# SUPER GENE

BOOK 08

*Twelve Winged Dark Burning Angel*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# *Super Gene*

**(超级神基因)**

***by***

# *Twelve Winged Dark Burning Angel*

**(十二翼黑暗炽天使)**

# *Synopsis*

The future unfolded on a magnificent scale into the Interstellar Age. Humanity finally solved the space warp technology, but when humanity transported themselves into the other end, they discovered that place neither had a past nor future, nor was there any land under the starry skies……

The mysterious sanctuary was actually a world filled with countless tyrannical unusual organisms. Humanity faced their great leap in evolution, starting the most glorious and resplendant new era under the starry skies.

“Slaughtered the God Blood organism ‘Black Beetle’. Received the God Blood Black Beetle’s Beast Soul. Used the God Blood Black Beetle’s flesh. Randomly obtaining 0 to 10 points of God Gene(s).”

# Acknowledgement

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# Chapter 701: Devil Ant King Beast Soul

Han Sen: Super Body – King Spirit

Status: Evolver

Life Span: Three Hundred

Body Evolution Requirement: One Hundred Geno Points

Owned Genes: Basic Geno Points; One Hundred - Ordinary Geno Points; One Hundred – Mutant Geno Points; One Hundred – Sacred Geno Points; One Hundred – Super Geno Points; Seventeen

Han Sen punched the testing machine. The meter showed "217.6587", which meant Han Sen's fitness was over two hundred. He was in his purest form, too.

The strongest known human in the Second God's Sanctuary was sitting at around one hundred fifty. There was a frightening gap between Han Sen and that person.

Although this was just a simple test he had conducted, he was still supremely satisfied. If he had calculated things correctly, when he maxed out his super geno points, he'd be at a fitness level of three hundred. He would become a Celestial Being and be able to challenge super creatures solo, without a problem.

Although he could not effectively face them as he was right now, he had what it took to fight back. He wasn't like other people, who would quickly find themselves crushed by such intimidating foes.

He exited the testing lobby at around lunchtime, and he was planning to have lunch with Yanran. Unfortunately for him, she was busy with work and had to leave the base. That led to Han Sen going for lunch by himself.

Han Sen had ordered his lunch and sat down when he saw Annie approaching, with a dish of her own in hand. She sat directly in front of him.

"You really don't want to take part in Divinity's Bout?" Annie asked Han Sen.

"No, I don't want to," Han Sen replied, as he shook his head.

"Why?" Annie asked, frowning. In her eyes, Han Sen had a super pet that could even the odds and cement a position amongst the ten Son of God's, bringing some much-needed glory to humanity.

"The pet's power is only that of a pet; do not overestimate it," Han Sen told her coldly.

"But even so, you still have a chance," Annie pleaded.

Han Sen smiled and said, "That is a genuine battleground. It's not a game; I won't respawn. I won't put my life on the line for some title."

Annie just took a long, icy stare at Han Sen, before grabbing her dish and walking away.

Han Sen was aware that many people were hoping for him to join, but he really couldn't take part. If he exposed the fact that he had absorbed the Life Geno essence, the Alliance would require an answer. In such circumstances, the Ji or Qin family would be unable to protect him.

This was a matter concerning the human race. He would be pressured by people on every side.

That was why Han Sen was going to use Dollar as his identity when he joined. Even if people were able to tell that the elusive Dollar had absorbed Life Geno essences, no one knew who he was. Nothing could be done about it.

"There are a lot of humans in the Second God's Sanctuary. In fact, it is the shelter with the highest population of humans, but despite that, we aren't at the top of the food chain here—not by a long shot. I understand why people want us to ascend and break our image of inferiority," Han Sen thought to himself. He believed he should go all the way in Divinity's Bout and earn a position as

Son of God. At the very least, it would give others hope.

But if he were to compete there, he couldn't use his Flaming Rex Spike or little angel. He estimated his chance of beating a super spirit under such conditions to be under 30%. And that 30% chance was only due to his fortunate acquisition of a super ant beast soul.

Super Devil Ant King: Armored Beast Soul

The defense of a super armored beast soul was unfathomably high, and that was the key he'd have to exploit when going up against a super spirit. Plus, Han Sen could simulate the Devil Ant King's energy flow.

That energy flow, when combined with the ant king armor, increased his defense by an incredible amount. In addition, it also improved his recovery speed and his strength. It was a powerful energy flow, and using it in tandem with the ant king armor would make him as tough as a cockroach that stubbornly refused to die.

Han Sen had long, powerful legs and large muscles in his chest and shoulders. His waist was thin but solid. Beneath the cover of the dark purple armor, he looked strong and wide. He looked like a devil that had clawed its way up from the pits of hell.

Han Sen ran the devil ant's energy flow and the Devil Ant King's armor looked even darker. From bright purple, it became a deep, dark shade of purple.

Han Sen had a look at himself and was satisfied with his appearance. He thought this super armor would enable him to battle the super spirits with relative confidence. Even if he lost, he wouldn't go down without a good fight.

Han Sen put away the ant king armor and fed it the black crystal. There should have been enough time for it to evolve, before the Divinity's Bout began. With the armor evolved, he'd be even stronger.

After that, Han Sen no longer went to hunt. He used the

remainder of his time to learn stronger melee skills.

He couldn't use the Flaming Rex Spike or peacock crossbow anymore. The Dual sword skill was quite powerful, but he wouldn't stand a chance if he used the berserk sacred-blood swords.

The Dual sword skill itself was no weaker than the little angel's talents, but the swords were. He tested out his swords on her, and when she struck Han Sen's silver snake and ancient mascot swords, she left deep gashes on them both. That was with her only operating on partial power, as well. If she gave it her best, there was a high chance she'd cleave right through them both. Given that, Han Sen did not expect to make use of his Dual sword skill to beat whichever super spirit he was pitted against. When fights dragged on and were boiled down to the nitty and gritty, limbs were your most trusted allies.

Dragon Punch could only increase in power, but it was not a fist skill. Out of the melee skills Han Sen knew, there was only Thunder Knife and Seven Kill.

Logging into the Saint Hall at the military, Han Sen started searching for a fist skill he deemed suitable. He looked for quite some time, but to no avail. None enticed him.

"The hyper geno arts here in the Saint Hall tend to focus on S-rank skills for ordinary folk. Only a few people own true, legendary skills, and they are never listed for sale. I don't think I'll be able to find a skill suitable for me to fight the super spirits with here." Han Sen perused every S-rank skill available to him, and not a single one interested him.

The S-rank skills were not weak, but Han Sen had far exceeded their benefits. He wanted something like Heavenly Go or Seven Twist; something legendary. He wouldn't waste time on other skills anymore.

Han Sen went to the Saint Hall's ordinary section but had even

less hope going there. If he couldn't find one in the military section, there'd be even less chance here.

Han Sen took a look, and to his surprise, managed to find a melee skill that attracted him.

It was a hyper geno art called Sonic Thunder Punch. The description stated that after mastery of the skill had been achieved, it was possible to deal sonic damage. But, such a level required a very high fitness. Although it was an evolver's skill, the practitioner had to be near the rank of a Celestial Being to learn it effectively. Otherwise, he would need a really good thunder element body build.

# Chapter 702: Melee Skills

After giving it a good look, Han Sen grew fond of the concept of Sonic Thunder Punch. Although he didn't have a thunder build, he could easily simulate the silver fox's energy flow to possess the element of thunder. If he did that, Sonic Thunder Punch would come easy to him.

Han Sen thought this skill could really work, but he didn't dare buy it there in the Saint Hall. If he ended up using it in Divinity's Bout, it'd be easy for someone to look up the records of who bought it in recent times. Usually, purchase logs were kept secret in the central computers, in accordance with the laws of the Alliance; but just to be safe, Han Sen went to ask Li Xinglun.

He had hacked the military's virtual Skynet, so it was only natural to assume he could provide some advice on how to proceed.

Han Sen wasn't going to mention the specific skill he wished to purchase, just ask how he might go about buying something from the black market anonymously.

Li Xinglun was well-versed in such topics and shady deeds, so he was able to explain a few simple and effective methods Han Sen could use for what he wished to do.

Han Sen checked out a few of the places that Li Xinglun mentioned, and they were indeed black market trading grounds. Buying stuff there, however, was a risky ordeal. Trades there were not protected, and there were no guarantees, warranties, or records of such purchases. There was also the possibility he wouldn't even receive the stuff he ordered. Monetary transactions weren't secured, either.

Plus, the black market never did face-to-face trades. In short, there were some tall risks in using it.

As a result, Han Sen gave up on his idea of purchasing something from the black market. He would instead visit the free trade sections and see if he could buy Sonic Thunder Punch there. It was not uncommon for people to sell second-hand goods there, including hyper geno art and geno solution.

Han Sen searched for Sonic Thunder Punch there, but he was out of luck. Not a single person was selling it second-hand.

He searched through the S-class hyper geno arts, as well, and received quite a few hits. Many people were selling second-hand hyper geno arts and geno solution, just not the skill he had come for.

When it came to buying second-hand hyper geno arts, however, there were a few clauses would-be buyers had to be aware of. There was no way of knowing whether or not hyper geno art copies were complete, and there was no way of knowing whether or not the accompanying geno solution matched.

Scams and misleading transactions were common there, due to the lack of official support. Therefore, a buyer had to be a little street-smart when buying stuff there.

At least, if he bought something there, no one would be able to tell where the product came from or went to. Following Li Xinglun's suggestions and methods, Han Sen would be able to buy anything he wanted without any traceable evidence.

Although he had to find out if the products being sold were real or fake, it would be easier to do so when making face-to-face transactions.

In the free trade zone, Han Sen was unable to find Sonic Thunder Punch. What he did find, however, was another hyper geno art that stood out to him.

The hyper geno art that enticed him was called Elephant-Disc Punch.

Han Sen had heard about this skill before, as it was a legendary skill hailing from ancient times. The scrolls said that back then, people thought that the world was built on a disc that rested on the back of an elephant. The elephant was everything, whereas the disc was time and space.

Although it was little more than a myth, the skill that had been written down on the scroll was extremely difficult. It had many illegible portions and missing text, so it was quite incomplete. But the one Han Sen found was close to completion.

The geno solution could mitigate any shortages of the host caster, so they would be equipped to cast the skill. But as for the skill itself, not many people could learn it, and the power of the skill was weaker than they expected, anyway.

Someone had researched the leftover portions of the scroll, and said that some manner of elephant blood was necessary to finish learning the skill. They took nutrition from the elephants and put it in the geno solution, which allowed others to learn the skill. But the power and depth were quite poor.

The Elephant-Disc Punch was in the A-class section, due to its inability to fulfill the requirements necessary of an S-class skill.

But the skill was a great way to strengthen one's body, and in this facet, was no worse than most S-class hyper geno arts. So, the people that could not afford S-class skills would often opt for this one instead.

Han Sen was feeling hopeful and rather excited. He thought to himself, "The Elephant-Disc Punch is so in-depth. If I simulate the bone elephant's energy flow, I wonder if I'll be able to cast the true strength of Elephant-Disc Punch? If I can cast its true power, I doubt anyone would be able to tell it was from a little-known A-class skill."

Han Sen followed Li Xinglun's suggestions and bought a used Elephant-Disc Punch and geno solution from a second-hand

community. It was an ordinary, A-class hyper geno art, and he was able to check its authenticity on Skynet. After checking it, he no longer had to worry about the possibility of purchasing a fake product.

The Elephant-Disc Punch was fairly common, actually. He could have bought it in the Saint Hall, but he wanted to buy it second-hand so he could get acquainted with the process of buying things that way. By doing this, he would be ready for when he needed to purchase Sonic Thunder Punch.

After a while, Han Sen received the skill and geno solution. After that, he compared it to the stuff available on Skynet to ensure it was legit.

Han Sen used the geno solution and got to work on practicing Elephant-Disc Punch. He tried to combine it with the bone elephant's flow.

By doing this, Han Sen discovered something amazing. Whenever he used the bone elephant's energy, he could not control his power and instead had to blast it all out at once.

But the more he continued to use the bone elephant's energy to practice Elephant-Disc Punch, the more he could control its energy.

Han Sen was pleased. If he could more effectively control the energy and power of the bone elephant, then he wouldn't be entirely drained of energy after a single punch.

By being able to control the strength of the punch, he wouldn't be wasting his power. All he would have to do was cast what he needed.

Han Sen gave up on buying Sonic Thunder Punch now, since his time was limited enough as it was. In less than a month, Divinity's Bout would start and he would have to practice with the Elephant-Disc Punch as best he could.

With the energy flow of the bone elephant, the Elephant-Disc Punch possessed power of massive proportions; all the while the energy influx and efflux came under greater control. When the two abilities combined, their power increased.

The more Han Sen practiced, the better he got. A single punch packed enough strength to sunder a mountain, or so it felt. Regardless, the power was massive.

The Elephant-Disc Punch was incredibly in-depth, and it wasn't any worse than his Dual sword skill. In some ways, it was even better.

Han Sen practiced with his little angel every day. The Elephant-Disc Punch continued to gain power in that time, as well. Although he kept losing to her, he applied many changes and fixes.

At least Han Sen could compete with the little angel and not get wrecked.

That month flew by, and all the shelters had now named their top combatants. It was time for Divinity's Bout to begin.

# Chapter 703: Divinity's Bout

Fang Mingquan entered the battle arena from the shelter and found his seat. He looked to the center of the arena, waiting for Divinity's Bout to begin.

Although Fang Mingquan was in a royal shelter that had half a million people in it, the arena itself could seat very few.

The humans in the Second God's Sanctuary were not very enthusiastic about Divinity's Bout. The primary focus of humans when it came to Divinity's Bout was on the holy battles that took place between humans in their own shelters, so that they could see who was the best. But when it came to the actual Divinity's Bout, interest quickly waned.

A lot of humans would choose to concede following their qualification, as the battles to come were of life and death. If their opponents were powerful spirits, they were often ruthless; humans could only live once, and they couldn't afford to squander their lives in battles they would most likely lose.

And the deaths of human fighters was a frequent tragedy in Divinity's Bout, as spirits showed no mercy in the brutality of their combat. As such, the entire event wasn't something friendly and well-suited to humanity's participation. Viewership of Divinity's Bout was low, in stark contrast to its prominence in the First God's Sanctuary.

Even the media paid little attention to the events of Divinity's Bout. After all, there had not been a single human Son of God yet, and they had no desire to spend time and resources reporting the victories of spirits. A simple list of names usually sufficed.

People who did take the time to watch Divinity's Bout were the higher-ups of the bigger factions of the Alliance. They were the sort of people that could take down spirit shelters, so observing the spirits that participated in Divinity's Bout allowed them to collect

intelligence on how to one-day face the spirits of shelters that had yet to be conquered.

Fang Mingquan was watching Divinity's Bout in the hope that Dollar would be there. Dollar was in the Second God's Sanctuary, and it was likely an accomplished fighter such as he would be willing to participate.

That being said, he didn't have much hope. Dollar had only been in the Second God's Sanctuary for a short period of time. No matter his strength, the spirits were likely to dwarf any hopeful competitor. It was like that for any human who wished to test their mettle there.

"Fang Mingquan?" Fang Mingquan, waiting for the match to begin, heard his name called out from behind. He turned his head to the sight of someone he knew.

"Mister Hua?" Fang Mingquan quickly walked over and shook his hand.

Mister Hua's full name was Hua Ping. He had been in the Second God's Sanctuary for a hundred years. He was one of the earliest evolvers. He now worked in the media, as well, and was a supervisor to Fang Mingquan.

"You are interested in Divinity's Bout?" Hua Ping looked on Fang Mingquan with modest surprise. Fang Mingquan was the most well-known commentator in the Alliance.

The fact that no one could record videos or take pictures of the Divinity's Bout was the source of his surprise. If he wished to make reports or commentate, it would all have to be spoken or written. It didn't make for entertaining reading or listening, either, due to the misery and losses that would make up every single report. This was another factor in its lack of prominence in the media.

"I am interested, yes. That is why I have come to watch. Old Hua, have you come here to report on Divinity's Bout, as well?" Fang

Mingquan asked.

Old Hua smiled and said in response, "Once every ten years, I do it. This is the thirteenth article I will have done in regards to Divinity's Bout. Few people read them, so it is not likely many would know of this work."

"If it's that bad, why do you still insist on doing it?" Fang Mingquan asked, with visible confusion.

Doing a show that no one paid heed to tended to go against the principles of someone in the media.

For an old supervisor to insist on doing a show every tenth year on Divinity's Bout was quite surprising.

"Viewership figures are important, I must confess. But as a man of the media, I believe in reporting things that are meaningful for the progression of the human race. Humans don't do well in Divinity's Bout, that is true; but there are glimmers of inspiration and awe to be found. Talented people come here, every tenth year, in the hopes of securing honor and glory for humanity. Regardless of whether they win or lose, they are selfless heroes."

Old Hua sighed and then continued to say, "But now, I fear glory has taken a grander prominence in the hearts of men. Only victory and success define a person's worth these days. Humans who fail are disdained, and that is something no person can bear. I make records of these battles so future competitors of Divinity's Bout can learn something."

Fang Mingquan saluted him. A media man with such values and integrity was rare, and even Fang Mingquan himself wasn't sure he could do the same. Fang Mingquan was ordinary and didn't harbor much sentimentality; he never really thought of things that way. Yet despite that, it didn't stop him from admiring the grace of his peer.

The two of them chatted, waiting for the fight to start. The arena

could house one hundred thousand spectators, but only a few thousand had come.

Other human shelters were like this, as well. Aside from the fighters, and important figures and officials of the Alliance's greater organizations, humans weren't likely to come and watch a fight that would most likely result in defeat for their entire race.

Those who claimed victory would receive their time in the limelight, but the same could not be said for those who, despite significant effort and diligence, could not find the success they clamored for.

Humans adored heroes, but they often failed to realize that it was the past failures of the heroes that resulted in their own victories further down the line. In the legends of heroes, failures did not matter. They were small and insignificant in the grander scheme of things.

Divinity's Bout was soon to begin. Those who had placed first in the shelters of humans and spirits were now drawn into the battle arena.

The arena was massive, and there were many smaller arenas separated neatly alongside each other, making it possible for a thousand fights to go on at the same time.

Humans and spirits were put apart, not allowed to have contact with each other. This was to avoid conflict outside of the organized battles.

Because so many humans and spirits were taking part in the event, it was difficult to find a specific person. Fang Mingquan perused the list of participants intently, in the hopes of finding Dollar there.

Hua Ping, who was beside him, used a pen to record something. His face was very serious.

"He really is here!" Fang Mingquan blurted out when he found

Dollar's name on the list of battlers.

Hua Ping looked confused. He turned his head to look at Fang Mingquan and asked, "You have a friend who has joined Divinity's Bout?"

"Yes," Fang Mingquan responded with great enthusiasm.

Although he had never met Dollar, or even exchanged words with him, he cherished him as a good friend in his heart. He considered him his best friend, as a matter of fact.

He could not describe this feeling succinctly, but it was how he felt, regardless.

"What is the number of your friend's battleground? Let me see if he's going up against a spirit," Hua Ping said.

Fang Mingquan quickly gave him the number. Hua Ping was an expert, so he'd be able to tell him quickly what Dollar was about to go up against.

"Dollar and Black-Gold; your friend is unlucky, it would seem. He has encountered a spirit in his very first match. Black-Gold is a very powerful royal spirit. He has armor that is nigh impenetrable. Even sacred-blood class weapons have great difficulty dealing damage to it," Hua Ping said, as he looked.

# Chapter 704: One-Punch Victory

After what Hua Ping told him, Fang Mingquan started to worry. He didn't want Dollar to go up against something so fiercely powerful.

As they spoke, the two combatants entered their battleground. One combatant was three meters tall and clad in black armor. He looked terrifying. His movements were almost like a mechanical robot, built from steel.

The other fighter looked fairly strong compared to what might be expected of a human. However, he was clad in a purple armor that looked relatively thin next to his opponent's.

The Black-Gold spirit shouted and raised the hammer he wielded, which was bigger than a small car. He smashed the ground in front of Han Sen with a force that probably could have toppled a small mountain.

Fang Mingquan watched Dollar with great trepidation. Although Dollar was wearing purple armor, he could tell it was Dollar from the way the man held himself. As he observed Dollar facing-off with Black-Gold, it frightened him. Fang Mingquan was an evolver himself, so he could clearly sense the threatening power that resided within the hammer Black-Gold wielded.

"Your friend seems a little slow. His abilities are strength-focused? If that is true, he won't fare too well against a foe such as Black-Gold. His enemy's power is infinite, so unless he is one of the strongest humans in history..." Hua Ping trailed off, but such a sentence had only one conclusion.

Fang Mingquan didn't see Dollar dodge, and neither did Dollar draw a weapon. He watched nervously, as Dollar had only been in the shelter for a couple of years and his power had most likely not peaked yet. Going up against such a frightening foe was wildly dangerous.

As Black-Gold's hammer swung again, poised to land on Dollar's head, he brought out his right fist and punched the hammer.

When Hua Ping witnessed this move, he shook his head and said, "Your friend is a reckless one. Black-Gold's power is..."

Before Hua Ping could finish his sentence, Dollar's fist collided with the hammer.

Boom!

The hit was deafening, and the fist shattered the hammer into pieces.

Hua Ping and Fang Mingquan were motionless. They couldn't even fathom the strength that resided in that fist, for it to break a giant metal hammer such as that.

Hua Ping was shocked the most. He had witnessed many Divinity's Bouts over the years and was knowledgeable about many of the fighters there; that included Black-Gold, the spirit. He was a remarkable warrior. He may not have been the strongest, but he possessed a lot of strength nonetheless. Against his unbreakable armor and intimidatingly large hammer, many evolvers had died, or at the very least, been grievously injured in battle with him.

A lot of sacred-blood weapons had been broken by that hammer, as well. But now, that very same hammer had been utterly annihilated by a human fist. The sight was unimaginable, and it was the sort of tale that few would ever believe.

Hua Ping could only stare at Dollar, mouth agape. He was forgetting to write his report.

On the battleground, after Han Sen wrecked the hammer, a flood of power boiled inside his body once more. Seeing Black-Gold himself aghast at what had just happened, Han Sen stepped forward with atmosphere-cracking strength, directly before the spirit's face.

His flesh was like that of a tiger, and his fist buzzed loudly as it

flashed towards Black-Gold's face.

Black-Gold shouted and crossed his arms in an attempt to block the incoming attack.

Boom!

His armor, arms, and skull were crushed under the weight of Han Sen's Elephant-Disc Punch. Blood soaked the arena, and the disfigured and dismembered body of Black-Gold was launched out of the battleground. The bloody mess crash landed fifteen meters away.

"How is that possible?" Hua Ping was on his feet, his book and pens fallen to the floor. As he looked upon Dollar, his eyes widened until it looked like they were going to fall out.

It was a one-punch victory.

The immeasurably powerful spirit Black-Gold was killed shortly after the fight began, and he hadn't stood a chance. No one could imagine the strength that was delivered in that punch, and Hua Ping struggled to believe it was possible for an evolver to achieve such a wretched power.

Fang Mingquan was almost as shocked, as well; he almost cried aloud. He did not expect Dollar, who had only been in the Second God's Sanctuary for as long as he had, to have managed to achieve such power. He killed a royal spirit with a single punch, and it was a ravenous crowd-pleaser.

"Mingquan, is this man human?" Hua Ping asked after Dollar left the arena, excitedly grabbing Fang Mingquan's hand.

"Yes, he is. Dollar is pretty popular in the Alliance," Fang Mingquan quickly told him, in his own excitement.

"If he is really human... Wait... Let me see..." Hua Ping was no longer coherent in his dialogue, as he ran his hands up and down his body in search of his book. Realizing it was on the floor, he raced to pick it up.

He began flipping through the pages, scanning the battle lists and frantically drawing with his pen. Fang Mingquan wasn't sure what he was doing.

He drew with a manic speed. Every time he wrote down a name and drew a line, his face perked with further excitement.

Fang Mingquan looked at what Hua Ping was doing and noticed it was a calculation of the battle list. It seemed as if Hua Ping was trying to determine who Dollar would face off against next.

"Ten matches... He won't go up against anyone stronger than Black-Gold for another ten matches. This is a chance." Hua Ping's face had gone red as a beetroot, and he beamed with delight in his mad drawings.

The excitement in his face was getting deeper and deeper. But after a while, his face froze. His excitement drained away, and he sat down in evident disappointment. His eyes looked empty as he mumbled, "It still doesn't work. It still doesn't work."

"Old Hua, what doesn't work?" Fang Mingquan quickly asked, eager understand what was going on.

"Your friend is pretty lucky. If he continues fighting, he shouldn't encounter any more opponents who are that powerful. Even if he met another spirit that was as powerful as Black-Gold, he would still have every chance of beating it. If he is lucky enough, he can reach the top ten. But..." Hua Ping gave a long, drawn-out sigh. Then, he continued by saying, "In his final fight, the one before he can be crowned Son of God, he must face-off against an opponent no human can possibly defeat."

"What manner of opponent do you speak of?" Fang Mingquan asked.

"In the fifth Divinity's Bout, there was a light-element Son of God. Although this Son of God had only joined once, he was extremely powerful. His power now is something few humans

might ever fathom. No human can beat him. Even evolvers with unlocked gene locks don't stand a chance. Before the Light Son of God, they would be crushed like bugs." Hua Ping bore a wry smile as he explained the predicament.

# Chapter 705: The Light Son of God

"Is he really that strong?" Fang Mingquan asked Hua Ping with a look of disbelief.

With a wry smile, Hua Ping said, "You know the Alliance created a forfeit guide, for the Second God's Sanctuary's Divinity's Bout, yes?"

"Yes, I know. It contains a record of all the most powerful spirits that have participated in Divinity's Bout. If they encounter a spirit on that list, they are advised to immediately forfeit to avoid being killed," Fang Mingquan said.

"Light Son of God is one of those. He has only taken part in Divinity's Bout once, so there was a lack of information about him at the time. A human with an unlocked gene lock was pitted against him. He was one of the top evolvers of all time, and he was a very famous man. He had many sacred-blood beast souls, strong hyper arts—the works. But the Light Son of God killed him in a single hit."

Hua Ping shook his head and continued his explanation. "I have been too presumptuous. No human is powerful enough to become a Son of God. You need more than luck on your side to do that. I advise that you inform your friend of this wretched development. Tell him he can continue fighting for now, but he must pull out before the final battle. If he doesn't, the Light Son of God won't even allow him the opportunity to concede."

Fang Mingquan was getting an idea of how bad things might get, but he had no way of contacting the elusive Dollar.

Fang Mingquan thought his best bet for informing Dollar would be posting a news article about it. If he did that, there was at least a chance Dollar might see it.

Divinity's Bout continued. Today, everyone would have to fight

five times. Dollar had another three spirits to go against; the other two were human.

Han Sen beat down the two humans and slew the three spirits with ease.

"Powerful. He is so powerful. He might very well be the strongest evolver in history. With such power, I cannot imagine..." Hua Ping was very excited, but a pang of woe nagged at him from behind. Dollar was practically only one step away from being a Son of God, but he feared what might happen to him if he tried to take it.

The better Dollar performed, the sorrier Hua Ping became. By the end, he couldn't bear to watch Dollar fight.

Someone so excellent was soon to be stopped, right before earning the title and becoming one of the ten Son of God's. He had no clue the next time humanity might have a similar opportunity.

Fang Mingquan, on the other hand, was thrilled and excited. Although he wasn't wholly clear on when Dollar joined the Second God's Sanctuary, he suspected it hadn't been more than a few years. Ascending at such a sharp trajectory, it was difficult for him to gauge his power correctly.

But Fang Mingquan and Hua Ping were both still worried. If they couldn't contact Dollar, and he ended up facing off against the Light Son of God, things would go very bad, very quickly.

"He has read the forfeit guide, hasn't he?" Fang Mingquan pondered aloud. He was sure that Dollar had, but he was still prepared to go back and make a broadcast about the show. He hoped it was would be popular enough to let Dollar know how powerful the Light Son of God truly was.

Too many fights were taking place at the same time, so people tended to just watch their family members or at least the people they cared for.

So, for this reason, very few people paid attention to Han Sen.

A few people did come over to see, and although they were blown away when witnessing his power, it wasn't enough to attract others over.

Fang Mingquan decided to return to the Alliance and start a broadcast about Divinity's Bout. In particular, he wanted to talk about the five matches Dollar had already taken part in. He also wished to speak about the opponents he was going to face-off against in the future; the Light Son of God, in particular. He wanted to deliver plenty of information about that spirit, and what the spirit had done in the past.

This broadcast was almost like radio. There were no pictures of the event and it only featured Fang Mingquan discussing Divinity's Bout, alongside a rough map he had drawn up. Despite this, it drew a lot of attention.

"Dollar is here? And he's taking part in Divinity's Bout!?"

"Dollar only became an evolver a few years ago; he's taking part in Divinity's Bout already?"

"Holy crap! Black-Gold's hammer was smashed into smithereens by Dollar's fist? And he then proceeded to kill the spirit with a single punch? Are you yanking our chain? I remember the previous Divinity's Bout, in which my friend went up against Black-Gold. He had unlocked his gene lock and yet despite that, he was immediately struck by the hammer three times and was at the precipice of death before he could be dragged out in forfeit."

"Dollar rocks!"

"I'm going to go watch Dollar battle."

"Let's all go support Dollar tomorrow."

"If Dollar is there, I'll be there."

"If the analysis is true, though... poor Dollar. He'll be stopped in his tracks one step away from the top."

"Why do you guys assume he can keep on winning? Let's just see if he can beat the rest of the spirits and humans first."

"That Dollar is BS. His previous record was only landing as the tenth Son of God in the First God's Sanctuary. And he only competed there once."

"Yeah! Dollar is a scrub out here in the Second God's Sanctuary. The Light of God will crush him with his finger."

"What is the point of fighting, if it's all down to luck? If he didn't face-off against the Light Son of God, and become one of the top ten, he'd still be killed by the other Son of God's. He is sidewalk litter against them; trash kicked to the side on the pavement."

"With the luck you guys are talking about, I could be a Son of God. I could join and be lucky enough not to face-off against any strong foe and then POW! I'll be a Son of God."

...

Dollar's participation in Divinity's Bout was the catalyst for a great schism in the Alliance. A great debate had begun, and many people rooted for Dollar. They wanted him to become the first human Son of God in history.

But there were many people who did not believe Dollar could make it and beat the Light Son of God in the process. People with sense were more likely to advise Dollar to give up the fight, lest he be killed.

Many professionals had analyzed Dollar's Divinity's Bout. They thought his luck had been pretty good thus far. Every fight seemed to be an easy one, apart from the upcoming Light Son of God.

The other humans who took part in the holy battles would be out a few rounds before Dollar, as the spirits they met were too powerful for them and they had to quit.

But Dollar's luck stopped there. Even if he went ahead and beat the next few spirits coming up, he would most likely withdraw

before going up against the Light Son of God.

That was what most professionals assumed Han Sen would do. As things were, they did not believe any human had what it took to go against the Light Son of God and win.

There were some really crude and offensive professionals, however. Many of them firmly believed Han Sen would stumble and fall long before he reached the Light Son of God.

And of course, there were some who believed Fang Mingquan was making stuff up or at least exaggerating the truth in a bid to increase viewership. They did not believe Dollar could break Black-Gold's hammer with a single hit. After much research and analysis, they theoretically proved Dollar lacked sufficient power to do such a thing.

Regardless, the whole Alliance was talking about the event, and everyone seemed to have a theory of their own. And on the second day of Divinity's Bout, the stadium was packed to the gills with attending spectators. Humanity's interest in the Second God's Sanctuary's Divinity's Bout had suddenly been reinvigorated.

# Chapter 706: The Return of the Dollar

Where once there were only a few in the audience seats, now the stadium was jam-packed with eager spectators. They all stared down at the battlegrounds, waiting for the shadow of Dollar to emerge.

"Here he is! Here he is!" A man clad in purple armor stepped onto the battlegrounds, and when he arrived, the crowd went wild with screams.

"Why is he wearing purple? Dollar is usually dressed in gold. Is this some sort of knock-off?"

"It looks like him, yet it doesn't at the same time."

...

Han Sen emerged onto the battleground not having researched his opponents nor read the forfeit guide. He only had to detect an opponent's life force to determine how powerful they truly were. Even if he couldn't tell, the devil ant king armor would keep him safe.

Han Sen's opponent now entered the field. It was a pretty-boy spirit, dressed in silver armor. In his hand, he held a silver sword. He had bunny-like ears and there was an eye in his forehead. Aside from that, he could have passed for a regular human.

People had already looked at Han Sen's list of battlers, so they knew what to expect from his first opponent.

The enemy was called Silver-Eye Prince. He was a royal spirit with a really quick moveset. In the analysis provided by professionals, he was one of the strongest foes Dollar would have to overcome if he hoped to fight against the Light Son of God.

The Silver-Eye Prince checked out his opponent without saying a word. Then, he drew his sword. Like a sudden flash of silver light, he dashed towards Han Sen. At the same time, he unleashed a

barrage of sword-thrusts towards Han Sen; there were too many to count. They came down on Han Sen like silver rain.

A lot of people stood up, wanting to get a better look at how Dollar sought to best this silver-rain sword.

But Han Sen did not move an inch. He stood and watched the silver rain fall without blinking.

The silver sword rain that came down was little more than an image. Han Sen had many talents, and before he became famous, he had already encountered this move. The fact that the Silver-Eye Prince sought to use this move on him was something Han Sen believed to be childish.

The audience watched the silver shadows pierce through Han Sen. Their hearts pounded, and many women held their mouths to prevent screaming.

But despite what they saw, nothing happened. Han Sen still stood where he was, unmoved. He just peacefully watched the Silver-Eye Prince prance about with his sword.

Suddenly, Han Sen raised his hand and used two fingers to catch a single silver shadow. And then, all the rain disappeared. Han Sen was left where he was, holding one silver sword between his fingers, three inches away from his throat.

But the three inches might as well have been a thousand miles. Despite being held by two fingers, the Silver-Eye Prince could not budge his sword. It was stuck.

Katcha!

Han Sen's fingers moved, snapping the sword. Then, he followed up with a palm strike into the Silver-Eye Prince's chest.

All the audience heard was the sound of shattered glass. The Silver-Eye Prince's silver armor was smashed into little more than glitter, as its pale colors surrendered to the wash of blood. The spirit's blood soaked the battleground, but he was dead before he

hit the ground. Right before he crashed onto the floor, he disintegrated. He had returned to his spirit stone.

Everyone who watched the fight had been petrified, as if they had been turned to stone. The supremely powerful Silver-Eye Prince did not stand a chance against the might of Dollar. The spirit didn't even have the opportunity to fight back.

"Dollar! It really is Dollar! Dollar has returned!"

"That is way too powerful. That's frightening!"

"Cool! What nonsense were those professionals spewing? Didn't they say Dollar could not break Black-Gold's hammer? They also said Dollar could not defeat the Silver-Eye Prince. Well, take a look at that result. What are they to say now, huh?"

"Dollar, our Lord and Savior, is always with us."

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"Keep going Dollar! Show them spirits what's up and become a Son of God!"

"Holy crap! Dollar really is still Dollar! Invincible as ever, even here in the Second God's Sanctuary. Allow me to kneel before you and kiss your hand."

...

A lot of Dollar's fans were driven into a frenzy by the excitement of his most recent, sensational win. Although some humans had been known to show such strength in Divinity's Bout, facing down Black-God and the Silver-Eye Prince and emerging untouched was an incredible thing. It was a very rare occurrence.

Of course, many people had never paid attention to Divinity's Bout before.

After this fight, however, people were beginning to see a warming light of hope. They started to believe a human could actually claim a spot amongst the Son of God's.

Han Sen exited the arena to wait for his next fight.

Not long after, it was time for him to return. He didn't look at the list, assuming such a thing would be trivial and pointless. As such, he didn't know who he was to face-off against next.

The person who arrived on stage surprised Han Sen. He never expected his next opponent was to be a human, and more surprisingly, someone he personally knew.

"Queen? Queen is going up against Dollar!?" A lot of elite evolvers who saw the person standing in front of Han Sen were shocked. No one expected Dollar would be going up against Queen this day.

Time was short, and they had only briefly been given the opportunity to analyze the list. And in regards to who his second opponent might be, there were far too many possible matches. And there was also the variable of not knowing whether Queen would win her previous match.

The list Hua Ping had formulated only accounted for spirits, and he cared little for the analysis of which humans might face each other. People read the list, assuming Han Sen would be facing either another spirit or a human called Huangfu Jing.

No one knew Huangfu Jing was Queen's real name.

"This is interesting. Queen is Dollar's opponent. I'm not quite sure who will be stronger. It's a shame Lin Feng is still on his mission and was unable to join Divinity's Bout. His participation would make things even more interesting." Teng Zhen Liu was shocked, seeing Queen square off against the enigmatic Dollar. But he still felt as if it was a shame.

Teng Zhen Liu was hoping Lin Feng would be the one to go against Han Sen. Although he knew Queen was powerful, Teng Zhen Liu had to admit he did not know much about her.

"Queen versus Dollar will be an interesting fight, that is for sure. The Murder Dollar legend is Dollar himself, and he knows

Heavenly Go, too."

"I don't know if it's Heavenly Go or not."

"This is rather interesting. We'll have a metric to determine how powerful Dollar truly is."

"Who is Dollar, anyway?"

In the ice fields, in the royal-class Goddess Shelter, the Beetle Knight continued to take on the shape of Han Sen, like a doppelganger. It brought the little angel to observe the fight, and the people who had guessed Dollar was secretly Han Sen were quickly disappointed.

# Chapter 707: Elephant-Disc Punch

Seeing that woman, who was as cold as a monarch, Han Sen did not move. His very heart had been rocked with surprise and he thought to himself, "This is too much of a Coincidence. Despite the countless other humans and spirits here, I am put against her?"

Queen looked at Han Sen, then kicked towards him with her long legs like the throw of an axe. Queen did not care who her opponent was; she had no idea she was up against Dollar.

But Han Sen waved his fist, and after doing so, Queen's face changed. Her legs canceled their attack and pulled to the side in evasion. When she neared Han Sen, she raised her fist and attempted to punch him.

Han Sen raised his elbow and pushed away Queen's incoming fist, as his left hand swung towards her waist.

They both engaged in very close-quarter combat. Their attacks, deflections, dodges, and parries came thick and fast, and the eyes of the audience could barely follow the speed at which they fought. By the time they could admire one move, another ten had been performed.

The crowd became cross-eyed, and it was like they were witnessing the fight of two rabid monsters.

"Who is this woman? She is so cool; she can actually go toe-to-toe with Dollar!"

"I did not expect to ever see a woman evolver be so powerful."

"This woman is amazing. Her body and general appearance are divine, and her strength is incredible."

"She is like a goddess. This Huangfu Jing... she cannot be from the Ares Martial Hall..."

...

Many evolvers did not know who Queen was, but witnessing this fight, they quickly started to admire her.

And for the people who knew Queen, they were more surprised that Dollar was able to fight her. Queen was a master of close-quarter combat. She was regarded as nearly invincible by her peers, in part due to her knowledge of Heavenly Go. The combination of Heavenly Go and superb close-quarter combat abilities made most fights a breeze for her.

Therefore, people were surprised Dollar was able to fight Queen. The punching skills Han Sen used surprised people even more, however.

"Can Elephant-Disc Punch beat Heavenly Go?" Many people had recognized Han Sen's skill, Elephant-Disc Punch. After all, it was a fairly common hyper geno art. Of course, they never expected the skill could stand up to Heavenly Go.

Before this day, if someone had been told Elephant-Disc Punch could compete with Heavenly Go, they'd have been laughed out of the room.

But there he was; Han Sen was using Elephant-Disc Punch to repel Queen's Heavenly Go with no sign of being at a disadvantage. And now, people began to think Heavenly Go wasn't as effective as they had previously been led to believe.

"Holy crap! Dollar is using Elephant-Disc Punch; I know this skill myself! Why can't I use it as good as him?"

"Yeah, if he can use that skill to this level of effectiveness, he might as well be a god."

It didn't take long for people to recognize the skill Han Sen used was Elephant-Disc Punch. After all, it was very common and many people had learnt it due to the affordability of A-class hyper geno arts. It was frequently considered a must-have skill.

But it shocked them to see Dollar cast the very same skill with

such a terrifying amount of power.

"I have known Elephant-Disc Punch for many years; how have I been unable to notice how much power this skill can actually discharge?"

"Skills are still dependent on their caster, mind you. In Dollar's hand, it is like an invincible hand of death. In your hand..."

"It is a shame I can't record these fights. If I could, I'd watch them over and over in an attempt to learn Dollar's trick."

"It's strange. Is Dollar really using the same Elephant-Disc Punch you and I use? It looks similar, yes... but it has a certain element of strangeness to it."

It wasn't just the ordinary folk who viewed this skill with such bewilderment. Wang Yuhang was just as shocked as the rest. Everyone knew the battle between Queen and Dollar would be quite the spectacle, but no one expected Dollar would be able to repel Heavenly Go with such a common skill.

"Is this guy human? How can he do this?" Wang Yuhang's eyes were opened wide.

"Dollar is Dollar. The word 'freaking awesome' is what we can use," Teng Zhen Liu said in praise.

"Brother Teng, that's two words." The comrade beside him looked at Teng Zhen Liu, confused.

"He is awesome, awesome is him. The word freaking can be ignored, so it's just one word," said Teng Zhen Liu.

The comrade acknowledged that with a sudden, "Ah, I see."

Queen was shocked just as much. She knew exactly what kind of skill Elephant-Disc Punch was, despite not having learnt it herself.

She was shocked to see her opponent using such a regular skill and still keeping up with her.

But Queen was Queen, and she didn't let the surprise put her at a

disadvantage. She didn't care about which skill he used against her, all she wanted to do was win.

This fight was a surprise to be sure, but a welcome one. It amazed each and every spectator, and even Hua Ping. When he saw the name Huangfu Jing, he only expected it to be an ordinary human. As such, he cared little for the fight's potential significance.

He did not expect Huangfu Jing to be a person of such strength, let alone that she would come the closest to matching Dollar's power so far.

Hua Ping thought Dollar was the strongest evolver in existence, but he never expected there to be a woman who could achieve such power.

"This is good. So, after all this time, humanity hasn't been resting on its laurels. The younger generation has followed in the footsteps of their predecessors, taking the abilities of their forefathers forward with greater strength. They are stepping up, and it now seems more possible than ever for humanity to claim a pedestal and be deemed a Son of God." Hua Ping was overjoyed to see so many excellent young people stepping up to the plate.

Fan Mingquan was excited to see this, as well. He didn't know such a powerful female existed, and that she could do so well in combat against Dollar.

His fists were like an elephant and hers were like a battle axe.

The fight between Han Sen and Queen looked nuts, and it didn't seem like either one had a clear advantage. The audience was so thrilled, they wished they could take part.

Han Sen admired Queen. He didn't use all his energy as he did while casting Elephant-Rex Strike, but he used the most he could with Elephant-Disc Punch. He was able to suppress Queen well-enough, but he could not beat her.

This woman's Heavenly Go was already at a scary level, so unless

Han Sen had much greater strength and speed, he wouldn't be able to beat her outright.

Han Sen knew he could not beat her, if he maintained this status quo. The best he could hope for right now was Queen exhausting all her energy.

If he fought for his life, Han Sen might win. But he didn't want to kill her, nor did he want to spend too much energy. So, Han Sen suddenly stopped. He let Queen's battle-axe leg, which was currently being driven at his head, carry on its approach and did not dodge.

# Chapter 708: A Father's Love

Everyone was shocked; they had no idea why Dollar just stopped fighting all of a sudden. They believed, if he accepted the strike that was coming his way, he'd end up half dead.

Everyone thought Dollar might have had a trump card up his sleeve, but he didn't. Queen's leg struck Han Sen's head without resistance.

But what happened next dropped every jaw in the vicinity. Although Queen's strike hit Dollar's head with startling velocity and pitch-perfect aim, he didn't move. Dollar did not move a single inch.

It was like Queen had whacked a statue, not a human body.

But with Queen's power, even if Dollar was a statue, he'd be nothing but rubble right now. And still, Han Sen stood upright as if Queen had not even touched him.

"Impossible!" Teng Zhen Liu stood up, and with wide eyes, peered at Dollar who had just stood there in acceptance of the kick.

It was not just Teng Zhen Liu bearing such a reaction. Everyone who knew even the slightest thing about Queen and her power could not believe what had just happened.

Queen's power was above all other evolvers, it was commonly believed. It was hard to imagine how tough a person would have to be to withstand one of her strikes and not even budge.

And Queen herself was just as shocked. But still, she did not let that be cause for refrain. Her pair of beautiful legs went back to kicking Han Sen like two fierce dragons, and again, she was unopposed. She hit Han Sen heavily, over and over.

Queen kept on kicking, striking, and hitting. Her leg skills left no room for retaliation, had Dollar sought to pull a stunt. The legs just came at him in a ceaseless barrage from every angle.

The crowd was frozen at the sight, at how none of Queen's attacks made Han Sen move a single inch.

The entire shelter was quiet. Even the other human fighters who had joined Divinity's Bout were in awe.

The raging sound of the kicks echoed far and wide across the battlegrounds, but Dollar's strong purple body continued to stand still, as if Queen's hurricane of attacks was nothing more than a stiff breeze.

Queen, who always did what she wanted and achieved the results she desired, suddenly started to look a little panicky.

Dong!

Queen kicked towards Han Sen's face, but then stopped right before it landed.

Everyone looked at the two. Dollar did not move; all he did was raise his right hand slowly. He grabbed Queen's lower leg, and she was unable to move it anymore.

"Have you kicked me enough yet? Can we end this now?" Han Sen asked gently, as he held onto Queen's calf.

Everyone who heard this was struck with a strange feeling, and the atmosphere changed. It no longer looked like a fight on a battleground. Queen now looked like a little girl who had been throwing a tantrum to her father. Dollar was the father who allowed her to let it all out before taking her home.

Although it was inappropriate, that was how people viewed the scene after hearing Dollar speak. The cold and powerful Queen was little more than a sulking little girl now.

Queen took notice of this strange atmosphere, as well. She gritted her teeth and lifted her other leg. She twirled in the air and kicked Han Sen.

Han Sen did not care for the other kicking leg, and he allowed it

to strike his neck. He stepped forward, reached out his hands, and grabbed ahold of Queen's waist as she was in the air. Then, he lifted her up on his side like a little girl and walked to the edge of the battleground.

No matter how many times Queen kicked, Han Sen did not care. He just continued his walk to the side of the battleground.

Everyone thought their eyes were playing tricks. No one could have expected a person as calm and composed as Queen to take part in such a juvenile scene.

The father and daughter feelings only continued to grow. Queen was the tantrum-throwing girl while Dollar was the understanding father. He did not argue with the little girl, he only allowed her to release the anger she had pent up inside her.

Somehow, a phrase popped into many people's heads; "A father's love."

Everyone looked puzzled; the people from the Ares Martial Hall, in particular. Their mouths continued to remain open, not seeming likely to close anytime soon.

No one expected Queen, who was the boss of the Martial Hall—the woman who they looked up to the most, like a goddess they could not look at directly—would end up in a scene like this.

Queen's heart was stricken with anger and embarrassment. She never thought she would be treated like this, and she would have preferred to be killed.

But at the same time, Queen was shocked. She was aware of the extent of her own power, and she knew there were only two possible explanations for Han Sen's ability to withstand her attacks. Firstly, his armor must have been incredibly hard to survive her barrage of kicks. She struggled to imagine what sort of armor he possessed, if it was indeed that tough.

It was either that, or he was just much stronger than her. The

strength of his armor would not matter too much if their powers had been on a similar level.

A lot of the educated spectators could see this, and it made them even more surprised than the evolvers.

Queen had already maxed out her sacred geno points. She also had the best hyper geno arts. Her power was way above the limits of most normal evolvers, and yet, she could not do anything. Those watching could not believe or even fathom how powerful Dollar might have been.

"Super geno points; he must have absorbed super geno points. Otherwise, he could not be that powerful." These thoughts ran through the minds of many people.

The First God's Sanctuary and Second God's Sanctuary had people who had killed super creatures and obtained their Life Geno essences.

But up until now, a method of absorbing the essences and gaining super geno points had yet to be discovered. The only explanation for Dollar's performance was that he had managed to do what others thought impossible.

In the silence that now enveloped the arena, Han Sen had reached the edge of the battleground. He threw her off the stage.

"Go home and stop wasting your time. I am not here to fight humans," Han Sen coldly told her.

As he said this, it was like everyone stopped breathing.

"I am not here to fight humans."

It was an average sentence but still, it made people unable to breathe. The blood of the audience began to boil in excitement.

# Chapter 709: The King's Declaration

In addition to his supreme fitness level, Han Sen wore berserk super armor. He also simulated the cub's energy flow to make his body not far-off the strength of obsidian. That was how he managed to shrug off Queen's attacks.

If he had not simulated that energy, the armor itself would not have been enough. After all, Queen knew how to make use of Yin Force, and no armor could withstand all that power.

"It looks like my absorption of Life Geno essences is going to be exposed." Han Sen had known exposure would be inevitable when he went up against the final spirit, but he hadn't counted on meeting Queen and having it revealed so early.

But Han Sen was prepared for the world to know, anyway. He was playing the role of the enigmatic Dollar, and no one would be able to find him once the matches were over.

In the next two fights, he met humans again. When his would-be opponents walked on stage, however, they did not fight him.

"Dollar; I am a fan of yours. Can I have your signature?" A two meter tall big man stood in front of Han Sen looking shy, and handed over a pen and paper.

Han Sen froze for a second, expecting another match. He didn't expect someone who had come so far to give up the fight and instead ask for a signature. He took the pen and paper and scribbled his name down.

He was not worried about someone recognizing his handwriting. He could control his body well enough to mask his handwriting, so he used a style no one would be able to trace back to him.

"Thank you, thank you!" The big man greatly appreciated his autograph, and then quickly exited the stage.

The second human opponent was not as fanatical as the other

man, fortunately. He did tell Han Sen something, though. He said, "Good luck, Dollar. You have our support. Go and become a Son of God." Then, he also gave up the fight and exited the stage.

The last opponent of the day was a royal spirit. Han Sen killed it with a single blow, which made humanity super happy.

Han Sen did not stay for long, afterwards. He quickly made his leave and returned to the privacy of the Crystal Palace.

Fang Mingquan had never been so excited. The media-man's soul was burning with the fire of unadulterated passion.

Dollar's words lingered on the minds of many, but they particularly stood out to Fang Mingquan; "I am not here to fight humans".

Returning to the office, Fang Mingquan wrote an article called, "I am Not Here to Fight Humans – The King's Declaration," and posted it.

It described Dollar's fights over the previous two days. He made sure to highlight Dollar's most profound line.

In the end, Fang Mingquan wrote, "The king has returned; his sword directed to the position of becoming a Son of God. Will Dollar become humanity's first Son of God?"

The day held unparalleled fervor and excitement. They were hopeful for Dollar's performance in the future, hoping he would stand as a representation for humanity's position amongst the Son of God's.

But the real shock came from the Alliance's office. Normal people only understood he was strong; they didn't quite grasp the full extent of his strength like others might have.

The high-class officers of the Alliance were aware Dollar must have absorbed Life Geno essences. They also knew he was wearing a super beast soul armor. If he wasn't, they knew he couldn't possibly have possessed such insane defense.

Even Queen could do nothing before him, and as a result, they were certain this was so.

A lot of people were excited and curious about this development. They were almost salivating at the prospect of Dollar proving that humans could indeed absorb Life Geno essences. Their inquisitiveness of how he had done so was difficult to temper.

A lot of people wanted to find out, but they did not know how to get in contact with the elusive Dollar.

Almost at the same time, the leaders of every faction issued a decree to seek out the man behind the mask; they wanted to find Dollar. The matter of Life Geno essence absorption was a concern of the human race and it was crucial for the development of humanity. They had to find out who Dollar was, no matter what. They had to learn, from the horse's mouth, what Dollar knew.

Many people analyzed the information they had on Dollar, in an attempt to predict who Dollar might be. They composed a list of suspects, one which contained the name Han Sen.

But Han Sen and Dollar had appeared in the same area many times, as well as at different locations at the same time. This led to his name being crossed from the list.

Not many people owned a doppelganger beast soul. People only knew Han Sen and Ning Yue had one, so no one considered this possibility.

Ning Yue was there watching Divinity's Bout, as well; this made him think of something. Not being wholly certain, he didn't let people know what he was thinking of just yet.

The aqua reaper lived inside him, and his thoughts and life were in Han Sen's hands. If he did something to displease Han Sen, he'd be a dead man.

Han Sen won the next few matches, which led to the generation of another major topic in the Alliance. Everyone was talking about

whether or not Dollar could truly be the next Son of God. They wondered if he could beat the Light Son of God.

Because of his amazing performance thus far, many people were extremely hopeful at this prospect. A lot of people who did not care about Divinity's Bout started caring about it a lot more.

When people watched Dollar fight, the ferocity drew them in and made them feel as if they were a part of the battle themselves. This wasn't a simple series of fights anymore; it was a conquest for obtaining glory for all humanity.

Although Han Sen was only fighting for himself, to humanity at large, he was doing something no one else could. He was committing a selfless deed for the rest of the human race, they thought.

Even though Dollar had his fair share of detractors, they still hoped he could achieve glory for humanity and win.

Especially the old men who had been in the Second God's Sanctuary for a century. They had lived their entire lives in the Second God's Sanctuary, and throughout their lifetimes, all they had heard was how miserable humans were doing in Divinity's Bout. Although they looked like they didn't care, they still secretly harbored a desire for humanity to excel and win the tournament. They wanted someone to get payback on the spirits more than anything.

They acted like they did not care because they could not do anything about it. The efforts of every generation had led to countless deaths and innumerable injuries. Disappointment was the only reward for such grievances, and thus, they lacked hope. They continued to pretend as if they didn't care, even going so far as to make jokes about the event.

But when the hope came, even if it was only a little, they were excited. And they prayed and bid their wishes upon the people or person who showed the most promise.

The people who were older would feel an even greater amount of glory.

"Old Hui, have you heard about this year's Divinity's Bout? That Dollar there is pretty good, and maybe there is a chance this year will be the one." A lot of excited old men shared the news of Han Sen's many victories.

Over 80% of human evolvers were focused on Divinity's Bout for the first time. The media began reporting as much as they could on the event. Most reports were about Dollar, his past, present, and possible future legacies.

Overnight, Dollar became a legendary figure to the entire Alliance. His name was on the tip of everyone's tongue. The fame he received was different than what he received in the past. This time, Dollar was shouldering the glory of all humanity. He possessed a figurative halo that separated him from traditional celebrities, as well.

Even Han Sen himself did not expect things to turn out this way. Even in the military base, soldiers and officers ravenously talked about Dollar and Divinity's Bout.

# Chapter 710: Glory

Victory! Non-stop victory.

Dollar won again and again, which thrilled the Alliance. More and more people became excited about the Divinity's Bout, as the focus on Dollar increased.

Although there were many differing opinions, the mainstream media were all hopeful that Dollar could see his trials through and manage to become a Son of God, or perhaps even the number one Son of God.

At the same time, there were many people trying to determine who the elusive Dollar actually was.

Some people believed he was a gifted child of some large organization, with profound talent. Made-up stories said he could walk around the day he was born. He could fight when he was merely one year old and admire women with big boobies by the time he was three.

Others were firm in the belief that Dollar had volunteered for some super geno engineering. They believed the genes of his composition had been modified, enabling the supreme power he wielded.

Everyone had their own story, and all manner of false rumors and tall tales had begun to spread.

Many articles and books had been released, some unabashedly false such as "The Secrets Between Me and Dollar" or "Trapped in an Elevator with Dollar." Such stories became quite popular.

The officers and factions of the Alliance worked tirelessly to figure out who Dollar was, but still, they could not find out. The way they clamored for intel was considerably worse than the general populace, but it was all to no avail.

But the more battles Han Sen fought and won, the closer he was

to confronting the fearsome foe Light Son of God. And that time had now come; he was to battle with him the very next day.

People like Hua Ping had painstakingly analyzed the potential outcome of the next fight, with the data collected from Light Son of God's and Han Sen's previous fights. He had come to the conclusion that Han Sen had only a 20% chance of winning.

Hua Ping and his people had been predicting this outcome for a while now, even before Dollar's popularity exploded. They hoped to find a way Dollar might manage to beat his ultimate enemy.

But in each one of Light Son of God's battles, he killed everything that came close. No one had managed to last longer than a second after a bout started with him, and standing before him seemed to be a guaranteed death.

His movement speed was far too quick, too quick even to see. He would blink away, and the head of his opponent would be severed before he reappeared. He was the sort of foe no human could go against.

Although Dollar was strong, his speed was nowhere comparable. It was highly doubtful Dollar could dodge his attacks.

The reason Hua Ping believed Han Sen still had a 20% chance of winning was attributed to his armor. With good fortune, such sturdy armor might be what was needed to survive one of Light Son of God's killing strikes.

While blocking his attack did not guarantee a win, it still provided an opening. It was a slim chance, but it was a chance nonetheless.

All the big factions of the Alliance conducted their own analyses, but each one's result was considerably worse than Hua Ping's prediction. They saw Han Sen having less than 10% chance of achieving victory.

Compared to these high-class sorts, however, the general

populace was overall more hopeful and optimistic. It was almost expected that Dollar would become a Son of God, and they spent little time dwelling on the alternative outcomes for his final fight.

Han Sen himself tried not to pay much attention, but it was a popular topic that was making headlines everywhere he looked. He read a few articles out of curiosity, which revealed to him who he would be fighting.

Han Sen read one of Fang Mingquan's articles. It was a report that quoted Hua Ping's prediction of success and the reasons why, which gave Han Sen some sort of idea of what he should expect.

"A speedy spirit? That could be difficult." Han Sen frowned.

He was afraid of encountering speedy spirits, particularly those who would also be stronger than him. It was the worst of both worlds, and wielding such power with that terrifying speed really would make Han Sen an easy kill. The chance of victory was practically non-existent, if he could neither withstand the spirit's attacks nor fight back.

It reminded him of the raven on Sky Pillar mountain. It could kill humans freely due to its immense speed, and he and those who accompanied him that day had not stood a chance against it.

Han Sen's thoughts aligned with Hua Ping's. He had to hope his armor was sturdy enough to withstand the attacks of Light Son of God. That would be his window.

"I have berserk super armor. Even if he is a super spirit, I should be able to block it, right?" Han Sen was deep in thought, and he continued, "If he is fast, then that means he will be weaker physically. Heavy punches always hit harder than fast ones."

"If you had brought your pet to fight alongside you, all this glory might have been yours." Annie approached Han Sen, supper in hand. She sat in front of him, as he read the news while he ate.

Han Sen smiled and said, "I would have liked to, but I don't have

super armor. I don't have defense like him. And I don't even have the ability to absorb Life Geno essences like this guy, either. My fitness would be too low. In such a small arena, a super spirit could gleefully ignore my pet and come for me right away. There'd be no room for me to maneuver and exclusively sic my pet on my opponent."

"You are right, but that Dollar's fitness is still lower than the super spirit's. Even with super armor, he is still useless. He will not be able to hit Light Son of God, and so he will still lose." Annie took a breath and then continued to say, "If your pet is with him, it might give him the edge he needs to become one of the ten Son of God's."

"Even if I wanted to lend the pet to Dollar, where could I find him? All of the factions are looking for him like mad, right now." Han Sen shrugged.

Annie nodded and said, "We have run many tests on the Life Geno essences. We have no idea how to absorb them, yet Dollar has somehow managed to."

"I would like to know how, too," Han Sen said, as he continued to eat.

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The next day, the human shelter's battleground was packed to the gills with spectators once more. The audience was rabid, eager to watch Dollar fight the Light Son of God. If Dollar won, he would become a Son of God himself. It would be the ultimate glory, and one of the highest achievements of humanity.

A lot of old evolvers also entered the battle arena, earlier than most. Quietly, they waited for the matches to start. Their hearts were nervous, and no one wanted Dollar to win more than they did.

From twenty year old people, to two hundred year old people,

this fight was a cultural phenomenon. It attracted people of all ages, from all walks of life.

It was unknown how many billions of human evolvers now turned their attention to this fight. Even those who said Dollar had no chance of winning still prayed he might be able to summon a miracle.

This was nothing personal. Although Han Sen personally felt that it was, he was representing the entire human race.

Until Han Sen, no human had ever come this far. He was a genuine pioneer for humankind, and he shouldered the expectations of countless people. This was his glory.

"He's here!" A strong purple body stepped forward to enter the arena. The anxiety that tempered the mood of the crowd was suddenly loosed into a blazing flare of excitement.

A lot of people had read the analyses of Light Son of God. He was a terribly strong foe for anyone to encounter. As such, they were slightly worried Dollar would have been a no-show.

Although the Alliance had created the forfeit guide, no one wanted to see this man give up on this day.

And fortunately, he had arrived. Calmly, he walked on stage.

In that very moment, his body meant the whole world.

# Chapter 711: Battle with the Son of God

He had long white hair to skirt his cold, handsome face. He wore a white robe hemmed with gold, and he approached like the Son of God he was. The whole world seemed humbled by his mere presence.

Everyone watched the Light Son of God come on stage, and they all froze with bated breath. His oppressive presence made it difficult for the audience to look at him straight. To look at him felt like blasphemy.

"So handsome!" A woman could not help but blurt out. He looked so holy, even a woman from a different race couldn't help but find him attractive.

Compared to humanity, the Light Son of God was like a perfect being. He stood casually, yet he emitted a holy aura that belittled everyone else who looked at him.

The Light Son of God was of a similar height to Han Sen, but from the way he stood, he looked taller. It was as if he was looking down on Dollar. His eyes were full of disdain, as if Han Sen's worth was less than that of an ant.

The evolvers who watched felt suffocated. It was like a mound of rocks was slowly being built upon their chests, and they wanted to heave blood out of their mouths.

"God said, 'Let there be light,'" these words exited Light Son of God's mouth. His white eyes shone, as if to embody the God he spoke about.

He said these words before every single fight. It wasn't anything personal uttered towards Han Sen, because he looked at everyone the same way—he considered everyone he opposed as nothing.

With his angelic voice, Light Son of God raised his index finger. It was thin, long, and perfectly chiseled. It pointed towards Han Sen.

A white beam suddenly formed in the air and pinged off Han Sen's forehead, before he had the chance to react.

Han Sen looked as if he had been sniped with a perfect headshot. His body leaned backwards after the shot, and he crumbled like a castle to the ground, the momentum catching up and sliding him a good distance back.

The humans who watched the fight fell silent, and suddenly felt terrible. Dollar could not even withstand a ranged attack that came from Light Son of God's finger.

The people who had researched Light Son of God bore wry smiles as they shook their heads. They knew this was going to happen, but still, they couldn't help but feel bad.

The Light Son of God's attacks were too fast, and humans had no chance of dodging the white beams emitted from his fingers.

Suddenly, Dollar's collapsed body moved. He pulled himself back to his feet and touched his head. His dark purple helmet had a circular indentation in it. It was almost like a bullet hole, but it didn't pierce all the way through.

"Coooin!" people yelled, with reinvigorated joy. They couldn't put into words their sudden relief, and all they could do was chant his name in unison.

Han Sen's forehead lit up with pain. He had already cast the ant king's energy flow to boost his defense inside his berserk ant king armor, and still, Light Son of God's attack had almost pierced right through. His foe was stronger than he had imagined, and he most certainly believed he was a super spirit. He was most likely stronger than a super creature.

Light Son of God's power was indeed at the level of a super creature, but his wisdom far exceeded theirs.

When Light Son of God lifted his finger earlier, Han Sen could not even see the beam's trail. Without seeing it coming, he could

not react to it. Before he noticed it was firing at his forehead, it was too late.

Light Son of God saw Han Sen survive his beam attack, and was surprised that Han Sen's head was not blown off. He raised his lips and mockingly said, "Not bad. To not be killed by my beam, your life must have many accomplishments."

"If I can kill you, that'll just be another one to the tally." Han Sen shook his head; the beam was incredibly powerful. Although his helmet blocked it, his head still suffered a concussion. His neck was in pain as well, most likely suffering whiplash from the sudden impact.

Light Son of God had a disdainful smile and he said, "Ignorant human, that first hit was only a drop from the well of my power. Do you really think you have what it takes to compete against me?"

"Yes, for if that was any indication, you must have a pretty small well." After that, Han Sen ran towards Light Son of God with his fist raised.

But after Han Sen's first step, Light Son of God pointed his finger at him again. The white beam managed to strike Han Sen's head once more. Blood dripped from beneath his helmet.

Everyone was shocked, the blood telling them that things weren't going too well.

"Too strong. This is not something mere evolvers can go up against. With such speed and power, there is no way he can win."

A lot of people had similar thoughts, as the audience's faces went pale.

Although the Light Son of God was not going after them, they still felt hopeless after watching his dominating power.

The dark-purple body stood up once more. The helmet had another bullet hole in it, and this time it had pierced all the way through, causing blood to leak from the hit. It was a terrifying

sight.

"Is that all you got?" Han Sen stared at the Light Son of God, as the blood in his body pumped faster to the accompaniment of his heart.

Han Sen felt no fear, only excitement. He saw the glimmer of hope, the one that would guide him to defeat the Light Son of God.

The Light Son of God's attacks did not heavily damage him. Even though the beam pierced through his armor, the power was not enough to damage his gargoyle glyph body. He had cast the bear cub's energy flow to strengthen his body even more.

Han Sen's greatest disadvantage right now was the fact he was using Dongxuan Sutra to cast a number of different energy flows at once. He couldn't fight much longer, so he had to find a way to end the battle soon. He could not risk collapsing from exhaustion.

He stepped forward with another look of certainty. He raised his fist again with the intent of hitting the Light Son of God.

The Light Son of God's face looked ugly, almost as if he was mad. Five fingers now pointed at Han Sen, and another five beams of light pierced through Han Sen's body.

Han Sen's body was sent flying, his blood like flowers in the air. A few sensitive female spectators held their mouths as tears fell from their eyes.

With more blood seeping through his wounds and the tears of his armor, Han Sen managed to stand up once again. He didn't say anything this time, he just tried to punch Light Son of God again.

Light Son of God's eyes went cold as he fired another five beams of light. Han Sen tried to evade them, but the beams really were too quick. He could not dodge them, and again, five more bloody holes appeared in his armor.

But this time, Han Sen did not fall. His legs carved two deep marks into the hard floor of the arena. Han Sen used his hands to

maintain his grip and not fall over.

Although things looked dire, he didn't fall. Blood continued to drip.

# Chapter 712: Stand Up

Seeing Han Sen still managing to stand up, the chests of many people felt heavy with sunken emotions.

When the Light Son of God looked at Han Sen again, there was no longer disdain in his expression. Instead, he looked at Han Sen with respect. He considered the Dollar he was up against to be a genuine opponent.

"Now, I will treat you like a real foe. You can quit now, if you'd like. If you choose not to, understand I will not allow you to live," the Light Son of God offered, continuing to look at Han Sen.

Han Sen did not answer, he just raised his fist to try to punch him again.

The Light Son of God's body finally moved. His entire body became light, and he teleported in front of Han Sen. Several beams of light were cast, which stitched together to strike Han Sen.

"Aargh!" Han Sen's body was smacked into the air as more and more blood began to pour from inside the dark-purple armor like a red peony.

Pang!

Han Sen's body crashed down onto the ground with a heavy thud. Not a single sound came from the audience that looked on, as the Light Son of God's power shocked them all.

But in their hearts the faint flame of hope was yet to be fully extinguished.

"Stand up." People chanted this line in their hearts but did not dare shout it out loud. They felt their hopes were pitiable, and nothing more than false hopes.

They thought it was like trying to light a match in a typhoon. They hoped the match could continue to burn, but they feared if

they said something, its fire would go out.

Even though they did not speak, however, they still understood its futility. The wind itself was what would extinguish a match that was lit inside a typhoon.

But Han Sen was not a little flame. He stood up. A few cracks delicately traced and adorned his armor, blood seeping through them. Despite his wounds, he stood up straight in defiance.

He waved his fist towards the Light Son of God again.

The Light Son of God snorted and moved. The beams of light were cast again and they all struck Han Sen's body, which summoned even more spilt blood.

Han Sen did try to dodge it, but again, his foe was too fast. He could not see the attacks, and as a result, could not evade. He was repeatedly knocked down, but he never stayed there. Every time he was knocked down, he got up again. His armor was coated with a vast number of marks.

His dark-purple armor was now dyed red in his blood.

"Stop fighting; give up!" a woman cried out with a soft voice. She tried to hold it in, but no longer could. With a voice that was as soft as a prayer, she pleaded. She did not want to see Dollar suffer a slow, brutal death.

Han Sen could not hear her voice and even if he had, he would not care. He looked far worse than he actually felt.

If it was ordinary armor he was using, he would have been killed far sooner. Under the constant attacks, the armor would have broken a long time ago.

The devil ant king armor had very strong recovery abilities, however. Han Sen simulated the ant king's energy flow, which allowed it to absorb the damage that was being dealt and not wholly break.

The damage he had taken earlier was healed before he suffered the latest hit. This was what allowed Han Sen to pick himself up again and again. Without the protection of the ant king armor, he would have been shredded into nothing but bits.

Han Sen, who had been beaten down again, stood up once more. He raised his fist but could never get close enough to the Light Son of God to even touch the cloth of his garment.

Han Sen wasn't being reckless, but the Light Son of God was too fast and he simply could not follow. If he hadn't been able to sustain the attacks, then his inability to defeat the spirit would have been assured.

Han Sen needed to get a grip on the Light Son of God's attack pattern. If he could just touch him, he might have what it took to beat him.

Heavenly Go's formation allowed for the prediction of an enemy's attack pattern. He could react before they started attacking, and this even allowed him to dodge bullets. When the opponent started firing, it would be too late, of course; you would have to dodge just as the gun was raised.

Dongxuan Sutra could do this, too, but perhaps even more effectively.

The Light Son of God was too fast, though, and Han Sen could not even see when he chose to raise his finger-guns. Therefore, Han Sen had to analyze the Light Son of God's attack pattern.

If this was anybody else, doing so would have been impossible. But Han Sen had the dongxuan aura. He had been using it this entire time to observe his enemy's energy flow.

The energy moved before the body did, and the energy inside the Light Son of God could not lie. Han Sen had to better learn his energy flow so he could predict the spirit's movements and evade before he unleashed an attack.

"I'm almost there; I just need a little more time." Now, the Light Son of God's energy flow was starting to appear more clearly to Han Sen. Soon, he would be able to predict his every movement.

But the humans who were watching could only see him getting beaten down repeatedly, with seemingly no advancement. People felt their hearts slowly break, as they watched the blood paint his armor.

Pang!

Han Sen was hit by the white beams once more. He crashed onto the ground head first, his helmet carving into the arena floor as he slid another few meters. His head had formed a trench in the ground, which shocked the people watching.

This hit to Han Sen was the same as before. It wasn't deadly, but his neck was already injured and he struggled to stand up immediately. He rolled his neck a few times first to ease the pain.

But this movement, to the people who were watching, strained their suspended hopes.

All they could see was Han Sen being beaten down another time, now unable to lift himself up. They thought his neck had been broken, despite his urge to continue the fight. They thought he was dying. It was as if it was only his will that kept him coming back for more.

Even those who did not like Dollar were tense.

"Dollar, stand up!" No one knew who started it, but every human present began chanting those words.

It did not matter whether it was in pity, or whether or not Dollar could even hear it, but they wanted to shout this out in his honor. They didn't want to believe he was dead; they wanted to see him stand up. And for as long as he stood up, they knew there was a chance of victory.

Han Sen could not hear what they were saying, and he only bent

his neck to make himself feel a bit better. But after that, he chose to stand up. Of course, the others thought they had given him the encouragement needed to defy a looming death and get back into the fray. With grand excitement, they now started to feel emotional. The bodies of a few vibrated in the release of tension.

Even Queen, who hated Dollar to her core, now felt enthusiastic. She clenched her fists and although she did not say it out with the rest, chanted in her heart, and hoped for a happy ending.

"Dooooooooooollar!" Fang Mingquan was watching the match, as well. Usually, he could talk a lot when commentating a fight, but he could not do that on this day. All he could think to say right now was to call Dollar's name.

The Light Son of God was powerful like an ancient deity, but his eyes suddenly revealed a glint of panic—he noticed Han Sen's body was recovering once more.

Even scarier was the fact that he couldn't strike the same wound twice.

# Chapter 713: Now the Real Fight Begins

Han Sen had now read the Light Son of God's energy flow. Whenever his foe drew upon energy, Han Sen could calculate the exact time he'd make his next move.

Dongxuan Sutra was now beginning to prove its worth. Han Sen wanted to dodge the Light Son of God's attacks before they were even executed, and later lead him into the exact position he wanted him to be. By doing this, he had greatly improved prediction and formation.

From the beginning up until now, that was what Han Sen had sought to achieve. But the Light Son of God was too fast, and Han Sen's attempts were lacking as a result. The crowd couldn't see any of this, but Han Sen was doing something. Subtly, he was preventing the Light Son of God from hitting him in the same place twice.

Now that Han Sen was familiar with the Light Son of God's energy flow, his abilities of prediction and formation were getting better and better.

The Light Son of God's body was like lightning, and he repeatedly slashed with his lethal white beams. Not one hit Han Sen, but still, each evasion was only accomplished by a scant few millimeters.

The Light Son of God was flabbergasted, unable to believe Han Sen had managed to dodge his attacks repeatedly.

"He dodged it!" Hua Ping's eyes brightened. This was the first time he had seen Han Sen dodge the Light Son of God's attacks.

Teng Zhen Liu and the rest saw him dodge the attack, too, and were all shocked. Dollar had taken a lot of damage, and if anything, should have been in worse shape now than earlier. But now, after all the damage he had sustained, he had managed to evade an attack from the Light Son of God.

"Coincidence?" Everyone asked themselves.

The Light Son of God was unable to believe what had happened, so he started to move again and use the beam to attack Han Sen once more.

Everyone who saw his next attack were unable to tell if Dollar could dodge it again. Although people believed his earlier dodge was purely a Dollarcidence, people were still praying for some sort of miracle to occur as they watched the fight.

"He dodged it again; Dollar dodged the Light Son of God's attack!" Fang Mingquan was overwhelmed with excitement and leapt off his stool.

Those who had been disappointed in how the fight had been going up until now, suddenly felt the reignition of a warming fire. They were feeling hope once more. With wide open eyes, they paid extra attention to the arena. As for the girls who shed tears earlier, their salty streams ceased. Drying their eyes, they perked up and refocused their attention.

"Impossible!" The Light Son of God's face suddenly looked dour. His body glowed with a holy light, which slowly consumed his entire body. He raised all ten fingers and pointed them at Han Sen. He hastily unleashed ten beams as he did so.

Han Sen started moving his body like a street-crawling drunkard. He looked so very unstable, but within those strange movements, Han Sen managed to dodge every single beam.

And during Han Sen's wobbling, he inched his way closer and closer to the Light Son of God. This infuriated Han Sen's nemesis, as he and his holy-looking body kept casting beam after beam, trying to kill him.

The crowd's eyes opened wider and wider, watching the stage. They could hardly believe what they were seeing.

The Light Son of God, who had previously looked indestructible

and flawless in his composure, was now unable to deal damage to Dollar.

Although there were still some beams that grazed Dollar, such hits were nothing grievous enough to slow his advancement, and nowhere critical on his body was dealt damage. The beams didn't pierce his body like they did earlier, either.

The chance of the Light Son of God hitting Han Sen became increasingly lower. The holy-looking Light Son of God, who could not previously lose, started to tremble. His face hungered for feral violence. His calm composure from earlier had now evaporated, and his boisterous look was nowhere to be found.

"Heavenly Go? Is this Heavenly Go?" Kill Dollar really was Dollar himself.

"Heavenly Go can really be used against Light Son of God?"

Someone recognized the skill Han Sen was using, or so they thought. After taking a closer look, they noticed how it seemed to resemble Heavenly Go, but different in some way. It looked even better than Queen's Heavenly Go.

"No wonder Queen didn't stand a chance against Dollar. Dollar is good at Heavenly Go, too; he might even be better at it than Queen."

"I thought only Queen knew Heavenly Go. How does Dollar know it, as well? And how is his version even better?"

"Dollar's Heavenly Go does seem strange, and it is indeed different than the real one."

Everyone was talking about it, and even Queen looked at the scene weirdly. Although it did look similar, she knew he wasn't using the genuine Heavenly Go, and the difference between the two was something only she could tell with absolute certainty.

Even if it wasn't Heavenly Go, what Queen saw was a skill that was better than her own signature move.

"The world has a better formation skill than Heavenly Go?" Queen didn't want to believe this, but from what her own two eyes were telling her, she had to.

If Queen was in Han Sen's shoes right now, and used Heavenly Go, she wouldn't have been able to dodge the Light Son of God's attacks. What Dollar was doing was unequivocally better.

People were perplexed, having seen the tables flip like they had. Dollar was getting ravaged earlier, but now, the Light Son of God was unable to do a thing. Although Dollar could only dodge for the time being, at least he wasn't being injured. If he could keep this up, he might have a clear chance of winning.

Han Sen pushed his Dongxuan Sutra to the max. He used dongxuan aura to sense the Light Son of God's energy flow and all the while continued to evade his foe's blisteringly fast attacks.

What the others saw was unbelievable. It was as if Dollar could predict what move was coming next, and always remained one step ahead.

Even the Light Son of God himself was shocked, unable to understand how the human before him could predict his every move. It was like the human was peering directly into his soul and understood everything he thought about.

The powerful Light Son of God began to harbor doubt in his heart. When he looked at Han Sen, he could no longer retain his look of supremacy. The purple-red body in front of him seemed unreachable, and it seemed as if his human foe had a thick fog or haze obscuring him from his vision.

The Light Son of God suddenly regretted torturing him in the beginning, and how he didn't simply blow the human away right when the battle began. No longer caring for Divinity's Bout, all he wanted to do right now was kill the human that threatened him. But he couldn't.

Now the real fight begins.

# Chapter 714: Every Punch is Strong

The Light Son of God was firing on all cylinders, trying to catch Han Sen with his beams, but he couldn't. No matter how fast he fired, Han Sen seemed able to predict his every move, resulting in a miss every time.

Han Sen knew this was his opportunity. He knew he could keep dodging the Light Son of God's attacks, and all he would have to do was touch him to claim victory.

The Light Son of God was ridiculously fast, and it was clear that the spirit's primary trait was indeed speed. But this came at the cost of physical toughness; if the spirit was this quick, it wouldn't have the defense of a super creature.

He only wore a robe instead of armor, as well. This clue suggested that the spirit did not depend on vitality.

"I just need to hit him. If I do that, I'll have a chance. I am only one step away from the Son of God's reward! I have to risk it, no matter what. What if I am given a super beast soul, or even a super spirit?!" Han Sen gritted his teeth, dodging in a way to position the Light Son of God exactly where he wanted him to be.

"He can actually dodge the Light Son of God's attacks like that? This is amazing! But still, dodging alone cannot secure victory. His attacks are too slow; he might not be able to hit the Light Son of God." Hua Ping was full of both excitement and worry.

He had watched many Second God's Sanctuary Divinity's Bouts over the years, and Dollar was the only evolver to come this far. He really hoped Dollar could win, and thus claim the Light Son of God's position.

But there was still a gulf of power separating the two. Even though Dollar could utilize his magic dodging moves to avoid the Light Son of God's attacks, the speed of Dollar's enemy kept them

distanced from each other. He would most likely not be able to touch the Light Son of God, and that was enough for the spirit to maintain his throne.

Everyone knew Dollar had opened his gene lock to fight, which meant his time was limited.

Ordinary evolvers, in a fight this long, would already have exhausted their strength and had their gene lock shut down.

Dollar was abnormal, it would seem. His fitness was much higher than the average evolver, and it seemed as if he could last far longer with an active gene lock.

But it was not infinite, and no one knew exactly when it might fail.

In fact, Han Sen's ability to hold on this long was not solely down to his fitness; it was because he had Long Live and Jade-Sun Force. Energy replenished constantly, giving him what he needed to hold on.

But Han Sen was still bound by his evolver status, and while he could indeed last a long time, he could not last forever. He would still have to beat the Light Son of God, sooner rather than later.

Han Sen's eyes were so calm, and his body was so composed. Slowly, bit-by-bit, he was threading the subtle movements to lead the Light Son of God into exactly the right position.

The Light Son of God, by this point, was madly attacking Han Sen like a rabid laser-dog. He hadn't noticed up until now that he had been driven to the edge of the arena.

The moment the Light Son of God backed into a corner, Han Sen made his move. Although he wasn't as fast as the Light Son of God, he was quick enough that others could not even see his body.

Even the spirit himself was spooked and taken off-guard by the sudden burst of speed from his opponent. He did not expect Han Sen to possess a speed like that, and he had unwittingly let him get

close.

Han Sen's eyes burst into flames. His heart pounded like a hammer, as his bones and flesh vibrated. A white light coursed through his body to give him greater speed.

He simulated the Light Son of God's own energy flow. His fitness prohibited him from being as powerful as the Light Son of God himself, but it was still effective. And this was a move that went beyond the audience's wildest expectations.

Han Sen's fitness was two hundred seventeen. The fitness of a super creature was around three hundred. The difference between them was 30%, so there was no chance the spirit could utterly, completely dominate Han Sen.

"How can he be that fast?" Many people stood up in reaction to Han Sen's sudden, blazingly quick attack.

"With a speed like that, maybe he can..." Fang Mingquan's excitement was through the roof.

Hua Ping clenched his fist and stared at Han Sen's next move with unblinking eyes. If this speed did not allow Han Sen to close the gap and touch the Light Son of God, there wouldn't be another chance.

A lot of people held their hands, in the hope that Han Sen could now hit his fearsome foe.

The Light Son of God was already on the corner of the battleground, and he had been spooked by Han Sen's sudden change of pace. When he realized what was going on, he quickly dodged Han Sen's attack and went right past him. He managed to slip away from the corner.

The audience could not help but sigh. They felt sorry for Dollar because, after all that, the Light Son of God had still managed to dodge the attack that had so much build up. His enemy was still too fast.

"If you want to compete with my speed, you have a long way to go," the Light Son of God said with a mocking smile and disdainful look, as he passed Han Sen by.

"I do?" Han Sen stood where he was and coldly looked at the Light Son of God who had gone right past him. He opened his hands and tried to grab the Light Son of God.

"It is useless to compete with my speed; nothing in the Second God's Sanctuary rivals me. You pitiful humans will never be able to achieve the same." The Light Son of God sped up again and created a gap between him and Han Sen once more. Han Sen's hand had not been able to even touch his clothes.

Seeing Han Sen's hands trying to grab him, the Light Son of God simply pulled away even further. The people who were watching were starting to once again feel weak and without hope.

But then suddenly, the Light Son of God, who was quite far from Han Sen, had his whole body sucked towards Han Sen like a magnet. He was thrown through the air towards his human nemesis upside-down. When the gap closed, Han Sen grabbed his head.

"Let's try that again." Han Sen raised his fist and brought a punch down directly on the Light Son of God's suddenly-distraught face.

Pang!

The Light Son of God's head suffered a terrible strike, which sent it backward. A large red mark painted the center of his pretty face, and his nose had been bent out of shape as it now oozed blood.

After that heavy attack, the Light Son of God's body did not slip away as he intended it to. He was sucked back into Han Sen's hand.

Without hesitation, Han Sen struck again, his fist unleashing the Elephant-Disc Punch upon his foe's face multiple times. Punch after punch it raged, the skull of his enemy clanging like metal.

Every punch was strong, and even the bones inside rattled and

collided against themselves.

The Light Son of God was in total shock. He tried to squirm his way free, to resist and fall back, but he couldn't. Some strange force drew his body towards Han Sen; one he couldn't escape. His speed had slowed down, and in this frenetic panic Han Sen had managed to catch up.

Pang! Pang!

The infernal fists crashed down on the Light Son of God's face like a landslide. The sound of each punch was an audible pleasure. The boisterous Light Son of God was like anybody else now, with a bruised face and bleeding nose.

The Light Son of God wanted to block the hits that kept pummeling him, but the force continuously sapped him of his speed. His moves were still being predicted, and Han Sen reacted accordingly every time. Han Sen punched him every time he made half a move. Being unable to dodge, all he could do was flail his hopeless hands.

# Chapter 715: Killing Light Son of God

The spectators all froze in their seats. The Light Son of God was getting pummeled by Han Sen over and over, until he was black and blue from head to toe.

Left-punch, right-punch, elbow-strike, knee-strike—the Light Son of God was like a punching bag, getting attacked without reprieve. His face was a sordid, disfigured mess.

The sound of beaten flesh and rattled bones was almost sinister, and hearing it shocked all those who watched and listened. People couldn't believe the Light Son of God could ever be treated so poorly and have such a wretched day.

But amongst all these hits, there was one thing Han Sen could not do; he could not break the Light Son of God's bones. The bodies of super spirits were too strong, and even the Light Son of God—who had no prioritization of vitality—had unbreakable bones.

"You can't kill me, you pitiable human. You can't kill a Son of God. Once your energy has depleted, I am going to make you suffer my wrath and end you!" The Light Son of God was seething with rage, and he gritted his teeth to spitefully curse his opponent aloud.

He had been drawn to Han Sen by a strange force. Despite all he tried, he could not break away and create distance between himself and Han Sen. All he could do was suffer the repeated blows. The punches he had received were innumerable, and his pretty face was now a maimed wreck. His heart only wanted one thing right then, and that was to kill Han Sen.

But he was stripped of all strength, and he could not use his hands to utilize his great speed and power as he did before. In such close-quarter combat, he was unable to compete with Han Sen.

But the Light Son of God was aware that humans did not possess

an infinite amount of energy, and using such exhaustive powers to restrain and pummel him was sure to be taxing for the caster. Once Han Sen's energy had depleted, he would fight back and destroy his assaulter.

Han Sen did not care what hostile words the Light Son of God spoke, and he just continued casting his Elephant-Disc Punch all across the spirit's body—his head, especially.

"I am going to kill you! I am going to kill you!" the Light Son of God screamed in a frenzy. He wished he could tear Han Sen apart, as his face had devolved into a hideous hodgepodge of bruises and blood.

"I'm not sure you'll get the chance to," Han Sen replied, coldly. Han Sen pushed the energy in his right arm to the max, and elephants trumpeted and stampeded all about his body. A primitive, beastly power now energized his fist; it was like God himself was going to smite his enemy with all his might.

Boom!

That horrible fist rocketed into the Light Son of God's face, shattering his skull. Blood and brain matter sprayed everywhere while the rotten, headless corpse was still propped up by Han Sen's other hand.

When Han Sen first began punching the Light Son of God's head, he used Yin Force and Elephant-Disc Punch. To finish his foe off, he used Elephant-Rex Strike. It detonated the Yin Force that had built up inside his enemy's head, causing it to explode from the inside.

Outside the battlefield was all quiet. It was like the audience had turned to stone upon seeing the headless corpse in front of Han Sen. They could not believe Han Sen had overcome the odds and beaten the Light Son of God.

The body of the Light Son of God began to disintegrate into

sparkles, as he was returned to his spirit stone. Han Sen exited the Divinity's Bout battleground and returned to the Crystal Palace.

Han Sen collapsed and hit the floor. He had exhausted far too much power over the course of that fight. Jade-Sun Force and Long Live could sustain him for a long time, but when he drew too much power at once, it took a long while for to recover.

He didn't only use Elephant-Rex Strike this time; he simulated the energy flows of multiple creatures. With such a large energy output, in addition to the damage he had already sustained, it was a miracle that he lasted as long as he did.

If it wasn't for the reward of becoming one of the ten Son of God's, Han Sen would not have held on as long as he did.

Fortunately, even though the Light Son of God's speed was frightening, his body was not as tough as a super creature's. This was what allowed Han Sen to finish him off in the way he did.

But beating the Light Son of God was largely because of his usage of the gourd's energy flow. He initially thought the energy flow was useless, but the opposite turned out to be true.

He never expected the suction of the gourd's energy could draw the Light Son of God towards him. Although it didn't totally restrain his body, it lowered the Light Son of God's speed enough for Han Sen to keep up. If it wasn't for this, Han Sen would most likely not have been able to defeat him.

"I don't ever want to struggle through a fight like that again." Han Sen continued to lie on the floor, as his entire body rocked with pain. He couldn't even muster the strength to move his fingers.

Zero approached, holding the silver fox in her arms. Zero tried to heal the wounds he had sustained, while the silver fox used its tongue to lick the greater traumas he had incurred.

Quietly, Han Sen recovered. The Alliance, on the other hand, was

busy. Dollar had just beaten the Light Son of God and earned a position amongst the ten Son of God's. This made him the first human Son of God in recorded history. For humanity to be able to achieve something as big as this, it was no small topic. People were going crazy.

All the news organizations reported Dollar's victory over the Light Son of God, and his earning a position as a Son of God. Each and every one gushed praise over his heroism.

The night after, Dollar's name became synonymous with the word "hero." The fight between Dollar and the Light Son of God was on the tip of everyone's tongue.

"Dollar is too strong! He is the first Son of God in the Second God's Sanctuary."

"I still can't believe he did it. Dollar actually beat the Light Son of God."

"It was brutal! He blew the Light Son of God's head off."

"There are no other gods, following Dollar. To assert a position as a Son of God is a staggering achievement, and the First God's Sanctuary's Divinity's Bout does not offer half the challenge."

"This Dollar isn't too bad. After all these years, it has been nice to have ourselves a Son of God."

"It's not easy!"

...

Ordinary people were more than pleased over Dollar's simple victory, whereas those in the Alliance were dying to find out where he might be. His performance was terrifying, especially the manner in which he killed the Light Son of God.

Without a doubt, Dollar had managed to absorb a Life Geno essence. All they would have to do to learn his secrets was track him down. But their investigations all led to dead ends, and they

were unable to find the elusive figure.

Han Sen's doppelganger remained in the Goddess Shelter while he rested and recovered in the Crystal Palace, waiting for Divinity's Bout to end.

He decided to never join another Divinity's Bout. With his current level of power, fighting super spirits was still a difficult and dangerous affair. Beating the Light Son of God was solely because of his usage of the gourd's energy flow, and if he had not done that, he could never have managed to beat him.

If he had gone up against a super spirit that focused on vitality instead, he would never have managed to break through its defense.

The first ten rewards were randomized. He didn't need to fight and achieve a higher place, for the chance of earning an even better reward. Gunning for first place would be impossible, as things were right now, anyway.

Dollar was a household name and super famous across the entire Alliance now. Although the fights could not be recorded, someone animated a recreation of the battle. It was only three minutes long, but it became the most watched video for a whole week.

A lot of people were inspired by the battle to create video games of it, too.

# Chapter 716: Son of God Reward

Dollar did not show up for the final few fights, which established the Son of God rankings. People expected as much, so they weren't too disappointed.

After all, everyone had seen how injured he was following his previous fight. In such a state, he couldn't continue fighting and had already achieved tenth place. That was enough for him.

History seemed to repeat itself. Back in the First God's Sanctuary, Dollar had managed to beat down his final enemy and reach tenth place in the Son of God rankings. He didn't continue after that and was happy to sit where he was.

But compared to the First God's Sanctuary, this tenth place earning was far harder-fought and worthy of far greater praise and recognition—and rightfully so. The name Dollar would go down in the history books, for being the first person to ever become a Son of God in the Second God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen continued to rest in the Crystal Palace, and as a result, missed out on the enthusiasm everyone shared for Dollar. He could see the rest of the Son of God rankings from the Crystal Palace, and the other nine were all spirits, as expected. Each of those were stronger than the Light Son of God, too. Right then, Han Sen was feeling lucky he had gone up against who he had. If it had been another spirit, he feared his chances of victory would have been even lower.

Han Sen waited until Divinity's Bout ended, so he could collect his reward. He could claim it from the Crystal Palace's arena, so he didn't have to worry about others seeing this.

"You have obtained title of 'Tenth Son of God.' Your randomized reward is opening."

Han Sen placed his hand on the tablet, which caused it to shine.

A lot of different images spun around in front of him. There were beasts, animals, handsome men, and pretty girls. Han Sen started to get excited.

Amongst the images, Han Sen also caught sight of many different spirits. He could not guess what level they were, however.

Not long after, the tablet stopped spinning. It stopped on the image of a beast. Han Sen was a little disappointed at first, as he was hoping to receive a super spirit.

He wasn't sure when he'd achieve the power needed to earn a super spirit for himself. After all, fighting an entire shelter's worth of foes was different than going one-on-one and toe-to-toe with a sole super spirit. Such shelters were also bound to include a number of super creatures, as well.

"You have obtained a super beast soul: Devil Unicorn."

The voice made Han Sen feel happy again. Although he did not receive a super spirit, receiving a super beast soul wasn't too bad.

A pitch-black beast suddenly appeared in front of him, and it resembled a unicorn, minus its grace. It turned into a black light and entered Han Sen's Sea of Soul.

"Super beast soul: Devil Unicorn. Possession beast soul."

A possession beast soul could directly increase the power of a human or another beast soul. Han Sen wondered what this beast soul might be able to possess.

Han Sen summoned the Devil Unicorn and watched a black smoke rush inside his body. It was a beast soul that could possess a human body.

When the beast soul entered Han Sen's body, his body began to produce a dark smoke that resembled a black flame. Han Sen looked like a devil that had just walked out from the pits of hell.

Han Sen clenched his fists but noticed that his power and speed

had not increased. It made him curious what benefit the black smoke was providing.

He found a rock and punched it. The rock broke, but he did not feel as if the black smoke helped.

Amidst Han Sen's confusion, the silver fox suddenly unleashed a silver lightning bolt at his master to shock him. But strangely, the lightning did not touch Han Sen. It evaporated as soon as it came into contact with the black smoke, dissipating some of the smoke as it disappeared.

Soon after, the black smoke that had disappeared returned. It seemed like the powerful lightning bolt could not deal lasting damage.

Han Sen was overjoyed with this, and he thought to himself, "The Devil Unicorn can actually block and absorb elemental power. In other words, it's an elemental shield. But elemental only; it most likely cannot absorb physical damage."

Although it could only block elemental damage, it was enough to delight Han Sen. After all, he had what it took to dodge physical attacks. If he met an elemental super creature like the blue seahorse that could spew blue flames, he could rely on this super beast soul to see him through.

"I wonder what the damage threshold of the black smoke is? If it's powerful enough, then maybe I can indeed go up against the blue seahorse." Han Sen called out to the silver fox, telling him to unleash as much lightning as he could. He wanted to stress-test the limits of his elemental defense.

Han Sen was overjoyed with the results, and he was pleasantly surprised by the black smoke's sturdy defense properties. The silver fox's strongest attacks could not penetrate his shield anymore.

If there was one issue, however: the speed of recovery. When the

silver fox unleashed lightning, it would evaporate some of the black smoke. If it attacked repeatedly, the black smoke would be used up at a quicker rate than it could regenerate. This opened up a hole in his defense.

Han Sen guessed that the black smoke could block an adult super creature's elemental attack, but only about two or three times at the most. After that, it would take a while for his defense to return.

If it was an AOE attack, and the attack was not focused on him entirely, the black smoke would manage to hold on for longer. Its regeneration would most likely be able to catch back up, too.

"This is some pretty good stuff. It'll be useful for the times I must go up against an elemental super creature." Han Sen happily returned the Devil Unicorn to the Sea of Soul and fed it a black crystal.

When it evolved into a berserk super beast soul, its elemental defense was sure to be stronger.

Han Sen quietly snuck back into the Goddess Shelter and put away his Beetle Knight. Han Sen thought to himself, "Now, where can I find and slay a second-generation super creature, so that I can fill up my super geno points?"

Becoming a surpasser meant he'd become a champion, and he'd have little reason to worry about the events of the Alliance. Aside from Celestial Beings, it'd be impossible for him to be threatened, as well.

Because of this, Han Sen wanted to become a surpasser as soon as he could. He needed to be stronger so he could not only protect himself, but his family, also.

Han Sen was wondering whether or not he should resume his super creature hunt on Devil's Mountain, but while he was in thought, Yang Manli approached to tell him that someone wanted to see him.

"Didn't I tell you I don't want to see anyone these days?" Han Sen frowned.

"I wasn't sure if Captain Qin counted as 'anyone.' Therefore, I have come to double-check with you," Yang Manli said, looking at Han Sen.

"Qin Xuan is here? What are you waiting for; send her in!" Han Sen was happy to hear of her arrival.

"There are others accompanying her, however. And they are not from our Special Squad; I am afraid you will have to meet with them, as well," Yang Manli explained.

"Who are they?" When Han Sen saw Yang Manli's face, he knew they must be important figures.

"I don't know who they are, but Captain Qin treats them with much respect and politeness. There is also a young man amongst them, who acts as if he has a crush on the aforementioned captain," Yang Manli said with a smile.

# Chapter 717: Angel Gene

Han Sen went to the meeting room posthaste, and saw Qin Xuan engaged in conversation with a few others. The group was a mixture of men and women, and there were eight in total. Three of the women were quite elderly, and they looked as if they were in their eighties. Of course, they only appeared as if they were in their thirties because they were evolvers.

Han Sen scanned each of their energy flows to decipher their true age.

There were five men, who varied more in age. There was one old man, three middle-aged men, and one other young man. The young man stood closest to Qin Xuan, and he was talking with her.

Between them was a white-haired old man, who looked really intimidating. It seemed as if he possessed a lot of power. He examined Han Sen, acting as if he was far superior to him.

It wasn't just the old man acting like that, but the rest seemed to, as well. Their bones stiffened with a snobbish pride, and they behaved as if they were far above everyone else.

"Han Sen, allow me to introduce you. This is Angel Gene's director, Mister Zhao." Qin Xuan saw Han Sen approach and immediately introduced those in her company.

When Han Sen heard her mention "Angel Gene," he quickly understood why the people with her had such proud looks.

The Alliance had two organizations that excelled in the field of gene research. One was Dong Lin and the other was the Zhao family, called Angel Gene. Over 80% of the exclusive geno solutions for hyper geno arts in the Saint Hall were developed in association with Angel Gene.

Aside from that, Angel Gene produced many products for the benefit of human genes. These products ranged from nutrient

fluids to such things as hardware and technology; all for the cultivation of one's genes. Angel Gene had an excellent product line, and this allowed them to maintain a large portion of the market share.

The Zhao family described themselves as being a core component for the functioning of the Alliance. While such self-serving consideration painted them as a loyal bunch, it was a means of letting everyone know that the Alliance wouldn't be what it was without them.

Han Sen had heard a lot about the Zhao family's pride, as a lot of their family members were councilmen. The Zhao family's influence was so great, they had even been known to affect the entire swing of presidential elections. This alone was an example of how powerful and influential their family was considered. As a result, they had every right to be cocky.

Zhao Heng was one of the directors and played a pivotal role in the family. The young man amongst the people that had come to visit was called Zhao Haiyang; he was the chairman of Angel Gene and grandson of the organization's leader.

"Manli, come and pour tea for the Zhao director and Mister Zhao." Han Sen believed the reason they had come to see him was because of his little angel. If that was the case, however, he wasn't sure why they had brought Qin Xuan with them.

Of course, their association was not a strange one. The Zhao family had ties to a great number of different factions and organizations. It was not a total surprise, seeing them together.

"You are Han Sen of the Ji family, yes?" Zhao Heng asked, as he looked at Han Sen. It was like an elderly asking any young person a question.

"I am Han Sen," Han Sen answered. Zhao Heng had believed him to be a true member of the Ji family, and he wasn't sure what to say in response.

"Not long ago, I had a chat with Ji Ruozhen. The topic of you came up, and from what I hear, you are quite nice," Zhao Heng said.

"Thank you for the compliment." Han Sen frowned, unsure what this old man was looking to sell.

Although Ji Ruozhen was younger than Zhao Heng, he had already achieved more than the old man had, and he was on the verge of becoming president. Zhao Heng was only one of the dozen directors of his family. The way he spoke would suggest he was superior to Ji Ruozhen himself. His voice oozed arrogance.

The leader of the Zhao family would undoubtedly possess the same tone of voice.

"People always said the Zhao family had chutzpah, and it's true. It looks as if their heads are in the clouds and they hardly pay heed to anyone around them," Han Sen thought to himself.

Qin Xuan noticed Han Sen's apparent displeasure at the company he had suddenly received, and quickly sought to remedy the situation. She said, "The reason they have come here today is to request that you hunt a super creature on their behalf; or at least, it is a beast that looks like a super creature."

But before Qin Xuan could continue speaking, Zhao Haiyang took over and said, "You don't have to come; you can just sell us your super pet. There will be no difference."

When Han Sen heard this, he did not look mad. He just thought it was strange that a person like Zhao Haiyang could have survived this long in this world.

"Sorry, I'm not selling my super pet. And I've been quite busy recently, so my schedule is full-up for the foreseeable future." Han Sen never considered helping others hunt super creatures, particularly people like the Zhao family.

"Young Man, please consider our request!" Zhao Heng blurted out

at the sight of Zhao Haiyang, who looked ready to blow his lid after the sudden rejection.

Han Sen wanted to say something dismissive again, but Qin Xuan suddenly coughed and said, "Director Zhao, please have a drink of tea. Han Sen, there is a classified document from the Squad you should have a look at. I brought it over for you."

Han Sen, in the exclusive company of Qin Xuan, exited the room and moved to his office. "Team Qin, what's going on? Has the Squad ordered me to help them?"

Qin Xuan had a wry smile, but she shook her head and said, "No. If this was a matter concerning the squad, things would be simpler."

After Qin Xuan explained, Han Sen understood. The Zhao family had many seats in the council, and Ji Ruozhen's election was running so smoothly because of the backing of the Zhao family.

"No wonder that Zhao Heng randomly mentioned Ji Ruozhen. That's why, huh?" Han Sen coldly laughed, and then continued to say, "I don't believe the Zhao family will stop supporting Ji Ruozhen due to my rejection. That Zhao Heng and Zhao Haiyang are only bluffing with their projection of power."

"The Zhao family's support for Ji Ruozhen provides them with benefits, too. You're right that they won't so simply give up supporting him." Qin Xuan had a brief pause, but then continued by saying, "But think about it; if you reject Zhao Heng, and the Zhao family complains to Ji Ruozhen, is that something you can accept?"

"They can make Ji Ruozhen order me to help them?" Han Sen asked, with a look of confusion.

"The presidential election is in its final stages. The Ji family will not allow any disgraceful events or controversy to tarnish their name. The reason the Zhao family has asked for your help now is

because they know the Ji family will not be willing to reject them. If the Zhao family looked for Ji Ruozhen, I am afraid he will have to agree to their requests. Sometimes, even the Ji family have to concede to the plights of others," Qin Xuan said.

"That means I have no choice." Han Sen owned 5% of shares in Sky Technology. If something went bad during the election, and Ji Ruozhen was not made president, the stocks were sure to plummet.

If Ji Ruozhen really was to become Han Sen's father-in-law, it seemed he would have no choice but to agree.

"You can still talk about the terms and conditions with the Zhao family. It's either talking about them with that lot or with Ji Ruozhen. Who would you rather have such a talk with?" Qin Xuan smiled.

"Well, if things are like that, I'll go and help them!" Han Sen said, with an evil smile.

# Chapter 718: Blood Spring

In an ancient forest resided a gentle spring and basin. It did not flow with water, nay. It flowed with blood. A creature guarded this spring, and had done so since it was born. The Zhao family believed this beast to be a super creature. They had done battle with it many times, and on each occasion, their forces were dealt grievous harm and forced to retreat.

Fortunately for those that fought it, the super creature never left the spring it guarded. It never gave chase, and this allowed the Zhao family to continue provoking the beast and attempting the same fight many times.

Han Sen and Zhao Heng hammered a deal out, and then Han Sen followed him out to the spring.

Qin Xuan accompanied them, too. This pleased Han Sen because he had no fondness for the Zhao family, and he feared he'd die of boredom without someone he was fond of talking to being present on the journey.

On the way, any creatures that sought to bar or prohibit their passage were dealt with by members of the Zhao family. The eight Zhao family members wanted to impress Qin Xuan and Han Sen, as they had each unlocked a gene lock. Zhao Haiyang was quite powerful, and he was more than keen to flex his muscles.

There was one thing that interested Han Sen a lot, and that was the fact that the Zhao family members' fitness levels were higher than those of most people who had unlocked their gene lock.

While they were taking a break, Qin Xuan quietly told Han Sen that the Zhao family had a geno optimization solution, and that the family members were provided with a special training regime since they were born. With a controlled diet, their genes would actually improve. This was why the Zhao family had greater strength than those who were at a similar level. And that was also

one of the many reasons they were pompous braggarts.

"Qin Xuan, try this. It is a nutrient fluid from Angel Gene, and it is good for your body. These things cannot be bought at the markets, you know." Zhao Haiyang approached the two and handed over a pen-sized bottle to Qin Xuan. Inside, a transparent purple concoction swirled.

"Thanks, but I have my own." Qin Xuan did not accept the fluid from his hand, and a hurt look crossed his face.

Han Sen was laughing on the inside. The Zhao family members really seemed to think themselves as gods, as if they could do whatever they pleased.

The Special Squad had an important rule, however. Unless the situation was dire and the absolute need arose, squad members were not allowed to accept items from others. This also applied to the people on their team. You drew from your own supply strictly, to avoid problems arising further down the line.

Qin Xuan's rejection of the fluid was normal protocol, and even Han Sen would not even think to offer her an item. He was positive Zhao Haiyang knew about this rule but, perhaps unexpectedly, he sought to bend the rules and offer her the gift regardless. After the rejection he sulked, and it looked as if his overbearing ego had been dealt a hearty blow.

But quickly, Zhao Haiyang returned to normal. He sat down next to Qin Xuan and resumed talking with her.

Han Sen listened in on them for a bit, and he felt sorry for her. Zhao Haiyang was so self-obsessed that he could only talk about himself and about the power his family possessed. All Qin Xuan did was smile and nod, without making a single vocal contribution.

It wasn't long before Han Sen got tired of listening to the inane blabber and decided to sit next to a tree away from the others. There, he rested his eyes for a bit. He also sent a message to

Princess Yin Yang, who was far away right then.

On a mountain, a good distance from them, Princess Yin Yang was leading another party. Zero and the silver fox were trailing directly behind her, with Wang Yuhang at the back. He appeared to be sulking.

"Hey, Princess? Might I ask where we are headed?" Wang Yuhang asked miserably.

"Just follow in silence! How can you incessantly drone on about so much dragonpoop?" Princess Yin Yang sternly responded, giving Wang Yuhang a peeved look. The entire time the party had been traveling, Wang Yuhang had done nothing but complain.

"Well, pray tell that which the bossman has pleaded we do! Communicate with me here." Wang Yuhang ran in front of Princess Yin Yang and asked with a wide smile.

He had previously tried to ask Zero. But he felt as if his presence before her was invisible. She didn't respond or even look at him, as if he was nothing but an annoyance.

Only Princess Yin Yang would occasionally tell him something, but nothing she said was particularly explanatory or revealing.

Princess Yin Yang ignored Wang Yuhang and continued walking.

Han Sen's intent for bringing Wang Yuhang and the rest was by no means good. The Zhao family had pretty much forced Han Sen into fighting a super creature, and he was not going to bow to their desires quite so simply.

The Zhao family would never expect Wang Yuhang and the rest of Han Sen's team to be following them. The road was long and taxing, and getting attacked by other creatures was a common occurrence. The noise of such fights would not make for a stealthy tail.

But the silver fox had the ability to repel creatures. So, fortunately, they could follow the larger group ahead without

stirring any trouble. The Zhao family had no idea of they were coming.

This ancient forest was the abode of a host of dangerous creatures, and they had killed a lot on their way in. There was a fair share of sacred-blood class creatures, too. Han Sen and Qin Xuan were never given the opportunity to fight, and as a result, could not reap a single benefit or reward.

Zhao Haiyang offered to share some meat with them, an offer they both rejected.

Near an ancient tree, a river ran by that was blood-red. It was like the gentle gush of a freshly opened wound.

"Follow this stream of blood and ascend. In about twenty miles, we will see the blood spring and its creature," Zhao Haiyang reminded them.

The Zhao family were arrogant, yes, but they weren't dumb. They were borrowing Han Sen's strength to finally slay this super creature of theirs, once and for all. If they couldn't capitalize on his presence amongst them this time, they weren't sure they'd get another chance.

After walking twenty miles, the ancient forest opened around a red, craggy hill. It wasn't tall, but there was a crack in the middle. The crack birthed the blood-red spring, which flowed to create a pool of blood at the bottom of the hill.

In the blood pool, a black beast rested. It had black fur, and its head was crowned with two curved horns.

It was impossible to tell what it was. Its shape seemed to resemble a dog, but it looked a little like a cat, as well.

Its size was equivalent to an adult tiger, and therefore quite small compared to most other super creatures. But after reading its life force, Han Sen could tell with 100% certainty that this was indeed a super creature.

"According to our deal, you will need to cooperate with us for the length of the fight. And also, you must provide us with the final hit," Zhao Heng told Han Sen.

"Okay, whatever you say." Han Sen nodded.

"Summon your super pet to fight and we will look for an opportunity to surround it," Zhao Heng said.

"No problem-o." Han Sen did not say much and simply summoned his adiraid.

Zhao Heng and the rest looked at the adiraid with genuine admiration. There was also a glint of envy towards Han Sen. It confused them why a person such as he had been fortunate enough to find a dying super creature he could easily finish off, and then be rewarded with such a pet.

Han Sen commanded the adiraid to attack the super creature, while he also sent a message to Princess Yin Yang.

# Chapter 719: Scary Sense

The Zhao family spread out and encompassed the area, but little else. Clearly, they were waiting for the adiraid to beat the super creature into a near-death state, so they could swoop in and claim an easy kill.

"These assholes," Han Sen swore in his heart. He looked at the super creature, then opened his gene lock and scanned its life force.

The super creature's energy was all clouded. He could tell that it was a strong creature, but still, the cloudiness indicated it was a first generation super creature and therefore nothing he was particularly interested in going up against.

Although the adiraid might have been a little stronger than the super creature, the power gap wasn't enough for it to dominate.

The super creature was of similar strength to the adiraid, and like the adiraid, it didn't excel in any particular department. That also meant it wasn't weak in any other department, either; so it was a well-balanced monster. The adiraid went ahead to slash the monster. Even though no particularly deep wounds were wrought, the attacks were enough to surprise and impress Zhao Heng.

In the past, they had tried to lay siege on the monster themselves. But every attempt was a failure, and they could never seem to deal any damage to the beast. Now here they were, watching a pet go up against a super creature, dealing lasting wounds with a greatsword. The sight led Zhao Heng and the rest of the Zhao family members present to view the adiraid with great admiration.

But Han Sen's vision was drawn to the blood spring, instead. The super creature they were fighting was quite strange. He was sure that the super creature was intelligent enough to know it was fighting a losing battle, and that it should be running away rather than staying to fight.

But the super creature was determined to remain, and nothing could compel it to flee. There was something strange about this place, and the blood spring, in particular.

Han Sen used dongxuan aura to take a look at the blood spring, and he was surprised to see that it abounded with energy. What was coming out was no ordinary spring water, that was for sure. The center of the spring contained life, even.

As he watched the crack in the rock, Han Sen suddenly felt the presence of an extremely strong life force. The power he sensed suddenly sent him into a cold sweat.

"Damn it! Inside that crack, a scary creature resides." Han Sen continued to look at the crack on the craggy hill, and suddenly, he felt as if he was being watched.

Like the peering of an evil eye, a malevolent gaze had fixated on him. It made his heart race with uncertain panic. Quickly, he deactivated his dongxuan aura and averted his eyes away from the spring.

"The creature inside the crack can find my dongxuan aura. It can even find out where I am through it! Whatever is in there is something ancient, and something evil. The Zhao family have no idea what they are doing, coming here to disturb this place. For all I know, they are openly seeking suicide." Han Sen was frightened, and his continued to chill.

Han Sen did not even see what the creature may have been, yet it terrified him even so. And the creature, whatever it may have been, did little else other than look back at him. Whatever the case may be, there was a super creature inside the source of the spring that was more powerful than anything he had ever encountered before.

Han Sen was considering whether or not he should grab his little angel and depart. They wouldn't receive any benefits from slaying this super creature, and all the while, he feared the unknown

malice was continuing to peep on him.

But if Han Sen returned now, and didn't finish the job, it would be a waste of time.

Han Sen gave another look in the direction of the crack, then turned his head back to watch the super creature engaged with the little angel, then gave up his idea of fleeing.

The creature inside the crack did not seem as if it wanted to leave its current abode, and after Han Sen gave it some more thought, he came to the conclusion that he didn't have to escape just yet. If something were to happen, he could escape more quickly than anyone from the Zhao family, anyway. So, if the creature was hungry, Zhao Heng and his people would be the first to fill up its tummy. Therefore, there was no need for Han Sen to rush an escape just yet. When the time came, he could simply return his adiraid and get moving.

"Team Qin, no matter what happens, stay behind me. Do not run off." Han Sen approached Qin Xuan and spoke to her in a lowered voice.

"Why? What is it?" Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen with sudden surprise. The creature was already being suppressed by Han Sen's pet, so it was weird for him to suddenly say something like this to her.

"I feel as if something is amiss. Whatever it is, it disturbs me. It's an instinct, and my instincts are rarely incorrect. Whatever happens, do not leave my side. Stay near me. If something does indeed go wrong, we have to escape first," Han Sen told her.

"Okay." Qin Xuan looked around and did not notice the presence of anything out of the ordinary, but still, she agreed.

The little angel's greatsword continued carving marks into the super creature. Despite blood now having dyed its entire coat, it refused to escape the area. It roared to the sky and adamantly

remained to fight with the little angel.

Zhao Heng, with great excitement, said, "Han Sen, tell your pet to put more effort in! Make her deal heavier damage to the super creature and prevent it from escaping, if it chooses to."

"Director Zhao, this is a super creature. This isn't a scuffle between a cat and a dog," Han Sen replied coldly.

Zhao Heng didn't say anything in return, acknowledging that this wasn't really something that could be rushed. And fortunately, the super creature continued to not show signs of wanting to escape. Zhao Heng then commanded his people, who were still surrounding their foe, to move a little closer. If it did want to escape, they could do their part in prohibiting its flight.

But the super creature was almost behaving stupidly in its stubbornness to remain. Its inability to fight back against the little angel was plain to see, yet it continued to do what it could as the gashes and wounds mounted and caused it tremendous pain. It was bleeding heavily now, and its attacks slowed; death would greet it soon.

The little angel was like something holy. It flapped its wings, flew behind the super creature, and slashed the greatly injured neck of the super creature. A deep cleft had now been made in its neck, and the spine looked as if it was ready to snap. More and more blood seeped to the surface and bled to the ground.

The super creature was knocked down to the floor. It writhed and squirmed for a while but did not get up.

"Han Sen, do not forget your promise! Command your pet to return and we will finish it off," Zhao Heng shouted to Han Sen, as he commanded his people to draw even closer.

"My job is done here, yes. You can finish it off." Han Sen did not say anything in complaint and simply returned his little angel. He could feel the creature inside the spring begin to move, and a scary

aura seeped through with the water. The hill now looked frightening, and he suspected the dark menace within was about to escape its subterranean home.

The super creature had not yet died, and even if it was killed by the little angel, Han Sen was not willing to walk up and claim the rewards. All he wanted to do was run away as far as he could and end all involvement with these events and this place.

The eight Zhao family members now ran close to the fallen beast and attempted to kill the super creature. They used all the different weapons they had at their disposal, striking the exposed wounds of the dying creature.

But then a sudden scream sounded. The dying creature stood up again and leapt onto a man of the Zhao family. It tore the man's head off with its teeth, and its claws tore the rest into shreds.

Zhao Heng shouted and used his lance to thrust at the most grievous of the wounds, on the back of the super creature's neck. The creature roared in pain and fell back down to the ground.

The rest of the family ran up again and tried to strike the beast simultaneously. Although someone had died, they did not want the little angel to help out anymore, as they were afraid the little angel would finish it off with ease.

# Chapter 720: Stolen Egg

Although the super creature was on the precipice of death, it had managed to lash out enough to deal damage to numerous members of the Zhao family. But now, the damage it had incurred was too great, and it would soon fall for the last time.

Zhao Heng was incredibly excited. He commanded his people to attack the super creature by saying, "Come on! It's going to die soon!"

Out of the eight family members, three had been killed. The rest had incurred at least one trauma or injury, but the thought of felling a super creature rallied their courage to continue their fight.

"Let me kill it!" Zhao Haiyang peered at the monster that could hardly stand and spoke aloud with great excitement.

"Okay." Zhao Heng wouldn't disagree. Out of the eight who had come, Zhao Heng was the eldest, and Zhao Haiyang was a direct descendant of his.

But before Zhao Haiyang delivered his attack, the super creature that looked grievously injured was rejuvenated. It pounced on another family member and took off running into the forest.

Zhao Heng and Zhao Haiyang looked shocked. They did not expect the super creature to run away, now of all times.

Earlier, the super creature—despite being at an obvious disadvantage—did not run. Now, it was dying and could barely stand. Where had the vigor come from?

"Go, chase it! Do not allow it to escape." Zhao Heng reacted first, immediately commanding the others to take off after it.

But suddenly, they heard the sound of rock breaking. This was a surprise to all of them. They turned around to take a look, and the little hill that was the source of the blood spring exploded

outwards. The spring was no longer a crack in the earth, as a giant red centipede writhed out amidst a cloud of dust and spewed rubble.

A dark-red body that was thicker than the carriage of a train loomed out. A single segment of the centipede was twenty meters long, and its legs wriggled ceaselessly, carrying it towards the fighters.

A second later, two of the remaining Zhao family were spiked to death under the centipede's wretched legs. The rest of them were almost frightened to death, and their thought of pursuing the escaped super creature quickly evaporated. Running away themselves, they shouted, "Han Sen! Use your pet to restrain it!"

"Are you kidding me? You want me to send my pet to its demise, against a monster such as that?" Han Sen called back, as he and Qin Xuan had already turned to leave.

"Han Sen, do not forget the deal we made," Zhao Haiyang reminded him.

"Our deal consisted of me helping you slay the other super creature; I have done my part. This wasn't a part of it, so it is no concern of mine," Han Sen was far ahead of the others, yelling back as he ran alongside Qin Xuan.

Zhao Haiyang was furious. The blood centipede was a goliath, and it terrified them all. This was surely a foe no human could hope to compete with. A second later, the creature's mandibles grabbed another Zhao family member and sloppily devoured him.

There were only three people of the Zhao family left now, but the blood centipede did not continue to pursue them. Instead, it took off in the direction the other super creature had gone.

When Han Sen saw it, his heart jumped. The super creature had been attracted away by Wang Yuhang, but now the blood centipede had, as well. Things were taking a turn for the worse.

"How can Wang Yuhang be so unlucky? There is always some misfortune waiting to befall him." Han Sen was planning to go after Wang Yuhang, but then stopped and went towards the blood spring instead.

"What are you doing?" Qin Xuan asked, from behind.

"I'm just going to take a look, you get away first," Han Sen said, as he ran back.

When Zhao Heng saw Han Sen run back, he was amazed—but they didn't dare follow. They watched Han Sen run back all the way to the blood spring, unable to comprehend what his intention might have been.

But to them, right then, they thought it better if Han Sen were to get himself killed. The Zhao family had sacrificed many people this day, all to no avail. The creature they sought to kill had gotten away, and all they had incurred were great losses as a result.

Han Sen did not care what the Zhao family thought of him. He reached the broken rocks of the spring and jumped beyond.

Earlier, when he turned on the Dongxuan Sutra, he had detected the presence of a life force inside it. He already knew there was something in there. And now, while the blood centipede was away, he thought it would be okay to take a proper look at whatever lay inside.

Beyond the broken stones was a tunnel that led into a cave. Inside the cave rested a blood-red egg. It was like a football, but it was completely red. The strong life force Han Sen had detected came from the egg.

Han Sen was overjoyed at the discovery. He had eaten the devil ant king egg not too long ago, so he knew that this had to be some good stuff, too. There was no life geno essence inside, and it could be eaten to immediately receive super geno points. Its consumption was a much easier process than absorbing a life geno

essence.

Han Sen had not expected the centipede to create an egg, but regardless, he leapt over and quickly pocketed it, before turning around to exit.

Han Sen was still wondering how he might hope to save Wang Yuhang when suddenly, he heard a sharp, monstrous, shrieking sound emitted from the forest. In the distance, he noticed many of the ancient forest's trees getting toppled in a wave that moved towards Han Sen, and he figured that the blood centipede had sensed its baby being stolen.

Han Sen did not linger, and quickly ran in the direction Zhao Heng had been running. He was much faster than Zhao Haiyang, and quickly managed to catch up with him.

Zhao Haiyang looked back with surprise. Han Sen was directly behind him, but behind him, the giant centipede also came. The giant, slithering body was uprooting trees and spoiling the earth as it rampaged towards them. It was like a crazed dragon.

"What have you done?! Why did you bring it back this way?" Zhao Heng enquired, in evident anger.

"Me? Oh, I didn't do anything," Han Sen said, as he continued running forward and leaving them behind.

Zhao Heng cursed Han Sen, praying the worst death would strike him and strike him soon. Han Sen had attracted the monster their way, but he was now leaving them behind like bait. They wished they could kill Han Sen.

Han Sen was far ahead of them now, due to his speed. The blood centipede, however, looked likely to catch up with the Zhao family members.

Han Sen caught up with Qin Xuan who was still firmly ahead, leading the escape. When he turned to look back, he noticed another person of the Zhao family had fallen victim to the vile

creature that chased them.

"Let's go." Han Sen grabbed onto Qin Xuan's waist, summoned his wings, and flew to the sky.

But then he heard the blood centipede roar. It was a hundred meters long when looking down, and Hen Saw watched it spread transparent blood-wings. It took off into the skies towards them.

"Bollocks!" Han Sen thought he could fly away with relative ease. He didn't expect the monstrous foe to possess wings of its own, and it flew with such great haste. It was much faster than the berserk sacred wings.

"You run that way." Han Sen gritted his teeth and returned to the tangled forest floor. He put Qin Xuan down and ran in another direction, attempting to draw the centipede away.

# Chapter 721: Blue Mountain

Han Sen successfully drew away the flying centipede, and it went back to chasing him through the forest.

Many trees were toppled in its rampage, and many of the forest's other creatures were promptly evicted. Those that could fly soared away in fright, whereas others fled as quickly as they could on foot. Every other creature in the forest seemed terrified of the centipede.

Han Sen opened his gene lock and used Dongxuan Sutra to simulate the Light Son of God's energy flow. It increased his speed by a good deal, but even then, it wasn't enough to gain a good lead on the foe that pursued him. All he could focus on doing was running at fast as he could and not slacking into the hungry mandibles that were chasing him.

This monster was incredibly powerful, and it was something the adiraid would surely struggle to beat. The adiraid wasn't weak, but the size between the two was not comparable. The blood centipede had a unique power that made it far stronger than the adiraid, too.

The adiraid could protect herself, but she couldn't stop the blood centipede; that was why Han Sen could only try to escape.

In this large, dense, and ancient forest, Han Sen ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He had been doing so for a while, and he had gradually lost all sense of direction. Han Sen thought about throwing the centipede's egg away, but he didn't want to.

Han Sen tried to let the little angel draw the attention of the centipede, but it was as if it had locked onto Han Sen, without a care for anything else.

The little angel swung her greatsword at the centipede many times, but the creature had countless wriggling legs that blocked each attempted attack. She couldn't get a hit in.

Han Sen kept running until there were no more trees to evade. After leaving the canopy of the forest behind, he found himself before the slopes of a grand mountain range. He had no idea where he had come to.

Han Sen had no other choice but to run headlong up the mountain. He circled one of the mountains and tried his hand at fighting the centipede for a bit.

Han Sen felt strange. When he was in the ancient forest, he had seen many creatures fleeing for their lives. But these mountains were barren, and not a single creature was around. After running the length of two mountains, he hadn't managed to see a single other creature. It was a dull, lifeless region, composed of grey crags. Few plants grew there, also.

Han Sen did not have the time to stop, poke about and ponder the area he had stumbled into, however. With his gene lock running, he was on a timer. He had been running for half a day, and he was already starting to feel exhausted. His body was in agony, and he feared if he kept going, his body might end up permanently damaged. But still, he couldn't afford to stop, and turning off the gene lock would remove his ability to simulate the Light Son of God's energy flow. This would result in his speed decreasing, and the chance of him not being able to outrun the centipede's crazed pursuit.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and took the centipede egg from his pocket, planning to throw it at the centipede so he could escape the area with life.

He turned around to take a look and noticed that the blood centipede was no longer directly behind him. In fact, the centipede was down near the foothills, merely crying out to Han Sen. It didn't come after him, as if it were afraid of something.

Han Sen was surprised, to say the least. He looked around and saw nothing out of the ordinary. While the craggy mountains

appeared nearly identical, during his run, he had drawn close to a mountain that was different than the others.

The mountains around the one he was on were grey and rocky. But the one he was on now was blue. The rocks there appeared to be metallic.

He wasn't sure what made this mountain so unique, but the scary centipede only roared and did not come up. Despite its desire for Han Sen's blood, all it did was twirl and writhe around, breaking the rocks that peppered the foothills.

Its power did not matter in the shadow of the blue mountain, it appeared.

Han Sen acknowledged something was wrong, and so he quickly cast dongxuan aura. Still, he did not notice the presence of anything strange around. There did not seem to be any life on this mountain.

Han Sen felt relieved, for he was at least out of danger for the time being. But he couldn't relax, for the radius of his dongxuan aura was limited and it did not reveal all that may have been there. Han Sen then raised his head to look up the mountain.

The mountain was massive, and its head rested above the clouds; he could not see what secrets its peak might have hidden. And as for the rest of the mountain, it was as barren as ever. It was entirely blue, and only metallic rocks resided there for decoration. There wasn't even a single blade of grass.

"What is that blood centipede afraid of? Even with its baby having been nicked, it doesn't dare set foot up here. Something has to be amiss with this place..." Han Sen looked up the mountain and could not see anything through the mist that cloaked the top.

Although Han Sen was curious about what may have been up there, he had respect for the proverb that concerned itself with feline mammals and the consequences of their curiosity.

Therefore, he resolved to walk around to the other side of the mountain and descend that way, in an attempt to escape the centipede.

The red centipede still did not dare ascend the blue mountain, and it only stared at Han Sen. But wherever he went, the monster carefully followed him.

Han Sen gritted his teeth again and placed the centipede egg between the rocks of the blue mountain. Then, he went in another direction. He hoped the centipede would remain, showing concern for the egg more than the person who had stolen it.

But things did not turn out the way he expected. When the centipede saw its egg, it only enraged the centipede further. It still wouldn't ascend the blue mountain, and instead, it wriggled with greater ferocity as it traced Han Sen. Its exclamations were even louder, as well, and the pitch of the echo was heightened as its wretched voice carried across the mountain range.

The sound of rocks breaking continued under the jittery legs of the centipede as it traced the egg-thief. Big marks and clefts were left in each ravaged rock.

"This guy really wants me dead." Han Sen's heart sank. He imagined the best he could do right now was use his little angel to take the egg and lead the monster away.

But just as Han Sen was willing to do this, he suddenly heard the sound of a bell toll from atop the mountain.

Dong!

The sound of an ancient bell rung from high above, echoing across the expanse of mountains. It caused the energy inside Han Sen to turn into chaos, and he quickly ran Dongxuan Sutra to quell his disturbed flow.

Dong!

When the bell rang again, a weird power caused the energy inside

him to coil and swirl in turmoil once more.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and continued casting Dongxuan Sutra to soothe the restless energy and fight back against the mysterious tone of the bell.

The bell's sound was quite beautiful. It possessed a certain power that cast what seemed like a sonic wave, dispelling the mist and clouds that obscured the peak of the mountain. Like a curtain being pulled, the entirety of the blue mountain was then revealed.

There were six different bell tones in total, and Han Sen managed to hold on against their clanging. But later, it took him half an hour to fix the energy that had been disturbed inside him. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

The mist that veiled the peak was gone, and now, only wisps circled the mountain instead. You could see the clouds a thousand meters away from the mountainside, as there were no more clouds within or beyond the circle.

Han Sen looked at the blue mountain's peak and tried to see what was there. He was eager to learn where exactly the bell had tolled from.

# Chapter 722: Blue Shelter

Han Sen's pupils shrunk. He saw a mysterious, blue shelter residing atop the peak. Its presence there was like a castle, perched in the heavens.

The blue shelter looked rugged, though. Many parts of the building had fallen and crumbled. Even the gate of the front wall had fallen, succumbing to mounds of dust. The place looked as if it had been abandoned a long time ago.

"Shelter? How can there be a shelter out here? I wonder, is it a human or spirit shelter?" Han Sen observed the distant shelter as best he could, but did not see too much. Although it seemed to have decayed over time's relentless march, it still looked solid, perhaps even operable.

"It looks like the shelter isn't home to any humans or creatures. If it is, why would it be in the state it currently is? But then again, why would the blood centipede be so afraid of it? It won't even ascend the measly foothills of this mountain. Does a scary creature reside in the shelter, maybe?" While Han Sen pondered the stockpile of questions that now occurred to him, he saw the blood centipede start moving again. After the broken shelter had revealed itself, the blood centipede possessed what seemed like a renewed courage, and it rabidly climbed the mountain after Han Sen.

Han Sen froze, and when he thawed soon after, he quickly took off running up the mountain. The monster had most likely believed the shelter was whole, which held off its initial advance.

But now that it knew the shelter was an abandoned ruin, it ascended the mountain without fear.

Han Sen had no other choice but to ascend. He hastened his brisk steps to ramble and climb his way up to the shelter. It was a decayed structure, and it didn't look like anyone lived up there, but

if there was still a teleporter inside—and it was still in working condition—he could escape by returning to the Alliance.

But before Han Sen could teleport away, he thought it would best to eat the egg first.

The blood centipede was quickly catching up to Han Sen, who was now standing in front of the blue shelter. He noticed that the structure had been composed of blue metal. With such sturdy construction, Han Sen pondered what events may have led to its ruin and downfall.

A twenty meter tall, few meter wide metal wall extended for a few miles. Along its length, it was broken and ruined in a number of different locations.

Han Sen observed the dust-cloaked shelter and pondered the number of years it had been since a person last set foot inside it.

Han Sen was quite ecstatic at his discovery of an abandoned shelter. All he would have to do now was find a teleporter and leave. No matter how powerful the centipede was, it couldn't follow him through.

Han Sen ran inside the shelter and strode across the thick dust that had gathered so deeply that it felt like snow.

The blood centipede followed Han Sen to the front of the shelter. It hesitated before the entrance for a moment, but still decided to follow him inside.

The blue metal shelter had many toppled buildings, and many structures only had one or two disheveled walls remaining. Some had been cut in half or even had their rooves shaved off.

Han Sen's run kept him weaving left and right between the remains of old buildings and constructs, to avoid the centipede's pursuit. But by now, he was getting exhausted. He summoned the little angel and gave her the egg, bidding that she fly away from him to the other side of the shelter.

The blood centipede shrieked at Han Sen, but turned around and gave pursuit to the little angel now instead.

Han Sen had finally achieved a moment's reprieve. He moved around the decayed shelter in search of a teleporter that may have fared better than the rest of the area.

He had searched through a number of ruined buildings and was still in awe of the devastation. The entire area was a mess, as shrapnel and bits of twisted metal lay strewn about every corner. But thus far, unfortunately, he was unable to find a teleporter that was in good shape.

In his search, he stumbled into a plaza which contained a half-toppled bell tower in its center. The bell was composed of blue copper, and it exuded an aura of mystique. Strange carvings were etched into the metal of its composition, with many of the drawn shapes resembling bugs.

Han Sen saw this blue bell and wondered, if this place had indeed been abandoned, why had six bells rung out earlier?

Han Sen looked around, observing the thick dust that coated each crevice of the lost shelter. He didn't see any footprints or marks that suggested occupation. Even the blue bell was covered in dust and ash. He believed it must have been years since a person last touched the bell.

"The tolling bell could not have been this one." Han Sen flapped his wings and flew onto the bell tower to take a closer look.

Han Sen was then hit with a sudden surprise. There was a body inside the bell tower that looked like a human in rugged clothes. Through decay over time, the body was little more than a dust-covered skeleton.

Han Sen summoned a lance to poke the clothing that once dressed the deceased. With little effort, the clothes and bones fell apart into ash.

"Was this a human shelter that got attacked by some fearsome creature?" Han Sen came down from the bell tower and treaded the shelter with a little more care this time.

Han Sen summoned his super armor, in case something unfortunate was about to happen. Since there weren't any other humans around, no one would see or recognize him.

The fallen metal buildings were everywhere, and he couldn't find a single building that had been left untouched. Most of the houses did not contain teleporters, and the ones Han Sen found were broken and had ceased to function.

Han Sen later discovered many other skeletal remains that were similar to the first one. For some reason, all it took was a little touch for the remains to crumble and wholly collapse.

Han Sen had searched through half the shelter so far and had yet to find a single working teleporter. The little angel was on the other side, keeping the blood centipede busy. He didn't fancy venturing that way.

"Strange. Aside from the blue copper bell, there aren't any other bell towers here. There aren't any other bells, at all. What tolling bells did I hear?" Han Sen thought, puzzled.

While Han Sen was deep in thought, he heard the mystery bells ring once more like thunder. The shock was so strong, he almost collapsed.

Han Sen quickly ran his Dongxuan Sutra to quell the energy inside him. He raised his head and saw the bell in the bell tower was ringing, all by itself. Not even a stiff wind brushed it, yet it tolled.

"Why is this happening to me? Why does the bell ring itself?" Han Sen tried his best to calm the energy inside him, as he stared at the bell.

The little angel and the blood centipede stopped fighting, as if

they were both affected by the bell, as well.

Dong!

The blue bell rang again, at an even scarier tone than before. It was loud, like an explosion detonating right on Han Sen's eardrum.

# Chapter 723: Blue Copper Bell

The tolling of the bell, when he had been further down the mountain, was not as strong as what he was hearing now. Because he was so close to it, every ring was like a thunderbolt that convulsed his body and caused him to spit blood from his mouth.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The blue bell continued to ring, and Han Sen continued to writhe, oozing blood from his mouth. He used the Dongxuan Sutra the best he could, to fight back the damage caused by the loud tolling of the bell. Although the Dongxuan Sutra was powerful, it didn't provide enough relief to fight back the noise. The energy inside Han Sen went insane, and the chaos inside highlighted every vein that coursed through his body. A green vein, in particular, began to expand in his body, looking ready to rupture.

Some of his smaller veins were broken already, which dyed his skin red. It was a frightening sight to witness.

The blood centipede was not doing any better. In its agony, it twisted and wriggled around on the ground, toppling many buildings. Its madness only generated more noise.

The blue bell seemed to deal damage to any creature that heard it. The more energy a creature had, the more damage it suffered.

The blood centipede must have been a second generation super creature. Its energy was incredibly powerful, but it could not withstand the noise of the bell, and as a result, its energy was disturbed. Its innards were a mess as its energy caused chaos within; the centipede twirled round and round in a craze.

The little angel, however, was not affected. Her body's energy exuded a holy presence, and because of her purity, the bell could not deal damage to her.

But the little angel still had to fight back the noise, and so

couldn't do anything else.

Cough! Han Sen heaved another unhealthy amount of blood. His Dongxuan Sutra could just about manage to deal with the noise, but his fitness was lacking. As such, he couldn't deal with it half as well as the little angel could.

The adiraid was not a protector pet, so there was nothing she could do for Han Sen. So Han Sen continued to cough up blood with the feeling that his body was going to implode. He knew things weren't going well, and his predicament was a dire one; he had to think of something!

He was wearing his super armor, but it provided no resistance to the bell's tolling.

Suddenly, Han Sen's mind flashed back to the berserk Devil Unicorn that had finished evolving. He summoned it before he considered whether or not it would even work.

The black smoke whirled around Han Sen like a black hole.

The sonic pulse pounded the black smoke, which caused a bit of it to evaporate. Its disappearance revealed Han Sen slightly, consumed by the protective smoke.

But when the noise halted for a moment, the black smoke fully rejuvenated. It was like a shield, protecting Han Sen.

Through the black smoke's protection, Han Sen didn't feel as affected by the tolling of the bell. Now, his Dongxuan Sutra was able to fight it. The discord of his energy began to simmer and settle down as the veins relaxed and returned to their ordinary size and shape beneath his skin.

"That's some good stuff." Han Sen was overjoyed. He then thought to himself, "If the Devil Unicorn can block elemental attacks, does that mean the bell's noise is a special sort of element itself?"

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The blue bell rang another nine times. The noise felt as if it were rocking the entirety of the world. Those who heard it felt as if they could die any second.

The blood centipede had been writhing on the floor, and it consistently spewed blood from its mouth due to the discord in its body.

After nine times, the bell stopped. There was no more noise. But that only led Han Sen to discover something even more frightening.

The blue bell was alive. It started flying, and looking set to crush Han Sen, it suddenly went right for him without cause.

Inside the blue bell was a blue-metal chain, and at the bottom of the chain was a cone-shaped, blue-metal ringer. The ringer was the reason the bell had rung.

Luckily, Han Sen's energy was no longer messed up and he could focus. Quickly, he jumped and rolled away, evading the blue bell that tried to land on top of him.

Fortunately, the bell was not as quick as he feared it might be, which allowed Han Sen to dodge the attack.

The blue bell missed Han Sen, but it didn't try again. It immediately stopped going after Han Sen and went after the blood centipede instead.

The bell spun around and around like a saucer as it went. When it arrived, the bell that was only as tall as a human morphed its shape. As it hovered above the writhing centipede, it expanded until it was large enough to consume the entire creature. Seeing this gave Han Sen the heebie jeebies.

Boom!

The blue bell landed atop the twisting centipede, and then Han Sen heard noises come from within. He heard the centipede trying to fight its way out of the bell's entrapment.

The noise that emanated from the bell was not unlike the ringing he had heard earlier. Every tone was a shock, and Han Sen had only his Devil Unicorn to repel it.

Of course, it wasn't half as effective as the noises from earlier, as it wasn't a proper tolling. These noises were created by the panicked centipede, and as such, the Devil Unicorn could block each pulse Han Sen carefully observed the bell once more and did not see anything too strange. Many patterns, shapes, and symbols of bugs had been etched as adornments on the bell. As fascinating as they were, Han Sen had no idea what they meant.

The blood centipede continued fighting on the inside for half an hour, until its noise gradually weakened. After another half an hour passed, there was no more movement to be heard, at all.

Han Sen then finally saw the blue bell move again. It spun around in the air again before shrinking down to its initial size. When it was about as tall as a human again, it went for the little angel.

From its time beneath the bell, the blood centipede had now become nothing but bones. It looked as if it had been dead for a good many years—just like the bones Han Sen had seen earlier.

But the little angel wasn't threatened. She dodged the incoming bell with ease and then smacked it heavily with her greatsword.

A deep cleft was left in the bell's side, which made the object squirm backwards and unleash more of its horrible tolling sounds. The little angel's energy was messed up as a result, and she had to cast her energy-flow skill to ease it. She could not dodge the bell's attack due to this, and all she saw was the bell spinning towards her.

The little angel hastened her cast and was able to quell her inner-turmoil and evade the bell's strike with just enough time. Still, by exerting so much effort, her energy had become even more messed up.

Han Sen then decided to summon the little angel back to the Sea of Soul, which made the bell lose its target. But after the little angel disappeared, it did not turn its attention to Han Sen as it had previously. It merely flew back to the bell tower and reattached itself.

"What is that thing? Is that a super creature?" Han Sen was flabbergasted. Aside from that, he couldn't think of what else it could have been.

Han Sen had never heard of a super creature using bell noises to kill people before.

# Chapter 724: Big Reward

Han Sen looked at the bell once more and then walked near the corpse of the blood centipede. When Han Sen touched it with a bit of strength, it crumbled into dust.

"This blood centipede's essence has been drained by the bell." Han Sen was surprised.

Clearly, the monster-bell used the tolling sound to screw with the energy flows of its potential victims. When people or creatures were in pain and struggling with the confusion of their energy going haywire, the bell would fly out to cover them. That was what had happened to the blood centipede; such a terrifyingly powerful foe was completely drained of its essence in less than an hour. Han Sen now knew the bell was a frightening thing.

But fortunately, it was slow. And if you could repel the noise, then you didn't have to be too afraid of the fiend.

The blue bell only attacked Han Sen once, and after he dodged it, it didn't attempt to get him again. It had some intelligence, that much was certain. It most likely realized Han Sen was too agile for it, and there was no use going after him.

"What a strange super creature. I wonder what manner of beast soul I would receive if I killed it?" Han Sen gave the blue bell another look, the grimace of greed creeping upon his face.

But killing the bell wouldn't be easy. Merely attacking it would generate the sound that disturbed energy flows; hurting the monster meant hurting yourself. There would have to be another solution for killing it.

It was a shame the little angel was not a spirit. If she was a spirit, she could use the Devil Unicorn beast soul herself. With the protection of the Devil Unicorn, her energy would not be disrupted and she could fight the bell with all her power. But, she wasn't a

spirit—she was a pet. She was unable to use any beast souls, as a result.

Han Sen continued to observe the bell for a good long while, but he could not come up with a better solution. He summoned his little angel again and got her to attack the blue bell once more.

Dong!

The little angel struck the bell with all her might, and it rang with its wretched toll. The strike did leave a decent mark on the bell, however, and it became enraged in response. It flew madly towards the little angel, attempting to swallow her.

Han Sen immediately returned his little angel. Having lost its attacker, the bell returned to the tower and reattached itself.

"This could work." Han Sen was delightfully surprised. He re-summoned his little angel and had her attack the bell once again.

He cheesed it this way, many, many times. The bell was covered in clefts and deep cuts before long. When the bell lost all patience with its phantom attacker, it started to toll itself.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The horrible bell noise racketed across the shelter and beyond. Han Sen put the little angel back in the Sea of Soul and used the Devil Unicorn to shield himself from the noise's effect.

After a while, the bell stopped ringing. Then, Han Sen got back to it. He summoned his little angel and bid for her to attack the bell once again.

After she attacked, the blue bell took off in flight. This time, it was going away from the shelter, as if it wanted to escape.

Han Sen didn't want this, so he commanded the little angel to chase after it.

Dong!

Another ringing sound erupted, and the little angel froze in the

air. Fortunately, Han Sen was able to summon her back in time.

"It seems like it is still able to toll, even during its flight. The sound is definitely weaker than when it was stationary, however." Han Sen waited until the bell stopped ringing before resuming the chase.

The blue bell did not fly very fast, and he was able to catch up, even with his sacred-blood wings. When he got close to it, he summoned his little angel to attack it again.

Across the mountains, the sound of a malfunctioning bell echoed far and wide. No creature dared to come near the airborne fighters.

Han Sen now knew the meaning of, "everything gets a return." Han Sen and little angel were unable to fight the powerful blood centipede, but with a small amount of effort, the blue bell had managed to do what they could not. And now, the bell was the one now being chased by Han Sen and the little angel.

Han Sen trailed behind it and used his dongxuan aura to scan the bell.

Han Sen could not sense a life force on the blue bell at all times. He could only sense it when the bell started ringing.

Han Sen, as he observed the energy flow, thought it was quite strange.

Han Sen and the little angel chased it a thousand miles. There were countless marks scraped across the entire body of the bell, and they had lost count of how many times they had struck it. Eventually, however, victory was achieved when the bell was hewn in half. It no longer rang after its final hit, and it crash landed in relative silence.

"Super Creature Hunted: Death Knell. The beast soul has been acquired. Its flesh cannot be consumed, but you may collect the Life Geno essence and obtain a random numeric amount of super geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

The announcement chimed in Han Sen's head, which brought him great joy. But when he looked at the remains of the Death Knell that had been sliced in half, it didn't disappear. It remained where it had fallen.

"Can this guy be considered a second generation super creature or third generation super creature? Don't tell me a bell can produce babies; that would be hilarious!" Han Sen continued to observe it, pondering whether or not it could produce offspring. But he didn't concern himself with the question for too long before seeking to retrieve the Life Geno essence instead.

The bell did not have any flesh. Aside from its outer shape, there was only the metal chain and pendant inside.

Han Sen looked at the pendant and summoned the little angel. He asked her to strike the pendant, which cracked open to release its blue Life Geno essence.

"I am going to be rich. A centipede egg and a Life Geno essence? And the strange Death Knell's beast soul on top of all that? I have earned a lot today!" Han Sen was more than pleased.

He took another look at the shattered pieces of the slain bell, which lay scattered about. He brought out a bag and collected all the broken bits, crushing some of the bigger parts to fit them all in.

Then he summoned his Golden Roarer and placed the bag on it. With his rewards in-hand, he turned to ride away.

Han Sen put away the Life Geno essence and let the little angel crack the blood centipede's egg open for him.

The little angel sliced the egg, and that chimed the announcement.

"Super Creature Hunted: Thousand-Blade Blood Dragon Baby. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of super geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

Han Sen quickly lifted the egg that had been cracked open and consumed the yolk that was inside. The juice tasted like coconut, and it was quite nice. It surprised him, as it didn't taste like any creature.

"Thousand-Blade Blood Dragon Baby consumed. You have received one super geno point."

This notification played a few times, and a huge smile burst on Han Sen's face. Try as he might, he could not stop grinning.

A warmth swirled around inside his body and blended with his blood. The blood cells seemed to quickly morph, and they felt different from before.

When all was said and done, the Thousand-Blade Blood Dragon Baby had given Han Sen seven super geno points, which brought his total super geno tally up to twenty-four. His fitness felt an immediate increase.

# Chapter 725: Death Knell

After consuming the Thousand-Blade Blood Dragon Baby, Han Sen spent some time researching the energy flow of the blue bell. If he could simulate its energy flow, he could absorb its Life Geno essence.

Han Sen used Dongxuan Sutra to simulate Death Knell's energy flow and felt his entire body vibrate. He heard the sound of a bell ring, and his body throbbed to its chime.

Han Sen flicked his arm, which generated a noise not unlike the Death Knell. The bell sounds no longer affected Han Sen, but they made the Golden Roarer by his side shake.

"This is interesting. If I use this skill, and people hit me, it should issue the same results as the Death Knell did. The sound generated should screw with an attacker's energy flow. Although I cannot simulate it to its original power, it might still come in handy. But this bell noise affects everyone and everything; it can even hurt my friends. I need to be careful when and where I use it, lest I commit friendly fire." Han Sen was quite interested in Death Knell's energy flow. He tried it out for a while before trying to refine the bell's Life Geno essence.

As Han Sen began to refine the blue-metal Life Geno essence, the cells in his body started to become lively. Although the Life Geno essence was named after death, its effects were to provide rebirth and a strengthening of one's genes and very life.

When the refinement process was complete, Han Sen's absorbance of the Death Knell Life Geno essence provided him eight super geno points. This brought his total super geno tally up to thirty-two.

"These are some good rewards I have received. If this continues, it won't be long before I max out my super geno points."

But Han Sen had to ask himself a serious question; was he strong enough to visit his mother's shelter? With his own power, and the aid of the silver fox and little angel, few creatures could threaten him. As such, he could consider going to visit her.

Although the trek to see her would be a few hundred thousand miles long, Han Sen had to go. If he didn't, he wouldn't be able to help his mother increase her super geno points. If his mother could max out her super geno points, she would have a much higher chance of surviving when she became a surpasser.

Becoming a surpasser meant you would obtain another one hundred year lifespan. When your lifespan was over, you'd have to take a chance rather than sitting there, waiting to die.

Han Sen was now preparing to ask for Huangfu's help. He wanted to establish the road he might take, that would lead him all the way to where his mother lived. He could kill super creatures along the way, meaning it would not be a fruitless effort for himself, either.

"Han Sen?" As Han Sen walked past a human shelter, someone called his name.

Han Sen heard the voice, and noticed it sounded familiar. He could not, however, recall to whom it belonged. He turned around and saw a big man running towards him, which surprised him.

"Brother Fist?" Han Sen shouted when his eyes recognized the face.

He was one of the leaders of the Steel-Armor Shelter's army. Although he never spent much time with Han Sen, they had a friendly relationship and had cooperated on various occasions.

Brother Fist was a friend of Fang Jingqi, and Fang Jingqi was one of Fang Xuexi's elder brothers, who had grown up with Han Sen. Brother Fist was also a good friend of Tang Zhenliu. That was why they respected each other, despite not having done much together.

"It really is you! That's awesome." Brother Fist was enthusiastic, but Han Sen wasn't sure why he was so ecstatic to see him. He approached Han Sen and gave him a big hug.

Han Sen froze, thinking he was being too passionate in his greeting. The hug was strong, and he thought his back might break if the man squeezed any tighter.

"Brother Fist, I know you love me. But I am a raging heterosexual, and this is getting a little awkward." Han Sen slipped out of his grasp.

Han Sen was quite tall himself, but Brother Fist was even taller, standing about two meters tall.

"You feel awkward? I don't." Brother Fist patted Han Sen's shoulder, smiling as he spoke.

Han Sen immediately felt a shiver run down his spine as he looked at him.

Fist laughed and said, "I do love you! I love you so much. Seeing you here brings tears of joy to my eyes, so why don't you come help me and Fang take a spirit shelter?"

"Fang Jingqi is here?" Han Sen asked, with a tone of surprise.

"Me and him are stuck at the hip. We are like two peas in a pod. I can't believe we both arrived here in this dump, upon our arrival at the Second God's Sanctuary. There are no resources here, and neither are there many elites. I still need to collect a whole trove of sacred geno points, so we're making plans to take down a royal shelter to make our lives easier going forward. There is a small number of elites nearby, and we figured we would have need of their help. But here you come, passing me by? It's a stroke of good fortune." Brother Fist tugged at Han Sen's arms as he kept walking and explaining how things had been.

The area was a little better than the Icefield had been, when Han Sen first arrived there. Still, there hadn't been much change since.

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi were not living here happily, as a result.

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi were therefore trying to take down a royal shelter that resided at the base of a nearby mountain, so they could have a safer place to stay. It would provide them a base before the rest of the mountain, as well. It would be a humble beginning for their future endeavors, which would include hunting many of the monsters that resided on the mountain beside it.

Han Sen followed Brother Fist to a knight-class shelter. Fang Jangqi was there, and when he saw Han Sen, he had a similar reaction to Brother Fist and said, "Han Sen, what brings you here? Oh, what a wonderful opportunity! We are off to try to take down a royal shelter, so you should join us."

Han Sen smiled and agreed. He'd be able to obtain a new royal spirit, and at the same time help old friends. He didn't see a reason why he should refuse their polite request.

It had been a long time since Han Sen last collected a spirit, and he hoped it would be another beautiful lady spirit. She'd fit in nicely in the ranks of his Goddess Army.

"I was thinking; we might not have enough elites. But with Han Sen here, we can alter the plans somewhat, and as a result, have a much higher chance of conquering the shelter," Brother Fist excitedly proposed.

"Cool. Today, the Thunder Shelter and the Devil-God Shelter's people are coming. When they arrive, we can discuss any new proceedings with them," Fang Jingqi said, with much excitement, as well.

Clearly, they had no idea Han Sen owned a super pet and had achieved what he thought to be common knowledge. They just believed Han Sen was any old, ordinary elite.

Han Sen did not spoil their perception, and simply allowed them to arrange everything. He only had to help them and get the royal spirit when the time came. With his power, there was no possibility of him failing.

But when Fang Jingqi and Brother Fist brought Han Sen over to discuss matters with the others, there were disagreements.

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi knew Han Sen was an elite, so they wanted him to receive a higher share. The people from the Thunder Shelter and Devil's God shelter, however, did not agree. They insisted Han Sen was just another component of the team, and he shouldn't receive preferential treatment when it came to the distribution of loot.

They argued about it for some time, with no resolution.

"If you guys say he is as strong as he is, then why don't you two just go with him and get it done without us?" the Thunder Shelter's people said, as they started to get annoyed.

# Chapter 726: I'm Afraid This Will Be Difficult

"Qian Jiang, how can you say that? We are cooperating to take down the shelter together; we have plenty of time to discuss this," Brother Fist said, frowning.

Qian Jiang, from the Thunder Shelter, replied, "If we are cooperating, then we should use the contract we have already signed and settled on. For you to go out in search of someone else is a concern of yours, where the rewards come directly out of your own shares. You cannot burden us with someone whose aid we have not asked for. Why should we give him anything?"

"With our manpower like this, taking down the royal shelter will cost us much. Han Sen is a fierce and strong elite; he can secure our victory. Our sacrifices will be considerably lessened by his presence, I assure you," Brother Fist explained.

Han Sen wasn't really interested in this talk of a cut. All he wanted was a new spirit, and he'd have long been gone had the possibility of earning one not been a prospect. Extra money made no difference to him, so earning a cut didn't really entice him. Furthermore, he'd be under obligation to aid the shelter in the future, if it ran into any issues.

But Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi had already made a mention of his supposed desire for a cut. Even though he didn't want any shares, if he were to correct them, he'd do nothing but embarrass them.

"Oh, come on. Who do you think this guy is: Coin? If he's that good, then why bother coming to look for us? Go and take down the shelter all by yourselves. They can do that, can't they, Liu?" Qian Jiang then dragged the Devil-God Shelter's leader, Liu Tai, into the argument.

Liu Tai said, "Qian is correct. After everything was supposedly prepared, you are the one who has brought an extra person into this. Our shares have been settled, therefore, there is no need for us to make a change that would accommodate him."

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai were not budging on their stance, and Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi could not take back their proposal.

"Brother Fang and Brother Fist, can you guard the shelter?" Han Sen asked them, seeing that their argument had now come to a standstill.

Brother Fist wasn't sure what Han Sen meant, but right now, he couldn't allow anyone to believe he was weak.

In fact, Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi were the strongest evolvers in the region. The Thunder Shelter and the Devil-God Shelter combine would not have the strength to take them on.

They wanted more resources, which was why they wanted to take on the royal shelter. They had already pledged a large amount of their earnings to the other two shelters evenly, accepting only a third.

It was a generous offer. If things were done properly, where shares correlated with the actual power of the parties involved in the deal, Brother Fist ought to have received at least fifty percent of the entire pie.

There were not many people in his rank, and Brother Fist wanted to take down the shelter with haste. Therefore, he conceded to accept this lesser amount.

"Fine. There is no need to cooperate, we will indeed tackle it ourselves," Han Sen said.

When Han Sen said that, everyone just looked at him without saying a word. Brother Fist looked ready to say something, and he moved his lips to do so, but no words were vocally drawn.

He thought Han Sen had suggested something ludicrous and

quite frankly, impossible. If they could not take it, it would only lead to trouble. But again, he did not want to look weak, and so he held back what he initially wanted to say.

"Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi, do you really trust this man that much?" Qian Jiang asked, with a tone of disdain.

Liu Tai then added, "Does that mean an end to our proposed cooperation?"

Brother Fist was unsure of how to respond. He looked at Fang Jingqi, who squinted his eyes and said, "Yes, it does. I wish this day could have proceeded as planned, but you were unwilling to budge on your stance. Thus, we have no choice but to pull out."

"Fine. We'll eagerly await the news of how you and your pretty-boy elite fare in attempting this conquest of a royal shelter," Qian Jiang said, with a strange tone. Then, he left—but not before giving Han Sen one last stare of disapproval.

Liu Tai looked at Han Sen and Fang Jingqi, but did not say anything. He also just left.

"Fang, this is possible, yes?" Brother Fist did not have much of a background, and he hadn't heard the recent tales of Han Sen's accomplishments.

Fang Jingqi smiled and said, "If Han Sen says okay, then everything will be okay. This guy is awesome; he can even slay super creatures."

Fang Jingqi had recently spent much time in his shelter, preparing for the attack. He hadn't heard about Han Sen owning a super pet, but he had heard of his initial slaying of one super creature. He just wasn't entirely sure if the story was true.

Fang Jingqi also had history with Han Sen, and he knew he wouldn't say something unless he was absolutely sure of it. That was why Fang Jingqi did not hesitate in ending their cooperation.

"He killed a super creature? Really?! I thought people only said

some person from the Ji family killed one, but that was in the First God's Sanctuary." Brother Fist looked at Han Sen with shock and disbelief.

"It was just luck." A lot of people knew about this story, so there was no need to lie about the tale's authenticity. Therefore, he confirmed it.

"Holy crap; you really killed a super creature?" Hearing Han Sen say that, Brother Fist still struggled to believe him. Han Sen had arrived at the Second God's Sanctuary much later than Brother Fist did, and he lacked the confidence to slay even a sacred-blood creature. Therefore, it was quite difficult to believe Han Sen already had what it took to take down a super creature.

"Haha, I'm just a lucky guy," Han Sen said again.

"Holy crap, indeed! Why did you not say something about this earlier? If I knew you were this strong, I wouldn't even have had to talk to them. You could solo a royal shelter easily!" After Brother Fist was assured Han Sen really did kill a super creature, he shouted these words out in utter glee.

But Han Sen then looked to the sky and said, "I'm afraid this will be difficult."

"That's okay, me and Fang have a few people, and we can all accompany you. We are taking this royal shelter, no matter what. It will be difficult not to incur any losses, but even if Qian Jiang and Liu Tai show up to take advantage, we can guard the place without error," Brother Fist said.

"No, no, no; I meant, it is difficult to go now. If I go now, I won't be back in time for my lunch," Han Sen said,

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi froze for a bit, but then Fang Jingqi smiled and said, "You bastard, trying to make us feel bad."

Brother Fist did not mind that, however, and he said, "You don't need lunch. If we're taking a royal shelter, what use would it be to

come back here? I will roast meat and heat-up wine for you, right then and there. My Fist family makes the best grilled meat, I'll have you know."

"All right then, let's go," Han Sen said.

"We have eight people with a fitness of over one hundred. And we have over a hundred people with a fitness level above sixty. How would you like to separate them?" Brother Fist asked Han Sen, as they now asserted him as their leader.

"It depends on you. If you would like to hunt more creatures, then by all means bring more. If you do not need to kill them all, then just bring enough people to take over the shelter." Han Sen smiled.

Brother Fist was frozen. Hearing what Han Sen said, it sounded like they wouldn't have to bring anyone.

Fang Jingqi smiled and said, "Bring Wang Hu and his men. We will take the shelter, but not kill the creatures there, in case Qian Jiang seeks to take advantage of our vulnerability."

# Chapter 727: The Thunder Breaks Through

"Are Fist and Fang Jingqi crazy? They are actually going to try to conquer the shelter with just their own people?" Qian Jiang and Liu Tai, after hearing word of their endeavor, were shocked.

Upon leaving, they merely thought Brother Fist would renegotiate with Han Sen, and have him take a step back. They never expected them to follow through with what they had said, and actually go there with only their own men.

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai quickly rallied their troops and went out near the shelter, to watch how things fared for them. If they had the opportunity, they'd waylay and try to mooch off their efforts.

If Brother Fist and his people were injured during their fights, but were overall nearing success, they imagined they could swoop in and claim the entire shelter for themselves.

When they arrived, they saw Brother Fist atop his mount, racing towards the shelter. They were fast approaching the gate.

Brother Fist did not falter or slow, and simply followed Han Sen's lead into battle. They were attempting to siege the shelter directly by attacking the main gate.

"What are they thinking? Do they honestly believe they can take on a shelter like this?" Liu Tai frowned. Taking on a shelter from the front would consume far too much power, he thought.

Many creatures poured out of the shelter to greet their would-be conquerors. There were wolves, bears, a variety of ten meter tall beasts, and a fifty meter long snake. There were even birds, taking off into the skies so they could assail them from above. One bird had a wingspan of twenty meters.

Han Sen was riding his Golden Growler, leading the siege. The spirit shelter was rather powerful, but it was still weaker than Princess Yin Yang's shelter. The spirit was not atop the tower,

either. All that appeared before them were legions of creatures. This entire scene had become familiar to Han Sen, over his time as an evolver. Without blinking, he charged in.

A green-winged bird soared through the skies like a green cloud that blotted out the sun. Its presence darkened the region as it descended.

Han Sen did not blink, and merely waited for it to complete its descent. When it did, he summoned his Flaming Rex Spike and swung it upwards. In one hit, the monster was cut in half. Blood and feathers danced in the air like rain.

"Sacred-Blood Creature Hunted: Green Cloud Eagle. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of sacred geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

Brother Fist and the rest, who witnessed this scene, were shocked but happy. They called aloud with grand excitement.

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai were taken aback after seeing this. To see a giant sacred-blood bird creature killed in one hit like that was a frightening thing.

Seeing Han Sen and Brother Fist assaulted the shelter like a tidal wave. All the creatures before them were slain by Han Sen's relentless rex spike. All that was left in their wake was blood and the dismembered corpses of the creatures that defended the shelter in vain. It was impossible to gauge how many creatures they had already killed.

A ten meter tall beast roared. On his approach towards it, Han Sen leapt off of Golden Growler's back and brought his Flaming Rex Spike down on the creature's head. The weapon went clean through, splitting the monster in two; each split side of the beast falling a separate way as a heap of guts dropped directly down to the ground.

When Han Sen landed, the Golden Growler was by his side.

Immediately, he leapt onto his mount and continued the siege. He was an unstoppable force.

A fifty meter long snake now guarded their approach. Han Sen thrust into it with his rex spike and threw it into the sky. While it was still airborne, Han Sen sliced and diced it into a rain of snake bits, which fell down to the ground with thudding noises. Each piece left a deep hole.

Countless wolves and bears were killed without reprieve, their charred remains illuminating the battlefield. The guy was a killing machine, and within seconds, he was right before the entrance of the shelter.

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai had made plans to sneak in some easy kills, but they made no movement. They were frozen in absolute shock at what they had just witnessed. So many sacred-blood creatures had been laid to waste, like chickens and pigs in a slaughterhouse grinder. The entire army did not slow down for a second, and immediately hacked their way inside.

"Who is this man?" Qian Jiang and Liu Tai had questions coming out the rear. Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi, on the other hand, were surprised. They knew Han Sen was strong, but not that strong. Under the pressure of his wretched, flaming weapon, not a single creature was given the opportunity to fight back. Swing after bloody swing, his approach was unhalted.

Without any true adversity, Han Sen delivered them swiftly to the spirit hall.

There, they saw a figure wearing steel armor. This person was four meters tall, and he wielded a greataxe that was larger than a door. He was like a metal robot, standing vigil in protection of the spirit hall at its entrance. He was the spirit of this shelter.

Han Sen dismounted Golden Growler as the rex spike in his hand began to spin. It spun faster and faster as Han Sen approached the spirit, until the flames became a controlled tornado affixed to his

weapon.

The spirit roared and he brought his greataxe down towards Han Sen.with both hands.

Dong!

The Flaming Rex Spike clobbered the greataxe, shattering the blade in the process. The Flaming Rex Spike did not stop there, though; it pierced through the armor of the spirit and drilled directly into his chest. Han Sen kept going, pushing the spirit into the spirit hall.

Boom!

The spirit was nailed to the statue, deader than dead could be.

Han Sen did not even look at the spirit, and just casually climbed the disintegrating body that had been pinned to the statue. Using it for better grip, the spirit's body provided the elevation needed for Han Sen to effortlessly grab the spirit stone embedded in the statue's forehead.

"I, Steel Prince, am willing to submit and offer absolute loyalty to a new master. I will become a faithful servant from now until eternity." The steel giant respawned via the spirit stone and pledged his allegiance to Han Sen. He took off his steel helmet to reveal the face of a rugged man with long locks of black hair.

Han Sen put the spirit stone against his forehead, and in the bright light, the spirit stone combined with the entity of the Steel Prince. Then, he went into Han Sen's Sea of Soul.

Han Sen's audience had their mouths agape. From the beginning, when they assaulted the gate, until now, effortlessly reaching the spirit hall and its master to finalize the conquest—it all happened in less than an hour. It was pulled off without a hitch, at a blisteringly fast pace.

The people who followed Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi looked upon Han Sen with great shock and were nearly traumatized by

the repeated surprises Han Sen had been delivering.

The only ones in greater shock were Qian Jiang and his people.

"Get a fire going; it is time we feast! The royal shelter is ours." Brother Fist brought out the wine he had stashed on his beast mount. He raised it up and took a hearty swig.

As the people warmed up, following their heart-stopping surprises, they began cheering in overwhelming joy. A lot of people had readied themselves to lose not only the lives of their friends, but their own lives, as well. No one expected they would pull through without a single fatality, let alone a single scratch.

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai watched the remainder of the creatures flee the shelter, in deep regret of their earlier decision. They did not expect Brother Fist to have found someone so strong, who could practically solo the entire conquest of a royal shelter.

In deep regret, they wished they had accepted the new terms. If they had, they'd be inside reveling in the victory alongside them.

But it was now too late for them to say anything, and they knew Brother Fist would not share the royal shelter with them.

# Chapter 728: A Pet That Sucks Blood

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi insisted on providing Han Sen a share of the shelter's future income. After a contract was signed, the terms were for them to pay out a lump sum at the end of each year.

Han Sen remained at the shelter for one night, but rejected Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi's request that he stay for longer. Upon leaving, he returned to the Goddess Shelter.

Aside from Prince Steel, Han Sen had also managed to obtain the giant snake's beast soul. It was a sacred-blood class Metal-Bone Snake beast soul that took on the shape of a spear. It was a decent weapon.

Of course, Han Sen had no use for sacred-blood beast souls anymore, and so he decided on selling it or at least trading it sometime down the line, if an alluring proposition or item caught his interest.

Han Sen rode his Golden Growler across the Icefield. In his hands, a blue metal bell rested.

This was the Death Knell's beast soul, and it was a pet beast soul. When Han Sen held it in his hand, it looked like a toy bell. Seeing it there now, no one would ever comprehend what it must have been like to witness such a thing killing the blood-centipede in the manner that it did.

When Han Sen first got this pet, he wondered how he would feed it. He didn't think it could consume meat.

After conquering the shelter, Han Sen tried to drip the blood of sacred-blood creatures onto the bell. The results seemed a success, as the blood was absorbed by the bell, which soon after started to glow.

That was when Han Sen realized the bell drank blood.

But it didn't drink any-old blood. It only seemed to react to blood from sacred-blood creatures. Similar to the little angel, it was a picky eater.

Han Sen wondered if, like with the little angel, sacred-blood blood would not be enough to compel its evolution. He thought it would most likely require super-creature blood to evolve into a battle mode pet.

"If this guy evolves into battle mode, could it be as scary as the original Death Knell?" Han Sen's heart was hopeful at the thought.

For Han Sen, felling super creatures was no longer an impossible feat. Therefore, attempting to evolve the Death Knell through the method he theorized wouldn't be an all-too difficult task.

On his return to the Icefield, Han Sen ran into Wang Yuhang. Or rather, Wang Yuhang caught sight of Han Sen and then ran up to him.

"Bossman, might you kindly sell me the Life Geno essence?" Wang Yuhang asked, with a look of hope.

The monster that guarded the blood spring was slain by Princess Yin Yang after Wang Yuhang drew it away. No body was left behind, only a Life Geno essence.

"Sure. You still haven't cashed in your thirty percent from before, and after the latest hunt, you are owed an additional twenty percent. It's yours, if you can cough up the other fifty percent of what it costs. But you must also keep the item a secret. You cannot tell anyone that you practically stole it from the Zhao family. If they were to learn we stole their super creature, I can't imagine they'd do anything kind to us," Han Sen said.

"I understand. I will tell the tale that this Life Geno essence belonged to a creature we both found and fought together. I will tell this to my family, as well. Aside from you and I, nobody else can possibly know," Wang Yuhang said, with a voice coated in

excitement.

Han Sen rolled his eyes. Zero was present, and she was most certainly aware of which creature had dropped the Life Geno essence. He seemed to have forgotten about her existence.

But regardless, Han Sen believed he wouldn't admit the truth to anyone. His own hide would be on the line if he did, not to mention his possession of a Life Geno essence taken from the Zhao family would hurt his own family, if the truth were ever revealed.

That was not to suggest Han Sen was afraid of the Zhao family.

Han Sen looked for Huangfu Ping Qing for assistance and brought a map of the Second God's Sanctuary with him. The shelter was enormous, and even with the powers of the Ares Martial Hall, it was difficult to compose such a map. There were a few hundred thousand miles of uncharted regions, as well.

Many known places were marked as danger zones, and lengthy journeys were only made longer due to the detours travelers had to make to avoid such treacherous places. These alternate routes often tripled the length of a journey. But unfortunately, there were many places that could not be avoided at all.

The Ares Martial Hall paid hefty prices of blood for the cartography of such areas. Few people returned from exploratory ventures of such places, and once mapped, no one ever dared return.

When the cartographers spied the presence of a super spirit shelter, they would creep past them as best they could. They were wretchedly dangerous places for even elites to venture, and ordinary travelers and evolvers could never hope to traverse the danger-fraught terrain that encompassed super spirit shelters.

Han Sen was more accomplished, of course, but even he would have to exercise caution when traveling across super spirit regions. At least with super creatures, there was every chance he could

either kill or evade them.

The closest danger zone to the Icefield, where no one was advised to visit, was called the Black Desert. This place was unavoidable, and it had earned an association with certain death. The weather there was terrible, and it was populated with countless horrible monsters.

The only way to avoid venturing through the Black Desert was a detour that would take six months to traverse. But even then, the alternate route would require the evasion of one spirit shelter. In many ways, this alternate route was more dangerous than the Black Desert itself.

Han Sen was making preparations to travel across the Black Desert, as it would be too much trouble for him to take the detour. Cutting directly across would be much safer for him, and he wouldn't have too much trouble if there weren't any super spirits about.

It would be a long time before he reached another human shelter, however. It was for this reason that he told Ji Yanran he would be absent for a long time.

The presidential election was over, and Ji Ruozhen had become president of the Alliance. Even Ji Yanran was now busy, following it.

Han Sen spoke with her for some time, but she was too busy to talk for long. Messages constantly popped up, requiring her attention, and there was much paperwork to be done.

Han Sen sat down with a cup of tea to watch Ji Yanran work. When he did this, he noticed he had never done it before. He had never sat down and simply watched her work.

Although Ji Yanran was not very talented when it came to the arts of combat, that did not imply she wasn't talented, at all. She was talented in many different aspects.

In fact, Ji Yanran was quite remarkable. She was very good at handling things and was not far off having all the traits of a fantastic leader. Great fighting skills were the only thing she lacked.

Watching her work busily, he thought having a future comprised solely of him drinking tea and watching her work, would not be an ill fate.

While Ji Yanran was working, she was attractive in a different way. She was not just a pretty woman, or a lover that was weak and reliant on her man; she had a strong self-given, self-borne momentum that drove her.

"Why are you watching me like that?" Ji Yanran enquired, noticing Han Sen's curious stare.

"It's good to have you near me." Han Sen walked in front of Ji Yanran and gave her a deep kiss on her forehead.

Ji Yanran's cheeks blushed, and she responded by asking, "What makes you say that, all of a sudden?"

"It is merely because of how I feel. I feel this way, and so, I am inclined to say it." Han Sen pinched Ji Yanran's nose and then continued by saying, "How much more work?"

"I have been tasked with the depletion of an inexhaustible well of work, it would seem. I have worked until midnight every night. If you are tired, you should return first," Ji Yanran said.

"It's fine. You continue how you are; I will sit here in the meantime. I will return when I am tired." Han Sen reclined on the chair with his cup of tea and resumed his observation of her work. He was feeling quite relaxed.

After a while, the red color in Ji Yanran's face had yet to subside. She chased Han Sen out and said, "I can't work when you look at me like that."

# Chapter 729: Angel Gene Fluid

Inside the Angel Gene corporation office, a man sat behind a desk. His face was gloomy. Zhao Heng and Zhao Haiyang were standing in the room, silent. With heads lowered, they could not dare look at the man before them.

The man behind the desk looked to be in his forties. He was fairly unremarkable in appearance, but his body exuded an aura of terrible power. Every faint movement he made was intimidating. Even though Zhao Heng was of the same generation, with his grandson at his side, he almost didn't dare steal the air to breathe in that room.

He was the chairman of Angel Gene, Zhao Seventh. It was a very old-fashioned name, derived from being the seventh child of the family.

Zhao Seventh had many brothers because back when he was born, humans were encouraged to reproduce. It was common for families to have many children, and this most certainly applied to the Zhao family.

The six brothers that came before Zhao Seventh were given much better names. But each of the six prior babies died during childbirth, and only Zhao Seventh had managed to survive.

Back in that time, people were still superstitious, and the parents allowed a psychic to predict the life Zhao Seventh would lead. The prediction, however, stated Zhao Seventh would not survive the first seven days of his life.

These seven days did not begin immediately following his own birth, but seven days after his last brother died. Zhao Seventh would die seven days from that day.

The psychic foretold that the bad string of luck, which made the Zhao family's babies die, would end following the death of Zhao

Seventh. If the mother was to make any more babies, they would live.

Seven days after the sixth brother died, Zhao Seventh almost did die. Not wanting him to die, his mother did everything she could to protect him. She clutched Zhao Seventh in her arms and did not let go.

A mother, who had six dead children, would not just sit idly by and watch her seventh baby die.

On that day, his mother guarded him without rest.

And something did indeed happen; the house collapsed, with the mother and son both inside. During the rescue operation, the mother was found crushed to death beneath the rubble. Zhao Seventh, however, was safe in the bosom of his mother's protection. She had died, but he had lived. He was fine, save for his mother's blood that soaked him.

Upon his rescue, the baby was still licking his fingers and smiling jovially.

And just like that, Zhao Seventh outlived his seventh day. Through his efforts, Angel Gene was built from the ground up, earning great renown for the Zhao family. It originally operated out of a small research facility, but it had since grown to become the goliath entity it was on this day.

"Brother Seventh, I'm sorry. I messed it up." Zhao Heng was old, but in front of Zhao Seventh, he looked like a small, regretful child. His head was lowered and still, he did not dare look at the man.

Everyone in the Zhao family was afraid of Zhao Seventh. They each spoke of how tough his life had been, and it was true. To develop Angel Gene into what it was, he had tread atop many corpses. The more a person of the Zhao family knew about his deeds, the greater they feared him.

They knew better than anyone how scary he was. And it was because of how scary he was, they would each do everything he told them without question.

"Failure is nothing. It is mankind's habit to fail, and ill results are no stranger to any person. But those who do not recognize the mistakes that have led to their failure deserve a harsh response." Zhao Seventh looked at Zhao Heng coldly and continued, "So tell me, what led to your failure?"

Zhao Heng, stuttering and tripping over his words, responded, "I am sorry, but it was misfortune that led to our failure this time. We did not expect the hill of the spring to contain such a foul creature. And the boy, Han Sen, was not willing to use his super pet to stay the advance of the super creature. He also led it our way, and it was that action that led to the significant losses we incurred."

Zhao Haiyang had not said a single word yet, but he chipped in to help Zhao Heng by saying, "Han Sen tricked us. If he hadn't drawn the creature our way, we wouldn't have..."

Zhao Seventh looked at him coldly, and Zhao Haiyang swallowed the words he had yet to speak.

"It is my fault." Zhao Seventh looked at both of them when he said this. Calmly, he continued, "It was my mistake for allowing you to tackle the foe without appropriate preparation. Leave now, but give Zhao Lian a shout. I need him."

Zhao Heng and Zhao Haiyang breathed heavy sighs of relief. They left Zhao Seventh's office as if they had just dodged a death sentence.

Not long after, a tall, middle-aged man knocked on the door of the office. He then entered. It was difficult for people to believe such a big and broad man, with a tanned face, had the name Zhao Lian. The name did not match the person, not by a long shot.

"Does the chairman have any requests?" Zhao Lian politely asked.

"How are the Angel Gene Fluid tests coming along?" Zhao Seventh said, with a relaxed demeanor. Families always had at least one talented individual, and Zhao Lian was one of the younger family members he had taken a great liking to. Zhao Seventh gave him a lot of important tasks.

"We're still in the first stage of testing. Our results have highlighted the presence of a variety of issues and problems. Time is all they request, however. They'll get it fixed in due time," Zhao Lian answered.

"How many first stage test vials were formulated?" Zhao Seventh asked.

"There were twenty-three of them," Zhao Lian said.

"Give them to Zhao Long and his men, and have them kill Han Sen at his shelter. I don't care what it takes," Zhao Seventh coldly ordered.

"But the Angel Gene Fluid is not yet stable. It has destructive results in the human body. If Zhao Long and his people use it, even if they succeed long enough to accomplish their task, they may not live very long afterwards—" Zhao Lian sought to speak more, but what was cut-off.

"The Zhao family has fed and cared for them, all for this day," Zhao Seventh said coldly. He continued by saying, "It's time we attempt the fourth stage test. Observe Zhao Long and his people after they use the fluid. The data you will collect is imperative for the future success of the Angel Gene Fluid."

"Yes." Zhao Lian did not say anything further. He took his leave and went directly to the nineteenth sub-basement laboratory.

The lab was filled with many busy researchers. In the farthest reaches of the lab was a glass room. Inside it, a large man was chained to a z-steel platinum bed. His four limbs and torso were all

securely locked-down by the z-steel chains, preventing movement.

A mechanical arm hovered over the man and injected a red fluid into him.

All over the man's body, his blood vessels began to swell immediately. His body looked like it was wreathed with scary, blood snakes. The man's eyes were red as he convulsed and struggled. He let out a spine-chilling shriek.

Atop his head, one strange spike forced its way out. It was strange, as if it had suddenly grown out of his brain.

Katcha! Katcha!

The man easily shattered the z-steel chains that tied him down. He stood up from the bed as all the muscles on his body swelled. His breathing was rough, and he slowly stepped towards the glass wall. With his red eyes, he stared at the researchers on the other side.

"Eight-Zero-Three, can you hear me?" Zhao Lian picked up the microphone to speak into the sealed-up, transparent room.

"Yes." Although the man looked like a terrifying monster, he could still listen and answer. His voice was just a little bit shaky.

The professor near him was extremely happy, and he proclaimed, "Another successful case! Our success rate has now hit ninety-five percent!"

Zhao Lian smiled at the professor and said, "Professor, give me the rest of the Angel Gene Fluid."

# Chapter 730: Blood-Horn Shura

Han Sen was in the midst of preparing for his journey. His road up to the Black Desert would most likely be free from trouble, but the difficulties would begin after he entered that land. He would have to cross that perilous region before he reached another human shelter where he could restock his provisions.

According to the Ares Martial Hall's predictions, should nothing too awry present itself, it would take Han Sen a month to cross the Black Desert. If troubles did arise, no one knew whether or not he would emerge from that place ever again.

Huangfu Pingqing advised Han Sen not to go, saying that his mother was in a big human shelter and that there was no danger there. Even if Han Sen wanted to give her something, he could have sent it via delivery. He didn't have to go in person.

But Han Sen knew that what he wanted to give his mother was not something he could easily trade; that was why he wanted to go there and visit her himself.

"Don't worry; I have a super pet. I will be fine." Han Sen smiled at Huangfu Pingqing while talking with her on the communicator.

Huangfu Pingqing merely sighed in response and said, "Do not underestimate that place. Our people have only traveled there once. A team comprised of one hundred people were sent in, yet only two made it out half-alive. Those who made it out weren't even sure how they did so."

"Their account detailed an encounter with a black dragon in the Black Desert. But another monster swallowed the black dragon up, and it looked like a phoenix. They spoke of mountains that moved, pits in the sands that consumed creatures, and worse. That place is far too dangerous for anyone to venture alone."

"How can dragons and phoenix exist in this world? This is not

mythology; they are merely creatures. These beasts you speak of are most likely super creatures, at worst. And it's not like I haven't killed a super creature before." Han Sen smiled again.

"I know my attempts at swaying your resolve to go there are futile, but still, I would like you to think about it and perhaps reconsider," Huangfu Pingqing said.

"Senior, when I make it to the other side, await my report. I'll make sure to contact you and let you know of my success in making it through." Again, Han Sen smiled.

"Okay, if you're that determined, how about you transport some beast souls on my behalf?" Huangfu Pingqing asked, with a wry smile.

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After his preparations were complete, Han Sen brought along the silver fox and left the Goddess Shelter. He traveled in the direction of the Devil's Mountain, and once over, he planned to veer away and head towards the Black Desert.

But after arriving at the trail leading up and over the Devil's Mountain, he frowned. Immediately, he did not feel safe.

"I have walked this trail many times; there shouldn't be a threat. And I'm not Wang Yuhang, so I can't be unlucky enough to have misfortune befall me." Despite Han Sen thinking this, he opened up his Dongxuan Sutra to scan the surrounding environment for life forces. He wanted to see if there were any powerful creatures in the vicinity.

In the next second, Han Sen's face changed. He sensed the presence of many powerful creatures, all about. He could sense the force of these creatures, but he could not tell what they were.

Still, just sensing such life forces was enough to make Han Sen almost panic. The energies he sensed were greater than sacred-blood creatures, but not quite in the realm of super creatures.

Han Sen was more than surprised, because he had never sensed something like this before. Each of the energy life forces were different, but when he looked deeper, the forces seemed comparable to his own strength. The fitness of whatever awaited him had to be at least two hundred.

But this was a strange number; sacred-blood creatures don't reach such levels, and super creatures were never so low. Even the silver fox had a stronger energy reading.

There were more than twenty of these life forces, as well. Things were taking a strange turn.

"What is this?" Han Sen continued to scan his vicinity, and he noticed that the presences were approaching him quickly. Then, he saw some people appear before him from a nearby forest.

When Han Sen saw these people emerge, he could not help but shout, "Shura! How is this possible?!"

Han Sen saw that each person had a horn protruding from their head: the sign of a male Shura.

But Shura were unable to exist in this place, as they could not use beast souls. But as clear as day, Han Sen could see them clad in beast soul armor, wielding beast soul weaponry.

"What is this? What's going on? Why are there Shura here, in the shelter? Did the Shura figure out how to survive here in this world?" Han Sen was shocked. If what he was seeing was true, then humanity was assuredly doomed.

Quickly, however, Han Sen realized something was wrong. Although they had horns, similar to the Shura, their colors were off.

The horns of a Shura could be black, white, gold and purple—there were no red horns—which was what he was seeing now.

Yet, the horns of those he was observing now were clearly not decorations, or some strange accessory or apparatus; they

protruded from the bones of their skulls just like the ones belonging to the Shura did.

If they were humans, they must have consumed super geno points. Otherwise, their energy would not be as strong as it was. They were much stronger than humans.

Whoosh!

One of the blood-horned Shura's let loose an arrow from a beast soul bow. The arrow flew directly towards Han Sen with frightening power. It cracked the air in two and approach him quickly.

Dong!

The adiraid appeared in front of Han Sen and broke the beast soul arrow. But this did not appease or make Han Sen any happier; if anything, it made him look glummer than ever. The power of the arrow was almost as strong as what Han Sen himself could achieve.

"Who are you people?!" Han Sen called out, eager to know whether or not they were Shura.

"We are the ones who have come to kill you," the man who fired an arrow coldly responded. He gestured with his hand, and he and his twenty-two blood-horned compatriots charged towards Han Sen.

On the other side of the peak, Zhao Lian was holding up a pair of binoculars. He was watching every little move with keen interest, and he recorded the results.

"First stage: Angel Gene Fluid versus a super pet. Let's see what happens." Zhao Lian looked excited, and he was eager to find out what was going to happen.

But Zhao Lian knew that these evolvers, despite having a fitness level of over one hundred and having consumed the Angel Gene Fluid, would still not have what it took to take down a super

creature. Their primary target was Han Sen, after all.

But no matter how strong the super pet was, there was only one of it. It would not be able to protect Han Sen when he was surrounded.

"It is a shame, though. It is a shame that I must sacrifice Zhao Long and all his people on the account of cutting down that Han Sen. We should have loosed these warriors against a super creature." Zhao Lian felt sorry because the beast soul would disappear into The Empty upon Han Sen's death, and Zhao Long would not be able to test his mettle against the super pet.

The people who had consumed the Angel Gene Fluid were dead men walking, too. They could serve no purpose in the future.

Dong!

The adiraid swung her sword as Zhao Long and his people approached with firm haste. In a formation, they looked set to deal with the attack. The adiraid was a really powerful, oppressive force, but killing them in a short amount of time would be difficult.

Eight of the people with blood-horns surrounded Han Sen.

# Chapter 731: Wiped Out

The adiraid spread its wings and flew past the blood-horned shura. She swung her greatsword and sliced the arm and shoulder of one.

The blood-horn shura that was dealt the blow, however, acted as if it did not even feel pain. Without a care for the bleeding puncture, it swung its beast soul sword towards the adiraid's neck.

Other blood-horn shura approached the adiraid as this went on, in an attempt to surround her. She swung her greatsword again and decapitated the shura she had already injured, before dashing away to avoid the attacks of the rest.

The blood-horn shura did not seem to fear death, and this made it increasingly difficult for the adiraid to finish the fight quickly.

"The first stage Angel Gene Fluid is clearly not as effective as we would have hoped. Plainly, they cannot compete with super creatures just yet. Their effectiveness against an evolver with an opened gene lock would be much higher," Zhao Lian thought to himself, as he recorded the combat data he was obtaining from observing the blood-horn shura. Although he could not use machinery to more accurately log the battle and performance of the combatants, he had sharp eyes, and his records would more than suffice.

"But non-evolvers are unable to cope with the mutation of their genes. If they could, the Angel Gene Fluid would have been enough to allow humans to slay super creatures in the First God's Sanctuary. It's a shame, really." Zhao Lian then turned his gaze to Han Sen, and continued to think, "Perhaps they may not be able to kill a super creature, but killing a human should be no problem for them. Even if he is a top-evolver, with powerful beast souls and a high fitness level, there is no way he stands a chance against them." While Zhao Lian was deep in thought, Han Sen summoned

a crossbow that resembled a peacock. He withdrew a bolt from his quiver and loaded it.

"He wants to use a crossbow to kill the shura? Pah, he is naïve. With their speed, I doubt he'd be able to hit any of them, even if he had a berserk sacred-blood crossbow with berserk sacred-blood bolts." Zhao Lian raised his lips, confident in the blood-horn shura. He had been in charge of the research program of the Angel Gene Fluid and was well-aware of the terrifying power the subjects wielded, upon consumption of the substance.

Even elites with an opened gene lock, upon facing one of these test-lab shura, didn't stand a chance.

The only advantage such evolvers had were the skills of their opened gene lock. But in every other facet, they would be inferior.

The eight shura surrounding Han Sen began to swing their weapons toward him with bloodlust. Their power and speed made for a frightening combination. Eager to see what would happen next, Zhao Lian began to get excited.

Experimentation and improvements to the Angel Gene Fluid were still ongoing. It would only be deemed complete when they could remove its negative side-effects, and humans could freely consume it. Once it was complete, the Zhao family believed it would usher in a new era for humanity. Zhao Lian was the lead of this entire project, and he would be recognized as the person responsible. This also put him first-in-line for trying the final product out.

But in the next second, Zhao Lian was turned to stone. Despite the scary shura surrounding him, Han Sen raised the crossbow, which emitted a number of black flashes.

The bolts pierced through each of the shura's heads, one by one like the tumbling of a circle of dominos. Eight of them were killed in no time at all. They all crumpled to the ground, none of them managing to get within two meters of the person they had sought

to kill.

"How is that possible? No way!" Zhao Lian's eyes were wide-open in disbelief, having great difficulty comprehending what he had just seen. He did not understand how the blood-horn shura could have been so easily killed by a crossbow like that.

The super pet itself seemed to have a harder time killing its foes.

"Han Sen is stronger than the super pet? That's impossible! That crossbow must be a super beast soul; it's the only explanation. Damn it! How can Han Sen own something like that? How many super creatures has he truly killed?" Zhao Lian quickly realized his mission today had failed. For as long as Han Sen wielded that crossbow, he knew the shura would pose no threat to him.

Although the advantage he had counted on had quickly disappeared, Zhao Lian did not panic. He continued to record what he could see, the battle of the shura and the adiraid, in particular.

Within half an hour, the adiraid had managed to kill the remainder of the shura. The time it took for the event to come to a close was half as long as Zhao Lian had predicted.

"As expected, these blood-horn shura still lack the required strength and skill to tackle super creatures." When the battle was almost done, Zhao Lian packed up in a hurry and got ready to leave the area.

Han Sen observed the dead bodies that lay strewn about and frowned. The bodies of the blood-horn shura, after being killed by the adiraid, began to rot quickly. Even the horns on their heads decomposed, as their mangled bodies reduced to thick, bloody mush on the ground. It was a grotesque sight.

"What are these things?" Han Sen frowned.

Clearly, they weren't creatures. But neither were they humans. And if they were indeed shura, as he initially suspected, there was something different about them.

Han Sen's thoughts turned to Zero, but she was vastly different than these monsters, as well.

Regardless of whether Zero was in human or shura mode, she did not have a disfigured body akin to the creatures he had just fought. Her body cleanly represented either a human shape or a shura shape.

"These things cannot be a natural creation of this world. Humans must have constructed these beings. Whoever created these and set them loose upon me, obviously wants to see me dead. But who would do such a thing?" Han Sen frowned again.

Angel Gene seemed like the most likely candidate, but Han Sen had once offended the Dong Lin company before, too. And it was no secret how good Dong Lin was, when it came to manufacturing such things. But there were more than two companies in the Alliance that researched genes, so even though he believed Angel Gene was the most likely suspect, he couldn't be one hundred percent sure.

Han Sen did not continue. Instead, he returned to the nearest shelter and teleported back to the Alliance. If his opponent was willing to do this to him, he was afraid of what they might do to his family.

No one would dare come after him in the Alliance, especially now that he was counted as one of the Ji family. Furthermore, he was a member of the Special Squad. No one would come after him there. And after all, with the technology available there, discovering who might be after him would be far easier.

It was different than the shelter. So, the first thing he did when he returned to the Alliance was try to contact his mother. He wanted to tell her not to spend much time in the shelter and remain in the Alliance for as long as she could. Or at least, wait until he arrived there to protect her.

But when Han Sen called his mother, he received no answer. This

made Han Sen's heart jump with worry.

Han Sen called Qin Xuan and asked her to send a few members of the Special Squad over to protect his mother and escort her out of the shelter, if they could.

# Chapter 732: The Devil Doesn't Believe in Tears

Han Sen was worried, as this wasn't like before. If his attackers were ordinary elites, then the Special Squad would have no issue protecting anyone. But the shura he had encountered didn't even seem human. As such, Han Sen was worried about the safety of his mother if she remained out in the shelter.

Qin Xuan heard what Han Sen had to say and quickly contacted her supervisor, asking where Luo Sulan had gone. She was out in the shelter, and members of the Special Squad had escorted her on a hunt.

Qin Xuan told Han Sen she had already sent people to find her, and she firmly believed it would not be long before they returned.

The Blue Crystal shelter was near the Buckda Mountains, and Luo Sulan was out on a hunt under the protection of Wu Qinggang. Although she already had a lot of geno points, her combat skills and prowess were still somewhat lacking. She had not yet even been able to deal with a mutant creature. When fighting one, the frustration of watching her fight compelled Wu Qinggang to help her finish them off.

From what Wu Qinggang could see, women like her were best reserved for being of the elegant sort. He thought she would be better off never touching a weapon, and instead being waited on, hand-and-foot, by men. He thought she should forego the desire for combat and stick to enjoying girlier things like flowers and romance.

There was no explicit need for her to come out and hunt. With her son's power and position, he could just keep sending her the flesh necessary for her to max out her sacred geno points.

But every month, Luo Sulan would request an expedition to go

out and hunt. She only wanted to kill ordinary mutant creatures, and Wu Qinggang would always be fraught with the desire to help her when he watch her try to deal with the monsters she sought to fight.

A woman such as her, he thought, was not built to fight. Particularly not to fight such wretched creatures.

Although Wu Qinggang felt this way, he never slacked in his duty to protect her. The last thing he wanted was for her to be harmed. He was aware that her son was also a member of the Special Squad, but the protection of others was a fundamental responsibility of all those who wished to be a part of the Special Squad, anyway. Wu Qinggang would give his life to assure her security.

Suddenly, a roaring sound came from the nearby woods. A black tiger leapt out of the brush, fast like a shadow.

"It's a sacred-blood creature; a Black-Shadow Tiger! Why has it ventured here?" Wu Qinggang's face changed. Black-Shadow Tigers tended to reside in the deeper recesses of thick forests and had no reason to be anywhere near here.

"Missus Han, hide behind me and do not flee." Wu Qinggang stepped in to eliminate the mutant creature, removing it from the field of play. Then, he walked in front of Luo Sulan.

Seeing the Black-Shadow Tiger approach, Wu Qinggang drew his longsword and ran to meet it. Wu Qinggang could kill sacred-blood Black-Shadow Tigers, but doing so would be more difficult while having to protect Luo Sulan at the same time.

But then, more roaring came from the woods. Things took a turn for the worse as another two creatures emerged from the forest. It took Wu Qinggang a moment to acknowledge what he was seeing, but when the realization struck, it struck hard. His face dropped, watching two more sacred-blood creatures emerge from the woods.

"Missus Han, ride your sacred-blood mount back to the shelter. I will keep them busy." Wu Qinggang rushed into battle with the Black-Shadow Tiger as he bid for Luo Sulan to escape.

"Little Wu, please be careful." Luo Sulan summoned the sacred-blood mount Han Sen had given her and exited the area with haste.

Wu Qinggang's sword shone with a blinding light as he fought to buy her the time she needed to reach absolute safety.

She had reached the bottom of the mountains, not a great distance away from the Blue Crystal shelter. Once she had left that place, she would be safe.

But as Luo Sulan rode her sacred-blood mount, nearing the exit, a dozen people appeared in front of her. They barred her passage and surrounded her mount.

"Missus Han, it would be best if you came with us." A leader of sorts stepped forward to speak, and as he finished his line, delivered a half-smile.

"Who are you people? And why should I follow you?" Luo Sulan asked, frightened at their sudden approach.

"Do not worry; we do not plan on bringing you harm. We are here to bring you reunification with your son," the middle-aged man said.

"What happened to Little Sen?" Luo Sulan quickly asked.

"You will know once you come with us," the man said, with a frosted tone.

"I'm not going with you," Luo Sulan said, as she nibbled her lips.

"Why do you even bother talking to her? Just capture her already!" another man coldly interjected.

"Okay, then," the other man then gestured with his hand, and the rest approached her.

They knew all about Luo Sulan. She was a housewife who killed a

few ordinary creatures to survive. She has been taken care of through the kindness of others, unable to fight for herself.

They had already separated her from the assigned protector of the Special Squad, which meant capturing her would be an easy task to accomplish.

"You guys have parents; how do you think they would feel if they knew you were out here, attempting to kidnap a lone woman?" Luo Sulan sighed as she spoke.

"Shut up! If you refuse to come with us peacefully, take one last look at that silky-smooth skin of yours, before we cut it up and drag you away with us," Zhang Fang coldly told her.

"To suffer in the adversity of evil is a nobler deed than to helplessly succumb to the brutish requests of those that wish to do you harm," Luo Sulan said.

"Then consider our patience and politeness spent; excuse the rough mishandling that may occur next." Zhang Fang raised his hand and tried to grab Luo Sulan by her hair and pull her off the mount she was upon.

Just when Zhang Fang's hand was about to touch Luo Sulan, she raised her silky-smooth hand and casually waved it in front of Zhang Fang's neck.

Plop!

He was only two feet away, and Zhang Fang's head was removed from his neck as if it were severed by an invisible knife. The head went a great distance, as a trail of blood followed in its airborne wake. The eyes were sullen, and seemed to suggest that what had just happened wasn't fair.

"Have any of you ever felt hopeless?" Luo Sulan's face was like ice. She did not look scared or afraid, at all. She looked devoid of emotion; cold. Just cold.

Their hearts shivered, as chills ran down their spines.

"Argh!"

Blood spread all about like flowers. She quickly moved around, and with each directional turn, red syrup followed.

"Devil. You are the devil!" Du Ruzhi was petrified with fear. All the elites around him, including Zhang Fang, and two with opened gene locks—they most likely had the power to slay or capture a super creature.

If they didn't possess such power, it would have been impossible for them to shake out three sacred-blood creatures to attack and draw away Wu Qinggang.

But the elites were now mercilessly slain by a woman that only had to walk ten quick steps to sever each elite's head from their neck.

Yet with the claret blood that sprayed and flowed, not a single droplet stained the woman's clothing. Luo Sulan still looked as elegant and as gentle as ever.

The woman stood in front of Du Ruzhi, who no longer thought she was a pretty woman. She was now the devil.

The woman was about to take her last, eleventh step, when Du Ruzhi's legs seemed to crumble and almost sent him falling to the ground. He couldn't even think of running away, due to how scary she was. She was truly scarier than the devil.

"Don't... don't kill me... I still have my parents, and I have a wife and kids..." Du Ruzhi slobbered his plea for mercy, after dropping down to his knees.

"The devil doesn't believe in tears." Luo Sulan gave Du Ruzhi was one last, cold look. She swung her hand, and another head rose to the sky with an airborne wake of blood.

# Chapter 733: This Must Be a Hallucination

The Blue Crystal team found Luo Sulan out near the mountains and quickly brought her back to the shelter. Wu Qinggang killed one sacred-blood creature and managed to chase away the other two before returning himself.

The Blue Crystal team believed things were not as simple as they might have initially seemed, as those sacred-blood creatures should not have appeared where they were in the first place. But aside from their intrusion, nothing else happened; Luo Sulan was safe.

Although it was strange, Luo Sulan's safety was all that mattered. After she returned to the shelter, she teleported to the Alliance.

Near the base of the mountains, the ground seemed disrupted. The soil seemed fresh, as if something had been recently buried.

"Mom, are you okay?" Qin Xuan had told Han Sen what had occurred at the shelter, and he found it strange, as well. But if they wanted to bring harm to his mother, it didn't seem like the attraction of the three sacred-blood creatures would be enough.

"I'm fine; what could have possibly happened to me?" Luo Sulan asked.

"Mom, I may have offended someone in the shelter. They have tried to come at me already, but they were unsuccessful. Since they couldn't not take out their grievances on me, I fear they may come for you—my family—in response. As such, I don't believe you should leave the safety of the Alliance for the time being," Han Sen told her directly.

He could not hide things from his mother, and for the issue that currently concerned him, he had to tell her the entire truth so she could understand the gravity of the situation. If she did not, and happily left the safety of the Alliance, she might find herself in

trouble.

What had happened was strange, yes; but Han Sen did not want anything else to happen to her. Until he reached his mother's location, he did not want her to leave the Alliance.

"Little Sen, who did you offend? Will something happen?" Luo Sulan worriedly asked.

"Don't worry, I can handle all this. Your son is strong now," Han Sen smiled as he spoke.

"It's my fault, for being unable to protect you," Luo Sulan spoke, with a tone of sadness.

"Mom, it was difficult enough for you to raise me. Now, I should be the one protecting you," Han Sen quickly told her.

"Little Sen, do you still have your great grandfather's relic?" Luo Sulan asked him, seemingly randomly.

"Of course I do. Do not worry for that, Mom. I always carry this pendant," Han Sen said.

"All right, then." A look of relief then washed over Luo Sulan.

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After hanging up the communicator, Luo Sulan's expression was complicated. She thought to herself, "After all these years spent working so hard, can we still not escape this loop?"

After Han Sen confirmed his mother's safety, he decided to resume his journey to the Blue Crystal shelter.

The Black Desert. An endless black desert that looked like the inside of hell's furnace. The colors were bleak and hopeless, far more depressing than an average desert.

Han Sen was riding Golden Growler through the Black Desert, and because of the region's vast size and barren wastes, he looked lonely and small in its midst.

"I wish I did not have to eat or drink. At least I would feel better in this damn place, if I did not have to." Han Sen had been on his traversal of the Black Desert for six days, before realizing he was lost.

A massive black sandstorm had kicked up two days prior, which was quite threatening. It did not harm Han Sen, but in his escape, he ended up losing all sense of direction.

Han Sen now focused on walking in a single direction, in the hope he could wander out of the Black Desert before exhausting all of his nutrient solutions.

The silver fox didn't look comfortable under the sunlight. It still remained perched on Han Sen's shoulder, but it used its own tail as a shield or fluffy parasol to block the sunlight. It also yawned a lot.

"A shelter?" Han Sen saw a really large building in the middle of the black sands he traversed, which made him open his eyes wide.

Even if it wasn't a human shelter, and as long as it wasn't a super shelter, he could venture inside and obtain a new spirit. If he did that, he could teleport back to the Alliance and have a hot shower. He could rest, restock, and prepare himself once more.

Han Sen hurried his Golden Growler, wanting to approach the place faster. He keenly observed the shelter as he drew closer and closer. It was fairly small, so he became certain that it wasn't a super shelter. From how small it actually seemed, it didn't even seem royal shelter-sized. He assumed it was more likely a noble shelter.

But when he got closer, Han Sen began to feel a little disturbed. The shelter looked a little dishevelled and rugged. It didn't look to be in total ruin, but it most certainly looked like an ancient city that had been abandoned a long time ago.

"This cannot be an abandoned shelter. Oh, please, God... let the teleporter still be functional," Han Sen prayed in his heart.

As he got closer to the Yellowstone City, things were not as bad as they initially seemed. It was indeed a human shelter, and before the front gate, he noticed a giant parasol had been placed. Under the parasol was a sunbathing bench with a person lying on it.

There was a beautiful woman lying there.

She had nice long legs with short black hair. Her butt was firm and round like a peach, whose limelight was only stolen by her large boobies. Her waist was slim but solid, and you could espy a little muscle there.

In the middle of this boring black desert, Han Sen's eyes almost fell out at how amazing this sight was.

How could Han Sen see it so clearly?

Because the short-haired lady was naked, sunbathing on the bench in a relaxed posture.

"Are my eyes playing tricks? Am I suffering a hallucination, having been in the Black Desert too long? Maybe it really is a mirage!" Han Sen rubbed his eyes hard, wanting to confirm what he was seeing was actually true.

The Yellowstone City was still there. The parasol and the sunbathing bench were still there, as was the beautiful lady.

But Han Sen still did not believe it to be true. He put the Golden Growler back in the Sea of Soul and sped up his approach to the Yellowstone City. He ran there as fast as his legs could carry him.

As Han Sen got closer and closer, the image of the place he had discovered became clearer and clearer. It really did seem like a real place that existed.

"No way. Is this for real? There is no way I'm this lucky. It doesn't make sense to have a pretty, naked woman sunbathing here in the desert. This must be a hallucination; it must be! The Black Desert does not have a human shelter." Han Sen did not believe what he was seeing was actually true.

The beautiful woman lay in front of Han Sen, facing down. She wore sunglasses, and beside her was some juice and snacks. She appeared to be asleep.

"Hallucination! It has to be a hallucination!" Han Sen was now in front of the short-haired lady. He reached his hand out to grab the woman's bubble-butt to confirm the validity of his vision, and was surprised to feel that her skin was smooth and bouncy to the touch. He could even feel the sunscreen that had been rubbed in.

"Hm, maybe I was wrong. This does seem real!" Han Sen thought it felt really good, so he squeezed her butt some more.

A second later, however, the short-haired lady woke up. She turned her head in a sleepy fashion and said, "Little Orange, don't do that. I'm trying to sunbathe here."

When her eyesight came into focus, and she saw Han Sen with a hand still firmly clasped on her buttock, she completely froze.

They both locked gazes with each other for a few seconds before the woman snapped, which led to a scream echoing across the Black Desert.

# Chapter 734: Spirit?

Her beautiful legs were like two lashing dragons, attempting to capture Han Sen like a pair of scissors. They looked ready to cut him down right then and there.

Han Sen kept evading her capture and tried to plead with the woman, saying, "Lady, I have been wandering the Black Desert by myself for far too long. I thought I had encountered a mirage. I was only concerned with checking whether or not my eyes were playing tricks on me."

Although he wasn't telling her the whole truth, he was never going to admit how he actually enjoyed playing with her butt.

"I'm going to kill you!" The woman did not care for his words and continued trying to attack Han Sen.

"If you want to kill me, can you at least put on some clothes first?" Han Sen kept stepping backwards, talking to her. Things had gone a little haywire, and viewing her flailing naked body was getting a little awkward.

The woman froze and screamed once more. The next second, the woman summoned armor to clothe her body. She gritted her teeth and resumed her attempts to attack Han Sen.

"Lady, you must believe me! I am a soldier with ethics," Han Sen thought he had heard these words spoken somewhere before, and so he used them.

The woman continued as if she were both deaf and mad, and her attempts to attack Han Sen did not slow down.

"Lady, if you keep doing this, I will have to be rude. You won't be able to blame me for what happens next. It is daytime, and you were without clothes in public. Sunbathing or not, I am not the only person who would stop to admire you," Han Sen said.

"Screw your public. Aside from you, what other perverts might

be hiding around here, huh?" the lady spoke, amidst her frantic attempts to attack Han Sen.

Han Sen just now noticed there was no one else in the city. Aside from the short-haired lady, the local vicinity was entirely dead. Even after using dongxuan aura, he could not detect the presence of any other life forces in the area.

"There's only you here in this city?" Han Sen asked the woman while dodging and blocking her attacks.

The lady no longer answered him, and continued trying to attack Han Sen.

Han Sen's principles were simple; if he was able to explain a predicament first, he would. If he couldn't, fight first and talk later.

Han Sen then used one hand to grab the lady's leg and the other hand to grab her fist. Then he pulled and flipped her onto the ground.

The lady used her other hand to try to fight back against Han Sen. He grabbed the fist and pulled her arm behind her back. Then, he pulled out the platinum chain on his waist and tied her legs and arms together. After that, he picked her up in one arm.

"Asshole. Let me go!" The woman was very stubborn and was not keen to give up. She now tried to use her teeth to bite Han Sen, but from the way she was being held, she could not reach him despite her best attempts.

"When you calm down, I'll let you go." Han Sen continued to hold the lady who had been tied up. He picked up one of her beverages and started to drink it.

"Cool." Han Sen drank three of her beverages and belched loudly.

"You are an asshole; obscene and cheap. Don't touch my beverages!" The lady became even angrier as she watched Han Sen consume her drinks.

Han Sen ignored her and carried her into the city.

The city was desolate. The ruined remnants of old stone houses were all that was there. Dust and sand had caked much of the ruins, and it looked like no one had lived there for many years. There was no trace of occupation to be found.

Han Sen proceeded towards the plaza. A small shelter like this did not contain teleporters in ordinary rooms, only public ones in either the plaza or spirit hall.

The plaza wasn't very big, and the floor was comprised of many yellow tiles. It was rather clean there, as if someone had taken the time to clean up.

But when Han Sen saw the teleporter, he was disappointed. The teleporter appeared to be damaged and inoperable.

Han Sen walked deeper and deeper into the city, but found little more than lines of ruined houses, sand, and dust. The houses were only two stories tall, but there was a spirit hall. The spirit hall stood out amongst the rest, at four stories tall.

Han Sen walked before the spirit hall, and the woman suddenly appeared frightened and said, "Don't go in! Leave this place!"

"Why?" Han Sen noticed she finally appeared to be willing to talk, so he lowered his head to ask her.

"You can't go in there because you can't!" the short-haired woman said, as she gritted her teeth.

Han Sen noticed her resume talking nonsense and ignored her. He walked forward.

"Stop! Don't go in; there is a scary spirit in there!" the short-haired lady quickly shouted.

Han Sen lifted his lips and told her, "But it's such a small shelter. This is a noble shelter at the most, so what manner of scary spirit can possibly reside here? Besides, if there is one, how have you

managed to teleport in and out of this place?"

"There really is a spirit in there, and I have never left this place," the short-haired woman stressed.

"Pfff! Don't tell me those beverages came with you on a journey here." Han Sen was not buying her story.

When the short-haired lady heard that, she thought about Han Sen not only squeezing her butt, but also drinking the beverages she had held onto for so long. And the fact he drank three, all at once. Angrily, she said, "Yes! That is right, you big horny asshole! Give me back my beverages."

"Pfff!" Han Sen still did not believe her. Still carrying the woman, he approached the door and pushed it open.

Han Sen had already used his dongxuan aura to take a peek inside, but couldn't detect anything. Therefore, he believed she was lying.

"Don't go! There really is a scary spirit in there, and you'll regret stepping inside. Let me go and die inside there all alone; don't drag me down to hell with you!" The short-haired lady noticed he was ignoring her plights and warnings, so she did her best to persuade him not to open the door. She almost cried aloud.

The moment Han Sen stepped into the spirit hall, his heart jumped. A scary force approached him like a black shadow or a toxic snake.

Dong!

Han Sen held his Flaming Rex Spike horizontally and blocked the shadow-like snake. He saw what appeared to be an arm-thick, black chain wrap itself around his rex spike.

On the other side of the black chain, a person appeared to be holding it, clad in broken armor. He was impaled on a black pillar, and the chain he wielded led through his body and into the stone behind him.

The man looked pretty but cold, and he had long, narrow eyes. He had two fox ears in his long black hair. He coldly looked at Han Sen, as his long fingers clasped the other end of the chain

# Chapter 735: Little Orange

Dong!

The man yanked the chain, and a powerful force tugged Han Sen towards him. Han Sen was shocked, but he let go of the Flaming Rex Spike that had become entangled with the chain.

Han Sen summoned his Snow-Lady beast soul and combined with it, returning the rex spike as he did so.

The man lashed his black chain, which had split into a thousand smaller snakes that sought to latch onto Han Sen. If he didn't do something, he'd be covered in a legion of the slithering fiends.

"Oh no, I'm dead. Did you just want someone to die alongside you, so you didn't have to die alone? I have never had a boyfriend, and I have never had sex. I don't want to die yet!" The short-haired lady was still under Han Sen's arm, and seeing the black chains, she almost started to cry.

But then Han Sen moved his body. With the lady in-hand, he managed to weave and evade every single chain lash.

The attacker looked spooked, and so he lashed his chain again. The black chain that he wielded looked alive, and it turned into a toxic snake that tried to snap and bite Han Sen.

Han Sen ran between the chains, and no matter how frightening the weapon was, it could not touch him.

"I'm going to die! I'm going to die!" The short-haired lady felt like a passenger in a car, driving at top-speed along a cliffside. Any second, the car might tip and send her plummeting to the distant ground below. The short-haired lady's eyes were starting to water.

Han Sen had the skills to dodge the attacks, however; if the short-haired lady had been left to her own devices, she'd have been snatched up by the chain in an instant. But still, being held by Han Sen and having her life put entirely within his hands was more

terrifying than anything else imaginable.

Han Sen's face was starting to look gloomy, though, and he was already pushing his Dongxuan Sutra to the max. All he could do was continue to dodge the man's chain, and no matter how much he tried, he couldn't find a window of opportunity sufficient for him to make an exit.

"This is a super spirit, that's for sure. But why has it been locked up in here like this?" Han Sen pondered the peculiarity of spirit's situation, as he observed the hall in between his evasions of the attacks.

There was no statue in the hall, just one black pillar. There were two black chains that were each as thick as an arm. They were wielded by the spirit, yes, but they were attached to the pillar through exposed wounds in the man's chest.

The man had less than one meter leniency in movement, and the chain he used was one of the two that bound him to the pillar.

Han Sen used dongxuan aura but was unable to observe the man's energy.

Han Sen tried escaping six times, but his withdrawal was prohibited each time by the chain.

But still, the chain had yet to hit him, and Han Sen's continued evasion was fueled by his simulation of Light Son of God's energy flow through Dongxuan Sutra.

The fact that he was up against a chained-up super spirit began to grate on Han Sen, however. He believed he should have had more than what it took to defeat such a foe, and his inability to do so made him sulk. Still, he knew it would be best for him to try to escape right then, and so that was where he utilized his power.

Every time he attempted to flee, he was pulled back for some reason. He didn't feel anything, but the short-haired lady was in tears as if she was riding a rollercoaster.

She had screamed so much, she had now lost her voice. With a sobbing, tear-drenched face, all she could do was helplessly remain carried in Han Sen's arms.

Although he was unable to observe the man's energy flow, he could still memorize the pattern and methodology of how the man used the chain. If he learnt his chain skill and understood all his movements, he could escape the spirit hall without issue.

Fortunately, the spirit itself was chained to the pillar and unable to move. If it wasn't chained up, he wouldn't have concerned himself with fighting the spirit, and would have just summoned his little angel instead .

But battles such as this were very educational for Han Sen. He rarely encountered a weapon such as this, so viewing it was quite the surprise.

Han Sen was now getting quite excited. He almost forgot about the crying woman under his arm. His mind excitedly raced to find a way in which he might shatter the chain that was used against him.

After an hour of this, Han Sen finally managed to exit the hall. The spirit's full power was undoubtedly restricted by its binding.

"Why is that spirit chained up here? There is no statue or spirit stone here; it's pretty strange to say the least." Because he had no spirit stone, Han Sen had no particular interest in killing the spirit. Killing him did not provide Han Sen any benefit, and instead, it might only aid his attacker. If the spirit died, it would simply respawn at its own spirit stone, and it would not be trapped like it was now.

"You damn pervert; let me go!" The short-haired lady, whose face was painted with dried-up tear marks, felt her waist begin to hurt.

"Sorry; I forgot all about you." Han Sen only now remembered he was carrying a beautiful lady. He put her back and removed the

platinum chain he had used to bind her.

The short-haired lady tried to stand up, but her waist was very sore. Her whole body was feeling numb, too. She stood up halfway, but then stumbled and fell back into Han Sen's arms.

Han Sen helped her stand up straight, smiled, and said, "Lady, I know I am handsome but please slow down. There is no need to literally throw yourself into my arms. I am not willing to date just anyone. It is important that we get to know each other first."

"You go to hell!" The lady pushed Han Sen away and sat down on a stone stair, feeling somewhat crippled. She then began rubbing her sore waist.

Han Sen wanted to flirt with the lady for a bit longer and perhaps come to learn of what might have happened here. But suddenly, he felt a scary presence dawn someplace outside the city walls. It was moving quickly.

Han Sen seemed glum and looked out towards the city gate. He asked the short-haired woman, "Lady, aside from this spirit, do any other horrible creatures reside in the area?"

The short-haired lady did not answer. Han Sen heard loud footsteps, however, and then he saw a creature that looked like a cat. It looked like a cat, but it was as large as an elephant. It had orange fur and was stomping towards them.

Han Sen frowned. With the life force he could sense, he acknowledged it as a super creature.

"Little Orange, good timing! This big pervert has been trying to bully me; so get over here and kick his ass." The short-haired lady saw the super creature and suddenly looked overjoyed. She leapt onto the back of the cat and stroked its head. With a paw, it pointed towards Han Sen.

The creature used its big round eyes to look at Han Sen, and then let out a fearsome cry.

"Meow!"

# Chapter 736: A Shelter For One

Watching an extra large orange furball approach with haste, the silver fox that was still perched on Han Sen's shoulder moved before its master could.

The silver fox's hair all stood up, and a charge of silver light began to form across its pelt. With a fierce discharge, a silver thunderbolt struck the super creature that the short-haired lady referred to as Little Orange.

"Meow! Aaargh!" The shrill shriek of the cat, and the sharp scream of pain from the lady that mounted it, sounded at the same time. The hair of Little Orange all stood on end following the strike, and the hair of the short-haired lady looked as if it had been set ablaze. Unmoving, she fell from the back of the cat.

Little Orange, after its shock, blazed with anger and leapt towards Han Sen and the silver fox.

The silver fox did not wait a second, and it quickly dismounted its master's shoulder. It jumped into the air and fired more thunderbolts while airborne. The Little Orange once again reeled back, squealing in pain. But despite the pain it was suffering, it was in no mood to submit and yield just yet.

The silver fox was its primary target, and the cat did its best to snare the silver fox that repeatedly glided through the air, zipping back and forth.

Although Little Orange's speed was fairly impressive, it was not enough for it to nab the silver fox. Every time the silver fox evaded an attack, it zapped its foe.

The silver fox could not fly high, but it didn't have to. It only flew high enough that Little Orange was unable to grab it; it was frustrating for the cat, who oh-so desired the furry felon that outwitted it.

For Han Sen, it was an amusing sight. Although Little Orange was much larger than the silver fox, they were both juvenile super creatures. The cat looked like it had been born before the silver fox, but somehow, it seemed to be in alliance with the short-haired lady.

The short-haired lady was frozen while watching her cat get bullied. She was quite surprised earlier, when Han Sen managed to escape from the spirit hall without suffering harm. But now, she was even more surprised that the little pervert's silver fox pet could challenge her own. And the way it attacked was more of a fun-making tease, than anything.

"Birds of a feather, flock together!" The short-haired lady shouted aloud, despite the fear that started to encroach upon her mind.

When Zhou Yumei became an evolver and entered the Second God's Sanctuary, she never expected she would be sent to a dump like this.

Not a single human populated the region, and when she first came here, she witnessed a creature battling a spirit. That was how she made it out of the spirit hall upon her arrival, and that was how she also became stranded, here in no man's land.

Zhou Yumei was fortunate enough to meet Little Orange in the shelter. It did not treat her like an enemy, and it was really nice to her. The reason Zhou Yumei had managed to survive here was all down to Little Orange, as a matter of fact, who frequently went out to collect loot for her.

The flesh of the creatures it brought her was of the sacred-blood variety, which surprised Zhou Yumei a lot.

After being together for a long time, the bond between Zhou Yumei and Little Orange had become a strong one. They hunted together often, and she was able to witness how easily Little Orange slew such creatures.

But this powerful Little Orange of hers was now getting bullied under an oppressive little fox, and she was starting to grow a touch worried over its wellbeing.

Zhou Yumei turned to look at Han Sen with her concerned expression, but she was surprised to see him already walking closer. He wore a smile, and a horny glint twinkled in his eye as he returned her a gaze.

"What do you want? I'm warning you; I am a powerful evolver. Keep your hands to yourself and do not attempt anything stupid." Zhou Yumei asserted a battle position as she gave Han Sen her warning. Her proclamations of strength were untrue, however, and the feigned tone of power she tried to force did not work. She lacked the intimidation she desired.

After all, she had been easily restrained by Han Sen earlier, and now her greatest pillar of support—her pet Little Orange—was getting played with by the man's pet silver fox. It couldn't help her at all, despite its desire, and this started to make her panic.

"Let me ask you a few questions first. If your answers satiate my curiosity, I will forget that orange furball ever tried to attack me. Otherwise..." Before Han Sen finished his sentence, he laughed twice with a menacing tone.

"Otherwise what?" Zhou Yumei's heart was struck with a chill, after seeing Han Sen laugh.

"Since there are only the two of us here, whatever transpires between us can only be kept like so. If I am in a good mood, I will rape you and then kill you. If I am in a bad mood, I will kill you and then rape you. If my mood is ambivalent, then I'll just kill you while I rape you," Han Sen bluffed.

When Zhou Yumei heard him speak those words, her skin flared with goosebumps. She forced herself to present a cute smile and with a voice of pleading, she begged, "Oh, Big Brother! There is no need for you to do something like that. We are both humans, aren't

we? And in this grand Second God's Sanctuary, we were fortunate to cross paths. Our encounter has to be one of fate. We should help each other, not antagonize each other."

"What is your name?" Han Sen gave Zhou Yumei a deep stare as he asked.

"My name is Zhou Yumei. I hail from a poor family of minor prominence. I worked my hardest to become an evolver, and I cannot believe I ended up here in this place. Not a single other person exists here, and it seems like I cannot leave. I almost died here! Meeting you was a stroke of luck, indeed!" Zhou Yumei looked very pitiable right now.

"Put away the acting talent. You are very young and powerful to have joined the Second God's Sanctuary; you must have maxed out your sacred geno points to become an evolver. And you are saying you hail from a poor family?" Han Sen spoke with disdain.

Zhou Yumei presented an awkward smile and said, "Well, I'm alright. I'm poorer than most rich people, but I suppose I'm a little wealthier than most poor people."

"Just be honest with me; do you think I won't hesitate to strip you naked and throw you into the spirit hall?" Han Sen gave her a grim face as he told her this.

"Okay, Brother. I will tell you everything you wish to know," Zhou Yumei was spooked by Han Sen once again.

Han Sen was then quickly educated on who she was and the relationship she shared with Little Orange.

Zhou Yumei was quite something, and she was a councilman's child. Although there were many children in the Zhou family, not all possessed power. But being an evolver with maxed out sacred geno points, at such a young age, suggested she was quite powerful amongst the members of her family.

Han Sen then learned all about Zhou Yumei and Little Orange's

bond, which wasn't all too different from his with the silver fox. Such a thing was very rare, as creatures didn't often come to acknowledge humans as potential masters.

Little Orange was a second-generation super creature, and Han Sen knew this by observing its energy flow. The first-generation, its mother, must have been the creature she had witnessed battling the spirit. Who knew what had happened there.

Zhou Yumei then provided Han Sen with some intel about various landmarks of the encompassing area that interested him.

# Chapter 737: To Escape or Not to Escape

The silver fox continued playing with Little Orange, getting it to chase itself around and around.

While this was occurring, Han Sen lay down on Zhou Yumei's bench. He drank another one of her beverages, and at the same time, asked her questions that piqued his widespread curiosity.

Zhou Yumei's heart began to bleed when she witnessed Han Sen resume drinking her beverages. She had been saving them for half a year. But she had to concede and allow it and answer every question Han Sen posed.

One can after another, Han Sen drank. He had been traversing the desert for quite some time, and he had grown tired of the repetitive taste of nutrient solutions. Having long-fancied the taste of something else, he couldn't quite help himself from taking her drinks.

He had drunk so much that her coveted trove of drinks had now been depleted, and only one remained. When his devilish hands reached out to grab it, Zhou Youmei reached a breaking point. She could no longer restrain herself, and so she lunged out to grab the can. She quickly opened it and gulped it down in one large swig.

After she was done, it was as if it had instilled her with a renewed confidence. She chucked the can away, looked at Han Sen, and told him, "Do whatever you want to me; I would rather die with dignity!"

Han Sen took off the sunglasses he was wearing, which also belonged to Zhou Yumei, and looked at her face, which spoke of a willingness to accept death. Then he said, "Your dignity is equivalent to the worth of a soda can?"

Zhou Yumei's face went all red. She had been stuck in this place for the longest time, and the drink and snacks she had kept were a

suspension and fortification of her hope. Now, that had been ruined by Han Sen. That was why she could no longer hold her tongue and lashed out; but unfortunately for her, Han Sen had a quick-witted, forked tongue. The words made her regret saying anything.

Seeing Zhou Yumei hold her own tongue once more, Han Sen hopped off the bench. This shocked Zhou Yumei. She took a few steps backward and asked, "What are you doing?"

"What? Must I report my comings and goings to you or something?" Han Sen smiled at Zhou Yumei.

"No... you aren't... what?" Zhou Yumei's tongue tangled itself, tripping her words. She looked happy.

"If you really want to die, I can aid you in accomplishing this desire," Han Sen said.

"No; you commit to your own deeds. I can take care of that myself." Zhou Yumei was starting to talk nonsense.

Han Sen ignored her, for she was just a young woman. He only wanted to tease her, not outright bully her.

"Pervert. Horny bastard. Asshole. Animal. Obscene. Cheap." Watching Han Sen enter the city, and end up a good distance away from her, Zhou Yumei spoke as many profanities about him as she could.

Zhou Yumei was a little depressed. The shelter was far too small, and if she had to remain here with the horny bad guy, problems were bound to occur at some point.

"I'm so young and sexy. I have a great figure. There is no way that bad guy will refrain from touching me. Should I escape into the desert now? But then again, I have no idea where I am or where I might go. And there are so many creatures out there, it'd be dangerous. If I don't escape, the holy temple of my body will be desecrated by that bad guy." Zhou Yumei struggled with the

decision.

The silver fox eventually got tired of running around, and it ended up taking a rest on the city's gate. It looked down on Little Orange, which was still down below, meowing at him.

Little Orange had grown tired too, and despite its meowing, it didn't bother jumping up. Whether it was too tired or simply understood its inability to ever catch the silver fox, she didn't know.

"The pet is just like the master. All it does is infuriate others; they are both just as bad as each other," Zhou Yumei thought to herself, as she peered at the silver fox that was resting above the gate. She was mad.

She didn't want to provoke it, however, as she had seen and felt first-hand how powerful the silver fox was.

And so, she still contemplated whether or not she should escape. It was almost sunset by now, and she couldn't come to a decision.

If Han Sen was an ugly bastard, Zhou Yumei would have already run off a long time ago. But the guy was fairly handsome, and quite clean. He didn't look all too scary or villainous, and that was the reason she refrained from running away the moment he left her.

"Strange; what is he doing in the city, anyway? Why has he been in there for so long?" Zhou Yumei suddenly realized he had been in there for a whole afternoon and wondered why he had not yet emerged.

She knew all about the city and she knew there was nothing particularly special about the place. All that was there was a well that could provide water.

She then believed Han Sen had gone off in search of water and felt relieved at his disappearance. She feared if he returned, he might hurt her. The time she had spent contemplating her decision of whether or not to stay had made her oblivious to Han

Sen's disappearance up until now, as well.

But now she started to worry for him. He had been gone for an entire afternoon, after all.

"Hey! Are you in there?" Zhou Yumei called out from the outside.

"What is he doing in there?" Zhou Yumei bit her lip and tip-toed into the city. She sleuthed around carefully in search of him, so she could maybe catch a look at what he had gotten up to during his absence.

But after walking around for some time, she couldn't find him.

"That's strange. Where did he go? Has he left this place?" Zhou Yumei mumbled these words beneath her breath, which made her feel a little strange.

As she was doing this, it was too late for her to notice. She tripped over something and ended up on the ground.

"Ouch!" Zhou Yumei cried out in pain. When she raised her head, she noticed Han Sen standing right in front of her. In one hand, he held a cake. In the other, a freshly-brewed beverage.

She also noticed he had changed his clothes, and his hair was damp. His body exuded a pleasant body wash fragrance—he had been in the shower!

On his back was a rucksack, stuffed to the brim with more snacks and drinks.

"Where did you get all that from?" Zhou Yumei asked, with eyes opened wide.

"I bought it, of course. How else would I get it?" Han Sen gave her a look as if he was witnessing the feverish question of a mad woman.

"No, that's not what I meant. Where did you buy all this from?" Zhou Yumei quickly asked.

"I bought it from a vending machine. Where else could I buy

them?" Han Sen returned a question.

Zhou Yumei believed she was going insane. Without a care for how powerful he was, she grabbed Han Sen's arm and asked, "You can leave this place?"

"Well, duh. How else could I have bought such stuff?" Han Sen smiled.

"How did you get out? Isn't there a spirit guarding the teleporter?" Zhou Yumei asked with giddy excitement.

"I just walked." After Han Sen said this, he shook off her hand and called for the silver fox. He fed it a Geno Creation pill.

"Hey, handsome; can you take me for a walk, as well?" Zhou Yumei got closer to Han Sen, and held his shoulder, twirling cutely.

# Chapter 738: Twin-Tail Purple Scorpion

"No." Han Sen pushed her away and went back to lie down on the bench.

"Why? I can pay you!" Zhou Yumei quickly suggested.

"It's because I can't; that's why," Han Sen replied coldly.

"You..." Zhou Yumei quickly got angry, wishing she could just bite Han Sen. But she knew she couldn't compete with him, despite her desire for him to escort her out of that place.

"Big Brother, if I offended you earlier—in any capacity—it was because of how young and reckless I was back then. Could you find it in your heart to forgive me?" Zhou Yumei held onto the urge to try to strangle Han Sen. She hovered around him in a cute pose, smiling fondly towards him as she spoke.

"Okay, I forgive you." Han Sen nodded.

"Brilliant! Then come on, let's go. I'll pay you back once we're free from this place. When should we head out?" Zhou Yumei had been driven slightly mad, after being here all alone for so long.

Humans desired and required social correspondence, and they always lived together. She, however, had been stuck in this place for over a year all by herself. If it wasn't for the presence of Little Orange, she would most likely have been driven completely insane. Although her initial encounter with Han Sen had been a bad one, her desire for contact with someone else—no matter who that was—overcame her wrath. That was why she had made the decision to stay.

She was afraid of being alone once more, and even if it was with a bad person or a person she would incessantly argue with, it was better than being alone.

"I told you I forgave you, didn't I? I didn't say I'd take you out of this place," Han Sen calmly told her.

"You... what do you want?" Zhou Yumei almost fainted in anger, and her finger trembled as she pointed it at Han Sen.

"Nothing. I just don't want to commit to the effort of getting you out of here," Han Sen told her, drinking his beverage.

Saving people was a good thing, but it was more often than not a troublesome task. If he brought Zhou Yumei out with him now, the Zhou family would most likely be made aware of the connection he had with her.

If he didn't bring Zhou Yumei, perhaps the Zhou family would hate him for it. If Han Sen tried escorting her away, and something was to happen to her while she was in his hands, the Zhou family would be out for his blood, too.

Perhaps the Zhou family would be understanding, but with what he had recently been embroiled in, he wanted to be more careful. He would rather have her see him as a bad guy, than end up in trouble.

If Zhou Yumei followed him, he would have liked to bring her along. If something did happen through such a circumstance, perhaps the Zhou family would not treat him as a foe.

Zhou Yumei was fuming mad, but she knew there was nothing she could do. She couldn't beg, fight, or do anything for him.

Suddenly, Zhou Yumei's eyes drifted to the snacks Han Sen had brought with him. She suddenly grabbed the bag and ran. While she ran off she said, "You drank all my beverages; this is payment for that!"

Zhou Yumei quickly jumped on top of Little Orange and presented Han Sen with an ugly face. She pulled the drinks and snacks out of the rucksack and shouted to Han Sen, "Since you aren't going to make an effort to bring me away from this place, I'm going eat all the snacks envisioning they are you!"

Zhou Yumei imagined the snacks were Han Sen, and so she

ripped, tore, and bit into them to release her anger.

It had been a long time since she last ate and drank like that. Once her belly had been stuffed and she couldn't eat anymore, she went to sleep atop Little Orange.

When Zhou Yumei next woke up, she noticed Han Sen and the silver fox were gone. She thought Han Sen had returned to the Alliance for a while and would come back shortly, but after he had disappeared for a whole day, she began to get worried.

Han Sen had previously asked her what points of interests there were in the area, and she had informed him of a black mountain that wasn't too far off. That mountain was inhabited by a strange Twin-Tail Purple Scorpion. It was a creature that even Little Orange was afraid of, and was most likely a fearsome super creature.

When Han Sen heard of a lonely super creature out there, he had shown a feverish desire to slay it. If it was a second-generation super creature, that would have been the icing on the cake he very much desired.

According to the directions Zhou Yumei gave him, Han Sen had to walk one hundred miles to just about see the mountain in the distance. The mountain did not have a sharpened peak, and was more like a rolling mountain range. It was strange to see mountains lined up like so, out in a place such as that.

Han Sen rode his Golden Growler towards the mountain, and with the silver fox by his side, all the other creatures that inhabited the area hid. The creatures he did see, however, were not grouped as he expected.

The Black Desert was very unique in this aspect, as most of the creatures that inhabited this place tended to be alone.

It wasn't long before he began his ascent of the black mountains. He managed to detect the life force he had been searching for and

hurried his Golden Growler up the slopes. Eventually, he laid eyes on the Twin-Tail Purple Scorpion, which he found wandering the foothills of the mountain. It was fervently digging into the sand.

There were many black rocks in the hole it dug, and it was a trying task for it to remove them. The Twin-Tail Purple Scorpion was one meter deep, but Han Sen could not guess what it may have been searching for.

Han Sen wanted to observe the twin-tail scorpion's strange behavior for a little while longer, so he did not summon his little angel to immediately attack the fiend. For a better view, he climbed atop a ten meter tall boulder and then resumed watching the scorpion digging up the rocks. He had become quite keen.

While watching, he opened his gene lock with the Dongxuan Sutra to observe its energy flow and assert whether or not it was a second-generation super creature as he had hoped it to be.

Han Sen was disappointed, however. The energy inside the scorpion was all blurred, and he could not watch the energy flow properly, which meant it was only a first-generation super creature.

Since it was only a first-generation super creature, all he could hope for by defeating it was a beast soul. The Life Geno essences weren't useful to him, and only fronted a monetary value.

Han Sen didn't want to sell too many Life Geno essences, either, as they tended to make others jealous. The entire Alliance was currently focusing on him like starved beggars admiring a spit roast. Unsure of what others were thinking, Han Sen thought it was best to maintain as low a profile as possible.

"Let's see if I can get a beast soul, at least." Han Sen stared at the twin-tail scorpion, knowing that the chances of obtaining a beast soul were low no matter which way it was cut. He had calculated that, even with his own luck, the drop-rate for a beast soul was only around fifty percent.

But Han Sen was still quite curious, and he was keen to learn what the scorpion was doing. It continued to dig into the black rocks beneath, and by now, it had dug three meters into the ground without slowing down.

"Is this guy a little too thirsty, maybe? Perhaps it's trying to get some water?" Han Sen said this in half jest, because he knew that super creatures did not need to eat or drink to survive.

Only certain special super creatures or pregnant super creatures would occasionally eat. But even still, he had never seen them drink water.

"What is it doing?" Han Sen had a strange feeling while observing this.

# Chapter 739: Dark Silkworm

Han Sen watched the scorpion for a while as it continued to dig. It kept on digging until it vanished from sight, and all Han Sen could see was the remaining presence of a hole.

Han Sen summoned his wings and flew up high to get an aerial view of the hole. Upon inspection, he noted that the hole was a dozen meters deep and it eventually opened up into a cave or cavern of sorts.

"There has to be something special down there." Han Sen was surprised, and so he summoned his super armor and ventured inside with his silver fox in hand.

Once he had dropped down into the cave, he noticed the presence of an opening in one of the walls. He ventured closer to have a look and what he saw surprised him.

There was a further cavern inside, one that was massive. He couldn't even begin to predict how large it was. It was decorated in bamboo-like fauna and flora, many of which reached up to the cavern's ceiling. It was an incredible sight.

The twin-tailed scorpion was inside, snapping the bamboo-like plants. The shoots were hollow inside, but many of them contained big white bugs, not too dissimilar to silk worms. They were only about ten centimeters long, but they looked juicy and fat.

The scorpion ate the white bugs and bamboo together, which produced an echoing munching sound.

"Are those white bugs creatures, by any chance? If the scorpion is eating, that most likely means it is pregnant." Han Sen reviewed the situation and asked himself a number of questions.

The bamboo and the white bugs in the cave were eaten in droves by the hungry scorpion. Eventually, it looked to be full and wanted

to leave, and so it started to return in Han Sen's direction.

Han Sen quickly made his exit and evaded the scorpion's sight. It wasn't long before the scorpion itself re-emerged, and when it did, it went up the mountain.

Han Sen did not give the scorpion chase. If it really was pregnant, he knew it'd be a waste to kill it now. He much preferred the idea of waiting until it had given birth before slaying it and the baby.

But Han Sen still had a strong interest in the bamboo he had observed down below, and the white bugs they seemed to contain. He waited until the scorpion was long gone and then, with a command for the silver fox to stand guard, ventured back inside. He didn't want to risk having the scorpion return and corner him.

There were many bamboo-looking plants in the cavern, and they were about thirty centimeters in diameter. Many of them had already been snapped in two by the scorpion, followings its visit, so there was a lot strewn across the ground. This included many of the white bugs the scorpion had missed.

The white bugs were pale and semi-translucent, and you could see the blood vessels inside them.

The bugs that were on the ground were wriggling around. They tried slithering back into the broken bamboo shoots, but they had some difficulty.

They couldn't enter the perfect bamboo.

Han Sen picked up a broken shoot of bamboo and tried to crush it in his hands but could not. He had to amp up his strength and exhaust all the power he could to eventually do so.

"That's some tough bamboo." Han Sen threw the bamboo on the floor and then summoned his peacock crossbow. He loaded it with a z-steel bolt and fired it at one of the bugs that was trying to crawl its way into one of the broken bamboo ends.

The z-steel bolt pierced through the white bug's body, which

made it squeal and release a white fog. The temperature began to drop, and the little area around the bug got all frosty. The bug then froze, as if it had just been taken out of the freezer.

"Mutant Creature Hunted: Dark Silkworm. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of mutant geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

The voice rang in Han Sen's head, which surprised Han Sen. "It's a mutant creature, but how can a mutant creature release frosty air? This is strange. I thought only super creatures could wield elemental attacks."

Han Sen was curious, and so he summoned his Flaming Rex Spike to kill more of the silkworms on the ground. Over and over, the announcement continued to pop.

When the Dark Silkworms were killed, they each let out a frosty air. The creatures were weak and unable to fight, so Han Sen was able to hack them up casually and without worry.

"Mutant Creature Hunted: Dark Silkworm. The beast soul has been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of mutant geno points, ranging from zero to ten." After Han Sen hunted thirty silkworms, he finally heard the announcement that indicated ownership of a Dark Silkworm.

Han Sen then quickly looked up the beast soul's info, keen to learn what type it was.

Mutant Dark Silkworm: One-Time Use Hidden Weapon

Han Sen was pleasantly surprised, as it had been a long time since he had last seen a one-time use beast soul. It was rare to find hidden weapon beast souls, and he wondered which one that might have been.

Han Sen summoned the mutant Dark Silkworm, which sprouted a big, white, and fat bug on the palm of Han Sen's hand. It was rather heavy.

He looked at it for a while, unsure of what it did. After some thought, he threw it at the cavern wall.

Pang!

The fat bug hit the wall and exploded. It unleashed a heavy, white mist. The fog's radius was about a meter, and the stone wall it had been thrown upon was caked in a layer of ice.

"This is interesting." Han Sen was rather shocked while looking at it. It was just a mutant class beast soul, yet it could unleash a certain frosty power. This was not normal at all.

"I wonder if there are any sacred-blood class Dark Silkworms here? If I can get a sacred-blood class Dark Silkworm, it might come in handy."

Han Sen killed all the silkworms he could see but was mildly disappointed to learn that each one was a mutant class variant. No matter how many he killed, it didn't seem as if sacred-blood types existed.

There were sixty dead silkworms on the floor by now, and after a moment of thinking, he used the Flaming Rex Spike to strike the bamboo. He watched how many of the silkworms came flying out of the bamboo.

After killing a hundred more of the wriggly silkworms, he managed to obtain another two mutant beast souls. But still, no sacred-blood types.

"Never mind. Let me pack up the ones I've already killed and vacate the area. If I dry them up and grind them into powder, people who eat them will be able to increase their mutant geno points with ease. That's not too bad." Han Sen used a bag to collect the hundred frozen silkworm bodies and turned around to go outside and dry them.

There were many silkworms in that subterranean forest, and there seemed to be at least ten of them in every single shoot of

bamboo. If he wanted to harvest them all, he couldn't imagine how long that might have taken.

Han Sen planned to temporarily give up killing the silkworms, wanting to wait until the scorpion came back, ate its fill, and gave birth. Once the scorpions had been dealt with, Han Sen had the idea of returning here to harvest and collect the rest of the silkworms, free from possible intrusion.

After Han Sen picked up all the silkworms he had killed, Han Sen suddenly heard a noise come from deeper within the bamboo forest. It seemed that something was emerging from further within.

# Chapter 740: Ice Silkworm

Han Sen put away his energy and immediately retreated, and then used his Jadeskin to unlock his gene lock.

Although Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin were comparable after opening the gene lock, there were still some notable differences. Jadeskin also focused on enhancing the seventh sense, although although it wasn't as detailed as the Dongxuan Sutra, it had a greater range. The range of the Dongxuan Sutra's enhancement to the seventh sense was limited to the length of the dongxuan aura.

Han Sen scanned the bamboo forest with alertness, as if he had activated god mode. With his senses, he was able to determine that something was traveling towards him at a rapid pace. It was currently three miles away, but that distance was sure to close fast.

Han Sen could sense its approximate size, and deduced it was around the size of an average household cat. Its shape was circular, like the grubs he had just harvested. What it wasn't, was slow. Unlike said bugs, what was coming towards him was very fast. Like a mad rabbit, it came running.

"Is it a sacred-blood Dark Silkworm?" The thought of this made Han Sen quite happy.

As time ticked by, the unseen menace closed the gap between them. When it emerged, Han Sen was finally able to see that it was an extra-large grub. Its body glistened like ice. A frost aura encompassed it, and it left a trail of ice in its wake.

Han Sen switched his gene lock over to Dongxuan Sutra and took a reading of the icy fiend that had approached. Its lifeforce was far stronger than mutant, and was indeed most likely a sacred-blood class silkworm.

The happiness in Han Sen's heart had taken root, and so he retrieved his peacock crossbow and loaded it with a z-steel bolt. He

took aim at the bamboo forest, and when it was close enough, he'd pull the trigger and swiftly end its life. More than anything, he wanted to see if there was a beast soul to be obtained from it.

As the distance between Han Sen and the ice silkworm got smaller and smaller, however, he started to feel as if something wasn't quite right. The closer it came, the stronger the lifeforce of the silkworm became. It soon exceeded the measure of any sacred-blood creature he had dealt with before.

"Is it a super creature?" Han Sen's face changed. He scanned it multiple times to gain a more accurate reading, but it still left him as puzzled as ever. It was definitely not a super creature.

"Berserk sacred-blood, perhaps?" Han Sen squinted his eyes. He rarely encountered berserk sacred-blood creatures out in the wild, so he was surprised at his discovery of one here, of all places.

Watching the ice silkworm draw nearer and nearer, it had now come within one thousand meters of Han Sen. He refocused his peacock crossbow, but then heard more noises from the bamboo forest.

Rustle! Rustle!

It now seemed like an entire choir of creatures were frantically racing through the forest. At this, Han Sen's face changed. Now, he was seeing a large number of icy silkworms emerge from somewhere in the bamboo woods. From his quick, initial tally, he managed to count a hundred of them.

"Impossible! How can there be so many berserk sacred-blood creatures in one spot?" Han Sen was rightfully shocked. They didn't frighten him, as he knew they were of no match for him—he just thought the number of them was scary.

Han Sen could accept the presence of a dozen sacred-blood creatures, but berserk sacred-blood creatures were far rarer. The ratio of sacred-blood to berserk sacred-blood was somewhere in the

ballpark of 100:1. But now, berserk sacred-blood creatures were emerging as a massive group. If there were that many berserk sacred-blood creatures, then there had to be thousands of ordinary sacred-blood silkworms someplace in the area, as well.

Still, such an occurrence had to be impossible.

The ice silkworms he was currently sensing were stronger than most sacred-blood creatures. The strength of their energy flow was not too far off the blood-horned shura he had encountered not too long ago.

One silkworm was ahead of the rest, and the gap between it and Han Sen was now under five hundred meters. He pulled out his peacock crossbow, took aim, and pulled the trigger.

Instead of guessing, Han Sen wanted to kill one and find out the truth.

The hardlight string moved and the z-steel bolt took flight. It was like a beam of light, traveling five hundred meters in the blink of an eye. It pierced through the ice silkworm's body and pinned it to the ground.

Han Sen was delightfully surprised, thinking the silkworms were easier to kill than he initially imagined they would be. If it was a berserk sacred-blood creature, he expected it would be able to react or even evade the bolt. But it didn't; it was struck and it died, simple as that.

"Mutant Creature Hunted: Dark Silkworm. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of mutant geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

Han Sen suddenly froze with his jaw agape. He was like that for quite a bit.

"This isn't right. That can't be right. How can that be a mutant silkworm? How can a mutant-class creature possess such a high lifeforce?" Han Sen couldn't believe the fat ice silkworm was the

same creature as the Dark Silkworms from earlier.

But the announcement in his head could not be incorrect. It was a rule of the world he inhabited. If it said he killed a mutant creature, then he did indeed kill a mutant creature.

Seeing more and more silkworms approach, Han Sen ran ahead to kill them all. They were mutant-class Dark Silkworms, same as the ones he had killed inside and outside the bamboo shoots earlier.

Han Sen was perplexed, and not yet able to think of a reason why their bodies would be so vastly different. The lifeforce in their bodies was far stronger, and there was no discernible reason why these mutant creatures could possess such strength.

"This isn't right. It really isn't right! This is strange. It's crazy. These things are weird. How can the silkworms inside the bamboo breathe ice, too? Even sacred-blood creatures can't do something like that. There must be an external force affecting these little icy blobs, one that I have not yet been made aware of. Whatever it is, it's imbuing them with frightening strength." Han Sen killed the hundred big silkworms that approached and managed to obtain one additional beast soul.

Han Sen quickly summoned it to take a look. Its definition was the same, but its physical appearance was different. The head was bigger and the body was practically ice.

Han Sen threw it at a wall like before to check it out. It was much more powerful than the others, and the icy fog it unleashed had a radius of three meters. The frosty air itself was far more powerful, too.

"If they are both mutant Dark Silkworms, why is there such a clear difference between the two? If I killed baby ones earlier, and mature ones just now, it shouldn't affect the beast soul I just received. Beast souls do not factor in the age of a creature. This mystery is getting deeper; I wonder, what is the cause for this

curious anomaly?" Han Sen observed the bamboo stalks with a bewildered face and inquisitive heart.

"I have to examine and analyze this further. I need to go deeper and I need to find out what is affecting these strange silkworms. Silkworms have great genes, but it is a large race and they cannot all be mutant-class, surely. There have to be ordinary ones out there, too. The fact that all these are mutant-class Dark Silkworms is nigh unbelievable." Han Sen pondered the matter a little more, but then decided to hail for the silver fox to come down and join him. With the silver fox, he traveled deeper into the bamboo forest.

In fear of the silver fox, all the silkworms went into hiding. If they couldn't escape, they'd hide in their bamboo shoots and shiver, which even made the stalks themselves quiver, producing noise like the rustle of leaves in the wind.

# Chapter 741: Ice Lake

The subterranean bamboo forest was enormous, but it had no stone pillar or significant stalagmites to support it. Supporting this humongous cavern was the bamboo itself, as the countless bamboo shoots rose from the ground and supported the ceiling.

Han Sen had traveled thirty miles through this subterranean kingdom, but he had yet to see an end. It looked mostly the same, as well; the only difference he noticeed was in the temperature. The deeper he went, the lower the temperature seemed to tick.

The thickets of black bamboo all around him grew denser, and after another fifty miles, the bamboo stalks were as thick as the trunks of trees.

Frost covered the ground and the temperature had dropped to what would be an insufferable level for most people. Han Sen proceeded, unfazed and unchilled, and it wasn't long before he ventured into a wholly ice-veiled area. The bamboo there was thicker than ever, and it would take three grown men, with their arms outstretched, to circle just one shoot.

"If there are Dark Silkworms in here, I wonder how big they are?" Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to investigate but could not see through the black bamboo to tell whether or not there were silkworms inside.

Deeper in this wondrous bamboo forest, however, Han Sen managed to detect one particular lifeforce. This force was like a babbling brook of spring water, and he was curious what manner of creature would possess such an enticing lifeforce.

Han Sen approached it with moderate alertness and strode through the bamboo forest with a little more care and caution. He came across an empty meadow amidst the bamboo shoots.

The meadow was skirted by the thick bamboo, but not a single

one of the shoots grew atop the field.

Despite possessing Jadeskin, this frosty area and the icy lifeforce that swirled around it had Han Sen shivering with the cold. The energy he had followed was strange, indeed.

As he drew closer to the sparse meadow, Han Sen's eyes remained fixed upon it in deep observation and contemplation. It was thickly iced and in the center was a chilly—but not totally frozen—lake. In the lake, a plant that looked like a narcissus rested. The flowers were white.

Han Sen had seen his fair share of strange flora before, and although the narcissus was strange to see there, it didn't stand out or even unnerve him.

If there was a super creature guarding the narcissus, Han Sen would be glad.

But that wasn't so, as he couldn't espy the presence of any super creatures around the lake. What Han Sen did see, however, was a man sitting beside the still waters. He stared at the narcissus without moving, and this surprised Han Sen.

Han Sen could tell that he was a human due to his attire; he was wearing a human battlesuit. Creatures and spirits wouldn't wear what this man was currently geared in.

"Why are there other people here?" Han Sen used dongxuan aura to observe the fellow and the results surprised him. He had quite the lifeforce, one that was far from weak.

This place having an actual living person surprised Han Sen, as he believed himself to be the first person to ever set foot here. After all, the only entrance he knew of was the one that the twin-tail scorpion had made. But it wasn't as if he had reached the end of this place, and perhaps further ahead was another more accessible entrance.

"Friend, what is your name?" Han Sen carefully walked across the

ice and tried greeting the man.

Provided there was no conflict of interest, Han Sen was not willing to make another enemy. After all, meeting others of the same kind in a place such as the Black Desert was a delightful thing. And even a simple correspondence or dialogue with someone of your own kind was nice enough.

The man did not respond to Han Sen, though, and it looked as if he was sleeping. Of course, Han Sen couldn't properly tell, as the man was facing away from him and toward the narcissus. His position was set to suggest he had been observing them, but with his back towards Han Sen, he couldn't quite be sure. Neither could he wholly deduce what the person looked like.

"Friend, I come without cause for alarm. I mean you no harm and have found myself wandering here of my own accord and curiosity. Would you like to have a chat? If not, I'll be happy to move along." Han Sen continued talking as he approached the man.

Still, there was no response. He didn't turn around or give any reaction. All he did was continue gazing at the narcissus in the lake.

Han Sen continued his approach, despite the lack of engagement from the other person. By now, it was starting to be a little unnerving, and Han Sen felt as if something wasn't quite right.

Han Sen got closer but did not go near the man. He didn't approach him head on, and instead walked around him a bit, so he could get a look at him from the side.

When he saw him more clearly, Han Sen was shocked—it wasn't a living man. The man's clothing was fine, but the body inside had been frozen solid. It was like an ice statue.

The fact that only his flesh had been frozen was strange, indeed. His clothing didn't even have a speck of frost upon them. Also, he

did not understand why the lifeforce inside him seemed to swirl and suggest that he was a living person.

Han Sen's face quickly became grim. The man before him wore a battlesuit, but its model was something that hailed from the previous century. It seemed to be a relic from over a hundred years ago.

"How can this man be frozen here? Is he dead or alive?" Han Sen's heart had been given a shock, and as he inspected the person, he noticed something in his pocket.

Judging from its shape, it appeared to be a notebook or wallet. Han Sen came a little closer and attempted to take it out of the pocket, as he was direly interested in a clue that would tell him who this person was.

Suddenly, Han Sen's heart leapt inside his chest and the silver fox on his shoulder stood up in alarm. Its hair was all standing up, and it made grunts of caution towards the water of the lake.

Han Sen retreated without falter and stared at the frosty lake.

Splash!

The water in the lake suddenly arose into a thousand airborne threads—with Han Sen as the target.

Han Sen attempted to evade them, but the crystal threads were faster than Han Sen was. He summoned his Flaming Rex Spike and swung it towards the crystal threads that came towards him.

Pang!

The Flaming Rex Spike smacked against the threads like burning charcoal tossed into water. Many of the icy threads evaporated into steam, but there were too many, and they came from every direction. They quickly wrapped around Han Sen and became entangled like a spider web.

Han Sen felt as if a frosty air was beginning to invade his body.

There were too many threads, and no matter how much he swung his Flaming Rex Spike, the threads he smacked weren't enough. More and more threads wreathed their way around him, draining him of warmth.

It wasn't long before the threads had wrapped him up completely, encasing him in a cocoon of sorts. His hands were tied up and he could no longer lash out with the Flaming Rex Spike.

The silver fox wasn't doing very well, either. He kept blasting the threads with his silver lightning as much as he could. It did nothing to end their unceasing advance.

# Chapter 742: A Shocking Discovery

Boom!

A black smoke burst from Han Sen's body like fire. It instantly incinerated the icy threads that had trapped him. The Flaming Rex Spike in his hand was swung madly towards the remainder, burning more threads into steamy bygones.

"Silver fox, this way!" Han Sen shouted at the silver fox, and it quickly returned to his shoulders. Without delay, Han Sen got back to swinging his rex spike with ferocity at the icy threads. He ran in front of the frozen man and quickly grabbed something out of his pocket. He turned, knocked out more of the threads, and hastily retreated in the direction of the bamboo forest.

The threads still coursed after Han Sen, and regardless of how many he destroyed, more and more were generated by the icy lake. They were endless.

The blazing fire of the Flaming Rex Spike was the perfect countermeasure to obliterating those he could strike down. And fortunately, the Devil Unicorn beast soul was able to withstand the threads he could not react to in time. Without too much trouble, he was able to keep them at bay as he advanced towards the forest.

Once he was inside the bamboo forest, the threads no longer followed, and the stringy, frosty hairs returned to the lake.

"It's lucky I had the Devil Unicorn beast soul. Who knows what might have happened, had I not. Even if I summoned the little angel, I am unsure whether or not she could withstand those things." Han Sen pondered what he had just encountered, as he had no idea what the living ice threads were.

Han Sen looked out towards the lake for a while but nothing seemed disturbed. Then, he lowered his head to take a look at what he was clutching in his hands.

Han Sen had taken a wallet out of the man's pockets, and it had many cards inside. They looked very old, too. They were much bigger than modern cards, and thicker. They weren't as light as the current cards were, where a hundred of them could be folded together and still be really thin.

There were thirty of the cards, and their thickness and number filled up the entire wallet.

"It looks like that man really was over a hundred years old. It's possible that he spawned in a shelter somewhere in the Black Desert, stumbled into this place as I have, and fell prey to the icy threads." Han Sen observed the cards and contemplated the identity and possible story of the frozen man he had found.

They were old cards, and aside from some cards that belonged to a few interstellar banking firms, Han Sen had no idea what the majority of them were for.

Suddenly, Han Sen's pupils went smaller. He found a card which bore a familiar symbol.

"Nine-Life Cat." Han Sen was shocked, not expecting to see this symbol here. That meant this man who had died near the lake may have been a member of their organization.

"It looks like that organization has been around for a long time. Does it really have a connection with Blood Legion?" Han Sen continued to examine the rest of the cards.

Then, Han Sen's eyes stretched wide.

Within the cards was a working license, and on the front was something he saw clearly.

"Secret Service, Team #7. Investigator: Qin Huaizhen"

This working license was the exact same as a relic Han Sen once received after someone died. The only difference being the name.

"Qin Huaizhen... could he be from the Qin family?" Han Sen

remembered Qin Xuan once told him she had an elder who worked in the secret service's seventh team.

Han Sen gave a strange look to the man who was sitting near the lake. If he was a member of the Qin family, what may have led him to die all the way out here?

"Wait a minute... is he really dead? He still has a powerful lifeforce swirling inside him. It's not something you can fake, so, is he really dead?" Han Sen looked hopeful while staring at the man.

Han Sen wanted to know what might have happened to the seventh team. If that man really was an elder of the Qin family, and he was still alive, Han Sen was keen to finally learn the truth.

With great interest, Han Sen turned his whole body towards the man on the lake. There was a big chance he was still alive, and cryogenic technology had matured quite a bit even back then. Many people went into cryogenic sleep to be defrosted and awoken sometime in the future. It wasn't a difficult process.

But it required modern technology. Straight-up freezing yourself dealt tremendous damage to the body, and simple defrosting rarely led to survival.

Han Sen did not know if the man could survive after being defrosted. There were no tools readily available for him, and he'd have to bring him back to the Alliance if he wanted to guarantee his survival.

Han Sen thought it over quite a bit, but then settled on returning to the lake. He really wanted to know what had happened to the seventh team, and it looked as if this might be his best and only chance. After all, almost all members of the seventh team had died. Finding one of them who was half-alive was too good of an opportunity to let pass by.

Han Sen emerged from the bamboo forest again, and he was greeted with the sudden reappearance of the icy threads. But to

Han Sen, who owned three super creatures, they could do little to stop him.

Han Sen annihilated the threads and arrived at the shore of the lake without trouble. As he went to pick up the man, he suddenly heard the sound of an explosion from the waters of the lake. Amidst the soaking turmoil and tossed water, a jellyfish-like creature arose from the waters.

Under its control, the water of the lake threaded once more and viciously went after Han Sen. In addition to the icy threads, the jellyfish's tentacles now also joined the fray.

With the Flaming Rex Spike and Devil Unicorn, Han Sen was able to withstand and repel the icy threads well enough, but his movement was restricted quite a bit. After slashing a number of threads, however, a crystal tentacle writhed its way around Han Sen to ensnare him.

Han Sen felt his waist drop in temperature as a strong power began to grow and pull him towards the lake.

Han Sen was infuriated, so he raised the rex spike to bring it down on the tentacle. But before he could strike, another tentacle grabbed ahold of his arm.

The silver fox was spitting its bolts of lightning in a raging fury, doing its best to break the grip of the tentacles. But soon after, it too was grabbed. Another tentacle wrapped it up and began dragging it towards the water with its master.

The silver fox's body unleashed as much silver lightning as it could, but still, it wasn't enough to break the hold the tentacle had on it.

"Little angel!" Han Sen, unable to fight back, summoned his adiraid.

The little angel appeared from the sky, swooped down, and with her greatsword, sliced the tentacles that had grabbed ahold of the

duo. The jellyfish creature thrashed around in pain, letting out a shrill shriek amidst the chaos.

"Little angel, great work! Go and kill that asshole." Han Sen was extremely happy, and gleefully issued the little angel the order. Then, he swung his rex spike towards the icy threads that had amassed and were coming towards him like a tidal wave.

The little angel's cold face was like that of a goddess. Her blonde, flowing hair danced around as her body broke the air with her attacks. The greatsword slashed countless icy threads, as if she was tearing the seas asunder to get at the jellyfish-like creature.

# Chapter 743: Battle on the Ice Lake

The little angel's greatsword delivered a great cut to the blobby jellyfish. But in the next second, the wound it suffered was immediately healed.

The tentacles reached out towards the little angel, but she swung her greatsword and cut them down before they could get too close.

Han Sen was relieved after seeing this, but it didn't last. The tentacles regenerated into their prior shape in less than a second.

The jellyfish was most certainly a super creature, for it could regenerate at an incredibly fast pace. The little angel's greatsword sliced and diced countless encroaching tentacles and delivered a number of one meter deep wounds to the primary host, but seemed to be to no avail. Within seconds, all the damage dealt would be nullified through the rapid regeneration and recovery of the jellyfish. They weren't getting anywhere like this.

Seeing this made Han Sen nervous, and there could be little hope for victory if things continued this way.

Han Sen looked at the Flaming Rex Spike in his hand and acknowledged that the fire element was what was needed to bring down the jellyfish. But the little angel was just a pet and aside from pet armor, could not make use of ordinary beast souls. Therefore, he was unable to give her his rex spike.

Han Sen continued slashing the icy threads that wove across the battlefield, all the while observing the jellyfish. He was looking for a window of opportunity in which he could safely deliver an attack of his own. With good fortune, the Flaming Rex Spike's fiery elements would be enough to kill it.

The jellyfish was enraged, however, and it did not seem afraid of getting injured. Even when the tentacles were cut, or a number of abrasions and lesions had been delivered to its body, it did not slow

down in its attack of the little angel.

Han Sen frowned. The little angel had slashed everywhere on the jellyfish by now, and they had not yet discovered a weakness. Nothing seemed to halt the recovery of its wounds.

"Does it really not have any weaknesses? If that is true, then it might very well be invincible." Han Sen frowned. He had previously thought something like this was impossible, but here it was, happening right before his eyes.

It was at this time that the eyes of the little angel flashed. She rose up into the air, holding the greatsword with both hands, and delivered a flurry of strikes onto the jellyfish with ferocity.

Boom!

Under the fierce barrage of attacks the adiraid unleashed, the jellyfish's body was torn apart. After being cut in half, it dropped into the waters it had previously emerged from.

"Little angel, nice work!" Han Sen shouted, with a voice brimming with excitement. But right after he said this, the jellyfish that had been cut in half reconnected and regenerated its lost tissue. It re-emerged from the water and grabbed ahold of the little angel with its tentacles.

Han Sen froze in surprise and said to himself, "Holy smokes! This guy really is invincible. How is it still not dead yet?"

The little angel's attacks were powerful, but they were seemingly useless against the jellyfish. Han Sen went back to trying to observe the jellyfish and discover whether or not it had a weakness.

While Han Sen was having trouble, his attention was brought back to the narcissus that decorated the disturbed waters of the lake. His heart was shaken.

Amidst all this fighting, the flowers had not been affected one bit. Not a single petal had been damaged or fallen.

"Strange. The lake isn't all that big, so how has it not been affected amidst the absolute chaos that has transpired here?" Han Sen thought to himself, as he checked the narcissus out.

Han Sen observed it for a while and noticed that the jellyfish was in fact protecting the narcissus. When the tentacles were cut down, they did not immediately fall into the water. When one was cut, icy threads arose from the water to carry it gently under. The jellyfish was preventing any sliced tentacles from falling on top of the flowers.

"Something is not right. Actually, I do not think it is the jellyfish controlling the threads; rather, it is the narcissus themselves controlling the threads." Han Sen had made a startling discovery.

The icy threads that emerged from the waters continued their attacks on Han Sen and the little angel. If the threads were controlled by the jellyfish, then their organization ought to have been disrupted each time the monster was dealt damage.

But throughout the entire fight, no matter how much damage was dealt to the jellyfish, the icy threads remained unchanged and continued their attacks without a moment of disruption. Because of this, Han Sen confirmed that the jellyfish and narcissus weren't related.

Even when the jellyfish had been cut in half, nothing changed with them.

"Is this narcissus like the blood-wasp lotus? Maybe there are super creatures inside the narcissus, and the jellyfish is just a proxy." The more Han Sen guessed, the more convinced he was of this.

But the narcissus themselves had no movement, and they just continued to sit where they were. It was hard to believe that those things might have been the most frightening creature in the vicinity.

Han Sen wanted to approach the ice lake and test out his theory. If things simply continued the way they were, he did not believe they could kill the jellyfish.

When Han Sen approached the icy waters, he cast Aero. He used it to run across the water get as close to the narcissus as he possibly could. The Flaming Rex Spike became a raging tornado of flame as he raced towards the flowers.

The little angel struck at the same time. Her supreme greatsword tore the jellyfish in half once again, preventing it from protecting the narcissus.

The narcissus that had been quiet and still the entire time suddenly turned to face Han Sen. Like a volcanic eruption, the icy threads arose en masse from the water, quickly rushing over to cover Han Sen's entire body.

In a moment, the threads formed together to create an iceberg inside of which Han Sen was trapped.

"Get out of my way!" Han Sen roared, as a black smoke erupted from his body. Inside his body a bell pulsed, which made the icy threads begin to shiver and shake. The Flaming Rex Spike drilled onwards, forming an exit from the ice. The twirling weapon now commanded wind and fire, and the narcissus was in its sight.

Boom!

The Flaming Rex Spike roughly drilled into the narcissus and drilled deep. The flowers let out strange screams of their own, as they suffered the wrath of the raging weapon. The petals abandoned their flowery ship as the roots of the plants were evicted and incinerated, which led to the release of a white fog all at the same time.

Han Sen, who had a high frost resistance due to Jadeskin, felt as if he had fallen into an icy bath when touching the fog. His hair and eyebrows grew icicles of their own, even.

Splash!

When the narcissus was destroyed, the jellyfish and threads turned into water and fell down. The ice lake quickly froze over and provided an additional layer of frost to the areas surrounding it.

From the perforated flower, a small body fell out. It was beautiful woman whose body was naked. She had stunning butterfly wings attached to her back. She had long white hair and pupils that reflected the ice she governed. Snowflakes adorned her body.

But the woman was tiny, no larger than the palm of a hand. She was like a fairy of myth.

# Chapter 744: Defrosted Man

Han Sen did not hear an announcement, and when he looked at the fairy, he knew exactly what had happened.

Without hesitation, Han Sen smacked the fairy's head with his Flaming Rex Spike.

The palm-sized body looked as if it was going to be smashed into bits and pieces by the rex spike.

But the fairy lifted up a small fist and knocked the rex spike away. A frosty air swiftly rose and doused the fire the Flaming Rex Spike commanded and froze the weapon completely.

Pang!

The flameless rex spike was sent flying back with a force not even Han Sen could hold strong against. The weapon took off into the air as his hand bled.

Han Sen clutched his injured hand and looked quite shocked. He thought to himself, "So, this is the true body of the super creature that was birthed by this plant."

Seeing the pretty yet scary fairy rise up and approach him with snowflakes around her, Han Sen summoned his peacock crossbow and fired three bolts.

The fairy fluttered its wings like a butterfly and delicately danced away in evasion of the bolts. Then, she resumed her course and continued approaching Han Sen.

Dong!

The little angel rushed forward to slash the fairy, but the fairy managed to block the angel's attack with her fists, which was what produced the noise. Having her strike blocked rattled the little angel and made her fall back in a bit of a daze, but that wasn't to suggest the fairy was totally unfazed. The shock of the attack also

shook the little fairy, too. The fairy had to fly in three circles before it could get its balance back.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The fairy flew to engage the little angel and quickly circled her. Her fists generated a flurry of ice shards against the angel's greatsword as they fought.

Han Sen retreated to a corner, as his power and speed were far inferior to an adult super creature's; he had no hope of joining in their fight.

The little angel and the fairy were fighting while airborne. The fairy had a strong control over the ice element, and every hit carried a grand amount of frosted air with it. The atmosphere around the two was almost frozen.

The little angel's body was incredibly well-balanced, and she had tremendous resistance towards every element. As such, the little fairy couldn't exert too much damage on the little angel with her focus on ice.

The silver fox couldn't help out in this fight, either. It was still young, and was far from becoming an adult at the slow speed it was growing. It didn't have the power to compete with adult super creatures, either.

Curiously, now that it was no longer fighting, the silver fox quickly approached the lake. It searched for the flower that Han Sen had destroyed and noticed it was in the water. It picked it up and began eating it.

"Silver fox, if you retrieve good loot—how about sharing?" Han Sen pleaded as he ran over to his pet. The silver fox noticed its master approaching and scoffed the flower down even faster.

When Han Sen arrived, the leaves and roots were all gone; there was nothing left.

"You selfish bastard!" Han Sen angrily shouted.

The silver fox returned to acting all cute and looked up at Han Sen. It jumped onto Han Sen's shoulder and no longer moved. The silver fox's fur was a light silver now, and it exuded a frosty air.

"Whatever." There was nothing Han Sen could do now.

Watching the little angel fight the fairy, without anything he could do himself, he thought now was the time to do something with the frozen man who was sitting next to the lake. He ran towards him to see if he could move him out into the bamboo forest for now.

In case the little angel was unable to defeat the little fairy, at least they could escape and bring the frozen man with them.

When he approached the man, Han Sen was suddenly surprised. He appeared to be thawing.

"Is it because the narcissus was destroyed?" Han Sen wondered, as he dragged the man into the bamboo forest.

The ice on the man was thawing quickly. By the time Han Sen dragged him into the bamboo forest, the ice on his body was all gone.

"Will he survive such a simple defrosting process?" Han Sen frowned. Humans required special equipment to aid their thawing after being frozen. Because of this, Han Sen doubted he would survive.

Han Sen observed the man. He watched his lifeforce grow stronger and muscles become firmer. Perhaps he was going to live, after all.

Han Sen looked at the man nervously, not fully understanding how he had managed to defrost so quickly. The temperature where they were was still quite low.

Han Sen could feel the frosty air inside the man slowly fade, as the thump of a slow heartbeat returned.

In half an hour, the frosty air was all gone and the man's heart and organs returned to being fully functional.

The man's eyes were still closed, but that was when Han Sen finally began to see movement underneath his eyelids.

Nervously, he looked at the man. If he really was Qin Huaizhen, and if he woke up, the mystery would finally be explained.

Then, suddenly, the man opened his eyes. The black eyes looked empty, but they were wide open. He was staring upwards.

"Are you awake? Can you hear me?" Han Sen was not sure what to say, so he crouched near the man and asked these questions to see if he was fully conscious.

The man moved his eyes slowly until his vision ended up on Han Sen.

The moment he saw Han Sen, the man's face looked full of fright and shock. He grabbed Han Sen's arm and used all his strength in a struggle to say, "Be wary of... Han... Jing... Zhi."

Squelch!

After the man spoke those few words, blood came out of his mouth and his body began to twitch and convulse. His eyes turned white.

"Hey, is there something wrong?" Han Sen quickly held the man and put a recovery potion to his lips. But it didn't work, due to the constant spitting and oozing of blood.

While the man twitched, he continued holding Han Sen's arms tight. His white eyeballs continued to stare at Han Sen, and it was as if he still wanted to say something. With a mouth full of blood, all he could do was gurgle on the claret and not speak an audible word.

The man used the last of his power in a struggle with his hand, and pointed at his pocket. Before he made another move, he

straightened himself out and coughed blood, splattering Han Sen. Then he stopped moving, his eyes still open and looking at Han Sen.

Han Sen's face looked ghastly, and the lifeforce of the man before him had all depleted. He was dead.

But what the man said confused Han Sen greatly.

"Be wary of Han Jingzhi? Why should I be wary of Han Jingzhi? Did he say that to me specifically, or were those words meant for someone else? Maybe he thought I was someone else?" Han Sen's heart was confused.

# Chapter 745: Blood-Pulse

Han Sen was very confused, but the man had already passed away. His lifeforce had extinguished, and he could no longer provide Han Sen with the answers he sought.

Han Sen then reminded himself of the man's suggestion to look in his pockets, and so he rummaged through them in the hopes of finding another lead.

The man's battlesuit had been crafted with a special material. Unless it was purposefully destroyed, it would resist deterioration and remain in perfect condition.

Han Sen's hand found something inside the pocket, and from the touch, it felt like thin leather. It was soft and delicate, and he couldn't quite tell what animal's hide it might have come from.

Han Sen pulled it out to reveal a two square foot parchment of leather. It had yellowed somewhat in submission to time's advance. Curiously, words had been written upon the page, and it looked as if they had been inked in blood. On the left side of the parchment was a symbol of the Nine-Life Cat.

On the right side of the leather, there were two words written in a larger font like a title. It said, "Blood-Pulse."

"The Blood-Pulse of the Blood Legion?" Han Sen was surprised. Blood-Pulse was a tenet of the Blood Legion. Blood-Pulse contained records of the Blood Legion's doctrine and some of the mythology that composed their organization.

It was only in the future that the Blood Legion became recognized as a cult, and the texts of Blood-Pulse were forbidden from sale. Most of the cultists only knew certain snippets of the text, as few had seen the complete work.

Han Sen was disappointed. Blood-Pulse was merely a religious document pertaining to a faith he had no interest in abiding by.

Therefore, this leathery document was useless to him.

Han Sen still failed to understand why the man's dying act was to point at his pocket, however.

"Is he just a fanatic cultist?" Han Sen guessed, as he looked over the Blood-Pulse.

But when he looked a bit closer, he was surprised. It wasn't merely a religious text he was holding, it was a Qi Gong!

He could only view a part of it, but with his knowledge, he was able to tell it was a very mysterious Qi Gong. It was almost up to par with his Jadeskin.

Taking a closer look, Han Sen noticed how the parchment simply explained how one might learn it. He folded it up carefully and then put it away.

This was not the time to read, after all. He gave the man another search but was unable to find anything else of interest.

The little angel was still fighting the fairy, and it was difficult to guess who the victor might be. Han Sen dug a six-foot hole, placed the man in it, and covered it back up.

If he brought the body out into the desert, it wouldn't be long before the body was just another dried up pile of bones.

Han Sen thought, when the next opportunity arose, he could tell Qin Xuan about his experience with the man, and let the family determine whether or not he really was an elder of theirs. And also see if he truly was Qin Huaizhen.

After burying the fellow, Han Sen turned his attention to the battle that was still ongoing. The little angel's greatsword, although powerful, was going up against a fairy that was no less of an opponent. It was rather strange to see a small body possess such wild power, as she bolted around with ice and snow. When her skills clashed against the greatsword, chips of ice and snowflakes would erupt with the sparks like frosty fireworks.

Han Sen brought up his peacock crossbow and fired two bolts at the fairy. It was pointless for him to try, however, as she dodged them both with her wicked speed.

But Han Sen then noticed that despite her speed and strength, she could only deal ice damage and ice damage alone. She wasn't really dealing any damage to the little angel, as a result.

Han Sen saw that the peacock crossbow was not working, so he summoned his Flaming Rex Spike. He knew that this was the weapon that possessed the highest chance of destroying the fairy once and for all. If she was distracted enough for Han Sen to land a decent blow, he could deal her a mighty amount of damage.

Han Sen's eyes observed the fairy's movements, activating his Dongxuan Sutra to analyze the energy flow inside her.

She had a really clear energy flow, which wasn't blurry in the least. She had to be a second-generation super creature. Han Sen's interest in the foe catapulted to a far greater level, and he wanted to kill her right away to obtain the Life Geno essence she possessed.

But his interest did hit a certain snag. He thought the fairy was quite cute and pretty, and she most certainly looked like something no one else would be willing to kill.

The little angel didn't have the mind of a human, and so she just kept on swinging her greatsword fiercely in a bid to cut the fairy down.

Han Sen then took to memorizing her energy flow and learning her every move. He hoped by doing the latter part, he could predict her future movements for a chance of landing the strike he needed to.

It took him a whole hour to learn her complete energy flow. After trying it out, his energy became like ice. It was a pure ice power.

But Han Sen couldn't be like the opponent he had copied and fire out the ice power as a long-range projectile. If he wanted to deal

damage with these newly-learned skills, he would have to get up-close-and-personal.

After another while of watching, the window of opportunity he had been searching for arose. The moment the fairy was smacked by the little angel's greatsword, Han Sen had his Flaming Rex Spike on a collision-course with her, as well.

The elephant's trumpeting sounded within, as the rex spike now hosted a boundless power. The weapon became an inferno-born whip that struck the fairy.

The fairy's small body was knocked away like a little ball, but she did not catch on fire. This was because of her icy powers, which managed to withstand the flames carried by the rex spike.

Pang!

The fairy's body smacked into the iced earth to create a deep hole. It wasn't long before the fairy returned, however, with a fury Han Sen had yet to witness.

The fairy was furious at Han Sen and soared over to him with rapid wing-flaps.

Han Sen turned around to run as he had just used Elephant-Rex Strike. Now that his body was drained of energy, he couldn't fight back. But knowing that move didn't kill the fairy, he quickly became aware that no matter what he tried, he'd be unable to defeat her.

The little angel cut-off the fairy's advance and Han Sen, with the silver fox, ran off through the bamboo forest. He was now well aware that there was no point in remaining where he was. He wanted to leave, recover, and later come back to try to fight her again.

Fortunately, the little angel had come between them, which prohibited the fairy from following Han Sen. All the fairy could see was the aggravator fleeing into the bamboo forest and completely

disappearing.

But she wasn't keen to give up just yet. The fairy evaded the little angel's next couple of attacks, flew around her, and went to follow.

Han Sen did not stop running, wanting to get outside as fast as he could. He rushed through the subterranean forest to where he had first descended, and as he neared the exit, he caught sight of the twin-tail scorpion munching on bamboo and the silkworms within.

"Why am I so unlucky this time?" Han Sen's heart sank.

# Chapter 746: Killing the Purple Scorpion

Despite the fact that the fairy continued to chase him, Han Sen still decided to push on and make his escape. After all, the twin-tail scorpion was only a first-generation super creature, as opposed to the second-generation one that lusted for his blood.

Han Sen wanted to escape the underground labyrinth, first and foremost. Despite being drained of energy, he still had to keep his gene lock open to enable his flight. He just hoped the twin-tail scorpion would not be made aware of his presence.

But lady luck did not smile on Han Sen, for the scorpion noticed him. With its gnashing pincers, it did not wait a single moment before racing towards him.

Han Sen gritted his teeth as his heart kicked into overdrive. The power in his arms was focused; he leapt into the air like a sparrow in the breeze, and spun around doing loops to dodge the scorpion's tail-sting and pincer-snap combo. After launching right over the scorpion's head and successfully evading his foe's attack, Han Sen remained airborne in his flight towards the exit.

As he flew, he returned and redeployed the little angel, hoping that the scorpion would turn its attention to her and engage her for a while.

The scorpion, however, let out a wheezy shriek and turned around to continue its pursuit of Han Sen. The wag of its legs and pincers were incredibly fast, and it skittered so quickly, it might as well have sprouted wings.

The fairy had caught up now, as well, and it didn't even blink at the scorpion. All she did was fly past it, wholly fixated on Han Sen.

"Today is not a good day. How can I be this unlucky?" Han Sen's heart was sinking fast, but soon after, he was greeted with the open skies atop the slopes of the mountain.

But Han Sen wasn't the only one keen to make an exit, as the fairy and scorpion quickly bolted out of the subterranean labyrinth, as well. Han Sen summoned and redeployed the little angel in response, hoping she could snare the fairy's attention for a time and keep her occupied. Han Sen, in the meantime, took off running in the direction of the Yellowstone City.

Through the little angel's suppression of the fairy, Han Sen's gambit was a success, and his nemesis could no longer keep up with him. It was fortunate, for by now, he had slowed. The scorpion was still on him, though, and it managed to sting his buttocks more than a few times with its tail.

Luckily, he was still clad in his berserk super armor, and this provided the protection he very much needed. Although the tail's stinger managed to pierce through the plate, the subsequent damage was significantly reduced and the literal pain in his ass just made him shout.

The scorpion's tail was very sharp, and if it wasn't for the protection provided by the armor, it would have skewered his entire body.

Han Sen's body was exhausted, but he had little time to pay his tiredness heed. On and on, he kept running in the direction of the shelter he had previously departed. It was now in sight, and just that mere glance perked up his rapidly declining spirits.

Zhou Yumei had waited two whole days for Han Sen's return, but he had yet to show up. She was as mad as she was sad, at his absence.

"Asshole. Horny bastard. Scumbag. I can't believe he just left me hanging like that. I curse him to be eaten by creatures!" Zhou Yumei's spirits had rarely dipped so low, and so she just lay slouched on the bench outside the shelter's gates.

Being alone for over a year had taken its toll on Zhou Yumei, and her brief interaction with Han Sen made her realize how afraid of

being alone she now was. Meeting him was an extremely rare stroke of luck, and although she wasn't particularly fond of his character, his presence still enthused her.

At least she did not have to remain under the desert's baking sun, alone. Even arguing with the bad guy was better than being alone, bored to death.

What was worse was the fact he had just left without saying a single word. Her eyes were now swelling red at the thought of no goodbye.

As Zhou Yumei cursed him to high-heaven, she suddenly saw the man running towards her with extreme speed. It made her overjoyed, and she immediately stood up and shouted to Han Sen, "Mister Asshole! I thought you were gone for good; what brought you back?"

Han Sen removed his armor and approached Zhou Yumei like the wind. He didn't say anything to her; he just grabbed her by the waist and carried her inside the city.

"You sick pervert; let me go!" Zhou Yumei was a little embarrassed and tried to shout as she struggled.

"Take a look at what is following me. Do you really want me to leave you as their lunchtime snack?" Han Sen casually told her, as he continued to run forward.

Zhou Yumei then took a proper look, and she saw the twin-tail scorpion that ravenously followed. She also saw the little angel further behind, but not the fairy. The fairy was too small for her to see from that distance.

But Zhou Yumei quickly understood what was happening and her face changed as swiftly as one could turn a page. She said, "Big Brother, run faster!"

The scorpion waved its tail as it approached, trying to sting them, and Zhou Yumei's heart leapt at the creature's every

attempted strike. With each dodge, a gasp and a tear or two would follow.

Han Sen didn't have the time to respond, and simply rushed into the shelter. He turned around to take a look and noticed that only the scorpion had followed them inside the city. The fairy seemed wary of something and stopped pursuing them near the gate. She flapped her wings in the air but did not go inside.

This turn of events made Han Sen happy. If he only had to deal with the scorpion, he could manage, and he would no longer be forced to run for his life.

Han Sen ran towards the plaza and simply waited for his little angel to deal with the scorpion.

"Meow!"

Little Orange saw Zhou Yumei getting chased by the scorpion, and it growled angrily in response. With rage, it rushed towards the creature to engage.

"Little Orange!" Zhou Yumei worriedly called out.

Although Little Orange had jumped onto the scorpion, the foul creature lived up to its namesake and spread its tail in two. With both ends, it stabbed Little Orange, making the cat cry out in pain.

"Please save him; Little Orange cannot fight the scorpion. He used to run-off whenever we saw it in the past." Zhou Yumei was dribbling tears, as she pleaded for Han Sen's aid.

Han Sen did not make a move, but the silver fox acted on his behalf and spat out a bolt of silver lightning to nastily strike the scorpion's head.

Pang!

The scorpion was shaken by the lightning, and Little Orange managed to free itself. But then, Little Orange sunk its teeth into one of the scorpion's tails and made a hissing sound.

As it writhed in pain, the twin-tail scorpion raised its other tail and took aim at Little Orange's head.

The silver fox jumped down near the scorpion and bit into the other tail, in a desperate bid to save Little Orange's life.

When the little angel finally arrived, she swung her greatsword down on the scorpion's head under Han Sen's command. The shell of its head cracked open, as green fluids squirted out of the crushed carapace.

"Hzzzh!" The twin-tail scorpion hissed and squealed in immense pain. It wagged both of its tails, attempting to shake off Little Orange and the silver fox that clung onto it with their teeth. But it was to no avail, as their teeth had been driven deep and they had a firm grip.

The little angel's face looked cold as she raised her greatsword. She brought it down again and lopped off the scorpion's pincers and claws to prevent any more possible attacks.

Katcha!

The little angel brought the greatsword down upon its head continuously after that, which fully exposed the innards of its head. In one final attack, the little angel clutched the greatsword's hilt with both hands and drove it down right through the head of the scorpion, pinning it to the ground.

"Rawr..." The scorpion, as it slowly slipped into the embrace of death, waved its tails quicker than ever and managed to shake Little Orange and the silver fox off. With a few final twitches, it gave up the ghost.

# Chapter 747: An Uncompleted Build

"Super Creature Hunted: Twin-Tailed Purple Scorpion. The beast soul has not been acquired. The flesh of this creature is inedible, but you may harvest its Life Geno essence. Consume its Life Geno essence to obtain a random numeric amount of super geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

Han Sen heard the announcement and felt a little disheartened. He wanted to wait until the creature gave birth, but now that he'd already killed it, he didn't even get the beast soul. All he got was a lousy Life Geno essence.

The twin-tail scorpion disappeared and left behind a dark purple Life Geno essence on the ground where it once lay. But beside it was something else: a ping-pong sized purple egg. This perked him right up.

Seeing the silver fox with its jaws open, preparing to chow down on the egg, Han Sen commanded the little angel to grab the greedy bastard.

The silver fox whined at the little angel in obvious anger. It didn't attack her, though, for it knew how powerful she was.

The little angel delivered the purple egg to Han Sen and then returned to the Sea of Soul.

The silver fox brushed its head against Han Sen's leg, and looked up at Han Sen adoringly, with its eyes wide open. It looked like it was begging.

"Get out of here; you already ate that narcissus earlier. This is mine!" There was no chance he would give the egg to the silver fox, so for now, he just pocketed it.

Han Sen could see right through the silver fox. When they first met, the silver fox had acted all adorable and elegant. But over time, after Han Sen had accepted him as a pet, its mouth was

revealed to be a cruel, vicious, slobbering munching machine. It'd eat whatever delight it could find without reprieve, and not leave a single morsel for its master.

The only reason it was acting cute was because it wanted something, and this was one act Han Sen was not willing to fall for. Han Sen thought the guy was a black hole for food, and no matter how much you fed it, it could always stuff in more.

Zhou Yumei's heart appeared broken, as she tended to Little Orange's wounds. Her pet had been stung by the tail twice, and the places it had been struck were starting to look purple. It seemed as if it had been poisoned. This made Zhou Yumei look nervous, and tears started to well up in her eyes.

"Little Orange, hold on! I am going to save you, okay?" Zhou Yumei said as she tended to his wounds, her cheeks submitting to a swamp of tears.

But the wounds were deep, and it appeared impossible to separate the poison from the body. There was a chance the poison had already reached Little Orange's organs.

"I beg you; please go back to the Alliance. Return there and bring me back some antidotes. Do that and I will do anything!" Zhou Yumei pleaded loudly, after running towards Han Sen.

"Anything?" Han Sen gave Zhou Yumei a strange smile as he asked for confirmation.

Zhou Yumei gritted her teeth and gave him the answer he desired, "Yes, anything."

"Sure. Just hang on a sec." Han Sen rummaged through his inventory for a pen and paper, and then wrote up a contract. After he finished, he presented it to Zhou Yumei and said, "If you do indeed mean anything, then sign along the dotted line."

"Is this a human-trafficking contract?" Zhou Yumei asked, as she scanned the details of the document. With wide eyes, she stared at

Han Sen. If she signed it, she would become Han Sen's servant.

And there was another condition listed on the paper, as well. She would also have to train Little Orange to adhere to Han Sen's commands. It was practically a buy-one-get-one-free contract, in which he'd obtain two new servants.

"It's entirely up to you whether or not you want to sign it. But that's the deal—the only deal," Han Sen casually told her.

Little Orange really did look to be in a dire condition, but it was a second-generation super creature. Even if it didn't receive an antidote, it would eventually recover all by itself.

Zhou Yumei did not know this, however, as she had not learnt much about the nature of super creatures. Her concern for Little Orange also clouded her judgement by a great deal. She worried greatly as she observed her suffering pet.

"Meow..." Zhou Yumei looked at Little Orange and saw how weak he was, meowing towards her, looking so pitiable.

"I'll sign it." Zhou Yumei ground her teeth, took the pen, and signed the contract. She didn't want Little Orange to suffer any more, after what it had done for her. If it wasn't for the pet's acceptance of her as its master, she wouldn't have been alive.

Plus, Little Orange was only in this state because of its desire to protect her when it believed her to be in danger.

"That's right!" Han Sen reached out his hand to take back the contract, but Zhou Yumei pulled away.

"Antidote." Zhou Yumei presented an empty hand to Han Sen. Then, he opened his inventory and placed a few antidotes on the pedestal of her palm. Clenching her jaw once more, she gave Han Sen the signed contract and quickly rushed over to Little Orange's side to give it the antidote.

Han Sen was very satisfied with this result and his new contract. Zhou Yumei and Little Orange now belonged to him. When he

returned to the Alliance, he could make Zhou's family pay him a lot of money. Even though she was just the daughter of a councilman, the man would bend over backwards to get her back.

Han Sen did not want to do anything bad to Zhou Yumei, however. He was going to depart the area soon, and he planned to bring her with him. Han Sen made this contract to prevent any conflicts from arising out on the road. Every decision made would be his, and it'd prevent unnecessary arguments.

If Zhou Yumei behaved herself and did not cause any trouble, after leaving the desert, Han Sen would no longer keep her as a slave. And in the future, if he needed her help, he thought he might call upon her.

Han Sen knew that if Zhou Yumei brought Little Orange home, she'd become an important person. Making her a slave did not seem very realistic.

The antidote worked, and after two days, the poison inside Little Orange had disappeared completely.

Han Sen found himself a corner, away from the rest, and tried to cut the egg open.

"Super Creature Hunted: Uncompleted Build. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of super geno points, ranging from zero to five."

Han Sen had never heard of only five super geno points being up for grabs, and the announcement didn't even speak the creature's name. The egg had to be little more than a fetus, and the creature inside had yet to formulate.

But a single super geno point was better than none. Han Sen cooked it on an open fire and added a number of spices before eating it.

"You have consumed the flesh of a super creature; your super geno point total has increased by one."

A weird sensation entered Han Sen's body, and his cells felt more energized. The announcement sounded four times, bringing his number up by four to a total of thirty-six.

Until Little Orange was healed, Han Sen gathered resources for the road ahead of them. He was ready to exit the shelter and try to find a way out of the Black Desert.

Over the past few days, he hadn't found hide nor hair of the fairy around the shelter, so he assumed it had returned underground.

But a little while after they left the shelter, the fairy appeared out of nowhere. It flapped its wings to produce snow and madly came at Han Sen.

Han Sen hadn't thought the fairy could hold such a grudge. He had only hit her once, and still, she desired payback.

# Chapter 748: Cheater of the Second-Generation

Without a choice in the matter, Han Sen quickly brought Zhou Yumei back to the shelter.

Although the little angel could distract the maniacal fairy, the creature would not allow them a single break or moment's rest if they attempted the trip while it was after them. And this was a trip that would require stops, so they couldn't continue with the fairy on their heels. And Han Sen was responsible for the life of Zhou Yumei right now, as well. So, he had to share concern for her, too.

Therefore, Han Sen decided to return to the shelter and formulate a plan for how they might kill the fairy, or at the very least lose its pursuit. If they couldn't figure that out, they'd never be able to leave.

After a few days, Han Sen had come up with a number of ways he might be able to fight the fairy. But if he could not kill her, he could not lose her.

"Does that thing really want to fight to the death with me?" Han Sen thought it was an awkward predicament.

Fortunately, the fairy did not dare to enter the shelter. As such, he planned to stay in the shelter for an even longer amount of time and see whether or not she would leave. No matter how much she despised Han Sen, she couldn't remain watching this place forever.

There was nothing to do while staying in the shelter, however, so Han Sen returned to the Alliance and researched the sheet of leather and its scripture. He wanted to find whatever information he could on Blood-Pulse in the army.

Han Sen had seen the Blood Legion's Blood-Pulse before, and it was little more than a religious doctrine that spoke of lore and mythology. He had never heard of them teaching skills before. The

Blood-Pulse he had in his possession now was completely different.

"What is all this about, huh?" Han Sen mulled the questions he had for a while, but eventually decided to ask Qin Xuan. He wanted to ask whether or not there was a person called Qin Huaizhen in the seventh team of the Secret Service.

Han Sen called her up, after some time of deliberation and hesitation. He said, "Team Qin, I remember you once told me you had an elder in the Secret Service."

"Yes, what about it?" Qin Xuan looked a little confused when Han Sen asked her this.

"I have recently heard of this man called Qin Huaizhen. Is that him?" Han Sen said.

Qin Xuan nodded and said, "There was a person called Qin Huaizhen in our family; so who did you hear it from? And why would someone mention his name?"

"I was on my way to the Blue Crystal shelter, when I happened to meet an old man on the road. He said he was a friend of Qin Huaizhen, one who used to travel around with him in the Second God's Sanctuary. He mentioned that his last contact with Qin Huaizhen was on a trip he took to the Black Desert. He never heard from him again, so it's possible that he died there. I just thought I should mention this to you, that's all," Han Sen said.

Qin Xuan laughed in response, saying, "You must have been told a tall tale! There was an elder of ours called Qin Huaizhen, but he was a member of the Secret Service's seventh team. He must have been amongst the very first people to ever set foot in this world. He died shortly after returning. How could he have died in that world? And how could it have been the Second God's Sanctuary? Back then, they had only just discovered the existence of god sanctuaries. When he was alive, they didn't even know about the difference in tiers between sanctuaries."

Han Sen froze for a moment, having not thought of this issue before. When Han Jingzhi first entered, it was shortly after the discovery of the sanctuaries. Even he would not have known about the tiers that separated them. Even if they did know, they couldn't have been there long, and they most certainly couldn't have been in the Second God's Sanctuary already.

After returning from the sanctuaries, people died one-by-one. They didn't return to the sanctuaries, so there was no way they could die there. And they especially couldn't return to the Second God's Sanctuary.

But this only added to Han Sen's confusion. "If that person was not Qin Huaizhen, who was he? Why would he possess Qin Huaizhen's working license?"

"Hm, I must have been fooled then. I apologize." Han Sen coughed afterwards.

"Where are you now, anyway?" Qin Xuan smiled and did not press the issue further.

"I'm still in the Black Desert." Han Sen did not dare to say he found the body of that man. If it really wasn't Qin Huaizhen, telling her would only confuse her.

After he ended the conversation with Qin Xuan, Han Sen found himself trapped in a perplexing quandary. Identifying that person seemed hard, and trying to learn what may have transpired there seemed even more difficult.

But Han Sen was not a truth-seeking person. If there was a puzzle that was proving too difficult to solve, he'd rather shelve the issue than continue confusing himself with it.

Han Sen did not plan to learn Blood-Pulse. After all, his Dongxuan Sutra was one of the best Qi Gongs. He didn't want to waste time teaching himself a new one that wouldn't produce further benefits.

Han Sen was researching the Blood-Pulse to see if there was anything particularly special about it.

But after his time reading, Han Sen began to pick up on the fact that Blood-Pulse had a greater depth to it than Jadeskin.

While Han Sen had only unlocked one, Jadeskin had nine tiers he could unlock in total.

His Dongxuan Sutra had ten tiers.

Blood-Pulse also had ten tiers of possible unlocks, which placed it on the same level as the Dongxuan Sutra.

Through Han Sen's research, he came across the knowledge of a function of Blood-Pulse he thought to be particularly remarkable.

Practicing Blood-Pulse could extend your powers with it. The powers you earned could also be genetic, and their traits and benefits could be passed down to your children when they were born.

To put it more scientifically, after practicing Blood-Pulse, it would be written down in your genetic code. The generation that followed the learner would be granted the powers when they were born.

It was a scary thought. Technology had come so far, it had allowed humans to modify certain genes and cure genetic afflictions that carried across generations.

But passing skills to children via their genes was supposedly impossible.

Human genes were affected after a few generations or dozens of generations; it was something that humans referred to as evolution.

This manner of evolution was rather slow, but the results were easier to see following the discovery of the god sanctuaries. Every new generation of the sanctuaries' inhabitants naturally possessed

a greater fitness level.

The increases weren't massive, however. And noticeable differences only arose after a few generations. But for the learning of Blood-Pulse to become a natural, genetic gift to your children was quite a shocking aspect.

A power like this was scarier than simple gene modification. Heirs of such a talent could be considered cheaters, even. For those who inherited the skill, it would undoubtedly prove to be a big leg-up right from the moment they were born.

It was like being a few generations ahead of your peers.

# Chapter 749: Relics

The leather text Han Sen was reading said that the initiation of Blood-Pulse practice required a Blood-Pulse relic. If you obtained one, only then could you truly begin to learn the skill. Attempting to learn it before getting one of these relics would be a waste of time.

Han Sen searched for more and more information concerning the Blood-Legion and found a few topics pertaining to Blood-Legion relics. Unfortunately, no one else knew what they were, either. The only information that was available stated that the Blood-Legion relics were gifts given to humans by Blood-Gods. They were typically handed down through the generations by ardent family followers of the Blood-Legion. Outsiders were never privy to them, and not even low-level members of the cult could see them. They were reserved for high-ranking members of the Blood-Legion only.

Although Han Sen would have loved to give his future child a leg-up, he had no idea where he might find a relic of his own. And being entirely truthful with himself, he was unsure whether or not this requirement that was stated on the leather parchment was true. He didn't think it was very credible.

After showering, Han Sen fancied having some food. Before departing, however, he heard a knock on his door. It was Ji Yanran.

"My Captain, how have you found the time to visit me in my little cottage?" Han Sen jested, smiling.

Ji Yanran looked strange on this day, though. And it didn't seem as if she was in the mood to play along with Han Sen's jokes. She eyed him weirdly, and it was as if she wanted to tell him something, but for some reason, a phantom force held her tongue.

"Yanran, what has happened?" Han Sen rarely saw Ji Yanran in such a condition, and this worried him. He immediately held her

hand and drew her in close.

"What happened, baby? Don't scare me like this." Han Sen was panicking, having never seen Ji Yanran's face like so.

Ji Yanran clenched her jaw. In response to Han Sen's pleading, she turned around, and said with a voice as quiet and strained as a mosquito, "My grandfather wants to see you..."

If was as if her voice hit a mute button, as her sentence trailed off. Her cheeks were red, as if they had been set ablaze.

"Your grandfather? What does he want to see me for?" Han Sen was surprised.

"Nothing. But if you don't want to go, that's fine. And if so, I will return." After Ji Yanran said that, she ran off in haste and did not look back.

Han Sen watched her go in a daze, and he didn't even have the time to think about what just happened.

"What is going on? Her grandpa wants to meet me? Her grandpa is one of the few demigods. Why would he want to meet me? Is it because of the Life Geno essence or my little angel?" Han Sen mulled over these questions while he gave chase to Ji Yanran. But she was too quick, and after turning a corridor, she was too far ahead to catch up.

"I feel so sorry for Ji Yanran, being with an asshole like you." Annie was standing outside a door, coldly looking at Han Sen as she spoke.

"What does that mean?" Han Sen frowned and returned Annie's gaze.

"What do you mean, 'what does that mean'? You are a man. She is a good lady. She has been with you all this time and you have yet to propose. How is she supposed to explain this to her family?" Annie coldly explained.

Han Sen's face turned red. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words departed his lips.

"Or are you waiting for the lady to ask first?" Annie coldly said.

"Her grandfather wants to talk with me about a proposal?" Han Sen asked, shocked, as he had no experience in these sorts of things.

"Discuss a proposal with him? He'll kill you!" Annie looked at Han Sen as if she was observing an idiot.

"Sister Annie, you know I have no experience with these matters. Why don't you offer me some guidance? If you do, I promise to repay your kindness!" Han Sen quickly pleaded with Annie, due to his complete lack of knowledge of the subject.

Annie's face looked calmer, but she still coldly said, "If you continue being with Ji Yanran like this, with no indication of proper commitment, it won't just be the traditional old men who can't bear you. I won't be able to stand you. If you really want to be with Yanran, at least get engaged. Then, that would be a sign for her family. Have you ever stopped for one minute to think about how much pressure she has been put under, for being with you? Especially a family like hers."

"It is my negligence," Han Sen quickly responded.

"Old Ji really loves his children, and he's a very traditional old man. If you see him, you best suggest this matter of a proposal. If you instead talk more bullsh*t, he will kill you."

Annie paused for a moment, but then went on to say, "But before that, you owe Ji Yanran a proposal. If you don't have one in the cards now, then there is no reason for you to go visit her family."

After that, Annie turned around, left, and ignored Han Sen.

Han Sen's heart felt as if it was sweating. He was so free and relaxed, being with Ji Yanran before. He had never thought about the future much, or considered how things would eventually turn

out.

He used to think about these things, but he had assumed it was too early. He wished to complete his service first. The one thing he hadn't paid mind to was the pressure she might have been receiving from her family.

"This was my own fault," Han Sen blamed himself.

He really did want to live and be with Ji Yanran. There were many pretty girls, but being with someone you could be yourself with and feel comfortable alongside—even if it was only a silence, that was free of awkwardness—few girls offered this type of companionship.

Sometimes, all it would take was a look or a slight movement to know what each other wanted.

Han Sen liked Ji Yanran a lot, and he knew she loved him in return. There was nothing bad in that.

Han Sen was positive in his desire to marry her. Even if the Ji family did not approve, he'd still find a way to marry her.

"Hm, such a good woman like that—I should put my label on her first and not allow her to be stolen." Han Sen touched his jaw and thought about the best way to propose.

And this proposal wouldn't just be about the two of them; they'd both need their parents to agree. Han Sen had to ask Luo Sulan.

Han Sen did not know how to go about this proposal, so he called his mother. He told her about getting engaged to Ji Yanran.

Han Sen used to talk about her with his mom, so it wasn't much of a surprise that he was bringing this up now.

After Luo Sulan heard what Han Sen had to say, she was quiet for a moment. When she broke the silence, she said, "Are you sure this is the woman you want?"

"Yes, I want to marry this woman," Han Sen said with assurance.

"Then set a time and date to meet with her parents, so that you may settle this whole thing now," Luo Sulan said, with a smile.

"Thanks, Mom." Han Sen was very glad. Although Luo Sulan and Ji Yanran had never met, she was quick to agree. She was a very understanding woman.

# Chapter 750: Proposal

Proposing was not something that came easy to Han Sen. Killing a super creature was easier for him, because he at least had some experience with that, as opposed to marital duties and responsibilities.

"Proposal." Han Sen searched the word on the Skynet, and the term generated billions of results.

All these different methods of doing so made him go cross-eyed. There were so many different ways, all great and romantic in their own way; but the sheer amount made it impossible for him to decide.

For a time, anyway. Soon, he found one that suited him just fine. He ordered a ring, and while he waited for it to be delivered, he got around to formulating his plan.

The next day, Han Sen visited Ji Yanran's office. "Baby, would you like to have dinner with me tonight? It's my treat; I'll cook," he asked, while blinking his eyes.

"Sure!" Ji Yanran answered, while she worked. She didn't know her true desire had been sold out by Annie, so she didn't suspect anything too strange.

Han Sen used to have dinner with her frequently. Having dinner in the base's cafeteria was hardly private and romantic, so they often went to their own rooms. As such, they had dinner in their rooms together a lot.

"Come sooner; I will be waiting for you," Han Sen said, having heard her reply. He then went back to his room and put his plan in motion.

Han Sen's plan was simple. He was going to bake a few cakes and put the ring in one of them. When Ji Yanran found the ring in the cake, he could propose to her.

It was a simple but charming method. He was still in the base, after all, and he didn't want to cause a big fuss or scene.

He prepared the kitchen table in the evening, and just as he was putting in his final touches, she arrived. As usual, she waited on the couch until Han Sen finished making dinner.

"I have baked a few cakes; you should try them." Han Sen brought forward a few cakes that had already been made. To enhance their appearance, Han Sen had shaped them with unique molds.

The cakes were shapes like animals, flowers, and hearts. He brought the cakes in front of Ji Yanran, with the ring hidden in the heart one.

On the tray he presented her, Han Sen had nudged the heart cake closest to her. He thought it would be easier for her to reach.

"This is so cute! I never thought you could make something like this," Ji Yanran said to him with an upbeat tone, as she picked up the rabbit-shaped cake with a happy face.

"There are many things I can do and make that you are not yet aware of. You will know of these in the future, I am sure." Han Sen didn't mind her incorrect choice. He knew she enjoyed her desserts, and because of their relatively small size, he knew Ji Yanran would end up eating a few more.

"It's pretty good." Ji Yanran licked her fingers after eating the cake, showing that she really enjoyed it. Then, she reached her hand out and selected another cake.

"This turtle looks so cute, as well!" Ji Yanran picked her second cake, and it wasn't the heart again.

"Yes, it is," Han Sen agreed, as the joy and anticipation in his heart fell back a notch.

"What are you standing around watching me for? Shouldn't you be in the kitchen, finishing off dinner?" Ji Yanran gave Han Sen a

strange look.

"I'm waiting for you to review each of my cakes." Han Sen softly smiled.

"They are sweet and soft; you should make a few more in the future," Ji Yanran said, after having a bite.

"And?" Han Sen asked.

"That's it. Now go make dinner. Once we're done, I still need to go back to work," Ji Yanran said, with a tone that suggested a bit of hurry.

Han Sen did not want to spoil the hidden ring, since he wanted it to be a surprise. Quietly, he returned to the kitchen with disappointment in his heart. To himself, he said, "I really am inexperienced. Why would I create so many cakes for her? I should have only made two!"

It was too late for him to regret it right now, however. Standing in the kitchen, he activated his gene lock to watch Ji Yanran. If she discovered the ring, he could run over there at once and pop the question.

After eating the second cake, Ji Yanran reached for another one. As was stated previously, she really did love desserts—even if they didn't follow dinner. The cakes only took two bites to finish, too. And it was easy for people to eat a few at a time, especially her.

But this time, Ji Yanran did not pick one of her own choice. She had started reading a book, and she let her hand reach out for one.

"Heart... heart... heart... get the heart... no!" Han Sen prayed harder than he ever had, as sweat dripped from his forehead in anticipation. He tried willing her to go for the heart, but she ended up selecting the flower.

When Ji Yanran finished that cake, her hungry hands slithered around the tray for more. He clenched his fist, foregoing a desire to pray. This time, he wanted to truly bend the will of her mind to his

own.

But Ji Yanran did not choose the heart again.

Pang!

Han Sen punched the sink as his heart started to tear in two. He thought, "The odds are all wrong. How can she not have chosen it yet?"

"What are you doing in there?" Ji Yanran asked, after hearing a noise.

"Nothing. Continue to eat, my love!" After covering his slip of the fist, he was doubtful that things were going to turn out the way he envisioned. There were eight cakes in total, and if she didn't choose the right one soon, she'd be full before she could try them all.

Han Sen wanted to slap himself silly. He questioned the decision that led to him making eight.

"I need to learn from my mistakes and do better next time." Han Sen changed his mind, opting to not do a proposal next time. If this happened again, things could only get worse.

Han Sen was so nervous in the kitchen, watching Ji Yanran finishing her current cake. He had yet to come up with a solution.

After she gobbled it up, Han Sen suddenly thought of a way. He quickly ran out and picked up the heart cake in front of her.

Han Sen had no other choice. This was what he had to do.

"I can't! I'm so full! If I eat any more, I won't be able to fit in my dinner!" Ji Yanran pleaded, as she rubbed her tummy.

Han Sen felt doomed hearing this. His entire body froze stiff in front of her.

"Please. Eat another one." Han Sen brought the heart cake in front of her mouth and told her, with a pitiable look.

Ji Yanran, seeing Han Sen's face, would have felt bad rejecting it. She accepted the heart cake and had a tiny nibble.

"Eat it! Eat it!" Han Sen's heart was calling to the high-heavens. He stared at her lips like he had a fever. The moment her teeth discovered the ring, he would drop down on his knees and propose.

Ji Yanran really had eaten too much, though. And all she had was a rabbit-like nibble. She gnawed at the cake slowly, and it looked like it would take a while for her to reach the ring.

Han Sen was growing impatient, and so he gulped his saliva.

Ji Yanran noticed Han Sen's intense stare at her lips, and even the little swallows she made. Her face went red, thinking he was hungry himself. Not for food, but for sex. It had been a long time since they last did it, after all.

She had been busily working in recent times, and not spent much time with Han Sen. Suddenly, Ji Yanran grabbed Han Sen by the neck and started kissing him.

Han Sen was frozen, unsure what was going on. Seeing that the ring was close to being discovered, and having the situation suddenly turn to this was confusing.

But Ji Yanran was on fire. Her hands wriggled their way into his pants and grabbed his rex spike.

"Mmm..." It had been so long since Han Sen touched a woman. He wanted to push Ji Yanran away so she could finish the proposal, but he couldn't bring himself to do it.

Quickly, they both rolled onto the couch together.

It was like a hurricane, or a strong tide. When things calmed down, Han Sen was holding Ji Yanran's body as they lay together on the couch. Ji Yanran was lying down atop Han Sen's naked body, with sweat running down her body. She was like a lazy cat, not wanting to move.

Han Sen's mind finally returned to the heart cake. He grabbed it and took the ring out of it.

Ji Yanran saw Han Sen take the ring out of the cake and looked at him in disbelief, with wide-open eyes. She wasn't sure what expression she was supposed to have, but all she could display was a mixture of overwhelming joy and utter speechless shock.

His plan had been ruined, so Han Sen just took the ring and placed it on her finger. Loudly, he proclaimed, "Ji Yanran, marry me! I want to have sex with you for the rest of my life."

Pang! Ouch!

Ji Yanran was so mad, she kicked Han Sen off the couch. The fall almost broke his buttocks.

"You go to hell!"

# Chapter 751: Meet the Parents

Han Sen thought his brain had fried, or that something must have possessed him to make him say what he had.

He had prepared a very touching speech, but somehow, his head just said those words for no reason.

"I blame that beautiful night," Han Sen sighed.

Ji Yanran was fuming mad, and she shouted at him with a blistering rage. Still, she was yet to give her answer. She had not said yes or no. Fortunately for him, when he saw her the next day, the ring was still on her finger.

"Yanran, you said our grandfather wants to meet with me. When should I go and see him?" Han Sen said, as he inched closer to her with a smile on his face.

"You have no shame. It's still my grandfather," Ji Yanran said, with a touch of shyness coating her words.

"It's all the same. Anyway, when should we go?" Han Sen asked.

"We'll go and see him in a couple of days, when I'm free. But whatever you do, don't talk your average bullsh*t nonsense when you're with him. He's a traditional, serious man. He respects others who are serious, just like him. Therefore, don't be yourself." Ji Yanran accompanied her words with a threatening face.

Han Sen's face turned red. He promised and said, "Don't worry. I must have been sick last night. I don't usually say things like that."

"Therefore, you still owe me a true proposal," Ji Yanran said on the doorstep. Then, she spun around and took her leave.

Han Sen sighed. In his heart, he thought, "I was sincere yesterday."

He wouldn't say that to Ji Yanran, but as she left, he shouted, "Then give me back the ring; how else can I repeat it!?"

"Get another one." Ji Yanran did not turn around but lifted her arm for a backward wave. The ring fitted her finger perfectly.

Although it was expensive, it was extremely pretty.

"It was made by Ekado. It's shiny jewelry and was worth a hundred million." Han Sen's heart went under. It wasn't the money he was sad about, but whether or not he could find a ring that looked as good.

"Can I actually get two engagement rings?" Han Sen questioned.

Before Han Sen could find another ring, Ji Yanran brought Han Sen to the Ji family house.

It was a planet full of azure seas and still lakes. Forestry was in abundance, and mountain ranges coursed the continents like white threads. The air was clean and the environment was unspoiled. It was more than suitable for humans to live in.

On this planet, there existed only one building, however. This building was made of wood, constructed so that it would blend in with the natural environment.

Han Sen had no architectural knowledge, but Ji Yanran said the entire planet belonged to the Ji family. This house was where her grandfather lived. It was like an entire, exclusive planet had been reserved for her grandfather. Without permission, even other members of the Ji family would not dare to visit.

Han Sen knew how rich the Ji family was. Without the wealth they had, it would've been impossible for Ji Ruozhen to become president.

As he stood in the middle of a pavilion, he breathed in the raw, virgin air that passed through the pines up high and the grass down low. It was incredibly refreshing, and the nature-scented atmosphere could not compete with any man-made air.

"Miss Yanran, the master has requested that he meet with Han Sen alone." Outside the yard, Ji Yanran was stopped.

"Han Sen, you must be polite to grandfather," Ji Yanran nervously reminded Han Sen.

"Don't worry." Han Sen comforted Ji Yanran and followed the butler into the yard.

Han Sen thought he'd see the house upon entering the yard, but instead he saw a lake. Its surface was like a mirror, with a pavilion at its center. They looked like one.

The only way to go to the pavilion was across a bridge, and as he trod across it, he felt as if he was walking into a sublime painting.

"It looks like this grandfather is an elegant man; quite unlike me, it would seem." Although he thought the place was beautiful, Han Sen would not desire to live there. Technology and metropolitan locales suited him far more.

"Sir, Mister Han is here." The butler led Han Sen to the pavilion and politely spoke.

"Greetings, Grandpa." Han Sen walked up and bowed, speaking with a soft tone of politeness. As he did so, he checked out the demigod legend.

Ji Yanwu was the center of the Ji family. He was a demigod elite, and quite famous in the Alliance. The Ji family's reputation in today's age was owed to this man.

He was so well-respected, even Ji Ruozhen would not speak of him in vain. He was a remarkable and important figure in the Ji family.

He did look different than what Han Sen had envisioned, however. He was a down-to-earth old man. His beard was white, but it was well-kept and clearly groomed. He didn't use technology to dye his hair black, and you could even see the wrinkles on his skin.

He looked very serious, though. His eyes stopped on Han Sen, but his emotions and thoughts were impossible to guess. That being

said, there was nothing snobbish to feel, when being in his presence. All that you felt while being in his presence, was the need to revere him. You would feel compelled to listen to everything he said.

"Sit down." Grandfather Ji pointed at the cushion in front of him. He spoke with a calm voice.

Han Sen was awash with relief, not hearing him comment on his calling him "grandpa." Han Sen was feeling more confident about things, and so he sat where he was bid to.

"Are you ready to marry Yanran?"

Han Sen had only just sat down, but such a question had already been asked. It came as quite the shock. Grandfather Ji looked at Han Sen, and his clear eyes looked as if they could read a person's mind. It made Han Sen feel as if he was naked in public, which made him a little nervous.

"Yes, Grandpa. I am going to marry her, and I have come here to request your permission to do so," Han Sen said, all without hesitation.

Grandfather Ji looked at Han Sen, and then put away his scanner-like gaze. Then he said shortly, "That is good. You are both still in service of the army. There is no rush to get married. Pick a date and bring your mother to Ruozhen so you may discuss the event."

Han Sen thought he'd have to say and do a lot more than that, but already, the talk had come to an end. He hardly spoke at all and already, Grandfather Ji had bid that he return and make the appropriate preparations at once. He felt as if he had wasted his time earlier, thinking of all the ways he might approach and explain stuff to the man.

After Han Sen was led out by the butler, a man and woman approached from behind. It was Ji Ruozhen and his wife.

"Father, what do you think about this kid?" Ji Ruozhen asked.

Although Ji Yanran was their daughter, they would still listen to the opinion of Grandfather Ji.

"He is powerful. He is composed. In time, he can indeed become something," Grandfather Ji said.

Missus Ji sighed and said, "It is a shame he does not hail from a bigger family."

Although Han Sen could get everything he wanted in the Second God's Sanctuary, amidst the the rich families in the Alliance, his influence was limited. He was just a young, smart guy—one without prior wealth.

"It is fine to be without a remarkable background. He will be given one, following his joining of our family," Grandfather Ji said.

# Chapter 752: How About a Baby?

Han Sen never expected things to turn out so well; it was quite the surprise.

When he returned, he contacted his mother. He hoped that she could rendezvous for a meet and greet with the Ji family.

Luo Sulan did not object, and so Han Sen quickly brought her to meet the Ji family.

Han Sen thought it would just be a discussion about an engagement, and all it would require was the simple forming of an acquaintance between the parents of the engaged couple. When he actually arrived, with his mother, he was surprised to see it wasn't only Mister and Missus Ji there to greet them, but Ji Yanran's aunts and uncles, as well.

"Missus Han, our Ji family have many rules. I hope you do not take offense at them," Missus Ji explained politely, but her tone was stuffy and oozed arrogance.

"I know. Security is a high concern when dealing with the marriage of a daughter. I have a daughter, too. I understand how you feel," Luo Sulan smiled and said.

"Please take a seat, Missus Han." Ji Ruozhen looked at Luo Sulan with sudden surprise.

The Han's family background was something they knew all about. But Luo Sulan's temperament and mannerisms were different than what they expected from a housewife.

As they discussed the details of the engagement, Luo Sulan seemed quite understanding and appeared very polite towards the Ji family. Her manners were excellent.

Han Sen didn't think it was anything surprising. From what he could recall, Luo Sulan had always been an elegant woman.

When Han Sen was a kid, his mother was like a fairy to him. She always protected him. But after his father's accident, his mother's life was forced to change.

Seeing his mom like this took Han Sen back to his childhood for a bit.

In this event, however, Han Sen was a youngster; he had no place to interrupt and speak. Quietly, all he did was stand behind his mother and watch the conversation unfold.

Ji Yanran was the same, standing beside her parents. She too just listened in on the conversation, without saying a word of her own volition. She would only speak when spoken to.

Things were going very well, and Luo Sulan did not ask for much of anything. The Ji family all agreed she was a nice person and believed her to be a well-educated housewife.

"Missus Han, after they both get married, I would like them both to become part of the Ji family. I believe it would be easier for us to take care of them, but I would like to hear your thoughts on the matter." Missus Ji posed the question.

Han Sen did not have a notable background, but if Grandfather Ji thought he had a promising future, they thought it best nurtured within the Ji family. Through their influence, he could gain far more and his change of family name would reflect better on Yanran.

Missus Ji also wanted to see her daughter, whenever she could. Therefore, this matter was a serious issue of discussion for her.

This was a desire of Grandfather Ji, too. The Ji family would allow the marriage, but only on the condition that Han Sen joined their family.

"I am sorry, Missus Ji. I only have one son, and I was hoping he could be by my side when I grow old," Luo Sulan responded. Coldly, she continued to say, "He is still a man of Han. A man

should make his own family, don't you agree?"

Missus Ji's face changed at those words. One of Ji Yanran's aunts chimed in to say, "Missus Han, please reconsider your position on this. You are indeed correct in saying a man should create his own family. But one man's power is limited. If, in the future, he became Ruozhen's son-in-law, that would make him the son-of-law of the president. If he did something inappropriate, it would shame our family."

"Yes, Missus Han. What year is this? Our Ji family is willing to help Han Sen, for with our power, he can become someone grand. He will make you prouder than you can imagine," another middle-aged woman joined in to speak.

Missus Ji then rejoined the talk, saying, "Missus Han, if Han Sen marries our daughter, he will be half my son. The Ji family will help him forge a legacy of his own and commit to fine, broad deeds. Isn't that what you desire?"

"I don't have many expectations. I only want him to be with me. Carrying on the Han family legacy is more than enough for me," Luo Sulan replied to the criticizers.

"Missus Han, this is not right. How can you not share concern for your son's future? Do you know what he will receive when he joins us? What he will achieve and where he will go? Aren't you selfish for not allowing him to join our family?" Missus Ji's tone was infected with undertones of anger now.

Han Sen could not hold his tongue any longer. He could take all the pressure, if he was the one under the microscope, but he couldn't stand for his mother to be bullied anymore.

Just as Han Sen was about to move, Luo Sulan's left hand stopped him. Although Luo Sulan did not turn to look, she held onto him really hard and prevented him from doing that which he wanted to.

Ji Yanran quickly tugged at her mom's sleeves, as well. She wanted her to stop pushing with her dialogue.

But Missus Ji was in no mood to stop her criticism, and she proceeded to say, "Missus Han, the Ji family is large and rich. My husband, Ji Ruozhen, is the president of the Alliance. Do you really think I will allow my daughter to sink through the mud to be with you?"

"When you get married, the woman tends to follow her husband. Yanran is a fine child, and I'm sure she will be just fine," Luo Sulan calmly responded.

Just as Missus Ji was getting mad, prepared to say something else, a voice of someone annoyed came from further back, behind a screen.

"A housewife's opinion is one that allows their man to do everything. You are destroying his future." The voice was calm, but it was one that was drenched in intimidation. After the man spoke, everyone on the Ji's side quieted down.

"What can the Ji family provide him?" Luo Sulan, as composed as ever, looked to the screen and spoke.

"A reputation within the Alliance. One that will earn him the world." These words were spoken by Grandfather Ji. They were commanding words, and they were spoken with power.

"If that is the future, then I'd rather he stayed at home raising babies," Luo Sulan coldly scoffed in rebuttal. She was not spooked by the man that was now addressing her.

The Ji family's face looked strange, as what she said seemed so lame.

"You woman! You really don't know your place. I am being nice to your son, and you suggest he raise babies. What is it that you think men should do?" Grandfather Ji was furious. He stepped beyond the screen to see the woman that defied him, wanting to

destroy her son's future.

The people of the Ji family were shocked, witnessing Grandfather Ji reveal himself. He looked mad, and not a single other person was willing to speak while he did so or try and usher calmness into him.

"Grandpa!" All apart from Ji Yanran, that was. She ran forward and tried to stop her grandfather's advance.

Grandfather Ji coldly said, "Do not worry. I am not planning to do anything; I just want to see who this disrespectful woman is."

As he talked, he walked in the direction of Luo Sulan. He took a look as he went, and his face entirely changed when he saw her.

He then quickly ran directly in front of her, which shocked the Ji family audience. They believed his wrath had been incited so much, he was running forward to do something.

But this was not so. Grandfather Ji looked nervous, and he reached out his hand to her. He wanted to grab her, but he pulled back as his body shivered.

"Lady Lan! You are Lady Lan? Do you not remember the Ji's third brother?" Grandfather Ji's vocal chords were trembling. His knees went soft, and he knelt in front of her with tears rolling down his cheeks.

# Chapter 753: Godslayer Luo

Everyone was still. The entire living room was silent and dead; you could hear a pin drop.

The Ji family was very noble and very religious. Grandfather Ji possessed the highest authority and governance. No one could quite believe they were watching this revered figure kneel in tears before Han Sen's mother. And despite her defiance, he called her "lady."

Even Han Sen was petrified. He did not expect the head of the Ji family would cry in front of his mother like a child.

"Who are you?" Luo Sulan looked a little worried, with the man in front of her. She reached out her hand and tried to raise him up. Her lips lifted a little when she spoke, which indicated to Han Sen that she was lying, and she did in fact know who he was.

"Lady Lan, I am Ji Yanwu. I am the third brother. Thirty-four years ago, I was fortunate to encounter you in the Sky-Water Pavilion. You were only eleven years old, and you were beside Mister Haitang. If you weren't wearing the Saint Heart Haitang brooch right now, I would have almost been disrespectful to you. Please forgive me." Grandfather Ji still would not stand up.

"Ah, it's third uncle Ji! Get up! I can't accept such reverence towards me. I apologize for not recognizing you, for back then you were still a young man with black hair. I cannot believe, in the advent of all these years, I am now a middle-aged woman. Furthermore, time has robbed your hair of its color." Luo Sulan helped raise Grandfather Ji up.

Grandfather Ji, back on his two feet, excitedly asked, "Lady Lan, how is Mister Haitang doing?"

"Grandpa's body is still healthy, but he is getting old and does not go out much." Luo Sulan smiled faintly as she spoke.

Seeing Grandfather Ji chat-up Luo Sulan bewildered the Ji family, and they suddenly did not understand what was going on. Even Han Sen was puzzled; his mouth was wide open in awe.

"Why does my mother's family suddenly seem so powerful? Do I actually hail from a rich family? No way! If I was, why would I grow up in such poverty? Numerous times, we almost lost our home." Han Sen's heart was now brimming with countless questions.

"Is this kid your son?" Grandfather Ji looked at Han Sen with exuberantly kind eyes. He looked at him more brightly than he did his own sons.

"Yes; this is my son. His name is Han Sen." Luo Sulan smiled and gave Han Sen another introduction.

"It is no wonder he is your son. He is such a smart kid, and he has achieved so much at his relatively young age. His future is bound to be one of greatness, and it is of magnificent fortune that Ji Yanran is to marry him." Grandfather Ji complimented Han Sen as if he was the smartest person in the universe.

"Father, who is this?" Ji Ruozhen could no longer stay silent. He wanted to get a better understanding of the family his daughter was marrying into.

It wasn't just Ji Ruozhen who wanted an explanation; it was everyone who was present. They all stared at Han Sen and his mother in perplexity, as what had just happened in the past few minutes was too difficult to believe. Now, they really wanted to know who Han Sen's mother was to make Grandfather Ji behave like that.

"Ruozhen, we are to become a family with Lady Lan. You should all be nice to each other." Grandfather Ji looked utterly delighted, and he continued on by saying, "We are so lucky!"

"Father, who is Mister Haitang?" Ji Ruozhen knew his father

well, and his behavior wouldn't be so ebullient if this was just anyone. To incite such a reaction, the person he was referring to would have to be someone of legendary or mythical status.

Grandfather Ji's eyes seemed complicated now, as if they were peering off into his own distant past. It was like he was on a blissful reverie, taking a trip down the lane of his memories. "His name may not be one to spark the imagination, but you know who he is. He has long protected this family. Solo, he reached the Fourth Shelter and even claimed a shelter for himself in a realm of demigods."

"Godslayer Luo?" Ji Ruozhen's face suddenly changed. Before he could say anything more, screams were already erupting from various corners of the Ji audience. Everyone looked at Han Sen and his mother with tremendous shock.

The fourth shelter was not a place for ordinary humans. Demigod elites could only scratch an existence for themselves there. In the fourth shelter, throughout history, humans had only managed to claim ten shelters for themselves. Demigod class humans only used such places as safehouses, so they could remain alive.

Nine human demigod shelters were the fruits of a cooperative effort between many different factions of the Alliance. But one of these shelters was claimed solo, by a human demigod. He fought for it for four days and four nights. This person was an enigma, and most people only knew his surname. He preferred to go solo, and he loved nothing more than slaying beings that were greater than him. Over time, this earned him the title "Godslayer Luo."

Although Godslayer Luo was a violent person with a strange personality, he was a protector. And those who swore their allegiance to him would receive his guardianship.

"Back in the day, we went out on a hunt. We went to take out a royal shelter in the Third God's Sanctuary, me with a few uncles. We were victorious, but only for a brief while. Our claim was

staked in that place for ten days before the most wretched thing happened. A beast descended from the skies and laid waste to our new home. It overwhelmed the forces of our shelter, and so foul was this creature, it didn't seem likely our combined might could slay or even stay its attack. Me and two thousand family members looked likely to be killed by that thing, but that was when Mister Haitang appeared. He came alone and with a single strike, he lopped the head of that monster clean off. The Ji family was saved. Without Mister Haitang, there would be no Ji family. I wouldn't be alive right now, if it wasn't for that man."

Grandfather Ji looked upon the faces of his family and said, "Mister Haitang saved our family. If someone here does not treat Lady Lan with the respect she deserves, they will be subject to family discipline."

Ji Ruozhen and everyone else quickly agreed, but in their hearts, they thought, "Weren't you the one that came forward, seething with rage at first?"

Han Sen felt like he was dreaming. Ten minutes ago, the Ji family was bullying his mother. Now, they were all praising her.

Seeing his mom suddenly surrounded by people who looked on her like a goddess, he didn't think what he was seeing was real.

"Is my mother really the child of Godslayer Luo?" Han Sen's head was stuffed with questions.

The discussions regarding the engagement resumed, and they seemed to go well. Grandfather Ji stood to the side, listening intently. In the end, Luo Sulan had the final say on everything. The Ji family didn't object to a single desire of hers.

She was given an invitation to stay over, by Grandfather Ji, but she turned the offer down. So, later, Han Sen and his mother left the Ji family household together. Grandfather Ji made sure all the family members bid them a fond farewell as they entered their ship.

"Mom, you have been hiding a lot from me." Now, when it was just the two of them, Han Sen started his interrogation.

Luo Sulan simply smiled in response, saying, "What did I hide from you?"

"You never told me that my grandfather was Godslayer Luo." Han Sen was eager to know more.

"I didn't hide it; I guess I just never spoke about it. If you wanted to know, I would have told you." Luo Sulan blinked.

Han Sen did not know what to say in response. After a few moments of silence, he had a question he wanted to ask. "If your family is that powerful, how can we be bullied by our second uncles and aunts?"

# Chapter 754: Really Didn't Teach You?

Luo Sulan smiled and said, "Technically, there are two problems. First, I was exiled from my family for running off to marry your father. As such, I can hardly be considered a part of the Luo family. Second, you're asking why we were bullied by our second uncles and aunties? That's a little harder to explain. We owe them; let's leave it at that."

"We owe them? What is that supposed to mean?" Han Sen didn't expect that answer, and he ended up looking at Luo Sulan with surprise.

"I'm not sure. But that is what your father told me, actually. He never told me the details, however." Luo Sulan smiled as she spoke.

"My father... did he really die?" Han Sen's heart always held onto the glimmer of hope his father might still be alive. Following his accident, no body had actually been retrieved, after all.

"Honestly? I don't know. I have spent many years investigating his death myself, but I have yet to unearth another truth. Still, I do believe your father is alive." Luo Sulan's eyes displayed certainty in this belief.

Han Sen moved his lips as if to say something, but those words never came. Instead, he ended up saying, "Mom, your fighting skills must be powerful."

"They're okay. Your grandfather taught me fairly well," Luo Sulan smiled and said.

"Then why don't you teach me what grandfather taught you?" Han Sen asked Luo Sulan with vibrant eyes, that possessed a hint of disappointment he hadn't been offered such teachings before.

Luo Sulan smiled at Han Sen and suggestively asked, "Are you sure I did not teach you?"

"Of course. I think I would know if you had taught me something," Han Sen said.

Luo Sulan reached out her hand to grab Han Sen by the ear and said, "My stupid son, I cannot believe you have no clue about what I taught you. Do you think your decision-making abilities, fighting abilities, learning abilities, timing abilities, predictive abilities, thinking abilities, your world-view, your attitude to do things, the principles of being a human, and your reactive abilities were self-taught or natural attributes which you were born possessing?"

Han Sen was shocked, having always believed himself to be supremely talented through self-education. Now he understood that ever since he was small, the reason his mother left him to his own devices often was so he could become more independent. Even when it came to playing games, she had trained his abilities on the sly.

Han Sen then remembered the game of Red Hands, which he frequently played with his mother. They played it more than anything together, and only now did he realize that this was what had enabled him to have such good timing and reactions, and also allowed him to read other people so well.

There were a lot of other similar things. And he was now flabbergasted to realize that throughout his childhood, his mother had taught and guided him seamlessly, without making the training an apparent chore. Luo Sulan had a great influence in his youth and had a bigger hand in shaping his personality than he had previously given her credit for.

But still, these powers she had taught were fairly ordinary. There was nothing special or exclusive about what she had taught him, yet it was his excellence in these departments that allowed him to later standout amongst others.

"But you never taught me the Luo family's hyper geno art." Saying this, Han Sen sounded upset again.

"In this world, what makes you strong? You. If you are powerful enough, it does not matter which hyper geno art you learn; if you are strong, you are strong. If I instead opted to teach you the most powerful Qi Gong there is, it wouldn't have mattered. With low base traits, you'd be a noob no matter what. Who you are as a person is what defines your ultimate power, and you have done just fine without that hyper geno art. I taught you the necessities for becoming a powerful figure in this crazy world, and from what I can tell, it paid off. That was the task I gave myself, and teaching that hyper geno art was not in my interest."

Luo Sulan stopped talking for a brief moment. She sighed, then continued to say, "And I left the Luo family, anyway. I have no association with them, if you disregard my name. The last thing I wanted was you getting involved with them, needlessly."

Han Sen noticed Luo Sulan had no desire to talk about the Luo family she had left behind, so he didn't push the subject further. Instead, he asked, "Are these really the relics from my great grandfather?"

Luo Sulan nodded and said, "Yes. Your father gave them to me."

"So, great grandfather really is Instructor Han?" Han Sen went silent after asking the question, and simply stared at his mother.

Luo Sulan had a wry smile and responded by saying, "I would like to know this, too. I thought your father was just an average, funny guy. He doesn't quite seem so average anymore, does he?"

Han Sen found it difficult to believe that she knew so little about his father. If she did know more than she was letting on, he suspected there was something she thought best not to mention.

But Han Sen knew he wasn't going to get any answers, so he didn't ask anything else about him.

"Mom, do you know what super geno points are?" Right now, they were back home. And feeling like a door-to-door, sleazy

salesman, Han Sen popped the sneaky question.

Luo Sulan gave Han Sen a complicated look and said, "I have taught you many things. But what I have taught you all goes to aid you in achieving an easy life for yourself. Your cleverness and abilities have exceeded all my wildest expectations. As good as this may be, it is not without its downsides. If you were merely an ordinary person, you'd be safe. By being someone special, more often than not, you may find yourself facing death."

Han Sen wasn't quite sure what she was getting at, so he just looked at her.

"If you have willingly selected the road you currently tread, then by all means advance and keep going. But it is a lonely road, a less-traveled path that only holds room for one. Even your dearest person in this world will be unable to help you. But if you think you cannot go any further, then by all means stop. At least that way you'll live longer."

Luo Sulan stroked Han Sen's head with love and said, "I wish you the best of luck, my son. Perhaps one day you will indeed become someone of much renown."

"Mom, I never studied much. Could you say what you just said in a simpler way?" Han Sen's face looked very embarrassed, as he couldn't understand a thing.

"There is no need for you to understand. Just be who you are. You have always followed your heart, in the deeds of the past and present. Adhere to this simple philosophy as you continue your march, now and into the future." Luo Sulan ruffled Han Sen's hair into a mess, pinched his cheek, smiled, and then said, "I actually have high expectations of you."

Han Sen felt so helpless. His mother was overall reluctant to say much and didn't provide many answers to the questions for which he sought resolution. All he had learned was how powerful his mother's family had actually been, but it did not help. The details

were scarce, and in regards to his father, Han Sen was still unsure whether he was dead or alive. He ended up with more questions than answers.

But the engagement plans went well, and that took a load off Han Sen's shoulders. Now, he could finally place his name on Ji Yanran.

"Hm, next up; how do I get rid of this troublesome fairy?" Han Sen had been kept busy for two weeks. When he returned to the shelter in the desert, the fairy was still vigilant outside the walls of the Yellowstone City. It looked like he had no choice, and they'd have to fight each other until one of them dropped, no matter what.

# Chapter 755: Falsified-Sky Sutra

Han Sen couldn't think of a solution to the predicament he was in, so he thought about sending his mother a message. He had hoped to maybe receive some help from his mother, and perhaps get a glimpse of the true extent of her power.

"Figure it out yourself." The text reply was those four simple words.

Han Sen shook his head and gave a wry smile. His hopes were quickly dashed, so he gave up on the idea of consulting his mother on this. Now, he knew he had to sort it out himself.

"I doubt I can outrun it. It really seems the only way out of this is to kill the thing. But the fairy's body is so strong that not even my Elephant-Rex Strike was able to damage it. How on earth can I kill something that strong?" Han Sen thought to himself.

While Han Sen was still in the midst of these thoughts, his communicator rang. There was a message.

The message came from a number that was unknown to him. Alongside the text there was a video, and it was showcasing a hyper geno art.

But this hyper geno art did not have any instructions, and its ending was cut-off. Even its title wasn't there. That being said, the explanation was very detailed.

"Wrong number, maybe?" Han Sen took a peek and was quickly attracted by its contents. Giving it a proper read, he was shocked at what it contained.

If this hyper geno art was genuine, it supposed that you could unleash your elemental powers before achieving the rank of a celestial being. Such a power would unleash massive damage.

"A hyper geno art of this magnitude was sent to the wrong number? That's a little hard to believe. There has to be more to

this than meets the eye." Han Sen thought, so he decided to reply to the message. "Hello. How are you? I think you sent this to the wrong person."

If the person really did send it to an incorrect address, it would be easy for them to learn who the recipient was. It would be impossible for Han Sen to hide or deny the fact he had received the message, so there was no point in lying.

"No. I was correct," the person quickly replied.

Han Sen was surprised. He frowned and sent another message. "You know who I am?"

"Han Sen." The person on the other end sent those two measly words.

"Who are you? Why are you providing me with this hyper geno art?" Han Sen was intrigued, and so he responded with haste.

"You deserve it. If there is anything you do not understand during its training, feel free to message me." It wasn't the answer Han Sen wanted, but at least the person on the other end was now typing complete, lengthy sentences.

Han Sen sent another message, but he received no response.

"What does a 'bright day' mean?" Han Sen read the hyper geno art, selected the two words and messaged the person on the other end.

To this, the person on the other end instantly replied and explained its meaning.

"Who are you?" Han Sen asked again, but like before, this question went unanswered. It was fairly obvious by now that this person was only willing to talk about the hyper geno art. Anything else was met with silence.

But Han Sen himself now went quiet. The hyper geno art appeared strange, and it was delivered by a person who seemed

quite fishy. Anyone would have exercised caution if they were in Han Sen's boots right then.

Han Sen looked over the hyper geno art quite a few times and came to understand that it was indeed quite a powerful skill. The details were very well-explained, so it didn't seem possible for it to be a knock-off. Han Sen believed it to be the real deal.

If he successfully learnt this hyper geno art, it might be what was needed for the little angel to wipe out the little fairy. The only problem was the way in which it had been delivered. It came into his possession quite strangely, and Han Sen wasn't sure why anyone would be willing to send him such a special hyper geno art willy-nilly. Han Sen wondered what the person sought to achieve, by giving it to him.

At this time, on another planet, a middle-aged man had a cruel expression on his face. He sat inside a pavilion, drinking tea. All the while, he watched fish swim about in a pond.

In the center of the pavilion was a stone table, and sitting near it was a beautiful woman. She was engaged with a laptop. She put it down and said with a smile, "Do you think that guy will go ahead and learn it?"

"He has to." The man did not move his head or avert his gaze from the fish.

"What if he doesn't?" The beautiful woman asked, with some excitement over the entire affair.

"He will. He may not be Luo in name, but he still shares our blood. He is carrying our genes and so, he will learn it," the man explained, without lifting his head. His voice was calm and composed, and it oozed confidence.

"But his body's blood isn't solely from the Luo family." The beautiful woman squinted her eyes and continued by saying, "Lady Lan has been gone for many years. She tried everything she could

to get away from us. Why bother them now?"

"This is the fate of the Luo family; it is not something we can escape." The man's eyes looked strange.

"If, I was just saying 'if,' he did not learn it." The woman increased her tone of voice deliberately.

The man now slowly turned around. He stared at the woman for a while and then said, "He will learn it. No ifs, no buts. If he does not learn it, then that means he is not one of ours."

The beautiful woman was silenced and she did not say anything else. She maintained the silence between them in the pavilion, and simply listened to the gentle wind that caressed them both.

On Planet Roca, Luo Sulan placed her hands on her cheeks and daydreamed in front of her desk. She sighed and thought, "I can only suppose they are aware of Han Sen's existence by now. The Falsified-Sky Sutra is in Han Sen's hands by now, most probably. Can he resist the temptation of its learning? It is difficult to say."

Inside the base headquarters, Han Sen turned his communicator off and stopped reading the hyper geno art.

The Falsified-Sky Sutra was not enough to draw Han Sen in yet, as Dongxuan Sutra was not inferior to it. The skill was presented to him out of nowhere, and he was still not sure who had given it to him and for what purpose. He wasn't quite willing to accept a skill he had no prior knowledge about.

And he still had Blood-Pulse to learn in the near future, too. That wasn't any worse than the Falsified-Sky Sutra, either.

This was one aspect of his personality that Luo Sulan made sure to train into Han Sen as he grew up. There were some self-serving modifications, however.

Luo Sulan formulated a base for Han Sen's personality, and it was only after he had been living in the shelter that it started to complete. It even had his own style.

Even Luo Sulan thought Han Sen could not resist the temptation of learning the skill. But what neither she nor the mysterious figures knew, was that Han Sen had the Dongxuan Sutra. He was far more powerful than they both believed him to be, and as such, the Falsified-Sky Sutra meant little to him.

Han Sen logged into the Skynet and entered the Saint Hall community. He purchased the skill "Sonic-Thunder Punch." He had finally come up with a way to kill the fairy.

# Chapter 756: Sonic-Thunder Punch

The last time Han Sen saw Sonic-Thunder Punch, he fancied buying it. But back then, he was browsing for skills to be used by his other-self, Coin. Therefore, he ended up buying Elephant-Disc Punch.

This time, Han Sen was free to buy Sonic-Thunder Punch as himself, from the Saint Hall. Having done so, he was keen to start into its practice.

Han Sen read Sonic-Thunder Punch's instructions and realized that it primarily dealt damage using thunder elemental power. In the instructions, however, it was noted that you could increase its potential by fusing the thunder with the sonic element.

Most people could only manage to possess and wield one elemental power. The most talented evolvers had been known to possess two different elements, but Han Sen had never seen the combination of thunder and sonic used before.

Han Sen could simulate the silver fox's thunder powers and Death Knell's sonic power, so there was nothing stopping him from giving it a try. With those two elemental powers combined as a base for his Sonic-Thunder Punch, Han Sen had high expectations.

After buying the skill and its geno solution, Han Sen didn't hesitate to swallow it all the first chance he got. He simulated the silver fox's thunder element and got right into practice.

Han Sen had spent half the day training, and his body was already beginning to hum with static. When he swung his fists, crackles and sparks of electricity popped and twitched.

But the thunder power remained in his body; he couldn't fire it out like a projectile.

Over the next eight days, Han Sen madly practiced Sonic-Thunder Punch in the Yellowstone City. Using the thunder

element as a base, it only took three days for him to fully complete the skill's learning.

But it would be pointless to use Sonic-Thunder Punch as it was. Its raw power was similar to Elephant-Disc Punch's power, and therefore would not be enough to damage the fairy.

While Han Sen simulated his sonic and thunder power, however, a problem arose. When Han Sen cast both elements, he found it difficult to combine them into the Sonic-Thunder Punch he was aiming for.

Han Sen could use his thunder element to cast Sonic-Thunder Punch, and he could use his sonic powers to cast Sonic-Thunder Punch, with each adhering to its respective element and qualities.

But despite how many times he tried, Han Sen could not come to grips with casting Sonic-Thunder Punch under the fusion of both the thunder and sonic elements.

Trying to find the right measurements and balance was difficult.

Han Sen summoned his little angel and practiced it with her, hoping he could gain enough experience to improve.

Zhou Yumei was bored, as she sat on the bench in the plaza. Each and every day, all there was to entertain her eyes was Han Sen practicing and training his skills with the little angel. She did not understand why Han Sen still required so much practice, despite his already incredible strength.

She really wanted Han Sen to show her a way out, as he would sneak back to the Alliance on his own frequently.

Zhou Yumei had requested this many times, to no avail. Han Sen's method of returning to the Alliance, however, was simple. Every time he wanted to go back, he would summon his little angel and get her to restrain the spirit in the spirit hall. While it was busy, Han Sen could just run on through the teleporter.

And despite her repeated pleading, Han Sen refused to bring her

with him. Every time he returned, he did so in possession of an abundance of snacks. They weren't gifts for her, though. In fact, they were the opposite. For a very high price, he would sell her these snacks, and the amount would be written down as a debt on her contract like a tab.

"What a horrible man!" Zhou Yumei munched on the snacks she was helpless to refuse, as she watched Han Sen and the little angel with scorn.

Suddenly, a large clap of thunder sounded. Han Sen's fist cast lightning like a silver sun.

The wrecking fist was driven into a one meter wide and one meter thick pillar. It was annihilated.

An aftershock followed the terrifying punch, which rattled Zhou Yumei into dropping her snacks all over the floor. Her ears rang and her energy felt disturbed. She fell on the floor, spitting out blood.

It took a while for her to stand back up, and she could only do so when her energy started returning to normal and the sound had dissipated. She looked at Han Sen, who was staring at his own fist in surprise.

"Sonic-Thunder Punch, eh? It looks like I've finally gotten the hang of it. The combination of sonic and thunder really is quite fierce. Increased damage aside, it seems I can even disturb the energy flow of my opponents. This punch is almost as powerful as Elephant-Rex Strike." Han Sen was overjoyed. After his constant practice, he had finally completed his training of Sonic-Thunder Punch.

There was one negative, however; the punch drained all his power. It cost even more than Elephant-Rex Strike. Despite his Jade-Sun Force's constant replenishment of energy, he still had a shortage.

But this did little to hamper his excitement. If that punch could disturb the little fairy's energy flow, then it'd open her up for a savage onslaught by the little angel. With a side of luck, that'd be enough to overcome her.

Han Sen took a break. He still wanted to practice some more, but for the time being, he'd have to wait for his energy to return.

He only succeeded in performing his desired strike once. It was too dicey to go out there now, expecting his next try to be a success, too. He had to ensure, no matter how much time it took, that he had perfected the casting of Sonic-Thunder Punch.

Zhou Yumei sat atop a stone tower, watching Han Sen practice from a distance. After what happened last time, she didn't want to sit too close to where he was training.

Although Han Sen did not talk to her much, and he wasn't nice whenever he did, she cherished the company she had. She was delighted to no longer be all alone in this desert city.

She had the suspicion that the man was obsessed with combat. It dampened her spirits somewhat, and she hoped that he could take a time-out every now and then to spend time with her, or at least to talk a little.

Obviously, Han Sen was more interested in practicing a fighting skill than interacting with her. He practiced the skill every day, and only spoke with her briefly during his breaks. Yet those small snippets of conversation were the happiest, brightest moments of her day.

This man was able to take her worries and throw them away, but at the same time, he could also make her sad.

Recently, she had noticed that his ring finger was no longer naked—he had a ring on. Seeing this made her upset.

Suddenly, another loud thunderbolt broke the skies. Even though she was sitting a good distance away, she still had to throw

her hands over her ears as the energy inside her body succumbed to turmoil.

After the loud noise, Zhou Yumei immediately ran down to him. She knew every time Han Sen cast that punch, he'd be in need of a lengthy break.

"Hey! So, what sort of skill are you learning? It looks kinda lame, doesn't it? What does it do, give people a jump scare? How about you let me teach you some real skills?" Zhou Yumei ran straight to Han Sen and spoke in a prideful tone.

Han Sen smiled at her but did not say anything. The woman was already in her twenties, but her personality hadn't quite caught up yet; she was a bit childish, he thought.

Seeing Zhou Yumei like that, Han Sen had a flashback to his days as a child. He remembered when he once bullied a girl, all because he fancied her.

"I'm good, thank you. I'm afraid I don't have the time to practice your real skills," Han Sen coldly said. He could cast Sonic-Thunder Punch perfectly by now, and once his energy had recovered this time, he would be off. He was going to attempt his next fight against the fairy.

# Chapter 757: Battling a Fairy

In the middle of the Black Desert, Han Sen and the little angel walked. They were a good distance away from the shelter, since Han Sen wanted to use a beast soul associated with Coin. As such, he didn't want Zhou Yumei to see.

Han Sen ran across the desert sands, all the while observing the regions he paced through.

The fairy popped out of the black sands, and with a maddened stare towards Han Sen, let out a fierce gust of icy air.

Han Sen ignored her sudden appearance and continued his run. The little angel swiftly came to Han Sen's back and cut off the fairy's advance.

The little angel garnered the fairy's attention well enough for it to go after her, and in this way, the fairy was led countless miles until the Yellowstone City was out of sight. Han Sen summoned all manner of beast souls and armored up in preparation for a fight against the fairy.

Under the protection provided by the ant king's armor and the Devil Unicorn's elemental shroud, at least Han Sen couldn't be one-shotted by his fluttering nemesis. He also had Jadeskin prepared, revved up and ready to withstand any ice powers that broke through his defenses.

For the actual fight, however, little angel would be Han Sen's greatest weapon. Han Sen's combat contributions would be secondary, as his attacks did little to the fairy individually; but he at least hoped that together they would be greater than the sum of their parts. He didn't want to use the Sonic-Thunder Punch yet, but he was able to incite the fairy's fury well-enough without it for now. His pestering jabs gave the fairy a rabid lust for Han Sen's blood.

Turning to him, the fairy unleashed its ice powers, and so Han Sen retreated for the moment. He evaded her attacks and called for the little angel to resume its kiting.

After doing this a few times, the harassment of Han Sen's petty strikes and subsequent evasions got on the fairy's nerves. More than ever, it desired nothing more than to hack Han Sen into pieces.

The fairy took advantage of her next opportunity to dodge the little angel's attack and buzzed right past her. Like a wild, icy shadow, she quickly gained on Han Sen.

But this did not come as a surprise to him; rather, this pleased Han Sen. His eyes flashed as he cast his Dongxuan Sutra. Half of his body gleamed like silver lightning, while the other half chimed ominously like an ancient bell. The moment the fairy appeared in front of Han Sen, his fist blurred towards her.

The silver lightning and the bell sounds came as one. His fist was like a silver sun, shooting towards the fairy.

Dong!

The fairy's face convulsed into an expression of hatred, and in response she threw her own fist to greet the incoming star. As they collided, streaks of silver lightning and cones of exhausted frosty air consumed the environment with the noise of a deafening explosion.

The silver lightning could not hurt the fairy, but the bell's sound threw the fairy for a loop. She began twirling around at the mercy of a violent seizure, seemingly dazed out of her ordinary consciousness.

The force that was birthed by the collision of fists sent Han Sen careening across the desert dunes, a one hundred meter skid mark unfurling behind him. Blood flew out of his heaving mouth.

The little angel dashed forward to slice the fairy while its energy

was disturbed. Her hefty blow finally drew blood, forming a nasty gash.

Pang!

The fairy was launched into the black sand like a bullet, and it let out a screech of agony.

"Finish her!" Han Sen commanded the little angel, as he quickly made his own exhausted retreat.

After his strike, his body was weak. It would take him a long time to recover and become battle-ready again. If the little fairy found its wings and resumed its chase, he feared he'd be killed in no time at all.

But there was no need for the verbal command, because the little angel was already raising her greatsword once more. She drove it down into the sandy cleft the fairy's body had created as it crashed.

Like a geyser, ice burst forth from the sandy crevice. Inside the pit, the fairy was down on its knees. With excruciating effort, it lifted one hand to block the greatsword.

The little angel's eyes flashed, and she brought the greatsword down once more. The fairy was drained of her prior power, and now the sword managed to pierce through her hand and draw blood.

The fairy's body collapsed into the sand, the blood from the wound on its back oozing out at a dangerous speed. She was not done for yet, however. She let out another screech and, as if it instilled her with renewed vigor, amplified the power of her icy fortification. She stood up straight as a frightening, frosty air froze the greatsword that sought to end her. Within two seconds, the ice had consumed the entire blade.

The little angel was afraid to get hurt, so she let go of the greatsword and took a step back.

The fairy used this moment to escape her sandy coffin and race

towards Han Sen. Her frosty air swirled around her, and although she was heavily wounded, her demise did not matter if she could bring Han Sen down with her.

"Holy smokes! It was the little angel that injured you. What are you coming after me for?" Han Sen's heart had been dropped into a vat of quicksand, recalling how he had actually only managed to hurt the fairy once. For the entire time she had hounded him, he had no idea what drove her desire for vengeance, or why she despised him so much.

Han Sen boosted his powers a little, so he could throw his frail body out of the way and dodge her incoming attack. The fairy looked as if she was ready to keel over and succumb to her wounds; whatever happened next, it would be her final stand.

Han Sen could not risk coming into contact with any attack the fairy made now. With his body in such a weakened condition, he'd sustain grievous damage if he allowed her attacks to touch him.

The fairy's final strike was stronger than anything that had come before. If it was unleashed against the little angel, she would have been able to dodge with no problem. But in Han Sen's current state, there was nothing he could do.

The little angel was trying to catch up to the fairy, but it was too late. Knowing it would be impossible for him to attempt an evasion, Han Sen summoned his Flaming Rex Spike and held it to his chest right as the fairy's fist was coming at him.

Pang!

An icy tornado was summoned, and it quickly smothered the flames of the rex spike. A brutal force was driven into his rex spike, which in turn got pushed into Han Sen's chest. Han Sen's black smoke was doused and his armor shattered. He was sent flying.

While Han Sen was in the air, his entire body and rex spike were consumed by a wailing tornado. He became an ice cube, and when

he fell back down to the ground, he was like an iceberg in the sea of sand.

The little angel caught up from behind, swung her greatsword, and whacked the fairy down into the black sand. Blood now gushed from her exposed wounds.

The fairy had reached the end of its tether, and it would soon die. It had no hope of competing against the little angel anymore. It was drained of strength and its body was covered in exposed wounds that gushed blood.

The little angel's eyes flashed, and she waved her white wings. But as she flew towards the fairy, a firework of frost and ice rocketed into the air and exploded. The dazzling display brought with it an abundance of snowflakes.

But within the snowfall, a small shadow fluttered out of the haze with great speed.

The fairy wasn't dead, but like a shadow, it took off in the direction of the bamboo forest.

Katcha!

Han Sen cleaved his way through the ice that encased him. His chest was all bloody and cut; even his ribcage was exposed.

"Kill her!" Han Sen was now infuriated, and he did not care for the wound on his chest. He summoned his wings to give the fairy chase and vowed to the heavens above that he'd kill her.

# Chapter 758: Taking Care of the Fairy

The fairy's escape was extremely quick, and even the little angel had great difficulty catching up to her. But quite abruptly, the fairy slowed down. It seemed as if her burst of speed had chugged and come to an end, due to a complete exhaustion of her own strength. Now, even slower than usual, it fluttered away from the battle.

Han Sen and the little angel followed the fairy to the black mountain, and watched it retreat into the mouth of the cave the scorpion had once dug. Together, they followed the fairy inside.

Hastily, the tiny menace whizzed her way through the bamboo forest in a bid to reach the icy domain where they had first discovered it. Han Sen wasn't sure why it would retreat there, but he knew he would have to finish it off soon. He commanded the little angel to venture ahead and close the distance the fairy was currently gaining on them.

But the fairy had now gained a fair lead, and even if they went at their top speed, it'd be difficult for them to catch up anytime soon.

The fairy managed to reach the lake, and now that the narcissus was gone, a thick layer of ice coated the entire area. Not even the water could be seen anymore.

The fairy smacked the one foot thick ice that paned the water and shattered it. Without lingering, it quickly dove into the icy cauldron.

The little angel didn't hesitate to follow her in, and plunged in after her. To her surprise, the lake itself was shallow, only a few meters deep, at the most. Han Sen caught up and stood by the water's edge. The lake was pure and he could see what occurred below with startling clarity.

Han Sen watched the little angel swing her greatsword beneath the water, but it seemed as if something was repelling the

completion of her strikes, and she was unable to deal damage to the heavily injured fairy.

When Han Sen looked closer, he noticed the fairy was hiding inside a fist-sized scallop shell. The scallop shell was translucent like refined ice, and you would only notice its presence if you peered closely.

As the fairy lay inside the scallop shell, it was naked and bleeding heavily. Its butterfly-like wings fluttered weakly, and it looked scared by the menacing angel that lusted for its blood.

Han Sen observed the little angel deliver a few more strikes, all to no avail. Then, he commanded her to pick up the entire scallop shell from the lake.

The scallop shell felt cold when Han Sen held it in his hand. It was unlike any other shell he had ever held before. It looked as if it had been carved from some icy jade, yet it looked natural and it didn't seem to have been crafted by anyone.

"Is this gear that was created by the fairy?" As Han Sen mulled the question, he examined the dying fairy, which appeared to be in shock.

But Han Sen came to the conclusion that this assumption was incorrect. The fairy was born from a narcissus, so it hadn't had the opportunity to create gear for itself yet. After all, even if it could make gear, why would it create a scallop shell?

Han Sen placed the scallop shell on the ground and bid for the little angel to smack it a few more times. But it was incredibly durable, and try as she might, she could not break it open. The repeated strikes only drew thin white marks across its previously untarnished exterior.

Han Sen then sought to try out his toxic-dragon drill on it, but that proved futile. After that strike, all that remained on the shell was a little white dot.

He tried everything at his disposal, but still, he could not crack the shell open. With a great depression, his heart sunk with the thought, "Taking on this fairy was no small feat. Will this whole thing result in failure, all due to its hiding?"

But quickly, Han Sen noticed something was amiss. The fairy should have been happy at Han Sen's inability to get at it. But instead, it looked shocked, and worse than ever.

Han Sen picked up the scallop once more and noticed something wrong with it.

The scallop was not empty, as its interior was full of a transparent liquid. Han Sen at first believed it to be water from the lake, but upon closer inspection, realized it wasn't.

The liquid was corrosive, and it was rotting the fairy's wounds. It wasn't healing, and instead, it was doing much worse.

Han Sen smiled at this revelation. Just as he believed, the scallop shell was indeed not a gear created by the fairy.

Han Sen then assumed the scallop shell belonged to another creature but somehow, it had ended up at the bottom of the lake. Searching for safety, the fairy tried to use it as a hiding spot. She most likely did not realize the oozy mucus inside the shell would deteriorate her wounds into an even worse state.

Perhaps she had hidden inside the shell before, but the liquid couldn't do anything to her fair and undamaged body. Maybe that was why she thought it a great idea to hide inside, and jovially prevent Han Sen from finishing her off.

But the fairy did not expect the previously harmless liquid to begin finishing her off. She was trapped inside, all the while her wounds eroded.

"Let's see you get out of this one," Han Sen calmly mocked the fairy, but did not believe she would submit to the fate of a grisly corrosion inside the shell without attempting one last daring

escape. By remaining inside, a far less merciful death would await her than what Han Sen would gleefully provide.

Her entire body now slowly melted, and it was going to do so until only her bones remained. It was going to be a horrific death, for sure.

If Han Sen was the fairy, he'd have come out and fought by now. Dying in battle was far better than the slow, torturous death of being withered away by a thick and translucent mucus.

But the fairy was still stubbornly holding on, not daring an escape.

Han Sen was in no rush, though. He allowed the little angel to hold onto the scallop shell for him as they departed the bamboo forest and returned to the Yellowstone City. There was no fear of the fairy daring an escape, as her death was secured no matter what she attempted.

But it did look like it was going to be a while before it died, and judging from the fairy's face, it wasn't yet ready to run off, if it ever would be.

The fairy was already badly injured, and it was only going to get worse the longer it remained inside. The later it exited the shell, the weaker it would be. Han Sen no longer had any worries about this entire affair with the fairy. For the chance of obtaining its beast soul, Han Sen allowed the little angel to continue holding it and stay vigil for its slaying, if the fairy every decided to leave the shell.

Even if he could not receive the beast soul, he could refine her Life Geno essence or eat her flesh. Either way, slaying her would be beneficial. Her blood could feed the Death Knell, too. With the blood of a second-generation super creature, perhaps his bell pet would start growing.

After resolving the entire debacle with the fairy, Han Sen no

longer wanted to linger in the solitary shelter. He hadn't found out why there was a super spirit chained up in the spirit hall, but he ultimately decided it had nothing to do with him and didn't mind leaving the mystery unresolved. After preparing his supplies, he rallied Zhou Yumei and Little Orange to accompany him in a journey across the desert sands and away from the Yellowstone City.

The fairy was still hanging on inside the scallop shell, as her wounds got worse and worse. Han Sen figured she wouldn't survive another ten days, and by then, she'd be nothing but bones.

"Do you actually know the way out of here?" Zhou Yumei asked from atop Little Orange, as the unceasing sun bore down on her.

"No." Han Sen quickly replied. He had selected a direction and decided to stick to it, but he had no defined path that would lead him out of the Black Desert.

Zhou Yumei thought about starting an argument with Han Sen, and she raised her lips to do so. But right before the words left her lips, the sound of a bird screeching pierced their eardrums. Far across the sweltering dunes of the Black Desert, a black-flamed phoenix-like bird was flying.

# Chapter 759: Defenseless Woman

Han Sen was taken aback at the sight of the black-flame phoenix soaring across the horizon. Its speed was incredible, and it disappeared from sight within the blink of an eye.

A heat wave descended from the sky and almost cooked Han Sen's body hair.

Fortunately, the phoenix did not seem to be interested in them. It simply flew on its own accord and disappeared. That being said, it seemed to be going in the direction Han Sen had selected for his own journey.

"Why don't we switch course and choose a different direction to go in? Ill fortune is the only thing that can come from a close-encounter with such a creature," Zhou Yumei suggested with worry.

Before they caught sight of the bird, Zhou Yumei noticed her Little Orange was a little on edge.

Han Sen shook his head, however. "We have to go this way."

If he wanted to cross the Black Desert, he had to continue in the direction he was going. And the phoenix-like bird did not seem interested in them, anyway. It was most likely just passing by.

After another two days of travel, it occurred to Han Sen that they had not again seen the bird, whereas Zhou Yumei forgot about the sighting entirely. After dark, Han Sen erected a tent so he could rest for the night and move on the morrow.

"How come you only ever erect one tent for yourself? Where do you expect me to sleep, huh?" Zhou Yumei's black eyes were opened wide.

"If you don't fancy sleeping outside in the rough, then come inside and sleep with me." Han Sen was already crawling into the tent as he spoke.

"You... what a gentleman," Zhou Yumei said sarcastically. She peered into the darkness of the desert all around them, then crawled inside after Han Sen.

It was a simple tent, and it was not one you could stand up in. The silver fox and Little Orange were already inside and had gotten all snug. Lying down, Zhou Yumei could feel Han Sen's body warmth.

"I'm warning you. Don't get any funny ideas," Zhou Yumei told Han Sen, with the eyes of a mad woman.

"Do not worry; I lacked the gentle love of a mother when I was young." Han Sen did not even look at Zhou Yumei while he spoke. Instead, his eyes were fixed on a book he had just pulled out from his pack.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Zhou Yumei froze, unable to understand what Han Sen meant by that.

"Nothing. I'm just complimenting the fact that you are young and small," Han Sen casually said.

"You have good taste, but no matter how pretty I am, you can't..." Zhou Yumei was a little shy, and she spoke while looking down.

But she only spoke half of her sentence when she glanced that her breasts, which were like two little hills upon her chest. Her face quickly flushed red and she said, "You are the one who is small!"

Han Sen put down the book and took his shirt off. This shocked Zhou Yumei, and she quickly scrambled away in panic. She used her arms to shield and cover her body, asking with distress, "What do you want?!"

Han Sen smiled and patted the muscles that composed his chest and said, "They may not be big, but they're bigger than yours."

Zhou Yumei couldn't help but take a look. She was impressed by the sight, and they were indeed wide and thick. They weren't particularly outstanding, but they had delicate curves that made

them attractive to look at.

And Han Sen had a six-pack that was like jade, and the silky-smooth white skin that drove women crazy. Seeing this, Zhou Yumei almost started drooling. Furthermore, she began to develop the urge to touch them.

"Clean the saliva from your lips and go to sleep. You shouldn't disturb me during the night." Han Sen pushed Zhou Yumei's head away, as her body drew nearer to him. Then, he tucked himself into his sleeping bag.

Zhou Yumei wanted to fight back, but she instead looked down once more and observed her own modest chest. She thought about Han Sen's thick and wide chest, where the muscles locked and curved around each other impeccably. She noticed she had indeed lost this round before it even began, and she had no ammunition to return fire on this particular subject.

Zhou Yumei was a little upset after this, so she retreated into her own sleeping bag. Then she began to think about how dark life truly was. But then another image flashed in her mind, and it was the image of Han Sen's stunning upper-body, sexy clavicles and tantalizing abs. Zhou Yumei couldn't help but swallow the saliva that was building up inside her mouth. She tried to shake the image and tighten her eyelids, but the picture remained. She couldn't be free of Han Sen's amazing body.

She turned around to take a peek at Han Sen. His eyes were closed and he appeared to be sleeping already. Seeing his face from the side, he wasn't super pretty, but his facial features were distinct and sharp. It made him look quite threatening and moody, but his skin was white and smooth. This element helped soften the image a bit, but overall, he looked like a manly man.

Zhou Yumei continued thinking about his body as she eyed him. And then her mind ventured further in her visions of the man. She recalled how powerful he was, and how he so fearlessly challenged

the spirit. He also took care of the fairy and scorpion. It looked like she was in love.

But then her heart sunk at another image that popped up in her mind, and that was the ring that adorned his finger. She sighed and said to herself, "Why are the good ones always taken?"

"What did you say?" Han Sen frowned and turned to look at Zhou Yumei.

Zhou Yumei's face became red again. She had gotten so excited, she never expected she'd end up speaking her thoughts aloud. With a face that refused to unredden itself, she tried to explain by saying, "N-n-nothing..."

As Zhou Yumei panicked, Han Sen turned around completely. Now, his face was directly opposite hers. Another man's warmth was drawing near her.

Zhou Yumei's heart was madly beating to the rhythm of a stampede, and she thought to herself, "What is he going to do? What am I going to do? He is engaged. I should reject his advances, right? But... no! I can't be like that. I can't get tricked by the demon of temptation. I must focus and channel my good thoughts... but he is such a good man. If I grab him, I might have the chance to..."

Many different trains of thought and ideas now raced through her mind. Han Sen's body was still so close, and then, he covered her mouth with his hand. He climbed on top of her.

"I can't compete. How am I supposed to resist a man like this? I am just a weak and defenseless woman. There is no way I can resist his strength." Zhou Yumei managed to find herself an excuse, which quickly put her at ease. Seeing Han Sen's body above her, she closed her eyes and continued thinking, "There is no one else here. What is he holding my mouth for? Even if I scream, no one could possibly come to my aid. I might moan and groan in delight, but there's no reason for me to scream."

Zhou Yumei's heart was still pumping wildly, but after a while, her expectations weren't coming to pass. She felt strange. And then, she peeked open her eyes a little. With one hand still covering her mouth, Han Sen had unzipped the tent and taken a peek outside.

Zhou Yumei's face was now burning and her neck was getting hot. She wanted to dig a hole and hide.

Han Sen looked outside and noticed a halo that sat upon the Black Desert in the distance. There were many glowing dandelions, painting the sands of the desert. It was an infinite meadow of them, one that he couldn't spy an end to. The heads of the dandelions danced with the caress of a breeze.

# Chapter 760: The Creature That Bears Holy Light

A lone luminescent dandelion brushed by the tent, carried by the gentle breeze. Han Sen initially thought it was some special sort of creature that had drawn near, and although it wasn't, he still eyed it with a modicum of concern.

It was a surprise to see the bevy of lights as little more than flowers, and it was a most curious phenomenon. When they had pitched the tent that evening, none of the flowers were around.

Now, across every portion of the Black Desert that was visible, dandelions sprouted. They were endless, and their pretty lights spread out in each direction like a galaxy of stars.

When the wind blew, the galaxy moved. It was a beautiful sight to behold.

Zhou Yumei, who had managed to regain her composure, moved nearer to Han Sen. After taking a peek at what had taken hold of his attention, her eyes opened wide like the stars themselves. It was fortunate Han Sen had placed his hand on her mouth; had he not, she would have screamed in awe of its beauty.

Many of the flowers were afloat, and skated by the tent as they went. From afar, that little tent must have looked like a shining castle.

But the plants weren't aggressive, and no harm was delivered to their little camp.

Zhou Yumei tried to pull Han Sen's hand away from her mouth, but he had a firm grip. Just as she was about to lose her temper, she heard a noise in the distance.

It was like the sound of a heavy animal's footstep. In between each step was a momentary silence, and its rhythm maintained this pace slowly. But ever so slightly, the sound seemed to be

getting louder, and its source closer.

Han Sen looked further into the distance and saw, beneath the night sky, a creature coming towards them. It shined like a beacon of holy light. It walked alongside the dandelions that were below and afloat, like a glorious ship through the net of stars—soaring through the galaxy.

Zhou Yumei could see the luminous creature now, as well. She was surprised to see it was a white rhino. Its body was shaped like a little hill, and with every step it made, the ground of the desert shook. The glowing dandelions that were to be trodden underfoot jumped into the air as if to guide its path.

The rhino was getting closer, and this frightened Zhou Yumei. Right now, all she wanted to do was get up and run. As pretty as it looked, the rhino was a hulking beast. Its heavy, looming presence was intimidating, and it robbed her of breath.

Han Sen's hand was still on her mouth to prevent a sound, but he now used his other hand to control and calm her. His eyes were still in profound observation of the glowing rhino.

It wasn't long before the rhino had come directly before the tent. Like grand pillars, its thick legs were pulled up and released. The entire tent was now in the shadow of the beast, and Zhou Yumei knew it. Her eyes were wide open with fright, and her body trembled under the fear.

If a foot came down on the tent, they would be squished into jelly.

The silver fox and Little Orange snuggled together in the corner of the tent, quiet as mice. They too were terrified of the white rhino that had drawn near.

Boom!

A foot came down like a piston on the sand directly behind Han Sen's tent, avoiding them. The luminous dandelions continued

their spiralling as the campsite vibrated with the force.

Boom! Boom!

The rhino did not decelerate, and it continued in the direction it had been going. The four pillars crossed over the tent, missing the guy ropes by inches. The craters left behind by the creature's feet now decorated the campgrounds. Zhou Yumei's heart almost leapt out of her chest.

Fortunately, the white rhino did not pay heed to the presence of a tent as it went onwards. Along with the gorgeous, luminescent dandelions, it slowly trailed off out of sight behind them.

When the white rhino was gone from their vision, the presence of the glowing dandelions dimmed, too. They quit shining and melted into the desert like snowfall. Not a trace of them was left behind.

If it wasn't for the footsteps that the rhino left behind, you would have believed the entire affair to be little more than a dream.

Zhou Yumei, who had been trembling through the entire ordeal, finally relaxed. She patted her chest, trying to shake the terrifying visions she had of been crushed underfoot by the big rhino. Luckily, none of her fears had come to pass.

"Are you going to sleep like this?" Han Sen smiled at Zhou Yumei.

Zhou Yumei only now realized she had been leaning on Han Sen the entire time. She was mad and embarrassed at the revelation, so she pushed him away. Gritting her teeth, she hissed, "When I don't say anything, you get all touchy. You just want to take advantage of me."

Han Sen smiled but did not reply. He returned to his sleeping bag, deep in thought over what had just occurred with the white rhino.

During the daytime, they encountered the black-flame phoenix, and now they had been witnesses to the existence of a white rhino

that glowed with a holy light. Both of these creatures had been traveling in the direction Han Sen had picked. He wondered if something awaited them where they were headed.

In a place such as the Black Desert, Han Sen did not want to get himself into any form of trouble. With such fearsome monsters around, although he was sure of their abilities to escape, he couldn't risk losing his reserves of food and water. If that happened, there was every chance they might perish somewhere amidst the dunes.

But if they changed course now, Han Sen wasn't entirely sure whether or not they could exit the Black Desert that way, either. It would also not lead him to his final destination, so he was reluctant.

Han Sen thought about this predicament for a while, but ultimately decided to continue in their current direction. He didn't know if he could leave the Black Desert if he changed direction now. Furthermore, he believed his encounter with those two creatures was nothing out of the ordinary and was to be expected in such a volatile location. If there was some significance behind it, then he would at least have the opportunity to check out the reason why.

The next day, Han Sen continued in the same direction atop his Golden Roarer. On the way, he was able to trace the footsteps that the rhino had left behind. It looked to be going in a straight line, without a single misstep or stray.

The luminous dandelions, however, he could not see. It was as if they never existed.

They walked for half the day, but the heat was atrocious. Zhou Yumei drank some water while she rode atop her Little Orange. As she took a swig, she said, "It's so hot! Wouldn't it be great if it rained?"

Not long after she said that, the skies went dark. Terrible clouds

formed not too far above them, blotting out the sun.

Downpour Sound

The drunk clouds let loose their spiteful tears, and utterly drenched Zhou Yumei. She quickly summoned an armor to withstand the rain, but after its summoning, the rainclouds immediately dispersed. The skies cleared and the weather returned to its sweltering glory.

"My wishes are short-lived." Zhou Yumei was not entirely sure how to respond to what had just happened.

Han Sen's face, on the other hand, looked dire. When the rain clouds went past, Han Sen felt the presence of a supremely powerful lifeforce. He didn't get the chance to see what it was, but he could tell it wasn't something natural.

What made Han Sen frown the most, however, was the fact that those rain clouds had formed and drifted off in the direction he and Zhou Yumei were also headed.

"What is going on in this place?" Han Sen squinted his eyes, attempting to discern more of what might lay on the horizon. But there was nothing. For a while yet, it seemed only the black desert sands and blue skies would continue to lead their travel.

# Chapter 761: Bloodlust Mosquito

There was no use turning back now, and Han Sen opted to push on and find out what was going on. The super creatures they had encountered all seemed to ignore them, as if something greater attracted them. If he came to a place where they all had gathered together, he resolved to go around them and simply continue on his way.

Han Sen, with Zhou Yumei in tow, continued walking in the same direction. The fairy was still inside the scallop shell, refusing to come out. Whether or not she could by now was still up in the air, as her entire body was rotting. In a few more days, she'd most likely be melted into a bloody goop entirely.

But unless it wanted to exit the shell, there was nothing Han Sen could do. The shell was unbreakable, and if the fairy wanted to come out, he assumed it would have to be of her own volition.

The weather was surprisingly volatile in the desert. It often became windy, spurring the sands high into the sky and obscuring their vision. During the extremely windy periods, the sands rose like monsters seeking to consume them wholly.

Han Sen told Golden Roarer to maximize its size, and it looked like a little hill marching through the fierce sandstorms. Han Sen and the rest of his companions would then burrow into the Golden Roarer's fur to remain comfy and unaffected.

"It's a shame that Golden Roarer is only a super creature from the First Shelter. If it could evolve, it would most likely be greater than any other Second Shelter super creature." Han Sen sighed.

The sandstorms left almost as quickly as they came. After half a day, they all stopped. But it was the lasting effects that were the most troublesome. Following the sandstorms, the landscape morphed. The rhino's footprints disappeared and the dunes changed their positions.

Pat!

Han Sen heard a clapping noise, and he turned around to see Zhou Yumei slapping her cheeks. He laughed and said, "Why are you hitting yourself?"

"There is a mosquito." Zhou Yumei continued to wave her hands around, all to no avail.

Han Sen took a look and saw a small mosquito flying around her. It was pretty quick and surprisingly agile. No matter how much she tried to hit it, the mosquito perfectly evaded every attack.

Pat!

Han Sen clapped his hands and killed the mosquito in one hit.

"Mutant creature Bloodlust Mosquito killed. No beast soul gained. Eat the flesh of the mutant creature Bloodlust Mosquito to gain zero to ten geno points randomly."

Han Sen was incredibly surprised, having not suspected the small mosquito to be a mutant creature.

Buzz!

A few more mosquitos showed up, which Han Sen promptly killed. After that, even more showed up. They flew around madly, producing an infuriating sound.

Pat! Pat! Pat!

Han Sen attacks were quick as lightning, and he was killing mosquitos left, right, and center. There were ordinary class creatures this time, as well as many mutant class variants.

After killing all of them, Han Sen noticed Zhou Yumei looked frozen. She was staring at something ahead of them with an agape jaw. Her face was distorted into one of fright, as if she had seen something most wretched.

"What's wrong with you?" Han Sen frowned.

"Mo-mo-mosquito..." Zhou Yumei raised her finger, pointing ahead of them. With a trembling voice, she called out what made her look so scared.

"What? They're just mosquitos. There is no need to be afraid, I can clap-kill them all." Han Sen then turned to look in the direction she pointed towards and noticed a giant crack in the desert sands. From it, swarms of the mosquitos emerged like a geyser. In their countless numbers, they turned to face them. And like the very sandstorms they had weathered before, they inked the skies and blotted out the sun. It was if the clouds of mosquitoes had turned the day into night.

"What are you waiting for? Run!" Han Sen shouted. He grabbed Zhou Yumei and carried her underneath his armpit, while running.

The Bloodlust Mosquitos conquered the skies like a sandstorm, and they even struck fear into the silver fox and Little Orange. Together, those two scrambled to get away.

If it was just a small number of mosquitos, even at mutant class, there was nothing to be afraid of. But a countless horde such as that would be too much. Han Sen had the appropriate super armor to block the attacks, but Zhou Yumei would be killed in an instant.

Furthermore, he'd feel bad wearing super armor in front of her. So, like she did, he wore sacred-blood class armor instead.

If there were large numbers of sacred-blood class mosquitos, he was afraid they'd be enough to kill the silver fox and Little Orange, as well.

It wasn't long before the mosquitos caught up and descended upon them, however. The silver lightning crackled across the silver fox's fur, and he emitted a number of bolts to zap those that sought to overwhelm him.

Han Sen used his Flaming Rex Spike to incinerate the mosquitos

around them.

Little Orange's body was jumping up and down to kill many, but a fair number of the mosquitos had already latched onto it. Without reprieve, the hungry insects drank deep of its blood.

Han Sen was well and truly shocked. He didn't expect the mosquitos to be able to drink the blood of a super creature, and that meant Little Orange and the silver fox were in as much danger as they were.

Although only female mosquitoes could drink blood, their numbers were still scary enough to place them all in serious danger.

Pat!

Han Sen slapped a mosquito that was drinking Little Orange's blood.

"Sacred-blood Bloodlust Mosquito killed. No beast soul gained. Eat the flesh of the sacred-blood creature Bloodlust Mosquito to gain zero to ten geno points randomly."

"There really are sacred-blood class variants amongst them." Han Sen's face changed, and he commanded the little angel to clear a path for them. Then, he sped up to attempt an escape. But the mosquitos were like a sandstorm, and more and more were coming to engulf them.

The silver fox was doing better than all of them, however. The electricity on his body worked like a shield, and it prevented the mosquitos from landing on him.

But for the others, they were slowly being swarmed by the fiends. Numerous mosquitoes were starting to land on them, especially Zhou Yumei. Although she was plated in armor, the sections of skin that were still showing were ripe for a biting. Her blood kept on being sucked.

The mosquitos weren't deadly on their own, and even if they

sucked until their bellies were full, it wasn't much blood to lose. But with this number of them bearing down, things were dire. Within seconds, Zhou Yumei's body was host to a large number of lumps.

Sucking her blood was fine, but the lumps were driving her insane. They were itchy, and each of her ten fingers went into overdrive, scratching as fiercely as she could. She was doing it so much, blood was being drawn to the surface. And as people say, the more you scratch, the itchier it gets. It wasn't long before her skin was all frayed, and yet she couldn't resist scratching.

Han Sen tried his best to fight off the mosquitos, but his efforts seemed to be in vain. There were too many of them for him to handle. Even Little Orange's body had been swarmed, and many mosquitos were helping themselves to a buffet of blood on its backside.

The bodies of the super creatures were far better than Zhou Yumei's, that much was plain to see. The itch didn't seem to affect them at all, so the effects of the bloodsucking didn't seem so concerning.

The silver fox continued to fire electricity, but it was clearly a drain on his energy reserves. Han Sen wasn't sure how much longer it could last.

Han Sen felt really bad in his heart. He couldn't find a way to give Zhou Yumei the immediate aid and respite she needed right now.

If this was to continue, Zhou Yumei seemed likely to die out here.

While Han Sen contemplated his next move, he suddenly saw a white fog approaching. When the mosquitos came into contact with it, they fell to the ground like hard rain.

# Chapter 762: Claiming the Fairy

Han Sen was shocked. Looking towards the little angel, he saw her holding the scallop shell in her hand. It was half open, and from the inside, the fairy was active. It unleashed a gust of frosty air.

The temperature around them dropped in a snap. The mosquitos were clearly weak to the cold, and upon coming into contact with the frost, were stunned and frozen.

In fear of the cold, the swarm of mosquitos now seemed hesitant to continue their pursuit.

The fairy continued to blow out frosty air, repelling the mosquitos. And as she did so, she gave Han Sen a pitiable look.

Han Sen never expected the fairy to possess such a human quality, to forgive past grievances and be willing to trade her own life for the safety of him and his companions.

Han Sen took the scallop shell out of little angel's hands. The fairy was still quite afraid, and she only opened the shell a small amount, in order to expel the frosty air.

Han Sen held the scallop shell and continued walking towards the bugs. The mosquitoes kept their distance, and their aversion to the cold was plain to see.

Han Sen used Dongxuan Sutra to simulate the fairy's energy flow. Han Sen's body temperature dropped, and after doing so, the mosquitos avoided him completely.

He couldn't exude the frosty air as a projectile, however. If he wanted to keep Zhou Yumei alive, he'd have to continue making use of the fairy's frosty power. They continued their journey, all the while keeping the mosquitos at bay and putting distance between themselves and the bloodthirsty insects.

After reaching a spot that put them out of the mosquitoes' sight,

the fairy ceased her exhalation of frosty air. She was already heavily injured, and the amount of power she had just used up had been taxing. Her condition looked more dire than ever now.

The fairy clasped her hands together before her face, as if she was praying to Han Sen. The look in her eyes suggested she was begging Han Sen to let her go.

But this did not align with Han Sen's own desire. It was difficult to get a second-generation super creature, and there was a Life Geno essence sitting right in front of him. Perhaps even a beast soul, too. Han Sen wasn't happy with the thought of just letting such a bounty go.

"Look at her; she looks so pitiable. Why don't you let her go? She did just save our lives, after all." After Zhou Yumei applied some medicine to her own wounds, she began to feel better almost immediately. Her itchiness began to subside, as well.

After getting another clear look at the battered, rotten fairy, she felt a great deal of sympathy for her. Hoping Han Sen would let her go, she chipped in with her two cents.

"You need to understand something here; she saved you. She did not save us." Han Sen knew that without the fairy, he would have still made it out alive. Zhou Yumei would have been the only victim, had they not been able to escape by themselves.

"But she's begging for your mercy. Just let her go!" Zhou Yumei didn't dare be mean to Han Sen, but she felt compelled to at least support the fairy, after what she had done.

"Women are so short-sighted. Yes, you're right; this little thing does look pitiable. It does look nice. But that's what you see on the surface. In its heart, it may already be planning a wretched way to get back at me. Vengeance is in its nature. Now that she's in trouble, beaten and exhausted, she feigns this look of sorrow and begs for forgiveness all so she can be set free. For all we know, she'll return and come for me once more, after her wounds are

healed." Han Sen did not heed Zhou Yumei's plight, and instead continued to stare at the fairy that was still inside the shell.

At this point, the fairy's hair was starting to dry out. Her body was rotten and her wings were robbed of power. She continued to look at Han Sen in a way that begged for mercy.

"If I let you go, will you come back for vengeance?" Han Sen asked, looking at the fairy.

The fairy behaved as if she understood what Han Sen said to her, and she shook her head like mad.

"Really?" Han Sen asked, with a deeper tone of voice this time.

The fairy continued to shake her head, and it seemed as if she was being sincere.

"All right, then. Come on out. Let's forget about what happened in the past. But don't even think about doing it again. If you do, I won't forgive you," Han Sen said to the fairy.

The fairy seemed to be fairly intelligent, and after he finished talking, she popped the lid of the shell open and flew out. She then landed on the palm of Han Sen's hand.

Han Sen held the fairy there, and in his heart, he grinned. The smile of a devil adorned his lips, and he thought to himself, "Oh, Little Fairy. You are in my hands, and now I am going to kill you."

Han Sen never thought the previously vengeful, maniacal fairy would be so easy to trick. She seemed to believe what he said without question. And now, she had allowed him to hold her. Little did she know, he was planning to bring a swift end to their truce.

The fairy remained off-guard. Allowing herself to be held by Han Sen, she seemed oblivious to Han Sen's murderous gaze. Without a shadow of a doubt, she put full stock in Han Sen's pledge of not killing her. Her calm, relaxed posture in Han Sen's hand was a reflection of this.

Her smooth white arms held onto Han Sen's fingers, and she rubbed her head against them. She looked so pitiable, and she pointed at her wounds, as if requesting that he heal her.

"You, Little Fairy. How dare you ask me to help you recover. You must be in la-la-land!" Han Sen, as he held the fairy in place, planned to use Sonic-Thunder Punch on it. With the sorry state her body was in, he didn't think she could withstand a punch like that again. Even if it couldn't kill her, he could rob her of half her life. Or half of whatever was left right now, at least.

Han Sen then, unbeknownst to anyone else, secretly channeled the sonic and thunder elements. Soon, he'd cast Sonic-Thunder Punch and utterly annihilate the fairy once and for all.

But seeing the defenseless fairy clench his fingers tight, giving him poor puppy-dog eyes, Han Sen found himself unable to do it.

"No. I can't allow myself to be tricked by the fairy's appearance. It's a wretched demon of vengeance, and I cannot allow her to live. Squeeze her. I have to squeeze her!" Han Sen then cruelly started to cast Sonic-Thunder Punch.

But shortly after starting, he stopped.

"Little Angel!" Han Sen called out to his little angel.

The little angel, greatsword in hand, came over to Han Sen emotionlessly. Han Sen looked at the fairy in his hand and looked at the little angel. Sighing, he sent the little angel away again.

Han Sen was still unable to do it, for he was not a murderer. And his heart was soft and weak to those who needed aid. The fairy seemed so human, and she did her best to help out against the mosquitoes. Now that she was in Han Sen's hand, he found himself unable to kill something that was utterly defenseless.

"Are you going to listen to me in the future?" Han Sen held the fairy in his hand, and his gaze was as sharp as a blade.

The fairy nodded. She held onto Han Sen's fingers and kissed

them with her red lips. Then she looked at him again with pitiable eyes.

"If you say so, I will believe you once. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Do not disappoint me, or else, I won't let you go." Han Sen sighed, relaxed his hands and let the fairy sit down in his palms.

The fairy flapped her butterfly wings and flew a few circles around Han Sen. She seemed overjoyed, but her current state of weakness was no secret. Before long, she fell back down into Han Sen's hand.

Although Han Sen was willing to heal the fairy, he wasn't ready to one hundred percent believe in her. Secretly, he observed her every movement. If she was up to no good, Han Sen would not hesitate to get the little angel to kill her.

# Chapter 763: Oasis

"Are you sure?" Inside the Angel Gene office, Zhao Seventh spoke to Zhao Lian.

"It has already been confirmed. Han Sen's mother, Luo Lan, is the sole granddaughter of Luo Haitang. The Ji family have Luo Haitang's support," Zhao Lian said in return.

Zhao Seventh sternly frowned and asked, "Has the Ji family done anything yet?"

"They haven't done anything particularly big. But according to the intel provided by Old Qi, some of the demigods of the Ji family are on their way to the Godslayer Shelter," Zhao Lian replied.

"They are lucky bastards. I cannot believe they have a connection with Luo Haitang. If this strengthens, they won't have to rely on us as much." Zhao Seventh's face was grim. "I thought by helping Ji Ruozhen, it would provide us the greatest influence. It looks as if I was incorrect."

"Uncle Seventh, you cannot blame yourself for this turn of events. No one expected Han Sen was to be Luo Haitang's great-grandson. And now, Luo Haitang's family, who have always remained neutral, are getting cozy with the Ji family. This would have been impossible to foretell," Zhao Lian said.

Zhao Seventh coldly laughed and said, "In this world, there is nothing humans are unable to achieve. If the Ji family wants to use Luo Haitang's power to be rid us and the support we have already been providing, I won't allow it. Although Luo Haitang is powerful, being a demigod and all, strength matters not. He is alone where he is, and he cannot return to the Second Shelter. Push on with the Angel Gene Fourth Stage tests a little quicker; they may prove useful in the near future."

"The Fourth Stage tests require a lot of shura royal blood. And we

also need Dan Copper Stars. We..." Zhao Lian wanted to continue, but his words hesitated to come out.

Zhao Seventh frowned and said, "Give it to them. Angel Gene is our crowning accomplishment, and a Dan Copper Star is nothing. Once we have established a presence and can support ourselves in the Fourth Shelter, that is when our family will truly begin to shine."

"Yes," Zhao Lian agreed. Then, he turned around and exited Zhao Seventh's office.

"I will let these old men know that their time is up. The advancement of humanity, genetics and all, lies in technology." Zhao Seventh's eyes shone with light.

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Continuing the trek, Han Sen hadn't encountered anything strange again. With the silver fox near, it was common for creatures to keep their distance. As such, their journey was free from strife.

The fairy seemed incredibly gentle, and she affectionately listened to Han Sen whenever he spoke. Her wounds were gradually getting better, each and every day. It would not be long before she fully recovered.

Still not completely trusting her, though, Han Sen never let his guard down with her around. As Han Sen slept, he felt the fairy fly near him, which triggered an alarm siren in his head.

But he wasn't willing to make a move just yet. He pretended to continue sleeping, and instead activated his senses to observe what she was doing.

The fairy flew near him, circling his head. Then, she landed on his palm and slipped into the half-folded fingers of his hand. Like a blanket, she made herself snug below them and went to sleep.

Han Sen's demeanor relaxed somewhat, and he was greatly

surprised by her behavior. He opened his eyes and watched her slip into dreams of her own, looking so gentle as she did.

But a few days later, Han Sen believed he was starting to be a little too naïve and was letting his guard down. He thought the fairy was still biding her time for revenge, as all she did was laze about and ignore his commands. Aside from acting cute, she wouldn't do a single productive thing.

"These evil, tricksy second-generation creatures will never do anything decent." Han Sen was infuriated by her behavior. Previously, it had only been the silver fox he had to compete with for goods, but now there was the fairy, too. There were a couple of occasions when Han Sen wanted to treat himself to tastily cooked meat, but ended up being unable to. The combined bellies of the two creatures he had for company needed to be filled first, and that usually left him with the mangy leftovers.

"Fine. I'll fatten you both up first, and then dine on you," Han Sen thought to himself.

The group of travelers traversed the Black Desert for another two weeks. Just as Han Sen had almost forgotten about all the strange occurrences that had happened along the way, he stumbled across an oasis.

"No way. Coconut trees here?!" Han Sen, after seeing the oasis, looked a little strange.

Oases weren't entirely strange, but the abundance of coconut trees was. Each tree was decorated with a number of basketball-sized coconuts that looked absolutely delicious.

This was a harsh desert and yet, why would seaside-grown coconut trees be growing here? Their sheer number was incredible, too. It was like an infinite forest of coconut trees.

Zhou Yumei looked excited. With Little Orange, she immediately took off running into the coconut forest. She gathered many of the

coconuts with a hungry face. She had been drinking plain nutrient solutions for the longest time, and by now, she was sick of them.

"Stop! Don't touch those things," Han Sen quickly called out to Zhou Yumei.

"Why not? I'm just hungry for some coconuts. There aren't any creatures around." Zhou Yumei turned around with a confused look.

"We are in the world of shelters. Use your head and try to think why so many coconuts trees might just happen to exist here. Of course, feel free to go ahead with your meal—if you aren't afraid to die," Han Sen coldly warned. If she insisted on eating them, then he wouldn't stop her. His care for Zhou Yumei did not extend that far.

Zhou Yumei, with a disappointed grimace, walked back to Han Sen empty-handed. "Well, is there a way I can determine whether or not I can eat those coconuts?"

"Yeah, by eating them." As Han Sen said that, he began walking into the coconut forest. The Golden Roarer trailed behind, carrying their packs. They walked for many miles before seeing something else of significance.

What Han Sen eventually found surprised him a great deal. There was a large green lake, the water of which looked like sparkling emerald. It was massive, and skirting its entirety were the coconut trees.

"Can I drink the water?" Zhou Yumei ecstatically asked Han Sen.

"I'm afraid you cannot." Han Sen walked near the water's edge as he spoke. Seeing the clear water in the lake, he furrowed his brows. He gave the lake a sniff and then, with a bottle, had a tiny sip of the water. With a wry smile, he said, "Yep, you cannot drink this."

"Why not?" Zhou Yumei asked.

"This is saltwater." Han Sen passed the bottle over to Zhou Yumei.

She tried the little bit he had collected and spat it out with haste. The water was incredibly salty, just like seawater.

Ignoring her reaction, Han Sen looked towards the center of the lake. There, a small island rested. It was no bigger than a football field, and at its center was a giant coconut tree.

The coconut tree looked different than the rest. Not only was it taller, but its trunk was like white jade.

The coconuts up high were different, as well. They were like black, giant metal balls.

Han Sen took a closer look. The giant, white jade coconut tree was bearing three coconuts, and they were each approximately the size of a yoga ball. Their darkness accentuated their sense of weight, too.

Splash!

As Han Sen observed the white jade coconut tree, the waters of the lake shifted. Something huge arose from the water, and a pair of wheel-like eyes ascended to the sky and looked down on Han Sen and Zhou Yumei.

# Chapter 764: Holy Cleanliness

Han Sen and Zhou Yumei were shocked; a white rhino exited the lake. The water level dropped significantly as it emerged.

"Isn't that the white rhino we saw a while back?" Han Sen was taken aback.

The white rhino, thankfully, did not seem too interested in their presence. After emerging from the waters of the lake, it approached the island at its center and gobbled up one of the black metal coconuts.

As the rhino chewed it, a sweet fragrance tickled Han Sen's nose. The entirety of the coconut forest was quickly overwhelmed by the smell.

The silver fox and Little Orange both gulped. The fairy could not help but fly over there in a rush, and within a second, her small body quickly managed to pierce and drill through the coconut into its interior.

Han Sen was alarmed, thinking she might end up provoking the white rhino and inciting its wrath.

Surprisingly, the white rhino did not attack the fairy, and kept happily munching its own coconut.

Seeing how passive the rhino appeared, the silver fox and Little Orange quickly jumped into the lake and swam to the island at its center. The silver fox leapt up towards the coconut the fairy was in and drank the milk that was dripping from the bore hole.

Little Orange meowed from down below and tried to jump up and take a bite of the third coconut. It managed to reach, but it could not pierce the coconut's shell or remove it from the tree.

Han Sen was surprised at the sight. He firmly acknowledged how different and special those coconuts really were; especially considering that not even juvenile second-generation super

creatures could break them open with their teeth. It looked like only adults were able to open them up, like the fairy.

But what happened next blew the socks off Han Sen and Zhou Yumei. The white rhino opened its mouth and bit the coconut Little Orange was struggling to get for itself. It did not eat the coconut, it merely cracked the shell open and placed it down on the ground for Little Orange to eat. With glee, Little Orange pounced upon the coconut and finished opening it up for itself, and with a ravenous tongue, began lapping up the milk inside.

Han Sen had never seen something like this before; a creature with such a good temper.

The white rhino proceeded to lie down beside them on the isle, watching the silver fox and Little Orange drink the coconut juice to their heart's content. It didn't seem to have a single nasty bone in its body, and it was so calm.

Han Sen watched them all eat the coconuts and suddenly developed the desire to partake in the treat they were helping themselves to. With haste, he ran over to join them.

"Let's hope the white rhino isn't racist." Han Sen ran over to the island, all the while observing the white rhino for any change in temper.

Fortunately, as he stepped onto the island, the white rhino did not move. It continued to lie where it was, utterly serene. This delighted Han Sen, knowing that it did not seek to attack him or the others.

Han Sen immediately raced to Little Orange's side and began drinking the coconut milk with it. Right then, he didn't care about anything. He wanted some, and if he didn't hurry, Little Orange was going to have it all to himself.

But taking a look at how much of the juice was left in the massive coconut, Han Sen was shocked to see Little Orange had consumed a

third of it already. Not wasting any time, he threw his arms around the coconut to drink as much as he could.

Little Orange's tongue was wagging quickly, and its feet were subtly trying to push Han Sen away. But Han Sen was not willing to budge one minor inch. He continued to grip the coconut firmly and carried on drinking as best he could.

Zhou Yumei remained where she was, however. She had never before seen someone so obscene, and so willing to fight against another animal for food.

"Save me some! Save me some!" But when she resolved to get some for herself, and ran over to the island, she noticed there was no space left for her. She could only circle them and wait for an opening.

With a great push, she knocked Han Sen away and a found a place for herself on the coconut. But it was too late. Poking her head inside, she noticed Han Sen and Little Orange had consumed every last drop of the juice, leaving nothing for her.

Falling down to the ground, Han Sen's belly was frighteningly large. He couldn't even straighten his back or stand up to drink some more, had there been any left.

A cool energy began to whirl inside his stomach, and it blended with the rest of his body. His entire body felt so cool, it was like his cells had been injected with refreshing spring water. It was perfectly suitable for a hot day such as this.

Han Sen cast Dongxuan Sutra and tried to refine the energy inside, and noticed that his fitness seemed to be a little improved.

The white rhino was on the island, watching the entire scene unfold. After the silver fox and the fairy finished their coconut juice, however, it stood up and munched on the shell.

They were both unafraid of the rhino, and the silver fox decided to climb aboard. It stood upon one of its horns and gazed all

around.

The fairy soon followed, and she landed on the tip of the horn. There, she curiously observed the rhino.

The rhino did not look mad at all, and all it did was squint while looking at them. Its eyes were soft, as its mouth worked to chew up the coconut shell.

Han Sen never imagined meeting another super creature, especially one so large, that could be so tame. It wasn't just relaxed with the other super creatures near it, it was also unconcerned with Han Sen and Zhou Yumei's presence as well.

"That rhino is so cute!" Zhou Yumei said, despite being prone to calling everything cute. As she spoke, she tried to hug one of the rhino's leg.

But she was little more than an ant when compared to the size of the rhino. The legs were more like walls for her.

Han Sen eyed this rhino with curiosity, as it was the first time he had ever encountered another creature that was so docile and passive. He used his Dongxuan Sutra to take a look at the rhino's energy flow.

The lifeforce was frighteningly powerful, and it had the breadth of an ocean. The energy swirled with a slow passion, and it looked holy and pure.

"What is this super creature? The lifeforce is too much to be considered one, surely." Han Sen was surprised at what he was seeing.

After the white rhino finished eating the coconut shell, it went back to resting on the island. Han Sen and his companions also rested near it, not showing any concern about the rhino's presence. It was so friendly and calm, they didn't think anything ill about it.

That night, the rhino finally moved. It got up and began walking away from the island; it seemed to be leaving the oasis.

Han Sen quickly packed up his stuff, grabbed Zhou Yumei, and flew to the rhino's back. The silver fox and Little Orange climbed aboard too, and they were soon all riding the rhino's back, setting out into the Black Desert once more.

Under the serene, silver moonlight, the luminous dandelions returned as well. As if they were aboard a starfaring ship, it was like the rhino was traversing a galaxy.

"It's so beautiful." Zhou Yumei's eyes sparkled like the stars themselves.

The dandelions were all around, floating in the air. When Han Sen's skin came into contact with them, they melted into his skin like fallen snowflakes. It felt as if his skin was imbued with a sudden halo of purity, and he felt cleansed.

The silver fox and Little Orange also came into contact with the dandelions, which made their fur shine.

Han Sen observed the white rhino as it went, and noticed the lifeforce of the rhino was overflowing. It was this overflow of energy that manifested itself as the dandelions.

# Chapter 765: Holy Cactus

The direction the white rhino traveled was the direction Han Sen himself had been moving all this time.

It wasn't easy, finding a powerful super creature as tame as this. Given that, Han Sen didn't mind riding it for as long as he could. Although the white rhino did not go very fast, it didn't go very slow, either. In fact, it was a little bit faster than the Golden Roarer.

The rhino's body was awash with a holy light. The sun and rain couldn't penetrate its protective shield, and even the terrible sandstorms weren't an issue. Every damaging element acted as if it were avoiding the rhino.

The white rhino walked for another six whole days before stopping, and it was a pillar-like construct that stopped its travel.

Upon closer observation, Han Sen noticed that it was in fact a giant black cactus. It was a few hundred meters tall, massive and adorned with a white flower at its top.

Han Sen stood on top of the rhino's head, and when he saw the cactus, his face looked queer. From the way he saw it, the cactus was shaped like a man's penis. But in this world, nobody's penis could reach a size such as that.

As Han Sen was lost in thought observing the cactus, a bird cawed. A black-flame bird was high above, circling the thorny construct. It was the same bird they had seen quite some time ago.

The black bird seemed to fear the white-rhino, and when it approached the cactus, the bird made a quick escape. With a strange hacking caw, it screeched at the white rhino.

The white rhino merely ignored the bird and instead closed its eyes to rest near the cactus.

Storm clouds began to form high above, which surprised Han

Sen.

The clouds were exactly the same as the ones he had seen before. The scary lifeforce that swirled in the atmosphere accompanied it, also. With all three creatures gathering here, it seemed as if all their purposes were connected to the cactus.

The white flower that crowned the cactus had a strangely aromatic fragrance. It was lovely, and it incited a weird reaction inside Han Sen's body. He felt as if he was getting high.

"Is this cactus similar to the peach tree? Is the flower some sort of plant-of-beneficence for the world, like the peach was?" Han Sen was delightfully surprised.

He was ecstatic at his fortune to witness something such as this once again, but felt slight trepidation regarding the union of the three terrifyingly powerful super creatures.

There was every chance that the white rhino would not be willing to hurt them, considering how mellow it had been thus far. But as for the bird and cloud, he wasn't so sure.

But this isn't what worried Han Sen the most. If he had to protect himself, he could use the little angel and perhaps command the fairy.

Yet this was an exotic occurrence, and not something easily encountered. He didn't want to simply leave this place empty-handed. If a few goodies were up for grabs, he was all for taking them. It just concerned him that the currently docile rhino might later consider him an enemy, too.

But it was still early yet, and Han Sen absorbed the flower's smell to practice the Dongxuan Sutra.

The Dongxuan Sutra's first tier had been completed, and the gene lock had been partially unlocked. It wasn't completely unlocked due to Han Sen's fitness being at something of a bottleneck.

Han Sen believed the Dongxuan Sutra couldn't see much more

progress before he became a surpasser, but after absorbing the scent of that flower, it did seem to progress to some degree.

This made him happy, and so he decided to remain here practicing for a time.

With the white rhino lying down near the cactus, both the phoenix-like bird and cloud-wreathed creature did not dare come closer. Their reluctance brought some ease to Han Sen's mind, as well.

Zhou Yumei herself was practicing a Qi Gong, and she too was able to feel and reap the benefits provided by the flower's scent.

Meanwhile, the silver fox and Little Orange had been absorbing the energy a long while before the others thought to.

Even the gourd that Han Sen continued to keep with him was absorbing the smell, too; although it tended to absorb Han Sen's energy more than the flower's.

The gourd began to shine gold, and numerous gold lines adorned its skin. Han Sen had carried it around with him for the longest time, it seemed, and the lifeforce inside only continued to grow.

The contents of the gourd had always made him curious. Having encountered a few super creatures that emerged from plants in the past, he made the assumption that there was most likely some sort of creature inside this gourd, as well. Whatever exited the gourd was guaranteed to be a newborn second-generation creature, or so he assumed.

The gourd itself was too hard for Han Sen to break, however. For the time being, he could only wait for the gourd to break open of its own volition.

The few of them were practicing their skills and such, all the while absorbing the pleasant fragrance. They also remained atop the rhino's back. There was no trouble or cause for immediate concern, due to the bird and cloud's reluctance to approach.

With each passing day, the scent of the flower grew stronger. But on the fifth day, that smell finally began to subside and fade. Han Sen could see a wrinkled fruit growing in the bosom of the flower, as an endless vat of lifeforce swirled within.

"It really is something special." The lifeforce inside the fruit greatly interested him. If he could eat it, perhaps he could fully unlock his first tier of the Dongxuan Sutra. If he did so, his powers could reach another level.

But the black-flame bird and cloud-shrouded creature did not keep their distance as much as they once did, and they slowly drew closer. The bird was incredibly restless, and it cawed without reprieve. The drunk clouds went darker, and cast forth intermittent showers of rain.

Only the rhino remained calm, lying next to the cactus. It almost seemed to be completely asleep. The energy inside it was as calm as the still waters of a lake.

"Let's go." Han Sen saw the fruit on the cactus growing bigger and bigger, and now that it was nearly ripe, he bid for Zhou Yumei to leave.

Han Sen wanted the fruit, but he did not think he could grab it while in the company of Zhou Yumei. He wanted to send her away so he could focus on getting the fruit himself.

"The fruit on that cactus looks to be some good stuff. Shouldn't we hang around and have a bite of it?" Zhou Yumei was not dumb, and she could tell the fruit was quite the prize.

"Aren't you afraid of being trampled to death?" Han Sen gave Zhou Yumei a strange look.

"But the white rhino is so nice. And it's cute! I don't think it'll mind us taking it," Zhou Yumei said, but then a look of worry dawned on her face.

"Even if it didn't step on you, the big bird up there will turn you

to charcoal," Han Sen said with a smile.

Zhou Yumei suddenly shivered. Seeing Han Sen abandon the white rhino's back, she didn't dare remain and quickly accompanied him. With Little Orange alongside her, she followed with haste.

The giant bird and cloud were still intently focused on the fruit, and they ignored them completely. This was a great boon for Han Sen's departure.

# Chapter 766: Cactus Fruit

"Wait for me here; do not go anywhere." Han Sen took Zhou Yumei a good distance away and left her some supplies. The silver fox and Little Orange were to stay with her, as well. He returned to the cactus, only bringing the fairy with him.

Facing those terrifying super creatures, only the fairy—an adult super creature—could fight back. The silver fox was still very young, so he wouldn't have been much use there.

Han Sen didn't dare approach the rhino on his return, however. He hid himself and watched it closely. Once a battle between the trio commenced, Han Sen would evaluate the conditions and then decide whether or not he should intervene.

The fairy and the little angel were both in the super class, whereas Han Sen was a little bit below that. The fairy and the little angel could most definitely keep themselves alive for a time, but the same might not be said for Han Sen.

If possible, Han Sen would maintain his distance from the cactus and allow the fairy and the little angel to retrieve the item he desired.

As time passed, the wrinkled fruit of the cactus grew to about the same size as a basketball. The purple, wrinkled skin made it look somewhat like a sweet potato. But it had many dots and hair on it, as well.

If this thing was not growing on the cactus, it wouldn't have stood out from the average veggie at all. It didn't look bright and holy like the peach he once had the pleasure of eating.

But the white rhino and the black phoenix were undoubtedly of a higher power-tier than the black bear. These were adult second-generation super creatures, and they could very well occupy the upper echelon of power levels for the entirety of the Second

Shelter. These creatures weren't the average, run-of-the-mill first-generation super creatures Han Sen competed with for the peach.

Han Sen watched them for two days, and slowly, the fruit was beginning to mature. It made the black phoenix and cloud-wrapped creature antsy and anxious.

The black-flame phoenix inched its way closer to the cactus, as did the dark clouds. It looked as if the sky was falling, and the land was about to be crushed.

The rhino no longer had its eyes closed now, either. It stood up next to the cactus.

When the rhino moved to stand where it chose, the black-flame phoenix and dark cloud moved back further. They really were afraid of it.

Pat!

A crack developed on the top of the fruit. And out of it, a purple gas seeped. It was like a dream, and it enveloped the entire fruit.

The rhino glowed with a holy light, and its giant body began to fly. It ascended towards the purple haze.

The black-flame phoenix screeched loudly, flapped its fiery wings, and released terrifying heat waves.

Thunder rolled inside the cloud in the sky, and it unleashed a fearsome rainstorm upon the lands below. Amidst the thunder, Han Sen could catch the faint growls of a hidden monster.

"Fight! Come on, fight!" Han Sen encouraged them to fight in his heart. He wanted them out of the way, so he could nab the loot for himself.

The black-flame phoenix and the cloud-creature were incredibly angry, and they roared in rage. But still, they did not dare get close to the rhino.

"Oh, no! How can you two do this to me? It should be two versus

one, how can they sit back and watch?" Han Sen's jaw almost unhinged itself. The rhino, however, opened its mouth wide and leaned forward to eat the wrinkled fruit that was shrouded in a purple mist. The phoenix and cloud only continued to scream at the rhino, remaining where they were.

Munch!

Han Sen was expecting the crazy spectacle of a super-battle, but nothing of the like occurred. The white rhino swallowed the fruit and mist unopposed, while the phoenix and cloud did not move a single inch the entire time.

Han Sen's heart sank, but he was still surprised over how intimidating the rhino's power was. The black phoenix was a frightening creature, right out legend, and yet it was too afraid to attack. All it did was watch the rhino gobble the fruit.

Han Sen thought back to his time in the oasis, and how they stole coconut juice from the rhino. If the rhino really had gotten infuriated with them, there would have been nothing the fairy or little angel could have done to help. The thought sent a shiver down Han Sen's spine.

The black-flame phoenix and cloud watched the rhino eat the fruit but did not leave. It looked as if they were waiting for something, and this made Han Sen curious.

"The white rhino ate the fruit; what are they waiting for? Is the cactus edible? It shouldn't be, since it's full of thorns," Han Sen thought, as he looked to the top of the cactus which had been cleaned by the rhino's maw.

Boom!

But then Han Sen became confused. The rhino that ate the fruit leapt on the spot, and when it came down, its giant body shook the entire desert.

Han Sen looked at the white rhino, thinking something must be

wrong. The holy light of the rhino was getting brighter and brighter, and it did not slow down. It was blasting out of its body like multiple searchlights.

Han Sen quickly used his dongxue aura to scan the rhino. He was quite a distance away, however, so he couldn't sense it too clearly. But the energy flow inside the rhino was like a volcanic eruption, and Han Sen didn't even have to use his special sense abilities to observe it. It was plain to the naked eye.

Katcha!

The white rhino's jade-like skin began to crack like dry mud. Blood poured out of its breaking skin.

"Oh, no! Did the rhino consume too many nutrients at once? Perhaps his body can't take that much, and it's going to destroy him" Han Sen's eyes almost fell from his sockets at the sight.

In that scary, holy light, the skin of the rhino continued to crack. Within a second, the white rhino had become a red rhino. It was like a monster from hell, having just taken part in a bloodbath.

"Roar!" The white rhino screamed to the sky, as if it was talking to the creator above. More and more holy light beamed out of it and then, it unleashed a mini atom bomb some distance away. The area it fired towards was wholly annihilated in a blinding flash of light, and all that remained was a crater in the sand.

The black-flame phoenix flapped its wings frantically, and it seemed tempted to approach the rhino.

The cloud had already decided to descend, as a thunder rumbled within it. It looked very interested in what was happening to the rhino.

"Holy smokes! They are both not leaving. Is it because they want to eat the white rhino once it falls?" Han Sen's mind was in a mess, trying to guess what was going on.

The black phoenix and the cloud hardly moved now, remaining

where they were and watching the rhino's body break down.

Han Sen was patiently waiting, as well. He still hoped he could grab a few treats out of this entire affair.

Seeing the white rhino's blood oozing into the black sand, Han Sen felt pretty bad. Not for the reasons you might think, however. He thought all that bleeding was a great loss, and Han Sen could only imagine what such large, powerful quantities of blood might do for his Death Knell. Heaven knew how much it'd evolve.

# Chapter 767: Holy Rhino

Even the black-flame phoenix and dark cloud refused to draw closer at this time. It was the same for Han Sen, who chose to only watch the gallons of blood stain the black sand.

"Roar!"

The white rhino roared to the skies and its skin cracked like charred earth, as blood gushed out of its crevices.

Han Sen was frozen. The rhino was as big as a mountain, and it was as if he was watching one crumble to the ground.

"Roar!"

The white rhino's flesh peeled away, ceaselessly unraveling. Beyond the blinding lights, he could make out the shape of its disintegrating skeleton. More and more streams of blood began to appear, like the birth of mountain waterfalls. And all the while, the motionless rhino cried out in agony.

"If this was going to happen, why did it so greedily want to eat the fruit? It's like it chose to self-destruct." Han Sen sighed. He believed death was the only conclusion to the rhino's current suffering.

Boom!

The white rhino's skin was torn to shreds, and heaps of its soggy, frayed flesh dislodged themselves from its bone and fell to the ground. The holy light began to dim as a mound of mushy meat collapsed.

The surrounding area of the desert had been stained red, and streams of blood began to form; the body's crater acting as a source. The white rhino was living out its final few breaths, exhausted faster by its strained cries for aid. Its bones were all exposed and naked, and it shivered in agony. Such pain was difficult to comprehend.

Seeing the white rhino now unable to fight, Han Sen turned his gaze to the black-flame phoenix and cloud-creature to see if they'd make a move.

They looked as desperate as ever, but still, they did not dare to fly down.

Han Sen frowned, but as he did so, he heard a mix of noises. It sounded like an army was approaching.

He turned around to take a look and jumped. Along the ground and even from the skies above, countless creatures were running his way.

Han Sen could see insects, birds, and animals of all varieties coming towards him. They were everywhere. They were all coming for the now-fleshless rhino like a tsunami.

Han Sen quickly summoned his little angel and prepared for a fight. It was to be a hot and sweaty battle, with the number of opponents headed his way.

But the creatures ignored him. They all raced past him, with an insatiable lust for the white rhino.

Han Sen had seen most of these creatures before, and they weren't particularly high-class creatures or anything. They were a mixture of ordinary, mutant, and sacred-blood class creatures.

It looked as if they had been summoned by something. With disregard for everything else, they all bee-lined directly for the rhino.

As Han Sen watched them rush there, he suddenly heard the frightening sound of a gargantuan bird ring out. He turned around to see a black hellfire rain from the sky to incinerate countless numbers of the newly-come creatures.

The black-flame phoenix flapped its wings, unleashing concentrated storms of fire to halt the approach of the creature-army that had just arrived.

Thunder also sounded from inside the dark clouds, and netted webs of green lightning formed to ensnare and char those below.

A hooved chimerical creature emerged from the clouds, and its skin was green. It was a frightening thing, and it looked like a cross between a dragon and a unicorn; like a kirin.

It was a massacre!

Blood was everywhere, as a mountain of bones began to pile up with each roasted creature. With no regard for themselves, the approaching creatures seemed to happily throw their lives away for the chance to reach the rhino.

The two scary super creatures above were halting all who dared approach. The black flames of cruelty, and the green lightning of savagery prevented the coming of everything. Not one of the creature-stampede got close to the rhino.

Han Sen was in awe of what he was seeing. The creatures ignored the presence of the two super creatures above and just continued to march towards their doom.

Countless lives were being wasted, all in a short amount of time. The super creatures had to have been even mightier than the average super creature, too, for killing so many other creatures in such a short amount of time was an exhaustive, difficult task. They were both standing side-by-side, a bulwark to the tide of creatures they sought to incinerate.

Now Han Sen understood what the true meaning of massacre was. The battles between humans and creatures were so weak, in comparison. Between the thunder and rain, countless creatures still struggled and strove to claw their way across the scorched earth to get as close as they could.

Han Sen, spectacle aside, thought the entire event to be a little strange. He wondered why, despite their prevention of others from eating the white rhino, did they not go and eat the rhino

themselves.

If it was because they thought the white rhino was not dead yet, they could have at least let the little creatures go first.

But they didn't. And instead, they stopped every little creature from approaching the dying white rhino. Since they themselves didn't desire to eat the white rhino either, Han Sen was just confused.

"Roar!"

The white rhino—that was only tattered skin on bones now—roared again. It was weak and strained, and lacked all the power it once had. It didn't strike fear into the heart as it once had, and instead made those who heard it want to cry.

A tear left the white rhino's lifeless eyes. The blood-scourged eyes made the tear look so pure. It was like jewelry, glistening brightly.

Han Sen watched the tear descend and drop into the pool of blood, which quickly extinguished its beauty in the nectar of pain and suffering. With fragile, trembling bones, the rhino did its best to stand back up.

But as it struggled to rise, more of its flesh fell. Only the skeleton of what once was now remained. Yet somehow, a force compelled it to stand up, against the odds. The skeleton of the rhino, in a pool of blood, amidst the red and black sands of a charred landscape made for an incredible image.

The holy light had left it completely by now, however. Only its seemingly lifeless skeleton remained. It shook in the wind and looked ready to collapse into a shapeless heap any second.

"Roar!"

The white rhino of bones roared to the sky once more. It looked doubly sad, beneath the night sky and moonlight.

A tiny little light appeared on the rhino's horns, like a star from

the sky.

Slowly, the light grew brighter and brighter on the horn. Soon after, it ignited the entire horn into flame. The horn was like a sconce of holy fire.

This was not yet the end. The holy light spread to the remainder of the rhino's bones, and its entire skeleton was alight with that same holy fire.

"Roar!"

The white rhino roared to the sky again. It was like it was declaring war, standing in defiance of a wretched fate. The holy fire was like a volcanic eruption, and it lit up the entire desert brightly.

# Chapter 768: Mysterious Metal Door

Doused in the bright holy light, the army of creatures elected to halt their advance. They just stood there, watching the rhino rise anew like the sun.

Although the light was bright, it did not harm your eyes to look on it. It was warm and accepting. While Han Sen watched the flames, the bones crumbled away like petals from flowers.

As the bones were shaved away, the beast became smaller and the light grew brighter. The bones that remained shone like jade.

The rhino that was originally as big as a mountain was humbled as its bones petered away into dust. It wasn't long before its size was equal to that of an average Earth rhino. Its bones had been refined into transparent crystals, through which coursed a holy light.

Within that holy light, Han Sen was able to witness something utterly unbelievable. The bones were birthing new flesh. Skin and flesh returned, as if the rhino was being reborn.

"Roar!" The roar cried out to the sky with renewed vigor, and no anger or suffering tainted its call. It sounded like a cry of relief, or like the chirp of a chick having pecked away the layers of its shell to be born true.

Countless creatures watched it, and even the black-flame phoenix and green kirin looked on in awe.

With the holy light that looked like water, the rhino's body reassembled itself with great speed. It wasn't too long before its body had been wholly recomposed, with its flesh fully recovered. The only difference from its previous appearance was its smaller size, yet despite that, its holy presence and aura were stronger than ever.

Snowflakes now descended from the sky, and upon closer

inspection, Han Sen realized he was wrong. It wasn't snow, but the luminous dandelions that had returned, bearing the image of snowfall descending across the desert.

The luminous dandelions landed on the creatures, and faded into their skin. It imbued them with a holy aura, as well.

Han Sen watched luminous dandelions descend on himself, too. And as they sunk into his own body, he felt purer than he had ever felt before. He held one in his hand, and it smoothly faded into his fingers.

A cleansing energy coursed through his body, as if it was washing him clean. The dirt inside him dispersed and his body felt wonderful and calm.

"Those luminous dandelions feel more effective than they did before. What level has this rhino evolved to?" Han Sen looked at the rhino with wonder and surprise.

The holy rhino called to the sky again and the holy light inside it was like a volcanic eruption. A holy light shot upwards into the sky like a heavensward beam.

Boom!

The holy light reached the zenith of the world, and in that place, a mysterious metal door appeared. Strange symbols and transcriptions appeared upon the door, and gears and cogwheels adorned it. Slowly, the door opened.

It opened only slightly, before a horrid feeling rushed out. It was a malevolent force, that made things feel as if the sky was going to quickly descend and crush the world below. All the creatures were knocked down to the ground, the black-flame phoenix and green kirin included.

Han Sen and the little fairy also suffered, feeling as if they had suddenly been crushed by the very atmosphere.

Only the holy rhino stood its ground, standing still in defiance as

its holy light shone as a beacon. With peaceful, graceful eyes, it looked at the door high above.

"By the Shelters! What is going on? What is that metal door?!" Han Sen froze as he watched. Everything that had transpired thus far had gone against all his wildest expectations.

He had never heard of anything as remotely strange as this happening. The metal doors had not even been swung wide. They were only opened a tiny bit, and already the presence and feeling it exuded were incredibly intimidating. It was almost harassing. Han Sen felt as if a living lifeforce existed behind the door, one that was more enticing than the cactus fruit.

"Where does that door lead?" Han Sen was still pinned to the ground, but he was able to keep an eye on the door.

As the door slowly opened, what was behind it was a blur. Try as he might, his vision could not pierce that veil and see what lay beyond. A terrifying presence exited it, and life swirled from beyond and into the atmosphere of the area.

Within this harsh and barren Black Desert, something was stirring. Life came in an abundance, and the realm seemed to be born anew in haste. Before long, grass and flowers coated the whole ground. The place had been given a makeover, and its beauty was so great, it had taken on the feeling one would get if they strolled through the Garden of Eden.

It was difficult to imagine that where Has Sen was, an arid desert had once existed.

The fairy trembled in a mixture of fear and enthralling excitement, as she looked upon the door and the rhino.

The black-flame phoenix and green kirin were the same. They looked envious of the rhino, wishing they were the ones in its stead.

The metal door finally opened in its entirety. Han Sen frantically

tried to see what was there, but he couldn't see anything.

He could see something faint, but nothing with vivid detail. He believed he had seen a human body exit the blur behind the door frame.

"Are there humans inside there?" Han Sen was gobsmacked, not expecting a human to exit such a curiously hidden metal door.

But Han Sen could not be entirely sure that whatever had come out was indeed a human. The details were scant, and it was only the being's humanoid shape he could make out.

The shadow of a person drew closer and closer, and it really did seem to be the figure of a human. But the energy it released was terrifying. It was oppressive, and it gave Han Sen the feeling that he should kowtow before it. Gazing at it with his lowly human eyes, Han Sen was stricken with the feeling that his actions were blasphemous and that he wasn't worthy of the sight.

Many creatures, like the black-phoenix, green kirin, and fairy were all on the ground. They trembled, not daring to steal a single look.

Boom!

The shadow departed the emptiness, with one foot outside the door. Han Sen forced himself to take a closer look at the door, and he saw a leg plated in black metal. It looked frighteningly powerful, and it gave the feeling that the leg would crack the world asunder if it ever touched the ground.

Quickly, the body exited the door in full and Han Sen was now able to see it clearly. It was a man clad in black armor. He looked cold, but handsome. He looked hallowed. All that his eyes saw would have been inconsequential to him.

His body possessed a horrid aura, one that suggested all who looked upon him should cower in fear. Even the rhino, that was standing still the entire time, lowered its head at his coming.

Han Sen was shocked at what he was seeing and knew that person could not be a true human. Han Sen saw black wings on his back, and they weren't beast souls. They looked to be a part of him.

"Is it a spirit?" Han Sen was amazed at this entire turn of events, but he still had to question how a spirit could be that powerful. Compared to this thing, Light Son of God had the presence of a bug.

# Chapter 769: You Are Mine

"Will you follow me along the path of evolution?" the man said with a cold tone of voice, looking at the rhino.

"Roof!" the rhino responded to the man. Then, it began flying towards the metal door. Hovering beside the man, it turned around to look at the desert as if it was going to miss the place.

The man had a smile, and then he brought the rhino to leave. He casually looked around and seemed surprised. Just as he was preparing to lead the rhino through the door, he scanned the creatures on the ground.

Han Sen could suddenly feel that the man's eyes were aimed at him, and there was no chance of him being mistaken about that.

"Oh, no! Why would I even bother looking at him? This man is bringing whoever he wants. Even super creatures would not dare look at him. It seems all I ever do is look for trouble!" Han Sen wanted to slap himself.

Earlier, things seemed to be proceeding without trouble for him. But Han Sen realized his foolishness in looking the man's way, and now, the mysterious man had him in his sights.

Han Sen felt incredibly nervous. If he could have run away, he would have done so in a heartbeat. But he wasn't the only one still pinned down to the ground, as the fairy, black-flame phoenix, and green kirin were, too. Han Sen's chance of escape was slimmer than ever.

After seeing Han Sen where he lay, the man looked upon him with interest. With a finger, he pointed at him.

A black laser beam fell on Han Sen's head.

"Oh, no! Is this it? Am I going to die?" Han Sen used all his strength to try to dodge out of the way, but try as he might, he could not move an inch.

Boom!

The beam of light struck Han Sen's head, and his heart felt cold for a second.

"It's karma. I've been smacking people's heads all my life. Now, it is my turn to be smacked in the head. Maybe I deserve this, but if I don't have a head, will anyone be able to recognize who I am when my body is discovered? That's to assume my body will remain intact; with all these creatures around, I'll be chow in no-time. I doubt even my bones will remain. Can I not even tell my family goodbye?" Han Sen felt so sad in his heart.

But it was then like nothing happened. The beam of light did not crush his skull, as expected. He felt no pain at all. It was as if the beam of light was nothing but an illusion.

"You are my man." The man lifted his lips as he spoke, then turned around and departed beyond the metal door.

The holy rhino followed him inside, and then the door shut. As slowly as it first appeared, it now disappeared into nothingness.

Han Sen was finally able to move, and the first thing he did was quickly touch his head. Much to his relief, his head was firm, warm, and whole. He was super pleased, and so he thought, "My head is still here. Yay! I am not dead."

But a second later, he spared no time for celebration. He summoned his Golden Roarer, and with the fairy alongside, rode over to the sand crater.

It wasn't just Han Sen who went there, either. All the creatures, black-flame phoenix and green kirin included, raced forward. There were some bones and flesh that had been left behind by the rhino. It was the meat of a top super creature, and clearly the aim of everyone's desire.

The black-flame phoenix and green kirin sprinted there, firing flame and thunder as they went. Any creature that attempted to

steal from them, they killed mercilessly.

Han Sen had the little angel and fairy to protect him, however. And quickly, he leapt towards the mound of flesh. He summoned his Death Knell and lobbed it into the blood.

An idea then sprang upon Han Sen, and he chucked the gourd in there, too. Although he didn't know whether or not it would have an effect, this was a remarkably unique opportunity, and he didn't want to let this chance pass him by.

The black-flame phoenix and green kirin jumped towards the meat and began devouring it as best they could. Although they ate like mad, they still managed to incinerate anything that came close.

The fairy took the time to grab a bite to eat, too. Her little mouth worked incredibly quickly to gobble down decent chunks of meat.

The little angel had her fair share, as well. So, Han Sen then summoned Meowth and let it dine on some.

Han Sen was currently regretting his decision to leave the silver fox behind. If that little silver black hole was here, it would be in ecstasy at the prospect of all this food.

The rhino was incredibly large. Even though those two monsters were slaughtering creatures, others were able to join in and eat from afar.

Han Sen lay on the ground to have a sip of the blood, but after giving it a taste, quickly spat it all out. The blood was like acid, and it almost melted his entire mouth and tongue.

"What is this? Can only creatures consume this?" Han Sen was disheartened, seeing all the other creatures jovially eat to their heart's content.

The little angel had no problem, either. It was only Han Sen who was not able to take part in eating the rhino's remains. Han Sen did not want to give up so easily, however. Instead of trying to drink

the blood, he grabbed a chunk of meat and bit into it. It tasted like lime, and it burnt his mouth fiercely. Quickly, he spat it all out.

"Holy smokes! What is happening?" Han Sen's heart was incredibly sad, and his inability to eat the meat drove him nuts.

Suddenly, Han Sen remembered a tear had fallen from the rhino. The tear seemed as if it had solidified, and he wondered if it was still there.

From what Han Sen could recall, it fell into the pool of blood. He snuck over to where he had seen it fall and rummaged around for it. If it did not melt, then it had to still be there.

After a while, his hands touched something circular. With a quick rebound of joy and excitement, he pulled it up.

It was indeed the rhino's teardrop. It was transparent, and about the size of a fist. Although it came out of the blood, it hadn't been stained by it. Strange, considering Han Sen's hand was all mucky with the blood it had been submerged in. It was fortunate he was wearing beast soul armor, too. If he wasn't, he imagined his skin would have all melted away by now.

Han Sen held the tear and felt a lot of energy coursing around inside it. The item itself felt incredibly holy. Merely holding it soothed his being, as if being in its proximity cleansed him.

"Now this is some good stuff." Han Sen was ecstatic, and he carefully pocketed the tear.

Han Sen pulled out a bag and placed some meat inside it, so he could offer it to the silver fox when he returned. He couldn't let the silver fox—the creature that loved to eat so much—go without this sort of food.

Of course, Han Sen also harbored the desire to see the silver fox grow up a little faster. An adult silver fox was sure to be incredibly powerful, and if it never grew up, his investment in the little creature would have been a waste.

# Chapter 770: Rouge

The corpse of the holy rhino was expansive, but after the vast swathe of creatures came together to eat it, it didn't last long. Soon, all the blood had been consumed. Han Sen picked up his gourd from the wet sand, and it appeared to have been dyed red, and it had a much more attractive look to it. Naturally, Han Sen assumed it had indeed absorbed much blood.

The blue bell, on the other hand, was adorned with a number of red etchings of a variety of different symbols. Han Sen was unable to discern what they meant, however.

Meowth had stuffed its belly full, and it was incredibly bloated. With its beachball-shaped stomach, all it could do was lie on the ground and gasp for breath. The fairy ate more slowly than the rest, but she looked to be finishing up. The little angel, on the other hand, had finished long before.

Han Sen collected a lot of meat, and seeing that the meat had almost all been eaten, he did not want to linger. Clutching his bag, he called out to the fairy and told her they should return.

But the fairy did not yet want to go, and she continued eating. Still, Han Sen did not wait around for her. He ignored her desire to remain and departed with the little angel.

But the other creatures had taken notice of the bag Han Sen possessed, and they quickly took off after him. They did not pose much of a threat, however, and through the combined forces of himself and the little angel, they were not burdened with much trouble in their departure.

Han Sen returned to where he had left Zhou Yumei, and was relieved to see that they had not moved. Turning around to take a look at the place he had just been to—which was a hundred miles away—he saw that it really had become a verdant expanse of green and multi-colored flowers.

The silver fox, seeing Han Sen approach, took off in a speedy run to greet him.

Han Sen reached out his hand to grab the silver fox, but the silver fox dodged right past it and went for the bag instead. He leapt up, tore the bag open, and began to gobble up the meat Han Sen had risked his life to bring him.

Feeling slightly awkward, Han Sen pulled his hand back inconspicuously. He looked around with red cheeks and cleared his throat. His heart, however, reacted differently. "What a heartless bastard! He senses meat and cares naught for the master that painstakingly lugged it all the way over here!"

Little Orange came over to the pile of meat, as well. It leapt around joyously but was not so rude as to eat the meat without permission.

Han Sen began to think how Little Orange might one day prove useful, too. Wanting to form a greater bond with the creature, he grabbed a slab of meat and fed it to the kitty.

Little Orange excitedly jumped around and then began to devour the meat ecstatically.

"What happened out there? Why did so many creatures head that way? And why did it suddenly become a grassy oasis?" Zhou Yumei ran over to Han Sen and asked inquisitively.

"The white rhino died. The creatures came over to devour its corpse. I managed to collect some of its meat on my return." Han Sen did not indulge her with the details of what had transpired, as it was too strange and curious. He'd keep it a secret for now and deliberate the events some more. But intel like this was something valuable, and it was the sort of information you could sell for a high price. He wouldn't tell anybody willy-nilly.

"This is the rhino's flesh?" When Zhou Yumei heard what the meat was, she looked surprised. Then, she took a moment of

silence for the deceased creature. After that, she popped back into her bubbly self and asked, "Oh, big brother dearest; might I request some of that flesh?"

Zhou Yumei knew that the rhino was something special. Sacred-blood creatures could not compare with it, she knew that very well. The flesh of such a beast had to be something quite remarkable.

If Han Sen had agreed to give Little Orange a slab, she thought he'd most certainly provide her with one or two.

"You can eat, yes. But first, you must sign this. Sign this, and you can eat as much as you want." Han Sen pulled out an IOU form.

"Fine, whatever." Zhou Yumei had already accumulated much debt while traveling with Han Sen. After a brief scan of the document, and not seeing anything particularly trapping, she hastily signed it.

After signing it, she happily ran towards the bag of meat in the belief she had earned herself quite the prize, and for a small price, too. Not often could you purchase such incredible flesh.

But when Zhou Yumei took a bite, her face turned green and she spat it all out. She ran back to Han Sen and pointed her finger at him, shouting, "You lied to me! This isn't the white rhino's meat."

"I did not lie. If you don't believe me, why don't you go ask your precious Little Orange? Don't you see him there, eating it so merrily? If it isn't the white rhino's meat, why else would it keep eating?" Han Sen pointed to Little Orange and offered his explanation.

Zhou Yumei thought Han Sen might have been right, as Little Orange rarely ate sacred-blood meat. That meat must have been quite special for Little Orange to go crazy for it.

"But... but..." With her tongue unable to find words of retort, she closed her mouth.

Seeing the evil smile on Han Sen's face, however, she understood what had happened. Madly, she tried her best to get back the IOU form and said, "You lied to me! You knew I wouldn't be able to eat the meat, and you still got me to sign this IOU form anyway. That's entrapment. Give it back!"

"Excuse me? I never lied to you once. I didn't sell it to you, either. You begged me for it. How could you make this my sinister deed?" Han Sen was not willing to give it back, so he pocketed the IOU.

Zhou Yumei was not willing to let the paper go so easily, though. As she tried to get it back, Han Sen grabbed her by the wrist. He spun her around and she fell backwards against him. And then, her firm round bottom was pushing against his front.

Han Sen smacked the meaty buttocks, and Zhou Yumei tripped forward a few steps while grabbing them in defense. Her mind was a vortex of anger and embarrassment, and all she could do was look back at him with fiery eyes. She didn't dare approach.

Zhou Yumei no longer wanted to provoke Han Sen, so she decided to move and package much of the meat for Little Orange to eat exclusively. As she did this, Han Sen grabbed her clothes.

"What are you doing?!" Zhou Yumei demanded angrily.

"You stole the words right out of my mouth. What are you doing, moving my meat?" Han Sen raised his lips.

"I bought your meat, didn't I? I can do whatever I want with it," Zhou Yumei said in return.

"I said that you can eat as much as you want. I never said anything about taking it. Takeaway buffets don't exist for a reason, you know." Han Sen laughed as he spoke.

"You... asshole... Little Orange, bite him!" Zhou Yumei gritted her teeth and bid for Little Orange to commit an act of revenge on her behalf.

Little Orange ran towards Han Sen, but he just stood there

unmoving. Within a second, Little Orange leapt onto him.

"Meow!" When Little Orange leapt in front of Han Sen, he landed gently. With his fluffy head, he brushed against Han Sen multiple times. He meowed all the while.

"Good boy!" Han Sen stroked Little Orange's head and provided him with another slice of meat. This made Little Orange extremely happy, and he kept on meowing at Han Sen's side.

Zhou Yumei was furious and her head almost exploded with rage. "Traitor... Little Orange, you traitor... How can you let this terrible man buy your love?"

"What traitor? Like a little darling sparrow selecting a tree to settle down in, kitties know which master they should settle for." Han Sen spoke his bit in a boisterous, cocky manner, and he stroked Little Orange as he did so.

Han Sen knew Little Orange wasn't being nice, however. He knew as soon as the meat was gone, he'd run back to be with Zhou Yumei. But here in this boring desert, he didn't mind taking the time and effort to get her all flustered.

Zhou Yumei was speechless, despite her fuming anger.

Suddenly, she calmed, though. She pointed at Han Sen's forehead and started laughing, saying, "I'm a good girl. I won't fight with men. And I especially won't do it with you, who is half a man and half a woman. How old are you, huh? And you're using rouge on your forehead? I'm not going to fight someone like that."

"What rouge?" Han Sen's heart jumped. Quickly, he touched his forehead.

# Chapter 771: Holy Tear of Nirvana

Han Sen touched his forehead and felt nothing. It was smooth and free from wrinkles, like usual.

But Zhou Yumei's face did not look like she was telling him a lie. Han Sen pulled out a mirror from his pack—the one that was used for the Beetle Knight—and had a look.

Han Sen's face dropped. On his forehead, between his eyebrows, there was a single red dot. He tried to rub it away, but it was as if it had been branded. No matter how much he scrubbed, it wouldn't go away.

Han Sen took a closer look. The red dot was on the surface of his skin, but it was as stubborn as if it was embedded within. Removing it anytime soon didn't seem likely.

Quickly, Han Sen ran his Dongxuan Sutra to see if there was anything wrong with his body. To his relief, there were no problems and everything seemed to be normal.

"Hmm, then what is this exactly?" Han Sen then thought about the spirit that had stepped from beyond that metal door and the things it had said. As soon as his mind reflected upon those events, an uneasy feeling began to swell.

But he wasn't too worried yet. The spirit could have killed him if it wanted to, so it was clear he wasn't on the chopping block yet. But it upset Han Sen to know that he had received a seemingly permanent mark upon his forehead.

"If I am guessing this correctly, that spirit must have come from the Third Shelter. The holy rhino must have been taken there. But why would he stop to place a mark on me?" Han Sen frowned, unable to figure out what had happened.

Right now, Han Sen wanted to be gone from the Black Desert once and for all. He was burning with inquisitiveness, so he

wanted to return to civilization and get to asking about the Third Shelter. He wouldn't be able to learn a single thing from his current location.

Han Sen had not previously been in a hurry to learn about the Third Shelter since he had no immediate connection to the place, and it would be a while before he went there. But now things were different. A scorching desire had taken root in his heart; he wanted to know what the secretive Third Shelter looked like.

For miles around him, as far as his eyes could see, there was only a sweltering desert. There was not a single shelter to be found. He couldn't do anything from where he was right now, so all he could do was stick to what he had been doing so far.

Half a day, later the fairy caught up with them and flew around Han Sen with a look of excitement.

He didn't pay her much heed, however. He remained seated on the Golden Roarer and played with the rhino's crystallized tear. He cast his Dongxuan Sutra to see if he could absorb it.

But the Dongxuan Sutra did not work as expected, despite his simulation of the rhino's energy flow. There was a different reaction. The tear in his hand melted into a holy water of sorts, which soaked into his body.

As curious as this was, he did not receive a geno increase announcement. This disappointed him. But the tear was like a holy light that cleansed his every cell. His skin began to peel, as dirt rose to the surface and was thrown away.

After this process began, Han Sen could peel large films of his skin away. It was as if he was shedding, and every time he removed some of his old, now-dead skin, more dirt would appear and be cleansed away. After doing this four times, his body was put at great ease and a comfort he never knew existed. Now he felt as if he had previously suffered a flu and a wretchedly stuffed nose to go along with it. But now, he had fully healed. His nose was clear, and

he could breathe unlike ever before.

"This really is some good stuff." Han Sen was surprised, feeling as if his body had just been reborn. The tear's effectiveness was incredible.

This was the tear that fell from the rhino's eyes while it was evolving. It possessed a nirvanic power, and through this energy he had absorbed from the rhino's teardrop, he felt reborn.

Even if he took the fruit of the cactus and ate it, he thought the tear he had received was a far greater item.

Although this Holy Tear of Nirvana did not increase Han Sen's gene number, it strengthened them.

The quality of genes always exceeded the quantity. His existential tier might not have risen, but such a task was something that would take a long time to do. It was something Han Sen was prepared for, anyway.

Han Sen's dirt and old skin continued to peel, and his body performed this cycle ten times before stopping.

This did not take place over the course of one day, however. But after he was finished, his body was heavy. Everything in his vision blurred, and his prior ease of breathing became a struggle. He felt as if the atmosphere had been consumed by smog or dust.

Han Sen was surprised. It felt like when he became an evolver, and he was staying in the First Shelter. It was that sort of feeling, but not quite as strong.

"Luckily, my body hasn't evolved enough to be excluded from the Second Shelter. If it did, that would be terrible. If I was excluded, I would have to become a surpasser before reaching the Third Shelter." Han Sen sighed, and then continued to think, "Sometimes, I cannot just randomly eat whatever I desire. This tear is far beyond what I expected. It is too powerful. It exceeds what is normally offered by super creatures."

Although his fitness did not increase, his first gene lock was blown wide open. And that came as a shock.

Although he hadn't reached a fitness of three hundred and become a Celestial Being, he could already unleash his true power. This made him exuberantly happy.

It was a shame Zhou Yumei was with him, because he fancied giving his new powers a spin.

"Good men always receive good rewards." Han Sen could not stop repeating this phrase to himself.

If others knew what he was thinking, he'd be viewed with disdain. The truth was, he had never done nor thought of performing a good deed.

Han Sen continued riding through the sweltering badlands of the Black Desert in boredom. Seeking to occupy his mind, he decided to research the white rhino's energy flow a bit more. The rhino was incredibly strong, so its energy flow couldn't have been that bad. Therefore, Han Sen wanted to try it.

Han Sen then found out that the holy light did not lend itself to any act of aggression. The holy light could heal wounds and provide impressive remedial effects, but it couldn't be used for attacks. Small wounds could be immediately healed by the light, but the overall, future effectiveness would depend on the individual's level.

He didn't have enough fitness right now, and his energy was nowhere near as impressive as the rhino's. As such, any holy light he simulated would not be as strong.

Still, this satisfied Han Sen. Living in this world was unpredictable, and things could change in a heartbeat. If there was ever a crisis, and medical aid was needed but could not be found, this skill would prove incredibly valuable.

After walking for a dozen days, his eyes met with the sight of the

Gobi Desert and a nearby mountain. This made Han Sen and Zhou Yumei incredibly happy, for they had now, at long last, exited the Black Desert.

Han Sen quickened their pace in desire for a shelter. He wanted to return to the Alliance and find out all he could about the Third Shelter.

# Chapter 772: The Spirit Contract

Han Sen and Zhou Yumei began crossing the mountain, and not long after, they stumbled across another human. Zhou Yumei almost leapt for joy.

"Bad guy! You can't threaten me anymore," Zhou Yumei said to Han Sen in a mocking tone, after asking the fellow if there were any shelters around. She then bounced up and down in childish glee.

"Once we arrive, prepare the sum of money you owe me. I have the stack of IOUs here, sealed and signed. Don't even think about trying to duck and dodge your way out of paying me," Han Sen coldly said.

"Hum." Zhou Yumei stuck out her tongue at Han Sen and turned in a huff to walk in the direction of the shelter.

"You're just walking off like that?" Han Sen stopped Zhou Yumei.

"Well, what else can I do?" Zhou Yumei asked, with apparent confusion.

"You can go, but if you keep Little Orange in a shelter, aren't you afraid of others seeking to kill him?" Han Sen said.

"What is there for me to worry about? Even I know nothing can compete with Little Orange," Zhou Yumei said, as she proudly patted Little Orange's head.

"You're suggesting you will allow Little Orange to go around murdering people in the shelter?" Han Sen asked.

Zhou Yumei frowned and said, "Well, what else am I supposed to do?"

"I can establish a camp here, and you can allow Little Orange to remain." Han Sen retrieved his tent from the packs lining Golden Growler, and erected it. After setting it up, Han Sen told Little

Orange, the silver fox, and the little fairy to stay inside. All those who could not be teleported would remain.

Then he summoned Steel Prince and commanded that he stay behind to guard the camp, as well. If anyone drew near, the Steel Prince could parley with them to prevent their approach.

If people would not heed what the spirit told them, what happened next was not something Han Sen could be held accountable for. If someone had a death wish, then that was on them.

After setting up everything, Han Sen led Zhou Yumei to the human shelter.

It was only a small knight shelter of little renown, but they were told that a few hundred miles past it rested another shelter that was grand in size. That one was a royal shelter. It undoubtedly served as a hub for countless other humans.

Han Sen and Zhou Yumei were in a rush to get there. Without stopping anyone else for information, they journeyed to the shelter as quickly as they could, so they could teleport back to the Alliance.

When he returned, Han Sen called Ji Yanran to inform her that he had been safe in his absence. They talked for a while, and during their discussion, Han Sen made sure to ask about the Third God's Sanctuary.

"Wait for me in your room; I'll bring Annie along with me. This is not an appropriate subject to be discussed on a communicator." Ji Yanran then hung up.

Not long after, Ji Yanran visited Han Sen's room with Annie in tow.

After Han Sen greeted them at the entry, and had them take a seat, Ji Yanran turned to speak to Annie. "Annie, tell Han Sen about the situation in the Third God's Sanctuary."

Annie looked at Han Sen and with a muddled expression, said,

"The reason why the Alliance prevents surpassers from discussing the Third God's Sanctuary is because we are the lowest tier of the Third God's Sanctuary inhabitants. The real masters of the Third God's Sanctuary are spirits, and they rule the place."

"No way. Shouldn't there be a million human surpassers living there?" Han Sen was shocked at this revelation.

"There are a million, yes. But they are lost and scattered across the Third God's Sanctuary. Encountering another human is rare, and you'd be fortunate to encounter just one in a journey that spans the distance between ten shelters. If you ascended to enter the Third God's Sanctuary, and ended up arriving at a human shelter, it would be like winning the lottery." Annie explained the situation emotionlessly.

"That's pretty grim," Han Sen said with a wry smile.

Annie suddenly gave a complicated smile and said, "Grim? You think that's grim? That's not the half of it! When humans enter the Third God's Sanctuary, they are all sent to a shelter. If they don't end up at a human shelter, you know where they end up, don't you?"

"Spirit shelters? How is that possible?" Han Sen's eyes opened wide, unable to comprehend what such a scene might look like.

In the Third God's Sanctuary, even ordinary creatures could be Celestial Beings, and even the lowest tier of spirit shelters would be packed to the gills with spirits and creatures. Any human who arrived in the Third God's Sanctuary to be greeted by such horror would be doomed. It would be impossible for them to resist such power.

"No wonder so many people choose not to move to the Third God's Sanctuary, then. Going there sounds very much like a death sentence. The million evolvers surviving there must be fiercely strong." Han Sen had a wry smile.

"Strong? Again, I must tell you that you are wrong. They bring shame to the human race," Annie coldly said.

"Why? What is the issue?" Han Sen was too lazy to think about what she was implying, so he asked her to spell it all out.

"Eking out a living for yourself in the Third God's Sanctuary can only be done in three different ways. First, you might end up being sent to a bottom-tier spirit shelter. Spirits and creatures roam there, but if you can escape, then you live. Secondly, you can be sent to a human shelter and be safe from the get-go."

Annie stopped for a moment, but then continued by saying, "As tough as the first option may be, the second one is by no means easy to achieve. Human shelters are a rarity. Compared to the countless spirit shelters, the number humans own is very small. It is rare to end up at ordinary spirit shelters too, due to most having been destroyed by competing spirits. When conquered, they aren't taken over. They are put into ruin and left like so. Inferior shelters are quickly overcome by greater ones."

"You mentioned three different possibilities." Han Sen frowned, understanding the third had to be the most important.

"Yes, there is one other option. And that is to concede to the rule of spirits. You can sign a contract with them, pledging allegiance and fealty to their rule. A forfeiture of your life, as it were," Annie calmly said. Han Sen's reaction, however, was anything but. He was aghast.

That was why the Alliance didn't make the situation there known to others. In the Third God's Sanctuary, humans are made slaves, more often than not.

"All I can assuredly tell you is, if you do end up at a bottom-tier spirit shelter, then congratulations. You'll most likely live. They are interracial, and if you do sign a contract with those, you will be treated as a fair member of their society. Only if it was a higher-class shelter might you be offered a contract to submit yourself to

slavery. And if you cannot provide the resources they task you with obtaining or that they first desire upon your arrival, then you may not even be granted the mercy of being their thrall. They will slay you without hesitation."

Annie didn't talk anymore, but Han Sen was beginning to get a fair grasp on the complexity of the situation in the Third God's Sanctuary.

Through this discussion, one thing was clarified for Han Sen, though. When that spirit brought the rhino to the Third God's Sanctuary, it must have espied the power within Han Sen and thus marked him. In the future, it would most likely bring Han Sen with it, also.

Of course, it was only a mark. It wasn't as if a genuine contract had been signed. Contracts were only signed if both parties agreed.

"I wonder what class that spirit is? If it can come over to the Second God's Sanctuary and give the rhino a lift home with it, its level cannot be that low," Han Sen thought deeply, not wanting to become the slave of some spirit.

"Still, signing a contract with a spirit is not all bad. There may be benefits to such a thing," Ji Yanran said.

"What benefits would there be?" Han Sen asked with surprise.

# Chapter 773: Spirit Gene

"Spirit Gene." Ji Yanran slowly spoke out both words.

"Spirit genes? You can obtain genes by eating spirits?" Han Sen's eyes opened wide, as this was the first time he had ever heard about something like this.

Ji Yanran laughed and said, "No! You can't get gene points from eating spirits. Eating spirits is pointless."

Han Sen did not respond, and quietly waited for Ji Yanran's explanation instead. The differences between the Second God's Sanctuary and the Third God's Sanctuary were too big.

"Annie, you should explain this." Ji Yanran could not explain it herself as she hadn't been to the Third God's Sanctuary; thus, she feared she couldn't describe it as efficiently as she might like.

Annie nodded and said, "The First God's Sanctuary and Second God's Sanctuary require you to kill creatures in order to increase your fitness. In the Third God's Sanctuary, aside from fitness, you must also open your gene locks."

"There are two ways to unlock gene locks. First, is through the hyper geno art you learn. When your fitness gets stronger, and you practice more and more with the same skill, you can unlock higher tiers of your gene lock. This method requires the geno points of creatures. The higher your fitness is, the higher the chance you have of unlocking a gene lock. It also has something to do with your hyper geno art. Some skills have three to four locks, whereas others have eight to nine."

Annie took a small break before continuing. Then, she said, "The second method of unlocking a gene lock is to get spirit geno points from a spirit. If one spirit has unlocked three of its gene locks, you can receive a hundred spirit geno points off them. This will allow you to unlock one gene lock. It takes three hundred spirit geno

points to unlock three locks. The power you get from unlocking gene locks will be the same as spirits receive. Your element and hyper geno art does not matter."

"So, let me get this straight; if a spirit has unlocked nine gene locks, and grants me nine hundred gene points, that means I can be an elite with nine opened gene locks?" Han Sen was shocked by this vat of information he was receiving.

"That's how it is supposed to work, yes. But even if the spirit gave you a spirit geno point, you would need a fitness level capable of receiving that power. If it is too low, your body won't be able to contain the power. Your body will breakdown if it unlocks too many gene locks at once," Ji Yanran explained.

"Spirit geno points are important to spirits, mind you. They won't randomly dish them out to humans," Annie added.

"So, how can I obtain these spirit geno points?" Han Sen asked.

"You sign a contract with a spirit and become a member of their shelter's society. If you perform well, they can reward you with a fair amount of these spirit geno points." Annie looked at Han Sen with a pause in her speech, but then continued by saying, "Of course, if you are powerful enough, then you can take a spirit stone. If the spirit does not self-destruct and instead accepts you as its new master, you can command the spirit to provide you with all its spirit geno points."

"But spirits would rarely accept masters in the Third God's Sanctuary, and the possibility of that happening is extremely low. And furthermore, low-level spirits aren't very useful. The tiers they can aid you in unlocking are too low," Ji Yanran said.

"Would spirits really provide humans with spirit geno points?" Han Sen doubted this statement, finding it difficult to believe spirits were truly willing to provide humans—a different race—spirit geno points.

"They do, if you a sign a contract with them and accept the spirit as your master. In the eyes of spirits, humans are no greater than the creatures they generally command. They will treat you as they do creatures, and the spirits treat creatures as they do you. They provide creatures with spirit geno points. But the higher-tier spirits make it harder for you to obtain their spirit geno points. That being said, some humans have been known to unlock eight of their gene locks with spirit geno points."

"Can a spirit in the Second God's Sanctuary provide humans with spirit geno points?" Han Sen asked.

"In the Second God's Sanctuary, no such creature exists right now. But people have theorized if a spirit had the same strength as a super creature, they might indeed have spirit geno points. But one gene lock is most likely the max they can provide, and that isn't worth very much. And humans will most likely be unable to obtain a spirit of such power here, anyway," Ji Yanran answered.

"Spirit geno points can grant you powers unlike any you've ever had. But improving your own body to sustain such power is just as important. After all, the spirit geno points don't originally belong to you. You only make use of the powers they provide; you don't own and command the distribution of spirit geno points. Unlocking gene locks through your own strength is better, overall. Their tolerance and harmony with your body would be far more fitting. True elites always depend on the powers they have earned themselves. They unlock gene locks by channeling their own strength," Annie elaborated.

After talking to Annie and Ji Yanran, Han Sen had now learned a lot more about the basic structure of the Third God's Sanctuary.

Although the power obtained from spirit geno points wasn't perfect, it could be considered a shortcut. Assuming he could cut a few corners and obtain such powers in a quicker manner as she was suggesting, Han Sen was fond of the idea.

With stronger powers, Han Sen could kill creatures with greater ease and subsequently improve his own power through himself. There was nothing preventing such a thing.

But if you wanted spirit geno points, you would have to sign a contract with a spirit. If you didn't, they wouldn't provide you with any.

There were many pros and cons to weigh, when it came to the signing of such a contract. Ordinary humans didn't really have much in the way of choice, and they were forced to sign such contracts.

"I wonder what level the spirit that took the rhino was?" Han Sen thought to himself.

During Han Sen's time back in the Alliance, Councilman Zhou contacted the Ji family. He and his family were incredibly appreciative of Han Sen's effort to lead his daughter safely out of the Black Desert. In return, they sent them many expensive gifts.

Ji Yanran was shocked, upon seeing the lucrative gift list. She laughed and said, "It looks like Zhou Yumei is quite important in her family."

"I don't think this appreciation stems from her position in the family. I'd wager they're more concerned with her ownership of a pet super creature. If it grows up, it'd be incredibly powerful and that would indeed assert her as a prominent figure." Han Sen then proceeded to tell Ji Yanran the story of Han Sen's meeting and subsequent adventure with Zhou Yumei and Little Orange.

"Is such a thing possible? This is a big opportunity; I have to provide my family with this information." Ji Yanran and Annie had their eyes wide open.

"If you like pets, I can give you one." Han Sen laughed.

Annie rolled her eyes, not believing what Han Sen told her. The child of a super creature would be incredibly powerful, and raising

one was sure to be harder than killing one. Zhou Yumei was just incredibly lucky, she assumed. Achieving ownership of one would be no easy task.

# Chapter 774: It's Not That Good

Han Sen was preparing to go out when he received a message saying he should expect another visitor.

When Han Sen heard this, he frowned. Visitors weren't permitted there, so he thought it was strange to hear someone was coming to see him.

"Who might it be, I wonder?" Han Sen had a few guesses, but he couldn't count on any.

Ordinary people were not allowed to enter the base, so he made his way to the reception area. There, he saw a beautiful woman sitting. He couldn't tell her age, but he knew this was a woman he had never seen before.

"You are Little Sen?" When the woman saw Han Sen, she greeted him with great enthusiasm and a warm smile.

"I am Han Sen. Who are you?" Han Sen frowned when he heard the woman call him "Little Sen."

"I am your aunt." The woman seemed surprised at Han Sen asking this.

"Aunt?" Han Sen was shocked, never before hearing that he had aunt.

"Didn't Sister Lan tell you that she has a little sister? That is heartbreaking for me to hear. I was just an orphan, picked and raised by my grandfather. I treated your mother as a true sister. I can hardly believe she never mentioned me before." The woman looked genuinely upset, almost as if tears were ready to burst from her eyes.

"Who are you?" Han Sen frowned. Understanding her identity in the family meant nothing to him.

His mother said she never wanted to get involved with the Luo

family. She wouldn't even let Han Sen learn the Luo family's skill. Although she never explained why, Han Sen trusted her and the reasons she must have had. As such, Han Sen never bothered trying to contact the Luo family.

"You are so cold. It is no wonder you are Sister Lan's son." The woman smiled, and the sadness in her eyes had vanished. The change was sudden and quite jarring.

"If there is nothing else for you to say, then I'll be leaving now." Han Sen turned around and prepared to make his exit.

But the woman's hands were like lightning. She threw her finger in Han Sen's direction.

Before it reached Han Sen, he felt its great power suddenly approaching his body. It was thinner than a needle and sharper than a blade, and its power was so great it instantly broke Han Sen's combat suit.

Han Sen was shocked, not expecting the woman to attack him here, of all places. It was fortunate Han Sen reacted quickly. He fired his Elephant-Disc Punch to collide with the incoming hit.

Dong!

Han Sen took a few steps back and hit the wall. His finger was cut so deep, the bone inside was on display.

"Eh? You didn't learn Falsified-Sky Sutra?" The woman looked at Han Sen with great surprise; if he had learnt it, he would have been able to counter her attack.

Han Sen was about to get angry, but upon hearing what she asked him, enquired, "What Falsified-Sky Sutra?"

Han Sen racked his mind as if to recall something. Then, he asked, "Wait, are you the one who gave me that unknown hyper geno art?"

The woman shook her head and said, "I sent it to you, but it was a

gift given to you by your great-grandfather. Why did you not take the time to learn it?"

"I am not learning something from an unknown source," Han Sen coldly replied.

"Well, it is no longer an unknown source. I hope you take the time to learn it in the near future." The woman felt awkward, coming here to test Han Sen's progress with the skill. She had not expected him to have not bothered with it, at all.

"If it's from the Luo family, then that means I'll definitely not learn it," Han Sen coldly said.

"Why?" The woman frowned, looking at Han Sen. His answer had actually surprised her.

"Because my mother wants no involvement with your family. You have received the answer to your question, now you can leave." Han Sen gave her a stern, cold look. If his mom did not want him to engage with the Luo family just as she herself didn't, then going against her wishes was the last thing he would do. He didn't want to worry her.

And Han Sen didn't think it was necessary to learn Falsified-Sky Sutra, anyway. Dongxuan Sutra and Blood-Pulse were better than it, after all.

"Do you have any idea what you're missing out on? There are only five hyper geno arts that have ten gene locks available to open. Falsified-Sky Sutra is one of them." The woman stared at Han Sen.

"So what?" Han Sen asked her.

The woman laughed in response, saying, "It looks like you really don't have any idea what you're missing out on. If you don't practice Falsified-Sky Sutra, then you aren't a member of our family. You don't have the necessary qualifications to join Godslayer Shelter."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did you not get the memo? My surname is Han. And Godslayer Shelter has nothing to do with me. I have no interest in joining there. And to add to that, I don't think Falsified-Sky Sutra is all that impressive," Han Sen told her coldly.

Hearing Han Sen's last few words, the smile quickly vanished from her face. With a chilling voice she said, "You are just like Sister Lan. You are so selfish and conceited. You don't care about anyone else, do you? As your aunt, I should really teach you a lesson."

"Do you have any idea where you are?" Han Sen raised his lips.

"Wherever I am is a place of my own," Luo Li said. Then, she moved her body to begin attacking Han Sen.

Her fingers were like razor blades, shredding the very air. An invisible force was headed Han Sen's way, moving at a blisteringly quick pace.

Han Sen saw it coming, so he simulated the Bone-Elephant's energy flow. Elephants trumpeted inside him once more, and his body turned the color of jade. He raised his fist and punched the incoming force.

Pang!

It sounded like glass being shattered. Luo Li's expression turned to one of shock in response, not expecting Han Sen's fist skills to have develop so strongly. She never expected him to be able to dwarf the power of the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

It was just a random punch of hers, but Han Sen had managed to crush it. And this surprised her.

Luo Li was strangely confident in her Falsified-Sky Sutra, however, and she wouldn't allow Han Sen to resist her powers.

They were both evolvers. Luo Li did not believe herself to be invincible, but she didn't believe anyone could beat her if they had not learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

In Luo Li's eyes, she thought only Luo Lan had sufficient power to beat her. She always considered her sister to be her greatest opponent and greatest target. She could not allow herself to lose against her son, and she would not allow herself to lose against someone who had not even bothered to practice the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

An invisible power burst forth from her. Her hair waved like a madwoman's, floating in the air. Her hands became like blades, swinging towards Han Sen.

The invisible power was like an indestructible blade. It sliced through the air as it traveled towards Han Sen.

Luo Li's hands did not stop moving, as if she were a frenzied witch. Her hands became the invisible blades, attacking Han Sen without a single glimmer of restraint.

# Chapter 775: Is That All You've Got?

Han Sen did not move an inch. Half of his body crackled and sparked with looming thunder, whereas his other half chimed like a bell. When the invisible bladestorm was about to strike Han Sen, he threw out his fist.

The combined powers of sonic and lightning channeled through his fist to form an orb of light in the palm of his hand. It grew into a silver sun and exploded out towards Luo Li with the break of deafening thunder.

Crack!

The invisible bladestorm was like glass, as Han Sen's power shattered its cohesion and nullified its threat.

As the lightning coursed through the air, a chilling noise sounded at the same time. The energy flow of Han Sen's attacker was distorted, which disabled her from gathering the composure needed to effectively dodge the incoming danger.

Boom!

Right before the lightning looked set to strike Luo Li, she summoned beast soul armor. The armor and clothes underneath were incinerated by the wretched power possessed by the lightning.

Pang!

Luo Li's body was sent flying backwards into the wall of the reception area. Her mouth heaved blood as her burnt, tattered garments scattered messily across the room. Only a scrap or two clung to her body, smoldering.

Nothing happened next. There was no counter-attack; she just sat on the floor, staring at Han Sen with a ghastly look wrought by her disbelief over what had just transpired.

She never believed she could lose to Han Sen, let alone to lose so quickly and badly. She found it just as hard to accept that she had been beaten by someone who had not learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra, as well.

"No way... no way..." Luo Li's lips were oozing blood, as she sat there, muttering indiscernibly to herself, incapable of accepting the sudden defeat.

"Is that all you've got?" Han Sen looked down on Luo Li. He removed his coat and handed it to her. As he turned around to exit the reception area, he said, "Leave. Neither I, nor my mother, have any interest in being a part of the Luo family anymore."

Luo Li heard what Han Sen said and her body shook. As this happened, her mind stumbled back into the past.

"Is that all you've got?" She had heard these words spoken to her many times while she was growing up. That proud and beautiful lady said the same thing to her every time she was defeated by her hands.

Luo Li despised that sentence. And she held a further disgust for her pretty face. But now she was hearing it from someone else, and in a cruel twist of irony, that person was her son.

"Impossible! Impossible! He didn't learn Falsified-Sky Sutra! How can he have such power?! There is no way I can lose to someone who has not learned Falsified-Sky Sutra. And there is no way I can lose to her son!" Luo Li was screaming aloud in complete hysteria, but by now, she was in the room alone.

Han Sen was unsure at what time Luo Li left, but after his encounter, he went to contact his mother about what had occurred. He wanted to confirm whether or not Luo Li truly was from the Luo family.

"Little Li really did seek you out?" When Luo Sulan heard, she remained absolutely calm as if this was expected. There was a

distinct lack of surprise in her voice.

"She really is my aunt?" Han Sen had been suspicious of her claims.

"Yes. Your great-grandfather believed I would be too lonely growing up on my own, so he adopted her. I haven't seen her since I abandoned the Luo family." Luo Sulan sighed.

"I can't learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra?" Han Sen asked.

"You can learn it if you want, but by doing so, you bring upon yourself family business you won't be able to escape from." Luo Sulan sighed, thinking her son had been tempted by the Falsified-Sky Sutra after seeing it in action and witnessing what it could do.

"Well, if it really would bring me trouble, then forget it. I was just idly wondering, that's all," Han Sen said casually.

Luo Sulan, with much surprise, asked, "You really aren't tempted to try it?"

"Not really. Auntie had learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra, and yet I was able to defeat her in a single punch," Han Sen casually relayed.

Luo Sulan was even more surprised now, asking, "You really managed to defeat her in a single punch?"

"Yeah, it was easy." A cocky smile crept upon Han Sen's face.

Luo Sulan, with a wry smile, said, "It looks like you have developed further than I expected. And, I will say this; do not underestimate the Falsified-Sky Sutra. Although Little Li works her hardest, she isn't bound to the family through blood. That separation means she cannot learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra in its purest, most authentic form."

"How strong would the real Falsified-Sky Sutra be?" Han Sen's interest in the skill had now increased. Although he managed to defeat her, he actually believed Luo Li to be one of the strongest evolvers he had ever gone up against.

"It has the power of a shura. If you ever end up going against someone who has learnt that skill, remember this; do not defend. Pitting yourself against a person who has learnt it can only lead to two outcomes. You either end up killing that person quickly, or you die. Be quick or be dead." Luo Sulan said this, but it didn't quite explain enough.

"Mother, what happened to the Luo family?" Han Sen could no longer hold his desire to know, so he asked.

"If you do not belong to the Luo family, there is no need for you to know. Knowing would needlessly burden you with greater troubles. If you did enter the Luo family, however, you would quickly come to know." This was a subject Luo Sulan had no desire to talk about.

By this point in their conversation, Luo Li had already dragged herself out of the base. On a ship, she spoke with Luo Haitang.

Luo Li did not refrain from telling the complete truth, and she told him exactly what had happened.

After Luo Haitang heard this, a strange look came across his face. He asked, "He didn't learn it?"

"No." Luo Li surely answered.

"He unleashed powers of thunder?" Luo Haitang asked.

"Yes." Luo Li answered.

"This is interesting. It is no wonder he is Little Lan's son, then. He has indeed adopted Little Lan's excellent genes; the ones required by our family." Luo Haitang coldly continued his speak, "Tell Luo Yin to meet him in the shelter. Let the boy see the true form of the Falsified-Sky Sutra. He has the Luo family blood coursing through his veins; it will be something he will be unable to resist."

"Yes," Luo Li said, as she lowered her head.

Han Sen entered the shelter once more and wanted to get a better grasp of his surroundings. He needed to learn exactly where he was and where he had to go next.

"Oh, no! Oh, no! There is a spirit attacking the shelter!" As Han Sen sat in the plaza, contemplating his next move, a screaming person came running through. Immediately, everyone became nervous.

"A spirit attacking a shelter?" When Han Sen heard them yell this, it surprised him a great deal. It had been a long time since he had last heard of a spirit attacking a shelter.

Han Sen curiously went to the city's wall. He wanted to see what manner of spirit had decided to attack the shelter. If the owner could not withstand the siege, then perhaps he could lend a hand.

"Han Sen?" As Han Sen walked towards the gate, someone called out his name.

# Chapter 776: Depressed Lin Beifeng

"Lin Beifeng?" Han Sen turned around with surprise. It had been a while since he had last seen him, and he did not expect to see him here in the Second God's Sanctuary.

"This is a fate-wrought meet, undoubtedly." Lin Beifeng ran over to Han Sen, grabbed his hands, and almost began bawling his eyes out.

"I'll confess it has been a while, but there is no need for such a display of passion." Seeing Lin Beifeng so happy, Han Sen was quite touched.

Lin Beifeng wiped his teary eyes and maintained a grip on Han Sen's hands as he said, "Brother, I am touched. In this dusty craphole, even if my wallet were bursting at the seams, I cannot buy anything. It is a miserable and upsetting affair. Now that I have finally met you, I can spend my money on decent merchandise. Come; sell me two sacred-blood beast souls!" When Han Sen heard this, he threw his clingy hands away. The whole reason he was behaving so passionately was for this, it was now plain to see.

"You think sacred-blood beast souls are a common item you can buy from just anywhere? And you're saying you want two?!" Han Sen laughed.

"I am not willing to believe you do not have any for sale." Lin Beifeng was unaffected by Han Sen's comments, and still insisted that he be sold some sacred-blood beast souls.

Lin Beifeng had been bored out of his mind in this place for quite some time. He was very rich, but his family lacked ties to the greater families. In his time here, few people had been willing to help him, and even with the money he had, he couldn't buy anything decent. His time here had not been pleasant.

He never expected to see Han Sen here though, of all places. He had heard many tales regarding Han Sen's escapades, and having known him previously, was certain he would have sacred-blood beast souls for sale.

"Brother Beifeng, cease your acting. Do you really think this child would have sacred-blood beast souls available for sale? I have already given you my price. Either cough up the coin or get lost; don't play games with me," a middle-aged man near Lin Beifeng said.

"I'm not buying your rubbish beast souls. This guy has all-manner of different beast souls; so why would I buy ones from your crappy roster?" Lin Beifeng coldly replied.

People knew Lin Beifeng was rich, so it was common for people to attempt to scam him. There weren't many high-class beast souls in a place such as this, and such extortionists frequently grouped up to weasel the most coin out of him. They would sell him mutant beast souls for the price of a sacred-blood beast soul. Either Lin Beifeng bought them or had nothing to use. He was a daily victim of this treatment.

Unfortunately for him, these same schemers owned the shelters, and the prices they presented were unchangeable. After all, the prices were their call to make. Lin Beifeng had no choice but to suffer and accept the exorbitant fees they charged.

Now that he had met Han Sen, he wasn't willing to be bullied anymore, and he most certainly wasn't going to buy their beast souls.

"Well, Brother Beifeng, I give you an ultimatum. You either buy it now off me for this price or don't. But if you come around wanting to buy it again in the future, I can guarantee you the price won't be this generous," Liu Jie fearlessly said. He did not believe the pretty, young stranger possessed a single sacred-blood beast soul.

Liu Jie knew all about this place and the surrounding area, and he knew that the shelter only had a dozen mutant beast souls available for sale. There weren't any sacred-blood beast souls to be found in the markets, and there most certainly wouldn't be any on a pretty, young man.

"Whatever," Lin Beifeng coldly said. Then he ignored the extortionist. Turning back to face Han Sen, he smiled and said, "Let's go, brother. I am buying you food. And perhaps, just perhaps, we might talk a while, as we eat."

"Forgive me for interrupting your plans for lunch, but don't we have a spirit attacking the shelter right now? Shouldn't we go take a look?" Han Sem said, smiling.

"Sure, let's go take a look at what we face." Lin Beifeng felt a chill run down his spine. He knew that with Han Sen's help, however, he'd be able to move to another royal shelter and not remain stuck where he currently he was.

People in the shelter had mercilessly bullied him, extracting every penny they could through a barrage of tricks and scams. No one had been willing to help him move to another royal shelter. He couldn't do it on his own, but right now, with Han Sen at his side, he knew he wouldn't have to worry.

They both ascended the city wall, and looking over, they witnessed a spirit commanding creatures to attack the shelter. After taking a look, Han Sen quickly lost interest.

It was a royal spirit that looked like an ugly ogre. It was something Han Sen was not interested in killing or claiming the spirit stone for.

The creatures that were attacking the shelter were mutant creatures, as well. Han Sen was too lazy to bother slaying such unthreatening creatures.

But the people in the shelter quickly grew concerned and

considered their would-be conquerors as a grave threat. Lin Beifeng was very tempted to help, so he asked Han Sen, "Brother, do you have any sacred-blood beast souls? If you lend me two, I will go down there and show them how it's done."

Han Sen gave him two sacred-blood beast souls that he would never otherwise use, which made Lin Beifeng super happy. He was given a sacred-blood armor and the long-forgotten ghost-pawed claws. After suiting up, Lin Beifeng hastily ran out to greet the attackers who sought to claim the shelter.

Through the aid of his new sacred-blood beast souls, although Lin Beifeng was not that strong, he could easily slay the ordinary creatures. Even the mutant variants could do nothing to him and were soon cut down.

Lin Beifeng had become an extremely powerful man, as he was seen cleaving his way through the hordes of monsters down below. He even looked quite heroic, and this shocked the people of the shelter.

By the time all was said and done, he managed to beat the ogre into running away. Once his victory was assured, everyone gave him massive applause.

After beating the spirit, Lin Beifeng himself was exuberantly happy. When the deed was complete, he spared no time in bringing Han Sen to a hotel where they could eat.

Not long after, a group of people arrived at the shelter. Liu Jie and the people in charge went to welcome the team.

"Liu Jie, didn't you send a message as a plight for aid, saying a royal spirit sought to conquer the shelter? What is this?" Liu Kuang asked, frowning.

With him, he had brought a team of fairly skilled warriors. They were to support him in slaying the mutant horde, but now that they had arrived, they were surprised to see the fight already over.

"Brother Kuang, a kid came out of nowhere and sold two sacred-blood beast souls to Lin Beifeng. His mood was cockier than usual today, and so he promptly went out to slay the creatures and send the ogre back off to its hole." Liu Jie relayed to him what had transpired during his absence.

"What is this 'kid's' association with Lin Beifeng?" Liu Kuang frowned. He believed Lin Beifeng was a worthless piece of meat, who was easy to bully. And bully him they did, frequently, in this knight shelter. Now, someone had sold him two sacred-blood beast souls. This meant they could no longer scam money from his coffer.

"He said they were friends. He was about twenty years old at the most. He had silky skin, the sort which made him look quite weak and useless. I would say he was just like Lin Beifeng; a loser from a rich family. God knows where he managed to get two sacred-blood beast souls to sell to Lin Beifeng." Liu Jie approached him closer and continued by saying, "Brother Kuang, should we take care of this kid?"

Liu Kuang gestured with his hand and said, "Getting sacred-blood beast souls will not be easy. And if that kid is not from our shelter and has been able to come out all this way, he must be fairly experienced."

After a pause, he continued by saying, "Are you sure no one else followed this kid's arrival?"

"Yeah. I have been sending people to keep an eye on them, and knowing about everyone else in this shelter, I can indeed confirm that there is no one else here aside from him," Liu Jie quickly said.

"Good." Liu Kuang's eyes were tinged with hate and cruelty. He went on to say, "Little Zhang, go and bring Brother Blind."

# Chapter 777: Blind Man

Brother Blind's namesake was not derived from any blight of blindness. In fact, his vision far exceeded the capabilities of most.

He was called Brother Blind, however, because of how much he sought money. As long as there was money on offer, he'd take whatever job or task he could. He would commit any sordid deed, even murder, due to his blindness in the presence of money.

But Brother Blind was powerful, make no mistake. And he could easily kill sacred-blood creatures. Even in the royal shelter, no one would dare offend him.

Liu Kuang wouldn't underestimate someone who could present a sacred-blood beast soul, so he extended an invitation for Brother Blind to come here.

As this was occurring, Liu Kuang went to observe Han Sen and Lin Beifeng. He couldn't discern much about Han Sen and hadn't the clue what his reputation was. If Han Sen did hail from a big family, he figured he'd have been able to easily recognize the man. Lacking smarts and cultural attention, he did not even realize that he was looking at the son-in-law of the president.

Han Sen's appearance was just as Liu Jie described. He looked to be twenty years old at the most, and could best be described as another typical "pretty boy." It didn't look as if he'd endured a single hardship. Seeing the kid now, he thought Liu Jie had indeed made a fair and correct judgement of him.

Liu Kuang was a patient person, however. He was in no rush to strike, and he was happy to wait for Brother Blind's arrival.

"Brother Kuang, they have now left the shelter. When is our time to strike?" After keeping tabs on them for half a day, Liu Jie hastened to report their exit from the shelter to Liu Kuang.

"Patience. There is no need to rush. Brother Blind is en route.

They must be heading to a royal shelter, so we'll take a detour, meet up with Brother Blind, and set a roadblock for them." After saying this, Liu Kuang assembled a group and left the shelter to enact their plan.

They walked through a woodland for ten whole miles, before meeting up with Brother Blind. They hid along the veiling thickets that skirted the sides of the road that led to the royal shelter.

Not long after, two people came into sight. They rode on two beasts, and just as expected, they were indeed Han Sen and Lin Beifeng.

"Brother Blind, that's them!" Liu Jie put away his binoculars and spoke, while pointing towards their sought-after prey.

Brother Blind did not need to use binoculars, and as he watched the two people from afar, a queer look came upon him.

"These are the people you have tasked me to deal with?" Brother Blind asked Brother Kuang and Liu Jie, to confirm.

"Yes, that is them," Liu Jie said.

Slash!

A soft sword, very much like a ribbon, was drawn by Brother Blind's hands. Blood coated the sword as Liu Jie's head was suddenly flung from his shoulders and into the sky. The eyes of the severed head were open wide, in a sudden fright and confusion.

"Brother Blind, what was that for?" Liu Kuang and the rest were all aghast at the sudden turn of events. In response, they all drew their weapons and faced Brother Blind warily.

Brother Blind coldly laughed and said, "I may pursue coin blindly, but even I won't throw my life away for it. If you have sought to task me with a suicide run, then I have no choice but to kill you."

Liu Kuang's face changed. With shock, he asked, "Are you saying

that guy is quite something?"

Han Sen's presence had unknowingly unblinded Brother Blind. For this to suddenly happen, a bad feeling crept over Liu Kuang's mind.

"He is not just 'something.' That guy is everything! Even your boss could end up working as a grunt below him. And you want to finger him for assassination? I admire your boldness and courage." Brother Blind cackled creepily.

Liu Kuang was taken aback. He did not expect a young man such as that to possess such a frightening background. He gritted his teeth and said, "Brother Blind, this was our mistake. We almost got you killed. Keep the money we were to offer you, but this was Liu Jie's fault. How about we let sleeping dogs lie and move past this? There is no need to upset our relationship."

"If that was anybody else, I would take you up on your offer. But that person is someone I would give my life to defend. Wanting to kill him is worse than wanting to kill me. I cannot spare your lives." After Brother Blind said that, he moved his soft sword.

What hurt the most was not the blade, but the sensations it imparted. Brother Blind's swordskills were soft and gentle. Every time the blade moved, a separate scream would emanate from the woods.

Not long after, half of Liu Kuang's men were dead. They rest were trembling in fear, feeling deep regret over what they had proposed to do.

Liu Kuang was terrified, most of all. He tried to run away but could not. He ran five hundred meters before the soft sword pierced through his heart.

You could almost sympathize with Liu Kuang, with the look of anguish that came upon his face. He wasn't given a chance to say anything more before being mercilessly slain. He coughed up blood

from his agape mouth, then he fell down to the earth with his eyes wide open.

None of the group were spared. Each person there was either beheaded or staked through the heart. One hit, one kill, for each of them. It was a cruel and brutal sight.

Han Sen and Lin Beifeng heard some noises coming from the woods as they passed by. Looking to scope it out, Han Sen stumbled across a clearing that was strewn with bodies. In their midst, Brother Blind stood wiping his sword clean.

"It's Liu Kuang and Liu Jie! Liu Kuang is Liu Jie's boss in the royal shelter; how could they..." Lin Beifeng was shocked upon seeing the corpses all about.

Han Sen quickly understood what Liu Kuang had sought to do, but what he did not know was the identity of the lone man before them. And why he had killed them all.

"Thank you for the help, friend. What is your name?" Han Sen asked.

"I don't consider this aid. I was just sparing you the trouble." Brother Blind let out his signature cackle. It was creepy. "Call me Blind."

"Do we know each other?" But Han Sen couldn't help but frown and ponder the reason for his name. He clearly wasn't blind, so why did he wish to be called that?

"Yes, of course. We do indeed." Brother Blind nodded but did not explain any further.

Han Sen was a little puzzled by this curious encounter, so he asked another question. "Where are you from?"

"It does not matter where I come from. What does matter, is something important you ought to know," Brother Blind said.

"What?" Han Sen frowned, thinking this "Blind" was quite the

strange fellow.

"Do not join the Luo family." Brother Blind said these words slowly, with a grave tone.

"Is this a warning or a friendly reminder?" Han Sen asked the Blindman.

"How you discern my words is up to you." Blindman did not explain. Instead, he pulled out a bag and tossed it over to Han Sen.

Han Sen caught it, and it felt like there was a book or something inside, but he wasn't entirely sure. The bag was composed of highly-advanced cloth.

"Practice this when you find the time; it should help." After that, Blindman turned around and left. He moved quickly, and within a second, he disappeared from sight.

Han Sen just stood there, watching the Blindman disappear into the woods. He wasn't quite sure what he had just been witness to.

# Chapter 778: Emerald Man of Stone

Han Sen had the feeling he had been granted the duty of saving the world. He turned away from Lin Beifeng and had a quick peek into the bag he had been given. There really was a book in there, and the paper looked fairly modern. It must have been produced in the Alliance in the past few years, and was undoubtedly waterproof, fireproof, and bugproof.

Han Sen was a little disappointed, learning that it was not some ancient codex. If it was, he believed he could sell it for a high price as an antique.

There was no name on it, strangely. After having a flick through the contents, he learned that it was neither a hyper geno art or Qi Gong. It was similar to Primal Innocence, but better, with a far greater depth.

It related to psychological fortitude and constitution, and contained within it many examples. It was like a compendium or guide to prevent one from being subjected to fraud or scams.

"Who was that Blindman? And what did he give me this for? I am not going to be a salesman, and neither am I going to teach others how to avoid being scammed." Han Sen was quite confused.

Han Sen thought about it and came to the conclusion that reading it would prove no harm. It might actually end up being beneficial, and could aid him in avoiding the schemes of confidence men in the future. For now, though, he put it away.

The high-class officers in the Alliance all looked sickly and evil. God knew how many wretched ideas were concocted in their minds, after all.

Han Sen continued his journey and brought Lin Beifeng all the way to the royal shelter safely. Although Lin Beifeng did not know anyone there, having wealth meant he could have or do anything

he wanted to. It was very unlike the tiny knight shelter that didn't even have anything to spend coin on.

"Brother, I thank you so very much. If it weren't for you, I'd still be there in that knight shelter, being subject to mistreatment by those bastards. If you remain in the shelter for a few days, I promise I'll get you something good. It'll be the least I can do to return the favor you have done me; plus, it'll cover what I owe you for the sacred-blood beast souls," Lin Beifeng said to Han Sen.

"There is no rush, but I do plan to remain here for a couple of days. If you require further assistance, I can help you get in touch with the special security team for your protection, too. They're good at what they do, but you'll have to pay for their services." Han Sen smiled.

"That is brilliant to hear, Brother. But let's not speak any further. Wait for my good news." Lin Beifeng was more than pleased, loving the prospect of being helped by the special security team. By himself, his reputation would not have granted him the privilege, but with Han Sen's help, such a thing was possible.

Han Sen did this on Lin Beifeng's behalf due to the concern he felt for him. He was worried that, left to his own devices, it wouldn't be long before someone else got their treacherous, money-prying hooks in him, or someone else that was associated with Liu Kuang might come after him once Han Sen was out of the picture.

Han Sen stayed in the shelter and then got in touch with the special security team. He hired a bodyguard for Lin Beifeng's protection.

Han Sen was not in a rush to leave, and elected to spend some time deliberating his next move. He was initially going to go see his mother, so he could protect her and aid her in collecting super geno points.

But seeing how his mom last responded when he brought the

subject up, she didn't seem like she cared too much. Therefore, it was unnecessary for him to walk a few hundred thousand miles to go see her.

If he wanted to see his mom, he would have preferred to request a vacation in which he could go home and have a rest.

Han Sen took to info-gathering during stay in the shelter, and he spent some time digging around on Skynet. He was keen to learn whether or not there were nearby super creatures. The more he killed, the more points he would gain. And right now, he wanted to speed up so he could access the Third God's Sanctuary sooner.

In fact, Han Sen felt quite pressured. The people he had been interacting with recently were beginning to make him feel a little dwarfed. He felt weak. Not being able to protect himself in the Alliance made him extremely uncomfortable.

After a while of browsing, Han Sen came across a good place he could visit. At a nearby mountain, there was a nest of creatures.

The shelter had tried to route the fiends and force them to vacate the area, but the creatures were too powerful. Each time the shelter attempted to strike, they were brought a ruinous defeat. Therefore, it had been a while since they last tried to take on the nest.

Han Sen viewed a few records of what the survivors had experienced in the attacks. He was able to confirm that there was indeed a super creature there, and that was all Han Sen needed to know before electing to go there.

When he was in the First God's Sanctuary, Han Sen once guessed a creature's egg had a super creature inside it.

If the egg had not been broken before it naturally hatched, a super creature would have been born.

Back then, these were just guesses Han Sen made. If this nest had super creatures there, then that would prove his guesses were

correct.

After obtaining a map, Han Sen set out to where the cave was said to be. With the silver fox in tow, not a single ill happenstance transpired. He was able to walk straight up to the nest.

Han Sen climbed into a stone cave and noticed a green gold wall that had been broken. Beyond it was a hulking emerald crystal that was humanoid in shape.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Sutra to scan it, and was surprised to learn that what he was seeing was indeed the creature he had come to hunt. It was a super creature.

Han Sen summoned his little angel to start the fight with the Emerald Golem while he ventured deeper into the nest, wanting to see if an egg remained.

With the silver fox there, none of the other creatures dared get close to Han Sen. This was good news for him, since he couldn't be bothered with fighting them, anyway. With the fairy flying around, as well, they were sure not to bother him.

Han Sen quickly walked inside the nest and saw an egg inside. It was, however, cracked and empty. Now, he believed his prior guesses even more.

"If the first-generation super creatures are birthed from eggs, where do the eggs come from?" Han Sen had trouble with this conundrum, thinking he might never find the answer. The nest was deep underground, so it might be a while before humans figured this one out.

Han Sen then returned to the entrance and saw the little angel continuing to do battle with the golem. The Emerald Golem had sustained many scrapes and cuts. Even if Han Sen decided not to chip in, it didn't seem likely to last very long.

And again, Han Sen could not be bothered to fight. He found a rock that was shaped near-enough like a chair, sat down, and held

the gourd as he watched the little angel fight the Emerald Golem.

He didn't really want to slay the golem, since he couldn't absorb the Life Geno essence of a first-generation super creature. And obtaining a beast soul was reliant purely on luck.

Since its dunk, the blood color of the gourd had finally faded away. Whatever was inside must have absorbed it all, and right now, veins of gold light ran all across it.

The energy flow of the gourd was becoming more and more obvious, and it had changed a lot since when he first laid hands on it.

This surprised Han Sen quite a bit, and it seemed to him that there was something growing, deep inside.

Han Sen paid more attention to this new energy flow and noticed that the power inside was not too different from the holy rhino's.

But Han Sen did not understand the reason the gourd had an energy flow such as that. No matter how strong it was, it could only magnetize objects. Its power wouldn't directly deal damage.

# Chapter 779: Flower Creature

The Emerald Golem was dying, and the little angel effortlessly exploited its every weakness. Within half an hour, it would most probably lie dead.

The Emerald Golem consistently cried and roared out, but it was unable to do anything else. The little angel's greatsword repeatedly struck the neck of the Emerald Golem until its head was hewn off.

It did not die when the head was removed, however. It continued to fight the little angel, even with a headless body.

Fortunately, the little angel wasn't human. Decapitating the golem did not make her careless or have her drop her guard, and she was able to dodge the headless golem's surprise attack following its beheading.

To ensure its defeat, the little angel spent the next several hours hacking away the rest of the golem's crystal limbs.

"Super Creature Emerald Golem killed. No beast soul gained. The flesh of this creature is inedible, but you may harvest its Life Geno essence. Consume its Life Geno essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly."

Not receiving its beast soul was a little disappointing for Han Sen, but regardless, he picked up the fallen creature's green Life Geno essence. He unsummoned the little angel and left the nest.

He did not return to the shelter, but traveled west instead. During his research, he had learned of two nearby locations he wanted to check out.

It was an area comprised of sprawling meadows, each painted with innumerable flowers that were all knitted together. As serene as the area was, the number of flowers put it on the radar for a great many insects. Butterflies, bees, ants, and more frequented this place.

But it was said there was something even spookier that resided there, something that stilled the hearts and desires for all who ventured near. To determine the validity of people's fears, Han Sen wanted to travel into the heart of the meadows and see for himself whether or not there was a super creature residing there.

Bugs were known to produce many offspring. If there was a super creature insect there, it might have been similar to the Devil Ant King, and possess a large number of eggs.

The verdant expanse before him was quite lumpy, but it was dressed with a sea of colorful flowers. These meadows went on and on towards the horizon, appearing endless.

The flowers weren't particularly large, but they grew close to the soil and fit together as if to paint the ground. The colors did not just stem from the large variety of flowers budding in harmonic unison, but individual flowers themselves could possess up to eight colors.

Countless butterflies and bees danced in the air around them, yet no person ever went there to hunt.

Han Sen ventured into the flowery meadows and brought the silver fox along with him. All the butterflies and bees made sure to escape and flee for the lives in fear of the super creature pet.

The little fairy retreated into her scallop shell. After recovering from her wounds, the liquid inside no longer dealt her harm. As such, she frequently enjoyed hiding inside it.

After walking for some time, Han Sen was given a big surprise. He saw a person in the field, killing creatures. Many insects swarmed towards him, but despite that, the man looked calm and composed. Untouched by a single creature, he gently swung his sword to slay each that came for him.

"Jing Jiwu?" When Han Sen recognized the man, he became even more surprised. He was the monster from the Alliance's Central

Military Academy. In the Military Academy's League Game, in archery, Han Sen won his first championship.

Jing Jiwu now caught sight of Han Sen's approach, and sped up to finish off the creatures that pestered him. Within a single second, he managed to slay around a thousand butterflies. The field was, for now, empty of the fluttering fiends. Once he was done, he walked towards Han Sen.

"I never expected a chance encounter with you here, of all places," Jing Jiwu said casually as he approached Han Sen.

"I could not have expected this, either." Han Sen smiled. Although they were once opponents, it was nice to meet him there.

"I have heard you are in possession of a super pet," Jing Jiwu said.

"Yes." Han Sen nodded. High-class officers had long spread this news, so it wasn't at all surprising for Jing Jiwu to know about the silver fox.

"Walk west for one hundred miles and you'll come across a muddy hill. There are many gold-winged bees there, and quite possibly super creatures, too. If you are interested, you should go and take a look," Jing Jiwu said.

"Thanks." Han Sen bid his appreciation and then took off in the direction he was told to go.

They didn't speak much with one-another, but they were cooperative and adherent to the other's needs. Han Sen did not doubt the information he was given.

"I was hoping we would one day meet again, and when we did, I'd be strong enough to re-challenge you. I am short of that goal." Seeing Han Sen walk off, Jing Jiwu watched him go. He continued to think to himself, "Yes, become stronger. Go further. Give me the motivation to catch up with you. That will assuredly stoke a fire in the hearts of humanity."

Then he threw himself into the midst of another legion of butterflies.

Han Sen continued traveling in the direction Jing Jiwu had indicated, and after walking one hundred miles, he came across a forty meter high hill that was shaped like a mushroom. There were many small burrows underneath, from which golden-bees came in and out of. They were each around the size of a fist.

"These really aren't your average bees. I am afraid there might indeed be a super creature in this place." Han Sen was standing one hundred meters away from the hill, yet the silver fox's presence did nothing to alarm the golden bees.

There had to be a super creature burrowed deep inside. If there wasn't, then the bees would have assuredly paid heed to the silver fox's approach. They'd have been long gone by now.

Han Sen was thinking about how he might flush the bee king out and see what manner of super creature he'd be dealing with. But as he thought, he caught sight of a lone pretty flower atop the hill.

The flower had no roots or leaves; it just stood there atop the hill. It was a few meters wide and the petals looked like those of a chinese rose.

The flower was mostly yellow, but it was colored with a few streaks of red. It was very pretty. It also emitted a pleasant smell. It was strong but not overwhelming, and just smelling that fragrance compelled you to come closer and sniff it at a closer distance.

The flower was beautiful. And it looked as if honey was oozing from inside the bud. But despite the large number of golden-bees that populated the area, not a single one ventured close to it.

"Strange. That is really strange. Why is there a lone flower atop a beehive, remaining untouched by the bees that live below? And the rest of the flowers in this place are no larger than my finger, so

why is this one so large? There must be something wrong with this thing." Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to scan the flower.

Because it was quite far from him, he couldn't scan it with much detail. Still, he was able to grasp some sort of horrific lifeforce where it lay.

"Is that flower producing creatures, or is it perhaps something that strengthens your body?" Han Sen looked at the flower with a strange look on his face, wanting to be as careful as possible.

Han Sen had seen this sort of thing many times. Treasures like this frequently had frightening monsters nearby, and such creatures were never in short supply. Whenever such flowers matured, other creatures were bound to show up.

# Chapter 780: Bug Fight

Han Sen watched the flower open from afar. Slowly, the petals unfurled; it was a beautiful thing to watch.

Not long after, the sky went dark and the moon arose. Under the gleaming moonlight, the flower fully opened.

In the center of the flower, golden pistils grew outwards as if reaching for the nighttime sun. It was pretty like jade, and it shone gold in the grace of the moonbeams.

The sweet fragrance became stronger at this point. Even Han Sen, who was three hundred meters away, became enveloped by the smell. It gave him the urge to run up to the flower and lick it for a tantalizing taste of the juices within.

Suddenly, however, there was movement from the beehive. The golden-winged bees outside began to go crazy until eventually, a one foot long crystal-gold bee king exited the tunnels that led into the interior of the beehive.

"Bee king?" Han Sen was shocked. He used his dongxuan aura to scan it, and it was revealed to be a first-generation super creature due to its blurry lifeforce.

Han Sen was a little disappointed, but he still watched it with great interest. He was trying to determine what he should do next.

The bee king flew atop the hill where the flower rested and landed upon a pistil of the open flower. It then started to drink nutrients from its top.

Han Sen gulped, earnestly wishing he could go and join the bee in drinking the juices the flower had concocted. But for now, he held the urge back and remained still.

The bee king wouldn't usually come out to eat. It had many lesser, worker bees to gather food on its behalf. As such, there would never be a need for it to exit the safety of the hive. If the

king was coming out to eat the flower itself, then that was a surefire sign that whatever the flower was, it was indeed special.

But rare things such as that would usually have more than one super creature guarding or vying for it. Yet strangely, no other creature seemed to show up. Han Sen became oddly suspicious, seeing that the bee king had been eating for quite some time without any intrusion.

While Han Sen contemplated his next move and whether or not he should nick the flower from the bee king, the super creature's honey sac filled up with the juices. At this point, it flew back inside the hive.

Not long after, the bee king returned from the hive once more. It flew back up to the flower, undoubtedly for further collection of the juices. It did this a few times until the moon reached its highest point in the sky. It was also at this time that the flower began to shrink and recede.

"The bee king did not eat the honey because it's saving it?" Han Sen's heart jumped as he imagined that. "Normally, kings eat the best stuff. If it isn't eating it itself, then perhaps it has babies to feed? Maybe there are child super creatures someplace within?"

Thinking of this, Han Sen fancied venturing into the beehive to have a look for himself. Even if there were no second-generation super creatures, the bee king's honey would come in useful for himself.

But Han Sen was patient, and he wanted to watch things for a little while longer.

This was a large group of creatures, and it was not going to be a simple super fight. He didn't believe the little angel could tackle the beehive and its occupants all alone. The fairy rarely listened to his commands, either. If the fairy went in ahead and consumed all the honey, it'd be a big loss.

The silver fox enjoyed eating such rare delights, too. With both of them there, Han Sen had to be careful. Exerting much effort for no reward would be a crying shame.

After watching the beehive for a few days, Han Sen had learned that the flower produced those juices each and every night. And every night, the king would venture out and collect it from the flower. It seemed that the flower produced an endless amount of juices, and no matter how much was collected, the next day the king would be back to obtain as much as it could within the same timeframe.

No matter how big the chinese rose was, the juices inside had to be limited, though. How could it resist the ravenous appetite of the bee king each and every night? Something had to be severely wrong here.

Han Sen hesitated, but decided to summon his wings and fly forward. Night was settling in now, and he decided to view the flower from above. He saw there was still plenty of juice atop the pistils, and the bee was keen to continue collecting it.

When the moon reached its highest point, the bee king had collected all the juice. It was at this point the flower became smaller. But it looked as if it was just waiting to be re-opened.

The next day, when Han Sen flew high to take another look, the juices in the pistil had been fully replenished. This confused him a great deal.

"What is going on?" Han Sen continued to think on his discovery, not wanting to be reckless. If he couldn't figure out the finer details of this curious phenomenon, he wouldn't strike lightly.

While it was daytime, Han Sen heard a buzzing noise. He didn't care much, since there were many bugs and insects all around—it wasn't a particularly unique sound.

But this time, the buzzing sound was getting louder and louder.

When the sound was as deafening as a helicopter landing in Han Sen's ear, he perked his head to pay attention.

When Han Sen raised his head, he saw a green cloud heading his way. Curiously, the sound was coming from that very cloud.

After looking closer, he noticed that it wasn't a cloud. It was a sickeningly large host of fist-sized green flies. With great ferocity, they went flying down towards the beehive.

The bees outside the hive all looked startled and nervous. A group of bees exited the tunnels of the hive and attempted to stop the approach of the green fly army.

The area was cloaked in gold and green, as a battle between the two insect collectives unfolded. Like rain, countless bees and flies cascaded down to the ground amidst the battle. The death toll was humongous.

Han Sen was shocked at the sight. But he noticed that the green flies were not as strong as the golden bees. They did, however, make up for the lack in power with sheer numbers. They were overwhelming, and they fearlessly kamikazed their way towards the hive. Most of them did not even want to fight, they seemed to just want the honey.

The bees were strong, but their numbers were few. Although they guarded the entrances to the hive, many green flies managed to get inside.

Before long, the bee king itself exited the hive to greet the assault, and quickly wiped out the green flies that attempted to worm their way inside. Within seconds of exiting, it was killing whole hordes of the insects.

But still, their numbers were too many. They were like a plague of locusts, and wherever the bee king did not look in that second, countless wretched flies tried to dig their way inside.

Han Sen assumed the flies were trying to steal the honey, at first.

But then he saw that he was incorrect. The sneaky flies that had managed to get inside made their way out shortly after, all in possession of light-gold cocoons.

"These flies are not here for the honey, so what are they stealing the cocoons for?" Han Sen was confused by this revelation.

The bees were furious upon seeing their cocoons being stolen, and in a frenzy, they killed any fly in possession of one. One by one, they were killed, and one by one, cocoons dropped to the ground.

More and more flies battled their way forward, however. And many picked up where their fallen compatriots left off. The cocoons were picked up once more and carried away.

# Chapter 781: Getting Another Super Beast Soul

The bee king, seeing its cocoons had been stolen, became frenzied. Like a gold beam of light, it cut its way into the horde of flies. These streaks of gold light fired across the sky multiple times, and each time, countless dismembered fly corpses dropped to the ground.

Despite the bee king's power, however, the green flies were not afraid and did not relent. Free of fear, they pushed on to retrieve the cocoons. Fortunately for them, the bee king lacked AOE attacks, and as a result, many cocoons were carried away.

Han Sen's heart jumped. He followed a fly that was holding a cocoon, keen to see what they were going to do with it. The flies were bringing the cocoons past the flower-painted meadows. They were only sacred-blood creatures at the most, and thus, Han Sen was able to follow them with relative ease.

After following them for twenty miles, he was brought to the edge of the ocean of flowers. What came after, however, was a wretched bog. It was a veritable domain of thick, stinking mud and lifeless trees and flowers.

But still, Han Sen continued to tail the flies without hesitation. Before long he came across a green spider that was the size of a basketball. The flies approached the spider, and when they did, they threw the cocoons over to it. The spider then gobbled them up vilely.

Flies were no strangers to swamps, but their allegiance to the spider was most queer. It seemed as if they had been hypnotized by the lone arachnid, allowing themselves and a legion of others to be slaughtered while retrieving the bees' cocoons at the spider's behest.

This was quite the revelation, and so Han Sen quickly used his dongxuan aura to study the spider he had come across. It was a super creature, yes, but again, it was a first-generation one.

"Is this long-legged fellow producing babies? Is that why it's eating?" Han Sen felt strange. He had come to notice that the super creatures in the Second God's Sanctuary bred a lot more than they did in the First God's Sanctuary.

"It looks like all these creatures are keen to evolve. But how powerful must one become to be like the holy rhino, and leave and ascend to the Third God's Sanctuary?" Han Sen thought it unlikely, or at least very difficult, for a second-generation super creature to reach such a level.

The green flies were now bringing many cocoons to the spider, and one-by-one, the spider ate them all. A while later, another spider emerged from a nearby cave.

It looked similar to the green spider, just smaller. It was around the size of a baseball. Its body was like green jade, and it was a lot better-looking than the other one.

"Second-generation?" Han Sen was super excited. He cast his aura again, but was befuddled; it possessed a strange lifeforce he had not seen before. Although it was not as strong as the silver fox, it was much stronger than a sacred-blood creature. It had to be a second-generation super creature.

"Yes!" Han Sen bounded with excitement, and without hesitation, sicced his little angel on the big spider. Then he summoned his peacock crossbow and loaded it up with z-steel bolts. He stood by and waited.

The big spider was bringing its baby forward, getting it to feed. But when it caught sight of the little angel approaching in a flash, it spat a white net to web her greatsword.

The little angel's greatsword was able to slice through the

entangling web, but its force coming down was much weaker.

Climbing quickly, the spider continued to fire its webs at the little angel. This caused her a lot of trouble, and as they added up, the webs were becoming increasingly sturdy and sticky. Although she could cut her way through, much of it remained on her body and sword to slow her down.

The smaller spider was hyped up, making screeches and waving its claws at the intruder. It then followed its parent and produced webs to spit out. They were extremely small, but they were concentrated and of a higher power. They were thicker and stickier than the bigger spider's webs.

As this was occurring, Han Sen raised his peacock crossbow to take aim. He thought to himself, "It's survival of the fittest, baby. There's always a bigger fish. You eat the cocoons, I eat you. It's simple." As he took his careful aim, he also employed his dongxuan aura to memorize the little spider's energy flow.

While the little spider happily spat out webs like its parent, Han Sen pulled the trigger and rapidly fired multiple bolts towards it.

Squelch!

As it spat out its last web, multiple white flashes cut through its body.

The body of a young super creature could not compete with the body of an adult super creature, but the chitin of a spider was known to be extremely sturdy. Even Han Sen was surprised to see his bolts pierce right through it.

Pat! Pat! Pat!

Another three bolts found their way into the spider's body, all from varying angles. It tried to struggle and remain upright, but by now, the spider was more like a hedgehog. It stopped squirming.

"Super Creature Devil-Eye Spider Baby killed. Beast soul gained. Eat the flesh of the Devil-Eye Spider Baby to gain zero to ten super

geno points randomly. You may also harvest its Life Geno essence. Consume its Life Geno essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly."

Han Sen almost jumped when he heard that. He never expected to kill the spider so easily and obtain its beast soul. He managed to earn so much from a single, effortless kill.

When the mama spider saw its child brutally murdered, it became furious. It skittered towards Han Sen in hysteria, with an insatiable blood-thirst for the person who had just slain its baby.

Han Sen did not run, however. He now knew that compared to other super creatures, the Devil-Eye Spider was relatively weak. He cast his Sonic-Thunder Punch, ready to strike once it got close enough.

The thunder and bell-power brewed inside him as a frightening mixture, and as soon as the spider was close, Han Sen would unleash it on the unsuspecting fiend. He hoped to stun it.

But Han Sen, upon looking into the spider's blue eyes, felt a strange murky fog mask the clarity of his mind. He lost hold of the energy that was gathering inside him, cancelling his proposed Sonic-Thunder Punch.

A second later, Han Sen was back to normal. The spider was right in front of him, raising its legs to claw his face off.

At the last second, Han Sen quickly cast a skill to dodge. In his heart, he thought to himself, "That was close! The spider can actually control the mind of a human being with its hypnotic eyes? It is fortunate my will was mutated following my trip to the Crystallizer Ruins and became stronger than ordinary people's. If I hadn't recovered in that quick second, I might have been killed right there."

The little angel rushed over to inhibit the spider's pursuit of Han Sen. In haste, Han Sen closed his eyes and retreated to gain some

distance. He used his dongxuan aura to observe the spider's next move and prepared another bolt with the arachnid's name on it.

As he had thought, as long as he avoided eye contact with the spider, his mind maintained its clarity. And then, with his aim raised, he relentlessly fired a number of bolts towards the creature.

# Chapter 782: Second Absorption

With the aid of Han Sen's bolts, little angel finally managed to land a strike on the Devil-Eye Spider. When the sword was driven through the spider's body, green blood squirted from the orifice.

It took another two strikes with the little angel's greatsword for her to finish it off.

"Super Creature Devil-Eye Spider killed. No beast soul gained. You may harvest its Life Geno essence. Consume its Life Geno essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly."

"What a shame." Han Sen sighed at his inability to obtain another beast soul.

The Devil-Eye Spider's body decomposed in a jiffy, leaving behind a Life Geno essence in its stead. This was unlike the little spider he had previously killed, whose disfigured, bolt-ridden body was still stuck in the mud.

Han Sen walked close to the little spider and picked up the z-steel bolts from its body. He had fourteen z-steel bolts, the ones he had requested from the Wang family. It was the most they could craft for him.

Raw z-steel was too rare, and for the amount necessary to craft bolts, doubly so.

Han Sen had received a Life Geno essence from the little spider's body, but while Han Sen wasn't looking, the silver fox quickly ran over to gobble its corpse up.

"You little prick! I was going to use that to feed a pet beast soul." It was too late for Han Sen to retrieve the body, but he was just bluffing. He wanted the silver fox to grow, and he hoped the meal might help accelerate its painfully slow growth.

Compared to the fairy who never listened, the silver fox was far more appreciated and all-around useful.

Han Sen held the little spider's Life Geno essence in his hand. He simulated its energy flow and refined it within him. The crystal in his hand was quickly absorbed.

"Devil-Eye Spider Baby consumed. One super geno point gained."

The announcement continued to echo inside Han Sen's head as a cooling sensation entered his body, blending with his cells.

His eyes felt especially invigorated. When the cooling sensation became one with his cells, his eyes felt light and refreshed.

When the announcements came to an end, the number had settled on eight super geno points. This brought his total tally of super geno points up to forty-four.

"Almost half way!" Han Sen was pumped.

When Han Sen looked into the distance, he felt as if his vision had improved. When he brought out his mirror to look at his eyes, the pupils seemed darker. And it also seemed as if a halo resided deep within. The eyes were not unlike obsidian, and they were infinitely charming.

"The Devil-Eye Spider's power must be in its eyes. It's a shame I never got to see it in action, by one-hit killing the thing." Although he thought this, he was still feeling good.

Thinking of the little angel, not being afraid of the Devil-Eye Spider's power, he grew even fonder of her. Although she did not possess any special abilities, the little angel was tough and able to withstand everything thrown at her thus far. She was a remarkable pet to have.

"I wonder, if she went to the Third God's Sanctuary, what powers might she achieve upon evolving once more?" Han Sen wanted to wait for the little angel to evolve again, but he imagined it would next happen in the Third God's Sanctuary.

After the silver fox gobbled up the spider's flesh, it looked a little tired. It returned to Han Sen's shoulder but did not move. It closed

its eyes as if it were sleeping.

Han Sen could sense that inside the silver fox's body, its lifeforce was in a little bit of turmoil as it tried to digest the flesh of the spider.

After watching it for a while, the silver fox didn't seem to be in any dire trouble. So, Han Sen picked up the big Devil-Eye Spider's Life Geno essence.

But holding the Life Geno essence, a new thought cropped up in Han Sen's mind. "The big Devil-Eye Spider is still a Devil-Eye Spider. What if I am able to absorb the Life Geno Essence by simulating the energy flow of its offspring?"

Han Sen believed it made sense, so he did as he thought. He simulated the baby Devil-Eye Spider's energy flow and tried to absorb the Life Geno essence.

As he began casting the simulated energy flow, the green Life Geno essence began to rumble. Then, it was absorbed into his body and refined into his cells slowly.

Han Sen's eyes felt even cooler now, and he felt as if they possessed a greater agility.

"Devil-Eye Spider consumed. One super geno point gained."

The familiar voice rung again in his head. With exuberant joy, he thought to himself, "It worked! This will save me a lot of time further down the road. If I can kill the whole family of snow turtles, heaven knows how many super geno points I'll increase all at once."

But Han Sen quickly hit a snag. The announcement rung twice, which meant he had only managed to obtain two super geno points. It was much less than the small Devil-Eye Spider's Life Geno essence.

"Strange. If there was an immunity build-up for obtaining super geno points from the same breed of creature, I shouldn't have

reached it the limit so quickly." Han Sen frowned as he thought of this possibility.

The first-generation super creature Life Geno essence was very limited in the increases in power it bestowed. It couldn't compare to if he was in the Third God's Sanctuary. Right now, he needed a second-generation Life Geno essence.

"Well, two points are better than none, I suppose." Han Sen was overall quite content with the result.

But if his theory was indeed correct, it swayed Han Sen's resolve somewhat. If he went to the Third God's Sanctuary, he would have to slay third-generation creatures to quickly increase his geno points.

This would, of course, be something he'd have to deal with a long time from now. And Han Sen decided to cross that bridge when he came to it, as he was too lazy to deeply contemplate whatever lay far ahead. Focusing on being the best in the present, right now, was the best choice.

Han Sen noticed the fairy emerge from the scallop shell, and it appeared as if she had just woken up. Han Sen was getting rather annoyed by her company, as all she did was eat valuable consumables and be lazy. Aside from acting cute, she didn't do anything. She'd wait until battles were over before coming out, and she didn't at all treat him as if he were her real master.

If he wanted to get rid of the fairy, Han Sen was concerned he'd have to do it the hard way. But he was unsure whether or not he could beat her. But then, Han Sen suddenly thought of the Devil-Eye Spider's power he had just been bestowed.

Han Sen tried to simulate the Devil-Eye Spider's energy flow, and he felt different. A cold air exuded from his eyes.

"Little baby, come. Come and look here." Han Sen smiled, opened his hands flat and called upon the fairy to come.

The fairy casually landed where she was bid to. When she looked upon him, she began to rub her eyes.

Han Sen's eyes looked strange all of a sudden. He stared at the fairy, and when she looked into them, she appeared confused. Even her own eyes now looked strange, appearing empty.

"Haha, little fairy. Now, let's see how I intend to get rid of you." Han Sen was laughing in his heart, and as he did so, he raised his devilish hand above the fairy.

# Chapter 783: Devil-Eye Beast Soul

Han Sen's hand hadn't come down on the fairy yet, but suddenly, the little fairy blew frosty air towards his face. Ice and frost accumulated on his eyebrows, and he shivered from the sudden cold.

The fairy stuck her tongue out at Han Sen and laughed.

"Gah! How dare you trick me!" Han Sen tried to grab the fairy, but she quickly returned to the safety of her scallop shell. From inside its transparent casing, she gave him a mocking face.

There was nothing he could do now except return the scallop shell to his pocket.

"It doesn't seem as if this skill works on fairies." Han Sen felt fairly bad, but he resolved to test out the skill on someone else when he left this place.

For the time being, however, Han Sen decided to examine the Devil-Eye Spider beast soul.

Devil-Eye Spider: Mask-Type Beast Soul

Han Sen was surprised. Mask-type beast souls were remarkably rare, and not particularly useful, either. Ordinarily, mask beast souls could increase your face's defense and that was it.

But this was a mask-soul that belonged to a super creature, and he wondered whether or not it might prove to be something rather useful. After all, the Devil-Eye Spiders didn't seem to have much defense. Therefore, Han Sen did not think it was the type of mask beast soul you might normally receive.

Han Sen summoned the Devil-Eye Spider's beast soul, and when he did, a strange blue mask appeared upon his face. It was strange and creepy, and it resembled a spider that had sprouted golden wings. The wings shielded the eyes, whereas the body of the spider covered the nose. Aside from that, the rest of his face was exposed.

It didn't seem very defensive, and what's more, it obscured his vision.

As Han Sen wore it, his vision was tinted blue. Whenever he saw a living creature, it appeared red. It was very much like a thermal imaging tool.

"It really isn't a defensive mask. What's it for, then?" Han Sen took a look at the silver fox who was lying on his shoulder and the little thing appeared red as if it was on fire.

Looking into the distance to peer at the green-headed flies, he saw them as specks of red that were faint and difficult to make out.

Han Sen used the mask for quite some time and got a fairly decent grasp on what the mask's benefits ultimately would be. With this mask, you could view the strength of a creature's lifeforce.

But you could only see the lifeforce, and that was it. The dongxuan aura was still better because it could observe the energy flow, as well.

Still, it would prove fairly useful. Unlike the dongxuan aura, which was limited to its active radius, the mask adhered to the complete reach of his eyesight.

"This is a Devil-Eye Spider beast soul, so I wonder if there might be any enhancements if I run the Devil-Eye Spider energy flow alongside its usage?" Han Sen then went on to simulate the Devil-Eye Spider's energy flow.

His eyes felt mesmerizingly cool, and he felt that coolness go towards his mask. His vision suddenly became much stronger, and the distance to which he could see had greatly improved. Furthermore, he could make out all-manner of details for distant objects unlike ever before.

Han Sen wanted to test the extent of its vision-enhancements, and when he did, he was shocked. He was able to observe every

single hair on a fly that was one kilometer away. Han Sen loved it.

"This thing is far greater than a pair of binoculars. It's just a shame that the vision is limited to blue and red," Han Sen thought to himself. Then, he pulled the scallop shell out of his pocket. He looked at the fairy and cast the Devil-Eye Spider's energy flow.

The fairy, as soon as she saw Han Sen, stuck out her tongue at him once more. But upon looking him in the eye, her face suddenly became tinged with confusion.

"Get out." Han Sen used his willpower to command the fairy to exit the safety of her shell.

And then, the fairy slowly opened the shell. But she only opened it halfway before snapping out of her daze and closing it immediately. She looked at Han Sen with much shock, then turned around to avoid making eye-contact with him.

"It works!" Han Sen had grown really fond of the mask he received. If he could confuse a super creature such as the fairy, then it had to be remarkably powerful.

But despite the grand reward he had managed to obtain, Han Sen was a greedy person. He returned to the beehive with a keen interest into what else he might claim on this outing.

The flies seemed to have snapped out of their mind-control following the spider's death. They no longer bothered the beehive, and instead made their way back to the swamp.

Aside from the golden-winged bees and the green fly corpses that littered the ground, the hive seemed to have gone back to normal operation.

When night fell, the bee king went back to its routine. It emerged from the beehive and collected the honey that oozed out from the chinese rose.

Han Sen could still not figure out what this activity was for. Still, he had come up with a plan. The following night, he would

command the little angel to gather the honey on his behalf.

After the next day came and went, Han Sen made his preparations and got into position. With the little angel ready to go, he saw the king bee make its routine exit.

Strangely, however, the bee king looked different on this day. The claws of the bee king seemed to be in possession of something. It was an object that was shiny like gold, luminous jewelry.

Han Sen took a closer look and noticed it was some sort of bee crystal.

"Weird. Why is the bee king carrying this bee-crystal thing?" Han Sen was now confused, and so he didn't summon the little angel as he had planned to. All he did was watch.

The weather was nice that night. The moon was big and bright in the sky, in complete fullness.

The bee king maintained its hold on the bee crystal as it began circling the top of the hill. Eventually, it placed the bee crystal down near the flower and returned to the hive.

Not long later, the bee king came out again. In its wriggly hands, it was holding another bee crystal. It placed it down on the same spot it had placed the previous crystal.

This occurred five times in total, and now five of those bee crystals were left exposed on the top of the hill. The bee king returned its hive after this and did not return.

Han Sen thought it was a most curious sight, and he had no idea what the bee king was doing. He looked at the other golden-winged bees and noticed that they had all retreated to the beehive and showed no sign of returning to the outside, either.

Amidst this confusion, Han Sen suddenly heard a strange noise coming from someplace in the sea of flowers. It seemed as if something was approaching.

Han Sen turned around to take a look, and he managed to espy the presence of something crawling inside the bushes. Due to the obscuring leaves and relative darkness, he couldn't make out who or what it was, however.

The flowers that populated the area grew close to the ground. If something was crawling around out of sight, it couldn't have been all that big. At the very most, Han Sen imagined, it would be a small snake or something. If it were any bigger, the flowers wouldn't aid in keeping it out of sight.

Now, this intruder was making a beeline for the hill. And that was when Han Sen caught sight of what it truly was: a baby silkworm that was half-transparent. It was indeed fairly small, and its body was like a silver crystal. It climbed atop the hill and approached the flower there. The bees beneath the hill made no move to attack it.

# Chapter 784: Mafia Bug

The silkworm baby proudly mounted the hill and wriggled around the flower in circles. It wasn't long before it took notice of the five bee crystals, and believing no one to be watching it, began nibbling them.

"It is difficult to be a bee in this place. First, they are attacked by an army of flies commanded by a spider, so that their cocoons are stolen. And now, they must give an offering of crystals to a bug. Insects may live a hard life, but this takes the cake. Their mistreatment is almost upsetting." Han Sen now understood that the bees had been working hard to produce an offering of edible crystals to an extortionist bug. Free lunch in trade for protection.

If the bee king feared the bug, then it undoubtedly had to be something quite powerful. Han Sen used his new mask to take a look at it, and he was startled to see its body flaming hot. It was far more powerful than the silver fox, but not too far off the bee king.

Han Sen didn't understand why it was so threatening to the bee king, though. How could that bug compel the bee king to work tirelessly to produce an offering of such crystals? It didn't look all that much stronger than the bee king, and with the backup of its bee army, the king shouldn't have had too much trouble in running the little bug off.

But now, all the bees must have been cowering inside their hive, afraid of the bug outside munching on all the fruits of their labor.

"Is this guy really that powerful?" Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to scan it. He witnessed the bug's body refine the crystals it ate.

"It's only a second-generation super creature. The little angel should be far stronger than that little thing." Han Sen was even more confused, seeing this. He had no idea why this bug was some sort of mafia insect-boss.

Within the hour, the silkworm baby had managed to gobble up all five of the crystals. But after eating them, it did not leave. Instead, it remained atop the hill producing strange sounds.

Not long after, the bee king flew out and looked at the bug with great trepidation. The bug made a few more noises, to which the bee king responded angrily. It flapped its wings faster than usual, as a display of this.

Han Sen was not sure what to think of anymore, and no witty comments came to mind. He had been there for days, watching bees live their lives. And now, he was watching a bee king communicate with a worm.

The bee king, despite its apparent anger, conceded to whatever demands had been made. After some sort of deal was struck, the bee king returned to the hive. Upon its return a little later, it was carrying another three of those crystals to the bug.

But this did not satisfy the bug either, and it made wretched screeches in response. Arrogantly, it hopped on a rock and screamed even louder. It was like some gangster demanding a bigger drop.

Han Sen thought the tether of the bee king's patience would finally snap, and a fight between the two would commence. But the bee king conceded to the demands once more, and brought out another three bee crystals. It dropped them off in front of the bug.

The little bug now looked satisfied. It climbed down off the rock and went back to nibbling the bee crystals.

The bee king looked disheartened. It looked so incredibly sad, submitting to the demands of its bully. Slowly, it retreated to the beehive.

"Where does that little squirt come from? How can he get the bee king to behave like this? Does it have a bigger, badder daddy grub or something? Is that why it can do as it pleases?" Han Sen's mind

began to work.

If the silkworm did indeed have friends, then he figured he could waste those one-by-one until only the elder remained. If it had the same energy flow, Han Sen figured he could absorb the Life Geno essences of an entire family of creatures.

The bug ate four more of the bee crystals before it felt full. Its belly was round and puffed like a ball.

"Tzick!"

The bug called out once more, and Han Sen believed it to be calling out the bee king. But it wasn't.

Silk began to pour out of the bug's mouth. It built up until it had wholly cocooned itself.

"Is this thing a little baby? Is it now transforming into an adult?" Han Sen's face looked puzzled.

If he guessed it correctly, Han Sen knew why the bee king was so afraid of it. If it was already that powerful as a baby, heaven knew how powerful it would become once it had fully grown. That was why the bee king was so afraid of it and was willing to obey its every command.

"I have to kill this thing!" Just when Han Sen decided to do this, he used his dongxuan aura to scan the cocoon. He stopped in his tracks.

The energy flow inside the cocoon was changing. It was morphing into something different from what he recalled earlier, and it was an ongoing process.

It was like there were two different energy flows inside the cocoon. That was why Han Sen pulled back and wasn't sure whether or not to advance just yet.

If he killed the bug now, and the energy flow he had learnt would not work, he'd incur a great loss.

Han Sen hesitated a little and did not strike. He continued to watch the energy flow change, learning every step as it went.

The energy inside the cocoon had changed a lot, and overnight, it had become something completely different. Han Sen wouldn't have believed a tale such as this to be true, had he not seen it with his own two eyes. Two completely separate energy flows were now occupying the same super creature.

"What could this thing possible be turning into?" Han Sen had become incredibly curious. But as dawn broke the following morning, the energy finished its morph and it seemed as if the creature inside had finished evolving.

When the sun rose in the east, the cocoon cracked open. Han Sen witnessed a silver-winged butterfly struggling to pry itself free from the thick hide of the cocoon.

The cocoon was incredibly sturdy, and breaking it completely was sure to be a trying task. The silver butterfly could only poke its head through the opening, as its body and wings were still deep inside.

Han Sen's heart jumped, and he quickly summoned the little angel. With his peacock crossbow, he repeatedly fired towards the silver butterfly.

If he didn't kill it now, it'd be much harder once it fully exited the cocoon. This was sure to be the best chance he would get. The butterfly had only just finished evolving, and the creature wouldn't have adapted to its new body yet. And now, stuck inside the cocoon, there truly could not be a greater chance.

Whoosh!

A z-steel bolt struck the silver butterfly's head. It only created a shallow mark, and it was already quite clear how much stronger this creature was than the Devil-Eye Spider.

But after that strike, the silver butterfly cried out in pain. It

struggled to remove itself from the cocoon at a more hurried pace. But now, the little angel had arrived before it, and she brought down her mighty greatsword on the creature's head.

The silver butterfly was still stuck inside the cocoon, and it had not even managed to free one of its claws yet. It seemed to try to roll with the cocoon to dodge the incoming attack.

But it couldn't do it in time, and the greatsword was brought down directly on its head.

Blood squirted from the cleft. Although the little angel's greatsword was much stronger than Han Sen's crossbow and bolt, it didn't deal fatal damage. In fact, the total damage dealt was small and its head was nowhere close to being hewn off.

Before the butterfly evolved, it was a self-asserted boss that extorted others. Never had it been humiliated as it was being now. It was visibly frustrated, fuming with anger, and it exerted far more effort in its attempt to squirm free from the hold of the cocoon.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The little angel struck the butterfly's head in the exact same spot another three times, which left behind a deep wound. But the silver butterfly was tough, and even that wasn't enough to kill it.

Dong!

The little angel slashed again, but by now, one of the butterfly's claws had managed to break free from the cocoon. It blocked the sword with the loud sound of clashing metals. Evidently, the sword could not deal damage to its claws.

# Chapter 785: Silver-Winged Holy Butterfly

Han Sen rushed before the emerging butterfly with a fusion of sonic and thunder power growling within him. With a charged fist, he threw it down upon the butterfly's head.

The lightning shone like a silver sun as it was driven into the butterfly's chrome dome. The energy flow inside the creature was grievously disturbed, and the lightning stunned it into a state of paralysis.

The little angel took advantage of this window to get in a few more hits on the butterfly's head wound. From the wretched area of damage, much blood began to gush. It seemed as if half of its head had been carved away by now.

But even in such a state, the silver butterfly was not willing to submit to the hold of death. With greater pushes, it seemed close to escaping the trapping of its cocoon. It looked up and screamed towards Han Sen and the little angel.

Han Sen's eyes flashed, and a blue light activated on his devil-eye mask. Instantly, it stunned the raging butterfly.

In that moment, little angel was granted the opportunity to throw in a few additional attacks. She managed to cleave another portion of the silver butterfly's head away and put it into a state that would eventually lead to its death.

Without granting the silver butterfly any more wriggle room to escape the cocoon, the little angel hewed the remainder of its head to the ground.

"Super Creature Silver-Winged Holy Butterfly killed. No beast soul gained. Eat the flesh to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly. You may also harvest its Life Geno essence. Consume its Life Geno essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly."

Han Sen was overjoyed. He wasted no further time and quickly

summoned his little blue bell. He wanted it to absorb the butterfly's blood without letting any go to waste.

After the Death Knell absorbed the Silver-Winged Holy Butterfly's blood, the symbols etched across its body were even clearer. It looked likely to evolve soon. Han Sen watched it intently, but when nothing happened, returned it.

Han Sen dug a small silver crystal out of the butterfly's corpse. This was the Life Geno essence.

Han Sen then picked up the whole corpse of the silver butterfly. Humans could not eat the bodies of super creatures, and there were no pets to feed it to. Therefore, he resolved to bring it back with him for the time being.

Just as Han Sen decided to leave, he turned to see himself surrounded by a large army of bees led by the bee king himself. This soured his mood a little, and he thought to himself, "You bastards! That bug practically forced you into slavery, and it made you lose your nads. Do you think the guy who killed that butterfly is any weaker than it? And you want to come out and bully me, huh? Is that it?"

Just as he thought these things and prepared to command the little angel to battle the bees, he saw the bee king holding a number of gold, shiny crystals in its hands. It then placed five bee crystals down in front of Han Sen before circling him with apparent glee.

Han Sen may not have spoken the language of bees, but he could guess that the bee was looking to repay him for the service of protection he had unwittingly provided.

"Smart move. I was just about to destroy your hive. Such intelligence needs to be rewarded, and I'll allow you to remain alive on the account of the smarts you seem to possess. The next time I return, you better make sure to have some bee crystals ready-made for me. Okay?" Han Sen took the bee crystals and

thought to go, in no mood for any further fighting.

Killing first-generation super creatures wasn't very beneficial, and the chance of obtaining a beast soul was far too low as it was, anyway.

Since he had been given such a handsome reward, he thought it would be best if he did not provoke the bees any further. There were too many of them, anyway, and killing the king would have proved to be quite the challenge.

Han Sen, crystals in hand, took his leave. During his travel, he made sure to absorb the butterfly's Life Geno essence.

But there appeared to be some sort of trouble with doing so. Despite simulating the silver butterfly's energy flow, he couldn't absorb it successfully.

After switching to simulate the energy flow of the silkworm, he was able to make some sort of absorption progress. Strangely, he could only absorb half of it. Han Sen simulated the butterfly's energy flow once again to absorb the rest and this worked.

After it was fully absorbed, he was pleased to receive nine super geno points in total. To get that many points from a single Life Geno essence was incredibly rare.

"That silver-winged butterfly is rather interesting. I wonder what the purpose of those two different energy flows really were." But Han Sen was in no place to commit to research right now, and neither did he want to spare the time. Onwards he went, to exit the sea of flowers.

On his return trip, he didn't bump into Jing Jiwu again. He wasn't sure where he might have gone to, but Han Sen really liked that man.

Back in the shelter, while Han Sen thought about what he might do with the butterfly's body, Lin Beifeng happily approached him.

"Here you are. I have this for you." Lin Beifeng gave Han Sen a

rectangular box.

The box was just an ordinary platinum box by the looks of it, but when he opened it, he was delivered quite the shock. He turned his head to Lin Beifeng and said, "Z-steel raw stone?!"

Han Sen wasn't entirely sure if this truly was z-steel raw stone because of its massive size.

It was rare to see a one foot long raw stone, one which he could use to produce more bolts. But this one in the box was two feet long and three fingers wide. Although the shape was not entirely straight, it might have been enough to produce a dagger or even shortsword.

A z-steel raw stone such as that was the best gift he could receive. It was far greater than the z-steel bolts the Wang family had given him, for sure.

"You have a good eye. Few people can recognize something like this. I had prepared a speech of explanation and everything. I had no clue you knew all about it already." Lin Beifeng let out a hearty chuckle, and then proceeded to say, "Keep it. Consider this payment for the services you have provided me, and the two beast souls you gave me. But don't tell anyone you received this as a gift from me. If you do, I'll play dumb and won't admit a thing."

Han Sen closed the box and pushed it back to Lin Beifeng. With a serious voice, he said, "This thing is far too precious for you to give me. The beast souls I gave you are nowhere near as valuable as this. You should keep it."

Han Sen knew the price a chunk of z-steel raw stone such as this could fetch. The weapons it could be used to create would not be any worse than super-class weaponry, either. If it was forged by a great blacksmith, that was.

Han Sen actually felt as if he had taken too much of an advantage of Lin Beifeng, and felt rather sorry. Trading such an item for two

sacred-blood beast souls was far too much.

Lin Beifeng did not take it back, however. He merely smiled and said, "Where this came from was strange. I haven't dared use it, and I have been unable to find anyone willing to forge it into something on my behalf. It would be useless for me to hold on to it, so you might as well accept it. You'll put it to good use. If you still feel bad about such a trade, then how about you offer me another two sacred-blood beast souls?"

"What do you mean strange? Is there a problem with this?" Han Sen did not push the box back any further, as he asked.

"I'll be honest with you; I dug it up myself. You can't ask me any more than that. Just find someone you trust to forge it into something you can use. Keep its origins a secret and don't tell anyone about my involvement with it." Lin Beifeng once again made sure to remind Han Sen.

"Okay, I'll accept it. If you do want another beast soul, just tell me and I will give it to you." Han Sen was always fond of shorter weaponry, so this stone was of much value to him.

"You are welcome. But if you have a humanoid transformation beast soul, I would gladly receive one of those. Or perhaps even a powerful possession beast soul. Those would be great." Saliva drooled from the corners of Lin Beifeng's lips.

Han Sen gave a two-fingered salute to Lin Beifeng, as those were things he wanted, as well.

Han Sen brought the raw stone back to the Alliance, and got in contact with the Wang family so they could forge something out of it. The ordinary tools he possessed would not be sufficient.

After sorting things out there, he gave Ji Yanran a call. She was free this day, and that meant they could eat together.

Han Sen's heart suddenly jumped. And with an evil smile, he thought to himself, "Later, I can try this out on her."

# Chapter 786: Ultra Panty Raid

That night, after having dinner with Ji Yanran, Han Sen brought her over to the sofa. With great excitement he said, "Dear, I have recently come into the possession of a superpower. It's pretty amazing."

"What superpower would that be?" Ji Yanran looked at Han Sen with curiosity.

In those days, it had become common for humans to achieve superpowers. But as for one that could make Han Sen this excited, she couldn't fathom how grand it might be. Earnestly, she wanted to know.

Han Sen, acting all mystically, leaned over and whispered into her ear. "Magnetism."

When Ji Yanran heard this, she was surprised. She responded by saying, "How do you do that? Can evolvers really do something like that?"

This power was not very rare amongst surpassers, but for evolvers, it was a nigh unbelievable power for one to achieve. After all, evolvers did not have the power to cast out metaphysical forces.

"Don't rush this; I'm not done. My magnetism is different than what you might be thinking of. Come, stand here..." Han Sen pulled Ji Yanran to a wall adjacent to the sofa. Then, he went to sit back down.

"What are you doing?" Ji Yanran asked curiously.

"You stand there while I sit here. Do you believe I can reach out my hand and compel your panties to abandon your legs and join me? I can promise you that it won't hurt, and that the fabric won't break, either." Han Sen said these words with a tone of strange seriousness.

"What twisted scheme have you gotten into your head this time?" Ji Yanran did not believe a word he had said. And according to his description of the skill, it wouldn't exactly be defined as "magnetism." To do what he was saying would be more akin to teleportation.

This was a power few surpassers could manage to obtain. If Han Sen was just an evolver, it'd be impossible for him to achieve something like that.

"I'm asking you if you believe me." Han Sen asked her again seriously.

"No." Ji Yanran lifted her lips and watched Han Sen with caution. She knew he was about to perform some sordid prank.

Han Sen smiled and said, "Well, how about we spice things up and have a bit of a wager going, then? If I can do it, you can bite me."

"Why would I want to..." Ji Yanran didn't even finish her sentence before starting to blush. When she regained her composure, she said, "I am not falling into this trap you have set up. No!"

As soon as she said this, she began walking towards him. To this, Han Sen smiled and said, "That means you believe I can remove your panties from three meters away?"

"No. God knows what trick you are trying to play on me." Ji Yanran was not a dumb woman, and she wouldn't believe in something she had yet to see proven possible.

"If you don't believe it, then take me up on the wager. That is, unless you lack confidence in your own judgment." Han Sen gave her a smirk and then went on to say, "How can you be a captain if you lack confidence in yourself?"

Ji Yanran knew Han Sen was just trying to get under her skin and get her to go along with his planned jest, but she looked as if she

really didn't want to partake. She nibbled her lips and said, "Are you sure you won't come close?"

"If my ass leaves this sofa, I lose," Han Sen replied immediately.

"And you aren't going to tear my clothing?" Ji Yanran looked down at her body. She was wearing a white military uniform; white pants, white top, and white boots. It didn't seem possible for Han Sen to so simply remove her panties.

"I won't just plead to not tear your clothing. Even if I was to mess up one single hair on your pretty little head, I would lose," Han Sen said with confidence.

"You aren't going to use tools, are you?" Ji Yanran still believed Han Sen was planning to do something unethical.

"My good wife, I will sit here and not move an inch. And I will use my hand to remove your panties while you stand there, three meters away from me. If I succeed, and you think I have done something bad, you may cancel the bet. Is that okay with you?" Han Sen opened his empty hands as he said this.

"Okay. Sit there and we'll see how you manage to grab my... panties." Ji Yanran firmly disbelieved in Han Sen's ability to do something like this.

"Watch this; my Han family's sacred skill: Ultra Panty Raid!" Han Sen looked so serious when he yelled this out, and as he spoke aloud, he threw out his empty and lecherous hands.

Ji Yanran stared at Han Sen's hands without blinking. If he employed any tiny trick, she would be ready to expose him.

As her vision moved, she looked him in the eye.

"ULTRA! PANTY! RAID!" Han Sen shouted out at the top of his lungs, flailing his arms in a manner as if to pretend he was indeed grabbing them.

As Ji Yanran looked Han Sen in the eyes, her own eyes began to

look empty and confused. She opened them wide, standing where she was.

"Take off your panties and hand them to me." Han Sen giggled as he made the command from the comfort of the sofa.

Ji Yanran complied with the order, and she began removing her white pants. Then, Han Sen was able to view her long, white, succulent legs and white panties.

Seeing Ji Yanran remove them slowly, Han Sen couldn't help but gulp. Before tonight's happy hour, he had to restrain himself from any further thoughts down that lustful road.

Fortunately, Ji Yanran's top was quite long, and it obscured what was below her waist.

Ji Yanran then took off her panties and delivered them into Han Sen's lewd, grabby hands. And as she came over, he couldn't help but give her bubbly butt a tight squeeze. Then, he commanded her to put her clothes back on.

Ji Yanran listened and heeded the command at once. She returned to the wall, dressed up neatly again and stood there as she did earlier.

Han Sen's eyes returned to normal, and when they did, the life in Ji Yanran's eyes returned, as well.

"PANTIES!" Han Sen, panties in hand, blasted with his voice. And it was at that moment Ji Yanran snapped out of her daze.

Ji Yanran had no idea she had been under Han Sen's control. She believed she had continued to stare at him without a single break and yet despite that, she was now seeing panties in his hands.

Her face changed at the sight. She reached to feel below, and despite her pants being on, the panties had disappeared.

"How... how did you do that?!" Ji Yanran looked at Han Sen as if she had seen a ghost.

"It does not matter how I did it. What matters is that you lost." Han Sen threw away the panties and stood up. Slowly, he walked in front of Ji Yanran. He picked her up and threw her on the sofa.

"No! You cheated!" Ji Yanran's face was red, and she used her hands to prevent Han Sen from getting closer.

"I knew you would slander me. Don't take it out on me, and do not complain about what happens next." Han Sen's eyes were filled with a curious light, and he went back to controlling her.

"Oh, yeah! How about this?" Han Sen turned on a video to teach Ji Yanran how to strip-dance. Then, he told her, "Do what she does."

Ji Yanran was normally quite shy and reserved. Whenever she had sex with Han Sen, she wouldn't even turn the light on. And if Han Sen turned it on, she would curl up in embarrassment and become utterly shy. There was no other possible circumstance that would lead to her doing what she was about to.

And now, she was exactly like the lady in the video. She twirled and twisted around as she removed every garment.

"Yes, yes, yeeeeeees!" Han Sen's eyes were wide open. He was extremely excited right now. Ji Yanran's body was far better than the one in the video, and as he watched, his nose felt hot. He thought he'd be gushing blood any minute now.

# Chapter 787: Antipathy of Trouble

As Han Sen watched from his seat on the sofa, Ji Yanran danced towards him. Her white top had already been taken off by this point, revealing her slender waist and large breasts, cupped by the caress of her bra in a tantalizing tease.

Ji Yanran twirled her sexy waist and twerked her spongy bubble butt. She leaned forward over Han Sen as she did this, her hands slowly beginning to unclip her bra and free her eager boobs.

"Take it off! Take it off!" Han Sen's eyes were wide open. Seeing the woman before him with black hair, red lips, and skin that was pale as snow, Han Sen's eyes were tugged towards the plush warmth of her boobies.

"Ouch!" Just as the bra was about to fall and divulge the complete spectacle of her chest, Han Sen was punched in the head.

One of Ji Yanran's hands held her gravity-submitting bra, while the other hand clenched a fist.

"Big pervert! I knew you weren't nice. How dare you hypnotize me! If I could be put under such a spell, it wouldn't be one wrought by your weak mind." When Ji Yanran said that, she squeezed Han Sen's cheeks as hard as she could.

"This Devil-Eye Spider ability is useless!" Han Sen felt fairly bad, but when he looked at Ji Yanran's face, she looked extremely cocky at having bested him. Behaving more rudely and forthwith, he pulled her directly into his arms. He grabbed her bra and tore it away.

"Let me go, you pervert!" Ji Yanran's eyes were ones of absolute confusion. Her face was red with the swelling blush, but it added to her charm.

"How dare you lie to me. I will teach you the Han family discipline!" Han Sen could no longer hold his restraint, and so he

leapt on top of her.

"No, no, noooo!" Inside the room, a pleasurable few hours unfolded. The walls vibrated as the springs of the sofa were worked hard. At midnight, Han Sen was finally satisfied. Then, he brought her to his bed. Surprisingly, Ji Yanran was quite cooperative, and the extent of their exercise had almost worn Han Sen out completely.

Han Sen curiously asked why his attempt at hypnotizing her failed. Her response was that she had received training, ever since she was small, to resist falling prey to such tricks. She had also absorbed a crystal from the Crystallizers to strengthen her mind. Ordinary attempts of hypnotization were useless on her.

Now that Han Sen was aware of this, his plans for using the Devil-Eye Spider's energy flow to gain some sort of advantage in the Alliance didn't seem as viable.

Many of the priority figures of the big families must have undergone the same sort of training. Using this method to manipulate the wills and whims of others wouldn't be as effective as Han Sen had initially hoped. All he could do, at best, was confuse them for a few seconds. Absolute, prolonged control of their minds would be impossible.

"Your hypnotizing skill is already quite powerful. Even the Huangfu family, who are the most talented at this sort of thing, aren't much better." Ji Yanran had noticed Han Sen's sudden disappointment, so she issued a few words of comfort.

"Huangfu? Which Huangfu family?" Han Sen asked with surprise.

"What are you talking about? Which other Huangfu family could it be? It's the Huangfu family. The one from the Ares Martial Hall," Ji Yanran said.

"They are proficient with hypnosis? I thought they only excelled

with their Heavenly Go," Han Sen asked, as this revelation surprised him. He believed the Huangfu family were only in possession of powerful fighting abilities, not ones of deceit and distortion.

"How else do you think the Huangfu family can enlist as many students as they do? Do you think they convince others through a display of their power alone? They have a history of researching, learning, adopting, and using various mind tricks. They could very well be the best in the Alliance at that sort of thing. Heavenly Go does not belong to them, and only two people know it, anyway. The skill is not theirs," Ji Yanran explained.

Han Sen then remembered the time that the Chen family had told him of their ownership of Heavenly Go. It was one half of a set that also included Seven Twist. Somehow, the Huangfu family had come into possession of Heavenly Go.

"If I have time, maybe I can go and talk about it with Sister Huangfu," Han Sen casually said.

When Ji Yanran heard this, she grabbed Han Sen's ear and angrily exclaimed, "You are not allowed to see her!"

"Why?" Han Sen strained to say, under agonizing pain.

"You are simply not allowed; there is no why." Ji Yanran nibbled her lips.

Han Sen, seeing her beautiful face, quickly turned her over. Another storm raged.

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Inside the sanctuary, a man ascended a mountain. After he reached the halfway point, a group of men barred his passage and prevented further travel.

"Friend, do you know what this place is?" The leader, with a scar across his face, coldly laughed at the man.

"I do not know." The man raised his head and cast a glance back towards the scarred man.

The scarred man now saw the other's face clearly. He looked young and possessed a babyface, but one that was partially veiled by a bushy moustache. His eyes were honest and large, and when you saw them, maintaining a front of intimidation became much more difficult.

The scarred man's face appeared softer, and so he calmly said, "This is Heaven Valley. It is the territory of our Angel Shelter. Your uninhibited passage can be granted for the price of one mutant beast soul."

"But I do not have any mutant beast souls," the babyfaced man said in response.

"Then you will have to traverse a portion of the Black Desert or scale Death Mountain," the scarred man told the traveler.

Heaven Valley possessed the only fair-footed throughway to where he wished to go. It was skirted by Death Mountain and the Black Desert on either side; if you could not traverse this road, any detour would take many more months. Death was much more likely to find those who ventured in such treacherous places.

"But that will take a long time," the babyfaced man said.

"Is this the face of concern? If you want to continue this way, hand over a mutant beast soul," the man with a scar on his face said.

"Well, what about if I kill you? What if I killed you all? If I did that, would I still be required to pay? Or would this toll of yours be forfeit?" The babyfaced man looked upon the other and spoke with a stern, serious face.

"Hahaha!" Scarface and those that accompanied him did not take the threat seriously, and so they all burst out laughing.

Angel Shelter belonged to Angel Gene, otherwise known as the

Zhao family. Any that sought to venture there and offended them were either foolish or insane.

They thought the babyfaced man did not even know what Angel Gene was, and they just believed him to be an arrogant and pitiable man.

The next second, the babyfaced man waved his hand. As he did so, an invisible blade shot through the air. He began stepping forward, and as each foot returned to the ground, a person's head was launched through the air.

By the time the babyfaced man had managed to pass their roadblock, none were left alive. They all lay dead, scattered and crumpled on the ground.

"I am not fond of killing, but I have antipathy of trouble. I am sorry for this." The babyfaced man's eyes still looked clean, not dirty or tainted with the regret or pleasure of murder. Onwards through Heaven Valley he went.

# Chapter 788: Who Do You Want to Kill?

Han Sen reviewed the information he had received from Ji Yanran concerning the Third God's Sanctuary. It detailed which spirit shelters were known of, and what was known of them and their occupants.

He read it over a few times, unable to find out anything about the spirit that took the white rhino away.

The middle of Han Sen's forehead still contained the mark, and he was worried over the prospect of being teleported to that spirit's shelter upon his arrival in the Third God's Sanctuary.

Humans had no control of where they spawned in the Third God's Sanctuary, and it was unknown whether or not such fates were determined by spirits.

Han Sen's super geno point tally had reached fifty-five, and it wouldn't be long before he maxed them out. Since he was nearing his ascension to the Third God's Sanctuary, he had to start thinking forward and figuring things out.

"If I really do end up in that spirit's shelter, I should obey as instructed. I only have this one life." Han Sen destroyed the information after finishing with it, and then continued to think, "There are numerous pros and cons when accepting the contract of a spirit. But to be contracted by a low-level one would be pointless. However, if it was an ordinary shelter or a knight shelter, there is the possibility I could escape to be free. Or perhaps even claim it."

He hadn't heard of any more super creatures existing in the area he was, so Han Sen decided to travel. He selected the faraway San Dao River as his next destination, for he had heard murmurs of fearsome monsters that inhabited it. To get there, he would have to traverse great swaths of forest.

There was nothing more Han Sen desired in the Second God's

Sanctuary, so all he fancied doing now was speeding up his acquisition of super geno points to ascend to the Third God's Sanctuary.

With the silver fox in tow, Han Sen journeyed through the forests until he reached the San Dao River area. There, he took in the sight of numerous lakes and rivers intertwined with each other. It was a grand freshwater place.

There were many creatures living there, of many different breeds and species. Han Sen was making for the Emerald Lake, where people said a dinosaur-looking creature roamed. Many people had also seen it caring for a baby, too.

After reaching the region, it wasn't long before Han Sen found a group of people fighting. At first he thought they were a group of hunters taking on creatures of the area, but upon closer inspection, he saw that the human figures were in fact killing a man.

Although the people looked very powerful, the man they sought to kill looked even scarier. Every time he unleashed a strike, someone was injured. But unfortunately for him, the numbers that surrounded him were too many. The fight appeared to have gone on for some time, as he was badly injured and drenched in blood. He didn't seem to be faring too well.

"Whoever dares challenge Angel Gene will be skinned-alive!" The leader of the group again ordered his people to kill the man.

The fighters he was commanding didn't look well, either. And the face of the leader was flustered and angry.

"Angel Gene?" When Han Sen heard this, his mind flashed.

When Han Sen was once attacked by a strange blood-horn shura, he suspected Angel Gene as being most likely to want to hurt him. He had done some digging, in an attempt to uncover who wished him dead, but all the leads led to dead-ends. Now, things seemed even more suspicious.

Even if it wasn't them who had gone after him, Han Sen did not like Angel Gene. The man, surrounded by a legion of Angel Gene goons, didn't look like he deserved that treatment. He didn't look like a bad person, at all. What the Angel Gene people were doing grated on Han Sen.

Han Sen contemplated what to do for some time before coming to a decision. Eventually, he told the silver fox and little angel to leave the area for a while. He summoned his armor to look like Dollar and approached the Angel Gene people.

Although he hated the people of Angel Gene, he couldn't risk conflict with them due to his identity and familial association. Therefore, he re-adopted his persona of Dollar.

"This is official Angel Gene business. Get lost!" one of the Angel Gene yahoos shouted at him when Han Sen approached.

Han Sen did not say anything before unleashing his Elephant-Disc Punch. When he punched the man, he went flying away in a haze of blood.

Han Sen was not one who wanted to kill other people. What he wanted to do, more than anything, was save the person and ask what he had done to receive such harsh treatment. There had to be a reason, and although he despised Angel Gene, there was always the chance that the man who was surrounded actually deserved the treatment he was getting.

"Dollar!" Seeing Han Sen approach, it did not take long for someone to recognize him. After all, he was more famous than ever. He was the first person to achieve the title Son of God in the Second God's Sanctuary.

"Dollar, Angel Gene has no conflict with you. Why rival us?!" the man shouted at Han Sen, clearly not desiring conflict with the revered Dollar.

Han Sen did not answer. He merely ran forward, and like a

parting sea, the others cleared a path for him to approach the injured man.

"Friend, follow me," Han Sen said to the man, forcing a rougher voice. Then, he turned and fled the scene.

The Angel Gene henchmen were visibly angry, but they did not dare lift a finger to Han Sen. And without resistance, Han Sen was able to deliver the man safely from the area.

If it had been anyone else, they'd definitely have fought back. But Dollar's reputation was too lofty, and they believed fighting him was asking for death.

"Boss, so many of our brothers have died to that man. Now, he has practically escaped. How are we to report this?" someone, who looked fairly disheartened, asked the leader. He did not want to be punished over what had happened.

"We will just report the truth. Dollar came to save him, and there was nothing we could do to oppose that man's desire. I am sure they will understand our reasoning. It is Dollar, after all," the man said, in a voice of confidence.

After Han Sen departed the region and escaped successfully, the person he brought with him collapsed on the ground and fainted.

Han Sen squatted to observe his wounds. He was surprised the man was still able to fight that entire time, as his injuries were quite severe. His will to live and fight was incredibly powerful.

Han Sen applied some medicine to his wounds and brought him deep into the woods, where no spying eyes could observe them. He wanted to ask the man what happened when he woke up.

"You saved me?" When the guy woke up, he was neither in a state of shock or panic. His clear and bright eyes looked upon Han Sen.

"Kind of." Han Sen checked the man out as he spoke. He had a pretty babyface that was adorned with a moustache. He wasn't sure what he was feeling, but Han Sen knew this was not the sort

of person he'd soon forget.

"Who do you want to kill?" the babyfaced man asked.

"What?" Han Sen was surprised by the question, unsure of whether or not his ears has deceived him. After all, why would he ask such a question?

"I owe you a life, and my talents lie in the taking of lives. If you want to me to kill someone, I will do that as a return for the favor you have done me." The babyface man stopped moving. After a pause, he continued, "Of course, creatures can count for that equation, too."

# Chapter 789: A Strike That Cannot Miss

"What is your name?" Han Sen looked at the babyfaced man.

"Luo Yin," the babyfaced man answered quickly; he didn't seem cold or ireserved.

"Why have you gotten into a fight with the people from Angel Gene?" Han Sen asked.

"Because I despise trouble." Luo Yin shrugged.

Han Sen laughed and said, "If you are afraid of getting into trouble, you may have to study what is needed to avoid it. Hunting down members of Angel Gene is not how you stay out of trouble."

"I am not a smart person, so studying does not come easy." Luo Yin sighed.

Han Sen thought the man was rather interesting, but he had yet to receive any concrete information from him. The guy was not just funny, as there was a depth to his character. He was not as simple as he was letting on.

"You really are Dollar?" Luo Yin asked.

"I suppose," Han Sen answered.

"It is a shame I have sustained such wounds. If I was in better condition, I would enjoy sparring with you," Luo Yin said.

"You seem to have forgotten that you owe me one life." Han Sen looked at Luo Yin.

"I have not said anything to contradict my prior pledge. If we fight, and I beat you, but at the same time do not kill you, consider that a cash-in on the life I owe you," Luo Yin said, with surprising seriousness.

"And what if you lose?" Han Sen was really interested in Luo Yin.

"You can either kill me or spare me. If you spare my life, I will

owe you two," Luo Yin answered the question directly, and did not even pause for a brief moment before responding.

Han Sen shook his head, and with a wry smile said, "What are you doing here?"

"I have come here to fight someone I cannot kill," Luo Yin replied.

"You are an interesting fellow. If you cannot kill the person you seek to fight, why bother fighting him at all? You expect and accept loss?" Han Sen thought the person he had met was someone of great depth, and his persona was colored and textured with many layers of thoughtful contemplation.

"I do not like killing people. To fight someone and lose may not be all that bad," Luo Yin said.

"In that case, good luck." Although Han Sen considered the man with great interest, he did not want to engage in a pointless conversation such as this. He wanted information, and he wouldn't get any if he carried on like this.

Han Sen stood up and prepared to leave. But Luo Yin, trembling, stood up and looked to follow.

"Why are you following me?" Han Sen asked, as a queer tone coated his words.

"I cannot leave something undone; I cannot leave a debt unpaid. I will follow you until you prepare a task for me. Once I have accomplished the deed you bid me to do, I will leave and pursue whatever endeavor I seek next," Luo Yin said.

"Although I would like to fulfill your pledged obligation, there is no one here that can threaten me. It'll be some time before you can repay me." Han Sen smiled.

"You are proud?" Luo Yin said, partly in question.

"I have what it takes to be proud, don't I?" Han Sen coldly said.

Luo Yin did not say anything further. Instead, he moved. Although he was heavily injured, his strike was incredibly steady. An invisible power departed his hands.

"Falsified-Sky power?" Upon seeing the power, Han Sen's face changed. He was no longer a stranger to this force.

Without hesitating, Han Sen threw a punch to collide with that power. The power of the Elephant-Rex Strike put the very atmosphere into a vortex of turmoil.

But just as Han Sen's fist looked to touch the invisible power, it disappeared right before the collision. Before Han Sen noticed anything further, he was slashed across the chest. A sharp metal noise was produced.

Han Sen was shocked, not knowing how he was hit. He could predict the Falsified-Sky power, but his punch did not come into contact with it.

He wasn't the only one surprised, however, as Luo Yin looked visibly shocked, as well. Although he hit Han Sen with all his might, it only left a light mark on his armor.

He was going to say, "I could have beheaded you, but I did not. Consider the life I owe you repaid."

But instead, there was only silence. He acknowledged his inability to slay Dollar, and as a result, could not so easily repay the life he owed.

"Try again," Han Sen looked at Luo Yin and told him. He knew Luo Yin was not mad, and he knew for sure the strike was not supposed to kill him outright.

But he wanted to know why he could not block it. The man's Falsified-Sky power was different than what Luo Li had exhibited.

"If you have heard of the Falsified-Sky Sutra, then you must know you cannot withstand my power. It conjures a strike that cannot miss, no matter how the sought-recipient seeks to dodge."

Luo Yin felt awkward but continued to speak. "I cannot break your armor, however. It is useless, even if I manage to hit you. You were indeed correct, none can threaten you. Not here, not in the Second God's Sanctuary. I am afraid I will never be able to repay you."

"I do not believe that," Han Sen frowned. Han Sen had never of an attack such as the one he spoke of. He did not know because he had not practiced the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

Luo Yin said nothing more and instead tried to attack again.

This time, Han Sen stared at his curious opponent with absolute focus. He was going to give it his all and dodge the strike that was to come, but it was useless. The attack hit his neck.

Luo Yin did this another thirteen times until he collapsed and sat on the ground. His wounds were cracked once more, and blood oozed from the orifices.

The thirteen hits were all delivered to different parts of Han Sen's body. He tried dodging and blocking each time, but despite his most valiant efforts, he failed to avoid the hits. If he wasn't wearing his Devil-Ant King armor, he'd have been dismembered thirteen times.

No matter how much he tried, Han Sen could not block the attacks. Each of Luo Yin's strikes were sent and received exactly where he desired them to be. No matter how hard Han Sen tried, he could not dodge them.

"No wonder Mom said, when I meet someone who has fully learned the true Falsified-Sky Sutra I should not dodge or try to defend. Killing such a foe quickly would be the only route to victory. It really is quite the terrifying skill." Han Sen's heart was rocked with surprise. He couldn't even see where Luo Yin attacked from, so it was no wonder why this skill of the Luo family was considered legendary.

"Ah, I cannot kill you. You should go. If you need me to kill

someone on your behalf someday, call me anytime. This is getting annoying." Luo Yin sighed.

Han Sen looked at Luo Yin and did not say anything. He turned and left.

Although he knew Luo Yin could not beat him, the Falsified-Sky Sutra's power made Han Sen feel danger unlike ever before. For now, Luo Yin could not break his armor, but what if someday someone could? What if he went up against a foe possessing a weapon that could perform the strike as needed?

Han Sen lacked confidence in his ability to stay alive against the Falsified-Sky Sutra because they could not miss. If they attacked, it would all be over.

"What is Falsified-Sky Sutra, exactly?" Han Sen did not believe an unbreakable skill existed in this world. Everything had its weakness, and Han Sen only had to find it.

In fact, Han Sen had used his dongxuan aura to scan Luo Yin's moves when they fought. He couldn't track the skill's delivery, but he did uncover something.

# Chapter 790: Researching Dongxuan Again

Although Han Sen was unable to trace the path of the Falsified-Sky power, it was cast by a human. That meant Han Sen could tell exactly when Luo Yin cast the move.

With this knowledge, Han Sen should be able to fight in a way that would prevent his opponent from casting any Falsified-Sky powers. No matter how powerful a skill was, it was pointless if it could not be used.

But this was just a thought. He couldn't blindly go against something like that and expect things to turn out exactly as he envisioned. He knew he'd have to deliberate it more and work out exactly how he might break down those attacks.

Han Sen was not an old-fashioned man. He had doubts, so he didn't venture to the Emerald Lake as planned. Instead, he returned to a human shelter so he could go back to the Alliance.

Upon his return, he wanted to research and learn as much as he could about the Falsified-Sky Sutra. He didn't plan on learning it, but Han Sen would definitely value a way in which he might break it, if it was ever used against him again.

The Luo family would never expect the Falsified-Sky Sutra they gave Han Sen to go unlearned, and he would instead use it to reverse-engineer a counter to the very thing they desired him to know.

After glossing over a bunch of information, Han Sen stumbled onto something rather elucidating.

"The power is of the sky but not; it is shura. Power is drawn from blackened hearts." After reading this sentence, Han Sen sort of understood what it meant. The Falsified-Sky power was derived from the shura, obtained through the consequence of evil actions.

You cannot avoid karma. Once you strike, it is locked-on and

unavoidable.

If it really was karma, then no one could avoid it. But this Falsified-Sky Sutra was created by humans. The karma they created was just a power built by the hands of humans.

After Han Sen saw this, his mood began to ease.

The power of humans could always be exhausted; they could not go on forever. So, the Falsified-Sky Sutra that never missed had to suffer from the same human defect.

"If things are like this, then the Dongxuan Sutra should be a Falsified-Sky Sutra-buster. Dongxuan is all about seeing opportunities. You can observe people, the sky and ground. You can see through everything in this world. My dongxuan aura should be able to trace the coming of Falsified-Sky power. So, why am I unable to?" Han Sen had yet to come up with a solution to this puzzle.

Han Sen brought out his Dongxuan Sutra and gave it a read. There was still much content he did not understand. The lexicon of its writing was too ancient and old.

It had been a long time since he last tried reading it, but now here he was again with it. He compared it with the Falsified-Sky Sutra, for his knowledge of the Dongxuan Sutra had greatly expanded by now.

"So, Dongxuan Sutra can restrict Falsified-Sky Sutra? My dongxuan aura should be able to see and predict the path Falsified-Sky powers take. But it looks like I lost my way when learning the Dongxuan Sutra, and I focused too much on observing energies. Energy is only one component of everything in this world, after all." Han Sen felt as if he was learning more, the more he read. And the more he read, the more he realized just how incredible the Dongxuan Sutra really was. The contents would undoubtedly shock the world and bring God himself to tears. Still, there were many things he was unable to learn to completion.

"It shouldn't be too difficult to break the Falsified-Sky power. I need to sense destiny and predict karma. Then, it all boils down to which combatant is more powerful." Han Sen closed his Dongxuan Sutra with a far greater understanding.

Han Sen didn't choose to immediately change his dongxuan aura. He started to review Jadeskin, which he had learned before it. After unlocking his first gene lock with Jadeskin, his eighth sense was what would enable him to restrict the Falsified-Sky power the most.

If he mastered his eighth sense, with the power of space and time, and his super sense ability, he wagered he could catch the Falsified-Sky power's trace.

But Han Sen was already used to dongxuan aura, which was similar enough. He rarely made use of his eighth sense, as it was. But now that he had read the Dongxuan Sutra again, he had learnt something new. He thought the dongxuan aura could include the eighth sense. So, he took a look at its specifics again, and got to thinking of a way he could incorporate it directly into dongxuan aura. And if he could not do that, he'd at least want to find a way in which he could use both simultaneously.

But the Dongxuan Sutra was the real and complete one. He had just been too focused on energy patterns and flows before. He had obtained many advantages from that, yes, but it resulted in him losing the true meaning behind dongxuan aura.

Han Sen did not go back to the sanctuary for a while. He remained where he was, practicing the Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin, hoping for a breakthrough.

He thought the Luo family's business was too complicated. Even though his mom tried her hardest to get away from them, they'd always crop up in an unexpected manner. Han Sen began to think he might not be able to completely escape them, either. If there was some conflict with the Luo family in the future, this would be

his best shot of coming out on top.

If he didn't learn how to overcome the Falsified-Sky Sutra, even if he learnt it himself, he would be unable to compete with the Luo family.

The Dongxuan Sutra, which could predict and foresee every opportunity, was his best chance of staying alive if he ever had to do combat with someone with a high-tier of the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

Therefore, Han Sen got to practicing seriously once more. Unfortunately for him, however, progress was excruciatingly slow. So, Han Sen decided to visit the virtual training camp so he could do battle with real people. He would learn much faster through actual combat.

Qin Xuan visited the virtual training camp whenever she could, too. She always did so in the hopes of meeting up with A Little Soldier on the Battleship for some guidance. But it had been a long time since she last saw him, and this severely disappointed her.

So, on this day, she entered the virtual training camp and went straight to her friend list like usual. Much to her surprise, she saw A Little Soldier on the Battleship was online.

"Coach, are you free?" Qin Xuan quickly sent a message and invited him to her lobby.

Han Sen saw Ms. Perfume's invitation arrive and agreed to join. He knew Ms. Perfume was Qin Xuan, but Qin Xuan didn't know Han Sen was A Little Soldier on the Battleship. Therefore, he exercised much caution in not allowing her to see who he truly was.

Qin Xuan was quite powerful among evolvers, but because of Han Sen's fitness, she was far weaker than him now.

But not everything came down to fitness. The hyper geno arts and combat skills she possessed would do well for his practice.

That was why he agreed to join her.

"Use all you can to beat me," Han Sen said to Qin Xuan after entering the arena.

Qin Xuan was happy to hear this and even happier to oblige. She thought the reason why he said this was so he could test her power and correct any mistakes she made.

To have such a powerful elite practice with her was a brilliant thing.

# Chapter 791: Empirical Sword

Qin Xuan let loose a flurry of attacks towards Han Sen, who remained in a defensive position, allowing her to do as she could. He was able to block each and every strike.

The dongxuan aura allowed him to sense all things, but Han Sen had previously stuck to only using it to observe lifeforces. As he shifted his focus on the skill, it began to feel more and more like the eighth sense.

Han Sen used his feelings to block Qin Xuan's attacks, and did not actually watch her with open eyes. The more he practiced, the greater his abilities of perception became. It wasn't quite on par with the eighth sense yet, but he wanted to get it there.

Although fighting with others was a fine aid for practicing, Han Sen soon discovered it was difficult for him to trace the attacks of others in the virtual community. While the virtual community felt real enough, everyone was just data. They weren't inhabiting a physical space, and as such, it was difficult for Han Sen to learn exactly what he needed. Most of the time, he was just guessing where to deflect.

"In these conditions, I can still predict the attacks of an opponent. This means I have been successful, on the whole." Han Sen was not a person who shied away from difficult tasks. Instead, the prospect of performing something tough, and then coming out on top, excited him.

When they first started practicing together, Han Sen used his vision as a secondary support to completely block her attacks. The longer he practiced, the more he could lax on his need for vision and rely solely on perception without eyes.

Although progress was slow, even a tiny bit was enough to bring Han Sen much joy.

As for Qin Xuan, she was holding back when she attacked during the early stages of their practice. It was only as time went on that she noticed her inability to deal any damage to her sparring partner.

No matter what attack she performed, Han Sen seemed able to block it flawlessly. When she noticed his unwillingness to fight back, she realized she had no need to hold back. Then, she committed all her focus and power into attacking without restraint. Despite her best efforts, she could not break or bypass his guard.

"Coach, will you be here again tomorrow?" Qin Xuan asked Han Sen, when she had to leave.

"Yes, I'll be visiting here for a while to come," Han Sen answered, with certainty. Until his dongxuan aura was as efficient as his eighth sense, he wasn't going to return to the sanctuary.

When Qin Xuan received this answer, she looked incredibly happy. After leaving the virtual training camp, she returned to her room and brought out a hyper geno art.

The hyper geno art was titled "Empirical Sword." This skill was focused purely on attack and saved nothing for defense. It was extremely powerful, but also extremely risky to perform during the heat of battle.

The Qin family had been in possession of the skill since ancient times, but due to the risk involved in its usage, few bothered learning it.

Once you committed to this strike, there was no going back. If your attack was ineffective, and the opponent on the receiving end was able to fight back, you'd most likely end up dead. In the ancestral book of their lineage, many family members were recorded to have died while using Empirical Sword.

The Qin family did have many other powerful skills, however.

She didn't have to only use Empirical Sword, and adding to that, she had not spent any time learning it before. But she thought of giving it a go while going up against an opponent who never attacked back: Han Sen. Qin Xuan could not once break his guard, so she thought of using this skill to surprise him. Gaining some casual experience and practice with the skill could only be a boon for her, as well.

Qin Xuan then took to learning it, and the next day when she and Han Sen fought, it surprised him a lot. Her intimidating approach was vastly different than it had been the day before, which excited him, too.

After Qin Xuan used Empirical Sword, she realized she quite liked it. So, she dedicated more time and research into its intricacies. After doing a deep-dive to learn it better and better, she became very proficient with it. This excited her a lot, but the grief-driven history of the skill ever gnawed at her mind.

"Are you okay?" While Han Sen battled with Qin Xuan in a merry mood, her talent with the new skill only continued to improve. This was good for him, as the added pressure forced him to get better and better. It was exactly what Han Sen needed, but before long, he noticed Qin Xuan withdrawing a little bit. The zest and intimidating momentum she wielded at the beginning of the day's session had all disappeared.

"Coach, this sword skill can only strike. There is no defense, at all. I fear that it is too risky, and I should hold back from learning more of it." When Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen, she appeared to be lost. It was obvious how much she sought and valued advice from him.

"What is the skill called?" Han Sen asked.

"Empirical Sword." Qin Xuan did not hide this and told him directly.

"'The power of grand empires is to secure victory without

bloodshed. Their presence compels obedience.' When your sword skills reach a level that does not require battle, then you will have truly learnt it. If you never have to fight, then there is no risk," Han Sen slowly said.

"Not fight?" Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen.

"Yes. To not have to do battle is to reach a zenith of your being." Han Sen nodded, and then continued to say, "We will stop here for now, while you mull my words over for a time. Listen to what your heart tells you; if you want to learn it, continue. If you harbor doubt, then give it up now. You cannot be half-and-half with this skill. It will get you killed, if so."

"Thank you, Coach. I will indeed think this over." Qin Xuan left the virtual training camp, deep in thought over what Han Sen had told her.

Qin Xuan thought things over for a long time, and her mind was wracked with indecision. Eventually, she reached out to call someone else. On her communicator, the image of an old man appeared on screen.

"Little Xuanxuan, you have actually reached out to me. 'Tis a rare happenstance." The old man sipped tea, as a certain of bitterness tinged his words.

"Great Grandfather, I want to practice Empirical Sword," Qin Xuan said, with seriousness in her voice.

The old man's head shook, and he looked back with seriousness, too. He observed his great granddaughter for a while and eventually asked, "Tell me why you seek to practice it."

Qin Xuan told him what had been happening, and then she said, "So, after much consideration, I wish to learn it. And I want to reach a level where fighting will never be necessary."

"To not fight is the great oppression, and I have much interest in meeting this person you speak so fondly of," the old man said,

instead of answering Qin Xuan directly.

"Great Grandpa, if you would like to meet him, that can be arranged for tomorrow in the virtual training camp. But tell me, should I learn Empirical Sword?" Qin Xuan asked, with a girlier voice.

She barely showed her more ladylike side to anyone, not even her parents. She would only do it before her great grandfather.

"Don't you have the answer, residing deep in your heart? For what purpose are you asking this old man?" The old man laughed and continued to say, "Remember to call me tomorrow, so that I can see what sort of person this fellow is, to have told you such profound things. If something happens to my great granddaughter in the future, over the words spoken to her by this person, then I will go after him and not relent."

"Great Grandpa, this has nothing to do with my coach," Qin Xuan pleaded, with a cute and higher-pitched voice.

"Of course it has. If he did not tell you that not fighting is to reach the zenith, then you would not know the way of the Empirical Sword. If these words were not spoken, then you would not be so keen on learning this skill," the old man coldly said.

# Chapter 792: A King with Seventy-Two Wives

After Han Sen woke up, he logged into the virtual training camp. Qin Xuan was already online, and she wasted no time in inviting him to a lobby.

"Coach, I have decided to learn Empirical Sword," Qin Xuan told him directly.

"Okay," Han Sen said. The way he saw things, Qin Xuan was a woman who could do anything. She surmounted challenges of all sorts easily, and it was difficult to grasp that feeling with the other men he knew. He thought Empirical Sword would suit her just fine.

They both matched against each other again, but this time, there was someone in the audience. It was a middle-aged gentleman.

Qin Xuan thought her great grandfather was a strange man. He was incredibly old, but upon making his virtual avatar, he created a delicate and handsome middle-aged man. He had also taken to flirting with other online girls, something which annoyed her quite a bit.

At least she was not compelled to inform others that it was indeed her great grandfather. Admitting such a thing would be extremely embarrassing.

After their fight was over, Qin Xuan hesitated for a bit before talking. When she spoke, she said, "Coach, I have a friend who would like to match against you. Would this be okay?"

"Sure," Han Sen quickly agreed, as it did not concern him who he practiced with.

"Cool. I will ask him to invite you, then." Qin Xuan felt relieved, not hearing Han Sen ask her who this person was. If he had, she wouldn't have known how to answer him. She could not lie, but

admitting the truth would be painful.

After waiting a bit, Han Sen saw a friend request pop-up, alongside the ID of its sender. It was called "A King with Seventy-Two Wives," a name which made Han Sen laugh. He happily accepted the request.

This name was one of the primary reasons why Qin Xuan did not want to introduce the person as her great grandfather.

After Han Sen added him as a friend, he received a match invite. He agreed, but did not expect the person he was about to face to be a demi-god.

Qin Xuan was prepared to watch the fight, but her entry was prevented.

"A fighter has disabled spectating. Entry is prohibited." Hearing the system announcement, Qin Xuan froze. She had no idea why she had been locked out.

"Great Grandpa, what are you doing?" Qin Xuan sent Qin Taixuan a message.

"The recipient has disabled their messaging functionality. Try again later." When Qin Xuan heard this second announcement, she began to feel awful. She had no idea what her great grandfather sought to do.

When Han Sen entered the arena, his body felt a great chill. He could sense a feeling of danger encroach and swell inside him. It was the sort of feeling that suggested he was not going up against a person, but rather a monster.

If he was in the sanctuary, he'd turn tail and run within a heartbeat. This scary feeling made him tremble.

He was not afraid in his mind, however. His body's reaction was only natural, when faced with the potential of extreme danger. It was merely quite strange for him, since he had never suffered this reaction before.

Han Sen forced his body to calm down, and after doing so, approached to observe his opponent.

Han Sen knew there would be no point in running. If he ever met someone in real life who could make his body shiver like this, he knew he wouldn't be granted the opportunity of flight.

Han Sen was simply glad he had only encountered this person here in the virtual Skynet, and he wasn't a real enemy of his.

"Why have you convinced Qin Xuan to learn that skill?" Qin Taixuan coldly asked.

"Because I think it suits her," Han Sen said, not looking to hide anything. Although he did not compel Qin Xuan to learn it, he hoped that she would learn it due to how well it suited her.

"Then let me see if you have what it takes to even think about it." Qin Taixuan stepped forward and his hands became blades. Without pause, he slashed towards Han Sen.

In this virtual world, when Han Sen saw the strike come, he felt as if the world had gotten smaller. It was like the entire space was taken by this attack, and he could neither move nor dodge. He felt as if he would just have to stand and wait there, anticipating the moment he would be broken by his opponent.

Han Sen knew that it wasn't the power gap between the two that prohibited him from fighting back, it was just the feelings he was suffering from, as a result of going against someone of a much higher tier. It stifled him.

Han Sen's heart was tough, and he had frequently found himself triumphing over life or death moments. Thinking this over, he became determined not to lose over the strength he perceived someone else to have.

He cast the Dongxuan Sutra, which resulted in his body shaking. But still, his eyes shone bright with determination, devoid of any glimmer of a desire to back out. All he did was stare at the hand

that approached him.

He did not move back nor forward. Instead, he moved horizontally.

Pang!

When the attack landed, he felt as if his chest was about to be torn open. One of his arms and half a shoulder were sliced off. The system simulated the appearance of gushing blood, as his HP bar was brought down to a sliver.

But the opponent's attack did not defeat him right away, and he still had a single-digit amount of HP left.

Qin Taixuan's eyes looked strange. He could tell that his opponent was not some leader in an army and was instead just a young man.

But for a young man to have such a reaction towards his attack was special, and even here in a virtual community, it surprised Qin Taixuan a great amount.

If Han Sen backed off, then that would mean his mind was lost. If he went forward, then that would imply he was reckless under pressure.

No matter which way Han Sen went, he'd have been defeated.

But under such pressure, Han Sen could still use his best judgment and heed his own advice. To this, Qin Taixuan was surprised and in great admiration of him.

Qin Taixuan thought it was incredible to see a young man such as this.

"If you have convinced Little Xuanxuan to learn this skill, you must be responsible." Qin Taixuan merely looked at Han Sen now, foregoing a desire to attack.

Han Sen was preparing to fight back, but put away his attempt upon hearing him speak. His heart could properly take-in what

was spoken, so he asked, "Responsible? Responsible for what?"

"If a powerful sword lacks a proper scabbard, then it will inevitably harm the wielder. If you have suggested that she learn Empirical Sword, then you must be her scabbard," Qin Taixuan said with calm gravitas.

# Chapter 793: Exceeding Ultimate Mode

"Scabbard?" Han Sen was unsure what he meant. Qin Xuan was only seeking to learn a new sword skill; it wasn't as if she was being melted down and reforged into a blade herself. What scabbard?

"The most important aspect of Empirical Sword lies in the ruler's heart. If there is no heart, there can be no sword. But this heart..." Qin Taixuan sighed and then continued to say, "The absolute power is dependent on the heart. If the heart sinks, so too does the power. She needs a person to keep her feeling as if she were in danger. She needs a person who gives her purpose to proceed and strive ever forward, not to remain where she is and be content. Only that can sharpen the sword, the sword that will be sheathed inside the scabbard you will embody."

"Why me?" Han Sen asked with confusion.

There were many elites in the Qin family, so Han Sen did not understand why Qin Taixuan wanted him to be the scabbard. He was an outsider, and no one else in the Qin family even knew about him.

"If you do not know the heart, how can you be the scabbard?" Qin Taixuan said, while staring at Han Sen. He continued, "Tell me your name, kid. I can only suppose you are someone special."

Qin Taixuan believed Han Sen to hail from a big family, if he indeed possessed such wisdom. The kid intrigued him very much and so, he wanted to confirm his identity before allowing him to become the scabbard.

Han Sen hesitated for a moment, and then said, "I am Han Sen. I am a subordinate of Team Qin. Now I am Captain of the Special Squad. If I can help Team Qin, I will do whatever I am able to."

"You are Han Sen?" Qin Taixuan looked at him in a strange way.

Qin Taixuan had heard Han Sen's name before, but not through

his achievements. It was because he was the son-in-law of Ji Ruozhen, and had a blood relation with the Luo family.

"Yes. If you need me, give me a call." Han Sen nodded, as there was nothing else he could say. And there was nothing else he could do to prove he was indeed Han Sen.

"Have you joined the Luo family?" Qin Taixuan wore a serious look.

"My surname is Han, not Luo," Han Sen replied.

Qin Taixuan's expression was complex, and after a brief time of silence elapsed between the two, he said to Han Sen, "Qin Xuan will be depending on you."

"What should I do?" Han Sen was not sure what was needed to be a good scabbard.

"Spend time practicing with her. Beat her, but not too harshly," Qin Taixuan said this and prepared to leave.

"How can I contact you?" Han Sen asked.

"My name is Qin Taixuan," he answered.

Han Sen was shocked, and in his heart, he thought to himself, "The demigod Qin Taixuan? It is no wonder he is so powerful. I am afraid he already went easy on me. If he didn't, I wouldn't be standing here with a modicum of health remaining."

"Old Qin, there is something I must ask." Han Sen felt embarrassed.

"What is it?" Qin Taixuan looked at Han Sen.

"Qin Xuan does not know who I am; could you please not tell her? If you told her, I can only suspect she will become mad." Han Sen bore a wry smile.

"Okay." Qin Taixuan nodded.

"Thank you, Old Qin." Han Sen was now beaming with

happiness.

After Han Sen departed, Qin Taixuan looked puzzled. He thought to himself, "I hope he does not join the Luo family. A person like that, joining them? It would either be the luckiest thing or the worst thing for the Alliance."

"Great Grandpa, what were you doing with my coach?" Qin Xuan finally saw him return and asked the question as quickly as possible.

"Nothing. I was just testing him. I wanted to see if he was sufficiently qualified to teach my cute, great granddaughter. He is alright." Qin Taixuan smiled.

"Why would you not allow me to see?" Qin Xuan looked as if she didn't entirely trust what he had to say.

Qin Taixuan merely squinted and said, "Do you want to stand around here all day chatting, or do you want to come home with me so that I can show you the true Empirical Sword?"

"I can learn it?" Qin Xuan looked surprised, not expecting to be allowed to learn it so soon.

The Empirical Sword she had previously learnt was just a skill. The hyper geno art was forbidden from the family, and without Qin Taixuan's permission, she wouldn't even be allowed to look upon it.

"Remember this; to not fight is the most oppressive thing you can do. To learn this without heeding that will only harm you," Qin Taixuan said, with an unreadable expression.

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Han Sen practiced with Qin Xuan every day, and when he wasn't practicing, he spent his time playing Hand of God. Playing Hand of God actually aided the training of his perception.

And especially so, since he was going up against bots. Highly-

advanced AI posed a far greater challenge to him than humans did. The primary reason for this was because of the AI's reaction speeds, which far exceeded that of ordinary humans. The AI always knew when the next lightspot was to appear.

With AI as your opponents, you would need brilliant abilities of perception. You would have to accurately predict where the lightspot was before the AI itself became aware, and then react before they did.

Han Sen chose to compete against the hardest level of AI, one which other humans had great difficulty going against. In the beginning, Han Sen's success rate was low, only managing to get two lightspots out of every hundred. And even those times were through guesses.

But as Han Sen became more powerful, the number of lightspots he managed to obtain increased. After all, the AI was programmed and scripted, adhering to rules established by the creators. Over time, Han Sen began to get a feel for the AI's rhythm, and as he did, his success rate grew.

After two months of constant practice, Han Sen's perception with his dongxuan aura only continued to improve. By that time, it had almost wholly caught up with Jadeskin's eighth sense.

"Congratulations! You have beaten Hand of God's super mode." After getting the final lightspot, the announcement played to congratulate Han Sen.

At the same time, the whole community of Hand of God played the announcement.

"Evolver-class player 'Win A Girlfriend' is now the first player to complete super mode and has been granted the title 'Hand of God.'"

The announcement played three times across the entire community, and brought everyone to a standstill.

"Holy smokes! Is that for real? An evolver finished super mode?"

"Who is that powerful? They must be cheating; how can an evolver finish super mode?"

"He must have been single for fifty years, willing to do anything to win a girlfriend."

"I don't think the system can make mistakes. But I'll echo your sentiments and ask how an evolver could possibly pass this difficulty?"

Many people believed the feat to have been impossible. A lot of the professional Hand of God players went to search for the identity of the player only known as "Win A Girlfriend." They added him as a friend and invited Han Sen to play many times, to see how good he truly was.

When Han Sen saw the first request, he accepted it. But later, the friend request tone was like a fire alarm. Unable to cope with the number of requests he was suddenly receiving, he simply decided to turn on his "busy" status.

The only person he accepted sent him a match request. "Player 'God's Third Hand' has sent you a match request. Will you accept?"

# Chapter 794: The Hand That Orchestrates Fate

God's Third Hand was a very famous player in the Hand of God community circles.

Over the past five years, God's Third Hand had managed to beat out every other professional evolver Hand of God player, coming first place in four of the annual Hand of God championships in the process. His talent for the game resulted in others referring to him as "God's favorite child."

In addition to his constant practice of the game, his legendary status was achieved in a variety of different ways. And aside from being naturally talented, he had a special hyper geno art that aided his play.

Everyone knew his name in the Hand of God circles, but even he had yet to beat super mode. His speed and reactions could not match that of the AI, and it had been believed that evolvers were unable to beat the master-level AI.

But now, all of a sudden, an unknown evolver had managed to beat super mode. It was difficult for people to believe, and he did not believe it, either.

He assumed whoever had won had managed to forge their identity, and thus it was most likely a surpasser acting under the guise of an evolver. That was how the cheater had managed to do it, he believed.

God's Third Hand wasted no time in inviting Han Sen to match, and he was keen to prove whether or not his theory was correct.

Han Sen had spent much time battling the AI to beat the hardest difficulty. To keep going was pointless, but now that a real person had invited him to play, his interest was reinvigorated. Thinking it might be fun, he accepted the invite without hesitation.

"Win A Girlfriend and God's Third Hand now compete." The system announced, as a special treatment for those who had achieved the title Hand of God.

Hearing this news, everyone was shocked. They all quickly scrambled to spectate the match.

God's Third Hand was very famous, and widely recognized as a legendary professional with the game. Han Sen, who was unknown and had just achieved the title Hand of God, was going to compete with him. Intense matches such as this were rare, and only those widely invested in the game could truly grasp how monumental an event such as this really was.

Han Sen did not know his one randomly accepted friend request would result in this, and he at first thought God's Third Hand was just another average, run-of-the-mill player.

To be the very first person to send a request, you'd need to be lightning-quick. So perhaps it made sense that God's Third Hand had gotten in first.

But even if Han Sen knew beforehand how strong he was, he wouldn't have cared too much.

The match started, and every eye in the audience turned to view their hands. With bated breath, they tensely anticipated the appearance of the first light to show.

Whoever hit a hundred lightspots first would be deemed the victor. You could either grab the lights near you, or the ones belonging to your opponent. Each lightspot was worth one point, and one hundred was needed to win.

God's Third Hand watched Han Sen's hands intently, eagerly waiting to witness his speed. If he was too fast, then God's Third Hand would know he was just a cheap cheater.

Many people thought the same way as God's Third Hand, too. After all, he had been playing for many years, and not a single

evolver had yet to reach fifty-percent completion of super mode. And that included God's Third Hand.

Somehow, this previously unknown "Win A Girlfriend" entered the scene and finished what was believed to be impossible. Few people put stock in the validity of the win.

The first lightspot appeared, and everyone looked at Han Sen's hand. Much to the surprise of everyone, the hand moved relatively slowly. The speed was remarkably average, when compared to most high-level players. He couldn't compete well in traditional matchmade games if he genuinely played like that.

"Did he really beat super mode with such speed?" Everyone thought to themselves.

God's Third Hand frowned, also thinking Han Sen's move was slow. But just as he went to reach his own lightspot, he noticed Han Sen had already taken it.

1 : 0

"Whoa!" Seeing this, many people made a variety of different noises indicating surprise.

God's Third Hand was faster, so how could Win A Girlfriend grab the lightspot first? That confused many people.

Win A Girlfriend now moved to God's Third Hand's side, looking as if he was about to steal his next lightspot.

God's Third Hand's face looked cold, and he did not believe his opponent's speed would be enough to beat him.

But this was exactly what he wanted. To fight him face to face would expose his speed and reveal to everyone how much of a cheater his rival was.

Over the next minute, however, God's Third Hand felt as if he had slipped into a sordid nightmare.

Han Sen's hands were not fast, and they were most certainly

slower than his own, but God's Third Hand had not managed to grab a single lightspot. It was so strange, it genuinely made him feel as if he was having a bad dream.

No matter how hard he tried, no matter how much effort he put into increasing his own speed, he couldn't hit a single lightspot. The audience was entirely quiet, as well, unable to believe what they were seeing.

A legendary professional player did not have a single point.

It would have made sense if Han Sen's hands were fast, but they weren't. In fact, he looked very relaxed.

But God's Third Hand's lightspots were all snatched by the flimsy, casual hands. It made people feel pretty awkward on God's Third Hand's behalf. And nobody could really understand what was going on.

The true elites of Hand of God were even more shocked than the rest of the audience.

They believed God's Third Hand's movements were seen by Han Sen beforehand. It was like Han Sen treated God's Third Hand like a puppet on a string.

"This cannot be real!" Everyone started to think.

At the same time, they realized how scary this thought genuinely was. The man was a legendary, professional player who had won numerous contests. Yet now, he was getting wrecked by a person they hadn't seen before. Truly, this new contender was frighteningly strong.

No one believed Han Sen was cheating now, either. Even if he was playing against the AI, cheating would only enable him to react faster. He couldn't actively work to block an opponent from grabbing a lightspot.

AI could not predict the decisions of a human, but even if you did not directly compete with the AI, you could still manage to grab

lightspots for yourself.

For that slow speed to prohibit every approach by God's Third Hand was something not even the AI was able to do.

"It's like he can control fate itself. This person is the real Hand of God," the audience thought to themselves.

# Chapter 795: The Monster That Inhabits Emerald Lake

After the match was over, Han Sen exited the virtual community. He thought battling other humans was fairly lame, and all-around boring; he viewed competition against the AI to be much more exciting. Until he could challenge a surpasser, it was a waste of his time.

The fact that the match was considered boring was something that rocked the entire Hand of God community.

A legendary, professional player God's Third Hand was bullied into defeat with a final score of one hundred to nil. It was a shocker.

A video of the match circulated virally, as everyone who saw it shared and passed it on. No matter who ended up watching it, they were amazed.

But no one suspected Win A Girlfriend was cheating, and rightfully so. Cheats only allowed someone to speed up, and Han Sen's hands were actually slower than his opponent's.

Many Hand of God professionals analyzed the match, since the details of the match promised to bring the game into a new era.

Previously, it was entirely believed to be a game of speed. After one match, it was revealed to everyone that it could be something more. No longer was it about collecting points through speed alone; now it was about prediction and foresight. And it was possible to play mind games on your opponent, and work to prevent your opponent from collecting their points.

A new era began, and this match was officially documented as a guide and a showcase for players. And so, as it was handed out more and more, it became even more widely-known.

Many people wanted to uncover the identity of the enigmatic

Win A Girlfriend. Some teams and organizations even placed a bounty for any concrete information that could aid in the discovery of who the player truly was. But after time elapsed, with no progress in such investigations, the trail went cold.

Han Sen no longer had any interest in playing Hand of God. He decided to return to the sanctuary, since the sensing abilities of his dongxuan aura were almost on par with his Jadeskin's eighth sense. He believed by now, he had what it took to overcome Falsified-Sky Sutra, and thus, Han Sen wanted to find Luo Yin again. He wanted to see if he could well-and-truly beat the Falsified-Sky powers.

But Luo Yin was not there, so he reverted back to his original plan—the one that led him to encounter Luo Yin in the first place. Han Sen returned to the Emerald Lake, in the hope he could find the dinosaurs that had been said to reside there—the parent and child.

If they did not live together, then Han Sen thought he had a fair chance of killing them.

After the silver fox had eaten the second-generation Devil-Eye Spider, it seemed to have grown up quite a bit. Its energy flow had almost reached the same level as the fairy's. While these changes occurred on the inside, little happened to its exterior. It looked practically the same as it always had, so it didn't seem as if it was yet an adult.

Han Sen pulled out the corpse of the silver-winged butterfly, and the silver fox's eyes began to shine towards it. The silver fox hopped onto Han Sen's hand in the hopes of swallowing it.

But Han Sen suddenly pulled back his hand. He looked at the silver fox and said, "Little Silver, I treat you better than I would my own son. I give you everything. If you ever think to betray me, I will never forgive you. Do you understand?"

The silver fox used its head to rub Han Sen, as saliva drooled

from its mouth into the fabric of his clothes.

When Han Sen put his hand down, the silver fox leapt off and gobbled up the butterfly in a second-flat. Its body seemed to shake and tremble afterwards.

Silver lightning suddenly burst forth from it, like silk. This static silk crackled and weaved its way around to encase the silver fox in a silver cocoon.

Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to watch the cocoon and took a surprised notice of the chaotic energy that swirled inside. It was like a volcano, preparing to erupt at any second.

"Is it finally growing up?" Han Sen felt relieved. He was worried that even after eating the silver butterfly, there'd be no change. If so, Han Sen hadn't a clue how much longer it would take.

Han Sen did not know how long it would take for the silver fox to finish its time inside the cocoon, either, but he didn't fancy waiting around. So, he stuffed the cocoon inside his pack and resumed his journey to the Emerald Lake.

The Emerald Lake sparkled green, and all you could see was the green unspoiled surface reflecting the sky above. It was a gorgeous view to behold. Upon reaching the lake, Han Sen walked around its length but did not find a single super creature.

He used his dongxuan aura to scan the water. He could only scan up to a depth of about ten meters, despite how deep it truly was. As a result, he was unable to find anything.

"Friend, have you come here looking for dinosaurs? A bunch of us have established a camp and with a fire, and we're having a barbeque." A man appeared and greeted Han Sen, inviting him to join in the festivities.

It was rare to see a man so passionate and welcoming, so Han Sen did not hesitate to oblige and take a seat.

They spoke together for some time, and Han Sen learnt the group

was a bunch of friends that composed a squad. They all knew each other back in the First God's Sanctuary, but they all happened to be sent to the same region in the Second God's Sanctuary. Such an occurrence was highly unlikely, and so, they took it as a sign that they should form a team. Passing by this lake, they had heard the tales of a dinosaur supposedly inhabiting the place. Therefore, they decided to stop for a while and scope the place out.

They had been camping at the same spot for two days, but alas, they hadn't seen anything out of the ordinary.

"Which squad are you from?" Liu Yunyi asked.

"My squad is a bit special; it is not appropriate for me to discuss their affairs here." Han Sen smiled.

"A special team, huh? Has anything interesting hit the airwaves? Is there any juicy gossip you can share with us?" someone else asked.

Just as Han Sen was about to tell them a story, he heard watery splashes. Suddenly, the glassy surface of the lake was disturbed, and the tide that caressed the grassy skirt of the lake began to rise. A wave that was a few meters high was generated, and it quickly came in the direction of the camp. Under the force of the sudden tsunami, the fire was immediately put out and the tents were all ruined.

Everyone, now drenched, looked out towards the lake. They saw something with the neck and head of a giraffe emerge from the water. This was much bigger than the dinosaur they had previously expected. Its body had to be over a hundred meters wide; it was ridiculous.

Near the monster, a little version of itself lay. Its body was smaller, at only about ten meters wide. They both exited the waters and climbed upon the shore At the ghastly sight, Liu Yunyi and his team froze. It was rare to see creatures of such goliath proportions inhabiting a sanctuary.

"Boss, should we fight?" someone asked Liu Yunyi.

Liu Yunyi smiled wryly and muttered, "Do you have a death wish? It's huge! Our weapons would only be capable of tickling such a fiend. Its tail alone could wipe us out!"

As their dialogue unfolded, Han Sen was already running towards the two creatures.

He used his dongxuan aura to scan them. The big one's life force, although blurry, was incredibly strong. It was a first-generation super creature.

The small one's energy flow was running strangely, but that aside, it was clear. It was a second-generation super creature.

It was rare to find a second-generation super creature that was alone, and although the big one was beside it, Han Sen didn't see a reason why he could not kill it.

# Chapter 796: Killing the Smaller Monster

The little angel flapped her wings and flew directly to the big monster's head, as Han Sen took off running to the smaller monster.

His fitness had almost reached the level of a juvenile super creature at this point, and with the Flaming Rex Spike in hand, it wouldn't be too difficult for him to slay his target.

The small black-scaled monster, seeing Han Sen run towards it, shouted. Its mouth became a black, gaping maw with a set of wretched fangs piercing out of that darkness.

Han Sen swung the Flaming Rex Spike down towards it. The monster did not flee or evade the attack, and instead used its own head as a deflector. When the rex spike collided with the black-scales, a deep noise was emitted.

Han Sen felt a terrible power surge into his hands from the monster's head, as the rex spike failed to crack open the scales of the beast. The power that pushed back was so strong, it hurled Han Sen into the air and sent him through a few spins as he went.

"That is quite powerful. This thing must have a really high vitality." Han Sen borrowed strength from the air he was borne onto and returned to engage the small monster.

Liu Yunyi and his group were frozen stiff, watching the crazy waves that continued to surge out of the wild waters of the lake. Han Sen and his angel had fearlessly gone to battle the monsters there, and in the chaos of the scene, it was difficult to tell who would emerge triumphant.

"Holy crap! Where did this elite come from? He can actually go toe-to-toe with these things and potentially beat them?"

"That angel-looking lady must be a pet beast soul. It's so strong and beautiful."

"What are you guys hanging around for? We should quickly retreat and fall back."

The little angel invaded every inch of the big monster's personal space and attacked its head repeatedly. She wanted to strike its eyes and blind it, but the monster's vitality was extraordinarily high, and so its flesh was incredibly difficult to get through. Unable to deal much in the way of damage, even the little angel ended up dodging more than she could attack.

Her greatsword smacked the creature's head numerous times, but its skull was sufficiently guarded by its hardy scales. Despite the effort of her attacks, only a shallow scratch mark was left behind by each strike. In comparison to the beast at large, she might as well have tried tickling the fiend.

The small monster was angrier and less composed, however. It ignored Han Sen's attacks and instead tried to attack him, even at the cost of ensuring its own defense. The black scales looked tougher than the big monster's, however, and the creature itself looked more powerful.

The big monster took notice of the little one chasing Han Sen around, which put its concern at ease. With continued composure, it calmly fought the little angel that had targeted it.

Han Sen fell back more and more, attempting to lure the smaller creature away. He was initially worried that the small one might not follow, so he prepared to use his Devil-Eye Spider beast soul in order to seduce it. But this was not necessary, due to the monster's feistiness. Attracting it his way was the easiest aspect of the ensuing battle.

Han Sen eventually managed to lead the small monster into the nearby woods. Its teeth gnashed in a fearsome bloodlust as it chased after Han Sen with murder in its eyes.

Although the little monster was strong and powerful, it came as a surprise to Han Sen that it had evidently not lived for very long. It

clearly knew little of the world at large. Now, seeing Han Sen stop, it gaped its hungry maw and leapt towards him.

The fangs of its mouth were like daggers as they came, but Han Sen did not fall back at the sight of their gnashing hunger. Just as the mouth came close, ready to tear his face off, Han Sen drove the rex spike deep into the creature's mouth.

The Flaming Rex Spike spun like a drill, as flames blazed and wreathed their way around it. With Han Sen's surprise attack, the weapon was shoved deep into the monster's throat. Like mud from a manic drillbit, blood squirted out from the ravaged throat of the beast.

The little monster squealed in absolute pain, but its cry was muted due to the presence of the ravenous rex spike.

Han Sen's heart pounded with the thrill, as he channeled an infinite source of power into the rex spike. His push with the weapon did not recede, and Han Sen slowly worked the weapon into the creature's stomach.

In a moment's notice, the two-yard-long rex spike had been driven a full three feet into the mouth of the super creature. And Han Sen primed it to go deeper.

Amidst the blood and shredded flesh of its butchered throat, the monster could do little but shake its head. As it shook vigorously, it sent Han Sen and the rex spike flying into the air. The strength of its wiggle was too powerful, and even Han Sen was unable to withstand the velocity. The little monster let out a cry of pain after throwing away its violent aggressor, and this alerted the big monster to the little one's danger. Immediately, its concerned parent stomped its way through the trees to its aid.

The giant, hulking body made the ground quake with each step it took. The lake was thrown into utter turmoil as it left the battered waters behind.

Although the little angel wanted to stop the approach of the big monster, she couldn't deal a critical hit to the monster or find a weak spot she could exploit. Thus, nothing she did could grab its attention. Even as she repeatedly struck its scaly-skin, the sword could do nothing.

Seeing the big monster heading his way, Han Sen knew it would only have to take two more steps before it was directly in front of him. He knew he had to act fast, so he quickly retrieved his rex spike and ran towards the little monster. Without thinking, he rammed it up the baby monster's butthole with all his might.

The rex spike was driven an entire meter up its backside, as blood burst from the exploited hole like unclogged plumbing.

Its upper-body had already been severely injured, and now, it's lower-body was being quickly made the same. It squealed in agony and fell down to the ground. It exerted much effort in trying to stabilize itself, but try as it might, it could not stand back up.

Han Sen was not content to stop there, and he was determined to push harder and end the monster's life as soon as he possibly could. But the big monster was approaching quickly, like a mountain bearing down on him. Han Sen knew he couldn't remain where he was much longer, so he pulled his rex spike out and retreated.

Boom!

The giant monster brought another foot down and crushed trees and fallen logs into kindling. The diameter of each footprint left behind was ten meters. Han Sen dodged the foot, but it only by a small margin.

The little monster finally managed to regain its balance and stand up, then crawled nearby the bigger monster. When the big monster noticed the wounds its young one had incurred, its wrath was stoked. Wild flames of anger now burned for Han Sen.

The giant monster roared and tried to crush Han Sen underfoot once more. The vitality-based monster was not something he could compete with, so Han Sen had no choice but to fall back.

Han Sen cast Aero and used it to more easily evade the stomping of the raging behemoth.

All the while, the little angel continued trying to attack the big monster's eyes. Her attempts were ineffective, however. The monster's neck was surprisingly spry, and it managed to duck and weave to avoid many of her strikes.

As this was unfolding, Han Sen looked for an opportunity to swing back around and finish off the smaller monster. Unfortunately for him, the opportunity was taking its time in revealing itself. But during this intense observation, a new sound came from the skies above.

A black and metallic tiger, one with wings, descended from the skies. It flew extremely fast and within a second, it landed behind the big monster. Its four paws shredded the little monster's body. Then, it grabbed the little monster, flapped its wings, and took off flying to the west.

"That b*stard! Trying to steal my kill, are you?" Han Sen was infuriated, so he took off in flight and chased after the black tiger.

Only Han Sen was allowed to steal the kills of others, and the thought of this black tiger stealing his kill was unacceptable.

The big monster, when seeing its little one get captured, ignored Han Sen and tried to chase after the black tiger, as well.

The black tiger held on to the little monster with ease, despite how many tons it undoubtedly weighed. And it was still going too fast for him or the big monster to catch up.

# Chapter 797: Scary Shelter

Han Sen was fuming. He was the master of stealing easy kills from others, but now, someone had attempted to do the same thing to him. It was infuriating. In silence, Han Sen blitzed through the sky in pursuit of the tiger. The little angel and the big monster also went after it, and in the big monster's wake, giant craters remained as the soil was upturned, mud was flung, rocks were smashed and trees were crushed.

Fortunately, there was no human shelter in the vicinity and neither would there be in the lands ahead. If even a royal shelter was to be in the rampaging behemoth's track, it'd be flattened within seconds.

Han Sen was the slowest of them all. He was in the back, and the distance that separated them only increased the further they went. The little angel and big monster were both faster than him.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and simulated Light Son of God's energy flow; with this, his speed increased by a vast amount. Through this, he was just about able to catch up and not get left behind.

The black tiger was an extremely menacing creature to look at. Despite carrying such a large monster, it was able to continue its flight west and outpace them all without any trouble, whatsoever.

Han Sen chased after the black tiger for four days straight, and neither of the creatures slowed down. Han Sen himself was unable to excuse the misdeed committed by the tiger, and with a burst of energy, swore to the high heaven he would catch up with the tiger and deliver its just desserts.

The big monster felt the same. Gripped in the fearsome talons of the tiger's paws, its baby repeatedly cried out for aid over the course of their flight. The baby's perseverance had to be admired, and it was no wonder why it was a second-generation super

creature.

Devil-Eye Spiders had a weak vitality, and if they were the ones snatched, they'd have died a long time ago. There was no way they'd remain alive, let alone muster the effort of screeching for help.

But despite all their most valiant efforts, none were able to catch up with the black tiger. And by now, it had been eight days. Their flight had gone on so long and far, they had exited the San Dao River region. Treacherous mountain ranges are what lay in the distant lands ahead, ones which the black tiger was not hesitant to fly into once nearing them.

Han Sen looked ahead and stopped. Amidst all the mountains that were connected, there was one purple mountain that stuck out like a sore thumb. The black tiger landed on its slopes and dragged the small monster up with it.

The purple mountain was a strange one, indeed. It was very tall and its peak rested somewhere above the clouds. On this peak was what looked like a palace.

Han Sen witnessed the black tiger land there, and suspected things were only going to take a turn for the worse. For a spirit shelter to have a monster as wild as that, it wouldn't merely be a royal class one.

Han Sen recalled the little angel, while the big monster went on ahead. It seemed as if it was willing to do whatever it took if it meant securing the safety of its child.

The purple palace appeared semi-transparent, as its appearance was masked and unmasked at the whims and travel of clouds. The black tiger raced its way to the top.

The purple palace's double-doors opened as if they were automatic, and with the squirming, screeching monster in its clutches, the tiger ran inside. Once it was beyond them, the doors

closed and locked the big monster outside.

The big monster was not willing to stop there, however. With its goliath body, it threw itself against the gates repeatedly, in a bid to bring it down.

The big monster had a width of one hundred meters, and it was at least fifty meters tall. But in the shadow of that door, it didn't appear so grand. They were of comparable height.

Boom!

The giant monster's body used all its strength in hitting the door, and each thud echoed far and wide. But despite its efforts, the stone gates did not budge a single inch. The monster's wretched power was nothing in comparison.

The monster used so much strength in each push, it fell backward a few times after every throw of itself. It would scream aloud after each failed attempt, and then try once more.

Nothing happened. The stone gate was firmly sealed and no matter how much strength was exerted, the big monster was unable to break down the door.

After all these hits, the monster had begun to bleed. And still, the door remained closed.

Han Sen was shocked while watching this. The powerful monster must have been a super creature, and he suspected most second-generation sorts would be unable to kill him.

Yet this one door, despite receiving the monster's absolute might, was unwilling to submit. It remained sealed, and Han Sen suspected it was a testament to the strength of whatever master waited inside.

Han Sen frowned and flew back up into the sky, keen to take an aerial view of the site and see what creatures were inside the shelter.

But while he was airborne, the sight was entirely shrouded by mist. Unable to get a good look, Han Sen felt his heart sink somewhat.

With his eyesight and abilities of perception, he should have had no issue piercing the clouds with his vision. Strangely, he was unable to see anything. The clouds themselves were quite curious, however.

Han Sen summoned his devil-eye mask and ran the Devil-Eye Spider's energy flow. Keenly, he looked back at the shelter once more.

Although Han Sen couldn't quite make out what was in there, he was able to espy the presence of a few flames that looked like lifeforces.

"One, two, three, four, five." Han Sen counted at least five super creatures inside.

Of course, that was only what Han Sen was able to see. He couldn't be sure whether or not there were any more inside.

"Perhaps I will indeed have to just give up this pursuit." Han Sen gritted his teeth, hating his own suggestion. It was fairly obvious he'd be unable to deal with all the super creatures inside there, but he still did not want to just pack up and leave.

It wasn't easy trying to locate and secure a second-generation super creature, so it was fairly bad for it just to be taken away from him in the manner it was.

"Ah, screw it. I'm going to risk it. Let's see just how powerful this super spirit shelter really is! Even if I'm too weak, they'll be unable to kill me. If I can't get back the prey I worked so hard to nab, I'm going to mess this place up!" Clenching his jaw, Han Sen ran towards the purple door.

The big monster and Han Sen considered each other friends for the time being, and Han Sen was willing to try to help open the

door for it.

If they both got inside, it might actually be possible for the big monster to take on two super creatures all by itself. If Han Sen performed better, the prospect of earning a few more easy kills for himself would be delightful.

Although the chances of this happening were slim, he was happy enough just to raise a little hell for the shelter as payback.

Han Sen ran before the gate, as the giant monster did its best to get it open. While the door remained undamaged, it was coated in the battered monster's blood.

Han Sen summoned his Flaming Rex Spike and tried fitting it where the seam for the double doors should be. As the rex spike drilled into the door, countless sparks illuminated the area. But still, despite his efforts, the doors couldn't be opened.

Not a single chip of the door was broken away, either. And now, Han Sen was beginning to think it was too difficult.

Boom!

The big monster, seeing that Han Sen was unable to open the door, hit it once more. Its mouth spat out blood, and it screamed in pain.

"This is not going to work. Even if we barge in now, we'll be half dead. Death would be all but certain upon our entry." Han Sen gritted his teeth and flew into the shelter from above.

The shelter was veiled in cloud, and he couldn't see a single thing. But right now, in his state of mind, he cared little. Han Sen was going to fly in, try to open the door from the inside, and let the big monster in.

# Chapter 798: Getting into the Shelter

The fog lay heavy, and Han Sen made sure to summon his most useful beast souls before entering the mist. He pierced into the clouds without hindrance, but as he entered, a frightful feeling crept along his spine and chilled him to the bone.

Han Sen saw a fire-wreathed shadow approach from his side. If he wasn't wearing his devil-eye mask, he wouldn't have caught its coming.

Dong!

The little angel came over to cover him, and her greatsword collided with something in the fog. She was knocked back a bit, but before anything else could happen, their phantom assailant retreated into the deeper recesses of the mist.

Before Han Sen could continue his journey through the fog, the shadow came at them again from another side. It was fortunate Han Sen was able to follow it as it neared, and command the little angel to respond appropriately.

While Han Sen commanded her to deflect the shadow's incoming attack, Han Sen took advantage of the window of opportunity and flew faster through the fog towards the shelter. He knew that the shelter's walls were only a hundred meters away, but it now felt as if he had traveled several hundred meters. And still, he had yet to see the ground.

"Oh, no!" The wretched realization that this was no ordinary fog dawned on Han Sen. He wanted to leave its stuffy-clutch, but it was too late. Despite flying back a few hundred meters again, in the direction he had come, he was unable to exit. He wasn't going anywhere.

But Han Sen was at least glad he was in possession of the devil-eye mask, so he could watch any creature that lurked inside the

mist. It did well to keep him alert and out of danger.

"It seems as if there is only one super creature hiding out here in the mist with me. If the others don't come near, then perhaps I'll be able to kill it one-on-one," Han Sen thought to himself.

He did not believe whatever super creature lurked around him would pose too much danger, and even without his devil-eye mask, he could use his dongxuan aura to sense its presence and see it coming.

The only problem was the need to deal with it quickly. If he didn't take care of it soon, it was only a matter of time before the big monster down below would beat itself to death against the doors. If that happened, Han Sen would have one less ally on the field.

The evil-eye mask could only enable Han Sen to watch the shadow of the creature. It was a lifeforce, one that seemed to have been wrapped in flames. He couldn't quite see what sort of super creature it was.

The little angel could not see very well in the mist, and she had to rely on the commands of her master for when and where to react.

Han Sen quietly drew his peacock crossbow and loaded it with Z-steel bolts. He propped it up, ready for the creature's re-emergence.

Dong!

The little angel used her greatsword to knock away an incoming shadow. Han Sen did not do anything yet, and he just patiently watched it.

The flaming shadow failed in its attempts to attack a few times, and it appeared to be frustrated. So, it gave up trying to strike them, sunk into the mist, and watched the two in return.

Han Sen pretended as if he could not see it, rolling his head in a number of different directions to feign inattention. But in truth,

aside from the creature, he really could not see anything else.

When he was outside, he had managed to catch the presence of other super creatures by spotting their lifeforces. But now, inside the mist, this singular lifeforce was the only anomaly he could make out.

After observing for a while, the flame began to believe Han Sen and the little angel had truly lost their target. It sailed through the fog behind Han Sen, and slowly approached.

Han Sen continued looking left and right, as if it he had no idea where it was coming from. But with the dongxuan aura that he cast a while ago, he was able to keep an eye on its every slight movement.

The flaming shadow came within ten meters of Han Sen when it suddenly became enraged, and it launched itself towards the mist's intruder.

The moment the flame got close to Han Sen, he quickly turned around and used his Flaming Rex Spike to block the attack while his left-hand fired the peacock crossbow repeatedly. Consecutively, he fired eight of the Z-steel bolts towards the foe.

Pang!

But Han Sen and the rex spike were rocked away upon the collision, which negatively affected his accuracy. Still, he heard a foreign noise in the mist sound three times. Three of the eight bolts had found their target.

At the same time, little angel flew to the shadow's head and brought down the greatsword upon it with all her might.

"Roar!" The flaming shadow screamed in agony, seemingly injured by the bolts. Frantically, it tried to scramble back into the cover of the mist.

But under the all-seeing gaze of the devil-eye mask, Han Sen was able to observe its every move. With the little angel by his side, he

took off after the misty-menace.

The creature had been well-and-truly fooled by Han Sen, and now, the little angel instantly caught up with the monster. She swung her sword like a loon and brought an end to the fleeing monster's escape.

Han Sen fired the peacock crossbow again, emptying the other six bolts.

The timing could not have been more perfect, as the creature had just exhausted all its strength in avoiding the brutal cleaves of the little angel's greatsword.

More moans rumbled out across the fog, as four of the bolts found their target. The creature trembled.

Like a sudden streak of light, the little angel shot right past the creature. As she did so, a head launched into the sky, trailing blood. Before the choking mist could be dyed red, it began to disappear with the felling of its master.

"Super Creature Mirage-Gas Freak killed. No beast soul gained. The flesh of this creature is inedible, but you may harvest its Life Geno essence. Consume its Life Geno essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly."

The mist faded, and Han Sen's prior vision of the shelter's walls and gate returned to him. It was only ten meters away now.

The Mirage-Gas Freak that the little angel had slain began to fade away. It was strange, like a cat. The head had been lopped off, and that too began to melt away with the body.

Dong!

A Life Geno essence, one that looked like an orb of solid mist, fell to the ground. Han Sen made sure to pick it up, and after doing so, flew to the back of the gate that had previously barred their passage. Then, he lifted and removed the bolt that prevented its opening. After doing so, he made sure to make a quick escape

backwards.

Boom!

The purple-door was smashed open by the big monster. With a loud roar, it marched inside without hesitation.

Inside the shelter was a large and beautiful palace, but strangely, it now seemed devoid of creatures or spirits. The place seemed empty.

When the mirage cloud totally disappeared, Han Sen's vision became clearer. He couldn't see any creatures. Even the small monster that had been captured by the black tiger was totally gone, and not even its screams could be heard anymore.

Pang!

The big monster quickly arrived before the grand palace, and at its tall doors, it again tried to open them by throwing its weight. It wanted to see with its own eyes whether or not the little monster was inside.

Its strike did not collapse the palace, but as Han Sen watched, he saw the flash of a sword. Suddenly, a huge, bloody gash had been drawn deep into the big monster's hardy scales.

# Chapter 799: Phantom Armor

The big monster roared in agony, as its giant body tumbled a few steps backward. Blood cascaded from the wound, coloring its scales. From inside the palace, a shadow creature emerged, wielding a steel greatsword and clad in steel armor.

Taking a closer look, Han Sen noticed that the armaments were not actually affixed to a person or creature. Despite being fitted in the shape of a human, the armor was not actually clothing anyone. The armor was empty, as if it were possessed. In between the plating of the armor, all he could espy was the flicker of a ghostly-green light.

"Is this a creature? Or is it a spirit?" Han Sen watched the armored monster with uncertainty.

"Roar!"

The steel armor moved, and so too did the two meter long greatsword. Its speed and power was most impressive, and it left another deep cleft in the big monster's body.

A green-light imbued and enshrouded the greatsword, exceeding the length of the weapon by an additional meter. The green light looked sharp, and for it to break through the scales of the behemoth, it must have been far more powerful than the greatsword the little angel wielded.

Although the big monster tried to step on the possessed armor below, it was too heavy and slow. It missed the phantom foe, and upon bringing its foot down, the menace began chopping it up. The leg oozed blood from every cut, and the monster screamed in absolute agony.

Han Sen thought of helping it out, but he saw three other monsters enter from the sides of the plaza before the palace. They were being surrounded.

A thirty meter tall ape, a four-legged snake and a winged black tiger all appeared, each from a different direction. The winged black tiger roared and approached them. Han Sen commanded his little angel to engage the tiger.

The snake and the ape approached Han Sen together. The ape threw a fist down towards Han Sen, an attack which he dodged with ease. But the force of that fist was such that the ground quaked.

The four-legged snake flung out its tongue, which looked like a bloody-whip. It was incredibly fast, and it almost tangled and knotted its way around Han Sen.

His Flaming Rex Spike retaliated with a strike against the big ape's arm, which only created a light scuff. He couldn't damage it. The four-legged snake was too fast for Han Sen, and it was difficult for him to evade in between dishing out his own attacks.

One-on-one was already difficult enough, but now he was being challenged by two. This was an extremely dangerous situation for him to be in.

Pang!

Han Sen tried to dodge the snake's attack, but he was dealt a blow by the ape instead. His body was launched away as if it had been fired from a cannon. He traveled a dozen meters and slammed into the palace wall. With his body in a crumpled heap, he spat out blood.

The snake and ape didn't relent, and Han Sen jumped away with pain in his chest as they approached. He leapt near the big monster and used his Flaming Rex Spike against the armored phantom monster.

Dong!

The armored phantom saw the incoming strike, and it raised its greatsword to block it. In the collision, Han Sen took a few steps

back.

The ape and the snake managed to catch up with him, and the big monster decided to aid Han Sen in return. It roared and ran toward the ape. The two monsters were incredibly loud as they duked it out, every impact between them making a deafening noise.

The big monster was having difficulty with the agile armored phantom, but fared far better against the ape.

Han Sen cast his dongxuan aura to do battle with the armored phantom. It was far better for him to deal with that than to attempt to combat the massive ape. This exchange of opponents was the right move, as it placed them both in the realm of combat they exceeded in.

Still, the snake was after Han Sen, and this made him frown.

"Fairy, I have taken care of you for far too long with no return. It's about time you do something for me." Han Sen leapt out of the way of the snake's razor-tongue, brought out the scallop shell, and threw it towards the snake.

The snake avoided the scallop, and it fell down to the ground. The lid of the scallop finally moved, and the fairy emerged from it in a rage.

She looked at the snake and immediately cast her icy self-buffs and flew directly before it.

Han Sen sighed. It was fortunate for him that the fairy was willing to aid him in his time of need and wasn't going to remain her lazy self in such dire circumstances. Now that every creature had a single rival of its own, Han Sen was able to focus his attention solely on the phantom armor.

The phantom armor was still an obscenely powerful foe, and its agility and finesse with the blade was just as good as Han Sen's. Against strength that far outmatched his own, Han Sen had to take advantage of the one area of combat he did have an advantage in:

speed.

But the armored phantom swung its green light-wreathed steel greatsword with tremendous power. When Han Sen brought his Flaming Rex Spike up to deflect it, his weapon was given a fairly large dent.

Following this, Han Sen did not dare interact with his enemy's sword directly. He used his dongxuan aura and cast a formation to outpace his opponent.

He found an opening in which he could safely attack, so he quickly took advantage of it and swung the rex spike. It struck the ghostly armor to little effect, so he quickly fell back. Han Sen then thought of attacking a gap in the armor, since that might allow him to deal the damage he sought.

The Flaming Rex Spike, however, was too big. It wouldn't have been able to strike the fine slits that existed between the armor plating.

Han Sen continued dodging the attacks of its green light, and at the same time thought to himself, "It's a shame that the raw Z-steel shortsword I asked the Wang family to forge for me has yet to be completed. If I had it with me now, this would be a great opportunity to test its effectiveness."

Without any other choice, Han Sen drew a raw Z-steel bolt in his hand. When the time was right, he could use his hand to drive it through what was possibly the weak spot of the phantom menace.

Elsewhere, the little angel and the black tiger continued battling each other in airborne combat. The body of the black tiger was like metal, and the claws of its paws were incredibly lethal. It didn't have a single disadvantage when going against the little angel, so it was difficult to presume which one might emerge victorious.

The battle between the big ape and the big monster was the bloodiest of all. They were both vitality-based super creatures, and

each of their attacks rocked and shook the shelter.

They had both been brutally injured as they fought. This was especially so for the big monster, that had been severely injured before starting to fight. In the battle with the ape, its wounds had been exploited, and the behemoth was not in good condition.

The fairy was the most relaxed creature of all. The snake was slower than she was, and the tongue could never latch onto its target. The frosty projectiles the fairy cast out only made it slower, as well.

Pang!

The fairy threw her little fist out and smacked the snake's face fiercely. Almost instantly, blood was drawn from its hideous mouth.

The snake did seem very powerful, however, and it didn't seem likely that the fairy could end its life anytime soon.

Han Sen could not deal with the armored phantom on his own, though. And seeing the big monster about to be defeated by the big ape, he became worried. If the big monster fell, it would tip the scales of their battle off-balance and they would be unfairly matched. If that were to occur, he'd have no choice but to fall back.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and cast Dongxuan Sutra. He turned his own energy into a holy light, and when he found the right moment, he cast the holy light onto the big monster to heal its wounds.

The holy light he simulated, received from the rhino, had incredible healing properties. When the cast-light reached the wounds, they instantly began to seal themselves up.

# Chapter 800: Super Spirit

Han Sen tried his hardest to cast the holy light and heal the big monster's wounds, and it wasn't long before its vitality was restored enough for it to continue its fight with renewed vigor. Han Sen felt relieved.

"At least I have a grip on the situation for the time being." Han Sen returned his focus to the armored phantom.

With his dongxuan aura, it was not difficult to use his dongxuan powers to dodge his foe's attacks. Han Sen did not expect to defeat him in his current situation, but he at least wanted to drag out their fight and buy some time for his other companions to resolve their own battles.

In between his evasions, Han Sen took every chance he could to continue healing the big monster so it could carry on fighting the fearsome ape.

Han Sen was primarily waiting for the fairy to finish killing the snake. Once she was done, he envisioned a snowball effect in which they could outnumber the others and end them. Fighting the armored phantom alone was a little too much for him.

"It's a shame that Little Silver is still evolving. If it was done by now, bringing about an end to these felons and the shelter they inhabit would be easy-peasy," Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen continued using his dongxuan aura to scan the armored phantom. He had managed to learn that it was a second-generation super creature of sorts, and it harbored a strange and unique energy flow.

"Could this energy flow be what's activating the green light to enshroud and empower the sword? If it is, that's brilliant. The light is extremely efficient, but that aside, doesn't it just look so cool?!" Han Sen kept walking backwards, watching and recording

the phantom's energy flow.

The fairy was doing fairly well. Her little fists were repeatedly unleashed against the snake's head, and each punch shook blood from the battered face. When the blood reached the ground, however, it became ice.

Han Sen scanned the snake and saw that its energy flow was all blurry. This told him it was a first-generation super creature.

The great ape was the same, as well; a first-generation super creature. The black tiger in the sky was too far away from him for now, so he couldn't tell just yet.

Han Sen noticed that the snake was about to be killed by the fairy, but his sudden burst of happiness was snatched away by a stronger feeling of dread.

Deep inside the shelter, a lifeforce approached. It did not venture their way fast, but that made it all the more ominous. The lifeforce was horridly powerful.

Han Sen used his devil-eye mask to take a look, and he saw a flaming red lifeforce arise. Whatever was headed their way was getting closer.

"Oh, no! This shelter has another super creature." Han Sen immediately became disheartened at this worrying revelation. He had tirelessly battled to reach this stage, and the thought of having to flee without a reward was criminal.

If the horrible creature joined in the fight, the scales of the battle's balance would be tipped and there would be no way to restore them.

But again, Han Sen did not feel right in simply abandoning the fight. As he saw the snake about to be killed by the fairy, he gritted his teeth and ran towards the horrible energy that approached.

If he could slow its advance for a while, and allow the fairy to finish off the snake, he might have a chance.

The armored phantom did not allow its foe to leave so suddenly, and it pursued him. As he continued to evade, Han Sen did not halt in his race towards the ghastly energy.

After skipping past fifteen buildings, he came to a long staircase that reached for the skies. At its top, a larger palace rested.

On the stairs, an elegant woman gently descended. Her body was incredible, and she was around a foot taller than Han Sen. Still, her scaling was perfect. Her long legs led to a slim waist, which acted as a pedestal for the grand boobs that lay above. In the black armor she was robed in, she exuded a presence of power and respect. She was like a panther; a female feline that was both beautiful and cruel.

"That is the spirit of this shelter?" Han Sen now revised his earlier thoughts, when he had believed that the armored phantom was the spirit of the shelter.

The spirit looked at Han Sen coldly. Her eyes were chilling, with her long black hair that flowed down to the ground. She gave Han Sen a murderous gaze.

The spirit was dressed in armor, but she wore no helmet. Atop her head rested a crown. She wielded no weapons, either, but her pretty white hands gave out a feeling of lethality.

"I have to somehow hold on and keep her busy until the fairy is done with the snake." Han Sen gritted his teeth. He did not wait for the spirit to descend the stairs but raced up towards her instead.

He had just finished enhancing his dongxuan aura, so his abilities of perception had greatly improved. With the grace of movement gifted by dongxuan powers, he believed he could kite two super creatures for some amount of time.

The armored phantom was still on Han Sen's heels, and the way it moved now seemed angry. It seemed displeased at its opponent's

decision to disrespect the spirit that was descending, and so it swung its sword with far greater aggression.

Han Sen made use of his dongxuan movements, and pushed them to the max. This way, it was difficult for the phantom to strike him.

After walking a few hundred steps, the spirit looked at Han Sen with much disgust and disdain as she stepped down to meet him. She raised her fist and attempted to punch her incoming aggressor.

It didn't seem as if she exerted much strength, but its speed was as if her fist had teleported. It suddenly collided with Han Sen's belly.

Pang!

Han Sen's body rocketed all the way back down the stairs like a meteor. He smacked into the roof of a building, which ruined its delicate tiling.

The armor on Han Sen's armor had many cracks upon it, and there was now an exposed area. Han Sen removed himself from the rooftop with a mouth full of blood.

The spirit's punch was not one that could miss, but it happened so suddenly he didn't have what it took to dodge.

Fortunately, Han Sen was fast, and the power she used was clearly not at max capacity. His armor would have entirely been destroyed if she had used more force, he imagined.

The armored phantom jumped down from the stairs, slashing at Han Sen with the green light greatsword.

Stepping quickly, Han Sen was able to dodge the attack. His eyes drifted towards the spirit. She was so fast, he'd have to keep an eye on her; if she was to attack him again, he would have no chance of dodging.

Han Sen's senses were powerful, though, and he could predict

when she planned to make a move. Now was the time for Han Sen to properly test what he had recently spent much time practicing.

The spirit looked at Han Sen and raised her fist. She fired it in his direction.

The moment she swung her fist, it accelerated. Han Sen's eyes were not able to perceive how she performed this attack, but her entire body seemed to teleport directly before him.

His excellent senses were indeed able to capture the granular details of her movements. With a move of his leg, he slid his body slightly to the side and dodged her attack successfully.

The spirit, seeing her fist miss its target, looked shocked.

In this small moment, Han Sen swung his own fist at the spirit's belly in a form of payback.

But the spirit's body just disappeared as if it had teleported away. His fist was so close, but it missed.

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