

From what everyone knew, Han Jingru was a useless brute shooed away by the Chen family.

Yet, one way or another, he had now miraculously transformed into Huang Xiaoyong's master!

The latter ascended to the Fifth Stage from the Second Stage in such a short period of time. That was the exact proof where Han Jingru was unquestionably a high-octane fighter.

How did a skilled fighter like him end up a doormat in the Chen family?

“Erm... Mr. Huang, you must be joking.”

“Are you sure we're talking about the same Han Jingru?”

“If he's like what you've said—a fighter, wh...why was he shoved out from the Chen residence?”

The crowd was finding it hard to take in Huang Xiaoyong's announcement and reeled for more

details. It was beyond what they could comprehend.

They couldn't make sense out of the fact that he was a prestigious fighter and he let a Second-Stage fighter like Chen Tiexin bully him.

“You've heard it right. I'm not joking. My master is Han Jingru. As to why he was with the Chen family and why he was ousted by Chen Tiexin was simply because he thought that it was a waste of energy to waste his breath on a buffoon like him,” he added.

Seeing they were still not fully convinced, he continued, “My master is comparable to a titan whereas Chen Tiexin is just like a vulnerable baby. Do you think a titan would mind a baby?”

It was a metaphor that got many nodding in agreement.

That was true. With Han Jingru's undeniable capability, there was no need to meddle with Chen Tiexin since he was such a weakling. A flick of a finger would've sent him flying. Why

would Han Jingru want to argue with him?

“After Chen Tiexin found out who my master is, he wanted to be his disciple. My master didn’t want such a fool to taint his reputation. He rejected him. Who knew this idiot would bear a grudge that led to his attempt to crippling my master. Tell me now, don’t you think a scumbag like him should be put to death?” Huang Xiaoyong clamored.

The crowd then began to rustle. “Chen Tiexin, do you really think that Han Jingru was a nobody? You were planning to bring him down? You need a reality check.”

“A mere Second Stage fighter. Why don’t you take a look at yourself in the mirror.”

“Chen Tiexin’s guilty! Chen Tiexin’s guilty!”

“Kill him, Kill him!”

All of a sudden, those words somehow morphed into a chant. It began rippling through the assemblage.

Chen Yuanhai's face became twisted. He could foresee that he'll have to move heaven and earth to settle this. What the Chen family did to Han Jingru wasn't something that one could easily shrug off.

"Huang Xiaoyong, where is Han Jingru?" he asked. He knew that only Han Jingru could put a stop to this. He knew that no matter how much he tried to convince Huang Xiaoyong, it would be to no avail. Therefore, he needed to see Han Jingru if he wanted to save his son.

"Chen Yuanhai, what makes you think you could see my master? His orders were clear—get rid of Chen Tiexin. Even if you managed to see him, there's nothing you'll be able to do," snapped Huang Xiaoyong.

Chen Yanran was already jostling among the crowd. Her heart cringed at the sight of her brother kneeling.

"Go now. Look for Han Jingru," Chen Yuanhai called out to Chen Yanran the moment he spotted her.

In despair, she shook her head and sniveled. “It’s not going to work. I’ve begged him.”

“Keep begging him until it works! Are you going to do nothing but watch your brother get executed?”

Chen Tiexin was the only male heir to the Chen family. If anything happened to him, it would be the end of the Chen family line. This would be the ultimate disgrace and agony to Chen Yuanhai.

“I’d already gone down on my knees before him. What else do you want me to do? Do you think that I don’t want to save Tiexin? Our family will end in a bloodbath if I were to let out another sound!” cried Chen Yanran.

No one in the Chen family foresaw that Han Jingru would push them to such desperation.

Chen Yuanhai looked dejected. *Is there nothing else I could do except to watch my son die?*

Is the family line going to end here? How am I supposed to face our late ancestors?

To everyone's puzzlement, he turned around to face Huang Xiaoyong and got on his knees.

“Please, I beg you. Let my son go! If you're doing this to let off steam, kill me then...”

Chen Yanran kneeled down by her father, “Please, let my brother go. I'll promise you anything. I can be your concubine if you wish.” She wept.

Looking at her brought back Huang Xiaoyong's numerous unpleasant memories of her rejecting his advances. The tables had turned. The girl who had always given him the cold shoulder was asking to be his concubine.

Too bad, he was no longer fond of her.

It wasn't because he was heartless, but he was disgusted by how she trimmed her sails. It would take a miracle for him to fall in love with her again.

In other words, he got it bad for the Chen Yanran he used to know, not the woman who was

currently on her knees.

“Do you think I’m still all over you like before? You’ve got that wrong. To me, you’re worth nothing now,” He spoke indifferently.

“I know that your heart is with someone else. But you’d been after me for so long. Won’t you wanna see what’s underneath these garbs?” Chen Yanran tried to salvage the situation.

Gulp... His mouth instantly went as dry as a bone. That was a pretty forthright invitation. As a man, to be unshaken by her words would be a blatant lie.

Eventually, Huang Xiaoyong got a hold of himself. Chen Yanran used to be his master’s wife. Although they had ended their relationship, he still didn’t dare to lust after her.

Plus, things had come to a point where it’s time for Chen Tiexin to meet his maker.

“Chen Yanran, the Chen family will be spared only if Chen Tiexin dies. There’s nothing you can

do or say to change this. He brought this upon himself. No one can save him,” responded Huang Xiaoyong.

He brought this upon himself.

That string of words illustrated Chen Tiexin’s current situation perfectly. If it weren’t for his obnoxious intents on Han Jingru, he wouldn’t have ended up in this dreadful manner.

Step by step, Huang Xiaoyong closed in.

Chen Tiexin could only shiver as he sensed death edging nearer. He dreamed of being a real fighter under the guidance of a prominent master, join the Imperial Court and claim dominance. All his hopes and dreams were slowly crumbling.

Only now did he know that going against Han Jingru was his stupidest decision in life. If he had borne no malice, he wouldn’t have had to face the music.

“From now on, the eldest son of the Chen family will cease to exist in Longyun City,” orated

Huang Xiaoyong insouciantly as he landed a heavy slap on the top of Chen Tiexin's head.

“Son... My son!”

“Tiexin!”

Chen Yuanhai and Chen Yanran bawled as their heart wrenched.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The former Chen family was a prestigious family in Longyun City. As the eldest son of the Chen family, Chen Tiexin rode on the fame and prominence. It was a shame that things took a plunge into such a dire situation. Although he deserved it, many were shocked and expressed sympathy.

“Just having money is not enough. In Xenos, power and influence are your best insurance.”

“Chen Tiexin has always boasted his extraordinary talents. He even mentioned that he will surely join the Imperial Court someday. Unfortunately, he passed away at such a young age.”

“He visited cities to seek apprenticeship from masters. However, the real master is right by his side all along. However, he ruined the opportunity and there’s no need to feel sorry for him.”

“Who would have expected that the trash chased away by the Chen family is such a brilliant person. Huang Xiaoyong managed to rise to the

Fifth Stage in such a short time. His true power and potential must be among the last three Stages.”

Many approved the statement and they nodded in agreement.

Han Jingru’s true power was rather unexpected. After all, his performance in the Chen family was abysmal and disgraceful. He was like useless trash and showed no qualities of a master.

However, they now understood why Han Jingru was like useless trash. He didn’t want to make a big deal out of it with the Chen family.

Within the crowd, a little girl with a ponytail was enraptured. In face of Chen Tiexin’s cruel death, she stood motionless and even thought that he deserved it.

“You challenged a fighter and enjoyed a glamorous death, you’re really lucky then,” the little girl mumbled to herself.

As the crowd lingered on, the little girl left before

everyone else. She was leaping energetically and exuded extraordinary innocence and cuteness. She behaved just like any other kids who were inexperienced and new to this complicated society.

At the house.

Han Jingru knew that Huang Xiaoyong would not let Chen Tiexin off the hook so easily. However, he made up his mind not to care about Chen Tiexin anymore.

Nonetheless, Han Jingru was troubled by the treatment he received from the Emperor.

The Emperor's sovereignty must not be provoked. At the end of the day, he did kill someone from the Imperial Court. However, the Emperor did not punish him but treated him with exceptional courtesy unexpectedly. Moreover, the Emperor even invited him to the Imperial Court!

More importantly, the Emperor even mentioned that the three of them deserved it.

Han Jingru knew very well that he did not have the charisma to charm the Emperor. Besides, they had never met before. The only explanation was that he possessed some value in the eyes of the Emperor, which warranted such special treatment from his Majesty.

However, Han Jingru could not figure out what the Emperor wanted from him.

“Why do you look worried,” Bailing Wan’er noticed the frown on Han Jingru’s face and asked curiously.

“How can I not worry? There must be something behind the decision of the Imperial Court to let me off the hook. This might haunt me in the future,” Han Jingru calmly explained.

“It’s a surprise that you are afraid,” Bailing Wan’er smiled.

Afraid?

The word was inapt to describe Han Jingru. Truth be told, he was not afraid of the Imperial Court

nor the Emperor. Instead, he was worried. After all, he did not manage to locate Jiang Yingying yet and couldn't leave the Imperial Court.

If Jiang Yingying were by his side, Han Jingru would have nothing to worry then.

“Don't exaggerate, the matter is just getting more complicated than before,” Han Jingru replied.

“I heard from Huang Xiaoyong that you are looking for a woman. Is she your wife?” Bailing Wan'er bluntly asked.

“I'm surprised you did your homework,” Han Jingru commented.

“I've even seen her photo before and I think she's not as pretty as me,” Bailing Wan'er remarked unhappily. When she first saw Jiang Yingying's photo, she instantly thought that Han Jingru must be blind to fall in love with a woman of such mediocrity instead of her.

“She is my sister,” Han Jingru answered.

“Your sister?” Bailing Wan’er was taken aback. She treated Jiang Yingying as her archnemesis and even ruminated about the reasons why Han Jingru liked her. Besides, she often compared her beauty with Jiang Yingying.

However, she did not expect that it was a waste of time and Jiang Yingying was only his sister!

“You’re lying to me!” Bailing Wan’er was doubtful.

“How will I benefit from deceiving you? Do you think I have anything to hide from you?” Han Jingru brushed off her interrogation with a laugh.

Frustration loomed over her face. *I’ve wasted so much time on Jiang Yingying just to find out that she’s actually his sister!*

“Why don’t you say it earlier? If I knew, I will not treat her like an enemy,” Bailing Wan’er was rather speechless.

“You didn’t ask! However, I’m going to advise you against treating my wife as an enemy. Her

importance to me is unrivaled,” Han Jingru said.

Bailing Wan'er was used to Han Jingru's mockery and insults. She knew very well that the man before her did not know how to appreciate and protect a woman.

Han Jingru sat on the staircase in the house. Initially, he wanted to introduce Su Yimo to Bailing Wan'er. When he first arrived at Xenos, he purposely brought a picture of Su Yimo and Han Xiang just in case he missed them. However, he never expected to be in a coma for such a long time and the picture was lost.

The photo might even be destroyed when he was traveling through the Dimensional Tunnel.

Now, he could only rely on the vague images in his memory whenever he thought about them.

The next day, Han Jingru wanted to head out and take a stroll.

As he opened the door, he saw a timid body lying beside the door. She was a little beggar who

looked messy and reeked of foul smell. It appeared that she had not taken a shower for a very long time.

Han Jingru was disgusted with the foul smell from her.

She noticed that the door opened and she trembled with fear.

When she looked up and saw Han Jingru, her delicate eyes radiated immense fear as if Han Jingru would hurt her.

Her face was smudged but he could tell that she was a lady. Han Jingru was slightly startled at first but he quickly turned it into a bright smile.

He squatted down and asked, “Are you hungry? Do you want to grab a bite at my place?”

The little beggar was horrified and dared not speak at all. She appeared to be accustomed to fear and terror.

“Don’t be afraid, I won’t hurt you. I’ll bring a big

sister here to speak with you,” Han Jingru gently said. He turned his head into the house and yelled, “Wan’er, come quickly.”

Bailing Wan’er impatiently walked towards Han Jingru and said, “Stop yelling.”

“Bring her into the house and give her some food,” Han Jingru left after telling Bailing Wan’er.

As he turned his body around, he grinned from ear to ear.

A female beggar!

In Longyun City or even Xiaoling City that Han Jingru once visited, he had never seen a female beggar before. As females were special and attractive, even female beggars would be kidnapped by some unethical brothel.

“What are you doing? Do you know where you are? This is the governor’s residence, you are not allowed to enter!” a guard yelled.

At governor’s residence.

Han Jingru was stopped by a guard.

A few guards decked in armor were ferocious and they stared at him in an imposing manner.

Han Jingru felt that it was a familiar scene and could not hold himself back from laughing.

Aren't they like the guards on earth who are always standing at the entrance to premium clubs or high-end hotels? They are clearly looking down on me and stopping me in my tracks!

When he was on earth, Han Jingru often experienced such treatment. He never imagined that the same thing would occur in Xenos.

Human nature is inherently arrogant regardless of the place as there will always be people that look down on you.

“I’m looking for Huang Xiaoyong. Please help to inform him and he will meet me in person,” Han Jingru replied.

The guard looked dissatisfied. Huang Xiaoyong was a valuable asset for the governor’s residence. As he had the power of the Fifth Stage, the mere utterance of his name would bring glory and honor to the guards.

However, the man before them had the audacity to say that he wanted to meet him. He even had the bravery to brag that Huang Xiaoyong would personally meet him. *Isn't this bulls***?*

With his status, he would not need to personally meet anyone.

“Hey, you, I suggest you leave here immediately. This is not where you are supposed to be,” the guard rudely told him off.

“Take my advice and inform him immediately. Or else, you will be punished,” Han Jingru sarcastically replied.

Then, another guard said softly, “Is he Young Master’s friend?”

“His friend?” the guard dismissed the suggestion and said, “I have served the governor’s residence for so many years and I’m well aware of Young Master’s friends. I know all of them and he’s definitely not one of them.

The other guard nodded. *He’s one of the most experienced ones in the governor’s residence. Logically, he will know everyone who had visited Young Master before.*

If he doesn’t know him, then it must be true.

“You better leave or else we’ll need to remove you forcefully,” the guard replied.

“I’m just here to visit my disciple. What’s the problem?” Han Jingru asked bitterly.

“What are you babbling about! Young Master is your disciple?”

“Are you trying to say that you are Han Jingru?”

“The Young Master’s master is a fighter ranked among the last three Stages but you don’t look like one!”

The few of them burst into laughter. After all, they were not familiar with the Chen family because of their employment at the governor’s residence. Besides, they did not have leisure time for gossips so their limited understanding of Han Jingru as a person originated from the recent rumors that were going around.

In Xenos, it was a common perception that a true fighter must be someone of old age. As it required time and experience to achieve each Stage and no young person could simply make it among the last three Stages.

That was the reason why the guards thought that Han Jingru was lying. They had never witnessed or heard of a young person who had made it among the last three Stages at such a young age.

“I’m indeed Han Jingru. If you don’t believe me, ask Huang Xiaoyong to meet me now and the truth will be revealed. If you all continue to act in

such an unreasonable and uncourteous manner, I'm afraid he will not let any of you off the hook easily," Han Jingru warned.

"Stop fooling around. We're not going to let this slide."

"Leave now. This is the governor's residence and not a place for you to brag."

"Young man, you're pretending to have made it among the last three Stages at such a young age. Don't you know how embarrassing this is?"

The guards were not willing to believe him. Perhaps due to their rigid understanding and perception towards most fighters, they were adamant that Han Jingru was fooling around.

"The truth will reveal itself when you inform Huang Xiaoyong. If I am indeed bragging, you can teach me a lesson afterward. However, please remember that if I'm not bragging, all of you will get into deep trouble when Huang Xiaoyong finds out that you have chased me away," Han Jingru said patiently. If it were another more

aggressive person, he would have forced his way in. However, Han Jingru was not a person like that and he would not react in such a violent manner.

Throughout Han Jingru's lifetime, he had only resorted to violence once when he was in the Terra Prison. Only in the very limited exception when he had his back faced against the wall, then he would unleash his wrath and pursue barbarity.

Perhaps it was attributed to his time on Earth, Han Jingru deeply appreciated the value of lives. Even those who had a low standing in the community are treated equally by him.

The guards hesitated as they agreed with Han Jingru's statement.

We can know the answer easily if we inform the Young Master.

If he is who he claims to be, we'll get into deep trouble for chasing him away.

“Go! Inform Young Master!” instructed one of

the guards.

Another guard raced into the governor's residence.

Huang Xiaoyong was in a good mood today. Yesterday, he managed to kill two birds with one stone. Although the primary purpose was to take revenge for Hang Jingru, he rode on the opportunity to settle a grudge with Chen Tiexin. Previously, that man abused his status as one of the Three Major Families and disrespected him. He was even treated as one of Chen Tiexin's servants!

In the past, Huang Xiaoyong would not have dared to retaliate against Chen Tiexin's actions. After all, his father's position as the governor must be credited to the Three Major Families. As his son, he was naturally a burden and was placed at the Three Major Families' whims and fancies.

Besides, Chen Tiexin was too full of himself. He always thought that he would make it to the Imperial Court and frequently bragged in front of Huang Xiaoyong. Even worse, the latter was

often his subject of mockery and insults.

Now, not only that Chen Tiexin would not be able to make it to the Imperial Court, but he had also taken an early step towards reincarnation. He on the other hand possessed the powers of the Fifth Stage and was recruited by the Imperial Court. *I am the worthy fighter that will make it to the Imperial Court, not that idiot.*

“Chen Tiexin, have my blessing that you will perhaps make it in your next life. Unfortunately, the chances are slim for you because not anyone can meet a powerful fighter like my Master!” Huang Xiaoyong mumbled to himself.

His greatest fortune was having met Han Jingru and became his disciple. If not for Han Jingru, he would still remain as thrash in the Second Stage.

Huang Xiaoyong would not have dared to imagine reaching the Fifth Stage or being crowned as a seven-star Beastmaster.

“Young Master, I have finally found you.” The guard struggled to catch a breath.

“What’s the matter? Is the Chen family here to cause troubles?” Huang Xiaoyong did not even flinch as the Chen family was no longer a cause for concern. Even if the Three Major Families wanted to confront him, it was nothing worth his attention.

“No, it’s the not Chen family. However, a young man claims to be your Master and wants to meet you,” the guard explained.

Huang Xiaoyong instinctively stood up straight asked, “Where is him?”

“He is still outside,” the guard replied.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Huang Xiaoyong started to panic. *This is Master's first time arriving at the governor's residence and he cannot enter the place because of these imbeciles!*

“Stupid! How dare you stop my Master from entering the residence!” Huang Xiaoyong growled.

The guard felt wronged. “Young Master, we are afraid that he was lying,”

Huang Xiaoyong gave him a tight slap and lambasted, “Are you stupid? Who would have the audacity to impersonate my Master at the governor's residence unless he has a death wish!”

The guard instantaneously agreed with his statement.

Huang Xiaoyong is the governor's son!

Who will have the gall to impersonate as his Master?

The young man waiting outside is indeed a

Master among the last three Stages!

Instantly, the guards were sweating profusely when he recalled the derogatory remarks made towards Han Jingru a short while ago. *I nearly dug my own grave!*

If Han Jingru were a brutal person, he would have lost his life!

Huang Xiaoyong rushed towards the entrance of the governor's residence without any delay.

When he saw Han Jingru being blocked off by the guards, he exploded in rage. "What are you all doing! How dare you stop my Master from entering! Are you trying to get into trouble?"

When the guards saw their Young Master, they immediately confirmed Han Jingru's identity and their faces were pale as paper.

"Young Master," they trembled with fear.

"Rubbish! How dare you!" Huang Xiaoyong lost his temper.

The guards lowered their heads and their body shivered in fear

Meanwhile, Han Jingru tried to calm him down. "This has nothing to do with them. They are just doing their jobs."

"Master, my apologies. I'll fire them," Huang Xiaoyong said apologetically. Although he knew that his Master was a simple person who would not put on airs, some things had to be done.

Han Jingru waved his hand in disagreement. He would never hold a grudge against the guards.

Even though what the guards said was derogatory, Han Jingru was not offended.

Besides, Han Jingru got to experience a familiar feeling that resounded with his time on earth. In fact, he was thrilled with the experience.

"That's not necessary. Do I look like a person who holds grudges?" Han Jingru asked.

Huang Xiaoyong shook his head. He would not

dare to think that his Master was such a petty person, who he was not in actual fact!

“Quickly, thank my Master! You lucky fellas, or else I will make you pay for your stupidity!” Huang Xiaoyong said.

“Thank you, Master Han,” they said coherently.

The few guards appreciatively looked at Han Jingru as they thanked him from the bottom of their hearts. They never thought that an advanced-level fighter would be so approachable and kind. If it were to be another person, they would either lose their life or their jobs.

“Master, let’s go it inside.” Huang Xiaoyong led the way.

Han Jingru swiftly followed suit.

Nonetheless, the governor’s residence did not meet Han Jingru’s expectations. It was lesser than the Chen residence in terms of architecture or interior design.

“Huang Xiaoyong, why does the governor’s residence look much more inferior than the Chen residence?” Han Jingru was puzzled.

“Master, the governor’s residence was a puppet under the command of the Three Major Families. Naturally, its glamour is subservient to the Chen residence. After all, the fund channeled to the governor’s residence is siphoned out to the Three Major Families,” Huang Xiaoyong patiently explained.

Han Jingru nodded. He knew about this but didn’t expect it to be this bad.

“Master, to what do I owe the honor? You’re here in such a hurry,” Huang Xiaoyong asked. He knew that his Master would not show up without a reason unless his services were required.

As his disciple, he would always take the initiative when he sensed that his help was needed. That was his duty as a disciple.

“It’s about my sister. Please help me to think of a solution and investigate it immediately,” Han

Jingru answered. As he was under the Emperor's radar, the matter was gradually spiraling out of control. Therefore, he must locate Jiang Yingying as soon as possible to get rid of his worries.

As long as she was right by his side, Han Jingru would not be afraid of making enemies. Even if he made an enemy of the Emperor, he could just leave the Imperial Court and head to Xia Nation or Chongye.

“Master, I have been working on that all this while. However, there is no news until today. I really can't do anything about it.” Huang Xiaoyong was frustrated. He tried his best but his influence was limited. He tried sending an investigation team around Longyun City and the other cities in its vicinity. However, he could not send his team any further than that.

“In the few cities that you managed to investigate, are you sure she was not in any of them?” Han Jingru asked.

“I can confirm,” Huang Xiaoyong replied confidently, “I have done everything I can. If she

were there, I would have found her.”

Han Jingru frowned. With Jiang Yingying’s powers, it was impossible for her to be detained in some secluded and undiscoverable areas. This meant that from the very outset, she was not in the few cities that Huang Xiaoyong investigated.

Hang Jingru could not figure it out. Although he entered the Dimensional Tunnel with Jiang Yingying, they arrived at two different places in Xenos.

“It appears that I have to leave Longyun City soon,” Han Jingru said calmly.

“Master, you’re leaving!” Huang Xiaoyong panicked.

“I need to find my sister. If she is not there, then there’s no purpose for me to stay in Longyun City anymore,” Han Jingru replied.

“Master, please bring me along! I can help you,” Huang Xiaoyong knew very well that in order to advance the Stage, he must stay by his Master’s

side. Therefore, it was pertinent for him to grab this golden opportunity. If he were to stay behind, then he would be stuck in the Fifth Stage permanently.

Han Jingru needed Huang Xiaoyong's help. There would be matters that were best left addressed by him instead. Besides, he was his first disciple in Xenos and one of his most trusted people. Hence, it would be a wise choice to bring him along.

“Aren't you worried that the Three Major Families will find fault with your father if you leave?” Han Jingru asked.

Huang Xiaoyong calmly dismissed the concern, “Master, they won't dare to do it. Even if I were to leave, it doesn't mean that I will not return. They'll be afraid that I take revenge against them”

Han Jingru nodded in agreement. While the former Three Major Families were able to bully and oppress the governor's residence, their influence had dwindled dramatically. Even if they

had the courage and opportunity, Huang Xiaoyong should not be taken lightly as they were afraid of him.

“All right, then come with me,” Han Jingru said.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

When Han Jingru returned to the house, Bailing Wan'er was sitting at the staircase and staring mindlessly at the sky.

“What’s wrong?” Han Jingru approached her.

Bailing Wan'er pointed towards the front and remained quiet.

Han Jingru looked ahead and saw a lady with a ponytail. She looked petite yet exuded captivating beauty.

“Who is she?” Han Jingru was confused.

Bailing Wan'er snapped back into reality and said, “She is the little beggar.”

The little beggar!

Han Jingru walked towards her and said, “Turn around, I want to have a look at you.”

The little beggar was startled. She shyly turned around and her cheeks were burning red.

She looks exquisite, impeccable, and flawless.

These were the best adjectives that Han Jingru could think of to describe her.

The lady before him was like a Barbie doll. Not only did she have perfect skin, but her sculpted features were also stunning.

In Han Jingru's lifetime, Qi Bingying's beauty was unmatched by others. However, her status was now shaken by this little beggar.

Although she had a Barbie-like face, her body shape was seductive and alluring. Han Jingru thought of a description for her unintentionally.

A fine young girl with a matured body...

"Thank you." The lady nodded appreciatively at Han Jingru.

Han Jingru quickly snapped out of his delusion. When he first saw the lady, he had already doubted her identity. Now, his suspicion intensified. *How is it possible that a fine lady like her will roam on the streets like a beggar?*

Considering the way of life in Imperial Court, especially when Longyun City was at such a short distance from Xiaoling City; she would have been sent to the Rouge River if she was indeed a beggar.

“Are you done?” Bailing Wan’er voiced out and disrupted Han Jingru. Although she was taken aback by the little beggar’s beauty as well, she would not allow Han Jingru to be attracted to her.

This was the epitome of jealousy. Bailing Wan’er was determined to be Han Jingru’s wife. Therefore, she was not happy to let any other woman seduce him.

“What is your name?” Han Jingru asked.

“I am...” the little beggar’s watery eyes started to spin around. She eventually answered, “I am Fei Ling’er. You can call me Ling’er. Thanks for taking me in.”

“Who said that we’re taking you in. There’s no

space here for you. If there's nothing else, leave immediately," Bailing Wan'er instantly retaliated against the statement. She did not intend to allow the little witch to stay together with Han Jingru as she was well aware that her opportunity to be his wife was at stake if anything were to happen between them.

Bailing Wan'er reminded Han Jingru, "You're a married man. Are you trying to betray your wife?"

Han Jingru was speechless. Fei Ling'er was extremely stunning and he couldn't help but be amazed by her beauty. Nonetheless, he was able to withstand the temptation.

Besides, he did not intend to let Fei Ling'er stay. It was just her assumption.

"Who are you? I don't think that you are a beggar," Han Jingru asked.

Fei Ling'er smiled, "If you want to know who I am, then let me stay. You'll find out soon enough."

Han Jingru frowned and he understood Fei Ling'er's intention. *She acknowledges that she is not a beggar but if I want to know who she really is; I am obliged to take her in.*

“Is this a transaction between us?” Han Jingru sought confirmation.

Fei Ling'er nodded.

“If I'm not interested in your identity, that means I'll make you leave immediately,” Han Jingru replied.

His reply took Fei Ling'er by surprise. She raised her eyebrow and ruminated on his statement. It was clear that she intended to refute what he said.

“We're not interested in you. It's best if you leave immediately,” Bailing Wan'er could not keep quiet any longer.

“No, you are certainly interested in me,” Fei Ling'er replied.

Han Jingru laughed. *She's stubborn! Nonetheless, I have already taken Ba*

iling Wan being said, how can I allow Fei Ling

Han Jingru's place was not a shelter. Besides, he was planning to leave Longyun City. If a pretty lady like Fei Ling'er were to follow him, that would attract unnecessary problems.

Beauties often attract uninvited problems. This was a known fact even when Han Jingru was on Earth.

"I'll suggest you leave quickly as I will not take you in," Han Jingru was determined.

Fei Ling'er looked at Bailing Wan'er. "If you don't take me in, I'll expose her identity."

"Her identity?" Han Jingru raised his eyebrows. From what he gathered from her statement, it appeared that Fei Ling'er knew Bailing Wan'er's actual identity. That was her leverage and bargaining chip. However, it seemed impossible to him.

Bailing Wan'er's identity was kept as a secret. How will she know about it?

“I don’t understand,” Han Jingru feigned a confused look.

“She’s the only surviving child of the Bailing family. If the Imperial Court knows that there’s a surviving child of the Bailing family, it will send fighters to eliminate her,” Fei Ling’er explained.

Han Jingru’s facial expression changed instantly.

She really knows about the actual identity of Bailing Wan’er!

She’s so young. How does she know?

Han Jingru turned his head towards Bailing Wan’er. His immediate reaction was that she inadvertently exposed her own secret.

Bailing Wan’er shook her head and explained, “I did not mention my identity in front of her. I’m not stupid, I won’t simply tell anyone my secret.”

Han Jingru knew that Bailing Wan’er was not dumb, and she would not have told Fei Ling’er about her true identity.

“How do you know about this?” Han Jingru questioned.

“I know about a lot of things. For example, where your sister is,” Fei Ling’er replied with a smile.

Jiang Yingying!

Han Jingru’s calm expression was quick to be disturbed by the statement. He had been looking for Jiang Yingying for a long time to no avail. If Fei Ling’er had any news about her, he would not mind taking her in.

“Where is she then?” Han Jingru asked.

“I’ll not tell you this easily. If you want to know, then you cannot chase me away,” Fei Ling’er replied proudly.

Han Jingru didn't know what to do.

*This little beggar deliberately hid her identity.
Will it be a blessing or a curse to take her in?*

*She has news about Jiang Yingying. Besides, she
knows about the actual identity of Bailing
Wan'er. I cannot simply chase her away.*

*Furthermore, she makes it very clear that I must
take her in if I want to find out who she really is.*

“Why me?” Han Jingru asked, “I must know the answer to this question. If you don't give me a satisfactory answer, I will not take you in.”

“I think that you are a very outstanding person. Is this reason sufficient?” Fei Ling'er replied.

This...

Han Jingru was speechless. It was not long before he realized that his question was redundant. It did not gather much information that he needed.

Nonetheless, Han Jingru could confirm that Fei

Ling'er was hiding some secrets. However, he needed to spend some time with her before he could find out her ulterior motive.

“You're not really thinking of taking her in, are you?” Bailing Wan'er was worried. She knew how badly Han Jingru wanted to locate Jiang Yingying. Therefore, when Fei Ling'er mentioned it, Bailing Wan'er had already anticipated his answer. Be that as it may, she still hoped that Han Jingru would not agree to the proposition.

“I need to find out where Jiang Yingying is,” Han Jingru replied.

“Aren't you afraid that she's lying?” Bailing Wan'er was concerned.

Han Jingru remained silent. His gut feelings suggested that Fei Ling'er was telling the truth. Since she knew about the actual identity of Bailing Wan'er, it would not be a surprise that she also knew about Jiang Yingying's whereabouts.

More importantly, he needed to know about her actual identity. Perhaps she had an extraordinary background that allowed her to gain access to such a wealth of information.

“I can take you in. However, if you do anything that will harm us, I’ll kill you,” Han Jingru warned.

Fei Ling’er beamed and she was not afraid of his threats. In fact, she cheerfully replied, “Sure. If you want to kill me, I will not oppose it.”

Bailing Wan’er took a deep breath. Since the matter had escalated to this stage, she knew that she could not change Han Jingru’s mind. Jiang Yingying was very important to him. *Who am I to make him reconsider his decision?*

Fei Ling’er leaped energetically towards the side of Han Jingru, just like any youthful child.

“I heard that you killed the guy from the Imperial Court. How did you do it?” Fei Ling’er asked.

This time, Han Jingru was not taken by surprise.

First, Fei Ling'er knew about the actual identity of Bailing Wan'er. Next, she knew about the whereabouts of Jiang Yingying. It was not out of the blue that she would also know about the killing incident.

“Answer me first and then you'll have your answer. How is Jiang Yingying?” Han Jingru asked.

“She's safe and sound,” Fei Ling'er responded.

“Are you speaking the truth?” Jingru was reluctant to believe her.

Fei Ling'er put up a straight face and said, “Of course, it's the truth. If I am lying, I will be struck by lightning!”

“Killing them was a walk in the park for me. I did it in one move. The power of the Seventh Stage is negligible,” Han Jingru replied truthfully.

Fei Ling'er shook her head. “They are a bunch of trash! One move was all it took.”

Han Jingru was left speechless again. Although he ended their lives with one move, they were fighters from the Seventh Stage after all. Not many would say that those fighters were trash.

She's really arrogant and has the courage to say that the fighters from the Seventh Stage are trash.

“Do you understand what the Seventh Stage means?” Han Jingru asked.

Fei Ling'er gave it some thought and shook her head. “I don't understand.”

“There is no charge for ignorance. When you reach the Sixth Stage, you'll understand what the Seventh Stage means,” Han Jingru answered.

“Ah,” Fei Ling'er sighed in frustration. “I don't think it's possible for me to do so in this lifetime.”

Han Jingru had scrutinized Fei Ling'er's physique earlier and noticed that her body did not radiate any energy fluctuations. This meant that she was a commoner. Therefore, it was no

surprise that Han Jingru would have interpreted her statement to mean that she could not achieve the powers of the Seventh Stage.

Nonetheless, Han Jingru had some training methods which could help her to advance the Stages. However, the red fruit was too valuable and he could not give it to someone he just met.

“Am I correct to say that you can’t train your body?” Han Jingru asked.

Fei Ling’er was stunned momentarily before nodding. “Yes. I can’t train.”

“If you can help me locate Jiang Yingying, I have a way to help you train like a normal fighter. Besides, it can accelerate your progress to advance the Stages,” Han Jingru proposed.

Fei Ling’er was obviously intrigued. “Huang Xiaoyong was stuck at the Second Stage for a long time. What methods did you use to help him reach the Fifth Stage?”

“It appears that you know everything! Are you a

know-it-all?” Han Jingru was bewildered.

Fei Ling'er was displeased to be called a know-it-all. She frowned and shook her head. “I am “know-Xenos-all”. I know everything that is happening in Xenos.”

Han Jingru burst into laughter. *She must be joking!*

“If you are indeed a “know-Xenos-all”, then you should know how I helped Huang Xiaoyong advance the Stages.” Han Jingru laughed.

Fei Ling'er was embarrassed. She timorously said, “Although I am “know-Xenos-all”, these personal matters are not within my knowledge. Why don't you just tell me.”

“It's an exclusive secret and I can't simply disclose it to you. I'm returning to my room, you should do so too.” Han Jingru left after finishing his sentence.

Fei Ling'er pouted and she was clearly unhappy with his response. However, she could not do

anything about it and mumbled to herself, “I will find out eventually. You can’t hide it from me!”

When he returned to his room, Han Jingru laid comfortably on the bed. Usually, images of his time in Yun City would flash before him. He could not resist thinking about what Su Yimo was doing, whether Han Xiang knew how to utter the word Daddy, or whether Han Xiang would race towards him when he returned to earth.

Such imaginations would leave Han Jingru enraptured and he started giggling.

However, Han Jingru had never regretted coming to Xenos. Even if he did not figure out how to return to earth or the reason behind Xenos’ invasion, he believed that everything would eventually come to light and that he could indeed return to earth one day.

In Yun City.

At Genting Villa.

Su Yimo wore a beautiful white dress and her long silky hair breezed through the wind. She emanated exceptional charm and was like a fairy who descended to earth.

Ever since Su Yimo recovered, she was like a different person. Furthermore, random images about the Apocalypse would surface in her memory.

Su Yimo could not figure out what happened. However, she was aware that the memories deeply ingrained in her mind were slowly awakened. Besides, her body had also undergone substantial changes. An unexplained energy was circulating within her body and it felt like she could do anything that she wanted to.

For example, when she wanted to retrieve something, all she needed was to think about it.

Such unexplained changes only happened in

myths and Su Yimo was terrified. However, she was slowly growing used to it as the memories in her mind became much clearer and vivid. She knew that she was born different.

Meanwhile, she heard an innocent and naive voice coming from behind.

“Mom, Mom...” it was her daughter calling her.

When Su Yimo heard the voice, her face instantly flourished with love and affection. She turned over and welcomed Han Xiang with open arms, “Xiang, it’s windy outside. Why are you here?”

Han Xiang was not even two years old. However, her linguistic abilities were exceptional and she could communicate easily with people.

When she approached Su Yimo, she squatted down and kissed her on the cheeks.

“Mom, are you thinking about Daddy?” Han Xiang asked gently.

Su Yimo nodded in agreement. She then asked,

“Xiang, do you miss Daddy?”

“Yes, when is Daddy coming back home?” Han Xiang asked.

Su Yimo knew that Han Jingru went to the Apocalypse. However, she had no idea as to when he would return. Nonetheless, she made up her mind to head out and look for him. Waiting aimlessly was not an option and she could not withstand the torture of uncertainty.

“Xiang, do you want to follow me to look for Daddy?” Su Yimo asked.

Han Xiang clapped his hands in excitement, “Great! I want to go look for Daddy!”

The sight of Han Xiang’s joyful expressions put an irresistible smile across Su Yimo’s face.

When she took Han Xiang back to the Villa, she was placed in the care of Ho Ting. Then, Su Yimo headed towards Han Xiuzhi’s study.

“Grandpa,” Su Yimo called out to him.

Han Xiuzhi stood up and asked, “Yimo, what’s the matter?”

“I’m planning to head out to the Apocalypse and look for Jingru,” Su Yimo stated her purpose directly. Since she had made a decision, there was no need to beat around the bush.

The look on Han Xiuzhi’s face turned sour. Yan Qiong, who was beside him, couldn’t help but say, “Yimo, no one knows where is the Apocalypse. How are you going to find Jingru?”

“I know where it is,” Su Yimo replied.

Yan Qiong stared at Su Yimo shockingly. *How does she know where the Apocalypse is?*

The Apocalypse is extremely secretive. Some spent their whole lives trying to figure its location but failed miserably. She barely knows the Apocalypse, so it’s impossible that she knows where it is!

“Did Jingru leave a map behind for you?” Han Xiuzhi curiously asked.

How does Su Yimo know?

She knew because of her memories about the Apocalypse. However, the explanation would not be sufficient to convince Han Xiu Zhi and Yan Qiong.

She gave a few nods and said, “Yes. It is Jingru who told me in detail the location of the Apocalypse. He wants me to look for him.”

Han Xiuzhi was indecisive. The Apocalypse was not a place that any ordinary person could enter. Even if Su Yimo knew where it was, she might not even meet Han Jingru. The journey was embedded with a significant level of risks.

“Yimo, why do you suddenly want to go to the Apocalypse?” Han Xiuzhi asked.

Su Yimo calmly replied, “Xiang is missing her Daddy. I want to bring her to meet Jingru.”

“You’re bringing Xiang along?” Han Xiuzhi nervously asked. Han Xiang was like a jewel in the hands of the Han family. Even a slight blow

of the wind would send Han Xiuzhi into a panic attack. Naturally, he would not want Su Yimo to bring Han Xiang with her.

“Yes,” Su Yimo firmly replied. She had the ability to protect Han Xiang and ensure her safety. There was nothing to worry about.

“Yimo, are you sure? You must be prepared for the fact that you might not even meet Jingru at the Apocalypse.” Han Qiong reminded her.

“Grandpa Yan, don’t worry about it. No one can stop me,” Su Yimo responded.

Yan Qiong noticed the changes in Su Yimo. Not only the way she presented herself but also her behavior in general.

On a random occasion, Yan Qiong saw a few thugs trying to approach Su Yimo with malicious intent. Just when they wanted to touch her, the few thugs were effortlessly beaten up by Su Yimo. Her skills and moves were shocking even for someone like Yan Qiong.

Although he did not know what happened, he knew for a matter of fact that Su Yimo was different than before.

“Yimo, what is going on with you?” Yan Qiong asked bluntly.

“Grandpa Yan, I’ll explain to you later. At the moment, I’m not so sure myself,” Su Yimo answered.

Han Xiuzhi sighed. Yan Qiong mentioned to him that Su Yimo was far stronger than him. Hence, he knew that he could not change Su Yimo’s decision once she had made up her mind.

Looking at things from a different perspective, it might be good to know how Han Jingru was doing all this while.

“Does your father agree to this?” Han Xiuzhi asked.

“He will agree,” Su Yimo replied.

“Since you’ve decided, Grandpa will not stop

you. However, please be careful. If anything happens to you, Grandpa will not be able to explain it to Jingru,” Han Xiuzhi said.

Su Yimo nodded her head and left the study.

“Are you sure she’s as good as you said?” Han Xiuzhi put up a straight face and asked Yan Qiong.

“She can only be possibly better than my imagination. Perhaps Jingru left her with the powers to protect herself, but she is so talented and performed beyond expectations,” Yan Qiong replied.

“That’s great then. Actually, I also intend to find out how Jingru is doing now. The Apocalypse refuses to release him and it might be apt for Yimo to go and meet him,” Han Xiuzhi confessed.

When Su Yimo decided to convey her decision to Su Wenlun, he did not oppose the idea. He merely reminded Su Yimo to be careful at all times.

On the same day, at the Genting Villa.

Han Xiuzhi, Yan Qiong, Shi Yan, Su Wenlun, and Ho Ting were there to send off Su Yimo and Han Xiang.

Han Xiang kept waving her hands at the group while Shi Yan and Ho Ting started to burst into tears.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

On the way to Apocalypse, both Su Yimo and her daughter encountered several waves of attacks. Obviously, the objective of the opposite side was their death. They were relentless, but having absorbed the capsule left behind by Fu Yao, Su Yimo's strength had grown really strong. As her level was way beyond the reach of ordinary people, the attacks launched by her assailants posed no threat to her.

The kind-hearted Su Yimo graciously let her assailants escape with tails between their legs. Although she did not know why these assailants wanted to kill her and her daughter, Han Xiang, she had one thing in common with Han Jingru - unless forced beyond any other means, she still would not willfully take the life of others.

“Mom, why are there so many bad people?” asked Han Xiang to Su Yimo confusedly.

She held Han Xiang and patted the little girl's head then she said, “Because there is a big bad person planning and instructing these people to do bad things. Once Mom finds out the big bad mastermind, they won't do bad things again in

the future.”

Han Xiang nodded without understanding anything and uttered, “Oh.”

“Mom, where’s Daddy?” Han Xiang quizzed.

Su Yimo knew her daughter wanted to ask when she would be able to see her father, but at this juncture, she could not find the right words to tell her. Therefore, she quickly replied, “We’ll be able to see you Daddy soon.”

Upon hearing her words, Han Xiang was filled with joy and clapped her little hands exuberantly. Excitement was clearly written on her face as she looked forward to the meeting.

As they approached Apocalypse, Su Yimo encountered several more waves of ambushes. These ambushers did not aim for her life; instead, they merely wanted to hinder her from approaching Apocalypse.

After these minor troubles were dealt with one by one, Su Yimo finally arrived at the Bronze rank

domain.

Although she had never been here before, everything in front of her felt remarkably familiar, thus evoking a strong sense of déjà vu.

Right at this moment, a woman appeared out of nowhere and arrogantly stood in front of Su Yimo, blocking her path.

“Begone! Apocalypse does not welcome you! Those from the mundane world are not qualified to step through here. If you don’t leave immediately, don’t blame me for raising my hands against you.” The one speaking was none other than He Xiaoxiao. After being demoted to Bronze, she had tried everything to raise her rank back to Platinum. However, as He Qingfeng had not permitted her advancement, coupled with the fact that she lacked strength, she could only remain stuck at the Bronze.

It was due to this that she hated Han Jingru. Therefore, in his absence, Su Yimo and Han Xiang were at the receiving end of her hatred. In fact, on the way to Apocalypse, all the ambushes

that Su Yimo had encountered were all plotted by her.

The one thing that had been nagging her mind was that despite diverting so much manpower, no one had managed to stop Su Yimo.

Could it be that this woman has an expert by her side protecting her?

“I want to see Han Jingru. Please help me relay my message,” Su Yimo said softly and in a polite tone.

Nonetheless, He Xiaoxiao did not care much for Su Yimo’s politeness. Due to her hatred for Han Jingru, she despised both the mother and daughter standing in front of her now. All she wanted was to find a legitimate reason to kill both of them. Therefore why would she announce both their arrivals?

“I don’t know who Han Jingru is, but I do know that someone as despicable as you are not qualified to show your face here. I’m warning you for the last time. Leave here now! Else I will

deal with you, personally.” He Xiaoxiao threatened.

Su Yimo frowned and wondered to herself. *Why does this woman bear such hatred for me? A mere ordinary person arriving here won't trigger such a drastic reaction, right?*

Maybe there was some sort of altercation between Han Jingru and this woman previously. As a result, she bore a deep resentment that was now being passed onto me?

“Let me repeat myself. I want to meet Han Jingru. Try me if you think you can stop me,” Su Yimo said in a flat tone.

Taken aback for a moment, He Xiaoxiao regained her composure and laughed disdainfully.

Even though she was never Han Jingru's match, how could she be inferior to this ordinary woman from the mundane world?

“I'll like to remind you that things might get out of control and if both of you accidentally die by

my hands, I won't bear any responsibility," Xiaoxiao threatened.

"I see. Seems like you want me to die, right?" With a smile, Su Yimo sprung her guess, "There seems to be a grudge between you and Jingru."

He Xiaoxiao's face turned cold as she stood there without saying a word.

Su Yimo continued sarcastically, "Is he too strong that you're indignant? Is it because you sought to compete with him, only to find that you are not worthy at all?"

Hearing those words, He Xiaoxiao's expression soured. Since even the Chosen One was outmatched against Han Jingru, how could she hope to defeat him?

Her only advantage came from her identity, but with He Qingfeng not caring for her, what value could her identity provide?

The daughter of the Head of Three Halls was merely a joke now.

Han Jingru was the strong fighter belonging to the Platinum rank!

“You must be seeking your death,” said He Xiaoxiao to Su Yimo as she gritted her teeth. At this juncture, she was determined to kill both Su Yimo and Han Xiang mercilessly.

“I believe I’ve made myself very clear. I’m here for Han Jingru,” Su Yimo said calmly.

“You foolish woman! Don’t you know who I am? How dare you talk to me in such an insolent way? In Apocalypse, whatever I say goes. If I want you to die, you can never escape.” Immediately after, He Xiaoxiao charged towards Su Yimo as soon as she finished speaking.

She, He Xiaoxiao, who barely possessed the strength of a Bronze ranker, was the weakest in Apocalypse. Despite that, she thought she was more than a match for Su Yimo.

However, she had never expected that the assassins she had sent to eliminate Su Yimo were all done in by Su Yimo alone.

Right then, there appeared the silhouettes of two men right in front of Su Yimo and her daughter.

After seeing them, He Xiaoxiao had to halt her charge since the two men were the strongest in the Bronze rank. If it were not for the fact that the trial period had not come to pass, otherwise they would no longer be mere Bronze rankers.

“Zhuang Tang! Gong Tian! What in the world are you doing?” He Xiaoxiao questioned the two coldly.

“He Xiaoxiao, if you dare to hurt her, you will face your maker today,” Zhuang Tang replied frostily.

He Xiaoxiao could not stop herself from taking a step back in fear. Unable to match Zhuang Tang’s prowess, the courage she had earlier failed her.

“Zhuang Tang, what do you mean? This woman is the one trespassing into Apocalypse. She’s the one seeking her own death. Have you forgotten the rules of Apocalypse?” He Xiaoxiao reminded.

“In my eyes, he is the only rule,” said Zhuang Tang casually. He used to value the so-called rules of the Apocalypse, even holding unto them like a sacred decree. Yet now, only Han Jingru’s words mattered to both Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian.

Before Han Jingru left, he had personally asked Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian to protect Su Yimo. However, since both of them had not fully absorbed the energy brought by the red fruit, they could only remain temporarily at Apocalypse. Hence, it was only natural that they would protect Su Yimo and Han Xiang when they made it here.

They would not back down from their entrusted mission, even if that meant making enemies out of the entire Apocalypse.

From the moment they knelt down willingly before Han Jingru, they have dedicated their loyalties to him completely.

“Who is he? Zhuang Tang, who are you referring to?” He Xiaoxiao queried.

“He, only refers to Han Jingru.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Jingru!

Upon hearing the name, He Xiaoxiao grew furious.

Even though she had reached the Bronze rank, Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian did not seem to bear a single ounce of respect for her. He Xiaoxiao had not understood the reason before. With this revelation, she finally knew that these two were in fact Han Jingru's trusted aides.

They were perhaps too courageous and even foolhardy to completely ignore Apocalypse's iron rules. Instead, they chose to obey Han Jingru's words as their only source of rules.

Doesn't this make Han Jingru's authority reign above the whole of Apocalypse? That's ridiculous!

"I think you all must be crazy. This is Apocalypse! For you to regard his words as the rules, are you belittling the whole Apocalypse over a single man?" exclaimed He Xiaoxiao between her gritted teeth.

Her words carried a hidden meaning. Should Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian dared to admit that, she would then have one more excuse to discredit Han Jingru.

“He Xiaoxiao, I advise you to just leave here. Otherwise, even He Qingfeng will not be able to save you.” As Zhuang Tang uttered these words, Gong Tian deliberately stepped forward to show their determination.

Scared by the threat, she took a few steps back. If these two really did not care for her identity and wanted to attack her, He Qingfeng would definitely not be able to save her. Since he was still in the Platinum domain, it would have been too late for him to come and rescue her by the time he knew about this.

Right at this moment, an old man with overflowing white hair walked over. He was the chief of the Bronze domain.

Catching sight of the old man, He Xiaoxiao heaved a sigh of relief after seeing her lifeline. She quickly hurried over to his side and said,

“Huang Tian, these two are planning to rebel. They are actually helping someone from the mundane world to fight me.”

Of the whole Bronze rank, only He Xiaoxiao dared to address Huang Tian by his name. This privilege was due to the fact that she was the daughter of the Head of Three Halls. To her, the chief of the Bronze domain was merely a subordinate.

As for Huang Tian himself, he did not care much about being addressed as such. He thought that He Xiaoxiao's return to the Platinum rank was only a matter of time. On top of that, he could not afford to offend He Qingfeng; therefore, he had chosen to try his best to satisfy He Xiaoxiao's whims and fancies to not incur her ire.

“Zhuang Tang, Gong Tian, What are you two doing? Just go away quickly,” Huang Tian scolded both of them.

“Chief Huang, don't you know who she is?” Zhuang Tang questioned coldly.

Replying in disdain, Huang Tian uttered, "I don't care who she is. Since she is not a member of Apocalypse, trespassing means death."

"Death?" Gong Tian smiled frostily. This old fool was really disrespectful. Even He Xiaoxiao and Mr. Yi dared not joke around with this word so casually.

"It's you who's seeking death, methinks. These two standing in front of you are Han Jingru's wife and daughter. Do you dare to impede them?" challenged Zhuang Tang.

Han Jingru's wife and daughter!

Upon hearing these words, Huang Tian's pupils dilated due to fear.

According to the latest development in Apocalypse, even though Han Jingru's position was not the highest, he had been promoted to the Platinum rank in less than a month. Judging from his prowess, he would surely be able to replace Mr. Yi's position in the future in becoming the next Head of Four Gates.

In other words, Han Jingru was almost recognized as the future Head of Four Gates. Huang Tian, a mere Chief of the Bronze domain, would definitely not want to offend him.

As Huang Tian was still hesitating, He Xiaoxiao who was standing by his side spoke up in annoyance, “What are you hesitating for? These are the trespassers from the mundane world wanting to intrude the Restricted Area. As the Chief in-charge of the Bronze domain, shouldn’t you drive them out? So what if they are related to Han Jingru? This is not a place for some trivial family visit.”

Huang Tian was at a loss. Even though He Xiaoxiao’s words made sense, there were still exceptions to the rule. Ordinary mortals were definitely banned from visiting Apocalypse, but not Han Jingru’s wife and daughter. Even if they had wanted to settle down here, no one would dare to voice their disagreement.

Moreover, Huang Tian understood that if he let Mr. Yi know about this, the latter would definitely extend a formal invitation to the

mother and daughter to visit Four Gates.

“I’ll have to report this matter to the higher authorities as I am not qualified to make the call,” Huang Tian concluded.

He Xiaoxiao gritted her teeth so hard in fury. If the report reached that old fool, Mr. Yi, he would definitely let them stay in Apocalypse due to his favorable relationship with Han Jingru.

She had lost once to him. How could she bear to lose a second time to an ordinary woman now?

“Old fool, since you dare not decide, leave it to me then. As the daughter of the Head of Three Halls, can’t I resolve such a small matter?” He Xiaoxiao pompously voiced out.

Su Yimo smiled faintly. This obstinate woman had chosen to learn her lesson the hard way. Just like most of Han Jingru’s opponents, they were so stubborn that they didn’t see death coming their way.

Now Su Yimo finally understood why those

people always ended up dead. Due to their high ego, they were blinded by arrogance and thought that they could control everything.

Huang Tian looked embarrassed. He Xiaoxiao may be the daughter of He Qingfeng, the Head of Three Halls, but even if the latter were here; Huang Tian was sure he would not let his daughter act rashly.

No one in Apocalypse dared to trifle with Han Jingru's affairs.

"Ms. He, please let me report this matter to the higher-ups. This issue is completely beyond my scope of responsibilities," Huang Tian advised.

"If you don't dare to exercise your authority, then get out of my way. Scram, you old fool! Or you'll be facing my wrath!" He Xiaoxiao uttered viciously.

Frightened by her threat, Huang Tian broke out in cold sweats. This devil had done a lot of bad deeds in Apocalypse. Those who had been aimed by her had faced gruesome endings. At his old

age, he did not want to fall into her trap, hence he chose to shut up and say nothing.

“Zhuang Tang, Gong Tian! If you dare to go against me, you’ll be setting yourselves to go against the whole of Apocalypse. You will be treated as traitors. I’m sure you can figure out the consequences on your own,” He Xiaoxiao continued to threaten.

Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian were both stalwart like a rock and unmoving like a mountain. He Xiaoxiao’s threat posed no effect to them since they knew that if Su Yimo were not protected, the consequences would be even direr. Han Jingru would settle the score in a more catastrophic manner.

“It’s okay. I’m used to resolving my own problems. Both of you may step aside,” Su Yimo voiced out in a confident manner.

Zhuang Tang’s and Gong Tian’s expressions changed. Although He Xiaoxiao was considered as the weaker one in the whole of Apocalypse, she was still strong as compared to those from the

mundane world. Su Yimo would definitely suffer a loss if she were to take on He Xiaoxiao.

If Su Yimo were to get herself injured, there would be huge disaster brewing on the horizon!

“Ms. Su, let us help you resolve this matter. Even though He Xiaoxiao may not be strong, but... but...” Zhuang Tang did not manage to finish his sentence. However, what he wanted to express was clear enough for all to understand.

Su Yimo smiled faintly and said, “I’m sure I can solve this little problem. Do you seriously think that she is my opponent?”

These words were said by Su Yimo to Zhuang Tang, but her voice was also audible to be heard by He Xiaoxiao.

He Xiaoxiao's anger shot up instantly, like a balloon suddenly blown up.

After all, being the daughter of the Head of Three Halls, she was not accustomed to being looked down upon by anyone. What more, a mere mortal from the mundane world. How could she endure such insult?

“Su Yimo, it seems like you've made up your mind. Anything can happen during a fight, so don't blame me if I kill you accidentally,” He Xiaoxiao spotted out between gritted teeth.

Kill!

Hearing these words, Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian became even more nervous.

They were all well aware of the deep hatred between Han Jingru and He Xiaoxiao. Once the latter found a chance, she would not show any mercy when dealing with Su Yimo. With such a big risk at stake, how could they let Su Yimo handle the matter on her own?

Before Zhuang Tang could say anything, he felt a breeze blew across his face, as if something was passing in front of him.

The duo had barely any time to register what was going on. Suddenly, they were shocked to discover that Su Yimo was already standing in front of He Xiaoxiao.

Slap!

A hand raised and slapped across.

Then, a strong slap landed on He Xiaoxiao's face loudly.

Su Yimo calmly remarked, "Are you even qualified to fight my husband with your skill level?"

Slap!

That was another slap.

Su Yimo continued coolly, "You've sent people to attack me. It's a pity that they're too useless."

Slap!

A third slap landed on her face.

“My husband is not even bothered with you or pay any heed to you. The same goes for me. So what if you’re the daughter of the Head of Three Halls? Does that mean that you can do whatever you want in Apocalypse?” Su Yimo pointed out.

The three slaps had rendered He Xiaoxiao senseless.

She was still in a daze, wondering how Su Yimo, who was more than ten meters away, could suddenly appear in front of her so swiftly.

Huang Tian looked at Su Yimo both in horror and in awe. Han Jingru’s strength was already amazing. He did not expect his wife to be the same!

With such speed, perhaps only He Qingfeng and Mr. Yi could match up with her in Apocalypse.

In other words, her prowess could at least be

equal to He Qingfeng and Mr. Yi!

What the he! is this! This is unbelievable!*

Not only was Han Jingru one of the strongest, but Su Yimo herself was on par as well.

Is this family a household full of monsters?

Huang Tian subconsciously glanced at Han Xiang who was in Su Yimo's arms. *This is their child. Will the prowess of this little girl be even more terrifying in the future as she grows?*

Everyone there was stunned and could not snap out of the shock before their eyes. What they had witnessed was just too incredible.

Su Yimo turned her head and said to both Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian, "What are you both waiting for? Lead the way."

The duo took a deep breath and nodded.

Just as the three of them walked away, He Xiaoxiao suddenly screamed, "Stop! Don't you

dare to take a step more!”

Hearing that, Su Yimo stopped, turned around and asked, “So, are you still not giving up? Do you think I dare not kill you?”

He Xiaoxiao stared at Su Yimo’s frosty eyes. All her courage had evaporated at that moment, and she did not even dare to utter a word.

She had never thought that she would lose not only to Han Jingru but also to his woman!

This sudden incident had dealt a severe blow to He Xiaoxiao’s pride. She was reluctant to accept it.

“Ms. He, allow me to point out that her strength may be comparable to your father’s. You really shouldn’t mess around with her,” Huang Tian reminded He Xiaoxiao as gently as he could.

He Xiaoxiao, who had lost the courage to speak, felt more and more like a ball losing its air upon hearing Huang Tian’s words.

“If you still refuse to yield, you can come to me and seek revenge anytime. Let me remind you that even if your father were the one standing in front of me, I am still not scared.” Su Yimo told her with confidence.

These words were not only meant for He Xiaoxiao, but also for others.

Su Yimo knew the layout of Apocalypse like the back of her hand. She also knew that she would still face more obstacles. However, if Huang Tian reported her incident to the higher authorities, many unnecessary problems would have been avoided.

With these words, Huang Tian probably would not dare to offend nor neglect the issue at hand.

“Why do the two of you want to help me?” Upon leaving the Bronze domain, Su Yimo brought up the question to Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian.

“Mr. Han instructed us to protect you before leaving. For some reasons, we can’t leave Apocalypse for the time being,” Zhuang Tang

explained.

“Leaving?” Su Yimo frowned. *So Han Jingru is not in Apocalypse? When did he leave?*

“We still don’t know what’s going on either. Maybe Mr. Yi can explain this matter better to you,” Gong Tian said. After all, Han Jingru did not mention where he was heading, but his initial conversation gave both Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian the hint that he was leaving.

“If that’s the case, take me to see Mr. Yi,” Su Yimo instructed.

Intruding Platinum domain was something that Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian had never thought about before. Nevertheless, since Su Yimo was here and it was also her request, the duo agreed naturally.

As they traveled through the Silver domain, they faced no resistance. Hence, they passed through the domain easily.

However, in the Gold domain, the appearance of

He Qingfeng made Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian nervous.

As the Head of Three Halls, he would have never appeared in the Gold domain for no reason. Surely Huang Tian must have notified Three Halls of the matter, and resulted in He Qingfeng appearing before them.

“The two of you. Go back quickly to your Bronze domain. I’ll be magnanimous to spare your lives,” He Qingfeng’s voice boomed.

Both of them exchanged glances with one another. Although He Qingfeng exuded a strong intimidating aura, the two of them would never shrink back with ease.

“Master He, this is Han Jingru’s wife. She wants to meet with Mr. Yi,” Zhuang Tang announced bravely.

He Qingfeng snorted, and with a cold voice, he said, “Can this matter be left alone just like that after she hit my daughter?”

As a father, he had demoted He Xiaoxiao to the Bronze rank, hoping that she would be able to work hard and take the opportunity to train herself to be stronger. However, he definitely did not intend to let her get bullied just like that.

Three slaps! That was the humiliation his daughter had suffered!

When He Qingfeng had caught wind of that, his heart ached and he looked distressed.

How could the daughter of the Head of Three Halls be bullied by a mere mortal from the mundane world?

So what if that person was Han Jingru's wife?

Now that Han Jingru had gone to the second world, no one knew whether he could make it back to the present world. Since his return was uncertain, why would He Qingfeng be bothered to pay any heed?

“Are you the Head of Three Halls?” Su Yimo asked casually.

“So, you’re Su Yimo? Why don’t you stay put in Yun City? Instead, you choose to come to Apocalypse and stir up trouble. Do you think that Han Jingru will be able to protect you?” He Qingfeng asked in disdain.

Seeing the fierce face of He Qingfeng, Han Xiang instantly hid in Su Yimo

’s arms with a look of fear. “Mom, I’m so scared.”

After taking a deep breath, Su Yimo warned, “You have frightened my daughter. For this, you may have to pay a certain price.”

Though these words were uttered gently with much politeness, they were presented in a very domineering tone.

Su Yimo who was once timid and cowardly, seemed to have completely transformed into a totally different person. Even as she faced the Head of Three Halls, He Qingfeng, she had shown no fear.

Hearing these audacious words, he guffawed loudly in disbelief.

She wants me to pay the price! This woman is gutsier than she appears with such arrogance!

With a booming voice filled with annoyance, He Qingfeng scolded, “Even Han Jingru doesn’t have the guts to talk to me in such a manner. Meanwhile, a mere woman dares to show such arrogance! How insolent!”

“I know my husband well. He is too humble for his own good. Sometimes, being humble may not be a good thing.” After saying this, Su Yimo squatted and put Han Xiang down.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Xiang still held onto Su Yimo's sleeves tightly, refusing to let go. She was frightened by the fierce-looking He Qingfeng.

Su Yimo touched Han Xiang's head and consoled, "Xiang, this man is very fierce. Mom will help you teach him a lesson, okay?"

Han Xiang hesitated for a long time before nodding and letting go of Su Yimo's hand.

Meanwhile, He Qingfeng was really annoyed. As a dignified Head of Three Halls, he was not used to being challenged by anyone, even less so by a mere woman from the mundane world. If he did not move to put out such insolence from Su Yimo, his dignity as the Head of Three Halls would surely be trampled upon.

"Su Yimo, I plan to let you off initially on the fact that you're Han Jingru's wife. But since you're so arrogant, I'll reveal my strength to you today," He Qingfeng coldly announced.

Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian exchanged glances with one another, as genuine worry could be seen in both their eyes. However, they had no right to stop her.

In addition, based on Su Yimo's previous prowess, perhaps even He Qingfeng might not be her match at all.

"Master, what should we do now?" Gong Tian asked Zhuang Tang nervously.

"If we spot any signs that she is not on par with He Qingfeng, then we must help her," Zhuang Tang said without a second thought. After all, before Han Jingru left, he had explicitly tasked them with the protection of Su Yimo and Han Xiang. Even if the person were He Qingfeng, Zhuang Tang would not change his mind.

Nodding in agreement, Gong Tian indicated that he agreed too. Even if it were against Three Halls or the whole of Apocalypse, he would never forget Han Jingru's command.

Without Han Jingru, they would not be where they were now. Added with the fact that each of them still possessed a red fruit that was yet to be consumed, it meant that their strengths still had room to get improved. More importantly, they knew that they would still need Han Jingru's assistance in the future to become stronger.

"Do you even understand the meaning of the existence of the Head of Three Halls?" Su Yimo walked up bravely to He Qingfeng with that question.

He furrowed his brows and pondered upon that same question. *The meaning to the Head of Three Halls?*

Isn't it to rule Three Halls? There are definitely no other reasons.

Snapping out of his thought, He Qingfeng sneered, "Su Yimo, are you trying to delay your death?"

Su Yimo shook her head vigorously. After arriving at Apocalypse, some of her buried memories had resurfaced. She remembered a lot of things about the origin of the entire Apocalypse, including the reasons for the creation of the Head of Three Halls and Head of Four Doors. Those things were probably only known to her. After all, it had been such a long time, and the current Apocalypse was no longer what it used to be.

"You are no longer qualified to be the Head of Three Halls. From today onwards, you shall be a mere ordinary member," Su Yimo declared.

Hearing those ridiculous words, He Qingfeng could only laugh his heart out. For a mere ordinary woman to declare him to be an ordinary member was both outrageous and ludicrous. He thought it was the biggest joke that he had ever heard so much so that he was at a loss for words. This matter concerned Apocalypse, and it was not something a mere woman could ever determine based on her whims.

“Su Yimo, this declaration of yours is way past a funny joke. Since when do you have a final say on any matter concerning Apocalypse?” He Qingfeng mused.

Su Yimo seemed to be taking a step in slow-motion. This one step however brought her directly in front of He Qingfeng.

She teleported!

Never in his wildest imagination would He Qingfeng thought that Su Yimo could possess such prowess. Even he could not catch her movements, and before he knew it, she was already in front of him in a blink of an eye.

Subconsciously, he took a step back, intending to distance himself from her. To his surprise, no matter how many steps he moved, Su Yimo was always standing in front of him but he did not see her moving at all.

“How is this possible! You... How do you do it!” He Qingfeng quivered in horror. He did not realize until now that when Su Yimo talked about teaching him a lesson, she really meant it.

“The Head of Three Halls is meant to be the leader of the vanguard, to lead the charge bravely to victory. It is not for you to abuse and show off your power,” Su Yimo reprimanded with a stern, emotionless look.

He Qingfeng could sense a bad omen. At the next moment, he could feel his body losing balance immediately as he was sent flying backward like a kite with a broken string being blown away.

To his horror, he did not even have the ability to resist when he faced this woman from the mundane world.

In fact, he could not even catch Su Yimo's movements!

For He Qingfeng, this was like a nightmare unfolding right in front of him.

Unfortunately, the physical pain that jolted throughout his body reminded him that this was not a dream, but the reality.

Bam!

Falling quite a distance away, He Qingfeng landed with a cloud of dust.

Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian who were standing at the side, stared with widened eyes in disbelief. They had thought that Su Yimo and He Qingfeng were equal in strength and would have a close fight. As the last resort, they had prepared themselves to step in if needed.

Never had they ever thought that Su Yimo would completely outclass and crush He Qingfeng in a straight-up showdown.

Looking at his current state, it was obvious that He Qingfeng no longer had any strength to fight.

In other words, with just one move, Su Yimo had completely crippled He Qingfeng, the Head of Three Halls!

“Master, this... What’s going on?” Gong Tian rubbed his eyes in disbelief, suspecting that he must be having hallucinations. Even after rubbing his eyes vigorously, the reality before him still remained unchanged. He Qingfeng still sprawled senseless on the ground with his face full of dust.

“The strength of the husband-and-wife pair is probably beyond the entirety of Apocalypse. Our decision has been the correct one,” Zhuang Tang mumbled tremblingly.

Gong Tian took a deep breath and admitted, “Master, the choice is not ours in the first place. Han Jingru has taken a fancy to us. All we can say is that we have better luck than the others.”

“Yes. I agree. Luck is with us.” Zhuang Tang could not deny it, because Han Jingru was the one who took the initiative to come up and offer them the choice to follow him. All they did was agree with Han Jingru’s offer.

With this kind of offer, no one in their right mind would refuse it. As such, it seemed to be the blessing of the goddess of luck offered on the silver platter.

“This He Qingfeng is really asking for trouble. Now that Ms. Su has taught him such an expensive lesson, I don’t know how he will feel later,” Gong Tian mused with a smile. Although he had never been acquainted with the high-level domain in Apocalypse, he had heard enough of the many backhanded methods that He Qingfeng used to cover for his daughter’s misdeeds. She had caused many grievances to most inhabitants in Apocalypse, but due to the fear for her father’s identity as the Head of Three Halls, many people did not dare to speak up and could only mumble in discontent.

“At long last, as karma goes ‘the wicked shall be repaid

with evil and good deeds shall be rewarded'. The concept of cause and effect has come to a full circle. Since he has been arrogant in Apocalypse for so many years, the time is ripe for him to face his retribution," Zhuang Tang said with a voice laced with satisfaction.

It was an open secret that He Xiaoxiao and He Qingfeng had been committing a lot of bad deeds. No one dared to question them before, but things were different now.

The political landscape in Apocalypse had been shaken and would soon change due to the arrival of Su Yimo. And no one could stop that wheel of change.

At this moment, Su Yimo walked to the front of He Qingfeng.

There was obvious panic reflected in his eyes.

As the Head of Three Halls, he was strong beyond compare and had never been afraid of anyone before.

But now, he could feel a cold chill traveling down his spine, seeping through every nook and cranny of his body by merely looking at Su Yimo.

The woman in front of him possessed the power to take his life at any given time. Therefore, it would be wise to fear her.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“You... What are you trying to do? I am the Head of Three Halls! Are you trying to go against the whole of Apocalypse?” He Qingfeng seized the last chance to try to terrify Su Yimo into letting him go.

“Don’t you worry. I won’t kill you. It’ll be too easy to do so. But from now on, you are no longer the Head of Three Halls,” Su Yimo condescendingly declared.

He Qingfeng could only smile grimly. *How can I let go of this position so easily after being the Head of Three Halls for so many years?*

As for Apocalypse, no mere mortal could be the arbiter, much less a woman from the mundane world.

Even if she possessed a strong strength to behold, Apocalypse was still not a place to be under a mere person’s whims and fancies.

“Who do you think you are? Do you think that your words are absolute like an imperial decree? Do you think I will listen to you? Or even the whole of Apocalypse for that matter?” He Qingfeng sputtered in anger between his gritted teeth.

Su Yimo squatted down beside him and said flatly, “You should be glad that the Apocalypse now is not as strong as it was in the past. Otherwise, I will just cripple you here and now!”

“Hrmph, Han Jingru must have told you so much about Apocalypse. He himself has committed a crime and violated the rules of Apocalypse. As the Head of Three Halls, I am qualified to judge him. When he comes back, I will definitely hold him accountable for his actions,” said He Qingfeng with an air of authority.

Surprisingly, Su Yimo retorted, “I don’t need him to tell

me about these things for I have known them myself. I actually know more about Apocalypse compared to each and every one of you, “

“Such humbug! You are merely a human from the mundane world. How can you know more than me? I’ve lived here for decades.” The tone of disbelief towards Su Yimo’s words was palpable in He Qingfeng’s voice.

A hint of confusion flashed across Su Yimo’s eyes. Indeed, she was from the mundane world, yet after having come to Apocalypse, she suddenly remembered a lot of things that she could not have known. Even she herself could not explain what was going on.

There were indeed many more memories in her mind, and these memories were crystal clear as if the events had just happened yesterday.

“You’ve mentioned ‘when he comes back’ before this. Now, where has he gone?” Su Yimo questioned.

Catching on, He Qingfeng sniggered coldly and said, “Mayhap he will never come back. Haven’t you just mentioned that you know of the secrets of Apocalypse? Haven’t you heard of the most perilous place in the whole of Apocalypse?”

The most perilous place?

Su Yimo thought about it carefully, but could not awaken those memories. She did not know where He Qingfeng’s so-called dangerous place was.

Seeing that she did not know of the place, He Qingfeng could not help but laughed insultingly, “Don’t you know Apocalypse better than I do? How can you not know such a small thing, perhaps Han Jingru doesn’t dare to tell you.”

Su Yimo stood up, put her foot on his back, and lightly threatened, "You know, with my strength, my foot can easily snap your spine and turn you into a pitiful cripple."

Hearing those words, horrors filled He Qingfeng's eyes. As the Head of Three Halls, he had become accustomed to being the superior one. If he really became a cripple, he would not be able to keep his esteemed position in Three Halls. He might even become the butt of a joke in the mouth of others. This was the consequence he had not dared to imagine.

"Su Yimo, don't mess around. By doing this, you are declaring war against the entire Apocalypse. Shouldn't you think for your daughter even if you don't care much about yourself?" He tried his best to deter and to threaten.

On one side, Zhuang Tang heard these words and could not help but start cursing in a low voice. *What an idiot!*

Even at this juncture, He Qingfeng still tried to threaten Su Yimo. *His brain must have been kicked silly by a donkey.*

With Su Yimo's current astounding prowess, how would she be afraid of He Qingfeng's empty threats?

So what if she were to declare war with the entirety of Apocalypse?

"Master, He Qingfeng is used to being the high-and-mighty one. I'm afraid he is too arrogant to know how to compromise," Gong Tian concluded disdainfully.

Zhuang Tang nodded and said, "Yes, all these while only others have done that for him. In no instance has he ever compromised with others. This will be something truly unforgettable for him after being knocked down a few

pegs.”

“I guess you’ve been in a high position, looking down for too long until you’ve forgotten how to look straight at others?” Su Yimo asked in a plain tone.

To He Qingfeng, the entire Apocalypse was beneath him except for Mr. Yi. Treating everyone else as inferior had become a habit for him.

This was why Su Yimo was several leagues lower being a human from the mundane world.

Therefore, at this critical juncture of defeat, he would still not treat Su Yimo as an equal even after being threatened by her.

“Su Yimo, are you really not afraid of Apocalypse ambushing both of you?” he asked once again.

Su Yimo just smiled, shrugged and said, “Even the top ten elites of Apocalypse, including you and the Head of Four Gates, put together are not enough to defeat me. Why would I be afraid of all the others?”

Speaking with such a confident tone riled up He Qingfeng even more. *She is really haughty to belittle the strength of Apocalypse. However, after careful consideration, with the prowess that she has shown, she may be able to achieve what she has boasted.*

No wonder she could be so cocky.

With such strong strength, her right to be arrogant was completely justified.

Right at the moment, He Xiaoxiao suddenly rushed out of nowhere. When she saw that her father was stepped upon by Su Yimo, she was dumbfounded.

After all, He Qingfeng saw her father as the topmost master in Apocalypse, and no one could defeat him.

But now, how did a woman trample her father under her feet and did not meet with any resistance?

“Dad,” He Xiaoxiao cried out bitterly.

He looked away and buried his head, unwilling to let his daughter witness his embarrassed self.

Rushing over to Su Yimo, He Xiaoxiao grimly implored, “You b***h! Let go of my dad. He is the Head of Three Halls! Why are you treating him in such a disrespectful way?”

Su Yimo replied flatly without a twitch, “Within Apocalypse, strength begets respect. So what if he’s the Head of Three Halls? He is still not my match, and this is what he deserves after provoking and challenging me.”

He Xiaoxiao knew she was no match for Su Yimo, so even if she rushed forward to attack her, she would only be asking for trouble.

As she swept a glance around, she saw Han Xiang. An evil idea appeared in her mind. As long as she could grab Han Xiang and held the latter’s life as a threat, Su Yimo would definitely be forced to compromise.

However, getting to Han Xiang was a whole new world of problem in itself.

After all, the strength of the bystanders, Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian, were not to be underestimated. Her mere strength as a Bronze rank was definitely not a match against these two people.

“Zhuang Tang, Gong Tian! Are you both going to rebel

together with her? Hand over Han Xiang to me, and I will pretend as if nothing has happened and will not hold you accountable for your previous actions," He Xiaoxiao cunningly tried to persuade the two.

Zhuang Tang could not help but smile faintly in amusement when he heard her words. How simple-minded could this He Xiaoxiao be to even conceive the idea of using Han Xiang to threaten Su Yimo?

She was really in for it now. After such recklessness words, it would not be a surprise if Yimo killed her there and then.

"Dear He Xiaoxiao, do you really have a death wish? Even at this juncture you still dare to have such evil thoughts," Gong Tian pointed out disdainfully.

"No matter how powerful she is, making an enemy out of the whole of Apocalypse and surviving the attack is nigh impossible. Haven't you all figured it out yet?" He Xiaoxiao gritted her teeth while putting on false bravado.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

There was no need to question the loyalty of Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian. They had already made up their minds to follow Su Yimo until the end. Even if they made an enemy out of the whole Apocalypse, they would never back down. After all, the power they currently possessed was all given by Han Jingru.

Moreover, with the prowess shown by Su Yimo thus far, even if both of them were to betray her, they would be signing their own death warrant on the spot.

“He Xiaoxiao, you don’t have to waste your breath on your vile tongue. Even if the two of us were to die, we will die together with Ms. Su,” Zhuang Tang restated his allegiance.

Seeing the two had such an adamant attitude, He Xiaoxiao could not think of anything she could do in the current situation. Since she could not seize Han Xiang to be used as a bargaining chip, what else did she have to negotiate terms with Su Yimo?

“Where is Han Jingru?” Su Yimo proceeded to question He Qingfeng once more.

Grinning broadly, he repeated his jeer, “Didn’t you declare you know Apocalypse well? How come you don’t know where he has gone?”

Su Yimo stomped upon him wrathfully while keeping her strength under control. Although He Qingfeng felt the pain, it did not cause any serious harm to him.

“Are you sure you are still qualified to talk in such disrespectful manner to me?” Su Yimo stated coldly.

Beads of cold sweat appeared on He Qingfeng’s head as he knew that if the force of the stomp were increased slightly, his whole body would be crippled.

Seeing the situation unfolding before her eyes, He Xiaoxiao grew very anxious that tears started to fall. However, she was helpless as she couldn't do anything.

At that fateful moment, she learned that her high position as the daughter of the Head of Three Halls was worthless.

Only the weak would fear her.

Meanwhile, she was nothing but a speck of dust.

"Let me ask you one last time. Where did he go?" Su Yimo questioned seriously.

He Qingfeng was scared witless. He knew that if he did not tell her, the next stomp would be more than just excruciating pain.

All of a sudden, a silhouette of an old man hurried over with great urgency.

He was panting as he approached, and his face was tinged with bitterness and helplessness. "Su Yimo, why are you here?"

"Ah, Mr. Yi. With your prowess, you don't have to pretend to pant breathlessly, do you?" Su Yimo said sarcastically without caring.

Mr. Yi appeared embarrassed and quickly stored away his pretension.

Catching the sight of Han Xiang, Mr. Yi walked towards her with shining eyes. "I see that my little granddaughter is also here. Come, let God-Grandpa give you a hug."

When Mr. Yi had accepted Han Xiang as his god-granddaughter, she was still a baby and therefore had no

recollection of Mr. Yi.

When she saw a strange old man ambling towards her, Han Xiang quickly hid behind Zhuang Tang.

“Xiang, I’m your god-grandfather. Have you forgotten all about me?” Mr. Yi asked, pretending to be aggrieved.

Han Xiang peeked at Mr. Yi from behind Zhuang Tang. She still dared not face this strange old man, and therefore quickly cast her pleading gaze at Su Yimo, asking for help.

“Mr. Yi, I want to see Jingru,” Su Yimo blurted out, cutting the chase.

Upon hearing these words, Mr. Yi sighed. If only Han Jingru were here, and the current convoluted matter would be resolved easily. However, he had left this place to go to the second world. How could one expect to meet him then?

“Su Yimo, let the poor man off first. Drop by my Central Hall of Four Gates and I will tell you what you want to know,” Mr. Yi offered graciously.

Su Yimo originally had no intention to cause a ruckus. After all, she was only here for Han Jingru. If He Qingfeng had not brought it upon himself to meddle in her affair in the first place, he would not have faced such a torment.

“Don’t you dare mess with me again, or I won’t let you off next time.” With these words, Su Yimo lifted her foot up from He Qingfeng and let him go.

Seeing everything was over, Han Xiang jumped into Su Yimo’s embrace once more. Only in her mother’s arms would she feel safe.

While walking towards the Central Hall of Four Gates, Mr. Yi asked Su Yimo, "What brings you to Apocalypse suddenly?"

"Xiang misses her Daddy, so I bring her to find him. Is there any problem with that?" Su Yimo explained.

Faced with such an emotionless reply, Mr. Yi could only smile awkwardly and continued, "Of course there is no problem. But how do you know the way to Apocalypse? Surely Han Jingru has told you, hasn't he?"

In a mysterious tone, Su Yimo uttered, "What if I tell you that I already know about the road to Apocalypse? Would you believe me if I say that all the information is in my memory?"

Mr. Yi shook his head subconsciously. He had already known of what had been transpired to Su Yimo. If Han Jingru did not tell her the location, how in the world would she have known it?

"Su Yimo, Han Jingru has violated Apocalypse's rules. But rest assured that Apocalypse will not pursue this matter."

Su Yimo said flatly, "He did not violate the rules. It's just that you don't believe in the facts before you."

Mr. Yi decided not to pursue this question anymore. Even if Han Jingru were the one who revealed it, Apocalypse could not do anything to him.

After arriving at the Central Hall of Four Gates, Mr. Yi left Zhuang Tang and Gong Tian. After all, they were considered the bottom tier in Apocalypse, and therefore not qualified to know about the Restricted Area in Apocalypse.

In the main hall, only Mr. Yi and Su Yimo and her daughter remained.

Mr. Yi said gravely, "What I am about to say next may be totally unexpected, but believe me when I say that they're all true."

Impatiently, Su Yimo voiced out eagerly, "Mr. Yi, stop beating around the bush. Whatever it is, just let it out quickly!"

Then, Mr. Yi revealed, "The reason why Apocalypse exists is that it needs to guard this world. The crisis of this world originates from the Dimensional Tunnel located in the Restricted Area of Apocalypse."

"Dimensional Tunnel? Are you saying that besides Earth, there is a second parallel world?" Su Yimo curiously asked.

"As incredible as it sounds, everything is true. There is indeed a second world, and Jingru has departed to there." Mr. Yi continued.

"This is still within my tolerance, so I'm okay with your explanation. However, when will he come back?" Su Yimo calmly questioned.

Actually, Mr. Yi was surprised by Su Yimo's unflinching expression. In his opinion, anyone who had heard this kind of strange revelation would be shell-shocked. After all, the cognitive ability of most people on earth was limited to this world. For an ordinary person to be so calm and collected after hearing about the extra second world, one had to give her the utmost respect.

"I am afraid only he has the answer on when he will come back," Mr. Yi replied and could not help sighing. He had no knowledge of this second world and could only

hope for a miracle to happen. After all, there had been so many people in the past who had failed to make it back alive.

“You mean, people who went over to that place have never come back?” Su Yimo brusquely asked in a direct manner.

“Apocalypse has sent a lot of people to the second world, but no news has seeped back thus far. Whether Han Jingru can return depends on how soon he can find a way,” Mr. Yi explained.

Su Yimo made up her mind. “Take me to the Restricted Area.”

Mr. Yi was astonished. Judging from Yimo’s expression, she was not merely going to visit the Restricted Area. A simple trip there would never suffice.

“Su Yimo, what are you planning to do?” Mr. Yi asked nervously.

Stating in a matter-of-fact manner, Su Yimo revealed her intention, “Since you don’t know when he will be back, naturally I will have to go over to see him personally and bring him back.”

Mr. Yi could only take a deep breath. He had expected this answer. However, the second world was not a place one could just casually walk into. With so many unknown dangers lurking on that side, how could he let Su Yimo take the risk?

In his attempt to make Su Yimo dispel her intention to venture into the second world, Mr. Yi revealed more perils and risks involved with her decision. However, she was firm with her quest. In addition, with just one sentence, she had rendered old Mr. Yi speechless.

“Since you have never ventured into the second world, and no one has ever returned from there, how do you know about these dangers you described? Are they mere guesses and stories that were cooked up?” Su Yimo flatly asked.

Mr. Yi was caught off-guard by her direct question.

After all, the dangers and risks of the second world were based on his evaluation, and the basis of his evaluation were those who had crossed over and never made it back.

However, whether those who went over died due to the dangers or simply because they could not find the Dimensional Tunnel to come back from the second world was not known to him.

“Since everything you’ve told me thus far are just guesses, then that invalidates everything you’ve said. You may be true that the other side is dangerous, but that makes me want to go there even more,” Su Yimo resolved firmly.

“But why?” Mr. Yi quizzed in puzzlement. Why would anyone, despite knowing the dangers, want to risk their lives even more? *Isn't this pure foolhardiness - to tempt fate by going where no man has gone before? Or in this case, where no man has returned from? Where does her guts come from?*

Now that Han Jingru was missing, and Han Xiang still needed someone to take care of her, what would happen

to that poor little girl if Su Yimo ended up missing as well?

“Should the two of us be destined to die, we want to die together.” Su Yimo was determined.

Mr. Yi could do nothing but take a deep breath. For Su Yimo to say these words, she must have steeled her mind for any eventualities. Her decision had been firmly made and nothing could shake her decision.

Seizing the last speck of opportunity and hoping to focus on Han Xiang to convince Su Yimo to give up, Mr. Yi pointed and asked, “But Xiang is still young. Don’t you care for her?”

Deep in her heart, she had already made up her mind. She would take Han Xiang along for the adventure, for she could not bear to leave her daughter alone.

“I am taking Xiang along,” Su Yimo curtly answered.

Mr. Yi was aghast upon hearing such a bold decision. “No. She is still so young. The dangers in the second world are something she should not be exposed to nor does she have the courage to face them. Are you going to let her get harmed just because she doesn’t have the right to choose?”

Gently touching Han Xiang’s head, Su Yimo asked her daughter, “Xiang, are you afraid?”

The plucky girl held her head high and looked at her mother fearlessly and said, “In order to find Daddy, I will not be afraid.”

Su Yimo stared at Mr. Yi and declared, “This is the stalwart resolve of we mother and daughter. No one can stop us.”

Huh. Mr. Yi let out a long breath. It had become almost impossible to convince Su Yimo from her folly. She was willing to risk it all to cross over to the second world.

“Don’t even think about it. You can’t stop me. Even the whole Apocalypse can’t stop me. Just let me be,” Su Yimo stated.

Through her words, Mr. Yi sensed a domineering disregard towards the entire Apocalypse. Even Han Jingru would not utter such words, so why would Su Yimo say so?

“Su Yimo, what happen to you? Why was He Qingfeng not even your match?” Mr. Yi solemnly asked. This was the question he had been meaning to ask for a long time. After all, the former Su Yimo was just an ordinary person. How could she transform herself into a powerhouse in such a short period of time?

In reply to his curiosity, Su Yimo revealed, “There are some things that I can’t explain for now such as the ancient memories in my mind. I am now waking up those fractions bit by bit. Maybe only after I have fully woken up those sleeping memories then I shall know what’s actually going on.”

Ancient memories.

Waking up!

Mr. Yi furrowed his brows. This kind of revelation was unheard of, and he had no viable explanation for it.

“Could those memories be from a previous life?” Mr. Yi ventured tentatively.

Past life?

Su Yimo shook her head and said, "I don't know. Those memories have been in my mind for a long time. I am drawn to Apocalypse and somehow I am very familiar with everything here. It is like I may have been here before a long time ago. There may still be some secrets left here about me."

A horrifying and terrible idea suddenly popped into Mr. Yi's mind, so much so that cold sweat broke out and drenched his back.

Very familiar with everything here.

Imagine there are some secrets about Su Yimo hidden in Apocalypse!

If there was really such a thing as a previous life, then the reason Su Yimo was familiar with this whole place was probably related to the Sealed Chamber?

As a conjecture to Su Yimo's previous life, perhaps she was Fu Yao?

The idea itself was absolutely absurd, and the level of absurdity was so much so that Mr. Yi himself could not believe it. However, there seemed to be no other plausible explanation.

The clue laid in Su Yimo's ancient memories. Mr. Yi could not think of anyone else as the main suspect of those memories, besides Fu Yao.

However, if this was true, then this would be a very exciting news for Apocalypse.

Formerly, Fu Yao was the strongest person in Apocalypse. If she really had reincarnated into the current Su Yimo, then she could potentially save Apocalypse.

Sensing this possibility, Mr. Yi was palpably excited and it reflected on his flushed face. This was probably the most exciting moment he had experienced in his old age.

“Su Yimo, there is a place I want to take you to. It may help to jolt your memories.” His hands started to tremble as a sign of his overwhelming excitement.

Curious by the sudden offer, Su Yimo asked, “Will it help to regain my memories?”

“Definitely.” Trying to calm his enthusiasm, Mr. Yi took a few deep breaths before continuing, “There was a strong fighter named Fu Yao in Apocalypse. Her former dwelling could not be entered by anyone, but Han Jingru managed to go in. I have never figured out the reason. Mayhap the reason is directly tied to you. If you can enter this former residence, it may help you awake more memories.”

Fu Yao?

To Su Yimo, she thought that the name sounded nice. However, those two words did not help her to recall anything yet.

Since she was offered a visit to this mysterious residence, and there was a chance that she might trigger more memories within her, she became curious naturally.

“Sure. Lead the way,” Su Yimo requested.

As soon as the two walked out of the Central Hall of Four Gates, the hall was surrounded by people.

He Qingfeng was seen leading the pack of a hundred people from Three Halls. It was obvious from the very first glance that he had brought more people to seek revenge for his humiliation.

“Mr. Yi, hand this woman over to me,” he commanded.

“Nonsense!” Gritting his teeth, Mr. Yi said, “He Qingfeng, methinks you should take your people and leave here immediately. Don’t escalate this matter further.”

“This matter has already been escalated. I am the Head of Three Halls, yet she doesn’t even take me seriously. If I don’t teach her a proper lesson, I would have failed my part as the Head of Three Halls to preserve its dignity. How would I maintain the respect of the people in the future?” He Qingfeng vehemently declared. Being stepped on by Su Yimo while he was down on the ground was the biggest humiliation he had ever suffered in his life. This was not something he could accept quietly.

Therefore, this revenge must be taken in order to save his dignity. Otherwise, he would become the biggest joke in the history of Apocalypse.

Head of Three Halls?

Mr. Yi helplessly looked on. If Su Yimo’s previous life was really that of Fu Yao’s, then such a trivial position of the Head of Three Halls would count as nothing.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“He Qingfeng, tell your men to retreat. I will explain everything to you,” Mr. Yi said.

He Qingfeng had gone completely mad. The only thing on his mind right now was to get Su Yimo to pay for ignoring him. He wanted to reinstate his dignity as the Head of Three Halls and make known the consequences of insulting him.

“Mr. Yi, I know you treat Han Jingru as your apprentice and so you will defend her. Nevertheless, let me warn you that if you shield her, Three Halls and Four Gates will be sworn enemies from today onwards. Are you going to ruin Apocalypse for someone from the mundane world?” He Qingfeng argued.

Mr. Yi's countenance changed. *Have you gone crazy? If you turn Three Halls and Four Gates against each other, Apocalypse will be destroyed.*

“He Qingfeng, do you know how sinful it is for you, as the Head of Three Halls, to provoke dissension between Four Doors and Three Halls?” Mr. Yi asked sharply.

He Qingfeng sneered, “Sinful?”

He could not care less about these things. From the moment Su Yimo humiliated him, he had stopped seeing the big picture. Even if it would really ruin the Apocalypse, he would seek revenge which was all that mattered to him now.

“Even if there is any sin, it is caused by your crime of sheltering Han Jingru. Mr. Yi, I advise you to mind your business,” he retorted.

Mr. Yi glanced at Su Yimo and sighed helplessly. She would not cut He Qingfeng any slack, which had indeed make him angry.

“Are you putting the blame on me?” Su Yimo asked Mr. Yi plainly.

This questioning tone gave Mr. Yi a feeling of condescension. There was an air of superiority about Su Yimo which was atypical of an ordinary person. Perhaps there really was some special bond between her and Fu Yao.

If that was true, then not only Mr. Yi but the whole Apocalypse was not in any position to find fault with Su Yimo.

“Apocalypse exists to resist the second world. If there is a civil strife, the result will be unimaginable,” Mr. Yi explained.

“This complication started because of me, and I will solve it. Since He Qingfeng wants revenge, so I will give him this opportunity,” Su Yimo said plainly.

“Now that the entire Three Halls are the enemy, are you going to kill everyone in Three Halls?” Mr. Yi asked nervously.

Su Yimo shook her head. She was not such a violent person but the person who deserve death must die.

Once He Qingfeng died, the rest of Three Halls would not oppose.

Su Yimo put down Han Xiang, walked out of the hall, and said to He Qingfeng, “As the Head of Three Halls, you start a civil war endangering the stability in Apocalypse. This is your sin. For this, you need to pay with your life.”

“Hahaha...” He Qingfeng laughed maniacally. He had brought along the best fighters from Three Halls. At this moment, he felt invincible and did not feel threatened at

all by her words.

“Su Yimo, you don’t scare me. Do you think that these fighters of Three Halls are not a force to be reckoned with?” He Qingfeng’s countenance changed revealing his evil and hideous personality.

“It does not matter how numerous your fighters are,” Su Yimo replied. “Don’t you understand that a colony of ants is nothing to an elephant?”

He Qingfeng gritted his teeth in fury. She was comparing Three Halls with a colony of ants. *How arrogant!*

“You will pay for your arrogance. Not only will I take your life, but your daughter would suffer so much that she would wish for death.”

“Fortunately, you are speaking to me. If Jinru hears this, your fate will be worse. He is very protective of our daughter.” Su Yimo laughed a little, without any fear of facing a major enemy.

“Attack!”

He Qingfeng gave the order and all the fighters of Three Halls came forward, vowing to take her life.

Suddenly, Su Yimo who was standing there without moving just disappeared into thin air. Everyone was stunned. No one saw how or where she had gone.

Only Mr. Yi who was standing at the entrance of the Central Hall of Four Gates, facing the opposite direction of He Qingfeng and the others, could see Su Yimo’s footsteps clearly.

In the blink of an eye, she appeared behind He Qingfeng.

Even Mr. Yi was shocked by this incredible speed.

She was once just an ordinary person in the mundane world, yet, she has achieved this rapid advancement in such a short time. How does an ordinary person achieve this?

Mr. Yi was, more than ever, convinced that in Su Yimo's previous life, she was Fu Yao.

The present Su Yimo had inherited Fu Yao's powers.

"Where is she?"

"Where has she gone?"

"How could she just disappear so suddenly?"

It was at this moment when everyone was confused that He Qingfeng felt a cold stream of air behind his back.

Immediately, Su Yimo's voice came into his ear, "When you are dead, they would stop. After all, no one wants to lose his life for a dead man."

Panic filled He Qingfeng's eyes as he felt enveloped by the power of death that paralyzed him.

"No, you dare not! I am the Head of Three Halls! You dare not kill me!" He Qingfeng said in a trembling voice.

"Mr. Yi had said that in Apocalypse, there was a powerful fighter named Fu Yao and he believes that she was me in my former life. You tell me, then, if I dare take your life." Su Yimo said plainly.

Fu Yao!

He Qingfeng's eyes were filled with disbelief. *She is Fu Yao's reincarnation? How can it be? How can things turn out t*

his way?

Just when He Qingfeng wanted to seek the last chance of life, the light in his eyes suddenly went out and a drop of blood suddenly leaked from the center of his eyebrows.

He Qingfeng tried to talk, struggling hard to open his mouth but he could not say a word.

At this point, there was only regret in his thoughts. If he had the chance to choose again, he would never have come to mess with Su Yimo.

Unfortunately, only now did this thought come to his mind but it was too late.

Suddenly, Su Yimo was standing next to Mr. Yi again.

The group of fighters still did not understand what had happened. Seeing the target again, they were ready to swarm forward.

“He Qingfeng is dead. Are you guys yearning for death too?” Su Yimo asked them plainly.

The crowd stopped in their tracks and turned to look at He Qingfeng.

This is not possible!

It was only for a moment that she disappeared. How could He Qingfeng be dead?

“Master, how are you?”

“Master, are you alright?”

“Master’s forehead! Everyone look! What is that?”

Drops of blood rolled down and then the flow increased. At the point between his eyebrows, blood started gushing out like a dam that had burst.

This very scene horrified everyone present.

Only when He Qingfeng collapsed, did they realize that he had really died. Not only that but he was killed by Su Yimo in the blink of an eye!

How skillful must she be to pull off such a feat!

Since He Qingfeng had died trying, who were they to attempt going against Su Yimo?

One by one, they distanced themselves from Su Yimo. No one was ferocious as before and no one had the slightest desire to avenge He Qingfeng. In the end, it was as Su Yimo had said. When He Qingfeng was dead, who else would risk their lives for him?



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“He Qingfeng got his just desserts for stirring up internal strife in Apocalypse. Is there anyone who would like to follow in his footsteps?” Su Yimo’s tone was subtle but impactful.

All the skilled fighters of Three Halls remained subdued. Even those closest to He Qingfeng had to act with discretion as they knew remonstrating on his behalf would mean certain death.

He had indeed started the infighting and transgressed the rules of the organization. Hence, punishment by death was just and inevitable.

“If no one is intending to avenge him, why are all of you still standing around?” Su Yimo continued.

With that, the members of Three Halls started leaving. Not even one of them stopped to collect He Qingfeng’s body for there was nothing more to gain from further association with him now that the man was dead.

Counting on the will of one individual to dominate Three Halls was something that even

Mr. Yi himself could not muster. He had only lamentation for the present predicament.

As Four Gates and Three Halls had been at loggerheads for a good many years, what many had feared was seeing the conflict boil into the open. With the death of He Qingfeng, the friction that existed between the two branches should see some reprieve. All things considered, this may turn out to be a good thing for Apocalypse.

But the question remained as to who should take over as Head of Three Halls as it would be a tough task for most. With the power vacuum created by the demise of its former leader, Three Halls could be in for a period of turmoil before the ascension of the next leader.

Just as Mr. Yi was about to ask Su Yimo for her input, she got in ahead of him. “Zhuang Tang, Gong Tian. Who between the two of you is the stronger one?”

The two men were taken aback and appeared as though they were flattered.

Su Yimo's intent to have one of them appointed to the top position in Three Halls was obvious.

It was a notion that they would not even contemplate had it been raised in the past.

They would have been contented just to be able to realize their own lifelong ambition to elevate themselves into the ranks of Platinum. Therefore, how would they ever think of coveting the role of heading Three Halls?

Yet, that improbable scenario had unexpectedly presented itself before them.

“My Master is much more capable than me.”

“My apprentice is younger and has greater potential.”

As opposed to showing up against the other, they wanted very much to gift the opportunity to the other.

“The task of heading Three Halls is not a simple one. You should both give it a try as we wouldn't

know for sure who might ultimately be able to take up the role.” Su Yimo stated.

“We will do our best, Ms. Su”

“We won’t let you down.”

The duo then regarded her with a martial salute.

Su Yimo looked towards Mr. Yi. With the matter pertaining to Three Halls now resolved, the next item on the agenda would be a visit to the Sealed Chamber.

Mr. Yi read her thoughts naturally. “Follow me.”

Not much of a reaction was observed towards He Qingfeng’s death throughout Apocalypse. Even those in the know dared not delve too much into it. After Su Yimo’s staggering display of her prowess, there were none who would indulge in casual banter in fear of what might befall them should she catch wind of it.

The trio of Mr. Yi, Su Yimo and Han Xiang arrived in front of their destination.

At first glance, the place looked to be a wall of rocks without an obvious point of entry.

However, Su Yimo was able to make straight for the access point without the guidance of Mr. Yi.

The elderly man's breath picked up in anticipation. The accuracy of his estimations was predicated on whether she would be able to find her way into the chamber.

He would be wrong if she could not.

But should she be able to get in, then it would be quite extraordinary.

“Despite umpteenth attempts, He Qingfeng and myself had been stumped by this wall. Han Jingru however, was able to access it with relative ease. Now, go on and give it a try for yourself.” Mr. Yi said to the young woman.

When Su Yimo extended her hand, it passed through the wall of stone without resistance. It was as though the entire thing was an illusion.

Mr. Yi's throat ran dry at the sight of this.

She did it!

From the looks of things, his prediction might have been spot on.

This would be a reasonable explanation for how Su Yimo was able to attain her prolific level of progression within such a short period of time!

“There's hope for Apocalypse.” Mr. Yi found himself irrepressibly emotional. At a time where Apocalypse was at its most vulnerable without the means to strengthen itself, he was worried it would not be able to resist the coming of the second world.

He would be able to rest easy now that Su Yimo had inherited Fu Yao's powers. So long as Apocalypse had her in the fold, it would be able to usher in a return to its former glory.

Su Yimo's silhouette melded into the rock face and went into Sealed Chamber.

Mr. Yi then fell with his knees facing eastwards as his tears of excitement overwhelmed him.

When the unfamiliar environment within the Sealed Chamber did not rouse any memories for Su Yimo, she started to doubt Mr. Yi's words.

If she was really Fu Yao herself, she should have felt a sense of homecoming, like how things just seemed to fall intuitively into place for her en-route to Apocalypse.

Unfortunately, she had no such sentiment towards this place.

“Where are we, Mom?” Han Xiang asked of Su Yimo.

“It might have been somewhere I used to live, though I don't remember anything about it.” Su Yimo explained.

“Did you live in such a small place?” Han Xiang asked, all wide-eyed.

Su Yimo could not restrain herself from smiling.

This was indeed much less spacious compared to Genting Villa. She thought her daughter's mental processes were quite odd to only be fixated on such trivialities.

“Mom, where is Daddy? Aren't we here to look for him?” Han Xiang continued to pester her.

“No worries, Han Xiang. We should be able to see Daddy really soon. But Daddy may be in a place of great danger. Are you afraid?” Su Yimo inquired.

“If Daddy is not afraid, then Han Xiang is not afraid either,” the little girl offered up without hesitation.

There did not seem to be any point to linger around as the chamber failed to trigger any of her memories. And since there was not much else of interest inside, Su Yimo turned to make her exit.

Mr. Yi was still kneeling outside the walls. Mystified to see Su Yimo come out so soon, he asked, “Why have you returned so quickly?”

“I wasn’t able to retrieve any memories from inside, so perhaps you were mistaken,” Su Yimo reported candidly.

What does she mean mistaken?

Mr. Yi was confounded. *How could I have been mistaken?*

He thought that Su Yimo could not possibly have become so formidable if she were not Fu Yao.

Or perhaps some memories were to remain sealed until the time came for her to learn of them.

“What will you do now?” Mr. Yi asked.

“I am going to the second world, of course. Please lead the way,” Su Yimo answered without hesitancy.

Ever since Fei Ling'er stayed in the house in Xenos, Bailing Wan'er had always been vigilant towards her and treated her as a competitor. Sometimes she would even try to catch Han Jingru's attention by showing off her skills.

Despite Bailing Wan'er's overreaction, Fei Ling'er wasn't affected much by it, nor did she ever purposely outperform the former. Instead, the woman was indifferent about it. As long as it's something Bailing Wan'er wanted, Fei Ling'er would step aside and let the woman have it instead.

That day, Han Jingru sat in the courtyard with a solemn look on his face. He'd sigh from time to time. Fei Ling'er noticed that and walked towards him.

“You look distressed. Are you hesitant about going to the Imperial Court?” she asked him bluntly.

The man knew that the little girl knew everything, so he wasn't shocked by her question. However, he was worried about something that

wasn't about the Imperial Court. A sense of inexplicable premonition had taken over him.

"It's got nothing to do with Imperial Court," he replied.

"Other than the Imperial Court, what else is worthy of your worry?" Fei Ling'er asked confusedly.

Han Jingru shook his head; he himself didn't know why he was worried. His eyelids had been throbbing as if something were about to happen. However, judging from his current situation, there's nothing worthy of him being worried about. After all, even the Emperor valued him very much, which means there wouldn't be any trouble in the Imperial Court.

His eyelids throbbing could be a bad sign.

Unless something had happened to Jiang Yingying?

"How's my sister doing? Did anything happen to her?" Han Jingru asked the girl. The reason why

he had kept Fei Ling'er around was because she knew information about Jiang Yingying. If his eyelids were throbbing because of Jiang Yingying, the girl would have known.

"She is fine now," Fei Ling'er stated without hesitation.

Han Jingru looked at her suspiciously. The girl had appeared out of nowhere - no one knew much about her. Based on that, he should regard her as a potential threat. Weirdly, she already knew so much for someone her age.

"The main reason I've kept you here is because of my sister. If you're keeping anything from me, you'll be in trouble," he warningly uttered.

"Don't worry; she's really doing fine now. Once I'm done having my fun, I'll bring you to find her," Fei Ling'er smilingly said.

"Have fun?" At that remark, he looked at her confusingly.

"My life is pretty boring now, so I would like to

follow you around and have some fun. As long as you're able to keep me entertained, I will take you to her." *of ways to spend your precious time. Why would you want to have fun with me?* e made sure to remain vigilant.

"Since you want to have some fun, let's leave Longyun City immediately. There's not much to entertain you here," the man uttered.

"Where are you planning to go?" Fei Ling'er asked eagerly.

In the past two days, Han Jingru had been studying the cities in Imperial Court. Since he didn't have the need to find Jiang Yingying, he wished to go to a more spectacular place and understand more about Xenos.

During his research, a place named Fengshang City had stirred up his interest. According to records, Fengshang City was a city famous for its auctions. There were hundreds of auction houses of various scales - nothing was impossible to find. Anything can be auctioned in Fengshang City, even the unexpected.

Based on that, the man wanted to explore and see what was being auctioned in Fengshang City. Moreover, he would be able to gain a clearer understanding of what was considered valuable among Imperial Court through the valuable goods that were being circulated.

“I’m planning to go to Fengshang City,” Han Jingru told her.

“Are you planning to buy some kind of magic weapon?” Fei Ling’er asked curiously.

“I’m just going there to have a look. I might buy something if it catches my eye. That’s if I have enough money,” Han Jingru answered.

On Earth, whenever Han Jingru participated in any auction, he would get anything he’d like because he had the Nangong family backing him up. There had been no need for him to consider the financial aspect of things.

However, things had changed, and Han Jingru’s financial ability wasn’t as good as it once was. He would sometimes even need Huang

Xiaoyong's help with daily expenses.

“When do we leave?” the girl asked.

“Tomorrow. I'll inform Huang Xiaoyong and have things arranged.”

At that, Fei Ling'er nodded and said, “You can tell me if you don't have any money. I'm very rich, you know.”

Han Jingru looked at her suspiciously. Based on her looks, she didn't seem rich. Moreover, she had first appeared as a beggar. Now that she was claiming to be rich, wasn't she exposing her identity on purpose?

“Don't you have to put a facade in front of me anymore? Don't forget that you first appeared as a beggar. Now, you're saying you have money? Aren't you afraid that I'll shoo you away?” Han Jingru uttered.

“Who says a person with money can't be a beggar and that a beggar can't have money?” she retorted.

This odd remark left Han Jingru speechless. It was common sense that beggars are usually poor. If they had money, why would they bother to beg?

But based on his experience on Earth, beggars were not necessarily poor. Too many beggars on Earth were fake as they treated begging as a profession. They begged in the day and drove luxury cars while enjoying their lives at night. There's nothing shocking about such things anymore.

“I hope your identity doesn't surprise me too much. Otherwise, I might not be able to handle it,” he jokingly said. Those words had made it clear that he was doubtful towards Fei Ling'er's identity.

However, the girl didn't seem to care much about it. After the man left, she smiled and said to herself, “When the time comes, you'll definitely be shocked. I don't know if you'll be able to handle it, though.”

After leaving Han Jingru's house, they arrived at

the governor's residence.

No one stopped Han Jingru this time. Once the guards saw him from afar, they bowed and welcomed him instead.

After all, he was Huang Xiaoyong's Master and a Seventh Stage fighter.

"Mr. Han."

"Mr. Han."

"Mr. Han."

The guards greeted him respectfully.

"Is Huang Xiaoyong home?"

"Young Master is currently at home. Please follow me, Mr. Han." the head of the guard said to Han Jingru and escorted him into the governor's residence.

As soon as he walked in, a middle-aged man who looked quite similar to Huang Xiaoyong

welcomed him. It was the governor Han Jingru had never met before.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Huang Houyi had wanted to meet Han Jingru for quite some time, but he had never had the chance. The previous time the latter came to the governor's residence, he wasn't around - it was always a missed opportunity.

Upon seeing the guards escorting such an extraordinary man, Huang Houyi knew Han Jingru had arrived. So, he walked towards the latter excitedly.

Even though he was the governor, Huang Houyi showed immense respect. He clasped both his hands into a fist and bowed his body slightly as he said, "Are you Huang Xiaoyong's Master, Han Jingru?"

Han Jingru smiled after seeing how humble Huang Houyi was, despite him being the governor.

"Yes. And you must be the governor," the former said.

Huang Houyi waved his hand slightly, and the guards left them alone.

“What’s a governor compared to you. If it’s not because of you, a governor like me would be nothing more than a puppet.” Huang Houyi’s face beamed. He was very much aware of the situation he was in. Sitting in the governor’s seat like a puppet, even though he wanted to change the circumstances, it would be impossible if Huang Xiaoyong had not become stronger.

There had been no obstacles since then; it was all thanks to Han Jingru.

Because of this, it would only be normal for him to respect Han Jingru that much.

Whether or not the governor was arrogant, it really depends. It was difficult for the Three Major Families to meet him these days. He was humble and respectful towards Han Jingru solely because of the man’s great abilities.

“As the governor, you sure know how to joke. I’m just a commoner. How can I be in comparison to you?” Han Jingru uttered.

Upon hearing that, Huang Houyi’s facial

expression suddenly changed. He did not dare be compared to Han Jingru, nor did he want to be called the governor in front of the man.

“Mr. Han. You’re a fighter who’s sought after by the Imperial Court. I’m just a governor and definitely not qualified to be compared with you. Please don’t say such a thing,” Huang Houyi hurriedly replied.

Han Jingru shrugged helplessly. He didn’t think Huang Houyi would be that afraid as he had only said such a remark casually.

“I’d like to meet Huang Xiaoyong. Can I please trouble you to show me the way?” he uttered.

“No trouble, it’s no trouble at all. It’s my pleasure to do so.” Upon saying that, Huang Houyi bowed ninety degrees.

Huang Xiaoyong was once a useless person. The man would never waste his time on practice because he had given up after stopping at Second Stage. Never once would he dream of great improvements for himself in this lifetime.

Now that he had passed Fifth Stage, Huang Xiaoyong developed a passion for practicing. Whenever he had the time, the man would meditate and regulate his breathing. There was motivation once there was hope.

The current Huang Xiaoyong was no longer incompetent. His dream was to be able to keep up with Han Jingru's pace. Even though he knew it's impossible to reach the latter's level of achievement, he would like to achieve the last three Stages at least. It was the only way he wouldn't be Han Jingru's embarrassment.

Huang Houyi escorted Han Jingru to Huang Xiaoyong's room and knocked on the door upon arrival.

"Son, what are you doing? Come out quickly."
Huang Houyi exclaimed.

Huang Xiaoyong, who was busy meditating, became a little impatient. Nobody was supposed to disturb him during such a time, not even his father.

“Father, I’m currently meditating. Why are you looking for me?” Huang Xiaoyong uttered.

“Your Master is here,” Huang Houyi replied simply.

Upon hearing that, Huang Xiaoyong was stunned. He quickly got on his feet and opened the door in a record time of three seconds.

He was utterly pleased to see Han Jingru was indeed standing at his door.

“Master, you’re really here,” Huang Xiaoyong greeted.

Looking at how pleased his son looked, Huang Houyi didn’t have the slightest detest towards Han Jingru; he was such a strong fighter, after all. The man was even sought after by Imperial Court, so they should naturally treat him well.

“I’m here to inform you that I’ll be leaving for Longyun City tomorrow. If you do not wish to go with me, I’ll respect your decision,” Han Jingru stated.

“Of course, I would want to join you. Why wouldn’t I? Don’t leave me behind, Master,” Huang Xiaoyong responded without any hesitation. Previously, he had already made up his mind to follow Han Jingru because he wanted to level up and complete the last three Stages. He would need Han Jingru’s help; he wouldn’t be able to level up in this lifetime otherwise.

Han Jingru glanced at Huang Houyi and felt slightly embarrassed because he wasn’t only there to inform Huang Xiaoyong. He also needed his disciple’s father to prepare some money. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have any money upon arriving at Fengshang City.

Huang Houyi, being the quick-witted man he was, could sense something from Han Jingru’s expression. He immediately said, “Right, I still have some matters I need to attend to. The both of you should continue catching up.”

After Huang Houyi had left, Huang Xiaoyong asked softly, “Master, is there anything else you would like to tell me?”

“We’re heading to Fengshang City this time. You should know what kind of place it is,” Han Jingru uttered.

The other man nodded. Growing up in Imperial Court, how can he not know about Fengshang City. It was also the city known for its famously huge auctions among Imperial Court. He would be ignorant if he weren’t aware of such details.

“Master, I know. So, what you’re trying to tell me is that I should prepare more money?” Huang Xiaoyong asked.

“You’re a brilliant student indeed.” Han Jingru smiled and nodded his head.

Upon receiving praise, Huang Xiaoyong happily said, “Master, don’t worry. I’ve earned quite a bit in Xiaoling City. This time, I might also take some from my dad.”

“Try your best. There’s no need to force anything,” Han Jingru advised.

“No force; there’ll be no need for any force at all.

My dad will be more than glad to provide us with whatever we need,” Huang Xiaoyong said happily.

“By the way, Master, aren’t you going to look for your sister anymore?” Huang Xiaoyong felt guilty upon mentioning that. After all, Han Jingru entrusted him with that task, but much time had passed. There hadn’t been any news of the woman.

“She’s not near Longyun City, so you can get your people to retreat,” the man replied.

It seemed like Han Jingru had already known where Jiang Yingying was, so Huang Xiaoyong asked curiously, “Master, have you found her?”

“Not at this moment. However, someone has news about her, which is why I believe that we will meet again very soon.” Han Jingru didn’t know when Fei Ling’er was planning to tell him, but looking at the situation, he had no choice but to wait for her to be willing to reveal the truth to him.

“I’ll go and prepare everything we need, Master. I’ll meet you at your house tomorrow first thing in the morning,” Huang Xiaoyong replied.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The next day, four of them left from the south gate of Longyun City.

Huang Houyi was there to send them off.

Initially, the man had planned to arrange for some guards to escort Han Jingru and the rest throughout the journey. However, that idea was rejected by his son because he knew Han Jingru wasn't a high-profile person. Moreover, the guards wouldn't be much help. If they were faced with an opponent whom Han Jingru wasn't able to deal with, needless to say, those guards would only be sacrificed in vain.

Huang Houyi stayed at the south gate for quite some time after watching them leave.

That was Huang Xiaoyong's first time leaving Longyun City with purpose, and it was uncertain when the man would be able to return. It was inevitable for his father to be worried. However, the governor knew that the next time they meet, Huang Xiaoyong would probably be a real fighter and even be recognized as a master by the Imperial Court. The thought of that comforted

Huang Houyi.

In the beginning, the man had no expectations towards Huang Xiaoyong because he knew his own son better than anyone else.

But now, his son had transformed massively. He could even become the most powerful person in the history of the Huang family one day!

“Be a good student and follow in his footsteps. Only he is capable of helping you become a true fighter.”

Huang Xiaoyong had been very much looking forward to this long journey. After staying in Longyun City for so many years, his life had gotten dull and boring. Now that he was embarking on a journey with Han Jingru, he would definitely be able to experience a lot of new things.

In the beginning, Huang Xiaoyong thought there were only three people. He did not expect another young lady who looked like an angel to join them. The man couldn't help but want to catch

glimpses of her from the sidelines.

“Master, who is she? I’ve never met her before. Is she your friend?” Huang Xiaoyong couldn’t help but ask Han Jingru.

“She’s a beggar. I wouldn’t consider her as a friend,” the latter replied, not afraid of offending Fei Ling’er in the slightest.

“A beggar?” Huang Xiaoyong was shocked. How could a beggar look like that? Looking from appearances, she seemed more like a lady from a well-off family.

The aura she had was nothing similar to a beggar!

“Master, stop joking around with me. How can she be a beggar?” Huang Xiaoyong uttered.

“How can she not be a beggar? If you don’t believe me, you can go and ask Wan’er,” Han Jingru replied with a smile.

At that, Huang Xiaoyong walked towards Bailing Wan’er with questions about Fei Ling’er. Before

he was able to say anything, however, the woman stated, “I don’t know if she’s really a beggar. But when she was at the entrance of the house, she definitely looked like one. She even tried to look pitiful to gain others’ sympathy.”

Bailing Wan’er’s tone was quite sarcastic, reflecting the discontent the woman felt from within. After all, she had gained another competitor when Fei Ling’er appeared.

Huang Xiaoyong looked at Fei Ling’er carefully. No matter how he tried to picture her as a beggar, the woman didn’t seem like one - not even the slightest. It was true that she had approached Han Jingru looking like one, however, she might be hiding some secrets beneath her looks.

Han Jingru was skillful and courageous nonetheless. It was understandable that even though he knew her intentions weren’t innocent, he still kept her by his side.

“What’s your name?” Huang Xiaoyong asked.

“Fei Ling’er.”

“Fei Ling’er?” The man found her name familiar. It was as though he had heard of it somewhere.

“Have we met? Why do I get a sense of familiarity after hearing your name?” he probed.

Han Jingru let out a faint smile. If someone tried to flirt on Earth using that kind of method, one would simply roll their eyes because it was too old-fashioned.

“This is my first time coming to Longyun City. How is it possible that we’ve met before?” Fei Ling’er said coldly.

Huang Xiaoyong hadn’t been trying to hit on her - he had only asked her that because the name indeed sounded very familiar to him.

After he had ruminated on that for quite some time, he finally figured it out.

“I know why it’s familiar!” Huang Xiaoyong exclaimed, looking shocked.

Upon looking at his reaction, Han Jingru asked

curiously, “Why?”

“Master.” Huang Xiaoyong quickly walked next to Han Jingru and uttered, “Do you know who the number one fighter in Imperial Court is?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Fei Lingsheng. He’s the true Pinnacle Master. Legend has it that he could overturn a city himself. Her and Fei Lingsheng’s name are quite similar,” Huang Xiaoyong uttered.

Fei Lingsheng?

A Pinnacle Master!

However, what’s that got to do with Fei Ling’er? She’s just a young lady with a name that’s similar to the man’s. You can’t forge a connection solely based on that.

Hence, Han Jingru smiled and asked, “Are you a relative of Fei Lingsheng?”

Fei Ling’er shook her head and replied, “I don’t

mind if you want to think that. Will you be scared of me if it was true?"

"Hah!" Bailing Wan'er snorted and said, "You're really sly. Just by having similar names, you're claiming that you're connected to the first fighter of Imperial Court. What a joke."

Fei Ling'er didn't retaliate. She simply stared at Han Jingru seriously, drilling her eyes into his.

"If you're really connected to Fei Lingsheng, I hope you introduce us so that I could see how strong a Pinnacle Stage fighter is," Han Jingru stated.

Fei Ling'er's face brightened before she asked in a curious manner, "Are you more powerful than a Pinnacle Master?"

"You can't spit out something like that," Huang Xiaoyong interrupted Fei Ling'er immediately. Ordinary people wouldn't dare to casually discuss a Pinnacle Master.

A Pinnacle Master was someone who had

achieved the highest level among fighters; they had achieved the final stage among the last three Stages. It's not possible for there to be a level surpassing a Pinnacle Master.

“Hey, clueless girl. Do you even know the meaning of being a Pinnacle Master?” Huang Xiaoyong uttered, his face full of dissatisfaction.

Fei Ling'er looked at him innocently and asked, “What does it mean?”

He glanced at her disdainfully and replied, “The person has a heavenly presence and has everything at his or her feet.”

“Whoa, a Pinnacle Master sounds really powerful!” Fei Ling'er exclaimed exaggeratedly.

Bailing Wan'er and Huang Xiaoyong scoffed at her naive reaction. They thought Fei Ling'er was really inexperienced and had limited sight of the world. The woman didn't even seem to know how powerful a Pinnacle Master was.

However, Han Jingru had noticed how Fei

Ling'er had acted exaggeratedly on purpose. From an ordinary person's point of view, everyone would be shocked to learn how powerful a Pinnacle Master was. However, the woman wasn't genuinely shocked - it was merely an act.

What does that entail?

Fei Ling'er didn't care about any Pinnacle Master.

Or in other words, getting close to a Pinnacle Master wasn't difficult for her.

Could it be that Fei Ling'er's really connected to Fei Lingsheng one way or another?

Han Jingru's thoughts raced. *Having the relative of the Imperial Court's first fighter appearing by my side, what's the meaning of all this?*

It took half a month's time for them to travel from Longyun City to Fengshang City, which inevitably had Han Jingru missing the convenient transportation back on Earth. If there were railways and airplanes, the journey would only take few hours at most. They wouldn't have taken such a long time instead.

It wasn't just wasting their energy, but also wasting their precious time.

On top of that, the two ladies, Bailing Wan'er and Fei Ling'er had stirred up some troubles in the past half month.

Wherever the pretty ladies go, problems would follow. Such a saying was pretty accurate. Fortunately, Han Jingru didn't need to solve these problems as Huang Xiaoyong was there.

Standing at the entrance of Fengshang City, the magnificent gate looked so grand that it had Huang Xiaoyong utterly amazed.

"I used to think Xiaoling City was magnificent, but there's so much more out there that I'm

unaware of. Isn't Fengshang City a bit over the top? The gate itself is humongous!" Huang Xiaoyong exclaimed shockingly. He acted like a countryman who had never seen the world beyond his small field.

Han Jingru did not react the same way. Even though the place was incomparable to Xiaoling City and Longyun City, he had seen taller buildings on Earth. Compared to the architecture on Earth, Fengshang City was still far inferior.

"Master, aren't you even a bit shocked?" Huang Xiaoyong asked curiously after seeing how normal Han Jingru looked.

"Stop looking so clueless. Others will view you as a joke," the latter uttered.

Feeling embarrassed, the other man tried his best to control his excitement. However, he couldn't help but continue to marvel at the buildings after stepping in the city gate. The place was entirely different from anything he had ever seen before.

At that moment, Han Jingru frowned too. Based

on what he had seen in Longyun City and Xiaoling City, the architecture in the Imperial Court was supposed to be old-fashioned. However, Fengshang City seemed to exude a more modern vibe. Every building had some modern aspect to it, and the architecture was totally different compared to those in Longyun City and Xiaoling City.

“Master, the architecture in Fengshang City sure is weird. What are those round and pointy things?” Huang Xiaoyong shot a question at Han Jingru.

“Take a look around you. People are mocking and laughing at you! Can’t you get a grip of yourself?” Huang Xiaoyong’s naïveté had attracted many waves of laughter. Han Jingru had to remind him once more to pay attention to how he’s presenting himself.

Even if Huang Xiaoyong did not care about his own image, Han Jingru was definitely wary of it.

The former couldn’t control himself even if he wanted to because that place was full of things he

had never seen before.

“Master, this place is really amazing. I can’t help myself,” he said bitterly.

Han Jingru rolled his eyes helplessly and said, “Let’s find accommodation. You can get used to the surrounding in the meantime.”

While they were looking for an inn, Fei Ling’er purposely trailed last from behind.

Huang Xiaoyong’s reaction was very common to her. Anyone who visited Fengshang City for the first time would have reacted the way Huang Xiaoyong did, no matter where they came from.

Fengshang City’s architecture was the most unique in Imperial Court. The city was built two hundred years ago. According to legend, the person who designed and built the city had been to another world - he had built the city based on the composition of that world.

Of course, that was just some legend. Some people said that he drew inspiration from his

dream and made it a reality. That had truly amazed people.

Besides being slightly confused, Han Jingru looked totally normal; he wasn't shocked at all. Fei Ling'er found his reaction very strange.

How is it possible for him to remain that calm?

Could it be because he has seen it all? Or does he have an unwavering personality that even if he saw something extraordinary, it wouldn't excite him?

Between these two possibilities, Fei Ling'er wasn't sure which one was true. However, she was sure that the man wasn't ordinary.

The four of them were looking for four separate rooms, but there was only one left in Fengyan Inn. Just when Han Jingru was about to leave the place, the inn owner informed them that all the inns nearby were already full. The one room Fengyan Inn was only available because a guest had suddenly checked out. If it weren't for sheer luck, Han Jingru and the rest wouldn't have a

place to stay.

“Boss, why are Fengshang City’s inns in such a high demand?” Huang Xiaoyong asked suspiciously. He thought what the inn owner had said was quite mysterious.

“On a normal basis, it wouldn’t be in such high demand. You must be foreign and don’t have a clue about what’s about to happen in Fengshang City recently,” the inn owner said smilingly. Instead of looking down upon Huang Xiaoyong, he seemed excited to explain what was going on to the man.

“What’s about to happen?” Huang Xiaoyong asked curiously.

“Fengshang City’s largest auction is going to be held in two days. Fengmo Auction House only opens every half a year. The things they auction are all valuable, so many people come to Fengshang City. This only happens every half a year, so everyone looks forward to this event. Even people who aren’t planning to buy anything join for the atmosphere. Hence during this time,

inns all over the city would be crowded,” the inn owner stated.

“Master, who would have thought we actually made it for the festival. However, there’s only one room. What should we do?” Huang Xiaoyong asked in distress. He thought that since Han Jingru was a Master, it would be alright for him to stay in the same room with the two ladies. However, the man couldn’t imagine himself being placed in that situation.

“Let’s just take it. We will think of an arrangement after,” Han Jingru uttered. Since the inn owner had made it clear about the situation they were in, they couldn’t say no to the last available room. Han Jingru didn’t want any of them to have to sleep on the streets.

“Alright. Give us your last available room please,” Huang Xiaoyong told the owner.

Just when he was about to pay, a voice suddenly piped up.

“Boss, give us your last room. I want it. Just

name me the price.”

That irritating voice had Huang Xiaoyong feeling very dissatisfied. He turned around and saw a lad with good posture waving his fan around. The man was good-looking and had a nicely built body, warranting him to be pretty popular among the ladies.

“Excuse me! We were here first. It’s on a first come first serve basis, so the room is ours,” Huang Xiaoyong said coldly.

That man didn’t pay much attention to what Huang Xiaoyong said. Instead, he walked towards the owner and said, “A business is a business. The most important thing is to make money. Whoever offers more money will get it. Aren’t I right?”

The inn owner was perplexed. He wasn’t the type of person who idolized money, but he didn’t want to create any conflict with the lad who was waving his fan around in a pretentious manner. Trouble might arise if he insisted on selling the room to Huang Xiaoyong.

“Gentlemen, how about you discuss nicely with each other? I don’t want any trouble here,” uttered the owner firmly.

Huang Xiaoyong did not want to make things difficult for him, so he pointed at the young man with the fan and asked, “Wanna fight?”

He might as well be direct - fists were the best way to solve the problem between men.

The young man stared at him disdainfully. “It’ll be insulting for me to do that with such a barbarian like you.”

“If you’re scared to do it, just say so instead of giving me useless excuses. You better scam if you don’t have the strength to fight against me,” said Huang Xiaoyong, annoyed.

“I may refuse to fight against you, but that doesn’t mean nobody’s going to do it on behalf of me. You should pray for your life.” With that said, an old man appeared beside the young man.

Han Jingru had seen the old man walking in from

outside. The latter had done it so fast that normal people could not have noticed him with their naked eyes, just like Huang Xiaoyong.

To the latter, it was as if the old man had appeared from thin air, which was enough to tell him how powerful the old man was.

Seeing the expression change on Huang Xiaoyong's face, the young man smirked delightfully. "I'd leave right now if I were you. My subordinate won't be merciful once he makes his move."

"Gentlemen, please," muttered the owner.

Huang Xiaoyong would have left if he were alone in this situation. But Han Jingru was here with him, so he was not afraid at all. *Master even dared to kill those from Imperial Court. Surely, old geezers like him are nothing to him.*

"Oh my, how arrogant of you. I'd really like to see how strong you are." Huang Xiaoyong beamed a smile before internally summoning his familiar.

When the white figure appeared beside him, its huge body instantly smashed the tables and chairs inside.

The owner, along with the crowd, gasped in shock and amazement upon witnessing this.

“It’s a familiar!”

“This means this guy is a Beastmaster!”

“That familiar seems quite powerful. I wonder what level of a Beastmaster he is.”

“That’s Manticore! A seven-star familiar! Which means that man is a seven-star Beastmaster!” someone in the crowd shouted as he recognized the creature and its rank.

A seven-star Beastmaster was a mighty figure, even in Imperial Court. It was only natural for people to have that kind of reaction when encountering one.

On the other hand, the young man turned pale when he felt the oppressive aura of Manticore.

Damn it! That bumpkin-looking man is a seven-star Beastmaster?! I misjudged him.

“Old man, how about we take this matter outside and see who’ll get to book the room?” challenged Huang Xiaoyong. He did not care what Stage the old man had achieved. As long as his Master was by his side, he feared nothing.

The old man’s expression changed drastically as he turned to face the young man. Although the old man was a Seventh Stage fighter, it would still be difficult for him to fight against Manticore. All in all, he could die under the sharp claws of the creature; that was too great of a danger for him.

“What do you think, Young Master?” asked the old man. It seemed like the young man came from a prominent family - a Seventh Stage fighter like the old man still needed to await orders from him.

“What’s your chance of winning?” questioned the young man through gritted teeth.

The old man wordlessly shook his head. The other party consisted of four people. He had already figured out that Huang Xiaoyong was a Fifth Stage fighter, while Bailing Wan'er was someone with no cultivation. However, he could not guess the strengths of the remaining two, no matter how hard he tried.

Initially, he thought Han Jingru and Fei Ling'er were also ordinary people. But he could not be too sure anymore after Huang Xiaoyong summoned his Manticore.

Even the subordinate had a seven-star familiar, so one could only guess how powerful the other two must be.

Sometimes, when he could not feel the other party's strengths, it meant that there was nothing special about them. However, other times, it could also mean that they were stronger than him.

Seeing the old man shaking his head, the young man knew that today was not a suitable day to cause trouble. Because if he did, the only possible ending for them was heaving their last breaths

under Manticore's enormous mouth.

"Hey, dare to tell me your name?" asked the young man to Huang Xiaoyong.

"I see. You want to seek revenge from me, right? Fine. I'm Huang Xiaoyong. You can come to me anytime you want," the man replied with a smile.

With that, the young man and the old man left the scene. Though humiliated, it was better than losing their lives.

"Master, having strength is such a blessing. That fella would've really caused us trouble had I not been strong enough," remarked Huang Xiaoyong. Now that he had tasted the sweet benefits of having such strengths, he was determined to aim for higher Stages.

"There'll always be trouble anywhere we go. I've seen many like him. They will never stop for as long as they're still breathing," answered Han Jingru with a smile.

Meanwhile, in an alley near the inn, the young

man had long broken his folding fan as a way to vent out his anger.

“You’ve embarrassed me for not even trying to defeat a mere seven-star Beastmaster,” rebuked the young man through gritted teeth.

Hearing that, the old man could only lower his head.

“Young Master, the seven-star Beastmaster wasn’t the biggest threat among all four of them. It was the other pair. I couldn’t sense their strengths and I’m afraid that they may be fighters among the last three Stages.”

Fighters among the last three Stages?

Even after hearing that, however, the young man still did not fear them. Instead, a scornful smile crept onto his face. “You don’t need to find an excuse for your incompetency. Why would rare birds like them wander around the street like this?”

“You’re right, Young Master.” The old man still

had his head hung low as he gave up defending himself, for he knew the young man had always cared about his reputation. No matter what he said, the younger man would not listen.

“I don’t care how you do it, but you will help me seek revenge. If I don’t get justice from this, I’ll ruin your entire family when we return to the Residence,” threatened the young man.

“Don’t worry, Young Master. I’ll avenge you,” responded the old man as his face turned ashen.

“Hmph!” the young man scoffed. “How dare they do this to me. I’ll show them the consequences of humiliating me!”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

After getting the last available room, the four still had a problem to solve. It was impossible to fit all of them in one bed. No matter how hard Huang Xiaoyong tried to come up with a solution, the answer still ended up the same. He was willing to sleep on the street and give this opportunity to Han Jingru, though.

However, the latter had no other intentions towards the women at all. In fact, he would rather sleep on the street with his disciple.

“We’ll let you women sleep in here. Huang Xiaoyong and I will think of something,” informed Han Jingru to Bailing Wan’er.

The woman had hoped to be in this room with Han Jingru alone, but she knew it was just her fantasy for the man would never agree to it.

“Let her stay here alone. I hate sleeping with a stranger,” stated Bailing Wan’er. Her words obviously directed at Fei Ling’er, her enemy.

Hearing that, the latter smiled before throwing herself on the bed. “Thanks, then. I hate sleeping with a stranger too.”

Bailing Wan’er was enraged as she had never expected the other girl to behave this way.

The inn’s owner had made it clear that all inns in Fengshang City were fully occupied at this hour. If she did not stay here, she really might end up sleeping on the street with the men.

“How shameless,” she complained, though she was

secretly panicking.

“Master, how about we go try our luck elsewhere?” suggested Huang Xiaoyong, to which Han Jingru nodded as a response.

Though he had heard the owner’s words earlier, one would never know without trying. Maybe they really would be able to find themselves another room.

With that, the three of them left the inn. All the streets and stores were still lively that even the Rouge River in Xiaoling City could not compare to this.

“Master, these people all look wealthy. Imagine being the governor of this city. We’d be loaded,” muttered Huang Xiaoyong in envy. His father was the governor himself, so he knew how much profit a prosperous city could bring.

Though Longyun City was not big, the annual profit the city garnered was still considerable. Even if the money would be transferred to the Three Major Families yearly, Huang Xiaoyong still knew the estimated amount they gained. If the said city were as flourishing as Fengshang City, their profit would increase drastically.

“There are countless auction houses in this city. Of course, the benefits are unimaginable,” replied Han Jingru.

“But it’s a pity that only those who are close with the Emperor can be the governor of such big cities,” Huang Xiaoyong sighed.

“Aren’t you qualified to join Imperial Court? Who knows, maybe one day the Emperor will notice you? You can

Chapter 965

make a request in this aspect, then.”

Huang Xiaoyong instinctively shook his head. He dared not think about such a thing. Every time he thought of meeting the Emperor, he felt like peeing his pants. There was no way of telling how he would react if he actually met the mentioned figure.

“Master, I won’t step a foot in Imperial Court if you’re not there.”

Han Jingru glared at him in disdain upon hearing that. “Unbelievable. You’re a Fifth Stage fighter, yet you’re still a coward.”

The other man grinned slyly; he did not find the comment insulting. “Master, I’m only brave when you’re here. With you around, I’ll not even bat an eye on God when he comes down,” he answered. “By the way, are we going to Fengmo Auction House?”

Han Jingru had joined innumerable auctions back on earth, and he was quite bored of it since all the items were the same in every round. However, things were different in Xenos. The objects being auctioned here were probably new to him, so he, of course, would not pass this chance.

“Certainly. If there’s any exceptional item, I’m bringing it home as a souvenir.”

“Then we should definitely visit Fengmo Auction House. I heard they need to verify our assets to decide if we can participate.”

This bit was the same as those high-end auction houses

Chapter 965

on earth. They needed to verify people's assets to check if they were rich enough to be the bidders in an auction.

The group of three soon arrived at Fengmo Auction House.

The sight there was grander than the city gates, and the castle-like building filled with greater modern elements made Han Jingru think that the architect was from Earth.

"What are you doing here?" someone stopped them when they neared the entrance.

"We're here for the asset-verification because we want to participate in an auction. You're not going to let dignified guests wait outside, are you?" replied Huang Xiaoyong flatly.

That person immediately turned friendly when he heard that. "I see. Come with me, then."

All three of them followed the man inside the auction house before entering a luxurious large room.

The type of room they entered was uncommon even on earth. Real gems were inlaid everywhere, and one could see that all the products were costly just from a glance. Only Nangong Boling could afford something like this on earth.

There was a middle-aged man with short hair sitting in the room.

When he saw Han Jingru and the others, he stood up and approached them.

Chapter 965

“Greetings. I’m Liu Ding, one of the managers of Fengmo Auction House,” he introduced.

“I’m Han Jingru.”

“I’m Huang Xiaoyong.”

“I’m Wan’er.”

“May I know which auction you’re planning to participate in?”

Han Jingru was not familiar with Fengmo Auction House’s rules. However, upon hearing Liu Ding’s words, there were probably more than one auctions. Perhaps they even came with levels.

It was reasonable for Fengmo Auction House to do this since they only opened their business once in six months. Besides, different levels meant different classes of bidders, so it was natural for them to carry out the auctions separately.

“We’ll, of course, join the highest level. Don’t worry. We’re loaded,” replied Huang Xiaoyong.

Liu Ding smiled before informing, “I’m afraid money alone isn’t enough to participate in the highest level. You’ll have to dedicate a valuable lot to enter.”

“Seriously? Can’t we be an exception? We’re here to buy, not to sell,” uttered Huang Xiaoyong, clearly dissatisfied. He had never heard this kind of rule before.

“I’m really sorry, but this is the auction house’s rule. If you can’t do that, you may participate in some lower-level auctions.”



Chapter 966

Huang Xiaoyong became even more unsatisfied when he heard the word “lower-level.” *What’s the point of coming here if we can’t participate at the highest level? I don’t have anything on me now that I can auction off.*

“What are we going to do, Master?”

Han Jingru saw no problem in this, for he knew the red fruit he was holding was a valuable item. However, that was only his opinion. He did not know how valuable it was to others. *I wonder if it’ll be enough.*

“I’m sorry. If you don’t meet the requirements, we’ll not force you to participate. But please don’t hold me here.” Though Liu Ding sounded polite, the meaning behind his words was clear- to ask them to leave.

Huang Xiaoyong grew infuriated by the man’s behavior. Even so, he watched his words because the other man had not made things difficult for them yet.

“What’s the rush? Let my Master think,” he answered.

Liu Ding frowned. *I already know there’s nothing special about them at first glance. They aren’t worth my time.*

“I’m truly sorry, but I’m a busy person. Please show yourselves out.”

Huang Xiaoyong panicked when he heard them getting kicked out just like that. On top of that, he also found it embarrassing. “Are we still participating, Master?”

Han Jingru sighed. *It’ll surely be humiliating if I offer the red fruit and get refused.*



Chapter 966

“Let’s go verify our assets. We won’t join the highest ones if that’s the case,” Han Jingru finally stated.

Seeing his firm expression, Huang Xiaoyong turned to Liu Ding and explained, “My Master’s valuable item is too precious to him, so we won’t be joining the highest level.”

“Okay, then. Follow me,” said Liu Ding, still trying to be patient.

Soon after, the man led Huang Xiaoyong to a secret chamber inside his office. Minutes later, they exited the chamber with Huang Xiaoyong looking dejected.

“Guys, you’re really wasting my time,” uttered Liu Ding angrily. He had reached his limit.

“What happened?” asked Han Jingru to Huang Xiaoyong.

“Master, he said I can’t even join the lowest level with the money I have now, and I have all the fortune of my family.” *I can’t believe he denied me despite the money I have. If that isn’t enough, I don’t even want to imagine how crazy rich the bidders must be.*

Han Jingru’s face darkened - this was the first time he had encountered such situations.

Back on earth, he might not be rich, but he had never been in hot water because of money.

At this moment, a group of armed bodyguards entered the office. Each of them exuded aggressive auras.

“Liu Ding, what is this?” Huang Xiaoyong’s face also dimmed. *Is this really necessary?*



Chapter 966

Liu Ding was no longer friendly as he uttered in a cold voice, "I don't know where bumpkins like you came from. Not only are you poor, but you've also wasted my precious time. And you need to pay the price for that."

"So you wanna fight?" provoked Huang Xiaoyong. Again, he feared nothing when Han Jingru was around him.

"Fight? You? You're merely a Fifth Stage fighter, and in this auction house, that means nothing." Liu Ding smiled mockingly. The man had not become one of the managers of the auction house by sheer luck. One would need to be competent enough to qualify for this position. *This fella is not even exuding a strong aura.*

Sensing the growing tension between the men, Han Jingru quickly spoke up, "I have an item to auction off. But I'm not sure if this auction house is capable enough to accept it."

Now's the time to know if the red fruit is valuable in Xenos or not.

Of course, he also had other concerns besides that. Since Fengmo Auction House was this big, they definitely had backup situated all around the city. It would be bad to have such conflicts in both this auction house and the entire Fengshang City.

Han Jingru wished not to leave this place when he had just arrived.

Suddenly, Liu Ding burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at? My Master's item is so valuable that maybe even your shabby auction house



Chapter 966

hasn't seen it before," commented Huang Xiaoyong furiously.

"In my entire life, I've never met anyone who has an item that this auction house can't accept. Are you purposely trying to waste more of my time?"

"How about we find out? This item I have is valuable. Please ask your men to leave before we inspect it," requested Han Jingru.

Liu Ding scrutinized Han Jingru and noticed that the latter was indeed not joking around. *Huh. Maybe he's telling the truth.*

"Go wait outside. If you hear anything here, come in immediately and kill all that remain standing," instructed Liu Ding to his men.

When the bodyguards left, he returned to his seat without much expectations for Han Jingru's mentioned item since they could not even participate in the lowest-level auction. *So what could he possibly have?*

"You can take it out now."

Han Jingru glanced at Huang Xiaoyong uncertainly, but there was no backing out now as he fished out the red fruit and approached Liu Ding's desk.

"Will this be enough?" He stretched out his hand.

He could not deny that he was a bit nervous now since he had no idea how valuable the earth's product was in Xenos.

Chapter 966

Liu Ding raised his head as his nonchalant expression turned serious out of the blue. He then stood up and instinctively trying to take the fruit from Han Jingru, but the latter reacted quickly by withdrawing his hand.

“How about it? Are you satisfied with this thing?” Han Jingru internally sighed in relief as he broke into a smile. From Liu Ding’s expression, the fruit must be precious. *Otherwise, why would he become this serious?*

Liu Ding’s breathing turned shallow. *Are my eyes playing tricks on me?* “Please let me have a look at it once more.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

When Han Jingru showed him the fruit again, Liu Ding's eyes lit up as if he had found the most precious diamond.

"I was right! It's the Holy Chestnut!"

Holy Chestnut? I always call it the red fruit since I didn't know this thing has an official name. Does that mean Xenos also has something similar to this product? Judging by his reaction, this so-called Holy Chestnut must be very valuable.

"How do you have the Holy Chestnut? Where did you get it?" asked Liu Ding eagerly.

"Do I seriously need to answer you?"

Liu Ding recomposed himself; he was aware that his questions were a bit out of line. Besides, the auction house had no rights to know where the guests got their items.

He was a tad surprised to see the Holy Chestnut as it came from the Dark Forest, a place that was protected by a high-level familiar. Legend had it that even a Pinnacle Master could not take the fruit, but Liu Ding was seeing it up close now.

The man had only seen the Holy Chestnut twice in his entire life. He saw it for the first time in a Pinnacle Master's hands when he was with the owner of Fengmo Auction House, but that was from a distance. Today marked his second time encountering the fruit. *Does this mean this guy is also a Pinnacle Master?*

"I apologize for my behavior earlier. I hope you don't take



KFC Nepal

Now enjoy KFC at
Tangal

Learn More

Chapter 967

it to heart.” Liu Ding bowed slightly.

“Am I qualified to participate in the highest auctions now?” asked Han Jingru.

“Of course. The Holy Chestnut will certainly become the most valuable item. But are you sure you want to auction it off?” questioned Liu Ding. *If other people manage to get the Holy Chestnut, they will definitely use it to increase their own strengths instead of auctioning it off.*

When one had a high status, people would naturally think that he was well-off. However, the Holy Chestnut would grant him both strengths and status.

Though Han Jingru was running out of the Holy Chestnuts, he was willing to sacrifice this one to see the bidders’ items in the highest-level auctions.

“Help me make the necessary arrangements then. I’ll come back when the auction starts.”

Seeing that Han Jingru had made his decision, Liu Ding immediately fished out a purplish gold card and handed it to him with both hands. “Sir, this is the admission ticket to the highest level. With this card, you can enter any auctions you want. Please take it.”

Han Jingru studied the card after accepting it. *Wow. Even the card screams expensive. This auction house is really something else.*

“Now you know my Master isn’t an ordinary person. You jerk. You shouldn’t have judged the book by its cover. An apology will be great,” said Huang Xiaoyong triumphantly. He was undoubtedly not pleased with the



KFC Nepal

Now enjoy KFC at
Tangal

Learn More

Chapter 967

earlier treatments, and now that he was given a chance, he would use it to mend for his embarrassment.

“You’re right. I’m sorry. I almost made a huge mistake. Thank you for not making a big deal out of this, Sir. I appreciate it.”

“I’ve met a lot of people like you. Next time, don’t be too smug that you misjudge people and treat them like-” Huang Xiaoyong instantly shut his mouth when he felt Han Jingru’s cold glare.

“We’ll take our leaves if there’s nothing else. I’ll be back during the auction,” informed Han Jingru.

“Are you not going to leave the item here, Sir?” questioned Liu Ding hastily as he needed the item to make arrangements for the auction.

“Why should he do that? This is a precious thing, and he’s not about to hand it to you that easily,” replied Huang Xiaoyong with a frown.

Liu Ding looked troubled and turned to Han Jingru. “Sir, this is our regulation. I hope you understand.”

The latter pondered for a while before giving the Holy Chestnut to the other man. “Since it’s a regulation, then I must obey.”

Liu Ding carefully accepted it, fearing that it would fall to the ground. “Thank you for your kind understanding, Sir.”

“By the way, we’ve arrived at the city quite late, and there are no available inns left. Perhaps you can help us?” Han Jingru asked Liu Ding.



Chapter 967

Han Jingru did not wish to end up sleeping on a street. He knew such a thing must not be a problem to the latter since he was working at the biggest auction house in Fengshang City.

“Certainly,” answered Liu Ding. “This auction house has a private inn meant for guests like you. I’ll make the arrangements now.”

“Thank you.”

On their way to the inn, Han Jingru told Huang Xiaoyong, “I think you should inform Fei Ling’er and have her stay with us.”

Before the man could say anything, Bailing Wan’er chimed in, “She’s already staying there, so why go through the trouble to have her over? Don’t tell me you have other intentions?”

Han Jingru had no choice but to relent upon hearing the extreme jealousy behind the woman’s voice.

When they arrived at the inn, Liu Ding led them to the most luxurious guestroom. He had even instructed the workers at the inn to prioritize them.

After that, he impatiently returned to the auction house.

The Holy Chestnut will surely become the highlight of the auction. I’m sure many people will be shocked once I spread the word out, and I can already imagine the amount I’ll be gaining. But before that, I have to make sure if the fruit is real.

When he was in his office, he held the Holy Chestnut in



KFC Nepal
Now enjoy KFC at
Tangal

Learn More

Chapter 967

both his hands, feeling the inner strength of the fruit. This was something that could not be faked.

“I should inform Boss about this.”

Soon, the man left the auction house again and ended up in front of an estate this time.

Compared to other modern-style buildings in Fengshang City, this particular one was very eye-catching. Though it seemed out of place, the estate’s owner was a very influential person, and that was Ran Yi, the true boss behind Fengmo Auction House.

Besides Fengmo Auction House, he also owned nearly half the other auction houses in the entire Fengshang City.

“Boss, Liu Ding is here.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

An old man with white hair sat in front of a chessboard in the estate's courtyard. Though no opponent was playing against him, he still looked earnest.

He frowned when someone disturbed him.

"Why is he here? Isn't he busy managing the auction house?"

"He said there's something important that needs to be discussed with you," replied his personal bodyguard, a Seventh Stage fighter. Ran Yi had made countless opponents over the years, and he had always assisted the former all this time.

Ran Yi sneered, "What could be more important than my game of chess?"

"I'll drive him out, then."

The bodyguard had only taken two steps when Ran Yi put down the chess piece in his hand. "No need. Let him in since he's already here. But if he dares disturb me over a trivial matter, I won't let him off easily."

"Yes."

Not long after that, the bodyguard reappeared with Liu Ding.

It was apparent that the latter was nervous upon meeting with the boss since he knew Ran Yi hated to be disturbed. Liu Ding would not have come to him on a normal occasion, but he had no choice today.

He had never auctioned off a Holy Chestnut before, so he

needed opinion and advice from Ran Yi.

“You do know the consequences of disturbing me if it’s not an important matter, right?” uttered Ran Yi in a cold tone, causing the other man to tremble.

“Boss, someone decided to auction off his Holy Chestnut, and I dared not decide anything on my own. That’s why I came here,” Liu Ding quickly explained.

Ran Yi instantly stood up when he heard the words “Holy Chestnut.” Even the bodyguard’s expression had changed.

After years of owning auction houses, the old man had seen many rare treasures, but never a Holy Chestnut. Those who had the fruit never put it in the market, so it was impossible to buy it.

On top of that, the ones who had the Holy Chestnut were fighters. It would be unreasonable for them to auction off their fruit since they would never be short of money.

“You’re joking, right? Why would anyone auction off a Holy Chestnut?”

“I’m one hundred percent serious,” Liu Ding took out an exquisite box as he spoke.

Seeing this, Ran Yi glanced at his bodyguard, and the latter strolled forward to take the box before handing it to his boss.

When the box was in Ran Yi’s hands, he took a deep breath and opened the box.

It seemed like the time had stopped for him when his eyes landed on the red fruit inside.

“Woah! It really is a Holy Chestnut!” he gasped out loud.

Upon seeing the fruit, a hint of greed flashed across the bodyguard’s eyes.

As a Seventh Stage fighter, he had always been searching for a way to level up. But it was difficult - even for fighters in his level - to get through the last three Stages. However, with the Holy Chestnut, it would be a completely different story.

I can easily breakthrough if I can have that Holy Chestnut.

“Where’s the auctioneer?” questioned Ran Yi.

“They’re staying at the auction house’s inn. The auctioneer is a young man.”

A young man?

Ran Yi glanced at his bodyguard.

“Is he a Pinnacle Master?” the bodyguard’s deep voice rang out.

“Would a Pinnacle Master auction off a Holy Chestnut?” Ran Yi counter questioned.

The bodyguard hesitated a bit before shaking his head. A Pinnacle Master would surely not run out of money. Aside from that, the Holy Chestnut was something money could never buy.

“Could it be that he got the Holy Chestnut by accident and doesn’t know its value at all?” questioned the bodyguard, to which Ran Yi shook his head as a response.

No matter how unknowledgeable a person was, they would still know how valuable the Holy Chestnut was.

“What Stage fighter is he?”

Liu Ding shook his head and replied, “I can’t tell, but his disciple is a Fifth Stage fighter.”

Hearing that, Ran Yi smiled at the bodyguard. *Even his disciple is a Fifth Stage fighter. There’s no way he doesn’t know the fruit’s value.*

“Maybe he really is a Pinnacle Master,” concluded Ran Yi.

“I heard there’s only one Pinnacle Master at Imperial Court, and it’s a female by the name of Fei Lingsheng,” uttered the bodyguard.

Ran Yi, of course, knew this bit of information. In fact, he had the honor to meet Fei Lingsheng many years ago, and that was an unforgettable moment that he would cherish until his last breath.

At this moment, the elderly man furrowed his brows before muttering, “Maybe he’s a Pinnacle Master from either of the other two countries?”

The bodyguard turned serious upon hearing his words because that was possible. *Perhaps that Pinnacle Master got the Holy Chestnut when he was weaving through the Dark Forest.*

“Do we need to report this to Imperial Court?”

Ran Yi pondered for a while before shaking his head. Pinnacle Masters were strong fighters, so he could not afford to be in trouble with them. Regardless of where they came from or what their goal was, he knew he had no right to interfere in their matters lest he lose his life just like that.

“We’ll discuss this matter again after I meet him. We really can’t afford to piss off someone like him.”

“Have you told the inn to treat our honored guest with care?”

“Yes, I have,” replied Liu Ding.

Ran Yi nodded. “Since he has decided to auction off his Holy Chestnut, we’ll make all the necessary arrangements for him. We’ll have this item in our next auction. Go spread the word out.”

“Right away,” affirmed Liu Ding.

“We’ve sold countless rare items in our years of doing this business, but this time is different. I’m anticipating how far the bidders will go for the Holy Chestnut. Maybe some will even throw hands.”

The bodyguard’s lips quivered as if he wanted to say something, but no words came out. He obviously wanted the Holy Chestnut for himself, yet he did not know where to begin to appeal for it.

Even so, Ran Yi figured out his intention. “You should give up that idea of yours. This is something an ordinary

person can't get. Once the news is spread, those powerful families at the Imperial Court will surely not miss this chance. Though I hold some authority over Fengshang City, I'm still a mere small fry compared to them."

Disappointment flashed through the bodyguard's eyes - he knew what Ran Yi said was true.

Those powerful families would definitely participate in this auction, and it would surely turn into a battle among the gods.

When Liu Ding returned to the auction house, he wasted no time instructing his people to inform the world about the next auction.

Everyone in Fengshang City was knocked down with a feather when they received this shocking news.

Who would have thought that a rare item from the Dark Forest would be auctioned off?

Soon, the word quickly spread to Imperial Court.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Meanwhile, Fei Ling'er was sleeping alone in the Fengyan Inn.

When she heard the news from the people in the inn, the first person that appeared in her mind was Han Jingru.

A rumored mysterious person had decided to auction off the Holy Chestnut, and other than Han Jingru, she could think of no one else who would do such a thing.

However, she was equally shocked and curious about why the man wanted to auction the Holy Chestnut off. Even Pinnacle Masters would be exceedingly cautious in the Dark Forest when they aimed to get the fruit. It made her wonder who Han Jingru truly was.

“How did that guy get the Holy Chestnut?” Even as the full moon rose in the sky, Fei Ling'er was still wide awake. Her mind was filled with questions regarding the Holy Chestnut because she, of all people, knew how tough it was to get the fruit.

Suddenly, Fei Ling'er was on high alert when a familiar aura was nearing her room, and she sensed that the incoming person was without a good intention.

Not long after, she suddenly broke into a smile when she figured out who that person was.

“That young man doesn't know how to give up, huh?”

Soon, she pretended to be asleep when she noticed the other party was right in front of her door.

The man opened the door easily and slipped into the room. Though his footsteps were light, Fei Ling'er could

still detect his every move and could even picture his movements in her mind.

“Why are you here in the middle of the night?” she asked when the man stopped at the bedside.

He was the old man whom the young man from before had ordered to deal with Han Jingru.

He, of course, knew that Fei Ling'er was the only one that remained here, which was why he had been brave enough to break in.

For him, if he could capture the woman and bring her back to Feng Ye, perhaps the latter would be satisfied. On top of that, they could use her to threaten Han Jingru.

The old man had initially been glad that the girl was alone; it opened up an opportunity for him. However, when Fei Ling'er fluttered her eyes open, he felt a bad omen in the pit of his stomach.

“Forgive me, girl.” The old man then decided to make his move upon noticing that Fei Ling'er was awake.

However, his whole body was suddenly paralyzed when he had only stretched his hands out.

“W-what's going on?” he shouted, terrified.

Fei Ling'er sat up and stared at him curiously. “I think you're aware that the others are not here, but why do you still come after me? Do I look like I'd be bullied that easily?”

The girl's nonchalant behavior petrified the old man even

more.

He was sure that they were the only ones in the room because he felt no other presence, which meant that she was the one who had paralyzed him.

How could this happen? I'm a Seventh Stage fighter, and she's only a girl!

"You're gonna die right here if you refuse to answer me. Isn't it a shame to die as a Seventh Stage fighter? I know what you've endured trying to achieve that Stage."

Chills ran down the old man's spine upon hearing her words.

She knows I'm a Seventh Stage fighter? Impossible. Doesn't that mean she's beyond my level? But how? She seems only around fifteen or sixteen. How did she achieve such high Stages at her age?

"W-who are you?"

Fei Ling'er stood up, walked to the window, and looked at the shining full moon. "Whatever happened today is between them and your Young Master. But you somehow decided to involve me too. Why? Is it because I look like an easy target? Fighters shouldn't have such mindsets, you know."

"H-he's a seven-star Beastmaster. And since you've figured out my Stage, you probably know that a seven-star familiar is stronger than me. I can't win against it," explained the old man.

Fei Ling'er swirled her body around with a hint of

mischief on her face. "Do you mean to say that you can win against me?"

The old man had thought so at first - he had never expected to be in such a tight spot when attempting to kidnap the girl.

In his mind, Fei Ling'er was easy to deal with, especially so without the others around.

However, he no longer thought the same considering that she had put him in such a situation so easily. In fact, he now felt like she was the most difficult to deal with among the four.

"N-no. I didn't know you were the strongest in the group," replied the old man fearfully. If he were given a choice, he would rather be faced with Manticore instead of Fei Ling'er.

The girl smiled and asked, "Do you want to know who I am?"

"If knowing who you are can keep me alive, then yes."

"You're smart, aren't you? But that isn't up to you. I, Fei Lingsheng, always kill people without explanations. Even Imperial Court never questions me."

Fei Lingsheng? The old man's eyes filled with utter terror at the realization.

This girl is Fei Lingsheng? The Imperial Court's Pinnacle Master?

The reveal made him feel like he was in a nightmare. *I almost attacked a Pinnacle Master!*

This was something he dared not to think about - the Emperor feared Fei Lingsheng.

“I never thought I’d be lucky enough to meet you in this lifetime, Madam Fei. Even if I die here, I’d still be content,” said the old man, dejected. He knew there was no way to escape death now, so he did not even attempt to struggle.

“Wanting you dead is only an evil thought of mine. I’ll spare you this time. But remember, you’ll know me as Fei Ling’er from now on.”

Upon hearing that, the old man knelt and kowtowed to her. “Thank you for sparing me, Madam Fei. Thank you so much.”

“There’s a reason why I’m not killing you, though. Are you interested in finding out why?” asked Fei Ling’er with a smile.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The old man knew that it was just an excuse, and he would be killed if he wasn't useful to Fei Ling'er.

"Please go ahead, Madam Fei. I swear on my life that I'll carry out your orders to the best of my abilities."

Fei Ling'er smiled and teased him, "You're old but smart. I'm relieved to know that."

The old man said, "Madam Fei, I won't disappoint you."

Fei Ling'er asked, "Your young master harbors hatred toward Han Jingru, right?"

"He hates him to the core and even instructed me to kill him," the old man didn't dare to lie and told her the truth.

Fei Ling'er announced, "Great! I want him to kill Han Jingru. If he can't, convince him to seek help from his family."

The old man was shocked. *Why does Fei Ling'er want to kill Han Jingru? They seemed to get along well.*

And if she wants to kill someone, there's no need to order someone else to do it. She has the power, so she can take down Han Jingru easily. Why does she want to complicate things?

Although the old man had a lot of doubts, he didn't dare to ask further. "Don't worry, Madam Fei. I'll assist him and persuade his family to give their all in the mission."

"Alright. You're dismissed." Having said that, Fei Ling'er went back to bed.

Chapter 970

The old man quickly left the room, as he didn't have the guts to stay there any longer.

After leaving the inn, the old man finally heaved a sigh of relief. He was so nervous talking to Fei Ling'er that his back was drenched with sweat.

But it was understandable, given that he was meeting a big shot like Fei Ling'er.

Not only was she the strongest Pinnacle Master in the Imperial Court, but she was also the Emperor's guest of honor. Hence, there was no one who wouldn't be anxious about meeting a person as powerful as her.

The old man murmured, "I've never thought that I would have the chance to meet Madam Fei. This is such an honor. Thank the gods for giving me the opportunity to be of use to her."

He suspected nothing about Fei Ling'er's identity, as he had seen her capabilities before.

Thinking of Fei Ling'er's overpowering strength sent a chill down his spine. As he recalled being trapped by her, he was overcome with fear in an instant. Despite being a Seventh Stage fighter, he couldn't even move an inch while he was facing her. The gap between their capabilities was beyond words.

If Fei Ling'er wanted to kill him, she could do it with the snap of a finger.

She was truly the definition of a strong fighter, and only with such great strength would one be deemed valuable by the Emperor.



Chapter 970

Before long, the old man returned to a small house in a remote area.

Feng Ye was the one who built the house, and this burnt a big hole out of his pocket. Furthermore, the surroundings of the small courtyard were substandard. This only made his hatred against Han Jingru deepen.

When Feng Ye saw the old man returning alone, his expression changed instantly.

He questioned the old man in a cold and sharp tone, "Don't tell me you couldn't even handle a young girl."

The old man was only respectful toward Feng Ye because of his family.

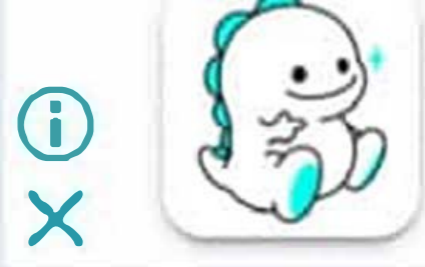
However, that was before the old man met Fei Ling'er. It was obvious that his attitude toward Feng Ye had changed.

If I can work for Fei Ling'er, there won't be a need to fear Feng Ye anymore.

Nevertheless, the old man pretended to be respectful toward Feng Ye because he knew Fei Ling'er wanted to make use of him to accomplish something. Being the bridge between the two of them, the old man couldn't afford to let Feng Ye suspect a thing, as it might disrupt the mission Fei Ling'er gave him.

"Young Master, she had guards protecting her. I've failed my mission." The old man bowed as he appeared quite apologetic.

Feng Ye gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. "Useless



Chapter 970

trash! Are the Seventh Stage fighters so pathetic? I have no use for you.”

The old man smiled indifferently. *Seventh Stage?*

So what?

She's Fei Lingsheng, the strongest fighter in the Imperial Court. Even Seventh Stage fighters are nothing but trash in her presence.

The old man advised, “Young Master, if you wish to get back at Han Jingru, perhaps it would be better to seek help from your family. After all, your father has some subordinates who are among the last three stages.”

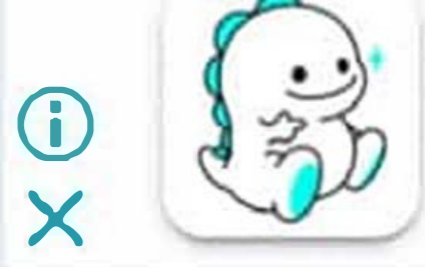
Feng Ye took in a deep breath. *I'm already an adult. I'll have to take care of the matters by myself.*

He didn't wish for others to settle everything for him. Besides, his father would not value him and he wouldn't be qualified to inherit his family's wealth if he couldn't handle such a trivial matter.

Hence, Feng Ye rejected his suggestion, “You know nothing. If I seek help from my father, he won't hand over the patriarch position to me.”

The old man explained, “Young Master, it's not a trivial matter. He is a seven-star Beastmaster, and he has a subordinate whom we know nothing of. I think your father would understand. Besides, someone is auctioning off the Holy Chestnut, so I'm sure your father will come to Fengshang City once he knows about it.”

In truth, Feng Ye hadn't informed his family members

**BIGO LIVE**

4.4 ★ FREE

INSTALL

Chapter 970

about the auctioning of the Holy Chestnut yet. However, even if he didn't, his father would find out eventually since this news was so sensational that it would cause an uproar across the whole Imperial Court in no time.

Feng Ye said as his expression turned serious, "If my father knows that the Holy Chestnut is up for auction, he will definitely come to Fengshang City."

The old man laughed. "By then, Young Master, you won't have to worry about confronting Han Jingru anymore."

Listening to his words, Feng Ye was displeased. Even if his father could help him deal with Han Jingru, he wished to take matters into his own hands. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do but seek help from his father as Han Jingru was way out of his league.

A seven-star Beastmaster wasn't some easy opponent.

Feng Ye asked, "Do you know their backgrounds?"

The old man replied, "I'll look into it and give you the information by tomorrow night."

Feng Ye nodded and said, "Death to those who have little connection with the Imperial Court and dare to go against me since we, the Feng family, have deep ties with the Imperial Court."

The next day, the news about the Holy Chestnut appearing on the auction list spread like wildfire within the walls of the Imperial Court, and even the Emperor was shocked when he heard about it.

The whole nation was named after the Imperial Court,

Chapter 970

which was the capital city.

Hence, those who lived there weren't commoners, and practically everyone in that city had high status.

Maybe their status in the Imperial Court was nothing to shout about, but they were still considered big shots in other cities.

At the Emperor's residence, Dragon Emperor Palace.

The supreme ruler of the Imperial Court wore a shiny golden dragon robe as he stood in the main hall.

"Do any of you know who is auctioning off the Holy Chestnut?" the Emperor asked the servants.

One of the servants replied, "Your Majesty, there isn't any information regarding this matter, but there's one interesting news."

"What is it?" The servant's words piqued the Emperor's interest.

The servant replied, "Han Jingru is in Fengshang City."

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!



BIGO LIVE

4.4 ★ FREE

INSTALL

Chapter 971

The Emperor frowned when he heard the words “Han Jingru.”

I haven't met this person, but he has caused me a lot of trouble.

Han Jingru killed the members of the Imperial Court and enraged many people. If it wasn't for the Emperor, they could've gone to seek revenge on Han Jingru.

The Emperor valued Han Jingru's power, so he didn't care about him murdering his subjects.

But this guy is too much of a troublemaker.

Feeling puzzled, the Emperor asked, “You're saying that he is the one who is auctioning off the Holy Chestnut? Could it be that he has reached the Pinnacle Stage?”

The servant said, “Your Majesty, I can't say for sure, but something's definitely amiss.”

The Emperor nodded. *The Holy Chestnut is a rare item, and it has never been put up for auction before. Besides, it has only appeared twice in history, so there's no way the person having the Holy Chestnut will auction it off.*

And if there is one man who would do this, he must be Han Jingru.

After all, he is the only one who dares to kill three of the Imperial Court's men.

The servant continued, “Your Majesty, I have something else to report, but I'm not sure if I should.”

Chapter 971

The Emperor gave his consent, "There's no one else here. Go ahead."

The servant said, "I heard Madam Fei is in Fengshang City too."

"The Holy Chestnut is up for auction, so it's not surprising that Fei Lingsheng is in Fengshang City. Even if she's a Pinnacle Master, she must want to obtain such a rare item. Legend has it that there's another stage above the Pinnacle Stage, but no one has discovered that stage yet. If she can get her hands on the Holy Chestnut, maybe she will be able to ascend to that mysterious stage," the Emperor said indifferently as he thought Fei Lingsheng appearing in Fengshang City wasn't something unexpected.

The Alpha Stage.

This stage was only existent in legends, and the Pinnacle Masters of The Three Nations were desperately trying to figure it out.

Using the Holy Chestnut to ascend to the next stage was one of the shortcuts, so it wasn't odd that Fei Lingsheng wanted to obtain it.

The servant said, "Your Majesty, before the news about the Holy Chestnut spread across the nations, she was already in Fengshang City. Things aren't as simple as they seemed to be."

"Where did you hear this rumor from? I knew nothing about this." The Emperor looked rather doubtful.

Fei Lingsheng was an elusive person, and even the

Chapter 971

Emperor had no right to control her. The servant was helping the Emperor to keep track of her, but it wasn't easy to find out Fei Lingsheng's whereabouts.

The servant explained, "It was just a coincidence. I received the news this morning, so I didn't get to inform you in time."

If this rumor were indeed true, it would provide food for thought.

The Emperor guessed, "You're saying that Fei Lingsheng went to Fengshang City to look for Han Jingru and not the Holy Chestnut?"

The servant replied, "That's right. As for the reason, I guess only Madam Fei knows."

"Although Fei Lingsheng pledged her loyalty to the Imperial Court, we aren't able to fully control her. I value Han Jingru because he is the only one who can fight against her if she decides to betray us. But now that she went to Fengshang City for Han Jingru, there must be something fishy about their relationship." The Emperor was feeling anxious as he knew that Fei Lingsheng was free to leave the Imperial Court at any time and no one could stop her.

The Emperor had wished to win Han Jingru over when he first knew of the latter to build trust between the Imperial Court and him.

But now, Fei Lingsheng was one step ahead of them, so the Emperor was worried.

The servant replied, "Your Majesty, there's no need to get



BIGO LIVE

4.4 ★ FREE

INSTALL

Chapter 971

all worked up. After all, it isn't easy to control these powerful beings, and you've already done your best. There's nothing you can do to stop Fei Lingsheng if she truly has an ulterior motive."

The Emperor sighed. *This is the truth, and I have no choice but to accept it.*

Although he had absolute authority and the highest status in the Imperial Court, it didn't mean he could act as he pleased. For instance, he couldn't control people like Fei Lingsheng and Han Jingru.

"They'd better not go to other nations. Otherwise, I'll have to make them stay in the Imperial Court at all costs, even if it means killing them. After all, there's a reason that the Imperial Court is able to remain strong for hundreds of years." The Emperor wore a cold expression on his face.

The servant's heart skipped a beat as he didn't expect the Emperor to say something so outrageous.

Where did His Majesty get his courage from? Killing two Pinnacle Masters was easier said than done.

It seems that there are some secrets about the Imperial Court that even I, His Majesty's right-hand man, know nothing of.

Other than the Emperor, the prominent families living in the Imperial Court were also overwhelmed by the shocking news.

As soon as they found out about it, they immediately sent their men to Fengshang City so that they could get their hands on the Holy Chestnut.



Chapter 971

In no time, countless groups of people from different regions began making their way to Fengshang City. There was no doubt that the auction this time would eventually become the liveliest one throughout history.

Meanwhile, the person who caused the uproar was still dreaming in his sleep.

Han Jingru hadn't expected that auctioning off the Holy Chestnut would cause such a stir, which even attracted the attention of the Imperial Court.

Bailing Wan'er couldn't help but wake Han Jingru up from his sleep, and the latter looked at her groggily.

"Why did you wake me? I was dreaming," Han Jingru said in a displeased tone. In his dreams, he was at the Genting Villa. Han Xiang was running toward him, and just when he was about to take her into an embrace, he snapped back to reality. This made him feel bummed.

If she had waited for a few more seconds before waking me up, I could've taken my daughter into my arms.

"Something major has happened!" Bailing Wan'er looked at Han Jingru's sleepy face helplessly.

"Is the sky falling?" Han Jingru joked while Bailing Wan'er shook her head.

Han Jingru said as he lay back down on the bed, closing his eyes. "The sky's not falling, so it's nothing serious. Don't disturb me again. I'll go back to sleep and see if I can continue my dream."

Bailing Wan'er was exasperated. She sat on the bed and

**BIGO LIVE**

4.4 ★ FREE

INSTALL

Chapter 971

tugged at Han Jingru's clothes. "Do you know that the entire Fengshang City is in chaos?"

Han Jingru looked at her and pursed his lips. "I only know if it weren't because of you, I would've hugged my daughter."

"All because of you auctioning off the Holy Chestnut, everyone in Fengshang City is discussing the identity of the seller. I heard that many prominent families are going to take part in the auction. It will cause a lot of trouble if your identity as the seller is leaked," Bailing Wan'er grumbled. She had followed Han Jingru to go into hiding, but now that Han Jingru was standing in the limelight, she was at risk of getting exposed.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

After hearing her words, Han Jingru was instantly full of vigor.

He had never thought that auctioning off the Holy Chestnut would cause such a huge commotion.

The prominent families within the walls of the Imperial Court are coming for the Holy Chestnut? It will be troublesome if that's the case.

“Is the Holy Chestnut worth so much?” Han Jingru looked at Bailing Wan'er in confusion. He didn't know the value of the Holy Chestnut in Xenos, so he decided to put it up for auction to find out its worth, but the result was beyond his imagination.

Bailing Wan'er looked at Han Jingru in disbelief. *He's asking me that? Is he even from this world? Even a commoner must know of the Holy Chestnut. This item is so rare that only a few people have seen it with their own eyes, but even children know its value.*

Bailing Wan'er asked as she stared at Han Jingru, “You really don't know what kind of item the Holy Chestnut is?”

“I had been cultivating in the mountains, isolated from worldly affairs since I was young. Is not knowing all this that weird?” Han Jingru said with a calm expression. This was the excuse he made for himself to prevent others' suspicion as he knew nothing of Xenos.

Bailing Wan'er couldn't help but roll her eyes at him. “The Holy Chestnut can be found in the Dark Forest. Don't tell me you know nothing of the Dark Forest as well?”

Han Jingru replied with ease, "I know. The Dark Forest is extremely dangerous, and only Pinnacle Masters can set foot in there. It is also the passageway to other nations."

Bailing Wan'er continued explaining, "Right. There're many familiars in the Dark Forest, and this is the reason why it is so difficult to find the Holy Chestnut. It is said that the familiars protect the Holy Chestnuts, which makes it even harder to harvest them. So, do you understand the rarity of the chestnuts now?"

After listening to her explanation, Han Jingru finally realized how foolish his actions were. An item this rare would surely cause a commotion, and it was only natural for different forces across the nation to come and bid for the Holy Chestnut in Fengshang City.

Moreover, Han Jingru would be in deep waters if his identity as the seller was leaked.

Although he regretted his decision, it was already too late to do anything about it. Now that the matter had gotten out of hand, it was impossible to put out the excitement of the people in the Imperial Court.

"The Emperor must've known of this. If he comes here personally, I'll be as good as dead." Bailing Wan'er looked at Han Jingru with terror in her eyes. There was no way the Emperor was still oblivious to the news since they had caused such an uproar across the nation. However, she wasn't prepared to meet the Emperor.

"Don't worry. I can protect you even if he's here. On the contrary, it's those prominent families that I'm worried about," Han Jingru said as he grimaced, thinking about the incessant problems that would come his way. He

wasn't concerned about the Emperor approaching them because he knew the latter wouldn't make things difficult for him.

On the other hand, the prominent families didn't know who Han Jingru was, so problems would surely arise one after another if they found out that Han Jingru was the one with the Holy Chestnut. He wouldn't be able to give a reasonable explanation if they queried how he possessed a Holy Chestnut.

And of course, there was a solution to all of this. Han Jingru just had to kill whoever came to him, but this would only put him in the spotlight.

Things definitely weren't looking good for Han Jingru.

After all, he had some goals to achieve in Xenos—to look into the matter about Xenos invading Earth and the sense of familiarity he felt toward the Restricted Area as well as to search for Jiang Yingying. As of now, he had yet to accomplish any of those.

If he didn't keep a low profile, his every move in the future would be closely monitored by others, just like those superstars on Earth.

Everything they did would be exposed to the public, and they couldn't act freely.

On the other hand, commoners didn't have these kinds of worries because no one cared about they did.

"It's too late now. Let's see how you're going to deal with this," Bailing Wan'er said helplessly.

Han Jingru replied indifferently, sounding like he had gone through this situation many times before, "What else can I do? I'll just have to take it one step at a time, and everything will work itself out. If not, I don't mind killing them all."

Bailing Wan'er's eye twitched when she heard him speaking of murder so nonchalantly.

After getting to know Han Jingru, Bailing Wan'er felt that he wasn't some ruthless murderer. *He had no choice but to kill those three men from the Imperial Court. But why did he utter the word 'kill' so casually? Besides, the icy aura he emanated made him seem like the Grim Reaper who has descended to the mortal world.*

Am I overthinking? Or did Han Jingru just reveal his other side?

Han Jingru didn't wish to stain his hands with blood. After all, he was born on Earth, and committing murder was against the law, so he wouldn't resort to violence and killing others if he had another choice.

But this didn't mean he wasn't a slaughterer.

After all, he had massacred the entire Terra Prison, so he was no different from the Grim Reaper at that time.

"You must be bluffing. Killing those people from the prominent families is easier said than done." Bailing Wan'er pursed her lips in disdain.

Han Jingru chuckled, but he was lazy to explain it to her.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. "Master!

“Master, are you awake?” Huang Xiaoyong was shouting anxiously outside the room.

Han Jingru took a glance at Bailing Wan'er, and she went to open the door.

When Huang Xiaoyong saw Bailing Wan'er in his master's room, he gave her an ambiguous smile before going to Han Jingru's side.

“Master, there's a huge ruckus. Every prominent family in the Imperial Court has sent their men to Fengshang City. Do you know why?” Huang Xiaoyong deliberately kept him in suspense.

Han Jingru said indifferently, “It's all because of the Holy Chestnut. I know everything, so don't waste your breath.”

After his excitement was put out by Han Jingru's words, Huang Xiaoyong immediately became sullen like a deflated balloon. He was initially thinking of showing off, but he had no idea that Han Jingru already knew everything.

“Master, what should we do now? How about we cancel the auction? If this goes on, your identity will be exposed.” Huang Xiaoyong knew Han Jingru was purposely concealing his true power, or else he wouldn't have let the people in Longyun City mock him as they pleased.

But this time, it was quite likely that Han Jingru's identity would be exposed, so Huang Xiaoyong thought it would be best to pull out from the auction.

Bailing Wan'er glared at Huang Xiaoyong as if he was a

Chapter 972

fool. "Are you stupid or what? Do you actually think that canceling the auction will solve everything?"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Huang Xiaoyong blinked his eyes innocently. "Why not? It's not like they can force us to sell it."

Bailing Wan'er sighed loudly as she rolled her eyes at his naivety. *Is his brain not functioning?*

Bailing Wan'er asked, "Don't you know that people tend to envy others who own what they don't have?"

Being a dense guy, Huang Xiaoyong couldn't comprehend what Bailing Wan'er was trying to say, so he ignored her statement. "Master, what do you say?"

Han Jingru replied, "What Wan'er said makes sense. Canceling the auction will only displease the Fengmo Auction House. What if they expose our identities out of spite? Our lives will be at risk. As for the prominent families, they will do anything to get their hands on the Holy Chestnut."

Huang Xiaoyong sighed. "But if this goes on, things will not end well. After all, there is only one Holy Chestnut. I bet those who don't get the Holy Chestnut will not spare us."

Han Jingru smiled. *Surprisingly, Huang Xiaoyong can be quite clever sometimes, and he is indeed right. Those who don't get the Holy Chestnut will do whatever it takes to know where it came from, and I'll be in deep trouble.*

Unfortunately, it was too late for Han Jingru to regret his actions. The moment he showed the Holy Chestnut to Liu Ding, things were destined to spin out of control.

Besides, Han Jingru was certain that the Fengmo Auction House wouldn't conceal his identity. After all, a small auction house like theirs was powerless against those prominent families that were known to use threats and bribery to achieve their goals.

While the prominent families were heading to Fengshang City, a small village was holding a farewell ceremony.

All the villagers were reluctant to send the woman before them off. Ever since she came to the village, she had solved many problems for them, from agriculture to protecting the village from the mountain beasts.

She once killed a tiger with her bare hands, which shocked everyone in the village.

“Ms. Jiang, do you really have to go?” A little boy clung onto Jiang Yingying’s arms, reluctant to let go.

Jiang Yingying smiled and said, “I have other important matters to attend to. I’ll come back to see you if I have the chance.”

“But I don’t want you to leave.” The little boy hugged Jiang Yingying tightly.

Jiang Yingying was reluctant to part with the villagers, but she had to as she couldn't spend the rest of her life there.

Ever since she came to Xenos, she had been living in this village. In order to repay the villagers' kindness for taking care of her when she was unconscious, she taught them agriculture and protected the village from the beasts. Hence, everyone regarded her as a fairy who descended to the mortal world to save them.

Now that their fairy was leaving, it was only natural that they felt upset about it.

"I'll definitely return. Do you not believe my words?" Jiang Yingying caressed the little boy's head lovingly.

Looking at Jiang Yingying, the little boy pouted. *I do, but I just don't want you to leave.*

At that moment, a woman walked toward

them and dragged the little boy to her side. "Yingying, we will never forget about you. Please come back when you have time."

Jiang Yingying nodded and said, "I will, Aunt Lin."

With that, Jiang Yingying turned around and left. Although she didn't want to leave them too, she had no choice but to do so.

Two days ago, when Jiang Yingying heard of the commotion in Fengshang City, she knew she had to go there as this was the best chance to meet Han Jingru.

Even if it wasn't to meet Han Jingru, she had to leave the village nonetheless. After all, she had solved all of the villagers' problems, so it was time for her to focus on her own goals.

Before Jiang Yingying came to Xenos, she had always thought of it as a dangerous place. But she changed her mind after

realizing that Xenos was no different from Earth. Although there were bad people here, she had met many good ones too. For instance, the villagers, who lived in simplicity, were the same as the kind-hearted villagers on Earth.

Jiang Yingying murmured to herself, "Jingru, I hope you're in Fengshang City, or else God knows where and when I will finally meet you."

There were only five days left before the auction, and different forces across the nation arrived in Fengshang City after one another. Those prominent families showed off their wealth by buying local residences at a high price. This made the price of the houses rise exponentially in only two days.

After hearing about it, Han Jingru's jaw dropped. He was reminded of those developers on Earth that tried to raise property prices. The only thing different was that the prominent families actually

bought the houses for staying, while those developers on Earth did this to earn more money.

Huang Xiaoyong informed, "Master, those affluent families have started arriving, and many of them have gone to look for Liu Ding. I bet they're trying to inquire about your identity."

Han Jingru could guess what was happening outside without even looking into it. After all, the Holy Chestnut could aid people in ascending to a higher stage, so it was expected that those prominent families would do whatever they could to become stronger.

Han Jingru said, "Liu Ding will not expose me, at least for now."

Huang Xiaoyong said, "But your identity will be revealed one day, and things will only get worse because those people are unreasonable."

“Why should I fear them when even the Emperor shows his respect for me?” Han Jingru wore a calm expression as he had prepared himself for the worst-case scenario. There was no point in fretting about things that hadn’t happened.

Huang Xiaoyong reminded, “Master, you can kill all you want, but what if the Emperor refuses to defend you?” The Emperor had the greatest authority in the nation, but he couldn’t afford to have a fallout with those prominent families. After all, he wouldn’t be a ruler if he didn’t have his subjects.

Han Jingru chuckled. “Is the Imperial Court the only place for us?”

Confusion was written all over Huang Xiaoyong’s face as he didn’t get what Han Jingru was getting at right away. He couldn’t help but gasp after giving it some thought and finally understanding what his master meant.

Huang Xiaoyong widened his eyes in shock. “Master, are you planning to go to other nations?”

Han Jingru said, “Since the Imperial Court doesn’t welcome me, that is the only choice left.”

Huang Xiaoyong broke out in a cold sweat. It was obvious that he was extremely terrified.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“What’s gotten into you?” Han Jingru was baffled as he found his disciple’s reaction to be disproportionate. From his perspective, it would be no different from taking a trip to another country.

“Master, in order to get there, we have to pass through the Dark Forest,” Huang Xiaoyong reminded him. It was a hellish place that drove terror into the hearts of Xenos’ natives at the mere mention of its name; a place where only Pinnacle Masters would dare tread.

“Yes, I know that. So, what about it?” Han Jingru inquired staidly.

Huang Xiaoyong swallowed before he asked cautiously, “Master, could it be that you have attained the Pinnacle Stage?”

Huang Xiaoyong tried to assess his master’s abilities, but his speculations could not be corroborated without compelling evidence. Moreover, he highly

doubted that Han Jingru was a Pinnacle Master as it was unlikely that he could have reached this highest level of attainment at his relatively tender age.

But when he saw how fearless his master seemed about going to the Dark Forest, he wondered if his master's confidence was a reflection of his capability.

Han Jingru merely smiled as he had no idea where he himself stood either. Without having crossed paths with any Pinnacle Masters, he had no inkling of how formidable Fighters at that stage ought to be.

Regardless, he was not worried because he believed that anything could be accomplished so long as he put his mind to it.

With the potency of the innumerable Holy Chestnuts he had with him, the Pinnacle Stage was surely within his grasp.

“Right. What’s Fei Ling’er been up to these last couple of days?” Han Jingru asked as he sought to change the subject.

Fortunately, Huang Xiaoyong was not so daft as to press on with this line of inquiry knowing that his master was reluctant to engage.

“She has been resting at the inn and not doing anything in particular,” Huang Xiaoyong replied.

“What about Feng Ye?” Han Jingru followed up as he understood these rich heirs well. There was little chance that they would just stomach their humiliation and drop off the grid. It would only be a matter of time before that scion came around looking for trouble.

“It is strange because Feng Ye has been keeping a low profile. He moved into a courtyard house and has not left since then. It doesn’t look like he’s planning

anything to get back at us.” The younger man appeared perplexed as he reported his findings.

He had bribed some people in Fengshang City to keep tabs on Feng Ye’s activities, but it seemed like his mark had been very quiet of late.

“It seems that he is still waiting.” Han Jingru smiled.

“Waiting? Whatever for?” Huang Xiaoyong was mystified.

“Since the prominent families in the Imperial Court are expected at this auction, Feng Ye’s family, too, should be making an appearance as well,” Han Jingru explained.

Upon hearing this, it now became apparent to Huang Xiaoyong that Feng Ye was not inactive but was awaiting the arrival of reinforcements.

“Have you looked into the identity of the proprietor of Fengmo Auction House yet?” Han Jingru continued to inquire.

“It is owned by a man called Ran Yi who has a monopoly over half of the entire auction market in Fengshang City. This old fogey is loaded. I’ve also found out where he lives. It seems that he is a bit of a recluse and has not been seen outside of his house in years.” Huang Xiaoyong’s eyes lit up at the mention of money. Although money was already no object with the skills he now possessed, this was a notion that he had yet to get used to.

“It’s not critical whether he goes out. Help me look out for the number of visitors he receives instead. He is the key to ensuring that my cover remains intact,” Han Jingru said.

Liu Ding was just one of many persons in charge. As he was accountable to Ran Yi, Han Jingru was not worried about the

former exposing him.

However, the same could not be said about Ran Yi, who was the man calling the shots. There was a genuine concern that he might choose to betray him if subjected to pressure from the prominent families.

“Not to worry, Master. I have eyes all over the inn, Feng Ye’s house, and Ran Yi’s estate.” The younger man smiled assuredly.

This was why Han Jingru kept Huang Xiaoyong around. His disciple’s assistance made things a lot easier as he did not need to see to everything himself.

For someone who was used to being a feckless leader on Earth like Han Jingru, it would be a difficult transition should it come down to that.

Three days later, all those whose presences were expected had arrived in

Fengshang City. This was to be the most hyped up event in history. After all, apart from Han Jingru, none would ever be willing to put a Holy Chestnut up for auction.

Jiang Yingying had finally made it into the city after enduring the harsh pace of the journey that took several days.

As a lone woman on the road, she had more than her fair share of unpleasant encounters. Ultimately, those with less than honorable intentions got their just deserts as the skills she possessed were not to be underestimated.

She too, like Han Jingru, had previously subsisted on and stuffed herself with the miraculous red fruit.

“It’s surprising to see so many elements of modernity in Fengshang City.” The young woman and Han Jingru shared similar first impressions upon entering the city, where

its architecture roused her impressions of Earth.

When she prepared to try her luck at securing accommodations at an inn, a woman abruptly fronted her.

“What do you want?” Jiang Yingying asked in displeasure.

“I’m just curious,” Fei Ling’er replied with a smile. Determining the ability of another was a simple matter given her current stage.

As Han Jingru had been one outlier for Fei Ling’er, she had not expected the emergence of another like him.

Jiang Yingying, who stood before her, was the second person whom she could not decipher either.

“Curiosity killed the cat. Therefore, I would advise you against harboring any interest

in me,” Jiang Yingying warned.

On any other occasion, anyone who dared speak to Fei Ling'er in this tone would have met a sorry end at her hands.

However, she was not the least upset with this other young woman.

“You look familiar. Have we met somewhere before?” she asked.

Jiang Yingying could understand if men tried to chat her up like that. The approach was passable, albeit a little old-fashioned.

But it was a little unusual for a woman to do that

“What do you really want?” she demanded.

“Right. I remember now. I saw you in a painting which belongs to Han Jingru,” Fei Ling'er replied.

Han Jingru!

Jiang Yingying could not contain her excitement when she heard that name, as she had expressly come all this way to Fengshang City to find him. To run into someone who knew him as soon as she stepped into the city was certainly serendipitous.

“Do you know him?” she inquired eagerly.

Fei Ling'er remained unperturbed as she put on a smile. “Not only do I know him well, but I also know all of his secrets.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Jiang Yingying buoyantly approached the other woman. She could scarcely believe how fortuitous she was to be able to chance upon a lead on Han Jingru with no effort at all.

She assumed that Fei Ling'er must be closely associated with Han Jingru. Otherwise, the latter would not have been able to recognize her.

Owing to that, Jiang Yingying had completely let her guard down around the other woman.

"Where's Jingru? Take me to him, quickly." Since her arrival in Xenos, she had not received any news of Han Jingru for a very long time. That was why she could not wait to see him.

"Sigh," Fei Ling'er exhaled. "That would be extremely difficult to do."

"Did something happen to him?" The

corner of Jiang Yingying's lips fell as her smile faded. Should anything untoward should befall Han Jingru, her life in Xenos would lose all meaning.

Fei Ling'er intentionally suppressed the pitch of her voice. "I assume that you are aware of the recent auctioning of the Holy Chestnut."

Jiang Yingying nodded. This was the very matter that brought her here.

There was probably no one within the walls of the Imperial Court who was not in the know about this.

"What about it?" Jiang Yingying could not connect the dots between that auction and Han Jingru.

"Don't you know he was the one who put the Holy Chestnut up for auction? He went into hiding afterward as he did not expect that it would cause such a furor," Fei

Ling'er explained.

*The Holy Chestnut was put up for auction
by Han Jingru!*

Jiang Yingying was a smart lass. Even though she had not seen the Holy Chestnut, she inferred that it could very well be the red fruit itself. As both of them were able to accelerate the advancement of stages when consumed, they must be the same thing.

But why is it necessary for Jingru to go into hiding?

"I still don't understand why that prompted him to go into hiding," she said equivocally.

Fei Ling'er rolled her eyes at that. "Don't tell me that you have no idea how valuable the Holy Chestnut is either. He made the mistake of putting it up for auction due to his ignorance. Not only will the prominent families want to buy the fruit, but they will

also want to know who the seller is because of their desire to locate its source. This naturally makes Han Jingru a target for all of them.”

Jiang Yingying nodded as she finally understood his decision to stay low.

The Holy Chestnut originated from Earth. What good would this information be to these guys even if they were to find out anyway?

With that in perspective, it also became apparent to her why he had to keep his identity under wraps, as all hell would break loose otherwise.

“I heard you saying that you knew all his secrets. Don’t you know where he is?” she asked.

In order to gain her confidence, Fei Ling’er needed Jiang Yingying to think that she was close to Han Jingru. Moreover, she

could not allow the woman to realize that he was wary of her. It was therefore crucial that she tackled that question well in order to keep her goals in sight.

“With so many pairs of peering eyes all over Fengshang City, he would draw a lot of attention to himself should he continue to be in the company of a pretty girl like me. That was why I had suggested for him to get off the radar, lest I cause him trouble,” Fei Ling’er expounded.

This reason may seem like a bit of a stretch, but it had a certain logical sense to it. It hit especially close to home for Jiang Yingying, whose own good looks had been the root cause of some unwelcome attention on herself en-route to Fengshang City.

It had to be said that beauty could be a curse at times.

“Right. I don’t suppose you have found

somewhere to put up at just yet, as all the rooms in Fengshang City should have been taken up by now. You could stay with me if you don't mind squeezing in," Fei Ling'er suggested.

Jiang Yingying answered in the affirmative without a second thought. She felt that she needed to stick with this woman if she were to have any chance of reuniting with Han Jingru.

As the duo made their way to the inn together, Fei Ling'er sensed that Jiang Yingying had grown more comfortable around her. The corner of her lips curled slightly at the thought of being able to learn more about Han Jingru through her increasingly trusting companion.

Once they were back in the room, Fei Ling'er said, "I hope you don't mind sharing a bed with me."

Jiang Yingying shook her head vigorously.

“Not at all. I’m extremely grateful to have a roof over my head, so thank you.”

Be it on Earth or on Xenos, Jiang Yingying was as grounded a person as they come. Never had she swelled with pride or put on airs despite her newfound powers. She was even less concerned about the state of her living arrangements, considering that Fei Ling’er was a friend of Han Jingru.

“Jingru has been desperately searching for you since he was in Longyun City, so it was quite unexpected that we should run into each other here,” Fei Ling’er brooded.

“Was Jingru in Longyun City all this while?” Jiang Yingying asked inquisitively.

“Don’t you remember how you lost contact with each other?” Fei Ling’er asked, confounded.

There was no way Jiang Yingying was going to tell her that they had been

separated since they were in the Dimensional Tunnel. But she was not one who was used to deceit, so she struggled for an answer when confronted with this question.

The observant Fei Ling'er reacted with understanding. "It's alright. You don't have to tell me anything that you are not comfortable sharing."

Jiang Yingying merely nodded in silence.

To enliven the conversation and bring both of them closer, Fei Ling'er continued, "Would you like to hear what Jingru was up to in Longyun City? He even became someone's live-in son-in-law!"

"Live-in son-in-law." She looked dumbfoundedly at Fei Ling'er.

These words were awfully familiar to her.

In Yun City back on Earth, Han Jingru

became the laughing stock precisely because he was the live-in son-in-law of the Su family. That led him to continue being the subject of public ridicule for three straight years thereafter.

With him reprising that role even in Xenos, it had Jiang Yingying wondering if he could ever shake off that label.

Her sentiment at this moment straddled sympathy and amusement as well as every indescribable feeling in-between.

“Yeah, this was a hot issue in Longyun City as the lady was from one of the city’s Three Major Families. Their union had certainly made more than a few jaws hit the floor,” Fei Ling’er quipped.

Jiang Yingying smiled bitterly at this uncanny tale of Deja-vu. It was like a rerun of that episode on Earth all over again.

Even if the Sus were not considered a

Chapter 975

prominent family in Yun City, they were sufficiently established in their own rights. The marriage between Han Jingru and Su Yimo had similarly taken many by surprise. It was hard to believe that there would be an encore of that drama over here on Xenos as well.

“Perhaps, that is meant to be the story of his life,” Jiang Yingying concluded.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“What do you mean by that?” This time, it was Fei Ling’er’s turn to be confused. *Could it be that Han Jingru was in a similar situation before?*

How could anything this absurd happen to anyone twice? Is this some sort of bizarre past-time for him? Could a fighter like him possibly have such a vulgar disposition?

“It’s nothing. I was just making a casual comment,” Jiang Yingying said.

Fei Ling’er kept up with her masquerade, but she knew that there were still many secrets surrounding Han Jingru. Jiang Yingying’s reluctance to share more about this particular matter informed her that she had not fully earned her trust.

However, she was patient as she knew time was on her side.

“I don’t understand why someone as powerful as him would be willing to

subject himself to such humiliation. He was even kicked out of the Chen residence and publicly shamed. After all, he is a fighter. He could easily bathe the Chen family in blood if he wanted to." Fei Ling'er pretended to be befuddled so as to prompt a reaction from Jiang Yingying.

Jiang Yingying was not all that surprised to hear the things the other woman had to say.

Han Jingru was previously mocked because he was nothing compared to the Su family in terms of social status. Though his prowess meant that he was not the same man as he was before, the present circumstances were notably different.

Things that were usually unthinkable for others were nothing to Han Jingru.

Jiang Yingying understood that it was necessary for him to endure whatever was thrown his way. He needed to avoid

drawing attention to himself because it was imperative for him to conceal the fact that he did not belong in Xenos.

“Jingru has always been one who favors subtlety. He doesn’t like being quarrelsome, so it’s nothing atypical for him,” Jiang Yingying said.

“Why does he favor subtlety?” Fei Ling’er asked.

“I guess that’s just in his nature.” This was something Jiang Yingying casually cooked up to fob her.

Fei Ling’er decided against pressing further in order to avoid rousing Jiang Yingying’s suspicions. She already had a plan in place to make Jiang Yingying talk at night.

As the two women continue to banter on idly, visitors had already arrived upon the doorsteps of Ran Yi’s estate.

True to what Bailing Wan'er had anticipated, the prominent families indeed sought more than just possession of the Holy Chestnut. They wanted to learn of its source, an answer which necessitated the unveiling of its seller.

The first wave was led by three elaborately dressed individuals. An elderly flanked by two youngsters immediately impressed upon others as men of exceptional stature.

The elderly man cut an authoritative figure and exuded a formidable presence.

"Are you going to hide from your old friend too?" His voice may have sounded small outside the door but was highly penetrative.

Ran Yi felt the ensuing tremor nearly bursting his eardrums as he sat in the middle of the courtyard.

What followed was a bitter smile on his

face. Ran Yi had known the old tool outside for many years, and the latter had always thrown his weight around in front of him for as long as he could remember. It seemed that his temperament had not changed the least bit.

Ran Yi got to his feet. It was only proper that he went out to receive this old friend personally.

“It’s been so long, He Zhonglin. Why haven’t you worked on that attitude of yours and learned to knock, you imbecile?”
Ran Yi crowed.

He Zhonglin sneered in response, “I’m not touching this rotten door of yours, you dolt.”

His counterpart gnashed his teeth. The two long-time friends often fought in their youth. Ran Yi had since mellowed into a kindly fellow into his twilight years, but he had none of his pleasantness reserved as

far as He Zhonglin was concerned.

“If my rotten door is not worth knocking on, then to what do I owe the pleasure of your ugly mug showing up at my rotten place?” Ran Yi yammered.

He Zhonglin said nothing as he strode toward the courtyard. As he passed Ran Yi, he griped, “I wouldn’t have called on you if I had no business to. You thought I was dying to come here? I told you to fix up this dump a long time ago, but you just wouldn’t listen. Unless you are waiting to receive alms from me, you twit?”

Ran Yi was so rattled that he straight up threw a punch in the direction of He Zhonglin’s back.

When old friends convened, it ought to be an occasion worth clinking glasses to. But between these two, there was only to be an exchange of blows.

With He Zhonglin's ability, he would have easily bested Ran Yi on any given day.

But he intentionally held back, so they were evenly matched as they went back and forth.

Ran Yi appeared gassed after the bout went on for twenty over rounds, while He Zhonglin remained unperturbed.

"Enough of this. D*mn you for always picking on me," Ran Yi fumed as he waved his opponent off. Even if He Zhonglin did not beat him, he would have been floored by his own exhaustion.

He Zhonglin cackled, "There you go, trying to bite off more than you can chew again. Taking me on when you've never been a match for me your whole goddamn life. Pompous fool."

When he witnessed this scene, Ran Yi's bodyguard guffawed, as did the two young

men who came with He Zhonglin.

These two elderly men may look like they could not stand the sight of each other, but in truth, they were really tight. The bickering and fighting were really expressions of their mutual affection. Otherwise, with He Zhonglin's skills, Ran Yi would have been killed dozens of times over.

"Pfft. If not for the injury I suffered back then, do you think you'll have the chance to show off in front of me? I only got hurt to save that mongrel, so don't you forget that," Ran Yi grumbled.

He Zhonglin was huffing with his eyes peeled wide. He poked at Ran Yi's nose angrily. "Who are you calling 'mongrel'? You think I wouldn't dare cripple you?"

Ran Yi sat himself down on the stone bench as he wheezed and heaved. He paid no attention to the other old man's ranting

and started taking a trip down memory lane instead. "Back then..."

"Alright, alright. Enough of 'back then.' You just have to remind me of that every single time we meet. Don't you know that a real man doesn't revel in past glories?" He Zhonglin groaned in exasperation.

"This old bugger here has only lived through one glorious moment, so why can't I talk about it?" Ran Yi scowled indignantly.

The other old man was deflated. Ran Yi lost the ability to continue his training since he sustained serious injuries in the process of saving him back then. There was no way He Zhonglin would allow himself to forget this debt of gratitude.

"You can talk about it all you want, but shouldn't you at least bring out the drinks first?" He Zhonglin muttered.

Ran Yi shot a glance at his bodyguard, who immediately hurried over to the wine cellar.

The scene of old friends convening finally regained some semblance of normalcy with the two reminiscing over drinks. Ran Yi started talking about the days of yore with He Zhonglin flavoring the conversation with a dash of expletives here and there but never interrupting.

When both were close to the brink, He Zhonglin could no longer hold himself back. "You had your turn to speak. Now it's mine."

"I don't need to hear anything from you to know what you want," Ran Yi stated.

"Since you already know, then quickly tell me. Unless you mean to hide it from me," He Zhonglin replied.

Ran Yi chuckled as he waved his hand dismissively. "What good would it do if I told you? What would you do even if you found him?"

Upon hearing this, He Zhonglin grew serious. He put down his glass and asked, "By withholding the identity of the seller, do you mean to suggest that he is a Pinnacle Master?"

Based on He Zhonglin's speculation, the seller must have been someone who came across the Holy Chestnut by accident, as he reckoned that there was no way a Pinnacle Master could have opted to auction off a precious item like that.

Even if the seller did chance upon the Holy Chestnut, finding that person would bring him one step closer to the source. That was a compelling matter for anyone.

"Yes." Ran Yi nodded.

“How could that be, you old bugger? Don’t try to pull a fast one on me,” He Zhonglin growled in disbelief.

Not just him, even the two young companions he arrived with were equally in doubt.

This was because it was an impossibility.

As powerful as a Pinnacle Master was, there was still the legendary Alpha Stage which was the aspiration of every fighter at the Pinnacle Stage.

The Holy Chestnut was the greatest hope for all who were in pursuit of this elusive Alpha Stage, so there was simply no way anyone would simply choose to put it up for auction.

It made no sense either for anyone with the stature of a Pinnacle Master to be short of money.

“Although I do not know the reasons for it, he could definitely be a Pinnacle Master. I don’t wish for you to seek him out because I know your temperament. Should you clash with him, I fear I may lose the only pleasure I have for the remainder of my life,” Ran Yi opined.

The pleasure which Ran Yi mentioned was to see who between them could outlive the other. This was the gauntlet he threw down to He Zhonglin a long time ago.

He Zhonglin knew Ran Yi had meant that he might lose his life should he cross a Pinnacle Master.

However, he remained unwilling to accept that the seller could be a fighter of the Pinnacle Stage as it made no sense to him at all.

“You have to be kidding me. How could a Pinnacle Master be short of money?” He Zhonglin was flummoxed.

“Like I said, I don’t know the actual reason. But his stage is no doubt beyond the reach of the He family.” Ran Yi paused briefly before he continued, “You are a smart man, so surely you must already know where the Holy Chestnuts grow. Don’t tell me you believe that there are sources beyond the Dark Forest?”

He Zhonglin’s expression was somber. Indeed, no one had heard of the Holy Chestnut being found anywhere else besides the Dark Forest. According to legend, one of the prerequisites to its growth was the nourishment of powerful familiars’ breath. That was the reason why the Holy Chestnut could enable the elevation of stages.

He Zhonglin let out a sigh. Though he had to believe the words of his old friend, he could not help but feel disappointed. He thought he could leverage on his friendship with Ran Yi to get what he wanted, but it appeared to have been

nothing more than a pipe dream.

How could an ordinary person possibly come into possession of a Holy Chestnut?

“You don’t have to feel disheartened. With the wealth of the He family, it shouldn’t be difficult to get the Holy Chestnut. Don’t tell me you’re not satisfied with having one?”
Ran Yi asked.

“Of course I would be if I could acquire it. But I don’t think it is going to be that easy. With the prominent families from the entire Imperial Court here, I’m afraid this task would be beyond the He family’s capabilities,” He Zhonglin lamented.

The He family may hold a distinct advantage over the average prominent family, but there were too many moving parts in this auction. With so many families willing to put everything on the line for the Holy Chestnut, this placed the He family in a very onerous position.

Ran Yi nodded. Such was the appeal of the Holy Chestnut that the price the prominent families were willing to pay for it was unimaginable.

Even though the event at the auction house had not started, Ran Yi could already foresee the competition for this coveted item turning into a bloodbath.

“This task might be beyond the He family, but don’t forget that you still have me,” Ran Yi said confidently.

He Zhonglin understood his old friend’s words. Although Ran Yi had kept a low profile in Fengshang City all these years, he had a controlling stake over half of the auctioning business here, and his financial muscle was strong. If he were to enlist Ran Yi’s help, clinching the bid for the Holy Chestnut would not be outside the realm of possibility.

But as a long-time friend, He Zhonglin was

unwilling to go down this path.

He already owed Ran Yi a debt of gratitude when the latter sacrificed the ability to train in order to save his life all those years ago. If he were to ask Ran Yi for another favor, he would never be able to repay him.

Hence, the notion of taking Ran Yi's money was unacceptable to He Zhonglin.

At this moment, a bodyguard came to Ran Yi and whispered, "Mr. Ran, you have another visitor."

"Who is it?" Ran Yi asked.

"Ximen Chang from the Ximen family," replied the guard.

When they heard the name, both the faces of Ran Yi and He Zhonglin fell.

"Never have I expected Ximen Chang to be here in person," He Zhonglin said through

gritted teeth.

The Ximen family was the second most prominent family after the Bailing family. Even in the latter's heydays, the former was only a fraction of a notch beneath their contemporary. Ever since the eradication of the Bailing family, the Ximens have taken over the mantle of the undisputed premier prominent family in the Imperial Court. Due to their proximity to the Emperor himself, they remained largely unfettered by the Imperial Court.

"Acquiring the Holy Chestnut would indeed be an uphill task for the He family now," Ran Yi lamented.

The appearance of Ximen Chang himself was a signal of intent for the Ximen family. That gesture alone would be sufficient to warn off most would-be competitors.

After all, no one would want to cross the head of the Ximen family out of concern

for the backlash that may follow in its wake.

“The He family will hold nothing back even with his involvement,” the defiant He Zhonglin declared.

Ran Yi nodded. As intimidating as Ximen Chang might be, the Holy Chestnut was still a prize worth fighting for.

“Retreat to the backyard first, all of you. I shall meet with this Ximen Chang myself,” Ran Yi commanded.

He Zhonglin and his followers then headed to the rear, escorted by Ran Yi’s own bodyguard.

Shortly after, a wizened elder appeared before Ran Yi. His lengthy and unrested mane flowed with the billowing wind, and he exuded an incomparable presence.

Ran Yi got to his feet and bowed

respectfully. "Never would I have expected to have the great honor of meeting Mr. Ximen in this lifetime."

Ximen Chang scoffed at this attempt at flattery. In his position, he had no regard for commoners like Ran Yi. "You should understand the purpose of my presence here, so I assume it would be needless for me to ask."

"The auction house has its rules. Therefore, I must ask for Mr. Ximen's understanding in this matter," Ran Yi said.

The visiting man sneered coldly, "I'm the one who makes the rules."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Two years prior, Ran Yi had crossed paths with someone from the Ximens. His initial sentiment was that the family was haughty and arrogant, almost beating their counterpart to death at an auction over the most trivial of disagreements.

In his view, Ximen Chang should be the one exercising more restraint in his role as the patriarch of the family, as he should not want to see the Ximens come to ruin due to their own arrogance. He ought to have learned not to repeat the folly of the Bailing family since history had taught that closeness to the Emperor was no guarantee of diplomatic immunity.

What Ran Yi had not expected was for Ximen Chang himself to be the worst of the lot. *He makes the rules? Had he considered the Emperor before he uttered those words?*

In the Imperial Court, who else would dare make such declarations besides the

Emperor himself?

“Mr. Ximen, you have your rules, and the auction house has its own. The two cannot be conflated,” Ran Yi argued.

The corner of Ximen Chang’s lips lifted into a chilling smile as he strode right up to Ran Yi.

“I am giving you one last chance. Make the best of it,” he said as he bared his teeth menacingly.

Ran Yi inhaled deeply. When confronted with Ximen Chang’s coercion, the prudent option would be to reveal the truth about Han Jingru. That was the only way by which he could ensure his own safety.

At the same time, he had to take Han Jingru into consideration. If that man were indeed a fighter at the Pinnacle Stage, nothing good would come out of giving his identity away.

“I’m afraid that I’d be unable to oblige, Mr. Ximen,” Ran Yi stated calmly.

The moment he wrapped up this statement, the old man was sent hurtling backward.

His body crashed into a wall behind, which promptly crumbled onto him in a cloud of dust and rubble.

A fountain of fresh crimson spurted from the mouth of the floored man who looked utterly defeated.

Ximen Chang took himself forward and towered over his fallen foe. “My patience is reaching its limit. Stop wasting my time if you want to live.”

His oppressor’s fixation with getting what he wanted sent chills down Ran Yi’s spine, as he feared that he might not live past the day.

Even if he were to survive, with the Ximen family's shadow looming large over the Imperial Court, Ran Yi could not hope for an easy time going forward.

Then He Zhonglin's booming voice suddenly rang out, "Don't take this too far, Ximen Chang."

Ximen Chang looked disdainfully in the direction of the newcomer. "Who do you think you are, trying to dictate to me what I can and cannot do?"

He Zhonglin had not intended to reveal himself, but after hearing such a major commotion happening at the front, he had to assess the situation for himself. There was no way he could continue to stand on the sidelines after he had witnessed Ran Yi's plight.

If not for his friend's valiant effort, he would have died years ago.

Now that Ran Yi was in dire straits himself, He Zhonglin felt obliged to step to the fore, even if that meant butting heads with Ximen Chang.

“He Zhonglin, Patriarch of the He family,” He Zhonglin announced himself.

“The He family?” Ximen Chang sneered. “Which flea-ridden pack is this that I’ve never heard of? Don’t you know who I am?”

The He family was of a certain standing within the Imperial Court. They might not be the Ximens, but their name was of significant repute.

He Zhonglin was aware that Ximen Chang knew of them, except that that man had no regard for them whatsoever.

“Patriarch of Ximen, the He family may not be considered in your eyes, but if you were to harm my friend here without just cause, my family and myself would do our utmost

to resist you," He Zhonglin stated with hardened resolve.

Ximen Chang burst into laughter upon hearing that because to him, such boisterous words were nothing more than a joke.

"Such audacity from the puny He family. Looks like familial extirpation may be nigh for you," Ximen Chang threatened.

Extirpation!

The word made He Zhonglin shudder. He knew that with the influence wielded by the Ximen family, accomplishing this would be a cinch.

"I have no doubt that Mr. Ximen is capable of that, but I don't think the Emperor would turn a blind eye to this," He Zhonglin said.

"Aren't you aware what sort of relationship we have with the Emperor?" Ximen Chang

taunted.

He Zhonglin knew that some things were not meant to be uttered, but he had no other choice at this point. "All of the Imperial Court is aware of the sort of relationship the Ximens have with the Emperor. But to be clear, Mr. Ximen, there is no way the Emperor would allow your family to disregard the laws. If you were to do so, the Ximen family might likely follow in the footsteps of the Bailings."

This statement was to forever seal the bad blood between the Hes and the Ximens. Even Ran Yi's face turned pallid. He had not expected that He Zhonglin would pit himself against Ximen Chang to save him.

The eyes of his opposite number were ablaze. It was taboo to liken his own family to the second coming of the Bailing family.

"You've got some nerve, He Zhonglin,"

Ximen Chang bellowed.

With the first shots now fired off, He Zhonglin could only steel himself and dig in his heels.

“Mr. Ximen, even if the Emperor were here, he would not impose his will on anyone,” He Zhonglin said.

“Bravo. Bravo. Bravo.” Ximen Chang’s utterances were sufficient to express the state of his rage.

Dared Ximen Chang compare himself to the Emperor, now that He Zhonglin had invoked the latter’s name?

Would Ximen Chang show disrespect to the supreme ruler of the land by venturing to do what the Emperor himself would not?

Though there had not been any response from the Imperial Court with regards to the

auctioning of the Holy Chestnut in Fengshang City, Ximen Chang was certain that the Emperor must have eyes and ears all over it.

If word about what transpired within the walls of this estate were to leak, Ximen Chang would surely be held culpable for scorning the Emperor. This would not bode well for the Ximen family.

“I’m keen to see how long the He family would last.” With that, Ximen Chang flipped his sleeves behind his back and left.

He Zhonglin finally let out a sigh of relief. It was only a matter of time before Ximen Chang unleashed his wrath upon him, but at least he and his old friend lived to fight another day.

“Are you alright?” He Zhonglin asked as he went over to help Ran Yi up.

Ran Yi shook his head haplessly. “This

fallout with Ximen Chang will bring great peril to the He family.”

“Surely you don’t expect me to allow him to beat you to death? You’ve saved my life before, and now I have returned the favor. So consider us even,” He Zhonglin said in response.

Ran Yi smiled bitterly. He Zhonglin had staked the lives of hundreds of his family members on this. There was no way that they were even after this incident.

“What will you do now? Ximen Chang would surely come for the He family, but you have no ability to fight back,” Ran Yi asked.

He Zhonglin shook his head as he wondered what his next move should be as well. The gulf between them and the most prominent family was so insurmountable that there was no simple answer for it.

When Ran Yi noted that his friend was silent, he spoke after a moment's thought, "Perhaps, we could seek him out for help."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Him?

He Zhonglin's expression was dour. "By 'him,' are you referring to the seller of the Holy Chestnut?"

Ran Yi nodded. Since all this had happened for the sake of protecting Han Jingru's identity, he could only approach that man in hopes that the latter would be able to save the He family from this crisis.

Having been friends for so long, Ran Yi certainly did not want to see He Zhonglin's family face eradication.

"Apart from this, I could think of no other viable solution," Ran Yi said.

"Could he? Does he have what it takes to stand against the Ximen family?" He Zhonglin sounded doubtful.

"If he is a Pinnacle Master, he could," Ran Yi said in response.

He Zhonglin nodded. It would indeed be possible if the man in question was as Ran Yi suggested. But his stage was nothing more than a wild guess. He Zhonglin was not prepared to pin all his hopes onto this person whom he knew nothing about. Hence, he felt that he should find another way and seek a different solution for himself.

“Sigh,” Ran Yi lamented, “The brazenness of the Ximens will soon see them walking the same path as the Bailings. Yet, Ximen Chang does not understand this at all.”

“Hmph,” He Zhonglin snorted. “How could the old fool not understand? I think he was so desperate to uncover the identity of the seller precisely because he feared that a similar fate might await them.”

It may seem like a contradiction at first, but when Ran Yi gave it some thought, the reasoning seemed sound. “Do you mean Ximen Chang has other motives besides obtaining the Holy Chestnuts?”

“If a Pinnacle Master could emerge amongst his

family members, Ximen Chang wouldn't need to fear the Emperor anymore. When that time comes, the Ximens would truly be the premier prominent family. Perhaps then, even the Emperor himself would have to show deference to him."

"You may be right about that. Ximen Chang must be feeling the heat," Ran Yi said.

He Zhonglin nodded. That would explain why the Patriarch of the Ximen family had chosen to come forth to deal with this matter personally.

The conjecture of these two men were spot on.

His family's continued growth in strength was indeed what bothered Ximen Chang. As hard as he tried to curb its upward trajectory, their progression was as inevitable as the flow of the river to the sea.

It did not matter how they managed their relations with the Emperor or how they bootlicked him in the here and now. Ximen Chang knew that the latter would one day come

to perceive them as an existential threat.

The only way out was for their family to become so powerful that even the Emperor himself would not dare trifle with them.

The thought of nurturing a Pinnacle Stage Fighter amongst his own people was previously the stuff of fantasy.

With the emergence of the Holy Chestnut in Fengshang City, Ximen Chang saw a glimmer of hope.

Once he was able to procure the precious fruit, the dream of producing a Pinnacle Master could then be put into motion.

This was why Ximen Chang came to Fengshang City to seek out Ran Yi himself.

Unfortunately for him, things had not turned out as planned.

At a certain inn.

The Ximen family had long bought over the entire place.

Or rather, they had strong-armed their way into its proprietorship and ran the previous owner out of town.

“Sir, have you managed to find out who the seller of the Holy Chestnut is?” a core member of the family approached to ask the moment Ximen Chang returned.

The Patriarch of the Ximen family drove a palm down forcefully and smashed the wooden table in front of him.

His reaction said it all.

“Does this Ran Yi even show respect for you?” someone else asked.

“He Zhonglin saddled me with an accusation that I would rather not be found guilty of. I will have his family stamped out for this transgression,” Ximen Chang swore as he gnashed his teeth.

“The He family? He Zhonglin?”

“Do you know this man?” Ximen Chang looked to the family member who spoke.

The person nodded. “I’ve encountered him, but he seemed like a smart guy. Why would he attempt to cross us?”

“See to it that his family is wiped out when this is over. I want him to know the price of getting on my wrong side,” Ximen Chang barked.

The other patriarch merely nodded and dared not comment further.

At the inn where Han Jingru resided.

Huang Xiaoyong quickly brought forth the news concerning the two visitors to Ran Yi’s estate, including details on the background of their families and standing within the Imperial Court.

Han Jingru had not expected these two heavyweights to surface this soon.

Especially Ximen Chang from the Imperial Court's most prominent family, who went to seek out Ran Yi himself.

“Master, after the appearance of Ximen Chang, there was a disturbance at Ran Yi's estate. I reckon that it was Ximen Chang who struck the blow, but we have no idea whether Ran Yi is alive,” Huang Xiaoyong elaborated.

“Would Ximen Chang dare to kill wantonly?” Han Jingru's eyebrows raised in incredulity.

“Master, the Imperial Court has its rules which are binding upon the common folk, but people like Ximen Chang tended to be able to flout them with relative impunity. To him, killing someone is akin to crushing an ant,” Huang Xiaoyong expounded.

“How did he look when he left the estate?” Han Jingru inquired.

“According to my sources, he was furious. Absolutely livid.”

“If that is the case, then he probably had not managed to get the information he wanted on me. It would seem reasonable to conclude that Ran Yi upheld his professional integrity, but he must have paid a steep price for it. Even if he survived, he would be grievously injured,” Han Jingru said.

His disciple nodded. The commotion at the estate supported this conjecture. It would be too easy for someone like Ximen Chang to take the life of an auction house owner.

“I’m surprised at the way y’all are flattering that cur Ximen Chang,” Bailing Wan’er suddenly chimed in.

Her words caught Han Jingru and Huang Xiaoyong’s attention as they eyed her with misgiving.

“Why would you call him that, Wan’er? Weren’t the Ximens right up there with the Bailing family when they were still around?” Huang Xiaoyong asked inquisitively.

“He was a dog to the Bailing family. If not for us,

the Ximen family would still be a bunch of nobodies.” Bailing Wan’er replied flatly.

“You were so little back then. How would you know these things?” Han Jingru asked curiously.

“These are what my nanny shared with me. In order for me to understand the Bailing family, she told me everything she knew. Back in the day, it was the Bailing family who helped elevate the Ximens. It’s possible that Ximen Chang was involved in my family’s eradication. He might even be the one who instigated it,” Bailing Wan’er seethed through gritted teeth.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Han Jingru couldn't care less about these things, but Huang Xiaoyong's interest was piqued.

Back then, after the Bailing family was wiped out, different rumors started to spread. Some said that the Bailing family had threatened the sovereignty of the Emperor, while the others said that the Bailing family crossed the limit and offended the Emperor.

Nonetheless, there wasn't any accurate explanation about what actually happened between them.

However, Bailing Wan'er seemed to know the answer.

“Are you saying that Ximen Chang caused the entire Bailing family to be wiped out, only because he wanted to move up the ladder?” Huang Xiaoyong asked.

“You're right. That ungrateful man refused to be under the Bailing family's thumb anymore, so he retaliated against them, and that's how the extermination came about,” Bailing Wan'er

explained.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk.” Huang Xiaoyong sighed and added, “I never thought that Ximen Chang is this kind of man. I once heard that everyone in the Ximen family is overbearing and arrogant, but I didn’t expect them to be so ungrateful.”

“Yeah, he’s like an untamable animal,” she said with disdain.

Huang Xiaoyong nodded in agreement. *No matter how long has an animal been with its owner, its nature can never be changed. Inevitably, it will bite the hand that feeds it one day.*

“Can your men go into the estate?” Han Jingru asked his disciple.

“Master, are you trying to find out whether Ran Yi is still alive?” Huang Xiaoyong asked.

“I wonder how insolent Ximen Chang can be,” Han Jingru replied. Though this matter wasn’t directly related to him, he was the one who triggered it. If Ran Yi was dead indeed, that

indicated he lost his life for the sake of protecting Han Jingru's identity.

“It's hard to get into the estate, so my men can only wait for the news at the entrance. If Ran Yi is really dead, the Fengmo Auction House will certainly make a move,” Huang Xiaoyong replied. His spies weren't that skillful, so there was no way they could sneak into the estate.

Han Jingru nodded in acknowledgment and fell silent. *Since Huang Xiaoyong can't do it, I'll make a trip myself when night falls.*

However, much to his surprise, before the sky turned dark, he received the news that Ran Yi was still alive and met the man himself.

Ran Yi was severely injured. After taking a short rest, he came to the VIP exclusive inn of the Fengmo Auction House.

This was the first time the two men met. When he saw how young Han Jingru was, Ran Yi was even more willing to believe that this man before him was a Pinnacle Master. In fact, he had no other

choice. If the situation weren't the way he assumed it was, the He family would be doomed, and he was as good as dead.

“Mr. Han, please accept my apologies for the inconvenience caused.” Ran Yi bowed respectfully. As the behind-the-scenes boss of the Fengmo Auction House, he was high-status and influential in Fengshang City. Yet, he honored Han Jingru and dared not put on airs in front of the man.

“No worries, Mr. Ran. I have to thank you for keeping my identity a secret,” Han Jingru replied.

His words did not puzzle Ran Yi. “It seems like you already know what happened to my family, Mr. Han.” *It's easy for a powerful man like him to find out about this anyway.*

“I'm surprised that Ximen Chang didn't kill you,” Han Jingru said.

Just then, Ran Yi coughed a few times, and some blood seeped out of the corner of his mouth. “If it wasn't for my friend's help, I would've been

dead.”

“Was it He Zhonglin?” Han Jingru asked in doubt.

Ran Yi gave him a nod. “He Zhonglin offended Ximen Chang and risked his life to save mine. After the auction, Ximen Chang will certainly take revenge on both of us.”

“Are you here to ask for my help?” Han Jingru was shrewd enough to discern the man’s purpose of coming over to look for him.

“Mr. Han, it’s my professional ethics and the duty of the auction house to protect the confidentiality of the sellers. If I were given the choice, I wouldn’t trouble you, but I’m at a dead-end here. Hence, I can only hope that you’ll save us now.”

“I believe you know the massive influence the Ximen family has on the Imperial Court. What makes you think that I have the ability to save you?” Han Jingru questioned.

“Mr. Han, the Holy Chestnut is from the Dark

Forest, yet you have plenty of them. As long as you're willing to get involved, I'm sure Ximen Chang will fear you," Ran Yi said implicitly.

He didn't point out Han Jingru's Stage directly, as it was merely his assumption. Besides, they just met for the first time, and he wasn't acquainted with Han Jingru, so he dared not to be too straightforward, lest he piss the man off.

Han Jingru chuckled. *Ran Yi is funny. He's implying that Ximen Chang will be afraid of me because I'm at the Pinnacle Stage, but he didn't spell it out. This is quite comical.*

"I don't quite understand what you mean," Han Jingru said, feigning confusion.

Ran Yi was at a loss for words. *Should I tell him honestly my assumption regarding his Stage?*

"Mr. Han, if you're willing to help me. I, and the He family, will serve and follow you for life!" He knelt on the floor straight away.

In Xenos, one's status and superiority weren't

based on age but capabilities.

As a result, although Ran Yi was much older, he didn't feel ashamed to kneel before Han Jingru, as the latter was powerful and accomplished, so he deserved to be worshipped by everyone else.

Han Jingru's brows furrowed slightly. *Ran Yi suffered an undeserved injury. It all started because I put the Holy Chestnut up for auction, and he had to keep my identity from Ximen Chang.*

Logically, Han Jingru should save him, as it was the right thing to do.

Nevertheless, the Ximen family was the most prominent family under the reign of the Imperial Court. Hence, there would be serious repercussions for going against them, so Han Jingru didn't want to hastily make a decision.

“Get up and head home for now. I'll let you know tomorrow,” Han Jingru said conclusively.

Ran Yi dared not say anything else. He stood up

and took his leave.

Right after the man left, Huang Xiaoyong asked impatiently, “Master, are you going to help them?”

Instead of answering his question, Han Jingru turned his head and looked at Bailing Wan’er.

Since Ximen Chang used to be the Bailing family’s lackey who stabbed them in the back and caused their extermination, I wonder what Bailing Wan’er thinks about this case.

“Wan’er, what do you think?” he asked.

“Why do you ask me? Do I have a say in this matter?” the girl asked him in return.

“Do you want to take revenge?” Han Jingru asked again.

Instantly, Bailing Wan'er's eyes lit up at his question.

Take revenge? That's the ultimate pursuit of my life; the one goal that I must achieve. Now that the opportunity presents itself, I can't wait for Ximen Chang to die! If he hadn't stirred up trouble back then, those hundreds of Bailing family members wouldn't have been killed.

“Yes, I do,” she said resolutely.

At the same time, a look of worry appeared on Huang Xiaoyong's face. Despite knowing that he had no right to question his master's decision, he couldn't help but remind the man, “Master, are you sure you want to make a move against Ximen Chang right now?”

“Is this not the right time?” the man asked.

Huang Xiaoyong nodded instinctively.

“Then tell me. When is the best time to do it?” Han Jingru continued to ask.

“I...” He had no answer for that question. *There’s no such thing as the best time to deal with the Ximen family, because we can’t afford to offend them, and it’s unnecessary to risk our lives for Bailing Wan’er. She’s only an orphan. Besides, her idea of getting even with the Imperial Court is totally absurd and unrealistic.*

“I can’t stand to see others suffer for my sake.”
Han Jingru heaved a sigh.

It didn’t matter how Bailing Wan’er answered him. He already made up his mind when he asked her that question.

He wasn’t doing it to help Bailing Wan’er take vengeance, but he didn’t want Ran Yi to lose his life undeservingly because of him.

Since young, Han Jingru refused to trouble anyone for his own things. Even when he was helpless and lonely, he forced himself to learn how to handle everything on his own. After some time, he built a sturdy wall around his heart, which no one could cross or tear down.

He didn't allow anyone to handle his troubles, let alone letting someone else get into trouble for his sake.

“Go back to Longyun City if you're scared,” he told his disciple.

Huang Xiaoyong panicked at his master's words. Though he was terrified, he would not back down. The moment he left Longyun City to follow Han Jingru, he already decided to stay by his master's side and face every challenge together, even at the cost of his life, as that was the only choice he had.

If he left Han Jingru, he would go back to his old ways, living a complacent and undisciplined life. He refused to let that happen.

“No, master, I won't leave. Even if we're going to die, I'll die before you,” Huang Xiaoyong answered.

Han Jingru gave him a faint smile. *Other than being timid and unadventurous, he's an all-rounder. But it's not easy to train someone to be courageous as well. Even if he manages to reach the Pinnacle Stage one day, he'll probably be the most fainthearted one among all the Pinnacle Masters.*

Just then, Bailing Wan'er parted her lips and asked, "Why are you willing to help me?" *We discussed this issue before, but Han Jingru rejected me without hesitation. Why does he choose to help me this time? What makes him change his mind?*

Before he could reply, she continued, "Have you fallen for me?"

Han Jingru was stunned for a second. He then waved his hand disapprovingly. "Stop thinking too much. Even though I want to go against Ximen Chang, that doesn't mean that I'm helping you take revenge, but I'm only helping Ran Yi."

Shaking her head, the girl grinned ear to ear and said, "I'm sure that you like me. Why don't you face your affection truthfully? Otherwise, why will you take such a huge risk if you have no feelings for me?"

Han Jingru shrugged noncommittally. *This girl is out of her mind. She's convinced that I am in love with her. Just like Mi Xiaoxing, she's vain and narcissistic. Fortunately, she isn't as proud as that woman. Otherwise, I would've chased her away.*

“Think whatever you want. I...” Before Han Jingru could finish his sentence, he suddenly sneezed.

“Huh? What’s wrong? Is anybody missing me?” Rubbing the tip of his nose, the man mumbled to himself. It had been a while since he last sneezed.

At the estate.

Ran Yi was as white as a sheet when he arrived home. Running around when he was already gravely injured, he had reached his limit. If he still didn’t take a rest, he might kick the bucket soon.

In the meantime, He Zhonglin and his men were still in the estate, as they planned to stay here for the time being. Now, they were in a desperate situation because Ximen Chang could come and settle a score with them anytime. It seemed like Ran Yi’s idea was their last resort.

“Grandpa, Mr. Ran is back,” a young man said.

He was He Zhishan, the grandson of He Zhonglin. Among the younger generation in the He family, he was the best candidate to be the heir of the family. That was exactly why his grandfather brought him along wherever he went.

He was the reason why He Zhonglin tried to get hold of the Holy Chestnut so that he could ascend to a higher Stage.

“Let’s go and see him,” He Zhonglin said keenly.

“Grandpa, he went back to his room right after he came home. He must be exhausted,” He Zhishan reminded him.

Hearing his grandson’s words, the man stopped in his tracks. *Although Ran Yi was badly wounded, he went to see the owner of the Holy Chestnut. No doubt - he needs to take a good rest, so I shouldn’t disturb him now.*

“Alright, I’ll let him rest then.” Despite his anxiety, He Zhonglin held himself back.

“Grandpa, I heard that something happened in the

Fengshang City recently,” the young man said.

“What is it?” He Zhonglin asked curiously.

“A seven-star Beastmaster showed up in Fengshang City a few days ago,” He Zhishan said.

“A seven-star Beastmaster?” He Zhonglin was a little surprised, as a Beastmaster who reached seven-star was usually from the Imperial Court. However, his astonishment was short-lived.

“What’s the big deal about that?” He Zhonglin asked. Since his grandson mentioned it, he must have some information about it.

“That man has a seven-star Manticore,” the young man added.

With his forehead creased, He Zhonglin chewed on his grandson’s words for a moment. “Are you saying that this seven-star Beastmaster is the one from Longyun City?”

“If I’m not mistaken, it should be him,” the

young man replied.

The He family had secretly investigated those incidents that happened in Longyun City. Initially, the man was at the Second Stage, but he ascended to the Fifth Stage within a short time and became a seven-star Beastmaster overnight. This news captured He Zhonglin's attention as he earnestly wanted his grandson to grow stronger.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Since he’s here, his master, Han Jingru, must be here as well,” He Zhonglin said assuredly.

“Grandpa, could it be that the seller of the Holy Chestnut is related to Han Jingru?” He Zhishan made a guess.

I used to find Han Jingru’s stories in Longyun City absurd. I didn’t believe it until those rumors were proven to be true after an investigation. Now I’m itching to find out what kind of man Han Jingru is. He’s a powerful fighter, yet he doesn’t behave like one. Perhaps he’s already invincible that he doesn’t care about others’ opinions. Just like his way of doing things, which is odd and unpredictable, the auction of the Holy Chestnut is bizarre too.

“Do you think that they are related?” He Zhonglin asked in a serious tone.

The young man nodded. “Han Jingru’s behavior was weird and indecipherable. Isn’t the auction of the Holy Chestnut baffling as well? Other than him, I can’t think of anyone else who would do such a crazy thing.”

Although he was only guessing, his speculation was logical. Strange people did strange things. Thus, that was the best way to explain it.

A strange man like Han Jingru appeared in Fengshang City, so it was only fair that the strange things which happened recently were related to him.

“I’ll sound Ran Yi out tomorrow morning to see if Han Jingru is related to this matter.”

On the next day.

He Zhonglin had gotten out of the bed at the crack of dawn.

In fact, he tossed and turned throughout the night, mulling over the correlation between the seller of the Holy Chestnut and Han Jingru.

Eagerly, he came to Ran Yi's room and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" Ran Yi asked.

"It's me. I'm here to check on you," He Zhonglin replied.

The man slowly hobbled over to the door and opened it. With scowls on their faces and their shoulders pulled back, the two long-time friends were ready to go at one another.

"Since when did you become so considerate?" Ran Yi sneered.

"I'm here to see if you're dead yet. In case you are, I'll ask Zhishan to pay his last respects to you," the other man mocked.

"Hah! I won't breathe my last unless I see you die first with my very own eyes." Ran Yi snorted.

He Zhonglin gave him a half-smile. "Alright, cut the nonsense. How did it go when you met Han Jingru yesterday? Did he agree to help you?"

Noticeably, Ran Yi's body quivered at the mention of Han Jingru's name.

Nevertheless, He Zhonglin caught his reaction. *This means that my speculation may be right.*

"Han Jingru? What are you talking about? I don't get it." Ran Yi tried to steady his voice and hide the change in his emotions as a question popped into his mind. *How did he get to know that the seller is Han Jingru?*

“Stop trying to hide it from me, you old bugger. I’ve looked into the matter. The seller of the Holy Chestnut is Han Jingru. It’s fine if you don’t want to admit it. Just tell me about yesterday’s meeting,” He Zhonglin said with a nonchalant expression.

The more confident he was, the more puzzled Ran Yi felt.

Even Ximen Chang can’t find out about Han Jingru’s identity. How did He Zhonglin manage to do this?

“Not much, really. He needs to think about it,” he answered.

He Zhonglin gave him a nod. “We’re facing the Ximen family. Thus, it’s understandable that he needs time to consider before deciding. I know about Han Jingru. He always kept a low profile when he was in Longyun City.”

Did he just say Longyun City? I can’t believe he knows where Han Jingru is from and that he’s a modest man.

Ran Yi couldn’t help asking curiously. “How did you find out that the seller is Han Jingru?”

“It’s just a wild guess. I wasn’t sure about it just now, but now I am.” He Zhonglin flashed a devious and triumphant grin.

The other man went blank for a second.

He Zhonglin then added, “I knew about Han Jingru when he was still in Longyun City because he’s Huang Xiaoyong’s master. I believe you know who Huang Xiaoyong is. The man is the son of the governor of Longyun City. He used to be at the Second Stage, but thanks to his master, he became a Fifth Stage fighter and

a seven-star Beastmaster only within a short time. This news spread like a wildfire. You would've heard about it if you didn't hide in this shabby estate of yours."

Pausing briefly, he continued, "I found out by chance that Huang Xiaoyong came to Fengshang City, so his master must be here as well. Han Jingru's peculiar way of doing things had me thinking that he might be the seller of the Holy Chestnut, but I had no evidence to support my assumption, so I came to sound you out. I didn't expect you to rise to the bait so quickly. Now I know for sure that I was right."

Fuming with anger, Ran Yi's eyes widened, and his nostrils flared as he glared at his friend. *I can't believe I fell for his trick. If I hadn't been so intrigued, I wouldn't have let the truth slip.*

"You old fool. How could you trick me when we've been buddies for years?" Ran Yi rebuked him through gritted teeth.

He Zhonglin smiled faintly. "I didn't trick you. I was only trying to uncover the truth. Don't worry, I dare not do anything to him. Our lives still depend on that man."

"It's good that you know this." The man clenched his jaw.

"You old bugger, do you really think that I'm that dumb? I don't have the guts to provoke him at a time like this." He Zhonglin said helplessly.

"I guess you know that he's a very young man. Which Stage do you think he's at?" Ran Yi asked inquisitively.

"It's said that a Pinnacle Master has the ability to rejuvenate himself. The fact that he helped his disciple tame a seven-star Manticore indicates that he's above the Seventh Stage. No young man is capable of

ascending to the last three Stages.” He Zhonglin didn’t answer the question directly, but the meaning of his words was clear.

Ran Yi nodded in agreement. The two men shared the same opinions and used the way to speculate Han Jingru’s capabilities.

“Fei Lingsheng is the only Pinnacle Master I’ve ever heard of. Never in my wildest dream did I think that there’s another Pinnacle Master.” Ran Yi let out a sigh.

“He’s probably a new Pinnacle Master. The Imperial Court sent someone to Longyun City twice. The first time was for Huang Xiaoyong, while the second time was no doubt for Han Jingru. This shows that even the Imperial Court didn’t know about his existence,” He Zhonglin guessed.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“What? Did the Imperial Court send someone to meet Han Jingru?” Ran Yi asked with an astonished face.

He Zhonglin rolled his eyes at that man. *What’s so shocking about this? Of course, the Imperial Court would pay attention to a powerful fighter like him. Having a Pinnacle Master is of the utmost importance for a nation. Though a Pinnacle Master never takes part in any war, the existence of a Pinnacle Master itself exerts immense pressure on the other nations. If Xia Nation and Chongye know that the Imperial Court now has another Pinnacle Master, they will surely be alarmed.*

“You’ve gone into your shell for way too long. There’s nothing surprising about this,” He Zhonglin said.

Ever since the auction house was on track, Ran Yi rarely paid attention to the things of the mundane world. He had been injured when he was young. Hence, not only did he lose his ability to cultivate but also his manhood. As a result, all his hopes and dreams were dashed, and he now lived a soulless life without desires and expectations. That was why he isolated himself in the estate, refusing to face the reality.

“Now that the Imperial Court knows about Han Jingru, Ximen Chang won’t dare to mess with us if he’s willing to back us up. No matter how influential the Ximen family is, they’ll never go against the Emperor,” Ran Yi said.

“That’s right. Ximen Chang is arrogant, but he doesn’t have the nerve to defy the Emperor. Otherwise, his family will end up like the Bailing family,” the other man said.

Ran Yi took a deep breath. “Whether or not will Han Jingru help us is the deciding factor right now. I told him that if he’s willing to step in, the He family and I will be his followers. Are you fine with that?”

A broad, cheerful smile broke across He Zhonglin's face. "You're really smart. Other than asking for help, you even find yourself a guardian."

Why will I not be fine with that? It's a great honor for the He family to be the followers of a Pinnacle Master. With the protection from a Pinnacle Master, we won't need to give a damn about the Ximen family any longer.

Ran Yi chuckled as he didn't think so far ahead. He only made such an offer in exchange for Han Jingru's help, so that the latter knows that he would not be helping them in vain.

Meanwhile, at Fengyan Inn, Jiang Yingying just woke up from her sleep. With both her hands on her temples, she seemed to be in pain.

She had a couple of drinks last night, so the hangover was unbearable, especially for someone like her, who seldom drank.

The woman found it hard to recall what happened last night, much less why she started drinking.

Right then, Fei Ling'er was beside her. "Let me take you to see Han Jingru."

When Jiang Yingying was tipsy, Fei Ling'er managed to probe into some things which she was curious about. However, the former had taken a drop too much and fell asleep when she asked the most important question.

Still, she acquired a piece of key information from Jiang Yingying, that they came from another place. It was too bad that she couldn't ask further.

After this, Jiang Yingying would be cautious not to drink with her and let the cat out of the bag again. Hence, she

wouldn't use the same tactic anymore.

On the other hand, Jiang Yingying sobered up the moment she heard that they were going to meet Han Jingru.

"Are we going now?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes. I know where he is. He's at a safe place now, so it should be alright if we see him," Fei Ling'er answered.

"Let's go then." Jiang Yingying promptly stood up. To her, there was nothing more crucial than meeting Han Jingru, and she couldn't wait anymore.

The two women then came to the VIP exclusive inn of the Fengmo Auction House.

When Han Jingru saw Jiang Yingying, he was utterly stupefied. He never expected that she would show up out of nowhere as if she dropped from the sky.

"Jingru!" The woman ran over to him excitedly. Her eyes were glistening with tears.

He gave her a once-over while mumbling repeatedly, "Thank God you're fine... Thank God..."

"Master, is she Yingying?" Huang Xiaoyong was on the verge of drooling. Having seen Jiang Yingying's portrait, he found that she looked entirely different in person. *Yingying is much more gorgeous than I've imagined.*

"This is Huang Xiaoyong. He's my disciple," Han Jingru introduced.

"Nice to meet you, Yingying."

"This is Bailing Wan'er. She's a friend of mine." After Han Jingru finished introducing everyone, he finally noticed the little girl beside Jiang Yingying.

Only then he realized that she came together with Fei Ling'er

Why are the two together?

"She's Fei Ling'er," he said tentatively.

Jiang Yingying smiled at him. "Yeah, we knew each other yesterday itself. She's the one who brought me here."

Han Jingru maintained a nonchalant face, trying to hide the raging emotions within him.

Meanwhile, Fei Ling'er took the initiative to explain. "I met her at the city gates yesterday. Previously, I saw her portrait, so that's why I could recognize her."

"Since you met her yesterday, why are you only bringing her to see me today?" the man questioned.

"Don't you know how many people are looking for you in Fengshang City now? I had to make sure that she's truly your sister before bringing her here," Fei Ling'er said with a seemingly honest expression.

"Ehem... Xiaoyong, don't you have something to attend to?" Han Jingru said.

Right away, Huang Xiaoyong replied, "Yes, yes, I have something important to attend to, so I'll leave you and your sister to catch up with each other. Wan'er, Fei Ling'er, let's go."

After the three left, Han Jingru asked, "Have you been with Fei Ling'er all this while?"

"Yes. I followed her because she said that she knows you," Jiang Yingying answered.

"Did she ask you anything?" he questioned.

"No. But she told me about your stories in Longyun City. Jingru, once again, you became a live-in son-in-law." The woman giggled.

Why would Fei Ling'er tell her these things all of a sudden? That girl was obviously trying to get acquainted with her so that she would let her guard down.

"Didn't she ask you anything at all?" Han Jingru sought confirmation from her.

The woman shook her head.

Just then, he caught a whiff of alcohol from her. "Did you drink? When was it?"

Jiang Yingying rubbed her temples. "Mmm... I was drunk last night."

Han Jingru's heart sank at her reply. "Did you drink with Fei Ling'er?"

"Yeah, I did," she answered without hesitation.

Staring at her innocent and clueless expression, Han Jingru's heart dropped with a thud. *People tend to get loose-tongued when they're drunk. If Fei Ling'er had taken the opportunity to pry information out of Yingying, the latter might've spilled the beans and gave everything away.*



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Seeing that Han Jingru kept asking her questions with a solemn face, Jiang Yingying finally realized that something was not quite right. "Jingru, what's going on? Is there anything wrong with Fei Ling'er?"

That girl is surely up to no good. She came to me with an ulterior motive. I've been keeping my guard up against her because she's the only person I cannot see through thus far. She appears like an average person who knows nothing about cultivation, yet I know she is definitely not one. This is terrifying, as her Stage may be even higher than mine.

"Oh, it's nothing. I was just asking. Always be aware of where we are now and don't trust anyone easily." Han Jingru kept his worry to himself because he didn't want Jiang Yingying to feel guilty. However, he reminded her not to trust Fei Ling'er.

The woman's expression turned grim as she grasped the meaning of his words. It showed that he and Fei Ling'er weren't as close as she thought.

"Okay, I got it."

"The auction will start tomorrow, and that'll be the end of our peaceful lives." Han Jingru couldn't help but heave a sigh. It had been a long time since he came to Xenos, but he had never gotten himself into any deep trouble. From the Chen family to the three members of the Imperial Court, he always had everything under control. Nevertheless, the most prominent family in the territory of the Imperial Court was involved this time, so there would surely be a huge commotion.

"Jingru, actually, I am bored with this peaceful life," the woman said with a smile.

An inscrutable emotion flashed across his eyes. With a

grin, he teased her, "Since when did you become so belligerent?"

"Jingru, I only wanted to know how strong I am now. I've yet to put my ability to the test," she answered.

At the Dragon Emperor Palace.

Every little thing that went on in Fengshang City was being monitored by the Emperor.

At that moment, He Zhonglin and Ximen Chang were visiting the estate to find out who the seller of the Holy Chestnut was.

After that, Ran Yi was critically injured by Ximen Chang. He then went to meet Han Jingru. This confirmed the assumption that Han Jingru was the seller of the Holy Chestnut.

The truth was unexpected. However, come to think of it, it made sense.

After all, a precious treasure like the Holy Chestnut wasn't for any ordinary man. Han Jingru definitely had what it took to own it.

"Ran Yi must have looked for Han Jingru to ask for his help against Ximen Chang," the Emperor said impassively.

The subordinate gave him a wicked smile. "If Han Jingru agrees to step in, there'll be a great show in Fengshang City then."

"However, the Ximen family is getting more restless and aggressive. They're going down the same path as the Bailing family. Ximen Chang wants to get the Holy Chestnut to cultivate a Pinnacle Master in his family. Do

you know why he wants to do this?" the Emperor asked.

"He wants his family to establish an unshakable foundation so that he can restrain you, Your Majesty," the subordinate said with an apologetic bow. Despite being the Emperor's trusted aide, he bowed for forgiveness, as his words were disrespectful and might offend the Emperor.

"Ximen Chang is becoming more audacious. Perhaps he has forgotten how the Bailing family got wiped out." The Emperor sighed helplessly. *I actually have no intention of doing that as such internal conflicts and war are devastating to the Imperial Court, and that wouldn't do me any good.*

Even so, there are times I have no choice but to do so. Any family in the territory of the Imperial Court is signing their own death warrants the moment they threaten my position and dominion.

"Don't worry, Your Majesty. A Holy Chestnut isn't enough to make anyone in the Ximen family a Pinnacle Master," the subordinate comforted him.

"That's exactly why he's looking for Han Jingru. The downfall of the Ximen family is the last thing I want to see, but Ximen Chang's wild ambition and defiance are getting more evident."

"Your Majesty, I bet Ximen Chang still has no idea how powerful Han Jingru is, and he won't treat the man well. Maybe Han Jingru will do something to put him in his place," the subordinate said.

Talking about Han Jingru made the Emperor's head throb. It seemed beneficial to have one more Pinnacle Master in the territory of the Imperial Court. Nonetheless, the Emperor was concerned that such a mighty man

refused to serve the Imperial Court, and that made him an underlying threat.

“How’s Fei Lingsheng recently?” the Emperor questioned.

“There’s nothing on her so far. But I think she has probably approached Han Jingru for the Holy Chestnut. After all, she has been pursuing the legendary Alpha Stage. Although she went into the Dark Forest three times, she found nothing. Now that the man put the Holy Chestnut up for auction, she can locate its source through him,” the subordinate analyzed.

The Emperor nodded. *That sounds reasonable. With her capabilities, getting the Holy Chestnut seems to be the only logical explanation why Fei Lingsheng gets closer to Han Jingru deliberately.*

“By the way, I heard that something happened in Xia Nation these days. What exactly was that?” the Emperor asked.

“According to our spies, a strong fighter appeared in Xia Nation and set foot on Mount Jingwu. Everyone who challenged her was terribly defeated.” The subordinate’s face grew solemn.

“Mount Jingwu?” The Emperor was taken aback. Only the elites were qualified to be on Mount Jingwu of the Xia Nation. It was at the peak of Mount Jingwu that the Pinnacle Master of the Xia Nation had his breakthrough. Therefore, this was a holy place in the eyes of the Cultivators, and many of them yearned to ascend to higher Stages there.

However, no average man could reach the peak of Mount Jingwu. It took a high Stage fighter to keep a foothold at the peak and accept challenges from other fighters.

“Do you have any more detailed information about it?” the Emperor asked hurriedly.

“I heard the fighter is a young and beautiful woman, and she brings a little girl with her. Every time the little girl claps and cheers, there’ll be a challenger falling off the peak,” the subordinate answered.

“This story sounds overly surreal to me. Could it be that the Xia Nation made it up?” The Emperor chuckled. *A young and beautiful woman? And a little girl whose claps can make challengers fall off the peak? It sounds like an embellished story fabricated by the Xia Nation. They might’ve intentionally spread such fake news of having a competent fighter, so the other two nations would steer clear of them.*

“Your Majesty, I doubted it when I first heard of the story too. But our spies have seen it with their very own eyes, so it’s true,” the subordinate replied.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The Emperor frowned upon hearing the phrase, “as I have witnessed”; he was intrigued to know more about the mysterious lady. As he drifted into his imagination filled with young lady’s cheering, the sudden action of someone falling from the mountain top further aroused his interest.

Regretfully, she was at Xia Nation, so he had no fate to witness such a scene.

“Is there a portrait of it?” the Emperor inquired.

“It should be done in a month,” his subordinate replied.

Due to the confidentiality of the information, it was sent to the Imperial Court via pigeon mail - only the odds and ends could be sent each time. When these pieces arrived at the Imperial Court, a specialist would then put the pieces together. This whole process would often take some time.

“Bring it over to me immediately upon its completion. I would like to see how this capable lady looks like,” the Emperor commanded.

“Yes, your Majesty.”

At Fengshang City.

The day of the auction finally came, and it was what everyone had been looking forward to.

Many civilians gathered within the vicinity of the Fengmo Auction House to catch a glimpse of the Imperial Court members. It was rare to witness their appearance in public places as it was something not to be missed.

Countless young ladies, who were all dressed up for the occasion, were cheering enthusiastically to welcome the

arrival of the noblemen - hoping to capture their interest; if they were able to marry into a noble family as a concubine, their lives would improve significantly.

Sadly, the chance of that happening was close to none. After all, why would the noblemen be interested in these civilians?

“Master, those ladies are mad. What are they cheering for?”

Amongst the crowd, Han Jingru was the least conspicuous - without any fancy clothing and bodyguards.

Most importantly, none of the ladies had their eyes on him, and that got Huang Xiaoyong disappointed.

“If those ladies were cheering for you, would you still think that they’re mad?” Han Jingru teased as Huang Xiaoyong was displeased that none of the ladies had their attention on him. Unfortunately, he was not a match against the noblemen.

The charisma exuded by the noblemen was impossible for a reckless person like Huang Xiaoyong to imitate.

“I couldn’t care less,” Huang Xiaoyong stated and glanced over at Jiang Yingying - he seemed to hold special feelings for her.

Han Jingru noticed, and he could not help but smile.

That man, Huang Xiaoyong, actually had the guts to harbor such feelings towards her.

However, it could be a good thing. If these two got together, Han Jingru would be delighted.

“Yingying,” Huang Xiaoyong called out shyly while he walked towards Jiang Yingying.

“What’s wrong?” Jiang Yingying asked in concern.

“Compared to those women with thick make-up, you are a goddess,” Huang Xiaoyong commented while he blushed.

Jiang Yingying was astonished and replied, “Since you know that they have thick make-up on, there’s no need to compare me with them.”

The moment Han Jingru heard that, he almost burst out in laughter as Huang Xiaoyong’s flattering was deemed ineffective.

“Uhm... Yingying, please don’t say that! Thanks to them, your qualities and attributes seemed even more outstanding than usual,” Huang Xiaoyong explained.

“Is that so? Do enlighten me,” Jiang Yingying prompted.

“Yingying, you are much prettier than them, more graceful than them, and many more. It would take more than a day to list them all out. Shall we meet one day to discuss further?” Huang Xiaoyong hinted. His slick tongue was well trained during the countless years that he tried to pursue Chen Yanran. Thus, dealing with such rejection from Jiang Yingying was like a breeze to him.

As Han Jingru was observing the process of bootlicking in action, he was reminded of the harshness of reality.

Nevertheless, he admired Huang Xiaoyong’s courage. On the contrary, Han Jingru would never be able to put aside his pride for that.

“Since I’m that great, do you think you are worthy enough

for me?" Jiang Yingying bluntly replied.

"Pfft... Hahaha!"

Han Jingru burst out in laughter. Never in his imagination did he expect Jiang Yingying to give such savage replies.

In Han Jingru's perception, Jiang Yingying was a demure lady, so it was unexpected of her to make such comments. However, she seemed to be annoyed by Huang Xiaoyong's shamelessness.

Appearing to be aggrieved, Huang Xiaoyong's face turned dull instantly. He then kept silent and lowered his head.

At that moment, Jiang Yingying gave Huang Xiaoyong a pat on his shoulder and some heartfelt advice. "Seeing how you still have some self-awareness, you should stop these improper thoughts."

That was a greater blow to Huang Xiaoyong than his previous experience with Chen Yanran.

His plan to woo Jiang Yingying failed before he began to execute it, as her direct words shot right through his heart.

"Don't give up! Trust me, you will eventually succeed," Han Jingru whispered to Huang Xiaoyong while he intentionally slowed down.

He was not trying to pair the two of them together - he just believed that Huang Xiaoyong should take the chance and give it his all.

At the same time, Han Jingru knew that Jiang Yingying had feelings for him, but he believed that they were not fated to be. Hence, if Huang Xiaoyong ended up with her,

he would be happy for them.

Also, it would be great news if Jiang Yingying got married in Xenos.

“Master, do you really think I can do it?” Huang Xiaoyong asked, seeking a confidence boost. That big blow earlier had caused him to start feeling insecure.

“Hey, there’s still a chance.” Han Jingru assured.

Upon hearing those words, Huang Xiaoyong’s eyes brightened and exclaimed, “Really?”

“Hey... Would I ever lie to you?” Han Jingru explained.

Huang Xiaoyong shook his head hard as the assurance boosted his confidence. Deep down inside, he wanted to believe that he had a chance too.

“Well, you know what they say - good things come to those who wait,” Han Jingru quoted.

“Don’t you worry, Master! After all, patience is my greatest attribute!” Huang Xiaoyong said with determination.

“Your greatest attribute is not patience; It’s your shamelessness, and that’s also your greatest gift,” Han Jingru smiled and emphasized.

Hearing what his master had said about him, Huang Xiaoyong couldn’t help but chuckle lightly.

Just as people were starting to enter the auction venue, a familiar figure was blocking in front of them.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Did you come to the wrong place? Today’s auction is for the nobles and royalties only. So what is a scum like you doing here?” Feng Ye mocked Han Jingru.

Han Jingru expected that Feng Ye, the troublemaker, would appear sooner or later. Hence, he was not surprised at all to see him that day.

Beneath his gentle and polite exterior, he was actually a vengeful person - the type that could never tolerate being at a disadvantage.

“Why can’t we be here? Aren’t you are here as well?” Huang Xiaoyong mocked in return.

Nonetheless, Feng Ye did not even glance at Huang Xiaoyong as he could not care less about him.

“Still, I don’t think you are qualified to be here.” Feng Ye said with complacency. He then took out his entrance ticket, waved at them, and continued, “See this thing here? You’ll need this to enter the venue. I advise both of you to return home and don’t embarrass yourselves.”

Feng Ye’s ticket was different from the one that Han Jingru had. Even for a prestigious auction like this, there were different tiers of guests.

However, Feng Ye’s insults only showed his oblivion. He did not know that Han Jingru, in fact, held the highest tier tickets as he was the seller for the Holy Chestnut - the item that the royal and noble families attended the auction for.

“Hey... What’s that? I’ve never seen it before,” Huang Xiaoyong pretended.

Scoffing at Huang Xiaoyong, Feng Ye cast him a look of disdain, thinking that he was nothing but a country

bumpkin who didn't know anything.

"What an idiot," Feng Ye insulted Huang Xiaoyong and turned to look at Han Jingru.

He did not wish to waste any energy on Huang Xiaoyong as his target was Han Jingru.

"The grudge between us has yet to end. I will make sure you die in Fengshang City," Feng Ye declared.

Meanwhile, Han Jingru was already used to dealing with such people.

There had been countless people who talked to him like that, but many came to regret it later on.

Thus, Han Jingru did not mind them at all.

At that moment, a middle-aged man with a domineering aura walked towards Feng Ye.

"Feng Ye, what's the issue?" The man asked.

Feng Ye lowered his head slightly and reported, "Father, it's him. He's the one who looked down on the Feng family."

The man, who had heard about the grudge between Feng Ye and Han Jingru, warned coldly, "Young man, will you be able to take on the consequences of looking down on others?"

"Excuse me, Mister, but I think you should be asking your son instead," Han Jingru sneered.

"You are indeed a reckless chap. I know you have the seven-star Beastmaster on your side," Feng Qing glanced at Huang Xiaoyong and continued, "But that doesn't

mean he's undefeatable."

Han Jingru raised his eyebrows. If he was daring enough to have said those words, it meant that they had a fighter, who was among the last three Stages, on their side.

That was certainly out of his expectations since it was difficult to reach the last three Stages within the Imperial Court. No wonder Feng Ye was so arrogant.

"I'm here purely for the auction, not to fight," Han Jingru declared.

Feng Qing sneered at Han Jingru's declaration. To him, Han Jingru had stepped back because he was scared.

However, taking a step back would not resolve the issue.

"Are you even qualified to enter?" Feng Ye mocked.

Han Jingru did not wish to continue with that conversation and took out the entrance ticket that Liu Ding gave him. Shoving that in Feng Ye's face, he proclaimed, "You're not the one to decide."

Feng Ye examined the ticket and noticed the intricate details on it. If it was a real ticket, it was definitely of a higher tier than his own.

How is that possible?

How did this useless trash obtain a ticket with a higher tier than mine?

"Where did you get this from?" Feng Ye asked.

"Liu Ding gave it to me. Wait... Haven't you seen it before?" Han Jingru mocked.

Feng Qing's face turned serious as he realized that Han Jingru was not joking.

The higher the tier of the person's ticket, the more powerful his identity is.

This auction had many hidden secrets and treasures, which attracted the attendance of noble families. With that, Feng Qing was starting to get suspicious about Han Jingru's true identity.

Perhaps, he was not as simple as Feng Ye had described.

"If there are no other issues, I'll head in first," Han Jingru notified.

Feng Qing stepped aside, giving way to Han Jingru.

"Father, how could you just let him off so easily?" Feng Ye disputed.

"Are you sure you did a proper background check on him?" Feng Qing suspected, clenching his teeth. His instincts told him that the Feng family was about to get in trouble.

Feng Ye did not probe much into Han Jingru's identity, as he concluded that he was not an important figure based on the way he dressed. To him, people of power would never wear such baggy clothes.

"Father, he is just a commoner," Feng Ye explained.

"A commoner who was able to get a ticket of a higher tier than us?" Feng Qing doubted.

"Tha-that..." Feng Ye stuttered, unsure of how to respond.

At this moment, a bunch of people walked past Feng Qing.

When he saw Han Jingru's ticket, he was flabbergasted. He thought that only the Ximen family was worthy enough to obtain such a prestigious ticket.

Thus, that brought his attention to the seller of the Holy Chestnut. He deduced that the seller was the only other qualified person to obtain a prestigious ticket.

"Wow, Feng Qing, I didn't expect your son to be so daring to offend a big shot. Anyway, good luck to the Feng family," one of the passers-by remarked.

Feng Qing took a proper look at the person that made the remark and frowned; it was the Feng family's mortal enemy - Zhong Zhi.

Both the Feng and Zhong families resided within the same city and had a long history of family feuds. Hence, what happened earlier couldn't have been the worse timing for Feng Qing for Zhong Zhi to witness that.

"It's none of your business," Feng Qing exclaimed.

"You're right. I was merely reminding you out of concern. Based on what I know, only the Ximen family is qualified for the highest tier tickets. But since he is not a member of the Ximen family, who else do you think he is?" Zhong Zhi mocked.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!