

Super Power Chapter 4

: The Old House

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“Yate Group President Zhao Yalong completed the third evolution, entered Fourth God’s Sanctuary, and became the 83rd human in history to enter Fourth God’s Sanctuary. His life span has reached 500 years and he has gained the status of demigod...”

“The prodigy from Raikot Galaxy, Lange, entered Second God’s Sanctuary with 100 mutation geno points. His life span has reached 300 years and he has gained the status of evolver...”

“The speaker of the House of Representatives, Hemingway, killed a demigod creature star of the ocean yesterday, and was the first to accomplished this feat...”

“According to authoritative experts, in ten years someone will complete the fourth evolution for the first time and advance into Fifth God’s Sanctuary...”

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“...”

Han Sen had just teleported from the Steel Armor Shelter and the news was playing on a virtual screen.

“Evolver, surpasser and demigod. With the black crystal, I will be able to do all that, and go even farther.” Han Sen shook his fist, stepped away from the teleport station, and took the maglev train home.

Before he went into the yard, Han Sen heard a harsh female voice.

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“Luo Sulan, do you want to take the old house of the Hans? This house was our parents’, and my two elder brothers and I each own a part. Now my eldest brother has passed. We won’t bully you, since you are a widow, and will leave you his share. But if you want to take everything, we will never agree.”

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“That’s right!” The voice of a middle-aged man chimed in. “The old house has always been the inheritance of our parents. All of us have rights to it, and you can’t keep it for yourselves. Your family has lived here for more than 20 years, so you have already taken advantage of us in a big way. It is time to divide the inheritance.”

“My brother has said it,” a soft-pitched male voice continued. “You lived in the old house for more than 20 years. We will not collect the rent, but this old house is our inheritance and has to be divided.”

A young woman’s voice could be heard saying, “We have an estimate from a lawyer, and this old house is now worth more than three million. We are three households, so we should get a million each. You can either give each of us a million and own this old house outright, or sell the house, and then we all split the money. We are okay with either option you choose.”

“Exactly, now that our eldest brother is gone, we won’t bully his widow and kids. You can give us money or sell the house, as you like,” the harsh first voice began again.

“Brother and sister, there is no need to force me. You know our situation. We don’t have two million,” a woman said sadly.

“Then put the house up for sale,” the harsh woman immediately said.

“Where would we live without a house? Han Sen just graduated and Han Yan is about to go to school,” the sad woman said.

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“Sister-in-law, this is not reasonable. How are you the only one with troubles? Your kids Han Sen and Han Yan are only enrolled in integrated compulsory education, while my Han Hao goes to a private school. His tuition gives me grey hair every year.”

“Sister, you are right. We are all having a hard time and everyone needs money. Why don’t we just sell the house? We could all take some, and you could afford Han Yan’s education,” said the effeminate voice.

“Anyway, you either give us money or sell the house. Your choice,” the young woman said coldly.

Outside the house, Han Sen became furious as he listened. He pushed the door open and saw his mother shedding tears while holding his sister, Han Yan. The five-year-old girl curled up in the arms of her mother, her big eyes full of fear. Next to them, two men and two women were all smiling indifferently.

"How dare you come here and ask for the old house?" Han Sen pointed to the fierce-looking fat woman and exclaimed in anger. "Aunt, you used to be an accountant in the company and brought about tens of millions in bad debts. Did my dad not help you after you begged him?"

"Han Sen, what nonsense. Who caused bad debts? Stop lying," the skinny guy with the effeminate voice cried, pointing to Han Sen.

"Uncle, you embezzled the company's public funds to invest and lost a few million." Han Sen pointed to the skinny guy. "Did you not come to my home and get on your knees to beg my dad for help?"

"And you, uncle, you owed so many gambling debts that you were almost forced to commit suicide. Who helped you? When you were almost beaten to death, who saved your life?" Han Sen pointed to the fat, middle-aged man.

"Starry Group wanted to acquire our family business. If my dad didn't represent all of you and then had a falling out with Starry Group, would he have died in such a shady way?" Han Sen clenched his teeth, looking at the four. "But you, you skipped my dad's funeral and sold the company to Starry Group upon his death. Did you give us any of the money you got from selling the company? Also, who paid for YOUR houses when you got married? Were those houses any cheaper than this old house? Did you take care of your parents for a single day when they were alive? How dare you come here to ask for a share of the old house?"

"Stop it! Your father only did what he wanted to do. The company belonged to my father, and we all have shares. He can't decide for us. And surely, we can spend the money of the company," Uncle Han Lei said brazenly.

"That's true. Your father was a dictator, and we are only getting our own money back. It does not matter what you say. Give the money or sell the house, otherwise we'll see you in court. You will lose the case wherever we go," Aunt Han Yumei shouted.

"It's all your dad's fault ... " They started to accuse Han Sen's late father.

Han Sen was shaking with anger and felt wronged for his father. When his father took over the company, it was only a small business, worth one or two million. He spent so much effort for the company to bloom and had to look after his family and make up for their mistakes. A few times the company was on the brink of bankruptcy due to liquidity problems. And he even died for the company. After his death, however, his wife and children were bullied by the relatives that he used to help.

When Han Sen's father was alive, he always said that they were family and there's no need to argue. And what an irony it has become now!

If they truly needed the money and had difficulties, Han Sen would just agree to give it. But all the private aircrafts they piloted here were worth more than a million. And they at least got ten million from selling the company, which all fell into their pockets, and nothing was given to Han Sen's family. It was simply impossible that they didn't even have a million.