

One can determine whether or not a man is afraid of death not by listening to his words but by observing his actions.

Han Xiuyuan, who claimed not to fear death, was now showing every sign of fear.

He stood in the corner of the room trembling with a pale face. The arrogance in him was now nowhere to be found.

Han Xiao's death had instilled despair in Han Xiuyuan. He now feared Han Jingru's wrath.

At the end of the day, dignity was not as important as his life.

Unfortunately for him, his words only made Han Jingru cackle.

"I'm surprised you're not ashamed to mention my grandfather. Have you ever thought of him as your brother when you forced him to kneel and leave the U.S. back then?" Han Jingru questioned. Although he could not fully understand the humiliation Han Xiuzhi endured back then, he knew how aggrieved his grandfather felt as a result of Han Xiuyuan's actions.

"I'm your elder, after all. How can you kill me? Aren't you afraid of karma coming for you?" Han Xiuyuan was at his wits' end. He did not want to use Han Xiuzhi to beg Han Jingru to spare his life, but if he did not, he was doomed.

Han Jingru shook his head before glancing at Han

Xiuyuan with a look of pity. "Even if karma comes for me, I have to kill you today. I'm avenging on behalf of my grandfather."

With that said, Han Jingru took slow but steady steps toward the older man.

The corner of Han Xiuyuan's eyes twitched. Every step Han Jingru took made Han Xiuyuan feel he was a step closer to death.

"D-Don't come any closer!" Han Xiuyuan yelled.

Han Jingru continued. From the moment Han Xiuyuan told him how he was planning to kill Han Xiang, he was doomed to an ending like this.

After Jiang Yan's wicked treatment of Han Xiang, Han Jingru had decided to mercilessly kill anyone who was a threat to his daughter. He would no longer succumb to their pleas and would remove all danger to Han Xiang.

Han Jingru uttered coldly, "Han Xiuyuan, your body will become one of my stepping stones. From now on, I will be the one to have the final say in the Chinese District of the U.S."

Han Xiuyuan finally understood what his opponents had felt like. *This is what it feels to be someone's stepping stone. Other than fearing death, I feel the unwillingness to admit defeat. Yet, I can't do anything about it. I can only wait for death to claim me.*

"No, no. You can't kill me. I'm your elder. I'm your

SUCCESS

Chapter 661 I Am Fine

elder!” Han Xiuyuan’s eyes were unfocused. It was clear that fear had overwhelmed his mind.

The man who once stood above others and claimed not to fear death was now terrified as the grim reaper arrived at his doorstep.

Many in this world claimed to not fear death, but few were capable of remaining calm when they were about to die.

Han Xiuyuan was a prime example.

“Grandpa, your grandson will be taking revenge on your behalf.” At that, Han Jingru reached out his right hand to clasp it around Han Xiuyuan’s neck. He then lifted him into the air.

Han Xiuyuan struggled as his feet dangled. His hands kept scratching Han Jingru’s arms, hoping to break free from him.

However, to Han Jingru, his struggles were futile.

Beside them, Qi Bingying turned away from the sight. She was just a woman and could not bear to watch such a violent scene.

However, she felt no sympathy for Han Xiuyuan. *The man deserves to die. Not even a baby could escape his cruelty. Why should Han Jingru let him off?*

Han Xiuyuan eventually stopped struggling, but Han Jingru still held him in the air for nearly ten minutes after that.

“Han Jingru, he’s dead,” Qi Bingying reminded him as she walked toward him.

Only then did Han Jingru let go of Han Xiuyuan, throwing the corpse in a corner.

“How are you? Are you okay?” Qi Bingying asked with concern. Just a while ago, Han Jingru seemed possessed and she could barely recognize who he was. She was afraid that he might not return to his usual self.

“I’m fine,” Han Jingru murmured. He knew that he had changed drastically earlier. His wrath had triggered the energy in him. If not for that, Han Xiao would have killed him by now.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Although Yuan Ling did not have a good impression of Han Jingru, they had known each other for a while. Moreover, Han Jingru was her superior. She could not help but sigh about what happened to him.

After all, Han Jingru was a young man. It was a pity that he died at such a young age.

At the same time, though, she felt that he deserved this ending for having crossed Han Xiuyuan.

No one in the Chinese District dared to cross Han Xiuyuan.

In the Chinese District, Han Xiuyuan was king. He only had himself to blame for doing such foolish things.

“Do you really think he’s dead?” Tang Cheng asked.

Yuan Ling laughed. Han Xiuyuan had already gone to his house, and she heard that there was a large commotion. Those who were paying attention to the matter reported that he died a horrible death. How could that be fake news?

“Maybe you don’t know what kind of person Han Xiuyuan is. He doesn’t spare anyone,” Yuan Ling uttered.

“But I don’t think you know Jingru well,” Tang Cheng laughed quietly.

“What do you mean?” Yuan Ling frowned at Tang Cheng with a baffled expression.

"If I were to say that the one who died is Han Xiuyuan, would you believe it?" Tang Cheng queried.

Looking at Tang Cheng's solemnness, Yuan Ling could not help but feel amused.

The one who died is Han Xiuyuan? That's impossible. Everyone in the Chinese District knew about Han Xiao had broken Han Jingru's leg. The latter was no match for Han Xiao, so how could he possibly kill Han Xiuyuan?

"I can't believe you're still sucking up to him at a time like this. How faithful," Yuan Ling scoffed. The first time she saw Tang Cheng, he had left a good impression on her. He was like a white knight to her. Yet, ever since she found out that he loved buttering up to Han Jingru, she felt only disdain toward him. A person who climbed up ranks by ingratiating to others was an incapable piece of trash to her.

"If you don't believe it, you can take a look for yourself with me," Tang Cheng offered.

Then, Tang Cheng stood up, seemingly about to head to Han Jingru's house.

Yuan Ling thought he had gone mad.

Han Xiuyuan had not yet left; Tang Cheng's going there at this moment would be equivalent to heading toward his own death.

"President Tang, are you crazy? If you go now, Han Xiuyuan might kill you, too," Yuan Ling warned him.

"I told you the one who died is Han Xiuyuan," Tang Cheng replied.

Yuan Ling stood rooted to the ground, not knowing what to do as she watched Tang Cheng leave the office.

Do I go?

Do I stay?

If I go, and Tang Cheng is wrong, I'll be dragged into the mess.

Yet, Tang Cheng seemed confident and his words piqued Yuan Ling's curiosity.

Although she did not think that Han Jingru was capable of killing Han Xiuyuan, she was sure that Tang Cheng had no need to risk his life just to curry favor with someone.

"Where does your trust in him come from?" Yuan Ling gritted out.

Tang Cheng had just entered his car when Yuan Ling rushed over and sat in the front passenger seat, panting. It was obvious she had dashed over.

"You're not scared?" Tang Cheng smiled.

"I want to take a look at where your confidence comes from," Yuan Ling answered.

Tang Cheng seemed relaxed. It was not a matter of

confidence— he merely had absolute trust in Han Jingru.

“You’ll find out whether I’m just sucking up to him,” Tang Cheng said.

They stopped the car outside Han Jingru’s villa. The informants nearby were all anxious: they did not spot any signs of Han Xiuyuan so they could not yet report to their superior. Moreover, they were curious about what happened in the villa and wanted to know how Han Jingru died.

When Tang Cheng’s car stopped outside the villa, the informants were stupefied.

They could not believe someone had come to Han Jingru’s house at this time. *They must have a death wish!*

It was normal for them to think that way. Ma Feihao, as Han Jingru’s lackey, was shivering in his own home, fearing to leave the building. He knew whoever came close to Han Jingru’s house right now was doomed to die.

The informants were quick to tell their superiors about Tang Cheng’s appearance. Within minutes, the prominent families started wondering about the reason behind Tang Cheng’s appearance.

Tang Cheng stood at the entrance and bowed respectfully with his hands in front of him.

Upon seeing Tang Cheng’s action, a look of disdain

Chapter 662 Two Coffins

flashed across Yuan Ling's face. To her, it seemed like Tang Cheng was putting aside his dignity for the sake of buttering up to Han Jingru. She could not think of anything Han Jingru had that could make Tang Cheng revere him in this way.

A man who would lower himself for a higher status was disgusting to her.

"I'm really gaining some valuable insights," Yuan Ling sarcastically mumbled.

However, Tang Cheng was unmoved by her words. An indecipherable smile remained on his lips.

Right then, Tang Cheng suddenly muttered, "Jingru, there are many people waiting for you."

The informants nearly were dumbfounded when they heard him.

Is he crazy?

Doesn't he know Han Jingru's dead? Is he trying to summon his ghost?

"What is that lunatic doing? Does he think that Han Jingru is still alive?"

"This idiot must not know what happened just now. If he knew, he wouldn't be doing this now. How can Han Jingru still be alive?"

"I don't think he has a brain in that head of his. I can't believe he's here at a time like this. Looks like he'll be

dead soon.”

Everyone was sure that Tang Cheng already had one foot in the grave. Some laughed at his half-witted action while others told their superiors that a crazy man had arrived to conjure Han Jingru’s ghost.

At that moment, the villa’s door opened.

All of the informants held their breath. They had been waiting for what seemed to be decades. *Is Han Xiuyuan finally showing up?*

The first to walk out of the villa was Qi Bingying.

“W-What’s going on? Why is she here? Did Han Xiuyuan spare her?”

“That can’t be right. With Han Xiuyuan’s ruthlessness, how can she still be alive?”

“Is Han Xiuyuan not as merciless as he used to be now that he’s old?”

Everyone had thought that Qi Bingying was doomed the moment she entered the house; hence, her unharmed appearance stunned everyone.

“Prepare two coffins,” Qi Bingying instructed Tang Cheng.

A smile grew on Tang Cheng’s lips as he nodded.
“Right away.”

Qi Bingying’s words became the next mystery for the

informants.

If she did not die, why was Han Xiuyuan preparing two coffins?

The informants were all sure that the one who died was Han Jingru. The idea that the coffins might be for Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao never crossed their minds.

Questions were emerging in every informants' minds, and soon, they were also in the Chinese District's prominent families' minds. After all, the informants did not forget to do their jobs despite their shock.

At the Ma family.

Ma Feihao's face was as pale as paper. After receiving the news, he asked his father, confused, "Dad, was Han Jingru chopped into so many pieces that he couldn't fit in one coffin? Is that why they need two?"

Ma Feihao's father had a grim look on his face. He did not have the time to think about why Han Xiuyuan needed two coffins; he only wanted to know Ma Yu's whereabouts. If he did not come back any time soon, the Ma family would be dragged into this mess by Han Jingru.

"Keep calling your uncle. Who cares about the coffins? Are they any of your concerns?" Ma Feihao questioned.

Ma Feihao nodded. He had made more than a

hundred calls, but Ma Yu's phone remained switched off. There was nothing Ma Feihao could do.

"Did something bad happen to Uncle Yu? Why is his phone still switched off?" Ma Feihao asked.

"Shut up. Don't jinx him. If something happens to him, the two of us are doomed. Can't you think more positively?" Ma Feihao snarled.

Ma Feihao flinched. He, too, knew that he and his father would be doomed if anything happened to Ma Yu. After all, the man had been interacting too often with Han Jingru recently. It was impossible that Han Xiuyuan did not know about it.

Just as the entire Chinese District was guessing why there was a need for two coffins, Tang Cheng had been swift to obtain them. He arranged two pickup trucks to send the coffins to Han Jingru's house.

Right then, the door opened again. All the informants stretched their heads higher, hoping to take a peek at what was going on inside the villa.

A minute passed.

Then, two.

Every second that went by felt like a year.

Finally...

Someone walked out of the villa!

Chapter 662 Two Coffins

When he appeared, he had Han Xiuyuan's body in his right hand and Han Xiao's in his left.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

It was a sight that shocked everyone to their core.

Many had their eyes wide open as they gaped. Some even felt a tingle running down their spines.

How could this be?

How could Han Jingru have killed both Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao?

Han Xiao is more powerful than Han Jingru; everyone knows that.

Back then, at the Han family villa, Han Jingru would have died if not for Ma Yu's appearance.

That was why they assumed Han Jingru was dead meat this time.

No one expected Han Jingru to be the one walking out of the villa alive. Moreover, in his hands were Han Xiao and Han Xiuyuan's bodies.

Three minutes had gone by, and no one could regain their senses from the shock of witnessing the scene.

"He... He killed Han Xiuyuan!"

"How did he do that? How could this be? How is he a match for Han Xiao?"

"F-From now on, Han Jingru will be the mightiest man in the Chinese District. Han Xiuyuan's era has passed. It is now Han Jingru's era!"

Those who spoke had trembling voices. Shock and fear were overwhelming them, and they could not calm themselves down.

Almost in unison, the informants reported the new findings to their superiors.

The entire Chinese District went into an uproar because of Han Jingru.

Countless prominent families were shocked by the news.

None had expected this outcome; no one had thought that Han Jingru could create a miracle like this.

“I didn’t think Han Jingru would be so impressive.”

“From now on, every one of the younger generation in the family has to think of ways to appease Han Jingru.”

“Remember, I don’t care what you do. You have to establish a good relationship with Han Jingru right away.”

“Quick, find out what Han Jingru likes and dislikes. The next and only thing our family will be doing is to get into his good books.”

Most of the major families had the same idea as they gave the same orders to the younger family members—to please Han Jingru and establish a good relationship with him.

It was because from now on, the Chinese District would belong to Han Jingru. If they wanted to secure their positions in the Chinese District, they would have to first build a good relationship with Han Jingru. As for those who had crossed Han Jingru, now would be the time for them to start praying.

Upon receiving the news, Ma Feihao was in a daze for a long while. He felt as if his soul had left his body as he said to his father, "Dad, Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao are dead."

Ma Feihao's father jumped to his feet, his lower jaw nearly touching the ground. "How could that be? Are you trying to pull my leg?"

At the Qi family villa.

Both Qi Donglin and Ouyang Fei were stunned, while their tear tracks were yet to be wiped away. They did not know how to process the shocking news.

"Bingying isn't dead, and neither is Han Jingru," Qi Donglin mumbled in disbelief. He even wondered if he was dreaming. *How could something so unbelievable happen?*

Ouyang Fei nodded, not knowing what to say.

"I'm not dreaming, am I?" Qi Donglin queried.

To let him know he was not dreaming, Ouyang Fei pinched Qi Donglin's thigh with all her might. He yelped in pain.

"I'm not dreaming. I'm not!" Qi Donglin hastily muttered.

A smile grew on Ouyang Fei's face. "Han Jingru didn't disappoint me. My daughter has good judgment."

Qi Donglin sighed, "What a pity he's married and already has a kid."

Qi Donglin had always disagreed with Qi Bingying's love for Han Jingru. He felt that it did not matter much whether Han Jingru was outstanding. More importantly, he felt it was not worth it for Qi Bingying to have unrequited feelings for him.

Yet, this was the first time Qi Donglin felt remorse in his life. Han Jingru was indeed an excellent man, and everyone in the Chinese District was a witness to it. To drag Han Xiuyuan down from the pedestal he was on was no feat achievable by anyone but him. Han Jingru was so capable that everyone wished he were part of their family. However, that was just wishful thinking.

"Bingying is not worthy of him," Ouyang Fei commented. For her to say this about her daughter meant that Han Jingru was beyond impressive in Ouyang Fei's mind.

At the Zhong family.

Zhong Ming was in a daze in front of his parents' ancestral tablets for a long time. He had clenched his fists so tightly to the point his knuckles turned white. A while ago, he had been despairing about the

Chapter 663 Miracle

matter. He never thought that Han Jingru would be able to turn the tables in the midst of his despair.

“From now on, I, Zhong Ming, am your loyal follower.” Standing up, Zhong Ming walked out of the room.

Outside Han Jingru’s villa.

Yuan Ling looked as though her soul had left her body. All along, she thought that Tang Cheng was overpraising Han Jingru. Now, she realized who was the laughable one.

It was not blind praises that Tang Cheng was pouring at Han Jingru; it was trust. Tang Cheng trusted in Han Jingru’s capabilities. For a long time, Yuan Ling always thought that Tang Cheng was nothing but a sycophant. Now she understood Tang Cheng was only being honest when he spoke of the Han Jingru he knew.

“Do you believe me now? Now you know I’m not just blindly sucking up to him, right?” Tang Cheng chuckled as he looked at the dazed Yuan Ling.

Yuan Ling nodded numbly. How could she not? The truth was right in front of her eyes; there was no way she could still slander him.

“Send these two back to the Han family,” Han Jingru instructed Tang Cheng.

“Jingru, you’re amazing,” Tang Cheng praised with a smile.

“Cut the crap and get to work,” Han Jingru grumbled.

Yuan Ling then walked toward Han Jingru. She opened and closed her mouth, hesitating to speak.

Han Jingru knew what she wanted to say.

“I don’t need anyone’s approval. Comments from others are meaningless to me,” he uttered.

Yuan Ling felt conflicted. Han Jingru did not leave a good first impression on her, as she thought he was just a playboy. Now that Han Jingru had displayed his true capabilities, Yuan Ling knew what a joke she must have looked like. She wanted to apologize to him, but evidently, he did not care about her opinion.

“I overestimated my own importance,” she murmured with a sad smile.

Without sparing another glance at her, Han Jingru went back into the villa.

Meanwhile, in the outskirts of the city, Ma Yu was still stopped by Lin Tong. A look at the watch told Lin Tong that it was about time. *Han Jingru must be dead by now.* Hence, he let Ma Yu go.

“You can go now. You can go ahead to prepare a coffin for Han Jingru,” Lin Tong smugly said.

Ma Yu gritted his teeth. He had been ordered to protect Han Jingru, but the latter still died. *How am I going to tell Mr. Yi about this?*

He knew that even if Mr. Yi hated Lin Tong, he would not lash out at him. After all, Lin Tong was the chosen one in Apocalypse; even Mr. Yi could not easily find a way to punish him.

If Mr. Yi were furious, Ma Yu would be the one to bear the brunt of his anger.

“You’re a coward,” Ma Yu hissed.

Lin Tong frowned and asked, “What do you mean?”

“Aren’t you just afraid that Han Jingru will steal away your status? You don’t have the courage to deal with this matter. If that’s not cowardly, what is? I’m shocked that the chosen one of Apocalypse would be so afraid of an ordinary man. What a joke,” Ma Yu uttered.

Lin Tong’s expression darkened. “Don’t assume I don’t dare to kill you. Given your status, even if I kill you, no one can do anything about it.”

“I’m going to die anyway. Is there any difference in dying by your hands or dying by Mr. Yi’s hands?” Ma Yu responded. Ma Yu knew what would happen to him if Mr. Yi found out that he had not kept Han Jingru safe and sound. Since he was dead meat anyway, it did not matter who would be the one to kill him.

“Of course there’s a difference. It’s a big one, too. If I kill you, people will gossip behind my back. So, don’t worry. I won’t kill you.” With that said, Lin Tong turned to leave.

Chapter 663 Miracle

Ma Yu then took out his phone, which had been switched off. After he turned it back on, numerous missed call notifications popped up on the screen.

When he saw missed calls from Ma Feihao, he sighed. He knew why his nephew had been calling him, but he could not pick up the call earlier while Lin Tong was around.

Calling him back, Ma Yu informed, "Feihao, this is my fault. You should quickly leave the Chinese District with your dad. Otherwise, Han Xiuyuan won't let you off, and I can't protect you both forever."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Ma Yu sounded helpless. Back then, he had been the one insisting Ma Feihao to curry favor with Han Jingru. That was because he felt that for him to become Mr. Yi's disciple, Han Jingru had to be someone excellent. Ma Yu had never thought that things would turn out this way.

Now that Han Jingru had died, the Ma family and Han Xiuyuan instantly became enemies. While he was still in the U.S., he could still stop Han Xiuyuan from targeting the Ma family. However, at the end of the day, he belonged to Apocalypse and would eventually leave the Chinese District. With Han Xiuyuan's character, he would never let the Ma family go.

Therefore, leaving the Chinese District was the only way for him to protect the father and son.

However, Ma Feihao burst into laughter when he heard Ma Yu's words.

"Why are you still laughing? I'm asking you to leave quickly. I'm not joking with you."

"Uncle Yu, we're not leaving. Why should we leave?" Ma Feihao asked.

"Are you going to stay here and die? Don't you know what kind of person Han Xiuyuan is? He won't let you off." Ma Yu's heart sank. *Has Ma Feihao gone mad? Why else would he choose to stay in the Chinese District?*

"Uncle Yu, Han Xiuyuan's dead. Are you telling me he's going to climb out of his coffin to kill me?" Ma

Feihao chortled. It was normal for Ma Yu to not think of a scenario like this because no one could have thought that Han Jingru would be the one to walk out of the villa alive. Now, all the prominent families of the Chinese District were astonished by the news.

“What are you talking about?” Ma Yu asked in confusion. He wondered if Ma Feihao’s words were only his own hallucination. *How could Han Xiuyuan be dead?*

“Uncle Yu, Han Jingru killed Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao,” Ma Feihao replied.

It took ten seconds before Ma Yu raised his voice and said, “What? You’re not kidding me, are you?”

At Ma Yu’s exclamation, Lin Tong, who had not gone far, heard him. His footsteps faltered.

“Uncle Yu, how could I possibly joke with you about this matter? The entire Chinese District knows about this. Many don’t dare to believe their ears, just like you. But this is a fact. Many people have seen Han Jingru dragging Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao’s bodies out of his house with their own eyes. How could this be fake?” Ma Feihao explained.

Ma Feihao took in several deep breaths to calm himself down.

He knew Han Jingru was not a match for Han Xiao. However, he did successfully did it. Although Ma Yu was unable to guess what had happened, the fact that Han Jingru survived was great news to him.

"This is unexpected. He really gave us a surprise," Ma Yu sighed.

"Uncle Yu, where are you? Why did you disappear at a time like this?" Ma Feihao queried, puzzled.

"I'll explain to you in the future. I have something to attend to now," Ma Yu responded. He had seen Lin Tong coming back to him, which was why he did not have the time to explain in detail to Ma Feihao.

After ending the call, Ma Yu had a smile on his face that he could not wipe off.

Lin Tong was so confident earlier, but then this happened. I'm afraid this is something he has never imagined.

"What's going on?" Lin Tong asked with furrowed brows. His instincts were telling him that something had gone wrong about Han Jingru's murder but he could not think of what could have gone wrong. After all, it was a fact that Han Jingru could not win against Han Xiao.

Ma Yu grinned gleefully. "Lin Tong, it seems like your plan wasn't as perfect as you thought it was."

"Han Xiao can easily defeat Han Jingru. How can my plan not be perfect?" Lin Tong refuted.

"If it was, how did Han Jingru end up killing Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao?" Ma Yu's grin only grew wider with every second.

Chapter 664 The Gleeful Mister Yi

“Bullsh*t.” Lin Tong hissed. “Do you think you can change the outcome of this matter with just words? How can a useless creature like Han Jingru be a match for Han Xiao?”

Ma Yu knew that Lin Tong would not believe him; even he himself felt that the news was far-fetched. *But, come to think of it, why did Mr. Yi accept Han Jingru as his disciple? There must be a good reason, and this time Han Jingru proved that Mr. Yi has made a good decision.*

“If you don’t believe me, you can take a look for yourself,” Ma Yu muttered.

Lin Tong sneered as he took out his phone.

Seeing his action, Ma Yu reminded, “Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao are already dead. Who are you going to call?”

Refusing to believe in his words, Lin Tong called Han Xiuyuan.

It rang once...

Twice...

Even after a long while, no one picked up the call. A foreboding feeling rose in Lin Tong’s heart.

Ma Yu sighed before he said, “You’re calling a dead man. It’ll be a supernatural event if he picks it up. If you refuse to accept reality, why don’t you take a look for yourself?”

Lin Tong gritted his teeth. This was his perfect plan and it was impossible for Han Jingru to live. If he did, Mr. Yi would hear about this matter, and his position in Mr. Yi's heart would soar.

Most importantly, without his pawn, Han Xiuyuan, Lin Tong could not think of other methods to kill Han Jingru. *Am I going to have to do this myself?*

Lin Tong had said he was not afraid of Mr. Yi holding him accountable, but that was because he would not be the one to kill Han Jingru. Lin Tong had more than enough reasons and excuses to evade responsibility. Moreover, with his status in Apocalypse, Mr. Yi could not blame him for the matter without solid evidence.

However, if he had to kill Han Jingru himself, it would be different.

Indeed, Mr. Yi had heard about the big news by now. He had been paying attention to the events in the Chinese District and was quick to receive news about it. The elderly man had a gleeful expression on his face. Han Jingru, the first person he wanted to recruit as his disciple, had proved to him that his decision was right.

“Mr. Yi, does Han Jingru have anyone helping him in secret?” the baffled middle-aged man asked Mr. Yi. The man did not believe Han Jingru killed Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao by himself. After all, it was common knowledge that Han Xiao was much stronger than Han Jingru. The difference in prowess between the two meant it was almost impossible for Han Jingru to win—unless Han Xiao stuck out his

neck and asked Han Jingru to behead him.

“What kind of helper do you think would be Han Xiao’s match? Yan Qiong?” Mr. Yi laughed.

“Yan Qiong isn’t at the Chinese District. Moreover, he’s not a match for Han Xiao,” the middle-aged man replied.

“That’s right. With our understanding of Han Jingru, what kind of helper does he have?” Mr. Yi probed.

“Could it be... Could it be that the news is wrong?” the middle-aged man guessed. After all, the news had traveled far and it was understandable if there was misinformation. Perhaps Han Jingru had been the one who died and they had received the wrong message.

“Is it that difficult to admit that Han Jingru is excellent?” Mr. Yi raised a brow at the man.

The man shook his head. It was not that admitting Han Jingru’s excellence was tough—he, too, had hoped that Han Jingru was someone impressive. After all, Apocalypse needed talented people and the Fourth Gate needed someone to take over Mr. Yi’s position.

As excellent as Han Jingru was, it did not mean he could kill Han Xiao at this point in his life.

Han Xiao used to be a member of Apocalypse and was an exceptionally great fighter. Even in Apocalypse, he was not of the lowest rank in terms of

fighting prowess. If Han Jingru really killed Han Xiao, that meant that he was practically undefeatable in the normal world. In fact, many in Apocalypse might not even be his opponent.

“Mr. Yi, think about it in another way. Even though Han Xiao has left Apocalypse, he’s still someone who came from Apocalypse. If Han Jingru can kill him, that means many in Apocalypse are no match for him,” the middle-aged man muttered.

“Is that strange? Who said the ordinary world can’t come up with an excellent person? This isn’t the only surprising thing about this young man,” Mr. Yi said with a look of anticipation. Not only was he looking forward to meeting with Han Jingru again, but he was also eagerly awaiting the changes to Apocalypse upon Han Jingru’s arrival.

Mr. Yi was sure that Han Jingru was capable of giving a new definition to power in Apocalypse. He was even sure that the young man could replicate the impossible that Lin Tong had created.

“Forget it,” the man sighed. “It’s pointless for me to try to convince you. You like him so much; his position in your heart will only elevate with time.”

“Since you know that, why are you still talking so much nonsense?” Mr. Yi smugly said.

Chapter 664 The Gleeeful Mister Yi



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Xiuyuan's phone remained unreachable. Unable to wait any longer, Lin Tong returned to the city.

There was no need for him to intentionally look for news about Han Jingru's villa, given the matter had become the focus of every prominent family's discussion.

After Lin Tong found out about what happened, he flew into a rage.

Han Jingru was supposed to be a dead man, yet he has achieved the impossible!

Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiao's deaths meant that Lin Tong had lost his pawn to deal with Han Jingru. This was the bigger problem he now had.

The urge to kill Han Jingru personally flashed across Lin Tong's mind, but his rationality won over his rage. He knew he could not do what he wanted. Everyone in Apocalypse knew about Mr. Yi's intention to take in Han Jingru. If he killed the latter now, many would make things worse for him.

The more outstanding someone was, the more easily they would be envied.

As the golden child of Apocalypse, Lin Tong had many enemies within the organization. He could not give those haters get an opportunity to make things worse for him.

Lin Tong also could not just do nothing, letting Han Jingru join Apocalypse and replace him.

“This is me giving you an opportunity, you piece of trash. I don’t believe you are unrivaled in the ordinary world.” With that said, Lin Tong temporarily left the Chinese District.

Outside the Han Jingru’s villa, many members of the prominent families had expensive presents in their hands, waiting for a chance to meet Han Jingru.

They were all ordered by their families to come and appease Han Jingru, hoping to build a good relationship with him. However, the door remained shut and no one was allowed in.

When Ma Feihao passed through the crowd to press the doorbell, many stared at him with jealous eyes. None dared to do what he did; no one had the right to disrupt Han Jingru.

But Ma Feihao did. He had been the only one standing by Han Jingru earlier, so he was now Han Jingru’s lackey.

Back then, when Ma Yu first told Ma Feihao about this, Ma Feihao was disgusted. After all, he was rich and relatively powerful in the Chinese District and had numerous lackeys of his own. He could not bring himself to become someone else’s lackey.

But now, Ma Feihao finally realized that even others could envy a lackey. He never thought that being a lackey could feel so wonderful until today.

Looking at the others’ green eyes, Ma Feihao felt he was on cloud nine. He straightened his back proudly

as if he were Han Jingru's right-hand man.

"You're all too late," Ma Feihao could not help but mock.

Right then, Qi Bingying opened the door. Everyone craned their necks, hoping to peek inside.

"Bingying, I've come," Ma Feihao said solemnly.

Looking at the crowd outside with their presents stacked as high as a hill, pride swelled in Qi Bingying's heart.

"Come in," she replied.

"Thank you, Bingying." Ma Feihao's entrance once again made the crowd jealous. Some even wished they could turn into Ma Feihao at that moment. After all, it was something to be proud of for one to enter Han Jingru's house at this time.

After entering the villa, Ma Feihao gasped when he saw the shattered wall.

"Wow, Mr. Han's too mighty, isn't he? It looks like he nearly tore his house down," Ma Feihao remarked.

As the only witness of the event, Qi Bingying knew how powerful Han Jingru became. While it was true that Han Xiao was beaten to the point at which he could not defend himself, no one would believe her words even if she announced it publicly.

"Find someone to fix the house," Qi Bingying

Chapter 665 Entering

instructed.

“No worries, Bingying. I’ll get the best workers right away,” Ma Feihao guaranteed as he patted his chest.

“Right. Where’s Mr. Han?” Ma Feihao carefully inquired.

“He’s resting in his room. He’s told me not to disturb him unless there’s something important,” Qi Bingying warned.

Upon hearing her words, Ma Feihao started breathing quietly, fearing he would disturb Han Jingru’s rest.

Meanwhile, in the room, Han Jingru was staring at his arm. The popped veins on his right arm resembled a serpent under his skin, and it seemed like they would not go away for a long while. He had used all the power in him today, but Han Jingru had a niggling sense that he had yet to reach its limit. He could not imagine what it would look like when he hit its true limits.

“It seems like only by entering Apocalypse would I be able to find out about the secrets within,” Han Jingru mumbled to himself. As he already had Yan Qiong as his master, he did not like the idea of being taken in as Mr. Yi’s disciple.

However, after being threatened by Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong, Han Jingru began to seriously contemplate the matter.

He knew that if he continued to reject stubbornly, not

only would Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong be displeased with him, but he would also cross Mr. Yi. The wisest choice was to become Mr. Yi's disciple. That way, he could find out what changes had happened to his body.

"Let's see what kind of person that old man is. If he's no good, I won't be his disciple."

Right at that moment, Mr. Yi, who was at a mountain top, sneezed.

The middle-aged man standing behind Mr. Yi hastily reminded, "Mr. Yi, the wind is strong here on the mountain; it's best for you to go back to Fourth Gate to rest."

Mr. Yi pinched his nose, sensing something odd. "I couldn't possibly be sick with my good health. It can't be some damn kid cursing at me behind my back, can it?"

Han Jingru did not show up in public in the following two weeks. Yet, the number of people who came to please him never decreased. Moreover, the gifts they brought with them were only stacking higher and higher. The entire Chinese District was watching every move in the villa, hoping to be the first to curry favor with him when he finally appeared.

One of them stood out. He brought no gifts with him but kneeled outside the villa for half a month. For the entire two weeks, he drank but did not eat. Even after the others had left at night, he remained on his knees.

To Ma Feihao, who came every day, this person left the most vivid impression on him.

On this day, when Ma Feihao went past Zhong Ming, he could not help but ridicule, “Zhong Ming, you’re odd. Everyone’s sending him gifts, but why are you kneeling as if you’re at someone’s grave?”

“I’m expressing my gratitude to him. He’s worthy enough for me to kneel and wait for him.”

“Gratitude?” Ma Feihao froze before abruptly thinking of what happened to the Zhong family. *Didn’t this guy’s parents die by Han Xiuyuan’s hands?* If not for Han Jingru, he would never have the opportunity to avenge his parents. With that thought in his mind, Ma Feihao finally understood why he kept kneeling here.

“Why don’t I bring you in?” Ma Feihao suggested.

Zhong Ming snapped his head up and looked at him gratefully. “Can you really take me in there?”

Hearing his words, the crowd went wild. There was not a single one of them who did not want to enter Han Jingru’s villa.

“Hao, take me in there, too. My family will give you our sincere thanks.”

“Hao, me too. Don’t worry. What our family can give you will be better than theirs.”

“Bullsh*t. We’ll give him half of our family assets, so will you?”

"I can give him more than half."

A look of frustration emerged on Ma Feihao's face when he heard their arguments. *Do these idiots think they can meet Han Jingru just because they're rich?*

Han Jingru now has a high social status. Money means nothing to him. As long as he wants it, money will pour into his bank account like rain.

"You idiots, can you stop it? Let's see what will happen to you if you end up disrupting Mr. Han's rest."

Immediately, the crowd went silent. All they could hear now was each other's breathing.

"You want to go in?" Ma Feihao questioned with a smile.

The crowd nodded fervently.

"That's a nice dream you have. Why don't you look at yourself? Think about whether you have the right to do so. I'd suggest that you get lost because Mr. Han won't be seeing you," Ma Feihao smugly said.

Although Ma Feihao already had a higher status than those in the crowd before this incident, the current sense of superiority that enveloped him made him feel as though he had risen in status again.

Chapter 665 Entering



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

At the Nangong family house on the island.

As someone who was paying full attention to the events in the Chinese District, Nangong Boling was more excited than he was when he earned his first bucket of gold. Han Jingru had proved himself in the Chinese District, and Nangong Boling knew that meant the young man would gain a higher position in Apocalypse.

Moreover, he was the disciple that Mr. Yi was taking in. From now on, his future was limitless.

This was the first time Nangong Boling truly felt that the Nangong family could become affiliated with Apocalypse.

Affiliation is not a very meaningful word by itself. Whether an affiliation was impressive depended heavily on what it was affiliated with. Affiliation with a place like Apocalypse was, of course, worthwhile.

Nangong Boling knew Nangong Sun died by Han Jingru's hands but he did not blame Han Jingru for it. In fact, he was glad that Nangong Sun was dead. He deserved it for looking for trouble with Han Jingru.

Now, Nangong Boling was planning for Han Jingru to become the head of the Nangong family. He was going to make this a reality and did not care about the price he had to pay for that to happen. Whatever terms or conditions Han Jingru might come up with, Nangong Boling was going to fulfill them.

As he thought about the upcoming glorious days of

the Nangong family, someone knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Nangong Boling muttered.

Nangong Yan entered the room. News from the Chinese District did not travel as quickly to him as to Nangong Boling, so Nangong Yan had just found out about Nangong Sun’s death. The news terrified him, and he decided to sound out Nangong Boling’s view about the incident.

If Nangong Boling cared not about the matter, Nangong Yan would give up on the thought of going against Han Jingru. In fact, he would even think of ways to get closer to Han Jingru.

Even if he could not become the head of the family, he did not want to be chased out of the family altogether.

“Grandfather, I heard Nangong Sun’s dead,” Nangong Yan reported.

“I know about it. I’ve reminded him before. He only has himself to blame for his death,” Nangong Boling responded.

Nangong Yan’s heart sank. He had guessed that Nangong Boling would say something similar to this, but he still found it hard to accept those words when he heard them.

At the end of the day, Han Jingru was not born into the Nangong family. To make him head of the Nangong family was unacceptable to many.

“Grandfather, does it not matter that he doesn’t bear the Nangong last name?” Nangong Yan tentatively asked.

“Matter? Why does it matter? He doesn’t need a family name to prove his capabilities. Moreover, he can bring countless benefits to the family that I can’t bring. Even if he wants to change the Nangong family into the Han family, it doesn’t matter,” Nangong Boling uttered with nonchalance.

Nangong Yan gasped. He did not think Nangong Boling would say something like that.

To make the Nangongs into Hans is just absurd!

“Grandfather, I know what to do now. I’ll be going on a trip to the U.S. If he has anything I can help with, I’ll do my best,” Nangong Yan muttered in resignation. He now knew that he was unworthy of competing with Han Jingru for the position of the head of the family. Hence, the only thing left for him to do now was to secure his position instead.

His words surprised Nangong Boling. He never thought that Nangong Yan would act this way.

It seemed like he could think through this matter better than Nangong Sun could.

“The smart man is the one who knows how to read the situation. Your choice is not embarrassing. Furthermore, I can tell you this: once Han Jingru enters the upper class, he’ll need an ambassador to handle affairs of the normal world. Although you’re

not the head of the Nangong family, you can help him manage the affairs of this world. Being his ambassador is not a lowly status," Nangong Boling informed.

With a lowered head, Nangong Yan replied, "Thank you for your words, Grandfather. I won't let you down."

"If there's nothing else, you can leave."

After leaving Nangong Boling's study room, Nangong Yan's mood lifted. Nangong Boling's words had opened his eyes. He knew those were not words of consolation. The moment Han Jingru entered the upper class, he would not have time to deal with the affairs of the normal world. If he could become Han Jingru's ambassador in this regard, he could continue to have the powers associated with being the family head.

"Nangong Sun, you must not have dreamed of this ever happening. But if you're not dead, I'd have an extra rival. Now, I'll be the only one to benefit the most from this situation," Nangong Yan gleefully voiced.

After Nangong Yan left, Nangong Boling made a call.

"It's time for the two of them to meet. Send him to the U.S. It's a surprise from me," Nangong Boling spoke into the receiver.

In the Chinese District of the U.S.

Chapter 666 Ambassador

It was crowded outside Han Jingru's villa. This was the twentieth day since the incident, but he had yet to show himself in public. Meanwhile, those outside his house showed no signs of impatience. No matter how long they waited, as long as they could have a slight chance to ingratiate up to Han Jingru, their time waiting for him would be worth it. After all, the Chinese District was undergoing a major change, and no one wanted decades of their family's efforts to be destroyed overnight.

Inside the villa, Han Jingru instructed Ma Feihao, "Go outside and tell them to leave. Those who don't leave, I'll deal with them myself."

His words made Ma Feihao chuckle. Those people had been waiting for so long, only to have Han Jingru chase them away. He wondered how they would feel.

"Mr. Han, aren't you going to pick a few to meet?" Ma Feihao asked.

"Why don't you get lost with them, too?" Han Jingru replied.

Ma Feihao was about to continue, but upon hearing Han Jingru's words, he hastily said, "Mr. Han, I'll inform them right away."

Looking at Ma Feihao jog out of the house, Qi Bingying laughed, "He's probably thinking of bringing in a few people to make himself look good."

"How can I not know what he's thinking about?" Han Jingru muttered.

Outside the villa, Ma Feihao cleared his throat dramatically before saying, "Mr. Han ordered for all of you to get lost. Those who don't will be dealt with by Mr. Han personally. Think well for yourselves."

His words made the color drain out of their faces. They were doing this to appease Han Jingru, not to cross him. If Han Jingru were going to target those who stayed, no one would dare to stay a second longer.

In a blink of an eye, many were about to leave.

"Oh yes, and take the things you've brought with you away, too. How could Mr. Han be interested in all this crap?" Ma Feihao questioned.

Everyone was swift to leave. In less than ten minutes, the only one left was Zhong Ming, who was still kneeling on the ground.

Ma Feihao stepped forward and inquired, "Don't tell me your legs are numb. Do I need someone to take you away?"

"I'm not leaving. I'm not leaving until I see him," Zhong Ming said in determination.

"You idiot. Didn't you hear what I said? Mr. Han's dealing with whoever stays behind himself. Are you trying to die?" Ma Feihao gritted out. *Mr. Han ordered me to do this; if I fail I'll look useless to him.*

"What does the Zhong family have to do with me?" Zhong Ming mumbled.

“Why, are you trying to drag the entire Zhong family down to hell with you?” Ma Feihao kicked Zhong Ming.

Zhong Ming, whose legs were already numb from kneeling, immediately collapsed onto the ground from the kick.

“The Zhong family refused to avenge my parents. I don’t care if the family dies,” Zhong Ming voiced.

“Do you really think Mr. Han will let you off?” Ma Feihao huffed contemptuously. *Even if he doesn’t care about others’ lives, he should care about his own, right?*

“I swore an oath. If he could kill Han Xiuyuan, I’ll be his slave. If he wants me to die, I won’t even blink an eye,” Zhong Ming declared.

Hearing his words, Ma Feihao sneered, “You swore an oath? If you did, why didn’t you fight alongside him?”

A trace of guilt flashed across Zhong Ming’s mind when Ma Feihao said that. He had been trembling in fear at home on that day and dared not stand by Han Jingru’s side in public.

Zhong Ming did not know how to respond to his question. He moved his trembling body to maintain his kneeling posture before saying, “Even if he wants to kill me, I won’t leave.”

“F*ck, aren’t you shameless?” Ma Feihao cursed,

Chapter 666 Ambassador

feeling helpless. Just as he was thinking of a way to get rid of Zhong Ming, a figure appeared in a distance. Ma Feihao was swift to run over.

“Uncle Yu, you’re finally here,” Ma Feihao said to Ma Yu.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

A rush of feelings washed over Ma Yu. Although it had not been long since he left, the Chinese District was vastly different now. No one had expected Han Jingru to resolve the troubles Han Xiuyuan had created. Not only were the people of the Chinese District stunned, but even Mr. Yi seemed surprised about it.

Ma Yu had not returned right away because he had received Mr. Yi's call. Mr. Yi had told him not to intervene with Han Jingru's matters anymore. He was to only intervene when Han Jingru was in danger.

Ma Yu sighed, "I never thought Han Jingru would do something surprising again."

At this moment, Ma Feihao felt that Ma Yu's earlier decision in making him a lackey for Han Jingru could not have been wiser. Otherwise, he would end up the same as the others, pointlessly waiting outside the villa.

"Uncle Yu, you've got good foresight. You asked me to appease Mr. Han early on. How else would I have the chance to be by Mr. Han's side now?" Ma Feihao laughed.

Patting his shoulder, Ma Yu replied, "From now on, you need to remember this well. No matter what happens, you have to trust him. You can't have any thoughts of betrayal."

Ma Feihao gravely nodded. After this incident, he could not possibly bear any thoughts of betrayal toward Han Jingru. Now that Han Xiuyuan was dead,

the entire Chinese District belonged to Han Jingru.

“Uncle Yu, don’t worry. I’ll never forget your words.”

“Let’s go and visit him.”

As they walked past Zhong Ming, Ma Yu halted in his tracks. He knew many had been waiting outside the villa, hoping to meet Han Jingru. However, those people had already left, which meant that Han Jingru had already ordered them to scram. He was surprised to see someone who dared to stay.

“Uncle Yu, this guy has a death wish. Just leave him be,” Ma Feihao scoffed. Since he could not get rid of the stubborn man, he could only report to Han Jingru about him later. It would be up to Han Jingru to decide what to do with him.

Upon hearing Ma Feihao’s explanation, the uncle and nephew continued their way to the villa, ignoring Zhong Ming.

When they entered the villa, Ma Yu walked toward Han Jingru. “I thought you were dead meat.”

Han Jingru glanced at Ma Yu. “That’s what I thought, too. But I can’t die. Otherwise, Han Xiuyuan will torture my wife and child.”

“Are you interested to know why I disappeared?” Ma Yu queried.

“Is it because of Lin Tong?” Han Jingru inquired.

“You know Lin Tong?” Ma Yu stared at Han Jingru, baffled. *How does he know him? Has Lin Tong already revealed himself to Han Jingru?*

“I heard Han Xiuyuan mention him. Who is he?” Han Jingru asked.

Ma Yu glanced at Qi Bingying and Ma Feihao; the two were quick to make themselves scarce by entering the kitchen.

“The chosen one of Apocalypse. His achievements are recognized by many in the organization. He’s one with great potential. Many thought he’s the one most likely to become Mr. Yi’s disciple,” Ma Yu explained. He did not tell him about Lin Tong’s aim in detail; he was sure that Han Jingru could read between the lines.

“I became Mr. Yi’s disciple instead of him, and that’s why he’s trying to kill me,” Han Jingru chuckled.

“It’s not only that. I’m assuming that he’s more worried you’ll overtake his position in Apocalypse. He’s the chosen one and is used to being all high and mighty. He won’t let anyone better appear in front of him,” Ma Yu noted.

“What kind of place is Apocalypse? Why does it exist?” Han Jingru wondered out loud. It was a question that had plagued his mind for a long time. Every organization existed to serve a goal, which meant that for so many powerful people to gather in Apocalypse, there must be a major secret.

Chapter 667 The Purpose Of Apocalypse

“This is a question that only Mr. Yi might be able to answer. Like you, I’m extremely curious about the purpose of Apocalypse. Other than its principal figures, no one knows why it exists,” Ma Yu hummed.

“Very mysterious. Its purpose is not to fight against some sort of unknown force, is it?” Han Jingru huffed. It was impossible that Apocalypse would gather countless talented people only for the sake of maintaining peace in society.

“It’s possible. But as to what really is going on, I’m sure you’ll get the opportunity to find out soon,” Ma Yu remarked.

“Firstly, I’d have to become Mr. Yi’s disciple, right?” Han Jingru chuckled.

“That’s right.” Ma Yu nodded. He knew Han Jingru had rejected the offer once, but he did not know that Han Jingru was now contemplating taking up the offer. Hence, Ma Yu felt the need to persuade him.

“This opportunity is an honor for anyone in Apocalypse. They even dream of it at night. You shouldn’t reject the offer,” Ma Yu persuaded.

“My grandpa and my original master have warned me that if I reject this offer, they’ll disown me. That’s why I’ve been thinking about it,” Han Jingru sighed helplessly. If not for Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong’s stubbornness, Han Jingru would never have hesitated on this matter. He felt that having one master in his life was more than enough.

Yet, if he rejected the offer, Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong would disown him, and that would be upsetting.

Ma Yu could not help but burst into laughter. Although Han Jingru did not appreciate the blessing bestowed upon him, his grandfather did.

“They’re making the right choice. I’m sure you’ll be grateful for their threats in the near future,” Ma Yu responded.

“Maybe,” Han Jingru mumbled. Although Han Jingru was not afraid of this unknown world named Apocalypse, he knew that there would be major changes to his life after he joined Apocalypse. He did not know whether or not he would be able to accept those changes.

“Only by joining Apocalypse would you be able to better protect the people by your side. I’m sure you’ll make the smarter choice,” Ma Yu commented.

Just then, Han Jingru realized Ma Yu seemed hesitant, looking as if he wanted to ask a question. However, Han Jingru did not need to hear his words out loud to know what he wanted to find out. *He must be wondering how I defeated Han Xiao. After all, I was worlds apart from Han Xiao in terms of capability. It does seem impossible for me to turn the tables.*

“You want to know how I killed Han Xiao?” Han Jingru offered.

Ma Yu promptly nodded vigorously. He was eager to find out how Han Jingru had done it. It seemed

impossible unless some kind of deity had possessed him during the fight.

However, Ma Yu was an atheist and did not believe in possessions.

“What if I say that Han Xiao slipped on a banana peel and gave me the window of opportunity to strike? Will you believe that?” Han Jingru asked.

“Do you think I’ll believe that?” Ma Yu rolled his eyes. How could he possibly believe in nonsense like this? Even if Han Xiao did slip on a banana peel, it was still impossible for Han Jingru to kill Han Xiao with one blow.

“Then, there’s nothing else I can say about it. That’s the truth, believe it or not,” Han Jingru said. He was not going to easily reveal the power in him to anyone. *What if someone kidnaps me and makes me a lab rat?*

Hearing the silence from Han Jingru, Ma Yu could only suppress his overflowing curiosity. It was not like Ma Yu could force Han Jingru to give an explanation.

“Lin Tong won’t give up on his plan of killing you. Although he’s now gone from the Chinese District, I’m sure he’ll return soon. You have to be careful,” Ma Yu reminded.

Han Jingru had never seen Lin Tong, and neither does he know what kind of person the latter was. However, since Lin Tong was adamant about killing

him, he was not going to give up even after his failure. Even without Ma Yu's reminder, Han Jingru knew better than to let his guard down.

On the other hand, Ma Yu's reminder made Han Jingru think of something else.

"It seems like you've received the latest instructions from Mr. Yi. Has he told you not to intervene in my affairs?" Han Jingru asked.

It was tough to be working with smart people, and Ma Yu realized this by experiencing it firsthand. All he did was to mutter a reminder, but that made Han Jingru realize what was going on.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Ma Yu had a moment of hesitation as he thought of how he should respond to Han Jingru. After all, the latter might end up having a worse impression of Mr. Yi if he was being honest.

Yet, it was exactly this momentary hesitation that confirmed Han Jingru's suspicion. He did not need Ma Yu's verbal confirmation to know the answer.

"You don't need to say anything. I know the answer. It seems like Mr. Yi is testing me before he takes me in as his disciple."

Ma Yu sighed, "It's tiring to work with smart people like you. You can guess everything I'm thinking."

"Am I that stupid to not understand what's going on?" Han Jingru muttered.

If they continued talking about the matter, Ma Yu was sure he would soon reveal something he should not. Because he could not afford to bear the consequences, he hastily changed the topic. "What are you planning to do now? The major families in the Chinese District are trying to find ways to please you. Just a word from you and everything in the Chinese District is yours."

"The Han family has lost their leading position and they are now a disorderly bunch. I'm sure they won't willingly let go of their status, but it's not worth my time dealing with this myself. I'll be assigning Tang Cheng to it. That's why I've asked him to come to the Chinese District," Han Jingru said.

“Money and power no longer attract you.” Han Jingru seemed extraordinarily calm about the matter. That meant he felt no pride in taking over the Chinese District—he did not see this as an accomplishment.

“Only one thing is important to me—to protect those by my side,” Han Jingru revealed. Han Xiang was still with Nangong Boling and Han Jingru did not know what he could do to make the latter let her go. Thus, all he could do was to wait for Nangong Boling’s next instructions.

After a month had gone by, Han Jingru finally walked out of the villa. By now, his leg injury had almost fully recovered. He could move freely without the use of a wheelchair. The moment he appeared, many prominent families turned their attention to him. Yet, none dared to make careless moves— anything they do would have to be in the dark. After all, Han Jingru had warned them he would take action against whoever that disturbed him.

No one in the Chinese District dared to treat his words as a joke.

Zhong Ming was still kneeling outside the villa. Han Jingru had heard about his matter from Ma Feihao.

“Leave. I don’t need your thanks,” Han Jingru said to Zhong Ming.

Agitation overwhelmed Zhong Ming to the point he was trembling. He finally saw Han Jingru! Although it had been torturous to kneel for a month, his pain was worth it.

"I'll do anything you ask me to as gratitude for what you've done for me," Zhong Ming murmured with a lowered head.

"Zhong Ming, aren't you smart? There are so many people willing to do anything for Mr. Han right now. Who do you think you are? You're hoping to become one of his subordinates in the name of gratitude? Do you think you're worthy of it?" Ma Feihao scoffed in disdain. To him, Zhong Ming was just a stubborn and shameless man who wanted to become one of Han Jingru's subordinates. *You'll do anything? Aren't you just trying to get the opportunity to stand by Han Jingru's side?*

"Please, give me a chance. I'll do anything you ask me to," Zhong Ming pleaded.

Han Jingru looked downward at him. "I know killing Han Xiuyuan isn't enough for you. There is still someone else you want to deal with in your family. That's why you'll do anything for me. Other than gratitude, you're trying to use me to get rid of those people, right?"

Zhong Ming stiffened. Ma Feihao swiftly kicked Zhong Ming's head, causing the latter to fall backward and roll over.

"F*ck, Zhong Ming. Aren't you a brave one? How dare you think of using Mr. Han for your personal matters? You must have a death wish!" Ma Feihao cursed.

Beside them, Ma Yu shook his head. *I can't believe Zhong Ming is trying to play tricks in front of Han Jingru.*

Chapter 668 Surprise

“Mr. Han, please, give me a chance. I’ll be your loyal follower,” Zhong Ming begged as he returned to his original kneeling position.

“I don’t need a useless person who can’t even deal with their own matters. Get lost. Don’t appear within my sight from now on, or else I’ll kill you,” Han Jingru hissed.

Despair veiled over Zhong Ming’s face. He never thought that this would happen to him after a month of kneeling.

There were too many people in the Zhong family who had tormented him. He wanted revenge; he wanted to use Han Jingru’s name to make them pay. Zhong Ming never thought Han Jingru would see through his plan.

A useless person who can’t even deal with their own matters.

Like a curse, those words kept reverberating in Zhong Ming’s mind.

“Mr. Han, if I can deal with my matters by myself, will I have the right to work for you?” Zhong Ming shouted as Han Jingru left.

However, Han Jingru ignored him. Whether or not Zhong Ming would be able to settle his own matters had nothing to do with him. Han Jingru was not bothered by minor matters such as this. Other than

his family members, Han Jingru cared nothing about anything else.

He knew he was getting closer to Apocalypse. One day, he would leave behind these worldly matters.

He was not far from the villa when a car halted in front of Han Jingru.

Instinctively, Ma Feihao hid behind Ma Yu. In his mind, dozens of men with knives often came out of cars like this.

Meanwhile, Ma Yu stopped himself from immediately rushing in front of Han Jingru. Mr. Yi had told him not to intervene with anything unless Han Jingru's life was in danger.

Both Ma Feihao and Ma Yu had the same thought in their minds. *Even Han Xiao was not a match for Han Jingru. Who is stupid enough to send normal people to fight against Han Jingru?*

It can't be Lin Tong because he has left the Chinese District. He's most likely gone to search for someone capable of dealing with Han Jingru.

It can't be some fearless family still thinking of challenging Han Jingru, can it?

When the car door opened, nothing of Ma Feihao's imagination happened. Instead, a middle-aged woman walked down the car with a baby in her arms.

Just as the crowd was confounded by the scene, Han

Jingru stiffened.

He knew the middle-aged woman well. It was Ho Ting!

When Ho Ting saw Han Jingru, she, too, was excited. From the moment she stepped onto the plane, she had been fearful that she would not be able to hand Han Xiang safely to Su Yimo. She never expected the group of people to send her straight to Han Jingru.

“What’s wrong?” Qi Bingying asked when she noticed something amiss about Han Jingru. Despite her question, she could guess what was going on.

Tears streamed down Han Jingru’s face. He knew the baby in Ho Ting’s arms was Han Xiang, but he never thought that this was the moment he would meet with his child again.

He was Han Xiang’s father, yet he had never witnessed the moment of his daughter’s birth. Moreover, he was the one who made her leave her mother and enter a dangerous situation at such a young age.

At that moment, his protective fatherly instincts overtook his mind.

Just then, a middle-aged man came down from the car and said to Han Jingru, “This is a surprise from the head of the family. He hopes that you’ll meet with him when you have the time.”

Han Jingru could not hear his words. The only thing

he could focus on was Han Xiang in Ho Ting's arms.

Han Jingru strode over to Ho Ting. When he looked at the blushing Han Xiang swaddled in garments, he reached out his trembling hands.

Without hesitation, Ho Ting handed her to her father.

Having never carried a baby, Han Jingru was careful in handling her with his stiff arms.

"I... How do I carry her?" Han Jingru asked in panic.

"She's still young, so you have to carry her horizontally. Carrying her vertically will affect her spinal development," Ho Ting replied. When she saw the tears on Han Jingru's face, she could not help but cry as well.

Han Jingru swallowed as he carried his daughter in his arms with difficulty. Then, as if he had turned to stone, he did not dare to move.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Jingru had spent an entire month at home. He had originally wanted to take a walk, breathe in the fresh air, as well as deal with some matters in the Han family. However, Han Xiang was now in his arms and Han Jingru did not want to waste his time doing anything else.

He carefully carried her back into the house before sitting down stiffly on the couch. He was scared he would make her uncomfortable the way he was carrying her.

However, it seemed like the baby enjoyed his embrace as she stared at him quietly with her big eyes.

Ho Ting laughed, "It looks like she recognizes you. Children of this age usually just sleep and eat. I've never seen one who looks as energetic as her."

Right after that, a soft hiss sounded in the room. Then, a pungent smell came.

"She soiled her diaper. Hand her to me; I'll change her," Ho Ting said.

"I'll do it," Han Jingru uttered.

"Do you know how?" Ho Ting chuckled. Han Jingru was a rookie father. For new fathers, changing diapers was always a challenge.

"I'll learn." At that, Han Jingru shot a glare at Ma Feihao and instructed, "Turn on the heater in the room."

Ma Feihao nodded and swiftly rushed to Han Jingru's room.

Han Jingru slowly stood up and walked to the room. Only after the bed was adequately warm did he place Han Xiang on the bed.

Although he was inexperienced in raising a child, Ho Ting was surprised by how meticulous Han Jingru was. To avoid Han Xiang catching a cold after removing her garments, he first turned on the heater. This was not a thought that would cross the minds of most new fathers. After all, without experience, most would not associate diaper change with the heater.

Han Jingru took in a deep breath as though he was entering a battlefield. He was never as serious as he was now, not even when he was facing Han Xiao.

After undoing the swaddle, with Ho Ting's instructions Han Jingru carefully took off Han Xiang's pants. When the diaper was revealed, Ho Ting then taught him how to remove it.

Right then, Han Xiang suddenly burst into tears. Her wails sent Han Jingru flying into a panic.

"It's okay. It's normal for children to cry," consoled Ho Ting when she saw Han Jingru's trembling hands.

He swallowed and forcefully collected himself. By now, his back was soaked with cold sweat.

It seemed as if Han Xiang was determined to make things difficult for Han Jingru. The moment he undid

the diaper, she urinated again. In his panic, Han Jingru caught the liquid with his hands.

Beside him, Qi Bingying could not help but laugh.

In her mind, Han Jingru was calm and composed in every situation. This was the first time she had seen Han Jingru fumble like this.

Evidently, the little princess who could cause panic to the man who stunned the entire Chinese District would be loved dearly.

“Aunt Ho, what do I do?” Han Jingru sent a pleading glance at Ho Ting.

“You’ll get used to this. It’s normal. Wipe her dry first. If you really can’t do it, I’ll do it,” Ho Ting replied.

Han Jingru shook his head. He wanted to resolve the guilt he felt toward Han Xiang. If he were to be defeated by such a minor matter, what kind of father was he?

Those who are skilled in changing diapers can do so in two or three minutes. However, Han Jingru ended spending half an hour on it. Fortunately, the heater in the room was on and Han Xiang did not sneeze at all.

Once all was done, Han Jingru heaved a sigh of relief. He felt as though he had completed a major project. However, before he could carry her up into his arms, she started crying again.

Panicking again, Han Jingru turned to seek help from

Ho Ting.

“She should be hungry. I’ll make some milk for her,”
Ho Ting explained.

Han Jingru quickly stopped Ho Ting and said, “I’ll do it. Teach me.”

At that, Han Jingru turned to instruct Ma Feihao,
“Make my daughter laugh. If you can’t do something simple like this, I’ll make you cry with her.”

A look of exasperation appeared on Ma Feihao’s face. He had no idea how to deal with babies.

“She’s a princess. Think of a way—cause I can’t help you,” Qi Bingying hastily said when she spotted Ma Feihao looking at her. First of all, this was a task she could not achieve. Secondly, it was assigned to Ma Feihao, so she had no obligation to involve herself in it.

Left with no choice, Ma Feihao made funny faces at Han Xiang and danced like an idiot.

In the living room, Ho Ting explained to Han Jingru several key points of preparing milk. Han Jingru listened to her carefully, not daring to miss any step of her instructions.

“Remember not to shake the milk. If it foams, the baby will drink in the air and her stomach will feel bloated. Rolling the bottle in your palms is the best way. Then, you can take a look at the bottom of the bottle. If there are no clumps, it’s about done,”

Chapter 669 Rookie Dad

reminded Ho Ting.

Han Jingru carefully followed Ho Ting's steps until he saw no clumps at the bottom of the milk bottle.

When he returned to the room, Ma Feihao had managed to stop Han Xiang from crying. Han Jingru was satisfied with his success.

"Very well. I'll give you a chance to ask for anything from me," Han Jingru said.

Ma Feihao froze for a second before an elated look emerged on his face. Han Jingru's words would bring unimaginable benefits to him. Ma Feihao had never thought he would get a promise like that from Han Jingru just by consoling the child.

"Mr. Han, why don't you leave entertaining the little princess to me?" Ma Feihao asked.

"Can you guarantee she won't cry?" Han Jingru questioned.

Ma Feihao instantly shut his mouth. That was not something he dared to promise easily.

Han Jingru carefully carried Han Xiang in his arms.

Ho Ting reminded him, "Your entire arm has to be touching her body, especially her waist and head. You have to stabilize the two parts. Now, tilt the milk bottle higher."

To Han Jingru, feeding his daughter milk was yet

another significant project. Fortunately, Han Xiang did not seem to reject drinking from the milk bottle; she obediently bit the teat with no struggling.

When Han Jingru watched his daughter drink up the milk eagerly, the corner of his lips could not help but turn upward.

At that moment, it was as if time had stopped. Everyone was staring at Han Xiang, and even a hedonistic man like Ma Feihao was smiling.

Qi Bingying was the only one who felt complicated. If the daughter in Han Jingru's arms was hers, she would be overjoyed. It was a pity that this was only her wishful thinking.

Han Xiang soon finished the hundred and twenty milliliters of milk and fell asleep. If not for Ho Ting reminding Han Jingru that Han Xiang would sleep better after he put her down, Han Jingru would have kept holding her in his arms.

"All of you head out," Han Jingru ordered, "There are too many people in the room, and it has affected the air quality."

Qi Bingying rolled her eyes and remarked, "This world now has one more overprotective father."

Han Jingru ignored Qi Bingying's comment. To him, as long as it was good for Han Xiang, he would do it for her regardless of its nature. He cared not about the comments from the surrounding people.

Meanwhile, Zhong Ming had returned to the Zhong family, only to suffer the mockery of his family members.

He had spent one month kneeling outside Han Jingru's villa and everyone in the Chinese District knew about it. Many said Zhong Ming had thrown his dignity aside to please Han Jingru.

The matter was the focus of a heated discussion in the Zhong family. Many of the members stated that Zhong Ming was embarrassing the family, and some even suggested banishing him.

As the head of the Zhong family, Zhong Ming's grandfather contemplated this matter solemnly. However, as Han Jingru was involved in the matter, he did not dare to come to a swift decision. He was afraid that if Han Jingru were to be nice to Zhong Ming, the Zhong family would rise in status. Chasing him out of the family would then be a great loss for them.

However, now that Zhong Ming had returned without gaining anything, the head of the family had nothing to fear.

"Zhong Ming, you've embarrassed the entire Zhong family."

"The Zhong family must have accumulated horrible luck to have someone like you slander our reputation. Why don't you continue kneeling outside his house? I hope you die there, too."

“I can’t believe a useless man like you is hoping to get in Han Jingru’s good books. Why don’t you take a look in the mirror to remind yourself what kind of person you are?”

Zhong Ming showed no outward expression regarding the bombardment of questions.

Right then, the head of the family announced, “Zhong Ming, from today onward, you’re no longer part of the Zhong family. Now, get lost.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Zhong Ming continued to sit still, pretending not to have heard those words.

Meanwhile, other members of the family started mocking Zhong Ming again.

“Zhong Ming, you can’t be planning to stay here stubbornly, right?”

“Even if you don’t say a word, it doesn’t mean this didn’t happen.”

“Get lost. Our family doesn’t need trash like you.”

Right at that moment, Zhong Ming suddenly rose to his feet. The ones who had spoken started to look amused. *It looks like he can’t take these words anymore. The Zhong family can finally stop wasting time and money on a useless person like him.*

However, Zhong Ming did not move to leave. Instead, he said to his uncle, “Uncle, Han Xiuyuan killed my parents back then because you made them the scapegoat. Am I right?”

Zhong Ming’s uncle had a look of indifference on his face. It was true that he was the one to chase Zhong Ming’s parents out of the family back then. To protect the Zhong family, those two had to die. Hence, he closed his eyes to the fact that he had sent his brother and sister-in-law to death.

“So what if you’re right? If they didn’t die, the whole family would have died. Don’t you think they deserved death?” Zhong Ming’s uncle scoffed.

Zhong Ming curled into a faint smile. *How nicely put. They deserve to die?*

“You deserve to die, too.” With that said, Zhong Ming suddenly took out a gun.

Bang!

Zhong Ming pulled the trigger and shot the bullet into his uncle’s chest.

Zhong Ming’s uncle stared at his nephew in shock as blood splattered all over his shirt.

“Y-You...” Before he could finish speaking, Zhong Ming’s uncle had collapsed onto the floor.

The scene dumbfounded everyone in the Zhong family. No one had thought Zhong Ming, who was usually easily bullied, would be ruthless enough to kill.

The head of the house bellowed, “Zhong Ming, what are you doing?”

“I haven’t settled the score with you yet. There’s no need to rush me.” Zhong Ming shot a murderous glare at the head of the family, whose heart skipped a beat. *It’s as though he’s become someone else.*

“Aunt,” Zhong Ming called out to his aunt.

His aunt shuddered. The previous person he had called out was now lying in a puddle of blood on the ground. She did not know why Zhong Ming had called

out to her, but she was afraid. She feared she would end up like the man.

“Zhong Ming, I’m your aunt. D-Don’t do rash things,” Zhong Ming’s aunt stuttered.

“That’s right. You’re my aunt. But you were the one to refuse a funeral for my parents. You refused to give them a proper burial,” Zhong Ming gritted out. Back then, his aunt was afraid that the funeral would alert and upset Han Xiuyuan. Thus, she called off the funeral, and the bodies of Zhong Ming’s parents were then tossed into the wilderness. Zhong Ming, who was just a boy back then, had to dig the graves for his parents with his bare hands.

At that time, Zhong Ming, whose hands were bloody, swore that he would hold a grand funeral for his parents. Even many years after their deaths, he wanted to give them the greatest honor they deserved.

With a pale face, Zhong Ming’s aunt muttered, “Zhong Ming, if you want a funeral for them, we can do it right away.”

“We’ll do yours as well.” With that said, Zhong Ming raised his gun again.

Before his aunt could start pleading for mercy, she was already down on the ground.

Zhong Ming had killed two people in a blink of an eye. His lack of hesitation to kill stunned everyone present. They no longer eyed him with mockery and

disdain but with fear and shock.

“Even after my parents died, many people continued to mock them. You’ve all done that before, am I right?” Zhong Ming questioned.

The head of the family could not hold himself back anymore. He said, “Zhong Ming, everyone here has cursed at them. Even I did. Are you going to kill all of us?”

Zhong Ming turned around to stare at the head of the family with a glacial look. Even if this was his grandfather, he bore no thoughts of sparing him.

“Do you think you can avoid death?” Zhong Ming probed.

The head of the family gritted his teeth and replied, “I’m your grandfather. Aren’t you afraid of karma coming for you?”

“I’m only afraid that my parents won’t have a peaceful afterlife.” At that, Zhong Ming raised his head and pointed the gun at his grandfather.

Putting on a mask of calmness, the elderly man stated, “I don’t believe you have the courage to do this.”

Zhong Ming pulled the trigger. With a deafening *bang*, the head of the family fell to the floor with a look of despair as everyone watched in disbelief.

No one thought Zhong Ming could do it. To them, he

Chapter 670 The Zhong Family Funeral

had no guts to do anything other than threaten the head of the family. The elderly man was the pillar of the Zhongs, and his death would signify the demise of the entire Zhong family.

However, in the face of Zhong Ming's crazy actions, no one dared to make a sound, fearing they would be next to die.

Zhong Ming had evidently gone mad. Like a lunatic, no one was able to reason with him.

"There are many of you who deserved to die, too, but as long as you're obedient, I'll let you live," Zhong Ming explained.

Everyone in the room did not even dare to breathe loudly, not to mention refuting Zhong Ming's words.

"From now on, I'm the head of the Zhong family. Does anyone have any problem with that?" Zhong Ming continued.

Everybody promptly shook their heads.

Problem?

No one would voice out their problems unless they had a death wish.

"If there are no problems, we'll hold a funeral for them tomorrow. My parents' ancestral tablets will be placed on the highest spot in the mourning hall," Zhong Ming instructed.

A major change happened within the Zhong family, but the funeral did not cause a large commotion in the Chinese District because the Zhong family was not prominent from the start. Moreover, all the prominent families were thinking of ways to please Han Jingru; none had the time to bother with the Zhong family's affairs.

When Ma Feihao heard the news, he became exceptionally interested in the incident, since he had come to know about Zhong Ming's goal when Han Jingru exposed the man earlier.

Did he kill his own family after hearing Han Jingru's harsh words? Zhong Ming's ruthlessness and lack of hesitation instilled some terror in Ma Feihao's heart.

He looks like an honest man, but he's vicious. Unbelievable.

Han Jingru now only had eyes for Han Xiang. He was now practically a stay-at-home dad. He seemed uninterested in anything other than taking care of his child.

While Han Xiang was asleep and Han Jingru was free, Ma Feihao briefed Han Jingru about the Zhong family incident.

Zhong Ming was not someone Han Jingru had paid much attention to. Although he knew that Zhong Ming must have done this because of his words, Zhong Ming was still unworthy of his attention.

"If you think he's useful, you can make him your

helper. But he's meaningless to me," Han Jingru uttered.

"Mr. Han, why would I want him? I'm already enjoying the best time of my life by your side. I don't need any subordinates of my own," Ma Feihao chuckled.

"Tang Cheng won't stay in the Chinese District forever, and the same goes for me," Han Jingru responded.

Ma Feihao froze for a second before he realized what Han Jingru was telling him. Han Jingru seemed to suggest he'd be leaving the Chinese District to him.

Ma Feihao instantly became delighted.

"Mr. Han, you... you're going to hand the Chinese District to me?" Ma Feihao tried his best to suppress the joy in his heart and avoid appearing overly excited.

"Don't you want to replace the Han family?" Han Jingru laughed.

"Of course," Ma Feihao instantly answered. If the Han family had not been so powerful all these years, Ma Feihao would have gone up against them. Who would not want to become the top family of the Chinese District after all?

"I can hand it to you, but whether you'll stay at the top will be up to you," Han Jingru cautioned.

Ma Feihao immediately turned solemn as he patted

his chest and guaranteed, "Mr. Han, don't worry. I won't disappoint you."

Right then, Han Jingru turned to look at Qi Bingying. Only after making sure there were no changes to her expression did he say to Ma Feihao, "From your perspective, Zhong Ming is someone useful. Go and have a chat with him."

"If you say he's useful, then he must be. I'll look for him right away." Ma Feihao then sped off.

Han Jingru turned to ask Qi Bingying, "Are you upset that I gave the opportunity to Ma Feihao?"

"Do you care that much about my feelings?" Qi Bingying answered him with another question.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Qi Bingying was full of questions. She looked at Han Jingru with a burning gaze. It seemed that what she was concerned about was not who he would hand the Chinese District over to. Rather, she seemed more preoccupied with whether he was taking her feelings into consideration.

However, he did not give a direct answer to her question, and instead replied with, "Sometimes, being a person of high status isn't all it's cracked up to be. Of course, I'm not discriminating against women, but there are in fact some things men are better at. There's no need for you to take such a great risk".

In the Chinese District, the fearsome rule of Han Jingru ensured submission. Even when he raised the rank of the Ma family to the top, there was not a single person who dared to disagree. However, it was only a matter of time before he left. When that happened, his formidable influence would slowly dissipate, leaving the Ma family in dire straits. As for whether the family would be able to cement their current rank, it would all depend on the capability of Ma Feihao.

This matter came with great risk. It was also for this reason that Han Jingru did not help the Qi Family.

"You were the one who courageously stepped forward to help me every time I faced trouble. By the rules of the Chinese District, you should be the one to whom I entrust this place. I would go as far as to say that nobody would think otherwise. Would you feel reluctant?" Han Jingru continued.

Qi Bingying could sense that his words were filled with concern. However, she was not satisfied with how he beat around the bush. She needed him to clearly admit to it.

“Is it that hard to admit you care for me? Are you, or are you not, doing this for my sake?” she asked firmly.

After a long moment’s hesitation, Han Jingru finally replied, “Yes”.

At this moment, the sheer beauty of Qi Bingying’s smile far exceeded that of any flower in the world. She beamed. Not only did she get the answer she was looking for, but she also found out why Han Jingru kept rejecting her. It was not because he had no feelings for her—he was just controlling his own emotions.

While that word alone would not change their relationship, it was all worth it to Qi Bingying. At least she now knew that it was not that Jingru felt nothing for her; rather, he had no choice but to suppress his love for her due to Su Yimo being in the picture.

Qi Bingying smiled. “You know, even if you asked for all of the Qi family’s property in exchange for that one word you uttered just now, I would still feel it was worth it”.

“Surely the Qi family can’t afford it,” Han Jingru said indifferently.

As soon as Qi Bingying heard those words, her face

dropped.

The Qi family's doing decently well in the Chinese District. How dare he imply we're poor!

"Well, you're only rich because of the Nangong family's support," she remarked disdainfully.

The Nangong family's wealth was so vast that it would not be an exaggeration to say they were the wealthiest in the entire world. The astounding amount of financial resources at their disposal was unmatched by anyone else. If not for them keeping such a low profile, the "world's richest" title would not only go to them, but they would be above their competitors by miles and miles.

Qi Bingying's mention of the Nangong family reminded Han Jingru of something. "Oh, right. Aunt Ho, the chauffeur who sent you here hasn't left yet, has he?" he asked.

These days, he was completely occupied with the joy of raising a child. He even slept while cuddling Han Xiang. Amidst all this bliss, he had completely forgotten about that matter.

"The car's still there, so he should still be there as well," Aunt Ho replied.

Han Jingru stood up. *Given that he still hasn't left, he must have a reason for staying. But it's strange that he's just silently waiting there.*

He walked out of the door and headed towards the

Chapter 671 Change The Name To Han

car.

The chauffeur seemed to have been watching the villa intently. When Jingru approached, he had already stepped out of the car.

He bowed in respect to Han Jingru.

“Are there any messages from Nangong Boling?” Han Jingru asked.

“I received orders to inform you that he will no longer limit your freedom and that you are now free to go wherever you please. He also hopes that you could make a trip to see him when you can. However, should you have no time for that, he will come to find you himself.” Not only was the chauffeur’s tone respectful, but it also seemed as if he was deliberately understating Nangong Boling’s status.

This was on orders from Nangong Boling, who was keenly aware of what Han Jingru meant to the Nangong family. Hence, he would never flaunt his title of the Nangong family head in front of Han Jingru.

Han Jingru was slightly taken aback by the fact that not only had Nangong Boling sent Han Xiang back to him, but he was even lowering his own status.

“Surely he doesn’t want me to change my last name,” Han Jingru muttered. He could almost figure out Nangong Boling’s intentions. Furthermore, this matter had already been discussed. Nangong Boling had hoped that Han Jingru would be able to take the

Nangong family to the upper class, so this was just an attempt to make the Nangong name more influential. However, Jingru's last name was Han.

"He has already predicted that you would think so, hence he instructed me to tell you that as long as you are willing to become the head of the Nangong family, he is willing to have the entire family change their last name to Han," the chauffeur assured him.

Despite Han Jingru being someone who was emotionally stable, those words still managed to unleash huge waves of emotion in him.

To think that Nangong Boling wants to change his family's name to Han!

Never would Han Jingru have predicted this, nor would he have thought that Nangong Boling was willing to make such a tremendous sacrifice.

A man's pursuits could be summarized by four words: women, money, privilege, status.

Nangong Boling no longer concerned himself with the former three. It was only status that would be able to stir up his ambition. The reason Han Jingru did not understand Nangong Boling's motivations was that he had not in the latter's position.

Nobody could possibly fathom the sheer amount of desire Nangong Boling had for Apocalypse.

He had been striving towards that goal for the past twenty years. There were countless places similar to

Terra Prison under the Nangong family. The sole goal of all his effort was to get into Apocalypse.

As he aged, the amount of time he had left gradually decreased. Hence, he was more and more willing to let go of things he no longer deemed important.

While the family name was important, it was definitely nowhere as important as getting into Apocalypse.

After recovering from his shock, Han Jingru remarked cheekily, “‘Han Boling’ sounds kind of awkward, doesn’t it?”

The chauffeur did not seem offended by this. With his ten years of serving Nangong Boling, he had taken on his employer’s unyielding temperament. However, this would never be shown to Han Jingru, for the chauffeur understood just how important Han Jingru was to Nangong Boling.

“I think it sounds rather good,” the chauffeur replied.

Han Jingru could not help but shake his head in exasperation. *To think he could bring himself to say that! Seems like Nangong Boling has put extra effort into training him on how he should act around me.*

“I’ll find a time to meet him. If there’s nothing else, you may leave. Sleeping in the car would be pretty uncomfortable, right?” Han Jingru asked.

“Just having the chance to meet you makes sleeping on the streets worthwhile,” the chauffeur replied.

“Your suck-up skills are strong enough to rival my friend’s,” Han Jingru laughed. Of course, that friend was Tang Cheng, who had never thought of himself as a kiss-ass and always insisted that his praises were nothing short of the truth.

“I shall pass your message to Mr. Nangong. We hope to see you soon.” As soon as the chauffeur said that, he bowed and got into the car.

Han Jingru heaved a deep sigh. *For Nangong Boling to go to such lengths... I really don't know what to make of it.*

Of course, Han Jingru was not going to change his last name. Even so, it would be ridiculous for everyone in the Nangong family to change their last name to “Han”. However, for now, this matter was not worth fretting over, since he would not be meeting Nangong Boling any time in the foreseeable future.

Without Nangong Boling’s restrictions, Han Jingru was now a free man. What he wanted to do most with that freedom was to return to Yun City and bring Han Xiang to Su Yimo as soon as possible.

However, at this moment, a familiar figure approached, causing Han Jingru to furrow his eyebrows.

*Why is this b*stard back in the U.S.? Was Nangong Sun's death not enough of a warning to him?*

Chapter 671 Change The Name To Han



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Nangong Yan, did you not hear of Nangong Sun’s death?” Han Jingru asked coldly. *If this b*stard has a death wish, I’ll respond accordingly and show him no mercy.*

“You’ve misunderstood. I’m not here to go against you. I just wanted to...” Before he could finish, he kneeled on the ground. “I will become your most loyal subordinate. I just hope you would be kind enough to forgive all my past wrongs.”

Han Jingru was taken aback. *First, Nangong Boling wants to change his entire family’s last name to Han. Now, Nangong Yan wants to pledge allegiance to me. Seems the Nangong family really wants to get into Apocalypse.*

I remember when Nangong Yan wanted to kill me. Now, he’s willingly kneeling before me in a show of sincerity. How unexpected.

“Nangong Yan, I’m a Han. You’re dishonoring the Nangong family name,” Han Jingru remarked insipidly.

“Money’s all the Nangong family has. That’s nothing compared to what you have—status,” Nangong Yan replied.

Han Jingru could not hold back his laughter. *I can’t believe he would drag his own family through the dirt just to please me.*

However, Han Jingru was not easily fooled. *I’m sure he has some kind of ulterior motive. If he didn’t, he could’ve just stayed on the island. Why did he have to come all the way to the U.S.?*

“Out with what you really want. I’m not in the mood for guessing games,” Han Jingru commanded.

“I’m sure you’re too busy to care about worldly things as you get into Apocalypse. I want to take care of those mundane affairs of the normal world for you,” Nangong Yan replied with no hesitation.

Han Jingru suddenly let out a burst of laughter. *Nangong Sun’s an absolute fool. He threw his life away just to become the head of the family and because of this, Nangong Yan is now able to enjoy all the benefits without even lifting a finger. If Nangong Sun knew about this, he would probably be rolling in his grave!*

“And that would be equivalent to being the head of the family. You’re clever.” Han Jingru smirked. “Seems like Nangong Boling wasn’t wrong about you.”

However, the truth was that Nangong Yan was not, in fact, as clever as he made himself out to be. If not for Nangong Boling’s advice, he would have never come up with that idea.

“I hope you are willing to consider my proposal,” Nangong Yan said.

“I’ve never cared about the Nangong family’s money. You see, I’m not a materialistic person,” Han Jingru explained, “Well, since I never had any plans to get involved in the Nangong family’s affairs in the first

place, I'll take you up on your offer."

"Thank you," Nangong Yan replied gratefully.

Han Jingru waved his hand dismissively and went back into the Villa.

It was only when Han Jingru shut the door that Nangong Yan could finally heave a sigh of relief.

Things turned out easier than he thought they would. That was all he needed to confirm that the Nangong family's money was indeed insignificant to Han Jingru. While he did not understand Han Jingru's indifference towards money, he knew that just being able to proclaim the title of the Nangong family head was an achievement. And, at least, he ended up better off than Nangong Sun and Nangong Feng. That was all he needed to think about.

Not long after Han Jingru got back to the villa, Han Xiang woke up and started fussing. Han Jingru instinctively dropped the hard front that he had been keeping up and began to take care of Han Xiang.

Qi Bingying turned green with envy every time she witnessed Han Jingru's dedication to his daughter. She would even try to conjure up a daydream in which Han Xiang was the daughter of herself and Han Jingru, but she always knew deep down that such bliss only existed in her imagination and would never come true.

"Aunt Ho, pack your bags. We're departing for Yun City tomorrow," Han Jingru said while tending to Han

Chapter 672 Going Back To Yun City

Xiang.

Aunt Ho's happiness was evident. "Okay. I'll start packing right now."

In contrast, Qi Bingying sported a sour expression. While she knew that Han Jingru was going to leave soon, she did not think it would happen so suddenly.

For Han Jingru, it was only natural that he would want to go back to Yun City as soon as he was free from Nangong Boling's clutches. To him, the U.S. was not even worth sparing a second thought.

"Why are you leaving so soon? There are still so many things to take care of in the Chinese District," Qi Bingying asked.

While it was indeed true that Han Jingru had plans to sort out the Chinese District, none of that mattered to him anymore.

"Tang Cheng will still be here for a while. As long as he and Ma Feihao are here, the Chinese District will be fine," Han Jingru replied indifferently.

"But the people need you! If you're not around, everything will turn into a mess," Qi Bingying pleaded. Of course, what she was pleading for was not the Chinese District. Her true goal was to convince Han Jingru to stay by her side—she could not care less about the Chinese District.

Han Jingru knew this. "Well, you could come to Yun City with us if you want to," he proposed.

Upon hearing this, Qi Bingying subconsciously shook her head. She dared not face Su Yimo. *How could I do that when I'm in love with her husband?*

"I cannot go back to Yun City," Qi Bingying replied solemnly.

Han Jingru was taken aback. "Yimo will miss you. But you know her and Shen Zhuoman—they'll most likely come looking for you."

"I'll hide myself well," Qi Bingying replied.

"Well, okay, if that'll make you feel better. Maybe it really is better if you don't meet each other," Han Jingru said.

"What about us? Can we still meet each other?" Qi Bingying asked with tears in her eyes.

"It's best if we don't," Han Jingru replied.

Qi Bingying took a deep breath. "Have a safe trip."

With that, she left the Villa.

Aunt Ho sighed. It was obvious that Qi Bingying really loved Han Jingru, so much so that she would never be able to forget him and move on. But at the same time, Aunt Ho found Han Jingru admirable.

There aren't many men who can resist a woman's charm.

There was a saying that if you wanted to know if a

man thinks with his lower body, all you have to do is check if he is breathing.

In other words, all men are lustful.

However, Han Jingru was an exception. When Qi Bingying threw herself into his arms, he remained unfazed.

“I don’t know if I should praise you or berate you,” Aunt Ho said with a sigh.

Han Jingru did not know how to react to that. “Aunt Ho, am I in the wrong?”

“You’re not, but you still broke a woman’s heart. That scar will never fade and she’ll suffer from it forever. But if you didn’t hurt Qi Bingying, that would be equivalent to hurting Yimo, so I can’t say for sure that it was good, either,” Aunt Ho replied.

“That doesn’t matter. What’s important is that I didn’t betray my morals. Only then will I be able to face Yimo,” Han Jingru replied with a smile.

Aunt Ho nodded with approval. “Yimo sure is lucky to have found such a dedicated man.”

“My only regret is that I wasn’t able to give her much happiness. These past few years, she’s done nothing but suffered because of me. There were even times where we were in danger,” Han Jingru said with regret. Ever since he married her, Su Yimo had been made a laughing stock. That was why he could not bring himself to agree with Aunt Ho.

“That won’t be the case now. There’s nobody in Yun City who would dare laugh at her or call you useless anymore,” Aunt Ho replied.

Han Jingru nodded with a smile. “That’s true. This time, I’ll make it clear to everyone in Yun City that I’m not the worthless piece of crap they thought I was.”

The next day, Han Jingru, Han Xiang, and Aunt Ho boarded a flight to Yun City in first class. Han Xiang was overwhelmed and darted her head around, intrigued by everything. However, when the plane started to take off, she became scared and started to cry. Try as he might, Han Jingru could not seem to calm her down so she continued wailing even as the plane started to steady.

At this moment, a young man with hair that was dyed blonde came up to Han Jingru and complained impatiently, “She’s annoying the hell out of me. Can’t you get her to shut up?”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

That blonde's attitude was terrible, but Han Jingru wasn't an unreasonable man. Although it wasn't deliberate, Han Xiang's cry in the cabin must have disturbed other passengers.

Rather than getting angry, Han Jingru apologized. "I'm so sorry. I've tried to comfort her but it's not working. Maybe she's too scared of riding on a plane."

"This is a first-class cabin. I want my rest to be worth the money. If you can't get her to shut up, don't blame me for anything that happens afterward." Blondie became more presumptuous as he thought Han Jingru was a pushover.

"Alright. I'll try my best. Once again, I'm sorry." Han Jingru patted Han Xiang's back gently, hoping to calm her down.

After sitting in his seat, Blondie turned to his girlfriend and said, "It's fine now. I've taught them a lesson. You can rest now. If they still make noise, I'll show them who's boss."

The pink-haired lady sitting beside him had such heavy makeup that she might as well perform in a Beijing opera. Annoyed, she said, "If they dare to disturb me again, give them some money and ask them to downgrade their cabin."

Blondie smiled and replied, "No problem. Money is just a trivial matter. What's important is your rest."

Han Jingru tried everything and finally calmed Han

Xiang down. *f to sleep.*

Han Jingru heaved a sigh as he finally understood the hardship of raising kids. Stopping a child from crying was a tough matter, even tougher than the time he spent in Terra Prison.

Halfway through their journey, it was time to change Han Xiang's diapers. Han Xiang cried again as she was uncomfortable. It was common for children to cry or throw a tantrum during times like this.

Han Jingru wasn't skilled in changing diapers. To avoid disturbing the passengers, he passed the task to Ho Ting. She was skilled in taking care of babies and finished the task in a short time.

Han Jingru seized the opportunity to go to the washroom.

The couple was annoyed by the noise once again.

The lady gritted her teeth. "What else does she know apart from crying? So freaking annoying! Why won't she just die!"

As her cavalier, Blondie stood up and said, "Leave it to me. I'll make them leave."

Ho Ting placed Han Xiang on her seat and bent down to change her diapers. Suddenly, someone kicked her and she lost her balance. If she wasn't quick enough, her hands could've pressed onto Han Xiang's fragile body for support. One could imagine how serious the injury of the baby would be.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Ho Ting glared at Blondie furiously.

“What? I can help you silence her. I just need one punch and she will be asleep until our destination.” Blondie was getting more and more presumptuous as he thought that Ho Ting couldn’t do anything against him.

Ho Ting retorted, “She’s only a baby. Are you that petty?”

He replied with disdain. “My girlfriend can’t rest because of her. So what if she’s a baby? Do you know who I am?”

Ho Ting was a traditional woman, so she wasn’t into those exaggerated fashion styles of youngsters nowadays. In her opinion, Blondie looked like a crazy man with chicken feathers on his head.

Ho Ting advised, “I’d suggest you not cause any trouble. This flight’s headed to Yun City.”

Yun City was Han Jingru’s territory. Things would not end well for Blondie if he were to offend Han Jingru.

Ho Ting’s warm reminder was taken as an insult.

Blondie scoffed, “Are you threatening me? Do you think I’m a pushover? I’ll give you three seconds to silence her. Or else, I’ll do it my way.”

Three seconds to calm Han Xiang down. *This is impossible.*

Chapter 673 Intensified Conflict

Ho Ting didn't know what he intended to do; she had no choice but to protect Han Xiang.

Ho Ting warned, "Don't do anything stupid. If you hurt her, you're dead."

He was infuriated. *Look at her outfit. It's so obvious that she's a country bumpkin. How did she even get into this first-class cabin?*

"Really? Let me see what you can do. Dare to fool me? You don't know my status in Yun City." Blondie pulled Ho Ting's hair to yank her out of the way.

Ho Ting's scalp was in pain but she had no intention to loosen her grip on the chair's armrest. *I'd rather be the one who's hurt. No one shall lay a finger on Han Xiang!*

The cabin crew saw him hitting Ho Ting and quickly persuaded, "Mister, please stay in your seat and refrain from dangerous activities."

He glared at the flight attendant and scolded, "Mind your own f*cking business. Scram before I make you lose your job!"

The flight attendant knew that the passengers in the first-class cabin weren't nobodies. One would know that Blondie was from a rich family, as he was covered in branded clothing from head to toe. If he used some dirty tricks, she would not be surprised to be let go of her job.

The flight attendant reminded kindly, "Please wait

until you've disembarked from the plane. If the air marshals get involved, things will be rather troublesome."

The man ignored her words. He was used to being arrogant all the time so he wouldn't let Ho Ting go without teaching her a lesson.

He cast a vicious gaze. "Are my words not clear enough? I said, f*ck off!"

Ho Ting warned, "Young man, I'd suggest you stop what you're doing immediately. Otherwise, you'll regret it."

Just wait until Han Jingru get out of the washroom. He won't spare you.

Han Xiang was the precious child of Han Jingru. Whoever dared to hurt her must have a death wish.

"Old lady, where did you get your confidence to threaten me? Even if it's Yun City, I can toy with you guys to your deaths. Dare to threaten me? Look at yourself in the mirror; you're just a nobody." Blondie pulled harder on Ho Ting's hair.

Ho Ting's head lifted upward but her body didn't budge. And she was protecting Han Xiang with all her might. *Han Xiang must be safe at all costs!*

"You're quite tough. Let's see how far you can go." Blondie mustered all of his strength to yank at her hair.

Ho Ting felt like her scalp was on the verge of separating from her head.

The flight attendant didn't dare to report the matter to the air marshals because she was worried that she would lose her job. She could only go to the washroom and inform Han Jingru about the incident, hoping Han Jingru could resolve the problem.

Han Jingru was enjoying his time in the washroom. Suddenly, he heard someone knocking on the door rapidly.

Han Jingru said hopelessly, "Can't you see it's occupied?"

The flight attendant said, "Mister, something bad has happened! Can you come out quickly?"

Something happened!

Han Jingru thought about that blonde immediately. *Is he looking for trouble again?*

Before ten seconds passed, Han Jingru had already rushed out of the washroom and all the way back to his seat. He had no time to listen to the flight attendant's explanation of the situation.

When he saw that blonde yanking on Ho Ting's hair, hostility and rage exploded within him.

Han Jingru was polite to Blondie before because he felt sorry for disturbing the latter's rest. Since Blondie made a move on Ho Ting, Han Jingru didn't feel

apologetic anymore.

Blondie didn't notice that danger was approaching him; he was too focused on bullying someone weaker than he.

"If you still don't let go, I won't show you any mercy." After spouting his words, he kicked Ho Ting at her waist.

Ho Ting inhaled sharply, enduring the agony. She held onto the armrest in a vice-like grip, determined to protect Han Xiang until the end.

At that moment, Blondie felt someone strangling his throat single-handedly, and he lost his ability to breathe.

"Release her." Han Jingru's voice was as cold as ice.

"Release me, you f*cker! I'll make you suffer after this." Blondie's face was flushed red because of a lack of oxygen. He turned to look at Han Jingru, forcing out every single word with all of his strength.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Threat?

What a joke!

Who in the world dared to threaten Han Jingru?

Even Nangong Boling from the powerful Nangong family would compromise with Han Jingru for everything. He would even order every Nangong to change their last name to "Han" for Han Jingru to become the head of his own family. And this kind of authority only belonged to Han Jingru.

Blondie didn't know who he was threatening, but he could feel that his threat was useless. The man in front of him tightened his grip while his stony expression sent a shiver down Blonde's spine.

He... He will kill me!

At that moment, fear flooded his system.

Blondie couldn't breathe and felt himself knocking on death's door.

Han Jingru's reaction shocked the flight attendant. *He doesn't intend to release Blondie. If this goes on, Blondie will be strangled to death!*

The flight attendant hurriedly persuaded Han Jingru, "Mister, please release him. You will kill him if this continues. Don't do things on impulse or you'll regret it."

Kill him?

To Han Jingru, this was just a piece of cake.

He had sent many criminals who deserved to be condemned to eternal damnation to Terra Prison.

Ever since Han Jingru killed someone when he was fourteen years old, he had no other choice but to continue down his bloody path.

So what? It's just killing a young man.

Even the flight attendant's advice was useless. Blondie felt despair as he realized he would die on the plane.

"Jingru, Han Xiang's still crying. Please tend to her first." Having changed Han Xiang's diapers, Ho Ting handed Han Xiang to Han Jingru.

Han Jingru heard Han Xiang crying, so he released Blondie from his grasp and took Han Xiang into his arms.

Han Jingru turned to glare at Blondie and said indifferently, "If you don't want to die, get lost."

Panting heavily, Blondie crouched on the floor. When he heard Han Jingru's words, he hurriedly ran to his seat with all colors drained from his face.

The flight attendant heaved a sigh of relief. Han Jingru's actions left a deep impression in her mind.

I must not offend that blondie. But this young man who keeps a low profile? He's even more dangerous.

He can kill people with ease. This isn't something a normal person could do.

Blondie felt relieved after returning to his seat, but his hatred toward Han Jingru deepened.

The pink-haired lady asked, "What happened to you?"

He gritted his teeth. "I want that b*stard dead when we arrive in Yun City."

The lady didn't care about what happened. She spoke nonchalantly., "You're so useless. You can't even handle such a trivial matter and need helpers from Yun City."

Blondie replied, "I have backups and this is my right. If I don't use reinforcement, I must be a fool."

She nodded in approval.

Then, she reminded, "But Yun City is now Mo Lan's territory; you have to be more careful. Don't offend anyone associated with Mo Lan."

Blondie scoffed, "There's no way such a fool like him would know Mo Lan."

At Yun City's airport.

The plane from the U.S. still needed at least twenty hours to arrive at Yun City. However, one runway at the Yun City airport was already sealed off. On that runway parked many luxury cars with a crowd of people. From a bird's eye view, the scene resembled a

Chapter 674 Grand Welcome

bunch of ants gathering.

The crowd wasn't there to admire the departing planes: they were waiting for someone.

The higher-ups at the airport were stunned at the sight of the runway, while fellow travelers were curious to know who the big shot was to command such a grand welcome.

"Grandfather, is he really coming back?" Tian Shuirou wrapped her arms around Tian Jingshuo's while looking forward to his answer.

The Tian family didn't receive any news. They had only heard that Mo Lan sent his men to the airport, so they followed.

Tian Jingshuo smiled as he said, "Han Jingru is the only man worthy enough for Mo Lan to show up. Can you think of anyone else with this status?" Han Jingru had left Yun City for a long time and Tian Jingshuo didn't know what he had been up to, but he was sure that Han Jingru's status had risen, and not just in Yun City.

The Tian family was once the first family in Yun City, but the Su family surpassed them. However, Tian Jingshuo didn't feel aggrieved as Han Jingru was part of the Su family. To Tian Jingshuo, Han Jingru was a god-like being.

Tian Shuirou nodded in approval. She was once Han Jingru's admirer; now, she had become his sister. She was very excited about his return as the Su family

had encountered many problems which needed Han Jingru to handle.

The families in Yun City knew little about Han Xiang's kidnapping. The Tians knew and offered to help, but they failed to find Han Xiang in the end.

Tian Shuirou was so worried about the little baby.

But now that Han Jingru was coming back, finding Han Xiang wouldn't be difficult anymore.

Tian Shuirou asked curiously, "Grandfather, will Yun City change after big brother comes back?"

With a serious look on his face, Tian Jingshuo stayed silent for a while and shook his head. He said, "I think not. No one will offend Han Jingru, and the Su family is now the first family in Yun City. That means Han Jingru has nothing left to achieve in Yun City. Everything will stay the same unless some stupid b*stards provoke him."

Tian Shuirou laughed. "When other families found out big brother is coming back, they ordered their junior members to keep a low profile. They must fear offending big brother."

Tian Jingshuo had heard about this, too, and he smiled. "This is the treatment Jingru should enjoy. And not only in Yun City. Even across the entire Hua Nation, no one will dare to offend him."

Shocked, Tian Shuirou didn't refute Tian Jingshuo's words as she, too, thought the same way.

“It’s too bad that we can only be siblings.” Tian Shuirou remarked regretfully.

Tian Jingshuo never thought that it was a regretful matter. It was no surprise that Tian Shuirou and Han Jingru couldn’t become a couple, as Han Jingru was faithful to his relationship.

To Tian Shuirou, although she could only become Han Jingru’s sister, it was still an honor.

Tian Jingshuo said happily, “What’s there to feel bad about? Do you know how many people envy you? Not everyone can be his sister.”

“Let them be envious of me. If big brother takes in another girl to be his sister, I won’t forgive him.” Tian Shuirou threw her punches sternly.

Tian Jingshuo smiled. *Fortunately, the Tian family still has Tian Shuirou. Otherwise, it could’ve fallen long ago because of Tian Honghui’s reckless actions.*

Meanwhile, Su Yimo was nervous. Although she heard from her grandfather that Han Jingru was coming back, she did not want to be too hopeful until she witnessed his return with her own eyes.

Su Yimo understood that Han Jingru had many problems to solve, so it would not be unexpected for him to cancel his return trip.

Feeling nervous, Su Yimo asked Han Xiuzhi, “Grandpa, is Jingru really on the plane? Will it turn back?”

Chapter 674 Grand Welcome

Han Xiuzhi replied, "Of course not. He has resolved the matters in the U.S. and he's coming back now, so don't worry."

"That's great. That's really great." Su Yimo nodded.

Mo Lan said, "Yimo, you guys should go home first because the plane won't land until twenty hours later. I'll wait for Jingru." He wanted to give Han Jingru a grand welcome so he ordered his men to wait at the airport ahead of time. However, the weather was freezing. While he could wait with his subordinates, Su Yimo didn't have to.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Determined, Su Yimo shook her head. Knowing that Han Jingru was coming back, a bit of waiting didn't matter to her, even if it were twenty days. Han Jingru was her pillar of support and she had dreamed of Han Jingru coming back to her many times.

It's only twenty hours. And then I can finally see Jingru!

Su Yimo said, "No. I want to wait for him."

Mo Lan could understand that Su Yimo was eager to see Han Jingru. However, the weather was terrible, and every family member of Han Jingru was waiting here. What if one of them caught a cold?

Mo Lan asked Han Xiuzhi, "Sir, how about you guys go home first?"

Han Xiuzhi replied indifferently, "What? Are you looking down on me because I'm old?"

Mo Lan was shocked; he didn't mean to look down on Han Xiuzhi. He hurriedly explained, "Sir, that's not what I meant. There's... There's no way I'll look down on you."

Han Xiuzhi smiled faintly and said, "Don't be so nervous. I'm just joking. You're Jingru's friend, so I won't make you feel uneasy."

Mo Lan heaved a sigh of relief. *Interacting with big shots really isn't something easy. Things can get troublesome if I'm not careful with my words.*

Luckily, he was good friends with Han Jingru, so he

naturally became closer to those important people around his friend as well.

Mo Lan took a glance at Qi Hu. *With his huge and muscular body, which is as sturdy as a wall, Qi Hu would be the best option in blocking the wind.*

Mo Lan said, “Qi Hu, go block the wind for Yimo. The time has come for you to show them what you’re made of.”

Qi Hu had become utmost loyal to Han Jingru ever since the latter saved his life.

Although Qi Hu had started out on a mission given by his master, he eventually neglected his objective because he found a new purpose—to become Han Jingru’s right-hand man and obey every single order from Han Jingru.

With Qi Hu standing beside Su Yimo, she didn’t feel as cold anymore.

Su Yimo said politely, “Thank you, Qi Hu.”

Scratching his head, Qi Hu chuckled. “Madam, it’s my duty. Mr. Han saved my life; I’ll even offer my own life to him.”

Both Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong couldn’t help but be pleased when they heard his words.

Anybody who followed Han Jingru was willing to risk their lives for him, thanks to his charisma.

He was undeniably powerful to have subordinates like this.

Not many people could do what Han Jingru had achieved in the underworld.

Han Jingru would continue to grow stronger and, unfortunately, his subordinates would gradually be incapable of aiding him. Han Xiuzhi felt it was a pity that such loyal people would lose their value one day, yet no one could do anything about it.

More and more people joined the crowd welcoming Han Jingru at the Yun City airport. When other families heard about this news, they also sent their men to the airport to pledge their loyalty to Han Jingru. After all, even the Tian family showed up, so those less powerful families didn't dare to take Han Jingru lightly.

These other families wanted to seize this opportunity to connect with Han Jingru to maintain their prosperity in Yun City.

Bearing the icy wind for twenty hours was nothing compared to their promised future.

On the plane, Blondie was scheming to take revenge on Han Jingru once they land. *I'll bankrupt him, and he'll have to kneel in front of me to beg for my forgiveness. Oh, right. I shall beat him up so hard that he'll stay in the hospital for years.*

Blondie's family must be influential in Yun City. However, Blondie had been studying abroad since he

Chapter 675 Arriving At Yun City

was young and did not know the current situation in Yun City. He was oblivious to the fact that the guy he was going to take revenge on had the whole Yun City in his palm.

By the time the plane landed in Yun City's airport, Blondie would find out what despair truly was.

Han Jingru held Han Xiang in his arms so that she could sleep soundly. For the remainder of their journey, Han Xiang would only cry when she was hungry, and she would stop fussing the moment she suckled on a pacifier. She even slept soundly in Han Jingru's arms after having milk.

Not sleeping for twenty hours was a piece of cake to Han Jingru.

When they were close to their destination, the plane slowly descended.

Gazing down at Yun City through the window, Han Jingru was overwhelmed with emotions.

His nostalgia for Yun City was stronger than for Yan City. To him, Yun City was his home.

Because that was where he found Su Yimo and had a child of their own.

As Han Jingru was admiring the scenery through the window, Blondie suddenly walked toward him.

He sneered, "Hey, we're finally in Yun City."

Han Jingru sighed. "Yeah. Finally."

Blondie's expression turned ferocious. He asked, "Do you know what this means?"

"What?" Han Jingru looked at him, puzzled.

Blondie replied, "Your time is up. Yun City is my territory, so there's nothing you can do."

"Oh? Good for you to have the whole Yun City as your territory." Han Jingru raised his brows and smiled.

Blondie said, "Now you know you've messed with the wrong guy. But it's too late to regret it. And this little brat, I'll make her pay for disturbing my sleep."

Han Jingru said indifferently, "I'd suggest that you keep your hands off her if you don't want to die a painful death." Han Jingru sent the last person who dared to threaten him into a coffin. If Blondie dared to target Han Xiang, he would not spare his life.

Blondie gritted his teeth. "Stop the tough act and don't try to run away. I'll make sure you don't get to leave the airport."

Han Jingru neglected his threat and looked out the window. He saw many people gathered on one runway of the airport alongside many luxury cars. They were obviously waiting for someone.

Grinning at the sight, he murmured, "It seems they all know I'm coming back."

Han Jingru sighed. "Yeah. Finally."

Blondie's expression turned ferocious. He asked, "Do you know what this means?"

"What?" Han Jingru looked at him, puzzled.

Blondie replied, "Your time is up. Yun City is my territory, so there's nothing you can do."

"Oh? Good for you to have the whole Yun City as your territory." Han Jingru raised his brows and smiled.

Blondie said, "Now you know you've messed with the wrong guy. But it's too late to regret it. And this little brat, I'll make her pay for disturbing my sleep."

Han Jingru said indifferently, "I'd suggest that you keep your hands off her if you don't want to die a painful death." Han Jingru sent the last person who dared to threaten him into a coffin. If Blondie dared to target Han Xiang, he would not spare his life.

Blondie gritted his teeth. "Stop the tough act and don't try to run away. I'll make sure you don't get to leave the airport."

Han Jingru neglected his threat and looked out the window. He saw many people gathered on one runway of the airport alongside many luxury cars. They were obviously waiting for someone.

Grinning at the sight, he murmured, "It seems they all know I'm coming back."

The way Han Jingru acted like he did not care at all infuriated Blondie. *Is he an idiot? How can he grin like that, knowing he himself is in danger?*

The pink-haired girl shouted in her seat, "Come here, quick! Look at this."

"What's wrong?" Blondie walked toward her, completely puzzled.

"Look outside. Why are there so many people?" Spotting the crowd, she gestured for her companion to look out the window as the plane was about to land.

Blondie was astounded. Dumbfounded, he commented, "What's going on? Why are there so many people?"

Displeased, she said, "I'm the one asking you."

"I don't know. Is there a big shot on our plane?" Blondie didn't get it.

The girl stood up to look around the cabin. *Who is so powerful? I shall try to get in touch with them.*

However, she couldn't find anyone who looked like a VIP.

Meanwhile, other passengers had also caught sight of the crowd. They couldn't help but exclaim in admiration.

"How grand! I've never seen something like this

before.”

“It must be someone of high status. Otherwise, why would there be so many people?”

“These aren’t nobodies. In fact, they are all influential figures in Yun City. I can’t imagine the status and power of the person they are welcoming.”

When the plane came to a gradual stop, Blondie rushed to the door impatiently. *I’ll have to see what’s going on.*

In the meantime, all the people close to the runway marched in sync toward the plane.

It was a spectacular sight.

When the door of the plane opened, Blondie was so shocked by the sight that he became speechless.

“Dad!” He gasped in shock when he saw a familiar figure in the crowd.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Blondie saw his father in the crowd and thought for a split second that he was the person the group was welcoming. However, he soon realized that something was amiss—his father stood at the back while a row of strangers led the march.

Shouldn't my father be right at the front if they're here for me?

Blondie could see his father mouthing something to him from the crowd, but he could not figure out what his father was trying to say.

Huh? What's he saying? Why can't he just say it out loud?

Meanwhile, Blondie's father resisted the urge to drag Blondie off the plane and beat him up. *He's blocking Han Jingru's way, for goodness' sake!*

"Please step aside if you're not getting off," Han Jingru said to Blondie from behind.

Blondie turned around to give Han Jingru a scornful glance. "Can't you see they're here to welcome someone?"

"Yes, I can, and I think they're here for me," Han Jingru said, eagerly glancing at Su Yimo's figure in the crowd. "Now step aside before I push you off the plane."

Blondie froze.

All those people... they came for him?

He's the VIP?

Blondie felt as though someone had thrown a bucket of ice-cold water onto him.

How he wished he hadn't picked a fight with Han Jingru!

I hope he's just bluffing me... I'll be in deep trouble if all this is true!

"W-Who are you?" he yelled, his face pale.

"If you want revenge, just ask around for my address. I'll be waiting," Han Jingru said calmly.

Blondie staggered back out of shock and tried to explain himself, but Mo Lan cut him off before he could say anything. "Scram! Don't block our way!"

Blondie stepped to the side immediately and trembled in fear.

Su Yimo let her tears flow free as she watched Han Jingru step out of the plane. *Not only is he back, but he also brought Han Xiang back as well! We're finally reunited...*

"I'm sorry," Han Jingru said, wiping her tears away gently. *I'm sorry for all the suffering you've gone through when I was away, my dear.*

Su Yimo shook her head. She had never blamed Han Jingru for her plights, not even for not being by her side when she gave birth, as she knew he was held

Chapter 676 How Dare You Insult Han Jingru

up by something important.

“It’s fine. You did nothing wrong,” Su Yimo said.

Han Jingru took a deep breath. “Let’s go home. I want to hear about everything that happened to you when I was away.”

The crowd finally dispersed after Han Jingru left, and the airport officials heaved a collective sigh of relief. The last thing they wanted was for something tragic to occur during the procession.

“You’re so lucky, son! Don’t you know you took the same flight as Han Jingru? He’s the most powerful man in Yun City now. Even the Tian family bows down to him! Oh, did you talk to him on the flight? Maybe he’s the key to our family business’ prosperity...”

“Wait, what’s wrong, son? Why aren’t you talking?”

Blondie’s father chattered away happily as they headed home from the airport, as he believed that his son had hit jackpot by getting onto the same flight as Han Jingru. However, Blondie knew better than to celebrate.

Not only did I lose the chance to establish a relationship with him, but I also picked a fight with him!

I wish I’d known how powerful he is! I should have just stayed away from him!

“What’s wrong?” Blondie’s father repeated his

question in confusion.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Blondie regretted everything when he saw his father's look of horror. He knelt down on the ground before his father.

"Dad...please... Help me! I don't want to die..." he cried.

"Help you?" his father said, shaking his head sorrowfully. "It's not that I don't want to help you, but you're in way too much trouble this time around, son! He's Han Jingru! THE Han Jingru!"

The mere mention of his name was enough to send anyone into the abyss of despair.

Those who used to look down upon him have long since become his loyal subordinates; they dared not speak a word of him behind his back.

Su Ruijin was the only person who could stand up to Han Jingru previously; he had been the one who kept weaving infamous rumors about the latter. However, he had since fallen from grace and gone bankrupt. It had been a while since anyone had seen him in public.

"Come on! We need to come up with a plan, or else we're doomed!" Blondie's mother pleaded.

"Yeah, Dad! I really don't want to die... I'll kowtow before him if that's what it takes for him to forgive me!" Blondie said.

"Well, I guess we have no choice but to try," his father said with a sigh. "I sure hope he'll let us go..."

Meanwhile, at the Genting villa...

Upon arriving at home, Shi Yan helped to babysit Han Xiang to give Han Jingru and Su Yimo some alone time.

Su Yimo leaned against Han Jingru's body; the familiarity of his scent made it difficult for her to let go of him even for a moment.

"Do you miss me?" Han Jingru asked, grinning.

"I do. Every cell, every strand of hair, and every pore on my skin misses you," Su Yimo whispered.

"That's an exaggeration, isn't it?" Han Jingru said with a light chuckle.

"Yes, but I'm not lying," Su Yimos said, hugging him close. "Please don't do such dangerous things anymore. I don't want to lose you forever."

"Don't worry, it takes a lot to strike me down. I'll stay alive for you and Han Xiang's sake," Han Jingru cooed, stroking Su Yimo's head gently.

As they savored the sweet feeling of reunion, Han Xiang became the center of attention in the living room. Even Mo Lan tried to entertain her by making faces at her.

"Oh! She's turning a hundred days old soon, right? Is there anything I can do to help with the celebrations?" Mo Lan asked Shi Yan. They had forgone her one-month celebration as she was kidnapped shortly

Chapter 677 The Desperation Of Jiang Yan

before that milestone, so Mo Lan figured that they had to compensate by doing something grand for her hundredth-day celebration.

Shi Yan had a similar thought since it was a family tradition that they could not afford to do away with. However, it was not her call.

“You should talk to Jingru and Yimo about this,” Shi Yan replied.

Mo Lan nodded with a smile. “I wonder how many gifts we’ll get if we threw a party for this little girl. I might have to build a new warehouse just to store her gifts!”

Shi Yan grinned. *Han Xiang was born to be the apple of everyone’s eyes...*

When Han Jingru and Su Yimo came out of their room, Mo Lan walked over to them with a raised eyebrow. “Bro, why so impatient? Your firstborn is barely three months old!”

Han Jingru glared at him. *It’s not like we did anything together! We’ve just been talking about how much we’ve missed each other...*

“It’s been a while, Mo Lan. It’s time to wash that filthy mouth of yours!” Han Jingru said with a blank look on his face.

Mo Lan was faithful but also quick-witted. “Isn’t it a basic need for us humans? How is it filthy?”

“I think *you’re* the one who’s impatient! So, when are you ever going to look for a girlfriend?” Han Jingru asked.

Molan pouted. “Don’t you know how many women throw themselves at me every day? I’m just not interested in them!”

“That’s not true. I’m sure you’re just incapable,” Han Jingru said, smirking. “I understand. If that’s the case, I think you’re better off staying single.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Jiang Yan's heart was buried in the trenches of desperation.

He killed his own grandmother in cold blood... Why would he have mercy on me?

Besides, I've never been nice to him, not even once...

Unfortunately for her, it was too late to apologize.

As Han Jingru's grip on her neck tightened, Jiang Yan's face turned beet red before transitioning into an ugly blue.

When Han Jingru finally came downstairs to the living room, he was met with a deafening silence.

Su Yimo kept her head down. She hated Jiang Yan for everything she had done but she could not bring herself to confront her mother's inevitable end.

Su Wenlun was still wheelchair-bound but he had more or less recovered from the ordeal. He pushed himself over to Han Jingru and said, "Don't worry, I don't blame you for anything. She deserves it."

"Do you want a grand funeral for her?" Han Jingru asked.

"No need. I've already divorced her so she's no longer part of the Su family. I'll get someone from the Jiang family to take her away," Su Wenlun said.

Han Jingru nodded and walked towards Su Yimo, taking her ice-cold hands gently.

"I'm fine," she said, still staring at the floor.

Han Jingru knew that it would take a while for her to accept the situation, so there was no point consoling her. After all, their viewpoints were vastly different, to begin with.

Jiang Yan was nothing to him but she meant the world to Su Yimo.

Mo Lan spoke up all of a sudden, breaking the uncomfortable silence. "Jingru, we were just talking about throwing a party for Han Xiang's hundredth-day celebration. Any thoughts?"

"Make it big. Make sure the entire Yun City knows of it," Han Jingru replied. As a first-time father, he wanted nothing more but to pamper his daughter like a princess.

Mo Lan laughed. "Are you going to do it yourself?"

Han Jingru nodded. *This is my daughter we're talking about. I must be the one planning her party!*

"I'll pick a few restaurants first, and you can look through them later. How about that?" Mo Lan asked.

"Sure."

After leaving the Genting villa, Mo Lan noticed an old man and his son kneeling outside the entrance. *Wait...isn't that the blond guy I scolded on the plane?*

Chapter 678 Jiang Yingying Becomes Stronger

“What are you two doing here?” he asked, walking up to them.

Blondie’s father glanced at Mo Lan and immediately kowtowed to him. “We would like to meet Han Jingru, Mr. Mo. Please inform him on our behalf!”

“Did you do something wrong?” Mo Lan chuckled, taking in their panicked expressions. “Now’s not a good time to meet him, you know.”

Blondie’s father sighed. “My foolish son got in the way of Han Jingru on the plane, therefore we’re here to apologize to him.”

Mo Lan glanced at Blondie curiously. “What did you do, boy?”

Blondie avoided his gaze and looked at his father apprehensively.

Exasperated, his father took a deep breath and told Mo Lan about the incident on the plane from start to finish.

By the time he was done, Mo Lan was staring at the young man in disbelief. *How dare he threaten Han Jingru with Han Xiang’s life!*

“Go home and prepare your coffins,” Mo Lan said, shaking his head. *He might have a chance to redeem himself if he had not involved Han Xiang!*

“Please, Mr. Mo! Help us!” Blondie’s father pleaded.

“My apologies, but I don’t think I’m capable of that,” Mo Lan said, unwilling to get himself involved with such a villainous person. “You may continue kneeling here if you think that’ll help.”

After that, Mo Lan turned around to leave. Blondie watched as he disappeared into the distance, shivering uncontrollably.

“Dad, should we run? I don’t think Han Jingru’s going to forgive me. That guy even told us to prepare our coffins!” Blondie asked his father.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Oh, by the way, what happened to you when you’re with the Nangong family?” Han Xiuzhi asked Han Jingru after a long moment of hesitance.

Han Xiuzhi knew everything that Han Jingru did in the U.S. except his interactions with the Nangong family. He knew that asking Han Jingru about this would be a breach of his privacy, but curiosity got the better of him.

After all, there was only a handful of people on the planet that knew about the true power of the Nangong family, and Han Xiuzhi was one of them. He badly wanted to know what Han Jingru went through after crossing paths with one of the most prominent families in the world.

Han Xiuzhi became a pawn of the Nangong family after marrying Nangong Shuxian back then, but he knew nothing about their plans for him. He had wanted to solve the mystery once and for all, and Han Jingru was his only hope.

“Grandpa, I would never have imagined that Nangong Shuxian had such a prominent background,” Han Jingru said with a sigh. He had thought that Nangong Shuxian was left alone to fend for herself after his grandfather disappeared, but little did he know that her powerful family had been supporting her all along.

In fact, Nangong Shuxian had never let anyone in on her background.

Han Jingru was amazed when he found out the truth

of the Nangong family, and so was Han Xiuzhi. Their large financial reserves could very well disrupt markets overnight if they chose to, and that was the reason why Han Xiuzhi had no choice but to marry Nangong Shuxian all those years back.

One could even say that Han Xiuzhi was practically forced into marriage.

“If not for the Nangongs, I wouldn’t have made a name for myself in Yan City. The people of Yan City have their own versions of my story, but what they don’t know is that all of this was just a ploy by the Nangongs, while I was a mere puppet,” Han Xiuzhi said.

Han Jingru, however, refused to think of his grandfather as anything less than a hero. Han Xiuzhi had given him the sense of security that he badly needed.

“Grandpa, the Nangongs gave us an opportunity, but you’re the one who took advantage of it. You can’t just let the Nangongs take all the credit,” Han Jingru replied.

Han Xiuzhi shook his head. *There’s no point consoling me, Jingru. I’m nothing without the Nangong family.*

“This is the story I had wanted to tell you. The Nangong family is in control of many conglomerates all over the world, and the Han family was just another one of their tools to achieve even greater heights. I know nothing of their ultimate objectives,” Han Xiuzhi said, sighing. He hated being controlled

and kept in the dark but that was exactly what the Nangong family did to him for decades on end.

“Their objective is simple. Nangong Boling wants to break into the upper class with the rest of the Nangong family,” Han Jingru told him.

Han Xiuzhi was not surprised. After all, considering the Nangong family’s current status, the upper class was probably the only thing left for Nangong Boling to pursue.

“Looks like you’re Nangong Boling’s last hope,” Han Xiuzhi said with a chuckle. Han Jingru was set to become a disciple of the renowned Mr. Yi, and Nangong Boling would know better than to stir up trouble with Han Jingru.

“Yeah. Nangong Boling once told me to change my family name to Nangong. I figured that he just wanted to get me into Apocalypse under the Nangong family’s name,” Han Jingru explained.

Han Xiuzhi’s face darkened for a fleeting moment. “Good for you. I won’t blame you if that happens.”

Han Jingru laughed upon hearing that.

Nangong Boling had tried to pressure him into changing his last name, but he adamantly refused. As part of the Han family, there was no way he would allow himself to be forced into changing his own last name.

In fact, Nangong Boling had since dropped that

Chapter 679 Face Of A King

request. Han Jingru could even pressure Nangong Boling into changing his entire clan's name to "Han" if he wanted to.

"Hey, don't rejoice too early! You may be able to enter Apocalypse, but you can't deny the fact that the Nangong family had been helping you the whole time. Their wealth is unparalleled and you'll have access to all their resources if you join their ranks," Han Xiuzhi asserted.

Yan Qiong nodded as well. The Nangong family had yet to break into the ranks of Apocalypse, but their power was a force to be reckoned with. They had the power to turn the world upside-down in a matter of minutes, and that was exactly the kind of capability Han Jingru needed. After all, Apocalypse as an organization still needed some form of income to survive.

With the funds from the Nangong family, Han Jingru would flourish in Apocalypse.

"Jingru, you need to take advantage of your relationship with the Nangongs in order to climb the ranks in Apocalypse," Yan Qiong reminded him. "If there's one thing you shouldn't do, it's to underestimate the might of the Nangong family."

"Oh, I would never do that. The Han family is nothing compared to them, even if we multiplied our forces and wealth by a hundred," Han Jingru said with a grin.

"Then why are you laughing?" Yan Qiong and Han Xiuzhi chorused.

He certainly doesn't seem to care about the Nangong family's powers...

“Nangong Boling hasn't pestered me to change my last name ever since I turned him down,” Han Jingru said.

“So...what's his stance now?” Han Xiuzhi asked eagerly.

Han Jingru made a show of clearing his throat before he spoke again. “Nangong Boling wants me to become the new leader of the Nangong family. Besides, he's willing to change the entire family's last name to Han if I tell them to.”

Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong froze at his statement.

He's going to force the entire Nangong family to change their name?

Han Xiuzhi would have dismissed it as a joke had it not been Han Jingru who said such a thing.

Doesn't he know what kind of family he's talking about? Doesn't he know about Nangong Boling's status?

There's no way he'll make the entire family use a different name!

But then again, I don't think Jingru is joking, either...

Han Jingru's smile only widened as he took in the two old men's bewildered expressions. “Hey, both of

you! Your chins are on the floor!”

The two of them closed their gaping mouths immediately. *We can't act like foolish jokers in front of our junior!*

“Are you serious, Jingru? Are you sure he said that?” Han Xiuzhi asked with his dry throat. Han Xiuzhi was a powerful man but he was nothing compared to Nangong Boling. He could not imagine someone like Nangong Boling stooping to such a level.

“Hey, don't mess around with us!” Yan Qiong growled.

“Why would I do that? I'm telling the truth. Besides, he even said that he'll come and visit me personally if I don't have the time to go over,” Han Jingru protested. “If you're not convinced, I'll send him an invitation to Han Xiang's hundredth-day celebration to get him to come to Yun City.”

Han Xiuzhi walked up to Han Jingru with happy tears in his eyes. He placed his hands on Han Jingru's shoulders and said, “That's great! I knew I made the right decision to place my trust in you. I'm sure the Han family will rise to the top once more as long as you're around!”

“If only Nangong Shuxian's still around... she'll finally witness the face of a king,” Yan Qiong said with a sigh.

Han Jingru knew that Nangong Shuxian's sudden change in attitude towards him was because of all those exaggerations. However, it meant nothing to

Chapter 679 Face Of A King

him since she had already died. All he needed was the strength to protect Su Yimo and Han Xiang.




Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



“Jingru,” Su Yimo called, walking into the backyard. “The bodyguards said that there are two people kneeling at the foot of the mountain, asking to meet you. They tried to chase them away, but those two refused to leave. Do you want to see them?”

She had heard from the bodyguards that the two people had been kneeling at the foot of the mountain for hours, creating a huge scene and disrupting traffic.

“Looks like they bribed the bodyguards,” Han Jingru said with a grin. *The bodyguards would have thrown out anyone trying to kick up a fuss without the need to inform me, so the only explanation for this would be...bribery.*

“You should go and take a look,” Su Yimo said, a little annoyed.

“Yeah, I will,” Han Jingru chuckled as he stood up from his chair. “I’d love to see who has the guts to cause such a huge scene here!”

Blondie and his father were at their wits’ end. Out of pure desperation for their own lives and their reputation in Yun City, they handed a bodyguard a huge sum of money and managed to bribe him into calling Han Jingru over.

That bodyguard was smart; he took the money and escaped from Yun City after alerting Han Jingru, probably out of concern for his own safety.

Meanwhile, Han Jingru could see Blondie’s striking

golden hair from a distance.

When Blondie's father caught sight of Han Jingru, he whispered to Blondie, "He's here. You'd better apologize to him properly! Our family's fate is in your hands!"

Blondie nodded fervently. His arrogance from earlier on was nowhere to be found; it was replaced by fear instead.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Han! I'm sorry for insulting you on the plane! Please treat me as a random lunatic who said some laughable things!" Blondie blabbered as he kowtowed to Han Jingru over and over again. The sound of his forehead banging against the ground reverberated against the walls, and his forehead turned red just after just a few kowtows.

"You tried to threaten me with my daughter's life, didn't you?" Han Jingru asked.

Blondie's father shivered. *How dare he! She's just a baby!*

"My son doesn't have the habit of watching his mouth! I'm sure he didn't mean it, Mr. Han!" Blondie's father said.

"He didn't mean it?" Han Jingru asked coldly.

Blondie's father took a step back out of shock.

"Well, boy, I understand if you acted on a whim. A beating should suffice, am I right?" Han Jingru said,

smirking.

Without warning, Blondie's father jumped up from the ground and started to beat his son up, not even bothering to go easy on him. Blondie screamed in pain as he tried to evade his father's assaults.

Han Jingru watched the scene before him unfold with a grin. *This should do. I don't think there's a need to punish him any further.*

Besides, he probably doesn't have the guts to seek revenge.

Han Jingru simply stood with his hands in his pockets as the assault continued. After a while, Blondie's father slowed down on his attacks as he struggled to catch his breath.

"That's enough. I'll forget about this matter," Han Jingru said. "If you're thinking of stirring up more trouble in Yun City in the future, be warned that I won't let you off so easily!"

"Yes, Mr. Han! This won't happen again!" Blondie's father promised, nodding profusely.

"Leave," Han Jingru said, waving his hand.

Blondie was unable to walk after getting beaten up by his father, so the latter had no choice but to give his son a piggyback ride home.

On his way back to the villa, Han Jingru gave Nangong Boling a call to invite him to Han Xiang's

hundredth-day celebration, so they could meet each other. Of course, he would still have to stay vigilant and be respectful towards Nangong Boling, since he might need the Nangong family's assistance in the future.

Nangong Boling accepted the invitation eagerly. Meeting Han Jingru was an urgent matter, more so than changing everyone's last names.

Nangong Boling had spent most of his life striving to get into Apocalypse; therefore, the cost of rising to such a level no longer mattered to him.

When Han Jingru returned to the villa, Ho Ting and her daughter had already begun their meal preparations in the kitchen. Su Yimo stood by the side, hugging Han Xiang tightly. The period of time she spent being separated from her daughter had been hellish for her.

"Isn't she so cute?" Su Yimo asked Han Jingru.

"Of course! No one would dare to say otherwise," Han Jingru said, chuckling.

Su Yimo pouted. "So what if they did? Are you going to kill them all?"

"Why would I? Violence isn't the solution to everything," Han Jingru said. *It's the only solution to stubbornness, though.*

"Any news from the company?" he asked.

Su Yimo shook her head. Ever since Han Xiang was kidnapped, she had not had the energy to manage the company. Shen Zhuoman had taken over Su Yimo's duties for the time being.

Shen Zhuoman was rather inexperienced, but no one dared to speak a word against her in fear of attracting the Su family's wrath.

"Why do you ask? Are you looking for a position in the company?" Su Yimo asked, rolling her eyes skyward.

"No, it's for Jiang Yingying," Han Jingru said. Considering Jiang Yingying's young age, he wanted to give her a proper job so that she would be able to experience a normal life instead of wasting her youth away as a maid.

After all, she would lose that chance forever if he took her along to Apocalypse.

"That's thoughtful of you. I'll ask Man about it," Su Yimo said.

Han Jingru nodded and turned around to head to his storeroom.

"Where are you going?" Su Yimo asked.

"I'm going to my old room," Han Jingru said. He had stored those two mysterious skulls in his room and was dying to find out what secrets they held. He decided to throw the skulls away if he could not figure out the truth behind them, since they were not

exactly lucky charms that one would keep.

“That’s Jiang Yingying’s room now! Don’t intrude on her private space!” Su Yimo reminded him.

Han Jingru froze. Realization struck him like lightning.

Jiang Yingying had become immensely strong overnight, just like him, and he had pondered over the possibility of some kind of connection between himself and her, only to dismiss his own hypothesis just moments later. After all, they had only met each other once.

However, Su Yimo’s reminder seemed to have revealed the truth to him.

Could it be because of those two skulls?

Could they have given us these superhuman powers?

It seemed like a ridiculous theory, but nothing else seemed more plausible than that.

That scene at the cult gathering...could it have been real? Was it really not due to some hidden mechanism?

If so...what secrets could those two skulls be hiding?

Chapter 680 Could It Be Because Of That



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Su Yimo stared at him in confusion. "Hey, Earth to Jingru? What are you thinking about?"

Han Jingru snapped out of his trance immediately. "Nothing."

Su Yimo's face darkened all of a sudden. "I'll tell Jiang Yingying to move out if you want that room back."

Han Jingru was taken aback by her statement. *No way! I literally just came back; I'll of course share a room with you!*

"That's not what I meant, Honey," he hurriedly explained.

Su Yimo made a disgusted face and grunted in displeasure, making him panic even more.

"I'm sorry, Honey! I'm so sorry!"

The atmosphere at the dining table that night was jovial, as everyone was relieved that Han Jingru was finally back home.

"I'll take care of Han Xiang tonight, Yimo," Ho Ting told Su Yimo.

"No need, Aunt Ho, you should take a break. I'm fully recovered from giving birth," Su Yimo said. The last thing she wanted was to be separated from her daughter once again.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Just leave

her with me," Ho Ting said with a grin.

Su Yimo turned beet red at Ho Ting's statement, while Jiang Yingying hid her face in her food out of second-hand embarrassment.

Everyone else simply grinned, knowing full well what she was implying.

"What are you talking about, Aunt Ho?" Su Yimo protested, still reeling from shock.

Ho Ting, on the other hand, was not embarrassed at all. *It's human instinct, isn't it? They're a married couple, after all.*

"Even the quietest noise can wake a baby up," Ho Ting teased.

Su Yimo could no longer bring herself to meet Ho Ting's eyes. Even her ears were red from embarrassment.

"Mom, stop it! You're humiliating her!" Jiang Yingying said.

"We're all adults! There's nothing to be embarrassed about. Don't worry, Yingying, Mom will help you with childrearing when you get married in the future, too," Ho Ting promised.

Jiang Yingying sighed and lowered her head to stuff more food into her mouth.

"Thank you for your help, Aunt Ho," Han Jingru said.

Suddenly, he winced out loud as a sharp pain tore through his thigh, causing Shi Yan to jump in shock. "Are you alright?" she asked.

"I-I'm fine! I choked on something, that's all," Han Jingru said. With Su Yimo pinching him under the table, he had to choose his words carefully or risk getting a bruise.

"Are you ill? I can help you book an appointment with the doctor for tomorrow," Shi Yan said, taking out her phone.

What? I'm perfectly healthy! "Mom! There's no need for that! I'm fine, really!"

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. No worries!" Han Jingru said.

"Alright. Remember to see a doctor if you feel unwell," Shi Yan reminded him.

Han Jingru nodded, feeling grateful for his mother's long-overdue love and concern. He had been displeased with Shi Yan over the past few years, which was nothing compared to the amount of hatred he harbored against Nangong Shuxian. After all, Shi Yan was forced to distance herself from him by Nangong Shuxian.

After dinner, Mo Lan paid a visit to the Genting villa to discuss the details of Han Xiang's hundredth-day celebration. "I've compiled a list of possible locations both inside and outside of Yun City, but we have a

Chapter 681 Life Or Death

tiny problem here, Jingru. Many restaurants in Yun City and the surrounding cities have offered to host the party for free, and I can't speak on your behalf. What do you think?" he asked Han Jingru.

"It's too late for this. We'll talk about this tomorrow," Han Jingru said, slightly irritated. *There are more important matters I have to attend to! Now's not the time to entertain you, Mo Lan!*

Mo Lan blinked in shock. *I've been here for barely ten minutes and you're kicking me out already? There are so many things I wanted to talk about...*

"Why are you so agitated?" Mo Lan asked in a low voice.

Han Jingru glared at him and growled, "You're the one who's agitated! What do you want from me? I'll satisfy you!"

Mo Lan backed away immediately, staring at Han Jingru warily. "Fine! I'll leave you two to your own devices. Find me at Mojo tomorrow."

"Are you done?" Han Jingru asked.

"I'm done! I'll leave now!" Mo Lan declared, shooting a lewd smirk at him before waltzing out of the front door.

Han Jingru sighed. *His mind is like a porn site! I wonder when he'll ever recover from that incident and find himself a lifelong companion...*

Honestly, I don't think he ever will.

Normally, Shi Yan and the others would spend some time bantering or watching TV in the living room before retreating to their rooms for the night, but the house fell silent right after dinner that night. It was as though everyone had a tacit agreement to create space for Han Jingru and Su Yimo.

Back in their room, Su Yimo sat leaning against the headboard of their bed with butterflies in her stomach, as though she was a first-time bride.

“Honey, since we already have a daughter, why don't we have a son as well?” Han Jingru asked with a cheeky grin.

He had never imagined that he would one day become a father, but ever since his daughter's birth, he had longed to have a son as well.

Su Yimo's face turned red. “I have three questions for you. Answer them before you do anything to me.”

“Wow! I didn't know I have to pass a test for this!” Han Jingru exclaimed, sitting down by the side of the bed. “Fine then. Bring it on.”

“First question: how many women did you come across when I was not around?” Su Yimo asked.

His answer could make a difference between life and death, but that did not scare him a single bit.

“So many women have brushed past me on the

streets. If you're asking for a specific number... well, I would say a few hundred?" Han Jingru responded.

"Stop bluffing me! Tell me what I want to know!" Su Yimo demanded, glaring at him.

"Honey, you're the most beautiful woman in my eyes. No one else matters," Han Jingru smiled.

Hmph! Su Yimo huffed. "Are you sure?"

Han Jingru stared straight into her eyes with an iron resolve. He had stayed strong even against Qi Bingying's advances, which proved that he was immune to other women's flirtatious acts.

He reached out towards the ceiling light as he vowed, "I'm sure, and I shall honor that statement with my life."

"Next question: does Bingying like you?" Su Yimo asked.

Han Jingru froze.

Since when did she find out? Did I unknowingly reveal something to her?

This is a difficult question... I'm going to ruin their friendship if I mess this up!

"Well, I think I have my answer," Su Yimo said, cutting him off before he could weave an excuse to placate her. "Last question: what happened between you and Bingying when you were in the U.S.?"

“Nothing. She loved me, but I’ve told her on several occasions that I won’t betray you,” Han Jingru said.

“How dare you! She’s so pretty!” Su Yimo said indignantly.

It was yet another difficult statement, but Han Jingru handled it skillfully. “She may be pretty, but she’s nothing compared to you. Why would I ditch my goddess of a wife for someone inferior to her?”

“Shut up! She’s prettier than I!” Su Yimo protested.

“No one can compare to you, Honey,” Han Jingru said, pulling her in for a hug.

“Well done,” Su Yimo said, hiding her face in the sheets. “You may turn off the lights.”

“Just leave it on. I haven’t admired your beautiful face for ages,” Han Jingru said with a lewd grin.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Jingru's reason for purchasing the villa was to provide Su Yimo with a more conducive environment for her morning jogs. However, since becoming pregnant, her morning jogs had become a thing of the past.

As a mother, Su Yimo was already preoccupied with too many matters and could not be bothered with this one.

Even without the aid of an alarm clock, Han Jingru's eyes flew open at six in the morning. It was a habit he had practiced for a long time.

He glanced at Su Yimo, who was still sleeping soundly, and carefully put on his clothes before leaving the villa.

The air permeating Genting had always been the freshest in the city. Now, with Han Jingru taking up residence there, the value of the villa had multiplied to the point where owning such a place would be nothing but a pipe dream to most people. There were countless people who longed to be neighbors with Han Jingru, but those who were already living in the area would never give up their enviable positions.

The path along the mountain was one both Han Jingru and Su Yimo were well acquainted with. Being back in that place evoked feelings of nostalgia within Han Jingru. *I wonder how much longer we'll get to enjoy days like this. All I can do is seize every moment to become the best husband and father.*

At the summit, the frigid air acted like a ferocious

beast. It attacked the faces of anyone it could get claws on.

Han Jingru let out a sound of shock. He assumed he would be the only person foolish enough to willingly come to the summit during winter. Yet, there was already someone perched at the peak.

When Han Jingru stepped nearer to the person, he discovered that it was an elderly man. His wispy silver hair was long and it whipped around his body as though it had a life of its own.

“Sir, we’re in the middle of winter now. Aren’t you cold?” Han Jingru queried.

The old man chuckled. “Aren’t you afraid then?”

“I’m young so my body is able to handle it. The same can’t be said for you.”

The old man stroked his beard as he turned to address Han Jingru, “Are you saying all old people should stay cooped up at home?”

Han Jingru did not expect the old man to be so stubborn. He had clearly ticked the latter off. “That wasn’t what I meant. I am just looking out for your health. What if you catch pneumonia?” Han Jingru quickly tried to explain himself.

He just did not see the point in bickering with an old man.

“This body of mine...” Before he could finish, the old

man sneezed, undercutting his previous strong front.

“One cannot escape the chains of time. You better get off the summit as soon as possible.”

The old man’s expression soured. Although it was true that he had underestimated the bracing cold of the mountain top, he had not accomplished his reason for coming to see Han Jingru. There was no way he would leave before he achieved his goal.

“I...”

“Sir, it’s getting too cold for me too. I’m heading down.” Han Jingru immediately turned and left.

The old man stood rooted to the ground as he watched Han Jingru’s disappearing figure. Suddenly, he snapped back to reality.

“An old coot like me waited all morning in the freezing cold to see you. How could someone as young as you fear the cold weather!” The old man sneezed again. He shivered and hastily pulled up his collar.

At the villa, Ho Ting and Jiang Yingying had already prepared breakfast. However, it wasn’t necessary to prepare this early during winter.

“Aunt Ho, you can sleep in a bit more. During winter, no one would get up so early for breakfast,” Han Jingru told her.

Ho Ting grinned. “There’s never any harm in preparing

in advance. You must be freezing. Come and have some hot porridge," she urged him kindly.

Han Jingru was about to do as she said when the doorbell rang.

Who could it be at this hour?

Han Jingru's mind instantly landed on Mo Lan. *Only he would come to bother us so early in the morning.*

However, when he opened the door, he found the old man from the summit standing there instead.

The Genting villa is a private residence and has strict rules against trespassing. The old man is clearly not from the area if he's unaware of such regulations.

"What can I do for you?" Han Jingru asked, puzzled.

"You brat. Don't you have any patience? You left before I was done talking," the old man barked, visibly enraged.

"What did you want to say?" Han Jingru asked warily. *Could he have been waiting for me at the top of the mountain? That must mean that he knows who I am. How dare he take such a tone with me!*

"Can you let me in first? Are you really going to allow an old man to freeze on our doorstep?" the old man answered.

Han Jingru was at a loss for words. *He definitely has a horrible temper. I'm not the one who forced him to endure the cold, but why have I become the villain?*

Chapter 682 Poor Old Man

“Fine. Please come in.” Han Jingru stepped aside.

Ho Ting was carrying a bowl of porridge out at the same time the old man entered. She had prepared the porridge for Han Jingru but the old man did not seem to care to stand on ceremony. He made a beeline for her and grabbed the bowl from her hands.

Ho Ting looked at Han Jingru in confusion.

Han Jingru shook his head at her and she kept her peace.

“This really hits the spot.” Once he downed a mouthful of the porridge, a warmth spread through his body. The old man looked to be in bliss as he quickly took a second gulp.

Han Jingru could not figure out who this audacious old man was. *In Genting, everyone regards me with nervous respect. No one would dare to put on such an insolent display.*

When the entire bowl of porridge had disappeared inside him, Han Jingru took the opportunity to ask the old man, “What did you want to tell me?”

The old man regained his previous mysterious demeanor. His expression reminded Han Jingru of a swindler who was about to launch into his spiel of lies.

“What would you do if you had a chance to change

the world?" the old man asked.

I knew it. He's nothing but bad news. *I have a feeling he is going to try and manipulate me. There's no point in me wasting my breath on someone like him.*

"Let's see how this world turns out on its own." Han Jingru strolled over to the door and held it open.

The old man assumed Han Jingru was about to discuss his views on the world. He walked to the door and said, "Let me hear your thoughts."

"How about you step out first?" Han Jingru replied.

The old man was unaware of his intention and did as Han Jingru said. He took one step right out the door.

With a loud bang, the door was shut in his face.

The old man was stunned. "What the hell? Young people these days..." he muttered incredulously.

Inside the villa, Ho Ting asked Han Jingru, "Does he live around here?"

"He's just a swindler. If he comes again, get security to kick him out," Han Jingru instructed her.

Ho Ting nodded and made a mental note.

Outside the door, as cold winds danced, the old man stroked his beard with a bitter smile on his face. *The head of Fourth Gate was locked out. If the people back at Apocalypse finds out, I'll be a laughing stock.*

“Luckily, no one saw. I’ll have my revenge on you soon, you brat.” The old man scurried away, cursing the weather as he went.

When Han Jingru returned to the room, he found Su Yimo awake and feeding milk to Han Xiang. The little girl was enjoying herself immensely, and her pudgy cheeks were so cute that they could ensnare even the coldest of hearts.

Dawn slowly broke and several cars stopped outside the villa. In less than half an hour, the entire path was lined with vehicles. The people inside emerged and surrounded the villa, forming a black buzzing mass.

“Han Jingru is so influential. These people must have been sent here to curry his favor.”

“Exactly. He’s the top dog in Yun City now. No one would dare go against him.”

“I can’t believe the entire city used to treat him like useless trash. Who would have expected that he would one day become such a resounding success?”

A few security guards discussed in hushed tones.

Han Jingru’s reputation in Yun City used to be the worst of the worst. He was treated with contempt everywhere he went. However, the tables had taken a complete turn.

The people outside were the heads of numerous restaurants, hotels and manors. They found out about Han Jingru’s plan to hold a celebration for Han

Chapter 682 Poor Old Man

Xiang and wanted to get on his good side as soon as possible. They all agreed that one needed to take initiative in order to seize chances instead of waiting for God to open doors.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The group of people consisted of the local food and beverage industry giants and the heads of neighboring cities. The competition was nothing but fierce. All of them were fighting for the same prize and were aware of how rare the opportunity was. A connection with Han Jingru could elevate anyone into a completely new league. No one would be willing to allow such a great opportunity to pass.

The number of people outside the house had climbed to a hundred and was still going. The security guards were speechless. They have never seen such a scene before in their lives. The next time such an event occurred would probably be before Han Xiang's birthday.

These were just the tangible repercussions of this event. Those who had not invested in the food and beverage industry were now clambering to do so. This would allow them to compete to participate in the hundredth-day celebration. The celebration had undeniably taken over the entire Yun City, as well as its neighbors.

"Do you need us to contact President Han on your behalf?" As the crowd grew, so did the security guards' anxiety. *If these people end up obstructing traffic, our superiors will definitely put the blame on us. We need to find a way to handle the situation.*

However, the bosses shook their heads when asked. They preferred to wait with no end in sight rather than disturb Han Jingru.

They all desired to make a good impression on Han

Jingru and disturbing him might jeopardize that goal.

The news quickly spread to the Tian family, who had a clear stance. *Let those people wait. Even if they obstruct the traffic, it's fine. The people around the villa wouldn't mind or complain. The people are all here for Han Jingru, after all.*

“Grandfather, isn't my brother amazing? Look at how many people came to see him.” Tian Shuirou boasted with a wide smile.

Tian Jingshuo chuckled. “Given your brother's status, such a treatment is expected. Everyone knows he's the heir of Yan City's Han Family.”

Tian Shuirou scoffed. *My brother earned his position on his own. It has nothing to do with Yan City's Han family.*

“Don't try to deny it. Although I do agree that his own effort brought him to great heights, the additional influence coming from the name of Yan City's Han family is irrefutable,” Tian Jingshuo said.

Tian Shuirou did not respond. She just pursed her lips. *Of course, I know that too. That's why it's so unfair to him. Why does he have to have the Han family name hanging over him? He would be just as impressive without it.*

“I have to go see my little girl now,” Tian Shuirou said.

“When did she become your little girl?” Tian Jingshuo asked in a bemused voice. Tian Shuirou did not even

have a partner, yet she was acting like a mother.

“My brother’s little girl is mine too. An old man like you wouldn’t understand,” Tian Shuirou answered in a huff before she left.

Tian Jingshuo was used to his granddaughter’s temper. He merely enjoyed teasing her.

At this moment, Tian Honghui approached Tian Jingshuo.

Tian Jingshuo peered at him. “So, the Han Jingru today must have wildly surpassed your expectations,” he said casually.

Tian Honghui was left speechless. There was once when they were planning for key strategies, he failed to put his trust in Han Jingru. He thought Han Jingru would not amount to anything. However, he was wrong. At that point, he had no choice but to admit that his judgment was erroneous.

“Dad, I’m not as good of a judge of character as you.” Tian Honghui admitted.

“It’s not about judging character. You were trying to run from the truth,” Tian Jingshuo retorted.

Tian Honghui did not concur but did not voice out his disagreement either. He wanted to avoid being berated by Tian Jingshuo.

“Dad, our family also has food and beverage businesses. Why don’t we toss our names in the hat

Chapter 683 Influential Figure

too?" Tian Honghui suggested.

"Given Tian Shuirou and Han Jingru's relationship, there's no need to overdo it. We just need to maintain how we are now. If something goes wrong, the losses will be significant. There is a certain level of risk in this matter, after all." Tian Jingshuo replied. Greed was a foolish man's game. Tian Jingshuo was certain of the next step that the Tian family needed to take.

Taking advantage of Tian Shuirou's relationship with Han Jingru is the safest plan of action. Anything else is unnecessary.

"Never forget this. Under no circumstances should you attempt to play mind games with Han Jingru," Tian Jingshuo sternly reminded Tian Honghui.

Tian Honghui nodded.

"You won't be able to beat him. He might be young but he has a surplus of life experience and street smarts. He was able to attain such success without the help of the Yan City's Han family. You don't have what it takes to do the same."

Tian Honghui had no rebuttal. His father's words had cut right down to his bone but they were facts. *Without the foundation laid down by the Tian family and the empire my father built, I would never have got to where I am today.*

At the entrance of the Genting villa.

Tian Shuirou was sandwiched among the crowd.

“Let me through. Excuse me.”

“Can you let me pass? Get out of my way.”

After an intense struggle, Tian Shuirou managed to squeeze herself through. But her hair did not escape unscathed as it now resembled a bird's nest. Her actions was rebuked by the crowd but the shrieks of rage were soon drowned out.

“Ms. Tian.” A few security guards rushed to greet her. She was their boss, after all.

When the people noticed the bodyguards' attitude towards Tian Shuirou, their verbal attacks quelled.

“Who were the ones insulting me just now?” Tian Shuirou tied her hair back as rage boiled within her. She shot a piercing gaze into the crowd.

The scene was pin-drop silent. Naturally, no one made an admission.

“Be a man and own up to your actions,” Tian Shuirou shouted furiously.

At this point, they were more concerned with their survival than their pride.

Seeing as she was not about to get a response anytime soon, Tian Shuirou ordered the security guards, “Keep these people quiet. I don't want them getting in the way of my little girl's rest.”

The security guards nodded anxiously. Although the

entrance was far from the villa, and there was no chance of the noise reaching the villa, they were not about to go against a direct order from Tian Shuirou.

The crowd at the entrance had already quietened down significantly. They were acutely aware of their noise level so as to not disturb Han Xiang.

At the villa, the door flew open shortly after she pressed the doorbell.

She was a frequent visitor at the villa and would appear to spend time with Su Yimo on every other days. The frequency of her visits increased when Han Xiang was kidnapped. She wanted to distract Su Yimo from her worries.

"Aunt Ho, where's my brother?" Tian Shuirou asked.

"In his room," Ho Ting replied with a smile.

"Is he with his wife?" Tian Shuirou asked.

Ho Ting nodded.

"It's already so late. What are they still doing in bed? Must he tire her out?" Tian Shuirou growled.

Ho Ting did not know how to react. *She's never afraid to voice her thoughts. Yingying is never like that. I have to admit that I wish she would be a little more extroverted. It'll help her make more friends.*

Tian Shuirou was unafraid, even in the face of Han Jingru. She marched to the room and knocked

without care of what the two people inside were doing.

When Han Jingru saw Tian Shuirou, he asked in a flat tone, "What are you doing here so early?"

Tian Shuirou strolled towards Su Yimo. "I'm obviously here to protect her. Just in case you bully her."

"Did he bully you last night?" Tian Shuirou asked Su Yimo.

A blush spread across Su Yimo's cheeks. For she knew she had been a consenting party.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!