

Seeing the embarrassment on Su Yimo's face for not knowing how to answer Tian Shuirou's question, Han Jingru came to the rescue by saying, "Little girl, you shouldn't be asking such a question. Have you no shame?"

"Am I still a little girl?" Tian Shuirou asked Han Jingru as she held her head high and stuck her chest out.

Han Jingru quickly turned his head away and said, "That's an eyesore."

Tian Shuirou became angry and frustrated by his action. Even Su Yimo couldn't help but grin in glee.

"You dare to look down on me!" Tian Shuirou walked up to Han Jingru and spoke to him with indignant resentment.

Due to the height difference between the two, the top of Tian Shuirou's head barely reached Han Jingru's chin. After looking left and right, he asked, "Who's talking to me?"

Tian Shuirou was fuming mad. She turned to Su Yimo and said pitifully, "Yimo, he's bullying me. Don't just stand there and laugh. Help me."

Su Yimo pretended to look serious and said to Han Jingru, "How could you bully her? Apologize to her now."

"Honey, is there anyone else in the room?" Han Jingru feigned an innocent look and asked.

Su Yimo did not know whether to laugh or cry. She found their bickering quite amusing.

“Don’t mind him. There’s no point holding a grudge against him. Just let him be,” Su Yimo comforted Tian Shuirou.

Tian Shuirou nodded and walked down the steps, saying, “You have a point. I shouldn’t get myself so worked up over someone like him.”

“Fine. Enough with the nonsense. What are you doing here so early?” Han Jingru asked.

Tian Shuirou answered matter-of-factly, “I came here to see my dear girl. It’s got nothing to do with you.”

After saying that, Tian Shuirou wrapped her arms around Han Xiang. She stroked the little one affectionately and gave her a kiss. “This little face is so soft. It feels so good.”

“By the way, there’s a group of people surrounding the gate at the foot of the hill. You’d better go and drive them away,” Tian Shuirou said without lifting her head.

Han Jingru did not know what was happening at the villa’s gate. He had no idea why there was a group of people surrounding the area.

“What’s that supposed to mean? Someone is here looking for trouble?” Han Jingru asked, looking confused. Logically speaking, there shouldn’t be an ignorant fool left in Yun City. Yet, Tian Shuirou

mentioned this was a large crowd.

“They are all owners of various restaurants, and they heard you are going to hold a 100th-day celebration for your daughter. They are here because it’s an opportunity for them.”

Han Jingru laughed in realization. *So these people are here for that. Seems like Han Xiang’s influence is not weaker than mine.*

“Okay. I’ll go and take a look.” Having said that, Han Jingru left the room.

Seeing Han Jingru had left, Tian Shuirou asked Su Yimo softly, “Yimo, will you have a son?”

Su Yimo was not used to discussing such things openly. She glared at Tian Shuirou and asked, “What’s in that mind of yours? How can you have such strange thoughts?”

“Isn’t this normal? Don’t tell me that my big rother didn’t take action last night?” Tian Shuirou asked with a sly smile.

Su Yimo flushed bright red. She did not want to continue this discussion as she was worried Tian Shuirou might question her further. So, she quickly said, “That’s enough, let’s not talk about this. Please come with me to the hospital today. I want to have my daughter checked. I’m worried.”

“Sure,” Tian Shuirou replied.

The group of people at the gate of the villa fell silent when Han Jingru appeared.

In fact, not many had seen Han Jingru in person. So to them, it was unbelievable to find him so young.

“Is this Han Jingru himself? I can’t believe he’s so young.”

“He’s an accomplished young man. Look at my son. He’s completely useless.”

“That is a huge gap. If only I can have a son like Han Jingru, then I wouldn’t be running around like I am now.”

Han Jingru walked up to the crowd and said, “I know what you are here for. But there are so many of you here and I can’t make a decision immediately. Why don’t you all send your details to my security team? I will screen them one by one later. Please don’t wait here as it’ll cause a jam. Also, it’ll be a waste of your time.”

No one expected Han Jingru to be so easygoing and humble. He did not appear high and mighty at all.

“Well, I guess we’d better not hang around here anymore. Don’t worry. I will send the details by today. President Han, I hope you will be pleased with it.”

“President Han, I hope you can consider me. I definitely won’t disappoint you.”

“Me too! I’m from Mingyuan Restaurant.”

## Chapter 684 The Humble Big Shot

“I’m from Fufeng Hotel, and we offer the best service.”

The scene grew rowdy as everyone started to promote their own businesses to catch Han Jingru’s attention.

Han Jingru had a sudden headache. He quickly lifted his right hand to gesture to the crowd, which immediately fell quiet.

“That’s enough. Just send your details over and I will personally go through them. If you continue to make so much noise, I won’t even consider those businesses that I just heard,” Han Jingru said.

As soon as he said those words, those who were promoting their own businesses instantly regretted their actions. Some even slapped themselves and wished to take back what they had said.

After the crowd dispersed, Han Jingru walked to the security room and spoke to the guards. “I’m afraid I’ll have to trouble you guys. Please help to keep the brochures that you will be receiving. I will send someone to come and pick them up later.”

The security guards were pleasantly surprised. They did not think someone like Han Jingru would speak to them in such a humble manner.

Residents of the Genting villas all belonged to the upper class of Yun City. Most of them behaved in an arrogant and haughty way and treated the security guards like lowly beings.

Yet, Han Jingru, a truly prominent figure to these guards, was so friendly and approachable.

“Don’t mention it, President Han. It’s part of our duty.”

“That’s right. It’s no trouble at all.”

Han Jingru took out a pack of cigarettes and offered each guard a cigarette. He then said, “Alright. I’ll get going. Sorry to be of trouble.”

The security guards watched Han Jingru walk away. They carefully kept the cigarettes in their pockets because they couldn’t bear to smoke them.

At Mojo.

As soon as Han Jingru stopped the car, Lin Heng came running over.

“Jingru!” Lin Heng shouted excitedly.

“Did you put on weight?” teased Han Jingru once he stepped out of the car.

Lin Heng scratched his head in embarrassment. Yun City had become peaceful and prosperous, so he was also able to enjoy a good life. It was no surprise that he had put on weight.

“You’re right. There’s nothing much to do recently, which is why I’ve gained so much weight,” Lin Heng said.

“That’s a good thing; it shows that Yun City is

peaceful," Han Jingru nodded and said.

Just then, a beast of a man rushed out quickly.

Huge and muscular, he appeared dreadfully powerful when he ran.

"Mr. Han," Qi Hu greeted. It was winter and Qi Hu, though dressed in thin clothing, did not seem to mind the cold. That thin fabric on him only served to accentuate his muscular frame even more.

Han Jingru glared at Qi Hu with disdain and said, "How dare you come and see me when you can't even beat a woman?"

Qi Hu's shoulders drooped for a moment. He was traumatized by that incident. After all, Jiang Yingying was just a petite and weak woman. Everyone thought he would be able to handle her single-handedly, but he was beaten by her in the end.

"Mr. Han, she's of another kind," Qi Hu said.

Not only that. She was of the same kind as Han Jingru, which he himself knew better than anyone else.

"Don't be discouraged." Han Jingru patted Qi Hu on the shoulder.

Qi Hu had thought that Han Jingru was about to comfort him, but his next words made him sink further into despair.



“The gap between you and her will grow even more. I’m afraid you won’t even be qualified to be her opponent the next time,” Han Jingru commented.

Qi Hu had trained for more than ten years in the deep mountains. After that, he was also taught by Han Jingru. For him to lose to a woman led him to think that his training had been wasted.

He grimaced and asked, “Mr. Han, why is she so powerful?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Han Jingru merely laughed. Certainly, it would be better to keep this from Qi Hu.

Mo Lan dashed out. He scowled at Lin Heng reproachfully as if to chastise the man for not informing him that Han Jingru had arrived.

“Jingru, why didn’t you say you are coming?” He asked.

“Why? Were you thinking of rolling out the red carpet for me? As if the ruckus at the airport wasn’t big enough for you.” Han Jingru said. He was one who preferred subtlety. Had he known about the sort of reception Mo Lan had planned, he would never allow it.

“It was Old Master who informed me of your return. I wouldn’t have found out otherwise. And also, I reckon that he would like everyone in Yun City to know about it.” Mo Lan made fun of him.

Han Jingru was surprised. He thought the whole thing was of Mo Lan’s own initiative and did not suspect that his grandfather was involved.

*Right. If not for Grandpa, how would Mo Lan know that I’m returning? If he was the one who approached Mo Lan, then surely this arrangement must be what he wanted.*

Han Xiuzhi did indeed wanted to elevate Han Jingru’s profile as he had been so inconspicuous that all of Yun City thought of him as a good-for-nothing.

*No sons of the Han family should allow themselves to be seen as useless.* The grandfather had to make sure Han Jingru returned in a triumphant fashion in order to announce to those detractors that he was now the top dog in Yun City.

“That reminds me. I’ve gathered some information on a few hotels. Come take a look.” Mo Lan said.

To celebrate Han Xiang’s hundredth day, Mo Lan burned the midnight oil doing research. He wanted to ensure that not only would it be held at the best venue, but everything also had to be perfect so that the event would ultimately shock and awe all their guests.

As he stepped into Mojo, Mo Lan eagerly presented his findings. This was work that he had painstakingly put together and the results were telling.

“You don’t know what happened at the villa, do you?” Han Jingru spoke light-heartedly.

“Uh, did something happen?” Mo Lan looked blankly at him. Being a night owl, he found himself out of the loop on most things.

“Close to a hundred hoteliers gathered outside of the villa, hoping to become the organizer for Han Xiang’s hundredth-day celebration. I’ve asked them to send their proposals to the security room so that I can review them at a later time.” Han Jingru explained.

Mo Lan went silent for a moment before he burst out guffawing.

Han Jingru thought he was acting strange.

“What is it?” He asked.

Mo Lan laughed, “If there’s already such a hoo-ha just for her hundredth day, I can’t imagine what it would be like when she gets married.”

He appeared contemplative after a brief pause. “I wonder who would be the lucky chap to make her his bride.”

Han Jingru found himself unreasonably irked by this thought. Even though he knew it was still too early to talk about this, it was something inevitable.

His adorable daughter marrying off and sharing the same bed with another man... He knew he was being ridiculous, but the notion of this made the father a little pissed off.

Perhaps such was the sentiment shared by all fathers with little girls. He would probably never have felt this way if he had a boy instead.

Mo Lan noticed that Han Jingru’s expression was off. “Dude, what’s with the face?”

The latter shook his head. “Nothing.”

“You can’t stand the thought of your precious little girl lying in the arms of another man, huh?” The friend prodded.

*Anyone who has not been a father would never be able*

## Chapter 685 Fourth Gate And Third Hall

*to understand.* son to have a conversation with on this subject.

“You’re a swinging bachelor so you wouldn’t understand.” Han Jingru concluded.

Mo Lan raised his voice in outrage. “How dare you look down on me? I may not have been a father but I’ve always seen Han Xiang as my own. And don’t push my buttons. How hard would it be to deliver a baby? I can do it anytime I want to!”

“How are you going to do that? With your ass?” Han Jingru retorted.

As the two grown men squabbled, a manually erected cabin sat far away in the deep forest of a remote mountainous region in Hua Nation. Accessible only by foot, with no means of communication with the outside world and nary a soul in sight, the cabin was modest but exuded an out-worldly charm all its own.

Lin Tong muttered to himself as he watched the smoke spiral from the chimney. “Thank god you are still alive, or else it would’ve been a wasted trip.”

“Fang Zhan.”

“Fang Zhan?”

“Fang Zhan!”

His repeated calls yielded no response from within the dwelling, but there were clear signs of human activity here. The smoke confirmed that someone

was cooking inside.

“I know you are in there, Fang Zhan. Are you going to continue hiding from me?” Lin Tong thundered.

After a brief moment, the silhouette of a middle-aged man appeared at the door. He was tall and sinewy like Qi Hu but with a large scar running across the breadth of his face. It was not a face that any would easily forget; and one which would doubtlessly give children nightmares.

“Who are you?” The man named Fang Zhan asked curtly.

“We actually go way back, man. I’m kind of disappointed that you have forgotten about me.” Lin Tong replied. His tone was contrastingly amiable.

“Enlighten me.” Fang Zhan responded.

Lin Tong nodded. “Well. I was only a kid back then when you left Apocalypse. Perhaps I must look very different from how you remembered but I’m sure you can still recognize the name Lin Tong.”

“Lin Tong!” Fang Zhan raised an eyebrow. The former was widely lauded as the most gifted apprentice in all of Apocalypse. Though he had yet to achieve the stature of the Chose One then, Fang Zhan knew it was only a matter of time before he got there.

*But why is someone like that calling on him out of the blue?*

“Looks like I must have left quite an impression on you. Then again, how could anyone forget my name?” Lin Tong glowed.

“Are you here on behalf of Apocalypse? When I left, I got the blessings from all of Fourth Gate and Third Hall.” Fang Zhan said flatly.

Fourth Gate and Third Hall were the two foremost divisions in the organization. All decisions had to gain the consensus of both in order to be put into motion.

The initial reason for the formation of the two executive divisions in Apocalypse was to create a system of checks and balances to ensure the equitable distribution of powers within the organization.

Very few were able to leave Apocalypse after joining. Han Xiao was one of the lucky ones. But he was considered an outlier in the organization as he was not involved in the core operation and never got a whiff of either Fourth Gate or Third Hall. It was a wholly different story for Fang Zhan whose decision to exit had caused a bit of furor within Apocalypse. The facial scar he bore was proof of the sacrifices he made in service of Apocalypse. It was his history with the organization that won him the approval to leave.

Apocalypse permitted him to depart on the condition that he would not divulge anything about the organization. Fang Zhan chose this life of seclusion so he could safeguard their secrets.



“I’m here on my own accord. I’d like to ask for your help with something.” Lin Tong said.

“My help? What can a loser like me possibly do for The Chosen One?” Fang Zhan asked.

*The Chosen One.* A moniker that Lin Tong carried with pride. It was for the purpose of consolidating his position in Apocalypse that he could not allow Han Jingru to live.

“You are no loser. If a former top ten pugilist at Apocalypse is one, where in the world can I find the experts?” Lin Tong laughed.

“Save your flattery. I’ve decided to live out the rest of my days here, so you should forget about whatever plans you have for me and go back to wherever you came.” Fang Zhan then started walking towards the inside of the cabin.



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Lin Tong had a few tricks up his sleeve. He would not have invested the time and energy to travel all the way out there if he were not confident in persuading Fang Zhan.

“You spent three whole years searching for your daughter after leaving Apocalypse, but to no avail. Have you given up in the belief that she may have died?” Lin Tong asked.

The mention of his daughter made Fang Zhan freeze in his tracks. He turned to look at Lin Tong, and seemed a little agitated.

“Do you know her whereabouts?” Fang Zhan’s breath quickened when he spoke.

“I will have the answer to your question if you are willing to provide the solution to my problem.” The Chosen One said.

Fang Zhan retreated to the mountains in the belief that he had no more ties to the world beyond. The suggestion that his only kin, his daughter, might still be alive left him restless. Because if she were, he would risk everything to get her back.

His desperation however, did not make him lose his sensibility. *How could Lin Tong know where to find someone that I myself couldn't after a three-year-long search? Could it be that he is trying to lure me out when he does not have any actual information regarding her whereabouts?*

“What proof do you have?” Fang Zhan demanded.

"I could leave right now if you don't believe what I'm telling you." Lin Tong answered nonchalantly.

He certainly had no idea where Fang Zhan's daughter was and she probably might have died a long time ago for all he knew. But it was only by leveraging on that fact could there be a chance of convincing Fang Zhan to leave with him. Lin Tong was willing to roll the dice on anything so long as there might be even that slightest possibility of success.

Lin Tong had not considered how to answer Fang Zhan after the latter helped to kill Han Jingru. But by the time it was all said and done, he doubted Fang Zhan would dare to lift a finger against him, considering his position in the organization.

He pretended to leave and that prompted a reaction from Fang Zhan. "What do you want from me?"

Fang Zhan was unconcerned about what the truth was but he knew he had to give it a shot. It was that mindset that led him to fall for Lin Tong's scheme.

Lin Tong smiled with satisfaction seeing how things played out as he had predicted, knowing well that Fang Zhan would never pass on any chances of finding his daughter.

"I need you to kill someone." Lin Tong said as he turned.

"Kill someone?" Fang Zhan frowned. *With his skills and stature, killing anyone should be a feat that could be easily accomplished. Why won't he do it himself? Looks like the target may be someone exceptional enough that even he dares not strike against.*

“His name is Han Jingru. He is an outsider but Mr. Yi wants him as an apprentice. That is the reason I want him dead. I will not allow anyone surpasses me in Apocalypse.” Lin Tong understood that Fang Zhan would need all the facts and know who he was up against in order to take action, so the former might as well come clean.

“You have the guts to have Mr. Yi’s apprentice killed?” Fang Zhan was slightly astonished. Mr. Yi headed the Fourth Gate, which meant that his apprentice would be his chosen successor. It was ridiculous for Lin Tong to even consider an attempt on the life of someone like that.

“And why wouldn’t I? Though Mr. Yi has expressed his intention, nothing has been made concrete. Han Jingru has yet to become a proper member of Apocalypse as we speak.” Lin Tong stated.

“Even if this man had not joined Apocalypse, he must possess some overwhelming qualities to have Mr. Yi think so highly of him. I don’t think you understand the consequences of killing him.” Fang Zhan cautioned.

The younger man clenched his teeth. *Who cares what the consequences are so long as Han Jingru’s blood is not on my own hands!* He just wanted the obstacle cleared for his own ascent.

In his opinion, only he deserved of being hailed as the Chosen One and no one else could take it from him.

## Chapter 686 A Steep Invitation

“You won’t do it because you fear death?” Lin Tong asked tauntingly.

Fang Zhan shook his head. “The consequences of which I mentioned are of a different nature. It is only when you truly understand Apocalypse will you understand the essence of the world we exist in.”

“His appearance may not necessarily be a bad thing. When you know the truth about the responsibilities that come with being in the position you seek, you might find yourself not willing to shoulder them.” He added.

“Don’t peddle the mystical with me. I may not know as much as you do but I do know what must be done in my own best interests.” The only fact apparent to Lin Tong was that Han Jingru remained a threat to him every day he drew breath and hence must be rid of. Everything else was peripheral.

As Fang Zhan remained hesitant, Lin Tong had to drop his ace in hand. “If you decline, I’ll kill your daughter and tell her that her father refused to save her.”

Fang Zhan bellowed, “Don’t you dare.”

“There’s nothing that I, Lin Tong, is not capable of. Would you care to find out?” He stared down Fang Zhan without flinching. Lin Tong was down to his last chip. It was all or nothing.

He knew that despite his own obvious talent, he was still no match for the former Apocalypse elite if push

came to shove. But to get rid of Han Jingru, he had to put it all on the line to turn Fang Zhan into his pawn.

“Do you know what I would do if you pissed me off?” Fang Zhan roared. Having laid dormant for many years, his blood pulsed like it did during the campaigning days of yore.

“If I die, she dies too. Do you think I’ll come to you without planning for contingencies?” Lin Tong asserted.

Fang Zhan took a few deep breaths in order to compose himself. As much as he wanted to kill the man before him, rationality dictated that he must avoid doing anything that might endanger his daughter’s life.

“Alright. I’ll do it.” Fang Zhan relented.

Lin Tong smiled, though for a moment he genuinely feared that his plan might fall through. He was glad that this means of coercion turned out to be quite effective.

“But if I don’t see my daughter after the deed is done, mark my words, I will hunt you down wherever you are and destroy you.” Fang Zhan swore.

Lin Tong was unfazed by the threat, as he expected to be back at Apocalypse and well beyond Fang Zhan’s reach by then.

“Rest assured that we will keep her safe and well taken care of, as she isn’t doing very well since her

marriage to that loser.” Lin Tong weaved in another tale to his web of lies in order to make the con more convincing.

With what he was feeding Fang Zhan, Lin Tong was optimistic that the eagerness to reunite with his daughter would definitely motivate the father to act sooner.

*Yun City.*

The hype that surrounded Han Xiang’s hundredth-day celebration was heating up. Almost the entire Yun City rubbed their hands in anticipation of it. Apart from various hoteliers hoping to be able to host the event, many others were trying to find out how they could be invited.

Although the Han family had yet to send out any official invitations, counterfeits had already surfaced on the black market with prices breaking five figures. Steep prices were paid just for the opportunity to be seen at their tables.

That spoke to how important this event was in the eyes of those with business interests.

A certain company close to going into administration was on its last legs, with just a few workers left on its books. As the CEO, Su Ruijin had run out of options. Without a benefactor and an injection of funds forthcoming, he could only take things day by day.

Su Huiqi was sour. “Just a damn hundredth-day celebration banquet and they had to make such a big



fuss about it. As though they are not getting enough attention already.”

She had always assumed herself to lead the best life among the ladies in Su Family. *Even the prettier Su Yimo with her good-for-nothing husband could not hold a candle to her.*

But reality dealt her a blow in the face. The infamous bum Han Jingru was now the illustrious scion of Yan City’s Han family with the whole of Yun City under his feet. Now he had even the former leading Tian family taking cues from him.

She could not come to terms with how the wheels of fate had turned.

Su Ruijin could not stomach this either because he was the one who attached the moniker of good-for-nothing to Han Jingru. Now he had left himself with no chance of getting back into the latter’s good graces.

“I heard that the invitation cards were going for millions. What are these people thinking?” He remarked.



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Su Huiqi heard what he said, but she still could not suppress her own feelings of envy towards Su Yimo despite her best efforts. Things had been so rough for them of late that she could not even splurge on luxury goods like she used to.

By comparison, Su Yimo's net worth meant she did not even need to stop at luxury goods. There was probably not much left in Yun City that she could not acquire if she willed it.

*An invitation card to Han Xiang's hundredth-day being valued in the millions. This was something Su Huiqi could never have imagined.*

Su Ruijin shared her sentiment. He kicked himself for treating Han Jingru so badly before that they now could not even bask in the Han family's reflected glory. But alas, there was no point in crying over spilled milk.

"Why don't you go steal a few of those invitation cards? We might be able to score some profit from it." Su Ruijin proposed.

Su Huiqi was enticed but shortly after, she sighed again.

*The invitation cards would be at the villa in Genting. How is she going to steal them when she cannot even get herself in?*

"How do you expect me to do that? Turn myself invisible?" The jealous woman replied glumly.

“We are relatives to them. It should be perfectly acceptable for us to visit our niece.” The cousin opined confidently.

That might be true, but Su Huiqi doubted that Su Yimo would be willing to receive them.

“That line of reasoning might seem like a bit of a stretch. You never treat them like one. Don’t you think it’s laughable to suggest this now?” Su Huiqi waved him off dismissively.

Su Ruijin then stared at her. “What’s so laughable? Don’t you want money?”

“Of course I do.” She responded without hesitancy.

“Since we’ll be doing it for money, why are you so hung up about your pride?” Su Ruijin stood up as though he was prepared to set off for the villa immediately.

Su Huiqi nodded as she got to her feet as well. *What use is there for dignity when one is dead broke? If we could just swipe a few invitation cards and swap them for a few million, there would be no shame to it.*

The two of them left the office and drove fast towards the direction of the villa.

They had already been blacklisted and barred from entry by the premise’s security under the express direction of Mo Lan, and were not allowed to even loiter near the gates.

So the security team was quickly onto them the moment they got off the car.

“Hey, you can’t park here. This is private property.” One of them notified Su Ruijin.

The latter smiled calmly. “Sir, I’m here to visit.”

The lead guard smirked, “I recognize you, Su Ruijin, so don’t think that you could slip by me. To think you still have the cheek to show up at our door.”

The man was not embarrassed in the least. Shame meant nothing to him now and there was nothing he would not give to be reacquainted with Han Jingru and Su Yimo.

“My good man, Su Yimo and myself are cousins so how could we possibly continue to harbor grudges against each other? You better let me through or I’m afraid you might displease Yimo.” He contended.

The lead guard was not buying into it. The whole of Yun City knew how Su Ruijin smeared Han Jingru’s reputation before and trampled upon him. Most importantly, Mo Lan had specifically named these two as persona non-grata in the neighborhood.

“On the contrary, you should get out of here before I get nasty.” The guard bellowed.

Su Ruijin decided to dig in and adopt a harder stance. He regarded the security guard coldly and said, “You’d best run along and notify them of our arrival or else...”

## Chapter 687 Prosperity And Decline Never Lasts

Before he could finish, a few within the security team brandished police batons in their hand.

Su Ruijin shuffled backwards at the sight of them.

“What are you trying to do? Employing violence in broad daylight?” He said cautiously.

“Against you? Sounds about right. This will be your final warning. Leave, or else...” The guard threatened.

Su Ruijin found himself in a bind as the security men would not budge no matter how he tried.

At that moment, Han Jingru had just returned. He immediately pulled over by the gate.

A number of the guards who spotted him quickly hailed, “President Han.”

“President Han.”

“President Han!”

The stark contrast in treatment by the guards between Han Jingru and himself made Su Ruijin even more jealous. Never would he had imagined the estranged brother-in-law who he despised would become so widely respected.

“Explain your presence here, Su Ruijin.” Han Jingru inquired.

Su Ruijin knew he was in no position to pit himself against Han Jingru or put on airs around him, so he

timidly said, "Jingru, I wish to see my niece but your men wouldn't let me through. Isn't that improper?"

"Why would it be?" Han Jingru laughed as he turned to the guards. "Put up a sign by the entrance tomorrow that says 'No Su Ruijin and dogs allowed'."

"It won't take a day, President Han. We will get that done in the next half an hour." The lead guard replied.

Su Ruijin was red in the face and simmering underneath. But given the number of people in Yun City looking to impress Han Jingru, he could neither afford to lose his temper or lash out, as putting together a mouthful of spit each from Han Jingru's army of sycophants would be sufficient to drown him.

"We are relatives after all, Jingru. How could you treat me like this?" Su Ruijin protested.

"Relatives?" Han Jingru scoffed. "What took you so long to realize that? If you could acknowledge that earlier, you might be living here with us right now."

Han Jingru was not saying this offhand.

Even with every block in the villa fully occupied, he could have anyone opened up a space for him if he asked.

Too bad for Su Ruijin that he had lost that privilege.

"I know I've made a mistake, and I am sorry for the way I've conducted myself in the past. Would you

reconsider our relationship and give me a chance?" Su Ruijin looked at Han Jingru pleadingly.

"Yes, we know how we've wronged you. Please do give us a chance." Su Huiqi added as she stepped out from her hiding spot behind Su Ruijin where she took refuge from the wrath of the guards. She too desperately needed to get back in Han Jingru's good books as it was the only way she could get back to living the life of comfort she enjoyed previously.

"You had not treated Yimo any less harshly, Su Huiqi. What makes you think you deserve anything from me?" Han Jingru questioned coldly.

The woman lowered her head as there was nothing she could have said in her own defense.

Su Ruijin then fell onto his knees with a resounding thud. "Han Jingru, I'm humbling myself before you. Would that be enough?"

"When men prostrate themselves, there is gold underneath. In your case, there is only turd. What's that worth to me?" Han Jingru barked.

Su Ruijin gritted his teeth. Having forsaken the last shred of his dignity, he had not expected that Han Jingru would still not cut him any slack.

"Han Jingru, prosperity and decline never lasts. Aren't you going to leave a way out for yourself?" Su Ruijin countered.

"Thank you for the reminder. Perhaps I should take



precautionary measures then. How would you like to be killed?" Han Jingru said in response.

Su Ruijin was bathed in cold sweat upon realizing the outrageousness of his own outburst.

He then slapped himself across the face repeatedly. "I've just misspoken. Don't take me seriously."

Han Jingru was dumbfounded. Even the security team thought Su Ruijin was a moron.

"Leave, and don't show yourself around here again. I'm reminded now that Madam Su's affairs are unfinished, so I'll take it that that is the purpose of you being here the next time." Han Jingru said plainly.

Su Ruijin's face went pale. Even if it had been a long time since and he did not think any evidence would surface, it was not outside of the realm of possibility that Han Jingru might be able to dig something up given the vast resources he now had at his disposal.

"I'll go right now. I'm leaving." Su Ruijin hopped into his car, turned the ignition on, and sped off.

Su Huiqi stood rooted to the spot as cold wind swept past her. She recovered and shouted after him, "I'm still here, Su Ruijin! Wait for me, you bastard!"

Han Jingru then saw her turn her sights on him. "You surely are not expecting me to see you out, are you? Beat it."

## Chapter 687 Prosperity And Decline Never Lasts



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