

After informing Su Yimo about the whereabouts of Han Jingru, Mo Lan finished his meal and left the villa.

However, before he could even exit the gates, Shi Yan called out for him, stopping him in his tracks.

The two of them were pretty well-acquainted, since Mo Lan often visited the villa. In spite of that, meeting Shi Yan always made him nervous, especially in such a situation.

“W-What’s up?” Mo Lan stammered.

“I knew that Jingru’s in the U.S. all along,” she said straightforwardly.

Mo Lan was a little taken aback, and asked, “Why didn’t you tell Yimo? She was really worried.”

“How did she react when you told her about it?” Shi Yan answered with yet another question.

Su Yimo was so shocked and overwrought that

she wanted to leave for the U.S. immediately.

“She wants to go to the U.S. now,” he replied.

“Any clue as to why Jingru didn’t tell Yimo about him being in the U.S. now?” Shi Yan continued.

Even a complete idiot would be able to understand what Shi Yan was hinting at. Mo Lan began to regret his decision of telling Su Yimo about Han Jingru’s whereabouts.

Han Jingru would have told her himself if he wanted to. Maybe Su Yimo going to the U.S. to find him is the last thing he wants right now.

“I get it. I’ll tell her that the information is false,” Mo Lan said.

Shi Yan nodded. “I know that you want the best for Jingru, but from his point of view, he may not appreciate what you are trying to do now. I hope that you can understand and think it through before you act next time.”

“I understand,” Mo Lan said with his head low. He could feel a strong hostile aura emanating from Shi Yan.

“You may leave now if you have no other business here,” she said.

“Yes.” Mo Lan retreated, still facing Shi Yan and then made his way out of the villa.

Shi Yan sighed. Based on the background checks she made on Mo Lan, she could tell that he was a loyal friend who would back Han Jingru up should he need any help. However, the gap between the two of them had widened way too much—helping Han Jingru was something out of his abilities at that point.

She had even thought about eliminating Mo Lan from their lives completely, so that he would not become a hindrance to Han Jingru. Nevertheless, she knew that it was not something for her to decide, so she had yet to make a move on Mo Lan.

“I bet he wouldn’t ever leave his companions,

even if they are just useless pawns in the game. How foolish,” Shi Yan mumbled to herself.

Not getting rid of Mo Lan was indeed a smart move. Han Jingru would not forgive her for that.

Han Jingru was a man of virtue—he would remain faithful to his companions and their brotherhood no matter how successful he became.

While some might believe that one should work towards success at all costs, for Han Jingru, his success would be worthless if it were to cost him all his companions or his virtues.

Meanwhile, in the Chinese District of the U.S.

After days of rehabilitation, Han Jingru could finally stand up and move around. Though he needed a crutch for support, he was happy that he could somewhat take care of himself.

Han Jingru did not feel comfortable having Qi Bingying take care of everything for him—she was not Su Yimo after all. While he knew that

she would be willing to do anything for him, it was not something he could accept.

On the other hand, Qi Bingying was not particularly happy about Han Jingru's recovery. Deep down, she really wanted Han Jingru to stay bedridden a little longer so that she could tend to him everyday. *That way, he would see my worth.*

“Even the doctor said that your recovery was incredibly fast. Are you even human?” Qi Bingying said flatly. Previously, she had been informed by the doctor that Han Jingru would be bedridden for at least a month, but now, not only could he move about, but his broken leg was also healing well.

Han Jingru smiled. His recovery speed had always been faster than average, even Yan Qiong was impressed by it.

“Looks like you were hoping for me to stay bedridden for at least a year. As they say, one should beware of a woman's heart, yeah?” Han Jingru replied.

“Come on. A year? If I can stay by your side, I’ll take care of you for a lifetime.” Qi Bingying was always very straightforward when expressing her feelings for Han Jingru.

Whenever Han Jingru heard her sudden confessions, he would turn a deaf ear to them, because he simply did not know how to react.

After turning down numerous confessions from Qi Bingying, he felt uncomfortable about hurting her feelings. He might not have feelings for her, but he was not a heartless person.

“Why are you so quiet?” Qi Bingying stared at Han Jingru.

“The weather’s pretty good today. Shall we go out for a walk?” Han Jingru changed the topic, averting her gaze.

Qi Bingying furrowed her brows. It was clear that Han Jingru was trying to ignore her confession again. “Be a man and face your true feelings! Do you really not have any feelings for me?”

“Not at all,” Han Jingru replied bluntly.

Enraged, Qi Bingying grabbed a knife from the kitchen and cried out, “But you have been peeking at my legs, haven’t you?”

Han Jingru blinked. Qi Bingying had been dressing skimpy at home all this while. *Any man would have stolen a few looks. Had it been some other guy staying in the house, he might even make a move on her already.*

“Please put down the knife. Calm down, and let’s talk, okay?” Han Jingru grimaced.

“Do you like them?” Qi Bingying lifted the hems of her dress, revealing her snowy-white thighs.

Han Jingru was at a loss of words. It would be a lie for him to say that he did not like them, but he was already committed to his relationship with Su Yimo.

Luckily, the doorbell rang at that exact moment.

The sound of the doorbell was like a godsend for

Han Jingru. “You should go get the door,” he said.

Qi Bingying grumbled as she opened the door, the knife still in her hand.

Ma Feihao was standing at the door with gifts meant for Han Jingru. That was his way of leaving a good impression.

When he met eyes with an infuriated Qi Bingying with a knife in her hand, Ma Feihao jumped, and staggered backwards.

“W-What are you doing? I haven’t offended you or anything, have I?” Ma Feihao said anxiously. Though the Qi Family was not as prominent as the Ma Family in the Chinese District, the significance of the relationship between Qi Bingying and Han Jingru made all the difference. He would rather not offend her in this situation.

“Ringing my door bell at this timing is the worst offence you’ve ever made!” Qi Bingying gritted her teeth.

Ma Feihao shuddered from the sheer anger that was radiating from Qi Bingying.

What? Did I come at the wrong time? Did I interrupt something?

“I’ll be gone right this moment.” Ma Feihao dropped the bags and was about to leave.

However, just as he turned around, he heard Han Jingru call out for him. “Stop it right there.”

Ma Feihao was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea—he could not ignore Han Jingru, but Qi Bingying was holding a knife at him.

“Mr. Han, I... Should I go or stay?” He asked in distress.

Han Jingru staggered towards the door on crutches, and said, “Go get my wheelchair for me. I’m going off for a walk.”

Ma Feihao stole a glance at Qi Bingying. She stood there blocking his path just like a gargoyle, her knife gleaming threateningly in her hand. *And how am I supposed to even enter the house?*

At that point, Ma Feihao could not help but wonder if he chose to come on a particularly inauspicious day. *I should have stayed at home.*



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Even on a wheelchair, Han Jingru caused a commotion in the Chinese District with his sudden appearance.

Numerous families from the district flocked to the Han residence at once to keep their eyes on the latest happenings.

They knew well that the conflict within the Han family was far from over. With Han Jingru keeping his distance with Ma Yu out of caution, they could tell that he still had some cards to play.

As bystanders, all of them were anticipating how the conflict would resolve. They wanted to know if Han Xiuyuan would be defeated by that vicious young man.

For a long time, Han Xiuyuan's absolute monopoly over the Chinese District was not to be questioned. It seemed that only time could pose as a threat to his power—his authority would only fade with his death.

However, with Han Jingru's emergence, they saw

hope. The hope of a new leader who would mark the start of a new era.

Along with the hopes of a promising young leader, the families also felt the urgency to prepare for the risks they had to face—a turnover of power meant danger and chaos. Should they place their bets on the wrong party, their lives would be in peril. While they were prepared to side with Han Jingru, it would be wiser to observe the situation without making any moves for the time being.

“Mr. Han, the entire Chinese District is counting on you to overthrow Han Xiuyuan’s power.” Ma Feihao smiled at Han Jingru.

“Counting on me?” Han Jingru smirked. “Are they not afraid that they would become sacrifices on my path to victory?”

Every victory came with immense sacrifice. In order for Han Jingru to assume power in the Chinese District, he would need to extend his control over the other families. In that process, he would inevitably displease some stakeholders,

and so whatever Ma Feihao was trying to get at had no credibility whatsoever.

At that point in time, the families probably could not care less about who was standing on top. Their own gains were the only things they were concerned with.

“Of course they are. I’ve heard that many of them have already devised plans so that they can give you support,” Ma Feihao replied with a smile. While the families in the district did take action promptly, deep down, they were nowhere as resolute as Ma Feihao. They simply did not have the guts to side with Han Jingru so quickly. After all, Ma Feihao had the intel that they did not have.

“Plans to support me?” Han Jingru raised his eyebrows, and said, “Is there really a need to plan out how they would do favors for me?”

“Of course.” Ma Feihao answered enthusiastically, and said, “Mr. Han, your influence in the Chinese District is just as great, or even greater than Han Xiuyuan right now.

That's why everyone is trying to be careful about doing favors for you. I heard that some families even devised multiple plans.”

Han Jingru shrugged. *That is way too over-the-top. He is probably exaggerating things.*

In reality, Han Jingru was simply underestimating himself, as well as the determination of the families in the district to protect their own businesses and assets.

All eyes were on the Han family—everyone wanted to ride on the waves of change safely. Doing favors for Han Jingru would ensure them a smooth ride.

“I'm not joking!” Ma Feihao quickly added upon seeing Han Jingru shake his head. “I can get people to testify whatever I've just said.”

“That would not be necessary. Take me to the Han residence,” Han Jingru said.

Ma Feihao's eyes widened. “Mr. Han, are you going there for Han Xiuyuan? In your current

state?” He asked excitedly.

Obviously, Han Jingru was not in the right physical condition to deal with Han Xiuyuan. He was going there to see Ma Yu. He needed to know why Ma Yu saved his life.

“Oh, right. Han Xiuyuan is not here in the Chinese District at the moment, so you won’t be able to meet him,” Ma Feihao pointed out.

Han Jingru furrowed his eyebrows. *Is he running away? No, that is not possible. A egoistic man like him would not choose to hide in such a situation.*

“Where did he go?” Han Jingru asked.

“The Hua Nation,” Ma Feihao replied.

Han Jingru’s brows furrowed deeper.

“Any idea what is he up to?”

“Well... He might have gone there to see your grandfather,” Ma Feihao answered.

Han Jingru's eyes darkened instantly. *Is he trying to lay a finger on grandpa, knowing that he is not capable enough to deal with me?*

Furthermore, Su Yimo was also there. Han Jingru would never forgive himself if the two of them got harmed.

Han Jingru suddenly grabbed Ma Feihao. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?" He snarled, gritting his teeth.

Ma Feihao could swear that he heard a crack in his arms.

"Mr. Han, please... Please let go... My arm is going to break." He grimaced.

Han Jingru loosened his grip. It was not entirely Ma Feihao's fault after all. It was simply a reflex response.

"Hurry up and tell me what's going on," Han Jingru growled. While he did make a pact with Nangong Boling not to go back to Yun city for the time being, he was willing to break it for the

sake of Han Xiuzhi and Su Yimo.

“I don’t know much. I heard that Han Xiuyuan went there to beg for forgiveness, not to bother your grandfather. Don’t worry,” Ma Feihao said.

Han Jingru felt baffled.

Han Xiuyuan begging grandpa for forgiveness? No way. In the past, he banished Han Xiuzhi from the U.S. and asserted dominance over the Han family. Why is he acting this way now?

Qi Bingying was also stumped. She knew quite a lot about what happened between Han Xiuyuan and Han Xiuzhi in the past. Even after Han Xiuzhi left the U.S., Han Xiuyuan would often refer to him as a good-for-nothing from time to time. Something was definitely not right.

“There is no way that he went to beg for forgiveness from my grandfather.” Han Jingru shook his head.

“Mr. Han, he’s probably scared of you. Maybe this is his way of getting you to go easy on him?”

Like getting your grandfather to convince you to spare his life or something. It's not that illogical actually," Ma Feihao suggested.

Han Jingru was still in the dark about why Ma Yu saved him back then, so he was also completely unaware that Han Xiuyuan had begun to fear him. Ma Feihao's words sounded all the more comical.

"Scared of me? I have nowhere as much power and authority as him, why would he be scared at all?" Han Jingru said, confused.

Ma Feihao finally felt the pain on his arm ease a little. He smiled weakly. "About that, only Uncle Yu has the answers. You should ask him."

It was obvious that Ma Yu was the key to understanding whatever was going on. There was no time to waste. He needed answers.

"Get going," Han Jingru said.

Ma Feihao nodded, and picked up the pace as he pushed the wheelchair.

Qi Bingying kept up with them closely, eyeing Han Jingru. She could tell that Han Jingru somehow became even more powerful in secret, which was why Han Xiuyuan was so afraid of him.

However, the extent to which his power had grown was not something Qi Bingying would be able to even imagine.



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The stronger Han Jingru becomes, the more distant they would be. Qi Bingying was worried that she would not even have the right to be his friend, much less appear before him.

The only way for the both of them to grow closer would be for her to make the first move. That was the sole way their relationship would remain strong. Unfortunately, it was almost impossible that such an opportunity would be available to her.

The only thing she could do now was to accompany Han Jingru. However, she was lying to him and he would eventually find out the truth soon.

The time left with him was dwindling quickly. She felt extremely anxious to the point that she felt borderline crazy.

If a bed appeared before her, she would unhesitatingly drag Han Jingru onto it.

Ma Yu remained resting on the coffin before the Han family's villa.

This had become a familiar sight in the Chinese District.

Everyone clearly knew the number and capabilities of the bodyguards that the Han family employed. The sight of Ma Yu left a deep impression on everyone given his assertive character.

“Why don’t you get more rest?” asked Ma Yu when he saw Han Jingru.

“Why did you save me?” questioned Han Jingru directly. He did not want to waste time going in circles; he was anxious to know the truth.

“Someone respects you greatly. However, he was tied down by some issues and could not personally rescue you. That’s why I was sent to protect you,” stated Ma Yu honestly. *There isn’t any point in hiding the truth from Han Jingru—he would find out in the future anyway.* If Ma Yu lied to him, it would only anger him.

Although Han Jingru was not a worthy opponent of Ma Yu now, he did not dare to undermine Han

Jingru's capabilities as he would eventually become Mr. Yi's disciple and could even replace Mr. Yi's position in the Fourth Gate. How could Ma Yu look down upon such a powerful figure?

Furthermore, the Fourth Gate is the core of the Apocalypse. If he wanted to enter the Fourth Gate, he had to build a good relationship with Han Jingru as such an opportunity was extremely rare. If he treated Han Jingru well, Han Jingru might even invite him to the Fourth Gate. Ma Yu realized that he had to properly utilize such an opportunity.

“Who is that someone?” queried Han Jingru.

“Mr. Yi. He is extremely powerful and of a high status. Han Xiuyuan is extremely afraid of you because Mr. Yi wants to accept you as a disciple,” replied Ma Yu.

Mr. Yi?

An unimaginably impressive status!

Han Jingru wholeheartedly believed what Ma Yu

told him. *nty even up till this point.*

However, Han Jingru felt conflicted over the fact that he was to become his disciple. *Yan Qiong is my true master.*

Although Yan Qiong's skill or status was not as superior as Mr. Yi, Han Jingru was not an ungrateful person. He would never betray someone for what he wanted.

"I never agreed to become his disciple," replied Han Jingru calmly.

Ma Yu was so astounded that he fell off the coffin. "What did you just say?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

Not only was Ma Yu appalled, both Ma Feihao and Qi Bingying could not believe what they just heard.

Although Qi Bingying did not know the extent of Mr. Yi's powers, she guessed that he had superior capabilities based on what Ma Yu said. *Shouldn't Han Jingru feel honored that such a powerful man wants to take him as a disciple?* She couldn't believe that he wanted to reject such a great opportunity!

“I already have a master,” he explained.

Ma Yu was stunned. He took a deep breath and lamented, “Mr. Yi and your master have far different capabilities. You just need to recognize Mr. Yi as your new master.”

“I will never do that,” stated Han Jingru in a firm tone.

Ma Yu was extremely furious.

Although this silly boy may not know who Mr. Yi is, he should at least understand what it means to be part of the upper class.

His master may be capable but he can never supersede the capabilities of the experts of the Apocalypse or even the Fourth Gate!

“You should think carefully before speaking. Do you know how many people in the Apocalypse wants Mr. Yi to accept them as his disciple? You should be honored to have this opportunity,”

reminded Ma Yu.

Apocalypse?

So that was the meaning of the word inscribed on the jade pendant. Could it be an organization?

Han Jingru furrowed his eyebrows in deep concentration. Ma Yu uncontrollably spluttered, “If you don’t grab this rare opportunity, you will regret it for life.”

The reason why Ma Yu was so anxious was because Han Jingru was the only chance he had to enter Apocalypse. If Han Jingru gave up on this once in a lifetime chance, Ma Yu’s trip to the U.S. would have been wasted.

“I already have a master and I don’t need another one,” reiterated Han Jingru.

Ma Yu felt a stabbing pain in his heart. *He must be crazy to reject being a disciple of the Fourth Gate. This is such a rare opportunity. Anyone who found out that Han Jingru rejected this opportunity would think that he is mad!*

“Y-You have no idea what you are saying,” stammered Ma Yu as he was too furious to properly formulate his thoughts.

At this moment even Qi Bingying stated, “You should think about it again. There’s no need to make this decision now.”

Han Jingru shook his head as he had already made up his mind. He was a very stubborn person and no amount of persuasion or time will sway his decision.

“It’s fine. I have already made up my mind,” he insisted.

Qi Bingying rolled her eyes. *Being Mr. Yi’s disciple could be his backup plan. If Ma Yu had not appeared and Mr. Yi did not save him, he would have been murdered by Han Xiao. How can he not be appreciative of the opportunity to be Mr. Yi’s disciple! Without Mr. Yi, Han Jingru is no match for Han Xiuyuan.*

Ma Yu let out a puff of cold air. If he were a member of the Ma Family, Ma Yu would have

given him a tight slap. He couldn't believe how unappreciative Han Jingru was acting. What is the point of him living in this world then?

“This matter is not up to you to decide. Mr. Yi will personally come here. You can tell him that later. However, I wouldn't know what would happen to you if you did that. You must consider your decision carefully,” said Ma Yu. If Han Jingru rejected Mr. Yi's goodwill to become his disciple, it is likely that he will end up dead.

If he ruined Mr. Yi's reputation, Han Jingru would not be able to survive.

“I will thank him for rescuing me,” replied Han Jingru.

Staring at his stubborn behavior, Ma Yu was extremely perplexed. He blurted, “Who is your master? Is he really so capable that it is worth giving up this opportunity?”

“My master is no match to Mr. Yi,” answered Han Jingru with a smile on his face. Yan Qiong had never met the upper class of the Apocalypse

and his capabilities are much weaker than Mr. Yi. However, what Han Jingru saw in him was the way Yan Qiong had treated him, not the latter's abilities.

Ever since Han Xiuzhi went missing, Yan Qiong was the only one who showed him concern. Han Jingru swore to never forget his kindness and to never betray him.

Once a master, forever a master.

"Then why are you still so obstinate?" queried Ma Yu in confusion.

"My relationship with him can never be replaced, even if there is someone more capable than him," answered Han Jingru.

Ma Yu pointed at members of the Shi family and asked, "Do you know why these people are here?"

Han Jingru gazed at Ma Yu in bewilderment. *What is he trying to hint at?*

Ma Yu did not beat around the bush and directly said, “Because they want to know how you will defeat Han Xiuyuan. The fact that you are still alive is because of Mr. Yi’s capabilities.”

Han Jingru furrowed his brows. *Indeed, being with a capable master far more important that staying with one that treats me well. Too bad, I’m one who prioritizes bond over anything else.*



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“I will thank him,” replied Han Jingru, who then turned his gaze onto Qi Bingying.

She understood the message and dragged Han Jingru away.

Ma Yu sighed incessantly. He couldn't believe what had just happened. *If Mr. Yi declared that he was looking for a disciple, those in Fourth Gate would be clamoring for such an opportunity. But Han Jingru didn't even appreciate this chance. What is he even thinking about?*

“Uncle, what should we do now? Should I continue licking his boots?” queried Ma Feihao. For the past few days, he had been currying favor with Han Jingru. However, internally, he hated Han Jingru. If Han Jingru was not going to become Mr. Yi's disciple, there was no need for him to waste his precious time on Han Jingru.

“This matter has yet to be settled. No one knows what the final outcome would be. There is still a possibility that he changes his mind,” answered Ma Yu.

Ma Feihao nodded his head in agreement.

“Alright, I should leave too,” he replied.

“Go,” commanded Ma Yu. With that, Ma Feihao sprinted towards Han Jingru and Qi Bingying.

Gazing at Han Jingru’s retreating figure, Ma Yu let out a wry smile. *If he embarrassed Mr. Yi, I wonder what would happen to him...Based on Mr. Yi’s personality, Han Jingru would probably be burned into ashes.*

“Han Jingru, you have no idea what type of person Mr. Yi is like. I can’t believe you dare to reject his offer. Are you sure you want to do that? You will be endangering the lives of the entire Han family and everyone around you,” muttered Ma Yu to himself. *Mr. Yi commanded great authority in Apocalypse and he would never allow anyone to challenge his power.*

Soon after Han Jingru reached home, his phone rang.

His phone was given to him by Nangong Family and not many people knew his handphone

number. Hence, he was curious as to who was calling him.

Could it be that Nangong Boling has a new task for me? Since arriving at U.S., Nangong Boling had not contacted him.

However, when he picked up the phone, the voice he heard shocked him.

“G-Grandpa...” stammered Han Jingru in disbelief. *This voice is indeed Han Xiuzhi. How did he get my phone number?*

“Yes. It is me,” answered Han Xiuzhi, who was standing in the backyard of the Han family.

Yan Qiong let out a light laughter when he heard Han Jingru’s voice. It had been quite some time since he last heard his voice. Although he knew that Han Jingru was not in danger, he was still worried about him as he could not see him in person.

“Grandpa, how did you get my phone number?” questioned Han Jingru.

“I have my own means of doing this. It is just a simple task,” chuckled Han Xiuzhi.

Han Jingru knew that Han Xiuzhi was extremely competent and idolized him greatly.

“Grandpa, how is Han Xiuyuan after returning to Hua Nation?” queried Han Jingru. This was a matter he was concerned with the most. However, he could not personally contact Hua Nation because of the threats Nangong Boling had made against him. Nevertheless, given that Han Xiuzhi had personally made this phone call, it is unlikely that Nangong Boling would have anything to say about it.

“Don’t worry. He did not do anything to us. I even made him kneel down on the floor and tidy up the ancestral tablet,” commented Han Xiuzhi.

Did Han Xiuyuan actually kneel down?

He was flabbergasted upon hearing that. He could not believe that Han Xiuyuan was willing to do that given his personality.

“It’s unbelievable that he actually kneeled down in front of you,” he announced.

“The only reason he kneeled down before me was because of you,” boasted Han Xiuzhi. The U.S. descendants of the Han family could never outshine Han Jingru, and this was something to be proud of.

“Grandpa, I was almost beaten to death. I shouldn’t take any of the credit. I was just lucky because I was saved by Mr. Yi,” replied Han Jingru. *If Ma Yu and Mr. Yi did not appear and rescue me, I would have died.*

“Why did Mr. Yi help you?” enquired Han Xiuzhi. *How could someone in Apocalypse who was so powerful treat Han Jingru so well? There must be a reason behind this.*

“He wants me to be his disciple,” answered Han Jingru.

Han Xiuzhi was stunned into silence. He was absolutely thrilled.

Han Jingru was not even part of the upper class but he already has a high-ranking master. Doesn't it mean that he could easily enter the upper class in the future?

“You are so fortunate. Mr. Yi has a high status there and that is the reason why Han Xiuyuan was so afraid of you,” chuckled Han Xiuzhi.

“But... I refused the offer. My master is Grandpa Yan. I can't have two masters at the same time,” stated Han Jingru.

Instantly, the phone line went silent.

Both Han Xiuzhi and Yan Qiong glanced at each other in disbelief.

After three whole minutes, Han Xiuzhi asked Yan Qiong, “Did I hear it correctly? What did he just say?”

Yan Qiong gulped his saliva and uttered, “I think he said that he rejected the opportunity.”

Han Jingru's statement was like a bolt out of the

blue and both of them were astonished.

“Grandpa, was I wrong to reject the opportunity?” queried Han Jingru cautiously.

Han Xiuzhi’s expression turned sour and tears filled his eyes. He asked, “How could you do that! Do you know that Mr. Yi has a high-ranking status that is able to strike fear in Han Xiuyuan! I can’t believe you rejected such a good opportunity!”

“Since when did I ever become your master? I never accepted you as my disciple. I want you to accept Mr. Yi’s offer to become his disciple. If you don’t do so, I never want to see you again,” exclaimed Yan Qiong agitatedly.

After hearing what they said, Han Jingru burst out laughing. He understood that they wanted the best for him. However, he didn’t know what type of person Mr. Yi was. How could he become his disciple just like that?

Although one’s capability was important, Han Jingru also cared deeply about their personality.

He would not easily submit himself to anyone.

“Even if you treat me as your master, I want to break off all ties with you instantly. From now on, you are not my disciple,” stated Yan Qiong. He was extremely anxious that Han Jingru would miss out on such a great opportunity.

“Jingru, do you understand how important it is for you to enter the upper class? You must grasp this opportunity and not let it slip away,” begged Han Xiuzhi.

Han Jingru let out a sigh. He couldn't believe how distressed the both of them were over this incident. However, he was not going to change his mind just because of that. Even if he wanted to become Mr. Yi's disciple, he must first meet Mr. Yi personally.

“Grandpa, I need some time to reconsider my decision,” replied Han Jingru.

“Consider? What is there to consider?” blurted Han Xiuzhi.

“How is Yimo?” questioned Han Jingru in an attempt to change the topic.

Han Xiuzhi let out a long sigh and said, “He is fine. Jiang Yan was the mastermind behind your daughter’s kidnapping. I didn’t do anything to her. I will wait for your return before deciding how we should punish her.”

Jiang Yan!

Han Jingru balled his hands into a tight fist. *How dare this women kidnap my daughter!*

“It is my fault. I shouldn’t have forgiven her,” bellowed Han Jingru as he grounded his teeth in anger.

“Calm down. I will not let her do anything. I am in control of everything in Yun City. Don’t worry about it,” replied Han Xiuzhi.

“Grandpa, I will return soon. Please help me take care of Yimo,” Han Jingru urged softly.

“You must be careful. No matter what happens,

you must take good care of yourself. Both Sun Yimo and Han Xiang are waiting for you to return home,” cautioned Han Xiuzhi.

“I am aware of that,” he replied.

“Also, as for Han Xiuyuan, the decision is yours to make. If he is a threat, you must terminate this threat immediately. Additionally, you must accept Mr. Yi as your master or your Grandpa Yan would never forgive you...” warned Han Xiuzhi.

Han Jingru quickly ended the phone call. *There was a problem at hand that I must think carefully about.*



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Qi Bingying walked towards Han Jingru after he put down his phone. She looked at the damaged phone and asked, "What happened?"

Han Jingru took a deep breath and tried to control his anger. He had always been a calm person, but the thought of Jiang Yan made him explode with rage.

He had every reason to kill Jiang Yan but decided to let her off because she was Su Yimo's mother. He thought she would have mended her ways by now, but no, she even tried to harm Han Xiang.

At that point, Han Jingru hated himself for not weeding out the menace when he had the opportunity to do so. He would have killed Jiang Yan right away if he were given a chance to do so.

"Nothing," Han Jingru answered in a cold voice.

Qi Bingying could feel Han Jingru was emotionally unstable, and it was clear that he was trying to contain his anger. *Something must have happened to either Su Yimo or Han Xiang. Otherwise, he wouldn't have behaved in such a manner.*

“Something happened to Yimo or your daughter?” Qi Bingying asked persistently.

Han Jingru turned around and gave her a cold stare as if he were warning her to mind her own business.

Qi Bingying refused to give in and kept looking into his eyes. She wanted to stay by his side to comfort him and understand him a little better. She would do whatever it would take to know more about this man.

“Why do you always have to push me away?” Qi Bingying asked.

“Please leave,” Han Jingru said icily.

Upon hearing those words, tears began to well up in her eyes.

“Why should I leave? I want to take care of you,” Qi Bingying bit her lips and said.

Han Jingru said, “I don’t need you to take care of me. Since you’re not pregnant, we should go our separate ways now.”

Qi Bingying’s heart sank. Though her pregnancy was a sham, she had been trying to win Han Jingru’s heart by taking good care of him. Despite her effort, this man had no intention of keeping her by his side.

Qi Bingying was not ready to give up.

She ran towards him and hugged him tight to stop him from going anywhere.

“I’ll not leave. Can’t I just stay with you for a little longer? You’re going to leave the U.S. soon, anyway. Please?” Qi Bingying pleaded in between sobs.

This time, Han Jingru did not go soft on her anymore. *That’s it. I have to make things clear once and for all to avoid things from becoming more complicated.*

He pushed her aside and said aloofly, “Just go.”

Qi Bingying shuddered upon hearing his icy cold tone. Han Jingru had rejected her many times in the past, but he had never sounded like this. It seemed like he had made up his mind to end this mess.

“Why are you doing this to me?” Qi Bingying raised her head and looked at him in tearful eyes.

“I’m a married man with a wife and children. I can’t do this with you. I must return to my family,” he answered.

Qi Bingying clenched her teeth as she could not accept this outcome. Yet, Han Jingru did not want to listen to her anymore.

“I’ll leave once you get better.” Qi Bingying released him and walked to the kitchen. It seemed like she was going to cook for him.

Since Han Jingru had decided to cut ties with her, he most definitely would not allow her to stay any longer.

“Did you hear what I said? How can you be so

thick-skinned?” Han Jingru bellowed.

Thick-skinned?

Qi Bingying let out a wry smile. *Even I myself cannot believe I've become someone like this.*

Countless suitors had tried to win her heart over the years, but she only had her eyes on Han Jingru. Yet, this had caused her to plunge into despair. All she got in return was just perpetual emotional torture.

“Take good care of yourself,” Qi Bingying said to him and left the house.

Han Jingru then wheeled himself back to his room. Though it was cruel, he had to do this and put an end to their misery. *This is for the best.*

In the evening, Han Jingru went out alone to settle his dinner.

Being wheelchair-bound did not cause him any great inconvenience, but he could sense people were casting curious glances at him. They

somehow felt bad for him as he was still a young man.

At the Chinese restaurant, the waiter greeted him with respect and even moved the chairs away to make space for him.

“Your order, sir?” The waiter showed Han Jingru the menu.

“Fried bell pepper with chicken floss and egg soup, please,” he answered.

“All right. Let me know if you need anything else.” The waiter then left and gave the kitchen his order.

While waiting for his food, a group of arrogant-looking teenagers, who had their hair dyed in all sorts of colors, entered the restaurant. Among them was a young underaged girl, who had piercings on her nose and brows. Han Jingru could not help but to think of Han Xiang. *What if Han Xiang grows up and turns into someone like this? I don't know how should I feel about this.*

“What are you staring at?” the teenage girl expressed her dismay after noticing Han Jingru staring at her.

The rest of the boys also gave him a hostile glare.

“Stop looking around, you cripple, or I’ll dig your eyes out.” A blonde-haired boy threatened Han Jingru.

Han Jingru smiled wryly but kept mum. He could tell these youngsters were trying to impress the girl, and he might cause unnecessary drama for himself if he confronted them. Since he was already immobile, he thought it was best for him to stay out of trouble.

These youngsters continued to have the time of their lives blowing their own horns. Certain things they said were so ridiculous that even Han Jingru could not help but laugh up at his sleeve. *What a bunch of brats.*

The dishes Han Jingru ordered soon arrived, and he paid no attention to anything else after that. Suddenly, a group of bikers arrived at the

restaurant.

Just when the bikers walked into the premises, all the youngsters lowered their heads and stopped talking all at once.

“Wow, bastards. You think you can hide away from me?” One of the men approached them and sneered.

“So when are you going to pay us back our money? You still have the guts to dine in public?” He then strangled one of the young men and threatened.

“Mr. Zhou, please give me some time. I’ll pay you back soon, I promise.” The color drained out of the young man’s face.

Mr. Zhou threw a punch at his chest and pulled his hair. “If you don’t pay me back by today, get ready to say goodbye to your arms or legs. Make your choice!”

The young man trembled in fear and fell onto his knees, “Mr. Zhou, please, three more days. Give

me three more days, and I'll pay you back. Please let me off this time."

"You think I'm stupid? How long have you been running away from me? It took me a long time to hunt you down, and you expect me to let you off just like this?" Mr. Zhou then kicked the young man on his chest. He would not let him off this time.

The young man fell and rolled on the ground in pain, while his other friends also shuddered in fear.

All of a sudden, the girl pointed at Han Jingru and said, "Mr. Zhou, he's my brother. Go and ask him for the money."

As a bystander, Han Jingru did not expect the young girl would drag him into it.

Mr. Zhou took a glance at Han Jingru. All he wanted was to get these youngsters to clear their debt. Since someone might be able to pay off their loan, of course, he would take advantage of that.

“You’re her brother?” Mr. Zhou walked towards Han Jingru and scanned him from top to bottom.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“How much did they owe you?” Han Jingru asked.

Mr. Zhou was pleased with his response and grinned. Being able to get his money back without the need to beat them up was a win-win situation.

“Thirty thousand. Do you have it?” Mr. Zhou said.

“I don’t have so much cash with me.” With that, Han Jingru took out a bank card and said, “The password is 123456. Go and get it yourself.”

Mr. Zhou frowned and thought something fishy was going on there.

This guy doesn’t seem rich. He doesn’t even look like the girl’s brother at all. Why is he willing to fork out thirty thousand on their behalf? Is he trying to show off or trick me?

Even if he’s rich, why would he give a stranger his bank card? Is he not afraid that we might empty his account?

“Are you kidding me? I can withdraw every cent from your account, you know,” Mr. Zhou said.

“Only if you dare to do so.” Han Jingru put on a smile and looked at him.

Mr. Zhou was taken aback by his response and responded with a sheepish look.

How confident. He must be somebody.

“You better watch out if you try to be funny with me.” Mr. Zhou grabbed the card over and threw it at one of his men.

Han Jingru shrugged his shoulders. “Leave immediately once you get the money. I want to have my dinner in peace.”

Mr. Zhou let out a cold laugh. “Don’t worry. I’m a man of my word. Once I get the money, I’ll not disturb you and those brats anymore.”

Initially, Mr. Zhou entrusted his man to do the job, but he decided to go with them to ensure everything went well.

While they were on their way to a bank nearby, one of his men wondered, “Boss, that dude looks like a poor dude. Are you sure he’s not fooling us?”

“I’ll destroy him if he dares,” Mr. Zhou threatened.

After arriving at the ATM, they slotted in the bank card and keyed in the password.

Mr. Zhou heaved a sigh of relief when he managed to access the account with the password. Next, it was time for him to check on the balance inside his account.

The moment the figures popped up on the ATM screen, Mr. Zhou gasped in shock.

All his men were also stunned when they saw the balance. “How is this possible?”

Mr. Zhou gulped and started counting the digits on the screen.

“1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6...”

The more he counted, the more shocked he became.

Even his men were dumbstruck by the chain of digits on the screen. They all gasped in disbelief.

“He’s a billionaire!” Mr. Zhou rubbed his eyes to make sure they were not playing tricks on him. Indeed, the digits on the screen remained the same.

In a trembling voice, his man said, “I’ve never seen this amount of money in my life!”

Mr. Zhou slapped the back of his head and said, “Even I have not seen someone with this amount of money, alright!”

He suddenly recalled Han Jingru’s expression and could not help but shudder. *Oh dear lord, he must be a big shot, and I must have offended him! I must be careful with his money.*

I’m sure he’s an influential figure in the Chinese community, and he could easily get rid of me if he wants to.

“Who on earth is this man? I’ve never heard of him before!” Mr. Zhou was so confused.

Han Jingru was a well-known figure among the Chinese here, but it was unlikely for Mr. Zhou to know him since they were from different social circles.

“Can we really take his money?” his man asked.

Mr. Zhou took a deep breath and answered, “Why not? He volunteered to pay for those kids. We didn’t force him in the first place.”

It took him some time to regain his composure. After all, he had never encountered so much money in his life before.

After withdrawing thirty thousand from the account, Mr. Zhou decided to check the balance on Han Jingru’s account again.

“What are you doing?” his man asked.

“Just let me enjoy looking at these figures for a while.” Mr. Zhou sighed in envy.

The man nodded in agreement. They kept their eyes glued to the screen for quite some time. *Let's admire them while we still can. We might not come across this amount of money for the rest of our lives anymore!*

Mr. Zhou only retrieved the card from the ATM some ten minutes later.

“Well, I guess we finally understood how a low-profile rich man looks like now,” Mr. Zhou remarked. By Han Jingru’s appearance, no one would think of him as a billionaire.

“Boss, do you think we’ll become this rich one day?” the young man asked him in a hopeful voice.

“Of course,” Mr. Zhou answered.

He was pleasantly surprised by Mr. Zhou’s answer. “Really?”

“Of course you can—In your dreams!” Mr. Zhou gave it to him.

Mr. Zhou's words had immediately dampened the young man's spirit.

Once they returned to the restaurant, Mr. Zhou greeted Han Jingru with respect and returned him his card.

Once Mr. Zhou handed the bank card to Han Jingru, he took out a stack of cash and showed him. "Here's a total of thirty thousand. Would you like to check if the amount is correct?"

Perhaps even Mr. Zhou did not realize how his attitude had changed. Yet, Han Jingru shook his head and said, "It's just a small sum."

"All right, all right." Mr. Zhou nodded repeatedly. *To a billionaire, thirty thousand is indeed just an insignificant sum.*

"If there's nothing else, please excuse us." Mr. Zhou did not leave right away but waited for Han Jingru to give him the green light.

He and his men left only after Han Jingru nodded and gave them permission to do so.

Once the bikers were gone, the youngsters started acting pompous again. It was as if they had forgotten what just happened moments ago.

Han Jingru had no intention of pursuing the matter. After finishing his dinner and paid for his meal, he left the restaurant.

The young lad, who owed Mr. Zhou money, took a glance at Han Jingru's back. "He seems like a rich guy."

"What do you want to do to him?" The teenage girl got a little worried. Earlier, she told Mr. Zhou that Han Jingru was her brother to divert the former's attention and did not expect him to help solve their problem. After what Han Jingru did, she was actually grateful to him, and now, she was worried that these lads might have some other ideas in mind.

The lad scoffed, "Since he has a lot of money, why don't we help him spend it? How much can a cripple spend, anyway?"

The other young men nodded in agreement. Since

they were running short of money now, they planned to rob him.

The teenage girl immediately opposed, “He helped you pay your debt. How could you do this? Don’t go overboard.”

“Overboard?” He shot a killer stare at the girl and said, “Come on, he’s just a cripple. Stay out of it if you’re afraid to do this with us.”

The entire gang then walked out of the restaurant.

Though the girl did not want to be a part of their operation, she followed them because she was worried about Han Jingru.

On a dark and quiet street, Han Jingru was all alone when he rolled his wheelchair away from the restaurant as if nobody cared for him.

The truth was, someone had been following him all this while and watching him in the dark.

“Cripple.” A voice emerged from his back.

Han Jingru turned around and saw the group of youngsters behind him. Looking at the expression on their faces, he knew for sure they did not come to express their gratitude.

“I’ve cleared your debt. What else do you want from me?” Han Jingru said calmly.

“Since you’re so rich, and you’re just a cripple, why don’t you give us your money? We sure can put it to good use,” the young lad sneered.

Han Jingru raised his brows. “Good point, but let’s see how you’re going to get the money from me.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The young lad burst out laughing. *This dude's in a wheelchair. What else can he do to me?*

Previously, Mr. Zhou could immediately tell Han Jingru was not an ordinary person after seeing the money in his bank account. He must have accumulated years of experience to figure out a person's identity.

On the other hand, this lad was still a little wet behind the ears. Of course, he was not far-sighted enough to figure out who Han Jingru was. He was just fixed on getting money from this wheelchair-bound man.

“Enough. Just give us your money, and we'll leave you alone. If not, you're going to get it from us,” the young lad said in a tone dripping with disdain.

“It seems like you don't know how to be thankful. In that case, I'll teach you a lesson on behalf of your parents,” as usual, Han Jingru responded in a calm voice.

The young lad frowned. *Thankful? There's no such thing in my life!*

“You’re just asking for trouble!” He then walked towards Han Jingru.

Though he was immobile, dealing with a rascal like him was just a piece of cake.

The young man inched closer, thinking he could take Han Jingru down easily as he would not have the ability to retaliate.

The young smirked, “Hey, you think you...”

All of sudden, Han Jingru threw a punch at him.

Before he could finish his sentence, Han Jingru’s punch had landed on his stomach.

The young lad’s expression changed. The impact was so powerful that he took a few steps back and rolled on the ground.

“F*ck!” He was in so much pain as if all his internal organs were ruptured.

His other friends were stunned upon seeing how swift Han Jingru's move was.

The teenage girl, who was afraid that they might harm Han Jingru, was relieved to see the turn of events.

He might be a cripp, but he looks pretty hot. He's not only rich but can fight very well too. He's so much more charming compared to these brats.

“Who else wants money from me? Come.” Han Jingru took a sidelong glance at them.

The rest of the young men took a few steps back as they knew now what this man was capable of.

The young lad, who had recovered a little, gritted his teeth and said, “What are you waiting for? Go and teach this cripple a lesson!”

“Yes! He's just the cripple.”

“Let's go. I'm sure he can't defeat all of us.”

“Let's surround him. He only has a pair of hands.

Let's see what he can do!"

Just when these young men were ready to launch an attack on Han Jingru, the teenage girl went up and stood in their way.

"What are you doing?"

"Get lost. Don't tell me you're on his side?"

"Do you know what you're doing, Yan Yu?"

The girl, whom they called Yan Yu, said, "Just let him go, for goodness sake. He helped us just now, remember?"

Han Jingru was surprised. Just when he thought the teenage girl was no different from all these ingrates, she was the only one who was thankful for his help.

"He attacked one of us, so he should pay for his medical fees," one of them demanded.

Han Jingru smiled wryly. *These kids can use all kinds of excuses to extort money from me. They're the ones who initiated the attack first, and now they're blaming me?*

“Step aside. They can’t hurt me,” Han Jingru said to Yan Yu.

Yan Yu turned around and looked at Han Jingru, who was still in his wheelchair. *He’s gotta be kidding!*

He might be able to take one down, but how can he defeat them when they gang up on him?

“Just run. I’ll take care of them,” Yan Yu said to Han Jingru.

“Run?” Han Jingru smiled bitterly and pointed at his leg. “How?”

Yan Yu then realized how stupid she was to have said that.

“Let me handle them. I told you I can, so believe me,” Han Jingru convinced her.

Yan Yu for sure could not stall them for long. What she could do at most was to buy time for

Han Jingru to escape. Since Han Jingru was confident that he could take care of himself, Yan Yu decided to step aside.

“Fine. Don’t blame for me for not trying to help,” Yan Yu felt bad and said that intentionally to make herself feel a little better.

Han Jingru nodded, and he turned his attention to the youngsters, “It’s time for you to witness how capable a cripple can be.”

The group of youngsters began to charge at him.

Though there was quite a number of them, in Han Jingru’s eyes, they were as insignificant as tiny ants and would not pose a threat to him.

He had once caused a stir in the Terra Prison, and even Gong Tian was no match for him. If Han Jingru could not handle these brats now, he might as well relinquish the Terra Prison’s Assassin title!

Yan Yu observed anxiously from a distance as she was certain that Han Jingru would be beaten

to a pulp. Not only that, but these boys would also rob him of all his money. She had thought of calling the police, but she would burn bridges with them and be alienated by the Chinese community here. This group of people would surely not let her off easily too.

Yet, what happened next made her jaw drop.

Though her friends were large in numbers, Han Jingru did not let that intimidate him. In fact, those who went at him all collapsed onto the ground and screamed in pain the second Han Jingru punched them.

“How did he do it?” Yan Yu was utterly dumbstruck. She could not believe what she saw.

“I’ve already told you that you can’t defeat me. Look at yourselves now.” Han Jingru grinned.

All the young men, who were still in agonizing pain, continued to scream while rolling on the road.

I cannot believe this! How can a cripple defeat us?

“Do you still want money?” Han Jingru rolled his wheelchair and approached the young lad, who initiated the fight.

At that point, he was stunned and did not know what else to say anymore. “N-No, no...”

“Great, but let’s talk about the thirty thousand worth of loan I’ve paid for you earlier, shall we?” Han Jingru said.

The young lad instantly regretted it. He should have been grateful that someone had helped him with the money he owed Mr. Zhou, but he allowed greed to get the best of him and even thought of robbing his benefactor. At that point, he only had himself to blame.

“I have no money anymore, bro,” the young lad said.

“It’s fine that you don’t have the money. You still have a pair of legs, right?” Han Jingru responded with a smirk.

He raised his head and looked at Han Jingru in

fear. “Bro, please forgive me. I know it’s my fault, but please let me off this time.”

“Let you off?” Han Jingru’s expression turned grim all of a sudden. He grabbed his collar and lifted the young lad.

Since he was still in his wheelchair, he did not manage to lift him in the air. Nevertheless, the height was good enough for him to do what he intended to do.

Without hesitation, Han Jingru struck his knees and incapacitated him right away.

Screams of horror penetrated the night sky while the others watched in absolute fear.

Yan Yu could not help but shudder upon witnessing this act.

This man is rich and can fight well. Above all, he’s the cruelest man I’ve ever seen! But I guess it’s a reasonable action. This man wouldn’t have done it had he not try to cross the boundaries.

“Since you’re not grateful for people’s help, you pay the price. Do you know how dangerous this world is? I’m not sure how useless you are but do use your brain a little before doing something stupid.” It was Jiang Yan who had taught Han Jingru to be so ruthless. Had he not taught this young lad a lesson, the latter might return and cause him more troubles.

Han Jingru then left in his wheelchair. To him, this incident was just an insignificant episode in the grander scheme of things. While he was on his way home, he noticed Yan Yu was following right behind him.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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When Han Jingru stopped, Yan Yu, who wasn't far off, also stopped. Han Jingru began to feel helpless at how closely Yan Yu seemed to be sticking to him.

“Why are you following me?” Han Jingru couldn't help but ask Yan Yu.

“I already spoke up for you just now. I can't just go back to them,” Yan Yu replied.

“Why don't you go home to your parents or something?” Han Jingru asked.

“They died two years ago in a car crash. I don't really have a home,” Yan Yu said.

Han Jingru frowned. He didn't expect the young lady before him was a victim to such a tragedy. *So she has a reason to mix around with that bunch of rascals.*

“Is that why you hung out with that group of people?” Han Jingru asked.

“Yep.” Yan Yu nodded. She kept her head down

so Han Jingru couldn't see her expression. Despite that, he could see her body quivering slightly as if she were in pain.

“Why?” Han Jingru's intuition told him that Yan Yu wasn't a bad person. She had a reason for hanging around with that bunch of rascals—whether it was because she needed to feed herself, or because of the traumatic experience she had.

“The other driver was drunk, but because he's rich, he got off without a hitch even though he killed my parents. I want to get revenge for them,” Yan Yu said, her voice trembling.

From her tone, Han Jingru could sense her repressed anger. She only mixed around with that group of people because she wanted to get revenge for her parents. *Maybe to her, only these people would be of any help.*

“Those people even threatened me during my parents' funeral. They warned me not to say or do anything or else they'll kill me, too. I am terrified. That's why I have to make myself look

like a bad person. If I became a bad enough person, I wouldn't be afraid of those criminals anymore," Yan Yu said through clenched teeth.

"Did it work?" Han Jingru asked mildly.

Yan Yu stopped in her tracks.

Did it?

Yan Yu thought she had become a bad person, but whenever she thought of that driver, she felt terrified. From that, she knew that becoming "bad" had never given her the bravery she needed.

"Can you push my wheelchair for me?" Han Jingru asked.

Yan Yu hesitated for a moment before walking up to him and pushed his wheelchair carefully. "Will you help me get revenge?" She asked.

"Why should I help you? We only just met," Han Jingru said.

“But you’re so powerful. Why won’t you help me?” Yan Yu asked, confused.

Han Jingru smiled helplessly. “Is that a valid reason for me to help you?”

“Well, in the olden days, warriors would help those in need, no? Don’t you want to be a warrior?” Yan Yu asked.

Obviously, she enjoyed reading those kinds of stories. That also seemed to be a form of support for her. Without that sort of mentality and beliefs, she would have collapsed a long time ago.

Sadly, it was no longer the olden days. There were no more warriors who would help those in need anymore.

“I’m not a warrior, nor do I wish to become one,” Han Jingru said mildly.

Yan Yu pursed her lips. Clearly, she didn’t like what Han Jingru just said. To her, Han Jingru had all the makings of a warrior. Even though he was a cripple, he was powerful nonetheless.

They reached his house. It was a much better environment than whatever Yan Yu was used to, so she stood stiffly in one place as if she were terrified of breaking whatever she touched.

“You’re probably pretty rich, huh?” Yan Yu couldn’t help but ask.

“If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have lost thirty thousand. That’s the same amount as a year’s worth of living expenses for me,” Han Jingru said with a smile.

Yan Yu pouted, clearly not believing what Han Jingru said. One didn’t need to be a millionaire to live here, but the person wouldn’t be too far off.

“You can sleep here tonight. Tell me who your enemy is tomorrow.” Han Jingru opened the door to the guest room. Before this, it had been Qi Bingying’s room.

“Are you willing to help me?” Rather than being concerned about having a place to sleep tonight, Yan Yu was even more worried about whether Han Jingru was willing to help her get revenge.

After all, it was what she had always wanted to do.

“Let’s talk about it tomorrow. I want to sleep,” Han Jingru said before leaving to his own room.

Yan Yu walked into the guest room hesitantly. A fragrant perfume wafted into her face the moment she walked in. It was an obviously feminine scent, so it was clear that a woman had lived here.

In the two years after her parents passed away, she had lived in an orphanage for a while. After getting to know that bunch of hooligans, she did have a roof over her head, but it was always incredibly messy and dirty. They had to sleep on the same bed at times. Now that she was thrust into a comfortable environment all of a sudden, Yan Yu dared not sleep on the bed. She felt as if she didn’t belong.

She sat on the floor and leaned against the bed gingerly, deciding to spend the night that way. Her cautiousness didn’t match her obnoxious appearance, but that made it all the more obvious

that she wasn't inherently a bad person. She only ended up like this because she had nowhere else to go.

Han Jingru lay on his bed. Right after sending Qi Bingying off, there was suddenly another woman in his house. He hadn't seen this coming. It seemed like he was fated to stay tangled up with different women for the rest of his life. *Maybe it's just one of God's sick pranks.*

Early the next morning, Han Jingru caught sight of Yan Yu already waiting in the living room. However, instead of sitting on the sofa, she was sitting on the floor.

“Why are you on the floor?” Han Jingru asked.

Yan Yu quickly stood up and dusted her behind off. “The floor is more comfortable. I'm not used to sitting on anything that is too soft.”

Han Jingru didn't think too much about it. *Maybe this is just a habit of hers.*

“Can you make breakfast?” Han Jingru asked.

Yan Yu looked sheepish. When she was still with her parents, she never had to lift a finger to cook. After they passed away, she didn't even have a house to live in, so she never stepped into a kitchen before.

“Don't worry. We can go out for breakfast after I wash up,” Han Jingru said.

Yan Yu carefully treaded to the door of the bathroom where Han Jingru was washing up and asked, “What's your name?”

“Han Jingru.”

“Can I call you Jingru?” Yan Yu asked.

It made sense for someone of Yan Yu's age to address Han Jingru by the name.

“How about...”

Han Jingru didn't get the chance to finish speaking before Yan Yu cut him off. “It's settled, then. Jingru it is. My name is Yan Yu, but you can call me Yu.”

“Even if you act all chummy with me, it doesn’t mean I’ll help you get revenge.” Han Jingru could instantly tell what Yan Yu was trying to do. Why else would she be buttering him up so early in the morning?

Even though her motives were exposed, Yan Yu didn’t appear bashful in the slightest. “I’ll work hard until the day you’re willing to help me get revenge.”

Han Jingru was taken aback by that. Her honesty was tinted with a shade of innocence. Even though she had hung around with that bunch of rascals for a while, she didn’t seem to have changed deep inside.

After washing up, the two of them went out for breakfast.

To Yan Yu, it was a rare enough occurrence if she got to enjoy two full meals a day. Breakfast was something she didn’t even dare to imagine having. That’s why she started becoming nervous the moment the two of them sat in the restaurant. She couldn’t help but lower her head habitually

whenever anyone walked past.

Han Jingru could sense the clear self-consciousness that Yan Yu was feeling at the moment, but he didn't point it out. Yan Yu needed to face the world head-on in order to get rid of her self-consciousness. It wasn't something Han Jingru's words could change.

"Tell me about your parents," Han Jingru told Yan Yu.

At the mention of her parents, Yan Yu's expression changed greatly. Her gaze became filled with sorrow.

"He's involved in real estate and comes from a wealthy family. The three of us were taking a stroll on the sidewalk when he crashed into the sidewalk because of his drunk driving. If my father hadn't pushed me aside, I wouldn't be here today," Yan Yu said with her head buried in her hands.

Han Jingru was shocked. He didn't expect Yan Yu to have personally witnessed her parents'

death.

“I watched as my parents kept coughing up blood, but he just drove away. I kept screaming, hoping that someone, anyone could come and help, but no one batted an eye. I never felt as hopeless as I did back then. I didn’t know what to do. I had to watch as they bled to death and just... Die.” Yan Yu clenched her fists tightly as if she were revisiting the scene of the accident.



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Han Jingru reached out his hand and held Yan Yu's clenched fists gently in an attempt to soothe her emotions.

Yan Yu got a shock and her hand shook momentarily, but she didn't retract it. She continued speaking, "They died before we could reach the hospital. The culprit only came to me the next day, and he told me that if I were willing to keep it a secret, he would give me a ton of money. I didn't comply, so his son showed up after that and threatened to kill me if I dared to make a fuss about it."

Yan Yu was shaking all over as if she were back at the hospital.

"I was terrified and didn't know what to do. He kept terrorizing me, so all I could do was agree. Then his son brought the money to me but said I had to sleep with him before he would give me the money. I said no and he left with the money after beating me up. He even told me to go find him again if I needed money."

Han Jingru's gaze turned chilly and murderous.

“Let’s eat,” Han Jingru said simply.

Yan Yu no longer had the appetite. How could she eat after recalling a story like that?

“I never wanted to mix around with people like that, but I had no other choice,” Yan Yu said.

Han Jingru nodded. He knew that Yan Yu could only disguise herself this way after being thrown into such circumstances without any form of support. As a girl without any way to live independently, she might have starved and died on the streets a long time ago if she hadn’t done so.

“You’ll only have the energy to get revenge if you eat,” Han Jingru reminded.

Yan Yu lifted her head in a flash. “Jingru, are you willing to help me?”

“I’ll be the hero just this once,” Han Jingru said mildly.

Yan Yu couldn’t believe her ears. She was barely

holding on to her last bit of hope when she approached Han Jingru. She hadn't entertained the possibility of Han Jingru actually being willing to help her out. After all, he was very wealthy, and Yan Yu was aware that he need not put himself at such risk just to help her out. She genuinely couldn't believe that he was willing to help her.

“That’s why you better eat up or I’ll start regretting my decision,” Han Jingru said.

Yan Yu instantly started gobbling up her food.

“Eat slowly. The food’s still hot,” Han Jingru couldn't help but remind.

Yan Yu ate as if it were her last day on earth. Soon enough, all the food in her bowl was gone. The food was certainly very hot, but in order to get revenge, she didn't mind burning her mouth a little.

They left the restaurant after paying and Han Jingru asked Yan Yu, “Do you know where they live?”

Yan Yu, who was pushing the wheelchair, asked, “Jingru, are you going to go look for them now?”

“Are you scared?” Han Jingru asked.

Yan Yu didn’t imagine that he would be getting revenge for her right at that instant. She wasn’t prepared in the slightest, and she had no way of confirming whether Han Jingru could actually help. He might have been a rich boss, but no matter how rich he was, Yan Yu still felt slightly fearful at the prospect of randomly going to find the culprit.

“I... N-No, I’m not scared,” Yan Yu stammered.

“Well then, let’s go,” Han Jingru replied.

Yan Yu pushed Han Jingru’s wheelchair hesitatingly. She still remembered where his house was very clearly, to the point where it was basically engraved in her memory. She wouldn’t forget it till the day she died. Despite that, she still felt a little worried at getting revenge without having prepared anything.

“Jingru, I heard that they have a lot of bodyguards. It won’t be the same as dealing with those other accomplices of mine,” Yan Yu reminded Han Jingru.

“Heroes don’t care about bodyguards. Don’t you trust me?” Han Jingru chuckled.

Yan Yu shook her head in denial. Of course she trusted Han Jingru. She was simply nervous at having to act so suddenly. Deep down, she was also anxious at the thought of meeting her enemy. After all, the beating up that his son had put her through was enough to cause trauma.

“Should we ask for some backup?” Yan Yu asked.

Backup?

He did have a new lackey he had recruited recently. *Maybe he can help.*

He pulled out his phone and called Ma Feihao.
“Ma Feihao, are you free right now?”

Ma Feihao was still trying to catch the last dregs of sleep, and he would usually start losing it at whoever ruined his slumber at this time.

However, when he saw it was Han Jingru, Ma Feihao instantly woke up.

“Mr. Han, I’m free. I’m always free. What do you need?” Ma Feihao asked.

Han Jingru looked at Yan Yu. “What’s his name?”

“Li Shanfeng,” Yan Yu replied in surprise. *Did I hear wrongly? Is Han Jingru currently calling the infamous Ma Feihao of the Chinese District? They know each other?*

“I’m going to drop by Li Shanfeng’s place. Come over,” Han Jingru said.

“Of course. I’ll be right there,” Ma Feihao replied without hesitating.

Ma Feihao only realized the strangeness of it all after hanging up. *Why does Han Jingru want to go meet Li Shanfeng?*

Ma Feihao and Li Shanfeng could be considered as acquaintances. After all, they were both in the same community and met occasionally. However, Li Shanfeng had different interests and wasn't into racing, so they weren't exactly close, either.

“Li Shanfeng, did you mess with Han Jingru? You're in big trouble now,” Ma Feihao muttered to himself in glee.

“Did you just call Ma Feihao?” Yan Yu asked Han Jingru in disbelief. To her, Ma Feihao didn't even exist at the same level. It was practically impossible for her to ever meet with a rich man like him.

“Well, if there's only one Ma Feihao in the whole Chinese District, then yeah,” Han Jingru said.

“Jingru, who exactly are you?” Yan Yu finally started asking. She couldn't hold back her curiosity. *Who is Han Jingru?* Before this, she had always thought that he was simply a rich guy, but now she knew that he knew people like Ma Feihao.

“I’m handicapped. Can’t you tell?” Han Jingru said with a smile.

Yan Yu shook her head. “That’s not what I meant. You have to be pretty powerful, right? After all, you’re on good terms with someone like Ma Feihao.”

“Ma Feihao is just another one of my lackeys. Would you believe that?” Han Jingru asked.

Yan Yu shook her head instinctively. Ma Feihao was the heir of the Ma Family! He was extremely well-known and respected in the community. How could he become someone’s lackey?

“Jingru, I didn’t know you were the type to make stories up,” Yan Yu said with a slight frown.

“You’ll know whether I made that up in a moment. Let’s go to Li Shanfeng’s place first,” Han Jingru said.

Even though Han Jingru appeared confident, Yan Yu still found it hard to believe him. After all, Ma Feihao was considered the top of the top among

the Chinese District. If he were one of Han Jingru's lackeys, then Han Jingru must be a powerful figure. The Chinese District had never heard of such powerful presence before. Besides, she had never heard of Ma Feihao being anyone's lackey.

After hailing a cab, the two of them headed to Li Shanfeng's villa.

Once they arrived, Yan Yu's face paled. She was clearly terrified right now.

"Don't be afraid of people like these. To me, they're all just rubbish," Han Jingru tried to comfort Yan Yu.

Yan Yu gathered her courage and nodded.

They walked to the door of the mansion and Yan Yu raised a trembling hand to ring the doorbell. At that moment, she felt like running away. She was terrified of actually meeting Li Shanfeng.

In just a matter of seconds, the door opened.

An elegant lady stood at the door. She looked to be around 30 years old, when in actual fact she was already over forty.

She looked at Han Jingru and Yan Yu in disdain. “Who are you? Why are you at my house?”

“Where’s Li Shanfeng?” Han Jingru asked.

“Why do you need to look for my son? How could a handicapped person like you be his friend?” Even though Han Jingru did look like he could be Li Shanfeng’s friend, she still didn’t bother being nice.

“Why would I want to be friends with someone like him? Get him out here,” Han Jingru replied mildly.

The lady’s eyes flashed with malice. How dare this disabled person even imply that her son had no right to be friends with him despite the Li family’s prominence in the Chinese District?

“If you don’t want to go from a cripple to a vegetative cripple, you better leave,” the lady

warned in a cold voice.



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Han Jingru snickered coldly at that. As expected, the apple didn't fall far from the tree. *This b*tch's arrogance had perfectly left its mark on Li Shanfeng.*

Finally, the lady noticed how familiar Yan Yu looked. She frowned and asked, "Little lady, have we met before?"

Yan Yu lowered her head, not daring to look the lady in her eyes.

Han Jingru spoke. "Two years ago, your husband drove under the influence of alcohol. This girl is the daughter of the couple he killed."

When she heard that, the lady didn't seem the least bit rattled. Instead, she smiled disdainfully. "So it's you, you little b*tch. Are you finally here to get revenge for your parents? If you're going to look for an accomplice, at least find a useful one. How lowly do you think of the Li family by bringing a cripple here to help the fight?"

After that, the lady lifted a hand as if she wanted to slap some sense into Yan Yu.

Han Jingru was quick enough to stop her arm in mid-air.

As he gripped that lady's arm, Han Jingru spoke with a tone full of ice. "The price to pay for arrogance is an expensive one. Are you sure you can afford it?"

The lady was enraged. *How dare a lowly person like him touch me?*

"You damn cripple! You'd better let go of me or I'll chop your hands off!" the lady yelled.

Han Jingru gripped a little tighter and the lady's face paled in pain.

"Do you really think you could do that? I don't think so." At that, Han Jingru twisted and shoved her back quite a few steps, causing her to stumble and fall on the ground.

The lady's expression was starting to look sinister and furious. She yelled loudly.

In a flash, a few bodyguards came running.

“Kill him!” the lady screeched, pointing at Han Jingru.

“Bring it on!” Han Jingru used the handles of his wheelchair to stand up. Even though he was only balancing on one leg, it was enough to go against these amateurs.

After Han Jingru beat up all of the bodyguards there, the lady finally started feeling terrified. Without her backbone, she looked at Han Jingru in terror.

Han Jingru allowed Yan Yu to support him as he walked toward the lady and said, “Call Li Shanfeng and his father right now and ask them to get back here.”

The lady quivered in terror and took out her phone.

“I don’t care who you are, you will regret ever messing with the Li family. Just you wait. I’ll make sure you don’t even get a proper burial.” The lady threatened after placing a call to her husband and son.

Han Jingru chuckled icily. "I'll let you know how much it costs to be so haughty. By then, I hope you can still maintain that arrogance of yours."

To the lady, Han Jingru might have been a good fighter, but he definitely couldn't go against the Li family as a whole.

Who else was the Li family afraid of in the Chinese District apart from the Ma family and the Han family?

However, she didn't know that Ma Feihao was already Han Jingru's lackey. Even the Han family didn't dare to lay a hand on the coffin that had been placed in front of the Han family villa.

Ma Feihao finally arrived before the Li father and son duo.

When the lady saw Ma Feihao nodding and bowing respectfully to Han Jingru, she started to get a bad feeling.

Ma Feihao. That is Ma Feihao.

Why is he treating that cripple with such great respect?

Yan Yu finally believe Han Jingru's words. *So Ma Feihao is really just his lackey.*

She shuddered when she thought of her accomplice's acts last night. *How could they rob someone even Ma Feihao bowed down to?*

"Mr. Han, what do you need me to do?" Ma Feihao asked Han Jingru.

"There'll be a competition at the racing tracks today. Get those people to prepare at the tracks," Han Jingru said.

A competition?

Out of nowhere?

Ma Feihao already knew that this was definitely not a regular competition. Han Jingru must have other plans up his sleeve. However, he stayed quiet. His job was to execute instruction from Han Jingru and not mess around for no reason. It

wasn't like he had the guts to do so anyway.

After making some calls, Ma Feihao informed Han Jingru, "Mr. Han, I've let them know. They'll head over right this instant."

Han Jingru nodded as he waited silently for Li Shanfeng and his father to return.

Han Jingru. Where have I heard of this before?
The lady found the name familiar yet she couldn't think of it on the spot.

Suddenly, the lady's face paled and she looked at Han Jingru in terror.

Han Jingru!

Could he be the Han Jingru who was the talk of the town these few days?

He was the one who placed the coffin in front of the Han family villa. The Chinese District was sent into a frenzy all thanks to him.

Even now, no one dared touch that coffin in front

of the Han family villa. Han Xiuyuan himself had left the Chinese District in an attempt to escape the curse.

The lady began to feel a sense of despair.

How could the Li family have angered someone even the Han family didn't dare to go against? She had even threatened him with an improper burial!

“Y-You're Han Jingru?” The lady started stammering in fear.

Ma Feihao scoffed. “How could you not recognize Mr. Han?”

The lady started to shake from fear. She had only ever heard of Han Jingru's infamous past. She had never gotten the chance to meet him in the flesh. Of course she didn't know what he looked like! If she had known he was Han Jingru, she wouldn't have said the things just now.

At that moment, the Li father and son rushed into the villa.

When Li Shanfeng saw the lady sitting on the floor looking devastated, he ran toward her and asked, “Mom, what’s wrong? What happened?”

The lady shook her head hopelessly. *What happened?*

The land mine that had been planted two years ago was finally about to explode. Han Jingru was the one who had tripped the wire, and the Li family had no way of stopping it.

“Ma Feihao, what are you doing in my house?” Li Shanfeng asked fiercely. He didn’t notice Han Jingru’s presence but only Ma Feihao’s. Instinctively, he assumed Ma Feihao was the one here to look for trouble.

Even though the Ma family and the Li family always had a certain distance between them, it wasn’t as if Li Shanfeng would back away from getting justice after being trampled over like that.

“Li Shanfeng, aren’t you aware of who you messed with?” Ma Feihao asked with a cold smile.

At that moment, Li Shanfeng finally caught sight of Han Jingru and his eyes widened in shock.

He had personally witnessed Han Jingru's whole ordeal with the coffin. The latter's face was etched in Li Shanfeng's mind. *But why is he here?*

“Han Jingru, the Li family has nothing against you. Why are you causing trouble in my home?” Li Shanfeng softened his tone. While he had the guts to speak loudly toward Ma Feihao, he definitely didn't dare to speak so loudly to Han Jingru. After all, the latter managed to kick Han Xiuyuan out of the Chinese District.

“Take a look at her. Do you remember who she is?” Han Jingru asked, pointing at Yan Yu.

He looked in the direction that Han Jingru was pointing, but he frowned at the sight of Yan Yu. After all, the accident was two years ago. Li Shanfeng had had relations with countless other women. How could he remember Yan Yu specifically?

“No,” Li Shanfeng replied.

“Since you’ve forgotten, I’ll remind you. Two years ago, her parents died because your father drove under the influence of alcohol. Do you remember now?” Han Jingru said.

Li Shanfeng felt like his heart had stopped beating.

It had already been two years. He had already forgotten how Yan Yu looked like, but he couldn’t forget the accident itself.

The senior Li’s expression also turned wary. Two years ago, he had no reasons to be afraid of this young lady. However, there she was two years later, with Han Jingru backing her up. It wasn’t something he could overlook.

“We already came to an agreement two years ago,” Li Shanfeng’s father couldn’t help but argue.

“Yes. Well, your son did take the money to her, but he would only pay her if she slept with him. She refused, so not only did she not get the money, but she was also beaten up because of it,”

Han Jingru said.

Li Shanfeng's father had no idea about that. He had always assumed that Yan Yu had taken the money and all this was over and done with. He didn't expect Li Shanfeng to do such a thing.

“Li Shanfeng, you idiot!” His father walked toward him and kicked him hard. If he had just given Yan Yu the money in the first place, Han Jingru wouldn't be here today. This was all because of Li Shanfeng. Now, there was no way of getting out with just money.



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