

Even though Zhong Zhi had already left, the words he said left Feng Qing and Feng Ye in a state of uncertainty.

“Father, what does he mean by that?” Feng Ye was puzzled and asked Feng Qing.

The ticket of the highest tier that only the most prestigious family, the Ximen family, could get their hands on. How did it end up in the hands of that chap?

Feng Qing was perplexed. The status of the Ximen family was incomparable to that of any other person in this nation.

Could it be the Emperor himself? Even so, it was impossible that the Emperor would personally visit Fengshang City.

“Hmph,” Feng Qing sighed coldly and said, “I think Zhong Zhi must be trying to make us confused on purpose. Who knew what he actually meant?”

However, Feng Ye could not care less about that

question anymore and reminded, “Let’s hurry into the venue since the auction is about to start.”

Feng Qing nodded in agreement, and they finally entered.

The area was split into five sections, with each representing a group of people of certain status. There was an obvious bias, but no one was upset about it. Evidently, this was very different from Earth.

On Earth, regardless of the type of auction, as long as they are potential bidders, they are treated equally.

“Wow, Master, we’re actually at the highest tier!” Huang Xiaoyong proudly exclaimed. That whole section was comprised of only a few premium rooms. Each room was separated for privacy and had a special one-way mirror wall.

“And?” Han Jingru chuckled. From that moment he decided to sell the Holy Chestnut, he became the auction’s special guest. Therefore, he had expected to receive such special treatment.

“I’ve never participated in such high-end auctions before. I wonder what great things are being sold here.” Huang Xiaoyong was all geared up, looking forward to the auction.

On the other hand, Han Jingru did not have any expectations for it; he was just curious.

Bailing Wan’er had similar sentiments with Huang Xiaoyong; she was looking forward to the auction as well. Even though she was born from a noble family, she grew up experiencing the life of the lowest status and had not been to such an event before.

Then there was a unique participant, Fei Ling’er. She had a notably calm expression. Similar to Han Jingru, she did not appear to hold any expectations for the auction as well.

It would be understandable if she had no interest due to her being familiar with such occasions.

However, if she was familiar with such occasions, she must be of certain status. Hence, that aroused the curiosity in Han Jingru regarding

Fei Ling'er's background.

“Yingying, let me know if you fancy anything. I’ll buy it for you,” Han Jingru promised.

Jiang Yingying smiled faintly and was about to speak when Huang Xiaoyong interrupted, “Master, I don’t think that’s appropriate! If Yingying fancies anything, I’ll pay for it.”

Indeed, Huang Xiaoyong was clever; even if Han Jingru made a purchase, he would be the one paying anyway. He might as well take the chance to impress Jiang Yingying.

In the meantime, Han Jingru glanced over at Huang Xiaoyong. *This chap seemed to be really into Jiang Yingying.*

“Alright then, I’ll let you do the honors,” Han Jingru declared.

Huang Xiaoyong walked over shyly to Jiang Yingying and exclaimed, “Yingying, let me know if u fancy anything. I can afford it.”

“Anything?” Jiang Yingying questioned.

She intentionally asked when she obviously knew that Huang Xiaoyong could not afford everything.

“Yingying, I’d be more than willing to sell everything I own to buy you whatever you like,” Huang Xiaoyong replied smoothly.

Han Jingru burst out laughing. Huang Xiaoyong was usually the dim-witted one but was smart when it came to such issues. He got around Jiang Yingying’s brut responses easily and even managed to express his feelings for her through his responses.

If he were on Earth, he would be an expert at picking up girls at nightclubs with his level of skills.

Finally, after quite some time of waiting, the auction officially began.

The auctioneer was a professional young lady with good looks, was graceful, and very

proficient. It was evident that she was groomed by the Fengmo Auction House.

The first item to be put up was called Blood Jade. In Han Jingru's eyes, it was just another red-colored jade. But with the auctioneer's explanation, it seemed like the jade had other special properties.

"It's just a piece of jade, but there are so many details about it," Han Jingru remarked as he did not understand.

"It is perfect for the ladies. After refining this red jade, it could turn into a Unique Weapon. Cultivators who possess a Unique Weapon as such could speed up their training progress. Anyone here unsure of what a Unique Weapon is?" Fei Ling'er asked.

"I am surprised that a girl with a background like you is so knowledgeable," Han Jingru commented.

There seemed to be a hidden meaning behind their conversation as they were figuring out each

other's identities.

“Who says beggars can't be knowledgeable?” Fei Ling'er explained.

Han Jingru nodded, looked over at Jiang Yingying, and said, “This red jade suits you.”

But before Jiang Yingying could react, Huang Xiaoyong had already called out a bid.

Jiang Yingying wanted to reject as that item was meaningless to her. Besides, she did not want Han Jingru to spend too much.

However, Han Jingru nodded in determination. Hence, Jiang Yingying kept silent.

The majority of participants were there for the Holy Chestnut, so only a few bid for the red jade. Furthermore, Huang Xiaoyong bid a high price. The first item was easily sold to them.

“The bidder must be the seller of the Holy Chestnut,” Ximen Chang, who was in another private room, guessed.

The Ximen family had around ten members. Ximen Chang was the only one with his own seat, which explains his status within the family. No one dared to be on an equal footing with him.

“That’s possible since there’s no other way to obtain the highest tier tickets to the auction house.” Ximen Jin, a young lad beside Ximen Chang, commented. He was the grandson of Ximen Chang and also the potential heir of the family.



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“Ran Yi refused to reveal his identity but has placed him in such a high position so blatantly. Does he really think that I’m an idiot?” Ximen Chang snorted.

This was an unforeseen circumstance in fact. Ran Yi didn’t expect the Ximen family to be present, and neither did he anticipated the incidents that followed. Nevertheless, Ran Yi didn’t make any change to his original arrangement because of a little self-interest. After all, Han Jingru hadn’t agreed to help him in this matter. Hence, by exposing Han Jingru’s identity inadvertently, Ran Yi’s purpose was to divert Ximen Chang’s attention to Han Jingru.

Of course, Han Jingru had expected this kind of harmless puny thoughts from Ran Yi. But since he had made up his mind to confront the Ximen family directly, he couldn’t care less about such an insignificant motive.

Despite that, it was unsurprising for Ran Yi to have acted this way as the saying goes - every man for himself.

“Grandpa, do you need me to invite that man over?” asked Ximen Jin. When he said “invite”, he didn’t really mean it in a courteous and well-mannered way. After all, other than the Emperor, there was no need for the Ximen family to be nice to anyone.

Shaking his head, Ximen Chang replied, “Leave it first until the auction is over. Other things can wait till we get the Holy Chestnut. He won’t be able to flee from Fengshang City.”

The first auction item had ended up in Han Jingru’s possession and next came the second item.

However, Han Jingru was not very interested in the following items. Even though there were some strange and weird objects beyond his knowledge, other than feeling odd, he was apathetic toward them. Therefore, naturally, he wouldn’t waste any of his money on these items.

And it was not just Han Jingru, there was a general lack of interest in such items because most of the people present were there for the

Holy Chestnut. Therefore, they would surely save their money for the grand finale.

After a few items were passed, the auction house made a decision to bring forward the Holy Chestnut for bidding. They knew very well that it was only a waste of time to continue the bidding of other items.

“And next is the much-anticipated lot which I believe many of you have been waiting for. Well, this lot needs no introduction from me.” As soon as the auctioneer finished his words, a staff member walked onto the stage with an exquisite wooden box.

When the wooden box was opened, audible gasps of astonishment came from the audience. For many people, it was their first time seeing the Holy Chestnut.

“Grandpa, is that the Holy Chestnut? It looks so plain and underwhelming.” Puzzled, Ximen Jin asked Ximen Chang. To him, it looked just like an ordinary red fruit, and he even doubted its power in helping a fighter ascend.

Nonetheless, Ximen Chang was far more knowledgeable than Ximen Jin. Rather fortunately, he had seen the Holy Chestnut once, and hence, at first glance, he knew that it was a genuine Holy Chestnut.

“Plain and underwhelming? Do you have any idea how many fighters had paid their lives for it? Even those in the Pinnacle Stage hope to get one to ascend to the Alpha Stage.” Ximen Chang replied with a yearning face.

Even though he aimed to train the patriarch’s successor, he wanted to own the Holy Chestnut when he first lay eyes on it. It was because once he attained the Pinnacle Stage, he would acquire the ability to rejuvenate himself and prolong his life. By then, a successor would no longer be needed by Ximen Chang.

Unfortunately, given his old age, even if he ate the Holy Chestnut, his condition might not allow the true strengths of the Holy Chestnut to come into full play.

Having seen Ximen Chang’s expression, Ximen

Jin was bothered by a niggling worry in his heart because he could sense Ximen Chang's keen hunger for it. If Ximen Chang were to keep the Holy Chestnut as his own, he would never have the chance to ascend.

"Grandpa, if I can get the Holy Chestnut, I'll never disappoint you," stressed Ximen Jin.

Ximen Chang's eyes turned grim in an instance. He was disgruntled by this kind of beating-around-the-bush reminder.

In the Ximen family, Ximen Chang had supreme authority. Besides, he had always been maverick in everything he did and never asked for others' advice or opinion.

"It's only yours if I give it to you, get it?" Ximen Chang countered dispassionately.

Ximen Jin lowered his head immediately and said, "I'm sorry, Grandpa. I shouldn't be so impatient."

With a snort, Ximen Chang went silent and

focused his attention on the Holy Chestnut.

Looking down, a ferocious gleam flashed across Ximen Jin's eyes. He might appear to be very respectful toward Ximen Chang, but deep down, he couldn't wait for his grandfather to die. It was only after his death that Ximen Jin would be able to take control of the wealth and power of the Ximen family.

In such big families, there would never be any real affection for one another among the kins. Instead, there would only be overt competitions or infightings for power. To them, as long as they could dominate the family, any kind of blood relationship carried no weight.

In the past, Ximen Jin was certain that Ximen Chang valued him the most. However, in that instance, he could feel the wavering mind of Ximen Chang following the emergence of the Holy Chestnut.

Nominally, Ximen Chang had come to the Fengshang City for Ximen Jin, but right then, an egotistical desire had apparently grown within

Ximen Chang. This was an adverse twist for Ximen Jin; hence, he had to find a way to turn the situation around.

With the advent of the Holy Chestnut, the auction house was instantly abuzz and lively. Not even for a moment did the bidding stop, and the bidders were calling out their offerings one after another. Soon, the price had gone up to an astonishing level.

Huang Xiaoyong was confounded. Even though he was well aware that the Holy Chestnut would definitely be sold at an astounding price, at that moment, the number had totally gone beyond his imagination.

“Master, after this round of auction, you would probably become the richest man in the Imperial Court.” Huang Xiaoyong lamented.

The richest man?

Han Jingru bore a faint smile. He was uninterested in such a title because when he was on Earth, he had somehow already accomplished

such an achievement.

He had unrestricted control over the assets of the Nangong family, and such a fortune was definitely the greatest on Earth.

“Being rich isn’t as good as having power, and having power isn’t as good as being truly capable. That is why having a great deal of fortune is only the lowest achievement of them all.”

Even though what Han Jingru said made sense, it was still very hard for Huang Xiaoyong to withdraw himself from the shocking reality of such a huge fortune. That was because he had not attained what Han Jingru had, and therefore couldn’t understand his mindset of having no regard for money.

“Then why are you exchanging capability with money?” Fei Ling’er asked abruptly. *Since Han Jingru understands it so well, why is he still selling the Holy Chestnut?*

Fei Ling’er had never understood why Han

Jingru would put the Holy Chestnut up for auction, but when she heard those words from Han Jingru, she was even more perplexed. *ut symbolizes?*



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Fei Ling'er made a lot of assumptions regarding this matter, but most of them weren't even valid.

She even thought about the possibility that Han Jingru had already reached the Alpha Stage and didn't need something so flimsy as the Holy Chestnut.

But how possible is that?

There had never been any Alpha Stage fighter in Xenos. In fact, this stage only existed in folklore, and no one had been able to prove its actuality.

Besides, when the Alpha Stage was attained, it would surely trigger the transformation of heaven and ground, but Fei Ling'er had never sensed such a change in the atmosphere. Hence, she brushed off this rather ludicrous thought of hers and was once again caught in confusion and puzzlement.

“Who told you that I have only one Holy Chestnut?” Han Jingru asked with a smile.

The expression on Fei Ling'er's face changed in

a heartbeat. Even though she was a Pinnacle Master in the Imperial Court, she couldn't compose herself at that moment.

Not just one Holy Chestnut!

It was definitely mind-boggling news to anyone who heard it.

However, Fei Ling'er was quite certain that he was not lying, and there was no reason for him to do so.

So then, where do all his Holy Chestnuts come from?

“Are you serious?” asked Fei Ling'er.

Han Jingru kept quiet this time. The reason he revealed that piece of information in front of Fei Ling'er was so that she would unmask herself sooner.

As with his ambivalent attitude then, it was to leave an open door for himself. After all, the scarcity and value of the Holy Chestnut had

greatly exceeded his presumption. Therefore, unless there was no other way, he would not give it to anyone or use it at will.

“It’s time to leave. Otherwise, there would be a lot of troubles later.” Han Jingru said to Huang Xiaoyong as he stood up.

“Master, the auction is not over yet.” Huang Xiaoyong reminded him. The price of the Holy Chestnut was still rocketing, and Huang Xiaoyong was particularly curious about the amount at which it would be eventually sold. Thus, he was not ready to leave just yet.

“If you want to wait here, you can. But don’t blame me for not reminding you that many people have been speculating about our identities, and I reckon that the Ximen family had already figured out that the seller is from this room. So if you don’t leave now, the Ximen family would never let you off the hook later.” With that, Han Jingru got out of the room directly.

After that, Huang Xiaoyong didn’t dare to stay for another second and immediately followed

after Han Jingru.

Of course he didn't want to face the Ximen family. He would be doomed if he were really blockaded in the auction house.

“Wait a second, where's Fei Ling'er?” It was only after stepping out of the auction house that Huang Xiaoyong noticed Fei Ling'er didn't catch up to them.

Just as he was about to turn back and looked for her, Han Jingru stopped him. “Don't worry about her. Even if she were held back by the Ximen family, she would be fine.”

“Master, what does that mean?” Puzzled, Huang Xiaoyong asked.

“You'll understand it sometime later,” Han Jingru answered.

The identity of Fei Ling'er was unknown to Han Jingru, and there was no way he could find out about it.

But with capabilities like hers, the Ximen family would never be able to stand in her way. Therefore, there was no need to worry.

The auction house was still bustling. In such an event, no one would give a care about who their rivaling bidders were or if they would face retaliation in the future for closing the deal. After all, as long as they could get the Holy Chestnut and strengthen their powers, the Imperial Court would think highly of them. Hence, no one would have any qualms resulting from their status or the echelon of their families right then.

In the estate of Ran Yi.

Listening to the good news coming from the auction house, Ran Yi was composed as no matter how high the number went. To him, it was still worth it because such a priceless treasure as the Holy Chestnut was a remarkably rare sight. All the prominent families would definitely beaver away in exchange for it. Thus, it was worthwhile for them even if it made them destitute.

“It was truly a surprise to be able to witness such busyness in my life. It’s worthwhile.” Ran Yi murmured to himself.

Since He Zhonglin went for the auction, Ran Yi was left with no company to discuss this. This made him feel rather bored.

However, just then, Ran Yi’s subordinate rushed to his side.

“Mr. Ran, a young man wants to see you.”

“A young man?” Ran Yi paused for a while. All at once, it dawned on him that the young man might be Han Jingru, so he hastily ordered his subordinate, “Quickly, let him in.”

Very soon, his subordinate came in with Han Jingru.

Ran Yi staggered as he walked up to Han Jingru and bowed. “Mr. Han, it’s indeed a pleasant surprise to have you here today. Please accept my apologies for not extending a proper welcome to you myself.”

“Being overly hypocritical is not good.” Han Jingru spoke directly.

There was a flash of awkward glint across Ran Yi’s eyes. He shot a look to the subordinate, signaling him to leave.

Only after he had left that Ran Yi started, “Mr. Han, I wonder what brings you here today.”

“If Ximen Chang dies, how great would the impact be?” Han Jingru inquired.

Ran Yi could feel his throat becoming parched in an instance. *What freaking kind of a person must this man be to dare to say such a thing!*

Besides, Han Jingru looked like he was just engaging in some casual chatter. *Does he really take Ximen Chang so lightly?*

After swallowing a huge lump in his throat and taking in a long breath, Ran Yi replied, “Ximen Chang has always been very close with the Emperor. In fact, the economy within the Imperial Court has been largely supported by the

Ximen family. Therefore, the Emperor highly valued Ximen Chang.”

“With such great power controlled by the Ximen family, they should also be a threat to the Emperor, right?” Han Jingru added.

Ran Yi was rendered restless as he didn't dare to simply offer such a comment.

“Are you so cowardice that you don't even have the courage to discuss this in private?” Han Jingru shot a firing look at Ran Yi.

“Mr. Han, I have no idea about whether or not the Emperor sees the Ximen family as a threat. Regardless, the current Ximen family was indeed showing signs of growing to become the second Bailing family.” Ran Yi answered.

“Well, in that case, Ximen Chang's death would be great news to the Emperor.” Han Jingru uttered with a laugh.

Ran Yi could feel his scalp tingling. In the past, he would never dare to talk about such a subject.

But right then, he still needed Han Jingru's help. Hence, there was no way he could avoid the subject.

"Aye and nay. After all, the Imperial Court also depended on the wealth of the Ximen family," Ran Yi added.

"If that's the case, then this surely isn't an easy task." Han Jingru replied with a frown. If the Emperor was indeed also planning to get rid of Ximen Chang, but his status made it inconvenient for him to step in, then Han Jingru would have no concern about it. However, it didn't turn out as simple as he had expected, so it was a little troublesome for him.

"Mr. Han, are you going to kill Ximen Chang?" Ran Yi asked meticulously.

"Well... Do you wish to die in Ximen Chang's hands?" Han Jingru countered.

Ran Yi shook his head repeatedly.

"Since you don't wish to die, other than killing

Ximen Chang, are there any other options?” Han Jingru continued asking.

Ran Yi shook his head again. Judging from Ximen Chang’s temper, there could only be two consequences - either Ximen Chang, or He Zhonglin and he had to die.

“Mr. Han, maybe you could look for Ximen Jin,” Ran Yi suggested.

“Ximen Jin? Who is he?”

“Ximen Chang’s grandson.”



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Han Jingru was a sharp-witted man. Hence, as soon as he heard Ran Yi's words, he noticed something strange about that.

It seemed that there might be a big problem between this grandfather and grandson duo.

However, as to what the problem might be, it was unlikely for Han Jingru to figure out by mere guessing.

So Han Jingru looked at Ran Yi without saying a word.

Ran Yi was increasingly creeped out by Han Jingru's stare, so he lowered his head and started, "Mr. Han, I have no idea either with what's going on between these two. However, Ximen Jin had personally come to me to find out about you. In my opinion, seeing as Ximen Chang had already been here for the same reason, the fact that Ximen Jin came again on his own implied his self-serving motives."

"That's all?" Han Jingru questioned.

“That’s all there is. I swear to God, if there is any concealment, I would die a painful death.” Ran Yi answered.

Seeing that Ran Yi didn’t seem to be lying, Han Jingru also stopped questioning him.

Nevertheless, shortly after he left, Ran Yi wasn’t even allowed the time to take a short breather because Fei Ling’er came.

Despite that, Ran Yi wasn’t as wary of this woman as he was of Han Jingru. Even though she was close to Han Jingru, comparing to the overwhelming pressure that had been brought by Han Jingru himself, she was much weaker.

“Is there anything I can help, Ms. Fei? Mr. Han had just left, so did you actually come for him?” asked Ran Yi.

Fei Ling’er shook her head with a smile on her face. Then, she paced before Ran Yi and said, “I’m not here for him; I’ve come for you.”

Ran Yi put on an unexpected expression

deliberately. Surely, he knew well that Fei Ling'er didn't come to look for Han Jingru. *arrival coincide with that of Han Jingru*

“I wonder what Ms. Fei has come to me for.” Ran Yi uttered.

“What did Han Jingru tell you?” Fei Ling'er asked in a very direct manner.

Ran Yi bore a faint smile. *It looks like even the people around Han Jingru cannot be fully trusted.*

“Ms. Fei, what has been said between Mr. Han and me stays between us. How can I tell you that?” Ran Yi replied.

“Well then, keeping a secret or saving your own life, which one will you choose?” Laughing, Fei Ling'er asked.

Bit by bit, the expression on Ran Yi's face turned disdainful. His fear for Han Jingru was abject, but it didn't project to Fei Ling'er.

“We'll have to see if Ms. Fei has such capabilities

then.” Usually, Ran Yi’s subordinate should have been standing in front, protecting him after he said those words.

However, to his bewilderment, his subordinate was rooted to where he stood like a stake - motionless and unperturbed.

This subordinate of his was very dependable. After so many years of their bond developed from protecting and being protected, there should not be any rift in their solid relationship.

“What are you doing?” Ran Yi gritted his teeth while he berated his subordinate.

Laughing hysterically, Fei Ling’er explained to Ran Yi, “He can’t move now. Are you hoping that he’ll come to save you?”

Can’t move?

What’s that supposed to mean?

As Ran Yi observed his subordinate closely, he realized that something was off indeed.

He was breaking into a sweat with a deadly pale face and his entire body quivering as though he was enduring tremendous pressure.

It was only until then that Ran Yi realized the seemingly feeble woman standing across from him was not an easy one to deal with either.

Subconsciously, the disdainful expression on Ran Yi's face faded away, and he finally knew that this delicate young girl was another formidable fighter whom he should never underestimate and offend.

“Ms. Fei, I'm sorry to have displeased you. Please let my subordinate go.” Ran Yi pleaded.

“Sure. Tell me what he told you.” Fei Ling'er repeated her request.

Ran Yi drew in a long breath. *If I tell her, I would be selling Han Jingru out.* Nevertheless, he was in a pickle, and if he refused to say anything, he would likely be killed on the spot.

Ultimately, every man feared death, and someone

as rich as Ran Yi was all the more fearful.

“Ms. Fei, Mr. Han asked me how great an impact would be caused if Ximen Chang was killed. There was nothing else other than that.” Ximen Chang told her truthfully.

Fei Ling'er froze for a while and then burst out in laughter while she clapped her hand. “Interesting, very interesting. It seems like the Imperial Court would be even more lively now. I can finally sit back and enjoy this great show.”

Ran Yi was at a loss for Fei Ling'er's incomprehensible attitude. She seemed thrilled and anticipating bloodshed in the Imperial Court. *What kind of a person is this?*

“Don't let Han Jingru find out that I've come to see you. Otherwise, I'll never let you off.” Fei Ling'er warned Ran Yi.

Ran Yi lowered his head instantly. “After seeing Mr. Han off today, I've returned to rest and never seen anyone else.”

Fei Ling'er nodded satisfactorily. "Not bad. You'd make a bright student."

Just as she finished the sentence, Ran Yi discovered that Fei Ling'er, who had been standing in front of him, vanished in the blink of an eye.

Following immediately after was a loud yet dull thud whereby his subordinate slumped against the ground.

Seeing as such, panic was written all over his face. Even though he could easily hire another bodyguard with his wealth, this man had worked under him for many years and was very trustworthy. It was not easy to find another man as faithful and reliable as him.

"How are you feeling?" Ran Yi walked over, squatted in his haunches, and asked.

"I... I'm okay. It's just that I've lost my strength at the moment." The subordinate explained.

"What happened to you just now?" Ran Yi

continued questioning.

The subordinate shook his head. He had not the slightest idea of what was going on with him. The only thing he could feel was as if the weight of two huge mountains were falling on his shoulders when Fei Ling'er appeared, and the pressure was so intense he almost collapsed.

“Her true power was definitely among the last three Stages, and it wasn't as simple as the Eighth Stage.” The subordinate added.

Ran Yi couldn't help but gasp in amazement. *Just who are these people? Even though fighters among the last three Stages weren't a rare sight in Fengshang City, those people were mostly only in the lowest stage among the last three Stages, which was the Eighth Stage at most. However, the current Fengshang City had not only Pinnacle Masters but also someone from the Ninth Stage?*

Something's not right!

Ran Yi's face paled in a tick. *Judging from her appearance, she seemed even younger than Han Jingru. How could she have rea*

ched the Ninth Stage at such a young age?

The only possible explanation was that she was just like Han Jingru, who possessed the rejuvenation ability. This meant that she was also a Pinnacle Master.

With that in mind, Ran Yi's feet turned wobbly, and he collapsed on the ground.

Meeting a Pinnacle Master once in a lifetime was already something worth remembering. How could he have expected that he would not only be able to meet one but two? This startled Ran Yi.

Was he too lucky?

Ran Yi shook his head helplessly. *What kind of luck is this? It's ill-fated as there seemed to be some kind of disagreement between these two Pinnacle Masters. And to make things worse, I'm involved and have been put in the middle of the two. If I'm not careful enough, I can be crushed into pieces any second.*

“What sh*thole have I been put through?” Ran Yi

almost cried aloud.

His subordinate understood his guessing and shook his head in dismay as well.



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After getting to know that Han Jingru was going to kill Ximen Chang, Fei Ling'er was greatly delighted as her life had been so worn out by the blandness of the mundane world that nothing usual could catch her attention. Only extraordinary events as such could spark her interest. After all, the stagnancy of life could also be a torment to some.

“How would the Emperor react if you kill Ximen Chang? Well, it isn't really fun to just stir the Imperial Court up. It'll be increasingly interesting if you're able to cause a war among The Three Nations.”

Fei Ling'er, who was murmuring to herself, was totally unafraid of and even a little expectant to see the world going into disorder. However, the ecstatic expression on her face faded very soon.

“No. I have to stop prying on you to avoid making you suspicious. Because if you're dubious about me, how can I follow you around in the future? I'm still anticipating more interesting happenings. Alright, I should leave this matter aside for now. As long as I stay by

your side, I'll discover your secrets one day.”

Fei Ling'er's comportment sometimes didn't seem like a Pinnacle Master who had lived a long time, and instead, she was like a naive young girl. This was largely due to her upbringing because she was rather young when she turned into a real master.

She had shown up before the Emperor in the appearance of an old lady. But she did that on purpose. No one actually knew that she wasn't even twenty years old when she attained the Pinnacle Stage!

If this information were spread, it would probably shake the Three Nations Of Xenos.

Not long after Han Jingru returned to the inn, the father and son of the Feng family came looking for him.

Feng Ye had expected that Han Jingru would leave that auction house in advance, so he had arranged for someone to tail him. Besides, to avoid being discovered, dozens of people had

taken turns to complete this task that even Han Jingru himself did not notice them. It was undeniable that this man was particularly heedful. However, the more scrupulous he was, the more he was sending himself on a road with no return.

“Han Jingru, it must have shocked you to learn that I’m able to find you so effortlessly, right? I’ve anticipated that you would leave early, so I’ve arranged for my men to follow you.” Feng Ye spoke to Han Jingru with a smug expression, and he was notably satisfied with his own arrangement.

“Why must you court death?” Without haste, Han Jingru poured some tea for himself. The father-son duo and all their subordinates from the Feng family were given no regard by Han Jingru.

If Feng Ye was so impatiently seeking death, then Han Jingru would fulfill his dream, sending him off to hell.

“Han Jingru, your time’s up.” Feng Qing chided brutally.

As soon as he finished that sentence, every skilled fighter from the Feng family besieged Han Jingru and left no exit for him to retreat.

Other guests and workers at the inn left in an instance when they saw what was happening. Sure enough, no one wanted to be affected.

Even though the Feng family was not a family from the top echelon, they were known for their capabilities, and therefore, no one wished to mess with them.

Han Jingru shook his head helplessly. As expected, even in a different world, the heirs of these prominent families somehow had a similar disposition - never learning when to yield. Not until they had led themselves to a dead-end did they eventually understand what "regret" meant.

Han Jingru took a sip of the tea, slowly letting the liquid trickled down his throat. However, he couldn't seem to appreciate the bittersweetness of the tea. Such a fine cup of tea had gone wasted.

"Since you're so eagerly courting death, I shall

grant your wish.” Han Jingru muttered impassively. At the moment, he was preparing himself to deal with the Ximen family and was in no mood to waste his time on some insignificant family like the Fengs.

Hence, in order to prevent these pathetic flunkeys from creating troubles for him, the easiest way would be to get rid of them directly.

Han Jingru wasn't bloodthirsty, but it didn't mean that he wouldn't kill these blind bats either.

“Well then, let's see about that.” With that, Feng Qing ordered his subordinates, “Get him now! Break his limbs first.”

Feng Ye was gearing up for a fight, and the expression on his face looked like he could foresee the scene of himself tormenting a Han Jingru with broken limbs.

Strange enough, all the subordinates were still standing on where they stood even after his father had given the order. *Why is that?*

Feng Qing had also noticed that, and he hurried the subordinates. “What are you people waiting for? Move!”

With a faint smile on his face, Han Jingru uttered, “It’s not that they don’t want to, but they can’t.”

Since there was no one witnessing, Han Jingru didn’t have to hide his true capabilities and could end it quickly.

“How is that possible!” Feng Qing grimaced instantly and couldn’t help taking a few steps back.

The subordinates he brought with him were all very skillful fighters. One of them was even a fighter among the last three Stages. *How is it possible that even he can’t move?*

How can this young man have such a formidable strength?

“Father, what is happening?” Clearly, Feng Ye still hadn’t got his head around it and asked Feng Qing innocently.

Feng Qing's breathing deepened as he glanced at Han Jingru. He had no time to explain to Feng Ye about what just happened.

"Sir!" Out of the blue, Feng Qing knelt on both his knees, which completely stunned Feng Ye.

"Father, what are you doing?" Feng Ye asked as he became even more puzzled. No matter how he scratched his head over, he couldn't understand why Feng Qing behaved that way. They had brought so many excellent fighters around that Han Jingru could most probably be killed. But then, Feng Qing was kneeling down inexplicably.

"Get down on your knees now and apologize to Sir Han." Feng Qing bared his teeth at Feng Ye as he demanded.

What do you mean by Sir Han? And why in the world should I apologize?

Feng Ye was utterly confounded, but he could sense fear from his father's eyes. That was something he had never seen from his father.

Even though the Feng family was not from the top echelon in the Imperial Court, they were still considered a prominent family. His father had swaggered around for many years but not even once had he seen him in such a dreadful way that he even hunkered down.

“Sir, I, Feng Qing, have failed to recognize such a great man as you. Please forgive me. I’m willing to be at Sir’s disposal and listen to your commands.” Seeing that Han Jingru was pacing toward him one step after another, Feng Qing was almost scared to death and could no longer care about Feng Ye, who was still dumbstruck. Horrified, he pleaded with Han Jingru.

“I’ve let you off time after time, but you knew no limits in messing with me. And now, you even try to kill me. How can I have peace of mind if you don’t die?”

Feng Qing was terrified to the bone by these words. If he had known that Han Jingru was so powerful, how could he have so absurdly stirred up troubles for Han Jingru time and again?

Desperate, Feng Qing could only start kowtowing before Han Jingru as his only chance to saving his own life then was Han Jingru's mercy.

“Sir, I was wrong. Please let me go, and I promise, from now on, the Feng family would never appear in front of you again,” said Feng Qing.

At that moment, Han Jingru had come before the father-son duo and was looming over them as he asked, “Do you know what kind of people are the most quiet?”

Feng Qing felt a tingling sensation on his scalp. *The most quiet... Aren't those dead people?!*



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Thud! Thud! Thud!

“Sir, please, Sir, I was raised by wolves and had no intention to annoy such a great man like you. I’m willing to do anything to atone for my sin, so please spare me.” Feng Qing, who was exceedingly perturbed, was slamming his head against the ground over and over again. In that instance, dignity didn’t matter to him anymore; he only wanted to live.

At that moment, Han Jingru turned a blind eye to Feng Qing, who was begging for mercy and turned to Feng Ye instead.

Feng Ye took a few steps back in fear as he caught the menacing gleam in Han Jingru’s eyes. This man seemed like he could take him out in a flash.

“What do you want?” Feng Ye asked frightfully.

“You’re still in the dark as to why he kowtowed to me, aren’t you?” Han Jingru asked placidly.

Feng Ye nodded unwittingly. In fact, he had no

idea about what was going on because, in his mind, Han Jingru was just a good-for-nothing who could be ravaged simply at one's will. How would he have understood that all the subordinates of the Feng family were rendered motionless because of the daunting capabilities of Han Jingru?

“That’s because your Feng family subordinates are nothing but mere pests.” Han Jingru returned indifferently.

As soon as he finished saying that, all the Feng family subordinates, who were standing on their original spot, blew up in a bloody mess. The scene was blood-soaked and ghastly.

Feng Ye’s eyes widened in great horror at the inconceivable scene before him.

*What the f*ck!*

What happened to them? How could they be shattered just like that?

“You- What did you do?” At that moment, Feng

Ye seemed to have finally understood something. Even though he was foolish, he knew that the disparity in capabilities would result in something like this.

He had killed many people in his life and had witnessed with his own eyes how defenseless the powerless were in front of the powerful.

And now that the Fengs' subordinates died so tragically, other than the fact that Han Jingru was much stronger than they were, were there any other reasonable explanations?

Nevertheless, of these people, there was a fighter whose capabilities were among the last three Stages. *How could it be that even this man was so vulnerable?*

Feng Ye turned to look at Feng Qing again. It was in that instant that he finally realized why his father had knelt and apologized and had even asked him to do the same.

It was because they had insulted a true master who could take their lives any second.

Thinking of that, Feng Ye was so petrified he peed his pants. Such an arrogant and domineering heir of a prominent family was utterly abased in that instance.

“I- I’m sorry.” Feng Ye was at a loss for words to express his regret, and it was after much stutter that he uttered those few words.

“It’s too late.” As soon as Han Jingru finished his brief sentence, Feng Qing, who had been on his knees all this while, spewed a mouthful of blood and fell to the ground in silence.

Feng Ye was scared to death at that very moment. He finally understood how ignorant he was to have offended Han Jingru. Yet, at that point in time, there was no way to make up for his mistakes.

“If the incident today didn’t happen and you were given another chance to make a choice, how would you decide?” Han Jingru asked Feng Ye all of a sudden.

Feng Ye raised his head expectantly in hopes that

Han Jingru would let him off the hook and quickly answered, “I would return home and never dared to mess with you again.”

Upon hearing that, Han Jingru shook his head and returned, “No, you won’t. You would still appear because I’ve seen a lot of people like you who are the heirs of some prominent families. Without coming to this dead-end, how could you have regretted it?”

It was an experience gained by Han Jingru since he was on Earth, and there was almost no exception to it. People like Feng Ye had long behaved in their overbearing way, and without a taste of the fear of death, they would never learn to step back.

“No, I won’t. Why would I still court death if I knew it was death I was after?” Feng Ye countered in panic.

“Because you wouldn’t know until you’re just an inch from death.” As soon as Han Jingru finished his sentence, he waved his left hand casually with which, Feng Ye collapsed on the ground.

This was true power. Taking one's life by just raising a hand.

Indeed, power was supreme in Xenos!

However, looking at the scene whereby he apparently needed to handle the aftermath, it was still rather distressing for Han Jingru. The bloodied place was definitely not a pleasant sight, especially for children, who might be awfully terrified. After all, Han Jingru was a compassionate soul who surely wouldn't wish for such a thing to happen.

Just at that moment, Huang Xiaoyong and Jiang Yingying had returned.

Huang Xiaoyong was carrying all kinds of stuff in his arms which were apparently bought for Jiang Yingying.

“Jingru, how can I be with him?” Jiang Yingying rolled her eyes subconsciously as she said that.

Seeing such a response, Han Jingru felt a little sorry for Huang Xiaoyong because if Jiang Yingying was even just a little bashful, Huang Xiaoyong might stand a chance. And then again, if Jiang Yingying had even a little interest in him, she wouldn’t have reacted in such a way.

“Sigh. There goes another sadly and faithfully love-struck man in this world.” Han Jingru replied with a lament.

Jiang Yingying couldn’t agree with what Han Jingru said. *How can someone like Huang Xiaoyong be faithful in a relationship?* To her, Huang Xiaoyong was just the same as those unscrupulous young lads on Earth.

“Jingru, how is it possible that such a wealthy young man like Huang Xiaoyong would be faithful to a woman? You’re worrying too much.” Jiang Yingying returned.

Han Jingru put on a serious face and countered,

“Well, I have to put in some good words for Huang Xiaoyong in this regard. Even though he’s not really promising, he’s rather loyal in a relationship. You, not realizing it, can only imply that you still don’t know him well. You’ll understand what kind of a man he is in the future.”

In Longyun City, Huang Xiaoyong had admired Chen Yanran for many years even though she had only given him the cold shoulder. Despite being rejected multiple times, he had never yielded. That was enough to prove his faithfulness. After all, with his status as the heir of the governor, it wasn’t hard at all for him to find another good woman. Also, it wasn’t easy for him either to persist in his pursuit of Chen Yanran over the years.

“Jingru, let’s not talk about him anymore. You’ve just killed the Fengs, so will that bring you any trouble?” Jiang Yingying didn’t want to continue discussing Huang Xiaoyong, so she took the initiative to change the subject.

“Oh, there wouldn’t be any trouble with the Feng

family, but with the Ximen family, it wouldn't be as simple." Han Jingru replied.

"The news of the death of the Fengs would soon spread. Ximen Chang might utilize this matter to accuse you. In that case, you'd be in a pickle." Jiang Yingying was worried.

Han Jingru shook his head with a smile. He wasn't concerned at all regarding this.

Since there was no witness, he would be able to assert that it had nothing to do with him, and even if the entire world knew that he was the one who killed the Fengs, no one had the right to convict him as there was no evidence or witness.

Furthermore, the Emperor might even continue to favor him because of this incident. This made Han Jingru even more assured.

In the worst-case scenario, even if the Emperor stopped helping him, Han Jingru still had a backup plan - leaving the Imperial Court.

"Don't worry. Even if Ximen Chang messed with

me using this incident as an excuse, there would not be any big trouble. There was no witness, and so no one can charge me for it,” Han Jingru said.

“But those bodies would be discovered sooner or later.” Jiang Yingying was puzzled. *No one saw him killing them but wouldn't the corpses indicate this incident?*

“You must have forgotten. Huang Xiaoyong is a seven-star Beastmaster, and this should serve as a plentiful meal for Manticore. No one shall see any corpse.” Han Jingru laughed as he answered.

Han Jingru's explanation cleared Jiang Yingying's doubt completely. *No wonder Han Jingru has asked Huang Xiaoyong to deal with the bodies. That's why!*

Half a day had passed, and the inn resumed its operations. However, all the guests who had rechecked in kept a stiff expression on their faces.

So many men from the Feng family had vanished into thin air. What happened to them was crystal

clear to the other guests, but the fact that not even a body could be found creeped them out. After all, they were staying in the inn, but with their inferior status, they were in no place to endure any unnecessary troubles that might be brought by this incident.

On that particular day, many guests left the inn one after another. In addition, the news of the Fengs disappearing had been spread by degrees in Fengshang City.

In Ran Yi's estate.

When Ran Yi heard the news, his face turned grim. He knew very well that the Fengs must have been murdered by Han Jingru. It was through this incident that he visualized the upcoming bloodbath in Fengshang City.

“Have you heard it? Over ten people from the Feng family had vanished into nowhere at your inn.” Right after hearing the news, He Zhonglin rushed over to inform Ran Yi hurriedly.

“Even you have heard about it, so how can I not

know it? Nevertheless, we should stay away from this matter,” Ran Yi told him specifically.

Of course, He Zhonglin understood well that he had no right to meddle in someone else’s business, but that didn’t mean he could refrain from discussing it in private. He said to Ran Yi, “No matter what, this matter happened at your place.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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At the Ximen family residence, Ximen Chang had locked himself in his room ever since he obtained the Holy Chestnut.

Ximen Jin was worried that his grandfather might take possession of the fruit, keeping it to himself. Although he was raised to become the next Ximen Patriarch, he was well aware that he would be of no use to Ximen Chang if the latter successfully reached the Pinnacle Stage.

Once Ximen Chang became a Pinnacle Master, he would acquire the ability to rejuvenate himself and prolong his life. By that time, he could be the Patriarch of the Ximen for an extended period of time.

Before this, Ximen Chang had promised him that the Holy Chestnut would belong to him. But from the looks of it now, it was very likely that he would go back on his words. No one could resist the temptation of having the Holy Chestnut. His grandfather would definitely not give away the Holy Chestnut when he could himself benefit from it.

In his bedroom, Ximen Jin was discussing the matter with his most faithful trusted aide. “Do think of something! I must get the Holy Chestnut!” He never hid his secrets from his trusted aide, including his genuine thoughts about Ximen Chang and his plans to get rid of him.

His trusted aide expressed his opinion, “Young Master, I think it is unlikely that that old geezer would give you the Holy Chestnut unless he dies.”

Ximen Jin didn't bat an eye at his trusted aide's remark because that was exactly what he had in mind. He could only become the Patriarch of the Ximen family unless Ximen Chang died. Nevertheless, both of them knew it was not an easy feat to get rid of him.

“You're right. But the problem is how are we going to get rid of him?” he asked.

His trusted aide pondered for a while before coming up with a suggestion. “I heard Ximen Chang is looking for the person who possesses the Holy Chestnut. We might find a solution if

you could find that person before him.”

Ximen Jin shook his head despondently. Before this, he had visited Ran Yi, but he hardly obtained any useful information about the Holy Chestnut possessor from him.

He was dissatisfied with his trusted aide’s suggestion, knowing that it wouldn’t work. “Duh! Even Ximen Chang can’t find that person, let alone me.”

His trusted aide held a troubled expression on his face. He knew his master was in a tight corner right now. His plan would be doomed to failure once Ximen Chang consumed the Holy Chestnut.

Time was of the essence to Ximen Jin. He was in an agitated state right now because the longer he delayed, the slimmer the chance of him getting the Holy Chestnut.

Meanwhile, back at the estate, Ran Yi and He Zhonglin’s conversation was interrupted by Huang Xiaoyong, an uninvited guest. Both of them were scratching their heads at his sudden

visit.

Huang Xiaoyong cut to the chase, asking Ran Yi, “My master wanted to meet Ximen Jin. Could you please arrange for their meeting?”

Ran Yi unhesitatingly nodded his agreement. “I will do all I can. Tell Mr. Han that I won’t disappoint him.”

“Please make the arrangement as soon as possible. As you know, my master’s time is valuable and he has not much time to spare.” With that, Huang Xiaoyong left the estate.

Both Ran Yi and He Zhonglin exchanged glances. The former knew Han Jingru had finally made up his mind to get rid of Ximen Chang when he asked to meet Ximen Jin.

However, the latter had no idea of Ximen Jin’s visit to Ran Yi before. Thus, he was confused by Han Jingru’s request to meet Ximen Jin. “Why does he want to meet Ximen Jin?”

Ran Yi helped clear his doubts. “Ximen Jin has

visited me once to ask about Han Jingru without Ximen Chang's knowledge." His words were rather ambiguous, but He Zhonglin was guileful enough to immediately realize that there must be a conflict between Ximen Jin and Ximen Chang when the former went behind his grandfather's back to meet with Ran Yi.

"I never thought the Ximen family would one day fight among themselves. Things are truly getting exciting!" He Zhonglin remarked with a smile.

Ran Yi shook his head in disapproval at how He Zhonglin was rejoicing at the Ximen family's conflict. Since they were now being dragged into this, he was worried that they might be caught in the crossfire.

He decided to keep He Zhonglin busy by entrusting him a task. "It seems to me that you're excited about it. Why don't you notify Ximen Jin about the meeting?"

He Zhonglin nodded. "Alright."

Soon, it was the day of the meeting. Ximen Jin was looking at Han Jingru dubiously after the latter introduced himself as the Holy Chestnut possessor. “You don’t look like a master to me.”

Feeling amused, Han Jingru couldn

’t help but let out a chuckle. He made his way toward Ximen Jin, asking, “Well, what does a master look like to you?”

Disregarding his question, Ximen Jin raised his suspicion. “I guess you’re not the true possessor of the Holy Chestnut, huh?” He was displeased, thinking that Han Jingru was only the mouthpiece of the true Holy Chestnut possessor who was reluctant to show his face. He thought the Holy Chestnut possessor was making little of him.

Han Jingru’s grin grew even wider. “Do I not look like a master to you?” He could clearly see the condescension in Ximen Jin’s eyes.

“Tell your master to show his sincerity if he really wants to meet me.” With that, Ximen Jin turned to leave the place. He had got his pride as

a member of the prominent family. Even though he needed a favor from the Holy Chestnut possessor, he was unwilling to humble himself nor compromise.

“Kneel down.” Han Jingru voice was soft.

Before he even realized it, Ximen Jin suddenly felt an immense pressure exerted on him. The next moment, he was brought to his knees when his legs succumbed to the pressure.

At that instant, Ximen Jin’s trusted aide, who had always been hiding in the shadows, charged headlong at Han Jingru. He wanted to make him pay for his disrespectful act toward his master.

However, before he could come anywhere near Han Jingru, the latter sent him flying while spitting out a mouthful of blood like a rose blossoming in mid-air with a strike of his palm.

Han Jingru’s voice was heard from behind.
“Now, what do you think a master looks like?”

Ximen Jin’s body stiffened at the sound of

footsteps walking toward him. He realized he had made a mistake upon seeing his trusted aide being defeated by Han Jingru. It was indeed true that most of the masters were in their old age because one's power and ranking were all about the accumulation of experience over time, but that shouldn't negate the existence of masters who were young like the one standing in front of him now.

With his eyes wide in disbelief, he asked, "Are you really the Holy Chestnut possessor?"

Having shown his power just now, Han Jingru didn't bother to answer his question as the answer was clear as day. He cut to the chase by asking, "Do you want Ximen Chang dead?"

Ximen Jin remained silent, looking at him warily. Except for his most faithful trusted aide, he was cautious not to let anyone on his real thoughts.

Despite his silence, Han Jingru continued, "Now that Ximen Chang has gotten the Holy Chestnut, do you think he will give it to you? If he reaches the Pinnacle Stage, do you think you will still

have the chance to become the Patriarch of the Ximen family?”

His words hit Ximen Jin where it hurt. He knew better than anyone else that it was unlikely that Ximen Chang would give the Holy Chestnut to him.

“What do you want?” he relented.

Han Jingru was frank. “I want him dead as well.”

“But why?” Ximen Jin was confused. He hadn’t seen Han Jingru before, and he couldn’t think of a reason for him to want to kill Ximen Chang.

“To avenge for someone.” Han Jingru answered. “Are you satisfied with my answer?”

Ximen Jin believed in his words since there was no reason for him to lie. Nevertheless, it was not an easy feat to kill Ximen Chang. “Do you even know how many fighters are there protecting Ximen Chang?”

Han Jingru shook his head. It was not his

concern; all he cared about was the outcome.

“Do you think you can defeat a Ninth Stage fighter?” Ximen Jin continued asking.

“This is not your concern. Just tell me, are you able to take over the Ximen family once Ximen Chang dies?” Han Jingru inquired.

Ximen Jin nodded without any hesitation. “I’m sure that I can keep the situation under control so that it won’t affect you.” For years he had been preparing for this day to come. He had identified all those who were disloyal to him and would get rid of them when it was time so that nothing would get in his way in becoming the Patriarch.

The meeting came to an end when both of them reached a consensus.

After Han Jingru left, Ximen Jin asked his trusted aide, “Do you think he can beat Ximen Chang?”

His trusted aide pondered on his question, but still, he couldn

’t give a definite answer.

“Young Master, I can’t really tell his stage from his demonstration of power just now. I’m not sure if he is capable of killing Ximen Chang.”

Ximen Jin let out a sigh. “I really hope he has the capability to kill Ximen Chang.”

An eerie smile crept on his face as soon as he finished his words, which sent a chill through his trusted aide’s spine.

Nevertheless, his trusted aide managed to placate a calm facade, knowing very well that his master couldn’t care less about his family when it came to his interest. Setting his eyes on the highest point of the hierarchy in his family, he would get rid of anyone who dared get in his way at all cost.

“Young Master, I’ve never heard of such a powerful person in the Imperial Court before. Do you know him?” he asked curiously. Apart from the legendary Fei Lingsheng, the Pinnacle Master, he couldn’t think of other people who had the capability to get rid of the Ximen family. He was sure that that man who just defeated him was not Fei Lingsheng since everyone knew that this legendary master was a woman.

The same question had bothered Ximen Jin, but he had had it figured out now. With a smile, he reminded, “Have you forgotten about that person from Longyun City?”

“Longyun City?” His trusted aide was suddenly enlightened as if the fog had been lifted in his brain.

Although they had never met the master from Longyun City before, that man was a big name as stories about him had long spread in the nation.

The Imperial Court had also sent its men to Longyun City several times for Han Jingru and his disciple, and that proved that he must be a

man with great capability.

Furrowing his brows, he uttered, "If he really is that fighter, then it's a cinch for him to wipe out the whole Ximen family."

Ximen Jin noticed the pensive look on his trusted aide's face. "Are you worried?"

The latter hesitated but eventually admitted. "Young Master, I think it is too risky to deal with him."

"It doesn't matter if I am to work for him in the future as long as I can become the Patriarch. Besides, the Emperor has long distrusted the Ximen family. Isn't it a good thing if we could gain Han Jingru's support?" Ximen Jin burst into laughter at the thought of it. He was aware of his trusted aide's worries. But as tactful as always, he was able to reassure him with his knack of turning a difficult situation to his advantage.

Although the Imperial Court and the Ximen family seemed to be at peace all these years, like what Ximen Chang said, it was just a matter of

time for the Ximen family to end up like the Bailing family if it were to continue expanding its influence.

It would be sooner or later for the Ximen family to pose a threat to the Emperor and become a thorn in his flesh. By that time, the Emperor would definitely wipe the clan out.

Hence, this time, he was desperate to get the Holy Chestnut to solve the crisis. It would be best if the Ximen family could get the support of Han Jingru, a master whom the Emperor was wary of.

Although it was still unsure whether the Holy Chestnut could help a person to reach the Pinnacle Stage, this wouldn't pose an issue since he had found another way to get around the problem.

Ximen Jin could tell that the Emperor had high regard for Han Jingru and Huang Xiaoyong through his act of offering his gesture of goodwill to them. Thus, the Ximen family would be safe if he could gain their support.

“There is only one Pinnacle Master in the Imperial Court, which is Fei Lingsheng. Do you think Han Jingru is a Pinnacle Master as well?” he asked his trusted aide.

“It is possible,” his trusted aide answered unhesitatingly. Or else, he couldn’t think of another reason for the Emperor to treat Han Jingru with such respect.

“If I could solve the unsolvable that has always been bothering Ximen Chang, doesn’t that show I’m more competent than him?” Feeling smug, Ximen Jin let out gales of laughter.

His trusted aide bowed reverently while concurring to him. “Young Master, you’re the most suitable person to become the Patriarch.”

“Haha! Well said!”

At the Ximen family residence, four days had passed since Ximen Chang locked himself in his room.

He had not consumed anything in the past few

days. All he did was staring intently at the Holy Chestnut with his bloodshot eyes. The strong urge and desire to consume the Holy Chestnut was eating him up.

He knew the Holy Chestnut wouldn't have the best effect on a fighter of his age. On top of that, he was unsure whether he could reach the Pinnacle Stage with only one Holy Chestnut. Hence, he was hesitant if he should consume it.

On the one hand, the Ximen family desperately needed a strong fighter to defend itself from the Emperor's threat. Since Ximen Jin was still young, he had a higher chance of reaching the Pinnacle Stage. It would be in the best interest of the Ximen family to give the Holy Chestnut to him.

Nevertheless, no matter how hard he tried to suppress his desire, his hunger for the Holy Chestnut only grew stronger as time passed.

It was a huge gamble to him. If he won, he would acquire the ability to rejuvenate himself and prolong his life, which was the best thing one

could ever dream of. However, if he lost, that meant he would end up getting nothing apart from a small leap in his stage; it would be a waste of the Holy Chestnut.

Ximen Chang was distressed. “Too bad the Holy Chestnut is as rare as hen’s teeth. If I had plenty of them, it would spare me the struggle to make such a hard decision.”

He couldn’t help letting out a sigh. *If only I could find the mysterious person who auctioned the Holy Chestnut, I could then ask him its origin and then procure them myself.*

“Ran Yi, He Zhonglin, I will show you no mercy if I ever find out that you guys are hiding anything from me.” Ximen Chang said to himself in a very cold tone.

Then, he kept the Holy Chestnut before he finally stepped out of his room. A determined gleam flashed across his eyes. *I must find more Holy Chestnuts to afford myself a higher chance of reaching the Pinnacle Stage!*

In his mind, it was impossible that Han Jingru got the Holy Chestnut from the Dark Forest since only those in the Pinnacle Stage could survive from that place. *How is it possible for a Pinnacle Master to auction his Holy Chestnut when his need and desire for it exceeds mine?*

The only explanation for this was that Han Jingru got the Holy Chestnut somewhere outside the Dark Forest by chance. He auctioned it because he had no idea of its true value.

There must be a plant hidden somewhere outside the Dark Forest where the Holy Chestnut grew. If Han Jingru could find the first one, chances were he could find more of them.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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With that obsession in mind, Ximen Chang once again visited the estate. He was more adamant this time. Unwilling to waste any more of his time, he was determined to elicit the information of the person who auctioned the Holy Chestnut from Ran Yi and He Zhonglin by today, or else he would kill both of them.

Ximen Chang's arrival was within Ran Yi's expectation. He greeted him reverently, "Mr. Ximen, it's a pleasure to have you here. How are you?"

Ximen Chang ignored the customary greetings and cut to the chase. "I'm here to ask about the Holy Chestnut possessor. If I don't get any useful information from you today, you won't live until tomorrow."

He then turned to face He Zhonglin before the latter could say anything. "I've weighed all consequences the moment I decided to come today. There is no use of you threatening me. I won't leave until I get what I want."

He Zhonglin understood it was impossible to

deter the resolute Ximen Chang. He also knew he couldn't afford to offend him because the Ximen family was far more influential than the He family in Imperial Court.

If Ximen Chang were to wipe out the He family, the Emperor would only express his disapproval at most. It would be meaningless even if the Emperor punished the Ximen family because he couldn't possibly bring the dead back to life.

Ran Yi stated calmly, "Mr. Ximen, actually, the Holy Chestnut possessor wanted to meet you as well. I'll send someone to inform him of your arrival right away."

Feeling confused, Ximen Chang frowned. "He wanted to meet me?" The intention of his visit was clear, which was to ask about the origin of the Holy Chestnut. Han Jingru would be having a death wish if he later refused to tell him about it.

Ran Yi gave him a put-off to prevent him from asking further. "Mr. Ximen, I had no idea why he wanted to meet you. Maybe you could ask him later." Then, he nodded at his subordinate,

signaling him to inform Han Jingru.

As a Patriarch, Ximen Chang shouldn't be unduly concerned with trivial matters. He didn't bother to send his men to follow Ran Yi's subordinate.

“Do you know Han Jingru's background?” he asked Ran Yi, wishing to know more about the person he was going to deal with in advance.

“All I know is that he came from Longyun City,” Ran Yi replied with his head lowered, hiding his sly smile.

He's from Longyun City? Ximen Chang was slightly shocked. He knew better than anyone else that there was a high possibility that the three people from the Imperial Court were killed in Longyun City, which explained why the Emperor sent his men to that place again. Most people thought the Emperor did that as he held high regard for the two because Han Jingru and his disciple possessed great powers.

However, Ximen Chang was shrewd enough to guess that there were hidden motives behind the

Emperor's act.

Even though the Emperor might have high regard for them, he was more interested in finding out more information about Han Jingru's true capabilities.

Is it a mere coincidence that he came from Longyun City? He had a bad feeling about it, but he regained his composure at the sight of his subordinate — a Ninth Stage fighter, standing beside him.

In the whole of the Imperial Court, his subordinate was only second to Fei Lingsheng in terms of his fighting skills. Apart from Fei Lingsheng, no one was capable of defeating him. With the protection of a Ninth Stage fighter, he need not be afraid of Han Jingru even if he came from Longyun City.

At the inn, Han Jingru was informed by Ran Yi's subordinate that Ximen Chang was waiting for him at the estate. He was happy to hear the news as it would save him the effort to look for Ximen Chang. *This is a great opportunity to finish him off.*

With a smile, he mumbled to himself, “Well, this surely makes things easier for me. It’s time to meet that old geezer!”

In the meantime, Ximen Jin, too, received the news of Ximen Chang visiting the estate. His gut feeling told him that Han Jingru would kill Ximen Chang today. Feeling eager to witness his grandfather’s death, he led his trusted aide and headed to the estate.

His trusted aide voiced his concern, “Young Master, I’m afraid it is inappropriate for you to show up at the estate.”

Ximen Jin reassured him, “It doesn’t matter since he will be dead anyway. Even if he survives, he can’t blame me for watching on the sidelines. Han Jingru is his enemy, not me. Relax! I’ve waited my whole life for his death. How can I afford to miss this precious moment?”

His trusted aide put his mind at ease at Ximen Jin’s words. He started looking forward to

witnessing the battle between two masters, hoping that he could benefit from it.

He didn't think much of the plot since Ximen Jin didn't look worried.

It wasn't long before Han Jingru arrived at the estate. Ximen Chang was doubtful of his identity because of his young age. *How is it possible for someone to reach the Pinnacle Stage at such a young age? I don't believe the Emperor would have such high regard for a young fellow like him!*

He glanced at the Ninth Stage fighter standing beside him, signaling him to ascertain Han Jingru's stage.

The Ninth Stage fighter shook his head. Not only that he couldn't tell Han Jingru's stage, but he also couldn't sense any internal energy flowing in his body. To him, Han Jingru seemed none other than an ordinary man.

With his voice lowered, he told Ximen Chang, "I can't detect any internal energy in his body."

At that instant, Ximen Chang's face grew grim. *It's impossible that the Holy Chestnut possessor is an ordinary man. This guy must be a puppet!*

“When is your master coming?” he asked harshly.

Han Jingru was slightly bewildered. “Master?” The next moment, he curled his lips into a faint smile while announcing himself, “I am Han Jingru, the person you're looking for.”

“You're telling me that a weakling like you is the Holy Chestnut possessor?” With a condescending smile, Ximen Chang poured scorn on him, “You must be kidding me. Stop wasting my time. I know you're his puppet. You have only got two choices, either you ask him to show up, or all of you will die.”

No wonder he is the grandfather of Ximen Jin. They have the same condescending attitude.

Disregarding his scornful remark, Han Jingru suggested smilingly, “I don't care if you believe it or not because I'm telling the truth. I'm the one

who auctioned the Holy Chestnut, and you can always verify this from Ran Yi. As for you thinking that I'm a weakling, why don't you let him test my ability?"

He cast a glance at the Ninth Stage fighter, whom he identified at first glance as the strongest fighter among others, as he spoke.

With his brows knotted, the Ninth Stage fighter once again sized Han Jingru up. *He must be no ordinary man if he could easily pick me out as the stronger fighter from the rest. Did I make a wrong judgment earlier?*

After a much careful examination, he still couldn't seem to detect any internal energy flowing in Han Jingru's body.



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Ximen Chang's doubts were slightly dispelled by the confident look on Han Jingru's face, though he was still behaving high and mighty. "If you really are the Holy Chestnut possessor, then tell me from where did you get it."

Han Jingru, on the other hand, was unperturbed by Ximen Chang's air of haughtiness. He was used to his opponents' supercilious manner before they realized their death was close at hand. Likewise, he was used to seeing them kneeling before him, begging for mercy.

"Everyone knows the Holy Chestnut can only be found in the Dark Forest. Don't you know that?" he asked a rhetorical question.

Ximen Chang snorted. "Do you think someone like you could even set foot in the Dark Forest?" He believed Han Jingru got the Holy Chestnut somewhere outside the Dark Forest because that was not a place for weaklings like him.

Folding his arms, Han Jingru talked back at him. "Hey, you old geezer, aren't you being a little too insulting? Why couldn't I enter the Dark Forest?"

Ximen Chang's anger was aroused. Since he became the Patriarch of the Ximen family, no one dared to be disrespectful toward him. "Do you know I could've killed you a hundred times over for what you just said to me? I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself. Now, tell me from where did you get the Holy Chestnut!"

"I've told you the truth, but you don't believe me. What else can I possibly do?" Han Jingru gave a resigned shrug. "Why don't you just kill me then?"

Ximen Chang stared intently at him as he threatened, "You think I don't dare to kill you?"

Pointing at the Ninth Stage fighter, Han Jingru responded, "Go ahead! Let him kill me!"

Compared to Ximen Chang's other subordinates, it seemed like he could only derive some pleasure from fighting with the Ninth Stage fighter.

Ximen Chang burst into laughter upon hearing Han Jingru's imbecile remark. "Haha! You sure know how to pick the right person," he said sarcastically, thinking that it was pure idiocy of

Han Jingru in choosing to fight with his strongest subordinate.

He mocked with his eyes full of derision. “Young man, you will pay for your ignorance. Do you have any idea of his stage?”

“The Ninth Stage. What, did I see it wrongly?” asked Han Jingru.

Did he say he sees it? Does that mean he can identify the Ninth Stage fighter’s stage by just looking at him? Ximen Chang’s heart skipped a beat at the thought because he knew only a Pinnacle Master had the capability to identify a person’s stage through visual perception.

No way! He can’t be a Pinnacle Master! I bet he must have inquired about the Ximen family before, and that’s why he could tell the fighter’s stage. He tried to console himself.

Just then, a voice rang out from the other side of the yard. “Ugh! Are you guys going to fight or not? Cut the crap!” Propping her chin, Fei Ling’er was sitting on the wall with her feet

dangling. She held an impatient expression on her face.

The Ninth Stage fighter visibly blanched in horror upon seeing her face. *It's Fei Lingsheng! What is she doing here?*

Suddenly, he heard Fei Ling'er's voice in his mind. "I'll kill you if you dare expose my identity."

He broke into a cold sweat in the face of her warning. He couldn't afford to trifle with the threat from a Pinnacle Master. If she wanted him dead, he knew he wouldn't live till tomorrow.

Han Jingru turned to face Fei Ling'er. "Why don't you fight with him on behalf of me?"

The latter quickly shook her hands, rejecting his request. "I can't beat him. Don't mind me; I'm just watching from the sidelines."

Ximen Chang advised, "Young lady, you better leave this place, or else my subordinate might accidentally hurt you with his strong internal

energy during the battle.”

Sweat dotted the Ninth Stage fighter’s forehead upon hearing that. In the Imperial Court, unless they had a death wish, no one dared shoot their mouth off in front of Fei Lingsheng.

Feeling displeased with Ximen Chang’s words, Fei Ling’er pouted but remained seated on the wall as she was reluctant to interfere in their conflict. After all, she need not do anything because Han Jingru would kill Ximen Chang anyway.

Right then, Ximen Jin arrived at the estate. The clash between Han Jingru and Ximen Chang broke out sooner than he expected. He took a glance at Han Jingru with his eyes full of anticipation. *The sooner Ximen Chang dies, the sooner I get to become the Patriarch.*

“What are you doing here?” Ximen Chang was unhappy with Ximen Jin’s appearance.

“Grandpa, I’m here to retrieve your body.” Ximen Jin bowed reverently, but his words were

rather disrespectful and provocative.

If Ximen Chang didn't die today, he would be of no use to his grandfather anymore; he would never get to become the Patriarch. Instead of living a mediocre life as the Patriarch's subordinate, he would rather show his dominant side and spoke his mind, knowing that it was now or never.

Ximen Chang was surprised by his grandson's sudden change of attitude. "Why do you want me dead?"

"Grandpa, initially, you've come to Fengshang City to get the Holy Chestnut for me. But now, you've decided to keep it to yourself. Of course, I want you dead since only one of us can have the Holy Chestnut. That way, only can I become the next Patriarch." Ximen Jin stated bluntly.

Ximen Chang gave a hearty laugh upon hearing his confession. "Now that's my boy! I'm impressed that you have the guts, but too bad your dream will never come true."

“Mr. Han, please unleash your full strength; do whatever it takes to kill him. The Ximen family will be at your beck and calls once I become the Patriarch.” Ximen Jin bowed to Han Jingru, giving him a martial salute.

Fei Ling'er nodded approvingly at Ximen Jin when his decisiveness won her liking.

Han Jingru, too, appreciated Ximen Jin's bold move in burning the bridges behind him. Not everyone could have the courage to do the same thing as he did. Unlike the timid Huang Xiaoyong, Ximen Jin was a truly ambitious go-getter.

Nevertheless, that was all the more reason why Han Jingru would never give him his full trust. Even if Ximen Jin became his puppet, an ambitious person like him was hard to control.

“Please.” Han Jingru gestured to the Ninth Stage fighter to prepare for the upcoming battle.

Before this, the Ninth Stage fighter was confident that he could beat Han Jingru. But now, he

couldn't help feeling uneasy as restlessness crept around his heart.

Fei Lingsheng is here because the battle is worth her spectating. She wouldn't even be here if I could easily have the upper hand as a Ninth Stage fighter against Han Jingru in the fight. Her presence is a telltale sign of Han Jingru's great capability!

If I couldn't even sense his internal energy, that means his stage is far more advanced than mine! His face turned ashen when the thought hit him.



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“I’ll give you one last chance. Tell me where the Holy Chestnut is found and I’ll spare your life,” Ximen Chang let out a sneer as he threatened Han Jingru. All he cared about was getting more Holy Chestnuts, so Han Jingru’s life certainly did not mean anything to him. Ultimately, he did not want Han Jingru to carry this piece of invaluable information to his grave.

“Given your position as head of the Ximen family, you would still kill me even after I tell you where it’s found,” Han Jingru said with a mocking smile as he knew Ximen Chang’s arrogance would get in his way.

Though he was not afraid of the Ninth Stage fighter standing before him, Fei Ling’er’s sudden appearance made him feel as though he was being spied on.

The more exposed he was, the more Fei Ling’er could see through him. On the contrary, he barely knew anything about her.

“You have a relatively good sense of awareness. Well, perhaps I’ll let you go mercifully, or maybe

I'll give you a quick death so you don't feel too much pain," said Ximen Chang.

Han Jingru scoffed in response and challenged him, "Since you're going to kill me either way, why should I reveal the location of the Holy Chestnut to you? Besides, it's located in a place more dangerous than the Dark Forest. Are you able to handle that?"

"Hey, quit wasting time and start fighting," Fei Ling'er said restlessly. It wasn't that she was impatient; she just couldn't wait to find out the true extent of Han Jingru's strength. Every minute of waiting was like torture for her.

"Look here, little lady. What goes on between us has nothing to do with you. If you keep interfering, I'll kill you first," Ximen Chang said in an arrogant tone as he looked at her frostily.

When the Ninth Stage fighter heard these words, he broke out in cold sweat.

That's Fei Lingsheng!

Even the Emperor wouldn't dare to speak to her in such a tone!

Isn't Ximen Chang just looking for trouble by threatening her like that?

Fei Ling'er simply rolled her eyes. *What an arrogant old fool. If it weren't for the fight that is going to take place, I wouldn't bother wasting my time here.*

Seeing that Fei Ling'er did not say anything in response, Ximen Chang turned to look at Han Jingru and declared, "This is your last chance, or you'll suffer the consequences."

Knowing that this battle was inevitable, Han Jingru let out a deep sigh. He had to face the Ninth Stage fighter even if it meant that Fei Ling'er would discover his true strength; he couldn't just sit still and wait for his death.

At first, Ximen Chang thought he would surrender, but contrary to his expectations, Han Jingru said, "This day next year will be your death anniversary."

“You insolent low-life,” Ximen Chang said as his expression turned violent. He then turned to the Ninth Stage fighter and instructed, “Cripple him and torture him slowly until he reveals the location of the Holy Chestnut.”

The Ninth Stage fighter was actually reluctant to fight Han Jingru because of Fei Ling'er's sudden appearance. Nevertheless, he had no choice but to do so.

“I'm sorry,” he said to Han Jingru before preparing for battle.

Han Jingru knew that this battle would shake the city and injure countless innocent civilians, and this was not something he wanted to see.

“After you, my friend. Let's fight.” Han Jingru then took a huge leap and disappeared from the scene.

The Ninth Stage fighter followed suit, and in the blink of an eye, the two of them arrived at a place outside the city.

“How troublesome,” Fei Ling’er muttered before disappearing into the wall unnoticed.

Ximen Chang and the others quickly rushed out of the city when they finally noticed the fighters were gone.

Although Ximen Jin had earlier expressed his intentions to Ximen Chang, he did not display a single hint of timidity while he walked next to his grandfather. He seemed totally unchanged from before.

“I never thought you would pin your hopes on an outsider. This would be the worst decision you have ever made in your life,” Ximen Chang said to him.

“Grandpa, you’re the one who put me in this position. I have no other choice,” Ximen Jin responded.

“Hmph, everything in the Ximen family belongs to me. You can only have something if I choose to give it to you. It would be a sin if you lay eyes on something that is not rightfully yours. You

have no right to covet the Patriarch position at all,” Ximen Chang said scornfully. Although he was grooming Ximen Jin to become the next Patriarch, there was no guarantee that he would definitely own the position in the future.

Now that Ximen Chang had the opportunity to become a Pinnacle Master and prolong his life, he wanted to remain as Patriarch of the Ximen family for as long as he could.

Since men were selfish by nature, it was understandable why Ximen Chang made such a decision after knowing he had the chance to prolong his life.

“If you don’t give it to me, I will fight you for it. Otherwise, what is the point of living? I don’t want to continue being your puppet,” Ximen Jin said coldly.

“Let’s see if you still have the confidence to say such words after he dies,” Ximen Chang retorted.

Although Ximen Jin appeared calm on the outside, a wave of emotions struck him on the

inside. He had complete trust in Han Jingru, but at the same time, he knew he was at the losing end given the current circumstances. Han Jingru was no match for the Ninth Stage fighter, and his defeat would also cause the downfall of Ximen Jin.

“Grandpa, do you really think he will lose?” he asked.

This question seemed like a big joke to Ximen Chang, and he couldn't help laughing as he answered, “My dear grandson, don't you know Zhong Qishan's stage? He is a Ninth Stage fighter. No one other than Fei Lingsheng would be able to defeat him. Not only is he a Ninth Stage fighter, but he is also closer to becoming a Pinnacle Master than any other person.”

“Han Jingru might be defeated before we even reach their location outside the city, and you will no longer be considered a member of the Ximen family,” he added. It was clear that Ximen Chang did not wish to retain someone like his grandson in the family.

To Ximen Jin, it appeared that Ximen Chang only cared about his position as the Patriarch and did not care about blood ties at all.

On the other hand, Ximen Chang prioritized status and power over everything else, and Ximen Jin was simply a dispensable descendent to him.

When he became a Pinnacle Stage fighter, he would no longer need Ximen Jin to ensure the continuity of his bloodline. He could simply use his rejuvenation ability to reproduce his next generation of offspring.

“If you do not die today, this day next year would be my death anniversary,” Ximen Jin said in a determined manner. It was as though he had accepted that his life would not be spared if Han Jingru loses the fight.

Ximen Jin was an extremely headstrong and obstinate person. He was determined to become the next Patriarch of the family, and he felt that life would be meaningless if he did not achieve that. Moreover, he could not accept the humiliation he would face if he were disowned by the Ximen family.

This determination of his was almost an obsession, but it was Ximen Chang who had cultivated this mindset in him since birth.

“Relax. If you die, there would definitely be a place for you in the family cemetery. Ximen blood runs in your veins after all,” Ximen Chang said unsympathetically.

That moment, the fight between the two men outside the city walls commenced.

The deafening noise of their combat attracted the attention of people inside the city.

The people’s faces filled with astonishment when they realized the noise was actually cause by a fight.

They had never witnessed a battle between fighters before, so such a scene particularly shocking to them. A few busybodies who couldn't help themselves went outside the city walls to watch the excitement.

Meanwhile, in Ran Yi's estate, he and He Zhonglin were sitting across each other. They knew the fight going on outside the city involved Han Jingru, but they tried to avoid thinking about it. If Han Jingru lost the fight, Ximen Chang definitely would not spare both their lives.

"Hey, the fight has started," He Zhonglin turned to tell Ran Yi.

"I know," Ran Yi answered.

Feeling guilty, He Zhonglin asked, "Are we... not going out to watch?"

"What if he loses?" asked Ran Yi.

"We'll have no other choice but to face our death," He Zhonglin replied helplessly. He knew that they would not be able to handle Ximen

Chang's rage, so it was pointless trying to look for an escape. Waiting for their death would be the most practical solution.

"Do you want to die?" Ran Yi continued asking.

"What nonsense are you asking me? You're not dead yet, so why would I want to die?" He Zhonglin scoffed.

Ran Yi then took a deep breath and said, "Death is inevitable. To be able to witness such a battle before death makes life worthwhile."

Upon hearing this, He Zhonglin immediately stood up and said, "What are you waiting for then? Go quickly. I'm afraid it might end soon."

By then, many spectators had already gathered outside the city, and there were constant cheers going on for Han Jingru and Zhong Qishan. Nevertheless, the majority of spectators stood far away from the scene as they were afraid of getting injured by accident.

The crowd discussed among themselves as they

watched the fight. “Who are these people? They are insanely powerful.”

“That young lad doesn’t look familiar. I didn’t expect him to be in such a high stage.”

“That is Zhong Qishan, the Ximen family’s elite fighter who has achieved the Ninth Stage. Who would have thought that young lad would be able to fight him?”

“Indeed. I didn’t expect another fighter of such caliber to emerge in the Imperial Court.”

Just as the crowd was cheering on, Ximen Chang’s expression suddenly turned sour.

From his point of view, Zhong Qishan had the strength to crush Han Jingru. However, to his disbelief, Zhong Qishan now seemed to be at the losing end of the battle.

He’s just an unknown piece of trash. How could he possibly stand a chance against Zhong Qishan?

“Grandpa, it looks like you have underestimated him.” Ximen Jin chuckled. The more his grandfather’s expression darkened, the wider he grinned.

“Hmph, Zhong Qishan is probably just testing his limits. He hasn’t showcased his true power yet,” Ximen Chang retorted.

A short while later, Ran Yi and He Zhonglin arrived outside the city.

They were horrified when they saw the two fighters battling on the peak of a nearby mountain.

“Isn’t that Zhong Qishan?!” He Zhonglin exclaimed in astonishment. He rubbed his eyes to make sure his eyes weren’t playing tricks on him.

Even Ran Yi, who had been cooped up in Fengshang City for the past few years, had heard of Zhong Qishan before. He knew that Zhong Qishan was a Ninth Stage fighter and also the Ximen family’s best fighter.

However, to his surprise, Han Jingru was able to contend with the Ninth Stage fighter.

“I didn’t expect Ximen Chang to actually dispatch Zhong Qishan,” He Zhonglin said with a sigh.

“Given the current situation, I guess we can be certain of Han Jingru’s stage.” Ran Yi said to him.

The two of them had in fact discussed this issue before. Earlier, He Zhonglin was doubtful of Han Jingru’s stage, but after witnessing the fight, his doubts were dispelled.

Han Jingru’s ability to take on Zhong Qishan showed that he indeed had the strength of a Ninth Stage fighter. Moreover, given his young age, it was very likely he would be able to achieve Pinnacle Stage.

He Zhonglin took a deep breath and said, “Ran Yi, I didn’t think that an old bugger like you would have such a good eye. If we have the chance to work with him in the future, we would

be rich.”

To Ran Yi, more money didn't mean much as the amount of wealth he had currently was able to last him a few lifetimes. Amassing more wealth was of no use to him.

Instead, he had always dreamt of going back to cultivation again, and a fighter once told him that only a Pinnacle Stage fighter would be able to help him restore his strength back to a Cultivator.

Nevertheless, he felt that this was merely a pipe dream. After all, what were the chances of meeting a Pinnacle Stage fighter?

He never held out much hope until today.

If Han Jingru were willing to help him, he would be able to restore his strength.

Since he was at an advanced age, the likelihood of becoming a Cultivator was rather low, but this was still a dream that Ran Yi held on to.

He would be able to truly rest in peace after he

achieved this dream of his.

“Mr. He... do you think h-h-he would agree to help me if I asked?” Ran Yi stammered as he asked. He was so excited that his body started trembling.

“Help you?” He Zhonglin looked at Ran Yi in suspicion. After he figured out what Ran Yi was implying, he said solemnly, “I will personally ask him, and I am willing to pay any price for him to help you. After all, it was because of me that you had to stop cultivating.”

Ran Yi’s excitement could no longer be suppressed ever since the idea of becoming a Cultivator entered his mind.

That moment, Han Jingru and Zhong Qishan’s fight approached its climax. The two of them fought until the peak of the mountain was almost flattened, and thundering sound of their combat continued to deafen the crowd. This was a scene that the people of Fengshang City would never forget.

They would live to tell this tale to their descendants, and no matter how much time passed, they would remember these shocking scenes forever.

“Zhong Qishan, what the hell are you doing? Why don’t you just finish him off?” Ximen Chang gritted his teeth as he exclaimed.



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