

the entrance, seeing as Han Jingru's family had yet to make an appearance.

When he caught sight of the two familiar cars, Zhang Bifeng sucked in a deep breath to calm his nerves.

This was not his first time meeting Han Jingru. However, he felt apprehension, every single time he met him. *I guess that this is how one shall feel while meeting a bigshot.*

"I can't believe that someone had the audacity to drive an Audi here. What an embarrassment!" Not far from the manor's entrance, a group of people was casually chatting. A woman made the remark when she saw the two Audis coming to a halt, at the entrance of the manor.

Cars like Audis were not supposed to make the cut for the grand celebration today. However, what she was unaware of was the people sitting inside the two Audis that she had disdained.

Piqued by the woman's remark, everyone turned around to look at the entrance.

The man accompanying the woman grew sullen, at the sight of the two cars. His woman was ignorant because she did not know any better. However, he was well aware of the identity of the people inside the two cars.

"Keep silent if you don't know any better." The man reprimanded his woman.

Su Yimo did not intervene with Shen Zhuoman's decision since the management of the company had been fully delegated to her. Moreover, she did not want to hear about the rumors either.

"Are you guys ready?" Han Jingru asked.

Shi Yan was not the only one who was dressed to the nines for this occasion. Rather, Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong had also changed into their tailor-made samfusu for Han Xiang's big day. All of them wanted to look their best for this important day.

"Yes, we're almost done."

"Shall we leave now?"

"I think that most of our guests have already arrived. I don't think that it's quite right for us to arrive this late."

All of them left the Genting villa in two Audi A6s, heading toward the Bifeng manor.

They figured that their cars would be the cheapest amongst the others that would be seen at Bifeng manor today. Nonetheless, their cars would still serve to be the most influential presence, at the celebration today.

Han Jingru and his family were in the two Audis. *Now, who would dare to despise Audis?*

Standing at the entrance of his manor, Zhang Bifeng greeted all of Han Jingru's guests. He dared not leave

The woman was puzzled. Although she was only a mistress, the man had yet to reprimand her in such a manner.

“What’s the matter with you? I merely made a brief comment on the two cars. Why are you mad at me?”
The woman was indignant.

The man’s friends laughed in derision. “Hey man, you really need to educate your mistress here.”

“Why are you still keeping her by your side? She’s only going to cause you trouble.”

“What an ignorant woman! Audis can only ever be Audis, in another’s hands. However, nobody shall even dare to look down on the people who are in the two cars, even if they’d ridden bicycles here.”

The man’s face sank further, at his friends’ comments. He would have had a fit on the spot if they were not at an important occasion.

“From now on, shut your mouth. Otherwise, don’t blame me for being ruthless to you,” the man threatened the woman.

The woman was unaware of her mistake. However, it was clear as day that her man was indeed boiling with fury. She was terrified of being abandoned by her man. She did not want to lose her privilege of living a high life.

“Okay, I’ll keep my mouth shut.” The woman lowered her head and complied obediently.

Soon, Han Jingru and his family made their way out of the cars.

Zhang Bifeng stepped forward as he soon greeted them, saying, "President Han, I've prepared a room that is soundproof for Han Xiang, in order for her to get a good rest."

"Thank you, Mr. Zhang." Han Jingru nodded.

"No worries, this is my job." Zhang Bifeng smiled when he realized that Han Jingru was pleased with his arrangement.

"Has everyone arrived?" Han Jingru asked.

"Yes, all the guests have arrived."

"What a shame! Being the organizer, it's unbecoming of me to have arrived late, at my own party," Han Jingru admitted helplessly.

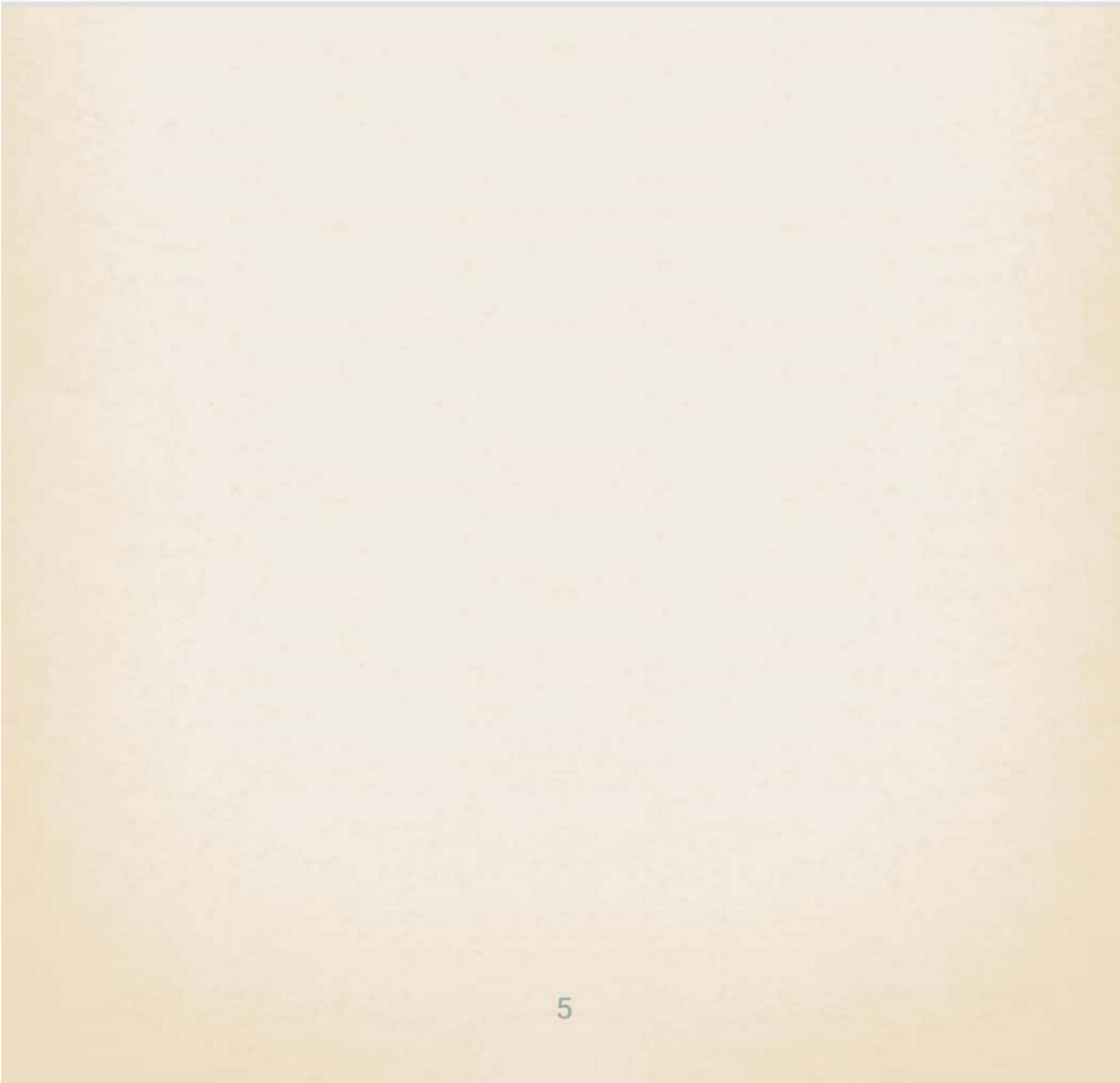
"President Han, it's their honor to wait for your presence. I'm certain that not one of them has complained about it," Zhang Bifeng added.

"You're rather good at buttering up to others. Unfortunately, I must inform you that I don't take a liking to it. You'd better save it for the rest," Han Jingru commented.

Sweating profusely, Zhang Bifeng hurriedly uttered, "Yes, I shall keep that in mind."

There were already a number of bum-suckers around

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Han Jingru. He could accept their words of flattery, seeing that they were already closely acquainted. However, it was different with Zhang Bifeng. It was rather uncomfortable, hearing it from him, especially since they weren't exactly well acquainted.

"Jingru!" Han Jingru noticed Tian Shuirou running toward him with her ponytails wagging behind her.

Tian Shuirou always carried a lively vibe about her, and it was rather infectious. One would often feel younger than their age around her.

"Yimo." Tian Shuirou addressed Su Yimo as well.

Su Yimo smiled as she greeted her, "Where is your grandfather?"

"He's chatting with his friends, don't bother with him." Then, Tian Shuirou carefully carried Han Xiang in her arms. She could not help but plant a few kisses on Han Xiang's adorable, little face.

The group that was chatting casually at the entrance approached Han Jingru to greet him instantly.

They were highly respected figures at Yun City. Nevertheless, they too were courteous in front of Han Jingru.

"President Han."

All of them greeted Han Jingru, one by one.

It was at this moment that the woman finally came to

understand the reason behind her husband being upset at her.

Judging from the way that these people have addressed him, the young man must be Han Jingru. It's no surprise that he's upset at me then.

So what if it's an Audi?

There was none, be it a Bentley or a Rolls-Royce, that could measure up to Han Jingru's Audi.

Han Jingru did not know the people who were greeting him. Nonetheless, they were his guests and Han Jingru responded to them with a smile, "It is my pleasure that you guys have made it to the celebration today. I hope that you'll thoroughly enjoy yourselves today."

"You are most welcome, President Han."

"The pleasure is ours, President Han. We are thankful for this opportunity."

Flattering words were mandatory on these occasions. It was the very reason that these people had attended the celebration after all.

Han Jingru bumped into a number of people on the way, and he greeted all of them politely. Although he detested it, it was still a formality that he had to observe, for the sake of Han Xiang's hundredth-day celebration.

"Master, you're finally here." Tian Jingshuo hurriedly

approached Han Jingru. Previously, he had felt rather awkward, addressing Han Jingru as his master in the public, given the gap in their age. However, Tian Jingshuo no longer felt that way. As of now, he began to feel that the bet was a wise move. If it were any other way, he might not have received the opportunity to become Han Jingru's close acquaintance.

Han Jingru smiled awkwardly. *The old man still remembers.*

"So, shall I greet you as my disciple?" Han Jingru jokingly asked.

"No problem, greet me as you'd wish. As long as it pleases you." Tian Jingshuo chuckled.

Han Jingru shook his head.

Wang Mao approached Han Jingru at this moment.

"President Han, it has been a long time."

"Mr. Wang, yes indeed. The Go Association is doing well under your leadership."

"This is all thanks to you winning the competition. Yun City's Go Association might not have made its mark if it weren't for your contribution, President Han," Wang Mao uttered.

The Go competition in which Han Jingru defeated Shangguan Heibai was still a hot topic amongst the Go players. Han Jingru's achievements were insurmountable by any other Go players, even to this

day forth.

“Let’s allow bygones to be bygones,” Han Jingru replied.

Wang Mao was unaware if there was an undertone to Han Jingru’s words. Hence, he unconsciously stole a glance at Tian Jingshuo.

Tian Jingshuo did not say anything further. He thought that it was rather befitting of Han Jingru, who simply did not bother to irk himself with such menial people.

“We still have some time before the ceremony commences, master. Shall I make some tea for you? I’ve heard that Zhang Bifeng stores an excellent tea collection here,” Tian Jingshuo suggested.

Zhang Bifeng echoed words of affirmation to Tian Jingshuo’s suggestion, “President Han, collecting fine tea is my passion. You’re most welcome to try out my collection if you’re interested.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Jingru knew that having tea together was but a small matter and that Tian Jingshuo only proposed it because he knew of the former's dislike for such social niceties. Hence, Tian Jingshuo found an excuse for him, and naturally, Han Jingru seized the opportunity and agreed to it.

After all, there were too many people there that day. If he greeted every single one of them, he would probably get blisters on his lips. Moreover, with his current status, there was no need for such pleasantries, despite the fact that none of the guests were beneath significance.

"I didn't expect you to be so good at this," Han Jingru said softly to Tian Jingshuo.

Tian Jingshuo sported a smug look on his face. *Of course I would understand Han Jingru. He's not the only one who can't stand these troublesome social niceties.*

"Do I get a prize?" Tian Jingshuo asked cheekily.

"What do you have in mind?" Han Jingru sensed Tian Jingshuo was up to no good, especially with that smirk on his face.

Tian Jingshuo laughed craftily. "Well, the Tian family would find much use for the Chengxi Village and Chengzhong Village projects. What do you say?"

These two projects were among Yun City's biggest developments. Moreover, they were still in progress. While Tian Jingshuo would never use his family's

company to compete with the Su family, he still wanted to secure as many benefits as he could.

“Sure. You can go ahead and discuss this with Shen Zhuoman,” Han Jingru replied. As the development of Chengxi Village and Chengzhong Village would bring in the dough, he understood that it was only natural for the Tian family to want a share of profit. More importantly, he no longer cared for money.

“Thank you,” Tian Jingshuo said cheerily.

At that moment, Han Xiuzhi pulled Han Jingru aside. “Didn’t Nangong Boling say he would come? How come he’s still not here?”

Han Jingru was not worried about this, as he knew Nangong Boling’s intentions. “I bet he just wants to make a grand entrance,” he joked.

At that point in time, there were whispers about Han Xiang sharing the same name as Bert and Stanford’s new student. There were even some who looked down on Han Xiang, thinking that she wasn’t qualified. While Han Jingru had always turned his head away from such petty gossips, these would have definitely reached Nangong Boling’s ears if he were in Yun City. Therefore, he chose to only show up right when the banquet started with Bert and Stanford tagging along. With this, not only would the gossip naturally cease, but Yun City would be hit with huge waves of shock.

Han Xiuzhi immediately understood what Han Jingru was getting at.

“Seems like Xiang’s fame is going to exceed that of yours soon. What’s more, this fame stretches to even international waters,” Han Xiuzhi teased.

Han Jingru nodded. “She’s already surpassed me, and she’ll surpass me even further once Nangong Boling shows up.”

The news of Bert and Stanford’s student had already shocked the world and had occupied the headlines of several international news outlets. If the media got their hands on the fact that that student was actually just an infant, the world would be absolutely floored.

When Han Jingru got to the resting room that Zhang Bifeng had specially prepared for his family, he retrieved his most expensive tea.

It was only until it was time for them to take their seats did Han Jingru and his family walked towards the banquet hall.

When they arrived, the banquet hall that housed several hundreds of guests instantly became eerily silent as all eyes became fixed on Han Jingru.

Among the guests, some had met Han Jingru before, while the others had only heard of him. When the latter group saw how young Han Jingru was, they could not help but gasp in surprise.

He was the perfect example of the phrase “young and promising”.

There were many young and beautiful women among

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the banquet guests. They lamented at the fact that someone as outstanding as Han Jingru was already married.

“If only I’d got to know him sooner.”

“I would’ve won him over with my good looks.”

“It’s such a shame I missed my chance. I wonder if he’s looking for a mistress. Since I can’t be his wife, I’ll settle for being his mistress.”

And so, these words of envy were passed among the women in low mutters. Even those who kept silent were secretly harboring those thoughts in their mind.

“Yimo, those women are so jealous of you. It’s as if they’re trying to burn a hole in you with their gazes,” Shen Zhuoman whispered to Su Yimo.

Su Yimo did in fact feel the burn of their envious gazes on her. *Maybe Shen Zhuoman’s right—they really are jealous of me.* The thought gave her delight, though she would never admit that to anyone.

While she was normally not one to be bothered by such minuscule matters, anyone would be pleased to know that they were the object of envy.

“That’s all they can do. Han Jingru’s still mine after all,” Su Yimo said with a satisfied smile.

Shen Zhuoman pursed her lips. She used to have feelings for Han Jingru, and even Qi Bingying could not get over him. *Maybe men like him were born with some kind of natural charisma.*

“Brag all you want—I’ll definitely find a more outstanding husband than him. Just you wait,” Shen Zhuoman huffed.

Su Yimo caught herself before she started belittling this “future husband” of Shen Zhuoman and responded only with a smile. However, deep down, she knew that nobody could ever compete with Han Jingru.

Once the Han family took their seats, Han Jingru walked onto the stage. *As the host, I need to say something polite in thanks to our guests.*

After that series of stiff formalities, the guests impatiently took out the gifts they prepared.

Han Xiang had already received many extravagant gifts on the day of her birth. There were even several Supercars, for which Mo Lan had to specially build a warehouse to store. The gifts this time were, of course, even more extravagant.

Despite having already built a warehouse in preparation for the gifts, Mo Lan felt a migraine coming on as he saw the gifts coming in one after another.

“Seems like I was not as thoroughly prepared as I had thought. Where on earth shall I put all this?” Mo Lan muttered, troubled.

“Mr. Mo, these people are so ostentatious. It’s as if

they're just throwing their money around," Lin Heng remarked with shock. There was not a single inexpensive gift among the pile.

"The way they see it, the more expensive a gift is, the deeper the impression they would leave on Jingru. Hence, it's only natural that they would get a gift as expensive as possible," Mo Lan explained. "After all, their sole purpose for attending this celebration is to get acquainted with Jingru. Under these circumstances, the only way for them to stand out is to present an extravagant gift."

Lin Heng nodded in agreement. *But still, a scene like this is probably a once-in-a-lifetime event.*

The gift-giving segment dragged on so long that it ate into the opening of the banquet. When it finally ended, an old man walked into the banquet hall, followed by two foreigners.

Zhang Bifeng knew the banquet's guest list like the back of his hand, but he was sure that this old man was not on the list. He felt a sense of dread creeping up as he realized an outsider was barging into such an important event.

Just as Zhang Bifeng was about to call for security, Han Jingru raised his hand and stopped him.

"Jingru, I'm not late, am I?" The old man turned out to be Nangong Boling. Given that Han Jingru had taken the trouble to specially call him to invite him, there was no way Nangong Boling would miss it.

“You’re right on time,” Han Jingru assured.

It was at that moment several reporters from international news stations recognized the two men behind Nangong Boling.

“A-Aren’t those Bert and Stanford?”

“Why are they here?”

“I remember it was a huge deal when they both took in a student.”

Shen Zhuoman’s jaw dropped. She was especially concerned about that matter, so she could clearly remember how Bert and Stanford looked like.

B-But why would they show up here?

It was at that moment that she had a thought so shocking that her eyes almost popped out of her head.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

"I'm not late, am I?" Nangong Boling asked Han Jingru with a smile.

Looking at the two standing behind Nangong Boling, Han Jingru's theory was confirmed. He nodded and said, "You're right on time, but your gifts sure are generous."

"Your daughter deserves this level of honor. And I would even say that this is still far from enough," Nangong Boling replied.

Those who were not in the know would be confused at this exchange, for Nangong Boling appeared to be empty-handed.

However, there was also no lack of sharp wit in the room. These were the people who remembered that Bert and Stanford's student was called Han Xiang, and deduced that it was no coincidence that they would appear at Han Jingru's daughter's hundredth-day celebration.

"Could it be that Han Jingru's daughter is their student?"

"B-But how can this be? She's only just turned a hundred days old! How could the student of someone as accomplished as the both of them be a mere infant?"

"But it's not as if there's another Han Xiang in here!"

"This is ridiculous. To think that we used to compare the two, but turns out they were the same person in

the first place!”

At that moment, Bert asked, “Mr. Han, can we see your daughter?”

“Of course.” Han Jingru nodded.

Su Yimo was dumbfounded. Ever since the news of Bert and Stanford’s student was made public, she had been worried that her daughter would be compared to the person just because they shared the same name. However, nothing could beat the realization that the “Han Xiang” on the news was, in fact, her very own daughter!

Bert walked towards Su Yimo. “This is a gift I’ve prepared for Han Xiang. It’s not much, but it’s a new composition of mine that has never been performed anywhere else,” he said with a slight smile.

Bert had sheets of music scores in his hand. Su Yimo was stunned. She froze and did not dare reach out to accept it until Shen Zhuoman elbowed her.

“T-Thank you.” Su Yimo accepted the scores.

“Is there a piano here?” Bert asked.

Being the boss of the Bifeng manor, Zhang Bifeng replied immediately, “Yes, we do. I’ll get it here right away.”

Within less than a minute, the piano was carried over to the banquet hall.

Bert sat down in front of the piano. An air of mastery permeated from him and enchanted many in the crowd. Everyone at the banquet knew that tickets to Bert's recitals were always sold at sky-high prices, and even if one did pay that high price, it was not guaranteed that they would get the ticket. Therefore, being able to hear Bert perform was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

As melodious notes twinkled from the piano, Stanford walked towards Su Yimo. "This is a painting I made for Han Xiang. I hope she likes it."

It was a painting of birds paying homage to a phoenix. The depiction was so vivid and realistic that they seemed to be alive. Han Xiang was pictured as the elegant phoenix, with the birds and creatures beneath her in worship.

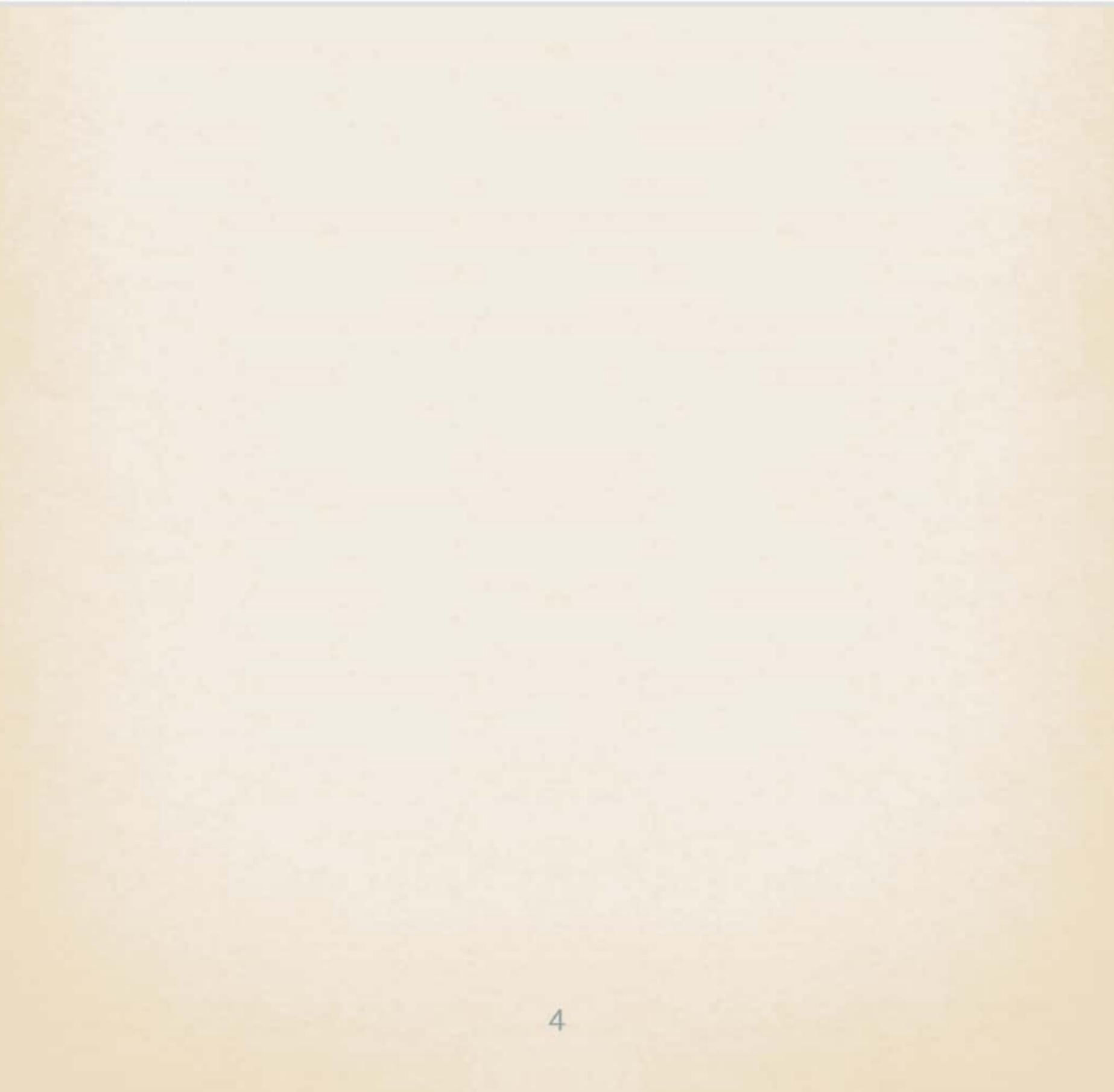
Stanford's paintings had always been priced astonishingly high, so if this painting were to be sold, its sky-high price would only bring further bewilderment.

In comparison to the painting, the gifts of the other guests seemed almost cheap. Moreover, with the passage of time, the painting's value would only increase immensely. This made them not even worthy of comparison.

Of course, what was most shocking to Su Yimo was still the fact that Bert and Stanford had both accepted Han Xiang as their student.

The name "Han Xiang" had already been plastered all

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over the headlines of international news stations, attracting countless speculations on her real identity. Therefore, it was completely unexpected that “Han Xiang” would be none other than Han Jingru’s daughter herself.

This piece of news spread as quickly as wildfire through Yun City. Those who were covertly comparing the two were slapped in the face by their realization that they were, in fact, the same person. Previously, they all thought that Han Jingru’s daughter Han Xiang was not even worthy of comparison to the “Han Xiang” on the news.

After all, Han Jingru was only known within Yun City, and maybe Yan City as well. But for Han Xiang to be accepted as a student of both Bert and Stanford at the same time, the Han family must have been well known even on the international scale. Nobody could have predicted that Han Jingru’s influence had reached even international waters, so much so that both Bert and Stanford would take his daughter in as their student.

The shockwave caused by this realization absolutely dumbfounded many of the banquet-goers, and that included Su Yimo and Shen Zhuoman as well.

The impact was especially significant for Su Yimo. *How I wish I could go back to the company and see the look on those people’s faces when they find out that the “Han Xiang” they were comparing my daughter to was in fact her all along!*

“Yimo, just how influential is Han Jingru? To think

that he had connections with both Bert and Stanford!” Shen Zhuoman asked with great lament. As far as Shen Zhuoman knew, as the heir to the Han Corporation, Han Jingru was someone of paramount importance in Yun City, but that title would have been rendered insignificant on a global scale.

Bert and Stanford were internationally acclaimed artists, and could not be bought over with just money. After all, they were among the wealthiest people on the planet.

Su Yimo shook her head. At that moment, she felt strangely distant from Han Jingru as she realized there was still so much she did not know about him.

However, she decided it was better if she did not find out. No matter how powerful he was, to her, the bottom line was that he was still just her husband.

“That’s not important. What’s important is that he’s my husband,” Su Yimo said with a smile.

Her words stabbed Shen Zhuoman in the heart.

Deep down, Shen Zhuoman always knew that finding a more outstanding husband than Han Jingru was a faraway dream, but this series of events made it clear to her that her wish was completely impossible, because Han Jingru’s excellence had already exceeded even her greatest imaginations.

“Looks like I’ll never be able to find anyone better than him,” Shen Zhuoman said with a sigh.

A smile blossomed on Su Yimo's face. "Don't be discouraged. You can just find someone who's about as good as him," she comforted her.

"Tsk." Shen Zhuoman clicked her tongue. "Don't get cocky. Who knows, maybe I'll steal him from you someday."

Su Yimo furrowed her eyebrows. "That's only if you're able to do it."

Su Yimo trusted Han Jingru completely. She was never worried that he would be stolen by some vixen.

Shen Zhuoman hung her head dispiritedly. Of course, she was only joking, but even still, she knew she could not do it even if she tried.

Qi Bingying was beautiful, but Han Jingru did not even spare her a second glance. If even Qi Bingying could not do it, there was no way she could.

"I guess all I can do is be happy for you," Shen Zhuoman sighed.

Looking at Han Jingru across the room, Su Yimo's gaze was overflowed with love and affection.

When Bert's performance ended, the banquet-goers were still engrossed in the music.

It was at that moment that Su Yimo suddenly ran towards Han Jingru, wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed him passionately.

Being someone who always felt embarrassed when it came to displaying her affection in public, what she did took immense courage.

When Han Jingru regained his composure, he returned her kiss, and the two shared a passionate kiss as if they were the only ones in the room.

However, no one was taken aback by this grand display of affection and instead thought that it was only natural.

Han Jingru used to be called a worthless piece of crap by the entire Yun City.

Meanwhile, Su Yimo was Yun City's most beautiful bachelorette, but lost her glory when she married Han Jingru. All of Yun City thought that Han Jingru was dragging Su Yimo down with him and that she was crazy to marry him.

However, nobody would think that way anymore. Moreover, they even thought that marrying him was a smart choice on Su Yimo's part because if not, she would have never reached the status she had today.

It was at this moment that a male voice rang out abruptly, "Are you done yet?"

Chapter 700 Overflowing Love



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

It was highly inappropriate for an unkempt middle-aged man to appear in a rich men's gathering. While all the wealthy men and women there were all dressed to the nines for the occasion, the middle-aged man looked exactly like a beggar.

"Where did this beggar come from? How did he manage to come in?"

"Security! Get this disgusting man out of here. I don't want to lose my appetite."

"Zhang Bifeng, are all your security guards blind? How can they allow a beggar to come in?"

Zhang Bifeng's face turned pale. Now that someone had barged into Han Xiang's party on his watch, he would have to shoulder the responsibility. It would be disastrous if Han Jingru decided to pin the blame on him.

Just when Zhang Bifeng was about to call the security, Han Jingru let go of Su Yimo and said to him, "It's fine."

Zhang Bifeng trembled in fear, thinking that Han Jingru must be mad at him. "I'm sorry, Mr. Han. I'll accept whatever punishment you see fit."

Han Jingru grinned. "Even if you call every single security over, I don't think you can stop him from coming in. I don't blame you."

Han Jingru then turned around and looked at Fang Zhan. "I've been waiting for you."

“Do you know I’m coming?” Fang Zhan frowned and asked.

“Too bad he’s still a coward who only dares to hide in the dark. Why do you still want to work for him?” Han Jingru asked in a calm voice.

“It’s none of your business.” Fang Zhan did it only because he wanted to find out where his daughter was. In other words, he did not care about Lin Tong’s personality. *So what if he’s a coward? As long as he could tell me where my daughter is, I’ll work for him.*

Han Jingru nodded. “Let’s go somewhere else with bigger space.”

Fang Zhan did not expect Han Jingru to say something like that. It was as if he was prepared to fight.

Since Han Jingru knew Fang Zhan was coming, he must have known how powerful his opponent was. Under such circumstances, Han Jingru did not show any sign of anxiety.

“You’re indeed more of a man than he is.” These were Fang Zhan’s genuine words of recognition.

Han Jingru responded with a smile. If it were not because of the man with a white beard, Han Jingru would not have confronted Fang Zhan.

While going into combat with passion was something worthy of recognition, getting himself killed was not. It would be too stupid for Han Jingru to accept Fang

Zhan's challenge if the former knew he did not have a high chance of winning.

When he was battling Han Xiao in the U.S. some time ago, he did not have a choice. If he did not approach Han Xiuyuan in the first place, Han Xiuyuan would still go to him. Instead of acting like a coward, Han Jingru decided it was best to initiate the fight and die an honorable death if he had to.

But the circumstances today were different. Han Jingru would not have made the same decision if the elderly man with a white beard did not appear.

All the guests had no clue as to what was going on, but one thing was for sure—they no longer had the mood to continue with the celebration.

After Han Jingru and Fang Zhan walked out of the hall, the other guests followed right behind as well.

"What's going on?" Shen Zhuoman asked Su Yimo.

Su Yimo was just as worried, but with the assurance of Han Xiang's god-grandfather, she had faith in Han Jingru. Yet, when she looked around, the elderly man was nowhere to be found.

"He wants to kill Jingru," Su Yimo answered.

Shen Zhuoman was petrified. *What? This beggar wants to kill Han Jingru?*

"Who is he? Does he not know who Han Jingru is?" Shen Zhuoman was still in shock. *Who in Yun City dares to challenge Han Jingru? Does he have a death wish?*

Su Yimo shook her head. She was aware of the existence of Apocalypse but did not know what it was. According to the old man, this person used to be one of the top ten elites of Apocalypse. Hence, he was not threatened by Han Jingru's position in Yun City.

"Money and status aren't everything. There's still so much to learn about this world," Su Yimo said.

Though money and status were everything in Shen Zhuoman's world, she knew she should never judge what she did not know based on her worldview.

The world was full of wonders, after all. Admittedly, Shen Zhuoman acknowledged that her knowledge of the world was limited.

"Is he going to be in danger?" Shen Zhuoman asked.

"He'll be fine," Su Yimo said.

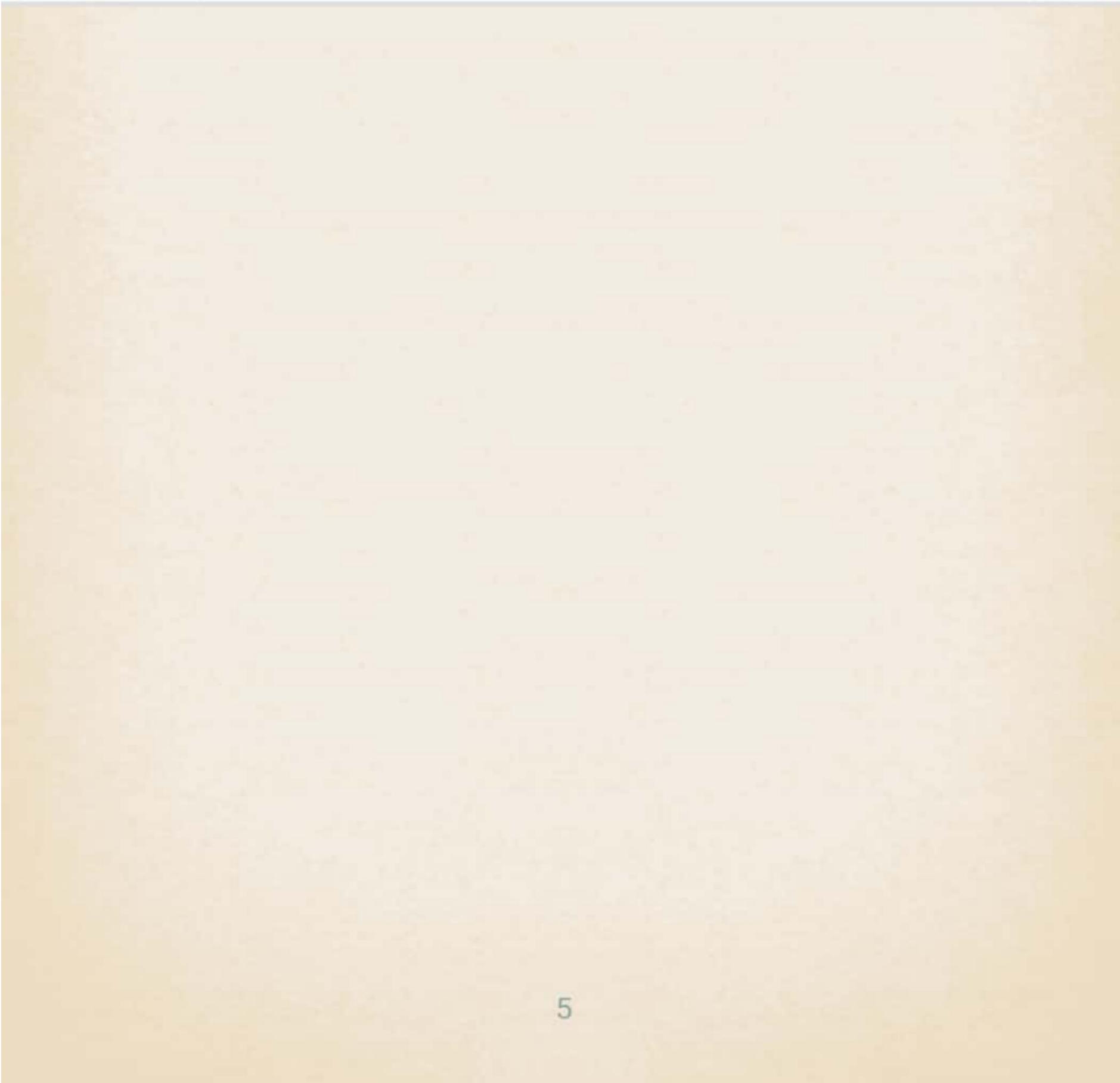
The two of them soon arrived by the lake of the manor.

In the middle of the lake, many snow cranes perched on the trees on an artificial island, which Zhang Bifeng constructed in the hope of attracting wildlife.

"Shall we go over?" Han Jingru pointed at the island.

Fang Zhan smiled. "We're about twenty meters away from the island. I can get to the island easily. Can

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you?”

Upon hearing what Fang Zhan said, Han Jingru instantly knew he was not in the same league as his opponent.

While the lake could carry boats, it was impossible to carry the weight of a human. In other words, Han Jingru did not believe humans could actually walk on water. It seemed Fang Zhan was about to prove him wrong.

“Shall we just take the boat? There are many ordinary folks around here. You don’t want to shock them and cause a commotion here,” Han Jingru suggested.

Fang Zhan did not say anything, but it was clear that he agreed with Han Jingru.

Fang Zhan had sworn to keep Apocalypse a secret when he left the organization, so he must not reveal his power in public. Or else, the Apocalypse would hunt him down and kill him.

“Zhang Bifeng, prepare a boat for us,” Han Jingru instructed.

Zhang Bifeng, who was a stone’s throw away, walked towards them. “Yes, Mr. Han. I’ll get someone to prepare the boat immediately.”

Soon, the boat arrived. Han Jingru and Fang Zhan got into the boat, and a worker of the manor paddled the boat to the island.

All the snow cranes fled the minute they arrived, opening up a wider space for the combat.

Fang Zhan rested his hands on his back. At this point, he no longer exuded the aura of a beggar. He had transformed into an inscrutable master of martial arts.

Feeling absolutely nervous, Su Yimo could not help but rub her hands repeatedly. This was because Mr. Yi still had not appeared. *What if Fang Zhan goes all out and attack Han Jingru? It would be too late for Mr. Yi to step in and rescue Jingru!*

“Why hasn’t he appeared? Where did he go...” Su Yimo mumbled.

Han Xiuzhi, who stood beside him, could not help but ask, “Who?”

So far, Han Jingru and Su Yimo did not tell anyone about what happened at the mountaintop, but right now, she thought there was no point in keeping it a secret anymore.

Su Yimo explained, “A few days ago, we met an elderly man on the mountaintop. He predicted a man named Fang Zhan would come and kill Jingru. This man was willing to rescue Jingru on the condition that he becomes Han Xiang’s god-grandfather.”

“Fang Zhan?” Han Xiuzhi turned around and looked at Yan Qiong.

Yan Qiong responded with a wry smile. He knew

nothing about the Apocalypse, so obviously, he would not know Fang Zhan was one of the top ten elites of the Apocalypse.

"I don't know all these people, and I'm not in any position to ask about them," Yan Qiong said.

"Are you sure you don't know who this Fang Zhan is?" Han Xiuzhi asked again.

Su Yimo thought for a moment and added, "According to the old man, he used to be one of the Apocalypse's top ten elites."

"One of their top ten elites!" Han Xiuzhi exclaimed all of a sudden.

Even Yan Qiong's expression changed upon hearing what she said.

Yan Qiong knew the existence of the Apocalypse. If Fang Zhan was one of the top ten elites from the organization, he must be a powerful man.

Han Jingru was definitely no match for Fang Zhan!

"And where is this elderly man? Why hasn't he appeared? Is he trying to get Jingru into trouble?" Han Xiuzhi asked anxiously.

Su Yimo shook her head. "If he had the intention to harm Jingru, he wouldn't have asked to become Han Xiang's god-grandfather."

Yan Qiong concurred, "I agree, and I believe this

Chapter 701 Fight To The Death

elderly man they're talking about should be Mr. Yi.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Han Xiuzhi squinted after hearing the name Mr. Yi.

Mr. Yi, who belonged to the Fourth Gate in the Apocalypse, was a formidable person. If he really wanted to take Han Jingru as his disciple, he would definitely not allow Han Jingru to die in Fang Zhan's hands.

"I hope so." Han Xiuzhi let out a sigh. The more powerful Han Jingru became, the more dangers he would have to face in the future. Every time Han Xiuzhi thought about it, he would feel bad for Han Jingru. Being the head of his own family, Han Jingru had his fair share of responsibility. *If he decides to become a part of the Apocalypse, what would become of his life?*

Many enormous trees grew into the sky in the Bifeng Manor, and Mr. Yi was lying on one of the branches. Anyone who saw this would be terrified, but Mr. Yi knew what he was doing. Though it seemed like the elderly man might plunge to his death anytime, he was, in fact, lying steadily on the branch.

"Let's see if Fang Zhan can defeat you in three moves. I hope you'll surprise me," Mr. Yi grinned and mumbled. If Han Jingru could still defend himself against Fang Zhan in three moves, this showed Han Jingru indeed had the potential to become someone formidable. After all, Fang Zhan was one of the top ten elites of the Apocalypse. It was impossible for someone like Han Jingru to take him down.

On the island, Fang Zhan, who still had his hands placed on his back, said to Han Jingru, "I'll have to kill

you for the sake of my daughter, but don't worry, I'll take good care of your family once you're dead."

"You're a man of honor. We could have been friends if it weren't because of Lin Tong," Han Jingru said in a calm tone. There was no fear in his eyes. In fact, he was ready to take Fang Zhan on.

Fang Zhan nodded. "You're a courageous man, but too bad, one of us is destined to die here today."

"Come, show me what an elite of the Apocalypse could do." Han Jingru decided to initiate his attack first despite knowing how powerful Fang Zhan was.

Mr. Yi, who was watching the two men from the top, knitted his brows. "Silly boy, why would he launch an attack on someone like Fang Zhan? Sooner or later, Fang Zhan would know what his weaknesses are."

To Mr. Yi, Han Jingru should have stayed on the defensive side as this would increase his chances of survival by dodging Fang Zhan's first three moves. Him becoming the attacker would have given Fang Zhan a chance to take him down in one move.

In other words, Han Jingru might have given Fang Zhan a chance to finish him off.

Fang Zhan snorted, "Get ready to meet your death!"

Compared to Han Jingru, Fang Zhan moved way more swiftly. Even people around the lake could not see how he zig-zagged through the trees on the island. Han Jingru lost his footing and took a few

steps back. He almost fell into the lake.

“He’s too powerful for Jingru.” Qi Hu was all tensed up. How he wished he could go over and lend him a helping hand.

Mo Lan, too, responded with a gasp. This man would be the most powerful opponent Han Jingru had ever encountered. Just one single move was enough to take him down. At this point, Han Jingru had clearly sustained some severe injuries.

“Qi Hu, do you think you can take on the man?” Mo Lan asked.

Qi Hu smiled wryly. *If Jingru is already having a hard time, what makes him think I’m capable of dealing with that man?*

“I’d probably die faster than Jingru,” Qi Hu said.

Mo Lan gritted his teeth and turned to Lin Heng. “Do you have what we need now?”

Lin Heng gently tapped his waist and said, “Everything’s ready since we started the hundredth-day celebration, but he moves way too fast for us to hit him down.”

“Give it to me. We must protect Jingru at all costs,” Mo Lan said.

On the island, Han Jingru could feel something lodged in his throat. Even after he had swallowed down the fluid, he could still smell blood from his

Chapter 702 Becoming A Stronger Fighter

Ad



mouth.

He did not expect this would happen in just one move.

"I'm impressed," Han Jingru said while trying to stand up. Though he was heavily wounded, he quickly picked himself up as if he were ready to continue.

Fang Zhan was surprised that Han Jingru was able to stand up after receiving the blow. Not only did Han Jingru stand up, but he also seemed even more steady and confident than ever.

"You're not too bad yourself. No wonder Mr. Yi took notice of you. I guess that's why Lin Tong's afraid that you might steal his thunder," Fang Zhan said.

A corner of Han Jingru's mouth quirked up, and he put on a baffling smile. "He wants to kill me because he's afraid of me? Well, I'll let him know what does fear mean."

Without hesitation, Han Jingru launched another round of attack.

Upon seeing Han Jingru's next course of action, Mr. Yi's frustration kicked in once again. "Is he an idiot? He just wants to get himself killed! Use your brain, come on! How can I entrust you with the Apocalypse?"

Not only did Mr. Yi think Han Jingru was too reckless, but even Yan Qiong and Qi Hu also shared the same thought.

“What’s with him? Has he lost his mind? Why did he initiate another attack when he knew he’s never going to defeat Fang Zhan?” Yan Qiong wondered.

Qi Hu was breaking out in cold sweat. He turned to Mo Lan and said, “Jingru’s not gonna make it if he continues to behave like this.”

With a weapon in his hand, Mo Lan was ready to pull the trigger. The second he realized Han Jingru was in danger, he would not hesitate to shoot Fang Zhan down.

“I’ll not let him die,” Mo Lan said while clenching his teeth.

The second attack Han Jingru launched did not bring him any advantage either. On the contrary, Fang Zhan threw a powerful punch at his chest, causing him to spew out the blood in his throat and painted the clouds red.

“Jingru!” Su Yimo gasped in shock. Tears started welling up in her eyes.

The impact of the punch was so strong that it smashed Han Jingru to the ground. The moment his body hit the ground, all his friends and family members instantly plunged into despair.

This time, Han Jingru lay flat on the ground as if he were dead.

All the guests who attended the hundredth-day celebration, did not expect this to happen, and many

of them started discussing the future of Yun City.

Without Han Jingru, Su Corporation would lose its foothold as the leader of the business world in the city. In other words, there was no point for them to please him anymore.

“How’s he? If he’s dead, does that mean my gift has become meaningless?”

“Damn it. If I knew this is going to happen, I wouldn’t have spent so much on the gift.”

“Han Jingru’s death is going to shock the entire business world in Yun City. I wonder who will emerge as the next prominent family.”

All the guests started predicting the future of Yun City. They all believed that Han Jingru would not walk out of the island alive.

To Su Yimo, seeing Han Jingru lying lifelessly on the ground for two minutes felt like an eternity. It was as if her heart had broken into a million pieces.

“I guess I’ve overestimated you, but still, I’m impressed that you’re still alive after taking two blows.” Mr. Yi was ready to bounce up from the tree branch to rescue Han Jingru. Or else, the latter would suffer a miserable death for sure.

Yet, all of a sudden, Han Jingru’s voice emerged from the ground. “Ah, it feels so good to be beaten up by someone like this.”

Han Jingru propped himself up with his hands on the ground and stood up once again.

A line formed between Fang Zhan's brows as he did not expect Han Jingru was still capable of pulling himself together after suffering two rounds of attack. It also seemed like Han Jingru had exuded an even stronger aura than before.

"What's going on? Why does he seem more energetic even when he's injured?" Fang Zhan whispered to himself.

Fang Zhan took a closer look at the veins on Han Jingru's hands, and they were all popping up. This proved that he had been mustering up his inner strength during the first two rounds.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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At this point, Mr. Yi had put away his nonchalant attitude. He sat up and became serious all of a sudden.

Fang Zhan could feel how Han Jingru had evolved into a stronger fighter. As an observer whose power surpassed that of Fang Zhan, Mr. Yi knew Han Jingru was about to unleash his power. He could feel it in his bones.

During the first two rounds, Mr. Yi thought he decided to go all out and was ready to meet his death, but surprisingly, the more he fought, the more powerful he had become.

“Well, well, well. What an eye-opener.” Mr. Yi kept his eyes on Han Jingru. At this moment, Mr. Yi was like a collector who fixed his mind on getting the rare gem.

As an ordinary person, Su Yimo did not see the changes in Han Jingru. She only knew he had sustained severe internal injuries and kept seeing blood spurting out of his mouth.

“Grandpa, can you please help Jingru?” Su Yimo begged Yan Qiong.

Yan Qiong remained calm. He did not know what happened to Han Jingru, but he believed Han Jingru knew what he was doing.

“I want to, but I can’t.” Yan Qiong let out a deep sigh. Yan Qiong knew it was impossible for him to defeat Fang Zhan.

Su Yimo rubbed her hands in fear. *So what now? We're just going to stand here and do nothing?*

And where is that man with a white beard? He said he would come and help Han Jingru, but where is he now?

Su Yimo looked around the crowd, trying to find Mr. Yi but to no avail.

Did he forget his promise?

How could he!

You're Han Xiang's god-grandpa. How can you desert her father just like this?

Just like Su Yimo, Mo Lan had lost his steadiness. When Han Jingru spewed out blood from his mouth, Mo Lan nearly wanted to fire shots at Fang Zhan. Eventually, it was Qi Hu who stopped him from pulling the trigger.

"What's wrong with you?" Mo Lan clenched his teeth and questioned Qi Hu.

Qi Hu's expression turned grim as he kept looking at Han Jingru. "Mr. Mo, I think Jingru knows what he's doing. We might disrupt his plan."

"Disrupt his plan?" Mo Lan gritted his teeth, and veins were popping up all over his forehead. "What plan? He's going to die soon!"

Qi Hu shook his head. He could not quite put his finger on it, but he had faith in Han Jingru and was

certain that Han Jingru had his own plan.

Moreover, he could sense changes in Han Jingru. It was as if he had become more powerful.

"I don't know, but my gut feeling is telling me that we shouldn't intervene," Qi Hu said.

Mo Lan shot daggers at Qi Hu and said, "If you stop me again the next round, you'll be my next target."

Meanwhile, back on the island, Han Jingru could feel he was about to unleash his power. It was the same feeling he had when he fought with Han Xiao for the second time.

Whenever he got overwhelmed by his emotions, the power from within would intensify.

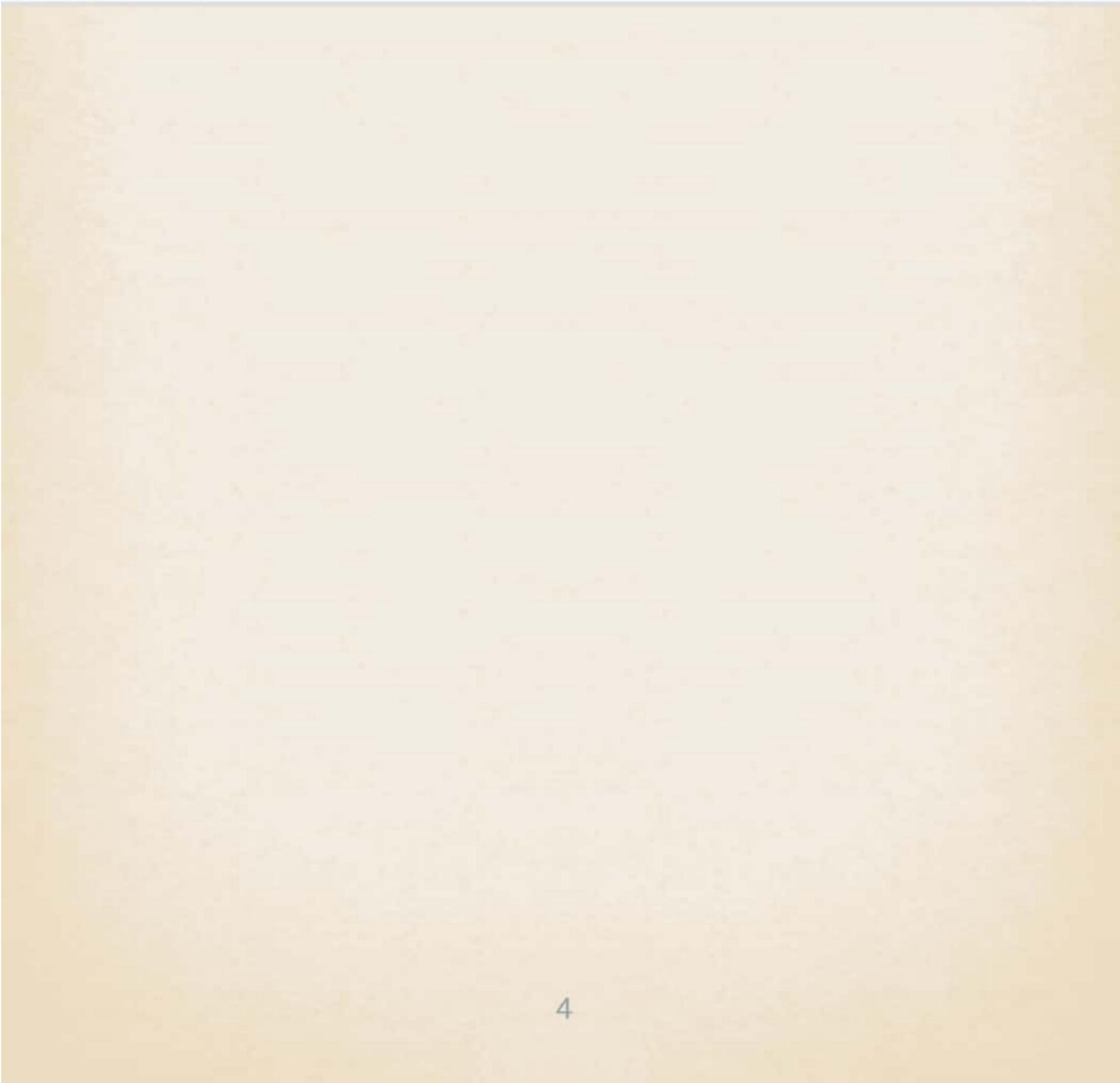
Even Han Jingru himself could not explain this mystery, but he knew a surge of emotions was what he needed to step up his game.

"You surprised me. No wonder Lin Tong is afraid of you. With your ability, I'm sure you'll surpass Lin Tong in less than a year if you join the Apocalypse," Fang Zhan said.

A corner of Han Jingru's mouth quirked up. The blood that stained all over his mouth made him look as if he was the devil himself.

"Are you praising me? If so, I guess I have to thank you," Han Jingru responded.

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Fang Zhan shook his head. "I don't know how you managed to become more powerful, but I can tell you, you're still no match for me."

"I know. This is why I must become more powerful than I am now." With that, Han Jingru arched his back into a half-moon curve. Clearly, he was not about to concede defeat anytime soon.

Fang Zhan knitted his brows and became serious all of a sudden. He knew he could not belittle Han Jingru anymore.

Mr. Yi gasped in shock upon seeing their interaction from afar.

As one of the top ten elites of the Apocalypse, no one would dare to challenge Fang Zhan's position, knowing how powerful he was. Yet, Han Jingru, an ordinary person, had forced Fang Zhan to take him seriously. It was indeed quite an achievement for Han Jingru.

"You should be proud of yourself, young man. Fang Zhan has never encountered an opponent he deems worthy, but you're the first. Unbelievable!" Mr. Yi expressed his surprise with a sigh.

Mr. Yi had never met Han Jingru before this, but he had heard of his life story and decided to take him in as his disciple. He tried to keep this a secret because he did not want troublemakers in the Apocalypse to cause a commotion unnecessarily.

Mr. Yi was also afraid that he might have made the

wrong choice and make a fool of himself. But from now on, he would have no qualms about telling people his decision.

No one else is worthy of becoming my disciple, except Han Jingru!

So what if Lin Tong was the Chosen One? As long as Han Jingru is willing to join the Apocalypse, he can easily supersede Lin Tong anytime.

Suddenly, Han Jingru stamped his feet and unleashed his power, leaving two indentations on the ground.

Like shooting stars that streaked across the sky, his movements were so agile that all the guests who observed by the lake could not even spot where he was. In the blink of an eye, he was already approaching Fang Zhan.

“Man, that’s fast!”

“Is he even human?”

“I don’t think any world-class sprinters can do this!”

All the guests were astonished by his speed.

Yet, Fang Zhan did not dodge the attack as if he intended to take Han Jingru’s punch.

Nothing was holding Han Jingru back anymore, and he had no time to figure out what was on Fang Zhan’s mind.

Bam!

The collision was so powerful that a deafening crash reverberated the island.

Fang Zhan tried resisting the impact, but it was so powerful that he got shoved five meters back, leaving a trail of footprints on the ground.

Fang Zhan intentionally allowed Han Jingru to attack him, so he could gauge how powerful he was. It was clear that Fang Zhan had underestimated Han Jingru.

Not only did Fang Zhan's face turn red, but he also forced himself to swallow the bloody fluid that was lodged in his throat. Except a few elites from the Apocalypse, no one else was capable of doing this to him. Han Jingru had successfully broken the record.

"Are you ready to call it quits?" Han Jingru asked him.

Fang Zhan kept mum. He knew for sure he would spew out blood if he tried to speak.

It took Fang Zhan about two minutes to recover slightly from the impact.

"I want to know how powerful you are," Fang Zhan said.

"What do you think? Just so you know, that was not my most powerful move," Han Jingru said calmly.

Fang Zhan took a deep breath. *What a beast. If I don't kill him first, he'll kill me eventually.* Fang Zhan had not experienced this feeling for a long time. What shocked him the most was this man was not even a m

ember of the Apocalypse!

He knew for a fact that the wisest choice now was to finish Han Jingru off, but at the same time, he wanted to see if he could push his limits and discover his hidden potential. A man like Han Jingru deserved to become the guardian of the world.

Fang Zhan might have left the Apocalypse, but this did not mean he did not care about the mission of the Apocalypse. *How can I kill this man for the sake of my daughter? He could be the one who has the power to change the Apocalypse!*



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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In the midst of the crowd, a man with a cap covering half of his face tightened his fists. The man was none other than Lin Tong. He was there to see how Han Jingru would die in the hands of Fang Zhan.

Yet, even in his wildest imagination, he didn't expect Han Jingru would grow during the fight and even pushed Fang Zhan back to the point where he actually injured his opponent.

Being known as the Chosen One in Apocalypse, Lin Tong knew that his title would be robbed of him if Han Jingru really joined them, which was why he was doing everything he could to prevent it from happening, and the only way for that to happen was to kill that man.

Lin Tong always thought of Han Jingru as a nobody and would even address him as a piece of garbage in front of others. Yet, deep down, he had already recognized Han Jingru as a threat to him but chose to deny it.

"What the heck are you doing?" Lin Tong gritted his teeth as he glared at Fang Zhan. The latter had the power to take his opponent out, yet he didn't do so from the beginning and gave Han Jingru a chance. Lin Tong could see from Fang Zhan's expression that his determination to kill his opponent wavered.

The reason was that Fang Zhan started to realize Han Jingru could bring a huge ton of benefit to Apocalypse if he joined them.

As one of the group's core members in the past, Fang

Zhan knew the importance of its existence. Apocalypse had been guarding an important secret that concerned all lives on Earth. If the secret were to leak, the living world would become hell.

If Fang Zhan were to kill Han Jingru due to his personal affair, he would have to bear a sin that was too much for him. Yet, as a father, there was nothing more important than the safety of his own daughter. If he could not protect her, then there was no way he could protect the world.

“Killing you would be my biggest mistake, but I really have no choice...” Fang Zhan pondered.

Han Jingru had no idea what his opponent meant, but there was no fear in his eyes. At that instance, the man was more battle-crazed than Fang Zhan as he wanted to test his own limits.

“Kill me? Can you even do it?” mocked Han Jingru.

Upon hearing that, Fang Zhan finally took his hands out from his back, ready to take the fight seriously.

At the same time, Mr. Yi, who was standing on a tree branch, jumped down. Knowing that Fang Zhan was about to get serious, he needed to be at a safe distance to help Han Jingru if things got out of hand.

The old man stood by the lake and stroke his long beard as Su Yimo, who noticed the old man’s appearance, ran up to him.

“Please, you have to help Jingru!” begged the woman.

“Don’t worry, I plan to uphold my promise of not letting him die,” Mr. Yi said without a change in his expression. Even if Fang Zhan were to use all of his strength to kill Han Jingru, the old man could stop him without breaking a sweat.

Su Yimo felt a little relieved after hearing those words, but she was still worried as she could see the blood dripping from her husband’s lips.

Lin Tong jumped in surprise when he noticed Mr. Yi as he never expected the old master would personally visit Yun City. With the old man here, Fang Zhan would lose the chance to take Han Jingru’s life.

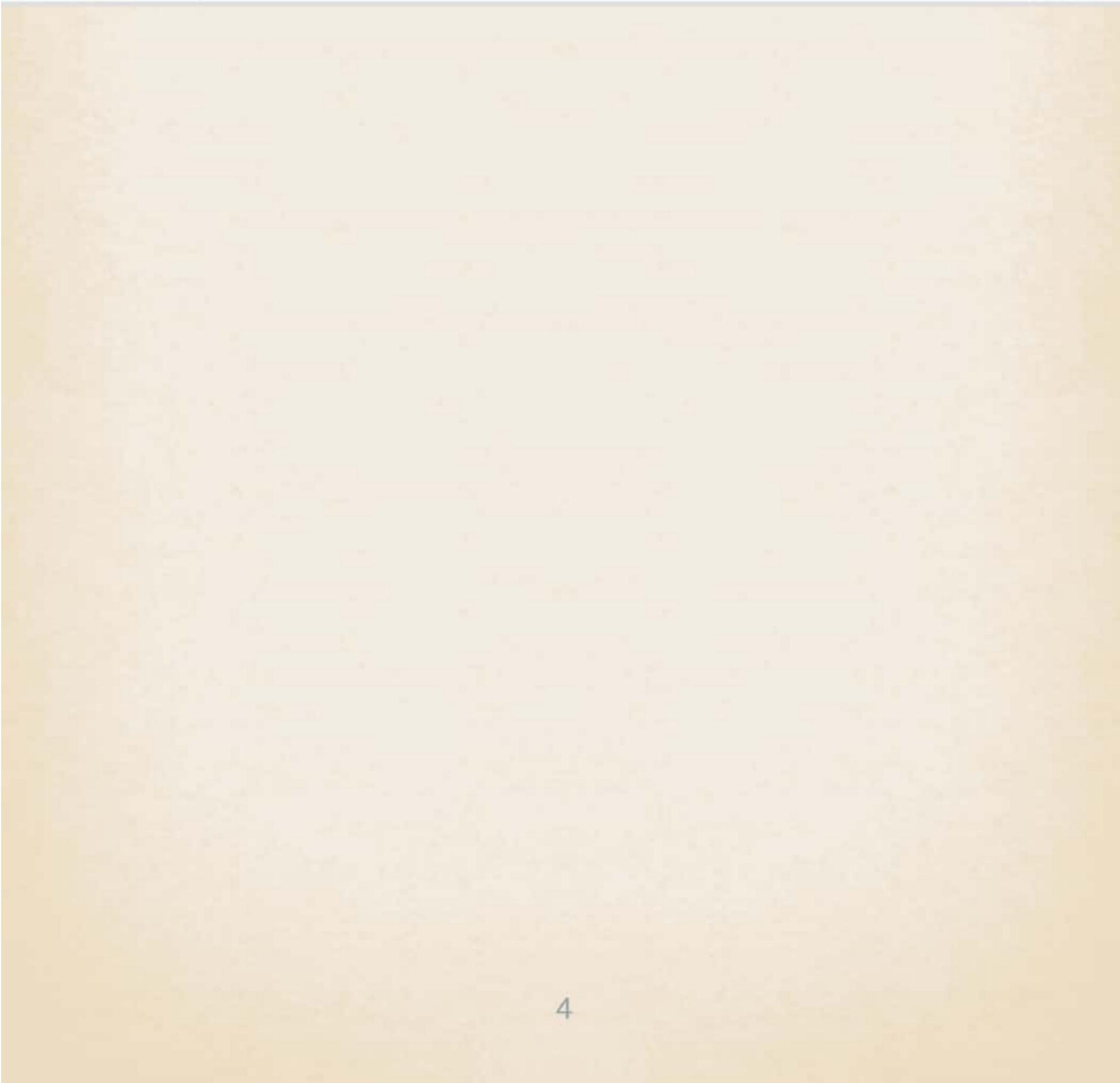
The only option Lin Tong had left was to leave Yun City right away and refrain from running into Mr. Yi. Still, he was a little reluctant to do so as Han Jingru’s victory would be a ticket for the man to enter Apocalypse. Once that happened, Lin Tong would lose his title in the organization.

“I’m the Chosen One of Apocalypse. Why should I be afraid of that piece of garbage?” Lin Tong clicked his tongue and tricked himself into believing that Han Jingru was nothing but trash to him.

Yet, no matter how he struggled, from the moment he left Apocalypse and made a move against Han Jingru, he had shown his true impression towards the man he viewed as a nobody. He even persuaded himself to believe that he did not have to kill Han Jingru when the truth was otherwise.

Without a choice left, Lin Tong walked away from the

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crowd and left Bifeng manor. He wouldn't dare to make a move when Mr. Yi was there. Doing things behind everyone's back was easy for him, but there was no way he could win against Mr. Yi.

"I'm sorry, but I have to take your life." Fang Zhan finally steeled his heart after a long hesitation as there was nothing more important than his daughter.

Han Jingru's heart raced as his eyes slowly turned red. Not only was he not scared by his opponent's declaration, but he also even got excited. That was his first time fighting to the best of his ability, and he wanted to enjoy it.

"I don't mind dying as long as you can give me an interesting fight!" Han Jingru smiled and bowed.

The fight started right away. The difference in experience and technique between them was evident, but Han Jingru stood his ground with his potent strength and resistance. Whenever Han Jingru's guard was broken through, he quickly regained his composure and launched a counterattack.

It was as if they were martial artists in a movie as the crowd quickly got captivated by the exciting fight. Yet, unlike a play where the punches and kicks were fake, the fight they were witnessing was real.

Since Mr. Yi was already surprised in many ways that day, seeing Han Jingru exchanging equal blows with Fang Zhan was not enough to surprise the old man anymore. Unluckily for Han Jingru, his lack of technique was starting to drag him down. For most

of the fight, he was guarding instead of attacking. If Han Jingru could not find a way to break the cycle, he would lose in the end.

“One year... Just another year of training, and you’ll be able to overpower Fang Zhan. It took Fang Zhan a whole decade to get to where he is,” Mr. Yi smiled.

Lin Tong’s growth was believed to be the best among everyone else at Apocalypse, to the point where Mr. Yi once believed no one was more talented than the young man. It wasn’t until he witnessed Han Jingru’s growth that made him change his mind. The latter would eventually surpass the former, and it would happen instantly.

The Chosen One? The title will soon belong to Han Jingru.

“Sir, aren’t you going to help him yet?” Su Yimo asked anxiously. As the fight went on, even Su Yimo could tell that Han Jingru was on the receiving side most of the time. She was worried that he might lose if things went on.

“If I interfere now, he’ll definitely get angry at me,” Mr. Yi said and paused for a moment before continuing, “Can’t you see how excited he looks?”

Su Yimo focused on Han Jingru’s expression and noticed that he was laughing. Being hit over and over again only excited him even more. Su Yimo couldn’t help but wonder if her husband was actually a masochist.

The more thrilled Han Jingru got, the more uneasy Fang Zhan felt.

From Fang Zhan's perspective, Han Jingru should've fallen long ago. Yet, not only did that not happen, the more the latter fought, the fiercer he got. It was as if his injuries were making him stronger and more resistant to pain.

Fang Zhan even began to believe that he would lose to his opponent if he prolonged the fight due to his stamina draining at an insane speed, while Han Jingru only seemed to become stronger with every punch he threw. The ex-Apocalypse member knew that he needed to find a way to take his opponent out in a single move.

With his mind set, a piece of metal appeared in Fang Zhan's palm.

"The Palm Sword!" Mr. Yi exclaimed and ran towards the island.

The Palm Sword was Fang Zhan's trump card. With Han Jingru's current strength, he would lose his life if he took the technique head-on. Knowing that fact, the old man knew that he had to stop the former member at all costs.

Chapter 704 Palm Sword



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Ripples formed on the lake's surface, but not one person noticed Mr. Yi until he was standing on the island.

"Who's that? When did he get there?" someone from the crowd exclaimed.

"What's happening?" another asked.

"Did he just teleported?"

The crowd stared at the old man in disbelief, but the one whose eyes were opened the widest was Su Yimo. Even though she stood next to him just a few seconds ago, she did not notice that he was gone until she saw her landing on the island.

It was as if it only took a second for Mr. Yi to leave her side, run across the lake, and land on the island.

"Wha..." Su Yimo's tongue was tied as she stared at Mr. Yi, unable to express her shock.

The tiny sword was now aimed at Han Jingru's throat. If it found its target successfully, the man would be lying in a pool of his own blood. Just a mere second before the tragedy happened, Mr. Yi flicked the sword away from Fang Zhan's hand.

"I-Impossible!" Fang Zhan couldn't believe his eyes. His Palm Sword was categorized as an assassination weapon because it was hard to notice and because its wielder could launch it at a speed that his opponent would never notice it coming. He was sure that once the sword left his hand, it would strike his

opponent down.

Still baffled by what happened, Fang Zhan now noticed a person standing in front of him—an old man that he was way too familiar with.

M-Mr. Yi? He's here? In Yun City?

It had been ages since they last met, but Fang Zhan could never forget how the old man looked like. The sheer pressure he felt from the head of the Fourth Gate was enough to make him tremble. Just as Fang Zhan was about to speak, Mr. Yi waved his arm to stop the man from spoiling anything.

Currently, Mr. Yi was still Han Jingru's lackey, and he wasn't planning on letting the latter know his real identity. Even though Fang Zhan could not comprehend the old man's action, his instinct and subconscious were telling him to obey the order.

As one of the ex-Top Ten Elites of Apocalypse, Fang Zhan had served directly under the Fourth Gate and Third Hall. At that time, Mr. Yi's order was always absolute, which led to him obeying the order without blinking twice.

"What are you doing?" Han Jingru glared at the old man as he wasn't satisfied with the fight yet.

"You would've been dead if I didn't interfere," replied Mr. Yi.

Since Han Jingru did not even notice the Palm Sword, he had no idea how close he was to losing his life.

“What are you talking about?”

“That.” Mr. Yi pointed at the tiny sword on the floor. “Do you think you’ll still be breathing if that thing hit your throat?”

Han Jingru lowered his head, and his expression tightened instantly. He could feel a chill running down his spine as he realized the danger he was in just a short moment ago. If the old man were any second late, his life would’ve been terminated.

“I never thought you would use such a despicable method!” Han Jingru scoffed at Fang Zhan.

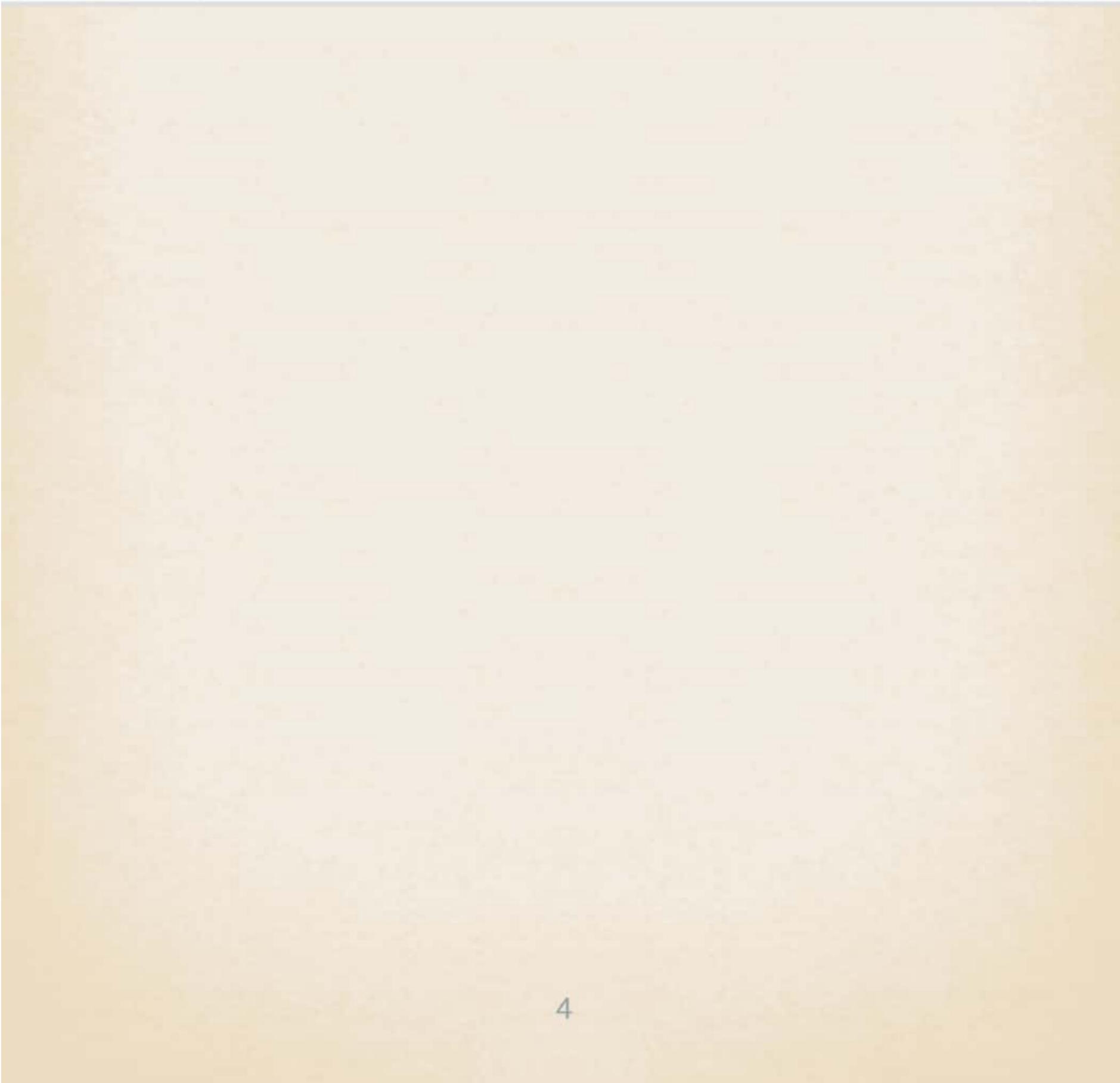
His opponent lowered his head but did not reply. *Despicable? That’s the trump card of a Top Ten Elite. That’s how I rose to the best in Apocalypse! Despicable, you say?*

“I’ve never thought you would help Lin Tong to do his deed,” Mr. Yi suddenly said.

Fang Zhan immediately knew that the old man was questioning him, and he didn’t dare to hide anything from his superior. “He knows where my daughter is. You, of all people, should understand why I left. I’m willing to do anything to find her.”

Indeed, Mr. Yi knew why Fang Zhan left Apocalypse in the past, yet he never expected that after all these years, his ex-subordinate still hadn’t given up yet. The head of the Fourth Gate couldn’t help but sigh as it was almost impossible to locate someone in the vast world without any information. Even Apocalypse

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would have a hard time achieving that.

“You don’t know her name nor where she is. You’re literally finding a needle in a haystack. Do you really think you can find her with just a photo of her when she was a kid?” asked Mr. Yi.

“I know. But as long as I still breathe, I’m not giving up.” Fang Zhan showed his determination.

“So, why have you been hiding yourself for the past few years?”

“Because I was afraid that I might spill something. I have people all over the world searching for her in my stead. As long as I still live, I won’t stop looking for her.”

Han Jingru finally realized the situation Fang Zhan was in. The former Top Ten Elite helped Lin Tong because the latter mentioned that he had news on the former’s daughter’s location. Yet, Han Jingru believed that Fang Zhan never verified if the news was real or not.

“So, you believed him just like that?” Han Jingru sighed.

“Lying to me will result in his death. There’s no way he would risk that.”

“Did you become senile after living in isolation for too long? Once he used you to kill me, all he had to do is return to Apocalypse. What can you do then? How are you going to kill him when Apocalypse is

protecting him?”

Fang Zhan did not know what to reply. He never thought of that possibility as it never occurred to him that Lin Tong would lie. Yet, Han Jingru's words made a lot of sense. As long as Lin Tong hid in Apocalypse, there was nothing Fang Zhan could do to him.

“But, maybe I can help you,” Han Jingru offered.

Fang Zhan immediately raised his head to stare at his opponent with a piercing gaze. “Are you saying you can help me find my daughter?”

“I can't assure you that I'll find her, but it doesn't hurt to try. But, if you want me to help you, you'll have to promise me one thing.” Because of Fang Zhan's insane fighting prowess, Han Jingru wanted to keep him by his side as his bodyguard. Not only would it ensure his safety even further, but Fang Zhan's identity as one of the former Top Ten Elites would make his life in Apocalypse easier.

As for Fang Zhan's problem, Han Jingru believed he could use the Nangong family's resources to look for his daughter. As one of the biggest secluded families in the world, the family had influence worldwide. With the help of the Nangong family, it would be easier to locate the person Fang Zhan was looking for.

“What's that?” Fang Zhan would even accept a hundred requests, as long as he could find his daughter.

“Once we find your daughter, you'll have to work for

me as my bodyguard until either one of us die.”

Mr. Yi’s lips arched up when he heard Han Jingru’s words, never expecting the latter would ask Fang Zhan to work as his bodyguard. *What a fantastic idea!*

“Are you telling me to return to Apocalypse?” Fang Zhan was determined to leave Apocalypse in the past, and not one person could stop him. If he were to return now, he would become a laughing stock for the others.

“Are you deaf? I’m telling you to work as my bodyguard. What does this have to do with Apocalypse?” Han Jingru scolded.

Fang Zhan became more accepting of the offer after hearing that. He wasn’t going to back Apocalypse. Instead, he was going to work as a bodyguard.

“You have a deal! If you can help me find my daughter, I’ll be your bodyguard until the day one of us dies.”

Han Jingru tried to smile, but his stomach twisted, and blood spat out from his mouth.

Fang Zhan quickly ran up worriedly as he was the one who caused the injury to Han Jingru. Now that all hope on finding his daughter rested on the man’s shoulder, he didn’t want anything to happen to him.

“How are you feeling?” asked Fang Zhan.

“Oh, now you’re worried about me? Whose side are

you on? Ugh... I'm fine. I won't die from this."

Mr. Yi patted Han Jingru on his shoulder and smiled. "Kid, I've really underestimated you. Not only is your power beyond my expectation, but you're also really good at toying with other people's hearts."

Han Jingru slapped the old man's hand off his shoulder with a disdainful expression. "Keep your hands off me. You're the reason why I'm in this situation."

Fang Zhan was shivering when he heard the conversation. *The guts he has for talking to Mr. Yi that way!*



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

After the mini episode on the island, everything returned to normal at the hundredth-day celebration. Everyone who came had gained more than the price of the gifts they'd brought, as they got to witness a fight of the century. Even though they didn't get to see who emerged victorious from the fight, everyone knew that Han Jingru's name would spread throughout Yun City even more after that night.

After witnessing that fight, those who were afraid of Han Jingru would only fear him even more. He would be able to strengthen his status and position in the city.

As soon as he returned from the lake, Su Yimo ran up to him worriedly. "J-Jingru, let's get you to the hospital."

Han Jingru did suffer a serious injury, yet, he felt extraordinary lively. It was as if a mysterious power was raging inside of him, and said power was slowly healing his wounds. Such a thing did not happen to him when he was seriously injured from the fight with Han Xiao, which led him to believe that his body was undergoing another change.

Han Jingru shook his head and grinned. "I'm fine."

"Fine? I saw you vomiting blood just now!" From Su Yimo's perspective, Han Jingru had suffered a serious injury and was putting up an act.

"I'm telling the truth. I swear. If you really are worried, why don't we head to the hospital after the celebration?"

“No! You have to go now! I need to be sure that you’re fine!”

Seeing Su Yimo’s worried expression and teary eyes, Han Jingru could tell she wouldn’t leave him alone until he agreed to visit the hospital with her and decided to go with her.

“Mo Lan, watch over this place for me,” Han Jingru turned to order Mo Lan.

“Don’t worry. Just leave things here to me. Hurry up and go.”

Han Jingru nodded and headed to the parking lot with Su Yimo. With the wife in the driver’s seat, they headed to the hospital together.

Everyone had already returned to the main hall after the fight, leaving Mr. Yi and Fang Zhan alone by the lake.

“Mr. Yi, does Han Jingru not know who you are?”

“I’m not planning to reveal myself to him just yet. Be mindful of what you speak from this point onward,” Mr. Yi warned.

Fang Zhan was puzzled by Mr. Yi’s action but chose to follow his order. “I will.”

“So, what do you think of Han Jingru?”

Fang Zhan was hesitant to answer the question. It wasn’t until seconds later he took a deep breath and

answered, "I believe he has the potential to become the strongest at Apocalypse. It would only take him around five years to accomplish that."

Before meeting with Han Jingru, Fang Zhan never paid much attention to him because he was a normal citizen that wasn't a part of Apocalypse—a nobody. He never understood why the Chosen One, Lin Tong, would view Han Jingru as a threat.

Yet, his opinions changed after fighting the young man. Han Jingru's talent proved more than enough to worry Lin Tong. Time would only be the obstacle for the former to surpass the latter once he entered Apocalypse.

"Five years?" Mr. Yi shook his head. "It would only take him two—three at most—to achieve that."

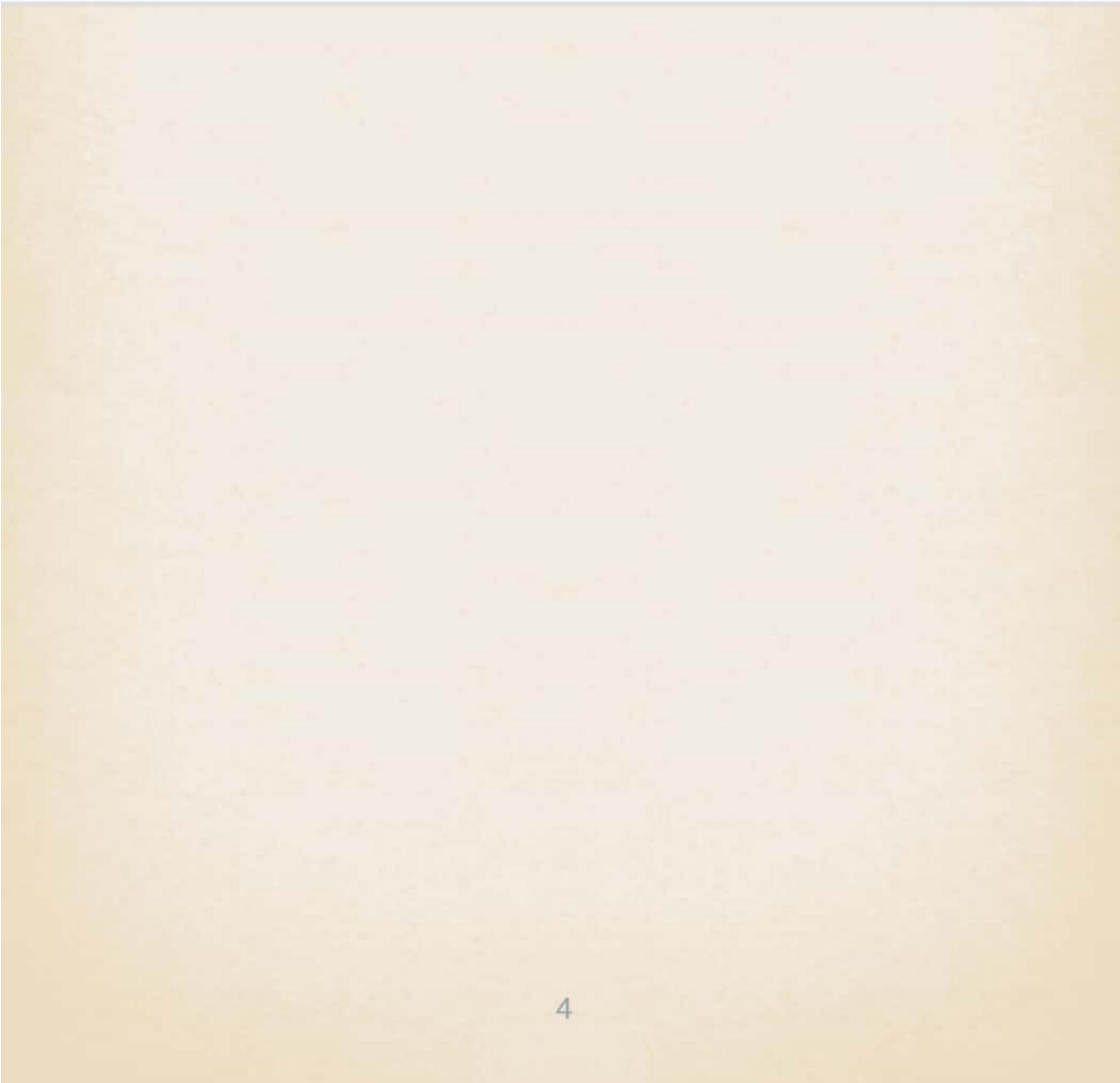
Five years was already too short for a person to become the best in Apocalypse. Fang Zhan did not expect that Mr. Yi would shorten that time even more. The old man's attitude towards Han Jingru showed how highly he viewed the young man.

"Mr. Yi, I believe there's a secret in his body. There's no way he could get so much stronger in such a short time. Also, being able to improve as he fought, it's just not natural."

"Let me ask you this. Name a person in Apocalypse that doesn't have a secret. If the world learns of our powers, it will turn the whole world upside down."

Fang Zhan nodded in agreement. Apocalypse was a

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unique organization, to the point where it wasn't too farfetched to say that they and the rest of the world belonged in two different dimensions. Han Jingru's powers might seem odd to the rest of the world, but it would be a completely different story in Apocalypse.

"Mr. Yi, are you hoping that he would lead Apocalypse to solve that problem by accepting him as your apprentice?" Fang Zhan cautiously asked. As he was no longer with Apocalypse, he had no right to pry into the matter, but his curiosity took the better of him as Mr. Yi never accepted a single apprentice in the past. Judging from the old man's action towards Han Jingru, Fang Zhan could tell that he had plans for the soon-to-be Apocalypse member.

Mr. Yi glanced at the island with a rare serious expression. After a short pause, he finally said, "There were sightings of tremor happening at the Restricted Area recently. They might return to Earth in just a few years."

Mr. Yi's answer shocked Fang Zhan so much that the latter's face turned pale as he clearly understood what the old man meant.

"Han Jingru might play a key role in this. He's the only person that can stop that incident from happening," Mr. Yi continued.

Fang Zhan's breathing became heavier, and he quickly knelt in front of his former superior. "Please forgive me for my mistake!" Fang Zhan actually felt fortunate that Mr. Yi appeared just in time to stop

him. If he'd really killed Han Jingru, the consequences would be devastating.

"Don't beat yourself up too much. He needs experience to grow. Plus, there's no way you can kill him if I'm around," Mr. Yi smiled.

Fang Zhan felt a little embarrassed. His task was impossible from the beginning as Mr. Yi had been watching their fight all the while. The only way for him to kill Han Jingru was to take Mr. Yi out as well, which was something he could not do.

Su Yimo was waiting in line to register for Han Jingru as an older woman cut in front of her at the hospital. Usually, she wouldn't pay attention and let the woman jump the queue, but she was worried about Han Jingru's injury at that time and wanted the doctor to check up on him as fast as possible.

Su Yimo held the elderly woman's arm and scolded, "The line's over there!"

The older woman turned to glare at Su Yimo angrily. "You young people have no respect! Can't you let an elderly go first?"

It wasn't Su Yimo's first encounter with elderlies using their age as an excuse to benefit themselves. They would usually do so with a smug look on their faces. "I only respect those who deserve to be respected. Why the hell would I show respect to someone who doesn't even respect the others?"

"You bitch! Do you know who I am? Do you know who

my son is?”

“I don’t. But I can assure you that I can make your son lose his job right away!” Su Yimo scoffed.

Han Jingru found it interesting as he stood at the side watching the entire event unfold. The Su Yimo he knew was not a person who would fight with others—not even after becoming a great influence in the city. She always treated others respectfully and kindly. That was the person Su Yimo was. Even though she was born into a rich family, she was never treated like one. Thus, she didn’t have the arrogance that usually rhymed with rich kids.

Yet, because of his health, she wouldn’t mind getting into an argument with others, and it intrigued him.

The elderly woman scanned Su Yimo from top to bottom as if she were laughing at her ignorance. “Do you even know where my son is right now? He is invited to Han Jingru’s daughter’s hundredth-day celebration—an exclusive event. Are you scared now?”

Han Jingru almost spat blood out again when he heard the elderly woman’s remark. *Lady, the person standing in front of you is Han Xiang’s mother. Are you seriously boasting that your son got invited to her daughter’s hundredth-day celebration?*

“Then, did your son tell you who Su Yimo is?” Su Yimo asked.

The elderly woman rolled her eyes back as she knew

who Su Yimo. “I might be old, but I’m not stupid. Who doesn’t know that Su Yimo is Han Jingru’s wife?”

“Is that so? I am Su Yimo.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The elderly woman was stunned for a second before frowning. *This young lady is Su Yimo? Preposterous! All of the Han family should be celebrating the special occasion at Bifeng manor now. There's no way Su Yimo would be here!*

The elderly woman's instinct told her that the young lady in front of her was faking to be Su Yimo.

"Look at yourself! How dare you claim to be Su Yimo!" the elderly lady scoffed and turned to Han Jingru and guessed he was with Su Yimo. "If she's Su Yimo, then are you supposed to be Han Jingru?"

Han Jingru nodded. "You've guessed it right. I am Han Jingru."

The elderly woman immediately let out a series of laughs. *Are they insane? Do they even know the price for impersonating Han Jingru and Su Yimo? Do they not cherish their lives?*

"In your dream! Stop wasting my time!" the elderly woman laughed and pushed Su Yimo away.

The elderly woman may be old, but her strength should never be underestimated. Like every other elderly woman, they always pretended to be weak when they were on the bus or waiting in line but would turn into lively people with the strength of a teenager when a discount event was going on in the market.

Su Yimo stumbled a couple of steps back from the push, and it made Han Jingru furious. At first, he

thought there wasn't a need to argue with a senior citizen, but it did not mean that the elderly woman had the right to be arrogant.

It was at that time when the director of the hospital passed by with a group of executives and doctors. One of the doctors' face turned sour when they noticed the argument between Su Yimo and the elderly woman as he didn't want the director to witness something like that.

Just as the doctor was about to step in and yell at the couple who was disrespecting the senior citizen, he noticed the change in the director's expression. Thinking that the director was dissatisfied with the argument as well, the doctor quickly said, "Look at that young couple, did their parents never teach them they should be mindful towards older people? Sir, I will go stop them."

"Get the f**k back here!" the director immediately yelled at the doctor.

The doctor was immediately stunned as the director was known to be well-educated and refined. It was his first time hearing the director curse.

"S-Sir? Did I do something wrong?"

"Do you even know who that young couple is? Who are you to stop them?" the director scolded and fastened his pace.

The doctor was still confused. *Could it be that the director is acquainted with the couple? But, even so, why did he get angry over such*

a small matter?

Little did the doctor know, it wasn't the small matter that angered the old director but the people involved in it. Even if they weren't involved, the elderly woman should never have the right to disturb the public order.

The old director paced towards Han Jingru and Su Yimo with his heart racing like a sports car. The director was not acquainted with Han Jingru, but he had the chance to visit Su Yimo when she gave birth to her daughter in the hospital. Thus, he could recognize the young woman. The director also deduced that the person holding her hand was none other than Han Jingru, as he was the only person in the whole world that could do so.

That's Han Jingru! Does the old woman have a death wish or something?

"Mr. Han, Mrs. Han, good evening," the director greeted them politely.

"You are..." Su Yimo looked at the director puzzlingly.

"I visited Mrs. Han once when you gave birth in our hospital. It's normal for Mrs. Han to forget a nobody like me," the director smiled.

The doctor who was about to yell at Han Jingru and Su Yimo was completely petrified when he heard how the director addressed them. *Mr. Han? Mrs. Han? Could it be... Han Jingru and his wife?* The doctor immediately came to such a conclusion as there were only two people by those last names that could make the director bow his head to them.

Chapter 707 Someone You Should Not Offend

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The doctor quickly wiped the sweat off his forehead as he felt a chill running down his spine. He couldn't help but thank the director for stopping him before he could do something that he would regret for the rest of his life.

"I'm sorry. I really can't recall meeting you before..."
Su Yimo quickly apologized.

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. Han. It's an honor to be able to talk to you again."

It was then a loud thud echoed throughout the lobby of the hospital. Everyone turned around only to see the elderly woman sitting on the floor as her legs turned to jelly while staring at the young couple with fear in her eyes.

"You should hurry back and tell your son that you've offended someone you shouldn't have," the director said coldly to the elderly woman.

They could see the life being drained from the elderly woman's eyes. She could not believe the young couple standing in front of her was actually who they claimed they were.

For the past few days, she'd been hearing stories about the young couple from her son, mostly about how they had reached a position where no other people could ever dream to reach. She'd also heard about all the tragedies that had befallen on those who had offended Han Jingru. The elderly woman

now realized that her family was going to face Han Jingru's wrath from pushing Su Yimo.

"Mrs. Han, please, follow me. There's no need for you to line up," the director offered.

Su Yimo was never fond of abusing the power that was given to her, especially at places like the hospital where people came here to get treated for their illness. The norm was for everyone to wait patiently for their turn. Yet, with how things turned out now, Su Yimo decided to accept the director's offer.

The young couple followed the director to the specialist consultation room, where the latter had brought a group of experienced doctors to check up on Han Jingru.

Han Jingru felt a little awkward as he got his body checked from top to bottom. It made him feel as if he'd gotten an incurable illness and that his life was about to end.

After a series of examinations, the doctors concluded that Han Jingru was not seriously injured. The director and doctors escorted the young couple to the main entrance and saw them off before letting out sighs of relief.

The doctor, who almost confronted the couple from before, quickly thanked the director. "Sir, I'm so glad that you were with me. I almost signed my own death certificate just now."

"Prevent anyone from skipping the queue in the

future. We need to be more serious about the rules we've set," the director warned.

"Sir! I'll notify everyone right away!"

As for the elderly woman, she was disquieted ever since she got home. Even after taking pills to calm her down, the scene of her pushing Su Yimo kept replaying in her head over and over again. She was terrified that her action would doom her entire family.

After moments of hesitation, she finally dialed her phone out and called her son.

"Mom? What's wrong?" The elderly woman's son, Liu Yi, answered the call with a dissatisfied look on his face as he was trying to curry favor with his fellow businessmen.

Liu Yi was the owner of a middle-sized enterprise in Yun City. He only had one goal by participating in the hundredth-day celebration—getting acquainted with successful businessmen and befriending them to help his company grow. That was the basis of building a business connection. The more connection one had, the more their business would thrive.

"Son, you have to come back! Something big has happened!" the elderly woman begged.

Go back? Liu Yi frowned as it took him a lot of effort to get an invitation to the event. Since the celebration was still going on, there was no way he would want to leave. It was a once-in-a-lifetime chance, and the businessman did not want to miss it.

Chapter 707 Someone You Should Not Offend

Liu Yi even hoped to exchange a short conversation with Han Jingru so that the latter could at least remember him. It would be best if he could leave a good impression as his future would be set.

“What are you blabbing about? Don’t you know where I am now?” Liu Yi asked in a low voice.

“I-I did something bad. Please, you have to come back or our family is doom!” the elderly woman wailed.

Hearing his mother cry made Liu Yi realize how serious the situation was.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Being able to participate in the celebration was a once-in-a-lifetime affair for Liu Yi, and he didn't want to let his luck go to waste. Yet, thinking about his mother suffering alone back at home pained his heart. After moments of hesitation, he steeled his heart against the temptation and returned home even when he knew he would never get such an opportunity again.

When the man returned home, the first thing he saw was his mother's anxious expression. He sat down next to her and comforted, "Mom, calm down. I'm here."

Liu Yi's mother only shook her head as she looked at her son with fear in her eyes. She was the type of woman who always looked down on others and got into arguments with those around her all the time. Even her neighbors who lived on the same floor as her in her apartment building hated her, to the point where they would rather wait for the next elevator than being in the same one as her. It was evident that the older woman was not well-liked.

Yet, she didn't mind the treatment others were giving her as she could have her son solve any problems that came her way, until now. This time, her arrogance could possibly throw her entire family into hell. Even though there were a lot of problems her son could solve, offending Han Jingru and Su Yimo were not one of them.

"Did you fight with the neighbors again?" her son asked.

His mother shook her head as she was reluctant to tell him the truth.

“Did someone steal your spot in the square again?”

These were things that happened daily and Liu Yi was now used to it. As the woman’s son, it was normal for him to help her even when she was in the wrong. He was a filial son, but the problem was he was overprotective of his mother.

“Then what happened?” The son wondered if his mother had caused a new trouble.

“I cut in someone’s line at the hospital today.”

Liu Yi immediately laugh. “Mom, why are you worried over such a small matter?”

“You don’t get it. I cut in Han Jingru’s and Su Yimo’s line! I even pushed her...” the older woman finally spilled the truth as she knew if she kept it to herself, the matter would only become worse. Instead of having that happen, she would rather let her son know so that he could think of a way to solve the problem.

“W-Who?” He immediately jumped up from the couch.

“Han... Han Jingru and Su Yimo...”

The son’s face immediately turned pale as he collapsed back down onto the couch. It was as if he’d just heard Satan’s name.

Not only did his mother offend them, but she also even got physical with Su Yimo. Liu Yi didn't even have to guess if his mother was telling the truth as he knew Su Yimo took Han Jingru to the hospital after the fight on the island.

"W-What else did you say to them?" Liu Yi knew that things weren't as simple as what his mother told him. He knew his mother's temper well, that she would bark at anyone without thinking of the consequences.

"I-I even called Su Yimo a whore."

It was as if something had popped inside Liu Yi's head as he began to laugh like a clown.

A whore? Did you call Su Yimo a whore? Do you even know who she is? Those who used to bad mouth her are now begging God that she wouldn't take revenge on them!

Liu Yi had hoped that he could use the chance at the celebration to expand his business so that his mother could live a better life. He'd never expected that his mother would cause such a problem when he was already halfway to leading a promising future.

He finally realized that he had been too lenient with his mother's attitude, and it was this grave mistake that caused what happened at the hospital. If only he'd stopped helping to cover up her mistakes in the past, things might have ended differently.

"It's all my fault... If I didn't help you all the time, you wouldn't turn out like this..." Liu Yi's face was filled

Chapter 708 He Cares Too Much For His Mother



with despair.

The older woman never realized that she had always been a tough nut to crack, so she believed everything she did was right. On top of that, she expected everyone to live their lives revolving around her. Now that she'd offended someone that could overpower her easily, she finally realized her mistake.

Liu Yi suddenly stood up and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"Where else? We can only beg Han Jingru for forgiveness..."

Han Jingru had returned to Bifeng manor after having his body checked at the hospital. He now stood in front of the lake with Zhang Bifeng next to him.

The latter blamed himself for the incompetency on the security arrangement, so he was willing to accept any punishment that came his way. "Mr. Han, I apologize for what happened today. I'm willing to bear all the consequences."

"It's not your fault. Even if you have a hundred men standing in his way, you still could not stop him," replied Han Jingru.

Zhang Bifeng had witnessed the fight as well and knew how strong Fang Zhan was, but deep down, he believed that the man next to him was stronger than the intruder. From what he could tell, even though

Han Jingru was weaker at the beginning of the fight, he became stronger as the fight went on. If Han Jingru continued with his form during the fight, he would be able to take Fang Zhan down.

“How deep is this lake?” Han Jingru suddenly asked.

“Two meters.” Zhang Bifeng was certain because he supervised the construction of the man-made lake himself.

“Is there any hard surface on the lake?”

“Hard surface?”

“Something that human could stand on.”

“No.”

Han Jingru took a deep breath. Even though it was the answer he was expecting, he still couldn't believe it.

Most people did not even see how Mr. Yi got to the island, but Han Jingru saw how the old man ran across the river that had no hard surface on it very clearly. There was no support in the water, so it would never be enough to bear the weight of a man standing on it.

The density of water could never carry the weight of a human.

“How did that old thing do it?” Han Jingru frowned as it was something he could not comprehend.

“What?” Zhang Bifeng asked as the man’s voice was very soft.

“Nothing. You can go back now.”

Zhang Bifeng could tell that Han Jingru was troubled by something but decided to not ask about it and leave.

Now alone, Han Jingru leaped over the fence and stopped just in front of the water. He knelt down and gently tapped his palm on the lake.

Ripples formed on the surface as he could feel the water’s buoyancy from his palm, but it wasn’t something that could support a man’s weight.

“Are you curious as to how I did it?” Mr. Yi’s voice suddenly appeared from behind.

Han Jingru quickly pretended that he was washing his hand and turned around, “I’m just washing my hand. Do you even need to teach me how to do that?”

Mr. Yi smiled as he knew what the younger man in front of him was thinking about. *He’s too shy to admit it. Hah!*

“You’ll know the secret once you joined Apocalypse. It’ll be a whole new experience for you and this is just the tip of the iceberg.”

“What kind of an organization is Apocalypse?” Han Jingru asked curiously.

“I can’t tell you just yet. You’re not one of us yet.”

Han Jingru shook off the water off his hand and acted as if he didn’t care. “Whatever. I don’t want to know anyway.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Mr. Yi had no idea whether he should laugh or cry as Han Jingru left. Not a single soul at Apocalypse would dare to talk to him in such manner, and none of them would leave like the young man did.

Yet, when facing Han Jingru, the old man felt helpless. He knew that threatening the young man would only result in an opposite effect. There was also the fact that Han Jingru was way too important to Apocalypse, to the point where Mr. Yi was reluctant to reveal his true identity and force the young man.

Fang Zhan could tell what Mr. Yi was thinking and was shocked at how important the young man was to the old man. If it was another member of Apocalypse, he would've been punished by the Fourth Gate.

"Mr. Yi, wouldn't he become arrogant if you keep treating him like that? He might even think that there's no need for him to join Apocalypse," asked Fang Zhan.

Mr. Yi shook his head in reply. "If you know that man well, you'll learn that he's not that type of person. Instead, if you try to force him, it'll only make him reject us. He'd live most of his life being forced by others. That's why he's susceptible to this type of method."

From a very young age, Han Jingru had been living in exclusion from his family, even the maids wouldn't serve him. Mr. Yi had learned about such a past from his investigation. Because of such an understanding towards the young man, the old man knew what kind

of person he really was.

Han Jingru was like a spring, where nothing would happen if you did not put pressure on it. If you did, the spring would shoot back even stronger than the pressure it was forced on.

Han Jingru returned to the hall, only to find the event was coming to an end. Other than Liu Yi who had to leave earlier, all of the guests remained since their goal was to form a relationship with Han Jingru. If they were to leave before meeting with him, it would've been a waste of their time.

“Mr. Han.”

Everyone greeted Han Jingru as he walked past their tables, hoping that they could catch his attention one way or another.

Usually, Han Jingru would ignore these people who were trying to befriend him. With the position he had obtained, there was no need for him to get acquainted with the guests.

Yet, since it was Han Xiang's hundredth-day celebration, Han Jingru returned a smile to all of the guests.

Nangong Boling had reserved a seat for Han Jingru next to himself. When he noticed Han Jingru approaching him, he quickly got up and waved at him.

Han Jingru walked over and sat down next to the

head of the Nangong family. Even though Han Jingru pretended to not care about how Mr. Yi traveled on water, deep down, he wanted to know the secret. Yet, the man did not want to show his excitement in front of the old man, which was why he pretended to not care about it.

“Jingru, the Nangong family can help you find the man’s daughter,” Nangong Boling said. Instead of saying that he could do it, the head of the Nangong family mentioned that the family could locate the person Fang Zhan was looking for. Evidently, he was distinguishing himself from the family. It was also a smart way to tell Han Jingru that if he wanted, he could become the head of the Nangong family.

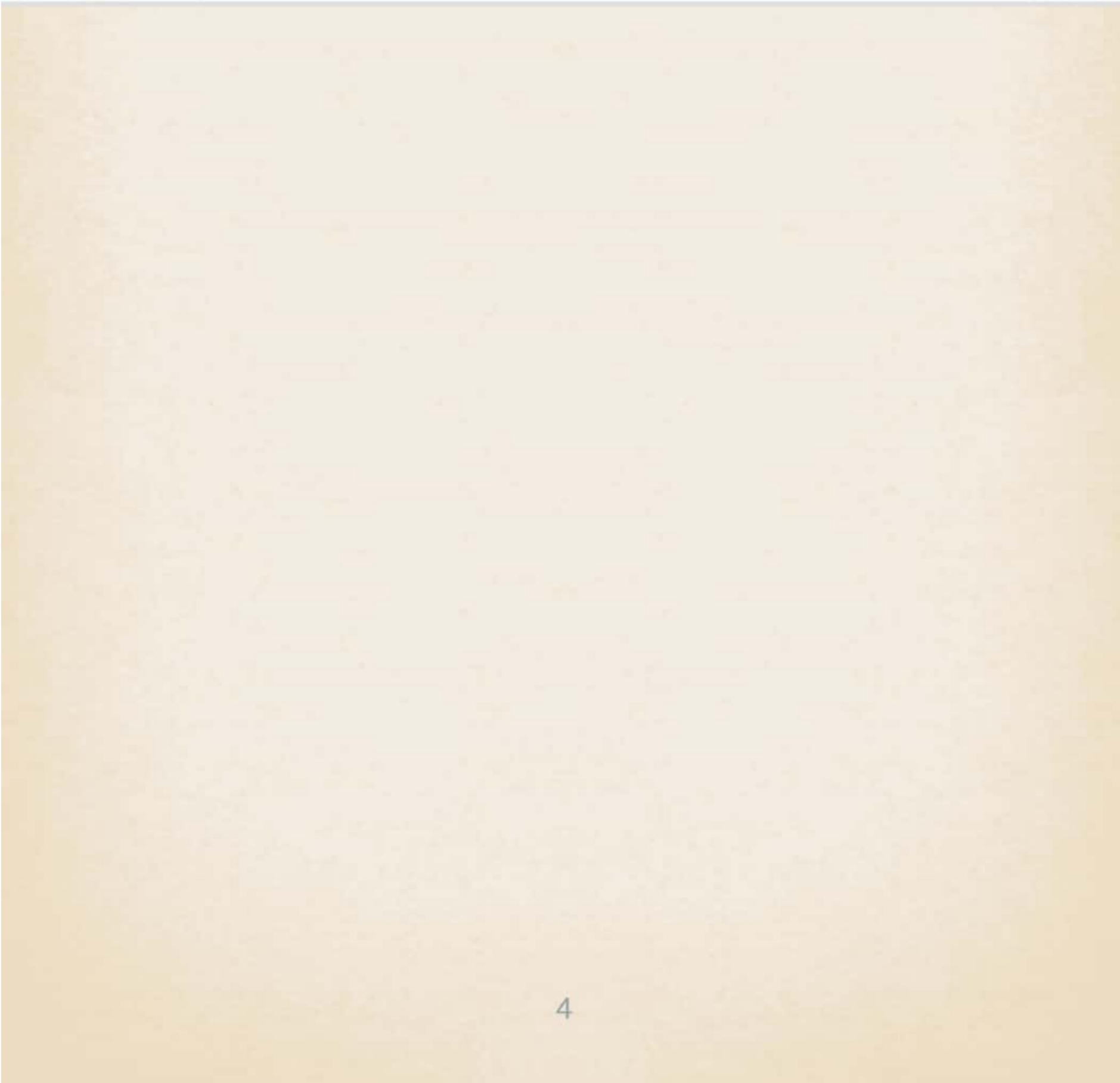
“I do need help from the Nangong family with this since only the family could handle such a request. As for taking over as the head of the family, I still have to think about it,” replied Han Jingru.

“Of course. Take all the time you need since this is not a small matter. Just let me know when you’ve made up your mind.”

Nangong Yan, who was sitting next to Nangong Boling, had mixed feelings when he heard his grandfather’s request. It reminded him of how he and his brothers fought amongst themselves for the seat of the head, but only to see his grandfather offering the title to an outsider who didn’t even want the position.

It was hard for Nangong Yan to accept, but after seeing both of his brothers perished in Han Jingru’s

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hands, he realized that he was in no position to challenge the outsider.

Nangong Yan's grandfather's words also made him realize that there was no need for him to compete with Han Jingru. Once the outsider joined Apocalypse, he would be in charge of managing the family. Even though he would not manage it as the head, he would still hold power over everything happening inside the family.

"Do you have any information on Apocalypse?" Han Jingru whispered to Nangong Boling.

The head of the Nangong family could only shake his head. He'd once invested a lot of money and resources to learn more about the organization but still failed to learn a thing about it. "No. Even with our influences all around the world, there's no way we can find any information on an organization that doesn't belong to this world."

Han Jingru had guessed as much, but he still couldn't help but let out a deep sigh. To him, the mysterious Apocalypse was like a dark path with no end. It was impossible for him to know what was awaiting him in the next step. The uncertainty and danger that lurked on the path was what Han Jingru despised the most.

From a very young age, Han Jingru was used to being able to control what happened around him. He could determine if his next step would bring him a good or bad ending. If there was danger ahead of him, he would prepare for anything that could happen.

Now that Han Jingru was married and had a child, he was much more cautious of such situations as he had to bear more responsibility than before. His decision to join Apocalypse or not would affect Su Yimo and Han Xiang's life.

For just an instance, Han Jingru had the thought to decline the invitation to join Apocalypse. *No matter what kind of secret they are hiding, are they more important than my wife and daughter?*

Yet, the curiosity in him kept urging him to become a member of the mysterious organization. The contradiction in his mind was torturing him as it was his first time facing such a situation.

As the event was at its end, Han Jingru went around every table to have a toast with the guests as a token of his gratitude. The guests felt honored by his action and quickly took the chance to introduce themselves.

Yet, after having a toast with all the guests, Han Jingru did not remember even a name as they were just nobodies to him.

Once the celebration was over and the guests began to leave, they all ran into Liu Yi kneeling in front of the door. Everyone was baffled by his action, wondering if he'd done something that had offended Han Jingru. Those who were acquainted with Liu Yi pretended not to know him as they were worried that they might get entangled with whatever trouble he was in.

Liu Yi kept kneeling on the ground with his head down. He kept blaming himself for being too lenient

“Good. You may leave now,” Han Jingru said and walked past Liu Yi with his family, leaving the latter still kneeling on the floor.

“Thank you, Mr. Han! I’ll make sure to do that!”

“Hey, I’m not going to punish her. Just a piece of advice though, make sure she change that arrogant attitude of hers. Being a senior citizen doesn’t mean she has the right to boss other people around.”

“Mr. Han, I’ll gladly accept any punishment in my mother’s stead!” Liu Yi begged.

“Just leave,” he replied calmly as he never paid much heed to the incident. Even though the elderly woman was a little arrogant and even pushed Su Yimo, there was no need for him to punish a person that only had a few more years to live.

Han Jingru immediately realized that the man on the ground was talking about the elderly woman they’d met at the hospital and that the man was her son. “Mr. Han, please forgive my mother for her rudeness!”

“What are you doing?” Han Jingru glanced at the man puzzlingly.

When Han Jingru and his family walked out from Bifeng manor, Liu Yi quickly crawled towards him.

with his mother and wishing that he could return to the past to prevent the incident from happening, but it was something that would never happen.

Chapter 709 A Contradict Choice

Liu Yi let out a sigh of relief as his family was spared, but his face was soon covered with disappointment as he had lost the chance to get acquainted with Han Jingru.

As Han Jingru walked out of the manor, he spotted a familiar person standing far away from them, someone that he'd never met in a long time.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Tang Long and his family waited stiffly in the distance. Upon seeing Han Jingru, they stood rooted to the ground, unsure of what to do.

Tang Chengye and Su Wenlun were old classmates. In the past, Tang Chengye even openly expressed his contempt for Han Jingru during his housewarming party.

Back then, Tang Chengye really wanted Su Yimo and Tang Long to get married. In his eyes, only someone as outstanding as his own son would be a good match for Su Yimo. A good-for-nothing like Han Jingru was obviously out of the question.

However, as Han Jingru's true identity was made known to the public in Yun City, Tang Chengye finally became aware of the real gap between the two.

His son was indeed an outstanding young man, but he was still nowhere near Han Jingru's level.

While Han Jingru stood at the top, Tang Cheng had become an unemployed bum because he had offended him.

The Tang family knew very well that in order for Tang Long to spread his wings in Yun City once more, they would need to seek Han Jingru's forgiveness. That was exactly why they came to visit Han Jingru that day.

Though they seemed to have everything planned out in their heads, when they actually came face-to-face with Han Jingru, they found themselves at a loss for

what to do as the gap in their social status was too wide.

“Dad, isn’t that your old classmate?” Han Jingru said, looking at Su Wenlun.

Su Wenlun smiled subtly with a tinge of disdain written on his face.

Back when Su Yimo and Han Jingru had just gotten married, Tang Chengye often criticized their marriage. However, Su Wenlun chose to stay silent because he knew that in the eyes of outsiders, Tang Long was a successful businessman and Han Jingru was just a nobody.

Even till now, Su Wenlun could remember exactly how Tang Chengye made the comparison between Han Jingru and Tang Long. “Tang Long is a dragon, while Han Jingru is a mere grub.” Those were his very words.

However, the tables had turned. Not only had Han Jingru become a prominent figure, but Su Wenlun had also risen to a higher social status. Tang Chengye was no longer in a position to criticize him or his son-in-law.

Su Wenlun walked toward Tang Chengye, smiling. “Long time no see. What are you doing here? I would have invited you for a meal if I knew you were coming.”

Tang Chengye smiled back awkwardly. He would have gone in if he could. The truth was, he did not

have the right to enter along with the other guests. Those who turned up that day were prominent figures while he was just an average citizen.

“Wenlun, you’re a big shot now. I wouldn’t be able to meet you even if I tried,” said Tang Chengye.

It was true that it had been difficult for people, including Su Wenlun’s other old classmates, to meet him because he was bedridden for a while. Frustrated, they began speculating that Su Wenlun no longer wanted to see his old classmates after his social standing rose.

“Well, that’s not entirely true. Even though many things have changed for me, I’ll never forget about my old classmates and friends. I would have arranged for us to meet earlier if I weren’t bedridden,” Su Wenlun replied.

“Bedridden? Are you alright now?” Tang Chengye asked, forcing a concerned face.

Su Wenlun felt rather irked about his melodramatic reaction. *Hmph. Is he acting all concerned because he wants to ask me for a favor?*

“Forget about that. Why did you come to see me today?” Su Wenlun cut straight to the point.

Tang Chengye glanced at Tang Long and answered apprehensively, “Wenlun, I do need your help for something. My son, Tang Long, is at his wits’ end because none of the companies in Yun City would offer him a job right now.”

Chapter 710 A Request From Tang Chengye

Ad



Tang Long used to have a high-paying job at Rumo Real Estate. However, ever since the conflict between him and Han Jingru occurred, he was fired immediately, and no company in Yun City wanted someone who got fired by Han Jingru.

Tang Long tried looking for opportunities in other cities, but he did not have the aptitude to start from scratch. In the end, he returned to Yun City to try his luck once more.

“About that...” Su Wenlun sighed as he knew about the incident too. Since it was Han Jingru’s decision to fire Tang Long from Rumo Real Estate back then, Su Wenlun wasn’t in the position to accept Tang Chengye’s request.

For Han Jingru, his conflict with Tang Long was not a big deal to him anymore. However, something that still bugged him was that Su Wenlun used to be the laughing stock among his old friends because of him. He thought it was a good chance for Su Wenlun to get back at Tang Chengye for all the humiliation he went through.

“Dad, I think you should be the one to decide. I’ll take Yimo and the kids home first. It’s getting pretty windy,” Han Jingru told Su Wenlun.

Upon hearing that, Su Wenlun’s face lit up. He could tell instantly what Han Jingru was hinting at. “Okay. You guys can go back first.” He nodded.

As Han Jingru and his family left, Tang Chengye quickly walked up to Su Wenlun with a fake smile.

“Wenlun, your son-in-law is so successful now! We are all really happy for you,” he said.

Su Wenlun cleared his throat and said crudely, “Oh, is that so? Though I’m not too sure about that, I am certain that you called Han Jingru a good-for-nothing back in the day. Am I right?”

Tang Chengye’s face turned as pale as a ghost.

A good-for-nothing? If anyone dares to call Han Jingru a good-for-nothing in this day and age, he may just as well be calling the entire Yun City a garbage dump.

“No way, no way. I was too uneducated and could not recognize his immense potential back then. However, now I feel nothing but respect for him! Even at the gathering I attended a few days ago, everyone was talking about how amazing your son-in-law is!” Tang Chengye exclaimed.

Su Wenlun was rather amused. *Look at how the tables have turned.* Although he had been humiliated many times in the past because of Han Jingru, things had changed for the better, and he felt really proud to have such a successful son-in-law.

“Uncle Wenlun, please give me a chance. I have tried everything, but nothing is working out,” Tang Long chimed in. He was no longer the little brat who had the guts to tell Su Wenlun that marrying Su Yimo off to Han Jingru was a huge mistake. In fact, he dared not even think about being together with Su Yimo anymore.

“So you finally remember me now? Now that you have nowhere to go? Tang Long, back when you pointed fingers at me, you weren’t this polite, were you? I’m so glad that my daughter didn’t marry you. Otherwise, the Su family would definitely collapse,” Su Wenlun fired back, releasing the anger that he had suppressed for years.

“Uncle Wenlun, I think you made the right decision too. You had much more foresight than me.” Tang Long was really bad at making up lies.

“Whatever. I’ll give you a chance since your dad and I were old classmates. You may start working at Rumo Real Estate tomorrow.” Su Wenlun relented.

“Thank you so much! Thank you so much!” Tang Long was extremely emotional about the prospect of returning to work at Rumo Real Estate. It was an offer beyond his expectations.

“Hey, let’s meet up with our old classmates someday. See what their children are doing. Maybe I’ll arrange for them to work somewhere if they are struggling as well, you know?” Su Wenlun continued, gloating. However, he quickly regretted his words as he was not exactly in the position to offer people job opportunities.

“Yes, yes. I’ll contact them later. I bet everyone would want to come,” Tang Chengye replied.

Though it was just a slip of the tongue, what was done had been done. Su Wenlun could not exactly take back his words. All he could do was discuss it

with Han Jingru later on, in hopes that he would agree to it. Otherwise, he would be losing face in front of his old classmates once more.

“I’ll take my leave now,” Su Wenlun quickly said.

Upon watching Su Wenlun walk off, Tang Chengye sighed deeply. Back when they were classmates, Su Wenlun was just a cowardly boy from a well-off family. However, he had become the father-in-law of the most successful man in Yun City. Tang Chengye could never catch up to him.

“Oh, how the tables have turned! I would never have expected my outstanding son to lose to Han Jingru one day!” Tang Chengye shook his head ruefully.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

After sending Su Yimo and his child back, Han Jingru paid a visit to Rumo Real Estate.

For Han Jingru, Rumo Real Estate was just a small company. The annual revenue of Rumo Real Estate was as insignificant as a mere coin when compared to the Nangong family's riches. Furthermore, the Nangong family was not particularly wealthy in his eyes.

However, since it was a company under his very own name, he had emotional attachments to Rumo Real Estate.

A long time had passed since Zhong Ji last saw Han Jingru. He felt somewhat nervous because he knew that Han Jingru was no longer the same Mr. Han he used to know. Back then, he was just an abandoned son in exile, but now, he held the entire Yun City and the Han family of Yan City in his hands.

In the past, Zhong Ji had even felt discontented about being sent off to work here in Yun City because everyone believed that Han Yu was the one who would become the master of the Han family. The current situation of Han Yu being jailed in Qin City and Han Jingru taking over was something that nobody had expected.

"Mr. Han," Zhong Ji greeted politely upon seeing Han Jingru.

"How's everything at the company? How are you managing?" Han Jingru asked. Rumo Real Estate was handling two significant projects—the

development project in the west district and the revamp project in Chengzhong Village—
simultaneously. Hence, the workload on Zhong Ji was really heavy.

While the Su family was also involved in those projects, they could not help much, especially with Shen Zhuoman's tacky way of running the business. "Mr. Han, I am managing pretty well. It's all part of my job after all," Zhong Ji replied.

"When you first came to Yun City, you were working under Nangong Shuxian to become a core member of the family business, weren't you?" Han Jingru asked.

Zhong Ji knew that Han Jingru was smart and astute enough to see through his lies, so he frankly admitted, "Mr. Han, I do wish to work for the Han family. Nangong Shuxian also promised me a new job in Yan City if I could assist her in defeating you."

"Defeating me?" Han Jingru smiled. *How very kind of my grandmother. After ostracizing me as a child, what more does she want from a useless man who has settled down in Yun City?*

"She only has eyes for Han Yu. In her opinion, I'm worth no more than a servant, so I guess what you're saying makes perfect sense," Han Jingru shrugged it off.

Zhong Ji knew all too well how poorly Nangong Shuxian treated Han Jingru. She would stop at

nothing to prove Han Yu's superiority, even if it meant degrading Han Jingru.

To her disappointment, Han Yu grew up to be a good-for-nothing living off his family's riches.

On the other hand, Han Jingru was already familiarizing himself with the business world at the age of fourteen. He even began scouting for those who might become the pillars of his company in the future.

In contrast to that, Han Yu was still playing around with his superhero toys and acting all cute in front of Nangong Shuxian. Their paths were destined to be completely different from the very beginning.

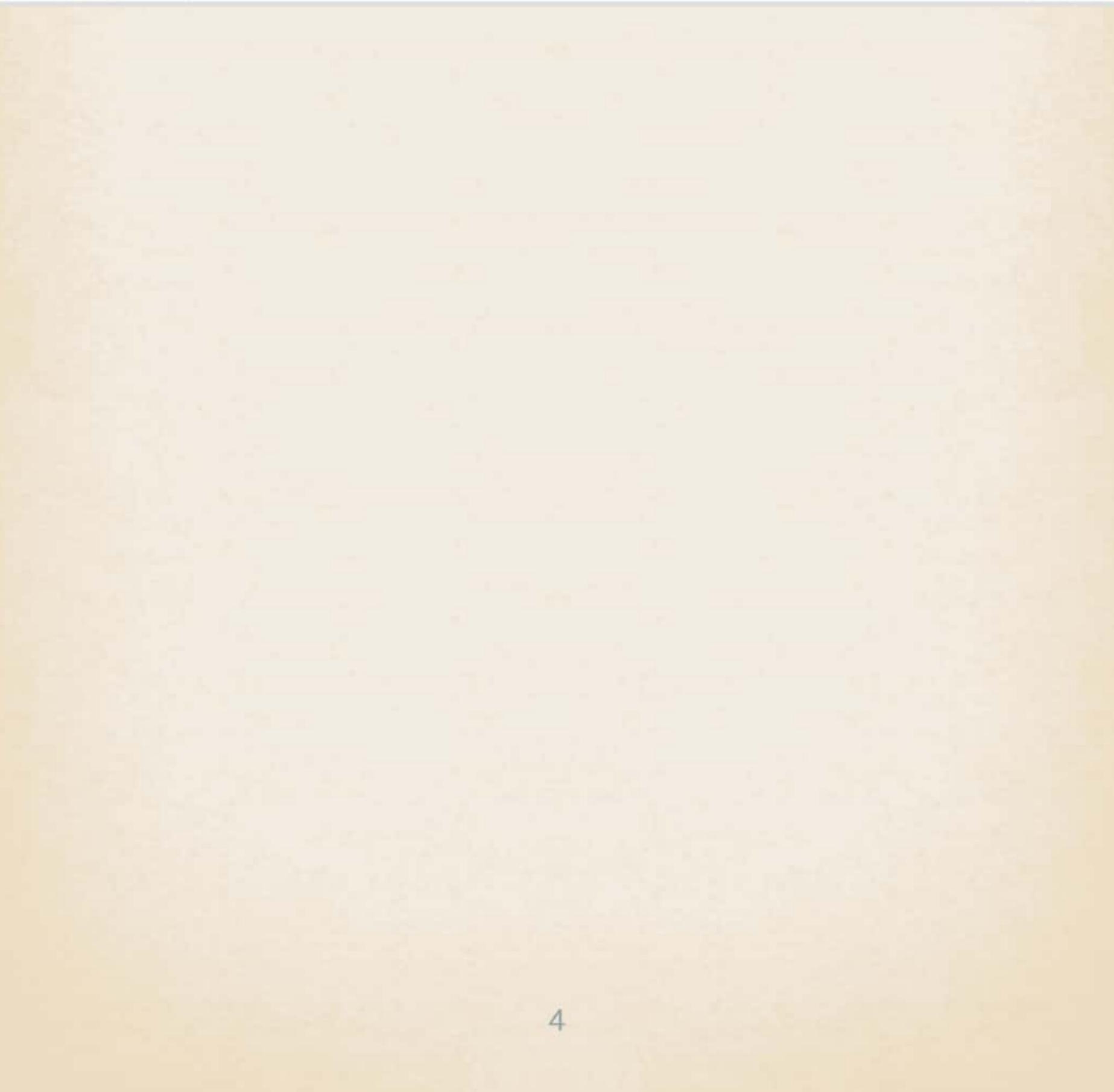
"Mr. Han, I believe that facts speak for themselves. Your grandmother would definitely regret the mistakes that she made in the past, even in her grave," Zhong Ji said.

Han Jingru shook his head. *Would she really? With that sort of personality?*

"She would never admit to her mistakes. Her regret would probably stem from her failure to get rid of me earlier," Han Jingru said emotionlessly.

Upon hearing that, Zhong Ji let out a sigh as he knew that what Han Jingru said was not wrong. Nangong Shuxian had a rather stubborn personality, and she would never admit to her mistakes. Even if she knew that she was in the wrong, she would try to cover things up, make excuses and abuse Han Jingru even

Ad



more severely.

“Mr. Han, despite so, she has already passed away. The Han family is yours now, so Han Yu is no match for you,” Zhong Ji replied.

“I’ll compensate you for the promise that she did not keep. From today onward, you can return to Yan City. I’ll hand you all of the businesses that the Han family owns there for you to manage.” Han Jingru changed the topic.

Zhong Ji’s eyes widened in shock as he had already mentally prepared himself to stay in Yun City for the rest of his life. It had never crossed his mind that Han Jingru would propose such a favorable offer.

All of the businesses that the Han family owns in Yan City!

It was no longer just about working for the Han family. He was about to become a core member of the family business who had control over the survival of the Han family itself.

However, Zhong Ji could not wrap his head around why Han Jingru would endow so much power to him, so he remained cautious.

“Mr. Han... What are you talking about?” Zhong Ji asked shakily, afraid that he had fallen into some sort of trap.

“There is no need to be alarmed. My businesses in Yan City don’t matter all that much to me anymore,

and I hold no emotional attachments to that place. However, someone has to manage them because they do affect the Han family's reputation. That's why I really hope that you can take over," Han Jingru replied calmly, expressing his true thoughts.

The Han family in Yan City was a place full of hostility and painful memories for Han Jingru. Though he had no emotional attachments to that place, he knew that it was his responsibility to keep the family businesses there afloat. What needed to be done had to be done.

Furthermore, many people in Yan City knew that Han Xiuzhi did not die. If the Han family's influence there were to diminish, Han Xiuzhi would become an easy target.

"But, hasn't the old master returned?" Zhong Ji was still a little confused. Even if Han Xiuzhi no longer wished to run the business, Shi Yan could do it instead. Why would the Han family get an outsider like him to run their businesses?

"My grandfather will not be returning there. For him, Yun City is his new home. Furthermore, my mother isn't really emotionally attached to Yan City," Han Jingru said with a smile. Han Xiang was born in Yun City, so of course, she would be raised there. With their granddaughter in Yun City, there was no way Han Xiuzhi and Shi Yan would want to leave, even if all the businesses in Yan City were to go bankrupt.

Knowing that Han Jingru was serious about his proposal, Zhong Ji could not help but feel even more

nervous. He was about to gain the authority and power that he never dared to imagine. Although the Han family name was still there, he would become the person in charge, meaning that his status in Yan City would skyrocket.

“And what about Rumo Real Estate?” He asked.

“Earlier today, I actually came across someone I know. Someone who had offended me in the past but has the capability to do the job. It was only after meeting him that I made up my mind on this matter,” Han Jingru replied with a satisfied smile.

Upon hearing that, Zhong Ji could not help but speculate who Han Jingru was referring to. *Someone who had offended him but is very capable.*

All of a sudden, a name flashed across Zhong Ji's mind. It was a name that shocked him all the more.

“Mr. Han, you can't possibly be talking about Tang Long?” Zhong Ji exclaimed. Tang Long had been unemployed since he offended Han Jingru and got fired from Rumo Real Estate. *Despite all that, Han Jingru is willing to give him another chance?*

“You're right. I'm talking about Tang Long,” Han Jingru said. Putting personal sentiments aside, Tang Long was indeed capable enough to replace Zhong Ji. Furthermore, Han Jingru could not care less about his past conflicts with someone like Tang Long, given his current status and power.

Zhong Ji laughed wryly. “Does he know about this?”

“Not yet,” Han Jingru said.

“If he hears about this, he probably wouldn’t be able to sleep well,” Zhong Ji said. Life would take a hundred and eighty degree turn for Tang Long. He would transform from an unemployed bum to a businessman who carried a lot of clout. After all, the influence of Rumo Real Estate’s person in charge in Yun City was second only to that of Han Jingru himself.

“How about you? Do you think you can sleep well?” Han Jingru asked him the same question.

Zhong Ji was stumped. *He’s right. The businesses I’m about to manage are much more important to the Han family than a mere real estate company.*

“Mr. Han, don’t worry. I will not let you down,” Zhong Ji replied with conviction, giving him a ninety-degree bow.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Presenting his proposal, Su Wenlun suggested that they should send Tang Long over to Rumo Real Estate. Seeing that this would coincide with his plans, Han Jingru did not bother to make any further comments.

Initially apprehensive about his arrangements, Su Wenlun was visibly relieved when he noticed that Han Jingru did not have any comments to give him.

Jingru, thank you for respecting my decision. Su Wenlun lamented to himself. When Han Jingru first married into the Su family as a live-in son-in-law, I looked down on him. Although I never went overboard like Jiang Yan, I did not treat him any better either. However, Su Wenlun was aware that he had to depend on Han Jingru now, for others to respect him. Hence, Su Wenlun was plagued with guilt.

Everything that is currently in the Su family's possession is bestowed upon us by Han Jingru. Su Wenlun did not take things for granted, as compared to Jiang Yan. He did not feel like he had any bargaining chips on his hand, although Han Jingru had married his daughter. In his perspective, Han Jingru could have chosen to give such blessings to anyone else.

"You're my father-in-law. This is the least that I can do for you. Let's allow bygones to be bygones," Han Jingru replied.

Su Wenlun nodded his head earnestly. *It is a pity that Jiang Yan is unable to enjoy the same honor. Had she not been so materialistic and stupid, she would have been able to enjoy the high life that*

she could merely dream of. It is a shame that she has committed one wrongdoing after another, causing her to make the stupidest decisions in her life.

“Yimo is waiting for you in the room. She had seemed rather troubled, from the time that she’d returned. I think that she has a lot to discuss with you,” Su Wenlun informed him.

Han Jingru sucked in a deep breath upon hearing his father-in-law’s words.

Su Yimo had yet to question him about Apocalypse. Han Jingru was aware that she was merely suppressing her curiosity. *She has deliberately chosen to evade this topic. She’s probably unwilling, in terms of accepting the fact that I’ll have to leave her once more.*

On the other hand, Han Jingru was convinced that the matters at Apocalypse had to be dealt with. *It is just a matter of time.*

Su Yimo was on the bed when he entered the room, her bodily curves up for display. Although she had given birth, her figure still resembled that of a young lady, befitting her as she was crowned as the prettiest woman in Yun City.

Han Jingru shut the door behind him. In response, Su Yimo’s body shivered, before she soon sat up.

Han Jingru took a seat on the bed and clasped her hands in his. Gently, he asked her, “What’s the matter?”

Su Yimo hugged herself and brought her head close to her knees as if she were trying to cut off all communication with the outer world.

“When will you be taking your leave?” Su Yimo asked.

This was a problem that they would need to confront someday. Hence, Han Jingru did not choose to avoid it, admitting, “I will leave when the time comes, but I don’t know the exact time either.”

“Are you going to deal with dangerous matters?” Su Yimo continued to probe him in question.

Han Jingru was at a loss for words. Judging by the knowledge that he possessed about Apocalypse, even he had no idea what he would be facing in the future.

“No matter what happens, I promise to return to your side.”

Su Yimo burrowed herself in his embrace at his reply. Sobbing, she threatened, “If you dare to die, I will bring Xiang along to meet you.”

Han Jingru was unaware of how to respond to this. His wife’s words had serious repercussions. It meant that his whole family’s safety depended on his own. He would not dare to die, even if the situation were dire.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be fine. Have you forgotten who my master is? Mr. Yi is very influential at Apocalypse,” Han Jingru urged, in an attempt to comfort her.

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Su Yimo refused to get up from his embrace. "I don't think the bearded, old man is someone who is sent by Mr. Yi."

Han Jingru was stumped. He had never doubted the identity of the bearded, old man since Ma Yu had appeared by his side under similar circumstances as well. However, judging by Fang Zhan's attitude toward the bearded, old man during the fight, Han Jingru deduced that the bearded, old man was probably someone who held much influence, at Apocalypse. *Why would Mr. Yi have sent someone with such a high station to protect me?*

Han Jingru found the bearded, old man's identity puzzling. However, he did not expect Su Yimo to suspect the same.

"What's your opinion on this?" Han Jingru asked.

"I think that he's Mr. Yi."

"Why do you think so?"

"Instincts. It's a woman's instinct. Do you believe it?" Su Yimo lifted her head to level her gaze with his. Her eyes were still brimming with tears.

"Yes." Han Jingru responded instantly. *Why would I not believe in my own woman?*

Su Yimo smiled. "Do you believe in me because you find my assumption likely, or is it because I'm your wife?"

"It's because you're my wife. You're Mrs. Always Right." Han Jingru smiled.

Su Yimo was feeling much better after Han Jingru comforted her. Blinking her eyes, she soon asked, "Shall I reward you then?"

This piqued Han Jingru's interest. "What kind of reward are you suggesting?"

"I'll let you know tonight."

Han Jingru was intrigued. The next few hours felt like centuries to him. It was finally nighttime after the excruciating hours. After dinner, Su Yimo headed back to the bedroom as though she was preparing for something.

Han Jingru was inexplicably nervous at the surprise that was awaiting him.

"Jingru, what's the matter with you?" Han Xiuzhi noticed that Han Jingru was all fidgety on the sofa. He thought that Han Jingru was apprehensive about the unknown that was awaiting him at Apocalypse. Hence, he attempted to comfort him.

"I'm okay, grandpa," Han Jingru uttered, in an attempt to conceal the awkwardness.

Han Xiuzhi patted his shoulders. "It is only human to be afraid of the unknown. Apocalypse will show you an alternative path, or maybe a bigger world. It shall definitely be a worthwhile trip for you."

Han Jingru knew that his grandfather had misunderstood him. However, it was difficult for him to explain it to his grandfather, seeing that it was a private matter between him and his wife. Thus, Han Jingru could only play along with him.

“Don’t worry, grandpa. I’ll be sure to confront anything that comes my way.”

“You have always been able to handle more pressure than your peers. I am not at all worried about your capability in handling this matter. However, there is something I will like you to do,” Han Xiuzhi pressed forth.

“What is it, grandpa?” Han Jingru was puzzled. He noticed that Han Xiuzhi’s tone was rather somber.

“Nangong Shuxian was your grandmother after all. Although she had done you wrong, I hope that you’ll be able to forgo all her wrongdoings since she has already passed away,” Han Xiuzhi explained.

Han Jingru furrowed his brows slightly. He had not been able to move on from harboring hate against Nangong Shuxian. *She had inflicted many indelible nightmares upon my childhood.*

“Grandpa, what do you want me to do?”

“Since Nangong Boling is still at Yun City, shall we go and visit him?” Han Xiuzhi was hoping that Nangong Boling would pay his respects to Nangong Shuxian too. Treated as a tool, she had been kicked out of the Nangong family. Nangong Shuxian had felt indignant

Chapter 712 Reward

about it. This was the reason that she had believed in fate, adamant that Han Yu had the looks of a king. She was hoping that Han Yu would lead the Han family toward its glory. Nangong Shuxian had her hopes pinned up on the Han family, yearning for its influence to clear her name, within the Nangong family.

It is a pity that she had made such a misjudgment. Han Yu was incapable of shouldering such responsibility, while the one who could do so was neglected by her.

Han Jingru hesitated for a while. Ever since Nangong Shuxian had passed away, he was reluctant to be reminded of the woman again. He deemed his grandfather's request for him to pay respects at her grave unacceptable.

However, since this was his grandfather's earnest wish, he could only comply.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

"I understand your reluctance in this matter. Just think of it as a favor to me," Han Xiuzhi announced when he noticed his grandson's hesitation. Even though he was overjoyed with Han Jingru agreeing to it, a pang of guilt hit him. *If it weren't for me, he wouldn't have thought about doing this.*

Han Jingru shook his head as he chose to refrain from saying anything more.

"I'm not trying to justify her actions. I'm just saying that she's a victim in this matter too. She was married to me as a pawn of her family. Your grandmother was merely hoping that Han Yu could bring glory to the Han family. She had all her hopes pinned on him. The only thing that she'd done wrong was choosing the wrong person."

Choosing the wrong person?

Han Jingru found his grandfather's remarks amusing. However, he did not refute them. Han Jingru would never say no to his grandfather's request.

"We'll do it tomorrow," Han Jingru affirmed.

"Sure, rest earlier." Han Xiuzhi rose and went back to his room.

Han Jingru glanced at his phone. Su Yimo had not granted him permission to enter the room. Hence, he had to wait a while longer on the sofa.

At this moment, Jiang Yingying who was just done with her training reached home. She approached Han

Jingru when she caught sight of him on the sofa.

“Jingru, aren’t you going to take your rest?” Jiang Yingying asked.

“Um, I don’t know what I’m waiting for, but I’ll continue waiting, a little while longer.”

Jiang Yingying was baffled. *What is he waiting for when he doesn’t even know about it?*

However, it was not up to her to judge Han Jingru’s actions. Hence, she announced, “Then, I’ll be heading back to my room. Have an early rest.”

When Jiang Yingying turned around to leave, Han Jingru immediately thought of something and asked her, “Right, have you experienced any headaches recently?”

Han Jingru could still recall the times that he had experienced inexplicable headaches. Now that he thought about it, perhaps it had something to do with the two skulls. If he and Jiang Yingying indeed possessed the ability that came from their skulls, then, the two of them would have experienced similar headaches.

Jiang Yingying’s affirmation would serve to solidify his assumption about their skulls being the origin of their powers.

Jiang Yingying was stumped. She had never divulged it to anyone, lest others would be troubled with worry. She had been holding it in, despite having splitting

headaches at times.

“Jingru, you...” Jiang Yingying was taken aback. She thought that Han Jingru had been spying on her in her sleep. *How else would he come to know of something so private?*

“Don’t worry, I did not spy on you while you were sleeping. I’ve just noticed that you’ve looked quite tired recently.” Judging from her reaction, Han Jingru had gotten his answer. *So, the skulls are indeed extraordinary.*

“Jingru, are you a medical practitioner as well?”

“Well, a little I guess.” Only a person as innocent as Jiang Yingying would have believed him.

Han Jingru’s phone beeped at this moment. It was a text from Su Yimo, granting him permission to enter the room. Han Jingru was instantly over the moon.

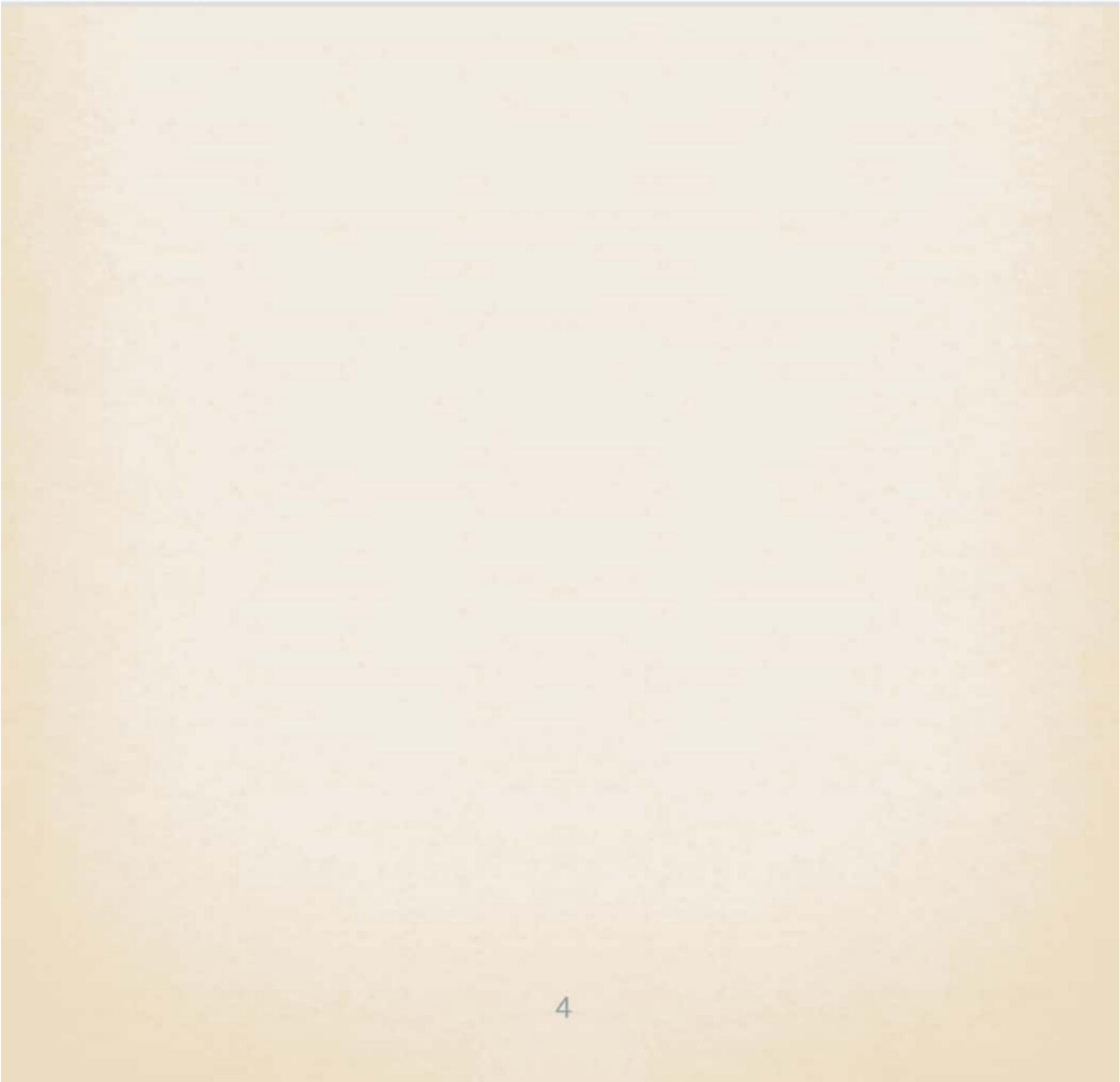
He rose from the sofa and uttered to Jiang Yingying, “You’d better go to sleep. I’m going to rest soon.”

“Okay.” Jiang Yingying nodded, seeming as though she believed his every word.

Han Jingru stood at the door as he took in a deep breath. He was as nervous as the first time that he had laid with her.

He opened the door and Su Yimo had her back against him. Her perfect figure was wrapped tightly, in a sexy, flight attendant’s suit.

Ad



Han Jingru was about to have a nosebleed at the sight.

This is the surprise?

Oh man, it's a good one!

"What are you waiting for? Close the door." Su Yimo had her back against him. Her face was flushed red with embarrassment.

She started to regret her decision the moment she put on the suit. However, she heard Shen Zhuoman saying that all men liked roleplaying in bed. Hence, she mustered all her courage to stage such a performance.

"Oh- Oh okay," Han Jingru stuttered.

It was a visual feast for Han Jingru, the moment Su Yimo turned around. His mouth grew dry at the sight.

"Do you like it?" Su Yimo lowered her head and asked..

Han Jingru pounced on her when he saw her shy demeanor.

"I love it!"

The next morning, Han Jingru woke up very early. Ho Ting and Jiang Yingying were preparing breakfast in the kitchen. The two of them appeared rather awkward, at the sight of him. They were even avoiding his gaze.

Han Jingru was puzzled at their mannerism and asked, "What's the matter with you guys?"

Jiang Yingying blushed crimson red at his question. The incomprehensible sounds yesterday were too much for a young girl like her.

Ho Ting was also quite fidgety, at the sight of him. The two were indeed too loud yesterday. Ho Ting thought that maybe even the whole villa had heard them.

However, she could understand their passionate exchange. Hence, she carefully reminded him, "Jingru, there are others in the house. Can you guys be more... quiet, in the future?"

Be more quiet?

Han Jingru suddenly recalled the rendezvous last night. They were indeed unrestrained. A wave of embarrassment washed over him.

"Did you guys hear... everything?" Han Jingru asked.

"Yes. Loud and clear," Ho Ting responded.

Han Jingru's heart sank. Su Yimo would not let him off easily if she knew of this.

"Aunt Ho, can you pretend that nothing has happened? I'm going to be finished if Yimo finds out about this," Han Jingru pleaded.

"Pretend like what never happened?" Su Yimo's voice

could be heard from behind him. Han Jingru felt a chill down his spine.

“Yimo, why did you get up so early?” Han Jingru turned around, his body stiff from being busted.

Although she felt tuckered out, she could not fall into slumber again, upon waking up. Su Yimo planned to wake up earlier to accompany Han Jingru for his morning jog. It had been a long time she had last accompanied him anyway.

Besides, there is not much time left for us anyway. Every single second has to be treasured.

“What were you guys talking about?” Su Yimo asked.

“Nothing. What did you hear? We weren’t talking about anything at all,” Han Jingru replied.

Su Yimo furrowed her brows. It was rare to see Han Jingru flustered. Evidently, something was wrong.

“Aunt Ho, what’s wrong?”

Ho Ting was on the fence about whether to tell Su Yimo or not. Even though it was not something embarrassing, it was still a private matter between Han Jingru and Su Yimo.

Shi Yan and Su Wenlun woke up at this moment. Everyone looked rather tired. It seemed as though they had not received a good night’s sleep.

“Dad, what’s wrong with you guys? You look

exhausted. Didn't you guys have a good night's rest?" Su Yimo was puzzled.

Su Wenlun coughed slightly to clear his throat, "Um, there's no need for you guys to rush for a second child."

Su Yimo was stumped before her face flushed crimson red. She glared at Han Jingru with a murderous gaze. Aware that he was in deep trouble, Han Jingru began to devise an escape plan in his head.

"I... I'd better go for my morning jog now." Han Jingru scurried off afterward.

"Han Jingru, stay right there!" Su Yimo bellowed at him as she soon chased after him.

The others exchanged knowing glances and smiled.

It was already winter, but Han Jingru seemed immune to the chilling wind. He sped up, as a murderous intent closed in on him.

The onlookers were stunned to see the two.

"Han Jingru, stay right there!"

Han Jingru had to stop in his tracks when he heard her. He kept a safe distance away from her before saying, "Don't blame it all on me. You were the one who couldn't hold it in."

Chapter 713 Waking Up Early



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Take another step and you're done for," Su Yimo threatened him.

Han Jingru froze on the ground, stumped by her words.

Su Yimo walked over to his side and pinched him on the waist. Han Jingru gasped from the pain.

"Are you going to blame me then?" Su Yimo gritted through her teeth. She felt like digging a hole. She wanted to jump right into it when she thought about others hearing her moans. *How am I going to face the others in the family now?*

"Blame it all on me. It's my fault." Han Jingru could only take the blame. *Speaking from experience, it'll be a futile attempt, reasoning things out with a woman.*

She felt a twinge in her heart when she pinched Han Jingru on the waist. Su Yimo did not have the heart to blame it all on him since it had happened. She could only try to accept what had transpired.

"You shall sleep on the ground while I'll sleep on the bed, next time," Su Yimo pronounced.

Han Jingru hung his head low. *This punishment is way too harsh.*

However, Su Yimo was still boiling with rage, and it was useless to argue with her. He believed that when she came to her senses, she would not have the heart to condemn him to sleep on the floor.

"We're all adults. There is nothing to be ashamed of. Don't overthink this." Han Jingru urged as he stretched out his hand. "Let's go, we'll go enjoy Genting's view."

"It's not something that I've never seen before." Su Yimo snorted. Having said that, she still reached out to take his hand.

The two of them jogged all the way to the mountaintop. Breathing in the chilly air, Han Jingru told Su Yimo, "Grandpa has asked me to pay respects at Nangong Shuxian's grave today."

Su Yimo was taken aback by his words

She was well aware of how much Han Jingru loathed Nangong Shuxian. However, she also knew that Han Jingru would never defy Han Xiuzhi's wishes.

"Since it all happened in the past, I think that you should pay your respects to her as her grandson," Su Yimo admitted.

"You think so too?" Han Jingru gazed into the far north.

Su Yimo hurriedly added, "Of course not. She had inflicted too much pain on you. Not even her death can erase it all. However, you won't defy grandpa's wishes, right?"

Han Jingru shook his head.

Su Yimo clutched his hand tightly. "I know that you're

feeling indignant about this. Shall I comfort you again tonight? I have other outfits which I think you would like.”

Han Jingru gulped. *Maybe paying respects to Nangong Shuxian isn't so bad after all.*

They went back home after the morning jog. All of them headed toward Yun City memorial park afterward.

They still took the same two Audis. Although Han Jingru's choice of car was modest, everyone who recognized it would gaze upon it with respect.

Something interesting happened on their way to the memorial park. Somebody had cut into Han Jingru's lane abruptly. However, the driver could somehow sense that Han Jingru was someone extraordinary. Eventually, the driver got off the car and bowed ninety degrees to apologize to him.

There were a number of people at the memorial park, wanting to pay their respects today. Most of them appeared pretty loaded. The most striking of the lot would have to be a man in a mink coat, with a thick gold necklace around his neck. The man was evidently one of the nouveau riche.

Initially, the man was scornful, at the sight of the Audis. However, his attitude took a 180-degree turn when he caught sight of the people who were coming off the cars.

“President Han, I didn't expect to see you here.” The

man hurriedly rushed toward Han Jingru's side and slightly bowed before him.

Han Jingru was now an eminent figure in Yun City's world of commerce. However, he did not know most of the people in the circle, not to mention, this nouveau riche before him.

"It's not a good thing to bump into people here," Han Jingru replied impassively.

The man did not dare to crack a joke. He merely sighed and agreed, "Yes, indeed. I don't think that anyone would like to frequent such a place since it only serves to rekindle sad memories."

The man was evidently trying to butter Han Jingru up. Han Jingru would have been sad if he were here to pay respects to other people, but he was certainly not when it came to Nangong Shuxian.

"This is not a good place to try and climb the social ladder. You'd better leave."

The man nodded his head and dared not to say anything further.

A man who appeared to be the nouveau riche's subordinate uttered in a disdainful manner, "Boss, who is that arrogant man? He doesn't seem to have any respect for you."

The subordinate was thinking that his boss would have burst into a fit of rage if it were any other man.

Ad



“Damn you.” The man kicked his subordinate and vilified him, “Keep silent if you don’t know any better. How dare you call the man arrogant? Do you know who he is?”

The subordinate looked indignant. He had wanted to speak up for his boss. He did not expect a beating instead.

“Who is he, boss?”

“Who? Have you heard of Han Jingru? You’d better not stay at Yun City if you have no idea who he is.”

The subordinate’s face paled at the mention of Han Jingru.

“He... He’s Han Jingru!” The subordinate was shocked.

“You can rest in peace, now that you’ve met such a legendary man.”

The subordinate nodded his head, as he suddenly felt grateful for his boss’ kick just now. He would have lost his life if his words had reached Han Jingru’s ears.

Han Jingru’s family soon arrived at Nangong Shuxian’s grave. Wild shoots and grasses teemed around the grave. The headstone was covered in dust, due to a lack of upkeep. Han Xiuzhi crouched down and took the towel that he had prepared earlier this morning, as he wiped the headstone clean.

Han Jingru stood idly by, as his grandfather cleaned the grave. He would certainly not take the initiative to do so. As for Han Xiuzhi, he would not stop his grandfather from paying his respects either.

“Actually, I’ve forgotten all about you. I certainly did not expect you to bring me the greatest surprise. You should have a place in the Nangong family’s ancestral shrine,” Nangong Boling murmured, as he took a look at Nangong Shuxian’s headstone.

Han Xiuzhi snickered at his words. “Don’t you think that it’s rather late to only think of her right now? Even though we were not that close as man and wife, she had been my wife for so many years, after all. I shall place her ancestral tablet at the Han family’s ancestral shrine.”

Nangong Boling shrugged as he did not refute Han Xiuzhi’s words. He had already done everything in his power. Hence, he did not care whether Han Xiuzhi would accept it or not.

Nangong Boling was most concerned about whether Han Jingru was willing to become the head of the Nangong family. He would not have made an appearance at Nangong Shuxian’s grave if it weren’t for Han Jingru.

“Jingru, I’d have to say that she’d suffered a similar fate as you. Both of you had been abandoned by your family,” Han Xiuzhi commented.

“That’s not an excuse for her to have inflicted the same pain that she had endured upon me, is it?” Han

Jingru replied in a cold tone.

Han Xiuzhi sighed. He was trying to resolve Han Jingru's hatred toward Nangong Shuxian. Unfortunately, it was to no avail.

Of course, he would not force him to forgive Nangong Shuxian since he had not endured such pain himself. *I don't have the right to advise him to forgive and forget about this.*

"Pay your respects," Han Xiuzhi urged.

Su Yimo handed three incense sticks to Han Jingru. He took it over as he did not bow down to his grandmother. Instead, he faced the sky and proclaimed, "You'd better get a clear look up there. I'm the one who has brought glory to the Han family, not Han Yu."

Then, he handed the incense sticks back to Su Yimo.

Su Yimo bowed down and paid her respects to Nangong Shuxian.

"You guys may leave. I'd like to stay with her for a while longer," Han Xiuzhi pressed forth.

Han Jingru turned around to leave right away.

Han Xiuzhi sighed and uttered to Yan Qiong who stayed behind, "Am I being unfair to him by asking him to come?"

"Yes," Yan Qiong admitted, frankly. He had witnessed

Chapter 714 Paying Respects

how Nangong Shuxian had mistreated Han Jingru, back then. Hence, if he were Han Jingru, he wouldn't have come to pay his respects.

“Hmm.” Han Xiuzhi shook his head in despair.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The next day. Tang Long was nervous about his trip to Rumo Real Estate. Ever since he was chased out of Rumo Real Estate, not one company in Yun City had dared to employ him. Tang Long had been unemployed since then, surviving only on his savings. However, he did not expect to head to Rumo Real Estate, now that he had gotten a job.

“Pick yourself up from where you’ve fallen. You have to appreciate the chance given to you by Su Wenlun,” Tang Chengye advised him.

Tang Chengye used to compare himself and Su Wenlun for fun. He knew that he was leaps and bounds ahead of Su Wenlun. Although Su Wenlun was from the Su family, he was not valued by his family at all. This had caused him to suffer, more than his classmates. As a result, Tang Chengye liked to seek validation, by comparing himself with Su Wenlun.

However, Tang Chengye had realized the fact that Han Jingru and the Su family had gained significant traction in Yun City, meaning that he could no longer seek validation by comparing himself with Su Wenlun. Hence, he buried this notion deep in his heart.

His only hope was for Tang Long to be able to land a decent job, and for him to hold on to this opportunity.

“Dad, don’t worry. I’m aware of the gap between Han Jingru and myself. I won’t do anything rash,” Tang Long reassured him.

Tang Chengye nodded. "It's good that you're aware of your shortcomings. I know that you're feeling indignant about this, but I hope you will keep it to yourself."

With a bitter smile, Tang Long queried, "Dad, how can I possibly feel indignant about Han Jingru's achievements? I don't think that I'll be able to catch up to him, even if I work tirelessly for a hundred years."

Tang Chengye could only sigh at his son's remarks. Proud of his son's achievements, he used to brag about Tang Long in front of his classmates. However, even he had to admit that someone whom he used to look down on had become a bigshot.

"Hurry up. Don't be late!" Tang Chengye urged.

Tang Long had his heart in his throat, as soon as he was approaching Rumo Real Estate. He had been chased out of this place after all.

At the entrance, Tang Long took in multiple deep breaths before he mustered up the courage to head inside.

There were still a number of familiar faces in Rumo Real Estate. They knew clearly how he had left previously. Hence, all of them were puzzled at his sudden return.

When Tang Long realized that those people were eyeing him, he could only lower his head as he headed toward Zhong Ji's office.

Tang Long used to exuberate confidence. However, he did not even have the courage to face the criticisms that people were throwing at him now. It was not because he had become timid. Upon facing multiple setbacks, he had lost all confidence.

He finally reached the entrance of Zhong Ji's office. Tang Long knocked on the door.

Zhong Ji had been waiting for some time. It had been a sleepless night for him. He had dreamed about entering the upper echelons of the Han family. There was too much change in the Yan City's Han family that even Nangong Shuxian had passed away. He was on the verge of abandoning his dream when the good news dawned on him.

Not only would he become one of the upper echelons of the Han family, rather, but he would also be able to dictate the development of the Yan City's Han family.

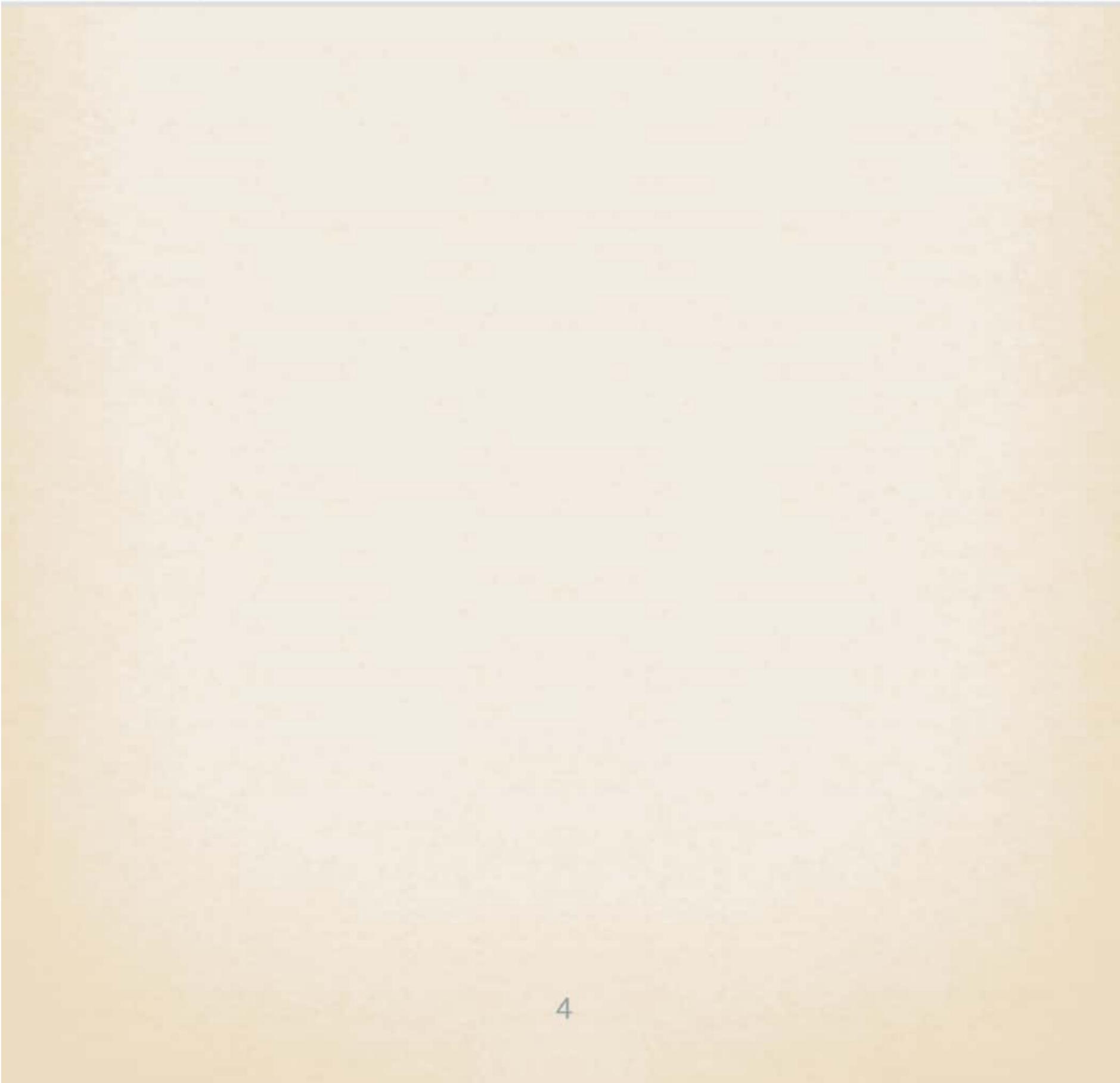
"Mr. Zhong." Tang Long lowered his head as he entered Zhong Ji's office.

"Which position do you think will be a good fit for you?" Zhong Ji asked.

Tang Long appreciated the fact that he was still able to land a job in Rumo Real Estate. Hence, he was not expecting a high position at all. Even though he had to start from the very bottom, Tang Long believed that had the ability to make his way up.

"Mr. Zhong, you may assign me to any department that lacks manpower," Tang Long replied.

Ad



“What if I say that my position is vacant?” Zhong Ji asked.

Tang Long paled at his words. He did not think, for even a second, that he had wanted to replace Zhong Ji.

“Mr. Zhong, you’re joking, right? I wouldn’t even dream of taking your position,” Tang Long hurriedly explained.

“You used to be so bold and confident, and I think that you would have definitely agreed to this in a heartbeat. What’s with you now? Why have you become so timid?” Zhong Ji looked at Tang Long.

Tang Long smiled wistfully. “Mr. Zhong, I’ve encountered many setbacks in multiple different companies. Not a single one of them dares to employ me now. I think that anyone would have been demotivated from such rejection. Now, I only want to land a stable job. I believe that I will be able to rise to a higher position if I truly possess the ability to do so.”

Zhong Ji was extremely satisfied with his answer. *At least he still has confidence in his capabilities.*

“I’m not joking. You will take over my position. This has been arranged by Mr. Han himself.”

Tang Long lifted his head instantly.

Mr. Han arranged this!

But... Why is Han Jingru giving me such a high position here? He's even asking me to take over Zhong Ji's place. What will Zhong Ji do if I'm taking over his position?

Tang Long had only snapped out of his thoughts after some time. "Mr. Zhong, is this a test from President Han? Did he ask you to sound me out? I am certainly not that ambitious. I'm just looking for a stable job."

Zhong Ji understood that this arrangement might have sounded absurd to Tang Long. If he were Tang Long, he wouldn't have believed it too. Tang Long was chased out of Rumo Real Estate because he had offended Han Jingru. Not only did Han Jingru forgive him and take him back, rather, he was also giving Tang Long such a high position. It was only normal for Tang Long to be skeptical about such matters.

"This is not a test, nor is Mr. Han trying to sound you out. I'm going back to Yan City, and you're the best choice to fill this position. Mr. Han had thought long and hard before making this decision," Zhong Ji explained.

Tang Long shivered when he saw that Zhong Ji was not joking. It was simply too good to be true.

Zhong Ji was the person who was in charge of Rumo Real Estate. *In the case where Han Jingru was absent, he was the man who would decide on everything related to the company. Essentially, he would only be working under Han Jingru. All others would have been under his authority.*

Moreover, Rumo Real Estate and the Su family reigned far-reaching influence over Yun City right now. He would be a considerable figure in Yun City if he took over Zhong Ji's position, maybe even surpassing who he used to be.

"I've informed you of Mr. Han's plans. Judging from your reaction, I reckon that you still need some time to digest your thoughts. I'll see you tomorrow, to discuss the handover of work," Zhong Ji announced.

Tang Long felt like he was still in a dream when he stood by the roadside. The sudden surprise would change the course of his life forever. However, he did not expect that all these were because of one person.

He had previously fallen into despair because he had offended Han Jingru.

Now, he was about to bathe in glory because of Han Jingru too.

Tang Long headed home in a despondent manner. Tang Chengye was boiling with fury at the sight of it.

He thought that Tang Long had been toyed with.

"Su Wenlun! How dare you trick me? We were classmates, after all. How could you treat me as such!" Tang Chengye gritted out through his teeth.

Tang Chengye walked over to Tang Long's side and patted him on his shoulders in an attempt to comfort him, "Tang Long, let's move and leave Yun City for good. You'll be able to survive in other cities with

your capabilities.”

Tang Chengye had previously suggested this to Tang Long. Nonetheless, he was blatantly rejected. Tang Long did not wish to start over in another city. Leaving Yun City would only mean that he would lose everything.

However, things were different, at Yun City. Although he had started from the bottom, he would be able to climb up the ladder faster, with his connections.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Tang Long shook his head. Move? How am I supposed to move just like that? I just replaced Zhong Ji's position and my status in Yun City has shot up a few levels. I'm at the prime of my life and I can't achieve this anywhere else!

When Tang Long shook his head, Tang Chengye bellowed, "Do you want to be humiliated by them? Yun City is currently under their control. You have no power to fight them!"

"Dad, you've misunderstood. Su Wenlun isn't trying to humiliate us," Tang Long explained.

He isn't? But you look so depressed. If something didn't happen at Rumo Real Estate, then why are you in this state?

"What's going on?" Tang Chengye inquired.

Tang Long swallowed. Even now, he had difficulty believing the truth because of how drastic the change was. It was so surreal that he felt he was dreaming.

"Dad, Zhong Ji is returning to Yan City and the reason I'm taking his position at Rumo Real Estate is because of Han Jingru."

Tang Chengye was just as stunned as his son was.

After a long pause, he stammered, "W-What did you say?"

"I'm replacing Zhong Ji," Tang Long repeated.

Tang Chengye inhaled sharply and felt that his organs were shaking uncontrollably. “Y-You’re not joking, right? You’re replacing Zhong Ji? Zhong Ji from Rumo Real Estate?”

Tang Chengye knew how special Zhong Ji’s position was. The Chengxi and Chengzhong Village redevelopment projects were currently under Zhong Ji. Even the Su Corporation only had minor participation in these projects, and countless businessmen wanted to have a hand in these projects. The only way they stood a chance was to butter Zhong Ji up. If Tang Long replaced Zhong Ji’s position, there would be countless people trying to curry favor with the Tang family.

“Are there any other Zhong Jis around?” Tang Long countered.

“My son, are you sure you heard them correctly? You’re not hallucinating, are you? It’s already generous for Han Jingru to let you resume work. Why would he give you such a powerful position?” Tang Chengye simply could not believe it as Han Jingru had no reason to do such a thing.

Tang Long shook his head as well. He didn’t understand the rationale either. After all, he had humiliated Han Jingru in the past. *How could Han Jingru not bear a grudge at all?*

In reality, that was but a small matter to Han Jingru. He set his sights further than Yun City, and even the entire Hua Nation. His life had begun anew at Apocalypse, so to him, matters involving the

corporate world became insignificant. He gave Tang Long another chance because he knew that man was capable. Han Jingru had not forgotten about the past, but it was now so insignificant that he had not bothered to settle the score.

Something Tang Chengye and Tang Long found mind-boggling was but a trifling matter to Han Jingru. That was the difference between their levels in status!

“Dad, it’s all true.”

After saying that, Tang Long’s phone rang.

The caller was Zhong Ji. Tang Chengye instructed his son to answer it in hands-free mode.

“Mr. Zhong, what’s the matter?” Tang Long inquired.

“I forgot to say this earlier, but here’s a warning — don’t even think about betraying Mr. Han. Otherwise, you’ll not only lose everything you have just gained, but also your life,” Zhong Ji said sternly.

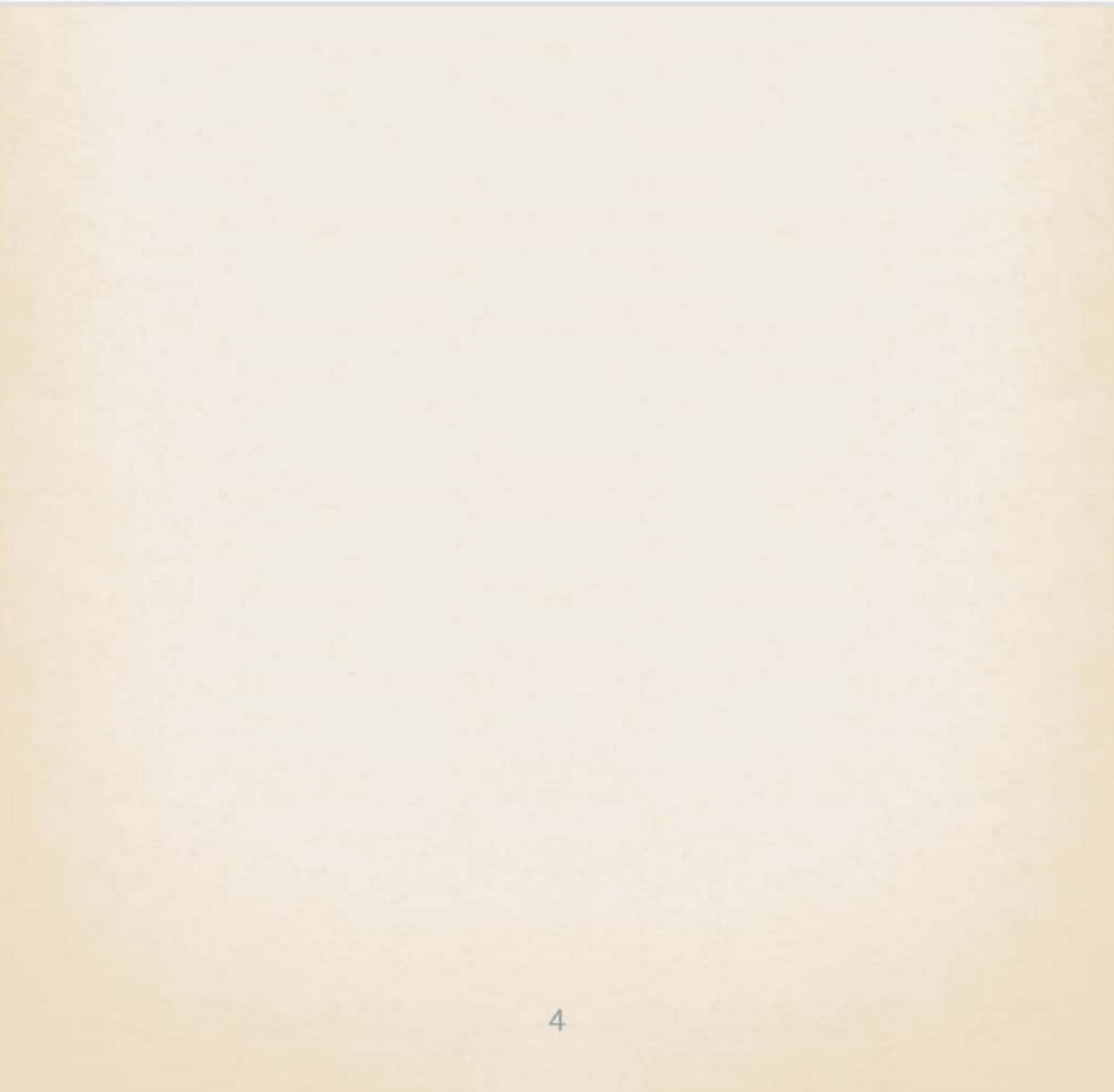
“Thanks, Mr. Zhong. I’ll be sure to remember this,” Tang Long answered.

After Zhong Ji hung up, Tang Chengye whacked his son over the back of his head.

“Dad, what are you doing?” Tang Long snapped.

“Get back to your room and write that line down a thousand times! I want it etched deeply into your

Ad



memory. Don't even think of trying anything funny!" Tang Chengye commanded.

Meanwhile, Han Jingru, who just returned home from the cemetery, was obviously in low spirits. Su Yimo knew he felt bad about this. What he said at the grave earlier was a portrayal of his innermost thoughts.

"You appear to be ruthless, but you're actually quite softhearted," Su Yimo told Han Jingru.

"What do you mean by that?" Han Jingru queried.

"You'd probably curse someone you hate and hope that she went to hell. However, you told her to watch you from heaven." In Su Yimo's opinion, this was what Han Jingru truly felt about Nangong Shuxian — he hated her, but they were still related by blood.

Han Jingru frowned. *I didn't mean it that way, but there's no way I can argue against what she said. Now that I think about it, why didn't I entertain the possibility that Nangong Shuxian could have gone to hell?*

Unable to explain himself, Han Jingru changed the subject. "I want to go to Bin County."

"What for?" She was puzzled. Bin County was Jiang Yan's hometown. Han Jingru should not have any reason to go there.

"I have a few things to settle there. Don't worry, it's nothing serious," he assured her.

Su Yimo suddenly lowered her head and tears welled up in her eyes.

She didn't confront him about the Apocalypse because she refused to accept the fact that he would be leaving.

Han Jingru's sudden trip to Bin County made Su Yimo worry.

"Are you trying to tie up all the loose ends for me before leaving?" she asked.

Han Jingru was taken aback. Indeed, his aim was to give the Jiang family a final warning in case they decided to harass Su Yimo after he was gone. Those shameless people were capable of doing anything. Han Jingru wanted to nip the problem in the bud.

However, he could not afford to confirm Su Yimo's suspicions. He did not want her to be affected by this incident.

"Do you remember Tang Cheng?" Han Jingru queried.

"Yes," Su Yimo replied. He was a famous man in Bin County and was the reason the Jiang family took Han Jingru seriously.

"Tang Cheng is in the U.S. right now, so I have to help him settle some matters in Bin County," he explained.

Su Yimo knew he was simply giving an excuse. Bin County was a small place and any trouble there would not require Han Jingru to resolve it personally.

However, she did not expose him. The truth would be too much to bear.

“Have a safe trip, then. Come back as soon as you can.” Su Yimo bade him farewell.

“Don’t worry, I’ll rush back immediately after I’m done. Don’t forget the reward you promised,” Han Jingru teased.

Su Yimo’s face flushed red. She was already a mother, but sometimes, she acted like a young maiden and was bashful regarding such topics.

“Get going! You won’t be getting rewarded no matter what you do!” she snapped.

Han Jingru chuckled and left the villa.

At Bin County.

Tang Cheng had not neglected Bin County even after leaving. This was his hometown, and he had a sense of attachment to it. In the past, he had hoped to leave Bin County to be of more help to Han Jingru, so he had found a successor long before he was sent to the U.S.

A man named Mao Tianyi managed the matters in Bin County. He had worked under Tang Cheng for a long time and was familiar with his way of handling affairs. Hence, even after Tang Cheng left, Mao Tianyi managed to maintain order in the county.

Mao Tianyi was an ambitious young man in his

twenties. Like all other young men, he craved power and was arrogant as well.

When men were rich and powerful, it was difficult for them to remain humble, and they were often drunk in their power. Following Tang Cheng's departure, Mao Tianyi had lived extravagantly, often fooling around with women.

"Mr. Mao, I've found you a few hot babes for tonight. Would you like to have a look at the photos?" Mao Tianyi's assistant inquired as he passed him his phone.

Mao Tianyi snatched the phone over. When he saw the photos, he instructed, "Not bad. Get a car ready; I'll go meet them in person."

"Sure."

As they prepared to leave the office, a young man blocked their car.

"F*** off! How dare you block Mr. Mao's car?" the assistant hollered at the man as he got off the car.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Mao Tianyi was now the most influential man in Bin County, so his assistant snobbish as well. There was no one he could not afford to offend in the entire county, so he had not cared who this man was.

He attempted to shove the man aside but felt as though he was pushing against a wall. The man did not move from the spot. However, the assistant recoiled from the impact and took a step back.

This was embarrassing for the assistant.

“Are you blind? Do you know who’s sitting in the car right now? Scram, before I break your legs!” the assistant bellowed.

Han Jingru smiled. Although he had not seen Mao Tianyi, judging from the way his assistant acted, he knew that Mao Tianyi and Tang Cheng had vastly different personalities.

Tang Cheng was low-key and did not cause any trouble. He had an excellent reputation in Bin County and the people loved him a lot. He also created countless job opportunities for the betterment of the county and its people and was a good leader.

However, the good reputation he had built up would be destroyed under his successor’s hands at this rate.

“Looks like Tang Cheng wasted his time grooming this man as his successor,” Han Jingru commented coldly.

When the assistant heard Tang Cheng's name, his eyes twitched.

Although Mao Tianyi was powerful now, that was only because Tang Cheng was not around. The moment the latter returned, Mao Tianyi would go back to his role as second-in-command. *If this man is Tang Cheng's friend, Mao Tianyi can't afford to offend him!*

"Who are you? Do you know Tang Cheng?" The assistant tested the waters nervously.

"Perhaps you should ask Mao Tianyi to see for himself. Who knows? He might even recognize me," Han Jingru scoffed.

The assistant reported to Mao Tianyi, "Mr. Mao, there's a man outside blocking our path..."

Before he could finish, Mao Tianyi, who was closing his eyes to rest, snapped, "Can't you settle such a trifling matter yourself? Don't disturb my rest! I need to save my energy for later."

"B-But Mr. Mao, this man seems to know Tang Cheng," the assistant continued.

Mao Tianyi's eyes flew open. It was normal for someone in Bin County to know Tang Cheng, but they must be well-acquainted if that man dared to stop him.

"What's his name?"

The assistant shook his head. "I don't know, but he said that you might recognize him."

Mao Tianyi took this seriously. If the other party knew Tang Cheng well, he could not afford to offend him or let Tang Cheng know about his actions in Bin County.

The moment he stepped out of the car and saw Han Jingru, he froze.

Han Jingru? It's Han Jingru!

The last time Han Jingru came to Bin County, Tang Cheng had not formally introduced them as he felt that Mao Tianyi was not worth Han Jingru's attention. However, Mao Tianyi had remembered him well.

Few men could make Tang Cheng bow!

Mao Tianyi rushed over to Han Jingru and greeted him, "Mr. Han, I didn't expect you to visit."

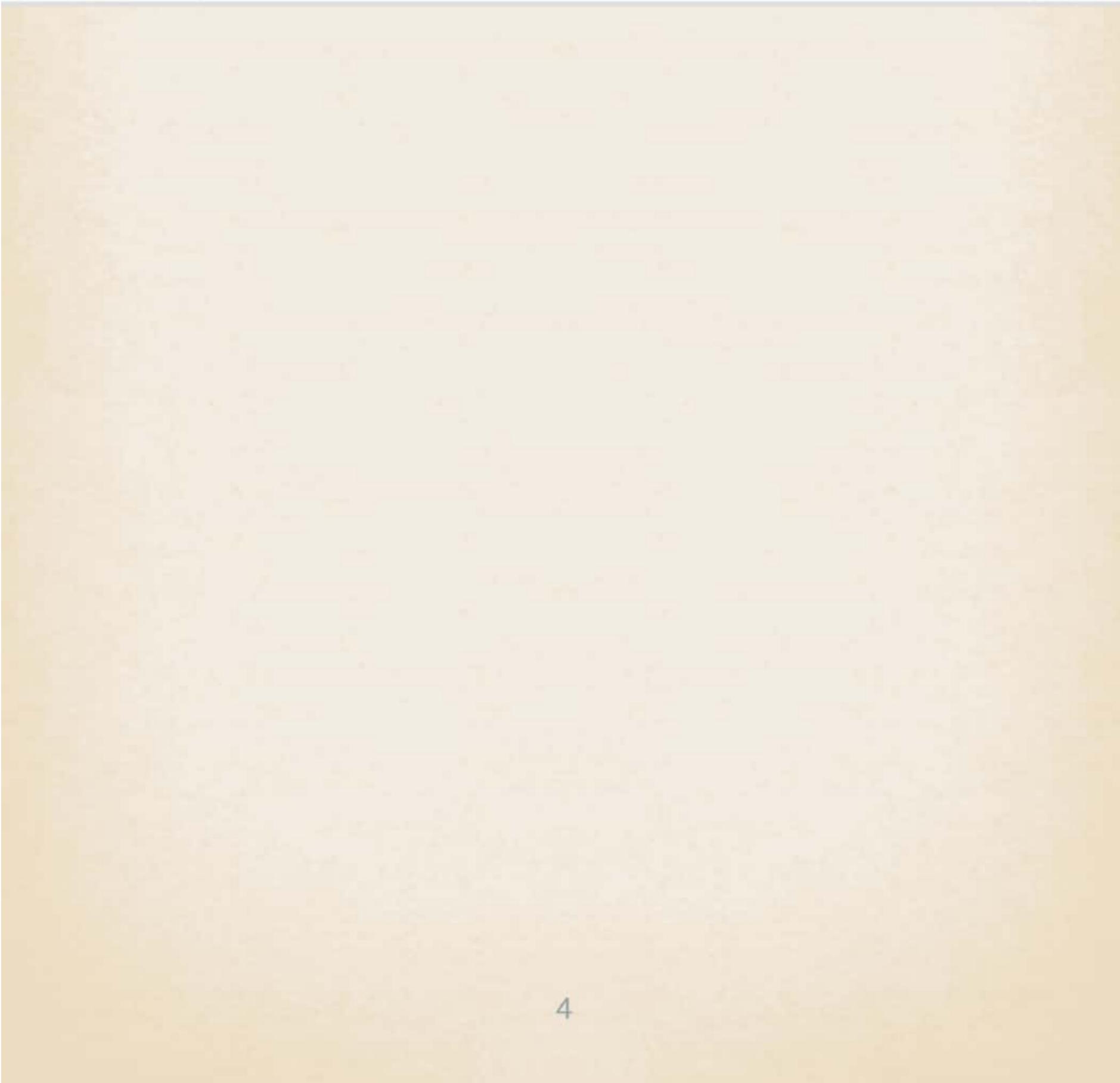
The assistant was scared out of his wits when he saw this. *This man must be some hotshot after all! Even someone as haughty as Mao Tianyi treated him with so much respect! Oh no! I even pushed him!*

"Are you Mao Tianyi?" Han Jingru demanded calmly.

Mao Tianyi felt like he was treading on thin ice and squeaked, "That's right. Mr. Han, you can just call me Mao."

"You can often tell how the character of a dog owner

Ad



based on how his dog behaves. Yours is rather arrogant, isn't he? I wouldn't dare to call someone of your status 'Mao.' You think too highly of me," Han Jingru scorned in a dangerously calm tone.

Mao Tianyi was mortified to hear this. His arrogance in Bin County had caused his assistant to act haughtily as well, but he was a mere insect in front of Han Jingru.

"Mr. Han, I'm sorry. I failed to keep my subordinates in hand. I'll make sure to correct their attitude," Mao Tianyi apologized.

"Looks like you still don't understand where you went wrong. Tang Cheng made a mistake choosing you as his successor," Han Jingru scowled.

Mao Tianyi broke out in a cold sweat. He had worked hard to enjoy his status today, but the moment Han Jingru informed Tang Cheng about this, his future would be ruined.

He knelt in front of Han Jingru and pleaded, "Mr. Han, I was in the wrong. Please give me another chance!"

When the assistant saw this, he followed suit. This entire incident happened because of him. If Mao Tianyi were removed from power, he would be a goner as well.

He had acted just as arrogantly as Mao Tianyi after the latter rose to power and offended many people. If he lost his current status, his enemies would come after him.

Many passersby recognized Mao Tianyi. They were shocked at the sight of him begging for forgiveness on his knees.

“Who is this man? Even Mao Tianyi is kneeling in front of him.”

“I’ve never seen him before. Did Tang Cheng send him here?”

“Mao Tianyi had it coming! He’s been lording it all over Bin County as though Tang Cheng’s dead! Tang Cheng’s reputation has gone down the drain thanks to this successor of his!”

“He deserves it! I hope he gets his just desserts, or Bin County will be ruined under his hands!”

“Ever since Tang Cheng left, many young ladies have been ruined by Mao Tianyi. My colleague’s daughter was forcibly taken away by this scoundrel!”

When Han Jingru heard the complaints from the pedestrians, his expression darkened. *Looks like Mao Tianyi has been doing many outrageous things in Tang Cheng’s absence.*

That was indeed the case. After Mao Tianyi took over, he acted as though he was above the law. There was once he met a couple on the streets and was interested in the woman. He tried to buy her off from the man at a high price, but the man refused. Mao Tianyi’s subordinates beat him up and sent him to the hospital. This caused a large stir in the county, but Mao Tianyi eventually kept everything under wraps

with money.

Mao Tianyi was a ruthless dictator so full of himself that he did not care about anyone other than Tang Cheng.

“Mao Tianyi, I’m curious. How many despicable acts have you committed? Every man passing by has something bad to say about you?” Han Jingru demanded sternly.

Mao Tianyi wanted to kill these nosy passersby. *I’ve done many despicable things, but who are these lowly citizens to comment on my actions?*

“Mr. Han, these men are making false accusations. I don’t know them at all. Please, don’t listen to them,” he begged.

A bold passerby headed over to Han Jingru and said, “Hey buddy, I don’t know who you are, but every word we’ve said is nothing but the truth. This man is a scumbag and Tang Cheng’s efforts have gone to waste under his hands. If you have the means to contact Tang Cheng, please inform him of this.”

“Who do you think you are? I’ll hunt you down and kill you!” Mao Tianyi got up and prepared to teach this man a lesson.

The latter staggered back in fear.

Han Jingru kicked Mao Tianyi aside and assured the passerby, “Relax. Starting today, Mao Tianyi is stripped of all his power and can no longer cause any

of you harm. Thanks for providing me with such information.”

The passerby was still in lingering fear of Mao Tianyi's threat and regretted his words. After all, he was no match for Mao Tianyi if he really sought revenge.

“Really? Mao Tianyi is a vicious man. If he gets revenge on me, I'm a goner,” the passerby said in fear.

Han Jingru nodded. “Don't worry, I'm a man of my word.”

He then took his phone out and dialed Tang Cheng.

“I'm at Bin County and I've weeded Mao Tianyi out for you,” Han Jingru informed him.

Tang Cheng had spent a long time nurturing Mao Tianyi as his successor and felt that he was the best candidate to do so, but now that Han Jingru had said this, he would not defend Mao Tianyi.

Han Jingru set the phone to hands-free mode and Tang Cheng's voice called out, “Mr. Han, he's not worth your time. I'll send someone to take care of him instead.”

Mao Tianyi despaired when he heard this and yelled towards the phone, “Mr. Tang, please give me another chance! I won't let you down! I promise!”

Chapter 717 Weeding Out



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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After Han Jingru got involved in this matter personally, Tang Cheng would not give Mao Tianyi a second chance even if he cherished him as an individual.

After hanging up, Tang Cheng's men arrived and brought Mao Tianyi away. His assistant was still on his knees and did not even dare to glance at Mao Tianyi.

He did not expect Mao Tianyi's reign to last for such a short duration.

"Mr. Han, his actions have nothing to do with me. I was forced to do all of this! He forced me to do it!" the assistant pleaded.

Han Jingru rubbed his temples. *I came to Bin County to prevent the Jiang family from going to Yun City to cause trouble for Su Yimo. I thought Tang Cheng's successor could be of aid to me, but now that things turned out this way, I must find someone to take over.*

This would not have posed much trouble to Han Jingru in Yun City as there were many potential candidates there. However, he did not have any capable subordinates in Bin County.

He glanced at Mao Tianyi's assistant. *This useless man can't measure up to anything. If I give him power, he'll end up becoming a second Mao Tianyi!*

Suddenly, a name appeared in Han Jingru's mind.

Liu Zhijie!

That man had once competed with Han Jingru. *How's he doing after breaking up with Jiang Wan?*

To Han Jingru, Liu Zhijie was not someone particularly capable, but at least, he feared Han Jingru deeply. *With this fear in mind, he wouldn't dare to betray me. In fact, he might be a suitable candidate to keep an eye on the Jiang family since he knows them so well.*

With Han Jingru's current status, he did not need to come down personally to threaten the Jiang family. Sending Lin Heng would be enough.

However, this matter was of utmost importance to Han Jingru. Anything that concerned Su Yimo and Han Xiang were important enough for him to deal with himself.

Han Jingru was not trying to make a mountain out of a molehill, but this was something worthy of his attention.

The reason was simple. He cared for Su Yimo and Han Xiang more than anything else in the world.

"Help me find someone called Liu Zhijie," Han Jingru instructed.

"Yes, sure, Mr. Han, I'll get to it immediately," the assistant replied as he got to his feet.

After several calls, the assistant managed to get an answer within minutes. *Looks like this man has a good network of connections in Bin County. Perhaps I can be of help to Liu Z*

hijie. After all, he is just a boss of an ordinary company and might not acclimate to such an important role so quickly. I can make things be a lot easier for him.

Han Jingru was not concerned that Liu Zhijie would be led astray by this assistant at all. The assistant had only acted haughtily because of Mao Tianyi's tyrannical rule. As long as Liu Zhijie was responsible, the assistant would not be able to influence him.

"Mr. Han, I've found him. He's in a bar called the Windborne Ode."

Windborne Ode?

Han Jingru frowned. *Liu Zhijie's company is in the finance industry. This is a bar, not a restaurant. What is he doing there?*

"Let's go," Han Jingru commanded.

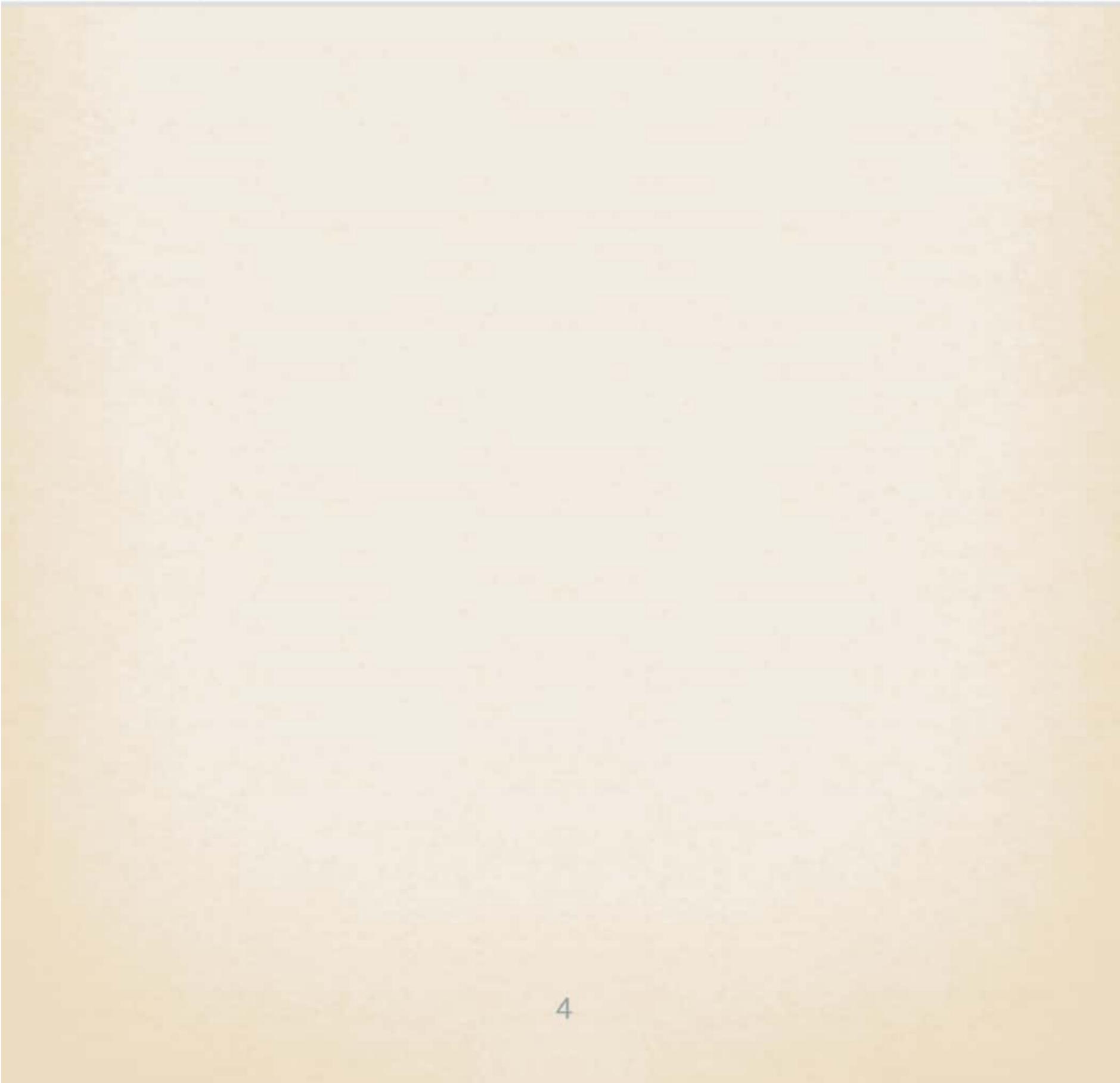
The two of them got on Mao Tianyi's car and headed to Windborne Ode.

Although it was off-peak hours, there was a table filled with customers present. However, that one table was enough to cause quite a ruckus in the bar. Every one of them spoke especially loudly and were braggarts.

"Liu Zhijie, get us more beer! You're so damn slow!" a youngster hollered.

Soon, Liu Zhijie brought a crate of beer to the table.

Ad



“Liu Zhijie, you were once the boss of your own company. How did you end up like this?”

“It feels so satisfying having an ex-boss like you serving us beer.”

“Ha, serves you right for declining to have a meal with us! Know your place, trash!”

“Hahaha!”

The group burst out into laughter.

They were not a group of ordinary customers. All of them knew him and were bosses of small companies in Bin County. A few of them were better off than Liu Zhijie in his heyday, but most of them did worse than him. Now that Liu Zhijie’s company went bankrupt and had to find a job as a waiter.

These men were not here to drink but to humiliate him.

Liu Zhijie bowed his head when he heard this. He was in no position to start an argument with these men as he did not have capital to make a comeback. All he could do was take these insults in silence.

“Oh right, about your woman – what’s her name again? I managed to bring her to bed by buying her a new phone. She even said that you were useless in bed!” one of them jeered.

Liu Zhijie and Jiang Wan broke up long ago. There was even a period of time when Jiang Wan pestered

him to reconcile with him, but Liu Zhijie had refused. Tang Cheng had disliked the Jiang family, so for the sake of his company, Liu Zhijie could not possibly date her.

He also knew she would not stick with him through tough times, so he felt she was not worth his time.

He was right. The moment Liu Zhijie's company went bust, Jiang Wan had only shown up once to humiliate him and never appeared before him again.

Liu Zhijie had occasionally heard news about Jiang Wan from others and learned that she was acting no better than a prostitute. She would slip into bed with anyone who paid her well.

"Liu Zhijie, you're useless! How could you keep quiet when someone else has gone to bed with your woman!"

"You're nothing but trash! Weren't you very powerful before? Why are you keeping quiet now?"

Liu Zhijie took a deep breath and clarified, "The two of us broke up long ago. What she does is none of my business."

"Oh man, I've got to let that slut see how pathetic you are now," the man jeered and dialed Jiang Wan's number.

"Hey, come to Windborne Ode now. Your ex is working as a waiter here. You should come to take care of him," the man instructed.

Ex?

Jiang Wan thought of Liu Zhijie immediately. She dated him in the past because he was rich, but now, he was a mere street rat not worthy of her time.

"I'm not going. Why should I meet trash like him?" Jiang Wan spat.

"I told you to come, you slut! How dare you refuse me?" that man roared.

Jiang Wan did not know how to respond to this. She could not afford to offend this man, and she knew she was simply being called there to humiliate Liu Zhijie.

"I'll give you ten grand if you get here this instant," the man offered.

"I'll be there," Jiang Wan responded almost immediately.

After she hung up, the man mocked, "This slut is an interesting one. She'd do anything for money. Any of you guys interested? She has the looks. Most importantly, she's good in bed and knows how to take care of a man."

The group of men burst into laughter.

As a man, Liu Zhijie knew what these men were planning, but he did not sympathize with Jiang Wan at all. Even if they were once an item, she had brought all of this upon herself and deserved what

was coming.

“Liu Zhijie, my shoes are dirty. If you kneel and clean them for me, I’ll give you ten grand as well. How does that sound?” that man jeered as he extended his foot.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Liu Zhijie could accept his current state. He was confident that he could make a comeback. Otherwise, he would have been dejected after his company went bust and would not have worked at the Windborne Ode.

Not everyone could take such a drastic change in life. The fact that Liu Zhijie could stomach this showed his tenacity.

However, just because he could accept that he was poor did not mean that he would be humiliated.

To him, ten thousand was no small sum, but his dignity was priceless.

“I don’t need it,” Liu Zhijie refused plainly.

That man had an icy glare and spat, “Liu Zhijie, I’ve already stuck my foot out for you. Do you expect me to retract it? I’ll make sure you can’t find a job in the entire Bin County!”

“Do you think you’re Tang Cheng or Mao Tianyi?” Liu Zhijie retorted. Bin County was not a big place, but the only people who could fully control the affairs in the county were Tang Cheng and Mao Tianyi. What Liu Zhijie did not know was that this no longer applied to the latter.

The man did not dare to compare himself to Mao Tianyi. If word got out, especially if this reached Mao Tianyi’s ears, he would be a goner.

Mao Tianyi was so tyrannical that one would think

twice before mentioning his name.

“Damn it!” The man got up and kicked him. He bellowed, “Liu Zhijie, are you trying to trick me?”

Liu Zhijie stumbled backward, and his face contorted in pain.

Meanwhile, at a corner of Windborne Ode, Han Jingru shook his head when he saw this.

The assistant sighed, “These men were Liu Zhijie’s business partners. When he was reduced to such a state, they all turned against him.”

“That’s the corporate world for you. You have no true friends there, and everyone acts out of interest. Once your so-called friend finds you’re able to bring them any profit, you’ll be tossed aside and regarded an enemy,” Han Jingru commented. This was true in society. Few people could make true friends in the corporate world.

The assistant froze when he heard this. He had offended many people, and now that Mao Tianyi fell from power, he would probably end up worse than Liu Zhijie.

At this point, a woman wearing a coat walked into Windborne Ode. She had revealed a huge portion of her thighs under her coat, highlighting her figure despite the chilly weather.

“Look at all that makeup. Looks like Jiang Wan’s changed a lot,” Han Jingru scoffed. The more she

dolled herself up, the more it showed that she was trying to attract attention. It was clear as day that Jiang Wan was trying to look for a man.

However, with her reputation in Bin County, who would want her?

She was like a pair of worn shoes that would eventually end up in the trash.

“Jiang Wan, you’re so slow. Don’t you want the money?” the man grumbled.

She rushed to the man’s side and apologized with a smile, “I called a cab and rushed over the moment I received your call.”

The man took Jiang Wan in his embrace and spat in disgust, “Why are you all covered up? If you don’t show me something revealing, how do you expect me to pay you?”

Jiang Wan tossed her coat aside, revealing a voluptuous figure.

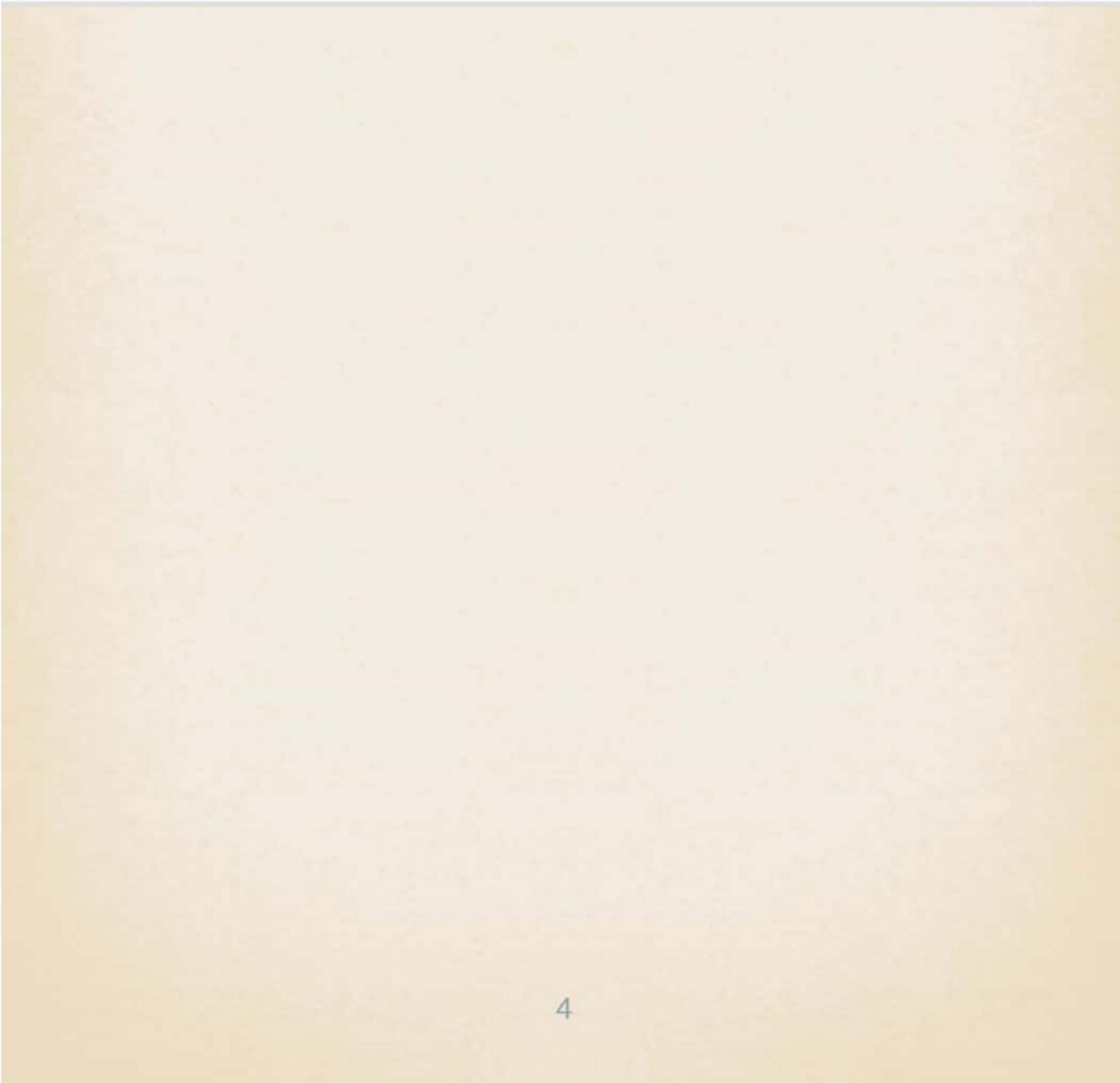
She had specially chosen tight-fitting clothes to accentuate her curvaceous body.

“Here. This man is your ex, right?” The man pointed at Liu Zhijie.

Jiang Wan scoffed, “I don’t know trash like him.”

“Hahaha!” the man laughed. “You’re so pathetic that even your ex refuses to admit you’re her ex! Tsk tsk, I

Ad



really feel sorry for you.”

Suddenly, Jiang Wan stepped forward and stepped on Liu Zhijie’s hand with her high heels. She jeered, “Look at the sorry state you’re in now, Liu Zhijie. Do you still remember how you rejected me back then? Now, you’re not even worthy of my attention!”

Liu Zhijie inhaled sharply. *This woman is shameless! Back then, she begged to reconcile with me, and now, she’s humiliating me with these men.*

“Why should I seek the attention of a slut like you?” Liu Zhijie retorted.

Slut?

This word made Jiang Wan feel ashamed. She knew she was no longer chaste, but she felt that Liu Zhijie had no right to criticize her.

In Jiang Wan’s eyes, she was simply making a few necessary sacrifices to survive. *We’re both consenting adults. What’s wrong with this?*

“Liu Zhijie, you have no right to criticize me.” Jiang Wan then stomped on his hand again.

He scowled in pain as his entire hand went numb.

The rest of the men were gloating in Liu Zhijie’s misfortune.

“Liu Zhijie, look at yourself. You’re being bullied by a woman and don’t even have the guts to strike back!”

“Did you lose something down there along with your company? Grow a pair!”

“Fight back if you’re a man!”

These men started taunting Liu Zhijie to strike back, but the moment he tried, they would beat him up.

In other words, these people were just looking for an excuse to beat him up.

Liu Zhijie took a few deep breaths, and his face was drained of all color. He knew what these men were thinking and would not fall for their trap.

However, he was fuming at their insults and his hands had subconsciously balled into fists.

When they saw that Liu Zhijie showed signs of fighting back, they continued fanning the flames. “Liu Zhijie, get up if you’re a man! If you can take all this lying down, then you’re better off dead!”

Liu Zhijie was shaking with anger.

Suddenly, that man passed Jiang Wan a glass bottle.

Although she hated Liu Zhijie, she did not dare to hit someone with a glass bottle.

“I’ll give you another ten grand,” the man offered.

With that, Jiang Wan took the bottle and smashed it over Liu Zhijie’s head.

With a crash, the bottle shattered, and shards spilled everywhere.

Blood trickled from Liu Zhijie's forehead. He felt groggy.

Jiang Wan staggered in fear when she saw the blood on his forehead. That was the first time she had injured someone so badly, but she had done it for the money.

"Liu Zhijie, you're useless.

"You're a disgrace to all men."

"Where's your dignity? You should go and kill yourself, you pathetic excuse of a man!"

These snide remarks were all muffled to Liu Zhijie. His vision had turned blurry, partly due to the blood obscuring his eyes.

Suddenly, he noticed a pair of feet in front of him.

"Get on your feet."

That voice!

Liu Zhijie struggled to raise his head to see who it was.

"Y-You..." Liu Zhijie stuttered in fear. The man before him was Han Jingru! He had not expected Han Jingru to return to a small place like Bin County. After all, even Tang Cheng had left this place!

“Get lost, kid. Mind your own business,” that man warned Han Jingru. He didn’t notice Jiang Wan’s face had turned pale, and she was now cowering on the floor.

Fear was written all over her eyes, as though she had just seen a monster. She didn’t expect Han Jingru to return to Bin County either!

To the Jiang family, Han Jingru was the devil himself.

“Liu Zhijie, I told you to get up,” Han Jingru repeated himself, ignoring the man’s threat.

Liu Zhijie forced himself back on his feet; his body still trembling. He did not dare to defy an order from Han Jingru. He would force himself to get up even if both his legs were broken.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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When the man saw how Han Jingru ignored him, he was incensed and swung a glass bottle at the latter from behind.

The assistant was about to warn him when Han Jingru suddenly kicked his assailant.

The sudden impact sent the man flying back five meters and crashed into a wooden table, causing it to break.

He writhed around and groaned in pain.

When the others saw this, they took a few steps back in shock.

“Who is this guy? Why is he so powerful?”

“I’ve never seen anyone like him in Bin County before.”

“Wait, that man beside him... Isn’t he Mao Tianyi’s assistant? Why is he here?” another man asked in fear.

The rest of them finally noticed the assistant, and their face turned a ghastly pale.

The assistant’s presence meant that this man must have strong connections to Mao Tianyi himself. If this man was Mao Tianyi’s friend and he was here to stand up for Liu Zhijie, they were all finished.

Such a thought made all of them sink into despair. However, this was nothing compared to how they felt

when they heard what Liu Zhijie said next.

“Mr. Han, what brings you here?” Liu Zhijie inquired.

Mr. Han!

After Han Xiang’s hundredth-day celebration, all cities neighboring Yun City knew that Han Jingru was a big shot.

These men had naturally heard of him before. *D-Don’t tell me that this man is that legendary Han Jingru from Yun City!*

The very thought scared all of them senseless. Even if he were just acquaintances with Liu Zhijie, they would all be doomed.

When they recalled how they had tormented Liu Zhijie earlier, it overcame them with horror.

“Mao Tianyi was committing despicable acts around Bin County, so I came to weed him out,” Han Jingru explained his presence.

Weed him out!

These words delivered a huge blow to the men present.

Mao Tianyi is the most influential man in Bin County, and he’s already gotten rid of him. We don’t stand a chance!

The man who got kicked was enduring excruciating

pain, but overwhelming fear soon eclipsed that pain.

He regretted his reckless actions earlier. *What was I thinking? I tried to assault Han Jingru!*

“Well, did you decide to drop by and humiliate me as well?” Liu Zhijie laughed bitterly. Although Mao Tianyi was powerful, he was nothing compared to a man like Han Jingru. To Liu Zhijie, this matter was not surprising at all.

“Now that Mao Tianyi is gone, Bin County needs someone who can manage the situation,” Han Jingru continued.

When he first heard this, Liu Zhijie had not shown any major reaction. After a short pause, his eyes widened.

He needs someone who can manage the situation, and he's looking for me? That means...

“Mr. Han, are... are you giving me this opportunity?” Liu Zhijie asked in doubt.

“Your performance today has disappointed me.” Han Jingru shook his head.

Liu Zhijie's heart sank. That could very well be his only opportunity to make a comeback and if he had not taken it, he might not recover from this setback.

“Mr. Han, I have my pride as well. I didn't want to be humiliated by them, but I have no choice now,” Liu Zhijie replied with his head bowed low.

“Is that so? What if I give you an opportunity then?”

A murderous glint appeared in Liu Zhijie’s eyes.

“Then, none of them are walking out of here alive.”

This sentence sent shivers down their spine. All of them regretting their foolish actions. If they had not come to make fun of Liu Zhijie out of boredom, they would not be facing such danger now.

“Liu Zhijie, I wasn’t the one who suggested this. I was just tagging along.”

“Me too! Me too! I even tried to dissuade them, but they refused to listen.”

“It’s him, he suggested it! If you want revenge, take it out on him!”

All of them pointed at the man who got kicked by Han Jingru. To them, their friendship meant less than their life and they were quick to betray that man.

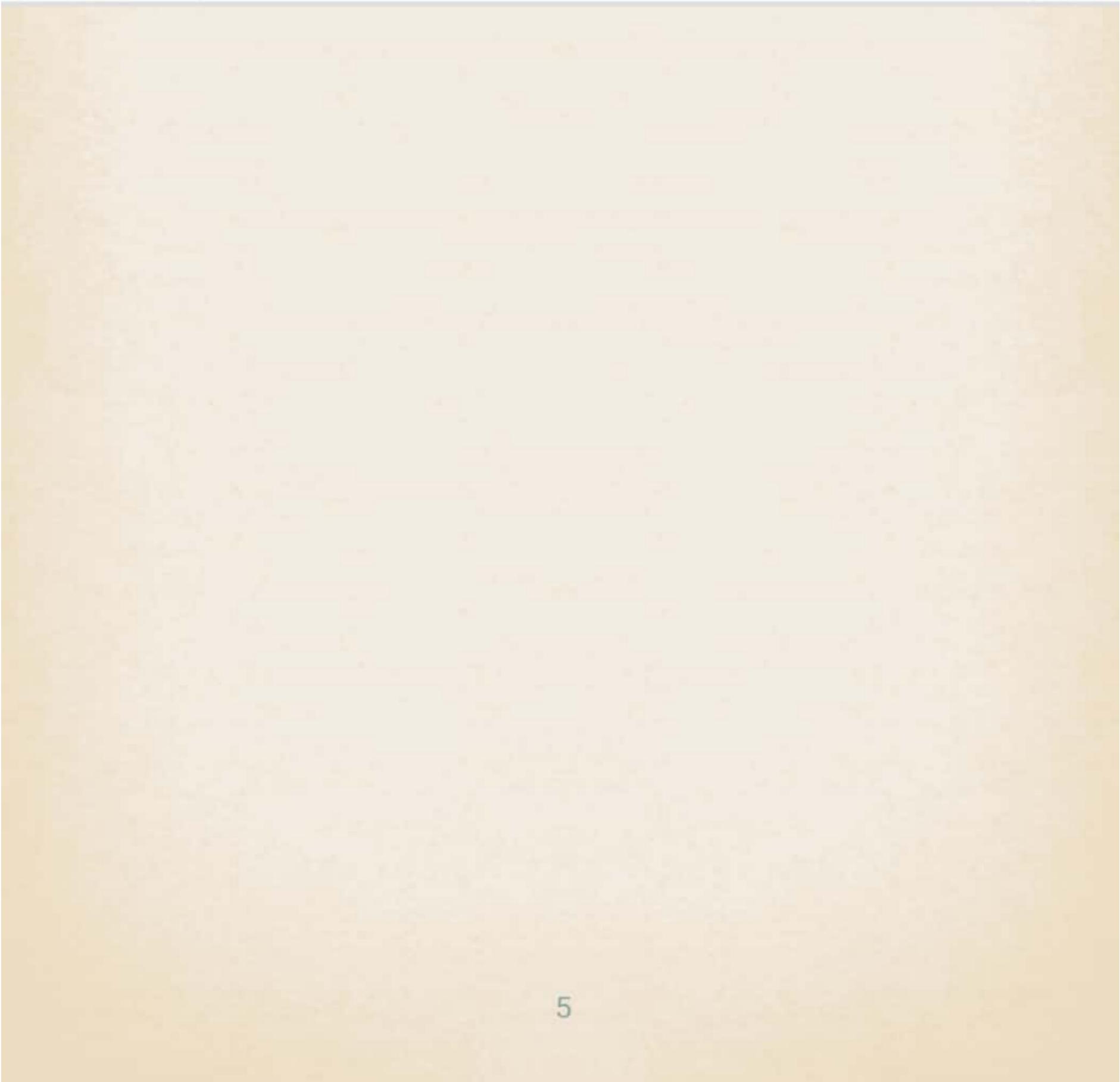
“Prove it,” Han Jingru told Liu Zhijie.

Liu Zhijie wiped the blood from his brow and strode toward that man with a glass bottle in his hands.

“Liu Zhijie, what are you trying to do? Don’t come closer. I’m warning you!” that man shrieked as he backed away rapidly, only to find that his back had hit the wall. However, Liu Zhijie didn’t slow down.

“Liu Zhijie, I’m really sorry! I was just fooling around! I didn’t expect this woman to actually hit you!” the man

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attempted to explain.

Jiang Wan had little change in her facial expression but she was filled with regret.

She knew that the moment Han Jingru gave Liu Zhijie the chance, he would take Mao Tianyi's position. After all, with Han Jingru's current position, he could change Bin County's fate with one sentence.

In the future, Liu Zhijie would call the shots in Bin County. If she had not humiliated him and showed that she would stay by his side even when he was down and out, she would be enjoying unimaginable riches and power.

Sadly, there were no double takes in life.

"Fooling around? Sure, you are. Now, it's my turn." Liu Zhijie gritted his teeth.

That man was filled with despair and was in pain. *Han Jingru gave Liu Zhijie a chance! Now, I can't even run away!*

Crash!

Liu Zhijie smashed the bottle over the man's head, sending alcohol and shards flying everywhere.

The man howled in pain, but Liu Zhijie was not done yet. He grabbed the man by his hair and smashed his head against the wall repeatedly.

The loud banging sounds reverberated across the

entire Windborne Ode. Everyone present was scared senseless. They did not dare to watch that man's fate.

Han Jingru gave Mao Tianyi's assistant a knowing look, and he hurried over to stop Liu Zhijie.

After all, this was a public place. Liu Zhijie could get revenge, but he could not kill.

"Mr. Han, please give me this chance. I promise not to disappoint," Liu Zhijie pledged as he gave Han Jingru a deep bow.

"Starting today, you'll be his assistant," Han Jingru instructed Mao Tianyi's assistant.

The assistant was overjoyed. If he was not removed from his position following Mao Tianyi's death, that meant that his enemies were still unable of taking revenge. To him, nothing much had changed, other than the fact that he now worked for someone else.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Han!" the assistant thanked Han Jingru profusely.

Han Jingru walked over to Liu Zhijie and instructed, "I only have two simple requests of you. Don't become another Mao Tianyi and don't allow anyone from the Jiang family to set foot outside Bin County."

Liu Zhijie fell to his knees and assured Han Jingru, "Don't worry, Mr. Han, I won't be corrupt. As for the Jiang family, I'll keep them on twenty-four-hour surveillance. If they even take one step out of Bin

County, I will pay for my mistake with my life.”

Han Jingru was delighted when he heard this solemn vow. Given Liu Zhijie’s track record, it was unlikely that he would become the next Mao Tianyi. After all, he had experienced a huge fall. Now that he regained power, he would cherish the opportunity.

“Remember what you said today. I don’t want to show up here again because of you,” Han Jingru warned.

Liu Zhijie nodded. He knew he did not have to make too many promises. Han Jingru did not need his words. He simply needed to prove himself with his actions.

Just as the three of them were about to leave, Liu Zhijie felt someone clinging onto him and when he looked down, he realized it was Jiang Wan.

“Zhijie, I was in the wrong. Will you forgive me?” Jiang Wan sobbed pitifully. Someone not in the know might find her especially pitiful, but Liu Zhijie found her especially disgusting.

“Jiang Wan, you’re shameless! Did you really think that there was even the slightest chance that I’d reconcile with you?” He kicked her aside and spat with disgust, “Why would I settle for a slut like you?”

Jiang Wan’s face fell. She once thought that Liu Zhijie could bring her happiness, but his company went bankrupt. Just as she thought that he had no chance of making a comeback, Han Jingru appeared, allowing him to rise to a position even higher than

before.

All of this was no thanks to Liu Zhijie's capabilities, but because of Han Jingru.

Jiang Wan finally understood how blissful Su Yimo, the woman she had despised, was right now.

She once sought to compete with Su Yimo, but at her current state, she had no right to do so.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

After the incident at Bin County, Han Jingru headed back to Yun City without delay.

Although he wanted to stall for time to tie up more loose ends, there was nothing that required his personal attention after the incident at Bin County.

At the peak of Genting Mountain, Mr. Yi and Fang Zhan were standing against the howling wind, unaffected by the cold despite not having many layers on.

“Do you think this is a good timing to bring him back?” Mr. Yi asked Fang Zhan. Lately, Mr. Yi had been mulling over this problem. With Su Yimo and Han Xiang, Han Jingru could not let go of his attachments to the mortal world. This would be an obstacle to Han Jingru’s growth in the Apocalypse, causing him to hesitate when dealing with some problems.

However, being able to sever attachments to the mortal world was a prerequisite to entering the Apocalypse. This was a hard and fast rule, but Mr. Yi knew he could not force it upon Han Jingru. This would only lead to Han Jingru fighting back and might even make him give up on the Apocalypse.

“Mr. Yi, the first and foremost rule of the Apocalypse is that those who enter apocalypse shall be prepared to die. Han Jingru cannot do this,” Fang Zhan replied. He was not trying to say that Han Jingru feared death, but because he had responsibilities in the mortal world, he would need to treasure his life for the people who depended on him.

“That’s right. He has a wife and a child. Their futures depend on him, so how could he be prepared to die for no good reason?” Mr. Yi sighed. If it were anyone else, Mr. Yi would resort to extreme methods or even get the Apocalypse to sever their ties with the mortal world. However, things were different with Han Jingru. He had a special identity and Mr. Yi had high hopes for him, even going as far as thinking that he would be Apocalypse’s future. He would not resort to such tricks with Han Jingru.

If they killed Su Yimo and Han Xiang, the moment Han Jingru found out, Apocalypse would be in for a round of unnecessary trouble.

Over the years, Apocalypse produced someone hailed as the Chosen One, Lin Tong, but he could not shoulder great responsibility. Han Jingru could do so. However, he was a double-edged sword that could either be a blessing or curse to the Apocalypse.

“Mr. Yi, I feel that... his ability is very strange,” Fang Zhan commented.

“The Apocalypse is full of strange people. He might be a strange fellow, but he is the strongest out of all of them. I am confident that we will become much stronger thanks to him in three years. When we eventually face that event, only he can quell that disaster,” Mr. Yi assured him.

When that event was mentioned, Fang Zhan’s expression turned solemn. As one of the Top Ten Elites in Apocalypse, he held a central position and knew about the Apocalypse’s secrets. It was a secret

that would shock the world if word got out. It could very well spell the end of the world.

Fang Zhan inhaled sharply and continued, "The stronger the power, the more difficult it is to control it."

This made Mr. Yi irritated. He shook his head. "With his tenacity, he won't be controlled by anyone. I won't allow it. He's like a spring. The more you apply pressure, the harder he'll fight back."

"Don't tell me Apocalypse is going to change our rules for him! We can't keep accommodating for one person, can we?" Fang Zhan protested.

"Rules were created by humans too. Why must we be so inflexible?" Mr. Yi pointed out.

Fang Zhan was astounded. The Apocalypse's rules had been around for a hundred years, and now, Mr. Yi is willing to change them for Han Jingru's sake. *Just how important is Han Jingru to him? Well, the Apocalypse is more than just the Fourth Gate. We need to consider the equally powerful Third Hall as well. Even if Mr. Yi is willing to change the rules for Han Jingru, the Third Hall would have to approve first. That would be impossible!*

Although the Fourth Gate and Third Hall seemed to coexist peacefully, they had been competing in secret and they often looked down upon each other.

Lin Tong was hailed as the Chosen One in the Fourth Gate, but the Third Hall did not recognize such a title

Chapter 721 Those Who Enter Apocalypse Shall Be Prepared To Die

Ad



and felt that this was a joke.

“Mr. Yi, will the Third Hall agree to this?” Fang Zhan tested the waters. He knew that Mr. Yi must have had a plan, but he could not fathom what the latter had in mind.

Mr. Yi simply chuckled. “In Apocalypse, power is everything. If we can make the Third Hall see Han Jingru’s potential, they’re in no position to refuse!”

However, potential was intangible and could not be measured easily. It would be no mean feat convincing the Third Hall of Han Jingru’s potential.

“April is a very important month to the Apocalypse. You’ve retired for a long time. Do you still remember what will happen in April?” Mr. Yi suddenly questioned Fang Zhan.

“Of course. It’s the annual power ranking in Apocalypse and everyone works hard to showcase their capabilities in that one month,” Fang Zhan answered. Although he had retired for a long time, he would not forget about such an important event.

There were different rankings in Apocalypse, namely Platinum, Gold, Silver, and Bronze classes. The Bronze class was the lowest class and included people like Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian. With every rank ascended, their position in Apocalypse would improve. Only the Platinum class fighters were considered true members of the Apocalypse. To be a core member of the Apocalypse, one had to be on Fang Zhan’s level or higher and be one of the Top Ten

Elites.

Even Lin Tong, who was dubbed as the Chosen One, was not considered a core member as he did not know the Apocalypse's greatest secret.

"How long do we have till April?" Mr. Yi continued.

"The Chinese New Year is coming soon. After that, you'll only have a month," Fang Zhan replied.

"That's right. In a month, Han Jingru will rise the ranks and become a platinum class fighter from a bronze class fighter. This will shake the entire Apocalypse." Mr. Yi smiled.

Fang Zhan stared at Mr. Yi in shock and finally understood what he was up to.

He wants Han Jingru to participate in the annual power ranking and has such high hopes for him!

It was unheard of for anyone to shoot up from bronze to platinum class in a month. If Han Jingru really accomplished this, he would shock the entire Apocalypse. Even Lin Tong would pale in comparison.

However, climbing up the classes was a step-by-step process that required Han Jingru to participate in the power rankings one by one. *Don't tell me Mr. Yi is going to bend the rules for Han Jingru and let him participate in the examinations for every rank?*

"Cover your mouth, at least. You're exaggerating." Mr.

Yi chuckled.

Fang Zhan quickly closed his mouth. Mr. Yi's idea indeed astonished him. He felt that no one in the entire Apocalypse was capable of such a feat.

"Mr. Yi, will he be able to take the stress in taking all three exams in the power ranking in a row?" Fang Zhan inquired.

"That's a suitable price to pay for shocking the entire Apocalypse," Mr. Yi replied.

"Surely the Third Hall would refuse," Fang Zhan protested.

"They have no right to refuse if he's capable. I can already imagine the look on their faces when they see Han Jingru prove them wrong. It's time those old men see the potential of the next generation!" Mr. Yi scoffed.

Fang Zhan raised an eyebrow. In the past, it was rumored that Mr. Yi was at odds with a few powerful men in the Third Hall. However, without proper evidence, these simply remained rumors. Now, Fang Zhan could finally be sure that Mr. Yi despised those men.

"Mr. Yi, you..." Fang Zhan swallowed before continuing, "Aren't you worried you might be wrong about this?"

Mr. Yi was taken aback by those words. *That's right. If anything goes wrong, I would be making a fool out of myself.*

“Impossible. Han Jingru managed to force someone from the Top Ten Elites like you to use the Palm Sword! He won’t have any trouble becoming Platinum class!” Mr. Yi insisted.

Top Ten Elites?

Fang Zhan laughed bitterly when he heard this. *I’ve left Apocalypse for too long and my skills have gone to waste. With my current abilities, I’m a far cry from the actual Top Ten Elites.*



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Mr. Yi, do you really think I’m still on the level of the Top Ten Elites?” Fang Zhan pointed out. If he were at his prime, even with Mr. Yi’s presence, he could kill Han Jingru before Mr. Yi could interfere.

Even a small difference in the timing of execution could cause an enormous difference in battle. Based on this alone, Fang Zhan could no longer be considered on par with the Top Ten Elites, and this was not a fair judgment of Han Jingru’s abilities.

“You’re doing this on purpose to shake my confidence, aren’t you?” Mr. Yi stared at Fang Zhan coldly.

He took a few steps back before explaining, “Mr. Yi, I just hope that you’d reconsider this. You can’t use my peak performance as a benchmark to measure Han Jingru’s standard. There’s a significant difference between my level then and now, and if Han Jingru loses, he’ll disgrace you.”

Mr. Yi was clearly dejected when he heard this. He was obsessed with how Han Jingru would shock the entire Apocalypse but failed to consider how he simply did not have the ability to do so. It would be extremely difficult for Han Jingru to take the challenge and advance to the platinum class.

With less than two months left, it would be difficult to expect Han Jingru to improve drastically.

However, Mr. Yi was obstinate. Since he decided to let Han Jingru do this, he would not simply give up.

Furthermore, he had hoped that Han Jingru would gain recognition within the shortest possible timeframe in Apocalypse, and this was the only way to do so.

“Two months. Within these two months, I’ll make sure Han Jingru becomes strong,” Mr. Yi declared resolutely.

Fang Zhan opened his mouth to speak, but decided against it lest he incurred the wrath of Mr. Yi.

What he wanted to say was something very simple and that anyone could think of. During this period of time, Han Jingru would definitely focus on Su Yimo and Han Xiang and would not be distracted by anything else. Without Han Jingru’s consent, Mr. Yi’s training schedule might as well as be a joke.

Han Jingru was not a puppet who would obey their every command and even Mr. Yi could not change that fact.

At the villa, Han Jingru cradled Han Xiang in his arms like a doting father. As Fang Zhan had expected, he wanted to spend as much time as possible with his family before he joined the Apocalypse. He would not care about anything else.

When Mr. Yi visited as Han Xiang’s god-grandfather, Han Jingru treated him coldly. He did not even agree to let him meet Han Xiang.

Mr. Yi only became her god-grandfather thanks to threatening them. Han Jingru did not feel happy

about this, so he would not let Mr. Yi has his way.

“Can’t I meet my own god-granddaughter?” Mr. Yi asked Han Jingru helplessly.

“Did you forget how you became her god-grandfather? I don’t want my daughter to be led astray by a shameless old man like you,” Han Jingru retorted coldly.

Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong, who had already guessed Mr. Yi’s identity were trembling when they heard this. *How could Han Jingru treat Mr. Yi so harshly? He’s an important figure in the Apocalypse.*

However, Han Jingru’s words did not seem to anger Mr. Yi at all and he was still smiling.

“She’s still so young. I can’t possibly lead astray her. Furthermore, I’m not a bad influence!” Mr. Yi protested.

“Stay away from my daughter. State your business and leave,” Han Jingru spat. *This old man wouldn’t come here for no rhyme or reason. He must have something to say if he’s here.*

Mr. Yi watched Han Xiang from afar. She was an adorable child. She would probably grow up to be a stunning beauty.

“Can I talk to you in private?” Mr. Yi asked.

Han Jingru glanced at Su Yimo, then at Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong. He glared at Mr. Yi and replied, “Let’s

Chapter 722 The Price To Pay For Bragging

Ad



go outside.”

He passed Han Xiang to Su Yimo and headed to the backyard with Mr. Yi.

“State your business. I need to spend time with my daughter,” Han Jingru spat irritably. No one else would dare to take this attitude in front of Mr. Yi.

“I’ll bring you to the Apocalypse in April, where you will have to face a certain event. I’ll fill you in on the details later, but for now, you need to train yourself for the next two months. You need to be a lot stronger than you are now,” Mr. Yi explained.

“You may leave.” Han Jingru then turned around and headed back to the villa.

Mr. Yi was taken aback. “Wait, you haven’t agreed yet!”

Han Jingru turned around and rolled his eyes. “Do you know what’s the most important thing to do in the Chinese New Year?”

“What?” Mr. Yi was perplexed.

“Spend time with family. I don’t have time for your nonsense.” Han Jingru then turned and left without giving Mr. Yi a chance to continue.

Mr. Yi laughed bitterly, but he knew he could not blame Han Jingru for this either. He had forced his expectations upon Han Jingru, but he only had two months before he would join the Apocalypse. It was

only natural that he would stay by his family's side. Who was Mr. Yi to force him to train?

He sighed heavily and told Fang Zhan, "This kid is difficult to handle."

"I knew something like this would happen. Given how much Han Jingru cares about family, he definitely won't waste precious time that could be spent with them," Fang Zhan consoled him.

When Mr. Yi heard this, his expression darkened and glared at Fang Zhan.

The latter sensed the change in the mood and hurriedly added, "Mr. Yi, you can't blame me for this!"

"You! If you knew, why didn't you warn me?" Mr. Yi hissed.

Fang Zhan was conflicted. *If I told him earlier, he would fly into a rage as well. What was I supposed to do?*

"I-I mean, I was just bragging. I just learned of this as well," Fang Zhan hurriedly lied.

"There's a price to pay for bragging as well," Mr. Yi scowled. Suddenly, his movements became unpredictable.

In the blink of an eye, Fang Zhan was sent flying.

Mr. Yi clapped his hands and commented, "Cut down on your bragging. I'm not sure if I'd be able to hold

back the next time.”

Fang Zhan did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

With Chinese New Year approaching, Yun City was increasingly lively as the workers from other cities returned to their hometown. Many of them were busy shopping and preparing for the New Year, so the streets were especially crowded.

In the fortnight before the Chinese New Year, people started flooding Han Jingru's villa with gifts. Such a sight would only happen in the Tian family in the past, but now, even the Tian family sent someone to the Genting villa to send gifts. This was one of the benefits of having power and status. Instead of sending gifts, one would simply wait at home for them.

However, the Tian family received special treatment compared to ordinary businessmen. Most people were not allowed into the villa, but the person sent by the Tian family could enter and even hold Han Xiang because their representative was Tian Shuirou.

She treated Han Jingru as a big brother. It was not surprising that she would receive special treatment at Genting villa.

Even Tian Honghui, who had once looked down upon Han Jingru, was glad that Tian Shuirou and Han Jingru were close. Otherwise, the Tian family would be nothing more than an ordinary prominent family.

“Oh my gosh, how did you manage to have such a

cute daughter when you're so unattractive yourself? Hopefully, my niece here doesn't look like you when she grows up, or she'll be finished! Thankfully, my sister-in-law's genes are strong and overpowered yours!"

Tian Shuirou treated the Genting villa like her own home. She could even make snide remarks at Han Jingru without fear of retaliation.

Naturally, she was simply joking. Han Jingru had everything she wanted in a man and if he were single, she would have attempted to court him.

"Yimo, next time, there's no need to let certain people in. Just lock them out of the house," Han Jingru instructed coldly.

Tian Shuirou protested, "My sister-in-law isn't someone so coldhearted, right?"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Jingru was stumped. *This girl really knows how to control the situation well and butter up the right people. As long as she remained in Su Yimo's good books, I can't do anything to her.*

"I won't be wasting my breath on you," Han Jingru scoffed.

Tian Shuirou punched the air. "That's 1-0 to me!"

Han Jingru shrugged and dialed Mo Lan.

"Find a place where I can meet you guys tonight," Han Jingru instructed Mo Lan. He did not have much time left in Yun City and had not had a good chat with his group of buddies in a long time. Now that he was free, he could settle things in Yun City.

"Sure, I'll arrange for this. Let's go for hotpot since the weather is so cold," Mo Lan suggested.

"Sure."

After hanging up, Mo Lan left Mojo excitedly.

Lately, there was a famous hotpot place in Yun City where there was a full house almost every day. One had to take a queue number and wait in line to dine there. A queue would start forming as early as three in the afternoon. Few restaurants had enjoyed this level of popularity in Yun City.

At the hotpot restaurant, Mo Lan's appearance had alarmed the manager, who immediately informed the boss about this. After all, the former was now an

influential man in Yun City. Wherever he went to eat, the owner of the restaurant would at least pay him a visit.

“Mr. Mo, I didn’t expect someone of your status to visit my humble restaurant. It is our greatest honor to serve you,” the boss welcomed Mo Lan.

“I’ll be booking the entire restaurant tonight. Close it to public,” Mo Lan instructed.

The owner was conflicted. The lost revenue aside, this would definitely anger the other patrons. Although the boss took Mo Lan seriously, he did not want to risk his business because of the latter.

“Mr. Mo, we have a special private room that I can arrange for you,” the boss offered. *If Han Jingru comes, I’d accept the risk of ruining my restaurant’s business, but it’s not worth it for Mo Lan!*

Mo Lan snapped, “In other words, you won’t agree?”

“Mr. Mo, I’m running a small business here and the customer is always right. I can’t afford to offend all my other customers,” the boss explained painstakingly.

“Am I not a customer here?” Mo Lan demanded.

The boss was in a difficult position and shook his head. “That wasn’t what I meant, Mr. Mo. I hope you can understand where I’m coming from.”

The manager remained silent, but he was unhappy

when he heard this. *emptied? It*

“Too bad then, I’ll find another place. Mr. Han likes a quiet environment,” Mo Lan sighed as he left. He called Han Jingru “Mr. Han” in public to show that he is Han Jingru’s subordinate, but he called Han Jingru by first name in private as per his request.

The boss was stunned when he heard this.

Han Jingru is dining here! Oh my gosh, that’s every restaurant’s dream! Even hotels would close to the public if Han Jingru is coming, much less my restaurant.

“What did he say just now?” the boss asked the manager who seemed overwhelmed by the information as well.

Who would’ve thought that Han Jingru would visit a humble restaurant like this?

“Boss, I think... I think he said that Han Jingru is coming as well.”

The boss quickly jumped to his feet as though the floor was lava and hollered at the manager, “Then what are you waiting for? Call Mo Lan back! If we miss such a good opportunity, I’ll regret it for the rest of my life!”

At this point, Mo Lan was already outside the restaurant. The manager struggled to catch his breath as he blocked Mo Lan’s path.

Ad



"M-Mr. Mo, please wait. Please... wait," the manager panted.

Mo Lan had a haughty expression and sneered, "Why should I wait? Yun City is so big. Surely I can find a place to have dinner!"

The boss had rushed out as well and heard this. He immediately regretted his actions and apologized, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Mo. Don't worry, I'll close the restaurant to the public tonight. There won't be any unauthorized personnel here."

Mo Lan scoffed, "Weren't you running a small business that couldn't afford to offend its customers?"

The boss was indeed worried about offending his regulars, but if Han Jingru dined at his restaurant, he would not have to worry about business for the rest of his life. Even big bosses and hotshots from the city would rush to make a reservation here.

"Mr. Mo, this was all my fault. Please, give me a second chance," the boss pleaded.

Mo Lan patted the boss on the shoulder and said, "Tough luck, friend. You can only blame yourself for not taking the chance when I offered."

The boss was plunged into despair when he heard this. *Countless people in Yun City want such an opportunity, but I let it slip even though they gave it to me!*

“Mr. Mo, I’m so sorry! It’s my fault for not being understanding,” the boss apologized as he prepared to get to his knees.

Mo Lan hurriedly stopped him. He did not like it when people got on their knees in front of him, and this was a simple matter of a meal that did not warrant such a gesture.

“Get your chefs to prepare their best stock for the hotpot base and make sure your ingredients are fresh.” After saying that, Mo Lan turned to leave.

The boss stared in shock for a long time and could not contain his joy. He quickly told the manager, “Tell the kitchen to prepare fresh goods for tonight. If we don’t have fresh items in stock, purchase them immediately!”

“Right, I’ll get to it immediately.” The manager frantically rushed to work. Ever since the restaurant opened, it was the first time they had received such a VIP. He took this very seriously.

The boss took a few deep breaths to calm himself and pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming. *Han Jingru really is coming to eat here!*

“What a great honor! Thank God I didn’t miss this golden opportunity, or I’d be a disgrace to my ancestors!” the boss told himself.

Meanwhile, Han Jingru, who was unaware of the situation, left the villa at four in the afternoon.

When he reached Mojo, Mo Lan, Lin Heng, and Qi Hu were already waiting.

These men were his closest friends. Although Han Jingru had once frowned upon Lin Heng and even took away his position as the top man in the underworld in Yun City, his friend could still do minor tasks.

“Mr. Han.”

“Mr. Han.”

Lin Heng and Qi Hu greeted him simultaneously.

Han Jingru headed to Qi Hu and punched him lightly on the chest. He inquired, “Are you used to life in the city now?”

“He’s more than used to it. He’s now a master at flirting here at Mojo,” Mo Lan teased.

Han Jingru stared at Qi Hu in shock. Back when Qi Hu first came to Yun City, he did not understand city life at all and had trouble with basic tasks. Now, it seemed that he was doing very well in Mojo.

“Qi Hu, I never knew you had it in you,” Han Jingru exclaimed.

Qi Hu bowed his head in embarrassment and shot Mo Lan a glare before replying, “Mr. Han, the life here is much better than it was up in the mountains. My master always told me that life here was dangerous, but looks like he lied to me.”

When he heard this, Han Jingru burst out in laughter. *Looks like Qi Hu really has been bewitched by the ladies here and even doubted his own master, thanks to that!*

However, that was indeed the case. The vibrant life in the city simply could not compare to the boring lifestyle in the mountains.

“Everyone has different ways of handling different matters. I won’t interfere in your choices, but make sure that when you meet a woman you love, hold on to her and never let go. Don’t let yourself regret missing this opportunity. And more than anything, don’t let her get hurt,” Han Jingru advised sincerely.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Qi Hu listened attentively but did not understand a word of what he was saying. To someone who just learned about the wonders of nightlife in the city, these words were wasted on him as he had not understood what love was.

Han Jingru and the others headed to the restaurant. They noticed that other than the chefs, the only people present were the owner and the manager. The other staff were given a day off because the boss and manager decided to serve a VIP like Han Jingru personally.

Although the boss had already prepared himself mentally, he was still nervous when he saw Han Jingru. To the owner of a small restaurant, an important man like Han Jingru was an overwhelming presence, so he did everything with utmost care.

His presence was an honor for the owner. Business would improve by leaps and bounds after his visit. The owner wanted to avoid any mistakes that could ruin his business, so he gave all the other staff a day off.

“There’s no need to be so nervous. I’m just here for a meal,” Han Jingru soothed the boss when he saw that he was nervous.

The boss hurriedly nodded. However, that only increased his anxiety, and his hands started shaking uncontrollably.

“President Han, it is our greatest honor to have you dine at this restaurant. Rest assured that we’ve

prepared only the freshest and finest ingredients for your hotpot," the boss pledged.

Han Jingru glanced at Mo Lan and the others and chuckled, "Good food alone won't be able to entertain this bunch. Did you prepare enough alcohol? I'll be drinking until all of them drop."

"Of course, President Han. There's definitely enough alcohol, and it's all the finest quality," the boss assured him.

Mo Lan simply glared at Han Jingru and grumbled, "The one who's dropping first will be you."

"I'll hold you to that. Get us some beer."

As they were chatting over drinks, the lot of them reminisced about the past. Although Qi Hu was not involved in most of those events, he listened in attentively as well. He had not expected Han Jingru, who was such a powerful man, to have been the butt of jokes in Yun City in the past. Now, people treated him with utmost respect and fear wherever he went. He simply could not imagine others scolding or jeering at him, and how those who had looked down upon Han Jingru in the past felt now.

"Mr. Han, everyone who has scolded you in the past must be scared of you now," Qi Hu joked.

Mo Lan, who was already drunk, slammed the table and ranted, "Scared? Of course they are! I knew that Jingru was a promising individual when he fetched his wife to and from work for three years without

fail!" Not many people had such determination.

Han Jingru waved at Mo Lan and scowled. "There's no need to slam the table. You're loud enough as it is."

After that, he looked at Qi Hu, who stood up knowingly, with a smile.

That silenced Mo Lan.

"Back then, when I was just a good-for-nothing, Mr. Han threw a few million by my feet in Yun City and said that he would make me the king of the underworld. Back then, I thought he was joking, but within a month, I became the boss of a gang. Sadly, I disappointed Mr. Han in the end." When Lin Heng said this, he did not feel bad about it at all. He did not blame Han Jingru for looking down upon him. After all, he had not acted like a boss should during that incident at the casino, and he had caused his own downfall.

He did not regret it either, because Mo Lan was more capable than him and only Mo Lan could truly manage the underworld in Yun City.

Mo Lan patted Lin Heng on the shoulder and joked, "How does it feel to have a few million in front of you in cash?"

Lin Heng smiled. "To someone like me who hadn't even seen ten grand, a few million was literally a mountain that I could not bear the weight of. Even after an entire fortnight, I felt like I was still

Ad



dreaming.”

When Mo Lan heard this, he burst into laughter, “Look at you! When I scammed two hundred million from him, I only didn’t sleep well for a week!”

Han Jingru hissed sternly, “Mo Lan, since you know that it’s wrong to cheat, when do you intend to return me the money?”

Mo Lan’s face froze and changed the subject quickly. “Qi Hu, how did you survive with no women up in the mountains all these years?”

Qi Hu downed his glass and sighed, “Back then, I didn’t know what women felt like at all.”

When they heard this, even Han Jingru burst into laughter.

Perhaps it was an unspoken rule that whenever a group of men talked, they would eventually get to the topic of women.

The boss simply watched them enviously. It was a dream of many people to be involved in Han Jingru’s life and become such close friends with him. Sadly, no one could seek to expand this group of four into five or more.

“If only if I could sit there and chat with them over drinks,” the boss lamented.

The manager, on the other hand, was already dreaming about how he would be like if he had the

morning, I can still hear her waking me up. Only her voice can truly wake me up from my slumber.”

He continued as a tear rolled down his cheek. “I retired for her sake and came out of retirement for her as well. I definitely won’t fall for someone else just because she’s gone.”

Han Jingru shook his head. He had hoped to talk Mo Lan out of this so that the latter could have a partner in life to spend the remainder of his years with or at least strike conversation with. He had not expected Mo Lan to be so adamant even though so much time had passed since then.

“We’re both similar in that aspect, so I’m sure you understand how I’m feeling,” Mo Lan added.

Han Jingru joked, “Looks like I’ll have to build a retirement home for you in Yun City.”

Mo Lan loved the idea. “It’s a deal then. I’ll reserve you a spot in the future so that you can join me.”

He then turned to Lin Heng and Qi Hu and added, “You two had better join me as well, or I’ll hunt you down and make sure you never hear the end of me.”

Lin Heng did not dare to talk back against such a threat, but Qi Hu struck where it hurt. “If I get married and have children in the future, why should I live in a retirement home?”

This left Mo Lan speechless. Han Jingru rubbed salt in the wound and teased, “Don’t worry, I’ll get a bunch

Chapter 724 Past Present Future

of retired ladies to join you so you won't ever feel bored."

The four of them drunk through the night, talking about the past, present, and future.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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At 3 a.m., the three of them were dead drunk and only Han Jingru was sober. This made Han Jingru himself shocked. He was not an active drinker. His alcohol tolerance was average, but he was especially good that day. Han Jingru knew it must have been the power within him.

Whenever there was something he could not explain, Han Jingru could only blame it on this power because there were no other possibilities.

Just as Han Jingru was about to send his friends back to Mojo, an old man strode into the restaurant.

“Care for a drink?”

“Grandpa Yan, why are you here?” Han Jingru hurriedly got up. Even though he was an influential man now, his respect for Yan Qiong had not diminished in the slightest. Yan Qiong had been with him throughout his childhood. In the past, Yan Qiong was the only one who cared for him. Without his training and guidance, Han Jingru would not enjoy the status he had today.

“I haven’t drunk with you for a long while and would like to drink with you. We won’t have many chances in the future,” Yan Qiong explained.

Han Jingru shook. *Looks like Yan Qiong has already guessed that I’d be leaving.*

“You two can leave first,” Yan Qiong instructed the boss and the manager.

The two of them turned to Han Jingru. They did not dare to leave without his permission.

“Go ahead. If anything is stolen, I’ll pay for it,” Han Jingru assured them.

“President Han, I’ll be waiting outside, so call me if you need anything,” the boss said. *Even if the entire restaurant was robbed, I won’t ask him for compensation! The entire restaurant was worth less than being acquainted with Han Jingru!*

Many important men in Yun City knew about Han Jingru’s patronage here. The boss knew that even if he did nothing, his business would improve by leaps and bounds.

After the two of them left, Yan Qiong poured Han Jingru a glass and said, “Cheers.”

The two of them raised their glasses and finished it in one shot.

“You’re a good drinker now. I won’t be your match anymore,” Yan Qiong joked. In the past, whenever they went drinking together, Han Jingru would be drunk after a couple of rounds. Although he had been drinking through the night, he did not show any signs of being drunk.

“Grandpa Yan, this is probably because of the energy in my body,” Han Jingru explained.

“Whichever the case, this is still your ability. This is your power, and the energy in your body belongs to

you, doesn't it? Since you can't separate that energy from you, it's yours," Yan Qiong pointed out.

Han Jingru nodded. He had always felt that this energy was not something that he owned, but with Yan Qiong's explanation, he finally took ownership of it.

Whatever the source of that power was, since it was within him and he was in control of it, it was now his power.

"How do you feel about the future?" Yan Qiong inquired. That was the true reason he looked for Han Jingru. He wanted to know if the latter was mentally prepared to join the Apocalypse.

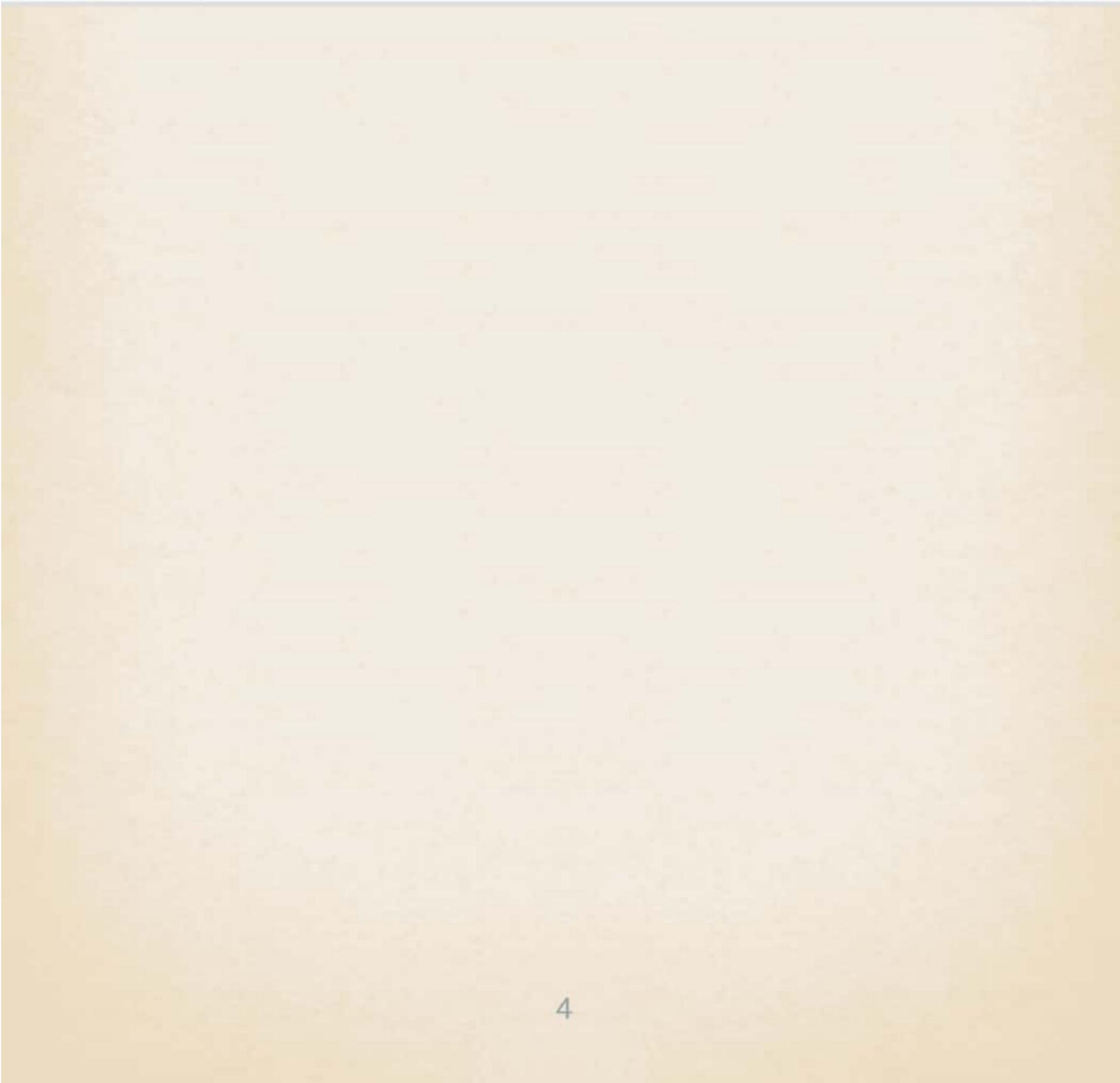
In the past, Yan Qiong would interfere in Han Jingru's decisions. After all, he was still young and immature back then and might stray from the right path if left to his own devices. Now that Han Jingru was an adult, Yan Qiong wanted to understand how he felt.

He was not about to interfere, but was genuinely concerned for him. Yan Qiong did not have any children. When Han Jingru treated him as his grandfather, he treated him as his grandson as well.

"Grandpa Yan, I'm actually very scared," Han Jingru admitted for the first time.

Apocalypse. That was a place Han Jingru knew nothing about, and he had no way of imagining what would happen there. Under such circumstances, it was impossible for him to face his future calmly.

Ad



All humans, no matter how strong they were, would fear the unknown. This was especially the case for Han Jingru, who held so many responsibilities.

“Are you afraid you won’t be able to come back?” Yan Qiong asked solemnly.

“Someone needs to take care of Yimo and Xiang. If I die, it’ll be unfair to them.” Han Jingru nodded.

Yan Qiong took a deep breath and said, “The only way not to die is to become strong, so strong that no one will be your match. That’s the only way you can protect yourself, as well as Yimo and Xiang.”

“Grandpa Yan, when I fought Fang Zhan at Bifeng manor and that old man interfered, did you see how he leaped into battle?” Han Jingru inquired.

Yan Qiong had always been confused about this as well. He had not taken note of that old man, so when the incident happened, he could not catch what happened at all.

“The island was quite some distance from the other shore. It would be impossible for an ordinary man to cover that distance. I have been wondering how he did it as well,” Yan Qiong replied.

“He walked on water,” Han Jingru answered. He was the only one who witnessed this mind-boggling event. That was why he feared the Apocalypse. He might be a good fighter in the mortal world, but he could well be the worst in Apocalypse.

“Walking on water!” Yan Qiong exclaimed in shock. *How could this be possible! Humans shouldn't be able to walk on water, and not to mention, he's so fast!*

“I saw it myself. After this, I even went to ask Zhang Bifeng if there were any hidden platforms in the lake that he could have stepped on,” Han Jingru added.

Yan Qiong took a deep breath. Such a feat was simply unheard of, but he was forced to accept it as the truth. This was not a movie and there were no hidden wires or special effects involved.

“Looks like we can't judge the Apocalypse by the standards we're used to,” Yan Qiong sighed.

Han Jingru had a solemn expression. After a long pause, he asked Yan Qiong, “Grandpa Yan, why do you think such an organization exists?”

Han Jingru had thought long and hard about this question. *If Apocalypse is a place where the powerful gathered, then it has to have a goal. This goal might be the entire reason for Apocalypse's existence and might even affect those outside of the organization.*

“Perhaps it's there to fight off certain enemies?” Yan Qiong suggested. “Or perhaps, they're worried that these powerful men might disrupt the balance in the mortal world. This is an excuse to keep them preoccupied so that they would not misuse their abilities.”

“Both are plausible, but I believe that the former is

more likely. The old man once asked me what I would do if I could change the world," Han Jingru revealed.

Both Yan Qiong and Han Xiuzhi had guessed that old man was Mr. Yi himself, but they did not have substantial evidence to prove it. However, there were many hints pointing towards the fact that he was Mr. Yi himself. After all, if he were just someone sent by Mr. Yi to protect Han Jingru, Fang Zhan would not have treated him with such reverence.

If the head of the Fourth Gate, Mr. Yi, posed this question to Han Jingru, then it would have to be serious.

The world would change, and it was because of Han Jingru. This sounded like a joke, but it would not be one if it came from Mr. Yi himself.

"Have you wondered who that old man was?" Yan Qiong inquired.

Han Jingru smiled. "There's no need to guess. He hasn't introduced himself to me, so the only possibility is that he's Mr. Yi himself. I'm not a fool."

Meanwhile, Mr. Yi woke up to sneeze in the middle of the night. He rubbed his nose. "Who's talking bad about me so late at night?"

When he heard Han Jingru, Yan Qiong nodded, "Your grandpa and I think that he's Mr. Yi too."

"I can't imagine his status in Apocalypse, but I'm sure there's a deeper meaning to that question," Han

Jingru concluded.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Yan Qiong understood this as well. Given Mr. Yi's aim, he would not joke around about such matters. It was clear that he had high hopes for Han Jingru and this showed that there must be a reason for Apocalypse's existence, a reason more profound that they could ever imagine.

"I believe in you. Just cross the bridge when you come to it." With that, Yan Qiong refilled their glasses.

They downed their drinks in one gulp. Han Jingru continued, "Grandpa Yan, you must think I'm omnipotent, right?"

Han Jingru then burst into laughter. *Omnipotent? Me? Who on earth would dare to boast that they are omnipotent?*

Yan Qiong replied seriously, "Perhaps not in your current state, but I believe that one day, you will be worthy of such a term. Only then can you truly protect those around you."

Protect those around me.

These words resonated in Han Jingru's heart. If protecting those around him meant he had to go down a thorny path, he would willingly forge his way to the end, even if it meant he would be covered in blood. Such a goal was enough for Han Jingru to lose sight of everything else and plow through anything in his path.

"Grandpa Yan, these words will become my motto in life. No matter what danger I come upon, I'll make

sure I live on," Han Jingru declared through gritted teeth.

Yan Qiong got up and patted Han Jingru on the shoulder. "Let's go home. Yimo is waiting for you. When I left, the lights in her room were still on."

Han Jingru checked the time and saw that it was already four in the morning. *I can't let Yimo stay the entire night for me.*

Han Jingru clearly cared for his wife more than his friends. He had initially intended to send Mo Lan and the others back to Mojo, but he changed his mind.

He left the restaurant and instructed the owner, "Please take the three of them back to Mojo."

"Sure, no problem! Have a good day, President Han." The boss was nodding off by the street, but instantly became alert when he heard Han Jingru.

"Help me put this meal on the tab. I'll owe you a favor," Han Jingru requested.

The boss could not believe his ears when he heard this. He jumped in joy after Han Jingru disappeared into the distance.

This meal is nothing! A favor from Han Jingru is priceless!

"We're rich, we've struck it rich!" the boss chirped excitedly.

The manager understood this as well and added, "Boss, I'll work under you for the rest of my life! Please remember to treat me well!"

The boss patted the manager on the shoulder. "Don't worry, I won't forget your contributions to this event!"

After Han Jingru returned to Genting Villa, the lights to Su Yimo's room were left on. When he opened the door, the frail-looking Su Yimo was still alert.

Even though he reeked of alcohol, she did not seem to mind.

"Get in here. It must be cold outside," Su Yimo beckoned him.

The bed was nice and warm. It was every man's fortune to have such a caring wife taking care of them, even after returning late at night from a drinking session.

"Was it cold?" Su Yimo inquired.

"It's fine. My body can take the cold." Han Jingru smiled.

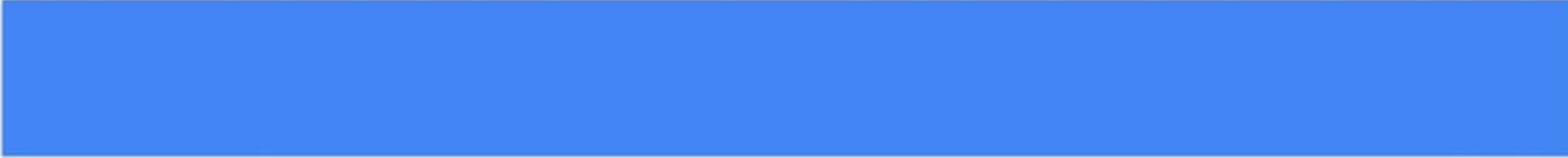
Su Yimo glared at him and placed his foot on her lap.

His feet were as cold as ice, but she continued to warm him up without even a wince.

Han Jingru was moved by this gesture. *With a caring wife like this, what more do I have to ask from life?*

Chapter 726 Will Not Give Up On My Family For The Rest Of The World

Ad



“Are they all knocked out?” Su Yimo queried with a wink.

Han Jingru declared proudly, “When your husband is on the case, none of them would be sober by the end of it. They collapsed all over the floor!”

Su Yimo grinned. “Alright, you’re a good drinker. You should cut down on drinking in the future, though. It’s bad for your health.”

“I’ll quit drinking starting now,” Han Jingru replied solemnly.

“Really?” Su Yimo raised an eyebrow. She was simply making a joke and had not expected Han Jingru to quit drinking. After all, he didn’t have a drinking problem.

“Really,” Han Jingru replied seriously. He was willing to fulfill every promise he made to Su Yimo.

After all, there was no point to a promise if it was not kept.

“It’s alright. I just wanted you to cut down on drinking to preserve your health,” Su Yimo hurriedly explained.

“I need to protect my body in order to take care of you and Xiang. Starting today, I’ll quit smoking too,” Han Jingru pledged.

Su Yimo suddenly lowered her head and started sobbing.

Han Jingru was sent into a panic. He did not fear many things, but his wife's tears worried him more than a hydrogen bomb capable of destroying the Earth.

"What's wrong? Why are you crying?"

Su Yimo looked up. Tears were still flowing down her cheeks, but she had a radiant smile. "I'm happy. Must I be sad to cry?"

Han Jingru wiped the tears off her cheeks and chided, "No crying from now on, no matter what. Otherwise, I'd feel sad."

"No, I'll continue crying! If it makes you sad, then all the better! That way, you'll care more about me," Su Yimo retorted.

Han Jingru hugged her tightly and consoled her, "Silly girl, I'll care about you even if you're not crying."

She simply rested in his embrace. Moments like this gave her a strong sense of security, but she knew that Han Jingru would leave sooner or later. Nothing could change this fact.

"When will you be leaving?" This was a question she had been avoiding this entire time. She had no choice but to ask. If Han Jingru were to leave, she would rather be mentally prepared.

"After Chinese New Year. I might not have an excuse to stay much longer," Han Jingru replied.

Su Yimo inhaled sharply. That was within her estimations. She was still against it and refused to accept reality, but she told herself not to be an obstacle to Han Jingru. She wanted to be his greatest support in whatever he did.

“Take care of yourself. Xiang and I will be waiting for you at home.”

“I won’t ever give up on my family for the rest of the world. If it means that the world will end because of my inaction, then so be it!” Han Jingru declared.

The two of them fell asleep in each other’s embrace, but nothing more intimate than that happened.

The two of them only woke up the following noon when everyone else was having lunch.

Everyone knew that Han Jingru came back late the previous night, so they did not disturb his rest.

Han Jingru, who was in a good mood, felt irritated when he saw Mr. Yi.

“Old man, why are you here for a free meal again? If you can’t afford lunch, I can give you some money!” he snapped.

Mr. Yi did not react to Han Jingru’s words and praised Ho Ting, “Your cooking is excellent. It’s better than those so-called five-star hotels.”

Ho Ting was embarrassed. She knew that Mr. Yi was using this as an excuse to change the subject, so she

pretended not to hear it.

“How could you be so shameless, you old man!” Han Jingru did not let Mr. Yi off easily, even after knowing his identity.

“Chinese New Year is coming soon. Just let an old man experience the New Year atmosphere. I haven’t celebrated it in a long time,” Mr. Yi requested.

“That’s got nothing to do with me. Scram after you’re done eating!” Han Jingru bellowed.

Mr. Yi could only shamelessly pretend that he heard nothing and did not make any attempt to leave.

On the other hand, Fang Zhan was shocked by what he heard. *No one in Apocalypse would dare to talk to Mr. Yi that way. To make things worse, Han Jingru will become his pupil. How could he disrespect his teacher like this?*

“Grandpa, let’s visit the ancestors’ graves earlier this year. That way, we can celebrate Chinese New Year in Yun City,” Han Jingru suggested.

Han Xiuzhi had planned to do the same thing as well. He knew Yan City was full of bad memories for Han Jingru and he would not want to spend the new year there.

Chapter 726 Will Not Give Up On My Family For The Rest Of The World



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"I thought so too. In that case, let's go tomorrow and come back early," Han Xiuzhi agreed.

This was good news to Han Jingru. He did not like Yan City and wanted to shorten his stay there as much as possible. However, going the following day might be too much of a rush as he had not had plans for Ho Ting and Jiang Yingying yet.

Ho Ting's husband died years ago and she had been working in Yun City all these years. She did not dare to return to her hometown for fear of being the subject of rumors because widows were generally regarded as inauspicious. Han Jingru wanted to help Ho Ting return to her hometown this year.

"Aunt Ho, do you intend to go home for the New Year?" Han Jingru already had plans, but it was still polite to ask.

Go home?

Ho Ting's eyes darkened. She had missed her hometown as she had not returned for a long time but could not return due to special reasons. Her entire hometown had accused her of hooking up with other men, and this was a huge blow to Ho Ting, who had always been a decent woman. However, the rumormongers in town would always have a way to accuse her of infidelity.

"I don't have a home." Ho Ting shook her head.

Jiang Yingying wanted to speak, but she said nothing. She had wanted to go home to visit her

father's grave many years back, but her mother stopped her every time. She did not argue with Ho Ting because of this, as she knew how the people in her hometown had spoken ill of her. She could not defend herself, so she could only choose to avoid going back. She sympathized with Ho Ting.

"Yingying, feel free to speak your mind," Han Jingru instructed.

Jiang Yingying glanced at Ho Ting and told Han Jingru, "Jingru, no one's visited my father's grave in a long time. I want to go back to have a look, but everyone in our hometown is badmouthing my mother. We don't dare to go back."

"With me here, there's nothing to fear. Since you want to go back, let's go tomorrow," Han Jingru assured her. Jiang Yingying would be following him to join the Apocalypse and their fate would be unknown. It was hard to estimate when they would be able to return as well, so Han Jingru wanted to help her fulfill any lingering wishes she had.

"Jingru, will you be coming with us?" Jiang Yingying asked in shock. They were both servants in the Han family, and all Han Jingru needed to do was to pay them. However, he had lent them a hand time and again.

"Didn't I say this before? We're a family," Han Jingru smiled.

Jiang Yingying lowered her head as tears welled up in her eyes.

Ho Ting wanted to say something, but she was not eloquent and did not know what to say. They owed Han Jingru too much and did not know how to thank him. All she could do was to do her best to take care of Genting Villa as thanks.

Jiang Yingying thought that Han Jingru would simply be accompanying them on their trip, but what happened had exceeded her expectations.

The following morning, countless luxury cars were lined up all the way from the foot of the mountain to Genting Villa. Such a large convoy was unheard of even in Yun City, much less in their rural hometown.

Whether the villagers in Ho Ting's rural hometown would be shocked by this, Jiang Yingying, at the very least, was dumbfounded by the sight.

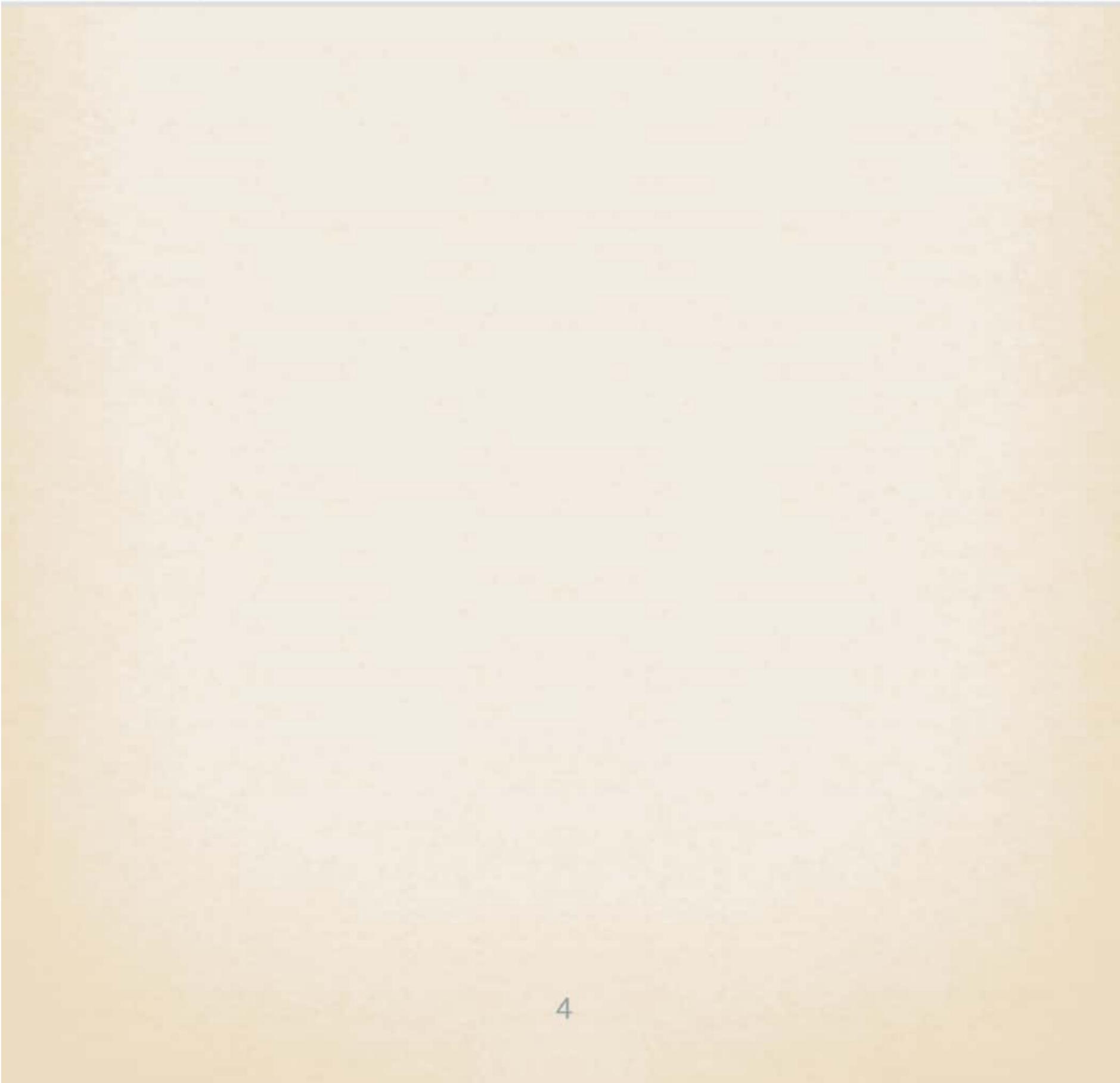
"Jingru, these cars... Are these cars here to send us back to our hometown?" Jiang Yingying gaped. She had not expected to return to her hometown to bask in glory or have so many cars send them back.

"That's right. Since we're going back, we've got to shut those gossipmongers up. They won't dare to speak ill of you now," Han Jingru explained with a smile.

Jiang Yingying's throat felt dry.

Ho Ting was speechless as well and her mind went blank for a short period of time. She had never seen such a large convoy before, much less expected something like this to happen to her.

Ad



After a prolonged silence, Ho Ting asked Han Jingru in a shaky voice, "Jingru, isn't this going too far?"

"Not at all. Since you're going back, we've got to make a few preparations. We'll make those people understand just how big the gap between you is and force their mouths shut." Han Jingru chuckled. To him, this was nothing. If it were not because there were no more luxury cars available in Yun City, he would have hired enough to fill every single road in Ho Ting's hometown. When that happened, everyone who had scolded her in the past would regret it.

"A-Are you sure we're not wasting too many resources here?" Ho Ting inquired.

Su Yimo headed to Ho Ting's side and assured her, "Aunt Ho, don't worry about it. This is considered normal for him."

Based on Han Jingru's influence in Yun City alone, this convoy of a few dozen luxury cars was nothing. He would receive such treatment wherever he went.

"Let's set off or we'll be behind schedule," Han Jingru told Ho Ting and Jiang Yingying.

Su Yimo intended to follow as well, but without Ho Ting, she was worried that Shi Yan could not take care of Han Xiang alone. Hence, she had to stay at home.

"You'd better make sure Aunt Ho gains their respect. I'll hold you responsible!" Su Yimo threatened.

Han Jingru nodded. "Relax, I might not be good at showing off, but I've seen others show off way too often. I know what to do."

The convoy left Genting Villa and drove along the streets of Yun City, attracting everyone's attention. They were all curious who the people sitting in the car were.

As word got out, everyone learned the cars came from Genting Villa and Han Jingru was sitting in the car at the front. *It's Han Jingru? No wonder then!*

"Han Jingru deserves at least this much now. I wouldn't be surprised if he came in a helicopter!"

"Back when he married into the Su family, everyone jeered at him and made fun of him. Now, no one would dare to do so!"

"No one has the right to make fun of him! He was just low-key back then. Those shortsighted people can't begin to imagine how powerful he actually is!"

The public's impression of Han Jingru had changed long ago, but their flattery only started lately. However, Han Jingru had never cared about how others felt about him. Whether people laughed at him for being a good-for-nothing live-in son-in-law or buttered up to him like they did now, Han Jingru felt that these were all superficial and paid it no mind.

Since the day he set foot in Yun City, only one thing mattered to him — to take good care of Su Yimo.

Inside the car, Ho Ting and Jiang Yingying attempted to cover their faces, as though they were worried that others might see them inside.

“These are one-way windows, so they can’t see your faces from outside. There’s no need to cover your face.” Han Jingru smiled.

“Jingru, I’m still not used to this,” Ho Ting replied, embarrassedly. As a normal citizen, she had never experienced such treatment. She was content with three meals a day and a roof over her head, so such a convoy had overloaded her mind.

“If you’re not used to it, just do this a few more times. Slowly, you’ll get used to it. If you want to go back to your hometown, just look for Mo Lan. He will arrange it for you,” Han Jingru suggested.

Mo Lan, who was driving, hurriedly agreed, “Aunt Ho, if you need anything, be sure to let me know. I’ll arrange everything for you and make sure it runs smoothly.”

Ho Ting shook her head. *Even once is one time too many! I won’t be able to handle the stress of another trip!*

“There’s no need! I can’t possibly let you go to the trouble,” Ho Ting refused.

Mo Lan smiled. “Aunt Ho, this isn’t any trouble at all! Your problems are my problems. Jingru told me we’re all one big family, so there’s no need to stand on ceremony with me.”

Chapter 727 Major Event

Jiang Yingying lowered her head and her nails dug deep into her flesh. This was not a normal reaction. She clearly had something in mind, but since she had not said it, Han Jingru did not press her.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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It was typical of these villagers to judge others by their own standards. Just because they were unwilling to learn new skills and find work outside did not mean that Ho Ting could not do so.

“That’s right. There’s no farmland in the city for her.”

“I heard that Liu Wei has once had designs on Ho Ting and would even go to her home in the dead of the night. There’s definitely something going on between them.”

“Oh, my god! Surely not! Liu Wei is the village chief! If there really is something between them... oh gosh, how shameless!”

“Who knows? What could’ve happened between them late at night?”

At this point, the convoy had reached the village. The gossipmongers had a shocked expression.

“What brand of car is this? It looks so expensive!”

“There are some more at the back! What are these cars doing in the village?”

“Is some hotshot arriving? Why else would there be so many cars! I got the shock of my life!”

Liu Wei, the village chief, was watching his favorite DVD at home. That old DVD was a treasure that he had kept for many years and was his only hobby, other than drinking. He would play it when he had nothing better to do and often imitate the cast.

Ho Ting's hometown was a small village on the outskirts of Yun City and was an hour from the city area by car. However, due to the large convoy, they could not go fast and spent an hour and a half before they reached the village.

Naturally, they attracted many stares. It was a rare sight to see several dozens of cars occupying the road in a big city, much less a small city like Yun City.

Many villagers were chatting near the central gate of the village. This was normal for the village. During the lull period for farming, those who had not left the village to work would gather at the central gate to gossip. This was their favorite pastime, and they would feel uncomfortable if they went for an entire day without gossiping about others.

This special place also had a unique trait. They would gossip about anyone who was not present. When they were gossiping, no one dared to leave first, for fear that they would be the next target of gossip.

"Oh right, have you heard any news about Ho Ting lately?"

"That woman hasn't returned to the village in many years. She's probably remarried. Otherwise, how could a woman who doesn't know how to do anything survive with a daughter?"

"The two of them would probably have starved to death long ago. She's done nothing but farming for her entire life. She couldn't possibly have found another job in the city!"

“Liu Wei, Liu Wei!” a voice called out frantically, just as he was getting to the good part.

“Bloody cripple! What’s with the commotion in the middle of the day? Did you see a ghost or something?” Liu Wei roared. He did not appreciate being interrupted in the middle of his video.

“You... you probably should come to the central gate to look,” the cripple said.

“What’s there to see there? Scram if it’s nothing important! Don’t disturb me!” Liu Wei snapped as he waved to shoo the cripple away.

“But it is important! There are dozens of cars at the central gate of the village! All of them are those Royce-Rolls things that cost a few million on television!” the cripple reported.

Liu Wei was stunned. *Dozens of Rolls-Royces? You won’t see this scene even on television!*

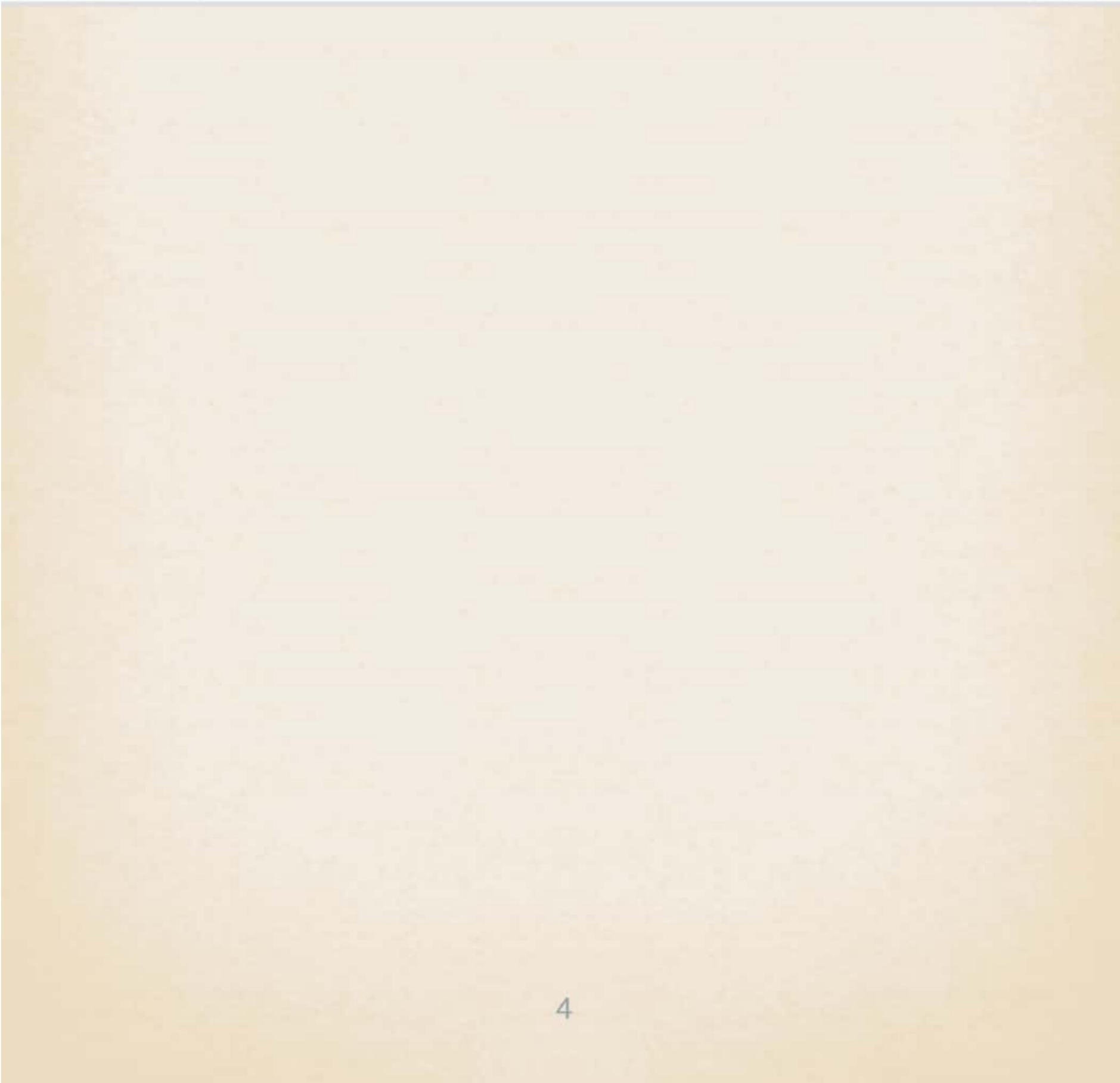
“Cripple, is it not enough that you are disabled? Are you blind as well? Which hotshot would be free to visit a rural village like ours?” Liu Wei spat.

“It’s true! I saw it for myself! If you don’t believe me, you can go look yourself!” the cripple insisted.

The cripple is too panicked to be lying, and he has no reason to make this up.

“If I find out that you’re lying, I’ll cripple your other leg as well,” Liu Wei threatened.

Ad



"Damn it, don't walk in front of me! Now I'm walking like a cripple too!"

"Liu Wei, you can't even keep up with a cripple's speed! How can you blame me?"

As they exchanged insults, they finally arrived at the central gate of the village where a long stream of Rolls-Royce made Liu Wei's jaw drop.

The sight completely bewildered him.

"How is it? I was telling the truth, right?" the cripple scorned.

The moment he said this, Liu Wei slapped the cripple.

"What was that for?" the cripple demanded as he held his face.

"Does it hurt?" Liu Wei queried.

"You don't say!" the cripple snapped.

"T-Then, this isn't a-a dream," Liu Wei stammered.

The cripple was speechless. *Liu Wei slapped me just to check if he was dreaming? The facts are staring him right in the face. How could this be a dream?*

"Liu Wei, you should go take a look and see why these men are here?"

"That's right? You're the top dog in our village and only you have the right to talk to them."

“Is some rich man here to take a look at our village and want to tear it down?” someone suggested excitedly. He had already thought of how television dramas depicted people who were compensated several millions for relocation. *If something like this were to happen to us, we'll strike it rich!*

“You can keep dreaming! Who would set their sights on a village with such a lousy location!” Liu Wei spat. *The village is an hour's journey from the city. Even if Yun City were to expand and develop, it would only affect villages near the city.*

In the car, Ho Ting glanced at Han Jingru. Jiang Yingying stole a glance at him as well. The cars stopped for a few minutes, but Han Jingru did not get off, leaving them confused.

“Jingru, we're here. Are we not going to get off?” Ho Ting queried.

“There's no rush. Someone will come to welcome us,” Han Jingru replied.

The moment he said this, Liu Wei appeared from the crowd.

Ho Ting knew Liu Wei well and gritted her teeth the moment she saw him. Back when her husband just passed away, Liu Wei would find many excuses to visit her and even started touching her inappropriately. Part of the reason she left was that she was harassed by Liu Wei.

“Who is this man?” Han Jingru asked.

“Liu Wei is a nobody to him! Look at these cars! Ordinary people can’t even afford one of them, much less a dozen!”

“Since when has Liu Wei offended such a powerful man? He’s finished!”

Ho Ting and Jiang Yingying were taken aback by this turn of events.

“That’s what I like about Jingru’s personality! He doesn’t waste time blabbering and gets straight to the action!” Mo Lan joked.

Han Jingru did not seem to have enough and continued walloping Liu Wei until he started begging for mercy.

“Stop! Please!” Liu Wei cried as he crawled away from Han Jingru and stared at the latter with a fearful expression.

“Do you know Ho Ting?” Han Jingru questioned.

When the villagers heard that name, they were dumbfounded. *This man knows Ho Ting? Oh no, I have a bad feeling about this...*

“Yes, I know her.” Liu Wei nodded.

“Liu Wei is a nobody to him! Look at these cars! Ordinary people can’t even afford one of them, much less a dozen!”

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“Yes, I know her.” Liu Wei nodded.

Chapter 728 A Convoy Home



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



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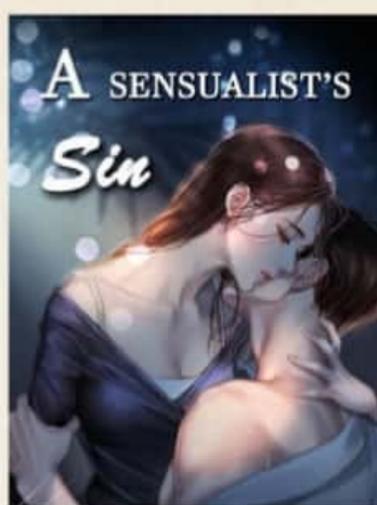
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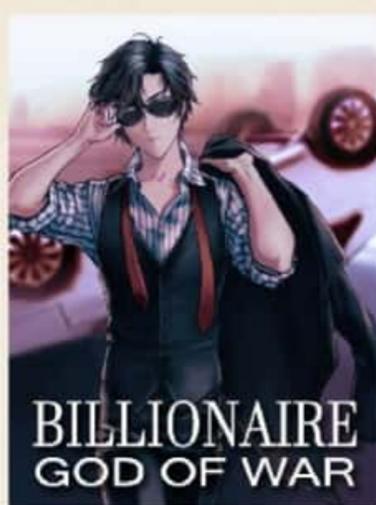
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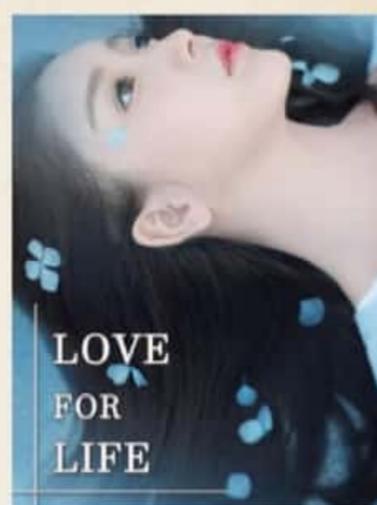
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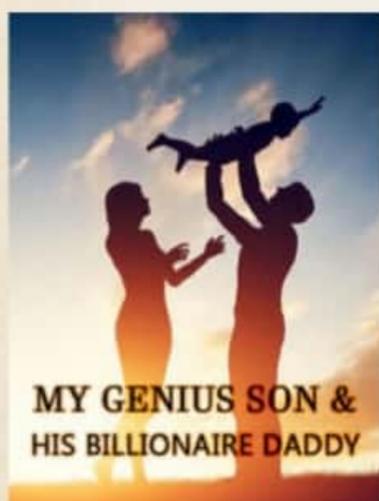
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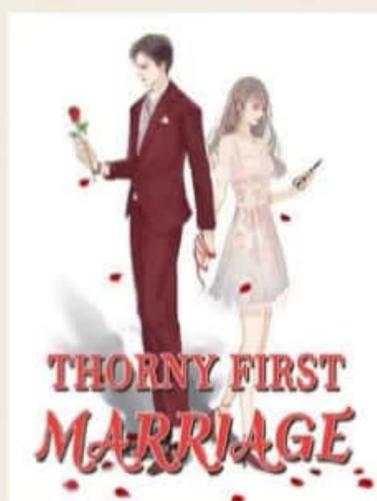
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Love for Life



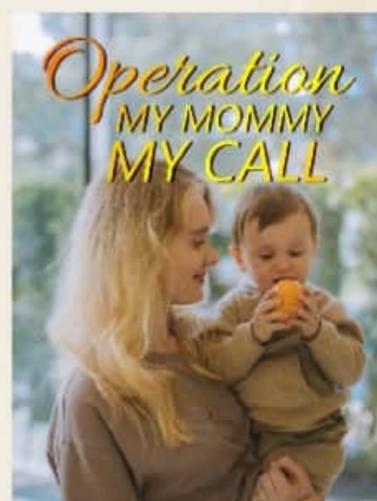
My Genius ...



Thorny First ...



Let Me Be ...



Operation: M...