

Yuan Ling did not understand how Qi Bingying felt. However perfect of a person she made Han Jingru out to be, to her, such a meaningless sacrifice could not possibly be worth it.

When Han Jingru returned home, Yuan Ling conveyed the message Nangong Boling had left for him and left.

Qi Bingying was now a lot more emotionally stable and one could not tell that she had been crying just now. She queried, “What does this mean? Is Nangong Boling trying to give you a warning?”

“Well, with the way he said things, there’s definitely someone coming to the U.S., and that would probably be Nangong Sun,” Han Jingru surmised.

Nangong Boling would not send such a message to him for no rhyme or reason. Han Jingru felt it was likely that Nangong Sun would head to the U.S. After all, he not only wanted to become the head of the family but also acted high and mighty in front of Han Jingru. To someone as prideful as

Nangong Sun, it would be impossible for him to accept such a drastic change in status.

“What exactly is the Nangong Family like?” Qi Bingying inquired. Although Han Jingru had told her that the Nangong Family had a complex background, he had simply mentioned it in passing and did not go into detail. As a result, Qi Bingying did not have a good understanding of the situation either.

Han Jingru shook his head. “Even I can’t be sure of how powerful the Nangong Family actually is. However, there’s one thing I can be sure of -- even the richest man in the world is nothing but a joke to the Nangong family. His net worth is probably less than a tenth of the Nangong Family’s wealth!”

Qi Bingying shuddered. *Then, won't there be a huge change to the Forbes ranking of the world's billionaires?*

“Surely you’re exaggerating,” Qi Bingying expressed her disbelief. *How could a rich family remain so low-key, especially in this day and age? It’s almost impossible to keep this information secret. The slightest mistake, and everything could well be exposed! How could they have hid*

den their wealth so well?

“I’m not. If anything, I’m already giving an undervaluation,” Han Jingru replied plainly.

Qi Bingying stared at Han Jingru in shock.

“What are you doing?” Han Jingru fidgeted uncomfortably. Qi Bingying was acting like a tigress who had just set its sights on its prey.

“You’re like a lightning rod for trouble! Why are you always mixed up in such bothersome affairs?” Qi Bingying exclaimed.

Han Jingru was taken aback by her reaction and laughed bitterly. *I want to know if there’s something wrong with my luck as well! It’s just one thing after another! Now, a troublesome opponent like Nangong Sun is going to hunt me down! To make things worse, Han Xiang is still in his hands. How can I choose to oppose Nangong Sun?*

At the same time, he was perplexed. *Nangong Boling should know that Han Xiang is in Nangong Sun’s hands. Why would he get Yuan Ling to convey such a message? Unless... Nangong Bol*

ing has successfully taken Han Xiang from Nangong Sun! If that

“Oh, right, I want to attend tomorrow’s competition as part of the audience,” Qi Bingying quipped.

The competition venue would be packed the following day as many people were invited to watch the race and several free tickets were given away as well.

Although such a competition was simply a competition between a few rich men, ordinary people simply could not afford to participate in such an event. Most importantly, admission was free. Many people would attend to have a look at what this was about.

In the first place, these rich men used racing as a means to show off. It would be pointless to waste such money if they did not have an audience. Admission was free so that they could flaunt their wealth to a larger audience.

“Sure. I’m not sure if Shu Yang is prepared yet,”

Han Jingru replied. He clearly did not care about the result of the race. He had already attained his goal here.

“Shu Yang was exceptionally skilled in the past, but due to lack of practice, his performance deteriorated. He did not have much time to train after he returned, so it might not be possible for him to get a good result in this race,” Qi Bingying explained.

Han Jingru nodded. He understood this much and knew that lack of practice was detrimental to almost any skill. To make things worse, Shu Yang had not raced for a few years. It would be impossible for him to return to his peak in such a short time frame.

“The result doesn’t matter. I’ve already accomplished my goal here,” Han Jingru responded.

Han Jingru had offended almost every rich man in the Chinese District and even forced some of them to kneel before him at the racing track. Word got out fast in a small group of people and

Qi Bingying knew of this incident as well. She had guessed Han Jingru's motive, and although most would think he is insane or eccentric, Qi Bingying felt that this was how a real man should act and believed in him.

“Shu Yang is just a tool that you're using. When do you intend to get rid of him?” Qi Bingying inquired.

“Why should I? I promised him a chance, so I'll see this through as long as he doesn't disappoint. I will give him an opportunity for revenge and let him take back everything he had lost back then,” Han Jingru replied calmly.

“And that is the only weakness I can see from you.” Qi Bingying sighed.

“Weakness?” Han Jingru raised an eyebrow.

“You care about others too much. If you treated Shu Yang as a mere tool, you would've spared yourself a lot of unnecessary trouble. When push comes to shove, you can even let Shu Yang take the rap for you. Your way of thinking will only

make this matter a lot more complicated,” Qi Bingying explained.

“That’s the difference between a human and a monster. If I didn’t care about others and just used Shu Yang as a tool, I’d be nothing but a monster,” Han Jingru retorted. It was not that he could not bring himself to act mercilessly, but there was simply no need to do so. Shu Yang had once knelt in front of him and begged him for a chance, and helping him would not disadvantage him in any way. In fact, if Shu Yang could restore his former status, he would be a powerful piece in Han Jingru’s arsenal.

Qi Bingying is still too shortsighted. She only considered the current state of affairs but did not think of the potential benefits I can reap in the long term.

At first, Qi Bingying agreed with what Han Jingru said, but she soon realized that something was wrong.

Hold up, isn't he calling me a monster here?

“Han Jingru, how dare you call me a monster!”
Qi Bingying exclaimed furiously.

“Did I? I didn’t mean to call you a monster, but if you insist...” Han Jingru teased.

Qi Bingying was livid. However, since she said it herself, she could not simply vent her frustration on Han Jingru.

If she were Su Yimo, she could throw a small tantrum at Han Jingru. But sadly, she had no right to do that with the way she was now.

“Hmph!” Qi Bingying snorted and plopped herself onto the sofa.

Han Jingru chuckled.

From Qi Bingying’s point of view, this was a triumphant smirk. She was incensed and snapped, “What are you laughing at?”

“I’m laughing because there will be an interesting show to watch tomorrow,” Han Jingru commented.

“What’s so interesting about such a lousy race?”
Qi Bingying spat.

“There’s nothing interesting about the race itself. However, what do you think will happen if Han Xiuyuan shows up?” Han Jingru smirked.

Qi Bingying knitted her brows. *What will happen if Han Xiuyuan shows up? That would be bad for Han Jingru! Why would he find that interesting?*

“Have you gone mad? If Han Xiuyuan shows up, he’ll definitely make life difficult for you! Oh, I get it now! You’re a masochist, aren’t you?” Qi Bingying scoffed.

“He’s my elder, after all. Even if he refuses to admit it and I don’t respect him, I’d need a good reason to deal with a relative. If he doesn’t show up, I won’t have a good excuse,” Han Jingru analyzed the situation.

Qi Bingying rolled her eyes. *This guy’s mind must be wired differently. Most people would pray for Han Xiuyuan to not show up, but this guy is actually looking forward to it!*

On the day of the race, when Han Jingru reached the racecourse, Shu Yang and the others were making their final adjustments to the race car.

Shu Yang's stress levels that day far exceeded how he had felt back in his glory days. After all, he had not taken part in official competitions for years and had left the community. Now that he had a chance to prove himself, he did not want to perform badly and become a laughing stock. Naturally, he did not want to disappoint Han Jingru either.

“How do you feel?” Han Jingru queried.

Shu Yang was clearly overly nervous and beads of cold sweat covered his forehead.

“Relax, Mr. Han, I'll make sure to give it my best,” Shu Yang assured him.

“Don't worry too much about winning or losing. You simply didn't have enough time to prepare yourself. Don't stress yourself out and focus on finishing the race safely.” Han Jingru patted Shu Yang on the shoulder.

Shu Yang suddenly felt a lot more relaxed. Many people sponsored racers in order to show off and for the bragging rights. To Shu Yang, who had once raced for a living, he knew that winning and losing meant a lot in this trade. In fact, he once saw a racer who got beaten up on the racing tracks till his legs broke. And this happened just because he lost a race.

However, Han Jingru did not seem to care about the results.

“Mr. Han, with enough time, I’ll definitely be able to get into an official race,” Shu Yang pledged. Many rich men had dreamed of sending their racers to an official race in order to show off and gain recognition from their families.

It was their end goal when sponsoring racers.

However, Han Jingru was an exception. To him, the official race meant nothing. He simply wanted to make use of this opportunity to taunt everyone else. That way, he would have a proper excuse to deal with all of them and build up his influence in the U.S.

However, Shu Yang was kept in the dark about this. All he knew was that he had to prove himself on the racing track.

“No pressure,” Han Jingru said casually.

A horde of people streamed into the competition venue and soon, the entire venue was filled. There were even a few fan groups here to cheer for their favorite racers. This rich man’s game seemed to have sparked an interest in the general public as well.

For the racing event, other than the cars, the audience was attracted to the tall and beautiful race queens as well. Those long and slender legs attracted the eyes of many men, but unfortunately for them, Han Jingru was not one to be charmed by such women.

When the race began, there was a roaring of engines. To men, the sound of the turbocharger and the revving of the engines were one of the most attractive sounds on earth, second to only those made by women in bed. No man could sit still when faced with such a tempting sound, and

even Han Jingru had gotten up on his feet.

The howling of the engine coupled with the zoom as the cars sped past the track was the main highlight of the event.

“Looks like it’ll be difficult for Shu Yang to get the top three this time,” Qi Bingying told Han Jingru. Shu Yang had not competed in a long time and lagged behind from the start.

“It’s good enough that he’s not in last place. We can’t hold him to his previous standards,” Han Jingru muttered.

“You’re rather generous. You spent so much money of him but you don’t even care if he gets a placing.” Qi Bingying pouted.

Han Jingru chuckled, “Well, it’s not my money I’m spending. This doesn’t hurt me in any way.”

“It’s Nangong Boling’s misfortune to have run into someone like you.” Qi Bingying rolled her eyes.

“The more I spend, the happier he’ll be. It’s not something a woman like you could possibly understand,” Han Jingru smirked.

“So what if I’m a woman?” Qi Bingying retorted. “Now, women are equally capable as men! Don’t look down on us!”

Han Jingru looked down and quickly averted his gaze. He joked, “I’m not looking down on all women; I’m simply looking down on you.”

Qi Bingying gritted her teeth angrily.

Shu Yang finally crossed the finish line and the race ended.

He did not even manage to place in the top five. He stepped out of the car with his head bowed low, clearly dejected.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Han,” Shu Yang apologized to Han Jingru. Although he had not expected much, he did not think that he would have deteriorated so much. He made multiple mistakes he could have easily avoided.

“I already told you that I don’t care about the results. Today’s results mean nothing tomorrow and I still believe in you,” Han Jingru assured him.

Shu Yang could not find the words to express his immense gratitude towards Han Jingru.

Compared to the other contestants celebrating their results, preparation room number forty-four was especially silent. This made Shu Yang feel indebted towards Han Jingru and he swore that he would do Han Jingru proud next time.

This was the time where Fang Shuo and the others would have jeered at Han Jingru, but having witnessed his ruthlessness in the past, they did not dare to flaunt their victory in front of him.

“Oh my gosh! T-This is...”

“That’s Han Xiuyuan! Why is he here?”

“Does he like racing? Why did he come down personally?”

The rich men were all stunned by the sight of Han Xiuyuan and paused their celebrations.

Most of them were present at Wu Youfeng's birthday celebrations and witnessed Han Xiuyuan's sheer influence and power.

These men had once thought that the rumors about Han Xiuyuan in the Chinese District were overexaggerated and took them with a pinch of salt. However, ever since Wu Youfeng's birthday celebrations, no one dared to look down upon Han Xiuyuan and kept a distance out of respect and fear.

He crashed Wu Youfeng's birthday celebrations, bringing a coffin with him and forcing Wu Youfeng to commit suicide. No one dared to look down upon him after such a feat.

Even the arrogant Ma Feihao tensed up when he saw Han Xiuyuan.

He jogged over to Han Xiuyuan's side and inquired, "Old Master Han, I didn't know that you were interested in racing as well. Shall I

introduce you to today's champion?"

"Why would I be interested in these little games you brats come up with? Do you think you're great just because you hired a champion? What a joke," Han Xiuyuan scoffed. He trampled all over Ma Feihao's pride.

However, Ma Feihao did not dare to talk back and nodded. "You're right, Old Master Han, it's just a game us brats came up with. Of course, you wouldn't be interested."

Although he had shown deference to Han Xiuyuan, it did not mean that he was happy about the way he had treated him. *I'll let you have your way for now, you old geezer! When my uncle gets back, I'll get him to teach you a lesson!*

"Old Master Han, do you require our assistance?" Ma Feihao offered.

"Hmph! If word got out that I, Han Xiuyuan, needed help from brats like you, I'd be the laughing stock of society!" Han Xiuyuan mocked.

Ma Feihao regretted being such a busybody. *I should've known Han Xiuyuan would say that! Why humiliate myself?*

“However, I will permit you to watch the show.” Han Xiuyuan quickly changed his attitude. Ma Feihao was flummoxed. *Show? Has he not had enough when he crashed Wu Youfeng's birthday celebrations? Does he want to cause even more trouble? Which unlucky man does he have in mind as a victim? That man is finished!*

Han Xiuyuan headed towards room number forty-four with a group of rich men following behind him. When they saw that Han Xiuyuan had picked Han Jingru as a target, they were filled with glee.

“Hao! Han Xiuyuan is here to find trouble for Han Jingru! That brat is a goner! He offended Han Xiuyuan!” Fang Shuo smirked triumphantly. He did not dare to take revenge himself, but now that Han Xiuyuan was looking for trouble with Han Jingru, he eagerly waited for Han Jingru to hang himself like Wu Youfeng.

Ma Feihao had not expected Han Jingru to be Han Xiuyuan's target either, but he was not happy at all. He had hoped to take revenge on his own -- after all, when his uncle returned, he would have the power to do so.

If Han Xiuyuan let Han Jingru die just like that, that would be letting him off too easily.

“Are you Han Jingru?” Han Xiuyuan demanded after entering the room.

Han Xiuyuan's appearance did not come as a surprise to Han Jingru. He answered coldly, “That's me.”

“Kneel down,” Han Xiuyuan demanded.



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All of them had witnessed Han Xiuyuan's prowess at Wu Youfeng's birthday celebrations, so none of them were surprised by such a demand.

All of these rich men smirked at Han Jingru. Back then, he had forced them to kneel before him, but now, Han Jingru was the one being forced to kneel.

“Looks like Han Jingru has finally gotten his just desserts. However powerful he is, he's no match for Han Xiuyuan!”

“That idiot won't get away with it easily. He's a goner when he offended Han Xiuyuan!”

“Finally! I'd like to see this idiot begging for mercy!”

Those rich men seemed to be happy to see Han Jingru in this state.

In contrast, Han Jingru simply smiled at Han Xiuyuan. He said something no one would have expected. “There's no need to kneel in front of

me.”

This simple sentence left the rest of the rich men in shock. Some of them even wondered if they were hallucinating.

Han Jingru wanted Han Xiuyuan to kneel before him? Is he out of his mind?

Fang Shuo swallowed. He felt his legs go weak simply standing in front of Han Xiuyuan, yet Han Jingru managed to say something so outrageous.

Ma Feihao was equally stunned. Although he had not respected Han Xiuyuan, he would not dare to offend him before his uncle returned. However, Han Jingru openly provoked him!

“Has this idiot gone mad? Does he not know what happened to Wu Youfeng?”

“That’s right! Otherwise, he wouldn’t have dared to say something like that!”

“That ignorant brat doesn’t know the gravity of what he’s done!”

These rich men were certain that Han Jingru simply did not know who Han Xiuyuan was and was digging his own grave.

They felt that Han Jingru was a fool.

However, his next line proved them wrong.

“Han Xiuyuan, you forced Wu Youfeng to commit suicide during his birthday celebrations. This has scared many people out of their wits, but it holds as little threat as a child with a toy knife to me,” Han Jingru declared plainly.

These words left the rich men bewildered. *If he already knew what Han Xiuyuan is capable of, why does he talk to him in this manner? Don't tell me he is confident of beating Han Xiuyuan!*

At this moment, these rich men truly understood the difference in power between themselves and Han Jingru.

If they were in his shoes, they would have knelt down without even asking for the reason. None of them would be able to remain calm like Han

Jingru was!

“Damn it! I’ve got to admit that this guy has guts!”

“He’s quite bold to talk to Han Xiuyuan this way.”

“No wonder we lost to him back then. We’ve already lost in terms of guts!”

The rich men sighed and shook their heads, having realized the difference between themselves and Han Jingru.

Fang Shuo had regretted offending Han Jingru as well. At least, he would, if Han Jingru did not die in the hands of Han Xiuyuan. If he sought revenge on him, Fang Shuo would not be able to escape unscathed this time. Hence, he could only hope that Han Jingru would be killed by Han Xiuyuan!

“Old Master Han, how could he speak to you in such an outrageous manner! He has no respect!” Fang Shuo fanned the flames.

Han Xiuyuan scowled. “Since when did I give you the permission to talk?”

A shiver ran down Fang Shuo’s spine as he apologized profusely, “I’m terribly sorry, Old Master Han.”

Han Xiuyuan turned to Han Jingru. “I didn’t expect that piece of trash to be able to raise someone as insolent as you. Looks like I haven’t taught him a good enough lesson back then.”

Han Jingru’s eyes narrowed. Naturally, he knew who Han Xiuyuan was calling ‘trash’.

Han Xiuzhi was a hero in Han Jingru’s eyes. He would not allow anyone to defame him.

“Han Xiuyuan, you have no right to decide if my grandfather is trash or not. Tell me that again when you manage to beat me,” Han Jingru threatened.

Everyone felt that Han Jingru was tired of living when they heard that. Even Qi Bingying felt that Han Jingru had made a bad choice and tugged at

Han Jingru's sleeve.

Han Xiuyuan laughed out loud when he heard this. He shot him a look of contempt. "Why, I should know that better than anyone else in the world! If he didn't rely on a woman, he'd be no better than a beggar on the streets now. What kind of man needs a woman to support him? He's nothing but trash!"

Han Xiuyuan's gaze made Han Jingru feel indignant. He could tell that Han Xiuyuan despised him.

Nangong Shuxian was from the powerful Nangong family, and Han Xiuzhi's rise to power might have something to do with the Nangong family's support. However, that did not affect Han Jingru's image of Han Xiuzhi.

He did not care how powerful or rich Han Xiuzhi was. In the entire Han family, Han Xiuzhi was the only one who treated him like family.

This had nothing to do with capability.

Even if his grandfather were as worthless as Han Xiuyuan had said, as his grandson, he would not take an insult to Han Xiuzhi lying down.

“Is that so? What did you rely on to rise to power then? Betraying your friends, family and even your brother?” Han Jingru retorted.

A vicious look flashed across Han Xiuyuan’s face. He had indeed used underhanded means to triumph over Han Xiuzhi. Otherwise, Han Xiuzhi would not have had a falling out with him.

However, to Han Xiuyuan, history was not about who was right, but who was left. In his eyes, he had won the moment Han Xiuzhi left the U.S.

“I’ll give you one last chance. I want you to see you kneeling in front of the Han family Villa in three days. Otherwise, I’ll let the entire Chinese District see how useless you are and let everyone know that the grandson of a piece of trash will still be a piece of trash!” Han Xiuyuan gave an ultimatum. He then stormed off.

The rich men followed behind him. Without Han

Xiuyuan here, none of them dared to incur Han Jingru's wrath.

However, Han Jingru had left a deep impression in their hearts. However things ended up for Han Jingru, the very fact that he dared to be at odds with Han Xiuyuan made him worthy of their respect.

“Hao, what do you think will happen to Han Jingru?” Fang Shuo asked Ma Feihao.

“Hmph,” Ma Feihao scoffed. “Don't you know what kind of a man Han Xiuyuan is? If Han Jingru doesn't kneel in front of the Han family Villa, he will kill him.”

Fang Shuo felt relieved when he heard this. He needed Han Jingru dead at all costs.

“Well, that'll be letting the brat off the hook too easily. I'm actually hoping that he'll kneel down before Han Xiuyuan. That way, I'll have a chance for revenge!” Ma Feihao gritted his teeth.

“Hao, have you found a way to get revenge?”

Fang Shuo exclaimed.

“Of course. My uncle will be back soon. Trash like him is no match for my uncle. When the time comes, I’ll make him suffer a fate worse than death!” Ma Feihao snarled.

Fang Shuo simply wanted Han Jingru dead and did not care who killed him.

He was certain that Han Jingru would bear a grudge since he had added fuel to the fire earlier. Fang Shuo would not be able to feel at ease until Han Jingru was dead.

“What do you intend to do now? With your current abilities, you’re no match for Han Xiuyuan! Are you really going to the villa to kneel before him?” Qi Bingying asked worriedly after the crowd dispersed. To her, it was alright to give in for now if it meant that he would survive another day and get a chance at revenge.

“Do you think I should kneel before him?” Han Jingru smiled.

“I know this is humiliating for you, but this is the best course of action for now. I trust that I don’t have to tell you how powerful Han Xiuyuan is at present,” Qi Bingying analyzed the situation. She had not hoped for them to clash right now and felt that it would not be too late to seek revenge when he had gotten powerful.

After all, he who laughs last laughs longest.

“Since you think I should go, I’ll go. Let’s bring a gift as well,” Han Jingru agreed.

“Gift? What gift?” Qi Bingying stared at Han Jingru in confusion.

“How does a top-quality coffin sound?”



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A top-quality coffin!

These words rang in Qi Bingying's ears for a long time.

She had intended for Han Jingru to put up with Han Xiuyuan and seek revenge when he was capable.

Qi Bingying had not expected Han Jingru to provoke Han Xiuyuan like that!

She did not dare to imagine how Han Xiuyuan would react to the sight of the coffin. A storm was brewing in the Chinese District.

“Have you gone mad?” Qi Bingying yelled. Han Jingru was acting like a lunatic. Han Xiuyuan was like a warehouse full of dynamite and Han Jingru knowingly set a spark off there. He was courting death!

A smirk crept onto Han Jingru's face. “Whatever you say. Just take it that I really have gone mad. How many of us in this world are actually sane?”

Qi Bingying grabbed Han Jingru by the shoulders and advised him, “Please think this through! Do you know the consequences of your actions?”

Qi Bingying had treated Han Jingru sincerely and did not want to see him come into any danger. She was worried as she did not want Han Jingru to do anything foolish.

That’s Han Xiuyuan we’re talking about! He once caused a bloodbath in the Chinese District! Even though he’s already retired for many years, the moment he showed up at Wu Youfeng’s birthday celebrations, he forced him to hang himself! Everyone in the Chinese District knows what he’s capable of! No one dared to look down upon that old man in the Chinese District. Han Jingru’s actions are foolish! No one will feel sorry for him!

Han Jingru smiled. “Don’t you trust me?”

Qi Bingying first nodded, and then shook her head. She could not decide on what to say and was conflicted.

She believed in Han Jingru unconditionally, but Han Jingru's opponent was too formidable this time. She felt that instead of giving him her support, which would not change anything, she should talk him out of it instead.

"Can you please reconsider your actions? We can go for the long haul," Qi Bingying begged him frantically.

"He called my grandfather trash. If I really beg for his forgiveness, I'll only be proving him right!" Han Jingru growled sternly. He had to teach Han Xiuyuan a lesson, both for himself and for Han Xiuzhi.

The Han family in the U.S. really think that they are a notch above Yan City's Han family.

Han Jingru was determined to show them how foolish that notion was.

Han Jingru flung her hand aside and said, "Go home. I don't want to implicate you with this mess."

With that, Han Jingru left as well.

As Han Jingru's silhouette disappeared into the distance, Qi Bingying simply stood on the spot at a loss.

She wanted to talk Han Jingru out of it, but knowing him, he would not change his mind for anyone else when he had decided something.

“What’s wrong?” Shu Yang asked Qi Bingying.

“Do you think I should believe in him?” Qi Bingying turned to Shu Yang for advice.

Shu Yang did not know what they were talking about earlier, but to him, there was only one option -- to put his faith in Han Jingru.

“I don’t know what you guys were talking about, but if it were me, I’d give him my unconditional faith. That’s because I believe that he can create miracles,” Shu Yang replied firmly. To him, Han Jingru was an omnipotent man who gave him a chance and revenge and trusted him like no one had ever done before.

Since Han Jingru trusted him, he would trust Han Jingru as well.

Qi Bingying fell silent. After a long time, she said, "I need to go home."

She took a cab home and noticed Qi Donglin and Ouyang Fei sitting in the living room with a strange expression on their faces.

They had come from the racecourse as well, so naturally, they knew what happened with Han Xiuyuan.

Before Qi Bingying returned, the two of them had argued hotly over how to deal with Han Jingru.

Qi Donglin felt that they should advise Qi Bingying to leave Han Jingru as he was doomed when Han Xiuyuan set his sights on him. If she remained close to Han Jingru, she might be implicated as well.

Ouyang Fei had a different opinion and felt that the Qi family should side with Han Jingru.

After all, without Han Jingru, the Qi family would be nothing. Ouyang Fei felt that they were morally obliged to help Han Jingru when he was in trouble.

Even though Ouyang Fei was a woman, she valued friendship and loyalty much more than Qi Donglin ever did.

However, Qi Donglin's choice was not wrong either. He was simply thinking of his family. Han Xiuyuan forced Wu Youfeng to commit suicide the moment he came out of retirement. No one would dare to belittle this old man!

“What’s wrong?” Qi Bingying asked the two of them.

Qi Donglin glanced at Ouyang Fei and fell silent. At home, his status was still inferior to Ouyang Fei. Although they had lived overseas for a long time, he was still henpecked, like when they were back in Yun City.

“Your father wants you to stay away from Han Jingru, but I disagree,” Ouyang Fei explained.

She got up from the sofa and told her daughter, “Back then, when our family was doomed, we would have been finished without Han Jingru’s help. Now that he’s in trouble, how can we abandon him?”

Qi Bingying stared at Ouyang Fei in shock. On the way home, she thought of countless ways to convince her parents of her decision to side with Han Jingru no matter what.

She had not expected Ouyang Fei to be thinking the same way.

“Mom, do you really think so?” Qi Bingying could not believe her ears.”

Ouyang Fei nodded and sighed. “Of course, I’m not doing this entirely for him. If Han Jingru manages to survive this situation, his influence in the Chinese District will definitely eclipse Han Xiuyuan. When that happens, the Qi family will benefit tremendously as well.”

“That’s impossible!” Qi Donglin retorted almost immediately. He had witnessed Han Xiuyuan’s

ruthlessness since young and knew how much blood was shed for Han Xiuyuan to attain the status he had. Han Jingru was but a greenhorn and was no match for Han Xiuyuan.

“Do you know how many people are willing to put their lives on the line for Han Xiuyuan? Han Jingru can’t possibly match up to him. The Chinese District is Han Xiuyuan’s territory. Han Jingru is toast!” Qi Donglin continued. He did not belittle or look down on Han Jingru, but he felt that it was only natural for him to lose to such a strong opponent.

Ouyang Fei glared at Qi Donglin. “The new generation will eventually surpass the old. Who said that Han Jingru can’t replace Han Xiuyuan? Must the entire Chinese District stay under Han Xiuyuan’s control forever?”

“I don’t know about forever, but as long as Han Xiuyuan is breathing, the Chinese District will always be his,” Qi Donglin concluded resolutely.

“I refuse to believe this! I have faith in Han Jingru and I believe that he will be able to rewrite

history in the Chinese District,” Ouyang Fei declared firmly.

Qi Donglin panicked, “What do you know, woman? Do you know why Han Xiuyuan is so powerful? Do you have any idea how many have died under his hands? His authority and power was gained through killing countless men!”

“So what if I’m a woman? At least I know how to treasure friendship and loyalty!”

When Qi Bingying saw that the two of them were about to argue again, she interrupted them, “That’s enough. I’ve already made my decision.”

When Qi Donglin and Ouyang Fei heard this, they fell silent and awaited her answer.

She inhaled sharply. She knew that this decision mattered a lot and might cause the downfall of the Qi family.

However, she would never be able to turn a blind eye to this incident.

“I will support Han Jingru no matter what he chooses to do,” Qi Bingying proclaimed.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Qi Bingying's decision made Ouyang Fei satisfied but Qi Donglin sighed.

Although he did not like this decision, he was powerless to do anything about it when the two women in his family had made a decision.

“Bingying, have you thought this over carefully?” Qi Donglin queried.

Qi Bingying nodded without a moment of hesitation. To her, there was nothing to mull over. Distancing herself from Han Jingru was never an option.

Even if she knew an endless abyss was right in front of her, if Han Jingru jumped, Qi Bingying would follow without batting an eye.

“Dad, I've decided.” Qi Bingying was resolute in her decision.

Qi Donglin walked over to the two of them and put an arm over each of their shoulders. He said, “In that case, the Qi family will live and die together with Han Jingru. I can only hope that

that brat doesn't disappoint us, or we'll be toast!"

Qi Donglin could already imagine Han Xiuyuan coming after their lives after Han Jingru lost.

Han Xiuyuan was no saint and anyone who dared to oppose him was as good as dead.

Meanwhile, Han Tong met Han Xiuyuan at the backyard.

She did not understand why Han Xiuyuan did not simply find an excuse to kill Han Jingru. Forcing him to kneel before him in three days was essentially giving him more time to decide.

In order to stabilize her position, she needed Han Jingru dead. If Han Jingru released Han Li, when he comes back to the U.S., he would expose how she killed Han Jia and make her lose her status in the Han family. She might even be disowned!

"Grandpa, why do you want Han Jingru to kneel down before you? Why not just kill him?" Han Tong inquired.

Han Xiuyuan's favorite pastimes were to spend time with his pet birds and feed his fish. He then brewed himself a pot of tea.

However, even Han Li did not have the right to drink his tea, much less Han Tong.

He took a sip and savored it like wine, enjoying the aroma thoroughly.

“Back then, that piece of trash, Han Xiuzhi, knelt down before me as well. His grandson is a piece of trash too, so he should kneel before me!” Han Xiuyuan chuckled.

Han Tong did not care about this but was more concerned about when he would kill Han Jingru.

“Grandpa, is the only reason why you did not kill him because you wanted to humiliate him?” Han Tong queried.

“That's right. I want him to recognize that he's nothing but trash and let Han Xiuzhi know that he'll never be a match for me in his life! Be it him or his grandson, they will both have to kneel

before me!” Han Xiuyuan declared.

Han Tong continued, “Then, will you kill him after that?”

Han Xiuyuan frowned and stared at Han Tong. “Why do you want him dead so desperately? Does he know one of your secrets? I heard that you’re so useless that you even knelt before him! You’ve disgraced my name!”

With that, Han Xiuyuan smashed his teacup against the ground.

Han Tong shivered in fear and avoided Han Xiuyuan’s gaze. She stammered, “G-Grandpa, I had no choice as well. You’re right -- the reason why I want him dead is because he knows one of my secrets.”

“Hmph!” Han Xiuyuan snorted. “It’s the misfortune of the Han family that someone as useless as you became the head of the family. When this matter is over, I will choose someone else to be head of the household.”

Han Tong nearly passed out when she heard this.

She had killed Han Jia in order to become the head of the household. If Han Xiuyuan really chose someone else, all of her years of effort and Han Jia's life would have been in vain.

Suddenly, a mortifying thought made its way into Han Tong's mind.

I have to kill Han Xiuyuan! That's the only way to stabilize my position as head of the household! Before that, I'll have to use him to kill Han Jingru! It won't be an easy task to get rid of Han Xiuyuan either...

“Grandpa, please give me another chance. I won't disappoint,” Han Tong begged as she knelt in front of Han Xiuyuan.

Han Xiuyuan stared at her coldly. He had never been a merciful man and was equally unforgiving towards family members and outsiders.

“I won't let the Han family name be tarnished by a woman!” Han Xiuyuan scoffed.

“Grandpa, I might be a woman, but please believe in me. I will definitely bring the Han family to greater heights,” Han Tong pleaded.

“Get lost. You are not to appear in front of me without my summons. Remember that this is a restricted area and even you have no right to come and go as you please,” Han Xiuyuan reminded her.

Han Tong trudged out of the small courtyard like a lifeless zombie. Although she wanted to kill Han Xiuyuan to protect her position, she knew that this was a tall order.

She dialed a number when she got back into her room.

She called one of her subordinates in Yun City. Although she returned to the U.S., she had left subordinates there to search for Han Li.

She knew that if she had not resolved this matter, she would be at Han Jingru’s mercy for the rest of her life. She needed to make sure to break free of such a situation. In other words, she needed Han

Li dead.

Often, women were more vicious and cold-hearted than men when the situation required them to do so.

In order to become head of the household, Han Tong killed her own brother and had now set her sights on her own father.

“How are things?” Han Tong inquired.

“Ms. Han, we’ve turned the entire Yun City upside down, but there’s still no trace of Han Li anywhere,” the subordinate reported.

Han Tong gritted her teeth with a vicious look in her eyes. She hollered, “You’re all useless! What’s the point of hiring you if you can’t even get something so simple done?”

“Ms. Han, we’ve really tried our best. We’ve searched every nook and cranny of Yun City. In fact, I can guarantee that if Han Li really is in Yun City, he wouldn’t be able to hide from us until now,” the subordinate maintained his stance.

Things would be troublesome if Han Li isn't in Yun City. China is so big! I won't be able to find one man in the entire country! Am I doomed to be at Han Jingru's mercy for life?

Suddenly, the subordinate suggested, "Ms. Han, have you considered the possibility that Han Li might already be dead?"

"Dead?" That's a possibility I've never considered before. After all, Han Jingru needs Han Li to be alive to threaten me with him.

"That's right, I believe that Han Li is already dead. Otherwise, we'd have found him long ago."

Han Tong inhaled sharply. *It's possible, but in order to find out, I'll have to test the waters with Han Jingru.*

"Continue your search." Han Tong hung up promptly.

Soon after Han Jingru reached home, Han Tong approached him.

Han Jingru was slightly taken aback at her arrival. *This woman won't show up for no rhyme or reason.*

“You’re not here to convince me to kneel before Han Xiuyuan, are you? That’s not like you at all. In fact, I’d wager that you want Han Xiuyuan to kill me instead,” Han Jingru said plainly.

“I want to talk to my father,” Han Tong requested.

Han Jingru raised an eyebrow. *Why does this woman suddenly want to talk to Han Li?*

Han Li was already dead. Han Jingru had no means of making a phone call to hell, and he had not believed in an afterlife anyway.

Has she noticed something?

“Sure, but I can’t guarantee that he’s conscious. I’m sure you’d understand that I’d have to use some form of anesthetic or tranquilizers to tie him up and keep him silent,” Han Jingru lied naturally as he breathed.

Han Tong frowned. She had not expected to get such a reply. *Don't tell me my subordinate was wrong about him being dead! He's probably just hidden really well!*

“Its fine. I'll wait,” Han Tong replied.

Han Jingru was troubled. *This woman has obviously started doubting that Han Li is alive! How on earth did she realize? Only the people I've trusted most know about Han Li's death. These men definitely won't betray me!*



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Sure, feel free to wait,” Han Jingru commented.

Han Tong stood by the door and shot out of the blue, “Han Li’s dead, isn’t he?”

Since she was here to test the waters, she had no reason to waste time with Han Jingru and went straight to the point. She believed that this would be the best time to strike and Han Jingru would not be able to react naturally.

Han Jingru’s body froze for a second. Although he had done well to control his reaction, it was impossible not to react to such a statement.

“I’ve already gotten intel that he’s dead. You won’t be able to fool me,” Han Tong declared confidently.

She was simply bluffing.

Han Jingru turned around and scoffed, “Since you already knew, why bother asking?”

Han Tong burst out in laughter. She had not expected to bait the answer out of Han Jingru so

easily.

“Hahaha! I didn’t expect you to be so dumb! I was just bluffing and didn’t know anything, but you gave me all the answers I needed!” Han Tong laughed gleefully.

Han Jingru simply shrugged. He had suspected that Han Tong was bluffing, but there was no need to hide Han Li’s death any longer.

His opponent was no longer Han Tong. He no longer needed to threaten Han Tong with this.

His top priority was Han Xiuyuan. After that, he would crush the Han family. Han Tong’s presence was negligible.

“Do you know why I told you this?” Han Jingru asked.

“Why? Because you slipped up, that’s why! You weren’t as smart as I’d imagined,” Han Tong jeered.

Han Jingru smiled. “I told you this because

you're no longer worthy of my time. Now that Han Xiuyuan has come out of retirement, you no longer call the shots in the Han family. What's the point of threatening you? You're in dire straits yourself! Given Han Xiuyuan's personality, he'd have chosen someone else to be head of the family!"

Han Tong's face fell. Han Xiuyuan choosing another head of the household was the greatest threat to her at the moment.

"Why should I bother wasting time with a useless woman who can't control the Han family?" Han Jingru continued.

Han Tong's expression darkened. She thought that she had forced the answer out of Han Jingru, only to find out that she was no longer a worthy opponent in Han Jingru's eyes. This was a detrimental blow to Han Tong's pride.

"Do you really think that he can take away the position of head of the household away from me?" Han Tong hissed between clenched teeth.

Han Jingru mocked, “Do you think Han Xiuyuan is as useless as Han Jia? You can kill Han Jia, but killing Han Xiuyuan won’t be a simple task. I know that you left your men in Yun City to look for Han Li and kill him. If killing your brother and father meant nothing to you, killing another elder wouldn’t hurt. However, Han Xiuyuan isn’t someone you can kill so easily.”

These words had hit the mark with Han Tong. Han Jingru was right -- Han Tong had killed Han Jia easily, but it would not be so easy to do Han Xiuyuan in.

Han Tong only had the intention to kill Han Xiuyuan, but she did not have any ideas on how to do so.

“It won’t be so easy to kill grandpa, and even if I were to do so, I’d wait for him to humiliate you first. You have no way out other than to beg him for mercy!” Han Tong paused before continuing, “Even Han Xiuzhi has knelt down before him in the past. Both you and your grandfather are nothing but trash!”

Han Tong insulted Han Xiuzhi because she could not take the dent to her pride, but she did not know how much this angered Han Jingru.

Han Jingru strode over with a sullen expression and growled, “You have no right to talk about my grandfather with that foul mouth of yours.”

“Tch!” Han Tong sneered. “I only said the truth! Back then, Han Xiuzhi knelt before grandpa like a dog! Can you imagine his pathetic state back then? He was a piece of trash back then and will always be one!”

Han Jingru clasped his hands around Han Tong’s neck and threatened, “Apologize to my grandfather!”

Han Tong suddenly found it difficult to breathe. She had not expected Han Jingru to turn violent.

She flailed her arms at Han Jingru, but she might as well as have been swatting a fly. Han Jingru barely felt it and did not loosen his grip.

Han Tong’s face turned red and could barely

breathe. With the last of her strength, she said, “I-I’m sorry!”

Han Jingru had not released her immediately and waited until she had nearly passed out.

Han Tong grasped her neck and took deep gulps of air. She felt like she had nearly drowned.

“There’s no point getting physical with me! I’d like to see you try that with Han Xiuyuan!” Han Tong howled in fear as she backed off. She felt like she was at the brink of death earlier and knew that Han Jingru would have killed her if she did not apologize.

“I’ll settle the score with him when I get my present ready,” Han Jingru replied calmly.

Present?

Han Tong stared at Han Jingru in shock, but she did not dare to ask much. She was in a rush to leave and knew that she was in danger if she continued to stay there.

“If you don’t want to be trash, prove it with your actions!” Han Tong spat as she fled for her life.

Han Jingru gave her a mocking smile and muttered to himself, “This woman is a scheming one. She wants to make use of me to deal with Han Xiuyuan, huh? If she were a man, she’d be a formidable threat.”

Han Tong’s schemes gave even Han Jingru a shock. Her ruthlessness and the depths of her ploys were the best Han Jingru had ever seen. Fortunately, she was just a woman, or she would be a sizable threat to Han Jingru.

Han Tong’s intentions were just as Han Jingru had guessed.

Now that Han Li was dead, Han Jingru no longer amounted to a threat to her. She intended to watch Han Jingru and Han Xiuyuan fight while she swooped in at the last moment to kill the two of them. The harder the two of them battled, the better it was for Han Tong.

The best-case scenario would be for the two of

them to tire each other out and drain each other's resources. That way, she could easily get rid of Han Jingru, find an opportunity to kill Han Xiuyuan, and regain control over the Han family.

However, Han Jingru's present made Han Tong curious.

Why would he get Han Xiuyuan a present?

One day had passed and Han Jingru only had two days left to make a decision.

The entire Chinese District had its eyes on the Han family Villa.

Word quickly got out that Han Xiuyuan was after Han Jingru's life and everyone felt that Han Jingru was doomed.

They simply wanted to see how stubborn this young man was and how long he could hold out.

Would he wait for Han Xiuyuan to kill him? Or would he kneel before Han Xiuyuan at the Han family Villa like a dog?

Naturally, most of them believed that the latter would occur as they felt that Han Jingru was no match for Han Xiuyuan. If they were in Han Jingru's shoes, they would kneel before Han Xiuyuan without a moment of hesitation.

After all, their lives were more important than their dignity.

“Two days left. How long will Han Jingru hold out?”

“He's just stalling for time. He'll definitely show up on the last day. Anything else would be suicide!”

“Offending Han Xiuyuan would be like offending the God of Death! He has no other choice!”

“Hahaha, I heard that Han Jingru's grandfather was a piece of trash himself. Looks like even Han Jingru can't escape such a fate! That branch of the family is full of losers!”

The residents of the Chinese District had made many comments about Han Jingru, but they all

felt that he was doomed. None of them felt that he stood a chance against Han Xiuyuan at all.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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On the second day, Han Jingru went to a funeral home in the Chinese District alone.

The boss was an elderly man with a head full of white hair and deep wrinkles were etched in his face. His frail back was curved, while he teetered on his feet like a swaying candle flame in the wind, looking like he would topple over any moment.

“Sir, when can the coffin I ordered be finished?” asked Han Jingru.

The boss replied hoarsely, “Young man, I’m already rushing it for you. The earliest would be tomorrow.”

“Can you hurry up? I need it tomorrow,” urged Han Jingru. Tomorrow, the three days which Han Xiuyuan gave him would be up. He did not want to miss the best moment.

“Young man, I’m already so old. My movements are a little slow, so I hope that you’ll understand,” said the boss.

Han Jingru did not intend to place the boss in a tight spot. As he was tight on time, he was in a rush.

“Why don’t I pitch in? Tell me how I can help you,” suggested Han Jingru.

Taken aback, the boss stared at Han Jingru.

“Don’t worry. I’ll still pay you the full price,” assured Han Jingru.

Flashing him a faint smile, the boss shook his head and said, “Young man, you’re called Han Jingru, right? Are you giving this coffin to Han Xiuyuan?”

Never did Han Jingru expect the boss of the funeral home to guess his identity!

Looks like news about me has spread widely within the Chinese District. Even the boss knows about it!

“You’re right,” admitted Han Jingru.

The boss sighed and said, “You committed a grave mistake on an impulse. Have you ever considered the consequences?”

“Sir, that’s my own business. Please, help me finish the coffin quickly,” insisted Han Jingru.

The boss pouted, looking like he still wanted to speak. However, he suppressed his urge to say something and merely sighed.

To the boss, Han Jingru’s current move was very foolish. Opposing Han Xiuyuan in the Chinese District and even sending him a coffin was undoubtedly tantamount to having a death wish!

When Han Xiuyuan sent a coffin to the banquet, the entire Chinese community was stunned. It was because Han Xiuyuan had the ability to eliminate the Wu family.

However, if someone else followed Han Xiuyuan’s actions and sent him a coffin, he would certainly be doomed.

“I’ll finish it earliest tonight. If you are okay with

the late timing, you can wait here,” said the boss.

“I’ll come and take it tomorrow morning. I hope that you can wake up early. As for the fees, I’ll pay you 10% more,” said Han Jingru.

The boss nodded, but was not the slightest bit happy that he could get more money.

“There’s a rumor saying that Han Jingru has a very skilled expert with him. After he moved into the Han family, the expert disappeared from the public eye. However, I believe that he’s still staying by Han Jingru’s side. You must be careful,” The boss reminded Han Jingru.

Han Jingru frowned. *Why is the boss of a mere funeral home so familiar with Han Xiuyuan?*

With his social profile, he certainly doesn’t interact with Han Xiuyuan’s social circle. Why does he know about this?

“You seem to know Han Jingru very well,” remarked Han Jingru, feeling puzzled.

After a slight hesitation, the boss revealed, “Actually, not only do I know Han Xiuyuan well, but I’m also familiar with Han Xiuzhi. No one knows better than me about what transpired between the two brothers in the past.”

Han Jingru’s brows furrowed further. Evidently, the boss was not any ordinary man. He might have belonged to Han Xiuyuan’s circle, but left to start a funeral home for some unknown reason.

“Sir, how well do you know my grandpa?” asked Han Jingru.

“If you manage to survive, come and look for me,” replied the boss.

Han Jingru shrugged, not pestering him for answers anymore.

After leaving the funeral home, Han Jingru went to the office.

The busy Tang Cheng personally welcomed Han Jingru at the entrance.

To Tang Cheng, nothing could stop him from welcoming Han Jingru. Even if the sky fell, he would still clamor to Han Jingru.

“Jingru, do you need me to tell you about the company’s situation?” asked Tang Cheng.

“There’s no need to. Since I asked you to come all the way to the U.S., it means that I have complete trust in you,” replied Han Jingru.

Tang Cheng was slightly moved. This was the reason why he was so loyal to Han Jingru. If Han Jingru were willing to trust him, he would definitely not let him down.

“Are you afraid of dying?” Han Jingru asked Tang Cheng.

Stunned, Tang Cheng did not quite understand why Han Jingru asked that question.

The feud between Han Jingru and Han Xiuyuan was widely speculated within the Chinese community. However, as Tang Cheng had not truly assimilated into the Chinese community yet,

and had been spending all his time working in the office, he had not heard about this news yet.

“I’m scared. However, if I die for you, I won’t have a single complaint,” said Tang Cheng earnestly.

Smiling, Han Jingru patted Tang Cheng’s shoulder and assured, “Don’t worry. I won’t let you die. I need your help with the Chinese District. Without you, I wouldn’t be able to be an absentee leader.”

“Jingru, are you in danger?” asked Tang Cheng seriously. He knew that Han Jingru would not ask such a question for no reason. Something must have happened.

“It’s just a minor issue,” replied Han Jingru calmly. Actually, he was not absolutely confident in dealing with Han Xiuyuan. Even if the boss of the funeral home did not inform him about the expert working under Han Xiuyuan, he could already deduce it.

Since Han Xiuyuan could act so arrogantly, he

must have something backing him up.

Just by solely relying on the Han family's influence in the Chinese community, Han Xiuyuan definitely could not keep up with this act.

“Oh, right. If anything happens to me, go back to Yun City and think of a way to find Han Xiang. This is Nangong Boling's contact number. Han Xiang is in his hands.” Han Jingru passed a name card to Tang Cheng. Since he was not certain about what would happen next, he had to settle the follow-up plans.

Tang Chen took the name card with a grave expression. He had long heard about what happened in Yun City. After Han Xiang got kidnapped, Molan combed the entire city for her. Although Tang Chen was curious as to why Han Jingru did not personally return to Yun City, he knew that he was not in the position to be nosy. All he could do was to follow Han Jingru's instructions and do his job well.

After staying at the office for a while longer, Han

Jingru returned home.

He cooked two dishes for himself before indulging himself in some drinks, which was quite rare.

He did not really like to drink. Instead, he had a habit of smoking, something he picked up since young. It was the only way for him to de-stress, as if all his worries would float away with the wisps of smoke.

Just while he was drinking, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Who's here at this hour?

Puzzled, Han Jingru opened the door just to see Qi Bingying standing there with a wide grin. She raised the bottle of red wine in her hands and said, "This is my Dad's treasured collection. I snuck it out."

Han Jingru smiled bitterly. He had already warned Qi Bingying to keep her distance from him, yet she still dared to come seeking him out.

“Why did you come here? Aren’t you afraid of dying?” asked Han Jingru.

Qi Bingying squeezed past Han Jingru and entered the house. She said, “I’m not the only one supporting you. Even my parents are willing to believe you. The Qi Family is planning to grow our influence by leveraging you. You don’t mind being used by us, right?”

Han Jingru closed the door and walked to the dining table. Qi Bingying had already headed to the kitchen to grab the wine glasses.

“Why are you still standing there in a daze? Open the bottle! Do you want a petite girl like me to do it instead? I don’t have such a huge strength,” said Qi Bingying.

Han Jingru grabbed the bottle of red wine. Without using any tools, he pushed the cork in using his bare hands.

“Are your fingers made of steel?” teased Qi Bingying as she rolled her eyes.

“Speak. What are you planning to do?” asked Han Jingru.

“I’m following you to the Han family tomorrow,” announced Qi Bingying.

Furrowing his brows, Han Jingru said, “It wasn’t an easy feat for the Qi Family to settle down again. Why must you take such a huge risk with your parents?”

“They agreed to this. I can even tell you that I didn’t persuade them--It’s their own decision. They have absolute faith in you,” assured Qi Bingying.

Han Jingru did not really believe that. However, when he gazed into Qi Bingying’s eyes, he could not catch a single hint of deceit.

“You must not disappoint them. Because we trust you, we are risking everything that the Qi Family has.” Smiling, Qi Bingying poured a glass of wine for Han Jingru.

“I don’t want to shoulder such pressure. If something bad happens, the Qi Family will be sacrificed alongside as well. I will not protect the Qi Family by putting my life at stake,” said Han Jingru.

Raising her eyebrows, Qi Bingying rebuked, “The Qi Family is willing to sacrifice for you. Me too.”

“You’re nuts!” Han Jingru could not help but scold her.

“It’s fine if you want to treat me like a madwoman. Anyway, I’ve already discovered a problem with myself a long time ago. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have liked you so much.” Tears brimmed in Qi Bingying’s eyes, but she forced herself to smile. Yet, her empty smile, filled with such sorrow, made her look even more pitiful.

Han Jingru sighed and drank the wine in a single gulp.

Both of them clinked their glasses and drank. After finishing the bottle of red wine Qi Bingying brought, they even opened another two bottles of wine at home. This time, Han Jingru made sure to stay sober throughout. On the other hand, Qi Bingying was absolutely intoxicated.

After carrying Qi Bingying to the bedroom, Han Jingru was about to return and clean up the dining table. However, Qi Bingying wrapped her arms around his neck tightly, unwilling to let go.

“Jingru, don’t leave me, okay?” mumbled Qi Bingying in her sleep.

Actually, Han Jingru had already been tempted by Qi Bingying since a long time ago. He was starting to waver, but every time he thought about Su Yimo, he had no choice but to strengthen his resolve again.

Since he was going to hurt Qi Bingying now, he must not hurt Su Yimo too.

“If I have a chance in my afterlife, I’ll repay everything to you.” With that, Han Jingru forcefully tugged Qi Bingying’s hands away.

After tidying the table, Han Jingru slept on the living room’s sofa.

The next day was the last of the three days Han Xiuyuan gave him.

Han Jingru woke up early in the morning. He specially changed into a black suit and dressed up well, making him look exceptionally energetic. His handsomeness and charisma grew by a few notches.

“I didn’t expect you to look so handsome in a suit,” said Qi Bingying as she stood at the door, lost in Han Jingru’s dashing looks.

“Why are you up so early? Why didn’t you sleep for a longer while?” Han Jingru glanced at Qi Bingying in surprise. As she was drunk last night, she should not have woken up so early.

“I’m afraid that you’ll be gone by the time I wake

up, so I set an alarm yesterday,” explained Qi Bingying.

Taking a deep breath, Han Jingru said, “I’m going to send a coffin to Han Xiuyuan. Are you sure that you want to tag along?”

Qi Bingying nodded firmly. Without any hesitation, she said, “Of course. Even if I have to go through the fires of hell, I’ll still do it with you.”

Han Jingru knew how persistent this woman was. If she had made up her mind, it would be a difficult task to convince her otherwise. Furthermore, Han Jingru did not have the time to persuade her now.

“If you want to tag along, hurry up,” urged Han Jingru.

Nodding vigorously, Qi Bingying started to change without even closing the door.

Of course, Han Jingru did not peek at her either. If he were willing, Qi Bingying would do

anything for him. There was no need for him to stoop to such shady actions.

After ten minutes, Qi Bingying walked out of the room in a white dress, looking divinely beautiful like a goddess. Even though he had witnessed Qi Bingying's beauty multiple times, she could always take his breath away each time.

Even now, Han Jingru still thought that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Of course, although she was pretty, it did not necessarily mean that she held the top place in his heart too.

Although Qi Bingying was prettier than Su Yimo, she could never displace Su Yimo's ranking in his heart.

Qi Bingying walked over to Han Jingru and grabbed his hand. They were like a couple who was about to stride into the wedding hall.

"If only I were in a wedding gown now," said Qi Bingying with a blissful expression. Even though

it was just a fantasy, it was enough to fill her with happiness.

“Are you dreaming right after you woke up?” commented Han Jingru in brutal honesty.

Qi Bingying rolled her eyes. *He’s the bluntest guy I’ve ever met, and there’s nothing I can do about it.*

With both dressed up, they set off.

Han Jingru drove a rented pickup truck to the funeral home.

According to their agreed timing, the boss should have opened the store already. However, the front door was still tightly shut, which puzzled Han Jingru.

Did the old man oversleep?

Han Jingru knocked on the door, but there was no response.

“Did he escape? After all, he’s the one making a

coffin for Han Xiuyuan, so he'll hold some responsibility too," remarked Qi Bingying.

Han Jingru shook his head. If the boss were afraid, he would not have agreed to the job. Hence, he would not have escaped now.

Han Jingru tentatively lifted the shutters. Upon realizing that it was not locked, he drew it up completely.

They immediately saw all sorts of funeral products, such as paper dolls. Women were naturally fearful of such eerie items, so Qi Bingying unknowingly tightened her grip on Han Jingru's hand.

"Sir?" yelled Han Jingru.

Silence greeted him.

Frowning, Han Jingru headed to the back of the room.

"Argh!" After entering the back of the room, Qi Bingying discovered a pair of legs dangling mid-

air. She let out a blood-curdling scream.

The boss was hung from the ceiling. His face was completely drained of all color, while ligature marks covered his neck.

Qi Bingying hid behind Han Jingru, so scared that her face turned ashen and her body trembled.

Han Jingru clenched his jaw as fury overwhelmed him.

He was definitely killed by Han Xiuyuan!

“If you’re afraid, hide somewhere further,” said Han Jingru coldly.

He flung Qi Bingying’s hand away, stood on a stool and carefully lowered the boss’ corpse.

Throughout, Han Jingru realized that many of his bones had been broken by force. It was evident that he had been tortured before dying.

How hideously cruel must Han Xiuyuan be to make such an old man suffer before killing him?

Han Jingru took a deep breath to suppress his fury.

If I didn't order a tailored coffin from the boss, he would not have met his demise.

“I was the reason for your death,” murmured Han Jingru guiltily.

“I'll definitely avenge you!” he determined.

Han Jingru stood up and found the coffin which he ordered for Han Xiuyuan. There were a few unfinished work left for the coffin, so he did it himself.

At that moment, all the major families in the Chinese community had their eyes glued on the Han family's villa. It was the last day left for Han Jingru to make a decision, and many eyes were on him.

“Hao, Han Jingru won't be a coward and run away, right?”

“In my opinion, there's a high chance that he

won't appear. Perhaps, he's already preparing his escape now.”

“That rascal acted so arrogantly in front of us. Now that he unexpectedly encountered Han Xiuyuan, he did not even dare to show his face publicly. What a wimp!”

The few wealthy youngsters were gathered in a club near the Han family's villa. They had their subordinates keeping watch on the situation around the villa, but there was still no news about Han Jingru. Hence, all of them were convinced that Han Jingru decided to back out the last minute.

Ma Feihao smirked coldly and mocked, “Considering Han Xiuyuan's abilities, it's impossible for Han Jingru to have a chance to leave the Chinese District. Don't worry. Even if he doesn't show up, Han Xiuyuan has a way to find him.”

Everyone else agreed -- Given Han Xiuyuan's authority in the Chinese District, it would be hard for Han Jingru to escape this matter.

“Ma Feihao, how do you think Han Xiuyuan will deal with Han Jingru?” Someone asked Ma Feihao curiously.

Ma Feihao knew that if Han Xiuyuan wanted to kill Han Jingru, he would not have wasted these three days. Hence, he came to a conclusion that Han Xiuyuan would choose to humiliate Han Jingru this time.

“I heard that Han Jingru is Han Xiuzhi’s grandson. You guys must have heard about what transpired between Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiuzhi, right? In my opinion, Han Jingru will now suffer the same humiliation that Han Xiuzhi went through that year. This must be Han Xiuyuan’s objective,” said Ma Feihao.

As for Han Jingru’s identity, many of the people present had heard about it. They also knew how defeated Han Xiuzhi was when he was forced out of the Chinese District.

“Did that rascal come to the Chinese District to take revenge for his grandfather? Does he not know how influential Han Xiuyuan is in the

Chinese District?”

“That idiot is really playing with fire now. Instead of obediently staying in Hua Nation, he actually dared to come to the U.S. He’s obviously got a death wish.”

At that moment, their phones simultaneously rang.



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When they picked up the calls, their expressions drastically changed. They shared a look before exclaiming at the same time, “He’s here!”

“He’s here!”

With a solemn look, Ma Feihao said in surprise, “I didn’t expect him to actually turn up. Unfortunately, he can’t do anything except to kneel for forgiveness. When up against Han Xiuyuan, he has no chance to retaliate.”

Then, their phones buzzed, signaling that they had received a message.

The same picture, shot from different angles, appeared on their phone screen.

“This...”

“What is that guy doing?”

“He... He actually brought a coffin along!”

When Ma Feihao saw the photo, he was so shocked that he dropped his wine glass, which

shattered into smithereens upon landing on the floor.

All Ma Feihao could feel was a shiver down his spine.

In the photo, Han Jingru was standing outside the Han family's villa, holding a coffin with one hand.

Ma Feihao was so shocked that his throat became parched. With trembling hands, he grabbed a glass of water and gulped it down. Rubbing his eyes, he blinked several times.

“Is that dude nuts?” Ma Feihao gasped in surprise. He immediately video-called his spy.

After the video-call started, everyone saw the scene of Han Jingru holding the coffin.

Everyone's eyes were glued to Ma Feihao's phone, not even daring to blink so that they would not miss this spectacular scene.

“Wow, he actually had the guts to send Han

Xiuyuan a coffin!”

“He must be crazy. There’s not a single shred of rationality left in him. Otherwise, he wouldn’t dare to do something as outrageous as this.”

“He really has a death wish. Han Xiuyuan is capable enough to send a coffin to Wu Youfeng, but what about him? Does he think that he’s as capable as Han Xiuyuan?”

Ma Feihao kept taking deep breaths, trying to suppress the flood of emotions that were inundating him. Han Jingru’s appearance was a surprise, yet the scene of him holding a coffin was even more astonishing.

“Although he’s our enemy, I can’t help but admire him,” said Ma Feihao. Although he was reluctant to admit how brave Han Jingru was, it was impossible not to do so in such an event.

At that moment, Han Jingru’s voice suddenly sounded from the phone.

“Han Xiuyuan, this is a custom-made coffin for

you, carved from the best mahogany. Do you accept this gift?”

His words shocked the entire Chinese community. Other than Ma Feihao and the rest, there were many others watching this scene live through their video-calls.

They were flabbergasted upon hearing what Han Jingru said, for it completely changed their impression of him.

Does he have nothing to fear?

Or does he know that his death is inevitable, so he might as well die gloriously?

As they had no concrete answer, they continued watching.

At the Qi Family’s villa, Qi Donglin was panting heavily as he remarked, “I’ve never seen such a ridiculously bold person like him! He’s acting so wildly that I’m filled with excitement.”

Normally, when Qi Donglin cursed, Ouyang Fei

would stop him. However, she was in no mood to do that now. All of her attention was focused on Han Jingru.

Qi Bingying was standing beside Han Jingru too. Surprisingly, Ouyang Fei did not feel worried for Qi Bingying. Instead, a longing look crept into her eyes.

Standing beside such a man is something to be proud of. After all, not everyone can achieve such a sensational feat.

“Look! This is what a man looks like,” commented Ouyang Fei.

Qi Donglin was in no position to make a dig at Han Jingru, nor did he disagree with Ouyang Fei’s words.

“Yeah! This is how a man looks like. However, how many men in this world can go to such lengths as he did?” exclaimed Qi Donglin.

“Oh, to have a son like Han Jingru! Just by this single act alone, his name would be spread far

and wide. How great would it be if he's my son-in-law?" lamented Ouyang Fei as a disappointed look crossed her face. It was unfortunate that she could only fantasize about this possibility. After all, Han Jingru already had a child!

On the other hand, at the Han family's villa, Han Tong was furious when she saw Han Jingru arrive with a coffin.

At the same time, she was elated too. Han Jingru would only suffer a painful death only if he truly angered Han Xiuyuan.

Although she was no longer threatened by Han Jingru, she hated him to her core. She wished for nothing but to skin him alive and for his corpse to be dragged through the streets.

Han Tong hurried to the small courtyard and informed Han Xiuyuan, "Grandpa, Han Jingru is here."

Han Xiuyuan was playing with a caged sparrow in the small courtyard. He snapped coldly, "I've already warned you from trespassing in my

territory. Looks like you're ignoring my words.”

“Grandpa, Han Jingru's here. I'm just informing you,” mumbled Han Tong.

A faint smile played on Han Xiuyuan's face, for he expected Han Jingru to appear. *A useless piece of trash like Han Xiuzhi will have a similarly useless grandson. Of course he'll come here and beg for forgiveness!*

“Let him kneel there. When I'm in a good mood, I'll naturally go and see him,” said Han Xiuyuan.

“But...”

“Don't be so naggy. Must I visit him since he came? That useless piece of trash is not worthy enough for me to see him,” interrupted Han Xiuyuan in annoyance.

An exasperated look crossed Han Tong's face. Han Jingru brought a coffin along with him, so it was evident that he was not here to kneel for forgiveness.

“Grandpa, he came here with a coffin,” said Han Tong after steeling herself.

Han Xiuyuan’s body stiffened.

He came here with a coffin!

Is that bastard trying to copy me when I gave a coffin to Wu Youfeng?

“He’s playing my tricks! He doesn’t know his capabilities at all. Useless bastard! I’ll kill him today!” yelled Han Xiuyuan through gritted teeth.

Immediately, a figure appeared beside Han Xiuyuan. He moved so rapidly that no one could even capture his actions.

“Han Xiao, how long has it been since you fought?” asked Han Xiuyuan with a smile.

“Ten years. It’s been ten full years,” replied Han Xiao with his head lowered.

“I didn’t expect a useless bastard like him to have the honor of making you fight again. Since he’s

here with a coffin, let him die in it,” instructed Han Xiuyuan.

Han Long was known as the best fighter in the Han family. For many years, Han Long alone was deemed the epitome of the Han family’s martial powers. However, only the core members of the family knew that the title actually belonged to Han Xiao. He was even Han Long’s master.

Most importantly, Han Xiao used to be a member of the Apocalypse. This was a secret only known by Han Xiuyuan.

“If you want him to die, he will definitely die,” replied Han Xiao.

Han Xiuyuan smirked in delight. Not only was Han Xiao very powerful, but his loyalty could also surpass everyone else.

“After killing him, make a trip to Hua Nation and kill Han Xiuzhi. It’s time for that useless bastard to die. He doesn’t deserve to have the Han surname,”“ instructed Han Xiuzhi nonchalantly.

Outside the villa, the scene of Han Jingru carrying the coffin had utterly shocked everyone. After witnessing this scene through the video calls, some brave souls had personally made a trip there.

“I didn’t expect so many people to watch us. You’re really famous now, huh?” When Qi Bingying saw the crowd getting larger, she could not help but remark to Han Jingru.

Although Han Jingru was currently at the focal of everyone’s attention, Qi Bingying knew that her own name would be spread far and wide throughout the Chinese District after today.

Of course, the prerequisite for that to happen was that Han Jingru must survive.

“I’ll definitely humiliate him as badly as he did to my Grandpa that year. It’s good that there’s a crowd. I want all of them to witness who’s the actual useless member of the Han family,” asserted Han Jingru calmly.

His words were nothing but a joke to everyone

else. They were there just to witness how Han Jingru would die.

However, Qi Bingying trusted Han Jingru with all her heart. Up till now, Han Jingru had achieved everything he wanted to do.

Even if he were up against a big shot like Han Xiuyuan, Qi Bingying would still believe in him.

“Why hasn’t Han Xiuyuan come out yet? That useless rascal, Han Xiuyuan, is openly provoking him.”

“Could it be that Han Xiuyuan is scared?”

“How is that possible? Do you know who Han Xiuyuan is? How can he be scared by this foolishly bold youngster? Look and see. He’ll definitely appear soon.”

The anxious crowd were eager to see the drama unfold.

Finally, Han Xiuyuan and the rest of the Han family appeared!

The crowd started to become excited.

During Wu Youfeng's birthday banquet, Han Xiuyuan's domineering bullying tactics intimidated everyone. Yet, it also showed everyone what true power looked like. The power Han Xiuyuan wielded was so impressive that everyone fantasized about it, imagining themselves as Han Xiuyuan who held such authority in his hands.

Han Jingru once forced all the wealthy youngsters to kneel. Harboring a grudge for Han Jingru's actions, many of the people present wished that he would die in Han Xiuyuan's hands.

The more domineering Han Xiuyuan behaved, the more excited they became.

When Han Xiuyuan saw Han Jingru carrying that coffin, a disdainful smirk played on his lips.

“Even the owner of the funeral home ended up killed. Is there a point in creating such a huge ruckus? Do you think that this will make your

death more glorious?” scoffed Han Xiuyuan.

“Han Xiuyuan, this coffin is a present for you. After all, on this exact date next year, it’ll be your death anniversary,” replied Han Jingru calmly.

When he said that, the crowd started to mock Han Jingru for acting so flippantly. Although he did something that none of them dared to do, everyone else saw his actions as a death wish.

“What an insolent man! The Han family’s bodyguards are all highly skilled experts. How dare he utter such outrageous words!”

“Judging from Han Xiuyuan’s temper, he’ll definitely not give Han Jingru an easy death. I want to see how miserably this ignorant man will die.”

“Hmph! He’s acting all high and mighty in front of Han Xiuyuan. He’s the greatest fool in the world.”

Other than the major families of the Chinese District, there was an unfamiliar face in the

crowd—Nangong Sun.

To Nangong Sun, there was nothing to fear about a man like Han Xiuyuan. The only reason why the Nangong Family did not grow to immense power in the Chinese District was simply that they did not want to. As long as Nangong Boling uttered a single word, he could permanently change the power hierarchy in the Chinese District. Han Xiuyuan was nothing to him.

However, Nangong Sun also knew that Han Xiuyuan's influence in the Chinese District was huge. When he sent the coffin to the birthday banquet, he shocked the entire Chinese community. If Han Jingru provoked Han Xiuyuan and ended up killed by him, it was a good thing for Nangong Sun too.

Unfortunately, as he had witnessed Han Jingru's fighting skills, he did not have high hopes for that possibility.

No matter how powerful the Han family's bodyguards were, they could never defeat Gong Tian.

However, Nangong Sun already had a back-up plan. His main objective in coming to the Chinese District was to kill Han Jingru. Now that such a perfect opportunity was presented right in front of him, he would definitely not miss it.

Touching the loaded weapon in his pocket, Nangong Sun's lips curved into a cold smirk.

“Han Jingru, if you want to compete with me to become the head of the family, you'll need to survive this day,” mumbled Nangong Sun to himself.

On the other hand, Han Xiuyuan was completely unaffected by Han Jingru's threat. *Death anniversary? It'll only be Han Jingru's. How can it be mine?*

With Han Xiao protecting me, a useless rascal like Han Jingru can't even get close to me. How can he kill me then?

“Han Jingru, what's the use of bragging? Don't you know that only the fittest survives? Or did your useless Grandpa never teach you that

before?” mocked Han Xiuyuan as he chuckled.

Placing the coffin down, Han Jingru replied calmly, “I heard that the strongest bodyguard in the Han family is Han Long. However, I already killed him at Hua Nation. I wonder if there are any experts left in the family.”

Han Long is dead?

Everyone was dumbfounded when they heard that.

Han Long was notorious in the Chinese District —almost as much as Han Xiuyuan. After all, Han Xiuyuan had been keeping a low profile for many years. Han Long alone represented how intimidating the Han family’s fighting skills were.

However, Han Jingru had already killed Han Long! *How is that possible? How can he even be so strong?*

“Is this brat bluffing? How can he kill Han Long?”

“He must be exaggerating. Han Long is the best fighter in the Han family. How can he be killed by that brat?”

“What an idiot! At this point in time, does he still think that he can intimidate Han Xiuyuan by putting up a strong front?”

Everyone unanimously decided that Han Jingru was lying. No one believed that he actually killed Han Long.

However, Han Tong knew about this all too well.

“Am I right, Han Tong?” Han Jingru shot a question to Han Tong with a smile.

Han Xiuyuan frowned. He knew that Han Long and Han Li went to China. However, because of some events, he delayed his return.

If Han Jingru was speaking the truth and Han Long was really killed, what happened to Han Li?

Han Tong snuck a peek at Han Xiuyuan, only to

hear him coldly demand, "What happened?"

Lowering her head in fear, she quickly said, "Grandpa, it's true that he killed Han Long."

Goodness!

Everyone turned their gaze to Han Jingru in fear.

Those who initially did not believe that he killed Han Long were now utterly shocked.

With Han Tong confirming it, he must be telling the truth!

Han Jingru is actually strong enough to kill Han Long!

Ma Feihao, who was watching the scene from the crowd, wiped the cold sweat off his head. Back then, his bodyguard had been crippled by Han Jingru. Although he was not bothered by it previously, it was only now that he realized how dangerous the situation had been.

If a person capable of killing Han Long attacked

him, the consequences were unimaginable!

“I’m surprised that you can actually kill Han Long. But do you know that Han Long has a master? Now that you’ve killed his disciple, do you know the consequences?” Han Xiuyuan glared at Han Jingru coldly.

“Han Tong, there’s still one more thing. Aren’t you planning to tell Han Xiuyuan?” Ignoring Han Xiuyuan’s threat, Han Jingru continued talking to Han Tong.

Han Tong did not dare to inform Han Xiuyuan about Han Li’s death. As it was a serious affair, she hoped that everyone would gradually forget about it as time passed.

“Are you also going to continue hiding the truth behind Han Jia’s death?” When Han Jingru noticed Han Tong’s silence, he continued.

Han Jia is dead too?

This was a sensational piece of news to the Chinese District.

Everyone knew that Han Jia was the most likely candidate to become the next head of the Han family. He also had a wide social network, with many of the wealthy youngsters in the crowd being his friends. Never in a million years would they expect Han Jia to be dead!

“Don’t spout nonsense!” Han Tong’s face twisted in menace as she glared at Han Jingru, clenching her jaw. She was the one who killed Han Jia. This was a fact that no one in the Han family must know. Otherwise, even if Han Xiuyuan did not kill her, she would lose her chance of being the head of the family, or worse, banished from the family.

“Nonsense? I’m not spouting nonsense, Han Xiuyuan. Don’t you know what happened to your son and grandson?” Han Jingru said to Han Xiuyuan with a wide grin.

Since I’m going to wreak havoc, I’m going to go all out!

I’m not just going to kill Han Xiuyuan, but I will also destroy the Han family.

The mighty Han family of the U.S. once trampled all over the Han family of Yan City.

Now, I'm going to return all the humiliation that we've suffered back to them!

Han Xiuyuan subconsciously clenched his fists. He snarled coldly at Han Tong, "What happened? Tell me now!"

Han Tong was trembling in fear, not daring to tell Han Xiuyuan the truth.

She had never expected Han Jingru to bring that up and to drag her into this hellish mess as well.

"Grandpa, Han Jingru is deliberately sowing discord between us. He wants to wreak havoc in the Han family. Kill him now!" urged Han Tong.

"Since she's unwilling to tell you, let me do the honors. As she's afraid that Han Jia would compete with her to become the head of the family, she killed Han Jia. Despite being the elder sister, she actually murdered her own brother. Han Tong, you're really cruel, huh?" drawled

Han Jingru.

Han Tong killed Han Jia?

Everyone was completely dumbfounded. They had never expected a woman like Han Tong to be so ruthless.

Problems kept coming one after the other.

Han Jingru continued, "As for Han Li, your useless son, he even pleaded me for mercy before he died. Can you imagine how he looked like when he knelt in front of me? How pathetic!"

Everyone felt chills run down their spines.

Han Jingru even killed Han Li!

As Han Li's father, it was impossible for Han Xiuyuan to spare his son's murderer.

"He must be crazy! How dare he provoke Han Xiuyuan again? Does he not know any limits?"

"How is this guy so bold? He even killed Han

Li!”

“Even if Han Xiuyuan rips all of his limbs out, it’ll be insufficient to vent his anger!”



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Han Xiuyuan shook in anger. No one had managed to infuriate him like that in years.

The death of Han Li and Han Jia aside, what upset him the most was how Han Li was made to beg by Han Jingru.

How could the U.S. Han family be brought low by that bastard from Yan City?

This indignity was what Han Xiuyuan refused to stomach.

When he drove Han Xiuzhi from the U.S during his heydays, he proudly rode the waves and believed that he was the only one who could lead the Hans back to glory.

All this time, Han Xiuyuan thought that was Han Xiuzhi a useless weakling and despised him and Yan City's Han family.

He refused to accept that Han Li bowed before Han Jingru. *In order to bury this truth, Han Jinru must die.*

“Kill him, Han Xiao. I want him to disappear into a nameless grave!” Han Xiuyuan snarled.

Han Xiao stepped forward with a staid expression. “My disciple was killed. I shall avenge him this day.”

Han Jingru’s ears perked up as he set down the mahogany casket. He whispered to Qi Bingying next to him, “Stand clear for this.”

Qi Bingying nodded stiffly as she still reeled from Han Jingru’s words. It confounded belief that Han Li was dead, and at the hands of Han Jingru, no less.

It was until now that she realized how deep the enmity between Han Jingru and the Han Family ran - that a life must be taken in order for it to see reprieve.

It’s going to be either Han Jingru or Han Xiuyuan’s!

“Bingying, come over here,” the onlooking Qi Donglin and Ouyang Fei called out from a

distance.

Qi Bingying briskly made her way over. “Dad? Mum? What are you doing here?”

“How could we stay away when almost all the prominent families are here?” Ouyang Fei said.

“Han Jingru is in grave danger,” Qi Donglin commented, his face sinking.

His daughter was perplexed. “What makes you think that, Dad?”

The father sadly chuckled, “Only people from Han Xiuyuan’s generation would know how formidable Han Xiao is. Word has it that when Han Xiuyuan was at the height of his powers, the majority of the corpses that laid at his feet was the handiwork of Han Li. Though Han Long may be better known as their top pugilist in the Chinese community, Han Li was the real force behind the ascent of the family.”

Qi Donglin had only just finished when Han Xiao broke into action. His movement was so fast that

only a flash was seen.

Such was his speed that even the keen eyes of Han Jingru could not keep up.

His own instinctive reflexes enabled him to dodge the initial punch thrown by Han Xiao, but not the second.

The whirling blow struck home and sent Han Jinru flying in a mist of scarlet. He then landed heavily on his back in a cloud of dust.

“Han Jingru!” Qi Bingying screamed. She would have dashed over had Qi Donglin reacted first and held her back.

The opening sequence seemed to have already settled the contest.

Han Xiao looked contemptuously at his opponent as he sneered, “Han Long must have been careless to fall to a worthless fool like you. Hopefully, he had learnt a hard lesson which he would do well not to repeat in his next life.”

Han Jingru swallowed the blood in his mouth. He looked steely at his opponent as he got back to his feet unsteadily. “Is that all you got?”

“Far from it. I’ll crush every single bone in your body and have you wishing you’ve never been born.” With that, Han Xiao transformed into a blur once more.

Qi Bingying’s heart was in her throat. *Han Xiao is not letting up at all!*

Han Jinru never stood a chance as he was once again sent sprawling. He did not see Han Xiao coming and could not muster any strength to react.

Qi Bingying was worked up to the verge of tears. The other people present though, clapped and cheered as they thought it well deserved.

“This arrogant fool finally had it coming to him.” This moment was what Fang Shuo needed to let out all the pent up steam, and one he had been waiting for in the longest time.

Ma Feihao shrugged, “What a pity that he will be done in before I am able to kill him myself!”

He had been looking forward for his uncle’s return in the hopes that he would be able to wrought his vengeance upon Han Jingru through him. But it seemed that his nemesis was not going to last until then.

“Hao, it doesn’t matter who does him in so long as this sucker dies,” Fang Shuo grinned in gratification.

Ma Feihao shot Fang Shuo a look and raged, “Only a fool like you would think that. What is the point of him dying if I cannot restore my honor for myself?”

When he realized that he misspoke, Fang Shuo hurriedly backtracked and nodded profusely, “You are right, Hao. With your ability, it would be a tremendous shame that you aren’t able to slake your thirst for vengeance yourself.”

The person most delighted amongst all had to be Nangong Sun.

He had come to the U.S. expressly to see to Han Jingru's demise, and had devised many plans and also networked with multiple cleaners for this very purpose. But it seemed now that it had all been a bit excessive.

Cleaners were the contract killers of the underworld - dark men who took lives for a living.

Han Jingru may have saved him a lot of trouble by crossing Han Xiuyuan himself.

“Had I known that this was how this story was going to play out, I would have passed on making the trip here. But it sure was worth the journey just to see you die,” Nangong Sun said chillingly.

The twice-beaten Han Jingru coughed and the front of his chest was stained a shuddering shade of crimson.

He had not expected a fighter of this caliber in Han Xiuyuan's service. Han Jingru had previously faced down and prevailed against men as skilled as Gong Tian, but against Han Xiao, he

was completely outclassed.

Could this man that stood before him be even stronger than Gong Tian?

This time, Han Jingru took much longer to gather himself.

I can't stay down now, and I won't!

“You are a tenacious one, I'll give you that. But how much longer do you think you can you keep this up?” Han Xiao mocked.

Han Jingru wiped the blood from the corner of his lips. “For as long as I can still draw breath.”

“Let's see how you manage after I snap your legs.” Han Xiao then left only a faint silhouette behind.

He did as he said he would and predictably aimed straight for Han Jingru's lower limbs.

As mentally prepared as Han Jingru was to engage, Han Xiao was still too quick for him.

The younger man's swung fist caught air before he heard an awful crunching sound echo from underneath him.

Bang!

He fell onto one knee as the pain and numbness from his right leg permeated throughout his body.

Han Xiao pulled his maimed foe upright by the hair and looked him in the eye as he towered over him.

“Doesn't feel too good now, does it? You're just a mere insect beneath my feet,” Han Xiao taunted.

Right at this moment, Qi Bingying broke free of her father's grip and ran straight for Han Jingru.

“Bingying!”

“Bingying!”

Qi Donglin and Ouyang Fei were horrified.

But nothing was going to deter Qi Bingying.

She flung herself onto Han Xiao and cried as she clung onto his arm. “You let go of him! Let go of him!”

Han Xiao was unmoved. He bellowed, “Unhand me, woman! Get lost!”

Driven by a singular desire to save Han Jingru, Qi Bingying showed no fear as she refused to budge.

Han Xiao lost patience and slapped her across the face.

Qi Bingying spun twice before she hit the deck. Her cheeks streaked with welts from the ferocious backhand.

At this moment, a poised middle aged man strode out from amidst the crowd.

“Uncle!” Ma Feihao exclaimed.

Though he had not counted on Ma Yu's unscheduled appearance, Ma Feihao's first thought was to have his uncle seize control of the situation so that he would have his own shot at revenge.

However, Ma Feihao was unsure if Ma Yu was prepared to antagonize Han Xiuyuan for his sake, so he decided to wait it out to see how things developed.

"It's been years, Han Xiao. A pleasure to be able to see you stretch your legs again," Ma Yu laughed as he approached.

Han Xiao furrowed his brows. As a former member of Apocalypse, he was all too familiar with the distinguished Ma Yu.

But why is this fella in the U.S.?

"What brought you here, Ma Yu?" he asked.

Ma Yu tilted his head at Han Jingru. "Him."

Han Xiao clenched his teeth. As Han Xiuyuan

wanted Han Jingru dead, he must see to it that his mark did not live to see the end of the day. Ma Yu's intervention made him wary as having been away from Apocalypse as long as he did, it was hard to gauge how their skills matched up presently.

“Are you attempting to meddle here in the belief that you have Apocalypse's backing in this? I have not forgotten that it is their policy to be impartial towards external affairs.”

Ma Yu laughed, “Of course I am aware of that. This man right here, however, is cause for exception.”

“Hmph. Are you telling me that you are related to this fool?” Han Xiao scoffed. *Who is Han Jingru to Apocalypse that they would bend their house rules for him?*

“It's not personal. I'm here on the behest of Fourth Gate. Wouldn't you like to know what's their interest in him?” Ma Yu stated.

Fourth Gate!

Han Xiao's eyes widened.

There were many divisions within Apocalypse, such as the Salakkau and so on. Fourth Gate was considered the most influential of all, so much so that it was said that they practically ran Apocalypse. The power they wielded also extended well beyond the walls of the organization.

“How could that be? Why would Fourth Gate bother with this maggot?” Han Xiao asked in disbelief.

“If you are not convinced, you could always go ask them yourself,” Ma Yu laughed again before he continued, “Right. Almost forgot that you are a reject who has been barred from re-entry. An unwanted stray--that's what you are.”

Han Xiao was incensed at this insult but consciously restrained himself.

Out in the world, Han Xiao feared no one with the skills he possessed.

But he knew that to stand against Apocalypse would mean certain death.

No one can stand against Apocalypse. Absolutely no one.

“So what’s it gonna be? Are we going to fight the good fight, or are you going to buzz off?” Ma Yu asked plainly.

Han Xiao’s tightened his fists. He would not choose to back down had he any other options.

Even if the Han family ran the Chinese District, Apocalypse could ground them to dust if they willed it. The disparity between the potency of two powers was simply insurmountable.

“Apocalypse must be in decline if they even need to wrangle over this fool,” Han Xiao hissed.

“You will need to apologize on your knees to him for that transgression,” Ma Yu stated.

That cracked Han Xiao up. “Me bowing to this fool? Ridiculous!”

“For calling him a fool as well. I really am concerned for your life. Fourth Gate’s Mr. Yi has decided to accept Han Jingru as his apprentice and would have been here in person to bring him back to Apocalypse had he been able to make himself available,” Ma Yu added.

“What!” Han Xiao was so shocked that he shuffled backwards. Beads of cold sweat streamed down his back.

Fourth Gate’s Mr. Yi!

Han Xiao had never met this legendary man, but Mr. Yi was Fourth Gate’s most compelling figure and the very reason why they were such a force to be reckoned with. *And he wants Han Jingru as his apprentice!*

Impossible!

Mr. Yi has never taken on any apprentices!

“Shaking in your boots now, I see?” Ma Yu laughed. “You should be, as no one is to lay a hand on his apprentice. So I would recommend

that you get down on your hands and knees to apologize. Otherwise, I would dread for your plight if he were to get wind of it and decide to pay you a visit himself.”

Han Xiao’s mouth was so parched that he felt that his throat might burn.

He could not imagine what would happen if Mr. Yi were to arrive in the U.S.

The onlookers were not privy to the conversation between the two men. Few actually knew who Ma Yu was and so were puzzled as to why Han Xiao froze.

Han Xiuyuan saw enough. “What are you waiting for, Han Xiao? Kill Han Jingru now!”

Kill Han Jingru?

That notion sounded almost like a joke to Han Xiao.

Who has the authority or the audacity to try and kill Mr. Yi’s chosen apprentice?

“Sigh.” Ma Yu shook his head at Han Xiuyuan’s words. “It was not easy for the Han family to come this far. Would be a shame for it all to be reduced to nothing over one ill-advised decision. What a vendetta! Whether it be resolved by Mr. Yi or himself is anyone’s guess.”

Clueless of the misfortune that might potentially befall him, Han Xiuyuan continued to rail at his subordinate, “Han Xiao, I order you to kill Han Jingru immediately!”

Han Xiao exited his stasis.

However, what he did was the completely unexpected.

He got down on his knees before Han Jingru!

The threat from Apocalypse was just too great to disregard!

“What the hell are you doing?” Han Xiuyuan exploded at seeing his own bodyguard publicly disgrace himself before his sworn enemy.

He stormed up to Han Xiao and yelled in his face. "Have you lost your mind? Get yourself up this instant!"

The bodyguard raised his head and looked ashen-faced at his employer, "The Han family... is done for."

The latter remained oblivious and continued to spit and kick at the former.

Han Xiao's conduct embarrassed the Han family in front of all the other prominent families in the Chinese District. As far as Han Xiuyuan was concerned, that was unforgivable.

"Do you understand what you have done, Han Xiao?" he bellowed.

Han Xiao was well aware of the repercussions of his actions, but he did not have the courage to oppose Apocalypse, or Fourth Gate's Mr. Yi.

"Apart from him, no one is to lay a finger on this casket. Don't test me. Whoever tries, dies." With that, Ma Yu carried Han Jingru over his shoulder

and turned to leave.

Up stepped the heedless Han Xiuyuan who called upon two of his family's other bodyguards to remove the casket.

They barely laid hands on the funerary box before the sound of a blade was heard tearing through the air.

Han Xiuyuan was left shellshocked as the two men crumbled to the floor with fountains of blood spurting from their severed carotid arteries.

Han Xiao only picked himself up after Ma Yu was out of sight. He said to Han Xiuyuan, "A terrible reckoning awaits the Han family, and it is coming. Han Jingru's present stature is now beyond our comprehension."

"What are you babbling about? What stature has this worm attained?" Han Xiuyuan seethed.

Han Xiao explained, "Mr. Yi from Apocalypse's Fourth Gate wants him as his apprentice. Perhaps you don't know who he is but he is someone who

could have Apocalypse do anything that he commands.”

Han Xiuyuan’s eyelid twitched. Indeed, he was not able to grasp the full implications of that but it was evident that anyone who could have Apocalypse do his bidding was no ordinary individual.

He then sat slumped upon the ground, his sense of desolation apparent.

Han Jingru survived, and Han Xiao bent the knee. The onlookers were completely bamboozled by what just transpired. It then weighed upon them heavily that Han Jingru was not one to be trifled with.

Ma Feihao took to his heels in an attempt to catch up with Ma Yu before he got too far.

In his view, he had the right of claim over Han Jingru’s life now that the man was in his uncle Ma Yu’s custody.

“When did you arrive, Uncle Yu? Why didn’t you

call me so that I could go pick you up from the airport?” Ma Feihao asked cheerfully.

“What’s on your mind, kiddo? Speak,” Ma Yu asked.

His nephew let out a awkward smile. “Uncle, I’ve beef and a score to settle with this prick. What would you say if I asked to have him handed over to me?”



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Ma Feihao's statement stopped Ma Yu in his tracks.

Glancing at Ma Feihao's eager expression, his heart sank. *Did this guy really have something to do with Han Jingru?*

At the most, I can only take meticulous care of Han Jingru; who gave Ma Feihao the guts to have the thought of exacting revenge on him?

"What happened between the both of you?" asked Ma Yu in a low tone.

Ma Feihao vividly described what happened at the racing tracks. However, he exaggerated the story and painted himself as the victim, to the extent of shedding crocodile tears.

Ma Yu knew Ma Feihao all too well, and it was obvious that he was exaggerating. Even if what he was saying was true, Ma Yu was reluctant to assist him in plotting a revenge.

"Fortunately, you forced him to kneel down before you. If it were the other way around, it

would have been over for you,” Ma Yu congratulated him with a wide smile on his face after hearing him recount the incident.

Ma Feihao gazed at him in confusion. *As my uncle, how can he act so indifferently when he heard that I had been treated unfairly?*

“Uncle, you should just leave him to me,” stated Ma Feihao.

“From now on, you should just act as loyal lackey. That is the only way you can survive,” answered Ma Yu.

“What!” exclaimed Ma Feihao as he gazed at Ma Yu in astonishment. He inquired, “How is it possible that you want someone as useless as me to be a lackey?”

Ma Yu gave a bone-chilling laugh. Although Ma Feihao was his nephew, the way he treated Han Jingru had greatly annoyed him.

He’s Mr. Yi’s disciple. How could Ma Feihao criticize Han Jingru when even he himself had no rights to do

so?

Ma Yu boomed unsympathetically, “Hmph. Do you even know what kind of a person Han Jingru is?”

“What kind of person is he?” queried Ma Feihao in confusion. *Given that Han Jingru is in the hands of Ma Yu, shouldn't Ma Yu allow him to help in taking revenge? What's more, he is Ma Yu's nephew and it is only natural for him to help his uncle. However, Ma Yu seems to be protecting Han Jingru instead.*

“There is someone who is more powerful than me who is looking for a disciple. If I had come any later, your life would have been in grave danger. Do you really believe that you have the capability to take revenge? If you do, the whole Ma Family would perish,” stated Ma Yu.

Ma Feihao stared at Ma Yu in horror. In his heart, Ma Yu was already an extremely influential man. He couldn't believe that someone more authoritative would want to take Han Jingru as a disciple.

That piece of trash is lucky to become the disciple of someone so influential!

“Uncle, does that mean that I have no other chance at revenge?” questioned Ma Feihao in a dissatisfied tone. The previous eagerness and anticipation in him had now turned into one of utter disappointment. He could not accept the fact that he had to become Han Jingru’s lackey.

“Kill this thought. If not, I would be unable to protect you and may even be harmed because of you,” instructed Ma Yu sternly.

Staring at Ma Yu’s grave expression, Ma Feihao knew that he was telling the truth. *This means that any sliver of hope of taking revenge is extinguished.*

“Actually, there is an advantage in being his lackey, for the amount of power he holds is unthinkable. Whether or not the Ma Family can scale greater heights depends on whether you can please him,” stated Ma Yu.

Ma Feihao was used to currying favor but the

thought of doing that to Han Jingru was unacceptable. He had a long-standing feud with Han Jingru that the whole Chinese community knew about. He had even proclaimed that he would personally take revenge upon Han Jingru.

If he became Han Jingru's lackey, he would become the biggest laughing stock of the century.

“I understand that your reputation is very important. However, you should know that your life is more important than your reputation,” cautioned Ma Yu. With one hand carrying Han Jingru, Ma Yu turned around and left.

Ma Feihao stood rooted at the spot. *Although my reputation is important, it would be meaningless if I were dead.*

He was not someone that irrational to be willing to lose his life over his reputation; that was something he could never do.

Ma Feihao sighed loudly and muttered, “Fine, I will just become his lackey. As long as there is an opportunity to rise up the ranks, I don't mind

being his lackey.”

Qi Bingying had been watching Ma Yu and Han Jingru from a distance. She was afraid of approaching them but was also worried about leaving Han Jingru in the hands of Ma Yu as she did not know what he would do to Han Jingru.

When Ma Yu realized that he was being followed, he instantly stopped and waved at Qi Bingying.

Qi Bingying realized that she had been spotted and approached Ma Yu.

“How are you related to him?” queried Ma Yu.

“We’re just friends,” she replied.

Ma Yu smirked. *Were they dating?* Qi Bingying stared into the eyes of Han Jingru. *We are more than just friends.*

“Follow me. You can help me take care of him,” answered Ma Yu.

She nodded her head and was extremely grateful for Ma Yu's invitation.

The matter concerning the Han family's Villa ended abruptly. Besides Han Xiao and Han Xiuyuan, nobody else knew why Ma Yu was protecting Han Jingru. However, they knew that Han Jingru had pathetically lost the battle; he did not even have a chance to fight back.

Nevertheless, everyone knew that the matter had not truly come to an end. The coffin was still at the entrance of the Han family's Villa, and Han Jingru would be back soon.

Everyone was looking forward to the day that Han Jingru returned, for it would determine life and death.

They arrived at the Han family's villa.

Han Tong knelt in front of Han Xiuyuan and trembled in fear after Han Jingru had recounted what happened in Yun City. Han Xiuyuan could not believe that Han Tong had murdered her own brother. With Han Li dead, Han Xiuyuan vowed

that he would never allow a women to become the head of the Han family.

Han Xiuyuan knew that members of the Han family were slowly walking to their demise. Han Jingru was of a different status from the Han family as he was a disciple of Mr. Yi. He knew that his attitude towards Han Jingru would force Han Jingru to exact revenge upon him.

There was a high possibility that the Han family would perish on the day Han Jingru exacted revenge.

Before that, Han Xiuyuan would put in his best effort to uphold the Han family's reputation.

“Grandpa, I am in the wrong. Please give me another chance,” pleaded Han Tong as she knelt down in front of Han Xiuyuan. Although she was once consumed by the thought of having great authority and power, she no longer cared about any of that. She had only one wish now -- to escape her Grandpa's punishment.

However, Han Xiuyuan had embarrassed himself

in front of everyone and was extremely cranky. There was no way that he would spare Han Tong from her punishment.

Although Han Tong was Han Li's daughter, he had never treated her equally as he believed that the only value Han Tong had was to marry into a wealthy family and build a strong alliance for the Han family. Given that Han Tong's crimes had been exposed, no one in the right mind would want to marry a cold-hearted murderer.

“Break both of her legs. From now on, you are prohibited from leaving the Han family. You will stay here till you die,” commanded Han Xiuyuan indifferently.

Han Tong panicked and continuously banged her head on the floor, causing her forehead to bleed. She begged, “Please don't! Give me another chance. I will do anything!”

Han Xiuyuan stared at Han Xiao coldly, having no intention of sparing Han Tong's life.

Han Xiao approached Han Tong. Without saying

a word, he instantaneously crushed her kneecaps.

Han Tong shrieked in pain as she dropped to the floor. A cold chill ran down the spine of every member of the Han family. They lowered their heads and avoided looking at Han Tong.

“From today onwards, I will be the head of the Han family,” proclaimed Han Xiuyuan.

Back then, Han Xiuyuan was the one who took responsibility upon himself to establish the Han family. After witnessing what had happened to Han Tong, no one dared to anger Han Xiuyuan or question his authority.

Han Xiuyuan took a deep breath and strolled to his small courtyard, his mood taking a better turn.

He had never thought that a useless piece of trash like Han Jingru would become the disciple of Apocalypse.

However, Han Xiuyuan would not be a sitting duck. Worrying about the Han family’s safety, he racked his brains for a plan.