

Zhong Tianli's statement resounded deeply in everyone's hearts. It was better to lose one's dignity than one's life. Kneeling in front of the Han Residence was a small issue if it meant that Han Jingru could spare their lives.

However, for Zhong Mingguo who was the head of the Zhong family and had once declared war against the Han family, kneeling in front of them was pure humiliation.

“Keep your mouth shut, Zhong Tianli. You have no right to speak,” rebuffed Zhong Mingguo as he turned to Zhong Tianyi.

Zhong Mingguo had long decided that Zhong Tianyi was the best person to succeed him as head of the family, so he believed that Zhong Tianyi would be able to get them out of this sticky situation.

“Tianyi, you must think of a solution within these two days. You are our only hope. If you manage to solve this problem, I will immediately make you the head of the family,” Zhong Mingguo offered.

His statement was extremely encouraging. It had been Zhong Tianyi's dream to be the head of the household all along.

However, he was at a loss for what to do as well.

*How could Grandpa expect me to think of a solution to defeat Han Jingru? It is virtually impossible.*

Zhong Tianyi experienced firsthand the oppressing aura that Han Jingru exuded and how Chen Bao's resolve to fight back slowly crumbled.

Even the arrogant members of the Martial Arts Association had been beaten to a pulp by Han Jingru. *If they could not defeat him, how am I supposed to do that?*

“Grandpa, do you think that the Zhong family is more capable than the Martial Arts Association?” questioned Zhong Tianyi.

Zhong Mingguo was well aware that every prominent family in Yan City wanted to get in the

good books of the Martial Arts Association, which had a strong influence in the business world even though they were not connected with it. As long as the Martial Arts Association was willing to support any prominent family, their status in Yan City would be elevated, with power that no other family could be on par with.

“Although the Zhong family has a high standing in the business world, we can’t compete with the Martial Arts Association’s status,” admitted Zhong Mingguo.

Zhong Tianyi smiled faintly. “Since you know how powerful the Martial Arts Association is, why do you think that the Zhong family can defeat Han Jingru? Han Jingru was able to conquer the whole Martial Arts Association.”

Zhong Mingguo clenched his teeth in frustration as he grunted, “What do you mean by that?”

“Grandpa, I think you understand what I mean. Given that the Martial Arts Association could not beat Han Jingru, our family doesn’t stand a chance at all. Even if you cede your position to

me, I won't be able to think of a solution as well," answered Zhong Tianyi candidly.

Upon hearing this, Zhong Tianli was stunned. *I thought Zhong Tianyi would attempt to think of a solution to defeat Han Jingru in order to get the position. I can't believe he gave up just like that.*

"I can't believe we're actually on the same page," exclaimed Zhong Tianli.

"Grandpa, the only way we can protect the Zhong family is by asking for forgiveness," Zhong Tianyi suggested to Zhong Mingguo whilst ignoring Zhong Tianli.

Enraged, Zhong Mingguo's face turned bright red. All of a sudden, he spewed out a mouthful of blood.

"That's impossible! Han Jingru is nothing but a useless piece of garbage. There must be another way," asserted Zhong Mingguo in a dissatisfied tone.

"A piece of garbage?" Zhong Tianyi said

sarcastically as he shook his head. That was what he thought in the past as well. However, having witnessed Han Jingru's capabilities today, he finally understood how foolish he had been.

*I'm not giving up. I am just aware that I can never compete with him. Therefore, the wisest decision is to quickly acknowledge the reality and stop acting foolishly.*

“Indeed, we once thought that he was incapable. However, the truth is, his capabilities have greatly surpassed everyone in Yan City.”

Meanwhile, throngs of people had arrived at the Han Residence. Everyone immediately kneeled down, including those who had secretly sabotaged the Han family. They did not want to take any chances in case the Han family found out about what they did.

“I can't believe how quickly we regained our status,” exclaimed Shi Yan. After the death of Nangong Shuxian, the Han family had been in the midst of a crisis. If not for Shi Yan's strong support, the Han family wouldn't have lasted so

long.

Shi Yan had initially believed that the Han family would be wiped out in Yan City because no one could save it. However, Han Jingru managed to do the impossible. Once undermined and overlooked, Mr. Han was now the most powerful person in Yan City.

Shi Yan wondered what Nangong Shuxian would think if she was still alive to witness his achievements. *Would she feel guilty for what she did?*

“Mom, remember those people who used to harass you? They are now outside the door. How do you intend to deal with them?” asked Han Jingru.

Shi Yan gave a faint smile. This was good enough for her, and she didn't feel the need to take things any further. The most important thing was that the Han family regained its status in Yan City. Everything else was secondary.

“Since they have repented, we should not pursue

the matter anymore,” she replied.

“Fine, but they will continue kneeling before us until we leave Yan City,” he uttered with a smile etched on his face.

The scene outside the Han Residence was a momentous one. Almost everyone kneeling out there were powerful figures in Yan City. Lowering their heads, they did not want others to recognize them. But it didn't matter who they were. The most important thing was that the entire Yan City was now aware of the Han family's capabilities and the terrifying power Han Jingru wielded.

At this moment, a weary man carrying a backpack appeared at the front of the Han Residence.

Looking at the crowd before him, Zhong Ji let out a chortle. Although he just arrived in Yan City, he had heard about the whole incident involving Han Jingru and was heartened by it. *The once disregarded Mr. Han is now the shining beacon of the Han family. If I hadn't traveled to Yun City, I wouldn't have become his trusted aide and get the opportunity to assist the Han family.*

Although Zhong Ji had not returned to Yan City for a long time, he still recognized several familiar faces as he passed through the crowd. These people used to act pompously in front of him. *I can't believe that all of them are kneeling in front of the Han Residence today.*

*The future is indeed unpredictable. No one would have thought that these bunch of conceited guys would be kneeling in front of the Han Residence now.*

“Zhong Ji!” yelled a middle-aged man as he ran toward him.

“What are you doing here, Qin Fu?” he asked.

Qin Fu beamed. As the Chairman of Dynasty and Han Jingru's subordinate, naturally, he had to be a part of this.

“I was just passing by and decided to come over to take a look,” Qin Fu replied casually.



“Do you want to go in with me?” asked Zhong Ji.

It was apparent from the glint of eagerness in Qin Fu’s eyes that he wanted to enter the Han Residence. However, he knew that he was only a lowly subordinate; a mere puppet of Han Jingru’s. Without Han Jingru’s command, he had no right to look for him.

“No, thank you. Jingru did not ask to see me,” he said.

“Come on. We will be working closely in the future. Perhaps Mr. Han might assign you a new role as well,” Zhong Ji divulged.

“Working together as a team?” he inquired in confusion. *Isn’t Zhong Ji in charge of the affairs in Yun City? Why would I be working with him?*

Zhong Ji chortled before whispering, “If you want to know more about it, you have to come with me. You will definitely be surprised.”

Instantly, his curiosity was piqued, and he followed behind Zhong Ji.

With that, both of them stepped into the Han Residence, with Qin Fu appearing visibly apprehensive.

Zhong Ji was a regular visitor, so he was familiar with the house. On the other hand, this was the first time Qin Fu came into such close contact with the Han family. Naturally, he felt rather perturbed.

In the eyes of the public, Qin Fu was the chairman of Dynasty with high social standing. However, he constantly reminded himself that in front of Han Jingru, he was only a subordinate who was indebted to him.



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“Mr. Han, I have completed the handover in Yun City.” In the garden, Zhong Ji and Qin Fu stood behind Han Jingru with both their heads bowed slightly.

“Visit the Zhong family on my behalf. Since you will be responsible for Han Corporation, it’s time they are made aware of your existence,” Han Jingru instructed.

Han Jingru’s words didn’t mean much to Zhong Ji. However, it came as a shock for Qin Fu.

*Zhong Ji will be responsible for Han Corporation?*

*If I’m not mistaken, the Han Corporation of Yan City will indeed be handed over to Zhong Ji going forward.*

*No wonder Zhong Ji suggested working together with me. It appears that he has returned to Yan City and is deeply trusted by Han Jingru.*

*With the Han Corporation in his hands, wouldn’t Zhong Ji become the most powerful man in Yan City’s business circle?*

*Isn't this shocking?*

It was beyond shocking to Qin Fu as he still couldn't believe it.

“Mr. Han, I will not disappoint you,” Zhong Ji replied with conviction.

Han Jingru was well aware of Zhong Ji's capabilities. With Han Corporation's current position, it was more than enough to compensate for any of his inadequacies. Therefore, he wasn't worried about handing the responsibilities of the Han Corporation to Zhong Ji at all.

“Qin Fu, after working for me for so many years, it's also time for you to come out of the shadows. From today onwards, Dynasty will be merged into Han Corporation. Both you and Zhong Ji will run it together as equals. Han Corporation will be in your hands from now on,” Han Jingru continued.

Qin Fu was jolted. Merging into the Han

Corporation was the equivalent of publicly declaring him as Han Jingru's subordinate. To him, it was considered the greatest honor.

Furthermore, he would have the same position as Zhong Ji. *Does it mean that Han Corporation will be under our control?*

Never in his dreams did Qin Fu imagine that this day would come so suddenly. He was being catapulted from a chairman of a small conglomerate to a key leadership position in Han Corporation. *This will surprise a lot of people.*

“Thank you, Mr. Han,” Qin Fu uttered emotionally.

“You deserve it.” Han Jingru turned around and looked at Qin Fu. He continued, “When I was just fourteen, you believed in me and placed your fate in my hands. Today, I have the same belief in you. I hope Han Corporation will continue to grow and prosper under both your leadership.”

“Mr. Han, we will definitely preserve the good reputation of Han Corporation,” Qin Fu declared

with conviction.

“It doesn’t matter what happens to its reputation. There’s nothing left in Yan City for me. Not only am I handing over the management of the company to you, but I am also transferring all my assets to both of you too. As for retaining the name Han Corporation, it’s just to prevent further gossip,” Han Jingru explained.

Han Jingru’s words caused both Zhong Ji and Qin Fu to hold their breath.

Currently, Han Corporation owns tens of billions worth of assets in Yan City and had a bright future ahead of it. They were shocked that Han Jingru had presented all of it to them.

“Mr. Han, this is unacceptable. I will be your subordinate till my last breath and I do not dare desire any of Han Corporation’s assets,” Zhong Ji refused the gift.

“Mr. Han, what we have now is more than enough,” Qin Fu added quickly.

“Don’t misunderstand. I’m not testing you. What I’ve just told you is the truth. This place means nothing to me now and I won’t ever return. You can do whatever you please with Han Corporation. Its future success or collapse will have nothing to do with me anymore,” Han Jingru asserted.

Now, Han Jingru had the Nangong family’s support. Hence, the value of Han Corporation mattered little to him. Furthermore, there were too many traumatizing memories for him here, causing him to declare that he will not return to Yan City.

More importantly, he would be heading to Apocalypse after the New Year. Therefore, he would not have time to involve himself in worldly matters and was even less willing to waste time on Yan City.

“Mr. Han, will you be staying at Yun City forever?” Zhong Ji asked. From his perspective, Yun City was simply too small to contain someone as capable as Han Jingru.

Han Jingru shook his head and replied, “Not Yun City. I’m heading someplace else. If fate has it, we will still meet again.”

Han Jingru’s words puzzled both Zhong Ji and Qin Fu because they sounded like his last words. But with his current position, there was no one who could come close to threatening his life.

“Go back to work and deal with the Zhong family as soon as possible. Anyway, it’s almost time for me to leave,” Han Jingru instructed.

After that, both of them left the Han Residence with heavy hearts.

Before they had gotten far, Zhong Ji couldn’t hold his curiosity any longer and asked Qin Fu, “Mr. Qin, don’t you think Mr. Han’s words are strange? Why is he talking as if he will not see us again?”

Qin Fu shook his head and replied, “Perhaps he has something more important to do someplace very far away.”



The explanation seemed simplistic but other than that, Zhong Ji couldn't think of a better one.

“Who knows. Mr. Han's life is fated to be extraordinary. The next time we meet, he might impress us further,” Zhong Ji remarked with a shrug.

Qin Fu nodded without hesitation. He had always believed that Han Jingru wasn't an ordinary person. When he was fourteen, he established his power in secret and dared to deal with adults. The strength that he displayed was unlike anything Qin Fu had seen before.

“Let's go and quickly deal with the Zhong family for Mr. Han. I still have to return to Yun City for the new year,” Qin Fu remarked.

Nodding in agreement, Zhong Ji got into Qin Fu's car and they drove to see the Zhong family.

At the Zhong family villa, all their relatives were present. They were waiting for Zhong Mingguo to determine the Zhong family's fate.

“Grandpa, everyone else is kneeling at the Han Residence except for our family. Have you not come to a decision?” Zhong Tianli pestered Zhong Mingguo. From his perspective, the longer they delayed their decision, the worse it will be for the Zhong family. Once Han Jingru had arrived, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“Even the Martial Arts Association doesn’t dare to defy him, how are we even going to challenge him?”

“That’s right, Grandpa. Make up your mind quickly, or else that will be the end of the Zhong family.”

“The only choice we have left is to kneel and beg for forgiveness. What’s there to even consider? If you’re not going, we are.”

All the members of the Zhong family were trying to persuade Zhong Mingguo to give in. They no longer cared about their pride as the situation now was crystal clear. *Everyone else is kneeling in front of the Han Residence, so what makes the Zhong family so special not to?*

If the Martial Arts Association decided to challenge Han Jingru together with them, they might still stand a chance. But now, the Association remained silent.

“What are all of you babbling about? I am the head of the household and my decision is final. Whoever dares to go there will be kicked out of the family,” Zhong Mingguo declared.

“You have lived past your usefulness and don’t have many years left. Why do you insist on dragging us along to your grave? Is your pride more important than our lives?” It was the final straw for Zhong Tianli as he openly defied his Grandpa. He didn’t care that Zhong Mingguo was his grandfather. When his life was on the line, self-preservation had become his priority.

“That’s right, why do we have to suffer for the sake of your pride?”

“No one is stopping you from dying, but why do you have to force us to die with you?”

“Don’t be selfish, you old fossil. The Zhong family cannot be destroyed just because of you.”

The majority of the relatives were openly challenging Zhong Mingguo. Previously, they were afraid of him because they relied on his financial support. But now that the Zhong family was about to be destroyed, there was no reason to fear him anymore.

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

The whole hall fell so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. All that was left was the sound of rapid breathing.

“Who isn’t here yet?” Zhong Tianli asked subconsciously.

As the crowd looked around, they realized everyone was present.

“Can... can it be Han Jingru at the door?” someone asked in horror.

Zhong Tianli suddenly felt his knees buckle.

During the Championship, Han Jingru had warned him that if he personally came to their door, the Zhong family would not be shown any mercy.

Overwhelmed by emotion, Zhong Tianli rushed towards Zhong Mingguo. He grabbed Zhong Mingguo by his collar and yelled, “Zhong Mingguo, it’s all your fault! You’re the death of us!”

Meanwhile, all the others had darkened expressions. Even Zhong Tianyi was furious at Zhong Mingguo.

“Grandpa, it’s time to submit. There is no way the Zhong family stand a chance against Han Jingru,” Zhong Tianyi stood up and headed towards the door.

Zhong Mingguo didn’t expect his favorite grandson to actually say something like that.

*Is this the end of the Zhong family?*

As Zhong Tianyi stood at the door, preparing to open it. The members of Zhong family dropped to their knees one by one. They knew this was the only way to beg for mercy from Han Jingru. After all, no one wanted to die and no one was willing to defy him.

Zhong Mingguo fell into greater despair when he witnessed what was unfolding before him.

Throughout the years, the Zhong family had waited for the decline of the Han family to happen. When it finally occurred, Zhong Mingguo had planned to subdue them and seize power. However, his dream didn't last long when Han Jingru returned to Yan City and burst his bubble.

Everything happened so fast that Zhong Mingguo still felt as if it was still a dream. And now, he was being woken up to reality.

In his heart, he was extremely defiant. He was frustrated that the Zhong family couldn't rise to the occasion and take advantage of the opportunity. At the same time, he refused to

accept reality. Han Jingru had done something no other prominent family could, that was to pressure the powerful Martial Arts Association into submission without much effort.

Holding that thought in mind, Zhong Mingguo let out a bitter smile. *Perhaps this is the fate of the Zhong family.*

Despite how exceptional Zhong Tianyi was, he paled in comparison to Han Jingru.

When the door opened, the man that emerged wasn't Han Jingru. It was Zhong Ji and Qin Fu instead.

When Zhong Tianyi saw both of them, he was puzzled.

*Zhong Ji left for Yun City a long time ago, and he is a member of the Han family. Hence his return to Yan City is understandable.*

*But what has this got anything to do with Qin Fu? Why is he here?*

“Qin Fu, what are you doing here?” Zhong Tianyi asked Qin Fu. As the Zhong family had business relations with Dynasty, the two of them would occasionally deal with each other.

“Zhong Tianyi, Dynasty is owned by Mr. Han so I am his subordinate. I’m here on his behalf to find out what the Zhong family’s answer is,” Qin Fu explained with a smile.

*Dynasty is owned by Han Jingru?*

*How is that possible?*

Dynasty has been founded a long time ago. At that time, Han Jingru was still just a child.

“I didn’t expect Han Jingru to have bought over Dynasty. His actions are really quick,” Zhong Tianyi sneered.

Qin Fu shook his head with a smile and explained, “You have got it wrong. He didn’t acquire it. Instead, he had owned it since the very first day. When you were in school and flirting with your friends, Mr. Han was already building



Dynasty.”

Zhong Tianyi scoffed and replied, “Qin Fu, you shouldn’t pull my leg. It’s not a shame for Dynasty to be acquired by Han Corporation. So why do you hide that fact and praise him instead?”

“This is the difference between you and Mr. Han. Dynasty was founded by him when he was fourteen. All this while, I have just been his spokesperson. All the company’s strategies were decided by Mr. Han. He was the one who expanded Dynasty. Do you think that I would joke about something like that with you?” Qin Fu responded.

Zhong Tianyi’s expression changed when he realized that Han Jingru did start Dynasty when he was fourteen. From the beginning, everyone assumed he was a useless member of the Han family. In reality, he actually had many impressive achievements.

All this while, Zhong Tianyi thought of himself as Yan City’s most capable youth, to the extent he

didn't think anyone else could even compare to him.

But now, Zhong Tianyi could feel how wide the gulf was between him and Han Jingru.

*When Han Jingru established Dynasty, what was I doing?* It was just as Qin Fu said. He was teasing his classmates and flirting with others.

It was now clear to him that he didn't just lose to Han Jingru this time. Han Jingru's achievements had left him in the dust long ago.

"It's no use even if all of you kneel here. Don't you know what Mr. Han's demand is?" Zhong Ji addressed all the members of the Zhong family.

Zhong Tianyi clenched his teeth. When he realized the gulf between himself and Han Jingru, he resigned himself to his loss. Now, he had no qualms about sacrificing the Zhong family's pride in exchange for their future.

Given how powerful Han Jingru was, destroying the Zhong family would be as easy as lifting his

finger. There was no one else who was strong enough to defy him.

“Please inform Han Jingru that I will lead the members of the Zhong family to the Han Residence,” Zhong Tianyi promised. He had unilaterally made the decision without Zhong Mingguo’s approval as it no longer mattered. The fate of the Zhong family depended on it and it was what everyone in the family wanted. Despite his position as the patriarch of the family, Zhong Mingguo had lost the authority to stop them.

After Zhong Ji and Qin Fu had left, Zhong Tianyi approached Zhong Mingguo and said, “Grandpa, you heard what they said.”

Zhong Mingguo was still stunned. He had heard Qin Fu say that Han Jingru founded Dynasty when he was fourteen. The news shocked him to the core.

As a fourteen-year-old kid who had established his own company, Han Jingru demonstrated that he was preparing for his comeback since a long time ago. Furthermore, to have such ambition as

a fourteen-year-old was a testament to how exceptional his capabilities were.

There was no one in this world who would dare declare they were better than Han Jingru.

“Pressure builds character and Han Jingru is the epitome of this saying. The immense pressure Nangong Shuxian gave him made him who he is today. In Yan City, everyone obeys him now,” Zhong Mingguo commented with a trembling voice.

One by one, the members of the Zhong family headed towards the Han Residence.

Almost everyone that had a conflict with the Han family was already kneeling in front of the Han Residence. However, the Zhong family hadn't shown themselves, causing everyone to wonder what their choice would be.

The moment the Zhong family left their villa, the news spread like wildfire throughout Yan City.

“The Zhong family has finally made their move.

From the looks of it, they are preparing a counterattack.”

“Counterattack my ass. Given how powerful Han Jingru is right now, even the Zhong family wouldn’t have the courage to defy him.”

“The whole family has left for the Han Residence. They must have decided to kneel and submit.”

“Given how stubborn they are, I think it’s unlikely for them to do so. Zhong Mingguo had previously declared that he wanted to use the Han family as a stepping stone. If they are going to submit, wouldn’t that be humiliating for him?”

The debate raged on within business circles and across all other industries. At that moment, everyone was watching the Zhong family’s actions very closely.

Even the members of the Martial Arts Association were following the developments intently.

Ever since Chen Bao lost to Han Jingru, the Martial Arts Association was suffocated by the immense pressure Han Jingru placed on them. Nevertheless, Chen Bao remained exceptionally calm.

In the ring, Chen Bao had personally experienced Han Jingru's power. He acknowledged that he had never seen anyone as strong as Han Jingru. If not for someone stopping Han Jingru as he unleashed his deadly move, Chen Bao knew that we would have died in the ring.

Since he had lost, he accepted it willingly. That was Chen Bao's attitude towards dealing with life. He would not begrudge his opponent as the fight was a display of strength. Besides, he knew resentment was useless if one wasn't strong enough.

“Mr. Chen, what do you think of the Zhong family?” the current president asked Chen Bao.

Chen Bao replied coldly, “They have no other choice. Their strength doesn't even come close to challenging the Han family.”

The president took a deep breath and continued to ask, "Then what should the Martial Arts Association do? Our influence has been significantly reduced by Han Jingru to the extent our position is no longer stable. We have to think of a way to bring back our past glory."

"Past glory?" Chen Bao sneered. He explained, "Unless there is someone who can beat Han Jingru, whatever you say is meaningless."

"Mr. Chen, you... did you really lose? Or did you show him mercy?" the president pried carefully. It was something that he was desperate to find out. From his perspective, it was impossible for such a powerful person like Chen Bao to lose at the hands of Han Jingru. Therefore, he boldly speculated that it was perhaps all just an act performed by Chen Bao and Han Jingru. Chen Bao intended to let the Han family show their dominance so he lost the fight on purpose.

"Show mercy?" Chen Bao burst into self-deprecating laughter. *With my strength, I'm in no position to show Han Jingru mercy. If not for the emergence of that person, I would have been killed by him.*

“Even during the peak of my youth, I’m afraid I still won’t be able to beat this young man. In the ring, I would have died if he really wanted to kill me. Do you think I’m in a position to show him mercy?”

His words were so shocking to the president that they caused his hairs to stand on end. *Even Chen Bao in his peak can’t beat Han Jingru. How powerful is he really?*



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The president suddenly had an idea. If he were able to recruit Han Jingru into the Martial Arts Association, the humiliation that the association had experienced would then be erased.

If Han Jingru became a member of the association, the association's defeat at his hands would no longer be viewed unfavorably.

“Mr. Chen, tell me, do we have a chance to invite him to join the Martial Arts Association?” the president asked.

“Are you joking?” Chen Bao looked at the president with contempt. *Is the Martial Arts Association even qualified to invite Han Jingru to join it? His current strength is enough to get him into Apocalypse. Why would he care about an unknown Martial Arts Association?*

Furthermore, Chen Bao suspected that the person who appeared in the ring was related to Apocalypse because he was able to block Han Jingru's fatal punch. *It was obvious that his strength was beyond that of a normal man. Hence, it is impossible for him to just be an expert among ordinary fighters.*

The president's face darkened. *I only wanted Han Jingru to join the Martial Arts Association, what's so funny about that? I think Chen Bao just can't let go of his ego.*

“Perhaps you may think that I'm unable to set aside my pride to do this. But let me tell you, Han Jingru doesn't care about the Martial Arts Association at all. From his perspective, he is aiming for someplace more challenging,” Chen Bao explained.

*Someplace more challenging?*

The president's eyes squinted. As the president of the Yan City Martial Arts Association, he naturally was aware of what Chen Bao meant when he mentioned someplace more challenging. After all, that was the mecca for all martial arts practitioners.

“Mr. Chen, do you mean Han Jingru wants to join Apocalypse?” the president asked.

“It’s no longer just a desire. He might already have joined them. During the Championship, his performance was enough for them to take notice,” Chen Bao replied.

The president took a deep breath before laughing wryly. He realized he had almost forgotten about it.

At the recent championship, Apocalypse seemed to have sent men to watch personally. If they saw how powerful Han Jingru was, there was no way they would miss the opportunity to recruit someone like that.

Compared to Apocalypse, the Martial Arts Association was just like a kindergarten. Han Jingru wasn’t an idiot. There was no way he would leave Apocalypse just to join the Martial Arts Association.

It was indeed a bad joke.

“To be able to attain such power at such a young age and then join Apocalypse; it simply makes me green with envy,” the president commented.

*Envy?*

Chen Bao didn't stop at being envious; jealousy was driving him crazy. The reason he left Yan City for so many years was to seek out the opportunity to join Apocalypse. However, they had never appeared before him. Just when they were finally near him, Han Jingru stole the limelight instead. He knew that there was no longer an opportunity for him to see the world of Apocalypse ever again.

Meanwhile, a previous rejection that was made hastily had now caused the situation to reach a point of no return.

In a short period of time, a piece of shocking news spread throughout Yan City.

Everyone had their attention focused on the Zhong family. As the last line of defense in this incident, the whole city went into an uproar when they too knelt down at the entrance of Han Residence.

“The Zhong family has finally submitted, it

seems they fear the Han family too.”

“Even the Zhong family have given up resisting. Who else in Yan City dares to stand against the Han family?”

“Amazing. Han Jingru is simply amazing. During the short time he is in Yan City, he not only elevated the Han family’s position but also changed the dynamics of the business landscape here. He is a terrifying man indeed.”

“Unexpectedly, Mr. Han, who was seen as the Han family scum previously, managed to elevate the Han family to new heights. Who could imagine an abandoned child would end up being so capable?”

“Han Jingru seems to be creating a new era of his own.”

Whether Yan City would experience a new era because of Han Jingru remained to be seen. Nevertheless, the Han family had reached such heights that had no historical precedent. That was a fact. With his strength alone, he had returned

the Han family back to its glory days. That was something no one could have imagined before.

Qin City.

When Han Yu who was now a cripple heard about the news, his face darkened. From his perspective, he was the one meant to bring glory to the family. However, Han Jingru had stolen the limelight away from him. Furthermore, his current circumstance was also the result of Han Jingru's handiwork.

In Han Yu's mind, he had often thought about seeking revenge on Han Jingru. Except that in his current state, he was unable to even leave Qin City anytime soon, let alone seek revenge.

"Are you feeling frustrated?" the man who brought him the news asked.

Han Yu clenched his teeth tightly and complained, "How can I accept it? The honor was supposed to be mine. Grandma declared that I was the one that would bring glory to the Han family."

Smiling faintly, the man replied, “Can’t Nangong Shuxian be wrong?”

“Of course she won’t. She has foretold that I am the Han family’s future and that I am the one destined for greatness. Instead, Han Jingru has stolen all of it forcefully from me,” Han Yu ranted without hesitation.

“Stolen?” The man shook his head and asked, “Do you know Dynasty?”

“Qin Fu’s company?” Han Yu clarified as he was puzzled why Dynasty was being brought up.

“Qin Fu is just a puppet while the real owner of the company is Han Jingru. It was founded by him when he was fourteen. At that age, he was already planning for his comeback. As for you, what were you even doing then?” the man challenged.

Hanyu’s eyes twitched as if there was an earthquake going on.

*How is it possible that Han Jingru established*

*Dynasty when he was fourteen?*

“Impossible. Where would he find the money to start the company? You shouldn’t lie to me,” Han Yu shook his head as he refused to accept it. He would never believe Han Jingru was capable of something so shocking at fourteen years old.

“That is the truth and the whole of Yan City will find out soon enough. Nangong Shuxian made a huge mistake by putting her hopes for the Han family on your shoulders,” the man remarked.

Angered by his words, Han Yu’s eyes twitched with murderous intent and warned, “Don’t you forget that you work for me. Speaking in favor of Han Jingru will be the death of you.”

The man let out a faint smile as he wasn’t cowed by Han Yu’s threat. He knew that even if Han Yu could leave Qin City within his lifetime, he would never become the head of the Han family. *Why should I fear scum like that?*

Furthermore, every word he said was the truth.



The Han family's glory was all brought about by Han Jingru.

If the Han family fell into Han Yu's hands, it would likely fall into ruin.

That was the gap between Han Yu and Han Jingru's abilities.

“You're just a scum right now so don't think that you can threaten me. Previously, I helped you because you still stood a chance to become the head of the Han family. But now, the facts have shown me that it's impossible. You don't even deserve to grovel in front of him,” The man replied.

*Grovel in front of him?*

Those words caused Han Yu to fall into a jealous rage. In his mind, Han Jingru was a scum that the family abandoned. To him, it was Han Jingru that didn't deserve to grovel in front of him. *How is it possible I am the one who should be groveling?*

“I will make you regret your words and show you

the difference between me and that piece of trash. Just wait and see who will be the last man standing. I won't be cowardly hiding in Qin City all my life. When I leave, I will take back all that is mine," Han Yu declared as he gritted his teeth.

The man stood up and asserted, "From now on, I won't come and see you again and won't inform you about anything. You will be on your own. But let me give you a piece of friendly advice, don't challenge Han Jingru. You don't have it in you."

"Grandma, I will definitely avenge you as I am the true head of the Han family. No one can take it away from me. Han Jingru, just you wait, I will make sure you die a horrible death."

Meanwhile, Han Jingru was now considered a powerful figure in Yan City. Hence, everyone was interested to find out what his next step was. They wondered if he would reshape the whole business landscape of Yan City or if he would turn the Han family into the most prominent family there.

However, Han Jingru had no interest in doing either. To him, the situation at Yan City had been determined and what happened after that would be up to Zhong Ji and Qin Fu. As for him, he planned to return to Yun City for the New Year.

Meanwhile, as the entrance of the Han Residence was filled with kneeling men, Han Jingru and his companions started packing their bags.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

While everyone in Yan City was waiting to see what Han Jingru was going to do next, another shocking news reverberated throughout the city.

Han Jingru had left Yan City and returned to Yun City.

His departure was so sudden that it caught everyone by surprise. From their perspective, Han Jingru should have stayed to elevate the Han family's position and influence in the business world. With how powerful he currently was, it would be an extremely easy task to accomplish. However, his decision to leave left everyone scratching their heads.

After that, another shocking news followed.

Han Jingru had left the Han Corporation to Zhong Ji and Qin Fu and given them full authority over it. Moreover, it seemed that he would never return to the city which puzzled everyone further.

The Han family's position and influence in Yan City were what many others strive for. However,

Han Jingru didn't care much for it.

“What kind of person is Han Jingru to leave under such circumstances?”

“I heard he returned to Yun City for the sake of his wife. Han Jingru is someone that's fiercely loyal. Power and influence are nothing to him compared to Su Yimo.”

“She is indeed the luckiest woman in the world. Han Jingru gave up so much in Yan City just to be with her.”

When such a theory spread in Yan City, many young ladies were filled with envy. As for Su Yimo, her name was engraved in the minds of the Yan City residents.

On the flight back to Yun City, Han Jingru turned into a doting father. He was holding his daughter and coaxing her. No one could guess this was the same man that caused an uproar in the city. Moreover, he forced the city's business community and the Martial Arts Association into submission.

Su Yimo looked at Han Jingru lovingly. No matter how others saw him, Su Yimo knew that he belonged to her. Regardless of how powerful he was, he would still become anxious at his daughter's cries. He would also rack his brains to cheer her up whenever she was unhappy.

When Han Jingru noticed that Su Yimo was staring at him, he couldn't help but ask, "Did you just notice that your husband is even more dashing now, to the extent you can't peel your eyes away?"

Su Yimo laughed in response as she gently laid her head on Han Jingru's shoulder. She replied, "Jingru, do you still remember our wedding?"

Han Jingru nodded as it was something he would never forget.

That wedding turned into a joke in Yun City. It didn't help that none of the members of the Su family attended, causing the venue to be empty. Furthermore, Jiang Yan forced Su Yimo to leave before the wedding ended, leaving Han Jingru awkwardly alone.

“At that time, they treated it as a joke and even said that my life will be destroyed if I married a scum like you. However, who is having the last laugh now?” Su Yimo related softly.

“Nangong Shuxian kicked me out of Yan City and forbade me from declaring myself as a member of the Han family. Hence, I had no choice but to keep my identity a secret, causing you to suffer,” Han Jingru explained.

Su Yimo shook her head repeatedly and added, “I didn’t suffer at all. Instead, I felt bad for you. You were ostracized by many people because of me. As a member of the Han family, you shouldn’t have experienced any of those.”

Han Jingru replied with a smile, “Despite being a member of the Han family, I have never been treated well since I was young. Therefore, I am already used to being cursed at and ostracized.”

When scolded by outsiders, Han Jingru always pretended that he didn’t hear anything. But when it was family that did it, it felt excruciatingly painful to him. To have endured being shunned

by his family, he no longer cared how outsiders saw him.

“Do you want to know when I started to fall in love with you?” Su Yimo suddenly let out a smile.

That was something Han Jingru was always curious about because Su Yimo resented him when she first found out that they were going to be married. In fact, she even made life difficult for him on purpose. At that time, Han Jingru could understand why she reacted that way. After all, he had a terrible reputation in public. Furthermore, they hardly had any sort of relationship at all. Hence, it was understandable that she was reluctant to marry him then.

It wasn't until later that their relationship gradually blossomed and he could feel the affection from her. Only then did Han Jingru decide to change for her sake.

However, Han Jingru had no idea as to when Su Yimo changed her perspective of him.



“Was it when I was picking you up from work?” Han Jingru asked curiously.

Su Yimo shook her head and replied, “Guess again.”

“Was it during your birthday when I gave you your gift?”

“Nope.”

Reminiscing about the past, tears suddenly rolled down Su Yimo’s cheeks.

“Do you remember one winter when I was having my period and my stomach hurt? And you helped to keep me warm?” Su Yimo asked.

A tinge of awkwardness flash across Han Jingru’s face as he answered, “What about it? I don’t seem to remember.”

Su Yimo glared at Han Jingru as she knew that he didn’t forget. In fact, there was no way anyone could forget an incident like that.

“As there were no hot water bags at home, you dipped your hand into the boiling water and used it to warm my stomach. In the end, you even scalded your hand. How is it possible that you had forgotten it?” Su Yimo explained.

Han Jingru didn't forget about that incident. It was just that he didn't expect Su Yimo to find out about it.

“Why do you always not share what you have done. If not for the fact that I saw you doing it, would you have hidden it from me all my life?” Su Yimo looked at Han Jingru in a reprimanding manner.

“That's what I should have done anyway. It isn't really considered any sort of sacrifice,” Han Jingru explained in a nonchalant tone. Ever since the day he married Su Yimo, Han Jingru treated her as his most beloved and never cared about how she saw him.

“Also, you no longer argued as much with Jiang Yan and reduced your conflict with Su Ruijin. I'm aware that you did so on my account,” Su

Yimo continued.

“However, what I have done for you pales in comparison to what you have done for me.” Su Yimo wiped the tears off her cheeks.

“Silly girl, why are you bringing up our past? Now, no one dares to look down on us anymore. Besides, we also have a daughter too, so there’s no need to keep thinking about what had happened,” Han Jingru replied with a smile.

“How can I not? In fact, I do so every day. I want to imprint all that you have done for me into my mind so that I won’t forget them in my next life,” Su Yimo remarked.

“Are you kidding me? You still want to hound me in my next life?” Han Jingru made a resentful expression on purpose.

Su Yimo was briefly stunned before her expression became stern. Suddenly, she reached her hands around Han Jingru’s waist and spoke with a terrifying tone, “What? Are you planning to change wives in your next life? Do you fancy

Bingying instead?”

Han Jingru suddenly felt a chill down his spine as Su Yimo was adept at grabbing him by his balls when he least expected it. Every time, she was able to send Han Jingru into a panic. To him, such an attack was something even he found it hard to defend against.

“Erm... why did you bring Bingying up suddenly? Does this have anything to do with her?” Han Jingru asked.

“Why not? Bingying is deeply in love with you to the extent she was willing to take such a big risk for your sake. She has sacrificed a lot for you. In addition, she is pretty and has a beautiful figure too. Did you really not have feelings for her even a little bit?” Su Yimo interrogated him.

In truth, Han Jingru never did have feelings for her. However, he was indeed touched by what she did for him. When they were in the U.S., she gave him her utmost support. No matter how dangerous it became, she stood beside him without any fear. He knew it wasn't easy for a

woman to have done what she did.

Han Jingru could ignore Qi Bingying's feeling for him, but he couldn't turn a blind eye to what she had done for him.

"I don't have feelings for her, but I can't deny I wasn't touched by what she did. In the U.S., she supported me immensely," Han Jingru explained.

Su Yimo then withdrew her hand discreetly. In truth, she had struggled over the matter for a while. Qi Bingying was her best friend who happened to have fallen in love with her husband. Furthermore, she continuously made unconditional sacrifices for him. If not for the fact she was Han Jingru's wife, she would have sympathized with Qi Bingying.

"Why don't we stay in a country that allows polygamy?" Su Yimo asked.

*This is a trap! There's no doubt about it!*

Han Jingru's eyes twitched and realized that something wasn't right. Without any hesitation,

he answered, “That won’t do. I only have one wife and that’s you.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

As the New Year drew near, there was an air of festivity in Yun City. Those that were working elsewhere returned to their hometown. Everyone was out shopping and the streets were bustling with crowds. Only during this period every year would Yun City be this lively.

Every household was stocking up on New Year goodies. They were also putting up the decorations, and it was the same at Genting Villa.

Ever since Han Jingru returned, Tian Shuirou came over to the villa every day to play, as if it was her own home.

Meanwhile, Su Yimo and Shi Yan had just returned from shopping and were taking an inventory of the things they bought.

All the nuts and sweets were meant to be consumed when watching the New Year's Eve gala on TV.

“Jingru, why don't you write the couplets for the New Year?” Yan Qiong suggested to Han Jingru with a smile.

When Su Yimo who was busy taking inventory heard it, she asked Yan Qiong in surprise, “Grandpa Yan, does Jingru know how to write couplets?”

“Of course.” Yan Qiong smiled proudly and replied, “He has been practicing calligraphy since he was young. In fact, all the couplets in the Han family were written by him.”

“That was the only thing that I could participate in during the New Year celebrations at the Han residence. Furthermore, I had to keep it a secret from Nangong Shuxian,” Han Jingru explained with resignation. Everything that happened then was arranged by Yan Qiong. Which allowed Han Jingru a rare opportunity to experience the New Year festivities.

“Jingru, is there anything that you don’t know? I’m surprised to hear you even know calligraphy,” Tian Shuirou asked Han Jingru curiously as she walked to his side.

“There’s still a lot that I don’t know. For example, I have been struggling to think of an



excuse to chase you home,” Han Jingru replied with a chuckle.

Tian Shuirou pouted her peach-shaped lips and walked towards Su Yimo’s side. Leaning into her and hugging her arm, she complained, “Yimo, look at him. He doesn’t welcome me here. You should teach him a lesson on my behalf.”

Su Yimo didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. Tian Shuirou was a savvy little girl. Every time Han Jingru teased her, she would come to Su Yimo for help.

“Of course. I’ll teach him a lesson later for you,” Su Yimo answered.

Tian Shuirou thrust her chin in the air in a triumphant and provocative manner.

Han Jingru couldn’t help but shake his head. With Su Yimo on her side, he was powerless against them.

“Since you’re so free, you should start cutting some paper to help out.” Han Jingru suggested

Tian Shuirou.

“Fine, but you will have to write a pair of couplets for me as a gift. It will be an honor to paste the couplets you’ve written on the front door,” Tian Shuirou answered with a smile.

Once everything was prepared, Han Jingru picked up the brush. Everyone else stopped what they were doing and surrounded him to watch.

Other than Yan Qiong, no one else had seen him writing calligraphy before.

At the moment, the one who was most curious was Shi Yan. All the while, she assumed Yan Qiong wrote the couplets himself. She didn’t expect them to have been written by Han Jingru. She remembered that the words on the couplets exuded a lot of character, something which only a master calligrapher was able to produce. Therefore, she was doubtful as to whether Han Jingru was able to reproduce those writings.

Meanwhile, Han Jingru took a deep breath as it had been a long time since he held a brush. As his

brushstrokes danced on a piece of large red paper, the sight of him writing caused Su Yimo to be mesmerized by his charm again.

She didn't expect Han Jingru to have the poise of a master calligrapher when he was writing, it was simply a sight to behold.

Meanwhile, Tian Shuirou gaped as she watched. Powerful and exquisite were the only words that she could think of to describe his calligraphy.

In a single breath, Han Jingru completed the couplet. His brushstrokes were so lightning quick that he dazzled everyone's eyes.

"It's been a while since you held a brush so it's understandable that you are a little rusty. Let's try again," Yan Qiong told Han Jingru.

Without any hesitation, Han Jingru pulled off the paper and started afresh. That was how strict Yan Qiong was with him. When he was young, Han Jingru had wasted a lot of paper practicing. Yan Qiong's words seemed to have brought him back in time to those days.

As long as there was an imperfection in one of the words, Yan Qiong would insist he rewrite it.

“Isn’t this already very good? If you don’t want it, I will take it.” Worried that it would go to waste, Tian Shuirou quickly rolled up the couplet that Han Jingru had just written.

“I’ll give you a better one in a moment.” Han Jingru stopped her with a smile.

Feeling as if she already had something precious, Tian Shuirou replied, “To me, this is the best. I’m taking it.”

Han Jingru took another deep breath and focused all his attention on his next stroke. As with the first time, he didn’t stop until it was completed in a single stroke. In terms of aesthetics, this couplet was visibly better than the previous one.

Despite that, Yan Qiong was still unimpressed and wanted Han Jingru to write a better one. His demanding standards even caused Shi Yan to feel that he was being unreasonable.

Finally, after a couple of practice strokes, Han Jingru's calligraphy had met Yan Qiong's standards. By that time, he was all covered in sweat.

Seeing how sweaty he was, Su Yimo helped him wipe the sweat off his forehead.

“Grandpa Yan, You're being too strict with him. I'll get you if you cause him to overexert himself,” Su Yimo warned with Yan Qiong.

Yan Qiong didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. *If it weren't for my strict upbringing, Han Jingru wouldn't have been as tenacious as he is now.*

Nevertheless, it was understandable for Su Yimo to sympathize with Han Jingru. After all, she was his beloved wife.

“In the future, there won't be many such opportunities left. Therefore, I must make the best of it and make his life difficult,” Yan Qiong remarked.

At that moment, Shi Yan's expression was filled with resignation. *Han Jingru's success was built out of Yan Qiong's demanding upbringing. As for Han Yu, he was always pampered by Nangong Shuxian instead. With such a vast difference, how can Han Yu even compete with Han Jingru?*

*If it were Han Yu that was writing the couplet, I'm afraid he would have gotten into a conflict with Yan Qiong.*

“Once the ink is dry, we can put it up,” Han Jingru said with great satisfaction.

“Jingru, wh-where's mine?” Tian Shuirou asked meekly as she tugged at Han Jingru's sleeve.

“Didn't you take one just now?” Han Jingru teased her.

Tian Shuirou reacted instantly. She rolled up the couplet in her hand and threw it into the dustbin in a blink of an eye. She then said defiantly, “Is that so? Where is it? I didn't take any.”

Only Tian Shuirou could act so brazenly in front of everyone. Furthermore, only she could get away with it without causing any resentment. In fact, everyone burst into laughter.

“Very well, I’ll write one for you now,” Han Jingru reassured her.

Once he was finished, Tian Shuirou did nothing else other than watch over the couplet and waiting for the ink to dry. It was as if she was afraid someone might steal it.

Once the ink was dry, Tian Shuirou took it home excitedly.

The atmosphere at the Tian residence was lively as all their relatives had gathered. They were discussing what their plans were for New Year’s Eve.

Once Tian Shuirou returned home, Tian Jingshuo commented with a smile, “Here I was thinking that you have forgotten your own home. Come quickly, we are discussing what we’re going to do for New Year’s Eve. You have always given

us suggestions for the past years, hence we are at a loss without you.”

With regards to the activities, Tian Shuirou wasn't looking forward to them at all. Instead, she was already planning to head towards Genting Villa once she was done with New Year's Eve dinner.

“Grandpa, come quickly, I want to show you something,” Tian Shuirou called out in suspense.

Tian Jingshuo furrowed his eyebrows in curiosity when he saw what look like a couplet in Tian Shuirou's hands. *What does she have here?*

When Tian Shuirou laid the couplet out on the table, she asked proudly, “Grandpa, what do you think of this couplet?”

Tian Jingshuo's eyes lit up. He could clearly see that it was handwritten and vastly different from those that were being sold in town.

“Tian Shuirou, isn't this just a couplet? What's the big deal?” one of her relatives remarked in



disappointment.

Tian Shuirou glared at that person and retorted, “You should shut up if you don’t know anything.”

“Grandpa, what do you think of the calligraphy?” Tian Shuirou asked Tian Jingshuo excitedly.

“It’s written pretty well. I can see the strength behind the strokes and that it was done in one breath. The handwriting also exudes a lot of character. It takes someone many years of practice to write with such finesse. I hope you’re not trying to claim that you wrote it.” Tian Jingshuo replied.

“It would be wonderful if I could write something like that. This is Han Jingru’s work,” Tian Shuirou revealed.

“Han Jingru!” Tian Jingshuo was filled with shock. To think that Han Jingru could write with such remarkable skill was indeed a huge surprise to him.

“Of course it has to be him. Who else is so capable?” Tian Shuirou proclaimed proudly.

Tian Jingshuo couldn't help himself but pick the couplet up to appreciate it from a closer distance. Staring at it, he couldn't stop praising it to himself. As for the relative who had looked down on the couplet, he quickly wiped the contemptuous expression off his face.

He didn't know how to judge the quality of a couplet, but he was sure something that was written by Han Jingru was not to be trifled with.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The Tian family didn't just put Han Jingru's couplet on the wall, they had it framed and placed it in the center of the living room. From Tian Jingshuo's perspective, the couplet was considered priceless. It would be a pity if it were exposed to the elements. Furthermore, Tian Jingshuo had the feeling that something limited like this would be worth even more in the future. Therefore, it was worth keeping as a family heirloom.

On New Year's Eve, everyone was helping with the dinner preparations. Even Su Yimo who seldom stepped into the kitchen was busy inside. As for the men, they were all watching TV and drinking tea in the living hall, enjoying a rare moment of respite.

Mo Lan, Lin Heng, Qi Hù were also at Genting Villa at Han Jingru's invitation as they had no one to spend New Year's Eve with. After all, the more the merrier. It would be too pathetic of them to be left alone at Mojo.

When it was time for dinner, everyone took their seats and filled the table. They ate and drank to

their heart's content while watching the New Year's Eve gala on TV. Everyone was enjoying themselves and chatting about everything under the sun. Even Han Xiang could feel the festive atmosphere and was reluctant to go to bed.

At midnight, the sky over Yun City was illuminated by colorful fireworks. It signified the beginning of a brand new year.

As the whole family watched the beautiful fireworks in front of their villa, Su Yimo stood closely beside Han Jingru and held onto his arm tightly.

As the New Year was here, Su Yimo knew that the thing she dreaded most was about to happen soon.

She knew that Han Jingru would leave and there was nothing she could do about it. Moreover, she didn't want to stand in the way of his objective. No matter what Han Jingru wanted to do, she would always support his decision.

Once the fireworks were over, everyone started to

leave.

Han Jingru and Su Yimo retired to their bedroom. At times like these, they spent a passionate night together.

The next day, it was New Year's Day. Based on tradition, the further one traveled today, the better one's luck would be for the whole year. Therefore, Han Jingru and his family gathered early in the morning and set off to visit a temple on the outskirts of the city.

This was a habit that the rich practiced. Although Han Jingru didn't believe in superstition, he couldn't avoid going along with tradition.

They departed in two Audis. Along the way, Han Jingru received a call from Tian Shuirou.

She asked Han Jingru what his plans were, to which Han Jingru replied that they were going to visit a temple. Upon hearing that, the Tian family gathered quickly and prepared to meet the Han family there.

The temple was exceptionally lively when they arrived. As Han Jingru and his entourage alighted from their cars, many in the crowd sneaked glances at them. Those that were in positions of power easily recognize Han Jingru and quickly went up to him to pay their respects.

“Jingru, with your status now, it’s no longer a good idea to be out in public like that. Or else, you will just be putting unnecessary pressure on others.” Mo Lan couldn’t help but tease when he saw a lot of people turning uptight in Han Jingru’s presence.

Han Jingru didn’t expect such a response too, as all he wanted was to immerse himself in the festive atmosphere. He realized all those around him who were enjoying themselves a moment ago now had awkward expressions on their faces. *If it isn’t because of me, who else can it be?*

In a short while, the Tian family arrived. At the first opportunity, Tian Shuirou hurried up towards Su Yimo and warmly held her hand.

This was Tian Shuirou’s trump card. Every time

she had a dispute with Han Jingru, she would leverage Su Yimo's influence to assuage her husband. Therefore, she clearly understood who she needed to curry favor with.

“Yimo, look at you! Did you not have enough rest last night? Did Jingru bully you again?” Tian Shuirou asked Su Yimo after shooting a glance at Han Jingru.

As they enjoyed a long night of passion, Su Yimo didn't have a chance to rest. *However, this is what a couple should be doing anyway, so how is it considered bullying?*

Su Yimo shook her head and replied, “Last night, the sound of the fireworks felt like we were at war. So it was really hard to get a good night's sleep.”

“In that case, Yun City should ban fireworks going forward,” Tian Shuirou quipped.

Su Yimo laughed awkwardly. *Since when do I have such authority. Even if I do, I can't take away what others enjoy just for my own selfish reasons. After all, it's only once a year.*

“Don’t exaggerate, you’re blowing it out of proportion,” Su Yimo replied.

“Yimo, it’s not an exaggeration at all. They did disrupt your sleep,” Tian Shuirou reiterated with a matter-of-fact expression.

At that moment, a crowd began to build as they greeted Han Jingru. They were just ordinary citizens who felt that being able to meet Han Jingru was an honor. They didn’t harbor any intentions of building a relationship. Since it was rare for them to meet someone important, they felt they would regret it if they missed the opportunity to greet him.

After he finished returning their greetings, the Han family and Tian family entered the temple together. Since they were already there, they went through all the prayer formalities. Although Han Jingru didn’t really believe in superstition, he still went along with it out of courtesy.

Usually, one needed to queue to offer incense.



The more illustrious one was, the more offerings one would pay to the temple. Therefore, those that paid the most would be the first to offer their incense.

However, news of Han Jingru's arrival had spread throughout the temple. Hence, those that arrived earlier to queue quickly moved aside to allow Han Jingru a path to enter.

The further in front of the queue one was, the higher one's status was in Yun City. They definitely wouldn't want to offend Han Jingru over a trivial matter such as offering incense. No matter how important they were, they submitted themselves in front of Han Jingru.

Once the incense was offered, the Han family and Tian family left the temple. It wasn't a good idea for them to linger too long at such a crowded place. After all, Han Jingru attracted too much attention wherever he went. He had become the center of attraction, with more influence than any superstars.

What he had wasn't just influence, people were

intimidated by him. Anyone who saw him would automatically feel tense.

It was just as Mo Lan had described. Han Jingru could no longer travel freely in public as the pressure he brought with him was simply too great.

After sending the rest of his family back to Genting Villa, Han Jingru, Mo Lan, and the rest went to Mojo.

Mo Lan had already guessed what Han Jingru wanted to say. As the New Year had gone by, Han Jingru wasn't going to remain in Yun City for long.

“Jingru, where are you heading next?” Mo Lan took the initiative and asked Han Jingru.

Sighing, Han Jingru replied, “Once I'm gone, I don't know when I'll come back. Do you think I should go?”

Mo Lan had no idea what Han Jingru was about to face. However, given his tone, it would

definitely be a long trip.

From Su Yimo's perspective, Han Jingru's departure was very unfair to her. After all, they now had children and he shouldn't be missing out Han Xiang's childhood.

Nevertheless, Mo Lan knew that since it was something Han Jingru couldn't refuse, it must be extremely important. Hence, he had no choice but to go.

“Honestly, you already have your answer. You may still struggle with it but haven't you already made your decision? Don't worry, Yun City is our home. We will swear on our lives that we will protect Su Yimo and Xiang,” Mo Lan reassured Han Jingru with a stern face as he had made a mistake once. Hence, he wouldn't allow such a mistake to repeat itself.

With Mo Lan and his companions in Yun City, together with Yan Qiong's presence, Han Jingru didn't have to worry about Su Yimo and Han Xiang's safety. However, he felt sorry for Su Yimo as he didn't know how long he was going

to be away.

“Three years. In three years, I will return no matter what. Please take care of them for me,” Han Jingru declared.

Mo Lan caught a deep breath.

*Three years!*

*This three years will be terrible for Su Yimo.*

“Jingru, take me with you,” Qi Hu requested.

Han Jingru shook his head. Apocalypse wasn't a place where anyone could enter. To take Jiang Yingying along was already an exception. Hence, it was impossible to bring Qi Hu along too.

“You should stay in Yun City to protect Xiang on my behalf. I'm sure being Xiang's bodyguard isn't beneath you, am I right?” Han Jingru asked.

“Of course not. Going forward, I will be her shield. Whoever dares to hurt her will have to do so over my dead body,” Qi Hu proclaimed with

conviction.

“Mr. Mo, leave everything here to us.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

During the next few days at Genting Villa, many visitors came by to pay their respects for the New Year. This was the Tian family's privilege previously, but now everyone wanted to ingratiate themselves to the Han family instead.

However, the Tian family wasn't bitter about it. In fact, they were also among those that arrived bearing gifts. In fact, Tian Jingshuo came personally with them.

Nevertheless, the Tian family was still accorded special treatment. As for the others, they didn't even have the opportunity to enter the villa. At most, they could only leave their gifts at the door and send their regards before leaving. As for the Tian family, they were invited into the villa. After all, Tian Shuirou was just like a family member of the Han family. Even without Han Jingru's permission, she would invite her family into the villa on her own accord.

On the fifth day of the new year, the matter they were expecting finally surfaced.

When Mr. Yi and Fang Zhan appeared, Su Yimo

tried her best to control her emotions. Nevertheless, she still couldn't prevent her expression from darkening.

She knew the moment she dreaded the most was finally here.

“Have you put all your family matters in order?” Mr. Yi asked Han Jingru.

Han Jingru subconsciously glanced at Su Yimo but saw that she lowered her head in silence. He knew that her emotions currently were in turmoil. Even he felt the same way. However, there was no way he could avoid going to Apocalypse.

“Tomorrow. Give me one more day,” Han Jingru requested.

Mr. Yi nodded and walked towards Han Xiang. He took out a piece of translucent jade, which looked extremely valuable.

“This is for my god granddaughter. It's a good luck charm made of jade. I hope it will keep her safe and ward off evil,” Mr. Yi affirmed.

Han Jingru didn't decline it. Since it was a gift from Mr. Yi, it would definitely be of immense value. As he wanted to be her god grandfather, he naturally had to offer something to seal the relationship.

“Is there news about my daughter?” Fang Zhan asked Han Jingru.

“The Nangong family is fully focused on investigating the matter. Although they haven't found any leads, I assure you that the Nangong family will track her down as long as she's alive,” Han Jingru reported.

Fang Zhan nodded in response. He didn't put Han Jingru in a spot as he appreciated how difficult the task was. After all, they didn't have much information to go with. Therefore, to find his daughter was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

“When we leave tomorrow morning, I'll wait for you at the foot of the hill.” Leaving Han Jingru with those words, Mr. Yi and Fang Zhan left.



Su Yimo gradually approached Han Jingru and said, "I'll wait for you to return."

Han Jingru nodded. Since this was something unavoidable, he had no choice but to face it. Furthermore, to receive Su Yimo's blessing and support made him feel like the luckiest man in the world.

"Don't worry, I will return as soon as possible."

At the foot of the hill, Fang Zhan couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Yi, do you really want Han Jingru to join the Qualifying Tournament? Isn't this decision too hasty? He is being watched by a lot of people. If he fails, he would be ridiculed within Apocalypse and it will be devastating for him emotionally."

"Are you worried that he is unable to accept defeat?" Mr. Yi asked.

Fang Zhan nodded as that was his concern indeed. After all, Han Jingru was seen as being high profile within Apocalypse. Once he entered the competition, he would capture everyone's

attention. It would be great if he could stand out during the Qualifying Tournament. But if he were to fail, he would definitely be humiliated. In fact, he might even resent Apocalypse. Therefore, he was unconvinced that Mr. Yi's arrangement was for the best. At the very least he should have given Han Jingru more time.

*One year. All he needs is one year and he will rise to Platinum rank. There is no need to be in such a hurry.*

“As long as you give him sufficient time, it would be very easy for him to achieve his task,” Fang Zhan suggested.

“Now is the best time for us to shock the world. He needs to prove himself with his own abilities. Or else, how is he going to shoulder the responsibilities of the Fourth Gate. And how is he going to convince others of his strength?” Mr. Yi explained.

*The responsibilities of the Fourth Gate?*

*Isn't he just a new member of Apocalypse? What do t*

*he responsibilities of the Fourth Gate have anything to do with him?*

Suddenly, Fang Zhan's eyes widened in shock. He looked at Mr. Yi in horror and asked, "M-Mr. Yi, d-do you intend to hand the Fourth Gate over to him?"

Fang Zhan couldn't believe his ears. Apocalypse was led by the Fourth Gate and Third Hall. The Fourth Gate possessed the highest authority among all, and Mr. Yi was going to hand it over to Han Jingru. From Fang Zhan's perspective, this was something unimaginable.

Mr. Yi nodded and continued, "You are well aware of what the situation is like within Apocalypse's Restricted Area. If another disturbance occurs there, no one can predict what's going to happen. I plan to..."

Mr. Yi paused and took a deep breath before adding, "We should enter and take a look."

Fang Zhan was so shocked as if he were struck by lightning. *Enter and take a look?*

Apocalypse had previously sent a few hundred men but none of them returned, making it seem like a death trap. As someone important within the Fourth Gate, Mr. Yi chose to investigate by going himself. However, Fang Zhan didn't see it as a wise choice.

“Mr. Yi, you can't do that. Ever since the founding of Apocalypse, we have sent hundreds of men there but none have come back alive. Wouldn't it be suicide?” Fang Zhan remonstrated frantically.

“I will have no regrets if I can find out what that place is about before I die. If I allow this unfinished business to hang over my head, I will not die in peace,” Mr. Yi explained with conviction. It was obvious that his plan was decided upon a long time ago; there was nothing Fang Zhan could say to change his mind.

Fang Zhan let out a deep sigh. *I wonder what the others will think if they find out about this decision. I'm afraid it will come as a shock to everyone.*

“Mr. Yi, have you considered what will happen to the internal strife between the Fourth Gate and Third Hall? Once something happens to you the Third Hall may swallow up the Fourth Gate and dominate the organization. From then on, Apocalypse will no longer be the same,” Fang Zhan reminded.

“That’s why I have always been testing Han Jingru’s character and he has impressed me so far. Other than him, I can’t think of anyone else to lead the Fourth Gate,” Mr. Yi concluded.

“I think you are overestimating Han Jingru’s capabilities as he isn’t strong enough to control the Fourth Gate as of now. Besides, there’s still Lin Tong of the Fourth Gate. He will not allow Han Jingru to easily ascend the position of the head of the Fourth Gate,” Fang Zhan explained. Given that Lin Tong had tried to disparage Han Jingru’s behavior a few times, it’s obvious how much he wanted Han Jingru dead. The moment Lin Tong had the chance, he would definitely destroy Han Jingru.

*Using the Qualifying Tournament as an example,*

*Lin Tong will definitely instigate everyone in the Fourth Gate to ridicule Han Jingru if he lost. Han Jingru will lose his authority and who will be willing to let him be the head of the Fourth Gate then?*

Mr. Yi smiled faintly and said, “I heard that Lin Tong is close to the members of the Third Hall recently. From the looks of it, he plans to betray the Fourth Gate.

*Betray the Fourth Gate?*

Those four words caused anger to flash across Fang Zhan’s face. Although the Fourth Gate and Third Hall both belong to Apocalypse, the many years of internal strife had caused both factions to draw a clear line from each other. Both factions hated each other, to the extent fights broke out occasionally. If Lin Tong chose to betray the Fourth Gate for the Third Hall, it would be extremely humiliating for them.

“This man is capable of anything. Wouldn’t his actions humiliate the Fourth Gate?” Fang Zhan asked, gritting his teeth.

“That’s why I need Han Jingru to put him in his place. Everyone in the Third Hall is waiting for my downfall,” Mr. Yi asserted.

Fang Zhan let out a deep sigh and added, “I hope that Han Jingru doesn’t disappoint you. Or else, the entire Fourth Gate would be disgraced along with him.”

Despite having such high hopes placed on him, Han Jingru was oblivious to them as he whispered sweet nothings to Su Yimo. He had only one day left. Hence, other than Su Yimo, he did not want to spend it with anyone else.

At night, the three of them slept together. Other than Han Xiang sleeping soundly, both Han Jingru and Su Yimo were still awake. Holding each other in their arms, both of them were reluctant to sleep.

It wasn’t until dawn that Su Yimo got up to prepare breakfast for Han Jingru. Despite she was married to Han Jingru for such a long time, she had never cooked for him before. Therefore, she wanted to fulfill her duty as a wife before he was gone.

Once breakfast was prepared, Su Yimo looked on nervously as Han Jingru dug in. With a delighted expression, he wolfed down the food and constantly praised Su Yimo for how delicious it was. This allowed the anxiety within her to ease.

After breakfast, Han Jingru left Genting Villa as his family watched on.

No one knew when they would all meet again.

As Su Yimo returned to the villa with tears in her eyes, she tried the breakfast she made and started bawling.

It was impossible for the food to taste delicious given how seldom she cooked. In fact, it was almost inedible. Nevertheless, Han Jingru still ate a lot which moved Su Yimo to tears.

At the entrance of Genting hill Villas, Han Jingru and Jiang Yingying got into the car prepared by Mr. Yi.

“Since we’re heading to Apocalypse, I’ll brief you on the current situation there,” Mr. Yi stated



once they got in.

Han Jingru nodded as it was a topic he was curious about.

“Apocalypse was formed for a specific mission. As to what that is, you will know later but let’s set it aside first. What I want to tell you is that Apocalypse is a hierarchical organization. Those with higher ranks will have more authority accordingly.”

“There are four ranks in Apocalypse. Platinum is the highest-ranked and they form the core of Apocalypse’s members. While the Bronze rank members carry out the simplest duties and are the bridge between Apocalypse and the outside world.”

“Since there are different ranks, there must be a way to differentiate the fighters based on their strength,” Han Jingru commented.

“You’re right. Every year, there will be a Qualifying Tournament. As long as one enters the tournament, one will be able to rise in the ranks.

Furthermore, the contest will begin next month and I have registered your name in all of the Qualifying Tournaments,” Mr. Yi stated. He had made prior arrangements on behalf of Han Jingru. Without a doubt, his actions would generate a lot of controversy within Apocalypse.

After all, ever since Apocalypse was founded, no one signed up for all of the Qualifying Tournaments at the same time.

“I have just joined Apocalypse. So, I hope you’re not thinking that I can achieve Platinum rank at the get-go?” Han Jingru inquired.

“I’m not hoping. You must achieve it,” Mr. Yi replied with a serious tone.

“You do have very high hopes. Has anyone managed to do it before?” Han Jingru was curious.

“No, that’s why it’s your chance to impress,” Mr. Yi asserted.

Han Jingru glared angrily at Mr. Yi and protested,

“Mr. Yi, are you trying to get me killed? Since no one has accomplished it before, what makes you think I can?”

“Are you afraid?” Mr. Yi provoked Han Jingru on purpose. Based on Han Jingru’s attitude, he was sure Han Jingru would disagree with him.

“Afraid? Of course I am. I don’t want to die.” Han Jingru’s answer was the exact opposite of what Mr. Yi expected. Not only did Mr. Yi not know how to respond, but Fang Zhan, who was driving, was also shocked.

Han Jingru continued, “I am now a husband and a father, so I can’t throw my life away like that. I think you better cancel my participation. After all, it’s really dangerous.”

Mr. Yi couldn’t help but scratch his nose awkwardly. *Why is this guy not playing along? He’s messing up all my plans.*

“Don’t you want to impress everyone?” Mr. Yi tried to persuade Han Jingru.

However, Han Jingru's position was firm. From his perspective, nothing was more important than his own life. Su Yimo and Han Xiang were waiting at home for him. Hence, he had to make sure he made it back alive.

“What the use of impressing others? If we lose our lives, it would all be over,” Han Jingru replied.

There was nothing Mr. Yi could say against that. Just when he was racking his brains on how to persuade Han Jingru, Fang Zhan suddenly spoke, “Everyone in Apocalypse now knows that you will be participating in the Qualifying Tournament. If you withdraw, you will become the laughing stock within Apocalypse.”

Mr. Yi was delighted as he felt those words would provoke Han Jingru into submission.

However, what Han Jingru was about to say next would cause Mr. Yi to lose all hope.

“When I was in Yun City for three years, I was already a laughing stock for being a useless son-

in-law. But, I never cared about it at all.”

Mr. Yi was now in absolute despair as he had forgotten about Han Jingru’s growth in Yun City. If he were concerned about his pride, he wouldn’t have endured three years of massive humiliation. To him, it was just another day in his life, to the extent he didn’t bother to explain or defend himself.

Mr. Yi took a deep breath and added, “Actually, there’s another reason why I want you to do this.”

“I knew it. Tell me quickly. If you manage to convince me, I will put on a show for all of them to see,” Han Jingru replied plainly. From the tone of his speech, it seemed that he could fulfill Mr. Yi’s hopes as long as he was willing to do so.

“I will be leaving Apocalypse and the Fourth Gate will be handed over to you. Therefore, I need you to stamp your authority during the tournament to control the Fourth Gate,” Mr. Yi explained.

Han Jingru had no idea what role the Fourth Gate

played in Apocalypse. However, he could surmise that Mr. Yi's position was one that had ultimate authority and influence in the organization.

And Mr. Yi actually wanted to hand it over to him. This was something that Han Jingru didn't expect at all.

"Where are you going?" Han Jingru asked with his eyebrows furrowed.

"An extremely dangerous place. Apocalypse has sent hundreds of members there but no one returned alive. Therefore, I need to secure the future of the Fourth Gate first. If you want to know what that place is, I will tell you once you reach the Platinum rank. The reason is that it's a secret which only Platinum ranked members have the right to know," Mr. Yi explained.

*Only Platinum ranked core members are qualified to know.*

It was obvious that it wasn't just an ordinary place. Furthermore, this matter might be

Apocalypse's biggest secret.

“Does Lin Tong not know? He is the Chosen One after all,” Han Jingru asked inquisitively.

Mr. Yi shook his head and replied, “Although he is the Chosen One, his strength has not reached Platinum rank yet. As of now, he is still Gold rank.”

Lin Tong had many achievements in Apocalypse and was also one of the younger members who was promoted the fastest. However, he wasn't strong enough to face the test required for Platinum rank and consequently never signed up for it.

In terms of rank promotion, the test for the Platinum rank was the most unique. It was also the riskiest as one could lose his life. Therefore, without adequate preparation, no one would dare to participate in it.

“It seems it's not easy to achieve Platinum rank. Are you not going to tell me about the promotion process?” Han Jingru remarked in a dissatisfied

tone.

“Other than Platinum rank, you will need to be in the top three of all the tournaments to qualify for your promotion. As for the Platinum rank, you will have to go through a special test called the Devil’s Cave. However, I cannot divulge to you the details about it,” Mr. Yi explained.

“Devil’s Cave, just by hearing its name I know you’re trying to kill me.” Han Jingru pursed his lips. Despite being frustrated with Mr. Yi, his heart was actually burning with excitement.

“Once you know the secret behind Apocalypse, you will understand why I’m doing this. For me, I have no choice in this matter and it’s something that I must face,” Mr. Yi added.

Sensing Mr. Yi’s grim tone, Han Jingru grew more curious about Apocalypse’s secret. Nevertheless, he knew it was useless to ask about it now as Mr. Yi would definitely not tell him. The only way to know was to become a Platinum rank core member.



“Since this is the case, let me give it a try. I don’t think it’s going to be too difficult for me,” Han Jingru beat his chest as he spoke. However, it wasn’t a demonstration of confidence. Instead, he was trying to gather his courage.

He was wearing the two skulls on his chest. Based on both his and Jiang Yingying’s experience, Han Jingru was sure that their power came from the two skulls. Although he wasn’t sure if the skulls would continue to strengthen him, Han Jingru felt confident of facing any situation with the special power they bestowed upon him.

“I know this isn’t fair to you but I have no choice. I hope you understand my position,” Mr. Yi sighed.

“By the way, am I to act as your disciple?” Han Jingru suddenly asked.

Mr. Yi had never officially taken Han Jingru in as his disciple and their relationship wasn’t as such. However, that was what he said when asked.

“That’s right.”

“Fine, I’ll try my best to keep up appearances. But don’t blame me if I forget occasionally.”

His words caused Mr. Yi’s expression to darken. There were tons of people who wanted to be his disciple. However, Han Jingru acted as if it wasn’t a big deal at all.



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“Have you heard that Han Jingru is going to participate in the Qualifying Tournament? He really has a death wish.”

“Other than wanting to die, I think he is trying to make a fool of himself.”

“He still is Mr. Yi’s disciple. Perhaps he is really strong as Mr. Yi has never taken a disciple before.”

“Strong? Warriors from the outside world are nothing compared to those in Apocalypse. No matter how good he is, can he beat Lin Tong?”

Within Apocalypse, the news that Han Jingru was entering all Qualifying Tournaments spread like wildfire. Most of them saw it as just a joke.

Each of the four ranks required one to overcome a massive threshold, especially that of the Platinum rank. No one had passed the test in the last ten years. Even Lin Tong who was known as the Chosen One had not taken up the Platinum rank challenge. Instead, it was the newcomer Han Jingru who did. From the perspective of those

within Apocalypse, Han Jingru either didn't know what he got himself into or he was just crazy.

It was the talk of the town, to the extent Han Jingru was already famous within Apocalypse even before he arrived. However, he was now famous in a negative way, similar to that of a clown making a fool of himself.

“What are you talking about?” When some of them were discussing it passionately, Lin Tong's voice suddenly rang out from behind them.

Despite not having any real authority in Apocalypse, Lin Tong's title as the Chosen One struck fear in the hearts of many. Everyone knew that with his strength, joining the leadership of Apocalypse was just a matter of time.

“Lin Tong, we're talking about that joker Han Jingru.”

“Yup, we find it hilarious that he wants to participate in all of the Qualifying Tournaments.”

“I wonder if Mr. Yi is becoming senile to take in someone like that as his disciple.”

One of them who obviously wanted to ingratiate himself with Lin Tong, approached him and said, “Lin Tong, I really think Mr. Yi’s mind is failing due to his age. How can he ignore you, the Chosen One, when you are right before his eyes. Instead, he chooses to take in a clown as his disciple. I really sympathize with you.”

Lin Tong sneered in response. He didn’t know why Mr. Yi took in Han Jingru as his disciple. But, he was sure of one thing, it was a stupid move.

*With my achievements in Apocalypse, how can someone like Han Jingru even compare?*

“That’s right. We share the same sentiments too. Although we don’t know how strong Han Jingru really is, he is still from the outside world. How can he even compete with you?”

“Within Apocalypse, you are the one whose strength is growing the fastest. There is no one

here that is more capable than you. Hence, Han Jingru is nothing to you.”

“Sigh, I don’t know what has gotten into Mr. Yi.”

The few men who were flattering Lin Tong were Gold rank members. They knew that if they were able to get into Lin Tong’s good graces, they would have a powerful patron within Apocalypse.

Meanwhile, Lin Tong indulged himself in the flattery as he loved to hear others praise him. However, he didn’t show it on his face. He plainly replied, “Mr. Yi is the head of the Fourth Gate. I’m sure he must have his reasons. How can you slander someone as important as him behind his back?”

“We’re just feeling indignant on your behalf. It’s such a pity that someone of your talent is being overlooked.”

Lin Tong sneered.

*Pity? There’s no need for pity at all.*

*After Han Jingru arrives at Apocalypse, I have my own way of demonstrating how much more capable I am than him. Furthermore, he has unknowingly participated in all the Qualifying Tournaments. Sooner or later, he will make a fool of himself anyway.* At the current stage, Lin Tong didn't need to do anything at all. All he had to do was sit back and watch Han Jingru humiliate himself.

More importantly, he had a close relationship with the Third Hall. Even the head of the Third Hall had made him a promise. As long as he was willing to join them, they would definitely groom him for leadership.

Lin Tong had already imagined the moment he could squash the Fourth Gate with his foot and let Mr. Yi suffer the consequences of his decision. Furthermore, he wanted those who belong to the Fourth Gate to know that it was their loss to have excluded him.

“You should know your boundaries. It's fine if you talk about it behind closed doors, but never let Mr. Yi hear it,” Lin Tong instructed.

In the face of his gentle reminder, the few men nodded repeatedly. However, the debate within Apocalypse about Han Jingru wouldn't just stop just because the few of them kept quiet.

In fact, Han Jingru had become the talk of the town. The situation was similar to four years ago in Yun City where Han Jingru had just joined the Su family. He was disparaged on a similar level then.

Two days later, Han Jingru arrived at the edge of Apocalypse.

Previously, he had thought about where Apocalypse was located and why so many people couldn't find its secret location. Only after arriving did he realize that Apocalypse was buried deep in the mountains covered by forests. There wasn't a trace of civilization around and therefore impossible for anyone to find.

“Apocalypse has blocked all satellite signals so even they don't know we're here,” Fang Zhan stood beside Han Jingru and explained.



Han Jingru laughed. He had definitely thought of it given how smart he was. Nevertheless, he still expressed his gratitude towards Fang Zhan for explaining.

“Is this the edge of Apocalypse?” Han Jingru asked.

Fang Zhan nodded and replied, “This is the first step towards entering Apocalypse. Everyone here is Bronze rank.”

From afar, Han Jingru could see two familiar figures. It was Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian. He remembered that he had beaten up badly both master and student while he was with the Nangong family.

“You will now have to stay here. Only after you have won the Bronze rank tournament can you proceed to the next level,” Mr. Yi instructed Han Jingru.

During their journey, Han Jingru was already briefed clearly on Apocalypse’s rules. Only after winning all the tournaments from the lowest level

up can he move to the next place.

“Mr. Yi, if I lose here, am I going to be humiliated?” Han Jingru asked with a smile.

“Not only will you be humiliated, even I will be disgraced,” Mr. Yi replied.

Han Jingru waved his hand and added, “You should leave quickly. This isn’t a place where someone as highly placed as you can stay long.”

After shooting Fang Zhan a glance, Mr. Yi left. He had left Han Jingru’s training in the hands of Fang Zhan. All he needed to do was to wait for Han Jingru at the Fourth Gate.

At that moment, many Bronze rank members started to gather as they heard about Han Jingru’s arrival. They looked at him with condescending stares.

“So, is this guy Han Jingru? There doesn’t seem to be anything special about him.”

“What a joke. How can someone like him

participate in the Qualifying Tournament?”

“Is Mr. Yi blind to have accepted a person like him as his disciple? Lin Tong is a thousand times more capable than this guy.”

From their perspective, Han Jingru didn't look like much other than having a handsome face. Since Apocalypse was a place where looks didn't matter and everything depended on your prowess, they were sure Han Jingru wouldn't survive there.

“He even brought a woman with him. Why does he need someone to take care of him? Can't he be more independent?”

“I heard he is the son of a prominent family and has been pampered since he was young. Now that he is an adult, he still relies on his babysitter.”

“Hahaha, that's really funny. I just can't wait to see him disgrace himself.”

At that moment, Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian walked up to Han Jingru. Their attitude was

different from the others and wasn't patronizing at all. They had felt firsthand how powerful Han Jingru was.

As they had been defeated by Han Jingru before, they had no right to ridicule him.

“Han Jingru, I didn't expect to see you so soon,” Zhuang Tang greeted him.

“It's been some time as a few months have passed. However, I didn't expect both of you to be Bronze rank,” Han Jingru remarked.

Zhuang Tang smiled faintly and didn't see Han Jingru's words as an insult. He replied, “The Qualifying Tournament isn't as simple as you think. Even within the Bronze ranks, there are a lot of formidable fighters who are still unknown.”