Chapter 27 - Chapter 27: Chapter 27: Took Away My Wallet

Chapter 27: Chapter 27: Took Away My Wallet

This was a sight Dennison Henry had never seen in the Abandoned Cave Society. He simply could not have imagined that such earth-shattering changes could have taken place in the mere month he had been away.

He was from Rubbish Town and worked as a merchant. The ores produced by the Abandoned Cave Society were the ones he would purchase and then sell to Rubbish Town for primary processing into usable pig iron before selling them off again.

He had heard that a group of plunderers had set their sights on the Abandoned Cave Society. He thought it was the end for them and had even offered a silent prayer for these unfortunate people, while also feeling a pity at having lost a cheap resource import site. This meant he would earn less money.

But to his surprise, not only had the Abandoned Cave Society survived, but it had also received help from the Planetary Governor.

What was this if not a blessing in disguise?

In the Abandoned Cave Society, Henry saw rows of factories, and the erect smelting furnaces emitting white smoke, signifying industrial power;

He saw the residential areas that were being constructed nearby, and as it was mealtime, he could see the cooking smoke. The standard of food the residents of the Abandoned Cave Society were eating was actually better than that in his hometown, Rubbish Town.

He also saw the soldiers on guard, wearing combat suits, vests with bulletproof plates on the outside, and their left eyes uniformly transformed into mechanical ones, shining with a cold blue light, looking very elite.

Patel saw the expression on Henry’s face and took it all in.

The surprised look of this ‘old friend’ gave Patel immense satisfaction.

He really enjoyed seeing others surprised. It affirmed from the bottom of his heart how utterly right he had been to fully embrace the Governor and to become his lordship's subject.

He patted Henry on the shoulder and said, "Stop gawking, let's go. There's even more great stuff to see."

Returning his gaze, Henry turned to Patel, "You... is the Governor really that generous?"

Patel's expression was devout, "Yes, and this is just the beginning. I believe that under the rule of the Governor, we will live better and better! Honestly, why don't you go back and talk to your bosses, too? Get them to join under the Governor's command sooner rather than later."

When this topic came up, Henry grew a little more composed, "We are already under the governance of the Governor, we are also members of the Alliance."

Patel could hear the perfunctory tone in his voice.

He felt a bit disappointed. He genuinely believed that Rubbish Town could join in and contribute to the Governor's cause.

Of course, he also knew that his old friend Henry was just an ordinary merchant from Rubbish Town, and his status was so-so. Rubbish Town had a population of over one hundred thousand and was a massive settlement. Those who had a say there were called 'agents.' These agents, big and small, determined the direction of the entire Rubbish Town.

Henry was just a merchant, and he was even still striving to qualify as the smallest of agents, so he didn't have much say in Rubbish Town.

Patel simply hoped that Henry could go back and persuade those agents.

But it seemed, indeed, he had been naive.

Those agents were making money from raw materials and energy, from scrappers and adventurers, with their bellies full and their minds content, why would they easily let go?

Unless they witnessed the Governor's authority with their own eyes.

Putting aside those thoughts, Patel's face broke into a smile again.

He took Henry along to see some more good things.

These were alloy steel products created by the Abandoned Cave Society.

Seeing the neatly stacked alloy steel, Henry was once again dumbfounded.

“This... is alloy steel? You can actually produce something like this?”

He truly hadn’t anticipated this.

Watching those smelting furnaces, he thought at most they could produce steel, which was already very impressive to him. He had been calculating in his heart, in the future materials would be transported from Rubbish Town, then produced by Abandoned Cave Society, and sold to Revival City—this route would be much more economical than profiteering from mineral resources.

But unexpectedly, what Abandoned Cave Society was producing was not just any steel, but alloy plastic steel!

This material’s performance was far superior to steel! With different formulations, it could exhibit very strong resistance to compression and tensile strength as well as great plasticity.

From a merchant’s perspective, its selling price would naturally be higher than that of steel, but in reality, the increase was limited. Mainly because those manufacturers, whether using alloy plastic steel for munitions, machinery manufacturing, or construction materials, most of the large demand low-end product lines are very sensitive to cost. If the cost of alloy plastic steel is too much higher than steel, then they’d rather continue to use the cheaper steel.

Of course, if there is some alloy plastic steel with particularly special properties, then for some particular devices, like making better gun barrels or more robust mechanical structures, when used in high value-added production, it’s definitely valuable and can fetch an especially high price.

But even though ordinary alloy plastic steel materials can’t be sold for a very high price, with a reasonable pricing strategy, there’s no worry about their marketability.

At the same time, currently, there are very few powers in the wasteland that have the capability to produce alloy plastic steel. Perhaps Blackbird Heavy Industries has this capability, but their production capacity is barely enough to meet their own consumption, and they have never been seen selling this material externally.

From this perspective, the alloy plastic steel produced by Abandoned Cave Society is practically a unique business.

Beyond making money, this represents a huge power of influence.

Dennison Henry was bursting with impatience!

“How much for these? Sell them to me!” he said, rubbing his hands together.

“Don’t rush.” Patel chuckled and then took Henry to another place.

Here, there were some finished products made of alloy plastic steel—individual armor vests and helmets.

Patel proudly introduced, “Take a look at these things. If you shoot them with an iron pipe rifle, it’ll at most leave a mark!”

Having said that, he was worried Henry wouldn’t believe him and actually took out an iron pipe rifle.

The weapon looked crude but was especially common on the wasteland. A basic iron pipe was tied to a wooden handle with the most simplistic firing mechanism, capable of shooting gunpowder bullets. Because there was really no technology to speak of, its power was rather unpredictable, and its accuracy even more so. A well-made one might be passable, but a poorly made one was just a noisemaker that could or couldn’t hit a target; it all depended on luck.

The Abandoned Cave Society had hundreds of these guns, confiscated from the bandits after the ‘Doomed Prisoners’ were annihilated. The Planetary Governor thought little of this junk and gave it to them for self-defense.

Patel put the armor vest on a target, pulled the rifle bolt, and at a distance of more than a dozen meters, he fired more than a dozen rounds at it.

After the deed was done, Henry stepped closer to take a look.

There were bullet marks, but not a single one penetrated the single soldier’s vest, and the back of the target was knocked slightly askew, but indeed there was no real damage.

This level of defense was sufficient.

Henry even tried on the vest himself and found the weight completely within an acceptable range. Alloy plastic steel was able to maintain enough strength and toughness while ensuring light weight.

This stuff, on the wasteland, was a deadly weapon. Equipped with such a set, the most common iron pipe rifles on the wasteland would indeed turn into mere fire sticks.

He could already imagine how enthusiastically these individual armor vests would be sought after by scavengers and adventurers in Rubbish Town.

This was all money!

“Stop talking! I’m buying! Take away my wallet!”

Chapter 28 -

Chapter 28: Chapter 28, Corpse Starch

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Henry truly wanted to buy.

The alloy plastic steel material itself, as well as the single soldier vests that had been made from it, had already shown him the huge profits to be made.

In his hometown, Rubbish Town, he was indeed just a merchant, but he harbored greater aspirations—he was pursuing the status of an ‘agent’.

Rubbish Town was a chaotic place, but also a holy land for business: rich in resources and with a substantial population.

There, if you conducted big enough business, had enough people under you, and strong enough military force, you could gain enough influence to become an ‘agent’. And in the chaotic political ecology of Rubbish Town, it was the agents who called the shots. Each monopolized a unique line of business, competing and allying with each other, wielding enormous power.

Henry didn’t have enough people under him or a big enough business. But if he could really secure the alloy plastic steel business, then he would have his own unique line of business. As long as he had support from the Abandoned Cave Society to monopolize it, he could rapidly gain a huge profit.

The remaining issue was money, but that was an easy problem to resolve.

The status of an agent was already beckoning him.

Truth be told, if it weren’t for the Governor behind the Abandoned Cave Society, he would have definitely turned around and left by now, and then tried to gather a team to wipe out the Abandoned Cave Society completely, to firmly grasp the production capability of alloy plastic steel in his own hands.

Unfortunately...

But it didn’t matter, as long as he could secure the exclusive agency rights for this business, that would be enough.

Henry solemnly said to Patel, “I’ll take all the goods you have, and I’ll offer you the best price. We can also sign a long-term cooperation agreement, trust me, I can definitely help you sell these treasures throughout the entire Wasteland World! We will become the best partners, as long as you sign an exclusive agreement with me.”

“Wait a minute... just wait a moment.”

“?”

Henry’s brows deeply furrowed, “Do you have any other conditions? Just speak up!”

Patel quickly waved his hand, “I don’t have any conditions, but I can’t make this decision!”

Without waiting for Henry to speak, he continued, “Everything here belongs to the great Mr. Gu, the Governor. I wouldn’t dare to promise you anything rashly. Without Mr. Gu’s nod, not a single piece of alloy plastic steel can be sold.”

“Mr. Gu...” Henry calmed down and began to feel a headache coming on.

Convincing Patel might not be difficult, but to persuade the Governor...

The deeds of the Governor named ‘Gu Hang’ had also reached Henry’s ears. He was independent and unconventional, and after landing, he didn’t take over the power from the Alliance Government but instead went to the rural wilderness to undertake construction work.

Could construction save the entire Rage Owl Star?

Henry didn’t believe it.

Even if the Abandoned Cave Society had undergone drastic changes under the rule of Mr. Gu in a very short time. But just this kind of change was far from enough to alter the ecology of the entire Rage Owl Star.

Two years down the line, Mr. Gu, the Governor, would probably be dealt with by the empire’s tax authorities, just like his predecessors, right?

But before that happened, he was the Governor, the nominal supreme ruler of this planet.

What capital did a small merchant like himself have to hoodwink an imperial Governor?

Seeing Henry’s dilemma and hesitation, Patel didn’t know what kind of intense thoughts were turning in this ‘old friend’s’ mind. He just grinned, soothingly saying, “Mr. Gu is a good man. As long as you serve him with sincerity, you will surely receive a generous reward.”

When Patel said this, he appeared very sincere. But somehow, Henry vaguely felt like there was another meaning behind his words:

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“If you’re not sincere enough, you’re doomed.”

It must be an illusion; where would Patel find such deep thoughts?

Henry took a deep breath and said firmly, “I’m off to see the Governor now!”

…

The great Governor, Gu Hang, was at that moment studying a corpse.

It vaguely resembled a biological creature, with limbs and a semi-upright posture—somewhat like a headless ape with disproportionate limbs covered in boils, its chest cavity grossly swollen.

It was fast, incredibly ferocious, and its limbs bore sharp claws. After hunting, it would tear its prey to pieces and then use the boils on its body to corrode and dissolve the fragments before ‘absorbing’ them into itself.

This creature, referred to by the locals as ‘boil monsters,’ was a common menace in the Wasteland.

He was napping in his house when he suddenly heard noises outside; then Zhang Chao reported to him that a dozen boil monsters had appeared at the expansion site on the perimeter of the camp, attacking the workers.

Even though the soldiers guarding the camp arrived quickly and annihilated this group of monsters, three workers had still met their deaths.

Death and injury were, of course, very unfortunate events.

But this was the Wasteland.

Gu Hang did not focus on what had happened, the unchangeable past.

Looking at the monster’s corpse before him, he asked a soul-searching question:

“Can this thing be eaten?”

“Uh…”

Yan Fangxu didn’t understand what Mr. Gu was thinking, but he was shocked nonetheless.

Mr. Gu was somewhat displeased by Yan's shock and he emphasized, "In the Wasteland, food is of utmost importance! Every day, as soon as I open my eyes, I have to think about how to feed the several thousand people in three camps. Living off existing stores just won't cut it; we need to find a way to tap into every possible source of food. I think these creatures hold potential. It's said there are plenty of them in the Wasteland, and other creatures like zombified dogs. If they're all edible..."

"Please wait, Mr. Gu..." Yan Fangxu said helplessly, "These monsters carry a large amount of highly corrosive boils on them. How could they look edible?"

"How do you know if you don't try?" Gu Hang remained persistent, "Of course, I don't mean to let our people eat it directly. I've heard that on most planets in the Nest Capital, there is a technology capable of breaking down all organic material to produce food. They call it... corpse starch? In any case, it's starch blocks. I wonder if Rage Owl Star has this technology? Anyway, we surely have it on Quintet. We still need to get our hands on it by any means necessary."

Yan Fangxu became even more helpless.

Big brother, I've eaten those starch blocks too!

Essentially, those are a type of food chemical product that can take recycled organic waste, including old textiles and wood scraps, industrial organic waste, and even plant fibers and animal limbs, and break them down into smaller molecules to refine and process into synthetic starch blocks.

While it's true that some Nest Capital planets, particularly those with scarce resources and high population densities, do recycle the dead and even fecal matter, leading to their being humorously and darkly referred to as 'corpse starch,' you shouldn't say it out loud!

After all, the primary components of synthetic starch are still normal...

The minor, trace elements... Let's just stay friends and not talk about them.

Chapter 29 - Chapter 29: Chapter 29, What's Wrong with the Puppet?

Chapter 29: Chapter 29, What's Wrong with the Puppet?

Gu Hang said he was considering using those abscessed creatures as a food source, and he wasn't just talking nonsense to disgust people.

He truly thought that way.

If there were a choice, of course, normal food would be better than anythingelse. But in this wasteland, with production conditions like this, the number of people that could be sustained was limited, so wasn't one obligated to find every possible solution?

Being well-fed was more important than eating well.

This technology, of course, could potentially be drawn from the "Technology" panel. But the mechanism that, once a technology was highlighted, significantly dropped the probability of that technology being produced next made each technology quota precious. If there was a choice, Gu Hang would prefer not to acquire this technology from the "Technology" panel. He'd rather achieve his goal by normal means.

His gaze turned to the sky.

A certain power on Rage Owl Star might possess similar technology. However, first, Gu Hang hadn't seen it around Revival City, implying that if this technology did exist, it was far away and difficult to obtain. Second, the synthetic starch technology was probably very valuable on a wasteland planet, and those powers wouldn't just hand it over.

It was less effort to fleece the "Quintet" than to go through the trouble of securing such technology.

On a massive starship like the "Quintet," which housed a population of a hundred thousand and didn't always have the opportunity to land for supplies, especially during missions, they certainly had the technology to recycle almost any usable organic matter.

Thinking this, he coughed lightly twice, feeling a bit embarrassed, "I just asked her for two hundred sets of equipment and four armored vehicles last time, and today I'm going right back to ask for new technology? Doesn't feel quite right."

"I won't ask today, I'll go ask her tomorrow."

With this thought in mind, Gu Hang felt much more at ease.

Gu Hang, in high spirits, hummed a tune and waited for Dennison Henry, the trader from Rubbish Town.

...

Dennison Henry finally met Governor Gu Hang.

After an exhaustive body search, he was led to the entrance of the governor's house.

It was just a large board house, and on the surface, it didn't differ fundamentally from the board houses inhabited by the servants nearby. It was neither specially decorated nor made from any particularly precious materials.

The guard pushed open the door, and Henry walked in to find everything inside plain and unadorned.

The room had no special decorations, just an ordinary long table. A man who appeared quite young sat at the far end of the table.

That must be Governor Gu Hang.

The governor himself seemed out of place in his surroundings. His clothing was exquisite despite the simplicity around him, yet this contrast became almost negligible due to the governor's indifferent attitude to his humble environment.

Henry dared not observe further.

He lowered his head, came to this side of the long table, and without daring to sit down, he placed one hand on his chest and then bowed deeply.

Maintaining the bow, he said humbly, "My name is Dennison Henry, from Rubbish Town. I am here to offer my sincerest greetings to your Excellency the Governor. Your speech upon landing on this planet was thunderous, making me profoundly understand that you came to this dying world with grand ambitions and compassionate sentiments, to save us, your subjects. As a resident of Rage Owl Star, I hold your nobility in the highest esteem."

A rainbow fart, firmly delivered.

As he spoke, Henry also took out an exquisitely packaged box.

"Upon learning that I had the honor of meeting your Excellency, I was overjoyed and resolved to prepare a gift for you, to express my deep admiration. Sadly, due to the haste, I only have this modest offer. I hope your Excellency the Governor will not take offense."

He continued to maintain the bow, holding the gift box above his head with both hands.

The guard beside stepped up, took the gift from his hands, and then brought it before Gu Hang.

Gu Hang didn't even glance at the gift box, his gaze remained fixed on Dennison Henry, with an interested smile playing on his lips.

"Rise, or you might just break your waist if you keep this up."

Henry straightened up as instructed.

“Sit down, let’s have a good talk.”

Only then did Henry dare to sit down.

Tapping the table with his hand, Gu Hang said, “Dennison Henry, I am aware of your purpose in coming.”

Henry cautiously replied, “I hope Your Excellency the Governor would grant me the opportunity to serve you.”

Gu Hang chuckled and said, “You have a way with words, and I am satisfied with your attitude. I know that what you say may not necessarily reflect your true intentions, but I don’t mind that. I can entrust the business to you, but I have two conditions. First, I will supply you with goods, and you will also bring me what I need, in full quality and quantity, without any shortfall.”

The first part of Gu Hang’s statement, the implied ‘may not necessarily be sincere,’ made Henry somewhat nervous. However, the latter part immediately made his heart blossom with joy.

Securing the agency rights was his primary objective in meeting the Governor.

As for the other condition, Henry saw it as no different than being given a freebie. It couldn’t really be considered a demand, more like another generous gift from the Governor. He would of course pay for the goods, and that payment, as it seemed now, he could recoup by helping the Governor acquire the things the Governor needed.

How could that possibly be a bad thing?

Without hesitation, he nodded, “No problem! I am willing to serve Your Excellency!”

Gu Hang waved his hand and added, “I have a second condition. You need to expand your influence in Rubbish Town as much as possible, to become an agent, even a major one.”

Hearing this second condition, Henry calmed down a bit.

Striving to become one of the agents of Rubbish Town was his aim. Logically speaking, since the Governor had offered this as a condition, it shouldn’t conflict with his goals, and he ought to be pleased.

However, he didn’t consider himself a fool and could read between the lines of the underlying implications of the request.

Supported by the Governor, he would become an important agent in Rubbish Town, but then what? Who would have the final say, himself, or the Governor as his behind-the-scenes boss?

But he quickly cast aside these hesitations and conflicts.

Wondering about such things was absurd.

When a big opportunity is presented, shouldn't he seize it?

So what if he became a puppet? Countless people yearn for such a position and can't attain it.

And it might not even be a puppet situation. Seriously serving the Governor could bring its own powers, couldn't it? With the Governor managing myriad affairs daily, wouldn't he have final say over the small matters of Rubbish Town when presiding over it? He would just need to achieve the Governor's goals and follow his steps, which is as it should be!

Moreover... putting it a bit more rudely, who knows if the Governor will still be the Governor in two years.

With that thought, he caught the quasi-smiling expression on Gu Hang's face and dared not continue the line of thinking.

He felt as if his thoughts were being read.

Chapter 30 - Chapter 30: Chapter 30, Applying Pressure

Chapter 30: Chapter 30, Applying Pressure

Dennison Henry was very, very surprised at the start of his meeting with the governor.

He had obtained what he wanted without much sacrifice.

Of course, that doesn't mean there was no cost involved.

Having taken the goods, he had to pay for them using Alliance currency; the governor provided a series of lists, asking him to buy this and that—he glanced through them, some items were difficult to procure, such as wanting Revival City's best textile and sewing machines, importing raw textile materials, desiring thermoelectric generator sets, the thermoelectric material itself, wanting to build cement and brick factories...

Moreover, the governor seemed to have a good grasp of the market, the list he provided was almost equal in value to the goods he was permitted to take this time. By his own

estimation, the profit margin was severely compressed. If he wanted to earn more money, he would have to try his best to sell the alloy plastic steel and armored vests at a higher price, and find cheap yet effective supplies for the governor.

Difficult as it may be, Henry was still filled with motivation.

Wasn't this the time to showcase his capabilities?

If everything were easy, would the governor need to bother finding someone like him to take on this task?

However, as the conversation moved to the latter half, he gradually lost his joy.

Primarily because a crucial issue was raised.

Dennison Henry wanted to secure exclusive sales rights for the alloy plastic steel industry.

It was a protection of his own interests; he needed this to ensure the market channels he carved out wouldn't be snatched away by newcomers.

Eliminating competitors to monopolize the market naturally meant more profit.

But Gu Hang wouldn't allow it.

He argued with reason, saying things like "this would allow me to serve the governor better" and "this will help me expand my influence in Rubbish Town, and assist you with more matters in the future."

However, none of these arguments could persuade Gu Hang.

Gu Hang simply responded with two sentences, blocking any counterarguments:

"I can grant you the powers you desire, but I won't give them to you for nothing. You haven't done anything yet, so why should you demand so much from me?"

"Prove your loyalty through your actions."

With the conversation reaching this point, what more could Henry say?

He nodded emphatically, "I will prove myself to you, Governor."

"Also, do one more thing for me."

"Please give your command."

“My camp needs more labor; Revival City has so many refugees living on the outskirts, bring them here.”

“No problem, I will definitely bring you healthy and reliable refugees at a very affordable price.”

Gu Hang shook his head, clearly unsatisfied: “What is this talk of money? Those refugees, not recognized by Revival City as official residents, but I recognize them. Every human on Rage Owl Star is a subject of the Empire, my subject. I want you to convey my benevolence to them, my policies, my declarations, and have them migrate here. If they face difficulties, you should offer them the necessary help, and if needed, I will personally intervene. Do you understand what I mean?”

Henry was taken aback.

How could he not understand?

Of course, he understood.

Freeloading, right?

You just don’t want to spend money but still want the people brought over?

Henry put on a very ashamed expression: “Yes, that’s right, I was shallow...”

However, according to the governor, it didn’t seem like there was no benefit involved.

Although Revival City was large, the number of jobs and people it could support was limited. Outside the city, there were plenty of refugees who couldn’t survive. It wasn’t impossible through propaganda to inspire these people to migrate voluntarily.

“But... Your Excellency the Governor, please forgive me. If we proceed this way, we won’t be able to ensure the number or the quality of the migrants. Most of the desperate migrants are the old, the weak, the sick, and the disabled; those who are strong and in their prime can still find a job to support themselves.”

Gu Hang waved his hand dismissively, saying, “That’s your job, to convey my will to the public and to show your loyalty. Don’t disappoint me.”

Damn, he really wants a free ride!

Dennison Henry could only respond helplessly, “Yes, I understand what needs to be done.”

...

After sending away the merchant brimming with ambition, ready to embark on a significant endeavor while also meeting his own reasonable and unreasonable demands, Gu Hang immediately busied himself with another matter.

He had his attendant, Zhang Chao, send another communication to Revival City.

As for the issue of Wohan, the Alliance Councilman being a cult member, Gu Hang needed Revival City to give him an explanation.

Of course, the nature of the explanation was not important.

What Gu Hang needed was an excuse to take action.

This excuse was something he had to work hard to find originally.

Now, there was one ready-made.

An adherent of a Heretic Cult had emerged within the ruling structure of the Alliance, the Alliance Council.

When Wohan resisted, employing Storm Sorcery which Gu Hang identified as definitely not his own spiritual power but originating from a certain source, Gu Hang almost burst into laughter.

After capturing Wohan, the necessary interrogations and the intelligence he had to obtain were almost in his hands.

The man was indeed a follower of the Cult, there was no mistake about that.

Although he was not a devout believer, he did believe in the teachings of the Primal Owlbeast Sect and was willing to use his status as a councilman to provide convenience for cultist activities and to contribute money and resources.

He wasn’t a core member; he was just a wealthier believer.

He also received certain things in return, such as being ‘blessed by the gods’ and mastering Storm Sorcery; he could have cultists do some dirty work that he could not handle directly himself.

Indeed, the very reason he sought to trouble the governor this time was to request the Primordial Wrath Owl Sect’s intervention, but they rejected him due to their busy schedule and inability to arrange manpower on short notice.

With these confessions, and with Wohan still alive, Gu Hang had the perfect opportunity to attack.

Upon connecting with Revival City, the person Gu Hang faced was still the Chairman of the Alliance Council, Milian Hodgson.

“Good day to you, Governor,” Hodgson began with a greeting.

Gu Hang offered no pleasantries in return, his tone severe, “Mr. Hodgson, I am extremely disappointed in your work.”

Upon hearing the Governor’s words, Hodgson felt a nerve in his head throb with pain.

The Governor is at it again!

I gave you the massive supplies you wanted; I sold the people you asked me to betray; what more do you want now?

Hodgson replied wearily, “Please instruct me, Governor.”

“An Alliance Councilman corrupted by a Heretic Cult? What kind of job have you been doing as Chair of the Council? Is the Alliance’s Council still loyal to the Empire? Has Revival City now become the nest of the Primal Owlbeast Sect?”

Gu Hang launched a series of accusations, hitting Hodgson hard and fast.

Hodgson was completely caught off guard by Gu Hang’s revelation of such news, the accusation leaving him utterly dumbfounded.

He had no prior knowledge that Wohan was a cult member.

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Let the investments heat up!~