Han Xiuzhi smiled bitterly as he had already expected that Han Jingru would land in this state one day. The Han family became just another pawn of the Nangong family the moment Nangong Shuxian married him.

Everyone thought that Han Xiuzhi was a selfmade man who created many miracles. However, nobody knew that this would have been impossible without the Nangong family.

Many years ago, Han Xiuzhi went on a different path so that he would not lose out to the Han family in the States.

Han Jingru used to be laughed at by the whole of Yun City as the useless live-in son-in-law. However, Han Xiuzhi was the real useless son-inlaw!

He never thought that Han Jingru would have to deal with this.

Han Xiang's birth was a beautiful surprise, but it was also unexpected. Even she was dragged into all this.

"I would never be able to face Han Jingru if something happened to Han Xiang," Han Xiuzhi said helplessly.

"The Nangong family will not harm Han Xiang as long as they have not accomplished what they wanted. It's the only thing that they can threaten Jingru with," Yan Qiong said firmly.

Han Xiuzhi sighed again and responded, "If I was not so competitive back then, all these would not have happened. It's all my fault! I'm just a useless empty shell!"

Yan Qiong kept silent at this. Han Xiuzhi had indeed sacrificed a lot in order to become successful. It was also true that he had no other choice at the time but to be used as a pawn.

"If the Nangong family was smart, perhaps Jingru would be able to find his place there. Our worry would be irrelevant then," Yan Qiong comforted him.

Han Xiuzhi scoffed slightly as he said, "These people will never respect Jingru. They only think

about themselves and will always be selfcentered."

Yan Qiong sighed. Han Xiuzhi's words were indeed right.

The Nangong family's base was located on a small island country.

As the plane landed at the island's airport, Han Jingru stepped off and entered a Bentley with Nangong Sun. He was fully recuperated.

"From today onwards, keep your mouth shut. Don't talk unless I ask you to," Nangong Sun said to Han Jingru.

The Nangong family had put in a lot of effort to enter into the top community, but to no avail. Terra Prison was just one of the many projects that the family was engaged in on this front.

Nangong Sun was somewhat like an invisible man in his family. As such, he took on the responsibility of running Terra Prison in order to prove himself.

Nangong Sun was the second son in the younger generation of the family. He had an elder and younger brother who were extremely accomplished and had made the family proud. As such, to Nangong Sun, Han Jingru was the man that would change how his family saw him, as long as his performance satisfied the family.

To Nangong Boling, his biggest wish was for the Nangong family to enter the community. Whoever that fulfilled his wish would become the head of the family.

The head of the family was a highly coveted position as it brought about huge financial resources. The three brothers were obviously secretly fighting for it.

The Nangong family's mansion was like a grand castle. While Han Jingru had also once stayed at the villa in Yun City, it was not comparable to this castle at all. The Nangong family's residence really broadened his horizons.

His villa was, at most, the size of a toilet in this castle.

"Nangong Sun, I heard that you destroyed the whole of Terra Prison. I hope you know that Terra Prison was a huge money-making machine, and that was my money you lost," a young man blocked Nangong Sun's path just as they reached the entrance.

It was Nangong Feng, Nangong Sun's elder brother.

Nangong Sun said scornfully, "Nangong Feng, are you dreaming again? Dreaming of becoming the head of the family?"

"Am I wrong to do so? Only I can be the head of the family. What? Did you think that you could fight with me?" Nangong Feng teased him. It was obvious that he had no respect for Nangong Sun at all.

Han Jingru smiled slightly as he overheard their conversation. It seemed that Nangong Sun could not escape the feuds of prominent families, and he was not as capable as Han Jingru thought him to be.

Nangong Feng said scornfully to Han Jingru. "What are you smiling at? I've heard about you useless piece of trash. Nangong Sun staged a good show for you, but nobody believes him."

News of what happened at Terra Prison spread to the whole of the Nangong family, and everyone heard that Han Jingru had killed all of the prisoners there. However, Nangong Feng did not believe that this was true, especially after he saw Han Jingru in real life. He thought Nangong Sun was merely trying to portray an exaggerated image of Han Jingru to the family.

"Nangong Feng, it's too bad you didn't get to see this 'show' I put up. Otherwise, you would be so frightened that even your legs would give way," Nangong Sun said coldly.

At the same time, a large figure approached Nangong Feng. He was almost two meters tall and was extremely well-built.

The giant looked absolutely intimidating.

Nangong Feng smiled and said, "This is the man

I brought back. He looks much better than this piece of shit. Believe me when I say this, but your guy will die today."

Nangong Sun gritted his teeth. The man that Nangong Feng brought indeed looked much stronger than Han Jingru. His imposing manner was not one that Han Jingru possessed.

However, Nangong Sun had already placed all his hopes on Han Jingru and would not allow himself to lose out.

"Let's wait and see," Nangong Sun said as he walked into the castle.

Nangong Feng was still jeering at him from behind, "My good brother, don't cry like a baby when you lose tonight!"

Nangong Sun brought Han Jingru to his own room. He was obviously livid as he smashed almost all of the decorations in his room.

Han Jingru could tell that Nangong Sun was extremely upset with his family and this anger

had been brewing since he was young.

"You'd better kill that guy tonight. Otherwise, your daughter will lose an arm." Nangong Sun gritted his teeth as he threatened Han Jingru.

Han Jingru looked calm. To him, while the guy earlier looked intimidating and large, he was not going to be his match.

"What are we doing tonight?" Han Jingru said.

"Boxing match. Whoever has the better man will get the attention of Grandpa," Nangong Sun said. The Nangong family was not concerned about wealth anymore as it would not help them to enter that top realm they so desperately wanted.

One could only conquer the world with martial arts!

"I want to see Han Xiang," Han Jingru said. He had to make sure that Han Xiang was safe, and a photo was not sufficient for him.

Nangong Sun approached him. He looked at Han

Jingru and said, "Remember, you are just a dog and have no right to talk to me. Do whatever I tell you to."

Han Jingru fixed his gaze on Nangong Sun. He knew that he could talk terms with Nangong Sun after knowing his position in the family. After all, Nangong Sun depended on him to get his family's validation.

"Nangong Sun, you can threaten me with Han Xiang all you want. However, I can make you lose everything. If you want to prove yourself in front of the head of the Nangong family, agree to my terms," Han Jingru said firmly.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Nangong Sun wanted to control Han Jingru in all aspects by using Han Xiang to threaten him.

However, he felt as though he was the one being threatened now. This was not what Nangong Sun wanted, nor could he accept not having the upper hand.

"All I have to do is to make a call and your daughter's arms will be gone," Nangong Sun threatened.

Han Jingru was slightly afraid. However, he knew that he could not cave in to Nangong Sun. Otherwise, he would have no way out. He had to bet that Nangong Sun would not dare to actually carry out his threat.

"My daughter's life may not be worthy anything to you. However, I know you want approval from the head of the Nangong family. You can try and risk your future in this family," Han Jingru said calmly.

Nangong Sun's blood boiled at this.

Nangong Sun did not care if Han Xiang died. However, he could not risk his position in the Nangong family.

"Han Jingru, she is your daughter. How can you be so ruthless? She's just a baby," Nangong Sun said as he fished out his phone and showed a picture of Han Xiang to Han Jingru.

Han Jingru's heart ached thinking of his newborn being exposed to such danger at less than a month old. I am her father, and am supposed to be responsible for her safety!

It is all because of me!

However, he knew he must be cold-blooded enough in order to save her.

"Your only choice is to agree with what I say.

Otherwise, you will lose your dignity tonight and continue to be laughed at for the rest of your life," Han Jingru said.

Nangong Sun's veins almost popped in anger. He wanted to kill Han Jingru so badly.

He had already paid the price when Terra Prison was destroyed. If his plan with Han Jingru did not succeed, he would become the joke of the century. Furthermore, his grandfather, Nangong Boling, would also be upset with him and he would never have a chance to be the head of the family.

If he failed, not only would he never become the head of the family, he could also be kicked out of the clan. Nangong Sun did not want that to happen at all.

He took a deep breath and finally caved in. He said, "Alright, as long as you make me happy by winning tonight, I will agree."

"Do you want me to kill him or not?" Han Jingru said.

Nangong Sun frowned slightly. While he knew what Han Jingru was capable of, the man that Nangong Feng brought here tonight was not going to be easily defeated, either.

"Are you that confident?" Nangong Sun asked in

doubt. He sometimes wondered if Han Jingru was just boasting.

"It's not confidence, it's ability," Han Jingru said.

"Alright," Nangong Sun said.

"If you kill him tonight, I will let you see Han Xiang whenever you want," he continued.

"Deal."

The core of the Nangong family consisted of many members. Apart from Nangong Sun's brothers, there were also the daughters. Together, there were over forty people. It was always like a banquet whenever they ate together.

As Nangong Sun introduced Han Jingru, many pointed fingers at the latter. Most of them looked at him with disdain and talked about him as though he was just another slave in the family.

"Nangong Sun, I can't believe you brought a man like him back," a beautiful lady walked towards Nangong Sun as her heels clicked on the floor. She took a look at Han Jingru and scoffed slightly.

"Sis, don't judge someone by how they look,"
Nangong Sun said calmly. The woman in front of
him was Nangong Liuli, his elder sister. She
favored their younger brother, Nangong Yan, so
Nangong Sun never had a good impression of
her.

Nangong Liuli just laughed as she could not see how strong Han Jingru was. He looked more like a boy toy to her.

"Just look at him. I don't think he can even fight me. But of course, my arena is the bed," Nangong Liuli said with a suggestive smile.

She was an extremely open and loose woman who would never conceal her thoughts on sex.

Everyone in the Nangong family knew that Nangong Liuli liked to have boy toys around her.

Nangong Sun was disgusted. He thought that whoever married Nangong Liuli must have had bad karma from their past life. "Where is Grandpa?" Nangong Sun asked.

"He's with Nangong Yan in the study. I'm sure you know that he always looked at Nangong Yan differently from you and Nangong Feng," Nangong Liuli said.

Nangong Sun was upset. Nangong Yan only came into contact once with those people in the top community, and Nangong Boling regarded it with much significance. It was unfair.

"He was just lucky," Nangong Sun said.

Nangong Liuli laughed and said, "Well, his luck is better than yours. I heard that he brought back good news. An important figure from that community wants to visit our place. Do you think you can accomplish what he just did?"

"What!" Nangong Sun was shocked. How is it possible that Nangong Yan managed to invite someone that important to our house?

"Well, I told you so. Nangong Feng and you are no match for him. What's so surprising about this?" Nangong Liuli said and returned to her seat.

Nangong Sun's face clouded over. If her words were indeed true, it was useless to bring Han Jingru back.

Han Jingru listened to their conversation in silence.

The top community that Nangong Liuli referred to... is it the one Grandpa Yan had mentioned?

If it was indeed so, Han Jingru could take the opportunity to interact with that visitor to find out what was going on with that immense strength of his.

Before dinner started, Nangong Boling entered the dining hall. Everyone stood up as though they were welcoming a VIP. It was obvious that he was extremely influential in the Nangong family.

The young man who trailed behind him was Nangong Yan. He had a smile on his face and threw a smug glance at his two brothers. Nangong Boling raised his hand and asked everyone to sit.

Han Jingru stood behind Nangong Sun as he had no place at the dinner table.

When Nangong Sun was about to introduce Han Jingru to his grandfather, Nangong Boling said, "Those who shouldn't be here, get out."

Nangong Sun's expression turned awkward. *Is he referring to Han Jingru?*

"Leave," Nangong Sun said to Han Jingru.

Han Jingru left without hesitation. Nangong Boling's imposing manner was even more obvious than that of Han Xiuzhi. Han Jingru did not want to offend someone like him on his first day in the Nangong Residence.

He walked out of the dining hall to the garden outside and lit a cigarette.

Han Jingru had never come across such a prominent and large family. All of Yan City's

largest families were like a joke to the Nangong clan.

He knew that he was going to be humiliated and looked down upon here. However, he had no other choice but to tolerate it so that he could save Han Xiang.

However, Han Jingru had always wondered why Nangong Sun targeted him.

Just as he was puffing his cigarette, an old woman approached Han Jingru. Her face was all wrinkled up and she looked more than a hundred years old.

"You are Han Jingru?" the old woman asked.

Han Jingru raised his brows. No one from the Nangong family knew who he was.

"Ma'am, how do you know my name?" Han Jingru asked.

"Is your grandmother, Nangong Shuxian, doing well?" the old woman asked.

Han Jingru's heart skipped a beat. Why did she talk about Nangong Shuxian for no reason?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Ma'am, do you know Nangong Shuxian?" Han Jingru became short of breath. *Could Nangong Shuxian be related to this Nangong family?How could this be?*

"You unfilial man, how dare you address her by her name!" the old woman glared at Han Jingru.

Han Jingru never treated Nangong Shuxian as his grandmother as she was extremely biased against him. He did not even flinch when she hung herself.

Han Jingru would not have suffered in his younger days if not for her.

She meant nothing to Han Jingru.

"She never treated me like her grandson," Han Jingru said.

The old woman became irate as she heard Han Jingru's words. She raised her walking stick and hit Han Jingru with it.

Han Jingru just stood there.

"Kneel and apologize to her," the old woman said.

Han Jingru's face froze as he said coldly, "I don't care how you are related to her. I will never apologize. Let me tell you, she's dead."

The old woman froze slightly. She finally sighed and walked away.

Han Jingru did not manage to find out how Nangong Shuxian was related to this old woman.

"Nangong Shuxian, who were you? Did someone plan this right from the very start?" Han Jingru mumbled to himself. He could not figure out what was going on now and could only wait for the truth to reveal itself.

After the Nangong family had their dinner, everyone went to the fighting arena.

The arena was set up by the Nangong family as a practice area for the younger generation.

Nangong Boling hoped that his future generations would be able to bring the family to the top

echelon of martial arts. However, no strong fighter had appeared in this arena to date.

There was a boxing ring in the middle of this arena. Nangong Boling sat down while everyone remained standing.

"Grandpa, my man is ready," Nangong Feng approached Nangong Boling and said. He wanted to prove himself badly and did not want Nangong Yan to take away all the limelight.

Nangong Boling nodded and said to Nangong Sun, "Where is your guy? Get him in the ring."

Nangong Sun glanced at Han Jingru.

Han Jingru went into the ring without hesitation. However, he looked extremely small and scrawny when compared to Nangong Feng's man. He was almost like a dwarf.

This invited laughter from many others.

"Where did Nangong Sun even find this man from? Dwarf land?"

"I heard that Terra Prison was destroyed because of this man. I wonder how much we lost just because of a useless piece of shit like him."

"Just watch, Nangong Sun would definitely be scolded. It's laughable that Nangong Sun destroyed Terra Prison because of him."

"Nangong Sun really is stupid to find someone like him to fight. Nangong Yan is still the best he managed to invite the important figure to visit our place."

Earlier, during dinner, Nangong Boling informed everyone that the important figure from that top community would be visiting their place. Everyone was excited and thought that Nangong Yan would definitely become the next head of the family.

"Hurry up and start. Don't waste my time with this dwarf here," Nangong Boling said impatiently.

"Bro, are you into comedy now? Why put on a show like this?" Nangong Yan jeered at Nangong

Sun.

Nangong Sun gritted his teeth and said, "It's not a comedy. Just look."

"Well, you could have let me know if you had no one else. I have many men ready for you, why embarrass yourself like this?" Nangong Yan teased.

"Nangong Yan, don't be too cocky. After this fella dies, get your men in the boxing ring," Nangong Feng said.

Nangong Yan shrugged his shoulders and said, "No problem. I will let you all see what it means to be a real fighter."

In the boxing ring, the match started after Nangong Boling gave the orders. The big guy shrugged slightly and beckoned Han Jingru with his finger.

Han Jingru walked towards him in a rather relaxed stance.

"What is he doing? Taking a walk?"

"Is he really here for comedy? Is he not afraid of death?"

"Nangong Sun is really going to be the joke of the century."

Everyone started to mock Han Jingru.

Nangong Sun froze. He did not know what Han Jingru was up to, either.

Nangong Feng burst into a fit of laughter as he said, "Nangong Sun, who the f**k did you even bring here?"

Nangong Boling also said with disapproval, "Was this the man that you destroyed Terra Prison for? You'd better explain yourself."

"Grandpa, he just thinks that his opponent is no match for him," Nangong Sun quickly found an excuse.

"Nangong Sun, your boasting skills are getting

better and better. Too bad, this guy is going to die today! Look at him! Are you blind?" Nangong Feng continued to mock him.

Nangong Sun glared at Nangong Feng and said, "Nobody has won yet. Don't be too smug."

Nangong Feng kept his nose high in the air. The results were rather obvious to him. Not just him, but the whole of the Nangong family was also of the opinion that Han Jingru had already lost.

"Never mind, I will let you struggle a little bit. After all, you are my younger brother and I don't want to come across as petty," Nangong Feng said with a smile.

At this moment, a loud sound came from the boxing ring. Everyone's eyes turned towards the ring.

Han Jingru, who was walking in a relaxed manner, suddenly stomped on the ring and causing it to shake.

Nangong Boling frowned as he stood up to get a

closer look. Han Jingru caught his attention.

Within the next moment, Han Jingru raised his fists and sent a punch in his opponent's direction.

His opponent tried to block with his arms but to no avail.

Upon impact, the opponent was pushed back to the ropes. Before he could even react, Han Jingru had already thrown a second punch toward him.

He finally knew that he had underestimated Han Jingru. He only had one thought as he saw the second punch, and that was to run.

That was the only way he could avoid dying.

However, before he could do anything, Han Jingru's fist already landed on his temple. There was no way of escaping.

His face quickly flushed.

Within a few seconds, blood flowed out of his ears, nose, and mouth. His large body stumbled

Chapter 543 Death

and collapsed. He lay on the ground, motionless.

"Whoa ... "

"Huh..."

The gasps of everyone could be heard as they saw what Han Jingru did.

He was definitely not a piece of shit!

He defeated his opponent in two punches. His strength was indeed something to look up to.

"He... He is really good!"

"Did Nangong Sun find a beast? How could the guy die just from one punch?"

"Wow, this is unexpected."

Everyone looked at Han Jingru as though they just had a nightmare.

"Grandpa, look. I'm sure you aren't disappointed," Nangong Sun said to Nangong

Boling.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Nangong Boling took a deep breath. He could not underestimate this man in front of him any longer.

He never saw such strength from anyone else. Han Jingru indeed shocked him to the core.

"Grandpa," Nangong Feng gritted his teeth and said.

"My man is definitely strong. There is something wrong with this guy. Nangong Sun must have done something so that he can win!" Nangong Feng protested.

"Nangong Feng, I can understand how you are feeling. However, this is a match based on ability. Do you think I could bribe your man?" Nangong Sun responded with a smug look. He finally could hold his head high.

Nangong Feng's face turned pale. Even if he wanted to ruin Nangong Sun's reputation, he could not accuse him of bribing.

If he said that Nangong Sun had bribed his men,

it would mean that he himself was useless, too. Even if his man was really bribed, it was still not easy for Han Jingru to kill a man so quickly.

Nangong Feng was not a foolish man and would never place himself in a position to be scorned by his grandfather.

"You are just lucky," Nangong Feng said.

Nangong Sun laughed and looked at his other brother before saying, "Your turn."

Nangong Yan's face was also clouded over. While his man was indeed good, Han Jingru's strength was shocking and he did not want his guy to fight Han Jingru without knowing his true abilities. If his man died in the boxing ring, his effort would be wasted.

"Grandpa, can we stop the match today?" Nangong Yan asked Nangong Boling.

Nangong Sun froze. *Stop the match?* That was not possible. Nangong Sun desperately wanted to prove himself in front of his family. This was a good opportunity to take the lime

light away from Nangong Yan. He could not give it up!

However, before Nangong Sun could protest, Nangong Boling said, "Of course. Let's leave it at this today."

"Thank you, Grandpa," Nangong Yan said thankfully.

Nangong Boling's bias was extremely frustrating to Nangong Sun. However, he dared not protest against his grandfather and could only accept his orders.

"Brother, you can't run away forever," Nangong Sun scoffed.

Nangong Yan pretended not to hear his words and left the arena quickly.

Most people left the arena one after another.

However, Nangong Liuli remained in the area with her gaze fixed on Han Jingru as though she was already in love with him. She never thought that Han Jingru would be so powerful. She was curious as to whether he was similarly good in bed.

Nangong Liuli was a decisive woman and would never allow her curiosity to grow. She had already decided to test Han Jingru's abilities.

Furthermore, she felt that Han Jingru was not merely a boy toy but was rather manly, too, especially after she saw him attack his opponent in such a ferocious manner.

"Wait for me tonight," Nangong Liuli approached him and threw him a flirtatious look.

Han Jingru did not look at her, even though her flirtatious ways often made her successful in seducing men. Han Jingru only had eyes on Su Yimo. To him, Nangong Liuli was just another woman on the streets.

After everyone had left, Nangong Sun approached Han Jingru and said, "I'm very satisfied with how you did today. I will give you half an hour for a video call."

He tossed a phone towards Han Jingru as he said this.

Han Jingru caught the phone in his hands and quickly went back to the room Nangong Sun arranged for him.

His room was at the servants' quarters. Han Jingru had no place to stay in the guest rooms.

It was a small room that only had a bed.

Han Jingru's hands were shaking. He quickly dialed the only number stored on the phone.

As the call connected, Han Xiang could be seen on the screen.

She was sound asleep and her small hands were clenched into two small fists.

Han Jingru stared at the screen and could not get enough of her.

Half an hour passed quickly. Han Jingru had no choice but to end the call.

He lay on the small bed and tried to sleep.

Then came a knock on the door.

Han Jingru knew who it was, but he opened the door anyway.

Nangong Liuli squeezed into the room. She was dressed seductively.

"This room is too small for you. Do you want a bigger room?" Nangong Liuli said at the edge of the bed and crossed her slender gams.

"It's enough for me," Han Jingru said.

"Really? But what if I want to stay here for the night?" Nangong Liuli looked at Han Jingru and bit her lips.

"You are the Young Mistress of the Nangong family. I don't think it's appropriate for you to stay here," Han Jingru said.

Nangong Liuli stood up and held onto his arms as she responded, "Since you know who I am, you should know that nothing is inappropriate, as long as I want it. But I can satisfy you if you have a thing for small rooms."

As she spoke, one of her legs was already on Han Jingru.

Han Jingru held onto her leg and said, "No, thank you."

Nangong Liuli was not angered. She said, "I just want to measure your waist with my legs. Are you sure you want to reject me?"

Nangong Liuli was confident that she could easily defeat Han Jingru with her seductive ways. She had always won over all the men she wanted with her looks and figure.

However, Han Jingru was a different man who was definitely going to disappoint Nangong Liuli.

He pushed her away and said, "I am not interested in you."

All her excitement was gone instantly and her

blood boiled.

"Han Jingru, you should know your place. How dare you reject me?" Nangong Liuli berated him.

Han Jingru smiled, "Of course I do. Perhaps we might even be blood-related."

Nangong Liuli could not care less about this. However, she could feel a strong sense of rejection from Han Jingru. This was her first time not getting what she wanted.

Nangong Liuli sent a slap across Han Jingru's face as she said, "I will make sure you regret this."

Han Jingru looked on as Nangong Liuli left angrily. He stroked his cheeks where he was slapped. It did not even hurt him a single bit.

He closed the door and lay on his bed.

If Nangong Shuxian was really of the Nangong family, he would be blood-related to Nangong Liuli. The fact that she did not care about this left

Han Jingru shocked.

"What kind of woman is she?" Han Jingru mumbled to himself.

At the same time, in another room.

This room was decorated even more lavishly than a palace and was vastly different from Han Jingru's room.

It was as though one could smell money in the air.

Nangong Yan sat on the sofa with his face clouded over. When he asked Nangong Boling to stop the match, he was conceding defeat indirectly. However, he had no choice as he needed to protect his own fighter.

"How confident are you in defeating him?" Nangong Yan asked. A man named Cheng Feng stood in front of Nangong Yan. He was not extremely large but had well-built muscles. He definitely looked strong and had a constant stoic expression on his face.

"Perhaps I would die too," Cheng Feng said. Han Jingru did not reveal too much of himself in the ring today. As such, Cheng Feng could not tell whether he would win or lose if they fought.

However, just by looking at Han Jingru's punch, Cheng Feng thought that he would end up like that guy in the ring.

Nangong Yan's face darkened even more. He never thought that Nangong Sun would be able to find such a powerful fighter at a shitty place like Terra Prison.

To others, Terra Prison was an extremely mysterious place.

However, to the Nangong family, it was just another place to imprison lowly lives, and nobody ever saw Terra Prison as anything of importance. Nangong Yan had previously given up running Terra Prison on his own. At this moment, he regretted his decision. If he had continued running Terra Prison, Han Jingru would be fighting for him now.

Unfortunately, it was all too late.

"That important figure is coming to our place in a few days. If he saw Han Jingru and knew about his fighting abilities, he might take notice of him. I cannot allow that to happen," Nangong Yan said.

"Why don't you just kill him?" Cheng Feng asked.

Nangong Yan smiled and said, "It's not easy as you think it is. While Grandpa seems biased towards me now, the Nangong family can only enter that community with the best fighters. Grandpa already took note of Han Jingru. If I killed him, Grandpa will be upset with me."

"Just say that he did something wrong," Cheng Feng said.

Nangong Yan grinned.

"That is a good suggestion."

The next morning, Han Jingru woke up early. However, he could not roam the place freely and could only walk around the servants' quarters.

Nobody could imagine what it was like in the world of the wealthy. Not even Han Jingru.

He walked into a group of children teasing a youth.

These children must be part of the Nangong family. However, the youth looked a little different.

He must have been about twenty years of age, but he acted like a halfwit and continued to smile innocently as though he was playing with the children.

In the half-hour that Han Jingru observed him, he allowed those kids to hit him and feed him sand. He did not even hesitate in swallowing whatever

the kids gave him.

Why would such a person be in the castle of the Nangong family?

"Who are you?" one of the boys walked towards Han Jingru with his arms akimbo.

"Don't offend me," Han Jingru said with a smile.

The boy was obviously upset when he heard this. He picked up a rock and hit Han Jingru with it.

He said with a smug, "Kneel down. Let me ride on you, and I'll forgive you."

Han Jingru just laughed. This boy may be young but he was really arrogant. If he went out into the real world, he would definitely bring about trouble.

"You'd better leave now. Or else, I will hit you," Han Jingru said.

The boy wanted to kick Han Jingru as he heard his words.

Han Jingru lifted his right leg slightly. That sent the boy onto the floor.

The boy did not cry and merely glared at him.

"Who are you? How dare you hit me?" the boy said with gritted teeth.

"I didn't hit you; you tripped over my foot," Han Jingru said with a faint smile. It was better not to offend the boy as he must be a known figure in the family. He did not want to give trouble to Nangong Sun.

Just as he was about to leave, he was hit on the head by a rock.

The boy said smugly, "You are just a dog in our family. Kneel down and ask for forgiveness. Or else, you will die!"

The Nangong family is really bad at educating their younger generations. How can this boy be so arrogant!

Han Jingru walked toward the boy and picked

him up. He said coldly, "Little man, I will let it go considering you are young. However, if you continue to offend me, I will kill you."

The boy was obviously spoilt. He did not feel threatened by Han Jingru's words and even gave him two kicks.

"I will kill you if you don't let me go," the boy said.

Han Jingru was frustrated. He never met such a boy so full of himself. He tossed the boy aside.

At the same time, Han Jingru realized that the young man who had been laughing innocently earlier was no longer smiling. It was only when they made eye contact did he plaster a smile on his face.

Could it be that he was putting on an act?

"You will regret this!" the boy fell onto the ground and yelled in pain.

Han Jingru turned to leave. It was pointless to

argue with a young boy like him. He wouldn't actually kill a child.

After Han Jingru left, the boy remained agitated. He used the rock and hit the youth on his head.

"Retard, what are you laughing at! Stop laughing!" the boy said.

The youth acted as though he did not understand what was going on. He continued to smile innocently and wiped away the blood on his forehead.

The boy pulled on the halfwit's hair and said, "If I don't kill him, I am not a Nangong!"

The young man nodded as though he understood him.

The rest of the children also cheered; they were not the least bit afraid of killing anyone.

After everyone left, the youth sat on the floor and played with dough. His head was lowered, the smile on his face was gone, and his eyes were cold.

Han Jingru had nowhere else to go since Nangong Sun did not come to find him. He was extremely bored. He tried to dial that number on his phone, but the person on the other end did not pick up. After all, Nangong Sun did not give his orders.

Han Jingru started to think of what happened at the villa.

He had been worried since he learned of Han Xiang's kidnapping. He also knew that this was a nightmare to Su Yimo. It must have been difficult for Su Yimo to be separated from her newborn.

At the villa.

Ever since Shiyan's arrival, Su Yimo had been much better as Shiyan would try different ways to comfort her. She convinced Su Yimo that Han Jingru would return safely with Han Xiang.

Su Yimo trusted Han Jingru and never doubted his abilities. He had always done what he had promised to do.

However, Su Yimo still felt worried and hurt as Han Xiang was away from her.

She would sit in the living room and stare into space with her arms out as though she was carrying a baby. Shiyan's heart ached whenever she saw this.

"Yimo, why don't we go and take a walk?" Shiyan took her arm and said.

Su Yimo shook her head. "Mom, I want to stay home and wait for Jingru. What if he comes back? He will be worried if he can't find me when he returns."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Su Yimo was not alone. Many people in Yun City were eagerly awaiting Han Jingru's return, including the Tian family, Molan, and many of his old associates.

Shiyan could not help but sigh at Su Yimo's words. This kind of love was usually thought to only be the stuff of storybooks.

A member of Yan City's elite, Shiyan was used to only seeing joyous unions that were fueled by greed. She had not witnessed such unconditional love from anyone but Su Yimo.

Just then, Molan arrived at the villa. Shiyan silently gestured upward and Molan followed her directions.

The master bedroom was still occupied by Jiang Yan and Su Wenlun. Han Xiuzhi knew better than to take what did not belong to him. He dutifully took a room on the third floor.

The open-air balcony was Han Xiuzhi's favorite place. He spent a copious amount of time enjoying the scenery there regardless of the

season or weather.

When he was in Terra Prison, he had almost forgotten what it was like to experience the changing seasons. Now that he was finally out, he was determined to capture each moment of it.

"Old Master Han," Molan respectfully greeted him.

Han Xiuzhi nodded in acknowledgment. "After winter comes the blooming of spring."

Molan was unsure of what Han Xiuzhi meant. What else could follow winter other than spring? But he dared not speak carelessly, lest he misunderstood Han Xiuzhi's intention.

However, Han Xiuzhi was not hiding any cryptic message. He had merely forgotten what it was like to feel the seasons change, and how the coming of spring felt.

"Sit," Han Xiuzhi said.

Molan dared not to do so because he revered Han

Xiuzhi.

Han Xiuzhi did not insist and moved on. "What's the matter?"

"Sir, Ho Ting's daughter has been apprehended, and I want to enquire if you have reached a decision on how to proceed," Molan said politely. Jiang Yingying had been brought to Yun City and was currently being held in Mojo. In the past, Molan would have settled the matter on his own but now that Han Xiuzhi was back in the city, he would be the best person to make the decision.

"Let her go," Han Xiuzhi announced.

"Let her go?" Molan was flabbergasted. Ho Ting had kidnapped Han Xiang, a deed punishable by death. Although it was dishonorable to condemn a person's family along with the perpetrator, this was an exception. This concerned Han Jingru, meaning that the usual rules no longer applied.

"This has nothing to do with Ho Ting or her daughter," Han Xiuzhi declared. As a lowly maid, Ho Ting would not have been able to contact Nangong Sun. Besides, he would never collaborate with someone like her.

"Sir, have you found out anything?" Molan asked inquisitively.

Although he still had no leads, Han Xiuzhi conjectured that the culprit could very likely be Jiang Yan. He only lacked the evidence to prove it.

Since this was a baseless claim, Han Xiuzhi did not reveal his thoughts to Molan. "Go do what you need to. Don't be bothered by this anymore. Other than Jingru, none of us is of any help."

Molan gulped. He knew that Han Xiuzhi was right and he himself had realized this some time ago, too. It was just that Molan had refused to accept that he truly could not help with the present situation.

Molan wanted to do as much as he could, for his guilt would creep in whenever he allowed himself to rest.

"I know you feel sorry towards Jingru but there are some matters that are just out of your control. There is no need for you to beat yourself up over it," Han Xiuzhi kindly offered.

"Is there really nothing I can do to help him?" Molan asked in frustration.

"If there was, do you think that I would still be sitting here?" Han Xiuzhi smiled dryly. He would do anything in his power to help Han Jingru, but he was nothing he could do for now. He knew full well how powerful the Nangong Family was; any forceful insertion on his part would only bring Han Jingru trouble.

Molan hung his head forlornly.

"I will take my leave now, Sir," Molan said as he bowed out.

After Molan's departure, Yan Qiong turned to Han Xiuzhi. "Molan sure is loyal. It's too bad he can't be of much help; otherwise, he would be very useful to Han Jingru." "Molan values friendship dearly and is definitely a rare breed nowadays, but we can't help the abilities we're born with," Han Xiuzhi agreed.

"You're right," Yan Qiong said, shaking his head. He used to train Han Jingru, but now the student had already overtaken the teacher. Even he could offer no help to Han Jingru, much less Molan.

Su Yimo was startled by Molan coming downstairs. When she realized that it was him, she could no longer control herself. She stood and walked over to him.

"Lan, have you caught Aunt Ho's daughter?" Su Yimo asked nervously.

Molan subconsciously threw a glance at Shiyan, who did not respond. He continued, "She's being held in Mojo. She is not harmed; we only questioned her about the whereabouts of her mother."

"Bring her to the villa," Su Yimo said.

"Why?" Molan asked, baffled.

"I don't believe that Aunt Ho is capable of doing such a thing. If she had really disappeared with Han Xiang, it must be because they were both taken. The house needs a maid now anyway, so let her come," Su Yimo replied firmly.

Su Yimo had never subscribed to the assumption that Aunt Ho had betrayed Han Jingru and stolen their child.

"Are you worried that Jiang Yingying will be dragged into this?" Molan asked exasperatedly. How could Su Yimo be thinking about someone else's safety at a time like this?

"This matter started with us. Her mother was only involved because of her connection to us," Su Yimo simply stated.

"You are too nice. Good karma is not guaranteed, you know," Molan said.

"You reap what you sow," Su Yimo replied.

Molan nodded. "Fine, I will send someone to fetch her immediately."

When Jiang Yingying arrived at the villa, she was awestruck. This was the first time that really it hit her how wealthy her mother's employers were.

Su Yimo introduced Jiang Yingying to the people present and explained the circumstance of Aunt Ho and Han Xiang's disappearance.

Jiang Yingying did not defend Aunt Ho, only adding that her mother was not one to bite the hand that fed her.

"I know she's not that type of person. If you're willing, there's a position here open to you. Your safety is assured here," Su Yimo generously expressed.

"Thank you, Madam." Jiang Yingying bowed in gratitude. She knew that Su Yimo had her best interests at heart.

"Follow me," Su Yimo led Jiang Yingying to the storage room where Han Jingru had briefly lived. She had already packed up his things and brought them to her own room, save for the bed. "You can stay here. Your mother's room has not been cleaned out yet," Su Yimo lied. It was actually because no one had even tried to clean it. The room was littered with children's items and Su Yimo could not bring herself to go near. The room had been undisturbed since Ho Ting's disappearance.

Jiang Yingying was a smart girl and could guess that there must be a logical reason why Su Yimo had not offered her mother's room, so she kept her mouth shut.

"Thank you, Madam."

"Organize your things then start to prepare dinner," Su Yimo instructed.

"Yes."

Although Su Yimo had personally organized the storage room, the skull that Han Jingru had remained under the bed.

When Han Jingru carried the skull back to the mountain villa, he did not bring it into his and Su

Yimo's room. It was not an appropriate decorative item, after all, and he worried that it might scare Su Yimo if she ever came across it, so he left it under the bed in the storage room.

After unpacking, Jiang Yingying headed to the kitchen to start working. Cooking was no laborious task to her. She had lived alone for many years and had acquired all the basic skills. That said, she was still nowhere near Ho Ting's level.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

In the Nangong family manor.

It was well into twilight as Han Jingru lay slumbering. A series of urgent raps on his door tore him away from dreamland.

In his dream, he had been holding Han Xiang and could only wipe the beading tears away when he returned to reality. His daughter's disappearance broke his heart and his longing for her resurfaced in the form of nightly dreams.

"What do you want?" Han Jingru barked at Nangong Sun.

Nangong Sun's face was pale, his gaze conveying rage and confusion. "Follow me," He said.

Han Jingru rose to his feet without hesitation. In fact, he wanted Nangong Sun to request more of him because that was the only way he could gain any grounds for bargaining for contact with Han Xiang.

It was late, and the rest of the Nangong Family should have already retired to their beds, yet Han

Chapter 547 Shirking Blame

Jingru found them all gathered and waiting.

Could they be having a family meeting at this ungodly hour?

But if it really was a family meeting, why was he here?

"It's him."

"It's him."

"It's him."

Han Jingru could make out the figures of a few children pointing at him in the distance, the same expression of terror plastered on their faces. A strong sense of foreboding washed over him.

He had seen these children in the day. They were present when he clashed with that insolent brat, but he thought little of it then.

A woman rushed out from the crowd. Judging from her swollen eyes, she had clearly been crying. She stopped short in front of him and pounded at his face.

Han Jingru frowned and pushed the woman away.

"You owe me my daughter! Return her to me!" she shrieked, weeping bitterly.

Han Jingru was utterly perplexed. He had no clue what was going on.

At this moment, Nangong Boling walked over to him, snarling nastily, "How dare you kill a member of my family."

"Kill?" Han Jingru was still confused. Could one of his defeated opponents from the arena have been a member of the Nangong family, which was why Nangong Boling was seeking revenge? This seemed ridiculous.

"Stop trying to act," Nangong Boling coldly sneered.

"He died in the arena because he wasn't strong enough. What was wrong with that?" Han Jingru responded.

"Arena? He was just a child. Did you have to kill hm on the arena?" Nangong Boling cried in anger.

A child!

Han Jingru was no closer to figuring out what was happening. He came to the Nangong Family and killed someone in the arena, as the rules dictated. What did this have to do with a child?

"Stop pretending and look for yourself,"
Nangong Boling pushed him to the center of the crowd.

Han Jingru felt nothing but shocked horror as he came face to face with the corpse of a boy.

This was the boy he clashed with earlier!

Han Jingru might have disagreed with his attitude, but he believed the boy was still young and had plenty of time to change. Why was he dead? Not only that, but everyone in the Nangong family thought it was Han Jingru who committed such an act!

"I didn't kill him. His death has nothing to do with me," Han Jingru said. He would never take the blame for a crime he did not commit.

"It was you. You were the one that killed him."

"You clearly said that you would kill him and now he's really dead. Who else could have done it but you?"

"You killed my brother and now you will pay."

A few children jumped into action after hearing Han Jingru's denial. They seemed to be absolutely certain of his guilt.

Han Jingru heaved a heavy sigh. Someone was clearly trying to frame me.

But who could it be?

They took the life of an innocent child just so they could push the blame onto me.

Han Jingru scanned the crowd. He caught a glint of glee from Nangong Yan's eyes, as though he was looking forward to something.

It was him!

"Han Jingru, why did you do it? He was only a child." Nangong Sun spat out. Frankly, he did not care about the child but was more interested in getting Han Jingru out of hot water, because Han Jingru's execution would mean that there was really no one helping him. He just could not understand why Han Jingru would do that.

"I didn't kill him," Han Jingru repeated.

"If it wasn't you, are you saying that someone in the family killed his own kin?" Nangong Yan countered.

Suddenly, Han Jingru felt something cold pressed against his temple. Han Jingru knew that once the gun's trigger was pulled, nothing could save him.

"Talk. Why did you kill him? Was it really over a small conflict?" Nangong Yan pressed Han Jingru.

"I think you know better than I" Han Jingru replied, locking his gaze with Nangong Yan's.

Nangong Yan was unfazed by Han Jingru's words. He turned to face Nangong Boling. "Grandfather, this is a dangerous man. He even dared to kill someone from our family. I think we should do the world a service and end his life."

"Grandfather, let's not act rashly. All we have are the accusations of a few children. We need to investigate the matter thoroughly." Nangong Sun hurriedly stepped in. He could not let Han Jingru die after gaining the chance to compete with Nangong Yan. If Han Jingru died, so would that chance.

Nangong Boling's piercing gaze never left Han Jingru. He mulled over whether to issue the kill order.

If Han Jingru could raise the Nangong family to that level, it is worth losing a descendent.

"Drag him to the dungeons for now," Nangong Boling ordered.

His words irked Nangong Yan, who was sure that Han Jingru would become the scapegoat and die. Who could have expected this outcome? If he had known it would turn out like this, he would have killed one or two more brats just to seal the deal.

"Grandfather, keeping such a dangerous man here could threaten the family," Nangong Yan urged Nangong Boling.

Nangong Boling turned his icy gaze upon his grandson. "Are you questioning my authority?"

Nangong Yan quickly dropped his head, muttering, "I'm sorry."

"No one outside these walls can know what happened tonight. If I catch anyone saying anything, prepare to be kicked out of the family."

The crowd was muted. No one dared to rise against the iron-clad authority that Nangong Boling possessed.

Han Jingru was imprisoned in the jails meant to hold the Nangong family's own members.

Nangong Boling was merciless: even his own family was not spared. One toe out of line and the person would find themselves promptly thrown into a cell, possibly for the rest of their miserable lives.

Nangong Boling had many descendants. Once, one of his sons made a mistake and landed here. He finally went mad and committed suicide, breaking his head open on the stone walls. Nangong Boling was apathetic about the whole incident. He did not even allow a funeral to be held, and the body was tossed into the sea by the servants.

Wickedness was a trait that had been passed down the generations of the Nangong family. Nangong Shuxian might not be that extreme yet, but she was getting there. She had been ruthless against Han Jingru after all.

"Is there anyone that can prove your innocence?" The jail cell's bars had been specially made to cage a person in like an animal. Nangong Sun asked from outside the cell. If Han Jingru could not come up with even one person to testify for

him, he would likely rot in the cell for the rest of his life. Nangong Sun did not want that.

"Can't you tell that Nangong Yan is the one who framed me?" Han Jingru replied stoically.

"Nangong Yan? You're saying Nangong Yan is a murderer?" Nangong Sun could not believe his ears.

Han Jingru shook his head in irritation. The everintelligent Nangong Sun seemed so stupid at this moment. He actually missed something glaringly noticeable.

"Me being here threatens his position by giving you the opportunity to compete with him. Other than he, who else in the family would want me dead?" Han Jingru spelled out.

Han Jingru's words were like a hard slap to Nangong Sun, waking him up to the truth.

It was true that he now had grounds for contention with Nangong Yan. But how could Nangong Yan be so immoral? The fact that he had conceded on the arena floor showed that he was extremely wary of Han Jingru. He would only be rid of this threat after Han Jingru's death.

"I'll tell Grandfather this instant," Nangong Sun said.

"It's no use," Han Jingru called. He strongly suspected that Nangong Sun had lost a significant number of brain cells after returning home. How could he run to his grandfather without proof?

Nangong Sun's intelligence was not in decline. His mind was just in a state of complete mess and chaos, inhibiting his ability to think rationally. This implicated the matter of who would be next in line to lead the family, so hearing this news naturally made him uneasy.

"Why not? Once Grandfather learns that

Nangong Yan is the one behind all this, he will release you and punish him instead," Nangong Sun exclaimed.

"Oh? And what proof do you have? What will you say when Nangong Boling asks for evidence? Do you really think you can convince him with words? Don't forget that he favors Nangong Yan much more than you."

Nangong Sun immediately shut up.

Han Jingru was right. Nangong Boling would never believe him with no evidence.

If he tried to accuse Nangong Yan without proof, not only would he be unable to convince Nangong Boling, but he might be accused of trying to frame Nangong Yan instead.

"Then what can we do now? We can't do nothing," Nangong Sun asked insistently.

Han Jingru took a deep breath. There was someone who could exonerate him.

That halfwit had witnessed the whole incident. He was the best person to prove Han Jingru's innocence.

"There's someone in your family who's mentally impaired. Who is it?" Han Jingru asked.

"Mentally challenged? Are you talking about Nangong Kai?" Nangong Sun replied after some thought.

"I don't know his name but there's probably only one mentally challenged person in the Nangong family," Han Jingru responded.

"I had forgotten all about him. Why are you mentioning him?" Nangong Sun was bewildered. He was of the same generation as Nangong Kai but the man had been mentally impaired since childhood. Most of the family had forgotten about him since he posed no threat.

"He saw what happened between me and the boy," Han Jingru revealed.

Nangong Sun started at Han Jingru, vexed. "You

can't expect an idiot to be a reliable witness. Who would believe him?"

"What if..." Han Jingru paused for a while. "What if he wasn't an idiot?"

"How could that be? He's been this way since we were young." Nangong Sun sounded doubtful.

"Why is he mentally challenged and when did he become like this?" Han Jingru questioned. He was certain that he saw Nangong Kai shift his expression that day. Han Jingru was positive that his hunch was right.

Nangong Kai furrowed his brow. Many years had passed since the incident but Nangong Sun distinctly remembered it was around the time of Nangong Kai's mother's death. There were many who thought that that caused his affliction. However, the reason was irrelevant because it did not change the fact that the man had genuinely become mentally challenged.

Nangong Sun recounted the incident to Han Jingru.

Han Jingru frowned. The circumstances of Nangong Kai's mother's death were suspicious, and it remained an unsolved case to this day. He had picked out several points of contention from Nangong Sun's story.

Could Nangong Kai's mother have been murdered, and that Nangong Kai had witnessed it, causing him to resort to playing dumb in order to preserve his life?

"How many wives does your father have?" Han Jingru could not help but ask.

"My grandfather fathered many sons, all of whom keep multiple wives. Their responsibility is to nurture the next generation of the Nangong family, much like robot nannies. It's a bit of a stretch to call them wives," Nangong Sun explained.

Han Jingru sighed. Elite families sure had strange customs, even treating women like robot nannies.

"What's the point of having so many children? Is it to expand the family?" Han Jingru asked quizzically.

Nangong Sun shook his head and elaborated even further. "Grandfather's greatest wish is to become a global elite so he requires many descendants. From the mix, he will select the cream of the crop. Frankly, you're one of his pawns as well, and there are many more of your kind. Most don't even get an audience with Grandfather."

Han Jingru's heart sank. Was he really just another one of Nangong Boling's pawns? This meant that he was somehow related to the Nangong family, or else Nangong Boling would not even have bothered with him.

"How are Nangong Shuxian and Nangong Boling related?" Han Jingru asked, his tone becoming deeper.

"I don't know much about the generation above me but if I recall correctly, they should be siblings," Nangong Sun answered tentatively.

Han Jingru sucked in a deep breath. He felt a thick fog settle over his heart.

Nangong Shuxian had no ordinary background. Why did she marry Grandpa?

In Terra Prison, Han Xiuzhi had tried to tell him a story that probably contained all the answers.

Could it be that he wasn't alone? What if Han Xiuzhi, and even the whole Han Family, were nothing more than tools to Nangong Boling?

"I want to meet Nangong Kai," Han Jingru said.

"Are you sure you want to pin your hopes on an idiot?" Nangong Sun cautioned.

Han Jingru nodded his head wordlessly.

Nangong Boling might be the most frightening person on the island but Han Jingru had a feeling that Nangong Kai might the person with the highest chance of getting close to Nangong Boling.

For what could be a better disguise than playing the fool?

Han Jingru was most curious as to why the man had never left the Nangong Family.

Nangong Yan's room.

"I was sure that Grandfather would kill him on the spot. How could I have been wrong? I could tell that he knew I was the one behind it as well." Nangong Yan growled through gritted teeth. He had murdered the boy for nothing. Han Jingru was still alive. He was so furious that he could explode at any second. If the truth were to ever come out, all his effort would have been for nothing.

"Do you want me to kill him?" Cheng Feng quipped.

If he could, Nangong Yan would kill Han Jingru without a second thought, but circumstances prevented him from doing so. Since Nangong Boling had decided to lock Han Jingru up, it indicated that he wanted to keep Han Jingru alive.

"Grandfather is interested in his power so his life

now means more than that kid's. If we were to kill him now, I would be implicated for sure. Besides, the dungeons are under constant surveillance and only Grandfather has access to the footage. We're stuck." Nangong Yan groaned in annoyance.

"So, now what?" Cheng Feng asked.

Nangong Yan gnashed his teeth. "You'd better pray you get noticed by the people from the top community. That's the only way to rob Han Jingru of his value. After that, killing him would be child's play and Grandfather would not care at all."

"Rest assured, I will not let you down." Cheng Feng bowed his head.

In the dungeons, Nangong Sun left after fetching Nangong Kai.

Lurking in the shadows was a pair of eyes secretly watching Han Jingru's every move.

"It must be tiring to spend years acting like a

fool," Han Jingru said bluntly.

Nangong Kai's attention was fixed on the mud he constantly carried around, his hands shaping and squeezing the mound of dirt. He was sat on the ground doing so at that moment as well.

"You must have eaten a fair amount of this over the years. Then again, mud contains a lot of minerals so it might have been beneficial to your body." Han Jingru continued speaking even though he received no response.

Nangong Kai was quiet, as though he had not heard Han Jingru.

Han Jingru stood up and pressed on. "It must have been traumatic watching your mother get murdered before your very eyes."

Chapter 549 Brilliant Fireworks

Han Jingru's words caused Nangong Kai's hands to falter for a moment.

But he soon gathered himself and gave Han Jingru a dazed, glassy-eyed smile.

Han Jingru knew that he had hit the nail on the head.

If Nangong Kai was truly playing dumb, it must have something to do with his mother. Like Han Jingru, he might have witnessed his mother's murder as well.

"What are you hoping to achieve after playing the fool for so many years? Revenge for your mother?" Han Jingru continued talking.

Nangong Kai held out his pile of mud to Han Jingru, as though offering him the chance to play with it.

Han Jingru reached his arm out between the bars and received the mud. "We're the same, you know. I want to leave this place and you want to avenge your mother. You might reach your goal

faster if we work together."

Nangong Kai's face changed, and he looked upset, snatching the mud out of Han Jingru's hands and molding it into the shape of a person.

"Given your current abilities, you won't be able to get revenge on your own. I bet you see your mother's death every night when you close your eyes. You see her pain and anguish over and over again. If she knew that you had not avenged her after so many years, she would call you unfilial," Han Jingru's voice grew.

"Did your mother see you? Were her eyes fixed on you in a silent plea as life drained from them?"

"You must have felt her begging you to save her, but you were too much of a coward to help, right?"

"Only a coward would act like a fool for so many years."

Han Jingru continued to provoke Nangong Kai,

hoping that he would shed his mask and expose his true self. That was the only way that he could be of any use.

"This act would only prolong your life by a bit. You keep waiting for the right time but that's crap, isn't it? You're just lying to yourself."

"The truth is, you're not waiting for the right time at all. You just don't have the guts. You're a coward who can't even avenge his mother."

Han Jingru finished, almost berating Nangong Kai by the end.

Nangong Kai trembled as he was overcome with fury.

Han Jingru's stinging attacks had pierced his core. After hiding and repressing himself for so many years, Nangong Kai had reached a breaking point.

"How difficult it must be to have to bury your anger and be forced to smile when faced with your mother's murderer. I feel sorry for you and your mother because she gave birth to such a worthless son," Han Jingru dealt his final blow.

"Enough!" Nangong Kai shot up, enraged. He tossed his pile of mud aside and gripped the bars of Han Jingru's cell. "Enough! You're wrong! I'm not like that!" Nangong Kai screamed at Han Jingru.

Han Jingru smiled slightly. Just as he had suspected, Nangong Kai had only been pretending to be mentally challenged. His explosion of anger had caused him to shed his facade, revealing his true self.

"If you want to get revenge, you'll need my help," Han Jingru said to the glowering Nangong Kai.

"I can do it on my own. You're of no use to me," Nangong Kai coldly replied.

"If you could do it, why have you waited all these years?" Han Jingru retorted.

Nangong Kai smirked slyly. "Soon, I'll be able to

bring the whole Nangong family to their knees. They all need to die, including you. Their bloodline needs to end."

Han Jingru frowned, stunned by Nangong Kai's revelation.

Nangong Kai was clearly serious. It looks like he had not been idle in all his years of deceit.

How many explosives did he need to blow up the entire castle?

"You planted explosives under the castle?" Han Jingru's scalp tingled, aghast. He had assumed Nangong Kai would be a weak coward but he turned out to be diabolical. Han Jingru had underestimated him.

"So? Do you plan on stopping me? This island will soon go up in the most brilliant display of fireworks. A display that you will die in," Nangong Kai uttered through gritted teeth.

Halfwit?

More like insane!

Han Jingru thought that the man had gone completely mad.

The most brilliant of fireworks would not only end the Nangong family, but many innocent victims would lose their lives as well.

He was so bent on eradicating the Nangong family that he must have foregone any consideration for the impact radius.

"You're crazy!" Han Jingru shouted.

"I'm crazy? Do you know how my mother died? She was strangled. As the light left her eyes, she looked at me, begging for me to save her but I was too frozen in fear. I could only watch her body grow limp. But I'm different now. Now, I can finally avenge her. The Nangong family will pay," Nangong Kai roared.

Han Jingru's expression became solemn. He could never have expected that a madman lay under that mask. He had hoped to convince

Nangong Kai to join hands with him but the current situation had already escalated far beyond his calculations.

If Nangong Kai went through with his plan, he would be dead meat!

Only Nangong Kai knew how many explosives he planted around the castle over the years.

"If you work with me, we can do this another way. You'll hurt many innocent people if you go through with it." Han Jingru tried to appeal to him.

"Innocent? Was my mother not innocent? Does she deserve to die in vain?" Nangong Kai chuckled sinisterly.

Nangong Kai was clearly already too far gone. At that point, nothing and no one would be able to persuade him from his path.

Han Jingru was at a complete loss.

He could tell Nangong Sun and let him deal with

Nangong Kai, but the latter deserved justice after his years of perseverance.

Han Jingru's experience was different from what Nangong Kai had gone through, but Han Jingru could feel for the poor man. He, too, knew the feeling of having to watch one's mother get murdered while being unable to do anything.

Han Jingru did not want to die, but the man deserved vindication.

However, it was impossible for Han Jingru to keep Nangong Kai's secret even if he wanted to. The peep from shadows was currently making sure of that.

Nangong Boling sat in his study room, his knuckles clenched so tightly that they had turned white.

Since the death of his mother that resulted in Nangong Kai becoming mentally impaired, Nangong Boling had abandoned this grandson of his. He could only tolerate the strong, for only they could be of use.

He would never have imagined that this so-called idiot had spent years laying the ground for his plot to bring down the entire Nangong family.

Brilliant fireworks?

Nangong Boling shivered to think of what would become of the castle after the explosion.

"Nangong Kai, I have truly underestimated you. Who would have thought that you would be the biggest threat of them all?" Nangong Boling snarled at the image.

He stood, gathered his men and headed for the dungeons.

The consequence of threatening the Nangong family was death. No exemptions.

Han Jingru was struggling with a dilemma. He needed to find a way to both stay alive and ensure that Nangong Kai could exact his revenge at the same time. He needed to aid Nangong Kai in his crusade to ensure that Nangong Kai would become the next head of the family.

All thoughts flew out the window when Nangong Boling stormed into the dungeons, flanked by his men. Both Han Jingru and Nangong Kai could only stare in stunned silence.

"Nangong Kai, I never expected that you had been playing dumb all these years. I have underestimated you," Nangong Boling roared.

Nangong Kai's eyes widened. In order to maintain his disguise, he had eaten a fair amount of mud and drank copious amounts of urine over the years. However, in less than a few minutes, all that effort had become for naught.

How could he have been exposed at such a time? It happened in front of Nangong Boling as well.

As the men dragged Nangong Kai out, his eyes were fixed on Han Jingru - the source of his failure. If not for his intentional provocation, Nangong Kai would never have let himself slip.

Han Jingru collapsed into a heap on the ground, lost in a trance. He did not plan on Nangong Boling's appearance. He knew a horrible death awaited Nangong Kai, and that it was all his fault.



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The news of Nangong Kai's deception shook the entire Nangong family. As Nangong Boling ordered his men to search for the buried explosives, people were extremely agitated.

The thought of being surrounded by explosives sent them into a fit of panic.

No one would have expected the mud-eating Nangong Kai to be behind such an elaborate scheme.

"That moron must have gone crazy with grief. I can't believe he wanted to kill us all."

"Luckily the patriarch discovered this, else we would be doomed."

"Damn, I'm so scared that I can't feel my legs."

The people hurled scathing insults at Nangong Kai as much as they expressed their glad relief.

Nangong Kai was despondently kneeling in the kitchen.

He had acted like a buffoon just so he could avenge his mother.

He had almost succeeded as well: all he had to do was to sneak into Nangong Boling's room to plant his explosives. Then the family would all be headed to hell.

Who could have known that he would fail at the last moment?

"Han Jingru, this is all because of you. I will never let you get away with this," Nangong Kai choked out in rage.

Nangong Boling gazed at Nangong Kai, nonplussed. This brat had undeniably frightening motivations and if he had directed it towards anyone besides his own family, Nangong Boling would have approved. The Nangong family fed on people like him, and if he had concentrated on aligning with his family instead, he would have stood a better chance than Nangong Yan of becoming the next head of the family.

"Nangong Kai, don't blame me for ending your

life. You brought this on yourself," Nangong Boling barked.

Nangong Kai had an unhindered smile of delight on his face. "I had prepared myself for death long ago. It's just a shame that I can't get you to join me."

Nangong Boling tutted. "If you had chosen to use your abilities against people outside of your family, you would have been capable of going a long way. Yet, you've become lost but haven't realized it."

"Nangong Boling, if not for my act, I would have died long ago." Nangong Kai raised his malicious eyes to meet Nangong Boling's gaze. "You have no clue how despicable this family is. Do you really think you have control over everything? Do you know about the members of this family savagely going after each other?"

Nangong Boling was unfazed by Nangong Kai's blunt accusations because he actually was more than aware of what was going on in his family.

As the head of the family, how could he not know?

He was aware of the reasons behind Nangong Kai's mother's death, and knew full well who the culprit was. He had chosen not to pursue the matter because he simply did not care.

At the time, his line of thinking had been clear. No amount of investigation could bring the dead back, so why cause pain to even more people? Furthermore, he had more than enough on his plate as it was. He needed to funnel all his effort into ascending to the highest level. He could not afford to be bothered with such triviality.

Nangong Boling had found it best to turn a blind eye, but never could he have anticipated that his decision would end up producing a madman.

"Sir, we should kill this psycho. He will just cause more harm to the Nangong family," A charming young woman exclaimed.

Nangong Kai's gaze burned holes into the head of the owner of the voice. She was his mother's murderer. He had dreamed of killing her with his own bare hands.

"What are you looking at? Watch out or I'll kill you myself." Nangong Feng glared menacingly at Nangong Kai. That woman was his mother.

"You useless piece of trash. I'm not afraid of you," Nangong Kai shot back.

Nangong Feng was furious. He made a beeline towards Nangong Kai and threw a first into the man's face before addressing Nangong Boling, "Grandfather, let me take care of him."

Nangong Kai had become an indisputable threat to the Nangong family. He could not be allowed to continue living.

Nangong Boling nodded, and Nangong Feng's face immediately spread into a venomous grin.

"Bring me a staff. I wanna beat the life out of this trash," Nangong Feng ordered.

Someone scurried up and handed him a baseball

bat that he immediately grabbed hold of and slammed onto Nangong Kai's head.

Soon, Nangong Kai had collapsed into a pool of blood, but not once did he close his eyes. His bitter glare only became more vengeful with each strike.

Finally, Nangong Feng had to stop his barrage of attacks out of exhaustion. Only then did Nangong Kai draw his final breath.

After a countless number of relentlessly vicious blows, his body grew limp in his own pool of blood.

It was a gruesome sight to behold; however, not one person present felt a shred of sympathy for Nangong Kai.

"Serves him right."

"It was more than he deserved. He should have been jailed and tortured to death."

"He should have died along with his mother."

The pure hate felt by the Nangong family was evident from the crowd's continued firing of insults, even after Nangong Kai's body grew cold.

Nangong Sun quietly left the crowd and made his way to the dungeon.

He was the one who had brought Nangong Kai to Han Jingru, who was the one who exposed Nangong Kai's ruse. Han Jingru needed to know about Nangong Kai's death.

"What happened to Nangong Kai?" Han Jingru asked as Nangong Sun neared.

"He was beaten to death by Nangong Feng," Nangong Sun replied flatly.

Han Jingru crumpled in dismay. He had predicted such a result, but that did not soften the blow when he actually heard it.

"I killed him," Han Jingru murmured.

"If you want to avenge him, you need to prove yourself to Grandfather. I'm willing to bet that Nangong Feng's mother has something to do with the death of Nangong Kai's mother and yet he had to die at the hands of that man. The only way you can make it up to Nangong Kai is to gain Grandfather's trust, and use that to exact revenge." Nangong Sun said matter-of-factly.

Of course, Nangong Sun's words did not come out of the goodness of his heart. He merely saw the chance to use this to instigate Han Jingru into avenging Nangong Kai.

"Nangong Sun, you sure never miss a step," Han Jingru scoffed dryly.

"Nangong Kai died vengefully. I'm pretty sure he hated you, too. After all, he spent years meticulously planning his revenge, but you swooped in and ruined everything at the crux. Shouldn't you take responsibility and avenge him at the very least?" Nangong Sun said.

"There's no need for you to try and provoke me. If given the chance, I will definitely take revenge for him, whether it makes it up to him or not," Han Jingru replied.

Nangong Sun beamed. He had gotten what he wanted and now all he had to do was sit back and see if Han Jingru would manage to make it out of the dungeon.

"Grandfather didn't kill you then but decided to keep you here so it must mean that you have a decent chance of getting out. Do your best.

Nangong Kai might come back to haunt you if you don't avenge him," Nangong Sun jeered.

Since Nangong Boling had chosen to spare the life of Han Jingru, who was distantly related to the Nangong family, it signaled that a bigger plan was in motion. Thus, Nangong Sun could reliably say that Han Jingru stood a decent chance at staging a counterattack. The only part he was unsure of was when would be the right time to strike. It was virtually impossible to see through Nangong Boling.

Han Jingru took in a deep breath. He knew that Nangong Sun planned on using him to take out his strongest competitor, Nangong Feng. He also knew that he would be diving headfirst into a shallow pool. Faced with no choice, he had to take the leap.

If he did not manage to avenge Nangong Kai, Han Jingru would be forever plagued by his despairing gaze as he was being dragged away.



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