

## The Growth 382

Chapter 382 - 4: The Pawnbroker's Collection

Didn't stay in the courtyard of this siheyuan for long.

After confirming that this was a special space independent of Earth and even independent of the [Fallen Area], Li Hao stepped into the main courtyard of the siheyuan without hesitation.

Because Li Hao also used the [Prank Doorbell] to create a similar subspace.

Therefore, Li Hao was very clear that in these kinds of subspaces, the rules of the [Fallen Area] cannot completely suppress extraordinary power.

Although the environment here does not quite match up to a real [Ascension Area].

But for a True God, the rules here are already lax enough.

At the very least, like Li Hao, a complete True God can exert his true power here.

This means that even if there is some unknown danger hidden inside, it absolutely cannot harm Li Hao in the slightest.

Creaaak!

As Li Hao pushed open the door to the main courtyard.

A room so luxurious it couldn't be described in words was revealed.

It totally defied normal spatial rules, as if compressing an entire royal palace into a small room.

The visual impact of such an innately space-compressing effect was far more shocking than any display room filled with various luxury expositions.

A giant bronze cauldron from ancient times...

A bright pearl from the crown of some era's queen...

Masterful level weapons that exceed material limits...

Solitary oracle bones inscribed with mythological epics...

Wherever Li Hao's sight landed, he seemed to see historical traces branded on these exhibits.

Mind you, Li Hao had been pursuing archaeology and had been studying related knowledge for some time.

With the insight effect of the Celestial Eye, Li Hao almost dared to assert that the items displayed here were all genuine artifacts.

The value of these things does not lie in their actual worth but in their collection and historical value.

"It's a pity, they're just ordinary objects."

After a brief daze, Li Hao lightly shook his head and continued walking toward the display cabinets ahead.

As he said, no matter how high their collection and historical value, they are just ordinary objects.

Without any mysterious power, nor having the potential to nurture mystery...

Among the pawnshop's past owners' collections, these antique trinkets could only be regarded as the lowest-grade items.

"..."

After passing by those antique displays and pushing open the door to the second exhibition hall.

What unfolded before Li Hao's eyes was another type of high-level display cabinet appended with some special rules.

Under the gaze of the Celestial Eye at his brow, Li Hao almost instantly saw through the essence of these high-level display cabinets—they themselves were products of extraordinary power.

Not only did they innately possess special rules, but their space was far larger and sturdier than appeared.

As for the items on display in these cabinets?

Li Hao merely swept his eyes over them and recognized quite a few of the items.

Soul, dreams, talent, obsession, love, friendship, original sin, malice, ambition...

Those were all from the personas of great individuals, things they pawned at this pawnshop.

Amongst all biological groups, there are saints, heroes, and villains born with a mission, possessing innate or acquired abilities and responsibilities surpassing ordinary people.

Driven by "Divine Format," every past owner of this pawnshop would seek to trade with them, attempting to transform them into their apostles or clan.

Of course, it was the instinct of the Divine Format, and also the survival desire of the original god's remnants.

The past owners of the pawnshop didn't know this; they only knew they were finding great people destined to leave marks in history and acquiring their personas.

If there were no errors in the 749th Bureau's archives.

Many of the nobles and ministers on the Huaxia Land had dealings with this pawnshop's owner.

Those who traded with this pawnshop met unfortunate ends.

Artists who pawned their talent ultimately committed suicide after losing inspiration...

Ambitionists who pawned their ambition ended up betrayed by their subordinates after losing ambition...

Devotees who pawned their love ultimately went into seclusion after losing the ability to love...

Rulers who pawned their power eventually met tragic ends after losing control over power...

It could be said that those who walked into this pawnshop to pawn, when they chose to sell their personas, were destined to end up "incongruent with their virtue and position."

"If I hadn't known the nature of this pawnshop in advance..."

"It would be hard not to associate the owner of this pawnshop with those heart-manipulating devils."

Lightly ridiculing the pawns in this exhibition room, Li Hao then cast his gaze toward the deeper part of this room.

Because that was the true core of this pawnshop.

Unfortunately, just as Li Hao stepped forward again, a figure suddenly appeared to block his path.

It was a peculiarly featured little old man.

Judging from appearance alone, it's hard to believe this hunched back, wrinkled little old man who could crush a fly was still alive.

"Are you the owner of this pawnshop?"

Narrowing his eyes slightly, Li Hao asked curiously in a low voice.

Because there was no record of this little old man in the 749th Bureau's internal files.

Considering the hierarchical relationship between the 749th Bureau and Institute 507, Li Hao thought that the little old man's files were probably isolated separately.

"No, I'm just the owner's servant."

Sensing Li Hao's danger, the little old man showed none of the arrogance he had in front of the Tangled Ghost.

On the contrary, upon seeing Li Hao's calm demeanor, an inexplicable fear was born in the little old man's heart.

It's like an ant seeing a colossus, observing the birth and death of the universe with the naked eye, a fear indescribable by words pressed heavily upon his heart.

This made the little old man regret rushing back to the pawnshop so quickly.

"Servant?"

"I haven't heard this pawnshop even has a servant?"

Raising an eyebrow seemingly unintentionally, Li Hao snapped his fingers, and the [Prank Doorbell] directly warped time and space to appear behind him.

Under the direct gaze of the ghost eye of the [Prank Doorbell].

The little old man felt his knees go soft, and with a thud, he knelt to the ground.

"Huh?"

It was at this moment that Li Hao seemed to realize something, shook his head, and transformed into the form with a dragon head and human body.

When the majestic dragon head looked at the little old man.

Already kneeling on the ground, he felt dizzy, as if his entire soul was torn apart from his body.

"I see! Just a Clever Ghost!"

"Poor fellow, pawned his life, pawned his soul, pawned everything he could..."

"And ended up becoming a ghost, unable to live or die."