

Chapter 2271

Taking the Silver Sycee

“No, I will figure out how to get out of this by myself,” Han Sen said coldly.

Mister White shook his head and smiled. “That is no ordinary fruit, as you should be able to feel. It has you locked in place with no hope of escape. Even the strength of the blood kirin wasn’t enough to free you.”

“You know about this thing?” Han Sen frowned.

Mister White looked at the fruit tree and said, “This tree is known as the Silver Treasure Fruit Tree. It is one of the three treasure fruit trees. It is a deified plant xenogeneic. The legends say that all three treasure fruit trees are located in the Sacred Leader’s own gardens, and those three are the only ones in existence. I cannot believe that we’re standing right in front of one of them.”

After pausing, Mister White went on to say, “The three treasure fruit trees I’ve been talking about are the Bronze Treasure Fruit Tree, the Silver Treasure Fruit Tree, and the Gold Treasure Fruit Tree. They each have their own unique powers. The only one that matters right now is this one: the Silver Treasure Fruit Tree. As you can see, it has silver sycees that are capable of suppressing one’s soul. They exert force directly on the soul, bypassing the body completely. Because your soul is being locked down, it doesn’t matter if you use every ounce of strength you possess; your body will not be able to throw off the suppression. This does not just apply to someone like you, either. And that doesn’t just apply to people of your power level, either. Even a deified being couldn’t free themselves from that suppression.”

After saying all this, Mister White smiled. “Of course, this effect only activates once the silver fruit has been touched. A deified elite would have the sense not to make physical contact with them.”

“This thing cannot be eaten?” Han Sen felt depressed. If he had known all of this sooner, he wouldn’t have gone and picked up the silver fruit with his bare hands.

“Eaten?” Mister White looked as if he was going to burst out laughing. “Unless you want your soul to be locked down forever, why would you ever think about eating one of those?”

Crime laughed, too. “You want to eat the silver fruit? I’m afraid I have to tell you that you are the only person in the entire universe who would think like that.”

“Then what do the other fruits do? The bronze and gold ones,” Han Sen asked.

Han Sen didn’t ask out of idle curiosity. If they had found the Silver Treasure Fruit Tree in this palace, then the others might be nearby.

“That doesn’t matter. What matters is that you are currently suppressed by the silver sycee. Without my help, you will be stuck here forever. The palaces here are all connected in one way or another. It is only a matter of time before Fox Queen finds you. Do you think she’ll let you leave this place alive?” Mister White chuckled. “Give me the stone plate, and we can explore this place together. I am only after one additional item. I will gladly share the rest.”

Realizing that he wouldn’t be able to pry any more information about the bronze and gold fruits out of Mister White, Han Sen had to ask, “Then what do you want?”

“I can’t tell you that. I will need first pick after we find the items. It will not be a great loss to you, and it is better than Fox Queen finding you and killing you. Isn’t that right?” Mister White said.

“If that’s your offer, then you guys can leave. There is no need for us to cooperate,” Han Sen said firmly.

Mister White frowned and said, “Do you really think Fox Queen will spare you? The Shapeshifting Foxes are known to be capricious. She might have been nice to you at one point in time, but that won’t stop her from killing you now.”

“I know that, but I have my own plans. There is no need for you two to worry about it,” Han Sen replied confidently.

Crime wished to say something, but Mister White stopped him. Mister White looked at Han Sen and said, “I am good when it comes to restriction and prediction skills. I can help you avoid many risks, and I can also find the Sacred Leader’s treasure quickly. Even if you aren’t afraid of Fox Queen, being stuck here won’t do you any good. You will have no choice but to sit there and watch Fox Queen treat herself to all the spoils.”

“We can cooperate, but I must have the stone plate. I’ll offer you the same deal but in reverse. I get to choose what I want first.” Han Sen smiled.

Mister White went silent and smiled. “Okay. I will accept your terms.”

Han Sen was shocked. He didn’t expect Mister White to agree so quickly. Crime was shocked, as well, and he said, “Mister White! How could you?”

“It’s okay. Without the stone plate, we cannot access the real treasure, anyway.” Mister White waved his hand.

“If you guys wish to cooperate, can you tell me how to get rid of this silver fruit?” Han Sen asked, looking at Mister White.

“It is not difficult. The silver fruit has the power to suppress souls. If it cannot feel your soul, then its suppressing power will be lifted. I have a geno art that can seal a soul. I will need to seal your soul so that the fruit cannot feel you. If we do this, you will be free from it,” Mister White said.

“I see. The more I struggle, the harder it becomes to get out,” Han Sen realized.

“If you understand, then we should not waste any more time. We need to get to the treasure before Fox Queen does. I will use the sealing soul technique to get you out of here,” Mister White said as he began walking forward to Han Sen.

“Hang on.” Han Sen held up a hand. The blood kirin slid in front of Han Sen and presented its teeth to Mister White.

“Don’t worry; I’m not that treacherous! If I said we will cooperate, I won’t betray my own words and do something bad to you,” Mister White said.

“Mister White, you worry too much. I trust you, but I don’t actually need your help.” Han Sen suddenly stood up. He lifted his hand easily, picking up the sycee and holding it before his eyes.

Mister White and Crime looked at Han Sen in shock, finding it difficult to believe their eyes. Han Sen was ignoring the silver sycee’s soul-suppressing power completely. They found that hard to believe.

Han Sen didn’t know exactly what the silver sycee did, but learning that the fruit suppressed a person’s soul had changed things. Avoiding the soul-suppressing effects of the silver sycee was actually quite easy for Han Sen.

The Sea of Soul was different from the will of most ordinary creatures. If a creature lost their will, it would be as if they were dead. Their control over their body would be lost.

Han Sen would be effected similarly if his Sea of Soul shut down. But ordinary people only had one soul. Han Sen’s Sea of Soul, however, had many spirits and beast souls.

Han Sen reduced his soul and let a beast soul power rise to the surface. The silver sycee then suppressed the beast soul instead of Han Sen. His soul immediately became light and buoyant.

“We said half and half; are you interested in the silver sycees?” Han Sen asked casually, playing with the silver sycee as he spoke.

“I could have sealed your soul to free you, but your body would have shut down. I cannot touch the silver fruit myself.” Mister White shook his head.

“If you don’t want these, then I will take them with me,” Han Sen stated happily. He swung his knife to cut down the other seven silver fruits.

With the help of the blood kirin, he cut down the other seven sycees with ease. He pocketed all of them.

Mister White and Crime were still frowning in consternation, which made it clear that they didn’t understand how Han Sen had done what he had. They looked at each other, realizing that they were equally confused. They grew even more suspicious of Han Sen.

Chapter 2272 Statue

Creatures in the geno universe only had one soul, but Han Sen's Sea of Soul held many beast souls. Since each silver sycee could only freeze one soul at a time, Han Sen used eight beast souls to neutralize the sycees.

Han Sen played with a silver sycee in his hand and stroked the blood kirin's head. He looked at Mister White and said, "Which way should we head now?"

Mister White went silent for a moment. "I don't know what these palaces are made of, but not even Fox Queen could force one open. We have to travel around the palaces using their installed teleporters. Each palace seems to possess four teleporters. The front gate and each of the side halls have a teleporter. The back hall has one, too. That means every palace has four exits. What we don't know is how many palaces there are. I think there might be a way to find the right path to the leader's hidden stash, though."

"Well, you're very good when it comes to calculations and restrictions, Mister White. You must have the answer." Han Sen smiled.

"I have a few ideas, but I cannot be certain my assumptions are correct. We can give them a try, however," Mister White said, then he turned to the back hall.

Crime followed Mister White, and Han Sen and the kirin brought up the rear. Just as Mister White had explained, the place was practically a maze. Han Sen wasn't very good with these sorts of puzzles, and it would have been very difficult for Han Sen to find the Sacred Leader's treasure by himself.

If he walked around aimlessly, he would probably never find the treasure. And if he bumped into Fox Queen, that one encounter could be the end of him.

Mister White teleported out via the back hall. When Han Sen stepped out of the teleporter on the other side, he found himself in a big hall. The hall was just like the one Han Sen had come from. There were many statues and paintings there.

Mister White made a calculation, and he went to the side hall's teleporter.

Han Sen wondered just how many palaces there were. This maze was far too complicated for him to navigate by himself. Mister White made a calculation every single time they reached a new palace. It took them four hours to move through one hundred palaces, and they still hadn't reached the end.

"How long is it going to take for us to reach the treasure?" Han Sen couldn't help but ask.

Crime snorted in annoyance and said, "Do you think calculating the right route is easy? If it wasn't for Mister White leading us down the correct road, we would be teleporting into the wrong palaces and exposing ourselves to a great deal of danger. It wouldn't simply be a long trip, at that point. We would struggle to survive whatever trials those other palaces threw at us."

“I wasn’t complaining. I was just wondering how long it will take for us to get to where the treasure is hidden,” Han Sen said in exasperation.

Mister White laughed and said, “If I’m guessing correctly, we’ll be reaching the first checkpoint soon.”

“What does that mean?” Han Sen asked. This was the first he’d heard about a checkpoint.

After thinking briefly, Mister White said, “Even with us going down the correct road, there will be a few defensive systems that we’ll have to bypass. For a treasure like this, there will be multiple protective measures in place. Our path is correct, yes, but we must also open the many locked doors to gain entry. I estimate that there will be four to seven of them. I don’t know exactly what form these ‘checkpoints’ will take, of course. The defensive systems will be a touch more threatening than actual locked doors. We have to tread carefully.”

After saying all that, Mister White returned his focus to the path ahead. Han Sen followed the man silently.

After going through another three palaces, Mister White arrived at a palace’s main gate. It was there that he told Han Sen, “If I’m correct, the next palace will be the first checkpoint of this maze. You are going to have to be a little bit more careful.”

After that, Mister White traveled through the light. Crime followed him, as well.

The bird’s nest was still sitting on Han Sen’s head, and he also summoned the gold Demon Bug King Bai Sema before walking through the light.

Just like before, Han Sen appeared in a palace after teleporting. This palace looked far different from the other hundred palaces they had visited, though.

This palace was circular, and the roof was shaped like a shield. A giant statue stood at the center of the hall, looking like some massive god that was clad in protective armor. Its head almost touched the roof above. Even though it was just a statue, the mere sight of it was terrifying. Looking at it made the observer want to submit to this deific figure, as if he was the center of the entire universe.

“Is this a statue of the Sacred Leader?” Han Sen wondered, as he observed the statue.

Fox Queen had told him that the Sacred Leader always wore armor, and no one knew for sure whether it was a man or a woman.

Mister White and Crime had stepped out of the teleporter, but they did not go forward. When Han Sen and the blood kirin caught up with them, Mister White said, “Although it looks safe, we still need to exercise caution. The correct exit here is the front gate. We will have to walk past the statue.”

Mister White stepped towards the statue, but Crime quickly ran in front of him. “I will ensure the path is safe for you first.”

Han Sen really admired Crime. There were not many people left in that day and age that could remain so loyal and committed.

Han Sen followed Mister White, while Crime led the way from ahead. As they approached the statue, the statue's eyes suddenly lit up.

The eyes gleamed like lanterns, showering the entire statue with light. Han Sen's group was suddenly standing in a spotlight.

But while the light was bright, it didn't seem to be destructive.

"Hello children, welcome to my treasury," the statue boomed. Han Sen jumped slightly.

"Don't be afraid. This statue is only an extension of my will. It is not really me." The statue then went on to say, "If you've made it this far, then that means I am already dead. The items here are now useless for me. I can give them to you, but first, you must pass a test. Only those that successfully pass the test will be allowed to claim my treasures. Anyone who fails, even if they are a deified being, will not be permitted to take so much as a single grain of sand."

"What test?" Crime asked.

The statue's voice was robotic. There were no emotional fluctuations in its tone, and it was impossible to guess its gender. It said, "This test is very simple. If you can break this, you will pass the test."

After that, the statue moved. It reached out its hand and bent lower. It put an item in front of the group, then returned to its original position.

The statue's eyes started to dim, and its appearance reverted to that of an ordinary statue.

Han Sen looked at the item the statue had placed in front of them; it was a forty-centimeter-long rock. It didn't really look special in any way, and it was made from green stone.

Crime tried talking to the statue again, but the statue didn't respond to his questions.

"Stop asking. It only has preprogrammed responses. Now that he is gone, there is nothing special about the statue," Mister White said.

Chapter 2273 Secret of a Stone

Crime approached the statue from the side, but it gave no reaction. So, Crime walked in front of the main hall's gate. Nothing weird happened there, either.

"Mister White, if it isn't affecting us, should we just ignore it?" Han Sen looked at the stone.

Mister White shook his head. "The Sacred Leader left this item here on purpose. Maybe we will require it later on, and it could be difficult to come back to get it. And Fox Queen might take it if we leave it here."

"You are right, but isn't it possible that the Sacred Leader is trying to play us? There might actually be a trap inside the stone," Han Sen said.

Mister White was momentarily silent. "That's possible, but I still think we should try. If the Sacred Leader wants to trick us, we might have to spring the trap in order to find the treasure."

"Let me give it a try," Crime said. He gathered up a surge of black light within his knife and swung it at the stone.

Dong!

A strike that could split space came down on the stone. It made a loud clanging sound, but the stone wasn't damaged. And there wasn't even a mark left behind.

Crime's face became grim. The black light rose around his body and turned into a dark fire. His body looked as if it was wholly shielded by demons. The disturbing light danced around the hall.

The dark light surrounded Han Sen, and he could not see or feel anything. It was like he was stuck in absolute darkness.

Han Sen was shocked. He expanded the bird's nest to shield himself and the blood kirin, in case Crime was preparing to attack them.

"Crime's area of effect ability can muffle all seven senses. It kind of resembles my Dongxuan Aura." While Han Sen was thinking, the darkness dissipated.

Crime hadn't tried to attack them. When the room brightened again, he was standing beside the rock, looking defeated. He shook his head to Mister White. He had tried his best, but he had been unable to break the stone.

"Mister White, would you like to give it a try?" Crime offered politely.

"No thanks. If not even your power was able to leave a mark on it, then this stone isn't something that can be opened by brute force," Mister White said, then walked over to the stone to examine it.

Han Sen put away his bird's nest. He walked closer to the stone and used his Purple-Eye Butterfly to check the stone out.

The history of the stone began to scroll back in Han Sen's vision, and after a minute or two, Han Sen jumped in surprise.

The stone had originally been a bucket of viscous liquid, like cement. A demon-like creature was thrown into the liquid.

No matter how much the demon struggled, it was unable to get out. The demon and that liquid were dumped into a mold. The liquid hardened over time until it became the stone in front of them.

Han Sen raised his eyebrow at the stone.

Mister White looked at it for a while and frowned. "This stone seems to have a will of its own. A very scary will, at that. Perhaps that will is the key to breaking the stone open."

"Mister White, what do you propose to do?" Crime asked.

Mister White thought and said, "Let me use my soul sealing technique. I'll see if I am able to seal the will that's inside this thing."

After that, Mister White lowered his hand onto the stone, a strange symbol glowing on his palm. The symbol pressed against the stone, and the quiet stone was suddenly shaking like mad. A demonic, roaring noise came from it. It was terrifying.

Under the glow of the symbol's light, the green stone started to bleed. The stone turned red.

Pat!

The symbol that Mister White had branded onto the stone cracked and shattered, and then the stone returned to normal again.

Mister White was pale and trembling. Crime immediately moved over to put a hand on his shoulder and ask, "Sir, are you okay!"

"I am fine." Mister White shook his head. "The will inside that stone is so strong that not even my soul sealing technique worked. I'm afraid that this will belongs to a deified being."

Upon hearing those words, Han Sen smiled and asked, "Mister White, if I am able to break this stone, can I have whatever is inside?"

"We are cooperating, so we will have to share, of course," Crime said coldly.

Mister White, however, seemed to have thought of something. He smiled. "If Han Sen can open it, then it would be a waste to leave it here. If you can open it, then the item inside is all yours. If it is useful, I hope you will use it to help us when the time demands it."

"Of course." Han Sen walked in front of the stone. He pulled out a silver sycee and placed it on the stone. Then he stepped back. Han Sen used his mind to self-destruct the beast soul he had linked to the sycee.

After the beast soul was destroyed, the silver sycee's suppressing power was directed into the stone, instead. The stone started to shake again, and a scary roaring noise came from it. Drops of blood appeared on its surface.

The silver sycee was vibrating as well, but it did not fall off the top of the stone where Han Sen had placed it.

"It looks like the leader left the Silver Treasure Fruit Tree in the palace earlier on purpose. It was not a random placement; it was put there so that this stone could be broken. It is fortunate Han Sen brought the silver sycees with him. Otherwise, we'd have had no hope of opening this stone," Mister White said.

While they were talking, cracks began to spread across the stone's surface. The raging noises of its interior became even worse.

Pang!

Suddenly, the stone exploded. Chunks of red rock flew in every direction. When the dust had settled, Han Sen walked over to the site of the explosion and picked up an item.

It was a green crystal orb. There seemed to be smoke inside it, and the cloudy mass swirled with a magical allure. Han Sen could even see words flashing within the murk.

“What is it?” Crime asked Han Sen, who was still holding the orb.

Han Sen grinned and put the orb in his pocket. “Didn’t Mister White say that the contents of the stone would be mine?”

Crime grunted and turned away from Han Sen. Mister White smiled graciously. “Well, now you have it. Let’s get moving.”

Han Sen doubted that Mister White and Crime would keep their promises. They had come there prepared, and they were going to betray Han Sen. He was very firm in his suspicions, so he had to claim as many rewards as he could for as long as he was able to.

Han Sen followed behind Mister White, examining the orb as he went.

The orb was very misty, and the cloudiness almost hid the words inside it. When Han Sen looked closely, he was given a surprise. The content of the text was similar to the Blood-Pulse Sutra.

Chapter 2274 Blood-Pulse Plunder

Han Sen was shocked. Ghost Bone Town had a statue of the Human Emperor, and now he had found a geno art that had a connection to the Blood-Pulse Sutra. What was the relationship between the Human Emperor, the Sacred Leader, and Blood Legion?

Han Sen couldn’t figure it out, but reading the geno art inside that red and misty orb made Han Sen happy.

Since Han Sen had begun practicing the Blood-Pulse Sutra, he had thought that it had little utility in the arts of combat. The most useful aspect of the geno art was the mere fact that he could pass on his stronger genes to his descendants.

But as he looked over the geno art inside that orb, Han Sen could see another branch of possibilities shooting off from the Blood-Pulse Sutra.

The geno art inside the orb was of the same type as Blood-Pulse Sutra, but it wasn’t identical. It was like a comparison between a flower and the individual leaves on the stem. They might have grown together, but they were different from each other.

If the Blood-Pulse Sutra was the flower, the geno art inside the orb was a leaf.

The duty of the flower was to bear fruit. The leaf, however, was for breathing.

The metaphor might sound beautiful and gentle, but the geno art was actually very cruel. The geno art inside of the orb could steal the blood of other creatures. The skill could plunder the Blood-Pulse of an opponent to provide nutrition for the user. The opponent would lose their own Blood-Pulse power and end up as a dull creature, sapped of vitality.

But to Han Sen, that savagery was merely a part of life; the geno art functioned on the same rules of natural selection that governed the sanctuary. In the sanctuary, life was about plundering what other creatures offered in order to make oneself stronger.

The geno art was obviously a more direct approach to that goal. Han Sen thought of Dragon Eight, whom he had once fought. If Han Sen wanted the man's Gold Dragon Body, he would only have to use this new geno art to steal the Dragon's Blood-Pulse. By doing that, Han Sen would steal the Gold Dragon Body for himself. It was a very simple process.

If that geno art went public in the universe, Han Sen would be an enemy in the eyes of all. No race would allow their Blood-Pulse to be stolen by another.

Han Sen memorized the geno art, which was called Blood-Pulse Plunder. He swore to himself that he would never allow anyone else to learn of the geno art's existence. If anyone learned that he possessed such a dangerous skill, no one would come near him.

Because Han Sen had the Blood-Pulse Sutra as a base, he didn't need to practice Blood-Pulse Plunder. He could use it immediately, although his lack of experience with the skill would keep him from being very adept with it at first. Both of the skills were the same at their core.

Pat!

Han Sen memorized all of Blood-Pulse Plunder, searing it into his memory. Then, he crushed the green orb in his hands. Keeping it with him would be dangerous. It was best to destroy it now and not leave any evidence behind.

But when the green orb was crushed, the blood smoke ran into the tips of Han Sen's fingers. The smoke sank through his skin until it reached his blood vessels and blood.

Han Sen tried to stop it, but nothing seemed to work. The Blood-Pulse Sutra's power and the blood mist were one and the same. They melted together immediately, and they refused to separate.

Blood-Pulse Plunder started to run. The process was so smooth that Han Sen felt as if he had already practiced it a million times.

“Whoever left this item behind was a very scary person. He seems to have known that the person who found the orb would destroy it. The red mist was prepared to aid a learner with the practice of Blood-Pulse Plunder. Even if the person that found the orb hadn’t learned the Blood-Pulse Sutra, this would allow them to understand Blood-Pulse Plunder very quickly.” Han Sen was shocked. Whoever designed the orb had clearly understood psychology quite well. After all those eons had passed, the person had still anticipated what Han Sen was going to do.

“But that means whoever prepared the orb didn’t expect the person who collected the orb to know of the Blood-Pulse Sutra already. In that case, this must not be an item that Blood Legion prepared for their own people. Maybe the Sacred Leader actually has nothing to do with Blood Legion, and he just acquired this through random happenstance?” Han Sen continued to think to himself.

Mister White and Crime were still leading the way. Han Sen had the blood kirin follow behind him.

Han Sen had been following Mister White for a very long time now, and no danger seemed to cross their path. They walked through another one hundred palaces, and then, they arrived at a checkpoint.

But this time, what they saw at the checkpoint froze them in place.

There was a big hole in the middle of the circular palace. If that checkpoint was the same as the first one, there ought to have been a giant statue in its place. Mister White’s eyes widened.

“It looks like someone got here before us and decided to destroy the hall,” Mister White said.

He rushed down to examine the hole, and Han Sen and Crime followed. They stood near him and looked down into the darkness. What they saw seemed to imply that it was a natural cavern formation.

Pieces of floor and broken statue lay at the bottom of the cave. It was just as they thought: a statue had stood there, but it had been destroyed.

“Let me go down and take a closer look.” Han Sen was curious. He didn’t know who might have come there first and made such a mess.

Han Sen went down to check out the cave carefully. He discovered that the cave had another three paths, which all led different directions.

Crime and Mister White ventured down, as well. Mister White looked at the pile of rubble that once formed the statue. “The statue has been broken, and whatever gift it had for us is gone. I cannot be sure who took it, though. The broken statue can no longer speak, either, so whatever message it had is lost to us.”

“What do we do now? Should we stick with the plan, or check out where these tunnels might lead?” Han Sen stared down one of the stone tunnels.

Suddenly, the sound of an explosion erupted from the cave.

The cave began to shake as if there was a thunderstorm raging. It felt like their eardrums were going to break.

“Going into the caves is too risky. We should stick with the plan we have already established. If someone ventured this way before us, they would have to come back, even if they got the Sacred Leader’s treasure. We can still stand a chance.” Mister White didn’t look too cheery. He flew out of the cave.

Han Sen used his Purple-Eye Butterfly to examine the broken statue. He was unable to learn anything. He then looked down the tunnel that seemed to be experiencing a thunderstorm. Hearing more thunder, Han Sen decided to go back with Mister White.

Perhaps it was because someone had already been there, but Mister White calculated the next route much faster. It seemed as if he wanted to catch up with whoever was ahead of them.

Over the next few palaces, Han Sen and the others were able to confirm that someone had come there before them.

But Mister White quickly discovered that the mystery man didn’t seem to know the proper route. He had tried every single door of light, and he had made many mistakes. He had entered into some dangerous palaces before returning and taking the correct routes.

“This guy doesn’t know the proper way to the treasure, but he keeps trying and trying. He has made it an impressive distance into this maze. That means the person is very strong, and he has been here for a very long time,” Mister White said with a frown.

“That should be impossible! Before we entered the portal in that tree, the door was locked. Without Han Sen’s stone plate, how did he manage to gain access?” Crime asked with suspicion.

Mister White merely shook his head. He didn’t know. Han Sen didn’t say anything, either, and he just followed Mister White. Reaching the third checkpoint took them an hour less than it had taken them to reach the second checkpoint.

Han Sen carefully entered the third checkpoint and stopped dead. His eyes opened wide, and he almost screamed.

Chapter 2275 Thirteen Bridges

The third checkpoint was completely different from the two prior checkpoints they had visited. Although it was a palace, too, it was much larger than the others. The floor of the palace wasn’t covered in stone, but water. It was a large lake, with many bridges running across it.

The jade bridges were in the shape of a crescent moon, and there were thirteen of them. They spanned the entirety of the palace, and each one seemed to connect to a separate teleporter on the opposite side of the lake.

Each of the thirteen bridges was made of a different type of jade.

Stone statues stood along the railings of each bridge. Some of the statues seemed to depict devils, whereas others seemed to depict angels. Some were in the shape of vicious beasts, and others looked like gentle creatures.

Han Sen was now looking out across a purple jade bridge. Its railings had a line of evil-looking stone statues, but that wasn't why Han Sen was observing it.

Han Sen was looking at the highest point of the purple bridge, where there was a ten-meter-tall statue that looked like a devil. It was squatting in the middle of the bridge with its wings folded. The devil's eyes were looking down, as if they were scanning the area below for something to eat.

Purple-and-blackish nails adorned its fingers, and they were long and sharp like talons. A woman was clutched in its hand, and the woman was quite familiar to Han Sen.

"Yisha!" Han Sen almost screamed out.

The purple devil's stone hand gripped Yisha firmly. Although her body was covered by its fingers, her face was clearly visible. She was very pale, and blood dripped from her mouth. It looked as if she was in a coma, and her hair had turned bone white.

Han Sen recognized her even so, and he was certain of her identity. She was in horrible shape, but her face still looked exactly the same as he remembered it. She was still that almighty queen. No one else could ever look like she did.

"Why is Yisha here? I thought she had been swallowed by Under Overbearing." Han Sen's heart jumped as he thought of something. "Is this the palace that sits on Under Overbearing's back?"

Thinking of this possibility, Han Sen's heart started to pound like mad. "No wonder the Sacred Leader wasn't afraid of people stealing his treasure. He invested a lot to secure his possessions."

"My Queen!" Han Sen shouted to Yisha from across the bridge, hoping to wake her up. He could tell that she wasn't dead.

Han Sen imbued his voice with a sonic wave, but the call prompted no reaction from her.

"Stop shouting. Even if a deified elite was shouting at her, she wouldn't be able to hear the call," Mister White said.

"Ah. I see." Han Sen looked at Mister White and bowed.

Mister White pointed at the jade bridge and said, "These thirteen bridges contain thirteen different powers. Stepping onto a bridge locks you onto it. This must be the other test that was left behind by the Sacred Leader. We are going to have to choose the right bridge if we are to go through this safely."

"What is the power of that bridge?" Han Sen pointed at Yisha's purple jade bridge.

“If I’m not mistaken, then the devil statues on the bridge are the legendary Hell Ghosts. The statue at the center must be Hell Ghost King. It represents hell power,” Mister White said, looking at the bridge carefully.

“Is hell power a death element power?” Han Sen asked.

Mister White shook his head. “Hell is where the dead go, according to the legends, but hell is not actually associated with the death element. It is another branch of space and time. You can understand it this way: hell is another dimension that exists separately from our world. The axis of space and time is different there than in our world. So, hell power comes from that difference in dimensional structure. It is not about death or darkness.”

“Then how do we save her?” Han Sen asked.

Mister White pursed his lips. “Aside from forcing our way through, I cannot think of a way we can. Space and time are very mysterious elements that are extremely difficult to control. The legends say that the Sacred Leader mastered space and time powers. Knife was unlucky to select the jade bridge that is aligned with those energies.”

Han Sen frowned. If Yisha had failed to force her way across the jade bridge, then that meant it would be even more difficult for him.

After all, most of Han Sen’s geno arts were Marquise. His fighting power wasn’t as strong as Yisha’s half-deified abilities.

Han Sen looked at Yisha in the grip of the devil’s hand, and when he looked closer, he saw that the devil’s nails were actually digging into Yisha’s flesh. Ever so slowly, Yisha continued to bleed. The blood ran across the statue’s nails, and the tips of those nails were dyed red.

If that continued, Yisha wouldn’t have much time left before she bled to death.

The power of the hell bridge blocked Han Sen’s connection with Yisha, so he could not determine her lifeforce. But he could see clearly that she didn’t have much time left.

Mister White examined the thirteen jade bridges and then came back. He made a number of calculations. Han Sen thought he must have been trying to pick the jade bridge they could all cross safely.

But quickly, Mister White’s face started to look gloomy. “These thirteen bridges are dead ends. They all have a scary power guarding them, so none of them can be crossed safely. Did the Sacred Leader not plan on letting anyone leave this place alive?”

“No! There must be a way!” Mister White started to sweat. His fingers flashed with a symbol as he continued to make his calculations.

Han Sen’s eyes kept drifting over to the purple jade bridge. The Purple-Eye Butterfly in his right eye spun, analyzing the structure of the purple jade bridge.

Han Sen knew that Yisha was very brave and sometimes arrogant, but she was never stupid. There was no way she would have decided to take the most difficult path.

Han Sen thought Yisha selected the hell bridge for a specific purpose. He just didn't know why she had failed.

The Purple-Eye Butterfly's four-flower purple pupil kept spinning, but not much could be gleaned. The purple jade bridge was wrapped up in some sort of power. Han Sen could see a very complicated substance chain around it, woven like a bird's nest. Han Sen couldn't understand this. He couldn't tell what sort of power it was.

"This is it! If we walk this bridge, we can make it through alive." Mister White suddenly pointed at a jade bridge triumphantly.

Han Sen looked at where Mister White was pointing. He was indicating a jade bridge that was pitch-black like ink. The bridge featured some crow-like bird statues. A giant bird statue stood in the middle of the bridge on a stone pillar, coldly overlooking the entire bridge.

Chapter 2276 Hell Bridges

Mister White explained, "That bird is called the Death Crow. It leads the living through the cycle of death. It might seem like a dead-end, but it is certainly a road we will be able to survive. This is the only bridge, out of the thirteen of them, that can lead us safely to the other side. Going through life and death, yin and yang, the Sacred Leader was a very unique individual. If I hadn't researched the Sacred Leader's life and learned that he was reborn nine times, I would have never have assumed that this was the correct path to take."

"You are very smart, Mister White. Even the Sacred Leader's secrets are known to you," murmured a woman's voice. Han Sen and Mister White both jerked in surprise.

They turned around and saw Fox Queen approaching from behind. She had caught up to them very quickly.

Mister White's face looked glum. Clearly, he had never imagined that Fox Queen would catch up with them so quickly. If she didn't possess Mister White's skill at calculating the correct path, it shouldn't have been possible for her to simply guess the correct way each and every time. There was no way she should have been able to follow them.

Suddenly, Mister White seemed to understand something. He looked down at his own body.

Fox Queen laughed. "You don't need to look. I left a spray on you, a specific scent that only a Shapeshifting Fox could follow."

Fox Queen then ignored Mister White, who was now looking green in the face. She stared at Han Sen. "Good brother, we meet again! Did you miss your big sister? I sure missed you!"

Han Sen was gripping the bird's nest tightly as he started to step away. He was next to the hell bridge. He smiled at her. "I missed you, big sister, but I would have been happy never seeing your face again."

Fox Queen smiled and said, "In that case, you must be disappointed. But since we're both already here, shouldn't you do something nice for your big sister who cares so much about you?"

"You want this, you mean?" Han Sen pulled out the stone plate. He held it comfortably in one hand.

Fox Queen's eyes brightened, and she smiled. "Little brother! You really do understand your big sister so very much. You are so cute! I really didn't want to brutally murder you. If you give it to your big sister, how about I keep you alive?"

"Sure, but if you want it, you will have to chase me. If you catch me, I will give it to you," Han Sen said, then he stepped onto the hell bridge with the blood kirin.

The muscles in Fox Queen's face tensed, but it was too late to stop Han Sen now. She flashed forward to the bridge, but she didn't have the guts to step on it.

Mister White was shocked, and he shouted, "Come back! You cannot go across the hell bridge!"

Mister White knew he was wasting his breath, though. The hell bridge meant hell power, and just like he had explained, it was a force from a different dimension.

The moment Han Sen had stepped onto the bridge, he had entered a new dimension. No matter how loudly Mister White shouted, he knew Han Sen couldn't see or hear him anymore.

"Mister White, is there any way we can walk this bridge?" Fox Queen was staring at Han Sen and the blood kirin.

"Even deified elites might die there. Do you really think he can pull through?" Mister White had a wry smile.

"What a shame." Fox Queen looked at Han Sen and sighed. She didn't know if she was feeling remorse over the loss of Han Sen himself or the stone plate she coveted.

"Mister White, you can go on ahead," Fox Queen sad distractedly, gesturing dismissively at him.

Mister White felt glum. He looked at Crime, then at the black bridge of life and death.

Fox Queen watched Han Sen for a while longer, then stepped onto the life and death bridge.

When Han Sen had stepped onto the hell bridge, his vision changed almost immediately. He had been able to see the end of the bridge clearly, but once he set foot on it, things changed.

The bridge stretched on and on without an end in sight. Aside from the bridge and the lake, nothing else occupied his vision.

Han Sen couldn't see the other twelve bridges or any of the teleporters. He couldn't see Fox Queen or Mister White. It was as if the bridge was residing in a plane of existence, all on its own.

Furthermore, the Hell Ghost statues on the bridge came alive, and they all looked like real devils. They hunched atop the rails, and their purple eyes glared at Han Sen as if they were going to swallow him alive.

Their bodies were wreathed in purple fire, and there were so many of them that the whole bridge was wreathed in a chain of purple flames. It was an unsettling sight.

Han Sen held up the bird's nest as he went along. He looked as far down the bridge as he could, but he couldn't see the grand Hell Ghost statue and Yisha in the middle anymore.

Han Sen gritted his teeth. He clutched the bird's nest tight and moved forward with the blood kirin.

Han Sen believed Yisha must have had a reason for selecting the hell bridge. Plus, Fox Queen was there. That meant Han Sen didn't really have a choice in the matter. Walking across another bridge with her on his heels might have been more dangerous.

Han Sen moved slowly down the bridge, holding the bird's nest defensively. The Hell Ghosts atop the rail continued to stare at him, their eyes following him as he walked. They leered at Han Sen and the blood kirin.

Perhaps they were scared of Han Sen's bird's nest, and that was why they had decided not to follow. They simply stared at the pair.

Han Sen walked along the bridge for a while, but he soon started to feel poorly.

Han Sen had the bird's nest protecting his body, but he noticed that something ominous was still happening to him.

"The bird's nest is unable to block the hell bridge's power?" Han Sen looked down at his body, and also the body of the blood kirin. He frowned.

He and the blood kirin were dyed purple. The further he walked, the deeper the color became across his skin.

The blood kirin had previously looked red, but not even it could block the dyeing effect of that purple color.

Although Han Sen couldn't tell how the purple air might affect their bodies, it obviously wasn't something that boded well.

Han Sen stopped. He used his Blood-Pulse Sutra and his Jadeskin, but he couldn't remove the purple air from his skin. And although they had stopped, the purple air continued to grow stronger.

Han Sen summoned his gold Demon Bug King Bai Sema, but that proved to be useless, too. The purple air was still able to penetrate the gold Demon Bug King Bai Sema and dye him and the blood kirin.

Han Sen looked at the egg that the little red bird had turned into. There was no purple air permeating it, and that made Han Sen feel a little relief.

If the little red bird's egg wasn't infected, then that meant there might be a way to deflect the force. It wasn't invulnerable.

Han Sen looked back and noticed that he could no longer see the way he had come. There was no end, and Han Sen gritted his teeth.

Chapter 2277 One in a Billion Chance

The Hell Ghosts on both sides stared coldly at Han Sen and the blood kirin. They were like a crowd gathered to watch a funeral procession. It didn't seem as if they wished to do anything to stop the intruders, though.

As Han Sen continued to walk, he thought about his situation. "Those who are outside of this bridge can see what is actually going on, so the Hell Ghosts really are just statues. They only appear to be alive because I am on the bridge. It could be just a feeling or the adverse effect of some type of power that gives them the appearance of life. The Hell Ghosts aren't attacking us, but they might be configured to release power of some sort."

"If this line of thinking is correct, then how did Yisha end up in the clutches of that menacing statue? Does that mean there is one Hell Ghost statue that is actually a living being?" Han Sen wondered.

He and the blood kirin continued to walk across the bridge. The purple stain in their skin deepened as they went, but the way ahead of them was still clear. The purple jade bridge reached on without an end in sight.

That purple air didn't seem to be affecting their bodies, but it made Han Sen rather worried all the same.

"These purple airs might be part of a process to build up power. The more that is gathered, the stronger the inevitable explosion would be," Han Sen thought to himself.

Because the jade bridge's length had been extended by the distorted dimension, Han Sen rode the blood kirin as it sprinted at top speed for over a hundred hours. Only then did they finally see the middle of the bridge coming up.

Just as it had appeared on the outside, Yisha had been grabbed by a giant, evil Hell Ghost. The sight was quite different now that Han Sen was standing on the bridge, though. The giant Hell Ghost wasn't a statue in this place. It was an actual creature.

It had purple skin and wings, and its head had a pair of purple horns that looked like bull horns. Its body was like a wild monkey. It gripped Yisha tightly, and its eyes were shining with purple light.

“Queen!” Han Sen shouted at Yisha as he rode closer to her on the blood kirin.

When Han Sen had called to her from outside the bridge, Yisha had been unable to hear him. Now that they were in the same dimension, Han Sen thought he might be able to get her attention.

Yisha slowly started to open her eyes. She rolled her head over to look at Han Sen, but it was clearly a struggle in her weakened state.

As she saw Han Sen coming across the bridge, Yisha’s expression became strange. She stared at him for a while, as if she was trying to determine whether Han Sen was real or just a delirious fantasy.

“My Queen, are you okay?” Han Sen shouted as he came toward her.

The statue that held Yisha didn’t behave as if it had heard Han Sen. It just continued to hold Yisha as if it hadn’t noticed Han Sen and the blood kirin.

“Why are you here?” Yisha whispered. Han Sen could tell that she could barely summon the strength to speak.

“It’s a long story; we can talk about it later. But tell me: how can I help you?” Han Sen asked.

Yisha shook her head. “You should find a way to save yourself. Your body has collected a lot of that hellish air. If you don’t leave, the Hell Ghost will soon see you. And when that happens, it will be too late for you to run. Get off of this hell bridge, and you might find a way to survive.”

“You selected the hell bridge for a specific reason, yes?” Han Sen asked. It didn’t look as if he intended to leave anytime soon.

“Do not waste time talking to me about this. Get lost!” Yisha scolded him with a frown.

“I’m not the only one here. There is a deified elite waiting for me, and she is my enemy. Even if I do make it out of here, I’m just going to end up dead,” Han Sen said with a shrug.

Yisha looked surprised. She quietly said, “You are a magnet for trouble. Whatever, then. Since you are here, let’s try something out. Maybe we can both live through this.”

“My lady! You have a way to get out of here?” Han Sen asked.

Yisha smiled and said, “I selected the hell bridge so I could use the hell power to activate my Rebate elder blood. That way, I could become deified. But I failed. Since you are here, perhaps you can help me try again. The success rate is low, but it is certainly worth a try.”

“How do I help?” Han Sen quickly asked.

Yisha took a deep breath and slowly said, “I told you before: our Rebate elder used to be a servant for an important person amongst the Extreme King. That man was called Hell King. He had a Hell God Body, and it possessed an intense hell power.”

Yisha began coughing and had to take a deep breath before continuing her speech. “Because he treated our elder very nicely, Hell King put some of his Hell King blood into her body. So, that way, our elder could one day become deified and create Teeth power. It was all because of Hell King’s blood.”

“Regrettably, the Hell King blood I possess is too weak. The Rebate elder was given a powerful gift, but she didn’t possess the blood naturally. When it was passed from child to child, it became weaker with every generation. After so many years have passed, the Hell King blood is so light that it might not even exist anymore. I wanted to use the hell power to activate the Hell King blood, but it proved to be too difficult. Either that, or the blood has vanished completely.”

Yisha looked at Han Sen. “But now, even though this is a one in a billion chance, we have to take it. However, I have no power, and so I will have to make use of your power. If it doesn’t work, you and I will die here together. If you don’t want to take this risk, you should leave now while there is still time.”

“How can I help you?” Han Sen repeated.

If Han Sen didn’t save Yisha, it wouldn’t matter if he made it to the other side of the hell bridge alive. Fox Queen would be waiting.

If he was able to help Yisha become deified, things might turn out differently. Yisha was his teacher. If he saved her, Yisha would probably help him get the Sacred Leader’s legacy treasure.

And with a deified elite next to him, he would no longer have to fear Fox Queen.

Yisha sighed. She looked at the Hell Ghost that had grabbed her and told Han Sen, “This ghost statue is the key to this entire hell bridge. All the power of the hell bridge stems from this. If I can get its blood, perhaps then I can become deified...”

Yisha took a deep breath and went on to say, “It is not living, by the way. It is just a statue with hell blood. It is currently attracted by my power, and so most of its power is focused solely on me. You can use this opportunity to break its body and collect the hell blood. Help me become deified. The success rate is so low, though...”

Chapter 2278 Unbreakable Statue

“Plus, I know that there is hell blood in the statue, but I don’t know where it is concentrated. And since you are still so weak, I’m not even sure you can damage it. On top of that, even if I do get the hell blood, the success rate of activating my own hell blood is low. That is why I have told you it is a one in a billion chance. If you have a method of escape, I suggest you make use of it now.” By the time Yisha finished speaking, her face had grown even paler.

Han Sen turned to face the statue, then he activated his Purple-Eye Butterfly.

If he wanted to live, he needed Yisha. He didn't want to watch her die, either. If there was a way to save her and resolve his own dire situation by extension, he wanted to try. It was killing two birds with one stone.

But as Yisha had said, it was a dangerous thing to attempt. If they failed, there was a very high chance he could die.

If Han Sen's strike didn't work, the ghost statue might attack him in return.

Fortunately, Han Sen had the bird's nest to defend himself. With a shield like that, he didn't have to be afraid.

Plus, he had the blood kirin. Even if his own power couldn't break the body of the ghost statue, the blood kirin's strength might be enough.

But before he could allow the blood kirin to attack, Han Sen first needed to locate the hell blood inside the ghost statue. And when he had located it, he had to ensure success in a single hit. He didn't know if he would be given a second chance.

The Purple-Eye Butterfly kept analyzing the ghost statue. Han Sen detected many mysterious substance chains wrapping around and through the statue. Those substance chains were very complex, and they were difficult to understand. But Han Sen didn't have to understand how the ghost statue was made; all he had to do was locate the point where the hell blood was stored.

Through the Dongxuan Aura and Purple-Eye Butterfly's combined analysis, Han Sen's eyes eventually brightened. "It's there!"

When Han Sen looked at the ghost statue's eyebrow, he noticed there was an extra tight substance chain. The purple substance was so thick that he could not detect a single seam.

"Blood Kirin, attack here!" Han Sen lifted his Thunder God Spike and took aim at the ghost statue's eyebrow.

The blood kirin was carrying Han Sen, and the beast glowed with red light. Blood air swirled around to cover its entire body. It loosed a thunderous roar before leaping up at the ghost statue's eyebrow.

Yisha was surprised as she watched her student. She was too weak to participate, and it was only now that she noticed the beast that Han Sen was riding. It was a scary half-deified being, she could tell. It wasn't an ordinary half-deified creature, either; it had to be at the very top of what was achievable in that class.

Yisha was surprised Han Sen was able to command such a powerful mount. The sight gave her a little bit of hope to cling to.

A xenogeneic that was almost as strong as her might be able to crack the ghost statue and retrieve the hell blood she required.

While Yisha was mulling this over, the blood kirin's claws were tearing through the fabric of space. The beast lashed out at the ghost statue's forehead, sending a vicious attack against the statue's brow.

But suddenly, the ghost statue shone with purple light. Before Han Sen and the blood kirin could react, the statue's other hand grabbed the blood kirin, just as it had Yisha. Its sharp nails dug into the blood kirin's flesh.

The blood kirin let out a horrendous screech. The statue's talons easily punched through the creature's tough scales, and they were digging in deep.

Han Sen was saved by the fact that the ghost statue's claws only went for the blood kirin. He tumbled to the surface of the bridge. Looking up at what had occurred, he was given a shock.

Without a doubt, the ghost statue's power was deified. Even the blood kirin couldn't fight it off. The powerful creature was in the statue's hand, and no matter how much the blood kirin tried to struggle, it could not pry itself free from the claws.

The blood kirin kept squirming in a bid to get free, but that only made the claws sink in deeper. Blood seeped out in greater and greater volume.

Yisha looked depressed. She had underestimated the statue's cunning. She thought she was pulling the attention and power of the ghost statue's power, but now, she realized that the ghost statue had more power than she initially assumed. The power it had used to attack the blood kirin was as great as anything she could unleash herself.

"Blood Kirin, don't move!" Han Sen shouted up at the blood kirin from where he stood on the bridge.

The blood kirin, upon hearing Han Sen's voice, stopped squirming and resigned itself to the pain it was already feeling. When the blood kirin stopped fighting the ghost statue, the powers of the ghost statue's claws seemed to lessen.

"D*mn it! Now I understand. It wasn't because Yisha and the blood kirin weren't strong enough. The thing attacked them because they have hell power already." Han Sen looked at his own purple body and the purple air.

The ghost statue wasn't a creature. Just as Yisha had said, it was indeed a statue. And inside its body was a pocket of hell blood. That was the source of its strength. While it did have a lot of power, it lacked intelligence. It didn't make plans or schemes; it did the job it was programmed to do.

It was the hell power inside Han Sen that would cause the statue to act. If Han Sen used his power, the hell power that was now inside his body would be triggered. And the ghost statue, in turn, would be prompted to make its move.

The events would play out like falling dominoes. Unless Han Sen could get rid of the hell power, not even a deified elite could block the ghost statue's attack.

Once enough hell power accumulated within Han Sen's body, the ghost statue would attack him even if he didn't act first.

Just as it had been for Yisha. When she walked across the bridge, she hadn't attacked the ghost statue, but the statue still grabbed her. That was why she was unable to evade it.

Han Sen and the blood kirin hadn't activated the ghost statue when they walked near it because of the bird's nest. Han Sen had thought that the bird's nest was ineffectual against the hell power, but it actually had gotten rid of some of it. That was why the hell power in Han Sen and the blood kirin hadn't triggered the ghost statue to attack the moment they walked up to it.

Han Sen suddenly felt a headache coming on. The problem was no longer getting the hell blood from the statue; it was the fact that he couldn't even hit the ghost statue. If Han Sen used a certain amount of power, then the hell blood that had accumulated in his body would be triggered. Then, the ghost statue would come after him. He wouldn't be able to escape if he was struck by it.

"Just go." Yisha was smart, and she understood the issue as well. She knew she couldn't escape her predicament. Once their bodies were infected by hell powers, all hope of defeating the ghost statue was lost. The same would be true even if a deified elite joined them.

Han Sen stared at the ghost statue and did not speak. He didn't want to simply leave. He hadn't saved Yisha yet, and now the blood kirin had been captured as well. There was no way Han Sen was going to throw in the towel and call it quits now.

Han Sen was holding the Thunder God Spike. The wings on his back flashed, and he teleported in front of the ghost statue. But the instant he got close enough to strike, the fist that was holding Yisha slammed into him.

Pang!

Han Sen used the bird's nest to protect himself, but he was still sent flying. He flew in a long arc that ended with a crunching impact with the hard surface of the bridge. Han Sen's body was like a meteor thudding into the earth. He might not have broken the bridge, but the same could not be said for his body. He coughed, and blood sprayed the ground in front of him.

Chapter 2279 A Needle

Because Han Sen had used a fair amount of his own power, it activated the hell power in his body. The ghost statue came to life and flapped its wings. It rose above Han Sen, then dropped like a hawk, its feet outstretched to grab Han Sen.

There was no way he would be able to dodge. The ghost statue was drawn toward Han Sen's hell power like a magnet. When its feet came down, they were going to smash Han Sen into a pulp. The statue fell, and its claws closed around Han Sen.

Dong!

The ghost statue's claws grabbed the bird's nest and tried to crush it. They failed.

Hidden safely under the bird's nest, Han Sen felt a modicum of relief. If the bird's nest was able to withstand the attacks of the ghost statue, then that meant he had a chance to fight back.

Perhaps being under the cover of the bird's nest calmed Han Sen's hell power. Regardless of the reason, the ghost statue released the bird's nest and returned to its spot atop the pillar.

Han Sen spent a while thinking. He cast his Jadeskin power and threw a punch at the ghost statue.

Jadeskin's power might be perfect for this work. Perhaps using that power wouldn't trigger the hell power within Han Sen. Maybe he could avoid waking up the ghost statue.

But that line of thought soon proved to be naive. As soon as Han Sen teleported, he was sent flying again. Fortunately, he had the bird's nest to absorb some of the blow. With its help, he was able to avoid death once more.

But even so, Han Sen was still bleeding a lot by this point.

Teeth power... Suppress Evil... Turtle skill... Under the Sky kniveskill... Lone Bamboo's swordskills...
Thunder power... Fire power... Ice power...

Han Sen used all the powers he could remember, but each one proved to be useless. No matter what power he summoned, the ghost statue would break it. Han Sen couldn't touch the horrid thing, and it kept tossing him aside like a toy. If it wasn't for the aid of the bird's nest, he would have been killed many times.

Even with the bird's nest for protection, his impacts with the bridge had injured him. His wounds might not have been as bad as they looked, but they did look very bad.

"Stop trying. Just go!" Yisha growled. She was feeling a complex mixture of emotions.

Han Sen had that bird's nest for protection, so he had some measure of protection from deified attacks. If there was a deified elite around, though, his ability to escape wasn't guaranteed. But Han Sen was taking so many risks in his attempts to free her that Yisha couldn't help but feel touched.

Yisha didn't believe she had treated Han Sen all that well. She had simply given him resources. And she had only taken him as a student because of a bet she had once struck with a psychic. It was only afterward that she realized that having Han Sen as a student wasn't all bad.

When she realized that she had a student who would fight for her in a situation as dire as this, it was difficult not to feel touched.

Yisha would never have considered that Han Sen might be doing this because he didn't want to lose an advantage. Her life being at stake was only a small part of it.

Han Sen wasn't going to lose Yisha and a half-deified blood kirin. That was why he kept trying and trying. He didn't want to lose so much.

Han Sen had the bird's nest, so he wasn't going to die easily. That's why he kept trying. But the results of his attacks were not encouraging. Han Sen tried every trick in the book, but none of his powers could overcome the ghost statue's power.

The ghost statue responded to hell power far too well. It was like cause and effect. If Han Sen had hell power, it meant he was going to get hit by the ghost statue. There was no other possible outcome.

In all his attacks, Han Sen hadn't touched the ghost statue's forehead once. Thinking about getting the hell blood out of the ghost statue's forehead was useless, because he couldn't.

As Han Sen kept trying and getting knocked back, even his armor was dyed red by the blood that spilled from him. Yisha's expression looked pained.

The ghost statue struck Han Sen again and sent him crashing down into the bridge once more. This time, though, he stayed hidden beneath the bird's nest for a while.

"Are you dead yet? If you're not, then get lost!" Yisha shouted angrily. But her eyes shimmered.

Han Sen didn't move. He was hiding under the bird's nest, thinking about how he might break the hell power, or the connection between it and the ghost statue.

"I have used all of my powers at least once, and even so, I haven't been able to land a hit. The only possibility remaining is to use my super god spirit body. By using my super god spirit body, I can remove the hell power and avoid being harmed by the ghost statue. But if I do that, then Yisha will know that I am Dollar. This is bad." Han Sen felt depressed.

After everything he had been through, though, seeing Yisha and the blood kirin get killed was the last thing he wanted. He needed to try this, even if it meant exposing his identity.

As Han Sen was thinking, Yisha shouted, "Han Sen, are you dead yet? Get out of here if you aren't!"

"My Queen, why would one like myself die so easily? You underestimate the fortitude of your students." Han Sen placed the bird's nest on his head like a hat as he spoke to Yisha.

His body and face were drenched in blood, and with the bird's nest on his head—although it was a very sober situation—it looked rather funny.

Yisha's lips were shaking, but after a brief while, they returned to a cold stare again. She looked at Han Sen, opened her lips, and sprayed spittle at him.

Drops of blood fell down on Han Sen like rain. Han Sen was surprised, and he wasn't quite sure what Yisha was doing.

Dong-ong!

Within that sprinkling of blood, something landed on the bridge in front of Han Sen.

Han Sen took a closer look. It was a red sewing needle. It was thinner than a hair, and it was around the length of a finger.

“What is this?” Han Sen picked it up. He thought that something about the sewing needle was very unusual.

It felt like it was made of bone rather than metal. It was very small, but it was hollow inside. It was more like a needle for injection than a sewing needle.

When Han Sen lifted the bone needle, he felt it summon power inside his body. His energy started to circulate.

Han Sen stared with wide eyes; the power that was running was Blood-Pulse Plunder, which he had learned not so long ago.

Yisha said quietly, “Most of the items I brought along with me were destroyed. This is a small item I managed to obtain from a broken statue. Take it as a souvenir and go.”

Upon hearing that, Han Sen suddenly became very happy. “The statue you mentioned, is that the one in the ruined palace?”

“Stop wasting f*cking time! Get out now! Even if I die, you have to reclaim Planet Blade. Take care of my palace, because I don’t want anyone to touch my stuff,” Yisha snarled.

2280 Are You Afraid of Needles

“If you weren’t there, what would be the point of me staying in that palace of yours?” Han Sen asked distractedly as he turned the needle over in his hands.

“That is my business, just do as you’re told,” Yisha said.

Han Sen smiled at Yisha. “I must apologize, my Queen. I am a guy who would rather have his freedom and be able to relax as he chooses. I’m not a fan of staying put and looking after something. You should really go and take care of your own palace.”

Yisha returned his smile with a wry one of her own. “If I could return, I wouldn’t be talking to you right now, would I?”

She started to say something more, but suddenly, Han Sen froze. He was staring at the ghost statue, and with a flick of his wrist, he tossed the needle toward it.

Yisha sighed. She had spent some time researching that bone needle. It was almost completely indestructible, but it had no power. She had been unable to feel any power residing at its tip. If she had

been able to use the bone needle and any power it possessed to break the ghost statue, she wouldn't have been bound there when Han Sen found her.

But Yisha stared with a slack jaw as the bone needle sailed toward the statue, completely unimpeded. The ghost statue had knocked Han Sen to the ground countless times, but it didn't react to the bone needle at all. It merely watched the bone needle strike its forehead.

"This... How is this possible...?" Yisha's eyes were wide. She gazed at the strange scene with disbelief.

When the bone needle pierced the ghost statue's forehead, the needle lit up red. It shone brighter and brighter, and before long, the ghost statue started to shake. The noise of breaking rocks began to rumble around them.

Pang!

The next moment, the statue fell to pieces. The grip holding Yisha and the blood kirin was suddenly released. They fell to the bridge, the shattered remains of the statue's hands falling around them.

The blood kirin was injured, but it hadn't lost much strength. It gathered itself back up, and its signature red cloud swirled around it.

Yisha was close to death, and the blood in her body had almost run dry. She was very weak, and she didn't have the strength to react. She fell to the ground limply.

Han Sen caught her in his arms to prevent her from hitting the bridge. He smiled and said, "My Queen, it looks like you are going to have to tend to your palace after all."

The purple air across the entire jade bridge began to spread and thin. Giant rocks began to fall. Yisha was held in Han Sen's arms. As she looked up at Han Sen from below, her heart started to feel strange.

She had never seen a man from a lower angle. She was always the one up high. She had never felt like this before, and suddenly, she started to feel even weaker.

As the last pieces of the ghost statue fell, the purple air across the bridge began to evaporate. Han Sen, the blood kirin, and Yisha started to return to normal. The jade bridge that had seemed endless now looked as it previously had. They could see the other twelve jade bridges around them and the thirteen teleporters in front of them.

Fox Queen and the others, however, were gone. They must have traveled through the teleporter and left that palace.

Because the blood kirin was injured, Han Sen opted not to ride it. He was still holding Yisha as he strode across the jade bridge.

"You're not going to go through the teleporter?" Yisha asked weakly from where she was cradled against Han Sen's chest.

“Of course I will, but before that, I want to walk across the rest of the jade bridges,” Han Sen said with a smile.

Han Sen wanted to walk the thirteen bridges for one simple reason: he wanted to get each statue’s power.

After Yisha gave him the bone needle, he realized that the bone needle was a xenogeneic treasure that combined with Blood-Pulse Plunder. If he used Blood-Pulse Plunder by itself, he would need to beat the enemy first. He couldn’t use Blood-Pulse Plunder to take away an opponent’s blood pulse until the enemy didn’t have enough power to fight back.

If Han Sen was squaring off against an extra-strong enemy, though, there was always the chance that he might not be able to beat them. During times like that, Blood-Pulse Plunder wouldn’t be very useful.

But with this bone needle, things were different. Han Sen could imbue the bone needle with the powers of Blood-Pulse Plunder. After that, he only had to put the bone needle into an enemy’s body, and the bone needle would plunder the enemy’s blood pulse. Han Sen only needed to stick the needle into a foe.

That being said, the bone needle wasn’t powerful on its own. Han Sen would have to use his own strength. But piercing a needle into an enemy was still far easier than trying to beat an opponent that had him bested.

The statues on the thirteen bridges were each prepared for the combination of Blood-Pulse Plunder and the bone needle. The bone needle could easily pierce the statues and take the hidden blood pulse power that resided within them. Han Sen would basically have to repeat what he did to the ghost statue. The bone needle had a concentration of power now, too.

It was just a drop, but it was a blood pulse hell power. It was a deified power.

There had to be something similar on the other twelve bridges. That was something Han Sen was most assuredly not going to miss out on.

Han Sen switched positions and carried Yisha on his back. He walked to another jade bridge, and just as he had expected, the first half was safe. When he approached a statue in the middle of the bridge, he used the bone needle to absorb the blood pulse power inside the statue. The statue then fell, and the bridge lost its protection. It became an ordinary jade bridge again.

Han Sen walked through the rest of the bridges and took the blood pulse power from the statues. Yisha’s surprise was written plainly across her face, making it obvious that she had no clue why the bone needle was so powerful in Han Sen’s hands.

Yisha had picked up the bone needle, but she had no idea that the needle had to be used in conjunction with Blood-Pulse Plunder. She didn’t have Blood-Pulse Plunder, so aside from its sturdiness, the needle had no utility in her hands.

The second Sacred Leader statue had been destroyed for some reason, so Han Sen hadn’t been able to retrieve the bone needle personally. Yet it landed in his hands anyway when Yisha volunteered it.

The Sacred Leader had blocked all the routes, but something had been left on each path for those that traversed it. The items were connected with each other in ways that Han Sen hadn't yet figured out. The Sacred Leader's full plans were still a mystery.

The Silver Sycees, Blood-Pulse Plunder, the bone needle, thirteen blood pulse powers—they were all very rare and valuable treasures. At this point, he could easily start a fight with a deified being.

The treasures were meant to be obtained through tests given by the Sacred Leader. No one had realized how scary the Sacred Leader's treasures could be.

"My Queen, are you afraid of needles?" Han Sen asked Yisha.

Yisha was shocked, and she did not know what he meant.

"I mean, are you afraid of being pricked with a needle?" Han Sen blinked and asked.

"Are you going to give me a shot?" Yisha looked at Han Sen.

Han Sen lifted his bone needle while he smiled at Yisha. "Close your eyes if you are afraid. The pain will be over in a second."

After that, Han Sen thrust his bone needle into Yisha's chest. A drop of hell blood came out, and it blended into Yisha's own blood.

If he wanted to survive, he had to get rid of Fox Queen. And unless another deified elite challenged her, it was unlikely Fox Queen could be defeated.

Even with Han Sen's deified blood pulse, his actual power wouldn't be deified. Yisha, however, was different. She was half a step away from being deified herself. Getting the hell blood pulse would give her a boost towards the lofty goal of becoming deified. This was their best chance of taking the Sacred Leader's treasure.