

At Yunting, the villa at Genting.

Su Yimo woke up early in the morning feeling extremely anxious. Her eyelid was twitching non-stop and she felt uneasy. As she had nothing to do, she sat on the sofa in a daze.

Shi Yan was used to her constantly erratic behavior. As a mother, Shi Yan understood her feelings.

Han Xiang had been captured by evil people when she was a little kid, and even Shi Yan would not have been able to accept such a reality.

“Are you thinking about Han Xiang?” queried Shi Yan gently, as she grasped Su Yimo’s hands to comfort her.

Su Yimo broke out of her daze and shook her head. She asked, “Is it true that a women’s sixth sense is accurate?”

“That’s an assumption. Relax, I am sure that Han Xiang is fine,” comforted Shi Yan.

Su Yimo shook her head incessantly and blabbered, “I am not worried about Han Xiang. I have a feeling that Jingru is in danger.”

Shi Yan was stunned, for she too had a weird feeling since she woke up. It was as if she had found out about something she didn't know of.

After hearing what Su Yimo said, Shi Yan finally understood how she was feeling.

It was as if she knew instinctively that Han Jingru had been in an accident.

However, she could not express her true feelings in front of Su Yimo. If she did, Su Yimo would become extremely anxious and she would be unable to calm her down.

“I don't think anything happened to him. You know how capable he is. The average Joe could never take him on,” reassured Shi Yan with a smile on her face. She turned her head and gazed at Yan Qiong. She said, “If you don't believe me, just ask Grandpa Yan.”

Ever since Shi Yan stayed at the Villa located in Genting, Yan Qiong and Han Xiuzhi had been living together.

Yan Qiong grinned and nodded his head. He affirmed, “Jingru is extremely capable and no one is a match for him. I don’t think I could take him on myself either.”

Su Yimo knew how capable Yan Qiong was. For him to make such comments about Han Jingru proved that Han Jingru was even more competent.

However, as a famous Chinese saying went, ‘No one is invincible’. Han Jingru had many enemies and there would always be someone more threatening and powerful than him.

“Mom, I am still concerned about him. Are you still unable to contact Jingru?” asked Su Yimo.

Shi Yan glanced at Han Xiuzhi, who was the only one who knew what was going on. However, Han Xiuzhi had warned that Su Yimo could not know about what was happening, as he was worried

that she would head to U.S. to find Han Jingru on impulse. If she went to the U.S., she would only be inconveniencing him.

“We are still searching for him. Don’t worry. If we have any news, we will inform you immediately,” assured Shi Yan.

Su Yimo let out a huge sigh. Ever since she married Han Jingru, he had never left her side for such a long period of time. She was extremely perturbed about what Han Jingru was up to. .

At this moment, Jiang Yan walked down the stairs.

Ever since Shi Yan begun staying with then, Jiang Yan had become more honest and stopped playing wicked tricks on everyone. Although she appeared to care for Su Wenlun, this was all a façade as Jiang Yan was too selfish to care for another person. In reality, she felt trapped in the Villa and had many complaints which she did not dare to air out. As a result, she lashed out all her anger on the poor Su Wenlun.

Almost every day, Jiang Yan would punch and kick the bedridden Su Wenlun.

Jiang Yan had long wanted to kick Shi Yan out of the Villa. She had even thought that she had the capability to do so as the Villa was protected by Su Yimo.

However, she did not have the courage to do so in front of Shi Yan, as Shi Yan had once slapped her. Since then, she was terrified of Shi Yan and did not dare to bring up this incident.

Although Shi Yan did not know much about Han Xiuzhi, his stern expression was enough to strike fear in Jiang Yan's heart. She did not even have the courage to look at him in his eyes.

Suddenly, the sound of glass shattering could be heard.

Jiang Yingying was substituting her mother Ho Ting by working for the family. She was the housekeeper and would cook meals and clean the house everyday.



As she was wiping the flower vase, it suddenly broke into fragments.

The flower vase did not drop onto the floor, but suddenly broke when she was holding it in her hands.

This type of incident had occurred many times previously. As long as she held anything in her hands, it would shatter easily. Even when she was washing plates, she would damage them.

Jiang Yan could finally vent her anger. She strode next to Jiang Yingying and bellowed, “What are you doing? You can’t even do a simple task. What is the point of hiring you to work for us? You are a piece of trash, just like your mother.”

Jiang Yingying was terrified and lowered her head in fear. In this household, she was only intimidated by Jiang Yan and not the authoritative Shi Yan nor the strict Han Xiuzhi.

“Look at what you did. Do you know how expensive this flower vase is?” yelled Jiang Yan as she slapped Jiang Yingying forcefully.

Jiang Yingying cupped her face and felt that she had been wronged. She was not being careless; she did not even know what had happened. It was only recently that she became so strong that she could not even control this newfound strength. She had only exerted a slight force but the flower vase broke.

“Mom, what are you doing? Yingying was just careless. This flower vase is inexpensive anyway,” comforted Su Yimo as she rushed to Jiang Yingying’s side.

Jiang Yan was still furious and screamed, “Why are you protecting her? Just fire her. She has broken so much furniture in our house. If this goes on, our whole house would be destroyed.”

“I’m the one who hired her. If anyone wants to fire her, only I have the capability to do so,” commanded Shi Yan as she stood up and walked next to Jiang Yingying.

Immediately, Jiang Yan’s prowess was diminished. She could only berate Jiang Yingying and use her as a punching bag. However, in front

of Shi Yan, she had to act obediently.

Yan Qiong, who was sitting at a corner, furrowed his brows. He had also noticed that Jiang Yingying had damaged many things in the house. However, he was not concerned with the items broken but with Jiang Yingying's strength.

*How can a woman break a flower vase with such ease? A woman can't be so strong.*

*Furthermore, it is clear that she cannot control her strength.*

Yan Qiong glanced at Han Xiuzhi. Both of them seemed to have reached a consensus and left the Villa.

At the garden, Han Xiuzhi asked Yan Qiong, "Did you notice anything wrong?"

"It's like a large wave of force has appeared within her body. She has been unable to adapt so far," answered Yan Qiong.

"Her symptoms resemble Jingru's," exclaimed



Han Xiuzhi.

Yan Qiong nodded his head in agreement. Han Jingru had also required his assistance over the exact same matter, hence Yan Qiong understood Jiang Yingying's condition well. However, he could not comprehend how Jiang Yingying would also suffer from the same issue as Han Jingru.

“Could it be that there is something unusual about the room that she is staying in? If I recall correctly, Jingru used to stay in that same room in the past,” remarked Han Xiuzhi.

Yan Qiong furrowed his brows. *Even if Jiang Yingying stayed in the same room as Han Jingru, this doesn't explain where she got her abnormal strength from.*

“How about I ask her to move to a different room? I can stay in her room and see if I can find any clues in there,” enquired Yan Qiong.

Han Xiuzhi mulled over it for a while and shook his head. He replied, “There is no need for that. It doesn't matter how she got her strength. You

should provide her with proper training so that she can become Han Jingru's assistant one day. There are too many issues of the upper class that we can't comprehend. Since we can never make it to the upper class, we shouldn't ponder about it."

Yan Qiong nodded his head in agreement. "Fine. I will train Jiang Yingying from tomorrow onwards so that she can get comfortable with her powers. It would be great if she becomes Jingru's assistant in the future," he exclaimed.

Han Xiuzhi let out a long sigh and lamented, "What happened in the U.S. was really unexpected. We can no longer control what is going on there, and it is all up to Jingru now."



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As the old saying went, it takes a hundred days for the bone to knit and tendons to heal.

Even if Han Jingru had extraordinary self-recovery abilities, he needed a long time to recover after Han Xiao broke his right leg.

Although he had Qi Bingying taking care of him by his side, he could do nothing but lie down on the bed. To him, not being able to move was agonizing.

He asked, "Can I go for a walk?"

She replied, "Can you even walk in this state?"

He argued, "I need some air, so can I at least go to the balcony?"

"I'll open the windows for you." She said as she opened the windows, and in came the breeze.

He insisted, "I'll have to move, or else I'm going to rot on this bed."

She declared, "Here, I'll teach you radio

calisthenics.”

Qi Bingying rejected all of Han Jingru’s requests because she wanted him to rest. It was to prevent his injury from getting worse, so he shouldn’t move too much.

Han Jingru smiled wryly. *She’s doing these because she cares for me. But to lie on the bed for twenty-four hours? That’s too much.*

“Do you have ADHD? It’s just for one day, and you’ve already reached your limit.” Qi Bingying rolled her eyes.

“Can you call that person here? I want to know who he is.” Han Jingru said. Before he lost consciousness, he knew that Ma Yu was the one who saved his life. However, he only knew that Ma Yu was Ma Feihao’s uncle after hearing Qi Bingying’s explanation. He couldn’t understand why Ma Yu would go all the way to save him.

Qi Bingying said, “I want to meet him too, but ever since after he took you here, he never showed himself anymore.” After Ma Yu left Han

Jingru in his house, he never dropped by.

“That’s strange. Ma Feihao wanted to kill me so badly, so why would his uncle save me?” Han Jingru said while he was puzzled.

Qi Bingying grumbled, “There’s no point in cracking your head over this. If it’s not for him, you would’ve died in Han Xiao’s hands. Insolent fool!” She cried in agony at the sight of Han Jingru almost beaten to death that day.

Thankfully, Ma Yu saved him, or else he would’ve dropped dead right in front of her.

Han Jingru shrugged helplessly. He was indeed too rash, as he underestimated the Han family. He thought he didn’t need to be wary of other family members after killing the strongest man in the Han family, Han Long, but he was wrong. Han Xiuyuan had Han Xiao by his side, and Han Xiao’s power surpassed Han Long by many levels.

Han Jingru sighed and said, “I’ve overestimated myself. I should’ve known Han Xiuyuan has many powerful subordinates. No wonder he can



live until now.”

Han Xiuyuan made enemies with many people as he killed his way up to his position. It was obvious he had something up his sleeves, or else his enemies would've assassinated him. Han Jingru should've thought of that, but Han Xiuyuan only gave him three days, so he didn't have enough time to prepare himself thoroughly.

To Han Xiuyuan, Han Xiuzhi was nothing but trash, so Han Jingru refused to sit by and wanted to prove him wrong.

Qi Bingying grumbled, “So what if you knew? Would you back down just like that?”

Han Jingru froze. Soon after, he smiled and said, “You're right. Even if I'm going to die, I won't surrender.”

Qi Bingying scolded, “You really have no sense of propriety. You knew you would die, yet you showed up in front of them. I've not seen someone as foolish as you!”

Han Jingru replied, “Han Xiuyuan will only become more and more arrogant if I retreat. So, there’s no use for me to hold back my resentment toward him.”

Qi Bingying pouted. At a loss for words, she couldn’t think of anything to refute his words.

Han Xiuyuan was a domineering man, so even if Han Jingru surrendered to him, he wouldn’t spare his life.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Qi Bingying exchanged glances with Han Jingru before she went to open the door.

The visitor wasn’t the man Qi Bingying was eager to see. Instead, Ma Feihao was holding a basket full of fruits, standing outside the room.

“Why are you here?” Qi Bingying asked Ma Feihao, puzzled by his visit.

Ma Feihao looked rather stunned by the beauty of Qi Bingying. He fell for her at that moment. He

knew Qi Bingying was beautiful all along, but he selectively ignored her existence, as he was hoping to get together with Han Tong to make the Ma family stronger.

But now, Han Tong's status in the Han family plummeted, so Ma Feihao wasn't interested in her anymore.

Although Ma Feihao fell for Qi Bingying, he didn't dare to cross the line. After all, she might be Han Jingru's woman. So, he wouldn't dare to let his imagination run wild.

Ma Feihao asked, "Where's Mr. Han? I'm here to see him."

*Huh? Mr. Han?*

Dumbfounded by his words, Qi Bingying looked at Ma Feihao. *Did I hear wrongly?*

*Ma Feihao called Han Jingru as Mr. Han? I must've misheard it.*

*Ma Feihao is a man who holds grudges. There's no way he doesn't have any resentment towards Jingru after bei*

*ng embarrassed that day.*

“What did you say?” Qi Bingying asked him, as she was sure she misheard it.

“I’m here to see Mr. Han. Is he resting?” He paused for a while and continued. “If he’s resting now, I’ll leave the things here. I’ll come again next time.”

The woman heard everything clearly. *I’m not wrong. Ma Feihao actually addressed Jingru as Mr. Han!*

*Why is he like this now? Did he bump his head or anything?*

“He just woke up. Go ahead.” Qi Bingying couldn’t believe what she heard, and she covered her mouth in awe.

“Thank you. Thank you.” Ma Feihao nodded politely.

*Is... Is this a miracle?*

*Or did the world change? Even someone like Ma Feihao had become so polite.*

Qi Bingying pinched her thighs as she found it hard to believe. *Ouch! It's not my imagination. What's going on?*

Ma Feihao walked into Han Jingru's room. Putting down the fruit basket, he grinned and asked, "Mr. Han, how are you feeling?"

Han Jingru was as shocked as Qi Bingying. *Am I imagining things?* He rubbed his eyes involuntarily. "What did you call me?"

"Mr. Han, of course! You don't like it?" Ma Feihao straightened his back and exclaimed with a serious expression.

"Ma Feihao, what are you playing at?" Han Jingru expected Ma Feihao to take revenge on him. *Ma Feihao is one of the top rich second-generation kids in the Chinese District. He must have harbor hatred toward me for making him kneel in front of everybody at the racing track s. So why is he being nice to me?*



Han Jingru didn't believe that Ma Feihao didn't have any ulterior motive.

Ma Feihao said politely, "Mr. Han, I'm not playing any tricks. I'm here to visit you, and I hope you get well soon." Knowing that he couldn't measure up to Han Jingru, Ma Feihao lowered his pride and considered becoming Han Jingru's lackey. *It doesn't matter if people look down on me, it's all worth it if I can be his ally when the Ma Family gets stronger, eventually.*

"Ma Feihao, I had embarrassed you in front of a crowd. Don't you want revenge?" Han Jingru frowned.

"Revenge? Mr. Han, I've never thought of that. Kneeling to you was a natural thing to do, so why would I want revenge?" Ma Feihao explained hurriedly, feeling anxious.

"Did you forget your pills for today?" Han Jingru felt like Ma Feihao had gone crazy. The Ma Feihao he knew wouldn't say something like that.

Ma Feihao said, "Mr. Han, I'm not sick. Why

should I take pills?”

“There must be something wrong with you, so I suggest you go see a psychiatrist.” Han Jingru was flabbergasted.

Upon hearing his words, Ma Feihao immediately took out his phone and dialed a number. “Make an appointment with a psychiatrist for me, please. Mr. Han said I need to go for a checkup, so I’ll do it.”

Han Jingru was rendered speechless. *Ma Feihao isn't just crazy. He's beyond remedy!*

Qi Bingying had the same thoughts as Han Jingru. Ma Feihao was trying so hard to please Han Jingru, maybe a little too hard, and everything just felt surreal.

“Is this all about your uncle?” Han Jingru suddenly thought of a possibility. When Ma Yu saved him, even Han Xiuyuan didn't dare to do anything. So, Ma Yu should be responsible for the change in Ma Feihao's attitude.

Wearing a serious expression, Ma Feihao said, “Mr. Han, my uncle told me to be your lackey. From now on, I’m your most loyal subordinate, and I’ll follow all of your orders.”



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As expected, Ma Yu had a part in Ma Feiyu changing his attitude. However, Han Jingru got even more confused. *Why did Ma Yu save me? And why did he tell Ma Feihao to be my lackey?*

Knowing Ma Feihao's personality, if he could let go of his grudges and lower his pride to please Han Jingru, that meant Ma Yu had told him about the graveness of the situation. However, Han Jingru didn't know what Ma Yu told Ma Feihao for him to have done this.

“Why did he do that?” Han Jingru looked at Ma Feihao in confusion.

Ma Feihao shook his head as he was in a dilemma. In his opinion, Ma Yu should be the one answering Han Jingru's doubts, and he felt he wasn't qualified to tell him. Ma Feihao was afraid that he might say something wrong as well. It would be rather troublesome if matters got worse.

“Mr. Han, it'll be better to ask my uncle when he's back. I'm not really sure about the details, and I'm afraid that I might say something wrong.

I hope you can understand. But, from today onward, I'll do my best to satisfy your every request." Ma Feihao was mentally prepared to be Han Jingru's lackey, so he was ready to do everything for him.

"Where did your uncle go?" Han Jingru asked as he never saw Ma Yu since the incident. He was worried Ma Yu would leave without telling him anything, and he would've so many questions left unanswered in his mind.

Ma Feihao replied, "He's at the entrance of the Han family's Villa, guarding the coffin."

The Han family's Villa.

With the coffin there, many people who had heard of the rumors went to see for themselves. However, they didn't dare to get too close, so they only took a glance at it from afar, knowing that it was all true.

Ma Yu was lying horizontally on top of the coffin. To Ma Yu, nothing was taboo for him, so he didn't care if lying on top of a coffin would



bring him bad luck or cause his death. His main priority was to take care of Han Jingru to become a member of Fourth Gate.

Ma Yu wasn't a nobody in the Apocalypse, but he was still far from becoming a core member. This time, he was on a mission to protect Han Jingru, and it was his chance to become one of the core members. If he managed to satisfy Mr. Yi, he would get to join the Fourth Gate.

Even if he got the lowest position in the Fourth Gate, it was also a promotion. So, Ma Yu decided to protect Han Jingru to satisfy Mr. Yi no matter what.

It was boring to guard the coffin, but no matter how bored Ma Yu was, he was determined to get his chance at joining the Fourth Gate.

Actually, he didn't have to be there to guard the coffin, as the Han family wouldn't dare to act rashly. Two members of the Hans had lost their lives, so even Han Xiuyuan dared not send someone to move the coffin.

Besides, Han Xiao was once a member of Apocalypse, and he knew who Mr. Yi of the Fourth Gate was. So, he didn't have the guts to offend such a big shot of the organization.

“Ma Yu, are you here just to save Han Jingru?” Han Xiao inquired as he walked toward Ma Yu.

Ma Yu sat up and shook his head. “Mr. Yi doesn't know the situation here. If he knows, he probably will come here himself.”

Upon hearing his words, Han Xiao's heart skipped a beat. *If Mr. Yi were the one who turned up instead of Ma Yu, the whole Han family would be wiped out.*

Han Xiao stuttered, “Mr. Yi... Will he really come to the U.S.? I remember he hadn't left Apocalypse for some time.”

Ma Yu scoffed. *Is he scared now? Look at how he stuttered. Well, they're talking about the intimidating Mr. Yi, it wouldn't be surprising even if Ma Yu peed his pants.*

Ma Yu said, “As of now, my duty is to protect Han Jingru. I’m not sure if Mr. Yi will come to the U.S., but you guys should start praying, and hope that Mr. Yi won’t be coming here. Or else, you guys will be dead.”

Han Xiao felt relieved, as it wasn’t certain that Mr. Yi was coming to the U.S. This meant they still have a chance to live.

Ma Yu continued, “However... Han Jingru will spare none of you, so you guys will meet your demise as well.”

Ma Yu laughed at the end of his words. He could feel that Han Jingru was a man who sought revenge. Han Jingru would be the one to end the long-term vendetta between America’s Han family and the Yan City’s Han family.

Han Xiao took a deep breath. He got too focused on Mr. Yi, but he totally forgot about his grudge with Han Jingru.

*So what if Mr. Yi’s not coming here? Han Jingru will not spare our lives so easily.*

*It's just as Ma Yu had said. Death was the only outcome.*

Han Xiao said, "I understand now. Do you want anything?"

"Han Xiao, don't bribe me. I won't accept it. Mr. Yi can kill me with one strike, so I'm risking my life if I take anything from you." Ma Yu wasn't interested in taking bribes, as he didn't want to risk his life.

Han Xiao's face was as white as a sheet, and he said, "I'll get going."

After that, he returned to the Han family's Villa.

Han Xiuyuan was in the small courtyard. He didn't feel like brewing tea or playing with his pet sparrow, like how he did before.

The sparrow in the cage kept on chirping to attract its owner's attention.

Han Xiuyuan was restless initially, but his anger rose after listening to the annoying chirps of the

sparrow. He turned to the sparrow and threatened, “Shut up! Or I’ll kill you.”

The sparrow didn’t understand his words, so it chirped louder.

Han Xiuyuan stood up and opened the cage. He reached his hand into the cage and caught the sparrow, crushing it to death.

He gritted his teeth. “A beast will always be a beast. It will not understand my words, so what’s the point of keeping it alive?”

It surprised Han Xiao when he saw Han Xiuyuan killing his pet sparrow. Han Xiuyuan had always treasured the sparrow, yet he killed it with his own hands.

Han Xiuyuan asked Han Xiao, “How was it?”

Han Xiuyuan was a man who didn’t fear death or blood. However, after living his life peacefully for so many years, his courage faded, and he felt fear when his life was being threatened. His fear of dying urged him to rack his brain to find a



solution to keep him and the Han family alive.

However, he had no ambition to stand up against Mr. Yi from the Apocalypse. The power of the US' Han family in the Chinese District was too weak to confront the Apocalypse.

Han Xiao replied, "He didn't know if Mr. Yi will come to the U.S."

Han Xiuyuan heaved a sigh of relief. He felt the same as Han Xiao. *There may be a turning point for us if Mr. Yi does not turn up.* However, he too forgot about Han Jingru.

Han Xiao reminded, "Han Jingru's still alive, and he won't spare us. Even if Mr. Yi's not coming here, Han Jingru is his apprentice, so we mustn't neglect this fact."

Han Xiuyuan's expression turned serious immediately.

*Right. Even if Mr. Yi's not here, Han Jingru's still here!*

Han Jingru is Mr. Yi's chosen apprentice, so he's as powerful as Mr. Yi.

Han Xiuyuan gritted his teeth. It was impossible to resolve the grudge between him and Han Jingru. Even if he gave up his self-esteem and pride to discuss with Han Jingru, Han Jingru wouldn't forgive or agree to coexist with him peacefully.

“Is there no other choice?” Han Xiuyuan gritted his teeth. He had made the US' Han family prosper with his blood, sweat, and tears, so he didn't wish for it to fall.

Han Xiao replied, “There's another solution. We have to find him.”

*Him?*

*Him!*

Han Xiuyuan's expression turned stony.

*Han Xiuzhi. Right. He can be our turning point!*

“Will it work? Threatening Han Jingru by taking Han Xiuzhi hostage.” Han Xiuyuan voiced his opinion, as he wasn’t sure if their plan will work.

Han Xiao smile helplessly. He meant to find Han Xiuzhi, settle their grudges peacefully, and not use Han Xiuzhi as a hostage to threaten Han Jingru. If Han Xiuzhi forgave them, he could persuade Han Jingru not to seek revenge.

*Too bad that Han Xiuyuan didn't have plans to patch things up with the Han Jingru. He only thought of capturing Han Xiuzhi to threaten him. How absurd!*



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“Do you really think we can still target Han Xiuzhi? This will only anger Han Jingru even more,” said Han Xiao.

*We aren't kidnapping Han Xiuzhi?* Han Xiuyuan looked at Han Xiao, completely puzzled and unable to comprehend what he meant. *Then, why are we searching for him?*

“What do you mean?” Han Xiuyuan raised his question.

Han Xiao sighed. “You are no longer high and mighty, so you should look at things differently. The reason we're looking for Han Xiuzhi is so that we can settle the scores between the both of you and ask him to help persuade Han Jingru to let us live.”

“Over my dead body!” Han Xiuyuan roared as soon as he heard the suggestion. It was as if he'd just heard a joke.

From cutting ties with Han Xiuzhi and forcing him to leave the U.S., Han Xiuyuan always seemed to be superior and his brother would

always be inferior; there was no way he was going to succumb to inferiority.

“Why not? Is it because you always thought of Han Xiuzhi being someone inferior to you?” Han Xiao asked.

“He’s a piece of shit, and that’s never going to change. Are you seriously asking me to beg someone like that? Han Xiao, don’t forget who you work for!”

The reason Han Xiao left Apocalypse and returned to Han Xiuyuan’s side was that the latter was his benefactor. If not for Han Xiuyuan, Han Xiao would’ve never been as successful as he was now. Due to his gratitude towards Han Xiuyuan, he was willing to spend the rest of his life protecting Han Xiuyuan. Yet, now, he’d lost the ability to protect his benefactor. To be more precise, he wasn’t strong enough to do so. There was nothing he could do when he was facing Mr. Yi.

“I have pledged my life to you,” Han Xiao said indifferently.



It didn't calm Han Xiuyuan down. Instead, the old man glared at his bodyguard. "As my bodyguard, you're supposed to protect my wellbeing, not persuading me to abase myself to a lowly piece of sh\*t."

"I will protect you till I have my last breath; you have my word." Han Xiao said nonchalantly. He was ready to lose his life once Han Xiuyuan made a choice.

Han Xiao's words were clear. He was emphasizing that even if he were to sacrifice himself, he could not guarantee Han Xiuyuan's safety. The latter knew what Han Xiuyuan implied, but he couldn't bring himself to beg Han Xiuzhi to help him.

If it were ten years ago, Han Xiuyuan would have never even considered the suggestion, but the thought of his own demise and the downfall of the Han family was beginning to affect his judgment.

"You should know very well that only Han Xiuzhi can convince Han Jingru," Han Xiao

continued to persuade.

Han Xiuyuan did not reply to his bodyguard and decided to go back to his room. He had his pride, but he began to waver as his life was on the line.

Even though he was already at an advanced age, but he didn't want his life to end in another person's hand.

On top of that, he had to consider the risk of Han family, which he spent his whole life building, falling all because of him. It wasn't something Han Xiuyuan wished to witness. "Is there really no other choice?" Han Xiuyuan sat on his bed and mumbled to himself, feeling dejected.

On the other side, Han Jingru was still puzzled by Ma Yu's action. Not only did the latter saved the former out of the blue, but he also even made Ma Feihao his lackey. The more Han Jingru thought of it, the more confused he became.

*Could it be... that Ma Yu have connections with the upper class? But even so, I don't think I've could receive such special treatment.*

Even though he'd won the fight against Gong Tian, but it took everything he got, and he didn't believe it was enough for the upper class to value him.

After Ma Feihao left, Han Jingru took out the jade pendant from the Nangong Family. The name "Apocalypse" was clearly etched on the pendant, which made him think that it was the title of the upper class. In the end, it was just speculation until he could find proof.

"What is this Apocalypse? Is it a secret society? And what's their goal?" Han Jingru mumbled to himself. Even though he didn't know much about the upper class, he could tell that he was getting closer and closer to them. He believed that he would be able to stand toe-to-toe with them one day and step into a world known only to a selected handful.

Just as Han Jingru was lost in thought, Qi Bingying walked in with a plate of cut fruits. Other than his three meals daily, she would also prepare fruits and supplements for him every day so that he could recover faster.

“Here, have some fruits.” Qi Bingying smiled.

Han Jingru turned to look at Qi Bingying and pondered. “Have you ever thought what would happen to your family if I died at the Han family?” Even though they never talked about it, both of them knew how devastating it would be if that happened. That was why Han Jingru was impressed at Qi Bingying’s wits to have had made that decision.

“There’s no point in replying to a hypothetical question,” replied Qi Bingying.

“At the very least, you can tell me why you’re doing this, right?”

“I guess it’s because I love you. Well, that’s the only reason I could think of. I love you so much that I almost sacrificed my whole family,” Qi Bingying replied nonchalantly as if it was the most natural thing to do.

*If this is love, then her love is too much for me to bear...* Han Jingru sighed.

Looking at how serious Han Jingru's expression had changed into, Qi Bingying suddenly laughed. "Do you really think you're that attractive? We believed that you wouldn't die and took that risk. As long as you defeat the Han family, our family will stand to gain a lot of benefits."

Han Jingru understood that Qi Bingying's explanation was part of the reason, but he could clearly tell that it wasn't the most important one. Speaking of Qi Bingying, Han Jingru suddenly thought of something concerning her.

After taking a cautious glance at her, he asked, "D-did your "aunt" come?"

The question took Qi Bingying by surprise. "What? Are you scared? What's there to be afraid of? It's a little late but there's nothing to worry about."

Han Jingru almost choked himself when he heard her reply. *Nothing to worry about?* If Qi Bingying really got pregnant, it would be a huge problem for him. He had no idea how to face Su Yimo, and Qi Bingying as well if that happened.



“You must be joking, right?” Han Jingru felt aggrieved as he was completely drunk that night and couldn’t even recall the incident. He would never accept it if he really became a father just like that.

“I can’t say for sure. It’s all up to God now.” Qi Bingying couldn’t help but chuckle under her breath as Han Jingru’s frightened expression was a sight to behold. She wasn’t affected by it as it wasn’t the first time he showed such a reaction towards her. She was already used to it.

Han Jingru let out a deep sigh. Other than praying to God, there was not a thing he could do.

For Han Jingru, who had to lay in bed 24/7, every minute was torture for him. There was nowhere for him to go, even if he wanted to get out of bed, he would need Qi Bingying’s permission for that. It was as if he was living the life of a cripple.

While he was tied to his bed, a lot happened outside. Han Xiuyuan was pondering as to whether he should visit Yun City or not, while Ma Feihao was doing a lot of community service

in the Chinese District in an attempt to please Han Jingru.

That day, Ma Feihao visited Fang Shuo personally. That person never stopped dreaming about killing his boss so it was necessary for him to settle this once and for all.

“Hao! Why are you here?” exclaimed Fan Shuo, who had been hiding in his home out of fear.

“Fang Shuo, looks like you have quite the beef with Mr. Han,” Ma Feihao said with no expression on his face.



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Fang Shuo wasn't paying attention and didn't realize Ma Feihao was addressing Han Jingru in a respectful manner. The only thing the former was thinking of was now that Han Jingru had fallen into Ma Yu's hands, it would mean that Ma Feihao, who was Ma Yu's nephew, had control over Han Jingru.

An idea instantly struck Fang Shuo as he realized the reason for Ma Feihao's visit. He thought the visitor was looking to benefit off himself.

"Hao, I'll accept any of your requests if you help me solve 'that' problem," proposed Fang Shuo. He valued his life over his money as the latter can be earned again.

*What is this idiot thinking? Did he not notice how I address Han Jingru? Is he really expecting me to help with his revenge?* Ma Feihao couldn't help but scoff. "Fang Shuo, how stupid can you be?"

"W-what are you talking about?"

"What am I talking about?" Ma Feihao suddenly

grabbed Fang Shuo by his hair. “How dare you think of making a move against Mr. Han? Are you so eager to meet your maker?”

It was only then Fang Shuo realized how Ma Feihao addressed Han Jingru. *Did he just say “Mr. Han”?* *What’s going on? I thought Hao wanted Han Jingru dead as well? Why is he being so respectful towards him now?*

“H-hao, don’t you hate him as well?” Fang Shuo asked.

“Hate him? I’m just a lackey, now why would I hate him? I would be ever grateful to him for forgiving me!” Ma Feihao said coldly.

Fang Shuo was completely stunned by Ma Feihao’s statement. *What happened? When did Ma Feihao become Han Jingru’s lackey?*

“You really don’t know who Mr. Han really is, do you? Heck, if you know who he is, you’ll surely piss yourself. And you even dare to think of exacting your revenge on him? Take a good look at yourself!” Ma Feihao scolded as he showered

Fang Shuo with punches and kicks.

Fang Shuo's cries of pain quickly alerted his parents as they rushed into the living room, only to see their son being beaten up.

"Who are you?" Fang Shuo's father roared. "How dare you come to my home and hit my son?"

"So what?" Ma Feihao raised his head. "What can you do?"

When Fang Shuo's father saw that it was Ma Feihao, his face turned pale instantly. He never expected the bully to be Ma Feihao, whom he didn't dare mess with. Even Fang Shuo's mother, who was a doting parent, didn't utter a sound.

"F-Feihao, what's wrong? Aren't you his friend? What did he do? I'll punish him myself," Fang Shuo's father said.

"Friend? This idiot is not worthy!" Ma Feihao scoffed. Even though the two had a better relationship than mere acquaintances, but Ma Feihao never thought of Fang Shuo as his friend,



especially not in the situation he was in now.

Hearing their son being called an idiot, Fang Shuo's parents did not get angry. Instead, they try to persuade Ma Feihao with kind words.

“Feihao, can you let our son go first and we'll talk later?” Fang Shuo's mother begged. “If he really did something wrong, we'll apologize in his stead.”

“She's right. Just tell us what he did wrong and we'll punish him for you,” Fang Shuo's father quickly nodded.

Ma Feihao looked at both of them and suddenly asked, “Are you two still fertile?”

Fang Shuo's parents were surprised by the question but could not read the meaning between the lines.

“If you two still have the ability to reproduce, then chop-chop. I suggest you quickly make some new babies or else the Fang family will be left without an heir.”

Fang Shuo's parents' expressions turned sour immediately as Ma Feihao just announced Fang Shuo's death in front of them.

Fang Shuo's father ran up to his son and slapped him. "You useless son! What the heck did you do this time?"

Fang Shuo was still confused, having no idea why Ma Feihao was being respectful towards Han Jingru or why Ma Feihao would stick up for him.

"B-but... I didn't do anything..." Fang Shuo said feebly.

Fang Shuo's father did not believe his son's words as if the latter did not do anything wrong, Ma Feihao would never have knocked on their door and demanded for his life.

"Feihao, please, give my son a chance... I'll make him pay for his mistake," begged the father.

"Give him a chance? I don't have the authority to do so. His life now depends on Mr. Han."

*Mr. Han?* the father immediately frowned at the name. *Is he talking about Han Jingru?*

Everyone in the Chinese District was now familiar with that name. His action of sending a coffin to Han Xiuyuan was something no one would even dare to think of. Even though things ended somewhat badly for Han Jingru, his courage and boldness were extraordinary.

Even though the courageous man managed to survive the ordeal, other people still believed that he would one day perish in the hands of the head of the Han family.

Fang Shuo's father was completely puzzled as to why Ma Feihao was siding with Han Jingru, wondering if he was thinking of going against the Han family.

“Feihao, is the Ma family planning to go against Han Xiuyuan?” the father asked.

Ma Feihao smiled. “You old fart. Do you really think Mr. Han would lose to Han Xiuyuan?”

“That’s the truth, isn’t it?” Not only did he believe that, but also everyone else in the Chinese District. None of them understood the meaning of Ma Yu’s appearance, neither did they know who Han Jingru really was.

“What a joke!” Ma Feihao burst into laughter as the ignorant people in front of him could not see the fact that Han Xiuyuan was struggling to stay alive. If Han Xiuyuan really had the ability to fight back, he would never choose to hide inside the Han family villa. “Aren’t you underestimating Mr. Han? One word from him can decide whether Han Xiuyuan lives or dies.”

The father’s heart immediately skipped a beat. Since those words came out from Ma Feihao’s mouth, he knew it wasn’t a joke. Something must have happened that Fang Shuo’s father didn’t know about. He quickly turned around and kicked his son. “You useless brat! Go and apologize to Han Jingru this instance! Your life now depends on whether he forgives you or not!”

Even though the married couple still had the ability to conceive, seeing his own child whom

he'd raised for the past twenty years die before him was too much for the father to swallow.

Little did the father know, his words angered Ma Feihao and the latter kicked him. "Who gives you the permission to address Mr. Han by his full name?"

Fang Shuo's father's expression twisted uglily and quickly nodded. "I-I apologize. It's Mr. Han..."

"At least you're not as dumb as your son. I'll be taking him with me. You better pray that he survives." Ma Feihao then grabbed Fang Shuo by his hair and dragged him out.

The one being dragged didn't even try to fight back as he was completely petrified.

After the two had left, the mother grabbed her husband's hand and wailed, "Is there nothing that we can do?"

"Didn't you see Ma Feihao's reaction?" the husband sighed. "Have you ever seen him butter



up anyone else? Things aren't as simple as we thought. If Han Jingru really has the power to decide Han Xiuyuan's fate, who are we to interfere?"

The mother was completely devastated as she understood what her husband meant. Almost all of the Chinese District was under Han Xiuyuan's control. If even he was powerless against Han Jingru, then the Fang family would be nothing more than mere insects to him.

"Who the heck is he? Isn't he Han Xiuzhi's grandson?" Fang Shuo's mother questioned. "I know what I saw in the past. Han Xiuyuan forced his brother to kneel in front of him. Everyone knows this story. Could it be that Han Xiuzhi's grandson is here to exact revenge?"



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When Ma Feihao brought Fang Shuo to Han Jingru, he immediately beat his captive to please the latter. Han Jingru could immediately tell that his new lackey was doing everything to please him.

Unluckily for Ma Feihao, his strategy did not work since Fang Shuo never posed any threat to Han Jingru from the beginning.

“Mr. Han, how should we take care of him? I can finish him off if that’s what you want.” Ma Feihao was now breathing heavily from all the beating.

Han Jingru took a glance at Fang Shuo, who was hiding in the corner and trembling in fear. It was even more evident now that the captive never posed a threat to him.

“Trash like him aren’t worthy of my attention. What makes you think I need your help?”

Ma Feihao had been trying his best to please the man in front of him, but judging from the reaction he was given, it seemed like the man

wasn't pleased with his action.

“Mr. Han, what do you mean?”

“What I'm saying is that this piece of garbage isn't even worth my time. I never wanted to waste my time on him. Also, do you really think I would need your help if I wanted to finish him off?”

Ma Feihao immediately frowned as he realized that instead of doing something praiseworthy, his action backfired.

“Of course! This useless piece of trash isn't worth being your opponent. That's why I helped you take care of him instead.” Lucky for Ma Feihao, he was smart and quickly lowered his stance.

Han Jingru was surprised at how good his new lackey was at flattery and couldn't help but smile. “So, any idea on what should I do with him?”

Ma Feihao was at a loss for words as he had no idea what Han Jingru was thinking. Unless

necessary, he never thought of ending Fang Shuo.

Before any reply was heard, Fang Shuo stumbled his way to Han Jingru and begged him. “Mr. Han! I’m sorry for everything! Please spare me! I promise to not go against you again! Please!”

Fang Shuo was completely terrified. No matter how stubborn or bossy he was usually, he knew he was nothing compared to the other two men in the room.

Han Jingru raised his brow, as if he were telling Ma Feihao to make up his mind. The latter was now troubled as he never expected he would have to make a decision.

After seconds had passed, the lackey finally spoke. “This kid still has his value in the Chinese District... Why don’t we make him one of your ‘dog’?”

“So, you thought of using him to please me but never thought of what to do with him?”

Ma Feihao lowered his head as he did not want to

meet the man's stern gaze. "B-because other than that, I don't know what else I should do."

Han Jingru's lips arched up. *Don't know what to do? Good. Because I have a lot of things that need to be done.*

Even though Tang Cheng was superb at his job, but he was not familiar with the Chinese District and there would be restrictions for him. That was why Han Jingru needed to find a way for him to be a part of the district's business circle right away when the company's president take over it.

For that to happen, they would need a way to get in, and now the opportunity presented itself. He grinned and asked Ma Feihao, "Do you know the company that belongs to the Nangong family?"

"Of course! Aren't you the newly appointed executive there now? Is there anything you need me to do?"

"The one managing the company is one of my subordinates, Tang Cheng. I need him to connect us to the Chinese District. Do you think you can



help him?”

“Don’t worry!” Ma Feihao nodded. “There’s nothing I can’t do! With the current positive I have in the business world, I can get you anything you want.”

“Very well. Contact Tang Cheng once you’re free. I hope you two can work well together.”

It was Han Jingru’s first order for Ma Feihao, and the latter knew he was being used, but he was excited. At the very least, the former was now asking for his help, which meant their relationship was getting better.

Ma Feihao believed that even though he was being used, it would be his chance to bond with Han Jingru. As long as he worked hard and honest, he could gain the man’s trust.

Just as Ma Feihao was about to leave, a pair of arms suddenly hugged his legs. They belonged to the terrified Fang Shuo. His expression was clear that he wanted Ma Feihao to help him.

“Mr. Han, what about him?”

“That trash? Just make sure he never show his face in front of me ever again.”

Tears filled Fang Shuo’s eyes and he bowed, “Mr. Han! Thank you very much! I’ll make sure to never cross paths with you ever again!”

Han Jingru nonchalantly waved his hand, signaling Ma Feihao to leave with Fang Shuo right away.

After Fang Shuo got out of that place, he couldn’t help but wail as he managed to save his own life. Ma Feihao looked at the crying man and frowned as he could not believe that he actually thought such a weak man was a threat to Han Jingru. He realized how stupid his action was.

“Go home. You better not show your face in the Chinese District ever again,” Ma Feihao warned before getting into his car and left for Nangong Family’s company.

Inside the room, Qi Bingying entered with a plate

of fruits in her hand again. “That lackey of yours did everything he could to please you, only to find out that you’re difficult.”

“Wait, am I really that hard to please?” Han Jingru always thought of himself as an easygoing person. The reason he reacted the way towards Ma Feihao was the whole incident was really pointless and Fang Shuo was really someone he could easily tackle without having to cause a scene.

“Not only you weren’t moved by his action, which he racked his brain to come up with, but you almost embarrassed him as well. And you’re saying you are easy to please?” the woman sighed. In her perspective, Han Jingru should treat Ma Feihao better as the latter could still be useful in the future.

“Didn’t I give him the chance to work with me?”

“But I think for what he’s worth, he could be your friend,” Qi Bingying suggested.

“My friend?” Han Jingru smiled. “Since he

insisted on being my lackey, we should draw a fine line between our relationship, right? To you, treating him right can only bring out the best of him, but to me, the clearer the line is, the more willingly he would work for me. If the line is not there, I would just lose control of him.”

“Why’s that?” the woman looked at the man puzzlingly as she believed that Ma Feihao should feel grateful towards Han Jingru and would never betray him.

“Even though you’re a successful woman, you have no idea how to manage people. For some, they only show their loyalty when they’re being forced to, and Ma Feihao belongs here. For all of his life, he was on top of everyone else. If we don’t remind him that we have the authority over him, it would be impossible for him to obey our orders. If I befriend him and he got used to the relationship, he would start to think that we hold the same position.”

It was true that Qi Bingying had no idea what Han Jingru was talking about, but she still nodded as if she knew. “Well, I don’t know what

you're talking about, but it kinda makes sense.”



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Ma Feihao made a trip to the company to meet up with Tang Cheng. However, the latter did not need his help at this stage. Thus, after reaching some verbal agreements, Ma Feihao left.

He could not wait to prove himself, in the hope that he could build a better relationship with Han Jingru. Considering the current situation, there did not seem to have any opportunity.

Having some time to kill, Ma Feihao drove to the Han family's villa.

Ma Yu was still resting on the coffin. As long as he was present, the bodyguards of the Han family would not dare to step closer to the coffin.

“Uncle.”

Ma Yu propped himself up when he heard Ma Feihao's voice. “What's the matter? You look terrible. I reckon you didn't get a chance to please Han Jingru?” Ma Yu asked when he found Ma Feihao down in the dumps.

Ma Feihao nodded. He had run out of good ideas

and his mind was about to explode.

“Yes, that’s why I’m here to ask you for help,” Ma Feihao said.

Ma Yu gave him a pat on the shoulder. “It’s not something you can rush. Moreover, you still have time to work on it.”

“Uncle, you know that I’m an impatient person and I feel restless when this isn’t settled. Please help me think of an idea.” Ma Feihao was very anxious.

“There’s a way to do this. Just that it’s too dangerous for you, considering your current ability,” Ma Yu said bluntly.

“Tell me.” Ma Feihao became motivated again and wanted to know more details, regardless of if he could really do it.

“Recently, there have been a lot of cleaners appearing within the Chinese District. I suspect that someone is scheming an attack against Han Jingru,” Ma Yu explained.

“Cleaners?” Ma Feihao shuddered. He understood the jargon in the underworld very well. *No wonder he said that I’m limited by my ability. How can I fight the assassins?*

Ma Yu heaved a long sigh. *He’s just a rich kid who lives off the family. Apart from being a spendthrift, he has no substance nor actual talent.*

“This is way out of my league.” Ma Feihao shook his head.

“Surely, you don’t have what it takes to go against the cleaners directly, but you can think of ways to protect Han Jingru,” Ma Yu hinted.

“What? How?” Ma Feihao continued asking.

Ma Yu got upset and wanted to give him a tight slap. He was frustrated that Ma Feihao still could not catch it even though he had given him a clue and a direction.

“You will be the death of me!” Ma Yu gave him a dagger stare.

Feeling wronged, Ma Feihao scratched his head. “Uncle, you know that I’m not the smartest one since young. Would you stop speaking in riddles and just tell me the whole plan?”

“Not the smartest? That’s not what I’ve observed when you applied multiple tricks on girls. You’ve spent too much time and energy on women that you’ve neglected important things like these.” Ma Yu reprimanded him.

Ma Feihao nodded and did not dare to justify himself. Winning over a woman’s heart gave him a lot of joy and satisfaction. He was a man who lacked nothing, so leading an aimless life was the only way he ever knew how to live. He never had a goal.

“While the other party could afford cleaners, why can’t you spend money to hire bodyguards for him? Now that Han Jingru is injured and weak at self-defense, it’s your golden chance to score some brownie points, silly!” Ma Yu had to spoon-fed him a plan.

Feeling happy about his lightbulb moment, Ma

Feihao smacked himself lightly. “I’m so dumb that I can’t even think of such a simple thing.”

“It’s my responsibility to protect Han Jingru but since you want to highlight your strengths, I’ll let you do it. Please don’t disappoint me.” Ma Yu reminded him.

He gave a guarantee. “No worries, Uncle, I’ll make you proud by completing the mission with flying colors.”

Although Ma Yu said so, he would not put all eggs in one basket by letting Ma Feihao handle this alone. In case anything were to happen to Han Jingru, he would lose the trust of Mr. Yi.

Right at that moment, Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao appeared at the Han family villa.

Ma Feihao feared Han Xiuyuan and took a step back subconsciously when he saw the man.

Soon, he straightened his back again knowing that Ma Yu was with him.



Ma Yu sighed in his heart upon noticing Ma Feihao's reaction, even though it was a quick move.

Ma Yu thought that it was very impressive of Han Jingru to goad Han Xiuyuan by sending him a coffin, especially when Han Jingru did not have any powerful support to rely on. On the contrary, Ma Feihao acted like a scaredy-cat when he saw Han Xiuyuan, even in Ma Yu's presence. From that instance alone, one could clearly see the major difference between Han Jingru and Ma Feihao.

"U-Uncle, Han Xiuyuan is here," he said with a shaky voice.

"What are you afraid of? Will he eat you up?" Ma Yu scorned.

Ma Feihao swallowed a lump of saliva and feigned calmness. "Of course not, he won't harm me when you're here."

"Han Jingru dares to confront him head-on but you... Look at what a coward you are!" Ma Yu

commented.

Ma Feihao did not deny that one bit as he truly admired Han Jingru's nerve. The latter did what he could never had done. Hence, Ma Feihao was willing to be his lackey.

In the Chinese District, no one had ever hurled threats at Han Xiuyuan. Strictly speaking, Han Jingru was the first and probably the last.

“Han Xiuyuan, you can run but you can't hide,” Ma Yu uttered as he approached Han Xiuyuan. *That old man singlehandedly built a name and an empire for the Han family in the U.S. Therefore, he probably won't leave the Chinese District. Moreover, Han Xiao knows the power of Apocalypse. No matter where he goes, the network will always be able to track him down.*

“I need to make a trip to Yun City,” Han Xiuyuan said.

Ma Yu was startled for a second, before bursting into laughter.

He knew Han Xiuyuan's reason for the trip but it came as a surprise to him.

Back then, Han Xiuyuan drove Han Xiuzhi out of the U.S and they became archenemies. Now, he planned to seek help from Han Xiuzhi in order to protect himself and the Han family. *How interesting!*

“Have you no shame, Han Xiuyuan?” Ma Yu teased him.

Han Xiuyuan cared a lot about his dignity, especially in front of Han Xiuzhi. He always portrayed himself as high and mighty but now he had to beg Han Xiuzhi for a favor. It would be a very challenging thing to do. Yet, he knew very well that there was no one else who could persuade Han Jingru to let him go.

Han Jingru had grown to be a threat, backed by powerful forces. If he did not choose to seek help, death would be his only outcome.

“Laugh all you want, Ma Yu. I'm doing this for the entire Han family, not just to save my own

life.” Han Xiuyuan justified his actions.

Ma Yu shook his head with a sneer. *What a joke! Saving the Hans will include saving himself too. Nothing righteous about it. He will still lose face doing that.*

“I won’t stop you from doing that. Remember, you can never escape Apocalypse. If you do, the consequence is unimaginable.” Ma Yu gave him a reminder.

“Don’t you worry. I’ve not thought about running away from it,” Han Xiuyuan said in a lofty manner.

His haughty and overbearing attitude made Ma Yu upset. *I can’t stand how he must always act superior to show himself strong.*

Ma Yu scoffed at him, “It’s not that you didn’t think about escaping, but you don’t have the balls to do so.”

With gritted teeth, Han Xiuyuan turned and left.

“Uncle, why does he need to go to Yun City?”  
Ma Feihao asked curiously.



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Out of anger, Ma Yu kicked Ma Feihao in the arse, and he fell flat on the ground.

Puzzled and clueless, Ma Feihao asked, “Why did you kick me, uncle?”

Clenching his fist, Ma Yu said brusquely, “Get out of here! Better be quick in finding someone to protect Han Jingru.”

Ma Feihao could not comprehend Ma Yu’s sudden outburst, but he could clearly feel his wrath.

He stood up immediately and ran away without even dusting off.

“Such a stupid fellow.” Ma Yu was very crossed. *It’s so obvious that Han Xiuyuan is going to Yun City to seek help from Han Xiuzhi. The reason for that is to have Han Xiuzhi stop Han Jingru from attacking the Hans. Is Ma Feihao missing some brain cells? Why can’t he connect the dots?*

“Sis, your son’s future depends solely on how

well he can please Han Jingru. He can't achieve anything on his own. In fact, the Ma Family may even be ruined in his hands," Ma Yu mumbled.

Han Xiuyuan wore an unpleasant expression when he arrived at the airport VIP lounge with Han Xiao.

If he had a choice, he would never take the initiative to step foot in Yun City and meet Han Xiuzhi. As a matter of fact, he would not even spare time to see Han Xiuzhi if he were to come to the U.S.

Fate was messing with him and now he had to face whatever card life dealt him.

"Never had I ever imagined a day when I have to stoop so low to beg that trash for help," Han Xiuyuan clenched his fist and said reluctantly.

Han Xiao knew how he felt, but they had no better option than this.

"I'm glad that I made the right decision to kick that useless piece of trash out of the U.S. back

then. Otherwise, the Han family would not have become the greatest family in the Chinese District. Who would have thought that I now have to plead for his help?”

Han Xiao just sat there quietly and let him rant. He only hoped that after Han Xiuyuan had vented all of his frustrations, he would face Han Xiuzhi with a more composed attitude. Or else, they would definitely lose their best shot.

Finally, it was time for them to board the plane. No matter how much dissatisfaction and hatred Han Xiuyuan harbored in his heart, his priority was to save the Han family in the U.S.

At the villa in Genting, Yun City.

Recently, Han Xiuzhi had been spending his leisure time doing gardening and weeding.

After being locked up in Terra Prison for more than a decade, Han Xiuzhi felt out of place in the modern society. Though he was quick to adapt himself, he no longer had the urge to chase after worldly things. He would rather spend his time

on his hobbies at the villa.

Right then, Yan Qiong approached Han Xiuzhi with a serious face. “Han Xiuyuan has boarded the plane to Yun City.”

The news came from the spies whom Yan Qiong had planted in the U.S to follow the development of events in the Chinese District. He thought that Han Xiuyuan’s decision to come to Yun City was unbelievable.

“Come help me water the soil over here,” Han Xiuzhi said.

Without hesitation, Yan Qiong went to work on the garden. Han Xiuzhi’s opinion on the matter was beyond his purview.

Both of them spent the entire afternoon gardening—from replacing the soil, to fertilizing and watering.

“Go to the market tomorrow and get some peonies and bamboos,” Han Xiuzhi said while massaging his body after a tedious task.

Peony represented wealth and peace whereas bamboo was the symbol for flexibility and strength. Yan Qiong naturally understood Han Xiuzhi's purpose for getting those.

“Don't you worry, that rascal will be safe and sound. He's got the support of the upper class.” Yan Qiong was certain that somebody was backing Han Jingru up.

“From our perspectives, he's safe. However, we'll never know how things will be like for him once he fully gets involved in the upper class. One thing's for sure, when much is given, much will also be required, and that's not always a good thing.” Han Xiuzhi shared his view.

Yan Qiong nodded his head. *If Han Jingru performs well within the upper class circle, it will inevitably lead his haters to make life difficult for him.*

“Henceforth, we are of no help to him.” Yan Qiong sighed. He used to be able to protect Han Jingru. Now, he had no power whatsoever to connect with the upper class. *Han Jingru can only rely on his own ability and strength to get through any challenges in the future.*



“Indeed.” Han Xiuzhi smiled. “Everyone wishes to see big achievements from their next generations. I, on the other hand, have never thought that being too excellent could be a threat too.”

Yan Qiong chuckled upon hearing that. “Are you actually bragging right now?”

Han Xiuzhi grinned from ear to ear but tried hard to compose himself. “Is it that obvious?”

“I know you can go on and on about Jingru,” said Yan Qiong, casually.

Han Xiuzhi burst out in a hearty laugh. He was really proud of the man Han Jingru had become. *Who doesn't hope to have successful offspring and descendants?*

“If it weren't for Jingru, how could Han Xiuyuan step foot into Yun City?” Han Xiuzhi continued.

“He has probably never dreamed of this day. To

him, everything here is worthless. I remember you told me once that he swore not to enter Hua Nation ever again.” Yan Qiong scoffed.

“Do you know what’s the most unreliable thing on earth?” Han Xiuzhi asked.

“Promises and vows,” Yan Qiong answered.

“That’s right! They are basically lies. If all promises or vows are kept, it would have been a perfect world.” Han Xiuzhi reflected in deep thoughts.

There’s indeed some truth in it. How many people made promises and guarantees daily, but how many actually kept their words?

Some made a resolution to work harder the next day, but when the morning came, it got postponed to another day.

Some vowed to love their spouse forever, but ended up with a divorce.

“Will you meet Han Xiuyuan?” That was the

main reason Yan Qiong visited Han Xiuzhi.

“Of course I will. He disregarded our blood relationship and made me kneel before him. Do you think I’m a saint who exercises godly virtues? I don’t have a magnanimous heart,” Han Xiuzhi said coldly.

Yan Qiong could empathize with him. *After going through tremendous humiliation, it’s hard for him to be forgiving. No matter what he plans to do next, it’s just karma taking action.*

“Dad, it’s time for dinner,” Shi Yan called them from the house.

“Coming!”

Meanwhile, in the master bedroom on the second floor, poor Su Wenlun laid on his bed with his body covered with bruises. Jiang Yan had been secretly releasing her anger on him, thinking that he would not feel any pain in a vegetative state.

However, Su Wenlun would open his eyes whenever she was not in the room.

No one in the villa knew that Su Wenlun had regained conscious for some time. He dared not let Jiang Yan know and had been pretending to be in a coma.

He personally witnessed how Jiang Yan locked Han Xiang out in the balcony to suffer the cold wind and then fell sick as a result. He wanted to seize an opportunity to reveal this to Su Yimo. Otherwise Jiang Yan would destroy the entire Su family.

Unfortunately, Su Yimo was not in her best state of mind recently and did not visit Su Wenlun. Hence, he had to endure the torture from Jiang Yan while waiting for Su Yimo to appear.

He had lost all trust and affection towards Jiang Yan. In fact, he could not wait to destroy her himself.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open. Su Wenlun quickly shut his eyes.

A voice spoke. *That's not Jiang Yan!*

“Dad.” Steeped in guilt, Su Yimo walked towards the bed.

She knew that she had neglected her father lately because of Han Xiang. She blamed herself for not practicing filial piety towards a father who was sick. If she was not reminded by Shi Yan, she might not have realized her negligence.

Upon hearing her daughter’s voice, Su Wenlun opened his eyes wide. He shed tears at the sight of her. He had been waiting for this moment for far too long.

“Dad!” Su Yimo stared at him in disbelief. *Isn’t Dad still in a coma?*

“Dad, you’re awake? How are you? Do you feel any discomfort anywhere? I’m going to get the doctor.” Su Yimo was shocked and thrilled at the same time.

Su Wenlun shook his head and held onto Su Yimo’s hand, afraid that she would disappear again.



“What’s wrong, Dad? Oh, don’t cry...” She felt terrible seeing her father cried in front of her.

“Yimo, you came finally. I’ve been waiting for you.” His voice was shaky.

“Waiting for me?” Puzzled, she looked at him.

Then Su Yimo saw the bruises on his hands. She rolled up his sleeves and was stunned to see both his arms were very badly bruised. There were new and old injuries too.

*What happened? Dad’s always home, how did he get hurt so severely?*

“Dad, what happened? Who beat you?”  
Heartbroken, Su Yimo asked.

“Your Mom. She’s been using violence against me.” Su Wenlun tried to suppress his anger.

*Jiang Yan!*

Su Yimo gasped. She could not believe what she had just seen and heard.

*These are all Mom's doing? How could it be? She had been taking care of Dad... Why would she beat him?*

*Then again, if not her, who else? No one else could get close to Su Wenlun.*

“What is all this?” Su Yimo lowered her voice.

Su Wenlun's eyes welled up. “Every time when your Mom gets angry, she will release it on me. I get tortured daily. If I hadn't been pretending to be in a coma, she would have killed me.”

*Pretending to be unconscious? So, Dad has been faking a coma?*

Su Yimo could not comprehend his reason for doing so. *Also, why would Mom do all these to him? Is it because she's fearful of being kicked out of the villa again?*

Su Yimo had never thought about chasing Jiang Yan out, even if Su Wenlun recovered.

Regardless of what happened between her

parents, Jiang Yan would always be her mother. *ing bad to her.*

“Where’s Han Xiang? Where’s she?” Su Wenlun suffered so long to wait for this moment. He was extremely worried about Han Xiang’s condition. If he could get out of the bed himself, he would have crawled to Su Yimo.

Su Yimo’s expression dimmed at the mention of Han Xiang. There had not been a single news about her since the day she was kidnapped. Though Mo Lan had deployed all of his subordinates to search through the entire Yun City, not a single clue popped up from their investigations.

“Dad, Han Xiang was kidnapped.” Su Yimo bowed her head as her face turned ashen.

“This damned woman...” Su Wenlun gritted his teeth.

“Dad, this matter has got nothing to do with Ho Ting. She’s probably taken away along with Han Xiang. I believe she’s innocent.” Su Yimo

misinterpreted her father, thinking that he was cursing Ho Ting. She believed that Ho Ting would not do something bad to the Han family for they had treated her with kindness and generosity.

“I’m not talking about Ho Ting. I was referring to your mom.” Rage filled his eyes because only he knew the truth behind the series of unfortunate events which had befallen Han Xiang.

“Mom? What did she do?” Su Yimo was completely baffled. *There must be other reasons why Dad was enraged.*

“Actually, Yimo, I regained consciousness a long time ago. Do you know why Han Xiang fell sick out of the blue?”

Pertaining to this matter, Su Yimo tried to recall every single detail that could possibly cause Han Xiang to fall sick for at least a thousand times, but to no avail. She did not find it suspicious and neither did she associate her mother with the kidnapping.

“Why?” Su Yimo was dying to find out the truth.

Su Wenlun’s expression turned terrifyingly ferocious. Each time he thought about how that cruel woman dumped Han Xiang in the cold balcony, he got infuriated beyond words, to a point he viciously wanted to murder Jiang Yan.

*She was just a little baby—a newborn!*

“The mastermind is your mom. She did all these to Han Xiang—leaving her in the cold, making her ill, and scheming to kidnap her,” he alleged.

The horrendous news came like a tight slap on Su Yimo’s face, causing her to take two shaky steps backwards and fell onto the ground.

She had imagined multiple possibilities, with the most convincing reason being a revenge by Han Jingru’s enemies.

Unexpectedly, the person behind all these dreadful incidents were the one who was the closest to her—her own mother, and the grandmother to her child!



“She’s no longer my wife. If not for my current condition, I would have killed her with my bare hands!” Su Wenlun’s whole body trembled in anger. For him who was bedridden to have the intention to murder, one could picture his wrath.

Gradually, Su Yimo’s expression changed from being appalled to callous.

Thinking about all of Jiang Yan’s wicked deeds, Su Yimo had decided to cut such a toxic family member out of her life. To her, blood was no longer thicker than water.

“Dad, is that what you’ve been wanting to tell me? That’s why you took the risk of pretending to be in a coma?” she asked.

He nodded. “I dare not let her know that I’ve regained consciousness. Jiang Yan has gone out of control. If I died in her hands, this will become a dark secret forever. Thus, I told myself to just bear with her beatings. I had to endure it and keep myself alive.”

Su Yimo walked closer to her father. “Dad, I’m

so sorry for taking so long to visit you. Rest assured that from now onwards, I won't let anyone lay a finger on you."

Su Wenlun was at a loss for words.

"Rest well, Dad. I'll get the doctor to check on you." Then, she left the room.

Everyone was still having dinner on ground floor.

One moment Jiang Yan was enjoying Jiang Yingying's cooking, and the next she complained about it. It aggrieved Jiang Yingying.

"Yimo, why aren't you eating yet? You can see your dad another time," Jiang Yan said indifferently.

She then continued to nibble a drumstick, without noticing that Su Yimo was walking towards her with a darkened face.

"What's wrong? Come over and have dinner before the food gets cold. Jiang Yingying is bad at cooking, we should hire a new cook," Jiang

Yan nagged.

Right then, Su Yimo raised her right hand and swung it hard on Jiang Yan's face. A thunderous slap interrupted their dinner.

Upon seeing the scene, Jiang Yingying was stupefied. *Why did Yimo hit her for no reason?*

Shi Yan felt strange as she noticed that Su Yimo's attitude towards Jiang Yan changed significantly. A cold and estranged look dawned on her face, with a hint of killing intent.

“What do you think you're doing? I'm your mother and you dare to hit me?” Jiang Yan roared.

Han Xiuzhi knitted his brows. *How could a daughter slapped her mother in public?*

“Yimo, what is this about?” he asked with a stern voice.

Su Yimo was unperturbed by Han Xiuzhi's questioning as she raised her hand again.

Jiang Yan did not give her any chances this time as she quickly hid behind Shi Yan.

“Have you gone mad? How dare you hit your mother!” Jiang Yan snapped.

Shi Yan knew what kind of person Su Yimo was; she would never hit Jiang Yan for no reason. However, if she did not clarify the situation, no one would know what was going on.

“Yimo, what's going on?” Shi Yan asked.

When Su Yimo thought about how Han Xiang had been left on the balcony to freeze, her tears fell. The pain in her chest was suffocating her. She could not imagine the torment Han Xiang went through when she was shivering from the cold.

“She has something to do with Han Xiang's disappearance. Han Xiang fell sick because she left her on the balcony to freeze,” Su Yimo

gritted out.

The words were not loud, but they sounded like an explosion in everyone's ears. Even Jiang Yingying, an outsider, was stunned. She flew into a rage.

Jiang Yingying had only seen Han Xiang from a photo. To her, she was an adorable child. *How can anyone possibly have the heart to hurt her? And the one who hurt her is her own grandma.*

*Crack!*

Yan Qiong crushed the porcelain bowl in his hands.

Han Xiuzhi rose to his feet in fury, exuding a murderous aura.

At the same time, the vein on Shi Yan's forehead popped in her rage.

Jiang Yan stared at Su Yimo in fear. It was true that she was the one who did it. *But how did Su Yimo know about this? Other than that damn Su Wenlun, who should be dead, no one else could have been in the room that day!*



Jiang Yan was sure that there was no one to expose her for what she had done that day.

“Nonsense. Yimo, I’m your mother. Why are you slandering me?” Jiang Yan said in a panic. There was no way she would admit to it. Otherwise, even if Su Yimo was willing to let her off the hook, Jiang Yan and Han Xiuzhi were not.

“I’m slandering you? Dad had already regained his consciousness when you put Han Xiang on the balcony. He saw you do it with his own eyes. He only pretended to be unconscious because he was scared that you would kill him. If that happens, nobody will find out the truth. That is why he has been enduring your beating every day. It’s all my fault. If I weren’t late, he wouldn’t have been tormented so badly,” Su Yimo muttered.

Jiang Yan’s legs gave out, and she collapsed onto the ground. *Su Wenlun regained consciousness so quickly?*

If he had witnessed the incident, there would be no way that Jiang Yan could deny responsibility, no matter what tricks she had up her sleeve.

“Your dad must have lost his marbles. He was only spouting nonsense. Han Xiang is my granddaughter. Why would I do something like this to her? It wasn’t me,” Jiang Yan nervously explained.

*A bitter smile grew on Su Yimo’s lips. What right does she have to say that Han Xiang is her granddaughter? If she really saw herself as her grandmother, she wouldn’t have done such things to Han Xiang.*

“From now on, I’m cutting ties with you. I’m no longer your daughter,” Su Yimo uttered. A woman like Jiang Yan had no right to be a mother. Su Yimo did not want her as her family.

Right then, Shi Yan stood up with a grave look. She then grabbed Jiang Yan’s hair and slapped her repeatedly.

Jiang Yan screamed in pain. Soon, her face

became swollen, and she looked unsightly.

Instead of stopping, Shi Yan hit her harder and harder, as though she was venting her anger.

Jiang Yan begged for mercy, but no matter how miserable she sounded, no one could muster any sympathy for her. Even Jiang Yingying felt that Jiang Yan deserved it.

Not even a tiger would eat its own cubs, yet Jiang Yan had done such a horrendous act. She deserved no sympathy from others.

“How dare you do this to my granddaughter! Even if you die now, it’s a punishment too easy on you.” After Shi Yan’s palms were bright red from the beating, she dragged Jiang Yan by her hair toward the second floor.

Jiang Yan struggled as tears streaked down her face, but it was as if Hercules had possessed Shi Yan; she gave no chance for the woman to break free.

When they reached the second floor, Shi Yan

hissed with a darkened expression, “I want you to go through twice the suffering my granddaughter had to experience.”

With that said, Shi Yan stripped Jiang Yan and pushed her onto the balcony.

The frigid wind howled. In weather like this, it would still be cold even if she wore layers of thick clothing, let alone nothing at all.

“If you can’t take it, you can jump down from here,” Shi Yan uttered coldly before she closed the door and locked it from the inside.

Jiang Yan smacked the door as she shivered. In the end, she got on her knees and started begging.

Shi Yan only watched her with indifferent eyes from behind the glass door.

Pity?

There was a list of things in this world that could make Shi Yan feel that emotion, but it did not include Jiang Yan.

She did not deserve pity, nor did she have the right to it.

Soon, Jiang Yan's lips turned purple from the cold, and her banging on the door softened. However, did she dare to jump from the balcony?

Evidently, for someone like Jiang Yan, she did not.

She hid in the corner of the balcony, trying to shelter herself from the freezing wind. She would rather suffer through the cold and live.

On the first floor.

Yan Qiong, who had crushed the porcelain bowl earlier, was doing his best to control his urge to murder.

He saw Han Jingru as his grandson, and naturally, he saw Han Xiang as his great-granddaughter. If the kidnappers of Han Xiang appeared in front of him, he would torture them to death without hesitation.



However, now that Jiang Yan was involved in this matter, he could not be the one to decide what happened next.

“What do we do now?” Yan Qiong asked Han Xiuzhi.

Han Xiuzhi inhaled deeply and let out a breath before murmuring, “Jiang Yan can’t die right now. Han Xiang is Jingru’s daughter, so Jingru has to be the one to decide what happens to her. However, this woman has to pay the price in the meantime.”

Yan Qiong nodded. He fully agreed with Han Xiuzhi’s words.

Han Jingru had yet to come back, and they did not have the right to deal with Jiang Yan on his behalf.

Walking toward Su Yimo, Han Xiuzhi patted her shoulders and said, “Yimo, Jiang Yan is no longer related to the Han family. I hope you won’t go soft when Jingru does what he needs to do.”

Su Yimo gave her a bitter smile and replied, “Grandpa, don’t worry. This woman doesn’t have the right to be my mother anymore. I’m not her daughter either. When Jingru comes back, I won’t intervene even if he wants her dead.”

Han Xiuzhi nodded before continuing, “I’m taking a trip to Yan City. I’ll leave this to you.”

“Grandpa, why are you suddenly going back to Yan City?” Su Yimo asked in confusion.

“There are some matters that I have to attend to. Don’t worry,” Han Xiuzhi answered.

Hearing Han Xiuzhi’s reply, Su Yimo stopped pressing on.

On the second floor’s balcony, Jiang Yan was already stiff from the cold. She finally had a rough idea of how Han Xiang felt at that time. After all, she was an adult, whereas Han Xiang was only a baby.

Jiang Yan was now remorseful because she knew what was waiting for her. That was why she was

so afraid. In fact, she wished she could turn back time. If only this incident had not happened.

However, it was impossible to turn back time. Jiang Yan had to pay for what she had done. These were the consequences she had brought upon herself.

Jiang Yan spotted Su Yimo when the latter entered the room. She then got on her knees to beg again.

Su Yimo stared at her with icy eyes. Although the woman outside the room was her mother, their relationship no longer meant anything to her, and her heart had steeled.

“This is what my child had to suffer through. It’s time for you to have a taste of your own medicine,” Su Yimo stated.

“Yimo, please. Please let me go in. I can’t take it anymore. Are you going to watch me die like this?” Jiang Yan cried out.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let you freeze to death.

Your fate will be decided by Jingru,” Su Yimo responded.

“I’m your mother. I gave birth to you. You can’t do this to me. Karma will get you!” Jiang Yan roared.

Su Yimo gazed at Jiang Yan with a look of mockery. *Karma will get me?* Even if it did, she would still take revenge for Han Xiang. This was her responsibility as her mother.

“Come at me, then. I’m not afraid of karma. Your suffering doesn’t end here. From now until Jingru comes back, you’ll find out what a living hell is,” Su Yimo said ruthlessly.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

At Yan City's airport.

After Han Xiuzhi appeared, Yan City exploded into an uproar.

After all, Han Xiuzhi was a dead man to Yan City. Now that he had suddenly come back from the dead, many were shocked.

To Han Xiuyuan, Han Xiuzhi would forever be nothing but trash.

Yet for Yan City, Han Xiuzhi was a man on par with the devil. The commotion he made in Yan City was not something that could be dismissed easily. Upon knowing about Han Xiuzhi's return, the families that had once gone against the Han family trembled in fear. They were afraid that the devil himself would come and take revenge on them.

However, Han Xiuzhi was not back to settle scores. He was no longer interested in competing for power. Even status was now worth nothing to Han Xiuzhi.



As long as Han Jingru could enter the upper class, power was nothing.

“I wonder how many people are shaking in their shoes now.” Yan Qiong sighed.

Han Xiuzhi smiled. “Nothing here means anything to me. Even the garden at Genting is a much better place.”

Yan Qiong knew that Han Xiuzhi was only concerned with Han Jingru now; Han Xiuzhi could not care less about Yan City.

“But this doesn’t affect the impact of your return. Those who should be scared won’t sleep until you’re gone,” Yan Qiong continued.

“Maybe.” Han Xiuzhi flagged down a cab.

After the two boarded the cab, Yan Qiong gave the address to the driver.

The driver was a local of Yan City. Therefore, he was relatively familiar with the Han family. *Doesn't this address belong to that family that used to be prominent?*

*It's a pity that Han Xiuzhi and Han Ying's death resulted in the Han family's downfall in Yan City.*

“You're not local, right? This place used to belong to a famous family,” the driver started chatting with them.

Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong shared a look before the latter smiled at the driver and queried, “A famous family. Are they very powerful?”

“Of course.” At that, the driver smiled back with pride as if he was part of the Han family. He boasted, “Foreigners won't know how capable the Han family was, but the locals do. A few years back, Han Xiuzhi was a prominent figure in Yan City. I heard that many with high societal status were good friends with him.”

Then, the driver suddenly sighed. “It's a pity that everything has changed. The Han family has fallen from grace. A few years ago, after Han Xiuzhi's death, Han Ying became the pillar of the Han family. But now, even Han Ying and the old

lady of the Han family are dead. As for the remaining descendants of the Han family, one had passed away at a young age and the other is in jail. It's so saddening."

"That sounds terrible. It seems like they must have done something horrible." Han Xiuzhi laughed.

Hearing that, the cab became upset. He slammed on the brakes, seemingly about to engage in an argument with Han Xiuzhi.

"Mister, you are wrong. The Han family has done many charitable deeds. I heard that their annual donation reached seven digits and more. How could they have done anything horrible?" the cab driver retorted.

"Don't judge a book by its cover. Who knows if they did bad things secretly? Why else would this happen to them?" Han Xiuzhi answered.

The cab driver seemed to care a great deal about the Han family as the anger on his face was apparent. He huffed, "Mister, please get out of

the car. I won't be your driver."

Yan Qiong did not know whether to laugh or cry. *Since when did the Han family become so beloved in Yan City? Even a cab driver is putting in a good word for them.*

Yan Qiong could not help but ask, "What did the Han family give you to make you speak for them?"

"My son recovered from his illness, all thanks to the Han family's charity fund. You foreigners don't know anything, yet you have the audacity to spout nonsense. Get out of my car quickly. You're disrupting my work." The driver was obviously furious as he chased them out of the cab.

Yan Qiong had never expected that something as coincidental as this would happen to him. However, even if he told the driver that the man beside him was Han Xiuzhi, the driver would not believe him. After all, to most people, Han Xiuzhi had been dead for years.

“It’s true that we don’t know anything. Please forgive us and send us to our destination first. I apologize for our impudent remarks,” Yan Qiong offered.

The cab driver calmed down when he heard Yan Qiong’s sincere words.

“Forget it. I won’t hold you accountable for this. But I’d suggest that you check your facts first before commenting next time.” At that, the cab driver started up his car again.

Han Xiuzhi felt wistful on their way there. This used to be a familiar place to him, but he now felt like a stranger in a foreign land. There were many places that had gone through major changes too.

Finally, the car came to a stop outside Han Residence. The driver reminded, “Just take a look from afar. I heard that none of the Han family is home, but security cameras are everywhere. If they lose something, you won’t get away with it.”

Yan Qiong nearly let out a laugh. *He’s warning us from stealing. It seems like he really has an emotional attachment to the Han fami*



*ly.*

“Do you want to have a drink inside?” Yan Qiong inquired.

“Inside?” The driver froze before he rolled his eyes. “You’re boasting too much. Do you know what this place is? How can you enter and leave as you pleased?”

Yan Qiong fell silent as he followed Han Xiuzhi toward the entrance of the house.

The cab driver wanted to leave immediately, but he was afraid that the two were thieves. Hence, he waited at the spot he parked. He wanted to see what the two was trying to do.

When Yan Qiong took out his key and opened the front door, the driver’s eyes nearly popped out of his sockets as his jaw dropped.

The driver knew what it meant for the man to be able to open the door with a key.

“T-These two are from the Han family!” The

driver was astounded. At that moment, he regretted what he had said to them.

Regardless of who they were in the Han family, they were his benefactors. *I nearly chased them out of my car!*

An acute sense of guilt rose in the cab driver's heart. He alighted his car and bowed in Han Residence's direction.

It was his apology for his actions earlier, as well as his way of thanking them for saving his son.

"Thank you. Thank you so much," the driver mumbled gratefully.

The interior of the house was still the same as before. Only the garden was overcrowded with weeds. It was obvious that no one had tended to it for a long time.

"It's been so long, but the place still feels familiar," Han Xiuzhi muttered wistfully before he said to Yan Qiong, "Take me to the room Jingru stayed in."

Yan Qiong nodded and led him outside.

The place Han Jingru lived in was a small room. He had stayed with the servants of the Han family in the past, but with how the room looked, it seemed like the servants had a better room than him.

Dust covered everything in the small room. Every piece of furniture in the room was old, and Han Xiuzhi could see the obvious signs of suffering Han Jingru went through back then.

“No place in this world is for me. I might as well make a place mine,” Han Xiuzhi uttered as he read the distorted carving on the wall.

These were the words that Han Jingru had left behind back then. From that time onward, Han Jingru had displayed a strong desire to prove his capability.

“He’s a stubborn one. I’ve never seen a stubborn streak this strong in anyone else,” Yan Qiong praised.

“To be able to manipulate the corporate world in secret and build up his power at such a young age, he’s definitely not a simple man.” Han Xiuzhi chuckled.

“He’s covertly controlling a company called Dynasty. Can you guess what it means?” Yan Qiong inquired.

“Dynasty?” Han Xiuzhi frowned. Evidently, the word contained the meaning behind Han Jingru’s name, but what did the other stroke at the side mean? With the kind of person Han Jingru was, he must have intentionally named the company as such.

“You can’t think of anything, right?” Yan Qiong laughed.

Han Xiuzhi shot a glare at him and hissed, “Aren’t you gleeful?”

Yan Qiong quickly schooled his features back to a solemn look. He answered, “No. I just think it’s an interesting name that’s worth a guess.”