.

She opened the door to see Han Xiuzhi. Immediately, she grew impatient as she felt the man standing before her had knocked on the wrong door.

“Who are you?” Jiang Yan asked.

“I'm here to look for my daughter-in-law,” Han Xiuzhi said.

Jiang Yan laughed coldly as she thought that this old man was just another beggar. *Why is he looking for his daughter-in-law here?*

“You are in the wrong place. How could your daughter-in-law be staying here?” Jiang Yan said

with scorn.

Han Xiuzhi frowned and asked, "Who are you?"

Jiang Yan said with a smug on his face, "I am the owner of this villa. You don't even know me, how could you say that your daughter-in-law lives here?"

Han Xiuzhi frowned at this.

He could not have gone to the wrong place.

While he was not familiar with the estate, there was only one villa here. *How can it be the wrong place?*

Jiang Yan grew impatient as she saw that Han Xiuzhi was not willing to leave.

She said, "Hurry up and get out. Don't even try to find your way into an upscale estate like this. Poor men like you can't come here. You are lucky that the security did not spot you today."

Just as Jiang Yan was about to shut the door, she

heard Shiyan's voice from behind.

“Father!” Shiyan could not believe she saw Han Xiuzhi. Even though she had always sensed that he was still alive all these years, she was in disbelief when she actually saw him in front of her.

Jiang Yan froze in her spot.

*This is Shiyan's father?*

*The daughter-in-law he was looking for is Shiyan?*

*This means that the old man is in fact the legendary Han Xiuzhi!*

Jiang Yan immediately trembled in fear.

Jiang Yan made way quickly and trembled in a corner as she did not dare to go near Han Xiuzhi.

Even though Jiang Yan did not know much about Yan City, she had done a background check on Han Jingru in the past and knew a little about the Yan City's Han family.

Han Jingru's father, Han Ying, passed away early and did not leave much of a legacy behind. But Han Xiuzhi was different: he brought the Han family to its peak and therefore his capability could not be underestimated.

The more pressing matter for Jiang Yan was that she was afraid Shiyan would hit her again. After having traumatized by Shiyan before, Jiang Yan dared not show displeasure in front of Shiyan anymore.

Jiang Yan had always been a bully to the weak but a coward when faced with the strong.

“It's been hard on you,” Han Xiuzhi said to Shiyan.

“What about Jingru? Did he not return with you?” Shiyan asked.

Su Yimo was initially seated on the sofa. However, she quickly ran towards Shiyan as she heard Han Jingru's name.

“Mom, is Jingru back? Where is he? Where is he?” Su Yimo asked in an anxious manner.

Shiyan looked on at Su Yimo with sympathetic eyes. Shiyan felt the same as Su Yimo regarding Han Jingru.

“You must be Yimo,” Han Xiuzhi approached Su Yimo and said gently.

Su Yimo nodded her head. She did not know who this man was but still treated him with respect as an elder.

“I am Han Xiuzhi, Han Jingru's grandfather,” Han Xiuzhi introduced himself.

“Grandpa,” Su Yimo automatically greeted him.



Han Xiuzhi smiled gently and responded, "I made the right choice. I am glad that you care about Jingru so much."

Su Yimo looked at him confused. *What is he talking about?*

Han Xiuzhi responded as he noticed Su Yimo's facial expression, "I will tell you everything once Jingru returns."

"Where is he? Why is he not back yet?" Su Yimo asked.

"Don't worry, he went to save Han Xiang. He will return together with Han Xiang," Han Xiuzhi said.

Upon hearing Han Xiang's name, Su Yimo's eyes welled up with tears again. Her heart ached whenever she thought of her daughter.

Su Yimo did not dare to think what kind of danger Han Xiang would be in by now.

"Trust Jingru, he will bring back Han Xiang,"

Han Xiuzhi said.

Su Yimo covered her mouth and tried to stifle her tears, but her sobs could still be heard.

“Dad, are we going back to Yan City?” Shiyan asked Han Xiuzhi.

Han Xiuzhi shook his head and said, “Those people will definitely cause chaos if they knew that I am still alive. Let's not create more trouble for Jingru right now.”

Shiyan nodded her head. She did not know what exactly happened but she knew that Han Jingru's first priority was to save Han Xiang. They definitely should not add to his troubles now. Han Xiuzhi would continue to be the head of the Han family and Shiyan just had to listen to his orders.

At this moment, Han Xiuzhi looked at Jiang Yan and said, “Is this the woman who tried to kill my grandson?”

Han Xiuzhi had gained a brief understanding of the Su Family while he was at Mojo earlier.

Molan spoke much about Jiang Yan, so Han Xiuzhi knew exactly what Jiang Yan had tried to do to Han Jingru.

Jiang Yan turned pale immediately.

She indeed wanted Han Jingru to die. Even Han Xiang's death would mean nothing to her. Of course, Jiang Yan would never dare speak her mind in front of Han Xiuzhi.

“No, no. I didn't try to kill him. It was all a misunderstanding,” Jiang Yan lied. One could hear the tremble in her voice from afar.

“Han Xiang could only be taken away because of you. How are you not related to this?” Han Xiuzhi continued to interrogate her.

No maid would dare to kidnap Han Xiang when there were so many bodyguards around. Furthermore, a maid would not be in touch with a man like Nangong Sun.

Jiang Yan knew that Su Yimo was looking at her. She quickly defended herself in front of Han

Xiuzhi and said, "Don't accuse me! Han Xiang is my granddaughter, too. I would never harm her."

"We will know the truth when the day comes. I hope it's really not you; otherwise, I will not let you off that easily," Han Xiuzhi said.

Jiang Yan's heart skipped a beat. She could only pray that the truth would never come to light.

Yan Qiong returned to the villa after a short while. He could hardly control his excitement after seeing Han Xiuzhi.

"Follow me," Han Xiuzhi said to Yan Qiong.

They went to the backyard of the villa.

After a long moment of silence, Han Xiuzhi said, "Jingru killed everyone at Terra Prison. His daughter is currently in the hands of Nangong Sun. I don't know what the Nangong family will ask him to do."

Yan Qiong's face turned pale. Han Xiang was in the hands of the Nangong family! It was not as

simple as a normal kidnapping.

“Does the Nangong family want to make use of the Jingru to break into that community?” Yan Qiong asked as he gritted his teeth.

“Well, many prominent families aim for that, and Jingru is their legitimate excuse,” Han Xiuzhi sighed.

Yan Qiong became short of breath. This was much more complicated than he thought it would be, and Han Jingru was in far greater danger than he had expected.

“Is there any way we can help Jingru?” Yan Qiong asked.

Han Xiuzhi shrugged his shoulders as he said, “We have no choice against the Nangong family. Even if Nangong Shuxian did not die, it is of no use.”

“Oh yes, how did Jingru become so strong?” Han Xiuzhi asked curiously.

Han Jingru's abilities were comparable to Yan Qiong and that was impossible at his age. Han Xiuzhi was extremely suspicious about this.

“He came to tell me once that he felt as though he was gifted with some immense strength in his body suddenly. It is indeed very shocking. He even killed Han Long,” Yan Qiong said.

“What!” Han Xiuzhi looked at Yan Qiong in shock. He thought that Han Jingru's abilities were comparable to Yan Qiong, but did not expect he was even able to kill Han Long!

Han Long was the best fighter in the U.S. Han family and Han Xiuzhi knew his abilities well. Even though Han Long was not good enough to enter the top community, he was definitely still a fighter to look up to.

“I know you might not believe it, but it is what it is,” Yan Qiong said.

Han Xiuzhi's hands were shaking at this. He knew that this meant that Han Jingru would be able to enter the top community of fighters one

day.

“Would those families accept Jingru? After all, he is a threat to them,” Han Xiuzhi said.

“I believe that he will live. For Su Yimo, as well as for Han Xiang,” Yan Qiong said.

Han Xiuzhi took a deep breath and said, “There's nothing we can do now except to wait.”

Yan Qiong wanted to help Han Jingru very much, but he also knew that Han Xiuzhi's words were right.

They really could do nothing to help Han Jingru now.

While the Yan City Han family was extremely wealthy and prestigious to the man on the street, the family was nothing compared to those that were truly prominent.

Many of these families did not even bother to reveal themselves.

“Jiang Yan is an extremely ruthless woman. You need to be wary of her,” Yan Qiong reminded Han Xiuzhi.

“Since I'm back, I will not let this woman get her way,” Han Xiuzhi said with a smile.

He continued, “However, she should be punished by Jingru. I shall let her live and see how capable Jingru is, so that she will regret everything she did.”

“I can't wait for the day she kneels and begs for forgiveness from Jingru. I hope he returns soon,” Yan Qiong said.

Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong trusted Han Jingru very much - he was their only choice.



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